

Five New Songs.

Neil Gow's Farewel to Whisky.

The Stirlingshire Ploughman.

My Jean and Native Caledonia.

From the Forth to the Earn.

The Traquire Shepherds.



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Neil Gow's Farewel to Whisky.

YOU'VE surely heard o' famous Neil,
The man that play'd the fiddle weel,
I wat he was a canty chiel',
And dearly lo'ed the Whisky, O.
And ay since he wore tartan trews,
He dearly lo'nd the Athole brose:
And wae was he, you may suppose,
To play fareweel to Whisky, O.

Alake, quoth Neil, I'm frail and auld,
And find my blude grown unco cauld;
I think 'twad make me blythe and bauld,
A wee drap Highland Whisky, O
Yet the doctors they do a' agree,
That Whisky's nae the drink for me;
Saul! quoth Neil, 'twill spoil my glee,
Should they part me and Whisky, O.

Though I can get baith wine and ale,
And find my head and fingers hale,
I'll be content, though legs should fail,
To play fareweel to Whisky, O.
But still I think on auld lang syne,
When Paradise our friends did lync,
Because something ran in their min',
Forbid like Highland Whisky, O.

Come all ye powers of music come.
I find my heart grown unco glum,
My fiddle strings they'll not play bum,

To say farewell to whisky, O.
 But I'll take my fiddle in my hand,
 And screw the pegs while strings will stand,
 To make a lamentation grand,
 For good old Highland whisky, G.

The Stirlingshire Ploughman.

I am a young ploughman, in Stirlingshire was bred,
 And from my own country my fancy me led,
 I left my friends, likewise my foes,
 And sail'd for Edinburgh town,
 But alas my love is far from me when I lie down.

Excruciating is my pain to think she is behind,
 For night and morning she's always in my mind.
 There theatres, plays, and dances.
 By O'Neil of great renown,
 But none of them can cheer my heart when I lie down.

It's hear I am a stranger and from native land.
 Sometimes I do amuse myself composing of a song;
 I'll never conceit a lassie here,
 Though white black or brown,
 Since, alas! my love is far from me when I lie down.

Her cheeks are red as roses, her eyes as black as does
 Her image is always present where'er I go;
 If I should wander terra o'er,
 And the whole country round,
 I will think upon my lovely lass when I lie down.

My Native Caledonia.

WAE was my heart when I parted with my Jean,
 And fair, fair I sigh'd, while the tears flood in my
 een;
 But my daddy being poor, and my portion it was
 ima'
 Which made me leave my Jean and Caledonia.

When I think on thee, and the happy days I've been
 While wandering with with my deary, where the
 primrose blows unseen,
 I am wae to leave my Jeany and my daddy's cot
 and a'
 Or to leave the healthsome braes of Caledonia.

But wherever I wander, still happy be my Jean,
 Nae cares disturb her bosom. where peace has ever
 been,
 Then though ills and ill befall me, for her I'll bear
 them a'
 And I'll often heave a sigh for her and Caledonia.

But if should fortune be mine, and my Jeanny still
 prove true,
 O blow ye favourite breezes till my native land I view,
 When we'll meet on Scotis's shore, where grateful
 tears shall fa',
 Then I'll never leave my and Jeany Caledonia.

From the Forth to the Earn.

FROM the Forth to the banks of sweet Earn,
 I have travelled many a long mile.
 The thoughts of my dearest lass Jeanny,
 The wearisome hours did beguil;
 The very last night that we parted,
 She promised still true to remain,
 My heart it was dirling with fondnes
 I kiss'd her again and again.

Nae langer will I spend my siller,
 Nae langer will I lye my lane,
 Nae langer I'll rin efter lasses,
 I'll soon hae a wife o' my ain.
 For many a wild foot I hae wander'd,
 And many long night spent in vain,
 Dancing and drinking, and courting,
 But I'll soon get a wife of my ain.

It's no 'cause her cheeks are like roses
 Nor yet for her dark rolling e'e
 It's not for her sweet comely features,
 These charms they are nothing to me;
 The storms of life may soon blast them,
 Or sickness make them fade away,
 But virtue, when fix'd in the bosom,
 Will flourish and never decay.

Her mother is growling and fretting,
 I red you take care of yon crab,
 He'll no be that easy to live with,
 He'll ne'er be like douse Moses Rob;

For hes courted ower mony lasses,
 To slight them he thinks it good fan;
 He will make but a sober half marrow,
 You'll better rue ere ye be boun'.

Though Moses be laird of some houses,
 And brags of his fillar and pelf,
 Though of world's gear I be right scant o',
 A fig for't as lang's I have my health.
 For when I am buckel'd we Jenny,
 She'll seldom hae cause to complain,
 We'll jog through the world right canny,
 When she'll be a wife of my ain.

But if that my lassie proves faithless,
 And marry before I return,
 I'll no, like Moses, greet about her,
 Nor for her ae minute will mourn.
 But fraight I'll to some other beauty,
 Without loss of time I will hie,
 I'll show to the lasses I'm careless,
 Unless they're as willing as I.

The Traquire Shepherds.

O Shepherd the weather looks misty and changing,
 will you show me over the hills of Traquire?
 O yes, gentle stranger, where have you been ranging,
 for such a gentleman walking is rare.
 I've been in the forest among the braw lasses,
 I've sung with each shepherd on ilka green hill,
 And I have a mind to give over my rambling,
 Since in every thing in it I have had my will.

I am fear'd you have some bonny lassie beguiled,
 you're the finest young gentleman I ever saw,
 Your cheeks like the roses, your hair's like the gowan
 I'm afraid you & them have been breaking the law,
 O gentle shepherd have you got a wife yet?
 or do you live singie, pray tell me the truth,
 For if you live single, you're sure to live happy,
 for the blooming young lasses are of such a ruth.
 O I'm single, for all the maids in the forest,
 I mind them no more than the leaf of the tree,
 Save one pretty girl to whom I have promis'd
 to marry, as soon as my flock it is free.
 She's handsome and witty, she's charming and pretty
 she's just like a swan in a new fallen pool.
 She's modest and witty she'll soon make me happy
 I liked her ay since I waa at the school.
 O shepherd, you're foolish to bind to a woman,
 indeed you will rue it and that very soon,
 For if she proves constant, you'll scarce find
 another one under the moon.
 As for me, I'm no ways amind for to marry,
 but kiss all the fair maids that come in my way,
 For the very last winter between Etrick and Yarrow,
 I kiss'd more than twenty that never said me nay,
 There was ae bonny lass I chanc'd for to meet
 she liv'd with her mammy, she had nae mair ava,
 And that very night I went for to see her,
 O it was lucky, the old wife was awa.
 She made me a bed and she bade me go to it,
 she gave all I asked without ever a frown,
 She kiss'd me and blest me, before that we parted,
 and promis'd to see me next winter in town.
 • What is the name of that bonny young lassie,
 O what is her name, and what age might she seem?

Her name it is Jeanny, she lives in Plantanic,
 a tall pretty girl about seventeen.
 My curse light upon you and he that begat you,
 and all your ancestors, ye limb of the de'il,
 For if ye've destroy'd her ye villain, here's at ye,
 for that's just the lassie that I like so weel.
 O shepherd your threat'nings are very unmanly,
 she'll pass for a maiden wi' ony but you,
 You're welcome to wed her and free to enjoy her,
 for unto such as her I now bid adieu.
 Faith do you think that I am so simple,
 before I wad wed her I'd put out her breath,
 And if I could see her when this fury is on me
 with this hazel rung I would finish you baith.
 O Jamie, O Jamie, with patience look round ye,
 ye ken na the looks nor the voice of your Jean.
 O Jamie, I thought that your mind had been changed,
 its thirty lang weeks since I saw you and twa,
 I borrowed this cleading frae one of the neighbours,
 I never had a wish you would ken me ava.
 O Jeanie, O Jeanie, why did you sae tease me,
 I'll no be mysel' these eight days and mair,
 Come into my arms before I forg'ie you,
 and gie's all the kisses you hae for to spare.
 And now he is wed on his own lovely Jeanie,
 and now they do live on the hills of I'raquire,
 Now he is wed on his own lovely Jeanie,
 the langer he kens her he likes her the mair.

FINIS.