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## THE LAIRD

# O' COCKPEN.

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The Laird o' Cockpen he's proud and he's great,  
His mind is ta'en up with affairs of the state,  
He wanted a wife his braw house to keep—  
And favours in wooing are fashous to seek.

Near yonder lake-side a lady did dwell,  
At his table-head he thought she'd look well;  
M'Leach's fair daughter of Claver's-ha-lea,  
A pennyless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was well powder'd, as good as when new,  
His doublet was red, and his hose they were blue;  
He put on a ring, a sword, and cock'd hat,  
And wha could refuse the laird wi' a' that.

He mounted his nag and he rode cannalie,  
Until he arrived at Claver's-ha-lea;  
Gae tell Mrs. Jean to come speedily ben,  
She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen.

Mrs Jean she was making the alder flow'r wine,  
Says, what brings the Laird here at such an ill-time,  
But she put aff her apron, and on a silk gown,  
With knots of red ribbons, she cam' away down.

And when she cam' down he bowed fu' low,  
And what was his errand he soon let her know;  
Astonish'd was he when the lady said nay,  
And wi' a low courtesy turned her away.

Confounded was he, but a sigh he ne'er gae—  
He mounted his nag and rode calmly away;  
But often he thought as he rode thro' the glen,  
She was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.

But now when the Laird his exit had made,  
Mrs. Jean she reflected on what she had said;  
For ane I'll get better, for waur I'll get ten,  
I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.

Mrs. Jean she did rue, and sent for the Laird,  
And in a short time the couple were pair'd;  
She sat at his table like a white-tapped hen,  
And the chickens are still to be seen at Cockpen.



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## THE

# UGLY SEA.

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The Sea, the Sea, the ugly Sea!  
So vide and deep, von't do for me,  
Row me to Vindsor from the Strand,  
In a wessel where I can touch the land  
On a nice green ditch where I can ride,  
And kick the shore from either side.

I never vent as far as the Nore,  
But I felt sea-sick more and more,  
And back I came and got in a boat,  
Where I in safety e'er can float—  
If storm should come I do not care  
My numbrella is stuck in the air!

The Sea, the Sea, where I would ever dwell,  
Is in the sound of the sweet Bow Bell!  
Vere the vatermen whistles o' Saturday night,  
And the little boys vashes their dingy backs white,  
I love to sit on a wherry of coals,  
And bob with frog on a pin for soles.

I vonce was shipwreck'd off Battersea,  
When Sally squalled and clung to me—  
And to turn up the whites of her eyes began,  
Like a mackarel fried in a frying-pan—  
For I told her that drowned she'd be,  
And the Crowner's Jury would bring it in fell-o'-de-sea!

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