


The Lads of

An Adv  
shire

The



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*The Bonny Lads of Benochie.*

ONCE I lov'd a lady fair,  
She was a beauty I declare,  
She was the flower of the North country,  
The bonny lass of Benochie.

She being heiress of houses and lands,  
And I alone a poor farmer's son,  
It was her birth and high degree,  
That parted my true love and me.

I lov'd this lady in my heart,  
Against our wills it was to part,  
For she ador'd me as her life,  
In private we were man and wife.

Great knights and 'squires a courting came,  
Unto this fair and lovely dame,  
But all their offers prov'd in vain,  
For none her favour could obtain.

But when her father came to know,  
How that I lov'd his daughter so,  
He Judas like betrayed me  
For keeping of her company.

It was an Auldman that I was ta'en,  
A prisoner for Lady Jean,  
In fetters strong where I was bound,  
And caried in to Aberdeen.

It's not their frowns that I do mind,  
Nor yet the way that I have to go;  
But love has pierc'd my tender heart,  
And alas! it's brought me very low.

I was embark'd at the shore,  
Never to see my native more,

In Germany a soldier to be,  
All for the lass of Benochie.

But when I was upon the seas,  
I ne'er could take one moment's ease,  
For she was daily in my mind,  
The bonny lass I left behind.

But when I arriv'd in a foreign land,  
From my true love a letter came,  
With her respects in each degree,  
Sign'd by the lass of Benochie.

The answer which to her I sent,  
It never to my true love went,  
It was her cruel father then,  
That told her I abroad was slain.

Which griev'd this maiden's heart full sore,  
To think that we would ne'er meet more,  
This caus'd her to weep most bitterly,  
These tidings from High Germany,

O daughter dear thy tears refrain,  
To weep for him, it is in vain,  
I have a better match for thee,  
To enjoy the lands of Benochie.

He was the husband of my youth,  
In pledge he had my faith and truth,  
I made a vow, I'll wed with none,  
Since my true love is dead and gone.

On every finger she put on a ring,  
On her mid-finger she put on three,  
And she's away to High Germany,  
In hopes her true love to see,

O she's put on her robes of green,  
Which were most lovely to be seen,  
O had he been a crowned king,  
This fair lady might have been his queen.

But when she came to High Germany,  
 By fortune there her love did see,  
 Upon yon lofty rampart wall,  
 As he was standing sentry.

O were my love in this country,  
 O I could swear that you was she.  
 For there is not face in High Germany,  
 So like the lass of Benochie.

The first she met was the colonel then,  
 And he address'd her most courteously,  
 From whence she came, and where she was born,  
 Her name, and from what country?

From fair Scotland, she said. I came,  
 In hopes my true love for to see,  
 But now I hear a he's a Granadier,  
 In your Lordship's company.

What's thy love's name, thou comely dame,  
 O lady fair come tell me then,  
 For it's a pity thy love should be,  
 In the station of a single man.

O William Graham is my love's name,  
 All these hardships he suffers for me,  
 But if it should cost me thousands ten,  
 A single man no more he's be.

O fair lady come along with me,  
 And thy true love thou soon shalt see,  
 And for thy sake a vow I'll make,  
 A single man he's no more he's be.

Young Billy Graham was called then,  
 His own true love once more to see,  
 But when he saw her well far'd face,  
 O the salt tears blinded his eye.

You're welcome here my dearest dear,  
 You're thrice welcome here to me.

For there's not a face so full of grace,  
Not in the lands of High Germany.

With kisses sweet these lovers did meet,  
Must joyfully as I am told,  
She's chang'd his dress from worsted lace,  
To crimson scarlet trimm'd with gold.

But when her cruel father found,  
His daughter she abroad was gone,  
He sent a letter on express,  
'Twas to call these two lovers home.

To him he gave a free discharge,  
All for the sake of Lady Jean.  
But now we hear he's a wealthy squire  
Into the shire of Aberdeen.

O now behold how fortune turns  
Her father's rage to unity,  
And now he lives in sweet content,  
With the bonny Lasa of Benochie.

### An Advice to the Fifeshire Lasses.

Tune—Woo'd an' married an' a'.

WHAT tidings I hear from the country,  
The lasses they'll no court ava,  
Although the lads they are pressing,  
They still get the but, 'tut, awa';  
I hear that they winna stand kissing,  
But ay turns their face to the wa',  
They are surely gane daft wi' pride,  
Since they get the shawls sic bra'.

What better are ye than your manniees,  
 Your gudains an' aunties an' a'  
 That ye winna stand the kissing,  
 The kissing the kittling an' a'.  
 If ye winna alter your plans,  
 And court with the lads with speed,  
 I'll gang and look them out lassies,  
 Baith canty and kind indeed;  
 Blooming, tight, lovely, dear queanies,  
 As sweet as the flowers in May,  
 Syne ye may gang up to the garrets,  
 And crack to cat pussy a' day.  
 Oh, rue in time dear lassies,  
 Kiss an' kittle an' a',  
 Think on the lang winter nights,  
 Up in the garret an' a'.  
 Bra' Jaddies just try them once more;  
 And if that they winna comply,  
 Set aff to Buckha'n with speed,  
 And bake them a daisy skate-pie;  
 Forty capons bring here from Pitacher,  
 Ten eels from Balbirnie mill-dam,  
 Get Polly to dance at the feast,  
 Syne they'll be as pleasant's a lamb,  
 To kiss an' kittle an' a',  
 Kittle an' kiss an' a',  
 And never more turn their face,  
 But meet ye half gates an' a'.  
 Ye cutties, ye've heard the commandment,  
 The very first an' ava',  
 That Adam an' Eye they go,  
 To multiply, conquer an' a';  
 Sae nae mair of your hutts an' your tutts,  
 But court the laddies with haste,

Consent my lovely dear queanics,  
 The pleasures of love to taste,  
 Aneath the sheets an' a',  
 Blankets an' sheets an' a',  
 An' syze to your honour an' joy,  
 You'll get laddies and lassies an' a',  
 You cotty, thrice cry'd never-mind her,  
 That lassie she's surely half daff,  
 But ay when ye meet your lovers,  
 Convince them you're canny an' fast;  
 Nine smacks ilka Friday at gloaming,  
 And five ilka Tuesday at e'en,  
 And syne you'll be canny and clever,  
 An' dance like lambs on the green,  
 Syne ye'll no get the garrets ava,  
 Ne'er caty paws tail to claw,  
 But deinty bodny young laddies,  
 Upon your knees an' a'.  
 Just see you auld maids teasing backens,  
 They fit in the garret their lane,  
 Some of them slighted their lovers,  
 Now beauty and youth is gone;  
 A drap of dry brow in the morning,  
 Some potatoes and sa't afternoon,  
 Whilst the wives gets tea an' toast,  
 And kiss'd and kittled when done.  
 Think on the auld maids, dear lasses,  
 Help them a little an' a',  
 But dinna ye follow their plans,  
 See how their sa't tears do fa'.  
 Sound health and sweet p'face to each lass,  
 Who yields to nature's grand law,  
 May they be happy on earth,  
 And crown'd on high an' a';

May spirits select and kind,  
 Surround them ear' an' late,  
 May joy, and love, and truth,  
 Ever be their fate,  
 Who kisses an' kittles an' a',  
 Kittles an' kisses an' a',  
 May every joy attend them.  
 Who loves to sing be, hush a ba.

*The Thorn.*

FROM the white blossom'd floe, my dear  
 Chloe, requested,  
 A sprig her fair breast to adorn;  
 No, by heavens, I exclaim'd, may I perish,  
 If ever I plant in that bosom a thorn.

When I shew'd her the ring, and implor'd  
 her to marry,  
 She blush'd like the dawning of morn;  
 Yes, I'll consent, she reply'd, if you'll pro-  
 mise,  
 That no jealous rival shall laugh me to  
 scorn.  
 No, by heavens! I exclaim'd, may I perish,  
 If ever I plant in that bosom a thorn.

FINIS.