

Three Excellent

S O N G S.

The Sheffield Prentice.

Highland Mary.

Johnny Cope's Race.



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*The Sheffield Prentice*

I WAS brought up in Sheffield,  
 not of a high degree,  
 My parents doated on me,  
 they had no more but me,  
 I rolled in such pleasure,  
 just as my fancy led,  
 Tilt I was bound apprentice,  
 then all my joy fled.

I did not love my master,  
 he did not use me well,  
 I took a resolution  
 not long with him to dwell;  
 Unknow to my poor parents,  
 from him I ran away,  
 I steer'd my course to London,  
 O cursed be the day!

A handsome young lady,  
 from Holland met me there,  
 She offer'd me great wages  
 to serve her for a year.  
 O then with great persuasions,  
 with her I did agree,

To go to live in Holland,  
 which prov'd my destiny.

I had not been Holland,  
 years past two or three,  
 Before that my young mistress  
 grew very fond of me.  
 She said her gold a silver,  
 her houses and her land,  
 If I'd consent to marry her,  
 should be at my command.

I said dear honoured lady,  
 I cannot wed you both,  
 For I have lately promised,  
 and made a solemn oath  
 To wed with none but Polly,  
 your pretty chamber maid,  
 Excuse me my dear mistress,  
 she has my heart betray'd.

Then in an angry humour,  
 away from me she ran,  
 Resolv'd to be reveng'd on me,  
 before that it was long.  
 She being so perplexed  
 she could not be my wife,

That she contriv'd a project,  
to take away my life.

One day as we were walking  
all in the garden gay,  
The flowers they were springing  
delightful and gay:  
A gold ring from her finger,  
as I was passing by,  
She slip't into my pocket,  
and for it I must die.

My mistress swore I robbed her,  
and quickly I was brought  
Before a grave old Justice  
to answer for this fault.  
Long time I pleaded innocence,  
but it was all in vain,  
She swore so hard against me,  
that I was sent to jail.

It's now the last assizes  
are drawing on at last,  
And presently the judge  
will on me sentence cast.  
From the place of confinement  
they brought me to a tree

So God reward my mistress,  
for she hath ruin'd me.

All you who stand around  
my wretched fate to see,  
Don't glory at my downfall,  
I pray you pity me  
Believe I am quite innocent,  
to this world I bid adieu;  
Farewell my pretty Polly,  
I die for loving you.

*Highland Mary.*

WE banks & braes, & streams around  
the castle of Montgomery,  
Green be your woods, & fair your flow'rs,  
your waters never drumlie:  
The summer first unfaulds her robes,  
and there they longest tarry;  
For there I took the last farewell  
of my dear highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,  
how sweet the hawthorn blossom:  
As underneath the ir fragrant shade,  
I claspt her to my bosom!

The golden hours on angel wings,  
 flew o'er me and my dearie,  
 For dear to me as light and life,  
 was my dear highland Mary,

Wi' mony a vow and lock'd embrace,  
 our parting was so tender,  
 And pledging aft to meet again,  
 we tore ourselves afunder :  
 But ah ! fell death's untimely frost,  
 that nipt my flower so early...  
 Now green's the sod and cauld's the clay  
 that warms my highland Mary.

O pale, pale now are these rosy lips,  
 I aft ha'e kiss'd sae fondly !  
 And clos'd for ay the sparkling glance,  
 that dwelt on me sae fondly !  
 And mouldering now in silent dust,  
 that heart that lov'd me dearly,  
 But still within my bosom close,  
 shall live my highland Mary.

*Jobny Coup.*

**C** OUP sent a letter frae Dumbair,  
 Charlie meet me an' ye dare,

And I'll learn you the art of war,  
 If you'll meet me in the morning,  
 Hey Johnny Cope are you waking  
 yet?  
 Or are your drums a beating yet,  
 If you be waking I would wait,  
 To gang to the coals i' the morning

When Charlie looked the letter upon,  
 He drew his sword the scabbert from,  
 Says follow me my merry men,  
 And we'll meet Cope i' the morning.  
 Hey Johnny Cope, &c.

Now Johnny be as good as your word,  
 Come let us try baith fire and sword,  
 And dinna rin awa' like a frightened bird,  
 That's chas'd frae it's nest i' the morn-  
 ing. Hey Johnny, &c.

When Johnny Cope he heard of this,  
 He thought it wadna be amiss  
 To ha'e a horse in readiness,  
 To flee awa' i' the morning.  
 Hey, &c.

Fy now Johnny get up and rin,  
 The Highland bag pipes make a din,

It's best to sleep in a whole skin,  
For 't will be a bloody morning.

When Johnny Cope to Berwick came,  
They spier'd at him, Where's a' your men  
The de'il confound me gin I ken,  
For I left them a' in the morning, &c.

Now Johnny troth ye was nae blate,  
To come wi' the news o' your ain defea.  
And leave your men in sic a strait,  
So early in the morning. Hey, &c.

Ah! faith, quo' Johnny, I got sic flegs  
Wi' their claymores and philabegs,  
If I face them again de'il break my legs  
So I wish you a' good morning.

Hey Johnny Cope are waking yet,  
Or are your drums a beating yet,  
If ye were waking I would wait,  
To gang to the coals i' the morning

FINIS.