

Maggy Lauther ;

To which are added,

The Miller.

Bonny Christy.

Tam Glen.



EDINBURGH
Printed for the Book-sellers.
1824.

59

MAGGY LAUTHER.

WHA wadna be in love

Wi' bonny Maggy Lauder?

A piper met her her gaun to Fife,

And spier'd what was't they ca'd her.

Right scornfully she answer'd him,

Begone ye hallanshaker;

Jog on your gate, ye bladderskate,

My name is Maggy Lauder.

Maggy, quo' he now by my bags,

I'm fidgeting fain to see ye;

Sit down by me, my bonny bird,

In troth I wiana steer ye;

For I'm a piper to my trade.

My name is Rob the Ranter,

The lasses boup as they were daft,

When I blaw up my chanter

Piper quoth Meg hae you your bags,

Or is your d'one in order?

If you be Rob I've heard of you,

Live you upon the border?

The lasses a' bairn far and near.

Hae heard o' Rob the Ranter;

I'll shake my fit wi' right guid will,
 Gif you'll blaw up your chanter.

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,
 About the drone he twisted ;
 Meg up and walloped o'er the green,
 For brawly could she frisk it.

Weel done, quoth he—play up, quoth she,
 Weel bob'd quoth Rob the Ranter ;
 'Tis worth my while to play indeed,
 When I hae sic a dancer.

Weel hae you play'd your part, says Meg,
 Your cheeks are like the crimson ;
 There's nane in Scotland plays like you,
 Since we lost Tabby Simpson.
 I've liv'd in Fife baith maid and wife,
 These ten years and a quarter ;
 Gin ye come here to Auster fair,
 Spier ye for Maggy Lauer.

The Miller.

O MERRY may the maid be,
 That marries the Miller,
 For foul day and fur day
 He's ay bringing till her.

He's ay a penny in his purse,
 For dinner or for supper;
 And gin she please a gude fat cheese,
 And lumps o' yellow butter.

When Jamie first did woo me,
 I spier'd what was his calling;
 Fair maid, says he "Come and see,
 Ye're welcome to my dwelling;
 Tho' I was shy yet I could spy
 The truth o' what he told me,
 And that his house was warm and couth,
 And room enough to hold me.

Behint the door a bag o' meal,
 And in the kist was plenty,
 Of good hard cakes his mither bakes,
 And bannocks were na scanty;
 A good fat sow, a sleeky cow,
 Was standing in the byre;
 While lazy puss with meally mouse,
 Was playing at the fire.

Good signs are these my mither says,
 And bids me tak the miller;
 For foul day and fair day
 He's ay bringing till her;

60

For meal and maut she disna want.
 Nor ony thing that's dianty;
 And now and then a gude fat hen
 To lay her eggs in plenty.

In winter, when the wind and rain
 Blaws o'er the house and byre.
 He sits beside a clean hearth-stane
 Before a rousing fire;
 With nut-b.own ale he tells his tale,
 Which rows him o'er fu' nappy,
 Who'd be a king— hat petty thing,
 When a miller lives sae happy.

Bonny Christy.

How sweetly smells the simmer green!
 Sweet tastes the peach and che ry:
 Painting and order please our een,
 And claret makes us merry:
 But finest colours, fruits and flowers,
 And wine, though I be thirsty,
 Lose a' their charms and weaker powers,
 Compar'd wi' those of Chaisty.

When wandering o'er the flowery park,
 No natural beauty wanting,

How lightsome is't to hear the lark,
 And birds in concert chaunting !
 But if my Christy tunes her voice,
 I'm wrapt in admiration ;
 My thoughts with extacies rejoice,
 And drap the hale creation.

Whene'er she smiles a kindly glance,
 I take the happy omen,
 And aften milt to mak advance,
 Hoping she'll prove a woman ;
 But dubious of my ain desert,
 My sentiments I smother ;
 With secret sighs I vex my heart,
 For fear she loves another.

Thus sarg blate Edie by the burn,
 His Christy did o'erhear him ,
 She doughtna let her lover mourn,
 But e'er he wist drew near him.
 She spake her favour wi' a look,
 Which left nae room to doubt her ;
 He wisely this kind m'ute took,
 And flang his arms about her.

My Christy witness bonnie stream,
 Sic joy frae fears arising

62

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
 He'll gi'e me guid hunder marks ten;
 But if it's ordain'd I maun tak him.
 O wha will I get but Tam Glen?

Yestreen at the valentine's dealing,
 My heart to my mou gied a sten;
 For thrice I drew ane without failing,
 And thrice it was written, Tam Glen.

The last Halloween I was wauking,
 My droukit sark sleeve as ye ken;
 His likeness came up the house stauking,
 And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen.

Come counsel, dear Tittie, don't tarry;
 I ll gie ye my bonny black hen,
 Gif ye will advise me to marry,
 The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

FINIS.

64