

FOUR EXCELLENT

S O N G S.

We've ay been Provided for.

Amo Amas.

The Golden Glove, with  
the Answer.

The Highland Laddie.



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*We have ay been Provided for.*

**C**OME sit down my cronies and gie me your craek,  
 Let the win' tak the care o' this life on it's back,  
 Our hearts to despondency we never will submit  
 For we've ay been provided for and sae will we yet,  
 And sae will we yet, and sae will yet, For, &c.

Let the miser delight in the hoarding of pelf,  
 Since he has nor the saul to enjoy it himself,  
 Since the bounty of Providence is new every day,  
 As we travel thro' life, let us live by the way, &c.

Then bring us a Tankard of nappy good ale,  
 For to comfort our heart and enliven our tale,  
 We'll ay be the merrier the langer that we live,  
 For we've drank the gither mony a time, and sae  
 will we yet, &c.

Come hand me your mill, and my nose I will prime  
 With mirth and sweet innocence we'll pass away the  
 time:  
 For quarreling or fighting we never will admit,  
 We've parted ay in unity and sae will we yet. &c.

Success to the farmer and prosper his plough,  
 Rewarding his idant toils all the year through:  
 Our seed sown and harvest we ever will get,  
 For we've ay ay to providence, and sae will we  
 yet, &c.

Let the glass keep its course and go merrily round,  
 For the sun has to rise, tho' the moon it goes down;  
 Till the hour he rins round about, 'tis time enough  
 to sit;

If we fell, we ay got up again, and sae will we yet,  
 And sae will we yet, &c.

## AMO AMAS.

**A** MO Amas  
 I love a lass,  
 As a cedar tall and slender,  
 Sweet cowslips grace,  
 Her Nom'native case,  
 And she's of the feminine gender.

### CHORUS.

Rorum Corum,  
 Sunt di-vorum,  
 Harum scarum Divo;  
 Tag rag merry derry,  
 Perry wig and hat band,  
 Hic hoc horum Genetivo.

Can I decline,  
 A nymph divine.  
 Her voice as a flute is Dulcis.  
 Her oculus bright  
 Her Manus white,  
 And soft when I lacto to her pulsis.  
 Rorum Corum, &c.

O how Bella,  
 My puella,  
 I'll kiss in Secula Seculorum,  
 If I have luck, sic,  
 She's my Uxor,  
 Dies Bendictorum.  
 Rorum Corum, &c.

### *The Golden Glove.*

**A** Wealthy young 'squire in Tomworth we hear,  
 Courted a nobleman's daughter so fair,  
 And for to marry her it was his intent,  
 All friends and relations did give him consent.

The time was appointed for the wedding day,  
 A farmer was chosen the father to be,  
 But as soon as the lady the farmer did spy,  
 It flamed her heart, O my heart she did cry.

She turn'd from the 'squire. but nothing she said,  
 Instead of being married, she went to bed ;  
 The thought of the farmer so run in her mind,  
 And the way for to have him she quickly did find.

Coat, waistcoat, and breeches she did put on,  
 A hunting she went with a dog and a gun :  
 She hunted all round where the farmer did dwell  
 Because in her heart she did love him full well.

She oftentimes fir'd, but nothing she kill'd,  
 At length the young farmer came in to the field,  
 O then to discourse bl'm it was her intent,  
 With her dog and her gun, to meet him she went.

I thought you had been at the wedding, she cried,  
 For to wait on the 'squire and give him his bride.  
 No, no, said the farmer if the truth I may tell,  
 I'll not give her away, for I love her too well.

Suppose that the lady should grant you her love,  
 You know that the 'squire would your ruin prove:  
 O then says the farmer, I'll take sword in hand,  
 By honour I'll a'in her, or my life's at command.

\* The lady was pleas'd to hear him so bold,  
 She gave him a glove that was flowered with gold,  
 She told him she found it coming along,  
 As she was a hunting with a dog and a gun.

The lady went home with a heart full of love,  
 And gave out speech that she lost a glove;  
 And he that does find it and brings it to me,  
 That man that doth find it his bride I will be.

This pleased the farmer to hear of the news,  
 With is heart full of joy to the lady he goes,  
 Dear honoured lady I pick'd up your glove,  
 And if you please to grant me your love.

It is already granted, the lady replied,  
 For I love the sweet breath of a farmer's side.

I'll be mistress of the dairy and milk all the cows,  
Whilst my jolly young farmer is whistling at plows.

THE ANSWER.

**T**HE 'squire he returned in furious mood,  
Swearing to be revenged on the farmer's blood  
But fortune to the farmer has proved most kind,  
Disappointed the 'squire of his cruel design.

The 'squire and the farmer by chance they did meet,  
Says the 'squire to the farmer you are insincere  
For taking from me my sweet lovely bride;  
You shall either fight me or die by my side,

With all my whole heart the farmer did say,  
To fight for my jewel I will never deny;  
So to work with vigour they instantly went,  
But the 'squire he yielded gave the farmer consent.

And now they are marri'd in great splendor we hear  
Now he possesses nine hundred a year;  
With his beautiful lady, and likewise his hall,  
He has men and maidens and all at his call.

Here's a health to the plough boys my lady did  
I'm wed to a ploughman I'll never deny; (cry,  
For they are men of honour, in love they're sincere,  
And they toil late and early for both rich and poor.

After the wedding she told of the fun,  
How she hunted the farmer with a dog and a gun.

But now I have caught him so fast in my snare,  
I'll enjoy him for ever I vow and declare.

### The Highland Laddie.

**H**IGHLAND Laddie brisk and gay,  
Highland laddie brisk and bonny,  
And he will away to Glasgow town,  
To steal awa' his bonny Peggy.

It's I will follow through frost and snow,  
I'll follow you through mountains many,  
I will follow you wherever you go,  
And I'll stay no longer with my mammy.

As they rode through Drummond town,  
O but they rode wondrous bonny  
There they met the Earl of Hume,  
Oh! and his young son was riding by him.

Out bespoke the Earl of Hume,  
And O but he spoke wondrous bonny.  
She's the bonniest lass that ever I did see,  
That is riding behind you Highland laddie.

Out bespoke the gay old man  
An O but he spoke wondrous angry,  
You may steal my cows and ewes,  
But you must not steal awa' my bonny Peggy.

O no, O no, you good old man,  
 I have plenty of gear and goud already,  
 I'll never steal awa' your cows or your ewes,  
 But I will away with your pretty Peggy.

He set her on a milk white feed,  
 And himself on a good gray naggy,  
 They rode till they came to yon low glen,  
 And there he laid down his bonny peggy.

Their bed was of the good green hay,  
 The blankets were of the breakens bonny ;  
 He folded his philabeg under her head,  
 And there she lay down with her highland laddie.

Don't you see yon cattle high,  
 O but it looks wonderous bonny,  
 But a the gear that the bonny Peggy had,  
 Was a wee cot house and a wee kail yardey,

I have a thousand acres of land,  
 They are all plowed and sown already.  
 My name is Mackonald from the Isle of Sky,  
 And why should not Peggy be called a lady.

FINIS