

THREE SONGS:

Innocent Mirth.

Lord Douglas' Tragedy

The Banks of Doon.



J. Morren, printer, Edinburgh.

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Innocent Mirth.

COME gentlemen, sit you all merry,
I'll sing you a song of want,
I'll make you as merry as may be,
now my money begins to grow scant.
Fall rill, &c.

A woman without e'er a tongue,
she never will scold very loud,
It is just such another great want,
as fiddler wanting a crowd.
Fall rill, &c.

A ship without e'er a sail,
may be driven the devil knows whither,
It is just such another great want
as a shoemaker wanting of leather.
Fall, rill, &c.

A man that has got but one leg,
will make but a pitiful runner,
And he that's no eyes in his head,
will make but a very bad gunner.
Fall rill, &c.

A bell without e'er a clapper,
will make but a sorrowful sound,
Fall rill, &c.

And he that has no land of his own
 may work on another man's ground.
 Fall, fall, &c.

A woman without e'er a fault,
 she as bright as a star will appear,
 But a brewer without any malt,
 will make us but pitiful beer.
 Fall, fall, &c.

A foldier without any pay,
 to fight will be devilish lazy,
 And a bed well stocked with fleas,
 will keep a man wonderful busy,
 Fall fall, &c.

A mason without e'er an iron,
 will make but a very rough stone,
 A barber without e'er a razor,
 needs neither strap nor hone.
 Fall, fall, &c.

A man that has got no stomach,
 will take but a pitiful dinner,
 But he that's got no victuals to eat,
 his jaws will grow thinner and thinner.
 Fall, fall, &c.

A Farmer without any corn,
 he has got neither to buy or to lend,

A huntsman without e'er a horn,
 his wife must stand his best friend,
 Fall, rill, &c.

A ploughman without e'er a plough,
 I think may live at his ease,
 And a dairy without any cow,
 will make but bad butter and cheefe.
 Fall rill, &c.

A man that is pitiful poor,
 has little or nothing to loose,
 And he that's got ne'er a foot,
 it saves him the buying of shoes.
 Fall rill, &c.

A taylor without e'er a needle,
 he need not take seam in his hand,
 A weaver without any wait,
 may let the shuttle alone.
 Fall rill, &c.

A woman that never bore children,
 is barren, and so much the worse,
 And he that is quite of money,
 can have but little use for a purse.
 Fall rill &c.

A man that has got but one shirt,
 and when it is wash'd from his side,

I'm sure he can never do worse,
than lie in his bed till its dried.

Fall fall, &c.

I hope there's not one in this place,
any way displeas'd with my song,
Come buy up my ballads, space,
and I'll pack up my awls and be gone.

Fall fall, &c.

Lord Douglas's Tragedy.

RISE up, rise up Lord Douglas, she says,
and draw to your arms so bright,
Let it never be said that a daughter of yours
shall go with a lord or a knight.

Rise up, rise up my seven bold sons,
and draw to your arms so bright,
Let it never be said that a sister of yours
shall go with a lord or a knight.

He looked o'er his left shoulder,
to see what he could spy,
And there he spy'd her seven brethren bold,
and her father who lov'd her so dear.

Light down, light down, Lady Margaret, he said,
and hold my steed in your hands,

That I my go fight with your seven brethren
bold,
and your father that loves you so dear

There she stood and better stood,
and never a tear let fall,
Till she saw her seven brethren slain,
and her father who lov'd her so dear.

Hold your hand, hold you William, she said
for thy strokes are wonderful fore.
For sweethearts I may get many a one,
but a father I'll never get more.

She took a handkerchief of Holland so fine,
and aye she wip'd her father's bloody wound,
Which ran more clear than the red wine,
and forked in the cold ground.

O chuse you Lady Margaret, he said,
whether you will go or bide;
I must go with you Lord William she said,
since you have left me no other guide.

He lifted her on a milk white steed,
himself on a dapple grey,
With a blue gilded horn hanging by his side,
and they slowly both rode away.

Away they rode, and better they rode,
till once they came to yonder strand,

All once they came to yon clear river,
and there they lighted down,

they lighted down to take a drink,
of the spring that ran so clear;
and there she tpy'd his pretty heart's blood
all running down the stream,

hold up, hold up, Lord William she says,
for I fear that you are slain,
'tis nothing but the shade of my scarlet clothes
that is sparkling down the stream,

she lifted her on a milk white steed,
and himself on a dapple grey,
with a blue gilded horn hanging by his side,
and slowly they both rode away,

so they rode and better rode,
till he came to his mother's bower,
until they came to his mother's gate,
and there they lighted down.

mother, mother make my bed,
and make it soft and fine,
and lay my lady at my back,
that I may sleep most sound,

Lord William died e'er the middle of the night
Lady Margret long e'er day,

And they two cast the true love knot,
for they were true lovers dear,

Lord William died of pure love,
and lady Margret died of sorrow,
The one was buried in St Mary's kirk,
the other in Mary's quire;

And out of William's grave sprung a red rose,
and out of Mary's a brier,
The two did grow and then did plate,
till they could grow no higher,

The Banks of Doon.

YE banks and braes of bonny Doon,
How can ye bloom so fresh and fair,
How can your blue stream row so clear,
when I'm so weary fu' o' care,
Ye'll break my heart ye little birds,
that wanton on yon flow'ry thorn,
Ye mind me of departed joys,
departed never to return,
I have I roam'd by bonny Doon,
to see the rose and woodbine twine,
Whar ilka bird sang of it's love,
and sae did I wi' glæc o' mine,
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
the sweetest on its thorny tree,
But my false love has stow'd the rose,
and he's left the thorn behind to me