

T H E  
Goodman's Grief  
F O R T H E  
Ewie wi the Crooked Horn.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,  
S W E E T A N D S M A R T.  
THE SAILOR IN THE WEST.  
THE PIGEON ON AN ERRAND.  
THE BIRD. A NEW SONG.  
THE LOVER'S CHAIN.



G L A S G O W,  
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# The EWIE wi' the CROOKED HORN.

**O** Were I able to rehearse,  
My ewie's praise in proper verse;  
I'd sound it out as loud and fierce,  
As ever pipers drone could blaw.

## CHORUS.

The ewie wi' the crooked horn,  
Wha had kent her, cou'd ha sworn,  
Sic a ewie ne'er was born,  
Hereabout nor far awa'.

She never needed tar nor keil,  
To mark her upo hip or heel,  
Her crooked horn did as weel,  
To ken her by amo' them a'. the, etc.

She never threaten'd scab nor rot,  
But keepit ay her ain jog trot,  
Both to the fauld and to the cot,  
Was never sweer to lead or ca'. &c.

Cauld nor hunger never dang her,  
Wind nor rain could never wrang her,  
Anes she lay an ewk and langer  
Forth aneath a wreath of snaw. etc.

Whenither ewies lap the dyke,  
And eat the kail for a' the tyke,  
My ewie never play'd the like,  
But fees'd about the barn wa'. &c.

A better nor a thrifter beast,  
 Nae honest man cou'd weel hae wist,  
 For silly thing she never mist,

To hae ilk year a lamb or twa. the, etc.

The first she had I gae to jock,  
 To be to him a kind o' stock,  
 And now the laddie has a flock,

Of mair than thirty head and twa. &c.

I looked ay at een for her,  
 Lest mishanter shou'd come o'er her,  
 Or the fumart might devour her,

If the beasty bade awa'. the, etc.

The ewie wi' the crooked horn,  
 Well deserved baith garbs and corn,  
 Sic a ewie ne'er was born,

Hereabout nor far awa'. the, &c.

Yet last owk for a' my keeping,  
 Wha can speak it without weeping;  
 A villain came when I was sleeping,

And slaw my ewie, horn and a'. etc.

I sought her fair upo' the morn,  
 And down beneath a bushy thorn,  
 I got my ewie's crooked horn,

But my ewie was awa'. the, &c.

But an I had the lown that did it,  
 I have sworn as well as said it,  
 'Though a' the world had forbid it,

I shou'd gie his neck a thraw. the, etc.

I never met wi' sic a turn  
 As this, since ever I was born,

My ewie wi' the crooked horn,  
Silly ewie flown awa'. the, etc.

O had she died of crook or cauld,  
As ewies die when they grow auld,  
It wadna been by mony fauld.

Sae fair a heart to nane o' us a'. the, etc.

For a' the claith that we ha'e worn,  
Erae her and her's sae aften thorn,  
The loss of her we cou'd ha' born,  
Had fair strae death ta'en her awa'. &c.

But this poor thing to lose her life,  
Ancath a greedy villain's knife,  
I'm really fear'd that our guidwife,  
Sall never win aboon't awa'. the, etc.

O all ye bards beneath Kinghorn,  
Ca' a' your muses up and mourn,  
Our ewie wi' the crooked horn,  
Is flown frae us and fell'd and a' &c.

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### S W E E T . A N D S M A R T .

**T**O heal a wound a bee had made,  
upon my Kitty's face,  
Honey upon the place she laid,  
and bade me kiss the place.

Pitas'd, I obey'd, and from the wound,  
imbib'd both sweet and smart ;  
The honey on my lips I found,  
the sting within my heart.

## THE SAILOR IN THE WEST.

A Sailor lived in the west,  
he was neither rich nor poor,  
When all his gold were gone and spent,  
he'd boldly go to sea for more.

His father being lately dead,  
he lov'd his mother as his life,  
He did maintain her gallantly,  
this lovely youth he had no wife.

O he was neither rich nor poor,  
but still kept company of the best,  
A brisk young widow from the shore,  
these words to him she did express,

Young man I am in love with you,  
I never was the like before,  
And if you let my love pass by,  
I'm sure that I for you must die.

I have five ships upon the seas,  
and they are loaded to the brim,  
I am so deep in love with you,  
I care not whether they sink or swim.

God bless you and your ships, he said,  
and all the men that are on board,  
May God in heaven be their guide,  
whether they sail by wind or tide.

A chain of gold love I give thee,  
and round your neck pray let it be,

And every time you look on that,  
think how you stole away my heart.

## THE PIGEON.

**W**HY tarries my love?  
Ah! where does he rove?  
My love is long absent from me;  
Come hither my dove,  
I'll write to my love,  
And send him a letter by thee.

To him swiftly fly,  
The letter I'll tie  
Secure to thy leg with a string;  
Ah not to my leg,  
Fair Lady, I beg,  
But fasten it under my wing.

Her dove she did deck,  
She drew o'er his neck,  
A bell and a collar so gay,  
She ty'd to his wing  
The scroll with a string,  
Then kiss'd him and sent him away.

It blew and it rain'd,  
The pigeon disdain'd  
To seek shelter, undaunted he flew,  
Till wet was his wing,  
And painful the string,  
So heavy the letter it grew,

He flew all round  
Till Colin he found.

Then perch'd on his hand with the prize,  
Whose heart while he reads,  
With tenderness bleeds,  
For the Pigeon that flutters and dies.

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## THE BIRD. A NEW SONG.

**T**HE bird that hears her nestling song,  
and flies abroad for food,  
Returns impatient through the sky,  
to nurse her callow brood.  
The tender mother knows no joy,  
but bodes a thousand harms,  
And sickens for the darling boy,  
while absent from her arms.

Such fondness with impatience join'd,  
my faithful bosom fire,  
Nor forc'd to leave my fair behind,  
the Queen of my desires.  
The powers of verse too languid prove,  
all similes are vain,  
To shew how ardently I love,  
or to relieve my pain.

The saint with ardent zeal inspir'd,  
for heaven and joys divine,  
The saint is not with rapture fir'd.  
more pure, more warm than mine;  
I take what liberty I dare,  
'twere impious to say more;

Convey my longings to the fair,  
the Goddess I adore

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## THE LOVER'S CHAIN.

**Y**E fair possess'd of every charm,  
to captivate the will,

Whose smiles can wage itself disarm,  
whose frowns itself can kill :

Say, will you deign the verse to hear,  
where flattery bears no part,

An honest verse that flows sincere,  
and candour from my heart.

Great is thy power but greater yet;  
mankind it might engage.

If, as ye all can make a net,  
ye all could make a cage :

Each nymph a thousand hearts might gain,  
for who's to beauty blind ?

But to what end a prisoner make,  
unless ye have strength to bind.

Attend the council often told,  
too often told in vain ;

Learn the best art, the heart to hold,  
and lock the lover's chain.

Gamesters to little purpose win,  
who lose again as fast ;

'Tis beauty makes the charms ensnare,  
and sweetness makes it last.