

# Bonny Annie's Flopement,

WITH THE

Pursuit and Disappointment.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

The LOVER'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

PHILLIS AND NANCY.

SAINT PATRICK'S GLORY.

THE CONTENTED RURICOLIST.

NONE SO PRETTY.



GLASGOW,

Printed by J. and M. Robertson, Saltmarket, 1803.



## B O N N Y A N N I E.

**I**T was on a day in the middle of April,  
 I went to Loughmay the maids to beguile,  
 My dear and my jewel, my honey, said he,  
 Will ye go to the North Highlands with me.

Many broad letters to Annie I did send,  
 The old wife her mother, she did apprehend,  
 From whence comes all these broad letters said she,  
 They come from Drymenus, said Annie to me.

I went to Drymenus my Annie to see,  
 But little I thought what should happen to me,  
 I went to Drymenus so bold was myself,  
 And she bid me to call at the sign of the bell.

But I stopt at the tree till she came unto me,  
 And I soon made her glad to follow with me;  
 Look up bonny Annie and never look down,  
 A well and I grant you need never frown.

Look always to me with a blythe blinking eye,  
 For I knew she was fond to follow with me,  
 The night it is cold and my clothing is thin,  
 And a far way to go, I'll die or I win.

The night it is cold, and I know your afraid,  
 But I'll kindly roll you in my braw Highland plaid;  
 Your pitiful pay it makes me for to say,  
 How can I live well on sixpence a day?

There's twopence for sugar, & twopence for tea,  
 And twopence for bisket and all is away.  
 But a captain's commission perhaps may befall,  
 Where you shall get madam from both great & small!

Both ruffels and ribbons, and all shall go free,  
 When once she is in the North Highlands with me;  
 And a broad down bed to my Annie I'll gi'e,  
 When once she is in the North Highlands with me.

The night it is cold and inclining to frost,  
 Drymenus and Marshal they saddled their horse,  
 They saddled their horse and they rode after me,  
 But we lodg'd in a valley where they could not see.

---

### THE LOVER'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

**G**IVE ear, O ye Muses, attend to my lay,  
 While I in soft anguish my tears now convey;  
 My grief it shall sound to a foreign shore,  
 While each tender breast for my sufferings deplore.

Chorus. O why did I venture o'er,  
 To forsake or to leave my own native shore.

In the year ninety-four I to England came over,  
 To wed then, with one that I thought me ador'd,  
 But now my fond wishes for ever are crost,  
 His favour and affections for ever are lost.

To the just Powers above for aid I appeal,  
 Not a thing from his view did I ever conceal;  
 But, alas! now he scorns me, to another he's flown,  
 That heart tho' once soft now is cold as a stone.

Chorus. O why did I venture o'er, etc.

The dear little infant that sits on my knee,  
 It knows not at all its parents' sad plea,  
 While innocence & beauty shine in its sweet face,  
 As the sparkling tears fall, I my infant embrace.

Chorus. O why did I venture o'er, etc.

How happy is the maiden tho' ever so poor,  
 No trouble or grief ever enters their door,  
 Contented they live altho' poor and mean,  
 Yet joy and content with them ever is seen etc.

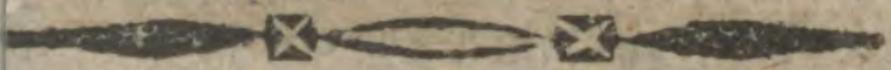
PHILLIS AND NANCY.

**D**OWN by a grove I rov'd for my fancy,  
 with sweet music attending on me,  
 There I saw Phillis and beautiful Nancy,  
 as they sat reading of their destiny ;  
 Crying, alas ! what shall I ly under,  
 for to find out a true hearted swain,  
 What sorrow & troubles my poor heart lies under,  
 true love I find is a tormenting pain.

Don't you remember the promise you made me,  
 that you'd be constant and true unto me,  
 You promis'd to marry and never deceive me,  
 yet ye daily increase my misery ;  
 Every night when I ought to be sleeping,  
 tears trickle down me like showers of rain,  
 My fond heart would break it 'twas not for weeping,  
 true love I find is a tormenting pain.

I wish little Cupid would grant me one favour,  
 for to let one of his own arrows fly,  
 Into the bosom of my loving creature,  
 that she may feel it as well as I ;  
 That she may feel it in every feature,  
 that she may feel it in every vein,  
 Will marry me, follow me, and carry me over,  
 send me safe home to my charmer again.

Come my brave boys, now let us be drinking,  
 never let sorrow oppress your minds,  
 We'll drink a good health to the lads that's airy,  
 another good health to the girl that's kind ;  
 So here's a good health to false hearted Nancy,  
 likewise to her ever true hearted swain,  
 We'll sing & be jovial, & dance while we're able,  
 for true love I find is a tormenting pain.



## ST. PATRICK'S GLORY.

**M**Y countrymen dear, come let us prepare,  
 all over the Irish nation,  
 On Patrick's birth-day our colours display,  
 with great joy and declaration.

He was a true blue, such members but few,  
 he would not be led by temptation;  
 Fine actions he squar'd, fine temples he rear'd  
 all over this Irish nation.

To magicians all, he gave a downfal,  
 he preach'd to his country's salvation;  
 All venomous things, with poison and stings,  
 chas'd out of this Irish nation.

The snake and the toad, from their place of abode,  
 came here a while for to station,  
 But Patrick's true blue, that did them pursue,  
 chac'd them out of the Irish nation.

Here's success to Rodger, that can hunt the badger,  
 and all the brave Gores in the nation,  
 Likewise Dick Cox, that can hunt the fox,  
 from every cave in this nation.

Success to Kildare, that Shamrockshire peer,  
 like Patrick for our restoration,  
 He run a smart heat, to save all our plate,  
 all over the Irish nation.

Our Shamrocks we'll wear, we'll walk on the square,  
 to no man we'll give provccation, King,  
 We'll laugh and we'll sing, here's a health to the  
 by Patrick's sons and this nation.

This health we'll encore, ten thousand and more,  
 of Patrick's sons in the nation,  
 Shamrocks we'll wear, then of us take care,  
 all over the Irish nation.

---

### THE CONTENTED RURICOLIST.

**T**He sun being set, and my work being done,  
 one more of my days being spent,  
 Then home to my cottage I tript it along,  
 and set myself down with content.

My cottage with woodbines are decked all round,  
 and the jessamines green at my door,  
 Where in it no trouble was there to be found,  
 I have nothing but ground for my floor.

My bed made of flocks, & my sheets are home spun,  
 no trouble ever enters my breast;  
 For at night being weary I lay myself down,  
 so contented I take me to rest.

With the lark in the morning I rise to my work,  
 there's nothing perplexes my mind;  
 If my lambs go astray, see how careful I look,  
 so sure as you seek you shall find.

No thoughts about honour ever enter'd my breast  
 or riches I ne'er can desire,  
 For the chief of my study is earning my bread,  
 to high title I ne'er can aspire.

With pipe made of straw for amusement I play,  
 see my lambs they skip over the plain,  
 Being blest with content, see my time slides away,  
 and at night to my cottage again.

## NONE SO PRETTY.

**T**HIS life is like a country dance,  
 The world a spacious hall room,  
 In which so many take a prance,  
 They scarcely find for all room;  
 Fiddlers and pipers in a row,  
 See how the ranks are closing,  
 Each strives his neighbour's faults to shew,  
 While he's his own exposing.

Pray, Ma'am, what dance have you call'd?  
 Matrimony, Ma'am. The figure is extremely ea-  
 sy, you turn single, run away with your partner,  
 lead up the middle, back to back, part and change  
 partners.

## C H O R U S.

Thus busied in the fond turmoil,  
 They time by folly measure,  
 Turn all their pleasure into toil,  
 And fancy toil a pleasure.

Some in full dance with ardour burn,  
 And swim, and glide, and wander,  
 While others waiting for their turn,  
 Sneer, smile, and deal out slander;  
 And so the Count must run away!

Why really I'm afraid so;  
 His Girt has ruin'd him at play,  
 Poor man, I always said so.

O no doubt about it, kept by a Physician before  
 he came to the Count, duel with a young apothec-  
 ary; syringes loaded with analeptic pills. 'Tis  
 your turn to begin, Sir. Sir, I beg your pardon.  
 Chor. Thus busied in the fond turmoil, etc,

Away they prance it, small and big,  
 Brown, ginger, fair, and grizzle,  
 O Ma'am! you disconcert my wig,  
 'Twas you, Sir, touz'd my frizzle!  
 Right hand and left, the figure mind,  
 O! what are you about, Ma'am?  
 My dear Miss Giggie you are blind,  
 My Lady Fuz you're out, Ma'am!  
 O, Ma'am! you should consider that the dance is  
 my Lord Mayor's feast.—it begins with a set to  
 and finishes with a reel.

## C H O R U S.

Thus busied in the fond turmoil,  
 They time by folly measure, etc.

Thus dance succeeding after dance,  
 As if OLD NICK had got 'em,  
 They scandal vent, and flirt and prance,  
 And foot it to the bottom;

Thus having made for others sport,  
 In regular rotation,  
 With swinging interest they retort  
 On them the obligation.

Surprizing! did you ever see such a fright as the  
 woman! rubbed it all off one side of her face.—  
 But look at that man what a scarecrow he is, with  
 his false calves turned before.—Come, come  
 Ladies and Gentlemen, a new dance; strike up  
 NONE SO PRETTY.

## C H O R U S.

Thus busied in the fond turmoil,  
 They time by folly measure,  
 Turn all their pleasure into toil,  
 And fancy toil a pleasure.