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EXCELLENT OLD SONG,

INTITLED,

MAGGY LAUTHER,

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

THE FARMER'S SON.

The fond Swain and sleeping Maid.

THE SAILOR'S RETURN.



G L A S G O W,

PRINTED BY J. & M. ROBERTSON,

SALTMARKEET, 1802.

## MAGGY LAUTHER.

W H A wou'dna be in love  
 wi' bonny Maggy Lauther,  
 A piper met her gaeu through Fife,  
 he speir'd what was't they ca'd her ?  
 Right scornfully she answer'd him,  
 begone you hallan-shaker,  
 Job on your gate you blather-skate,  
 my name is Maggy Lauther.

Maggy, quo' he, now by my bags,  
 I'm fidging fain to see thee,  
 Sit down by me my bonny-bird,  
 indeed I winna steer thee ;  
 For I'm a piper to my trade,  
 my name is Rob the Ranter,  
 The lasses loup as they were dast,  
 when I blaw up my chanter.

Piper, quo' Meg, hae ye your bags,  
 or is your drone in order ?  
 Gi' ye be Rob we've heard of you,  
 live ye upo' the border ?  
 The kintry a' baith far and near,  
 has heard of Rob the Ranter,  
 I'll shake my foot wi' right good will,  
 gif ye'll blaw up your chanter,

Then to his bags he flew with speed,  
 and round the drone he twisted,

Meg up and wallop'd o'er the green,  
 for brawly could she frisk it.  
 Well done, quo' he, play up, quo' she,  
 well bob'd, quo' Rob the Raster,  
 'Tis worth my while to play, quo' he,  
 wile I get sic a daucer.

Well has ye play'd your part, quo' Meg,  
 your cheeks are like the crimson,  
 There's none in Scotland plays like you,  
 since we lost Habbie Simson :  
 I've liv'd in five baith maid and wife,  
 these ten years and a quarter.  
 When ye come there to Anst'er fair,  
 speer ye for Maggy Lauther.

Then Rob he rous'd and took the road,  
 and round all five he ranted,  
 And play'd a spring thro' Siller dykes,  
 as merry Meg he wanted :  
 And as he enter'd Anst'en town,  
 his drone it sounded louder,  
 His bags he blew till the chanter flew,  
 no pipes was ever prouder.

Then Meg came giggling to the door,  
 and saw her bairn's father,  
 O mind not ye, ye danc'd wi' me  
 your bonny Maggy Lauther :  
 Which makes me rue that day finsyne  
 that e'er I heard your chanter,  
 But now I hope you'll marry me,  
 my bonny Rob the Raster.

For when I danc'd, then you advanc'd,  
 and ye promis'd not to steer me,  
 Wae to the day I heard you say,  
 it makes the kintry jeer me  
 But since that ye will comfort gi'e,  
 I'm glad ye've come to see me,  
 And from the scandal of the jig,  
 in really you will free me.

Fidler's wives and gamester's drink,  
 is free to all who chuse them,  
 But if you'll be a piper's wife,  
 I'll guard you in my bosom.  
 And while I live to blaw a blast,  
 you'll never be a wanter,  
 Since you're so free to marry me,  
 your bonny Rab the Ranter.

### THE FARMER'S SON.

**S**WEET Nelly, my heart's delight,  
 Be loving and do not slight;  
 The proffer I make, for modesty's sake,  
 I honour your beauty bright;  
 For love I profess, I can do no less,  
 Thou hast my favour won;  
 And since I see your modesty,  
 I pray agree and fancy me,  
 Tho' I'm but a farmer's son.  
 No: I am a lady gay,  
 'Tis very well known I may,  
 Have men of renown in country and town,  
 Sir Roger without delay;



Court Bridget, or Sue, Kate, Nancy or Prue,  
 Their loves will soon be won ;  
 But don't ye date to speak me fair,  
 As though I were at my last pray'r,  
 To marry a farmer's son.

My father has riches in store,  
 Two hundred a year and more,  
 Besides sheep & cows, carts, harrows & plows,  
 His age is above threescore ;  
 And when he gives way, then merrily I  
 Shall have what he has won :  
 Both land and kine, and all shall be thine,  
 If thou'lt incline, and wilt be mine,  
 And marry a farmer's son.

A fig for your cattle and corn,  
 You're proffer'd love I scorn ;  
 'Tis known very well, my name is Nell,  
 And you're but a bumkin born :  
 Well since it is so, away I will go,  
 And I hope no harm is done :  
 Farewel, adieu, I hope to woo,  
 As good as you, and win her too,  
 Tho' I'm but a farmer's son.

Be not in such haste, quoth she,  
 Perhaps we may agree,  
 For, man, I protest, I was but in jest,  
 Come, pr'hee sit down by me ;  
 For thou art the man that verily can,  
 Perform what must be done,  
 Both straight and tall, geated withal ;

Therefore I shall be at your call

To marry a farmer's son

Dear Nelly, believe me now,

I solemnly swear and vow,

(wives,

No lords in their lives take pleasure in their

Like fellows that drive the plow.

For whatever they gain with labour and pain,

They don't to harlots run.

As courtiers do: I never knew,

A London beau that cou'd outdo,

A country farmer's son.

The fond Swain, and the sleeping Maid.

**O**N a bank of flowers,

In a summer day,

Inviting and undrest,

In her bloom of youth:

Fair Celia lay,

With love and fear oppress'd;

When a youthful swain,

With admiring eyes,

Wish'd that he durst,

The sweet maid surpris'd:

With a fa, la, la, &c.

But fear'd approaching spies.

As he gaz'd,

A gentle zephyr arose,

That fan'd her robes aside,

And the sleeping nymp

Did the charms disclose

Which waking she would have

Then his breath grew short  
And his pulse beat high,  
He long'd to touch

What he chanc'd to spy,

With a fa, la, la, &c.

But durst not still draw nigh.

All amaz'd he stood,

With her beauties fir'd,

And blest the courteous wind;

Then in whispers sigh'd,

And the Gods desir'd,

That Celia might be kind:

When with hopes grown bold,

He advanc'd amain;

But she laugh'd loud

In a dream and again,

With a fa, la, la, &c.

Repell'd the timorous swain.

Yet the amorous youth,

To relieve his soft pain,

The slumbering maid caress'd;

And with trembling hand,

(O simple poor swain!)

Her glowing bosom press'd;

When the virgin awak'd,

And affrighted flew,

Yet look'd as willing

He would pursue:

With a fa, la, la, &c.

But Damon mist his cue.

Now, now repenting,  
 That he had let her fly,  
 Himself he thus accus'd,  
 What a dull and a stupid  
 Blockhead was I,  
 That such a chance abus'd?  
 To my shame 'twill now,  
 On the plains he said,  
 Damon a virgin  
 Asleep betray'd,  
 With a fa. la, la, &c.  
 And let her go a maid.

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## THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

**B**Ehold, from many a hostile shore,  
 And all the dangers of the main,  
 Where billows mount, and tempests roar,  
 Your faithful Tom returns again;  
 Returns, and with him brings a heart  
 That ne'er from Sally shall depart.

After long toils and troubles past,  
 How sweet to trade our native soil,  
 With conquest to return at last;  
 And deck our sweethearts with the spoil!  
 No one to beauty should pretend,  
 But such as dare its right defend.

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G L A S G O W,

Printed by J. and M. Robertson, Saltmarket, 1802.