

A COLLECTION OF

2

# SONGS, &c.

CONTAINING

I.

HEY THE BONNIE BREAST-KNOTS.  
HERE'S TO THE MAIDEN OF BLUSH-  
ING FIFTEEN.

THE DASHING WHITE SERJEANT.

GALLA WATER.

NOTHING LIKE GROG.

GILES SCROGGINS:

FRIEND OF MY SOUL.

M-PHERSON'S FAREWELL.



EDINBURGH.

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS,

*Hey the Bonnie Breast Knots.*

Hey the bonnie, ho the bonnie,

Hey the bonnie breast-knots;

Blyth and merry were they a',

When they put on the breast-knots.

There was a bridal in this town,

And till't the lasses a' were boun',

Wi' mankie facings on their gown,

And some of them had breast-knots,

Singing, hey the bonnie, &c.

At nine o' elock the lads convene,

Some clad in blue, some clad in green,

Wi' shinin' buckles in their shoen,

And flow'rs upon their waistcoats.

Out cam' the wives a' wi' a phrase,

And wish'd the lassies happy days,

And muckle thought they o' their claes,

Especially the breast-knots.

Singing, hey the bonnie, &c.

*Here's to the Maiden of Blushing Fifteen*

Here's to the maiden of blushing fifteen,

Likewise to the widow of fifty;

Here's to the bold and extravagant quean,

And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.

Let the toast pass,

Drink to the lass,

I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Let the toast pass, &c.

Here's to the maiden, whose dimples we prize,  
Likewise to her that has none, sir;

Here's to the maid with a pair of black eyes,  
And here's to her that's but one, sir.

Let the toast pass, &c.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,

And to her that's as brown as a berry;

Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,

And here's to the girl that is merry.

Let the toast pass, &c.

Let her be clumsy, or let her be slim,

Young or ancient I care not a feather;

So fill a pint bumper quite up to the brim,

And e'en let us toast them together.

Let the toast pass, &c.

### *The Dashing White Serjeant.*

I had a beau, for a soldier who'd go,

Do you think I'd say no? No, no, not I!

When his red coat I saw, not a sigh would it draw,

But I'd give him 'eclat' for his bravery!

When an army of Amazons e'er came in play,

As a dashing white serjeant I'd march away!

When my soldier was gone, d'ye think I'd take on,

Sit moping forlorn? No, no, not I!

It is fame my concern, how my bosom would burn,

When I saw him return crowned with victory!

When an army of Amazons e'er came in play,

As a dashing white serjeant I'd march away!

*Galla Water.*

Braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes,  
 Ye wander through the blooming heather;  
 But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws,  
 Can match the lads o' Galla water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,  
 Aboon them a' I loe him better,  
 And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,  
 The bonny lad o' Galla water.

Altho' his daddie was nae laird,  
 An' tho' I hae nae meikle tocher,  
 Yet rich in kindest, truest love,  
 We'll tent our flocks by Galla water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,  
 That cost contentment, peace, or pleasure;  
 The bands and bliss o' mutual love,  
 O that's the chiefest world's treasure.

*Nothing Like Grog.*

A plague of those musty old lubbers,  
 Who tell us to fast and to think,  
 And patient fall in with life's rubbers,  
 With nothing but water to drink.

A can of good stuff, had they twigg'd it,  
 'T would have set them for pleasure agog,  
 And, spite of the rules  
 Of the schools,  
 The old fools

Would have all of 'em swigg'd it,  
 And swore there was nothing like grog.

My father, when last I from Guinea  
 Return'd, with abundance of wealth,  
 Cry'd, 'Jack, never be such a ninny  
 'To drink;' said I, 'Father, your health.'  
 So I shew'd him the stuff, and he twigg'd it,

And it set the old codger agog,  
 And he swigg'd, and mother,  
 And sister, and brother,

And I swigg'd, and all of us swigg'd it,  
 And swore there was nothing like grog.

'Tother day, as the chaplain was preaching,  
 Behind him I curiously slunk,  
 And while he our duty was teaching,  
 As how we should never get drunk;

I show'd him the stuff, and he twigg'd it,  
 And it soon set his rev'ence agog,  
 And he swigg'd, and Nick swigg'd,  
 And Ben swigg'd, and Dick swigg'd,  
 And I swigg'd, and all of us swigg'd it,  
 And swore there was nothing like grog.

Then, trust me, there's nothing like drinking,  
 So pleasant, on this side the grave,—

It keeps the unhappy from thinking,  
 And makes e'en more valiant the brave;

As for me, from the moment I twigg'd it,  
 The good stuff has set me agog,

Sick or well, late or early,—wind foully or fairly,  
 Ielm a-lee or a-weather,—for hours together,

I've constantly swigg'd it,

And d——me, there's nothing like grog.

## Giles Scroggins.

Giles Scroggins courted Molly Brown,

Fol deriddle lol, fol deriddle lido,

The fairest wench in all the town,

Fol deriddle lol, &c.

He bought her a ring with a posey true,

"If you loves I as I loves you,

No knife can cut our love in two."

Fol deriddle lol, &c.

But scissars cuts as well as knives,

Fol deriddle lol, &c.

And quite unskillful all our lives,

Fol deriddle lol, &c.

The day they were to have been wed,

Fate's scissars cut poor Giles's thread,

So they could not be mar-ri-ed.

Fol deriddle lol, &c.

Poor Molly laid her down to weep,

Fol deriddle lol, &c.

And cried herself quite fast asleep,

Fol deriddle lol, &c.

When standing all by the bed-post,

A figure tall her sight en gross'd,

And it cried, I love Giles Scroggins's ghost!

Fol deriddle lol, &c.

The ghost it said all solemnly,

Fol deriddle lol, &c.

O Molly, you must go with I!

Fol deriddle lol, &c.

All to the grave, your love to cool,  
 She says, I am not dead you fool!  
 Says the ghost, says he, y' that's no rule!  
 Fol de riddle, &c.

The ghost he seiz'd her all so grim,  
 Fol deriddle lol, &c.  
 All for to go along with him,  
 Fol deriddle lol, &c.  
 Come, come, said he, ere morning beam,  
 I von't, said she, and she scream'd a scream,  
 Then she woke, and found she had dream'd a dream.  
 Fol deriddle lol, &c.

### *Friend of My Soul.*

Friend of my soul, this coblet sip,  
 'Twill chase the pensive tear;  
 'Tis not so sweet as woman's lip,  
 But, oh! 'tis more sincere,  
 Like her delusive beam  
 'Twill steal away thy mind;  
 But, like affection's dream,  
 It leaves no sting behind;  
 Come, twine the wreath, thy brows to shade,  
 These flowers were culled at noon;  
 Like woman's love, the rose will fade,  
 But, ah! not half so soon,  
 But, though the flower's decay'd,  
 Its fragrance is not o'er;  
 But once when loves betrayed,  
 The heart can bloom no more.

*M'Pherson's Farewell.*

Farewell, ye dungeons, dark and strong;  
The wretch's destinie!

M'Pherson's time will not be long  
On yonder gallows tree,

*Chorus.*—Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,  
Sae dauntingly gaed be;

He played a spring, and danced it round,  
Below the gallows tree.

O, what is death but parting breath?

On mony a bluidy plain

I've dared his face, and in this place

I scorn him yet again!

*Sae rantingly, &c.*

Untie these bands from off my hands,

And bring to me my sword;

And there's no man in all Scotland

But I'll brave him at a word.

*Sae rantingly, &c.*

I've lived a life of sturt and strife;

I die by treacherie;

It burns my heart—I must depart,

And not avenged be.

*Sae rantingly, &c.*

Now, farewell, light, thou sunshine bright,

And all beneath the sky!

May coward shame disdain his name,

The wretch that dare not die!

*Sae rantingly, &c.*