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An Excellent Collection of

*Popular Songs*

- viz.
1. The Gypsie Laddie.
  2. The Maid in Bedlam...
  3. The Farmer.
  4. The Bonny House of Airley.
  5. Molly O'Rigge and Cornelius O'Whack.
  6. The Maid that tends the Goats.

## The Gypsie Laddie.

THE gypsies came to our good lord's gate,  
 And wow but they sang sweetly;  
 They sang sae sweet and sae very compleete,  
 That down came the fair lady.

And she came tripping down the stair,  
 And a' her maids before her;  
 As soon as they saw her weel-far'd face,  
 They coost the glamer o'er her.

"O come with me," says Johnie Faw,  
 "O come with me, my deary;  
 For I vow and I swear by the hilt of my sword,  
 That your lord shall nae mair come near ye."

Then she gied them the beer and the wine,  
 And they gied her the ginger;  
 But she gied them a far better thing,  
 The goud ring aff her finger.

"Gae tak frae me this gay mantle,  
 And bring to me a plaidie;  
 For if kith and kin and a' had sworn,  
 I'll follow the gypsie laddie.

"Yestreen I lay in a weel-made bed,  
 Wi' my good lord beside me;  
 But this night I'll lye in a tenant's barn,  
 Whatever shall betide me.

"Come to your bed," says Johnie Faw,  
 "Oh! come to your bed, my dearie;  
 For I vow and I swear by the hilt of my sword,  
 That your lord shall nae mair come near ye.

"I'll go to bed to my Johnie Faw,  
 I'll go to bed to my dearie;  
 For I vow and I swear by the fan in my hand,  
 That my lord shall nae mair come near me.

"I'll mak a hap to my Johnie Faw,  
 I'll mak a hap to my dearie;  
 And he's get a' the coat gaes round,  
 That your lord shall nae mair come near me.

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And when our lord came home at e'en,  
And spier'd for his fair lady,  
The tane she cry'd, and the other replied,  
" She's away wi' the gypsie laddie.

" Gae saddle to me the black black steed,  
Gae saddle and make him ready ;  
Before that I either eat or sleep,  
I'll gae seek my fair lady."

And he's rode east, and he's rode west,  
Till he came' near Kirkaldy ;  
There he met a packman lad,  
And spier'd for his fair lady.

" O cam ye east, or cam ye west,  
Or cam ye through Kirkaldy ?  
O saw na ye a bonny lass,  
Following the gypsie laddie ?"

" I cam na east, I cam na west,  
Nor cam I through Kirkaldy ;  
But the bonniest lass that e'er I saw,  
Was following the gypsie laddie."

And we were fifteen weel-made men,  
Altho' we were na bonny ;  
And we were a' put downa but ane,  
For a fair young wanton lady.

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### *The Maid in Bedlam.*

ONE morning very early,  
One morning in the spring,  
I heard a maid in Bedlam,  
Who mournfully did sing ;  
Her chains she rattled in her hand,  
While sweetly thus sung she,  
I love my love, because I know  
My love loves me.

Oh cruel were his parents,  
Who sent my love to sea.

Although they've ruin'd me,  
And I love my love, because I know  
My love loves me,  
O should it please the pitying pow'rs  
To call me to the sky,  
I'd claim a guardian angel's charge  
Around my love to fly;  
To guard him from all dangers,  
How happy should I be!  
For I love my love, because I know  
My love loves me,  
I'll make a strawy garland,  
I'll make it wondrous fine;  
With roses, lilies, daisies,  
I'll mix the eglantine  
And I'll present it to my love,  
When he returns from sea;  
For I love my love, because I know  
My love loves me,  
Oh! if I were a little bird,  
To build upon his breast;  
Or if I were a Nightingale,  
To sing my love to rest;  
To gaze upon his lovely eyes  
All my reward should be,  
For I love my love, because I know  
My love loves me,  
Oh! if I were an eagle,  
To soar into the sky  
I'd gaze around with piercing eyes,  
Where I my love might spy:  
But ah! unhappy maiden  
That love you ne'er shall see,  
Yet I love my love, because I know  
My love loves me.

## *The Farmer.*

COME each jolly fellow that loves to be mellow,  
 Attend unto me and sit easy ;  
 One jorum in quiet, my boys we will try it,  
 Dull thinking will make a man crazy ;  
 For here I am king, let us drink, laugh, and sing,  
 Let no man appear as a stranger ;  
 But show me the ass that refuses his glass,  
 And I'll order him hay in a manger.  
 By plowing and sowing, by reaping and mowing,  
 Dame nature supplies me with plenty ;  
 I've a cellar well stor'd, and a plentiful board,  
 And my garden affords every dainty ;  
 I have all things in season, both woodcock and  
 pheasant ;  
 I am here as justice of Quorum ;  
 In my cabin's far end, I've a bed for a friend,  
 With a clean fire side and a jorum.  
 Were it not for my seeding, you'd get but poor  
 feeding ;  
 You would surely be all starv'd without me ;  
 I am always content when I've paid my rent,  
 And happy when friends are about me ;  
 Draw close to the table, my boys, while you're able,  
 Let me hear no words of complaining,  
 or the jingling of glasses all music surpasses,  
 I love to see bottles a draining.  
 Let the mighty and great roll in splendour and state,  
 I envy them not, I declare it ;  
 I'll eat my own lamb, my own chickens and ham,  
 And I'll shear my own sheep, and I'll wear it.  
 I've lawns and I've bowers, I have fruit and I've  
 flowers,  
 The lark is my daily alarmer ;  
 my jolly boys, now, that follow the plough,  
 Drink Long Life and Success to the Farmer.

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*The Bonny House of Airley.*

It fell on a day, and a bonny summer day,  
 When the corn grew green and barely,  
 That there fell out a great dispute  
 Between Argyle and Airley.

Argyle has raised a hundred men,  
 A hundred men and mairley,  
 And he has gone to the back of Dunkeld,  
 To plunder the bonny house of Airley.

The Lady look'd over her window,  
 And oh! she look'd uncheerly,  
 And she espy'd the great Argyle  
 Coming to plunder the bonny house of Airley.

Come down, come down, Madam, he says,  
 Come down and kiss me fairly;  
 I will not kiss thee, great Argyle,  
 If you'd not leave a standing stone in Airley.

He has ta'e'n her by the middle so small,  
 Says, Lady, where is your dowry?  
 It is up and down the bonny burn-side,  
 Among the plantings of Airley.

They sought it up, they sought it down,  
 They sought it late and early,  
 And found it in the bonny palm-tree,  
 That shines on the bowling-green of Airley.

He has ta'e'n her by the left shoulder,  
 And O but she look'd queerly,  
 And laid her down on the green bank,  
 Till he plunder'd the bonny house of Airley.

O! if my good Lord was at home,  
 As this night he is wi' Charlie,  
 The great Argyle and all his men  
 Darst not plunder the bonny house of Airley

'Tis ten bony sons to him I have born,  
 And th' eleventh ne'er saw his daddie;  
 And if I had a hundred more,  
 I'd give them all to Charlie.

*Molly O'Rigge and Cornelius  
 O'Whack.*

At Cork liv'd Miss Molly O'Rigge,  
 With a nose like the snout of a pig;  
 Long carrotty locks,  
 And ten pounds in the stocks,  
 Was the fortune of Molly O'Rigge;  
 What a beautiful Molly O'Rigge.

Tom Treacle lov'd Molly O'Rigge,  
 A pert little tea-dealing prig;  
 Says he, Molly, my dove,  
 My heart's brimful of love.  
 Says she, grocer, I don't care a fig;  
 What a hard-hearted Molly O'Rigge.

I hate men, quoth Molly O'Rigge,  
 In love they're a mere whirligig;  
 But Cornelius O'Whack  
 Gave her heart such a smack,  
 That to church they both caper'd a jig;  
 What a hard-hearted Molly O'Rigge.

Says the tea-dealer, Molly O'Rigge,  
 My heart is with jealousy big;  
 Says she, hold your clack,  
 I'm now Mistress O'Whack,  
 I'm no longer Molly O'Rigge:  
 Good bye, Mistress Molly O'Rigge.

*The Maid that tends the Goats.*

Up amang yon cliffy rocks,  
 Sweetly rings the rising echo,  
 To the maid that tends the goats,  
 Liltin'g o'er her native notes.  
 Hark, she sings, " Young Sandy's kind,  
 An' he's promis'd ay to lo'e me ;  
 Here's a broach I ne'er shall tine,  
 Till he's fairly married to me;  
 Drive away, ye drone, time,  
 An' bring about our bridal day.

" Sandy herds a flock o' sheep;  
 Aften does he blaw the whistle,  
 In a strain sae saftly sweet,  
 Lammies list'nin'g dare na bleat.  
 He's as fleet's the mountain roe,  
 Hardy as the Highland leather,  
 Wading through the winter snow,  
 Keeping ay his flock thegither:  
 But a plaid, wi' bare houghs,  
 He brave's the bleakest nor'lan blast.

" Brawly can he dance and sing,  
 Canty glee, or Highland cronach;  
 Nane can ever match his fling,  
 At a reel, or round a ring:  
 Wightly can he wield a ring;  
 In a brawl he's ay the bangster:  
 A' his praise can ne'er be sung,  
 By the langest-winded sangster,  
 Sangs, that sing o' Sandy,  
 Seen's short, tho' they were e'er sae lang."