

SEVEN

Select Songs

Willie brew'd a peck o' maut.

This is no my ain Lassie.

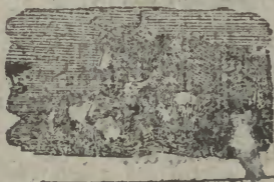
Willie Wastle.

The Day returns.

Hey for a lass wi' a tocher.

I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen.

I hae a wife o' my ain.



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WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT.

O Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,
And Rab and Allan cam to prie;
Three blyther lads that lee lang night,
Ye wadna fand in Christendie.

We are na fou, we're na that fou,
But just a wee drap in our ee;
The cock may craw the day may daw
But ay we'll taste the barley bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys I trow are we;
And mony a canty night we've seen,
And mony mae we hope to see.

We are na fou, &c.

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinkin in the lift sae hie;
She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
But by my sooth she'll wait a wee.

We are na fou, &c.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
A cuckold coward loop is he!

Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
 He shall be king amang us three.
 We are na fou, &c.

THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE.

O this is no my ain lassie,
 Fair tho' the lassie be;
 O weel ken I my ain lassie,
 Kind love is in her ee.

I see a form, I see a face,
 Ye weel may wi' the fairest place;
 It wants, to me, the witching grace,
 The kind love that's in her ee.
 O this is no, &c.

She's bonny, blooming, straight and tall;
 And lang has had my heart in thrall;
 And ay it charms my very saul,
 The kind love that's in her ee.
 O this is no, &c.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean,
 To steal a blink, by a' unseen;
 But gleg as light are lovers' een,
 When kind love is in the ee.
 O this is no, &c.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
 It may escape the learned clerks;
 But weel the watching lover marks
 The kind love that's in her ee.

O this is no, &c.

WILLIE WASTLE.

Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed,
 The spot they ca'd it Linkuindoddie,
 Willie was a wabster guid,
 Could stown a clue wi' ony bodie;
 He had a wife was dour and din,
 Tinkler Maggie was her mither;
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wadna gie a button for her.

She has an e'e, she has but ane,
 The cat has twa the very colour;
 Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,
 A clapper tongue wad deave a miller;
 A whiskin beard about her mou,
 Her nose and chin they threaten ither;
 Sic a wife, &c.

She's bow-hough'd, she's hein-shinn'd,
 Ae limpin leg a hand-breed shorter;

She's twisted right, shē's twisted left,
 To balance fair in ilka quarter:
 She has a hump upon her breast,
 The twin o' that upon her shoulder;
 Sic a wife, &c.

Auld baudrons by the ingle sits,
 And wi' her loof her face a-washin;
 But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,
 She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion;
 Her walie nieves like midden creels,
 Her face wad fyle the Logan water;
 Sic a wife, &c.

THE DAY RETURNS.

The day returns, my bosom burns,
 The blissful day we twa did meet,
 Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd,
 Ne'er summer sun was half sae sweet.
 Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
 And crosses o'er the sultry line;
 Than kingly robes, than crowns and
 globes, (mine.
 Heaven gave me more, it made thee
 While day and night can bring delight,
 Or nature aught of pleasure give;

While joys above my mind can move
 For thee, and thee alone, I live.
 When that grim foe of life below
 Comes in between to make us part;
 The iron hand that breaks our band,
 It breaks my bliss—it breaks my heart.

HEY FOR A LASS WI' A TOCHER.

Awa wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's a
 larms, [arms
 The slender bit beauty you grasp in your
 Ogie me the lass that has acres o' charms
 O gie me the lass wi' the weel-stocki
 farms.

Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher, hey
 for a lass wi' a tocher,

Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher, the
 nice yellow guineas for me.

Your beauty's a flower in the morning
 that blows, (grows;

And withers the faster, the faster it
 But the rapturous charms o' the bonny
 green knowes,

Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonny
 white yowes.

Then hey, &c.

And e'en when this beauty your bosom
 has blést, [possest;
 The brightest o' beauty may cloy when
 But the sweet yellow darlings wi' Geor-
 die imprest, [carest.
 The langer ye hae them the mair they're
 Then hey, &c.

THE BLUE-EYED LASSIE.

I gaed a wacfu' gate yestreen,
 A gate I fear I'll dearly rue;
 I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
 Twa lovely een o' bonny blue.
 'Twas not her golden ringlets bright,
 Her lips like roses wat wi' dew,
 Her heaving bosom lily white;—
 It was her een sae bonny blue.

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wyl'd
 She charm'd my saul I wist na how;
 And ay the stound, the deadly wound,
 Cam frae her een sae bonnie blue.

But spare to speak, and spare to speed,
 She'll aiblins listen to my vow:
 Should she refuse I'll lay my dead
 To her twa een sae bonnie blue.

I HAE A WIFE O' MY AIN.

I hae a wife o' my ain,
 I'll partake wi' naebody;
 I'll tak cuckold frae nane,
 I'll gie cuckold to naebody.
 I hae a penny to spend,
There — thanks to naebody;
 I hae naething to lend,
 I'll borrow frae naebody.

I am naebody's lord,
 I'll be slave to naebody;
 I hae a guid braid sworu,
 I'll tak dunts frae naebody.
 I'll be merry and free,
 I'll be sad for naebody;
 If naebody care for me,
 I'll care for naebody.

F I N I S.