


THREE SONGS

OF THE SCOTCH

Jockey to the Fair.

Beauties of Glasgow.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch



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THREE
JOCKEY TO THE FAIR.

'T WAS on the morn of sweet May day
When nature painted all things gay,
Taught birds to sing and lambs to play,
And gild the meadows fair;
Young Jockey early on the morn,
Arose, and tript it o'er the lawn,
His Sunday's coat the youth put on,
For Jenny had vow'd away to run
With Jockey to the Fair;
For Jenny had vow'd, &c.

The cheerful parish bells had rung,
With eager steps he trudg'd along,
With flowery garlands round him hung,
Which shepherds us'd to wear;
He tap't the window Haste my dear,
Jenny impatient cried, Who's there?
'Tis I, my love, and no one near,
Step gently down you've nought to fear,
With Jockey to the Fair;
Step gently down, &c.

My dad and mammy's fast asleep,
My brother's up and with the sheep,
And will you still your promise keep,
Which I have heard you swear.

And will you ever constant prove?
 I will by all the powers above,
 And ne'er deceive my charming dove,
 Dispel these doubts, and haste, my love,
 With Jockey to the Fair;
 Dispel these doubts, &c.

Behold the ring the shepherd cried,
 Will Jenny be my charming bride?
 Let Cupid be our happy guide,
 And Hymen meet us there.

Then Jockey did his vows renew,
 He would be constant, would be true,
 His word was pledg'd away the flow,
 With cowslips tipt with balmy dew,
 With Jockey to the Fair;
 With cowslips tipt, &c.

In raptures meet the joyful train,
 Their gay companions blythe and young,
 Each join the dance, each join the throng
 To hail the happy pair:
 In turns there's none so fond as they,
 They bless the kind propitious day,
 The smiling morn of blooming May,
 When lovely Jenny ran away
 With Jockey to the Fair:
 When lovely Jenny, &c.

THE

BEAUTIES OF GLASGOW CITY.

WHEN I was young, and youth did bloom,
 where fancy snar'd me I did rove;
 From town to town, the nation round,
 thro' many a silent shady grove.
 At last I came to Scotland by name,
 which was adorn'd on every side,
 With cities rare, but Glasgow fair.
 'tis the beauty of all on the banks of Clyde:

At first when I this city drew nigh,
 it was into the month of May
 When all about this beautiful town,
 the fields were clad with flowers so gay.
 The music-bells thro' woods and fells,
 do echo out on every side,
 Such melody can no where be,
 like this on the banks of the river Clyde.

As I drew near the girls did appear,
 such beauties as I ne'er had seen,
 The virgins fair with modest air,
 pass up and down so neat and clean:

The people here so kind they were,
 made me resolve here to abide,
 For ever here I wish to live,
 in Glasgow on the Banks of Clyde.

But when I came unto the cross,
 such buildings I to you declare,
 For beauty never yet was seen,
 in number all at once was there.
 From east to west I do protest,
 from south to north on every side
 The streets do lie with buildings high,
 in Glasgow on the Banks of Clyde.

Likewise, which beautifies the town,
 the goal is like a palace fair
 And just below a fine exchange,
 where merchants they do all repair:
 Where curiously, well mounted high,
 King William does on horse-back ride,
 All which does greatly beautify
 this city on the Banks of Clyde,

The music-bells delightfully,
 repeat each quarter through the day,
 When all's asleep with music sweet,
 they chime the silent night away:
 Whole music-bells thro' woods and fells,
 do echo out on every side,

Such melody can no where be,
like those on the Banks of the river Clyde

The streets they are so beautiful,
they cross each other curiously,
And all along on every side,
each building's like a palace high:
The churches rare they are so fair,
all beautiful on every side
Their steeples are so brisk and tall,
shine far frae the Banks of river Clyde

The coats of arms denotes their charm
both from the air, the land the sea,
Bell fish, and ring, and a bird to sing
full sweet on the top of an oaken tree
All these you'll find most neatly join'd
well beautified on every side,
With motto round, ' Let Glasgow town
still flourish on the Banks of Clyde.'

This charming town with water clear
as crystal all along the streets,
Is well supply'd with fine machines,
which draw't from below your feet.
Likewise fine gardens all around,
with pleasant walks on every side.
Fine bleach fields, which pleasure yield
to Glasgow on the Banks of Clyde.

Here's pleasure too, a river thro'
 this city runs, although but small,
 Where orderly twelve bridges high,
 and those in half a mile stand all:
 Although each one with curious stone,
 are built with arches high and wide:
 Six miles also this stream does go
 for Glasgow on the Banks of Clyde.

Likewise by right, for more delight,
 they have a large and spacious green;
 Adorn'd with planting all around,
 divided by a pleasant stream:
 Into the green there's to be seen,
 a building fair both large and wide,
 For washing clear through a the year,
 for Glasgow on the Banks of Clyde.

Below this town two bridges stand,
 thro' which the water clear doth fa'
 From whence you have the pleasant view
 of the harbour at the Broomielaw.
 Where sailors they both night and day,
 come sailing up with every tide,
 Their landing be upon the quay,
 at Glasgow on the Banks of Clyde.

One thing abounds in this beautiful town,
 remains untold the which I will,

Of their virtues free, and frugality,
which doth surpass thole beauties all:
The weav'g art in every part,
whole splendid flow'ring branches wide,
Both blossom here through all the year,
at Glasgow on the Banks of Clyde.

ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.

ROY'S wife of Aldivalloch
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Wat ye how she cheated me
As I came owre the braes o' Balloch,
She vow'd, she swore, she wad be mine,
She said she lo'ed me best of ony,
But oh! the fickle faithless quean
She's ta'en the carle and left her Johnny.
O she was a canty quean,
And well cou'd dance a Highland walloch
How happy I had she been mine,
Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch.
Her fae fae fair - her een fae clear,
Her wee bit mou' fae sweet and bonny,
To me it ever will be dear,
Though she's for ever left her Johnny.

F I N I S.