

THE

LAIRD OF LOGIE,

AND

OLD SON C.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

The Sailor's Epitaph; or, Tom Bowling
under the Hatches.

THE PHOENIX.

'T WAS YES, KIND SIR.

FOR THE LOVE OF JEAN.



GLASGOW,

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THE LAIRD OF LOGIE.

THE young laird of Logie is to prison cast,
 Carmichael's the keeper of the key,
 Lady Marg'ret the Queen's cousin is very very sick,
 and it is all for the love of young Logie.

She's in to the Queen's chamber gone,
 she has kneel'd low down on her knee :
 Says you must go to the King yourself,
 it's all for a pardon to young Logie.

The Queen is unto the King's chamber gone,
 she has kneel'd low down on her knee ;
 O what is the matter my gracious Queen ?
 and what means all this courtesie ?

Have not I made thee Queen of fair Scotland,
 the Queen of England I trow thou be ;
 Have not I made thee my wedded wife ?
 then what needs all this courtesie ?

You have made me Queen of Scotland,
 the Queen of England I surely be ;
 Since you have made me your wedded wife,
 will you grant a pardon for young Logie ?

The King turn'd him right round about,
 I think an angry man was he ;
 The morrow before it is twelve o'clock,
 O hang'd shall the laird of Logie be.

The Queen she's in to her chamber gone,
 amongst her Mary's so frank and free,
 You may weep, you may weep Marg'ret, she says,
 for hang'd must the laird of Logie be.

She has torn her filken scarf and hood,
 and so has she her yellow hair ;
 Now fare you well both King and Queen,
 and adieu to Scotland for ever mair !

She has put off her gown of silk,
 and so has she her gay clothing,
 Go fetch me a knife and I'll kill myself,
 since the laird of Logie is not mine.

Then out bespoke our gracious Queen,
 and she spoke words most tenderlie,
 Now hold your hand, Lady Marg'ret, she said,
 and I'll try to set young Logie free.

She is up to the King's chamber gone,
 and among his nobles so free ;
 Hold away, hold away, says our gracious King,
 no more of your pardons for young Logie.

Had you but ask'd me for houses and land,
 I would have given you castles three ;
 Or any thing else shall be at your command,
 but only a pardon for young Logie.

Hold your hand now my Sovereign Leige,
 and of your anger let it be ;
 For the innocent blood of Lady Marg'ret,
 it will rest on the head of thee and me.

The King and Queen are gone to their bed,
 but as he was sleeping so quietly ;
 She has stole the keys from below his head,
 and has sent to set young Logie free.

Young Logie he's on horse-back got,
 of chains and fetters he's got free ;
 As he pass'd by the King's window,
 there he has fired vollics three :

The King he awak'ned out of his sleep,
 out of his bed came hastilie,
 Says, I'll lay all my lands and rents,
 that yonder's the Laird of Logie free.

The King has sent to the prison strong,
 he has called for his keepers three:
 Says, How does all your prisoners?
 and how does the young Laird of Logie?

Your Majesty sent me your wedding-ring,
 with your high command to set him free;
 Then to morrow before that I eat or drink,
 I surely will hang you keepers three.

Then out bespoke our gracious Quzen,
 and she spoke words most tenderlie,
 If ever you do hang a man for this,
 your Majesty must begin with me.

The one took shipping at the Peer of Leith,
 the other at the Queen's-Ferrie;
 Lady Marg'ret has gotten the man she loves,
 I mean the young Laird of Logie.




The Sailor's Epitaph; or, Jack under the Hatches.

HERE a sheer hulk lies poor Tom Bowling,
 the darling of our crew,
 No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
 for Death hath brought him to.
 His form was of the manliest beauty,
 his heart was kind and soft,
 Faithful below he did his duty,
 but now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
 his virtues were so rare,

His friends were many and true hearted,
 his Poll was kind and fair.
 And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,
 ah! many the time and oft,
 But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
 For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
 when he who all commands,
 Shall give to call life's crew together,
 the word to pipe all hands.
 Thus Death, who Kings and Tars dispatches,
 Tom's life has vainly doft,
 For though his body's under hatches,
 his soul has gone aloft.



THE PHOENIX.

ONCE more kind Muses it is your duty,
 for to infuse me with verse sublime,
 My subject surely is now amusing
 as you have choost me for to define.

Ye mangling Posts don't dare oppose me,
 for now my notions are rais'd on high,
 Kind gods support me thro' these my poesies,
 in you I glory and still rely.

One pleasant evening for recreation,
 as I was ranging down by the shore,
 I spied a maiden, a lovely fair one,
 I thought her Venus sprung from the foam.

In admiration on her I gazed,
 in deep amazement I stood to view,
 This second Phœnix exceeding nature,
 and for to praise her it is my due.

To you fair Sabra in all her charms,
 or chaste Diana can't equalize,
 Nor she whom Paris as is recorded,
 was pleas'd to order the Golden Prize.

The bright Aurora in all her glory,
 or goddess Flora you far outvie,
 My brain is roving in sad emotions,
 I must adore you until I die.

You are an angel, you're good and pleasing?
 your fine behaviour enchanted me,
 Your chains are heavy, I'm doom'd to wear them,
 I wish sincerely for liberty.

These wounds you gave me, say will you heal me,
 you have enslav'd me, now let me free,
 It's you can ease me, from bonds release me,
 and let me gain my tranquility.

My jewel and darling more fair than morning,
 or orient radiant you far outshine,
 Your eyes transparent have me alarmed,
 I wish my charmer that you were mine.

Your swan-like bosom, your neck including,
 your cheeks are blooming vermilion red,
 Sure every feature new beauty graces,
 and auburn tresses flow from your head.

My breast is loaded with discomposure,
 in love-sick motion I now complain,
 Sly Cupid sporting at my corrodings,
 that Beut he glories in giving pain.

Will you relieve me, from death reprieve me,
 your captive bleeder I now remain,
 'm always weeping and still am grieving,
 but its when sleeping of you I dream,

All recreations I'll now resign them,
 In silent places I mean to rove,
 My prayers completely I'll offer daily,
 In adoration near Willow-grove.

O supreme Deities, say, will I gain her
 Will I obtain her, can I intrude
 On you my fairest, what shall I say love,
 But that I'm almost crazy for Mary Booth.

'T WAS YES, KIND SIR.

THE ruddy morn blinks o'er the brae,
 As blithe I gade to milk my kine,
 When near the winding burn of Tay,
 Wi' bonny gait, and twa black een;
 Highland lad fae kind me tent,
 Saying, Sonfy lass, how's a' wi' you?
 All I your pail tak o'er the bent?
 'Twas yes, kind Sir, and I thank you too.

When he met me i' the e'en,
 As I was linken o'er the lee,
 To join the dance upo' the green,
 And said, blithe lass, I'll gang wi' thee;
 The braw he look'd in the highland gear,
 His tartan plaid, and bonnet blue,
 My heart straight whisper'd in my ear,
 Say yes, kind Sir, and I thank you too.

We danc'd until the gleaming moon,
 Ga'e notice that it was time to part,
 Thought the reel was done o'er soon,
 For ah! the lad had stown my heart;
 We saw me hame across the plain,
 Then kist me sweet, I vow its true,
 That when he ask'd to kifs again,
 'Twas yes, kind Sir, and I thank you too.

Grown bold, he press'd to stay a' night,
 then gript me clos unto his breast,
 Hout lad! my Mither fair wou'd flyte,
 gif that I grant without the Priest;
 Sae gang for him, gif ye be leel,
 I ken then right what I maun do,
 For ask to kifs me when you will, -
 'twill be, yes, love, and I thank ye too.



FOR THE LOVE OF JEAN.

JOCKY said to Jeany, Jeany, wilt thou do't?
 Ne'er a fit, quo' Jeany, for my tocher-good,
 For my tocher-good, I winna marry thee,
 E'ens ye like quo' Johnny, ye may let me be.

I hae gowd and gear, I hae land enough,
 I hae seven good owfen ganging in a pleugh,
 Ganging in a pleugh, and linking o'er the lee,
 And gin ye winna tak me, I can let you be.

I ha'e a good ha' house, a barn and a byer,
 A stack afore the door, I'll mak a rantin fire,
 I'll mak a rantin fire, and merry we shall be:
 And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

Jeany said to Jocky, gin ye winna tell,
 Ye shall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysell;
 Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free,
 Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be.

G L A S G O W,

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