

THE
HIGHLAND LADDIE.

Pray, Goody.

KATE KEARNEY.

WITH THE ANSWER.

The Fairest of the Fair.

Hal the Woodman.



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THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

The lawland lads think they are fine,
But O! they're vain and idly gaudy;
How much unlike the gracefu' mien,
And manly looks of my Highland
laddie.

O my bonnie Highland laddie,
My handsome charming Highland lad-
die;

May heaven still guard, and love reward
The lawland lass and her highland laddie

If I were free at will to choose,
To be the wealthiest Lawland lady,
I'd tak young Donald without trows,
With bonnet blue and belted plaidie.
O my bonny, &c.

The brawest beau in burrows town,
In a' his airs, wi' art made ready,
Compar'd to him, he's but a clown,
He's finer far in's tartan plaidie.
O my bonny, &c.

O'er benty hill wi' him I'll run,
And leave my lawland kin and daddie,

Frae winter's cauld and simmer's sun,
 He'il screen mewith his highland plaidie
 O my bonny, &c.

A painted room, and silken bed,
 May please a Lawland laird and lady;
 But I can kiss, and be as glad,
 Behind a bush, in's Highland plaidie.
 O my bonny, &c.

Few compliments between us pass;
 I ca' him my dear Highland laddie,
 And he ca's me his Lawland lass,
 Syne rows me in beneath his plaidie.
 O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
 Than that his love prove true & steady,
 Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
 While heaven preserves my Highland
 laddie.
 O my bonny, &c.

PRAY GOODY.

Pray, Goody, please to moderate the
 rancour of your tongue,

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Why flash those sparks of fury from
your eyes?
Remember when the judgment's weak
the prejudice is strong,
A stranger why will you despise?
Pity me, try me,
Prove e'er you deny me;
If you cast me off, you'll blast me,
Never more to rise.
Pray, Goody, &c.

KATE KEARNEY.

O did you ne'er hear of Kate Kearney?
She lives on the banks of Killarney;
From the glance of her eye,
Shun danger and fly,
For fatal's the glance of Kate Kearney.
For that eye is so modestly beaming,
You'd ne'er think of mischief she's drea-
Yet oh! I can tell, [ming;
How fatal the spell
That lurks in the eye of Kate Kearney.
O should you e'er meet this Kate Kear-
ney,
Who lives on the banks of Killarney,

Beware of her smile,
 For many a wile
 Lies hid in the smile of Kate Kearney.
 Tho' she looks so bewitchingly simple,
 There's mischief in every dimple;
 And who dares inhale
 Her mouth's spicy gale,
 Must die by the breath of Kate Kearney.

ANSWER.

Oh yes, I have seen this Kate Kearney,
 Who lives near the lake of Killarney;
 From her love-beaming eye,
 What mortal can fly, [ney?
 Unsubdued by the glance of Kate Kear-
 For that eye, so seducingly beaming,
 Assures me of mischief she's dreaming,
 And I feel 'tis in vain
 To fly from the chain
 That binds me to lovely Kate Kearney.
 At eve when I've met this Kate Kear-
 ney,
 On the flow'r-mantled banks of Killarney,
 Her smile would impart
 Thrilling joy to my heart,

As I gaz'd on the charming Kate Kearney.

On the banks of Killarney reclining,
My bosom to rapture resigning,

I've felt the keen smart
Of love's fatal dart,

And inhal'd the warm sigh of Kate
Kearney.

FAIREST OF THE FAIR.

O Nannie, wilt thou gang wi' me,
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town;

Can silent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot, and russet gown?

Nae langer drest in silken sheen,

Nae langer deck'd wi' jewels rare,

Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
Where thou wast fairest of the fair?

O Nannie, when thou'rt far awa,

Wilt thou not cast a look behind?

Say, canst thou face the flaky snaw,

Nor shrink before the warping wind?

O can that soft and gentlest mien,

Severest hardships learn to bear,

Nor sad regret each courtly scene,
Where thou wast fairest of the fair?

O Nannie, canst thou love so true,
Thro' perils keen wi' me to gae?
Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,
To share with him the pang of wae.
And when invading pains befall,
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
Nor wishful those gay scenes recal,
Where thou wast fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
And wilt thou o'er his much-lov'd clay,
Strew flow'rs, and drop the tender tear?
Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
Where thou wast fairest of the fair?

HAL THE WOODMAN.

Stay, traveller, tarry here to-night,
The rain yet beats, the wind is loud,
The moon too has withdrawn her light,
And gone to sleep behind a cloud.

'Tis seven long miles across the moor,
 And should you from our cottage
 stray,
 You'll meet, I fear, no friendly door,
 No soul to tell the ready way.

Come, dearest Kate, the meal prepare,
 This stranger shall partake our best;
 A cake and rasher be his fare,
 With ale that makes the weary blest.
 Approach the hearth, there take a place,
 And, till the hour of rest draws nigh,
 Of Robin Hood, and Chevy Chase,
 We'll sing, then to our pallets lie.
 Had I the means I'd use you well;
 'Tis little I have got to boast;
 But should you of our cottage tell,
 Say, Hat the Woodman was your
 host.

F I N I S.