

WHEN THE KYE COME HAME.

W. M'Call, Printer, 4, Cartwright Place,
Byrom Street, Liverpool.

Come all ye jolly shepherds,
That whistle through the glen,
I'll tell you of a secret
That courtiers dinna ken,
What is the greatest bliss
That the tongue o' man can name?
'Tis to woo abonnie lassie,
When the kye come hame.

When the kye come hame,
When the kye come hame,
'Tween the gloamin and the mirk
When the kye come hame.

'Tis not beneath the burgonet,
Nor yet beneath the crown,
'Tis not on couch of velvet,
Nor yet on bed of down,—
'Tis beneath the spreading birch,
In the dell without a name,
Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie,
When the kye come hame.

Then the eyes shine so bright,
The hale soul to beguile,
There's love in every whisper,
And joy in every smile;
O, wha would choose a crown,
Wi' its perils and its fame,
And miss a bonnie lassie,
When the kye come hame.

See yonder pawky shepherd,
That lingers on the hill,
His ewes are in the fauld,
And his lambs are lying still;
Yet he downa gang to bed,
For his heart is in a flame,
To meet his bonnie lassie,
When the kye come hame.

Awa wi' fame and fortune,—
What comfort can they gie?—
And a' the arts that prey
Upon man's life and liberty!
Gie me the highest joy
That the heart o' man can frame.—
My bonnie, bonnie lassie,
When the kye come hame!

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THE BRISK YOUNG LAD.

There came a young man to my daddy's door,
My daddy's door, my daddy's door,
There came a young man to my daddy's door,
He came seeking me to woo.

CHORUS.

O but he was a braw young lad,
A brisk young lad, and a braw young lad,
And O but he was a braw young lad,
He came seeking me to woo.

I was baking when he came,
When he came, when he came,
I took him in and I gie'd him a scone,
To thaw his frozen mou.

I sat him in aside the bink,
I gie'd him bread and ale to drink,
But ne'er blythe word would he blink,
Until his wame was fou.

Gae get you gone ye cauldri' wooer,
Ye sour looking cauldri' wooer,
I straightway showed him to the door,
Saying come no mair to woo.

There lay a duck dub afore the door,
Afore the door, afore the door,
There lay a duck dub afore the door,
And there fell he a trow.

Out came the good man and high he shouted,
Out came the good wife and laich she looted,
And all the town neighbours were gathered about it
And there lay he a trow.

Its out came I and sneered and smiled,
Ye came to woo but ye'r beguiled,
Ye fawn in the dirt and ye'r a' befild,
We'll ha' na mair o' you,

