


Galen .87

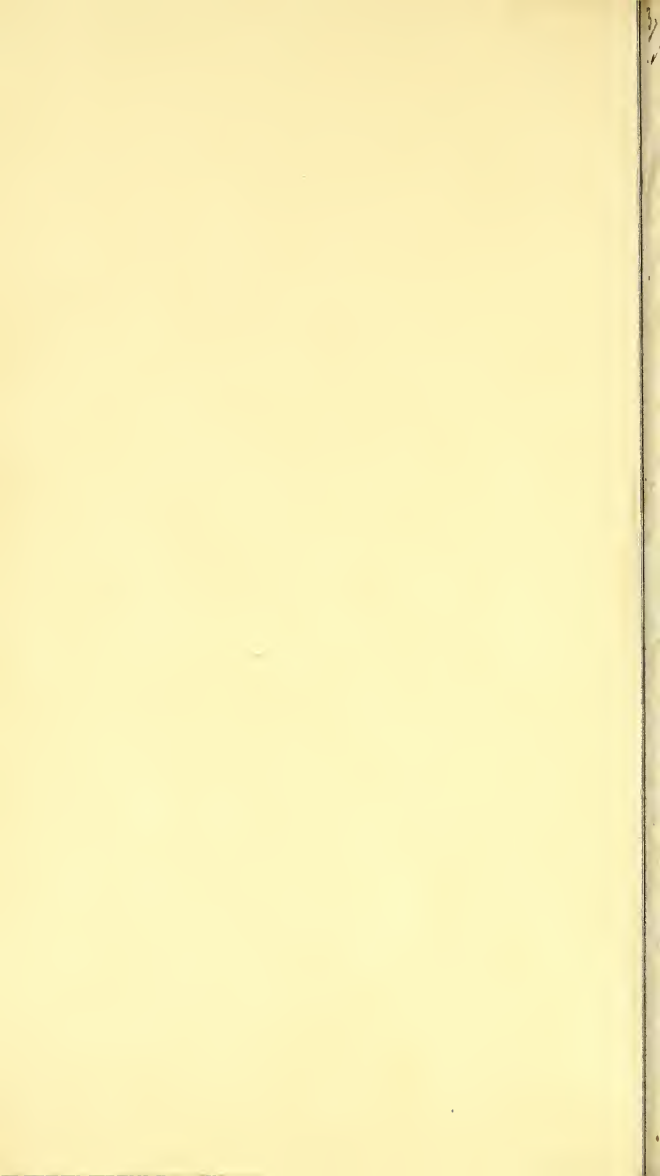
THE GLEN COLLECTION
OF SCOTTISH MUSIC

Presented by Lady Dorothea Ruggles-
Brise to the National Library of Scotland,
in memory of her brother, Major Lord
George Stewart Murray, Black Watch,
killed in action in France in 1914.

28th January 1927.



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37 *W. Anderson* *Glen 87*

THE
ANCIENT AND MODERN
SCOTS SONGS,
HEROIC BALLADS, &c.

Now first Collected into one Body,
From the various MISCELLANIES wherein
they formerly lay dispersed.

CONTAINING LIKEWISE,

A great Number of ORIGINAL SONGS, from
MANUSCRIPTS, never before published.

The Garb our Muses wore in former Years.

HAMILTON.



SCOTLAND LIBRARY
OF SCOTLAND
EDINBURGH

EDINBURGH:

Printed by and for MARTIN & WOTHERSPOON.

MDCCLXIX.



P R E F A C E.

TH E world in general have been but lately convinced, that the more ancient and original poetry of Scotland was superior to that of most northern nations. The learned in the antiquities of each have obliged their countrymen, from time to time, with every thing they were able to recover of the songs and tales of their remoter ancestors — These recoveries have, for the most part, been deemed precious, and met with the most favourable reception. Many such pieces are found of the highest merit, independent of every national circumstance; and others, though not so generally

pleasing, are still in great esteem with the peculiar people, or part of the country, to which the story relates; nay, of some regard even with the learned, because they are “the most natural pictures of ancient manners.”

IT is a considerable time since the native music of this country found its way to most of our neighbours, and has from them candidly received a preference even *to their own*. We are no doubt *passionately* fond of it, but this fondness is justified by genuine taste, and therefore can scarcely be deemed a national peculiarity. Many ingenious reasons have been assigned for a distinction so agreeable, chiefly drawn from the romantic face of the country, and the pastoral life of a great part of its inhabitants; circumstances, no doubt, highly favourable to poetry and song.

THE Editor of this little volume does not think himself equal to disquisitions of that kind, nor will he hazard a declamation upon the subject, satisfied that it is not in his power to do it justice. He confesses the warmest attachment, not only to the music, but to the poetry of the original Scottish songs, and cannot help thinking, that the merit of the one is, in many instances, equal to the other. The characteristical excellence too, of both, he apprehends, is nearly the same, *viz.* a forcible and pathetic simplicity, which at once lays strong hold on the affections: so that the heart itself may be considered as an *instrument* which the Bard or Minstrel harmonizes, touching all its strings in the most delicate and masterly manner! Indeed his partiality inclines him to believe, that were they universally understood, their reputation would not be

confined to North Britain, but acknowledged by every lover of nature and unaffected simplicity.

IT is much to be regretted that the original words to many favourite tunes, once everywhere known, are now irrecoverably lost, excepting what are to be found in the memories of country people, there preserved by a fond attachment to these natural paintings. Many have wished, that some person would attempt to recover these pieces, and publish a Collection of Originals, purely Scottish. The Editor, therefore, at last determined upon the trial himself, and his researches have proved more successful than could have been at first expected: he has recovered many of the original poems that gave rise to well-known tunes, and many fragments that appear of some antiquity; and, upon the whole, has

been enabled to bring into one volume (what was never before attempted) all the Scottish songs of any repute; presenting the reader, at the same time, with upwards of ONE HUNDRED more than are to be found in any collection extant, the greatest part of which have never before appeared in print.

THE only collection upon our plan, consisting entirely of Scots songs, is the *Orpheus Caledonius*, published by WILLIAM THOMSON in 1733; but this is confined to a small number, with the music, and now become very scarce; for ALLAN RAMSAY'S *Tea-Table Miscellany* cannot be termed *A complete collection of Scots songs*; they are, as he himself entitles them, — *A choice Collection of Scots and English.*

THE valuable collection of PERCY has furnished some songs, and more

perfect copies of several ballads, than those formerly printed ; and when modern words could only be given to ancient tunes, these are, however, (to speak *en Ecoffois,*) composed by *Poets* natives of North Britain.

AFTER the manner of PERCY, it was at first intended to have prefixed notes to the more ancient and historical poems in this Collection ; but the volume would have been thereby too much swelled : and as the Editor hath already some prospect of materials for a *second*, he is of opinion that these notes will come in with more propriety at the conclusion, where they may be by themselves perused.

As the only sure method of ascertaining the antiquity of the songs is by the language, any attempt to give them in a series, from the most ancient to

the more modern, is rendered impracticable ; many of the old ones being modernized in every copy extant.

THIS volume is divided into *two* parts : The *first* consists chiefly of songs from all the various miscellanies hitherto printed, with several additions, by collating different copies ; and the *second* principally contains such as *have not been before* published, together with the larger ballads or poems. The *former* is subdivided by their titles in the order of the alphabet, and the *latter* by separate classes.

ADVERTISEMENT.

ALTHOUGH this volume contains all the old Scottish songs that could be had in any measure complete, the Publishers have still remaining in their custody imperfect copies and detached pieces of a great many more; such of these as can be completed from more perfect copies, and such other old songs as can by any means be obtained — together with several modern songs, by celebrated authors, to the old Scottish tunes, are intended for a subsequent volume; in which it is proposed to insert notes and remarks upon several of the old songs and ballads, together with an ample Glossary for the whole, which could not be contained at the end of this volume.

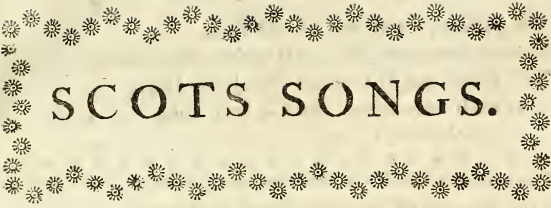
All the lovers of this subject, into whose hands the following collection may come, if possessed of any Scots songs of merit, not here found, are therefore earnestly entreated to favour the publishers, by transmitting a copy, under cover, addressed
To Mess. MARTIN & WOTHERSPOON,
Printers in Edinburgh.



SCOTS SONGS.



THE GREAT EASTERN



SCOTS SONGS.

+++++

P A R T I.

+++++

A

An thou wert my ain Thing.

A*N thou wert my ain thing,
I would love thee, I would love thee;
An thou wert my ain thing,
How dearly would I love thee!*

Of race divine thou needs must be,
Since nothing earthly equals thee;
For Heaven's sake, oh! favour me,
Who only live to love thee.

An thou wert, &c.

The gods one thing peculiar have,
To ruin none whom they can save;
O! for their sake support a slave,
Who only lives to love thee.

An thou wert, &c.

To merit I no claim can make,
But that I love; and, for thy sake,
What man can name I'll undertake,
So dearly do I love thee.

An thou wert, &c.

A

My passion, constant as the sun,
 Flames stronger still, will ne'er have done,
 Till Fates my thread of life have spun,
 Which breathing out I'll love thee.

An thou wert, &c.

* * * * *

Like bees that suck the morning dew,
 Frae flowers of sweetest scent and hue,
 Sae wad I dwell upo' thy mou,
 And gar the gods envy me.

An thou wert, &c.

Sae lang's I had the use of light,
 I'd on thy beauties feast my sight,
 Syne in fast whispers thro' the night,
 I'd tell how much I loo'd thee.

An thou wert, &c.

How fair and ruddy is my JEAN !
 She moves a goddess o'er the green !
 Were I a king, thou shou'd be queen,
 Nane but mysel aboon thee.

An thou wert, &c.

I'd grasp thee to this breast of mine,
 Whilst thou, like ivy, or the vine,
 Around my stronger limbs shou'd twine,
 Form'd hardy to defend thee.

An thou wert, &c.

Time's on the wing, and will not stay,
 In shining youth let's make our hay ;
 Since love admits of nae delay,
 O let nae scorn undo thee.

An thou wert, &c.

While Love does at his altar stand,
 Hae there's my heart, gi'e me thy hand,
 And, with ilk smile thou shalt command
 The will of him wha loves thee.

An thou wert, &c.

Same Tune.

WERT thou but mine ain thing,
 I would love thee, I would love thee;
Wert thou but mine ain thing,
 How dearly would I love thee!

As round the elm th' enamour'd vine
 Delights with wanton arms to twine,
 So I'd encircle thee in mine,
 And show how much I love thee.
Wert thou but, &c.

This earth my paradise should be;
 I'd grasp a heav'n of joys in thee,
 For thou art all thy sex to me,
 So fondly do I love thee.
Wert thou but, &c.

Should thunder roar its loud alarms,
 Amidst the clash of hostile arms,
 I'd softly sink among thy charms,
 And only live to love thee.
Wert thou but, &c.

Let Fortune drive me far away,
 Or make me fall to foes a prey,
 My flame for thee shall ne'er decay,
 And dying I would love thee.
Wert thou but, &c.

Tho' I were number'd with the dead,
 My soul should hover round thy head:
 I may be turn'd a silent shade,
 But never cease to love thee.
Wert thou but, &c.

Apron, Deary.

'TWAS early in a morning, a morning of May,
 A foldier and a lassie was walking astray;
 Close down in yon meadow, yon meadow brow,
 I heard the lass cry, My apron now,
 My apron, deary, my apron now,
 My belly bears up my apron now:
 But I being a young thing, was easy to woo,
 Which makes me cry out, My apron now.

O had I ta'en counsel of father or mother,
 Or had I advised with sister or brother,
 But I being a young thing, and easy to woo,
 It makes me cry out, My apron now,
 My apron, deary, &c.

Your apron, deary, I must confess,
 Seems something the shorter, tho' naething the less;
 Then had your tongue, deary, and I will prove true,
 And nae mair cry out, Your apron now.
 Your apron, deary, &c.—Your belly, &c.
 Then had your tongue, &c.

Same Tune.

MY sheep I neglected, I lost my sheep-hook,
 And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook,
 No more for AMYNTA fresh garlands I wove,
 For ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love.
*O what had my youth with ambition to do?
 Why left I AMYNTA? why broke I my vow?
 O give me my sheep, and my sheepphook restore,
 I'll wander from love and AMYNTA no more.*

Through regions remote in vain do I rove,
 And bid the wide ocean secure me from love!
 O fool! to imagine that ought can subdue
 A love so well founded, a passion so true.
O what had my youth, &c.

Alas! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine;
 Poor shepherd, AMYN TA no more can be thine:
 Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain,
 The moments neglected return not again.

O what had my youth with ambition to do?

Why left I AMYN TA? why broke I my vow?

O give me my sheep, and my sheeps-hook restore,

I'll wander from love and AMYN TA no more.

Alloa House.

THE spring-time returns and clothes the green
 plains,

And Alloa shines more chearful and gay;

The lark tunes his throat, and the neighbouring
 swains

Sing merrily round me where-ever I stray:

But SANDY no more returns to my view;

No spring-time me cheers, no music can charm;

He's gone! and, I fear me, for ever: adieu!

Adieu ev'ry pleasure this bosom can warm!

O Alloa-house! how much art thou chang'd!

How silent, how dull to me is each grove!

Alone I here wander where once we both rang'd,

Alas! where to please me my SANDY once strove!

Here, SANDY, I heard the tales that you told,

Here list'ned too fond whenever you sung;

Am I grown less fair then, that you are turn'd cold?

Or foolish, believ'd a false, flattering tongue?

So spoke the fair maid, when Sorrow's keen pain,

And Shame, her last fault'ring accents suppress;

For Fate, at that moment, brought back her dear
 swain,

Who heard, and, with rapture, his NELLY address:

My NELLY ! my fair, I come ; O my love !

No pow'r shall thee tear again from my arms,
And, NELLY ! no more thy fond shepherd reprove,
Who knows thy fair worth, and adores all thy
charms.

She heard ; and new joy shot thro' her soft frame,
And will you, my Love ! be true ? she replied :
And live I to meet my fond shepherd the same ?

Or dream I that SANDY will make me his bride ?
O NELLY ! I live to find thee still kind ;

Still true to thy swain, and lovely as true :
Then, adieu to all sorrow ; what soul is so blind,
As not to live happy for ever with you ?

Same Tune.

O H ! how could I venture to love one like thee,
And you not despise a poor conquest like me ?
On lords, thy admirers, could look with disdain,
And knew I was nothing, yet pity'd my pain ?
You said, while they teaz'd you with nonsense and
drefs,

When real the passion, the vanity's less ;
You saw through that silence which others despise,
And, while beaux were a-talking, read love in my
eyes.

O ! how shall I fold thee, and kiss all thy charms,
'Till fainting with pleasure, I die in your arms ;
Thro' all the wild transports of ecstasy tost,
'Till sinking together, together we're lost !
Oh ! where is the maid that, like thee, ne'er can
cloy,

Whose wit does enliven each dull pause of joy ;
And when the short raptures are all at an end,
From beautiful mistress turns sensible friend ?

In vain do I praise thee, or strive to reveal,
 Too nice for expression, which only we feel.
 In all that you do, in each look and each mien,
 The graces in waiting adorn you unseen.
 When I see you, I love you; when hearing, adore;
 I wonder, and think you a woman no more;
 Till mad with admiring, I cannot contain,
 And kissing your lips, you turn woman again.
 With thee in my bosom, how can I despair?
 I'll gaze on thy beauties, and look away care:
 I'll ask thy advice when with troubles oppress'd,
 Which never displeases, but always is best.
 In all that I write I'll thy judgment require;
 Thy wit shall correct what thy love did inspire:
 I'll kiss thee, and press thee, till youth is all o'er,
 And then live in friendship, when passion's no more.

Auld Lang Syne.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
 Tho' they return with scars?
 These are the noble hero's lot,
 Obtain'd in glorious wars:
 Welcome, my VARO, to my breast,
 Thy arms about me twine,
 And make me once again as blest,
 As I was lang syne.

Methinks around us on each bough
 A thousand Cupids play,
 Whilst thro' the groves I walk with you,
 Each object makes me gay:
 Since your return, the sun and moon
 With brighter beams do shine,
 Streams murmur soft notes while they run,
 As they did lang syne.

Despise the court and din of state ;
 Let that to their share fall,
 Who can esteem such flav'ry great,
 While bounded like a ball :
 But sunk in love, upon my arms
 Let your brave head recline,
 We'll please ourselves with mutual charms,
 As we did lang syne.

O'er moor and dale with your gay friend
 You may pursue the chace,
 And, after a blyth bottle, end
 All cares in my embrace :
 And in a vacant rainy day,
 You shall be wholly mine ;
 We'll make the hours run smooth away,
 And laugh at lang syne.

The hero, pleas'd with the sweet air,
 The signs of gen'rous love,
 Which had been utter'd by the fair,
 Bow'd to the pow'rs above ;
 Next day, with glad consent and haste,
 Th' approach'd the sacred shrine ;
 Where the good priest the couple blest,
 And put them out of pine.

Same Tune.

WHEN flow'ry meadows deck the year,
 And sporting lambkins play,
 When spangled fields renew'd appear,
 And music wak'd the day ;
 Then did my CHLOE leave her bow'r,
 To hear my am'rous lay,
 Warm'd by my love, she vow'd no pow'r
 Shou'd lead her heart astray.

The warbling quires from ev'ry bough
 Surroun our couch in throngs,
 And all their tuneful art bestow,
 To give us change of songs:
 Scenes of delight my soul possess'd,
 I bless'd, then hugg'd my maid;
 I robb'd the kisses from her breast,
 Sweet as a noon-day's shade.

Joy transporting never fails
 To fly away as air,
 Another swain with her prevails
 To be as false as fair.

What can my fatal passion cure?
 I'll never woo again;
 All her disdain I must endure,
 Adoring her in vain.

What pity 'tis to hear the boy
 Thus fighting with his pain;
 But time and scorn may give him joy,
 To hear her sigh again.

Ah! fickle CHLOE, be advis'd,
 Do not thyself beguile,
 A faithful lover should be priz'd,
 Then cure him with a smile.

Allan Water.

WHAT numbers shall the muse repeat?
 What verse be found to praise my ANNIE?
 On her ten thousand graces wait,
 Each swain admires, and owns she's bonny.
 Since first she trod the happy plain,
 She set each youthful heart on fire;
 Each nymph does to her swain complain,
 That ANNIE kindles new desire.

This lovely darling, dearest care,
 This new delight, this charming ANNIE,
 Like summer's dawn, she's fresh and fair,
 When FLORA's fragrant breezes fan ye.
 All day the am'rous youths conveen,
 Joyous they sport and play before her;
 All night, when she no more is seen,
 In blissful dreams they still adore her.

Among the crowd AMYNTOR came,
 He look'd, he lov'd, he bow'd to ANNIE;
 His rising sighs express his flame,
 His words were few, his wishes many.
 With smiles the lovely maid reply'd,
 Kind Shepherd, Why should I deceive ye?
 Alas! your love must be deny'd,
 This destin'd breast can ne'er relieve ye.

Young DAMON came, with CUPID's art,
 His wiles, his smiles, his charms beguiling,
 He stole away my virgin heart;
 Cease, poor AMINTOR, cease bewailing.
 Some brighter beauty you may find,
 On yonder plain the nymphs are many;
 Then chuse some heart that's unconfin'd,
 And leave to DAMON his own ANNIE.

Auld ROB MORRIS.

M I T H E R.

AULD ROB MORRIS that wins in yon glen,
 He's the king of good fellows, and wale of auld
 men,
 Has fourscore of black sheep, and fourscore too;
 Auld ROB MORRIS is the man ye man loo.

D O U G H T E R.

Ha'd your tongue, mith'er, and let that abee,
 For his eild and my eild can never agree:
 They'll never agree, and that will be seen;
 For he is fourscore, and I'm but fifteen.

M I T H E R.

Ha'd your tongue, daughter, and lay by your pride,
 For he's be the bridegroom, and ye's be the bride:
 He shall ly by your side, and kifs ye too;
 Auld ROB MORRIS is the man ye maun loo.

D O U G H T E R.

Auld ROB MORRIS I ken him fou weel,
 His a-- it sticks out like ony peet-creel,
 He's out-shin'd, in-knee'd, and ringle-ey'd too;
 Auld ROB MORRIS is the man I'll ne'er loo.

M I T H E R.

Tho' auld ROB MORRIS be an elderly man,
 Yet his auld brais it will buy a new pan;
 Then, daughter, ye shoudna be so ill to shoo,
 For auld ROB MORRIS is the man ye maun loo.

D O U G H T E R.

But auld ROB MORRIS I never will hae,
 His back is sae stiff, and his beard is grown gray:
 I had titter die than live wi' him a year;
 Sae mair of ROB MORRIS I never will hear.

Auld Goodman.

LA TE in an evening forth I went,
 A little before the sun ga'd down,
 And there I chanc'd by accident,
 To light on a battle new begun.
 A man and his wife was fa'n in a strife,
 I canna well tell you how it began;
 But ay the wail'd her wretched life,
 And cry'd ever, Alake, my auld goodman.

H E.

Thy auld goodman that thou tells of,
 The country kens where he was born,
 Was but a silly poor vagabond,
 And ilka ane leugh him to scorn;
 For he did spend, and make an end
 Of gear that his forefathers wan,
 He gart the poor stand frae the door,
 Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

S H E.

My heart, alake, is liken to break,
 When I think on my winsome JOHN,
 His blinken eye, and gate sae free,
 Was naething like thee, thou dosen'd drone.
 His rosie face, and flaxen hair,
 And a skin as white as ony swan,
 Was large and tall, and comely withal,
 And thou'lt never be like my auld goodman.

H E.

Why dost thou pleen? I thee maintain,
 For meal and mawt thou disna want;
 But thy wild bees I canna please,
 Now when our gear 'gins to grow scant.
 Of household stuff thou hast enough,
 Thou wants for neither pot nor pan;
 Of siklike ware he left thee bare,
 Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

S H E.

Yes, I may tell, and fret my sell,
 To think on these blyth days I had,
 When he and I together lay
 In arms into a well made bed:
 But now I sigh and may be sad,
 Thy courage is cauld, thy colour wan,
 Thou falds thy feet, and fa's asleep,
 And thou'lt ne'er be like my auld goodman.

Then coming was the night fae dark,
 And gane was a' the light o' day ;
 The carl was fear'd to miss his mark,
 And therefore wad nae langer stay.
 Then up he gat, and he ran his way,
 I trow the wife the day she wan,
 And ay the o'erword of the fray
 Was ever, *Alake, my auld Goodman.*

Auld SIR SIMON the King.

SOME say kissing's a sin,
 But I say that winna stand ;
 It is a most innocent thing,
 And allow'd by the laws of the land.
 If it were a transgression,
 The ministers it would reprove,
 But they, their elders and session,
 Can do it as well as the lave.
 Its lang since it came in fashion,
 I'm sure it will never be done,
 As lang as there's in the nation
 A lad, lair, wife, or a lown.
 What can I say more to commend it,
 Tho' I should speak all my life ?
 Yet this will I say in the end o't,
 Let ev'ry man kiss his ain wife.
 Let him kiss her, clap her, and dawt her,
 And gie her benevolence due,
 And that will a thrifty wife make her,
 And fae I'll bid farewell to you.

Auld Wife beyont the Fire.

THERE was a wife won'd in a glen,
 And she had dochters nine or ten,
 That sought the house baith but and ben,
 To find their mam a snishing.

*The auld wife beyont the fire,
 The auld wife aniest the fire,
 The auld wife aboon the fire,
 She died for lack of snishing*.*

Her mill into some hole had fawn,
 Whatrecks, quoth she, let it be gawn,
 For I maun hae a young goodman
 Shall furnish me with snishing.

The auld wife, &c.

Her eldest dochter said right bauld,
 Fy, mother, mind that now ye're auld,
 And if ye with a younker wald,
 He'll waste away your snishing.

The auld wife, &c.

The youngest dochter gae a shout,
 O mother dear! your teeth's a' out,
 Besides ha'f blind, you hae the gout,
 Your mill can had nae snishing.

The auld wife, &c.

Ye lied, ye limmers, cries auld mump,
 For I hae baith a tooth and stump,
 And will nae langer live in dump,
 By wanting of my snishing.

The auld wife, &c.

* Snishing, in its literal meaning, is snuff made of tobacco; but in this song it means sometimes contentment, a husband, love, money, &c.

Thole ye, says PEG, that pauky flut,
 Mother, if you can crack a nut,
 Then we will a' consent to it,
 That you shall have a snishing.

The auld wife, &c.

The auld ane did agree to that,
 And they a pistol-bullet gat ;
 She powerfully began to crack,
 To win herself a snishing.

The auld wife, &c.

Braw sport it was to see her chow't,
 And 'tween her gums sae squeeze and row't,
 While frae her jaws the slaver flow't,
 And ay she curs'd poor stumpy.

The auld wife, &c.

At last she gae a desperate squeeze,
 Which brak the auld tooth by the neez,
 And syne poor stumpy was at ease,
 But she tint hopes of snishing.

The auld wife, &c.

She of the tax began to tire,
 And frae her dochters did retire,
 Syne lean'd her down ayont the fire,
 And died for lack of snishing.

The auld wife, &c.

Ye auld wives, notice well this truth,
 Asoon as ye're past mark of mouth,
 Ne'er do what's only fit for youth,
 And leave aff thoughts of snishing :

*Else like this wife beyont the fire,
 Your bairns against you will conspire ;
 Nor will ye get, unless ye hire,
 A young man with your snishing.*

ANDRO and his Cutty Gun.

BLYTH, blyth, blyth was she,
 Blyth was she butt and ben;
 And weel she loo'd a Hawick gill,
 And leugh to see a tappit hen.
 She took me in, and set me down,
 And heght to keep me lawing-free;
 But, cunning carling that she was,
 She gart me birle my bawbie.

We loo'd the liquor well enough;
 But waes my heart my cash was done,
 Before that I had quench'd my drowth,
 And laith I was to pawn my shoon.
 When we had three times toom'd our stoup,
 And the neist chappin new begun,
 In started, to heeze up our hope,
 Young ANDRO wi' his cutty gun.

The carling brought her kebbuck ben,
 With girdle-cakes well toasted brown,
 Well does the kanny kimmer ken
 They gar the scuds gae glibber down.
 We ca'd the bicker aft about;
 Till dawning we ne'er jee'd our bun,
 And ay the clearest drinker out,
 Was ANDRO wi' his cutty gun.

He did like ony mavis sing,
 And as I in his oxtar sat,
 He ca'd me ay his bonny thing,
 And mony a fappy kiss I gat.
 I hae been east, I hae been west,
 I hae been far ayont the sun;
 But the blythest lad that e'er I saw,
 Was ANDRO wi' his cutty gun.

B

Broom of Cowdenknows.

HOW blythe, ilk morn, was I to see
 My swain come o'er the hill!
 He skipt the burn, and flew to me;
 I met him with good will.

*O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,
 The broom of Cowdenknows;
 I wish I were with my dear swain,
 With his pipe and my ewes.*

I neither wanted ew nor lamb,
 While his flock near me lay;
 He gather'd in my sheep at night,
 And chear'd me a' the day.
O the broom, &c.

He tun'd his pipe and reed sae sweet,
 The birds stood list'ning by;
 Ev'n the dull cattle stood and gaz'd,
 Chara'd with his melody.
O the broom, &c.

While thus we spent our time, by turns
 Betwixt our flocks and play,
 I envy'd not the fairest dame,
 Tho' ne'er so rich and gay.
O the broom, &c.

Hard fate! that I shou'd banish'd be,
 Gang heavily and mourn,
 Because I lov'd the kindest swain
 That ever yet was born.
O the broom, &c.

He did oblige me ev'ry hour ;

Cou'd I but faithfu' be ?

He sta' my heart ; cou'd I refuse

Whate'er he ask'd of me ?

O the broom, &c.

My doggie, and my little kit,

That held my wee soup whey,

My plaidy, broach, and crooked stick,

May now ly usefess by.

O the broom, &c.

Adieu, ye Cowdenknows, adieu,

Farewell a' pleasures there ;

Ye gods, restore me to my swain,

Is a' I crave, or care.

O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,

The broom of Cowdenknows ;

I wish I were with my dear swain,

With his pipe and my ewes.

Same Tune.

WHEN summer comes, the swains on Tweed

Sing their successful loves,

Around the ewes and lambkins feed,

And music fills the groves.

But my lov'd song is then the broom.

So fair on Cowdenknows ;

For sure so sweet, so soft a bloom

Elsewhere there never grows.

There COLIN tun'd his oaken reed,

And won my yielding heart ;

No shepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed

Cou'd play with half such art.

He sung of Tay, of Forth, and Clyde,

The hills and dales all round,

Of Leaderhaughs and Leaderfide,

Oh ! how I bless'd the sound.

Yet more delightful is the broom
 So fair on Cowdenknows;
 For sure so fresh, so bright a bloom
 Elsewhere there never grows.
 Not Tiviot braes so green and gay
 May with this broom compare,
 Not Yarrow banks in flow'ry May,
 Nor the bush aboon Traquair.
 More pleasing far are Cowdenknows,
 My peaceful happy home,
 Where I was wont to milk my ewes
 At ev'n among the broom.
 Ye pow'rs that haunt the woods and plains
 Where Tweed with Tiviot flows,
 Convey me to the best of swains,
 And my lov'd Cowdenknows.

Bonny JEAN.

LOVE's goddess, in a myrtle grove,
 Said, CUPID, bend thy bow with speed,
 Nor let thy shaft at random rove,
 For JEANY's haughty heart must bleed.
 The smiling boy, with art divine,
 From Paphos shot an arrow keen,
 Which flew, unerring, to the heart,
 And kill'd the pride of bonny JEAN.

No more the nymph, with haughty air,
 Refuses WILLY's kind address;
 Her yielding blushes shew no care,
 But too much fondness to suppress.
 No more the youth is sullen now,
 But looks the gayest on the green,
 Whilst ev'ry day he spies some new
 Surprising charms in bonny JEAN.

A thousand transports crowd his breast,
 He moves as light as fleeting wind,
 His former sorrows seem a jest,
 Now when his JEANY is turn'd kind ;
 Riches he looks on with disdain,
 The glorious fields of war look mean ;
 The chearful hound and horn give pain,
 If absent from his bonny JEAN.

The day he spends in am'rous gaze,
 Which ev'n in summer shorten'd seems ;
 When sunk in downs, with glad amaze,
 He wonders at her in his dreams.
 All charms disclos'd, she looks more bright
 Than Troy's fair prize, the Spartan queen,
 With breaking day he lifts his sight,
 And pants to be with bonny JEAN.

Same Tune.

NOW Spring begins her smiling round,
 And lavish paints th' enamell'd ground ;
 The birds now lift their chearful voice,
 And gay on ev'ry bough rejoice :
 The lovely Graces, hand in hand,
 Knit fast in Love's eternal band,
 With early step, at morning dawn,
 Tread lightly o'er the dewy lawn.

Where-e'er the youthful sisters move,
 They fire the soul to genial love :
 Now, by the river's painted side,
 The swain delights his country bride ;
 While pleas'd she hears his artless vows,
 Each bird his feather'd comfort woos :
 Soon will the ripen'd Summer yield
 Her various gifts to ev'ry field.

The fertile trees, a lovely show !
With ruby-tinctur'd birth shall glow ;
Sweet smells from beds of lilies borne,
Perfume the breezes of the morn :
The smiling day and dewy night,
To rural scenes my fair invite ;
With summer-sweets to feast her eye,
Yet soon, soon will the summer fly.

Attend, my lovely maid, and know
To profit by th' instructive show.
Now young and blooming thou appears,
All in the flourish of thy years ;
The lovely bud shall soon disclose
To ev'ry eye the blushing rose ;
Now, now, the tender stalk is seen,
With beauty fresh, and ever green :

But when the sunny hours are past,
Think not the coz'ning scene will last ;
Let not the flatterer, Hope, persuade,
Ah! must I say, that it will fade ?
For see the summer flies away,
Sad emblem of our own decay !
Now winter from the frozen north,
Drives swift his iron chariot forth.

His grisly hands in icy chains
Fair Tweda's silver stream constrains :
Cast up thy eyes, how bleak and bare
He wanders on the tops of Yare ;
Behold his footsteps dire are seen
Confest o'er ev'ry with'ring green.
Griev'd at the sight, when thou shalt see
A snowy wreath to cloath each tree,
Frequenting now the stream no more
Thou fleest, displeas'd, the frozen shore.
When thou shalt miss the flow'rs that grew
But late, to charm thy ravish'd view ;

Then shall a sigh thy soul invade,
And o'er thy pleasures cast a shade :
Shall I, ah ! horrid ! wilt thou say,
Be like to this some other day ?

But when in snow and dreary frost
The pleasure of the field is lost,
To blazing hearths at home we run,
And fires supply the distant sun ;
In gay delights our hours employ,
And do not lose, but change our joy :
Happy ! abandon ev'ry care,
To lead the dance, to court the fair,
To turn the page of sacred bards,
To drain the bowl, and deal the cards.
In cities thus, with witty friends,
In smiles the hoary season ends.
But when the lovely white and red
From the pale ashy cheek is fled,
Then wrinkles dire and age severe,
Make beauty fly we know not where ;
The fair, whom Fates unkind disarm,
Ah ! must they ever cease to charm ?
Or is there left some pleasing art,
To keep secure a captive heart ?
Unhappy love ! may lovers say,
Beauty, thy food does swift decay ;
When once that short-liv'd stock is spent,
What is't thy famine can prevent ?
Lay in good sense with timeous care,
That Love may live on Wisdom's fare ;
Tho' Ecstasy with Beauty flies,
Esteem is born when Beauty dies.
Happy the man whom Fates decree
Their richest gift in giving thee :
Thy beauty shall his youth engage,
Thy wisdom shall delight his age.

Banks of Forth.

AWAKE, my love, with genial ray
 The sun returning glads the day;
 Awake, the balmy zephyr blows,
 The hawthorn blooms, the daisie glows,
 The trees regain their verdant pride,
 The turtle woos his tender bride,
 To love each warbler tunes the song,
 And Forth in dimples glides along.

O more than blooming daisies fair!
 More fragrant than the vernal air!
 More gentle than the turtle-dove,
 Or streams that murmur through the grove!
 Bethink thee all is on the wing,
 These pleasures wait on wasting spring;
 Then come, the transient bliss enjoy;
 Nor fear what fleets so fast will cloy.

Same Tune.

YE sylvan pow'rs that rule the plain,
 Where sweetly-winding Fortha glides,
 Conduct me to these banks again,
 Since there my charming MOLLY bides.
 These banks that breathe their vernal sweets,
 Where ev'ry smiling beauty meets;
 Where MOLLY's charms adorn the plain,
 And cheer the heart of ev'ry swain.
 Thrice happy were the golden days,
 When I, amidst the rural throng,
 On Fortha's meadows breath'd my lays,
 And MOLLY's charms were all my song.
 While she was present all were gay,
 No sorrow did our mirth allay;
 We sung of pleasure, sung of love,
 And music breath'd in ev'ry grove.

O then was I the happiest swain !

No adverse fortune marr'd my joy ;
The shepherd sigh'd for her in vain,

On me she smil'd, to them was coy.
O'er Fortha's mazy banks we stray'd :
I woo'd, I lov'd the beauteous maid ;
The beauteous maid my love return'd,
And both with equal ardour burn'd.

Once on the grassy bank reclin'd,

Where Forth ran by in murmurs deep,
It was my happy chance to find

The charming MOLLY lull'd asleep :
My heart then leap'd with inward bliss,
I softly stoop'd, and stole a kiss ;
She wak'd, she blush'd, and faintly blam'd,
Why, DAMON, are you not asham'd ?

Oft in the thick embow'ring groves,

Where birds their music chirp'd aloud,
Alternately we sung our loves,

And Fortha's fair meadows view'd.
The meadows wore a gen'ral smile,
Love was our banquet all the while ;
The lovely prospect charm'd the eye,
To where the ocean met the sky.

Ye sylvan pow'rs, ye rural gods,

To whom we swains our cares impart,
Restore me to these bless'd abodes,

And ease, oh ease ! my love-sick heart ;
These happy days again restore,
When MOLL and I shall part no more ;
When she shall fill these longing arms,
And crown my bliss with all her charms.

Bush aboon Traquair.

HEAR me, ye nymphs, and ev'ry swain,
I'll tell how PEGGY grieves me ;
Though thus I languish, thus complain,
Alas ! she ne'er believes me.
My vows and sighs, like silent air,
Unheeded never move her.
At the bonny bush aboon Traquair,
'Twas there I first did love her.
That day she smil'd, and made me glad,
No maid seem'd ever kinder ;
I thought myself the luckiest lad,
So sweetly there to find her.
I try'd to soothe my am'rous flame,
In words that I thought tender ;
If more there pass'd I'm not to blame,
I meant not to offend her.
Yet now she scornful flies the plain,
The fields we then frequented ;
If e'er we meet, she shews disdain,
She looks as ne'er acquainted.
The bonny bush bloom'd fair in May,
Its sweets I'll ay remember ;
But now her frowns make it decay,
It fades as in December.
Ye rural pow'rs, who hear my strains,
Why thus should PEGGY grieve me ?
Oh ! make her partner in my pains,
Then let her smiles relieve me.
If not, my love will turn despair,
My passion no more tender ;
I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair,
To lonely wilds I'll wander.

Birks of Invermay.

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,
 Invite the tuneful birds to sing;
 And while they warble from each spray,
 Love melts the universal lay:
 Let us, Amanda, timely wife,
 Like them improve the hour that flies,
 And in soft raptures waste the day
 Among the birks of Invermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
 And age, life's winter, will appear;
 At this thy lively bloom will fade,
 As that will strip the verdant shade:
 Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
 The feather'd songsters please no more;
 And when they droop, and we decay,
 Adieu the birks of Invermay.

The lav'rocks now and lintwhites sing,
 The rocks around with echoes ring,
 The mavis and the blackbird vye
 In tuneful strains to glad the day;
 The woods now wear their summer-suits,
 To mirth all nature now invites;
 Let us be blythsome then, and gay,
 Among the birks of Invermay.

Behold, the hills and vales around
 With lowing herds and flocks abound;
 The wanton kids and frisking lambs
 Gambol and dance about their dams;
 The busy bees, with humming noise,
 And all the reptile kind rejoice;
 Let us, like them, then sing and play
 About the birks of Invermay.

Hark how the waters, as they fall,
 Loudly my love to gladness call;
 The wanton waves sport in the beams,
 And fishes play throughout the streams;
 The circling sun does now advance,
 And all the planets round him dance;
 Let us as jovial be as they
 Among the birks of Invermay.

Braes of Ballenden.

BENEATH a green shade, a lovely young swain
 One ev'ning reclin'd to discover his pain;
 So sad, yet so sweetly he warbled his woe,
 The wind ceas'd to breathe, and the fountains to
 flow;
 Rude winds, with compassion, could hear him
 complain,
 Yet CHLOE, less gentle, was deaf to his strain.
 How happy, he cry'd, my moments once flew,
 E'er CHLOE's bright charms first flash'd in my view;
 Those eyes then, with pleasure, the dawn could
 survey,
 Nor smil'd the fair morning more chearful than
 they;
 Now scenes of distress please only my sight,
 I'm tortur'd in pleasure, and languish in light.
 Thro' changes, in vain, relief I pursue,
 All, all but conspire my griefs to renew;
 From sunshine to zephyrs and shades we repair,
 To sunshine we fly from too piercing an air:
 But love's ardent fever burns always the same;
 No winter can cool it, no summer inflame.

But see the pale moon, all clouded, retires,
 The breezes grow cool, not Strephon's desires:
 I fly from the dangers of tempest and wind,
 Yet nourish the madness that preys on my mind;
 Ah, wretch! how can life be worthy thy care?
 To lengthen its moments, but lengthens despair.

Braes of Yarrow.

BUSK ye, busk ye, my bonny bride;
 Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
 Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bride,
 Busk and go to the braes of Yarrow;
 There will we sport and gather dew,
 Dancing while lav'rocks sing the morning:
 There learn frae turtles to prove true;
 O BELL, ne'er vex me with thy scorning.

To westlin breezes FLORA yields,
 And when the beams are kindly warming,
 Blythness appears o'er all the fields,
 And nature looks mair fresh and charming.
 Learn frae the burns that trace the mead,
 Though on their banks the roses blossom,
 Yet hastily they flow to Tweed,
 And pour their sweetness in his bosom.

Haste ye, haste ye, my bonny BELL,
 Haste to my arms, and there I'll guard thee,
 With free consent my fears repel,
 I'll with my love and care reward thee.
 Thus sang I fastly to my fair,
 Who rais'd my hopes with kind relenting;
 O queen of smiles, I ask nae mair,
 Since now my bonny BELL's consenting.

Bonny BARBARA ALLAN.

IT was in and about the Martinmas time,
 When the green leaves were a falling,
 That Sir JOHN GRÈME in the west country
 Fell in love with BARBARA ALLAN.

He sent his man down thro' the town,
 To the place where she was dwelling,
 O haste and come to my master dear,
 Gin ye be BARBARA ALLAN.

O hooly, hooly rose she up,
 To the place where he was lying,
 And when she drew the curtain by,
 Young man, I think you're dying.

O its I'm sick, and very very sick,
 And 'tis a' for BARBARA ALLAN.
 O the better for me ye's never be,
 Tho' your heart's blood were a spilling.

O dinna ye mind, young man, said she,
 When ye was in the tavern a drinking,
 That ye made the healths gae round and round,
 And slighted BARBARA ALLAN.

He turn'd his face unto the wall,
 And death was with him dealing,
 Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,
 And be kind to BARBARA ALLAN.

And slowly, slowly raise she up,
 And slowly, slowly left him;
 And sighing, said, she cou'd not stay,
 Since death of life had rest him.

She had not gane a mile but twa,
 When she heard the dead-bell ringing,
 And ev'ry jow that the dead-bell gied,
 It cry'd, Woe to BARBARA ALLAN.

O mother, mother, make my bed,
 O make it fast and narrow,
 Since my love died for me to-day,
 I'll die for him to-morrow.

Lady BOTHWELL'S Lament.

BALOW, my boy, ly still and sleep,
 It grieves me sore to hear thee weep :
 If thou't be silent, I'll be glad,
 Thy mourning makes my heart full sad.
 Balow, my boy, thy mother's joy,
 Thy father bred me great annoy.

*Balow, my boy, ly still and sleep,
 It grieves me sore to hear thee weep.*

Balow, my darling, sleep a while,
 And when thou wak'st then sweetly smile ;
 But smile not as thy father did,
 To cozen maids, nay God forbid ;
 For in thine eye his look I see,
 The tempting look that ruin'd me.

Balow, my boy, &c.

When he began to court my love,
 And with his sugar'd words to move,
 His tempting face, and flatt'ring chear,
 In time to me did not appear ;
 But now I see that cruel he
 Cares neither for his babe nor me.

Balow, my boy, &c.

Farewell, farewell, thou falsest youth
 That ever kiss'd a woman's mouth ;
 Let never any aiter me
 Submit unto thy courtesy :
 For, if they do, O ! cruel thou
 Wilt her abuse, and care not how.

Balow, my boy, &c.

I was too cred'lous at the first,
 To yield thee all a maiden durst,
 Thou swore for ever true to prove,
 Thy faith unchang'd, unchang'd thy love;
 But quick as thought the change is wrought,
 Thy love's no more, thy promise nought.

Balow, my boy, &c.

I wish I were a maid again,
 From young mens flatt'ry I'd refrain,
 For now unto my grief I find,
 They all are perjur'd and unkind:
 Bewitching charms bred all my harms;
 Witness my babe 'yes in my arms.

Balow, my boy, &c.

I take my fate from bad to worse,
 That I must needs be now a nurse,
 And lull my young son on my lap,
 From me, sweet orphan, take the pap,
 Balow, my child, thy mother mild
 Shall wail as from all bliss exil'd.

Balow, my boy, &c.

Balow, my boy, weep not for me,
 Whose greatest grief's for wronging thee,
 Nor pity her deserved smart,
 Who can blame none but her fond heart;
 For, too soon trusting latest finds,
 With fairest tongues are falsest minds.

Balow, my boy, &c.

Balow, my boy, thy father's fled,
 When he the thriftless son has play'd,
 Of vows and oaths forgetful, he
 Preferr'd the wars to thee and me.
 But now, perhaps, thy curse and mine
 Make him eat acorns with the swine.

Balow, my boy, &c.

But curse not him; perhaps now he,
 Stung with remorse, is blessing thee:
 Perhaps at death; for who can tell,
 Whether the Judge of heaven or hell,
 By some proud foe has struck the blow,
 And laid the dear deceiver low.

Balow, my boy, &c.

I wish I were into the bounds,
 Where he lyes smother'd in his wounds,
 Repeating, as he pants for air,
 My name, whom once he call'd his fair.
 No woman's yet so fiercely set,
 But she'll forgive, though not forget.

Balow, my boy, &c.

If linen lacks, for my love's sake,
 Then quickly to him would I make
 My smock once for his body meet,
 And wrap him in that winding-sheet.
 Ah me! how happy had I been,
 If he had ne'er been wrapt therein.

Balow, my boy, &c.

Balow, my boy, I'll weep for thee:
 Too soon, alake, thou'lt weep for me:
 Thy griefs are growing to a sum,
 God grant thee patience when they come;
 Born to sustain thy mother's shame,
 A hapless fate, a bastard's name.

*Balow, my boy, ly still and sleep,
 It grieves me fore to hear thee weep.*

Bonny Earl of MURRAY.

YE Highlands and ye Lawlands,
 Oh! where have you been?
 They have slain the Earl of MURRAY,
 And they laid him on the green!

They have, &c.

Now wae be to thee, HUNTLY,
 And wherefore did you sae?
 I bade you bring him wi' you,
 But forbad you him to slay.

I bade, &c.

He was a braw gallant,
 And he rid at the ring;
 And the bonny Earl of MURRAY,
 Oh! he might have been a king.

And the, &c.

He was a braw gallant,
 And he play'd at the ba':
 And the bonny Earl of MURRAY
 Was the flower amang them a'.

And the, &c.

He was a braw gallant,
 And he play'd at the glove:
 And the bonny Earl of MURRAY,
 Oh! he was the queen's love.

And the, &c.

Oh! lang will his lady
 Look o'er the castle Down,
 E'er she see the Earl of MURRAY
 Come founding through the town.

Bonny Boatman.

YE gales that gently wave the sea,
 And please the canny boatman,
 Bear me frae hence, or bring to me
 My brave, my bonny Scot—man:
 In haly bands
 We join'd our hands,
 Yet may not this discover,
 While parents rate
 A large estate,
 Before a faithfu' lover.

But I loor chuse in Highland glens
 To herd the kid and goat—man,
 E'er I cou'd for sic little ends
 Refuse my bonny Scot—man.

Wae worth the man
 Wha first began
 The base ungenerous fashion,
 Frae greedy views
 Love's arts to use,
 While strangers to its passion.

Frae foreign fields, my lovely youth,
 Haste to thy longing lassie,

Who pants to press thy bawmy ~~youth~~ *mouth*
 And in her bosom hawse thee.

Love gi'es the word,
 Then haste on board,
 Fair winds and tenty boatman,
 Waft o'er, waft o'er
 Frae yonder shore,
 My blyth, my bonny Scot—man.

Blink over the Burn, sweet BETTY.

LEAVE kindred and friends, sweet BETTY,
 Leave kindred and friends for me :

Affur'd thy servant is steddly
 To love, to honour, and thee.

The gifts of nature and fortune
 May fly by chance as they came ;
 They're grounds the destinies sport on,
 But virtue is ever the same.

Altho' my fancy were roving,
 Thy charms so heavenly appear,
 That other beauties disproving,
 I'd worship thine only, my dear.

And shou'd life's sorrows embitter
 The pleasure we promis'd our loves,
 To share them together is fitter,
 Than moan afunder like doves.
 Oh! were I but once so blessed,
 To grasp my love in my arms!
 By thee to be grasp'd, and kiss'd!
 And live on thy heaven of charms!
 I'd laugh at Fortune's caprices,
 Shou'd Fortune capricious prove;
 Though death shou'd tear me to pieces,
 I'd die a martyr to love.

BESSY'S Haggies.

BESSY'S beauties shine sae bright,
 Were her many virtues fewer,
 She wad ever gie delight,
 And in transport make me view her.
 Bonny BESSY, thee alane
 Love I, naething else about thee;
 With thy comeliness I'm tane,
 And langer cannot live without thee.
 BESSY'S bosom's fast and warm,
 Milk-white fingers still employ'd,
 He who takes her to his arm,
 Of her sweets can ne'er be cloy'd.
 My dear BESSY, when the roses
 Leave thy cheek, as thou grows aulder,
 Virtue, which thy mind discloses,
 Will keep love from growing caulder.
 BESSY'S tocher is but scanty,
 Yet her face and soul discovers
 These enchanting sweets in plenty
 Must entice a thousand lovers.

It's not money, but a woman
 Of a temper kind and easy,
 That gives-happinefs uncommon,
 Petted things can nought but teaze ye.

Bagrie o't.

WHEN I think on this world's pelf,
 And how little I hae o't to myself;
 I sigh when I look on my thread-bare coat,
 And shame fa' the gear and the bagrie o't.

JONNY was the lad that held the plough,
 But now he has got goud and gear enough;
 I weel mind the day when he was na' worth a groat,
 And shame fa', &c.

JENNY was the lass that mucked the byre,
 But now she goes in her silken attire:
 And she was a lass who wore a plaiding coat,
 And shame fa', &c.

Yet a' this shall never danton me,
 Sae lang's I keep my fancy free;
 While I've but a penny to pay t'other pot,
 May the d—I take the gear and the bagrie o't.

Bonniest Lafs in a' the Warld.

LOOK where my dear HAMILLA smiles,
 HAMILLA! heavenly charmer;
 See how with all their arts and wiles
 The Loves and Graces arm her.
 A blush dwells glowing on her cheeks,
 Fair feats of youthful pleasures,
 There love in smiling language speaks,
 There spreads his rosy treasures.

O fairest maid, I own thy pow'r,
 I gaze, I sigh, and languish,
 Yet ever, ever will adore,
 And triumph in my anguish.
 But ease, O charmer! ease my care,
 And let my torments move thee;
 As thou art fairest of the fair,
 So I the dearest love thee.

Bonny CHRISTY.

HOW sweetly smells the summer green!
 Sweet taste the peach and cherry;
 Painting and order please our e'en,
 And claret makes us merry:
 But finest colours, fruits and flow'rs,
 And wine, though I be thirsty,
 Lose a' their charms and weaker powers,
 Compar'd with those of CHRISTY.
 When wand'ring o'er the flow'ry park,
 No nat'ral beauty wanting,
 How lightsome is't to hear the lark,
 And birds in comfort chanting?
 But if my CHRISTY tunes her voice,
 I'm wrapt in admiration;
 My thoughts with extasies rejoice,
 And drap the hale creation.
 Whene'er she smiles a kindly glance,
 I take the happy omen,
 And often mint to make advance,
 Hoping she'll prove a woman:
 But, dubious of my ain desert,
 My sentiments I smother;
 With secret sighs I vex my heart,
 For fear she love another.

Thus sang blate EDIE by a burn,
 His CHRISTY did o'er-hear him ;
 She doughtna let her lover mourn,
 But e'er he wist drew near him.
 She spake her favour with a look,
 Which left nae room to doubt her ;
 He wifely this white minute took,
 And flang his arms about her.

My CHRISTY !—witness, bonny stream,
 Sic joys frae tears arising,
 I wish this may na be a dream ;
 O love the maist surprising !
 Time was too precious now for tawk ;
 This point of a' his wishes
 He wadna with set speeches bauk,
 But war'd it a' on kisses.

BESSY BELL and MARY GRAY.

O BESSY BELL and MARY GRAY,
 They are twa bonny lassies,
 They bigg'd a bower on yon burn brae,
 And theck'd it o'er wi' rashes.
 Fair BESSY BELL I loo'd yestreen,
 And thought I ne'er could alter :
 But MARY GRAY's twa pawky een,
 They gar my fancy falter,
 Now BESSY's hair's like a lint-tap ;
 She smiles like a May morning,
 When PHOEBUS starts frae THETIS' lap,
 The hills with rays adorning :
 White is her neck, fast is her hand,
 Her waste and feet's fu' genty ;
 With ilka grace she can command ;
 Her lips, O wow ! they're dainty.

And MARY's locks are like a craw,
 Her e'en like diamonds glances;
 She's ay fae clean, redd up and braw,
 She kills whene'er she dances:
 Blyth as a kid, with wit at will,
 She blooming, tight and tall is;
 And guides her airs fae gracefu' still,
 O JOVE, she's like thy PALLAS.
 Dear BESSY BELL and MARY GRAY,
 Ye unco fair opprefs us;
 Our fancies jee between you twa,
 Ye are sic bonny lassies:
 Waes me! for baith I canna get,
 To ane by law we're stented;
 Then I'll draw cuts, and take my fate,
 And be with ane contented.

Birks of Abergeldie.

I THOUGHT it once a lonesome life,
 A lonesome life, a lonesome life,
 I thought it once a lonesome life,
 To ly fae lang my lane, jo.
 But who would not my case regret?
 Since I am cursed with a mate,
 What once I long'd for, now I hate;
 I'm quite another man, jo.
 When I was full out nineteen years,
 Out nineteen years, out nineteen years,
 When I was full out nineteen years,
 I held my head fu' high, jo;
 Then I resolv'd to take a lass,
 Ne'er thought on what would come to pass,
 Nor look'd in matrimony's glass,
 Till headlong down I came, jo.

Before the fatal marriage-day,
 So keen was I, so keen was I,
 I rested neither night nor day,
 But wander'd up and down, jo.
 To please her I took meikle care,
 Ane would hae thought I fought nae mair
 In the wide warld to my share,
 But her wrapt in her gown, jo.

My own small stock did scarce defray,
 Did scarce defray, did scarce defray,
 My own small stock did scarce defray,
 Half of the marriage-charge, jo ;
 For things belonging to a house,
 I gave till I left ne'er a fouce ;
 O but I'm turned wond'rous douse,
 And filler's nae fae large, jo.

Her father, and her friends likewise,
 Her friends likewise, her friends likewise,
 Did hold her out for such a prize,
 I thought nae labour lost, jo.
 I dress'd myself from neck to heel,
 And all was for a gilded pill ;
 Now I would wish the meikle deil
 Had her, and pay the cost, jo.

Her father sent a ship to sea,
 A ship to sea, a ship to sea,
 When it returns, quoth he to me,
 I'll pay you ilka plack, jo.
 The servants grumble, goodwife raves,
 When hungry stomach fore them craves,
 Now I am told by the old knave,
 The ship will ne'er come back, jo.

Alack-a-day, what will I do,
 What will I do, what will I do,
 Alack-a-day, what will I do ?
 The honey-month is done, jo.

My glitt'ring gold is all turn'd dross,
 And filler scarcely will be brass.
 I've nothing but a bonny lass,
 And she's quite out of tune, jo.

Yet she lays all the blame on me,
 The blame on me, the blame on me,
 Says I brought her to misery,
 This is a weary life, jo.

I'd run to the wide warld's end,
 If I could leave but her behind ;
 I'm out of hopes she'll ever mend ;
 She's prov'd a very wise, jo.

Now, bachelors, be wise in time,
 Be wise in time, be wise in time,
 Tho' she's call'd modest, fair and fine,
 And rich in gold and plate, jo ;
 Yet ye'll have cause to curie hard Fate,
 If once she catch you in her net ;
 Your blazing star will soon be set ;
 Then look before you leap, jo.

Bonny Lass of Branksome.

AS I came in by Tiviot-side,
 And by the braes of Branksome,
 There first I saw my bonny bride,
 Young, smiling, sweet, and handsome ;
 Her skin was taster than the down,
 And white as alabaster ;
 Her hair a shining wavy brown ;
 In straightnets nane surpait her.
 Life glow'd upon her lip and cheek,
 Her clear een were surprising,
 And beautifully turn'd her neck,
 Her little breasts just rising :

Nae filken hose with gooshets fine,
 Or shoon with glancing laces,
 On her bare leg forbade to shine,
 Well-shapen native graces.

Ae little coat, and bodice white,
 Was sum of a' her claithing;
 Ev'n these o'er meikle;—mair delyte
 She'd given cled wi' naething.
 She lean'd upon a flow'ry brae,
 By which a burnie trotted;
 On her I glowr'd my faul away,
 While on her sweets I doated.

A thousand beauties of desert
 Before had scarce alarm'd me,
 Till this dear artless struck my heart,
 And, butt designing, charm'd me.
 Hurry'd by love, close to my breast,
 I grasp'd this fund of blisses;
 Wha sinil'd, and said, Without a priest,
 Sir, hope for nought but kisses.

I had nae heart to do her harm,
 And yet I cou'dna want her;
 What she demanded, ilka charm
 Of hers pled, I thou'd grant her.
 Since Heav'n had dealt to me a rowth,
 Straight to the kirk I led her;
 There plighted her my faith and trowth,
 And a young lady made her.

Bob of Dumblane.

LASSIE, lend me your bra' hemp heckle,
 And I'll lend you my ripling kame;
 For fainness, deary, I'll gar ye keckle,
 If ye'll go dance the Bob of Dumblane.

Haste ye gang to the ground of your trunkies,
 Busk ye braw, and dinna think shame ;
 Consider in time, if leading of monkies
 Be better than dancing the Bob of Dumblane.

Be frank, my lassie, lest I grow fickle,
 And tak my word and offer again,
 Syne ye may chance to repent it meikle
 Ye did not accept of the Bob of Dumblane,
 The dinner, the piper, and priest shall be ready,
 For I'm grown dowie wi' lying my lane ;
 Away then, leave baith minny and daddy,
 And try with me the Bob of Dumblane.

Butter M A Y.

IN yonder town there wons a MAY,
 Snack and perfyte as can be ony,
 She is fae jimp, fae gamp, fae gay,
 Sae capernoitie, and fae bonny ;
 She has been woo'd and loo'd by mony,
 But she was very ill to win ;
 She wadna hae him except he were bonny,
 Tho' he were ne'er fae noble of kin.

Her bonnyness has been foreseen,
 In ilka town, baith far and near,
 And when she kirus her minny's kirn,
 She rubs her face till it grows clear ;
 But when her minny did perceive
 Sic great inlack amang the butter,
 Shame fa' that filthy face of thine,
 'Tis creesh that gars your grunzie glitter.
*There's Dunkyson, Davyson, Robie Carniel,
 The lass wi' the petticoat dances right weel.
 Sing Stidrum, Stouthrum, Suthrum, Stony,
 An ye dance ony mair we'se tell Mess JOHNY.
 Sing, &c.*

Blythsome Bridal.

FY let us a' to the bridal,
 For there will be liltin' there ;
 For JOCKY's to be married to MAGGIE,
 The lass wi' the gowden hair.

And there will be langkail and porridge,
 And bannocks of barley-meal,
 And there will be good sawt herring,
 To relish a cogue of good ale.

Fy let us, &c.

And there will be SANEY the futor,
 And WILL wi' the meikle mou :
 And there will be TAM the blutter,
 With ANDREW the tinkler I trow ;
 And there will be bow'd-legged ROBIE,
 With thumbless KATIE's goodman ;
 And there will be blue-cheeked DOWBIE,
 And LAWRIE the laird of the land.

Fy let us, &c.

And there will be fowlibber PATIE,
 And plucky-fac'd WAT i' th' mill,
 Capper-nos'd FRANCIE, and GIBBIE
 That wons in the how o' the hill ;
 And there will be ALASTER SIBBIE,
 Wha in wi' black BESSY did mool,
 With snivelling LILLY, and TIBBY,
 The lass that stands aft on the stool.

Fy let us, &c.

And MADGE that was buckled to STEENIE,
 And coft him grey breeks to his arse,
 Wha after was hangit for stealing,
 Great mercy it happen'd nae warse :
 And there will be glead GEORDY JANNERS,
 And KIRSH wi' the lily-white leg,
 Who gade to the south for manners,
 And bang'd up her wame in Monfieg.

Fy let us, &c.

And there will be JUDEN MACLAWRIE,
 And blinkin daft BARBARA MACLEG,
 Wi' flea-lugged tharny-fac'd LAWRIE,
 And shangy-mou'd halucket MEG,
 And there will be happer-ars'd NANSY,
 And fairy-fac'd FLOWRIE by name,
 Muck MADIE, and fat-hippit GRISY,
 The lafs wi' the gowden waine.

Fy let us, &c.

And there will be girn-again GIBBY,
 Wi' his glaiket wife JENNY BELL,
 And measly-shinn'd MUNGO MACAPIE,
 The lad that was skipper himsel.
 There lads, and lasses in pearlins,
 Will feast i' the heart of the ha',
 On sybows, and rifarts, and carlings,
 That are baith foddan and raw.

Fy let us, &c.

And there will be fadges and brochen,
 With fouth of good gabbock of skate,
 Powfowdie, and drammock, and crowdie,
 And caller nowtfeet in a plate.
 And there will be partans and buckies,
 And whytens and spaldings enew,
 And sing'd sheepheads, and a haggies,
 And scadlips to sup till ye spue.

Fy let us, &c.

And there will be lapper'd-milk kebbucks,
 And sowens, and farles, and baps,
 With swats, and well-scraped paunches,
 And brandy in stoups and in caps:
 And there will be mealkail and castocks,
 And skink to sup till ye rive;
 And roasts to roast on a brander
 Of flowks that were taken alive.

Fy let us, &c.

Scrap haddock, wilks, dulce and tangles,
 And a mill of good fishen to prie;
 When weary with eating and drinking,
 We'll rise up and dance till we die.

Then fy let us a' to the bridal,

For there will be liltin' there;

For JOCKY's to be married to MAGGIE,

The las' wi' the gowden hair.

The Jolly Beggar.

THERE was a jolly beggar, and a begging he
 was bound,
 And he took up his quarters into a land'art town,
Fa la la, &c.

He wad neither ly in barn, nor yet wad he in byre,
 But in ahint the ha' door, or else afore the fire.

The beggar's bed was made at e'en wi' good clean
 straw and hay,
 And in ahint the ha' door, and there the beggar
 lay.

Up raise the goodman's dochter, and for to bar the
 door,
 And there she saw the beggar standin i' the floor.
 He took the lassie in his arms, and to the bed he ran,
 O hooly! hooly wi' me, Sir, ye'll waken our good-
 man.

The beggar was a cunnin' loon, and ne'er a word
 he spake,
 Until he got his turn done, fyne he began to crack-
 Is there ony dogs into this town? maiden, tell me
 true.

And what wad ye do wi' them, my hinny and my
 dow?

They'll rive a' my mealpocks, and do me meikle
wrang.

O dool for the doing o't! are ye the poor man?

Then she took up the mealpocks and flang them
o'er the wa',

The d—l gae wi' the mealpocks, my maidenhead
and a'.

I took ye for some gentleman, at least the Laird of
Brodie;

O dool for the doing o't! are ye the poor bodie?

He took the lassie in his arms, and gae her kisses
three,

And four-and-twenty hunder merk to pay the
nurice-fee.

He took a horn frae his side, and blew baith loud
and shrill,

And four-and-twenty belted knights came skipping
o'er the hill.

And he took out his little knife, loot a' his duddies fa',
And he was the brawest gentleman that was amang
them a'.

The beggar was a cliver loon, and he lap shoulder
height,

O ay for sicken quarters as I gat yesternight.

Fa la la, &c.

The Humble Beggar.

IN Scotland there liv'd a humble beggar,
He had neither house, nor hald, nor hame,
But he was weel liked by ilka bodie,
And they gae him fankets to rax his wame.

A nivefow of meal, and handfow of groats,
A daad of bannock, or herring brie,
Cauld parradge, or the lickings of plates,
Wad make him as blyth as a beggar could be.

This beggar he was a humble beggar,
 The feint a bit of pride had he,
 He wad a ta'en his a'ns in a bikker
 Frae gentleman or poor bodie.

His wallets ahint and afore did hang,
 In as good order as wallets could be ;
 A tung kail-gooly hang down by his side,
 And a meikle nowt-horn to rout on had he.

It happen'd ill, it happen'd warse,
 It happen'd fae that he did die ;
 And wha do ye think was at his late-wake,
 Bot lads and lassies of a high degree.

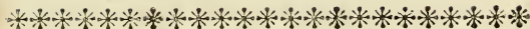
Some were blyth, and some were sad,
 And some they play'd at Blind Harrie ;
 But suddedly up-started the auld carle,
 I redd you, good folks, tak tent o' me.

Up gat KATE that sat i' the nook,
 Vow kimmer, and how do ye ?
 Up he gat, and ca'd her linner,
 And ruggit and tuggit her cockernonie.

They houkit his grave in Duket's kirk-yard,
 E'en fair fa' the companie ;
 Bot when they were gaun to lay him i' the yird,
 The feint a dead nor dead was he.

— And when they brought him to Duket's kirk-yard
 He duuted on the kist, the boards did flie ;
 And when they were gaun to put him i' the yird,
 In fell the kist, and out lap he.

He cry'd, I'm cald, I'm unca cald,
 Fu' fast ran the folk, and fu' fast ran he ;
 But he was first hame at his ain ingle-side,
 And he helped to drink his ain dirgie.



C

Charms of Lovely PEGGY.

ONCE more I'll tune the vocal shell,
 To hills and dales my passion tell;
 A flame which time can never quell,
 That burns for thee, my PEGGY.
 Yet greater bards the lyre should hit;
 For pray what subject is more fit,
 Than to record the sacred wit
 And bloom of lovely PEGGY?

The sun just rising in the morn,
 That paints the new-bespangled thorn,
 Does not so much the day adorn
 As does my lovely PEGGY.
 And when in THETIS' lap to rest,
 He streaks with gold the ruddy west,
 He's not so beauteous as, undrest,
 Appears my lovely PEGGY.

Were she array'd in rustic weed,
 With her the bleating flocks I'd feed,
 And pipe upon my oaten reed,
 To please my lovely PEGGY.
 With her a cottage would delight,
 All pleases while she's in my sight;
 But when she's gone 'tis endless night,
 All's dark without my PEGGY.

When Zephyr on the violet blows,
 Or breathes upon the damask rose,
 They do not half the sweets disclose,
 As does my lovely PEGGY.

I stole a kiss the other day,
 And, trust me, nought but truth I say,
 The fragrant breath of blooming May
 Was not so sweet as PEGGY.

While bees from flow'r to flow'r do rove,
 And linnets warble thro' the grove,
 Or stately swans the waters love,
 So long shall I love PEGGY.

And when Death, with his pointed dart,
 Shall strike the blow that wounds my heart,
 My words shall be, when I depart,
 Adieu, my lovely PEGGY.

Cold Frosty Morning.

WHEN innocent pastime our pleasures did crown,
 Upon a green meadow, or under a tree,
 Ere ANNIE became a fine lady in town,

How lovely, and loving, and bonny was she?

Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful ANNIE,

Let ne'er a new whim ding thy fancy a jee:
 O! as thou art bonny, be faithful and canny,
 And favour thy JAMIE wha doats upon thee.

Does the death of a lintwhite give ANNIE the spleen?

Can tyning of trifles be uneasy to thee?

Can lapdogs or monkeys draw tears from those een,

That look with indiff'rence on poor dying me?

Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful ANNIE,

And dinna prefer a paroquet to me:

O! as thou art bonny, be prudent and canny,

And think upon JAMIE wha doats upon thee.

Ah! should a new mantua or Flanders lace head,

Or yet a wee coatie, though never so fine,

Gar thee grow-forgetful, or let his heart bleed,

That ayes had some hope of purchasing thine?

Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful ANNIE,
 And dinna prefer ye'r fleegaries to me:
 O! as thou art bonny, be solid and canny,
 And tent a true lover that doats upon thee.

Shall a Paris edition of new-fangled SANY,
 Tho' gilt o'er wi' laces and fringes he be,
 By adoring himself, be admir'd by fair ANNIE,
 And aim at those benifons promis'd to me?

Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful ANNIE,
 And never prefer a light dancer to me:
 O! as thou art bonny, be constant and canny,
 Love only thy JAMIE wha doats upon thee.

O think, my dear charmer! on ilka sweet hour,
 That flade away fastly between thee and me,
 Ere squirrels, or beaus, or fopp'ry had pow'r
 To rival my love, or impose upon thee.

Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful ANNIE,
 And let thy desires be a' center'd in me:
 O! as thou art bonny, be faithful and canny,
 And love him wha's langing to center in thee.

Cumbernauld House.

FROM anxious zeal and factious strife,
 From all th' uneasy cares of life,
 From beauty still to merit blind,
 And still to fools and coxcombs kind;
 To where the woods, in brightest green,
 Like rising theatres are seen,
 Where gently murm'ring runs the rill,
 And draws fresh streams from ev'ry hill:
 Where PHILOMEL, in mournful strains,
 Like me, of hopeless love complains,
 Retir'd I pass the livelong day,
 And idly trifle life away:

My lyre to tender accents strung,
 I tell each flight, each scorn and wrong,
 Then reason to my aid I call,
 Review past scenes, and scorn them all.
 Superior thoughts my mind engage,
 Allur'd by NEWTON'S tempting page,
 Through new-found worlds I wing my flight,
 And trace the glorious source of light :
 But should CLARINDA there appear,
 With all her charms of shape and air,
 How frail my fixt resolves would prove,
 Again I'd yield, again I'd love !

Country Lafs.

ALTHO' I be but a country lafs,
 Yet a lofty mind I bear—O,
 And think myfelf as good as thofe
 That rich apparel wear—O.
 Altho' my gown be hame-fpun grey,
 My fkin it is as foft—O,
 As them that fatin weeds do wear,
 And carry their heads aloft—O.
 What tho' I keep my father's fheep ?
 The thing that muft be done—O,
 With garlands of the fineft flowers
 To fhade me frae the fun—O.
 When they are feeding pleafantly,
 Where graf and flowers do fpring—O,
 Then on a flow'ry bank at noon,
 I fet me down and fmg—O.
 My Paisley piggy cork'd with fage,
 Contains my drink but thin—O :
 No wines do e'er my brain enrage,
 Or tempt my mind to fin—O.

My country curds and wooden spoon

I think them unco fine—O,
And on a flow'ry bank at noon
I fet me down and dine—O.

Altho' my parents cannot raise

Great bags of shining gold—O,
Like them whose daughters now-a-days
Like swine are bought and sold—O ;
Yet my fair body it shall keep
An honest heart within—O,
And for twice fifty thousand crowns
I value not a pin—O.

I use nae gums upon my hair;

Nor chains about my neck—O,
Nor shining rings upon my hands,
My fingers straight to deck—O.
But for that lad to me shall fa',
And I have grace to wed—O,
I'll keep a jewel worth them a',
I mean my maidenhead—O.

If canny Fortune give to me

The man I dearly love—O,
Tho' we want gear I dinna care,
My hands I can improve—O.
Expecting for a blessing still
Descending from above—O,
Then we'll embrace and sweetly kiss,
Repeating tales of love—O.

Corn Riggs are bonny.

MY PATIE is a lover gay,
His mind is never muddy,
His breath is sweeter than new hay,
His face is fair and ruddy.

His shape is handsome, middle size ;
 He's stately in his wawking ;
 The shining of his een surprife ;
 'Tis heav'n to hear him tawking.

Last night I met him on a bawk,
 Where yellow corn was growing,
 There mony a kindly word he spake,
 That set my heart a-glowing.
 He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
 And loo'd me best of ony ;
 That gars me like to sing finsyne,
O corn rigs are bonny.

Let maidens of a silly mind
 Refuse what maist they're wanting,
 Since we for yielding are design'd,
 We chastely should be granting :
 Then I'll comply and marry PATE,
 And syne my cockernony
 He's free to touzle air or late
 Where corn rigs are bonny.

Collier's Bonny Laffie.

THE collier has a daughter,
 And O she's wonder bonny,
 A laird he was that fought her,
 Rich baith in lands and money :
 The tutors watch'd the motion
 Of this young honest lover ;
 But love is like the ocean ;
 Wha can its depth discover !
 He had the art to please ye,
 And was by a' respected ;
 His airs sat round him easy,
 Genteel, but unaffected.

The collier's bonnie lassie,
 Fair as the new-blown lillie,
 Ay sweet, and never faucy,
 Secur'd the heart of WILLIE.

He lov'd beyond expression
 The charms that were about her,
 And panted for possession,
 His life was dull without her.
 After mature resolving,
 Close to his breast he held her,
 In fastest flames dissolving,
 He tenderly thus tell'd her :

My bonny collier's daughter,
 Let naething discompose ye,
 'Tis no your scanty tocher
 Shall ever gar me lose ye :
 For I have gear in plenty,
 And love says, 'tis my duty
 To ware what Heaven has lent me,
 Upon your wit and beauty.

Clout the Caldron.

HAVE you any pots or pans,
 Or any broken chandlers?
 I am a tinker to my trade,
 And newly come frae Flanders,
 As scant of filler as of grace,
 Disbanded, we've a bad run ;
 Gar tell the lady of the place,
 I'm come to clout her caldron.
Fa adrie, didie, didle, &c.

Madam, if you have wark for me,
 I'll do't to your contentment,
 And diinna care a single flie
 For any man's resentment;

For lady fair, though I appear
 To ev'ry ane a tinker,
 Yet to yoursell I'm bauld to tell,
 I am a gentle jinker.

Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Love JUPITER into a swan
 Turn'd for his lovely LEDA ;
 He like a bull o'er meadows ran,
 To carry aff Europa.
 Then may not I, as well as he,
 To cheat your Argos blinker,
 And win your love, like mighty JOVE,
 Thus hide me in a tinkler.

Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Sir, ye appear a cunning man,
 But this fine plot you'll fail in,
 For there is neither pot nor pan
 Of mine you'll drive a nail in.
 Then bind your budget on your back,
 And nails up in your apron,
 For I've a tinkler under tack
 That's us'd to clout my caldron.

Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Carle came o'er the Craft.

THE carl he came o'er the craft,
 And his beard new shav'n
 He look'd at me, as he'd been dast,
 The carl trows that I wad hae him.
 Howt awa, I winna hae him !
 Na, forsooth, I winna hae him !
 For a' his beard be new shav'n ;
 Ne'er a bit will I hae him.

A filler broach he gae me niest,
 To fasten on my curchea nooked,
 I wor'd a wi upon my breast;
 But soon, alake! the tongue o't crooked;
 And sae may his, I winna hae him,
 Na, forsooth, I winna hae him,
 Ane twice a bairn's a las's jest,
 Sae ony fool for me may hae him.

The carl has na fault but ane;
 For he has lands and dollars plenty;
 But waes me for him! skin and bane
 Is no for a plump las of twenty.
 Howt awa, I winna hae him!
 Na, forsooth, I winna hae him!
 What signifies his dirty riggs,
 And cash, without a man wi' them.

But shou'd my canker'd dady gar
 Me tak him 'gainst my inclination,
 I warn the fumbler to beware,
 That antlers dinna claim their station.
 Howt awa, I winna hae him!
 Na, forsooth, I winna hae him!
 I'm flee'd to crack the haly band,
 Sae lawty says, I thou'd nae hae him.

Cast away Care.

CARE, away gae thou frae me,
 For I am no fit match for thee,
 Thou bereaves me of my wits,
 Wherefore I hate thy frantic fits:
 Therefore I will care no moir,
 Since that in cares comes no restoir;
 But I will sing hey down a dee,
 And cast doilt care away frae me.

If I want, I care to get,
 The moir I have, the moir I fret;
 Love I much; I care for moir,
 The moir I have I think I'm poor:
 Thus grief and care my mind oppress;
 Nor wealth nor wae gives no redress;
 Therefore I'll care no moir in vain,
 Since care has cost me meikle pain.

Is not this world a flidry ball?
 And thinks men strange to catch a fall!
 Does not the sea baith ebb and flow?
 And Fortune's but a painted show,
 Why shou'd men take care or grief,
 Since that by these comes no relief?
 Some careful saw what careless reap,
 And wasters ware what niggarts scrape.

Well then, ay learn to know thyself,
 And care not for this worldly pelf:
 Whether thy 'tate be great or small,
 Give thanks to GOD whate'er befall,
 Sae fall thou than ay live at ease,
 No sudden grief shall thee displease;
 Then mayst thou sing, hey down a dee,
 When thou hast cast all care frae thee.

Cock Laird.

A COCK laird fou cadgie,
 With JENNY did meet.
 He haws'd her, he kiss'd her,
 And ca'd her his sweet.
 Wilt thou gae alang
 Wi' me, JENNY, JENNY?
 Thouse be my ain lemmane,
 Jo JENNY, quoth he.

If I gae alang wi' ye,
Ye mauna fail

To feast me with caddels
And good hacket-kail.

The deel's in your nicety,
JENNY, quoth he,

Mayna bannocks of bear-meal
Be as good for thee.

And I maun hae pinners,
With pearling set round,

A skirt of puddy,
And a wastecoat of brown,

Awa' with sik vanities,
JENNY, quoth he,

For kurchis and kirtles
Are fitter for thee.

My lairdship can yield me
As meikle a year,

As had us in pottage
And good knockit beer :

But having nae tenants,
O JENNY, JENNY,

To buy ought I ne'er have
A penny, quoth he.

The Borrowfloun merchants
Will sell you on tick,

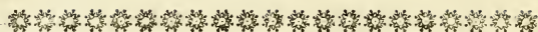
For we maun hae braw things,
Abeit, they soud break.

When broken, frae care

The fools are set free,

When we mak them lairds

In the Abbey, quoth she.



D

Down the Burn DAVIE.

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,
And broom bloom'd fair to see ;

When MARY was complete fifteen,

And love laugh'd in her eye ;

Blyth DAVIE's blinks her heart did move

To speak her mind thus free,

Gang down the burn, DAVIE, love,

And I shall follow thee.

Now DAVIE did each lad surpass,

That dwelt on this burn side,

And MARY was the bonniest lass,

Just meet to be a bride :

Her cheeks were rosie, red and white,

Her een were bonny blue ;

Her looks were like AURORA bright,

Her lips like dropping dew.

As down the burn they took their way,

What tender tales they said !

His cheek to hers he aft did lay,

And with her bosom play'd ;

Till baith at length impatient grown,

To be mair fully blest,

In yonder vale they lean'd them down ;

Love only saw the rest.

What pass'd, I guess, was harmless play,

And naething sure unmeet ;

For, ganging hame, I heard them say,

They tuk'd a wawk sae sweet ;

And that they aften shou'd return

Sik pleasure to renew.

Quoth MARY, Love, I like the burn,

And ay shall follow you.

Dumbarton Drums.

DUMBARTON'S drums beat bonny—O,
 When they mind me of my dear JONNY—O,
 How happy am I,
 When my foldier is by,
 While he kisses and blesses his ANNIE—O!
 'Tis a foldier alone can delight me—O,
 For his graceful looks—do invite me—O:
 While guarded in his arms,
 I'll fear no war's alarms,
 Neither danger nor death shall e'er fright me—O,
 My love is a handsome laddie—O,
 Genteel, but ne'er foppish nor gaudy O:
 Tho' commissions are dear,
 Yet I'll buy him one this year;
 For he shall serve no longer a cadie—O.
 A foldier has honour and bravery—O,
 Unacquainted with rogues and their knavery—O:
 He minds no other thing
 But the ladies or the king:
 For every other care is but slavery—O.
 Then I'll be the captain's lady—O:
 Farewell all my friends and my daddy—O;
 I'll wait no more at home,
 But I'll follow with the drum,
 And whene'er that beats I'll be ready—O:
 Dumbarton's drums sound bonny—O,
 They are sprightly like my dear JONNY—O:
 How happy shall I be,
 When on my foldier's knee,
 And he kisses and blesses his ANNIE—O!

Dunt, dunt, pittie, pattie.

ON Whitsunday morning
 I went to the fair,
 My yellow-hair'd laddie
 Was felling his ware ;
 He gied me lick a blyth blink
 With his bonny black eye,
 And a dear blink, and a fair blink
 It was unto me.

I wist not what ail'd me
 When my laddie came in,
 The little wee starnies
 Flew ay frae my een ;
 And the sweat it dropt down
 Frae my very eye-brie,
 And my heart play'd ay
 Dunt, dunt, dunt, pittie, pattie.

I wist not what ail'd me,
 When I went to my bed,
 I tossed and tumbled,
 And sleep frae me fled.
 Now, its sleeping and waking
 He's ay in my eye,
 And my heart play'd ay
 Dunt, dunt, dunt, pittie, pattie.

Dainty DAVIE.

WHILE fops in fast Italian verse,
 Ilk fair ane's een and breast rehearse,
 While sangs abound and sense is scarce,
 These lines I have indited ;
 But neither darts nor arrows here,
 VENUS nor CUPID shall appear,
 And yet with these fine sounds I swear,
 The maidens are delited.

*I was ay telling you,
Lucky NANSY, lucky NANSY,
Auld springs wad ding the new,
But ye wad never trow me.*

Nor snaw with crimson will I mix,
To spread upon my lassie's cheeks;
And syne th' unmeaning name prefix,
MIRANDA, CHLOE, or PHILLIS.

I'll fetch nae simile frae JOVE,
My height of extasy to prove,
Nor sighing—thus—present my love
With roses eke and lilies.

I was ay telling you, &c.

But stay,—I had amais't forgot
My mistress and my sang to bo,
And that's an unco' faut I wat;

But NANSY, 'tis nae matter.

Ye see I clink my verse wi' rhyme,
And ken ye, that atones the crime;
Forby, how sweet my numbers chyme,
And slide away like water.

I was ay telling you, &c.

Now ken, my reverend sonfy fair,
Thy runkled cheeks and lyart hair,
Thy half shut een and hodling air,
Are a' my passion's fewel.

Nae skyring gowk, my dear, can see,
Or love, or grace, or heaven in thee;
Yet thou hast charms anew for me,
Then smile, and be na cruel.

*Leez me on thy snawy pow,
Lucky NANSY, lucky NANSY,
Dryest wood will eithest low,
And, NANSY, sae will ye now.*

Troth I have sung the sang to you,
Which ne'er anither bard wad do ;
Hear then my charitable vow,

Dear venerable NANSY.

But if the world my passion wrang,
And say ye only live in sang,
Ken I despise a stand'ring tongue,
And sing to please my fansy.

Leez me on thy, &c.

The Deceiver.

WITH tuneful pipe and hearty glee,
Young WATY wan my heart ;

A blyther lad ye coudna see,
All beauty without art.

His winning tale

Did soon prevail

To gain my fond belief ;

But soon the swain

Gangs o'er the plain,

And leaves me full, and leaves me full,

And leaves me full of grief.

Though COLIN courts with tuneful sang,

Yet few regard his mane ;

The lasses a' round WATY thrang,

While COLIN's left alane :

In Aberdeen

Was never seen

A lad that gave sic pain ;

He daily wooes,

And still pursues,

Till he does all, till he does all,

Till he does all obtain.

But soon as he has gain'd the bliss,
 Away then does he run,
 And hardly will afford a kiss
 To silly me undone :

Bonny KATY,
 MAGGY, BEATTY,
 Avoid the roving swain ;
 His wyly tongue
 Be sure to shun,
 Or you like me, or you like me,
 Like me will be undone.

Druken Wife o' Gallowa.

DOWN in yon meadow a couple did tarrie,
 The goodwife she drank naething but sack and
 Canary ;

The goodman complain'd to her friends right airly,
O ! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

First she drank Crommy, and syne she drank Garie,
 And syne she drank my bonny grey marie,
 That carried me thro' a' the dubs and the lairie.

O ! gin, &c.

She drank her hose, she drank her shoon,
 And syne she drank her bonny new gown ;
 She drank her sark that cover'd her rarely,

O ! gin, &c.

Wad she drink her ain things, I wadna care,
 But she drinks my claiths I canna' weel spare ;
 When I'm wi' my goffips, it angers me fairly.

O ! gin, &c.

My Sunday's coat she has laid it a wad,
 The best blue bonnet e'er was o' my head ;
 At kirk and at market I'm cover'd but barely,

O ! gin, &c.

My bonny white mittens I wore on my hands,
 Wi' her neighbour's wife she has laid them in pawns;
 My bane-headed staff that I loo'd so dearly.

O! gin, &c.

I never was for wrangling nor strife,
 Nor did I deny her the comforts of life,
 For when there's a war, I'm ay for a parley.

O! gin, &c.

When there's ony money, she maun keep the purse;
 If I seek but a bawbie, she'll scold and she'll curse;
 She lives like a queen, I scrimped and sparely.

O! gin, &c.

A pint wi' her cummers I wad her allow,
 But when she sits down, she gets hersel fu',
 And when she is fu' she is unco camstairie.

O! gin, &c.

When she comes to the street, she roars and she rants,
 Has no fear of her neighbours, nor minds the house
 wants;

She rants up some fool sang, like, Up ye'r heart

CHARLIE.

O! gin, &c.

When she comes hame, she lays on the lads,
 The lasses she ca's baith b——s and j——s,
 And ca's mysel' ay ane auld cuckold carlie.

O! gin, &c.



E

Ettrick Banks.

ON Ettrick banks, in a summer's night,
At glowming when the sheep drave hame,
I met my lassie braw and tight,

Came wading barefoot a' her lane :
My heart grew light, I ran, I sang
My arms about her lily neck,
And kiss'd and clapt her there fu' lang,
My words they were na mony feck.

I said, My lassie, will ye go
To the Highland hills, the Erse to learn ?
I'll baith gi'e thee a cow and ew

When ye come to the brigg of Earn.
At Leith auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,
And herrings at the Broomy Law ;
Chear up your heart, my bonny lass,
There's gear to win we never saw.

All day when we have wrought enough,
When winter, frosts, and snaw begin,
Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,
At night when ye sit down to spin,
I'll screw my pipes, and play a spring ;
And thus the weary night we'll end,
Till the tender kid and lamb-time bring
Our pleasant summer back again.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
And gowans glent o'er ilka field,
I'll meet my lass amang the broom,
And lead you to my summer shield.
Then far frae a' their scornfu' din,
That make the kindly hearts their sport,
We'll laugh, and kiss, and dance, and sing,
And gar the langest day seem short.

Ew-bughts MARION.

WILL ye go to the ew-bughts, MARION,
And wear in the sheep wi' me ;

The sun shines sweet, my MARION,
But nae haff fae sweet as thee.

O MARION's a bonny lass,
And the blyth blinks in her eye ;

And fain wad I marry MARION,
Gin MARION wad marry me.

There's gowd in your garters, MARION,
And silk on your white haufe-bane ;

Fa' fain wad I kiss my MARION
At e'en when I come hame.

There's braw lads in Earnslaw, MARION,
Wha gape and glowr with their ee,

At kirk when they see my MARION ;
But naue of them lo'es like me.

I've nine milk-ewes, my MARION,
A cow and a brawny quey,

I'll gi'e them a' to my MARION,
Just on her bridal-day :

And ye's get a green sey apron,
And waitcoat of the London brown,

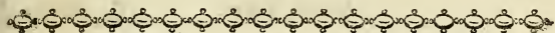
And wow but ye will be vap'ring,
Whene'er ye gang to the town.

I'm young and stout, my MARION ;
Nane dance like me on the green ;

And gin ye forsake me, MARION,
I'll e'en gae draw up wi' JEAN :

Sae put on your pearlins, MARION,
And kyrtle of the cramasie ;

And soon as my chin has nae hair on,
I shall come west and see ye.



F

Flowers of the Forest.

I'VE seen the smiling
 Of Fortune beguiling,
 I've felt all its favours, and found its decay;
 Sweet was its blessing,
 Kind its caressing,
 But now 'tis fled,——fled far away.

I've seen the forest
 Adorn'd the foremost,
 With flowers of the fairest, most pleasant and gay;
 Sae bonny was their blooming,
 Their scent the air perfuming;
 But now they are wither'd and weeded away.

I've seen the morning,
 With gold the hills adorning,
 And loud tempest storming before the mid-day.
 I've seen Tweed's silver streams
 Shining in the sunny beams,
 Grow drumbly and dark as he row'd on his way.

O fickle Fortune!

Why this cruel sporting?

O why still perplex us, poor sons of a day?

Nae mair your smiles can cheer me,

Nae mair your frowns can fear me,

For the flowers of the forest are withered away.

Same Tune.

ADIEU, ye streams that smoothly glide
Through mazy windings o'er the plain,
I'll in some lonely cave reside,

And ever mourn my faithful swain.

Flower of the forest was my love,

Soft as the sighing summer's gale,

Gentle and constant as the dove,

Blooming as roses in the vale.

Alas! by Tweed my love did stray,

For me he search'd the banks around;

But, ah! the sad and fatal day,

My love, the pride of swains, was drown'd.

Now droops the willow o'er the stream,

Pale stalks his ghost on yonder grove,

Dire Fancy paints him in my dream,

Awake I mourn my hopeless love.

Flowers of Edinburgh.

MY love was once a bonny lad,

He was the flower of all his kin;

The absence of his bonny face

Has rent my tender heart in twain.

I day nor night find no delight,

In silent tears I still complain;

And exclaim 'gainst those my rival foes,

That ha'e ta'en from me my darling swain.

Despair and anguish fills my breast,

Since I have lost my blooming rose;

I sigh and moan while others rest,

His absence yields me no repose.

To seek my love I'll range and rove,

Thro' ev'ry grove and distant plain;

Thus I'll ne'er cease, but spend my days,

To hear tidings from my darling swain.

There's nothing strange in Nature's change,
 Since parents shew such cruelty ;
 They caus'd my love from me to range,
 And knows not to what destiny.
 The pretty kids and tender lambs
 May cease to sport upon the plain ;
 But I'll mourn and lament in deep discontent
 For the absence of my darling swain.

Kind NEPTUNE, let me thee entreat,
 To send a fair and pleasant gale ;
 Ye dolphins sweet, upon me wait,
 And convey me on your tail ;
 Heavens bless my voyage with success,
 While crossing of the raging main,
 And send me safe o'er to that distant shore,
 To meet my lovely darling swain.

All joy and mirth at our return
 Shall then abound from Tweed to Tay ;
 The bells shall ring and sweet birds sing,
 To grace and crown our nuptial day.
 Thus bless'd with charms in my love's arms,
 My heart once more I will regain ;
 Then I'll range no more to a distant shore,
 But in love will enjoy my darling swain.

Fourteenth of October.

YE gods ! was STREPHON'S picture blest
 With the fair heaven of CHLOE'S breast ?
 Move softer, thou fond flutt'ring heart,
 Oh gently throb,—too fierce thou art.
 Tell me, thou brightest of thy kind,
 For STREPHON was the bliss design'd ?
 For STREPHON'S sake, dear charming maid,
 Didst thou prefer his wand'ring shade ?

And thou, blest shade, that sweetly art
 Lodg'd so near my CHLOE's heart,
 For me the tender hour improve,
 And softly tell how dear I love.
 Ungrateful thing! it scorns to hear
 Its wretched master's ardent prayer,
 Ingrossing all that beauteous heaven,
 That CHLOE, lavish maid, has given.

I cannot blame thee; were I lord
 Of all the wealth these breasts afford,
 I'd be a miser too, nor give
 An alms to keep a god alive.
 Oh! smile not thus, my lovely fair,
 On these cold looks that lifeless are;
 Prize him whose bosom glows with fire,
 With eager love and soft desire.

'Tis true, thy charms, O pow'rful maid,
 To life can bring the silent shade:
 Thou canst surpass the painter's art,
 And real warmth and flames impart.
 But, oh! it ne'er can love like me,
 I ever lov'd, and lov'd but thee:
 Then, charmer, grant my fond request,
 Say, thou canst love, and make me blest.

Fairest of her Days.

WHOE'ER beholds my HELEN's face,
 And says not that good hap has she;
 Who hears her speak, and tents her grace,
 Shall think nane ever spake but she.

*The short way to resound her praise,
 She is the fairest of her days.*

Who knows her wit, and not admires,
 He maun be deem'd devoid of skill;
 Her virtues kindle strong desires
 In them that think upon her still.

The short way, &c.

Her red is like unto the rose
 Whase buds are op'ning to the sun,
 Her comely colours do disclose
 The first degree of ripeness won.

The short way, &c.

And with the red is mixt the white,
 Like to the sun and fair moonshine,
 That does upon clear waters light,
 And makes the colour seem divine.

*The short way to resound her praise,
 She is the fairest of her days.*

For our lang Biding here.

WHEN we came to London town,
 We dream'd of gowd in gowpens here,
 And rantingly ran up and down,
 In rising stocks to buy a skair:
 We dastly thought to row in rowth,
 But for our daffin paid right dear;
 The lave will fare the war, in trouth,
 For our lang biding here.

But when we fand our purses toom,
 And dainty stocks began to fa',
 We hang our lugs, and wi' a gloom
 Girn'd at stockjobbing ane and a'.
 If ye gang near the South-sea house,
 The Whillywhas will grip your gear,
 Sync a' the lave will fare the war
 For our lang biding here.

For the Sake of Somebody.

*F*OR the sake of somebody,
 For the sake of somebody;
 I cou'd wake a winter-night
 For the sake of somebody.

I am gawn to seek a wife,
 I am gawn to buy a plaidy;
 I have three stane of woo;
 Carling, is thy doughter ready?
 For the sake, &c.

BETTY, lassie, say't thy fell,
 Tho' thy dame be ill to shoo,
 First we'll buckle, then we'll tell,
 Let her flyte and syne come to:
 What signifies a mither's gloom,
 When love and kisses come in play?
 Shou'd we wither in our bloom,
 And in simmer mak nae hay?
 For the sake, &c.

S H E.

Bonny lad, I carena by
 Tho' I try my luck wi' thee,
 Since ye are content to tye
 The ha'f-merk bridal-band wi' me;
 I'll slip hame and wash my feet,
 And steal on linens fair and clean,
 Syne at the trysting place we'll meet,
 To do but what my dame has done.
 For the sake, &c.

H E.

Now my lovely BETTY gives
 Consent in sick a heartsome gait,
 It me frae a' my care relieves,
 And doubts that gart me aft look blate;

Then let us gang and get the grace ;
 For they that have an appetite
 Should eat ;—and lovers should embrace ;
 If these be fau'ts, 'tis Nature's wyte.

For the sake, &c.

Fy gar rub her o'er wi' Strae.

GIN ye meet a bonny lassie,
 Gi'e her a kiss and let her gae ;
 But if ye meet a dirty hussy,
 Fy gar rub her o'er wi' strae.
 Be sure ye dinna quit the grip
 Of ilka joy when ye are young,
 Before auld age your vitals nip,
 And lay you twafald o'er a rung.
 Sweet youth's a blyth and heartsome time ;
 Then, lads and lasses, while 'tis May,
 Gae pu' the gowan in its prime,
 Before it wither and decay.
 Watch the fast minutes of deiyte,
 When JENNY speaks beneath her breath,
 And kisses, laying a' the wyte
 On you, if she kepp ony skaith.
 Haith ye're ill-bred, she'll, smiling, say,
 Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook ;
 Syne frae your arms she'll rin away,
 And hide herself in some dark nook.
 Her laugh will lead you to the place
 Where lyes the happiness ye want,
 And plainly tell you to your face,
 Nineteen nasays are half a grant.
 Now to her heaving bosom cling,
 And sweetly toolie for a kiss :
 Erae her fair finger whoop a ring,
 As taiken of a future blis.

These bennifons, I'm very sure,
 Are of the gods indulgent grant ;
 Then, furly carles, whisht, forbear
 To plague us wi' your whining cant.

Fint a Crum of thee she fa's.

RETURN hameward, my heart, again,
 And bide where thou wast wont to be,
 Thou art a fool to suffer pain,
 For love of ane that loves not thee :
 My heart, let be sick fantasie,
 Love only where thou hast good cause ;
 Since scorn and liking ne'er agree,
 The fint a crum of thee she fa's.

To what effect shou'd thou be thrall ?
 Be happy in thine ain free-will,
 My heart, be never bestial,
 But ken wha does thee good or ill :
 And hame with me then tarry still,
 And see wha can best play their paws,
 And let the filly sling her fill,
 For fint a crum of thee she fa's.

Tho' she be fair, I will not feinzie,
 She's of a kin wi' mony mae :
 For why ? they are a felon menzie
 That seemeth good, and are not fae.
 My heart, take neither sturt or wae
 For MEG, for MARJORY, or MAUSE ;
 But be thou blyth, and let her gae,
 For fint a crum of thee she fa's.

Remember how that MEDEA
 Wild for a fight of JASON yied,
 Remember how young CRESSIDA
 Left TROILUS for DIOMEDE ;

Remember HELEN, as we read,
 Brought Troy from blifs unto bare wa's;
 Then let her gae where she may speed,
 For fint a crum of thee she fa's.

Because she said, I took it ill,
 For her depart my heart was fair,
 But was beguil'd; gae where she will,
 Beshrew the heart that first takes care;
 But be thou merry, late and air,
 This is the final end and clause,
 And let her feed and fooly fair,
 For fint a crum of thee she fa's.

Ne'er dunt again within my breast,
 Ne'er let her slights thy courage spill,
 Nor gi'e a sob, altho' she sneest,
 She's fairest paid that gets her will.
 She gecks as gif I meant her ill,
 When she glaiks paughty in her brows;
 Now let her snirt and fyke her fill,
 For fint a crum of thee she fa's.

For the Love of JEAN.

JOCKY said to JEANY, JEANY wilt'ou do't?
 Ne'er a fit, quo' JEANY, for my tochergood;
 For my tochergood I winna marry thee.
 E'ens ye like, quo' JOCKY, ye may let it be.

I hae gowd and gear, I hae land enough,
 I hae seven good owfen ganging in a pleugh,
 Ganging in a pleugh, and linking o'er the lee,
 And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

I hae a good ha' house, a barn and a byre,
 A stack before the door, I'll mak a ranting fire;
 I'll mak a ranting fire, and merry fall we be;
 And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

JEANY said to JOCKY, Gin ye winna tell,
 Ye fall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysell:
 Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free,
 Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be.

Fee him, Father, fee him.

O SAW ye JOHNY cumin, quo' she,
 Saw ye JOHNY cumin;

O saw ye JOHNY cumin, quo' she,
 Saw ye JOHNY cumin;

O saw ye JOHNY cumin, quo' she,
 Saw ye JOHNY cumin;

Wi' his blew bonnet on his head,
 And his dogie rinnin, quo' she,
 And his dogie rinnin?

O fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,
 Fee him, father, fee him;

O fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,
 Fee him, father, fee him;

For he is a gallant lad, and a well-doin, quo' she,
 And a' the wark about the town

Gaes wi' me when I see him, quo' she,
 Gaes wi' me when I see him.

O what will I do wi' him, quo' he,
 What will I do wi' him?

He has ne'er a coat upon his back,
 And I hae nane to gi'e him.

I hae twa coats into my kist,
 And ane of them I'll gi'e him;

And for a merk of mair fee
 Dinna stand wi' him, quo' she,
 Dinna stand wi' him.

For weel do I loe him, quo' she, weel do I loe him;
 For weel do I loe him, quo' she, weel do I loe him.
 O see him, father, see him, quo' she,
 Fee him, father, see him;
 He'll had the pleugh, thrash in the barn,
 And crack wi' me at e'en, quo' she,
 And crack wi' me at e'en.

Fumblers Rant.

COME carles a' of fumblers ba',
 And I will tell you of your fate,
 Since we have married wives that's bra,
 And canna please them when 'tis late;
 A pint we'll tak, our hearts to chear;
 What fau'ts we hae our wives can tell:
 Gar bring us in baith ale and beer,
 The auldest bairn we hae's oursell.
 Chrif'ning of weans we are redd of,
 The parish priest this he can tell;
 We aw him nought but a grey groat,
 The off'ring for the house we in-dwell.
 Our bairns's tocher is a' paid,
 We're masters of the gear oursell;
 Let either well or wae betide,
 Here's a health to a' the wives that's yell.
 Our nibour's auld son and the las,
 Into the barn amang the strae,
 He gripp'd her in the dark beguets,
 And after that came meikle wae.
 Repentance ay comes afterhin',
 It cost the carle baith corn and hay;
 We're quat of that wi' little din,
 Sick crosses haunt ne'er you nor I.

Now merry, merry may we be,
 When we think on our nighbour ROBIE,
 The way the carle does, we see,
 Wi' his auld son and daughter MAGGIE ;
 Boots he maun hae, pistols, what not ?
 The huffy maun hae corkit shoon :
 We are nae fae ; gar fill the pot,
 We'll drink to a' the hours at e'en.

Here's health to JOHN MACKAY we'll drink,
 To HUGHIE, ANDREW, BOB, and TAM ;
 We'll sit and drink, we'll nod and wink,
 It is o'er soon for us to gang.
 Foul fa' the cock, he'as spilt the play,
 And I do trow he's but a fool,
 We'll sit a while, 'tis lang to day,
 For a' the cocks they rave at Yool.

Since we have met, we'll merry be,
 The foremost hame shall bear the mell :
 I'll set me down, lest I be fee,
 For fear that I should bear't mysell.
 And I, quoth ROB, and down sat he,
 The gear shall never me outride ;
 But we'll take a sowp of the barley-brie,
 And drink to our ain yell fireside.



G

GILDERROY.

AH! CHLORIS, could I now but sit
 As unconcern'd as when
 Your infant-beauty cou'd beget
 No happiness nor pain.

When I this dawning did admire,
 And prais'd the coming day,
 I little thought that rising fire
 Would take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay,
 As metals in a mine.

Age from no face takes more away,
 Than youth conceal'd in thine.

But as your charms insensibly
 To their perfection prest :
 So love as unperceiv'd did fly,
 And center'd in my breast.

My passion with your beauty grew,
 While CUPID at my heart,
 Still as his mother favour'd you,
 Threw a new-flaming dart.

Each gloried in their wanton part :
 To make a lover, he
 Employ'd the utmost of his art ;
 To make a beauty, she.

Gallowshiels.

AH the shepherd's mournful fate,
 When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languish,
 To bear the scornful fair one's hate,
 Nor dare disclose his anguish.
 Yet eager looks, and dying sighs,
 My secret soul discover,
 While rapture trembling thro' mine eyes,
 Reveals how much I love her :
 The tender glance, the redning cheek,
 O'erspread with rising blushes,
 A thousand various ways they speak
 A thousand various wishes.

For oh! that form so heavenly fair,
 Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,
 That artless blush, and modest air,
 So fatally beguiling.
 Thy every look, and every grace,
 So charm whene'er I view thee;
 Till death o'ertake me in the chase,
 Still will my hopes pursue thee.
 Then when my tedious hours are past,
 Be this last blessing given,
 Low at thy feet to breathe my last,
 And die in sight of heaven.

Green Sleeves.

YE watchful guardians of the fair,
 Who skiff on wings of ambient air,
 Of my dear DELIA take a care,
 And represent her lover
 With all the gaiety of youth,
 With honour, justice, love and truth;
 Till I return, her passions soothe,
 For me in whispers move her.
 Be careful no base fordid slave,
 With soul sunk in a golden grave,
 Who knows no virtue but to save,
 With glaring gold bewitch her.
 Tell her, for me she was design'd,
 For me, who know how to be kind,
 And have mair plenty in my mind,
 Than ane who's ten times richer.
 Let all the world turn upside down,
 And fools run an eternal round,
 In quest of what can ne'er be found,
 To please their vain ambition;

Let little minds great charms espy,
 In shadows which at distance ly,
 Whose hop'd-for pleasure, when come nigh,
 Proves nothing in fruition:

But cast into a mold divine,
 Fair DELIA does with lustre shine,
 Her virtuous soul's an ample mine,
 Which yields a constant treasure.
 Let poets in sublimest lays,
 Employ their skill her fame to raise;
 Let sons of music pass whole days,
 With well-tun'd reeds to please her.

Green grows the Rashes.

P E G G Y.

MY JOCKY blyth, for what thou'st done,
 There is nae help nor mending;
 For thou hast jog'd me out of tune,
 For a' thy fair pretending.
 My mither sees a change on me,
 For my complexion dashes,
 And this, alas! has been with thee
 Sae late amang the rashes.

J O C K Y.

My PEGGY, what I've said I'll do,
 To free thee frae her scouting;
 Come then and let us buckle to,
 Nae langer let's be fooling;
 For her content I'll instant wed,
 Since thy complexion dashes;
 And then we'll try a feather bed,
 'Tis satter than the rashes.

P E G G Y.

Then, JOCKY, since thy love's so true,
 Let mither scoul, I'm easy :
 Sae lang's I live I ne'er shall rue
 For what I've done to please thee.
 And there's my hand I's ne'er complain ;
 Oh ! well's me on the rashes :
 Whene'er thou likes I'll do't again,
 And a fig for a' their clashes.

Gaberlunzie Man.

THE pawkie auld carl came o'er the lee,
 Wi' many good e'ens and days to me,
 Saying; Goodwife, for your courtesie,
 Will you lodge a filly poor man ?
 The night was cauld, the carl was wat,
 And down ayont the ingle he sat ;
 My doughter's shoulders he 'gan to clap,
 And cadgily ranted and sang.
 O wow ! quo' he, were I as free,
 As first when I saw this country,
 How blyth and merry wad I be !
 And I wad never think lang.
 He grew canty, and she grew fain ;
 But little did her auld minny ken
 What thir sli twa together were say'ng,
 When wooing they were fae thrang.
 And O ! quo' he, ann ye were as black
 As e'er the crown of my dady's hat,
 'Tis I wad lay thee by my back,
 And awa' wi' me thou shou'd gang.
 And O ! quo' she, ann I were as white,
 As e'er the snaw lay on the dike,
 I'd clead me braw and lady like,
 And awa' wi' thee I would gang.

Between the twa was made a plot ;
 They raise a wee before the cock,
 And wilyly they shot the lock,

And fast to the bent are they gane.

Up in the morn the auld wife raise,
 And at her leisure pat on her claise ;
 Syne to the servants bed she gaes,

To speer for the silly poor man.

She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay,
 The strae was cauld, he was away,
 She clapt her hand, cry'd, Waladay !

For some of our gear will be gane.

Some ran to coffers, and some to kists,
 But naught was stown that cou'd be mist,
 She danc'd her lane, cry'd, Praise be blest !

I have lodg'd a leal poor man.

Since naething's awa', as we can learn,
 The kirk's to kirk, and milk to earn,
 Gae butt the house, lass, and waken my bairn,
 And bid her come quickly ben.

The servant gade where the daughter lay,
 The sheets was cauld, she was away,
 And fast to her goodwife can say,

She's aff wi' the gaberlunzie man.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,
 And haste ye find these traytors again ;
 For she's be burnt, and he's be slain,

The wearifu' gaberlunzie-man.

Some rade upo' horse, some ran a fit,
 The wife was wood, and out o' her wit :
 She cou'd na gang, nor yet cou'd she fit,

But ay she curs'd and she ban'd.

Mean time far hind out o'er the lee
 Fu' snug in a glen, where nane could see,
 The twa with kindly sport and glee,

Cut frae a new cheese a whang :

The priving was good, it pleas'd them baith,
 To lo'e her for ay, he gae her his aith.
 Quo' she, To leave thee I will be laith,
 My winsome gaberlunzie-man.

O kend my minny I were wi' you,
 Ill-fardly wad she crook her mou',
 Sick a poor man she'd never trow,
 After the gaberlunzie-man.

My dear, quo' he, ye're yet o'er young,
 And ha' nae learn'd the beggars tongue,
 To follow me frae town to town,
 And carry the gaberlunzie on.

Wi' cauk and keel I'll win your bread,
 And spindles and whorles for them wha need,
 Whilk is a gentle trade indeed,
 To carry the gaberlunzie on.

I'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,
 And draw a black clout o'er my eye,
 A cripple or blind they will ca' me,
 While we shall be merry and sing.

Glancing of her Apron.

IN January last,
 On Munanday at morn,
 As through the fields I past,
 To view the winter corn,
 I looked me behind,
 And saw come o'er the know,
 And glancing in her apron,
 With a bonny brent brow.

I said, Good-morrow, fair maid,
 And she right courteously
 Return'd a beck, and kindly said,
 Good-day, sweet Sir, to you.

I speir'd, my dear, how far awa
 Do ye intend to gae?
 Quoth she, I mean a mile or twa
 Out o'er yon broomy brae.

H E.

Fair maid, I'm thankfu' to my fate,
 To have sick company;
 For I'm ganging straight that gate,
 Where ye intend to be.
 When we had gane a mile or twain,
 I said to her, My dow,
 May we not lean us on this plain,
 And kiss your bonny mou.

S H E.

Kind Sir, ye are a wi mistane;
 For I am nane of these,
 I hope you some mair breeding ken,
 Than to ruffle womens claife:
 For may be I have chosen ane,
 And plighted him my vow,
 Wha may do wi' me what he likes,
 And kiss my bonny mou'.

H E.

Na, if ye are contracted,
 I hae nae mair to say:
 Rather than be rejected,
 I will gie o'er the play;
 And chuse anither will respect
 My love and on me rew;
 And let me clasp her round the neck,
 And kiss her bonny mou'.

S H E.

O Sir, ye are proud-hearted,
 And laith to be said nay,
 Else ye wad ne'er a started
 For ought that I did say;

H 2

For women in their modesty,
 At first they winna bow ;
 But if we like your company,
 We'll prove as kind as you.

Gypsie Laddie.

THE gypsies came to our good lord's gate,
 And wow but they sang sweetly ;
 They sang fae sweet, and fae very complete,
 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 well-far'd face,
 They coast the glamer o'er her.

Gae tak frae me this gay mantile,
 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,
 And my good lord beside me ;
 This night I'll ly in a tenant's barn,
 Whatever shall betide me.

Oh ! come to your bed, says JONNY FAA,
 Oh ! come to your bed, my deary ;
 For I vow and swear by the hilt of my sword,
 That your lord shall nae mair come near ye.

I'll go to bed to my JONNY FAA,
 And I'll go to bed to my deary ;
 For I vow and swear by what past yestreen,
 That my lord shall nae mair come near me.

I'll mak a hap to my JONNY FAA,
 And I'll mak a hap to my deary ;
 And he's get a' the coat gaes round,
 And my lord shall nae mair come near me.

And when our lord came hame at e'en,
 And speir'd for his fair lady,
 The tane she cry'd, and the other reply'd,
 She's awa wi' the gypsie laddie,
 Gae saddle to me the black, black steed,
 Gae saddle and mak him ready ;
 Before that I either eat or sleep,
 I'll gae seek my fair lady.

And we were fifteen well made men,
 Altho' we were nae bonny ;
 And we were a' put down but ane,
 For a fair young wanton lady.



H

Highland Laddie.

THE lawland lads think they are fine ;
 But O ! they're vain and idly gawdy !
 How much unlike that gracefu' mien,
 And manly looks of my highland laddie !
*O my bonny, bonny highland laddie,
 My handsome charming highland laddie ;
 May heaven still guard, and love reward
 Our lawland lads, and her highland laddie.*

If I were free at will to chuse,
 To be the wealthiest lawland lady,
 I'd take young DONALD without trews,
 With bonnet blew, and belted plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

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

O'er benty hill with him I'll run,
 And leave my lawland kin and dady,
 Frae winter's cauld, and summer's fun,
 He'll screen me with his highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

A painted room, and filken bed,
 May please a lawland laird and lady;
 But I can kiſs and be as glad,
 Behind a bush in's highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Few compliments between us paſs,
 I ca' him my dear highland laddie,
 And he ca's me his lawland laſs,
 Syue rows me in beneath his plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

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

Same Tune:

THE lawland maids gang trig and fine,
 But aft they're four and unco ſawcy;
 Sae proud, they never can be kind
 Like my good humour'd highland laſſie.
*O my bonny, bonny highland laſſie,
 My hearty ſmiling highland laſſie,
 May never care make thee leſs fair,
 But bloom of youth ſtill bleſs my laſſie.*

Than ony laſs in borrows-town,
 Wha mak their cheeks with patches mottie,
 I'd tak my KATY butt a gown,
 Bare-footed in her little coatie,
O my bonny, &c.

Beneath the brier or brecken bush,
 Whene'er I kiss and court my dawtie ;
 Happy and blyth as ane wad wish,
 My fighteren heart gangs pittie-pattie.
O my bonny, &c.

O'er highest heathery hills I'll stee,
 With cockit gun and ratches tenty,
 To drive the deer out of their den,
 To feast my las on dishes dainty.
O my bonny, &c.

There's nane shall dare by deed or word,
 'Gainst her to wag a tongue or finger,
 While I can wield my trusty sword,
 Or frae my side whisk out a whinger.
O my bonny, &c.

The mountains clad with purple bloom,
 And berries ripe, invite my treasure
 To range with me ; let great fowk gloom,
 While wealth and pride confound their pleasure.
*O my bonny, bonny highland lassie,
 My lovely smiling highland lassie,
 May never care make thee less fair,
 But bloom of youth still bless my lassie.*

Had awa frae me, DONALD.

O COME awa', come awa',
 Come awa' wi' me, JENNY ;
 Sick frowns I canna bear frae ane
 Whase smiles ance ravish'd me, JENNY :
 If you'll be kind, you'll never find
 That ought fall alter me, JENNY ;
 For you're the mistress of my mind,
 Whate'er you think of me, JENNY.

First when your sweets enslav'd my heart,
 You seem'd to favour me, JENNY ;
 But now, alas ! you act a part
 That speaks unconstancy, JENNY :
 Unconstancy is sick a vice,
 'Tis not befitting thee, JENNY ;
 It suits not wi' your virtue nice
 To carry sae to me, JENNY.

Her ANSWER.

O HAD awa' had awa',
 Had awa' frae me, DONALD ;
 Your heart is made o'er large for ane,
 It is not meet for me, DONALD.
 Some fickle mistress you may find,
 Will jilt as fast as thee, DONALD ;
 To ilka swain she will prove kind,
 And nae less kind to thee, DONALD.
 But I've a heart that's naething such,
 'Tis fill'd with honesty, DONALD ;
 I'll ne'er love money, I'll love much,
 I hate all levity, DONALD.
 Therefore nae mair, with art, pretend
 Your heart is chain'd to mine, DONALD ?
 For words of falsehood I'll defend,
 A roving love like thine, DONALD.
 First when you courted, I must own
 I frankly favour'd you, DONALD ;
 Apparent worth and fair renown,
 Made me believe you true, DONALD.
 Ilk virtue then seem'd to adorn
 The man esteem'd by me, DONALD ;
 But now, the mask fall'n aff, I scorn
 To ware a thought on thee, DONALD.

And now, for ever, had awa',
 Had awa' frae me, DONALD ;
 Gae seek a heart that's like your ain,
 And come nae mair to me, DONALD ;
 For I'll reserve myself for ane,
 For ane that's liker me, DONALD ;
 If sicker a ane I canna find,
 I'll ne'er loe man, nor thee, DONALD.

D O N A L D.

Then I'm thy man, and false Report
 Has only tald a lie, JENNY ;
 To try thy truth, and make us sport,
 The tale was rais'd by me, JENNY,

J E N N Y.

When this ye prove, and still can love,
 Then come awa' to me, DONALD ;
 I'm weel content, ne'er to repent
 That I hae smil'd on thee, DONALD.

H A Y's Bonny Laffie.

BY smooth-winding Tay a iwain was reclining,
 Aft cry'd he, Oh hey! maun I still live pining
 Myself thus awa, and darna discover
 To my bonny HAY that I am her lover ?
 Nae mair it will hide, the flame waxes stonger ;
 If she's not my bride, my days are no longer ;
 Then I'll take a heart, and try at a venture,
 May be, ere we part, my vows may content her.
 She's fresh as the spring, and sweet as AURORA,
 When birds mount and sing, bidding Day a good-
 morrow ;
 The swaird of the mead, enamell'd with daisies,
 Looks wither'd and dead when twin'd of her graces.

But if she appear where verdure invites her,
The fountains run clear, and flowers smell the
sweeter :

'Tis heav'n to be by when her wit is a-flowing,
Her smiles and bright eye set my spirits a-glowing.

The mair that I gaze, the deeper I'm wounded,
Struck dumb with amaze, my mind is confounded;
I'm all in a fire, dear maid, to carefs ye,
For a' my desire is HAY's bonny lassie.

Hap me wi' thy Petticoat.

O BELL, thy looks have kill'd my heart,
I pass the day in pain;
When night returns I feel the smart,
And wish for thee in vain.

I'm starving cold, while thou art warm;
Have pity and incline,

And grant me for a hap that charm-
ing petticoat of thine.

My ravish'd fancy in amaze
Still wanders o'er thy charms,
Delusive dreams ten thousand ways
Present thee to my arms.

But waking think what I endure,
While cruel you decline
Those pleasures, which alone can cure
This panting breast of mine.

I faint, I fail, and wildly rove,
Because you still deny
The just reward that's due to love,
And let true passion die.

Oh! turn, and let compassion seize
That lovely breast of thine;
Thy petticoat could give me ease,
If thou and it were mine.

Sure Heaven has fitted for delight
 That beauteous form of thine,
 And thou'rt too good its law to flight,
 By hind'ring the design.
 May all the powers of love agree,
 At length to make thee mine;
 Or loose my chains, and set me free
 From ev'ry charm of thine.

Happy Clown.

HOW happy is the rural clown,
 Who, far remov'd from noise of town,
 Contemns the glory of a crown,
 And in his safe retreat,
 Is pleas'd with his low degree,
 Is rich in decent poverty,
 From strife, from care, and bus'ness free,
 At once baith good and great ?
 Nae drums disturb his morning sleep,
 He fears no danger of the deep,
 Nor noisy law, nor courts ne'er heap
 Vexation on his mind :
 No trumpets rouse him to the war,
 No hopes can bribe, no threats can dare ;
 From state intrigues he holds afar,
 And liveth unconfin'd.
 Like those in golden ages born,
 He labours gently to adorn
 His small paternal fields of corn,
 And on their product feeds :
 Each season of the wheeling year,
 Industrious he improves with care,
 And still some ripen'd fruits appear,
 So well his toil succeeds.

Now by a silver stream he lyes,
 And angles with his baits and flies,
 And next the sylvan scene he tries,
 His spirits to regal :

Now from the rock or height he views
 His fleecy flock, or teeming cows,
 Then tunes his reed, or tries his muse,
 That waits his honest call.

Amidst his harmless easy joys,
 No care his peace of mind destroys,
 Nor does he pass his time in toys
 Beneath his just regard :
 He's fond to feel the zephyr's breeze,
 To plant and feed his tender trees ;
 And for attending well his bees,
 Enjoys his sweet reward.

The flow'ry meads and silent coves,
 The scenes of faithful rural loves,
 And warbling birds on blooming groves,
 Afford a wish'd delight :
 But O how pleasant is this life !
 Blest with a chaste and virtuous wife,
 And children prattling, void of strife,
 Around his fire at night.

Hallow Even.

WHY hangs that cloud upon thy brow,
 That beauteous heaven erewhile serene?
 Whence do those storms and tempests flow?
 Or what this gust of passion mean?
 And must then mankind lose that light,
 Which in thine eyes was wont to shine,
 And ly obscur'd in endless night,
 For each poor silly speech of mine?

Dear child, how can I wrong thy name,
 Since it's acknowledg'd at all hands,
 That could ill tongues abuse thy fame,
 Thy beauty could make large amends?
 Or if I durst profanely try
 Thy beauty's pow'rful charms t' upbraid,
 Thy virtue well might give the lye,
 Nor call thy beauty to its aid.

For VENUS, ev'ry heart t' ensnare,
 With all her charms has deck'd thy face,
 And PALLAS, with unusual care,
 Bids Wisdom heighten ev'ry grace.
 Who can the double pain endure?
 Or who must not resign the field
 To thee, celestial maid, secure
 With CUPID'S bow and PALLAS' shield?

If then to thee such pow'r is giv'n,
 Let not a wretch in torment live,
 But smile, and learn to copy Heaven,
 Since we must sin ere it forgive.
 But pitying Heaven not only does
 Forgive th' offender and th' offence,
 But ev'n itself, appeas'd, bestows,
 As the reward of penitence.

Hey JENNY come down to JOCK.

JOCKY he came here to woo
 On ae feast-day when we were fu';
 And JENNY pat on her best array,
 When she heard JOCKY was come that way.

JENNY she gaed up the stair,
 Sae privily to change her smock;
 And ay sae loud as her mither did rair,
 Hey, JENNY, come down to JOCK.

JENNY she came down the stair,
 And she came bobbin and bakin bon;
 Her stays they were lac'd, and her waist it was jimp,
 And a bra' new-made manco gown.

JOCKY took her be the hand,
 O JENNY, can ye fancy me?
 My father is dead, and he's left me some land,
 And bra' houses twa or three;
 And I will gie them a' to thee.

A haith, quo' JENNY, I fear you mock.
 'Then foul fa' me gin I scorn thee;
 If ye'll be my JENNY, I'll be your JOCK.

JENNY lookit, and syne she leugh,
 Ye first maun get my mither's consent.
 A weel, goodwife, and what say ye?
 Quo' she, JOCKY, I'm weel content.

JENNY to her mither did say,
 O mither, fetch us some good meat;
 A piece of the butter was kirk'd the day,
 That JOCKY and I thegither may eat.

JOCKY unto JENNY did say,
 JENNY, my dear, I want nae meat;
 It was nae for meat that I came here,
 But a' for the love of you, JENNY, my dear.
 Then JOCKY and JENNY were led to their bed,
 And JOCKY he lay neist the stock;
 And five or six times ere break of day,
 He ask'd at JENNY how she lik'd JOCK.

Quo' JENNY, dear JOCK, you gie me content,
 I blis my mither for gieing consent:
 And on the next morning, before the first cock,
 Our JENNY did cry, I dearly love JOCK.

JENNY she gaed up the gait,
 Wi' a green gown as sive as her smock;
 And ay sae loud as her mither did rair,
 Vow sirs! has nae JENNY got JOCK?



I

I'll never leave thee.

J O H N Y.

THO' for seven years and mair honour shou'd
 reave me,
 To fields where cannons rair, thou need na grieve
 thee;
 For deep in my spirits thy sweets are indented,
 And love shall preserve ay what love has imprinted.
 Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
 Gang the world as it will, dearest, believe me.

N E L L Y.

O JOHNY, I'm jealous whene'er ye discover
 My sentiments yielding, ye'll turn a loose rover;
 And nought i' the world wad vex my heart fairer
 If you prove unconstant, and fancy ane fairer,
 Grieve me, grieve me, oh it wad grieve me!
 A' the lang night and day, if you deceive me.

J O H N Y.

My NELLY, let never sick fancies oppress ye,
 For while my blood's warm I'll kindly carefs ye:
 Your blooming fast beauties first beeted Love's fire,
 Your virtue and wit make it ay flame the higher.
 Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
 Gang the world as it will, dearest, believe me.

N E L L Y.

Then, JOHNY, I frankly this minute allow ye
 To think me your mistress, for love gars me trow ye;
 And gin you prove fa'se, to ye'rsell be it said then;
 Ye'll win but sma' honour to wrang a kind maiden.
 Reave me, reave me, Heav'ns! it wad reave me
 Of my rest night and day, if ye deceive me.

JOHNNY.

Bid icehoggles hammer red gads on the studdy,
 And fair simmer mornings nae mair appear ruddy;
 Bid Britons think ae gait, and when they obey ye,
 But never till that time believe I'll betray ye.
 Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee;
 The stars shall gang withershins e'er I deceive
 thee.

Same Tune.

ONE day I heard MARY say,
 How shall I leave thee?
 Stay, dearest ADONIS, stay,
 Why wilt thou grieve me?
 Alas! my fond heart will break,
 If thou shou'd leave me:
 I'll live and die for thy sake,
 Yet never leave thee.

Say, lovely ADONIS, say,
 Has MARY deceiv'd thee?
 Did e'er her young heart betray
 New love, that's griev'd thee?
 My constant mind ne'er shall stray,
 Thou mayst believe me,
 I love thee, lad, night and day,
 And never leave thee.

ADONIS, my charming youth,
 What can relieve thee?
 Can MARY thy anguish sooth?
 This breast shall receive thee.
 My passion can ne'er decay,
 Never deceive thee:
 Delight shall drive pain away,
 Pleasure revive thee.

But leave thee, leave thee, lad,
 How shall I leave thee?
 O! that thought makes me sad,
 I'll never leave thee.
 Where would my ADONIS fly?
 Why does he grieve me?
 Alas! my poor heart will die,
 If I should leave thee.

I wish my Love were in a Myre.

BLEST as th' immortal gods is he,
 The youth who fondly sits by thee,
 And hears and sees thee all the while
 Softly speak and sweetly smile.
 'Twas this bereav'd my soul of rest,
 And rais'd such tumults in my breast;
 For while I gaz'd in transport tost,
 My breath was gone, my voice was lost.
 My bosom glow'd; the subtile flame
 Ran quick thro' all my vital frame?
 O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,
 My ears with hollow murmurs rung.
 In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
 My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd,
 My feeble pulse forgot to play,
 I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away.

JOCKY blyth and gay.

BLYTH JOCKY young and gay, is all my heart's
 delight;
 He's all my talk by day, and all my dream by night:
 If from the lad I be, it's winter then with me;
 But when he carries here, it's summer all the year.

When I and JOCKY met first on the flow'ry dale,
Right sweetly he me tret, and love was a' his tale.

You are the las, said he, that staw my heart
frae me.

O ease me of my pain, and never shaw disdain.

Well can my JOCKY kyth his love and courtesie,
He made my heart fu' blyth when he first spake to me.

His suit I ill deny'd, he kiss'd, and I comply'd :

Sae JOCKY promis'd me, that he wad faithful be.
I'm glad when JOCKY comes, sad when he gaugs
away ;

'Tis night when JOCKY glooms, but when he smiles
'tis day.

When our eyes meet I pant, I colour, sigh, and
faint ;

What las that wad be kind can better tell her mind ?

I'll ne'er love thee more.

MY dear and only love, I pray,
That little world of thee,
Be govern'd by no other sway,
But purest monarchy :
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
I'll call a synod in my heart,
And never love thee more.

As ALEXANDER I will reign,
And I will reign alone,
My thoughts did evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.

But I will reign and govern still,
 And always give the law ;
 And have each subject at my will,
 And all to stand in awe :

But 'gainst my batt'ries if I find
 Thou storm or vex me fore,
 As if thou set me as a blind,
 I'll never love thee more.

And in the empire of thy heart,
 Where I should solely be,
 If others do pretend a part,
 Or dare to share with me ;
 Or committees if thou erect,
 Or go on such a score,
 I'll, smiling, mock at thy neglect,
 And never love thee more.

But if no faithless action stain
 Thy love and constant word,
 I'll make thee famous by my pen,
 And glorious by my sword.
 I'll serve thee in such noble ways,
 As ne'er was known before ;
 I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,
 And love thee more and more.

JEANY, where hast thou been.

O JEANY, JEANY, where hast thou been ?
 Father and mother are seeking of thee,
 Ye have been ranting, playing the wanton,
 Keeping of JOCKY company.

O BETTY, I've been to hear the mill clack,
 Getting meal ground for the family,
 As fow as it gade I brang hame the sack,
 For the miller has taken nae mowter frae me.

Ha! JEANY, JEANY, there's meal on your back,
 The miller's a wanton billy, and flee,
 Tho' victual's come hame again hale, whatreck,
 I fear he has taken his mowter aff thee.
*And, BETTY, ye spread your linen to bleach,
 When that was done, where cou'd you be?*
*Ha! lass, I saw ye slip down by the hedge,
 And wanton WILLY was following thee.*

Ay, JEANY, JEANY, ye gade to the kirk;
 But when it skail'd, where cou'd thou be?
 Ye came na hame till it was mirk,
 They say the kissing clerk came wi' ye.
 O silly lassie, what wilt thou do?
 If thou grow great, they'll heez thee hie:
*Look to your sell, if JOCK prove true,
 The clerk frae creepies will keep me free.*

JENNY dang the Weaver.

O MITHER dear, I 'gin to fear,
 Tho' I'm baith good and bonny,
 I winna keep; for in my sleep,
 I start and dream of JOHNY.
 When JOHNY then comes down the glen,
 To woo me, dinna hinder;
 But with content gi' your consent,
 For we twa ne'er can sinder.
 Better to marry, than miscarry;
 For shame and skaith's the clink o't;
 To thole the dool, to mount the stool,
 I downa bide to think o't;
 Sae while 'tis time I'll shun the crime,
 That gars poor EPPS gae whinging,
 With haunches fow, and een fae blew,
 To a' the bedrals binging.

Had EPPY's apron bidden down,
 The kirk had ne'er a kend it;
 But when the word's gane thro' the town,
 Alake how can she mend it!
 Now TAM maun face the miuister,
 And she maun mount the pillar:
 And that's the way that they maun gae,
 For poor folk hae nae filler.

Now had ye'r tongue, my doughter young,
 Replied the kindly mither,
 Get JOHNY's hand in haly band,
 Syne wap your wealth together.
 I'm o' the mind, if he be kind,
 Ye'll do your part discreetly;
 And prove a wife, will gar his life,
 And barrel run right sweetly. ^{ss}

I fixt my Fancy on her.

BRIGHT CYNTHIA's power divinely great,
 What heart is not obeying?
 A thousand Cupids on her wait,
 And in her eyes are playing.
 She seems the queen of love to reign;
 For she alone dispenses
 Such sweets as best can entertain
 The gust of all the senses.

Her face a charming prospect brings,
 Her breath gives balmy blisses;
 I hear an angel when she sings,
 And taste of heaven in kisses.
 Four senses thus she feasts with joy,
 From Nature's richest treasure;
 Let me the other sense employ,
 And I shall die with pleasure.

I'll gar ye be fain to follow me.

H E.

ADIEU, for a while, my native green plains,
My nearest relations, and neighbouring swains,
Dear NELLY, frae these I'd start easily free,
Were minutes not ages, while absent frae thee.

S H E.

Then tell me the reason, thou does not obey
The pleadings of love, but thus hurries away?
Alake! thou deceiver, o'er plainly I see,
A lover fae roving will never mind me.

H E.

The reason unhappy is owing to fate,
That gave me, a being without an estate,
Which lays a necessity now upon me,
To purchase a fortune for pleasure to thee.

S H E.

Small fortune may serve where love has the sway,
Then JOHNNY be counsel'd na langer to stray,
For while thou proves constant in kindness to me,
Contented I'll ay find a treasure in thee.

H E.

O cease, my dear charmer, else soon I'll betray
A weakness unmanly, and quickly give way
To fondness which may prove a ruin to thee,
A pain to us baith, and dishonour to me.

Bear witness, ye streams, and witness, ye flowers,
Bear witness, ye watchful invisible powers,
If ever my heart be unfaithful to thee,
May naithing propitious e'er smile upon me.

JOHN ANDERSON my Jo.

'TIS not your beauty, nor your wit,
That can my heart obtain ;
For they could never conquer yet
Either my breast or brain ;
For if you'll not prove kind to me,
And true as heretofore,
Henceforth your slave I'll scorn to be,
Nor doat upon you more.

Think not my fancy to o'ercome,
By proving thus unkind ;
No smoothed sigh, nor smiling frown,
Can satisfy my mind.
Pray let Platonics play such pranks,
Such follies I deride ;
For love at least I will have thanks,
And something else beside.

Then open-hearted be with me,
As I shall be with you,
And let our actions be as free
As virtue will allow.

If you'll prove loving, I'll prove kind,
If true, I'll constant be :
If Fortune chance to change your mind,
I'll turn as soon as ye.

Since our affections well ye know
In equal terms do stand,
'Tis in your pow'r to love or no,
Mine's likewise in my hand.

Dispense with your austerities,
Inconstancy abhor,
Or, by great CUPID's deity,
I'll never love you more.

JOCKY and JENNY.

JOCKY.

WHEN JOCKY was blest'd with your love and
your truth,
Not on Tweed's pleasant banks dwelt so blythsome
a youth.

With JENNY I sported it all the day long,
And her name was the burden and joy of my song.
And her name was the burden and joy of my song.

JENNY.

Ere JOCKY had ceas'd all his kindness to me,
There liv'd in a vale not so happy a she.
Such pleasures with JOCKY his JENNY had known,
That she scorn'd in a cote the fine folks of the town.

JOCKY.

Ah! JOCKY, what fear now possesses thy mind,
That JENNY so constant, to WILLY's been kind!
When dancing so gay with the nymphs on the plain,
She yielded her hand and her heart to the swain.

JENNY.

You falsely upbraid,—but remember the day
With LUCY you toy'd it beneath the new hay;
When alone with your LUCY, the shepherds have said,
You forgot all the vows that to JENNY you made.

JOCKY.

Believe not, sweet JENNY, my heart stray'd from thee,
For LUCY the wanton's a maid still for me:
From a lass that's so true your fond JOCKY ne'er rov'd,
Nor once could forsake the kind JENNY he lov'd.

JENNY.

My heart for young WILLY ne'er panted nor sigh'd;
For you of that heart was the joy and the pride.
While Tweed's waters glide, shall your JENNY be true,
Nor love, my dear JOCKY, a shepherd like you.

JOCKY.

No shepherd e'er met with so faithful a fair ;
 For kindness no youth can with JOCKY compare.
 We'll love then, and live from fierce jealousy free,
 And none on the plain shall be happy as we.

JOCKY fou, JENNY fain.

JOCKY fou, JENNY fain,
 JENNY was nae ill to gain,
 She was couthy, he was kind,
 And thus the wooer tell'd his mind :

JENNY, I'll nae mair be nice,
 Gi'e me love at ony price ;
 I winna prig for red or whyt,
 Love alane can gi'e delyt.

Others seek they kenna what,
 In looks, in carriage, and a' that ;
 Give me love, for her I court :
 Love in love makes a' the sport.

Colours mingl'd unco fine,
 Common motives lang finsyne,
 Never can engage my love,
 Until my fancy first approve.

It is na meat but appetite
 That makes our eating a delyt ;
 Beauty is at best deceit ;
 Fancy only kens nae cheat.

JENNY NETTLES.

SAW ye JENNY NETTLES,
 JENNY NETTLES, JENNY NETTLES,
 Saw ye JENNY NETTLES,
 Coming frae the market ;

Bag and baggage on her back,
 Her fee and bountith in her lap ;
 Bag and baggage on her back,
 And a babie in her oxter.

I met ayont the kairny,
 JENNY NETTLES, JENNY NETTLES,
 Singing till her bairny,
 ROBIN RATTLE's bastard ;
 To flee the dool up' the stool,
 And ilka aue that mocks her,
 She round about seeks ROBIN out,
 To stap it in his oxter.

Fy, fy ! ROBIN RATTLE,
 ROBIN RATTLE, ROBIN RATTLE ;
 Fy, fy ! ROBIN RATTLE,
 Use JENNY NETTLES kindly :
 Score out the blame, and shun the shame,
 And without mair debate o't,
 Tak hame your wain, make JENNY fain,
 The leel and leesome gate o't.

JOHN OCHILTREE.

HONEST man, JOHN OCHILTREE ;
 Mine ain auld JOHN OCHILTREE,
 Wilt thou come o'er the moor to me,
 And dance as thou was wont to do.
 Alake, alake, I wont to do !
 Ohon, ohon ! I wont to do !
 Now won't-to-do's away frae me,
 Frae filly auld JOHN OCHILTREE.
 Honest man, JOHN OCHILTREE ;
 Mine ain auld JOHN OCHILTREE :
 Come anes out o'er the moor to me,
 And do but what thou dow to do.

Alake, alake ! I dow to do !

Walaways ! I dow to do !

To whoft and hirple o'er my tree,

My bonny moor-powt, is a' I may do.

Walaways ! JOHN OCHILTREE,

For many a time I tell'd to thee,

Thou rade fae falt by sea and land ;

And wadna keep a bridle-hand ;

Thou'd tine the beast, thyself wad die,

My silly auld JOHN OCHILTREE.

Come to my arms, my bonny thing,

And chear me up to hear thee sing ;

And tell me o'er a' we hae done,

For thoughts maun now my life sustain.

Gae thy ways, JOHN OCHILTREE :

Hae done ! it has nae sa'r wi' me.

I'll set the beast in throw the land,

She'll may be fa' in a better hand,

Even sit thou there and drink thy fill,

For I'll do as I wont to do still.



K

KATHARINE OGIE.

AS walking forth to view the plain,

Upon a morning early,

While May's sweet scent did chear my brain,

From flow'rs which grew so rarely :

I chanc'd to meet a pretty maid,

She shin'd though it was foggy :

I ask'd her name : Sweet Sir, she said,

My name is KATHARINE OGIE.

I stood a while, and did admire,
 To see a nymph so stately ;
 So brisk an air there did appear
 In a country-maid so neatly :
 Such natural sweetness she display'd,
 Like a lillie in a bogie ;
 DIANA's self was ne'er array'd
 Like this same KATHARINE OGIE.

Thou flow'r of females, Beauty's queen,
 Who sees thee, sure must prize thee ;
 Though thou art dress'd in robes but mean,
 Yet these cannot disguise thee ;
 Thy handsome air, and graceful look,
 Far excels any clownish rogie ;
 Thou'rt match for laird, or lord, or duke,
 My charming KATHARINE OGIE.

O were I but some shepherd swain !
 To feed my flock beside thee,
 At boughting-time to leave the plain,
 In milking to abide thee ;
 I'd think myself a happier man,
 With KATE, my club, and dogie,
 Than he that hugs his thousands ten,
 Had I but KATHARINE OGIE.

Then I'd despise th' imperial throne,
 And statesmen's dang'rous stations :
 I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,
 I'd smile at conqu'ring nations :
 Might I caress and still possess
 This lass of whom I'm vogie ;
 For these are toys, and still look less,
 Compar'd with KATHARINE OGIE.

But I fear the gods have not decreed
 For me so fine a creature,
 Whose beauty rare makes her exceed
 All other works in nature.

Clouds of despair surround my love,
 That are both dark and foggy :
 Pity my case, ye powers above,
 Else I die for KATHARINE OGIE.

Kind R O B I N lo'es me.

R O B I N.

W H I L S T I alone your soul posselt,
 And none more lov'd your bosom prest,
 Ye gods, what king like me was blest,
 When kind JEANY lo'ed me !
 — *Hey ho, JEANY, quoth he,*
Kind ROBIN lo'es thee.

J E A N Y.

Whilst you ador'd no other fair,
 Nor KATE with me your heart did share,
 What queen with JEANY cou'd compare,
 When kind ROBIN lo'ed me !
Hey ho, ROBIN, &c.

R O B I N.

KATY now commands my heart,
 KATE who sings with so much art,
 Whose life to save with mine I'd part ;
 For kind KATY lo'es me.
Hey ho, JEANY, &c.

J E A N Y.

PATIE now delights mine eyes,
 He with equal ardour dies,
 Whose life to save I'd perish twice ;
 For kind PATIE lo'es me.
Hey ho, ROBIN, &c.

ROBIN.

What if I KATE for thee disdain,
 And former love return again,
 To link us in the strongest chain ;
 For kind ROBIN lo'es thee.

Hey ho, JEANY, &c.

JEANY.

Though PATIE's kind, as kind can be,
 And thou more stormy than the sea,
 I'd chuse to live and die with thee,
 If kind ROBIN lo'es me.

Hey ho, ROBIN, &c.

Kirk wad let me be.

I WAS anes a well-tocher'd lass,
 My mither left dollars to me ;
 But now I'm brought to a poor pass,
 My stepdame has gart them flee.
 My father he's aften frae hame,
 And she plays the deel with his gear ;
 She neither has lawtith nor shame,
 And keeps the hale house in a steer.
 She's barmy-fac'd, thriftless and bauld,
 And gars me aft fret and repine ;
 While hungry, ha'f-naked and cauld,
 I see her destroy what's mine :
 But soon I might hope a revenge,
 And soon of my sorrows be free,
 My poortith to plenty wad change,
 If she were hung up on a tree.

Quoth RINGAN, wha lang time had loo'd
 This bonny lass tenderly,
 I'll take thee, sweet MAY, in thy snood,
 Gif thou wilt gae hame with me.

'Tis only yoursell that I want,
 Your kindness is better to me
 Than a' that your stepmother, scant
 Of grace, now has taken frae thee.

I'm but a young farmer, its true,
 And ye are the sprout of a laird;
 But I have milk-cattle enow,
 And routh of good rucks in my yard;
 Ye shall have naithing to fash ye,
 Sax servants shall jouk to thee:
 Then kilt up thy coats, my lassie,
 And gae thy ways hame with me.

The maiden her reason employed,
 Not thinking the offer amiss,
 Consented;—while RINGAN o'erjoyed,
 Receiv'd her with mony a kiss.
 And now she sits blythly singan,
 And joking her drunken stepdame,
 Delighted with her dear RINGAN,
 That makes her goodwife at hame.



L

Last Time I came o'er the Muir.

THE last time I came o'er the muir,
 I left my love behind me!
 Ye powers! what pain do I endure,
 When soft ideas mind me?
 Soon as the ruddy morn display'd
 The beaming day ensuing,
 I met betimes my lovely maid,
 In fit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,
Gazing and chasteely sporting ;
We kiss'd and promis'd time away,
Till Night spread her black curtain.

I pitied all beneath the skies,
Ev'n kings, when she was nigh me ;
In raptures I beheld her eyes,
Which cou'd but ill deny me.

Shou'd I be call'd where cannons roar,
Where mortal steel may wound me,
Or cast upon some foreign shore,
Where dangers may surround me :
Yet hopes again to see my love,
To feast on glowing kisses,
Shall make my care at distance move,
In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place
To let a rival enter ;
Since she excels in ev'ry grace,
In her my love shall center.
Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
Their waves the Alps shall cover,
On Greenland-ice shall roses grow,
Before I cease to love her.

The next time I gang o'er the muir,
She shall a lover find me ;
And that my faith is firm and pure,
Tho' I left her behind me :
Then HYMEN's sacred bonds shall chain
My heart to her fair bosom ;
There, while my being does remain,
My love more fresh shall blossom.

Same Tune.

YE blythest lads, and lasses gay,
 Hear what my sang discloses:
 As I ae morning sleeping lay,
 ♦ Upon a bank of roses,
 Young JAMIE whisking o'er the mead,
 By good luck chanc'd to spy me;
 He took his bonnet aff his head,
 And fastly fat down by me.
 JAMIE tho' I right meikle priz'd,
 Yet now I wadna ken him;
 But with a frown my face disguis'd,
 And strave away to send him.
 But fondly he still nearer prest,
 And by my side down lying,
 His beating heart thumped sae fast,
 I thought the lad was dying.
 But still resolving to deny,
 An angry passion feigning,
 I asten roughly shot him by,
 With words full of disdain.
 Poor JAMIE bawk'd, nae favour wins,
 Went aff much discontented;
 But I, in truth, for a' my sins
 Ne'er haff sae fair repented.

Logan Water.

FOR ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
 An unrelenting foe to love;
 And when we meet a mutual heart,
 Come in between, and bid us part;
 Bid us sigh on from day to day,
 And wish, and wish the soul away,
 Till youth and genial years are flown,
 And all the life of life is gone?

But busy, busy still art thou,
 To bind the loveless, joyless vow,
 The heart from pleasure to delude,
 And join the gentle to the rude.
 For once, O Fortune, hear my pray'r,
 And I absolve thy future care ;
 All other wishes I resign,
 Make but the dear AMANDA mine.

Same Tune.

TELL me, HAMILLA, tell me why
 Thou dost from him that loves thee run?
 Why from his soft embraces fly,
 And all his kind endearments shun?
 So flies the fawn, with fear oppress'd,
 Seeking its mother everywhere,
 It starts at ev'ry empty blast,
 And trembles when no danger's near.
 And yet I keep thee but in view,
 To gaze the glories of thy face ;
 Nor with a hateful step pursue,
 As Age, to rife every grace.
 Cease then, dear Wildness, cease to toy,
 But haste all rivals to outshine,
 And grown mature and ripe for joy,
 Leave Mamma's arms, and come to mine.

Leader Haughs.

WHEN PHOEBUS bright the azure skies
 With golden rays enlight'neth,
 He makes all Nature's beauties rise,
 Herbs, trees, and flow'rs he quick'neth :

Amongst all those he makes his choice,
And with delight goes thorough,
With radiant beams and silver streams
O'er Leader-haugh and Yarrow.

When ARIES the day and night
In equal length divideth,
And frosty SATURN takes his flight,
Nae langer he abideth ;
Then FLORA Queen, with mantle green,
Casts aff her former sorrow,
And vows to dwell with CERES' fell,
In Leader-haugh and Yarrow.

PAN playing on his aiten reed,
And shepherds him attending,
Do here resort their flocks to feed,
The hills and haugh commending ;
With cur and kent upon the bent,
Sing to the sun good-morrow,
And swear nae fields mair pleasures yield
Than Leader-haugh and Yarrow.

An house there stands on Leader-side,
Surmounting my describing,
With rooms fae rare, and windows fair,
Like DEDALUS' contriving ;
Men passing by, do aften cry,
In sooth it hath no narrow ;
It stands as sweet on Leader-side,
As Newark does on Yarrow.

A mile below wha lists to ride,
They'll hear the mavis singing ;
Into St LEONARD's banks she'll bide,
Sweet birks her head o'erhinging ;
The lintwhite loud and Progne proud,
With tuneful throats and narrow,
Into St LEONARD's banks they sing
As sweetly as in Yarrow.

The lapwing lilteth o'er the lee,
 With nimble wings she sporteth ;
 But vows she'll flee far from the tree
 Where Philomel resorteth :
 By break of day the lark can say,
 I'll bid you a good-morrow,
 I'll stretch my wing, and, mounting, sing
 O'er Leader-haughs and Yarrow.

Park, Wantonwaws, and Woodencleugh,
 The East and Western Mainfes,
 The wood of Lauder's fair enough,
 The corns are good in Blainshes ;
 Where aits are fine, and fold by kind,
 That if ye search all thorough,
 Mearns, Buchan, Mar, nae better are
 Than Leader-haughs and Yarrow.

In Burnmill Bog, and Whitshade Shaws,
 The fearful hare she haunteth ;
 Brighaugh and Braidwoodshiel she knaws,
 And Chapel-wood frequenteth ;
 Yet when she irks, to Kaidfly birks
 She rins, and sighs for sorrow,
 That she should leave sweet Leader-haughs,
 And cannot win to Yarrow.

What sweeter music wad ye hear,
 Than hounds and beigles crying ?
 The started hare rins hard with fear,
 Upon her speed relying :
 But yet her strength it fails at length,
 Nae bielding can she borrow
 In Sorrel's fields, Cleckman, or Hags,
 And sighs to be in Yarrow.

For Rockwood, Ringwood, Spotty, Shag,
 With sight and scent pursue her,
 Till, ah ! her pith begins to flag,
 Nae cunning can rescue her :

O'er dub and dyke, o'er feugh, and fyke
 She'll rin the fields all thorough,
 Till fail'd, she fa's in Leader-haughs,
 And bids farewell to Yarrow.

Sing Erflington and Cowdenknows,
 Where Homes had anes commanding ;
 And Drygrange with the milk-white ewes,
 'Twixt Tweed and Leader standing :
 The birds that flee throw Redpath trees,
 And Gledswood banks ilk morrow,
 May chant and sing sweet Leader-haughs,
 And bonny howms of Yarrow.

But Minstrel-burn cannot assuage
 His grief while life endureth,
 To see the changes of this age,
 That fleeting time procureth :
 For mony a place stands in hard case,
 Where blyth fowk kend nae sorrow,
 With Homes that dwelt on Leader-side,
 And Scots that dwelt on Yarrow.

Same Tune.

THE morn was fair, fast was the air,
 All Nature's sweets were springing ;
 The buds did bow with silver dew,
 Ten thousand birds were singing ;
 When on the bent, with blyth content,
 Young JAMIE sang his marrow,
 Nae bonnier lass e'er trod the grass
 On Leader-haughs and Yarrow.

How sweet her face, where ev'ry grace
 In heavenly beauty's planted ;
 Her smiling een, and comely mein,
 That nae perfection wanted ;

I'll never fret, nor ban my fate,
 But bless my bonny marrow :
 If her dear smile my doubts beguile,
 My mind shall ken nae sorrow.

Yet tho' she's fair, and has full share
 Of ev'ry charm enchanting,
 Each good turns ill, and soon will kill
 Poor me, if love be wanting.

O bonny lass! have but the grace
 To think e'er ye gae further,
 Your joys maun flit, if you commit
 The crying sin of murder.

My wand'ring ghaist will ne'er get rest,
 And night and day affright ye ;
 But if ye're kind, with joyful mind
 I'll study to delight ye ;

Our years around with love thus crown'd,
 From all things joy shall borrow :
 Thus none shall be more blest than we,
 On Leader-haugh and Yarrow.

O sweetest SUE! 'tis only you
 Can make life worth my wishes,
 If equal love your mind can move
 To grant this best-of-blisses.

Thou art my sun, and thy least frown
 Would blast me in the blossom ;
 But if thou shine, and make me thine,
 I'll flourish in thy bosom.

Lochaber no more.

FAREWELL to Lochaber, and farewell, my JEAN,
 Where heartsome with thee I have mony day
 been :

For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
 We'll may be return to Lochaber no more.

These tears that I shed they are a' for my dear,
 And no for the dangers attending on weir;
 Tho' bore on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
 May be to return to Lochaber no more.

Tho' hurricanes rise, and raise ev'ry wind,
 They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind;
 Tho' loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,
 That's naething like leaving my love on the shore.
 To leave thee behind me, my heart is fair pain'd.
 By ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd;
 And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
 And I maun deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my JEANY, maun plead my excuse;
 Since honour commands me, how can I refuse?
 Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
 And without thy favour I'd better not be.
 I-gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame,
 And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,
 I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

Love is the Cause of my Mourning.

BY a murmuring stream a fair shepherdess lay,
 Be so kind, O ye nymphs, I oft-times heard
 her say,

Tell STREPHON I die, if he passes this way,
And that love is the cause of my mourning.

False shepherds, that tell me of beauty and charms,
 You deceive me, for STREPHON'S cold heart never
 warms;

Yet bring me this STREPHON, let me die in his arms,
Oh STREPHON! the cause of my mourning.

But first, said she, let me go down to the shades below,
 Ere ye let STREPHON know that I have lov'd him so;
 Then on my pale cheek no blushes will show,
That love was the cause of my mourning.

Her eyes were scarce closed when STREPHON came by;
 He thought she'd been sleeping, and softly drew nigh:
 But finding her breathless, Oh heavens! did he cry,
Ah CHLORIS! the cause of my mourning.

Restore me my CHLORIS, ye nymphs, use your art.
 They, sighing, reply'd, 'Twas yourself shot the dart,
 That wounded the tender young shepherdess' heart,
And kill'd the poor CHLORIS with mourning.

Ah then is CHLORIS dead, wounded by me! he said;
 I'll follow thee, chaste maid, down to the silent shade.
 Then on her cold snowy breast leaning his head,
Expir'd the poor STREPHON with mourning.

Low down in the Broom.

MY daddy is a canker'd carle,
 He'll nae twin wi' his gear;
 My minny she's a scalding wife,
 Hads a' the house a-steer:
*But let them say, or let them do,
 It's a' ane to me;
 For he's low down, he's in the broom,
 That's waiting on me:
 Waiting on me, my love,
 He's waiting on me;
 For he's low down, he's in the broom,
 That's waiting on me.*

My aunty KATE sits at her wheel,
 And fair she lightlies me;
 But weel ken I it's a' envy,
 For ne'er a jo has she.
But let them, &c.

My cousin KATE was fair beguil'd
 Wi' JOHNY i' the glen ;
 And ay finfyne she cries, Beware
 Of false deluding men.

But let them, &c.

Gleed SANDY he came west ae night,
 And spier'd when I saw PATE ;
 And ay finfyne the neighbours round
 They jeer me air and late.

But let them, &c.

Now JENNY she's gane down the broom,
 And it's to meet wi' PATE,
 But what they said, or what they did,
 'Tis needless to repeat :

But they seem'd blyth and weel content ;
 Sae merry mat they be ;
 For a constant swain has PATIE prov'd,
 And nae less kind was she.

Ye've waited on me, my love,
 Ye've waited on me,
 Ye've waited lang amang the broom,
 Now I am bound to thee :

Sae let them say, or let them do,
 'Tis a' ane to me ;
 For I have vow'd to love you, lad,
 Until the day I die.

Lack of Gold.

FOR the lack of gold she's left me,
 And of all that's dear bereft me :
 She me forsook for a great duke,
 And to endless woes she's left me.

A star and garter have more art
 Than youth, a true and faithful heart ;
 For empty titles we must part,
 And for glitt'ring show she's left me.

No cruel fair shall e'er more move
 My injur'd heart again to love ;
 Through distant climates I must rove,
 Since JEANY she has left me.

Ye Pow'rs above, I to your care
 Give up my charming lovely fair ;
 Your choicest blessings be her share,
 Tho' she's for ever left me.

Lafs of Livingston.

PAIN'D with her slighting JAMIE's love,
 BELL dropt a tear—BELL dropt a tear,
 The gods descended from above,
 Well pleas'd to hear—well pleas'd to hear ;
 They heard the praises of the youth
 From her own tongue—from her own tongue,
 Who now converted was to truth,
 And thus she sung—and thus she sung :
 Bless'd days ! when our ingenious sex,
 More frank and kind—more frank and kind,
 Did not their lov'd adorers vex,
 But spoke their mind—but spoke their mind :
 Repenting now, she promis'd fair,
 Would he return—would he return,
 She ne'er again would give him care,
 Or cause him mourn—or cause him mourn.
 Why lov'd I thee, deserving swain,
 Yet still thought shame—yet still thought shame,
 When he my yielding heart did gain,
 To own my flame—to own my flame ?

Why took I pleasure to torment,
 And seem too coy—and seem too coy?
 Which makes me now, alas! lament
 My slighted joy—my slighted joy.
 Ye fair, while beauty's in its spring,
 Own your desire—own your desire;
 While Love's young power, with his soft wing,
 Fans up the fire—fans up the fire.
 Oh! do not with a silly pride,
 Or low design—or low design,
 Refuse to be a happy bride,
 But answer plain—but answer plain.
 Thus the fair mourner wail'd her crime,
 With flowing eyes—with flowing eyes;
 Glad JAMIE heard her all the time,
 With sweet surprize—with sweet surprize.
 Some god had led him to the grove,
 His mind unchang'd—his mind unchang'd,
 Flew to her arms; and cry'd, My love,
 I am reveng'd—I am reveng'd.

Lafs wi' a Lump of Land.

GI'E me a lafs wi' a lump of land,
 And we for life shall gang thegither,
 Tho' daft or wise, I'll never demand,
 Or black, or fair, it makesna whether.
 I'm aff wi' wit, and beauty will fade,
 And blood alane is no worth a shilling,
 But she that's rich, her market's made,
 For ilka charm about her is killing.
 Gi'e me a lafs wi' a lump of land,
 And in my bosom I'll hug my treasure;
 Gin I had ance her gear in my hand,
 Should love turn dowf, it will find pleasure.

Laugh on wha likes, but there's my hand,
 I hate with poortith, tho' bonny, to meddle,
 Unless they bring cash, or a lump of land,
 Theyse ne'er get me to dance to their fiddle.

There's meikle good love in bands and bags,
 And filler and gowd's a sweet complection ;
 For beauty, and wit, and virtue in rags,
 Have tint the art of gaining affection :
 Love tips his arrows with woods and parks,
 And castles, and riggs, and muirs, and meadows,
 And naething can catch our modern sparks
 But well-tocher'd lasses, or jointer'd widows.



M

MARY SCOT.

HAPPY's the love which meets return,
 When in soft flames souls equal burn ;
 But words are wanting to discover
 The torments of a hopeless lover.
 Ye registers of Heav'n, relate,
 If looking o'er the rolls of fate,
 Did you there see me mark'd to marrow
 MARY SCOT the flower of Yarrow ?

Ah no ! her form's too heav'nly fair,
 Her love the gods above must share ;
 While mortals with despair explore her,
 And at distance due adore her.
 O lovely maid ! my doubts beguile,
 Revive and bless me with a smile :
 Alas ! if not, you'll soon debar a
 Sighing swain the banks of Yarrow.

Be hush, ye fears, I'll not despair.
 My MARY's tender as she's fair ;
 Then I'll go tell her all mine anguish,
 She is too good to let me languish :
 With success crown'd, I'll not envy
 The folks who dwell above the sky ;
 When MARY SCOT's become my marrow,
 We'll make a paradise in Yarrow.

Same Tune.

'T WAS summer, and the day was fair,
 Resolv'd a while to fly from care,
 Beguiling thought, forgetting sorrow,
 I wander'd o'er the braes of Yarrow ;
 Till then despising beauty's power,
 I kept my heart, my own secure ;
 But CUPID's art did there deceive me,
 And MARY's charms do now enslave me. 6

Will cruel love no bribe receive ?
 No ransom take for MARY's slave ?
 Her frowns of rest and hope deprive me ;
 Her lovely smiles like light revive me.
 No bondage may with mine compare,
 Since first I saw this charming fair :
 This beauteous flower, this rose of Yarrow,
 In Nature's garden has no marrow.

Had I of Heaven but one request,
 I'd ask to ly in MARY's breast ;
 There would I live or die with pleasure,
 Nor spare this world one moment's leisure ;
 Despising kings and all that's great,
 I'd smile at courts and courtier's fate ;
 My joy complete on such a marrow,
 I'd dwell with her, and live on Yarrow.

But tho' such bliss I ne'er should gain,
 Contented still I'll wear my chain,
 In hopes my faithful heart may move her ;
 For leaving life I'll always love her.
 What doubts distract a lover's mind ?
 That breast, all softness, must prove kind ;
 And she shall yet become my marrow,
 The lovely beauteous rose of Yarrow:

The Mill, Mill----O.

BENEATH a green shade I fand a fair maid,
 Was sleeping sound and still—O ;
 A' lowan wi' love, my fancy did rove
 Around her wi' good will—O :
 Her bosom I prest ; but sunk in her rest,
 She stir'dna my joy to spill—O :
 While kindly she slept, close to her I crept,
 And kiss'd, and kiss'd her my fill—O.
 Oblig'd by command in Flanders to land,
 T' employ my courage and skill—O,
 Frae her quietly I staw, hoist sails and awa,
 For the wind blew fair on the bill—O.
 Twa years brought me hame, where loud-fraising
 fame
 Tald me with a voice right shrill—O,
 My lass, like a fool, had mounted the stool,
 Nor kend wha had done her the ill—O.
 Mair fond of her charms, with my son in her arms,
 I ferlyng speir'd how she fell—O.
 Wi' the tear in her eye, quoth she, Let me die,
 Sweet Sir, gin I can tell—O.
 Love gave the command, I took her by the hand,
 And bade her a' fears expel—O,
 And nae mair look wan, for I was the man
 Wha had done her the deed mysell—O.

My bonny sweet lass, on the gowany grass,
 Beneath the Shilling-hill—O,
 If I did offence, Pse make ye amends
 Before I leave PEGGY's mill—O.
 O the mill, mill—O, and the kill, kill—O,
 And the coggin of the wheel—O;
 The sack and the sieve, a' that ye maun leave,
 And round with a sodger reel—O.

My Deary, an' thou die.

LOVE never more shall give me pain,
 My fancy's fix'd on thee;
 Nor ever maid my heart shall gain,
 My PEGGY, if thou die.
 Thy beauties did such pleasure give,
 Thy love's so true to me,
 Without thee I shall never live,
 My deary, if thou die.
 If fate shall tear thee from my breast,
 How shall I lonely stray?
 In dreary dreams the night I'll waste,
 In sighs the silent day.
 I ne'er can so much virtue find,
 Nor such perfection see:
 Then I'll renounce all womankind,
 My PEGGY, after thee.
 No new blown beauty fires my heart
 With CUPID's raving rage,
 But thine which can such sweets impart,
 Must all the world engage.
 'Twas this that like the morning sun
 Gave joy and life to me;
 And when its destin'd day is done,
 With PEGGY let me die.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
 And in such pleasure share ;
 You who its faithful flames approve,
 With pity view the fair.
 Restore my PEGGY's wonted charms,
 Those charms so dear to me ;
 Oh ! never rob me from those arms :
 I'm lost if PEGGY die.

My JO JANET.

SWEET Sir, for your courtesie,
 When ye come by the Bass then,
 For the love ye bear to me,
 Buy me a keeking glafs then.
 Keek into the draw-well, JANET, JANET ;
 And there ye'll see your bonny fell, my jo JANET.
 Keeking in the draw-well clear,
 What if I shou'd fa' in,
 Syne a' my kin will say and swear,
 I drown'd myfell for sin.
 Had the better be the brae, JANET, JANET ;
 Had the better be the brae, my jo JANET.
 Good Sir, for your courtesie,
 Coming through Aberdeen then,
 For the love ye bear to me,
 Buy me a pair of shoon then.
 Clout the auld, the new are dear, JANET, JANET ;
 Ae pair may gain ye ha'f a year, my jo JANET.
 But what if dancing on the green,
 And skipping like a mawking,
 If they should see my clouted shoon,
 Of me they will be taunking.
 Dance ay laigh, and late at cen, JANET, JANET,
 Syne a' their faults will no be seen, my jo JANET.

Kind Sir, for your courtesie,

When ye gae to the cross then,
For the love ye bear to me,

Buy me a pacing horse then.

Pace upo' your spinning-wheel, JANET, JANET,

Pace upo' your spinning-wheel, my jo JANET.

My spinning-wheel is auld and stiff,

The rock o't winna stand, Sir,

To keep the temper-pin in tiff,

Employs aft my hand, Sir.

Mak the best o't that ye can, JANET, JANET;

But like it never wale a man, my jo JANET.

My Daddy forbade, my Minny forbade.

WHEN I think on my lad, I sigh and am sad,
For now he is far frae me.

My daddy was harsh, my minny was warfe,

That gart him gae yout the sea,

Without an estate, that made him look blate;

And yet a brave lad is he.

Gin safe he come hame, in spite of my dame,

He'll ever be welcome to me.

Love speirs nae advice of parents o'er wife,

That have but ae bairn like me,

That looks upon cash, as naething but trash,

That shackles what shou'd be free.

And though my dear lad not ae penny had,

Since qualities better has he;

Abeit I'm an heiress, I think it but fair is,

To love him, since he loves me.

Then, my dear JAMIE, to thy kind JEANIE,

Haite, haste thee in o'er the sea,

To her wha can find nae ease in her mind,

Without a blyth sight of thee.

Tho' my daddy forbade, and my minny forbade,
 Forbidden I will not be ;
 For since thou alone my favour hast won,
 Nane else shall e'er get it for me.
 Yet them I'll not grieve, or without their leave,
 Gi'e my hand as a wife to thee :
 Be content with a heart that can never desert,
 Till they cease to oppose or be.
 My parents may prove yet friends to our love,
 When our firm resolves they see ;
 Then I with pleasure will yield up my treasure,
 And a' that love orders, to thee.

The Maltman.

THE maltman comes on Munanday,
 He craves wonderous fair,
 Cries, Dame, come gi'e me my filler,
 Or malt ye'll ne'er get mair.
 I took him into the pantry,
 And gave him some good cock-broo,
 Syne paid him upon a gantree,
 As hostler wives should do.
 When maltmen come for filler,
 And gaugers wi' wands o'er soon,
 Wives, tak them a' down to the cellar,
 And clear them as I have done.
 This bewith, when cunzie is scanty,
 Will keep them frae making din,
 The knack I learn'd frae an auld aunty,
 The snackest of a' my kin.
 The maltman is right cunning,
 But I can be as flee,
 And he may crack of his winning,
 When he clears scores with me :

For come when he likes, I'm ready ;
 But if frae hame I be,
 Let him wait on our kind lady,
 She'll answer a bill for me.

The Miller.

MERRY may the maid be
 That marries the miller,
 For foul day and fair day
 He's ay bringing till her ;
 Has ay a penny in his purse
 For dinner and for supper ;
 And gin she please, a good fat cheese,
 And tumps of yellow butter.

When JAMIE first did woo me,
 I speir'd what was his calling ;
 Fair maid, says he, O come and see,
 Ye're welcome to my dwelling :
 Though I was shy, yet I cou'd spy
 The truth of what he told me,
 And that his house was warm and couth,
 And room in it to hold me.

Behind the door a bag of meal,
 And in the kist was plenty
 Of good hard cakes, his mither bakes,
 And bannocks were na scanty ;
 A good fat sow, a flecky cow
 Was standing in the byre ;
 Whilst lazy poufs with mealy mouse
 Was playing at the fire.

Good signs are these, my mither says,
 And bids me tak the miller ;
 For foul day and fair day
 He's ay bringing till her ;

For meal and malt she does na want,
 Nor ony thing that's dainty ;
 And now and then a keckling hen
 To lay her eggs in plenty.

MAGGIE LAUDER.

WHA wad na be in love
 Wi' bonny MAGGIE LAUDER ?
 A piper met her gaun to Fife,
 And speir'd what was't they ca'd her ;
 Right scornfully she answer'd him,
 Begone, you hallanshaker,
 Jog on your gate, you bladder skate,
 My name is MAGGIE LAUDER.

MAGGIE, quoth he, and by my bags,
 I'm fidging fain to see you ;
 Sit down by me, my bonny bird,
 In troth I winna steer thee ;
 For I'm a piper to my trade,
 My name is ROB the Ranter,
 The lasses loup as they were daft,
 When I blaw up my chanter.

Piper, quoth MEG, hae you your bags,
 Or is your drone in order ?
 If you be ROB, I've heard of you,
 Live you upo' the border ?
 The lasses a', baith far and near,
 Have heard of ROB the Ranter ;
 I'll shake my foot wi' right goodwill,
 Gif you'll blaw up your chanter.

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,
 About the drone he twisted,
 MEG up and wallop'd o'er the green,
 For brawly could she frisk it.

Weel done, quoth he, play up, quoth she,
 Weel bob'd, quoth ROB the Ranter,
 'Tis worth my while to play indeed,
 When I hae sick a danc'er.

Weel hae you play'd your part, quoth MEG,
 Your cheeks are like the crimson ;
 There's nane in Scotland plays fae weel,
 Since we lost HARRY SIMPSON.
 I've liv'd in Fife, baith maid and wife,
 These ten years and a quarter ;
 Gin you should come to Ent'er fair,
 Speir you for MAGGIE LAUDER.

Muirland WILLIE.

HARKEN and I will tell you how
 Young muirland WILLIE came to woo,
 Tho' he cou'd neither say nor do ;
 The truth I tell to you.

But ay he cries, Whate'er betide,
 MAGGY I'fe hae her to be my bride,
With a fal, dal, &c.

On his gray yade, as he did ride,
 Wi' durk and pistol by his side,
 He prick'd her on wi' meikle pride,
 Wi' meikle mirth and glee,
 Out o'er yon moss, out o'er yon muir,
 Till he came to her daddy's door,
With a fal, dal, &c.

Goodman, quoth he, be ye within,
 I'm come your daughter's love to win,
 I carena for making meikle din ;
 What answer gi' ye me ?

Now, wooer, quoth he, wou'd ye light down,
 I'll gi'e ye my daughter's love to win,
With a fal, dal, &c.

Now, wooer, sin ye are lighted down,
 Where do ye won, or in what town?
 I think my daughter winna gloom,
 On sick a lad as ye.

The wooer he step'd up the house,
 And wow but he was wond'rous crouse,
 With a fal, dal, &c.

I have three owfen in a pleugh,
 Twa good ga'en yades, and gear enough,
 The place they ca' it Cadeneugh;
 I scorn to tell a lie:
 Besides, I hae frae the great laird,
 A peat-pat, and a lang kail-yard,
 With a fal, dal, &c.

The maid put on her kirtle brown,
 She was the brawest in a' the town;
 I wat on him she did na gloom,
 But blinkit bonnilie.
 The lover he stended up in haste,
 And gript her hard about the waste,
 With a fal, dal, &c.

To win your love, maid, I'm come here,
 I'm young, and hae enough o' gear;
 And for mysell you need na fear,
 Troth try me whan ye like.

He took aff his bonnet, and spat in his chow,
 He dighted his gab, and he prie'd her mou',
 With a fal, dal, &c.

The maiden blush'd and bing'd fu law,
 She had na will to say him na,
 But to her daddy she left it a',
 As they twa cou'd agree.
 The lover he ga'e her the tither kiss,
 Syne ran to her daddy, and tell'd him this,
 With a fal, dal, &c.

Your daughter wad na say me na,
 But to yourself she 'as left it a',
 As we cou'd 'gree between us twa ;

Say, what'll ye gi'e me wi' her ?

Now, wooer, quo' he, I hae na meikle,
 But sick's I hae ye's get a pickle,

With a fal, dal, &c.

A kilnsu' of corn I'll gie to thee,
 Three founs of sheep, twa good milk ky,
 Ye's ha'e the wadding-dinner free ;

Troth I dow do nae mair.

Content, quo' he, a bargain be't,
 I'm far frae hame, make halte, let's do't,

With a fal, dal, &c.

The bridal-day it came to pass,
 Wi' mony a blythsome lad and lass ;
 But ticken a day there never was,

Sick mirth was never seen.

This winsome couple straked hands,
 Meis JOHN ty'd up the marriage bands,

With a fal, dal, &c.

And our bride's maidens were na few,
 Wi' tap-knots, lug-knots, a' in blew,
 Frae tap to tae they were bra' new,
 And blinkit bonnilie.

Their toys and mutches were sae clean,
 They glanced in our ladses' een,

With a fal, dal, &c.

Sick hirdum, dirdum, and sick din,
 Wi' he o'er her, and she o'er him ;
 The minstrels they did never blin,
 Wi' meikle mirth and glee.

And ay they bobit, and ay they beckt,
 And ay their wames together met,

With a fal, dal, &c.

MAGGIE'S Tocher.

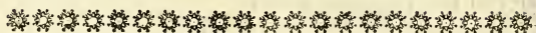
THE meal was dear short syne,
 We buckled us a' thegither ;
 And MAGGIE was in her prime,
 When WILLIE made courtship till her.
 Twa pistols charg'd beguets,
 To gi'e the courting-shot ;
 And syne came ben the las, s,
 Wi' swats drawn frae the butt.
 He first speir'd at the guidman,
 And syne at GILES the mither,
 An ye wad gi'e's a bit land,
 We'd buckle us e'en thegither.
 My doughter ye shall hae,
 I'll gi'e you her by the hand ;
 But I'll part wi' my wife, by my fae,
 Or I part wi' my land.
 Your tocher it fall be good,
 There's nane fall hae its maik,
 The las bound in her snood,
 And Crummie wha kens her stake :
 Wi' an auld bedding o' claiths,
 Was left me by my mither,
 They're jet black o'er wi' flaes,
 Ye may cuddle in them thegither.
 Ye speak right wéel, guidman,
 But ye maun mend your hand,
 And think o' modesty,
 Gin ye'll not quat your land.
 We are but young, ye ken,
 And now we're gawn thegither,
 A house is butt and ben,
 And Crummie will want her fother.
 The bairns are coming on,
 And they'll cry, O their mither !
 We've nouthor pat nor pan,
 But four bare legs thegither.

Your tocher's be good enough,
 For that you needna fear,
 Twa good stils to the pleugh,
 And ye yoursell maun steer :
 Ye fall hae twa good pocks
 That ance were o' the tweel,
 The t'ane to had the grots,
 The ither to had the meal :
 Wi' an auld kift made o' wands,
 And that fall be your coffer,
 Wi' aiken woody bands,
 And that may had your tocher.

Consider well, guidman,
 We hae but barrow'd gear,
 The horse that I ride on
 Is SANDY WILSON's mare ;
 The saddle's nane o' my ain,
 And thae's but barrow'd boots,
 And whan that I gae hame,
 I maun tak to my coots ;
 The cloak is GEORDY WATT's,
 That gars me look fae crouse ;
 Come, fill us a cogue of swats,
 We'll mak nae mair toom roose.

I like you weel, young lad,
 For telling me fae plain,
 I married whan little I had
 O' gear that was my ain.
 But sin that things are fae,
 The bride she maun come forth,
 Tho' a' the gear she'll hae
 'Twill be but little worth.
 A bargain it maun be,
 Fy cry on GILES the mither ;
 Content am I, quo' she,
 E'en gar the hissie come hither.

The bride she gade to her bed,
 The bridegroom he came till her ;
 The fiddler crap in at the fit,
 And they cuddled it a' thegither.



N

NANNY----O.

WHILE some for pleasure pawn their health,
 'Twixt Lais and the Bagnio,
 I'll save mysell, and without stealth,
 Kiss and caress my NANNY—O.
 She bids more fair t' engage a JOVE,
 Than LEDA did, or DANAE—O :
 Were I to paint the Queen of love,
 None else should sit but NANNY—O.
 How joyfully my spirits rise,
 When dancing the moves finely—O !!
 I guess what heaven is by her eyes,
 Which sparkle so divinely—O.
 Attend my vow, ye gods; while I
 Breathe in the blest Britannia,
 None's happiness I shall envy,
 As lang's ye grant me NANNY—O.

C H O R U S.

*My bonny, bonny NANNY—O,
 My lovely charming NANNY—O !!
 I care not tho' the world know
 How dearly I love NANNY—O.*

Scornfu' NANSY.

NANSY's to the Green-wood gane,
 To hear the gowdspink chatt'ring,
 And WILLIE he has followed her,
 To gain her love by flatt'ring :

But a' that he cou'd say or do,
 She geck'd and scorned at him;
 And ay whan he began to woo,
 She bade him mind wha gat him.

What ails ye at my dad, quoth he,
 My miunny, or my aunty?
 With crowdymoudy they fed me,
 Lungkail and rantytanty:
 With bannocks of good barley-meal,
 Of thae there was right plenty,
 With chapped kail butter'd fu' weel;
 And was not that right dainty?

Altho' my daddy was nae laird,
 ('Tis daffin to be vaunty),
 He keepit ay a good kail-yard,
 A ha'-honse, and a pantry;
 A good blue bonnet on his head,
 An o'erlay 'bout his craigy;
 And ay until the day he died
 He rade on good thanks-naigy.

Now wae and wonder on your snout,
 Wad ye hae bonny NANSY?
 Wad ye compare yoursell to me,
 A docken to a tansy?
 I hae a wooer o' my ain,
 They ca' him souple SANDY,
 And weel I wat his bonny mou'
 Is sweet like sugarcandy.

Wow, NANSY, what needs a' this din?
 Do I not ken this SANDY?
 I'm sure the chief of a' his kin
 Was RAB the beggar randy;
 His miunny MEG upo' her back
 Bare baith him and his billy;
 Will ye compare a nasty pack
 To me your winsome WILLIE?

My gutcher left a good braid sword,
 Tho' it be auld and rusty,
 Yet ye may take it on my word,
 It is baith stout and trusty ;
 And if I can but get it drawn,
 Which will be right uneasy,
 I shall lay baith my lugs in pawn,
 That he shall get a heezy.

*I ken he's but a coward thief ;
 Your titty BESS can tell him,
 How with her rock she beat his beef,
 And swore that she wad fell him.
 Then he lay blirting, like a sheep,
 And said, he was a fau'ter ;
 Syne unto her did chirm and cheep,
 And begged pardon at her.*

*Then, bonny NANSY, turn to me,
 And so prevent all evil ;
 Let thy proud speeches now a'be,
 And prove somewhat mair civil ;
 Bid souple SANDY get him gone,
 And court his auld coal MAGGIE,
 Wi' a' his duds outo'er his drone,
 And nought about his craggie.*

Then NANSY turn'd her round about,
 And said, Did SANDY hear ye,
 Ye wadna miss to get a clout ;
 I ken he disna fear ye :
 Sae had your tongue and fay nae mair,
 Set somewhere else your fancy ;
 For as lang's SANDY's to the fore,
 Ye never shall get NANSY.

Slighted N A N S Y.

TIS I have sev'n braw new gowns,
 And ither sev'n better to mak,
 And yet for a' my new gowns
 My wooer has turn'd his back.
 Besides I hae seven milk-ky,
 And SANDY he has but three;
 And yet for a' my good ky
 The laddie winna hae me.

My daddy's a delver of dykes,
 My mither can card and spin,
 And I'm a fine fudgel lass,
 And the filler comes linkin in;
 The filler comes linkin in,
 And it's fu' fair to see,
 And fifty times wow, O wow!
 What ails the lads at me?

Whenever our Bawty does bark,
 Then fast to the door I rin,
 To see gin ony young spark
 Will light and venture but in:
 But never a ane will come in,
 Tho' mony a ane gaes by,
 Syne far ben the house I rin,
 And a weary wight am I.

When I was at my first prayers,
 I prayed but ance in the year;
 I wish'd for a handsome young lad,
 And a lad wi' muckle gear.
 When I was at my neist prayers,
 I pray'd but now and than;
 I fash'd na my head about gear,
 If I gat but a handsome young man.

But now when I'm at my last prayers,
 I pray on baith night and day,
 And O! if a beggar wad come,
 With that same beggar I'd gae.
 And O! what will come o' me!
 And O! and what'll I do?
 That sick a braw lassie as I
 Shou'd die for a wooer I trow.

Norland J O C K Y.

A Southland JENNY, that was right bonny,
 Had for a suitor a Norland JONNY;
 But he was sicken a bashful wooer,
 That he cou'd scarcely speak unto her;
 Till blinks o' her beauty, and hopes o' her filler,
 Forced him at last to tell his mind till her.
 My dear, quoth he, we'll nae langer tarry,
 Gin ye can loo me, let's o'er the muir and marry.

S H E.

Come, come awa' then, my Norland laddie,
 Tho' we gang neatly, some are mair gaudy;
 And albeit I have neither gowd nor money,
 Come, and I'll ware my beauty on thee.

H E.

Ye lasses o' the south, ye're a' for dressing;
 Lasses o' the north mind milking and threshing:
 My minny wad be angry, and sae wad my daddy,
 Should I marry ane as dink as a lady;
 For I maun hae a wife that will rise i' the morning,
 Crudle a' the milk, and keep the house a' scolding,
 Toolie wi' her nei'bours, and learn at my minny.
 A Norland JOCKY maun hae a Norland JENNY.

S H E.

My father's only daughter, and twenty thousand
pound,
Shall never be bestow'd on sick a silly clown :
For a' that I said was to try what was in ye.
Gae hame, ye Norland JOCK, and court your Nor-
land JENNY.

O

Omnia vincit Amor.

AS I went forth to view the spring,
Which FLORA had adorned
In raiment fair ; now every thing
The rage of winter scorned ;
I cast mine eye, and did espy
A youth, who made great clamor ;
And drawing nigh, I heard him cry,
Ah ! *omnia vincit amor.*

Upon his breast he lay along,
Hard by a murm'ring river,
And mournfully his doleful song
With sighs he did deliver :
Ah ! JEANY's face has comely grace,
Her locks that shine like lammer,
With burning rays have cut my days ;
For *omnia vincit amor.*

Her glancy een like comets sheen,]
The morning sun outshining,
Have caught my heart in CUPID's net,
And make me die with pining,

Durst I complain, Nature's to blame,
 So curiously to frame her,
 Whose beauties rare make me, with care,
 Cry, *omnia vincit amor.*

Ye crystal streams that swiftly glide,
 Be partners of my mourning,
 Ye fragrant fields and meadows wide,
 Condemn her for her scorning;
 Let ev'ry tree a witness be,
 How justly I may blame her;
 Ye chanting birds, note these my words,
 Ah! *omnia vincit amor.*

Had she been kind as she was fair,
 She long had been admired,
 And been ador'd for virtues rare,
 Wh' of life now makes me tired.
 Thus said, his breath began to fail,
 He could not speak, but stammer;
 He sigh'd full sore, and said no more,
 But *omnia vincit amor.*

When I observ'd him near to death,
 I run in haste to save him,
 But quickly he resign'd his breath,
 So deep the wound love gave him:
 Now for her sake this vow I'll make,
 My tongue shall ay defame her,
 While on his herse I'll write this verse,
 Ah! *omnia vincit amor.*

Straight I consider'd in my mind
 Upon the matter rightly,
 And found, though CUPID he be blind,
 He proves in pith most mighty.
 For warlike MARS, and thund'ring JOVE,
 And VULCAN with his hammer,
 Did ever prove the slaves of love;
 For *omnia vincit amor.*

Hence we may see th' effects of love,
 Which gods and men keep under,
 That nothing can his bonds remove,
 Or torments break afunder :
 Nor wise nor fool need go to school
 To learn this from his grammar ;
 His heart's the book where he's to look
 For *omnia vincit amor*.

O'er the Muir to MAGGIE.

AND I'll o'er the muir to MAGGIE,
 Her wit and sweetness call me,
 Then to my fair I'll show my mind,
 Whatever may befall me.
 If she love mirth, I'll learn to sing ;
 Or like the nine to follow,
 I'll lay my lugs in PINDUS' spring,
 And invoke APOLLO.
 If she admire a martial mind,
 I'll sheath my limbs in armour ;
 If to the softer dance inclin'd,
 With gayest airs I'll charm her ;
 If she love grandeur, day and night
 I'll plot my nation's glory,
 Find favour in my prince's fight,
 And shine in future story.
 Beauty can wonders work with ease,
 Where wit is corresponding ;
 And bravest men know best to please,
 With complaisance abounding.
 My bonny MAGGIE's love can turn
 Me to what shape she pleases,
 If in her breast that flame shall burn,
 Which in my bosom bleazes.

O'er the Hills and far away.

JOCKY met with JENNY fair,
 Aft by the dawning of the day ;
 But JOCKY now is fu' of care,
 Since JENNY staw his heart away :
 Altho' she promis'd to be true,
 She proven has, alake ! unkind ;
 Which gars poor JOCKY aften rue
 That e'er he loo'd a fickle mind.

*And it's o'er the hills and far away,
 It's o'er the hills and far away,
 It's o'er the hills and far away,
 The wind has blawn my plaid away.*

Now JOCKY was a bonny lad
 As e'er was born in Scotland fair ;
 But now, poor man, he's e'en gane wood,
 Since JENNY has gart him despair.
 Young JOCKY was a piper's son,
 And fell in love when he was young,
 But a' the springs that he could play
 Was, O'er the hills and far away.

And it's o'er the hills, &c.

He sung,—When first my JENNY's face
 I saw, she seem'd sae fu' of grace,
 With meikle joy my heart was fill'd,
 That's now, alas ! with sorrow kill'd.
 Oh ! was she but as true as fair,
 'Twad put an end to my despair.
 Instead of that she is unkind,
 And wavers like the winter wind.

And it's o'er the hills, &c.

Ah ! cou'd she find the dismal wae,
 That for her sake I undergae,
 She cou'dna chuse but grant relief,
 And put an end to a' my grief :

But, oh! she is as fause as fair,
Which causes a' my sighs and care;
But she triumphs in proud disdain,
And takes a pleasure in my pain.

And it's o'er the hills, &c.

Hard was my hap to fa' in love
With ane that does fae faithless prove.
Hard was my fate to court a maid,
That has my constant heart betray'd.
A thousand times to me she sware,
She wad be true for evermair;
But to my grief, alake! I say,
She staw my heart, and ran away.

And it's o'er the hills, &c.

Since that she will nae pity take,
I maun gae wander for her sake,
And, in ilk wood and gloomy grove,
I'll sighing sing, Adieu to love.
Since she is fause whom I adore,
I'll never trust a woman more:
Frac a' their charms I'll flee away,
And on my pipe I'll sweetly play,
*O'er hills and dales and far away,
Out o'er the hills and far away,
Out o'er the hills and far away,
The wind has blawn my plaid away.*

O'er Bogie.

I WILL awa' wi' my love,
I will awa' wi' her,
Tho' a' my kin had sworn and said,
I'll o'er Bogie wi' her.

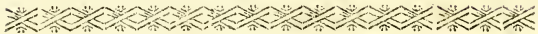
If I can get but her consent,
I dinna care a strae;
Though ilka ane be discontent,
Awa' wi' her I'll gae.
I will awa', &c.

For now, she's mistress of my heart,
 And wordy of my hand,
 And well I wat we shanna part
 For filler or for land.

Let rakes delyte to swear and drink,
 And beaus admire fine lace,
 But my chief pleasure is to blink
 ON BETTY's bonny face.
I will awa', &c.

There a' the beauties do combine,
 Of colour, treats, and air,
 The faul that sparkles in her een
 Makes her a jewel rare :
 Her flowing wit gives shining life
 To a' her other charms ;
 How blest'd I'll be when she's my wife,
 And lock'd up in my arms !
I will awa', &c.

There blythly will I rant and sing,
 While o'er her sweets I range,
 I'll cry, Your humble servant, King,
 Shame fa' them that wa'd change.
 A kiss of BETTY and a smile,
 Abeit ye wad lay down
 The right ye hae to Britain's isle
 And offer me ye'r crown.
I will awa', &c.



P

Pinky House.

BY Pinky House oft let me walk,
 While circled in my arms,
 I hear my NELLY sweetly talk ;
 And gaze o'er all her charms ;

O let me ever fond behold
 Those graces void of art!
 Those chearful smiles that sweetly hold
 In willing chains my heart!

O come, my Love! and bring a-new
 That gentle turn of mind;
 That gracefulness of air, in you,
 By Nature's hand design'd;
 What beauty, like the blushing rose,
 First lighted up this flame;
 Which, like the sun, for ever glows
 Within my breast the same!

Ye light Coquets! ye airy things!
 How vain is all your art!
 How seldom it a lover brings!
 How rarely keeps a heart!

O! gather from my NELLY's charms,
 That sweet, that graceful ease;
 That blushing modesty that warms;
 That native art to please!

Come then, my love! O come along!
 And feed me with thy charms;
 Come, fair inspirer of my song!
 O fill my longing arms!

A flame like mine can never die,
 While charms, so bright as thine,
 So heav'nly fair, both please the eye,
 And fill the soul divine!

Same Tune.

AS SYLVIA in a forest lay,
 To vent her woe alone;
 Her swain SYLVANDER came that way,
 And heard her dying moan.

Ah! is my love, she said, to you
So worthless and so vain?

Why is your wonted fondness now
Converted to disdain?

You vow'd the light shou'd darkness turn,
E'er you'd exchange your love;
In shades now may creation mourn,
Since you unfaithful prove.

Was it for this I credit gave
To ev'ry oath you swore?
But, ah! it seems they most deceive,
Who most our charms adore.

'Tis plain your drift was all deceit,
The practice of mankind:

Alas! I see it, but too late,
My love had made me blind.

For you delighted, I could die;
But, oh! with grief I'm fill'd,
To think that credulous constant I
Shou'd by yourself be kill'd.

This said—all breathless, sick and pale,
Her head upon her hand,
She found her vital spirits fail,
And senses at a stand.

SYLVANDER then began to melt;
But e'er the word was given,
The heavy hand of death she felt,
And sigh'd her soul to Heav'n.

P E G G Y, I must love thee.

AS from a rock past all relief,
The shipwrackt COLIN spying
His native soil, o'ercome with grief,
Half sunk in waves, and dying:

With the next morning-sun he spies
 A ship, which gives unhop'd surprisè ;
 New life springs up, he lifts his eyes
 With joy, and waits her motion.

So when by her whom long I lov'd,
 I scorn'd was, and deserted,
 Low with despair my spirits mov'd,
 To be for ever parted :

Thus droopt I, till diviner grace
 I found in PEGGY's mind and face ;
 Ingratitude appear'd then base,
 But virtue more engaging.

Then now since happily I've hit,
 I'll have no more delaying ?
 Let beauty yield to manly wit,
 We lose ourselves in staying :
 I'll haste dull courtship to a close,
 Since marriage can my fears oppose :
 Why should we happy minutes lose ?
 Since, PEGGY, I must love thee.

Men may be foolish, if they please,
 And deem't a lover's duty,
 To sigh, and sacrifice their ease,
 Doating on a proud beauty :
 Such was my case for many a year,
 Still hope succeeding to my fear,
 False BETTY's charms now disappear
 Since PEGGY's far outshine them.

Same Tune.

BENEATH a beech's grateful shade
 Young COLIN lay complaining ;
 He sigh'd, and seem'd to love a maid,
 Without hopes of obtaining :

For thus the swain indulg'd his grief,
 Tho' pity cannot move thee,
 Tho' thy hard heart gives no relief,
 Yet, PEGGY, I must love thee.

Say, PEGGY, what has COLIN done,
 That thus you cruelly use him?
 If love's a fault, 'tis that alone
 For which you should excuse him!
 'Twas thy dear self first rais'd this flame,
 This fire by which I languish;
 'Tis thou alone can quench the same,
 And cool its scorching anguish.

For thee I leave the sportive plain,
 Where ev'ry maid invites me;
 For thee, sole cause of all my pain,
 For thee that only slights me:
 This love that fires my faithful heart
 By all but thee's commended.
 Oh! would thou act so good a part,
 My grief might soon be ended.

That beauteous breast so soft to feel,
 Seem'd tenderness all over,
 Yet it defends thy heart like steel,
 'Gainst thy despairing lover.
 Alas! though should it ne'er relent,
 Nor COLIN's care e'er move thee,
 Yet till life's latest breath is spent,
 My PEGGY, I must love thee.

Polwart on the Green.

AT Polwart on the green,
 If you'll meet me the morn,
 Where lasses do convene
 To dance about the thorn,

A kindly welcome you shall meet,
 Frae her wha likes to view
 A lover and a lad complete,
 The lad and lover you.

Let dorty dames say Na,
 As lang as e'er they please,
 Seem caulder than the sna',
 While inwardly they bleeze ;
 But I will frankly shaw my mind,
 And yield my heart to thee ;
 Be ever to the captive kind,
 That lings na to be free.

At Polwart on the green,
 Amang the new-mawn hay,
 With fangs and dancing keen,
 We'll pass the heartsome day.
 At night, if beds be o'er thrang laid,
 And thou be twin'd of thine,
 Thou shalt be welcome, my dear lad,
 To take a part of mine.

Same Tune.

TH O' beauty, like the rose,
 That smiles on Polwart green,
 In various colours shows,
 As 'tis by fancy seen :
 Yet all its diff'rent glories ly
 United in thy face,
 And virtue, like the sun on high,
 Gives rays to ev'ry grace.
 So charming is her air,
 So smooth, so calm her mind,
 That to some angel's care,
 Each motion seems assign'd :

But yet so chearful, sprightly, gay,
 The joyful moments fly,
 As if for wings they stole the ray
 She darteth from her eye.

Kind am'rous Cupids, while
 With tuneful voice she sings,
 Perfume her breath and smile,
 And wave their balmy wings:
 But as the tender blushes rise,
 Soft innocence doth warm,
 The soul in blisful extasies
 Dissolveth in the charm.

PEATY'S Mill.

THE lass of PEATY'S mill,
 So bonny, blyth and gay,
 In spite of all my skill,
 Hath stole my heart away.
 When tedding of the hay
 Bare-headed on the green,
 Love 'midst her locks did play,
 And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms, white, round and smooth,
 Breasts rising in their dawn,
 To age it would give youth,
 To press 'em with his hand:
 Through all my spirits ran
 An extasy of blis,
 When I such sweetness fand
 Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without the help of art,
 Like flowers which grace the wild,
 She did her sweets impart,
 Whene'er she spoke or smil'd.

Her looks they were so mild,
 Free from affected pride,
 She me to love beguil'd,
 I wish'd her for my bride.

O had I all that wealth
 HOPTOUN's high mountains fill,
 Infur'd long life and health,
 And pleasures at my will;
 I'd promise and fulfill,
 That none but bonny she,
 The lass of PEATY's mill
 Shou'd share the same with me.

Pier of Leith.

YOUNG PHILANDER woo'd me lang,
 But I was peevish and forbad him,
 I wadna tent his loving sang,
 But now I wish, I wish I had him:
 Ilk morning when I view my glass,
 Then I perceive my beauty going;
 And when the wrinkles seize the face,
 Then we may bid adieu to wooing.

My beauty, anes so much admir'd,
 I find it fading fast, and flying;
 My cheeks, which coral-like appear'd,
 Grow pale, the broken blood decaying:
 Ah! we may see ourselves to be,
 Like summer-fruit that is unshaken;
 When ripe, they soon fall down and die,
 And by corruption quickly taken.

Use then your time, ye virgins fair,
 Employ your day before 'tis evil;
 Fifteen is a season rare,
 But five and twenty is the devil.

Just when ripe, consent unto't,
 Hug nae mair your lanely pillow ;
 Women are like other fruit,
 They lose their relish when too mellow.

If opportunity be lost,
 You'll find it hard to be regained ;
 Which now I may tell to my cost,
 Tho' but mysell name can be blamed :
 If then your fortune you respect,
 Take the occasion when it offers ;
 Nor a true lover's suit neglect,
 Lest you be scoff'd for being scoffers.

I, by his fond expressions thought,
 That in his love he'd ne'er prove changing ;
 But now, alas ! 'tis turn'd to nought,
 And, past my hope, he's gane a ranging.
 Dear maidens, then take my advice,
 And let na coyness prove your ruin ;
 For if ye be o'er foolish nice,
 Your suitors will give over wooing.

Then *maidens auld* you nam'd will be,
 And in that fretfu' rank be number'd,
 As lang as life ; and when ye die,
 With leading apes be ever cumber'd :
 A punishment, and hated brand,
 With which name of us are contented ;
 Then be not wise behind the hand,
 That the mistake may be prevented.

PATIE and PEGGY.

PATIE.

BY the delicious warmth of thy mouth,
 And rowing eye, which smiling tells the truth,
 I guess, my lassie, that as well as I,
 You're made for love, and why should ye deny ?

P E G G Y.

But ken ye, lad, gin we confefs o'er soon,
Ye think us cheap, and fyne the wooing's done :
The maiden that o'er quickly tines her pow'r.
Like unripe fruit will taste but hard and fowr.

P A T I E.

But when they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
Their sweetness they may tine, and fae may ye :
Red-cheeked you compleatly ripe appear,
And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang ha'f year.

P E G G Y.

Then dinna pu' me ; gently thus I fa'
Into my PATIE's arms for good and a' ;
But stint your wishes to this frank embrace,
And mint nae farther till we've got the grace.

P A T I E.

O charming armsfu' ! hence, ye cares, away,
I'll kiss my treasure a' the live-lang day ;
A' night I'll dream my kisses o'er again,
'Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

C H O R U S.

*Sun, gallop down the westlin skies,
Gang soon to bed, and quickly rise :
O lash your steeds, post time away,
And haste about our bridal-day :
And if ye're wearied, honest light,
Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.*



Q

Queen of the May.

J E N N Y.

STERN Winter has left us, the trees are in bloom,
 And cowslips and vi'lets the meadows perfume;
 While kids are disporting, and birds fill the spray,
 I wait for my JOCKY to hail the new May.

J O C K Y.

Among the young lilies, my JENNY, I've stray'd,
 Pinks, daisies and woodbines I bring to my maid;
 Here's thyme sweetly smelling, and lavender gay,
 A posy to form for my Queen of the May.

J E N N Y.

Ah! JOCKY, I fear you intend to beguile,
 When seated with MOLLY last night on a stile,
 You swore that you'd love her for ever and ay,
 Forgetting poor JENNY, your Queen of the May.

J O C K Y.

Young WILLY is handsome in shepherds' green drest,
 He gave you these ribbons that hang at your breast,
 Besides three sweet kisses upon the new hay;
 Was that done like JENNY, the Queen of the May?

J E N N Y.

This garland of roses no longer I prize,
 Since JOCKY, false-hearted, his passion denies:
 Ye flowers so blooming, this instant decay,
 For JENNY's no longer the Queen of the May.

J O C K Y.

Believe me, dear maiden, your lover you wrong,
 Your name is for ever the theme of my song;
 From the dews of pale eve' to the dawning of day,
 I sing but of JENNY, my Queen of the May.

J E N N Y.

Again, balmy comfort with transport I view,
 My fears are all vanish'd, since JOCKY is true ;
 Then to our blyth shepherds the news I'll convey,
 That JENNY alone you've crown'd Queen of the May.

J O C K Y.

Come all young lovers, I pray you draw near,
 Avoid all suspiciou, whate'er may appear ;
 Believe not your eyes, lest your peace they betray.
 Then come, my dear JENNY, and hail the new May.
Come all young lovers, &c.

Queen M A R Y.

YOU meaner beutyeyes of the night,
 Which poorely satisfys our eyes,
 More by your number then your light,
 Like common people of the skyes ;
 What are yee, when the moon doth rise ?

Yee violets, that first appeare,
 By your purple mantles known,
 Like proud virgins of the yeare,
 As if the spring were all your owne ;
 What are yee when the rose is blown ?

Yee wandring chaunters of the wood,
 That fill the ayre with nature's layes,
 Thinking your passions understood
 By weak accents : What is your praise
 When PHILOMEL her voyce shall raise ?

*You glancing jewels of the east,
 Whose estimation fancies raise,
 Pearls, rubies, sapphires, and the rest
 Of glittering gems : what is your praise,
 When the bright diamond shews his rays ?*

*But, ah! poor light, gem, voice and smell,
 What are ye if my MARY shine?
 Moon, diamond, flowers, and PHILOMEL,
 Light, lustre, scent, and musck tine,
 And yield to merit more divine.*

So when my mistress shall be seen
 In sweetnesse of her looks, and minde;
 By vertue first, then choyce a queen;
 Tell mee if she was not designde
 The eclipse and glory of her kinde?
*There rose and lilly, the hale spring,
 Unto her breath for sweetness speed;
 The diamond darkens in the ring:
 When she appeares, the moon looks dead,
 As when SOL lifts his radiant head.*

Highland Queen.

NO more my song shall be, ye swains,
 Of purling streams, or flow'ry plains;
 More pleasing beauties me inspire,
 And PROEBUS tunes the warbling lyre;
 Divinely aided, thus I mean
 To celebrate my Highland Queen.

In her, sweet innocence you'll find,
 With freedom, truth, and beauty join'd;
 From pride and affectation free,
 Alike she smiles on you and me:
 The brightest nymph that trips the green,
 I do pronounce my Highland Queen.

No sordid wish, or trifling joy,
 Her settled calm of mind destroy;
 Strict honour fills her spotless soul,
 And adds a lustre to the whole;
 A matchless shape, a graceful mein,
 All center in my Highland Queen.

How blest that youth, whom gentle Fate
 Has destin'd for so fair a mate;
 Has all these wond'rous gifts in store,
 And each returning day brings more;
 No youth so happy can be seen,
 Possessing thee, my Highland Queen.



R

Roslin Castle.

'T WAS in that season of the year,
 When all things gay and sweet appear,
 That COLIN, with the morning ray,
 Arose and sung his rural lay;
 Of NANNY's charms the shepherd sung,
 The hills and dales with NANNY rung,
 While Roslin castle heard the swain,
 And echo'd back the chearful strain.

Awake, sweet muse, the breathing spring
 With rapture warms, awake and sing;
 Awake, and join the vocal throng,
 And hail the morning with a song:
 To NANNY raise the chearful lay,
 O bid her haste and come away;
 In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
 And add new graces to the morn.

O hark, my love, on ev'ry spray
 Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay;
 'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
 And love inspires the melting song:
 Then let my ravish'd notes arise,
 For beauty darts from NANNY's eyes,
 And love my rising bosom warms,
 And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

Come, my love, thy COLIN's lay,
 With rapture calls, O come away;
 Come, while the muse this wreath shall twine
 Around that modest brow of thine:
 O hither haste, and with thee bring
 That beauty, blooming like the spring,
 Those graces that divinely shine,
 And charm this ravish'd heart of mine.

Same Tune.

FROM Roslin castle's echoing walls
 Resounds my shepherd's ardent calls,
 My COLIN bids me come away,
 And love demands I should obey.
 His melting strain, and tuneful lay,
 So much the charms of love display,
 I yield—nor longer can refrain
 To own my love, and bless my swain.

No longer can my heart conceal
 The painful pleasing flame I feel;
 My soul retorts the am'rous strain,
 And echoes back in love again.
 Where lurks my songster? from what grove
 Does COLIN pour his notes of love?
 O bring me to the happy bower,
 Where mutual love may bless secure.

Ye vocal hills that catch the song,
 Repeating as it flies along,
 To COLIN's ear my strain convey,
 And say, I haste to come away.
 Ye zephyrs soft that fan the gale,
 Waft to my love the soothing tale;
 In whispers all my soul express,
 And tell, I haste his arms to bless.

Ranting, roaring W I L L I E.

O MARY! thy graces and glances,
 Thy smiles so enchantingly gay,
 And thoughts so divinely harmonious,
 Clear wit and good humour display.
 But say not thou'lt imitate angels
 Ought fairer, though scarcely, ah me!
 Can be found equalizing thy merit,
 A match amongst mortals for thee.

Thy many fair beauties shed fires,
 May warm up ten thousand to love,
 Who despairing, may fly to some other,
 While I may despair, but ne'er rove.
 What a mixture of sighing and joys
 This distant adoring of thee,
 Gives to a fond heart too aspiring,
 Who loves in sad silence like me!

Thus looks the poor beggar on treasure,
 The shipwreck'd on landscapes on shore;
 Be still more divine, and have pity;
 I die soon as hope is no more.
 For, MARY, my soul is thy captive,
 Nor loves nor expects to be free;
 Thy beauties are fetters delightful,
 Thy slav'ry's a pleasure to me.

The Runaway Bride.

A LADIE and a lassie
 Dwelt in the south countrie,
 And they hae cassen their claiths thegither,
 And married they wad be:
 The bridal-day was set,
 On Tueday for to be;
 Then hey play up the rinawa' bride,
 For she has ta'en the gie.

She had nae run a mile or twa,
 Whan she began to consider,
 The ang'ring of her father dear,
 The displeasing o' her mither ;
 The slighting of the silly bridegroom,
 The weel warst o' the three ;
Then hey, &c.

Her father and her mither
 Ran after her wi' speed,
 And ay they ran until they came
 Unto the water of Tweed ;
 And when they came to Kelso town,
 They gart the clap gae thro',
 Saw ye a lass wi' a hood and a mantle,
 The face o't lin'd up wi' blue ;
 The face o't lin'd up wi' blue,
 And the tail lin'd up wi' green,
 Saw ye a lass wi' a hood and a mantle,
 Was married on Tiseday 'teen ?
 Now wally fu' fa' the silly bridegroom,
 He was as fast as butter ;
 For had she play'd the like to me,
 I had nae fae easily quit her ;
 I'd gi'en her a tune o' my hoboy,
 And set my fancy free,
 And syne play'd up our runawa' bride,
 And luten her tak the gie.

ROB'S JOCK.

ROB'S JOCK came to woo our JENNY
 On ae feast-day whan we were fou ;
 She braukit fast and made her bonny,
 And said, Jock, come ye here to woo ?

She burnist her baith breast an l l ro v,
And made her cleer as ony clock :

Then spak her dame, and said, I trow
Ye come to woo our JENNY, JOCK.

JOCK said, Forsuith I yern fu' fain

To luk my head, and sit down by you :
Then spak her minny, and said again,

My bairn has tocher enough to gie you.

Tehie ! quo' JENNY, kick, kick, I see you :
Minny, you man maks but a mock.

Deil hae the liers—fu lies me o' you,

I come to woo your JENNY, quo' JOCK.

My bairn has tocher o' her awin ;

A guse, a gryce, a cock and hen,

A stirk, a staig, an acre sawin,

A bakbread, and a bannock-stane ;

A pig, a pat, and a kirn thereben,

A kame butt a kaming-stock ;

Wi' coags and luggies nine or ten :

Come ye to woo our JENNY, JOCK ?

A wecht, a peet-creel, and a cradle,

A pair of clips, a graip, a flail,

An ark, an ambry, and a ladle,

A millie, and a sowen-pail,

A rousty whittle to sheer the kail,

And a timmer-mell the bear to knock ;

Twa skelfs made of an auld fir-dale :

Come ye to woo our JENNY, JOCK ?

A furr, a furlet, and a peck,

A rock, a reel, and a wheel-band,

A tub, a barrow, and a seck,

A spurtle braid, and an elwand.

Then JOCK took JENNY be the hand,

And cry'd, A feast ! and slew a cock,

And made a bridal upo' land ;

Now I have got your JENNY, quo' JOCK.

Now, dame, I hae your dochter married,
 And tho' ye mak it ne'er fae tough,
 I let ye wit she's nae miscarried,

It's weel kend I hae gear enough:
 An auld gaw'd gloyd fell o'er a heugh,
 A spade, a speet, a spur, a sock;
 Withoutten owfen I hae a pleugh:
 May that na fer your JENNY, quo' JOCK?

A treen truncher, a ram-horn spoon,
 Twa buits of barkit blaisant leather,
 A' graith that ganes to coble shoon,
 And a thrawcruik to twine a tether,
 Twa crocks that moup amang the heather,
 A pair of branks, and a fetter-lock,
 A teugh purse made of a swine's blather,
 To had your tocher, JENNY, quo' JOCK.

Good elding for our winter-fire,
 A cod of caff wad fill a cradle,
 A rake of iron to clat the byre,
 A deuk about the dubs to paddle.
 The pannel of an auld led-saddle,
 And ROB my eem hecht me a stock,
 Twa lufy lips to lick a ladle:
 May thir na gane your JENNY, quo' JOCK?

A pair of hems and brechom fine,
 And without bitts a bridle-reinzie,
 A fark made of the linksome twine,
 A gay green cloak that winna stenzie;
 Mair yet in store,—I needna fenzie,
 Five hundred flaes, a fendy flock;
 And are not thae a wakrife menzie
 To gae to bed wi' JENNY and JOCK?

Tak thir for my part of the feast,
 It is well knawin that I'm weel bodin;
 Ye needna fay my part is least,
 Were they as meikle as they're lodin.

The wife speir'd gin the kail was fodin,
 Whan we hae done, tak hame the brok:
 The roast was teugh as raploch hodin,
 Wi' which they feasted JENNY and JOCK.

Rock and wee Pickle Tow.

THERE was an auld wife had a wee pickle tow,
 And she wad gae try the spinning o't,
 But louten her doun, her rock took a low,
 And that was an ill beginning o't;
 She lap and she grat, she flet and she flang,
 She trow and she drew, she ringled, she rang,
 She chocked, she bocked, and cried, Let me hang,
 That ever I try'd the spinning o't.

I hae been a wife these threescore of years,
 And never did try the spinning o't;
 But how I was farked foul fa' them that speirs,
 For it minds me o' the beginning o't:
 The women now-a-days are turned sae bra',
 That ilk ane maun hae a fark, some maun hae twa,
 But the warld was better whan feint ane ava,
 But a wee rag at the beginning o't.

Foul fa' them that e'er advis'd me to spin;
 For it minds me o' the beginning o't;
 I might well have ended as I had begun,
 And never had try'd the spinning o't:
 But they say she's a wife wife wha kensher ain weird;
 I thought ance a day it wad never be speir'd,
 How loot you the low tak the rock by the beard,
 Whan you gaed to try the spinning o't?

The spinning, the spinning, it gars my heart sab;
 Whan I think on the beginning o't;
 I thought ance in a day to 'ave made a wab,
 And this was to 'ave been the beginning o't;

But had I nine daughters, as I hae but three,
 The safest and foundest advice I wad gie,
 That they frae spinning wad keep their hands free,
 For fear o' an ill beginning o't.

But in spite of my counsel if they wad needs run-
 The dreary sad task o' the spinning o't,
 Let them seek out a loun place at the heat o' the sun,
 Syne venture on the beginning o't:
 For, O do as I've done, alake and vow,
 To busk up a rock at the cheek of a low,
 They'd say, that I had little wit in my pow,
 And as little I've done wi' the spinning o't.

Same Tune.

I HAE a green purse and a wee pickle gowd,
 A bonny piece land, and planting on't,
 It fattens my flocks, and my barns it has stow'd;
 But the best thing of a's yet wanting on't:
 To grace it, and trace it, and gi'e me delight,
 To bless me, and kiss me, and comfort my fight,
 With beauty by day, and kindness by night,
 And nae mair my lane gang faunt'ring on't.

My **CHRISTY** is charming, and good as she's fair;
 Her een and her mouth are enchantingly sweet;
 She smiles me on fire, her frowns gi'e despair;
 I love while my heart gaes panting wi't.
 Thou fairest and dearest delight of my mind,
 Whose gracious embraces by Heav'n were design'd
 For happiest transports, and blisses refin'd,
 Nae langer delay thy granting sweet.

For thee, bonny **CHRISTY**, my shepherds and hynds
 Shall carefully make the year's dainties thine;
 Thus freed frae laigh care, while love fills our minds,
 Our days shall with pleasure and plenty shine.

Then hear me, and chear me with smiling consent,
 Believe me, and give me no cause to lament,
 Since I ne'er can be happy till thou say, Content,
 I'm pleas'd with my JAMIE, and he shall be mine.



S

Sae merry as we hae been.

A LASS that was laden'd with care
 Sat heavily under yon thorn ;
 I listen'd a while for to hear,
 When thus she began for to mourn :
 Whene'er my dear shepherd was there,
 The birds did melodiously sing,
 And cold nipping winter did wear
 A face that resembled the spring.
*Sae merry as we twa hae been,
 Sae merry as we twa hae been,
 My heart it is like for to break,
 When I think on the days we have seen.*

Our flocks feeding close by his side,
 He gently pressing my hand,
 I view'd the wide world in its pride,
 And laugh'd at the pomp of command !
 My dear, he would oft'n to me say,
 What makes you hard-hearted to me ?
 Oh ! why do you thus turn away
 From him who is dying for thee ?
Sae merry, &c.

But now he is far from my sight,
 Perhaps a deceiver may prove,
 Which makes me lament day and night,
 That ever I granted my love.

At eve, when the rest of the folk
 Were merrily seated to spin,
 I set myself under an oak,
 And heavily sighed for him.
Sae merry, &c.

Same Tune.

NOW PHOEBUS advances on high,
 Nae footsteps of Winter are seen;
 The birds carrol sweet in the sky,
 And lambkins dance reels on the green.
 Through plantings, and burnies sae clear,
 We wander for pleasure or health,
 Where buddings and blossoms appear,
 Giving prospects of joy and wealth.
 View ilka gay scene all around,
 That are, and that promise to be;
 Yet in them a' naething is found
 Sae perfect, ELIZA, as thee.
 Thy een the clear fountains excel,
 Thy locks they outrival the grove;
 When zephyrs thus pleasingly swell,
 Ilk wave makes a captive to love.
 The roses and lilies combin'd,
 And flowers of maist delicate hue,
 By thy cheeks and dear breasts are outshin'd,
 Their tinctures are naething sae true.
 What can we compare to thy voice?
 And what with thy humour sae sweet?
 Nae music can bless with sick joys;
 Sure angels are just sae compleat.
 Fair blossom of ilka delight,
 Whose beauties ten thousand outshine;
 Thy sweets shall be lasting and bright,
 Being mixt wi' sae many divine.

Ye powers, who have given sick charms
To ELIZA, your image below,
O save her frae all human harms,
And make her hours happily flow !

Saw ye nae my PEGGY.

SAW ye nae my PEGGY,
Saw ye nae my PEGGY,
Saw ye nae my PEGGY,
Coming o'er the lee ?
Sure a finer creature
Ne'er was form'd by Nature,
So complete each feature,
So divine is she.

O! how PEGGY charms me ;
Every look still warms me ;
Every thought alarms me,
Left she love nae me.

PEGGY doth discover
Nought but charms all over ;
Nature bids me love her,
That's a law to me.

Who would leave a lover,
To become a rover ?
No, I'll ne'er give over,
'Till I happy be.

For since love inspires me,
As her beauty fires me,
And her absence tires me,
Nought can please but she.

When I hope to gain her,
Fate seems to detain her,
Cou'd I but obtain her,
Happy wou'd I be !

I'll ly down before her,
 Bless, sigh, and adore her,
 With faint looks implore her,
 'Till she pity me.

Same Tune.

COME, let's hae mair wine in,
 BACCHUS hates repining,
 VENUS loes nae dwining,
 Let's be blyth and free.
 Away with dull, Here t'ye, Sir,
 Your mistress, ROBIE, gi'es her,
 We'll drink her health wi' pleasure;
 Wha's belov'd by thee.

Then let PEGGY warm ye,
 That's a las can charm ye,
 And to joys alarm ye,
 Sweet is she to me.
 Some angel ye wad ca' her,
 And never wish ane brawer,
 If ye bareheaded saw her,
 Kiltit to the knee.

PEGGY a dainty las is;
 Come, let's join our glasse,
 And refresh our hauses,
 With a health to thee.
 Let coofs their cash be clinking,
 Be statesmen tint in thinking,
 While we with love and drinking
 Gie our cares the lie.

She rose and loot me in.

THE silent Night her fables wore,
And gloomy were the skies ;
Of glitt'ring stars appear'd no more
Than those in NELLY'S eyes ;
When at her father's yate I knock'd,
Where I had often been,
She, shrouded only with her smock,
Arose and loot me in.

Fast lock'd within her close embrace,
She trembling stood aham'd ;
Her swelling breast, and glowing face,
And ev'ry touch inflam'd.
My eager passion I obey'd,
Resolv'd the fort to win ;
And her fond heart was soon betray'd
To yield and let me in.

Then, then, beyond expressing,
Transporting was the joy ;
I knew no greater blessing,
So blest a man was I :
And she, all ravish'd with delight,
Bid me oft come again ;
And kindly vow'd that ev'ry night
She'd rise and let me in.

But ah ! at last she prov'd wi' bairn,
And sighing fat, and dull,
And I that was as much concern'd,
Look'd e'en just like a fool.
Her lovely eyes with tears ran o'er,
Repenting her rash sin ;
She sigh'd, and curst the fatal hour
That e'er she loot me in.

But who could cruelly deceive,
 Or from such beauty part !
 I lov'd her so, I could not leave
 The charmer of my heart ;
 But wedded, and conceal'd our crime ;
 Thus all was well again,
 And now she thanks the happy time
 She rose and loot me in.

Spinning Wheel.

AS I sat at my spinning-wheel,
 A bonny lad was passing by :
 I view'd him round, and lik'd him weel,
 For trowth he had a glancing eye.
 My heart new panting 'gan to feel,
 But still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

With looks all kindness he drew near,
 And still mair lovely did appear ;
 And round about my slender waist
 He clasp'd his arms, and me embrac'd :
 To kiss my hand, syne down did kneel,
 As I sat at my spinning-wheel.

My milk-white hands he did extol,
 And prais'd my fingers lang and small,
 And said, there was nae lady fair
 That ever cou'd with me compare.
 These words into my heart did steal,
 But still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

Altho' I seemingly did chide,
 Yet he wad never be deny'd,
 But still declar'd his love the mair,
 Until my heart was wounded fair :
 That I my love cou'd scarce conceal,
 Yet still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

My hanks of yarn, my rock and reel,
 My winnells and my spinning-wheel;
 He bid me leave them all with speed,
 And gang with him to yonder mead:
 My yielding heart strange flames did feel,
 Yet still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

About my neck his arm he laid,
 And whisper'd, Rise, my bonny maid,
 And with me to yon haycock go,
 I'll teach thee better wark to do.
 In trowth I loo'd the motion weel,
 And loot alane my spinning-wheel.

Amang the pleafant cocks of hay,
 Then with my bonny lad I lay;
 What lassie, young and fast as I,
 Cou'd fiek a handsome lad deny?
 These pleasures I cannot reveal,
 That far surpast the spinning-wheel.

Slighted Love fair to bide.

I HAD a heart, but now I heartless gae;
 I had a mind, but daily was opprest;
 I had a friend that's now become my foe;
 I had a will that now has freedom lost:
 What have I now? naithing I trow,
 But grief where I had joy:
 What am I than? a heartless man:
 Could love me thus destroy?

I love, I serve ane whom I much regard,
 Yet for my love disdain is my reward.

Where shall I gang to hide my weary face?
 Where shall I find a place for my defence?
 Where my true love remains the fittest place,
 Of all the earth that is my confidence.

She has my heart 'till I depart :
 Let her do what she list,
 I cannot mend, but still depend,
 And daily to insist,
 To purchase love, if love my love deserve ;
 If not for love, let love my body starve.
 O lady fair ! whom I do honour most,
 Your name and fame within my breast I have ;
 Let not my love and labour thus be lost,
 But still in mind I pray thee to engrave,
 That I am true, and fall not rue
 Ane word that I have said :
 I am your man, do what you can,]
 When all these plays are plaid.
 Then save your ship unbroken on the sand,
 Since man and goods are all at your command.

Soger Laddie.

MY soger laddie is over the sea,
 And he will bring gold and money to me ;
 And when he comes hame, he'll make me a lady,
 My blessing gang with my soger laddie.
 My doughty laddie is handsome and brave,
 And can as a soger and lover behave ;
 True to his country, to love he is steddly,
 There's few to compare with my soger laddie.
 Shield him, ye angels, frae death in alarms,
 Return him with laurels to my langing arms.
 Syne frae all my care ye'll pleasantly free me,
 When back to my wishes my soger ye gie me.
 O soon may his honours bloom fair on his brow,
 As quickly they must, if he get his due :
 For in noble actions his courage is ready,
 Which makes me delight in my soger laddie.

Steer her up, and had her gawin.

O STEER her up, and had her gawin,
Her mither's at the mill, jo ;

But gin the winna tak a man,
E'en let her tak her will, jo.

Pray thee, lad, leave silly thinking,
Cast thy cares of love away ;

Let's our sorrows drown in drinking,
'Tis daffin langer to delay.

See that shining glafs of claret,
How invitingly it looks ;

Tak it aff, and let's hae mair o't,
Pox on fighting, trade, and books.

Let's hae mair pleasure while we're able,
Bring us in the meikle bowl,

Place't on the middle of the table,
And let wind and weather gowl.

Call the drawer, let him fill it
Fou, as ever it can hold :

O tak tent ye dinna spill it,
'Tis mair precious far than gold.

By you've drunk a dozen bumpers,
BACCHUS will begin to prove,

Spite of VENUS and her mumpers,
Drinking better is than love.

Sleepy Body.

*S*omnolente, quæso, repente
Vigila, vivat, me tange.

*S*omnolente, quæso, repente
Vigila, vive, me tange.

*Cum me ambiebas,
 Videri solebas
 Amoris negotiis aptus ;
 At factus maritus,
 In lecto sopitus
 Somno es, haud amore, tu captus.*

O sleepy body,
 And drowsy body,
 O wiltuna waken and turn thee :
 To drivel and draunt,
 While I sigh and gaunt,
 Gives me good reason to scorn thee.

When thou shouldst be kind,
 Thou turns sleepy and blind,
 And snoters and snores far frae me.
 Wae light on thy face,
 Thy drowsy embrace
 Is enough to gar me betray thee.

Sir JOHN MALCOLM.

KEEP ye weel frae Sir JOHN MALCOLM, Igo
 and ago,
 If he's a wise man, I mistak him, Iram coram dago.
 Keep ye weel frae SANDIE DON, Igo and ago,
 He's ten times daster than Sir JOHN, Iram coram dago.
 To hear them of their travels talk,
 To gae to London's but a walk :
 I hae been at Amsterdam,
 Where I saw mony a braw madam.
 To see the wonders of the deep,
 Wad gar a man baith wail and weep ;
 To see the Leviathans skip,
 And wi' their tail ding o'er a ship.

Was ye e'er in Crail town ?
 Did ye see Clark DISHINGTON ?
 His wig was like a drouket hen,
 And the tail o't hang down,
 like a meikle maan lang draket goose-pens.
 But for to make ye mair enamour'd,
 He has a glafs in his best chamber ;
 But forth he stept unto the door,
 For he took pills the night before.



T

Tweed-Side.

WHAT beauties does FLORA disclose?
 How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed?
 Yet MARY's still sweeter than those ;
 Both nature and fancy exceed.
 Nor daisy, nor sweet-blushing rose,
 Not all the gay flow'rs of the field,
 Not Tweed gliding gently through those,
 Such beauty and pleasure does yield.
 The warblers are heard in the grove,
 The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
 The blackbird, and sweet-cooing dove,
 With musick enchant ev'ry bush.
 Come, let us go forth to the mead,
 Let us see how the primroses spring,
 We'll lodge in some village on Tweed ;
 And love while the feather'd folks sing.
 How does my love pass the long day ?
 Does MARY not tend a few sheep ?
 Do they never carelessly stray,
 While happily she lyes asleep ?

Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest ;
 Kind Nature indulging my bliss,
 To relieve the soft pains of my breast,
 I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,
 No beauty with her may compare ;
 Love's graces around her do dwell ;
 She's fairest, where thousands are fair.
 Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray ?
 Oh ! tell me at noon where they feed ;
 Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,
 Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed ?

Throw the Wood, Laddie.

O SANDY, why leaves thou thy NELLY to mourn ?
 Thy presence cou'd ease me,
 When naething can please me :
 Now dowie I sigh on the bank of the burn,
 Or throw the wood, laddie, until thou return.
 Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are clear,
 While lav'rocks are singing,
 And primroses springing ;
 Yet nane of them pleases my eye or my ear,
 When throw the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.
 That I am forsaken, some spare not to tell :
 I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,
 Baith ev'ning and morning ;
 Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
 When throw the wood, laddie, I wander mysell.
 Then stay, my dear SANDY, nae langer away,
 But quick as an arrow
 Haste here to thy marrow,
 Wha's living in langour, till that happy day,
 When throw the wood, laddie, we'll dance, sing
 and play.

There's my Thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

MY sweetest MAY, let love incline thee,
 T' accept a heart which he designs thee;
 And, as your constant slave regard it,
 Syne for its faithfulness reward it.
 'Tis proof a-shot to birth or money,
 But yields to what is sweet and bonny;
 Receive it then with a kiss and a smily,
 There's my thumb it will ne'er beguile ye.

How tempting sweet these lips of thine are,
 Thy bosom white, and legs sae fine are,
 That, when in pools I see thee clean 'em,
 They carry away my heart between 'em.
 I wish, and I wish, while it gaes duntin,
 O gin I had thee on a mountain,
 Tho' kith and kin and a' shou'd revile thee,
 There's my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

Alane thro' flow'ry hows I dander,
 Tenting my flocks lest they should wander;
 Gin thou'll gae alang, I'll dawt thee gaylie,
 And gi' ye my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.
 O my dear lassie, it is but daffin,
 To had thy wooer up ay niff naffin.
 That Na, na, na, I hate it most vilely,
 O say Yes, and I'll ne'er beguile thee.

To danton me..

ALAS! when charming SYLVIA's gone,
 I sigh and think myself undone;
 But when the lovely nymph is here,
 I'm pleas'd, yet grieve; and hope, yet fear.
 Thoughtless of all but her I rove.
 Ah! tell me, is not this call'd love?

Ah me ! what pow'r can move me so ?
 I die with grief when she must go,
 But I revive at her return ;
 I smile, I freeze, I pant, I burn :
 Transports so strong, so sweet, so new,
 Say, can they be to friendship due ?

Ah no ! 'tis love, 'tis now too plain,
 I feel, I feel the pleasing pain
 For who e'er saw bright SYLVIA's eyes,
 But wish'd, and long'd, and was her prize ?
 Gods, if the truest must be bless'd,
 O let her be by me possess'd.

Tarry Woo.

TARRY woo, tarry woo,
 Tarry woo is ill to spin,
 Card it well, card it well,
 Card it well ere ye begin.
 When 'tis carded, row'd and spun,
 Then the work is hastens done ;
 But when woven, drest and clean,
 It may be cleading for a queen.

Sing, my bonny harmless sheep,
 That feed upon the mountains steep,
 Bleating sweetly as ye go
 Thro' the winter's frost and snow ;
 Hart and hynd and fallow deer,
 No be ha'f so useful are ;
 Frae kings to him that hads the plow,
 Are all oblig'd to tarry woo.

Up ye shepherds, dance and skip,
 O'er the hills and valleys trip,
 Sing up the praise of tarry woo,
 Sing the flocks that bear it too :

Harmless creatures without blame,
 That clead the back and cram the wame,
 Keep us warm and hearty fou ;
 Leese me on the tarry woo.

How happy is a shepherd's life,
 Far frae courts and free of strife,
 While the gimmers bleet and bae,
 And the lambkins answer mae ?
 No such musick to his ear,
 Of thief or fox he has no fear ;
 Sturdy kent, and colly too,
 Well defend the tarry woo.

He lives content, and envies none ;
 Not even a monarch on his throne,
 Tho' he the royal scepter sways,
 Has not sweeter holydays.
 Who'd be a king, can ony tell,
 When a shepherd sings sae well ;
 Sings sae well, and pays his due,
 With honest heart and tarry woo ?

Tak your auld Cloak about you.

IN Winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
 And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
 And BOREAS, wi' his blasts sae bauld,
 Was threat'ning a' our ky to kill :
 Then BELL, my wife, wha lo'es na strife,
 She said to me right hastily,
 Get up, goodman, save Cromy's life,
 And tak your auld cloak about ye.

*O BELL, why dost thou flyte and scorne ?
 Thou kenst my cloak is very thin :
 It is so bare and overworne,
 A cricke he thereon cannot rin :*

*Then Ile noe longer borrow nor lend,
 For once Ile new apparel'd bee,
 To-morrow Ile to town and spend,
 For Ile have a new cloak about me.*

My Cromie is an useful cow,
 And she is come of a good kine ;
 Aft has she wet the bairns' mou,
 And I am laith that she shou'd tyne ;
 Get up, goodman, it is fou time,
 The sun shines in the list fae hie ;
 Sloth never made a gracious end,
 Gae tak your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was anes a good grey cloak,
 When it was fitting for my wear ;
 But now it's scantly worth a groat,
 For I have worn't this thirty year ;
 Let's spend the gear that we have won,
 We little ken the day we'll die :
 Then I'll be proud, since I have sworn
 To have a new cloak about me.

In days when our King ROBERT rang,
 His trews they cost but ha'f a crown ;
 He said, they were a groat o'er dear,
 And ca'd the taylor thief and lown :
 He was the king that wore a crown,
 And thou'rt a man of laigh degree,
 'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
 Sae tak thy auld cloak about thee.

Every land has its ain lough,
 Ilk kind of corn it has its hool ;
 I think the warld is a' run wrang,
 When ilka wife her man wad rule ;
 Do ye not see ROB, JOCK and HAB,
 As they are girded gallantly,
 While I sit hurklen in the ase ?
 I'll have a new cloak about me.

Goodman, I wat 'tis thirty years
 Since we did ane anither ken ;
 And we have had between us twa,
 Of lads and bonny lasses ten :
 Now, they are women grown and men,
 I wish and pray well may they be ;
 And if you prove a good husband,
 E'en tak your auld cloak about ye.

BELL, my wife she lo'es na strife ;
 But she wad guide me, if she can,
 And to maintain an easy life,
 I aft maun yield, tho' I'm goodman :
 Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
 Unless ye gi'e her a' the plea ;
 Then I'll leave aff where I began,
 And tak my auld cloak about me.

TIBBY FOWLER of the Glen.

TIBBY has a store of charms,
 Her genty shape our fancy warms ;
 How strangely can her fina' white arms
 Fetter the lads who look but at her :
 Frae her ankle to her slender waist,
 These sweets conceal'd invite to dawt her ;
 Her rosy cheek and rising breast
 Gar ane's mouth gush bowt fu' of water.

NELLY's gawfy, fast, and gay,
 Fresh as the lucken flowers in May ;
 Ilk ane that sees her crys, Ah, hey !
 She's bonny ! Oh ! I wonder at her.
 The dimples of her chin and cheek,
 And limbs fae plump invite to dawt her ;
 Her lips fae sweet, and skin fae sleek,
 Gar mony mouths besides mine water.

Now strike my finger in a bore,
 My wison wi' the maiden shore,
 Gin I can tell whilk I am for,
 When these twa stars appear thegither.
 O Love! why didst thou gi'e thy fires
 Sae large, while we're oblig'd to neither?
 Our spacious fauls' immense desires,
 And ay be in a hankerin swither.

TIBBY's shape and airs are fine,
 And NELLY's beauties are divine;
 But since they canna baith be mine,
 Ye gods, give ear to my petition:
 Provide a good lad for the tane,
 But let it be with this provision,
 I get the other to my lane,
 In prospect, *plano*, and fruition.

This is no mine ain House.

THIS is no mine ain house,
 I ken by the rigging o't;
 Since with my love I've changed vows,
 I dinna like the bigging o't.
 For now that I'm young ROBIE's bride,
 And mistress of his fire-side,
 Mine ain house I like to guide,
 And please me wi' the trigging o't.
 Then farewell to my father's house,
 I gang where love invites me;
 The strictest duty this allows,
 When love with honour meets me:
 When HYMEN moulds me into ane,
 My ROBIE's nearer than my kin,
 And to refuse him were a sin,
 Sae lang's he kindly treats me.

When I am in mine ain house,
 True love shall be at hand ay,
 To make me still a prudent spouse,
 And let my man command ay;
 Avoiding ilka cause of strife,
 The common pest of married life,
 That makes ane wearied of his wife,
 And breaks the kindly band ay.

Todlen hame.

WHAN I've a saxpence under my thumb,
 Then I'll get credit in ilka town:
 But ay whan I'm poor they bid me gang by;
 O! poverty parts good company.

*Todlen hame, todlen hame,
 Cou'dna my love come todlen hame?*

Fair fa' the goodwife, and send her good sale,
 She gies us white bannocks to drink her ale,
 Syne if her tippony chance to be sma',
 We'll tak a good scour o't, and ca't awa'.

*Todlen hame, todlen hame,
 As round as a neep come todlen hame.*

My kimmer and I lay down to sleep,
 And twa pint-stoups at our bed-feet;
 And ay whan we waken'd we drank them dry:
 What think ye of my wee kimmer and I?

*Todlen butt, and todlen ben,
 Sae round as my love comes todlen hame.*

Leez me on liquor, my todlen dow,
 Ye're ay sae good-humour'd whan weeting your
 mou' ;

When sober sae sour, ye'll fight wi' a flee,
 That it's a blyth fight to the bairns and me,

*When todlen hame, todlen hame,
 When round as a neep ye come todlen hame.*



W

WILLIAM and MARGARET.

’T WAS at the fearful midnight hour,
 When all were fast asleep,
 In glided MARGARET’S grimly ghost,
 And stood at WILLIAM’S feet.

Her face was pale like April morn,
 Clad in a wintry cloud ;
 And clay-cold was her lily hand
 That held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear,
 When youth and years are flown :
 Such is the robe that kings must wear,
 When death has rest their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flow’r,
 That sips the silver dew ;
 The rose was budded in her cheek,
 Just op’ning to the view :

But love had, like the canker-worm
 Consum’d her early prime :
 The rose grew pale, and left her cheek ;
 She dy’d before her time.

Awake ! she cry’d, thy true love calls,
 Come from her midnight grave ;
 Now let thy pity hear the maid,
 Thy love refus’d to save.

This is the dumb and dreary hour,
 When injur’d ghosts complain,
 And aid the secret fears of night,
 To fight the faithless man.

Bethink thee, WILLIAM, of thy fault,
Thy pledg'd and broken oath,
And give me back my maiden-vow,
And give me back my troth.

How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake ?

How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break ?

Why did you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep ?

Why said you that my eyes were bright,
Yet left these eyes to weep ?

How could you swear my lip was sweet,
And made the scarlet pale ?

And why did I, young witlefs maid,
Believe the flatt'ring tale ?

That face, alas ! no more is fair ;
These lips no longer red ;

Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
And ev'ry charm is fled.

The hungry worm my sifter is ;
This winding-sheet I wear :

And cold and weary lasts our night,
Till that last morn appear.

But hark !—the cock has warn'd me hence—
A long and late adieu !

Come see, false man ! how low she lyes,
That dy'd for love of you.

The lark sung out, the morning swil'd,
And rais'd her glist'ring head :

Pale WILLIAM quak'd in ev'ry limb,
Then, raving, left his bed.

He hy'd him to the fatal place
 Where MARGARET's body lay,
 And stretch'd him o'er the green grafs-turf
 That wrap'd her breathless clay.
 And thrice he call'd on MARGARET's name,
 And thrice he wept full fore ;
 Then laid his cheek on her cold grave,
 And word spoke never more.

WILLIAM'S Ghost.

THESE came a ghost to MARG'RET's door,
 With many a grievous groan,
 And ay he tird at the pin,
 But answer made she none.

Is that my father PHILIP ?
 Or is't my brother JOHN ?
 Or is't my true love WILLIE
 From Scotland new come home ?

'Tis not thy father PHILIP,
 Nor yet thy brother JOHN ;
 But 'tis thy true love WILLIE
 From Scotland new come home.

O sweet MARG'RET ! O dear MARG'RET !
 I pray thee speak to me,
 Give me my faith and troth, MARG'RET,
 As I gave it to thee.

Thy faith and troth thou's never get,
 Nor yet will I thee lend,
 Till that thou come within my bower,
 And kiss my cheek and chin.

If I should come within thy bower,
 I am no earthly man ;
 And should I kiss thy rosy lips,
 Thy days would not be lang.

O sweet MARG'RET ! &c. as in the 4th stanza.

Thy faith and troth thou's never get,
Nor yet will I thee lend,
Till you take me to yon kirk-yard,
And wed me with a ring.

My bones are buried in yon kirk-yard,
Afar beyond the sea ;
And it is but my sp'rit, MARG'RET,
That's now speaking to thee.

She stretched out her lily-white hand,
And for to do her best ;
Hae, there's your faith and troth, WILLIE ;
God fend your faul good rest.

Now she has kilted her robes of green
A piece below her knee,
And a' the live-lang winter-night
The dead corpse follow'd she.

Is there any room at your head, WILLIE,
Or any room at your feet,
Or any room at your side, WILLIE,
Wherein that I may creep ?

There's no room at my head, MARG'RET,
There's no room at my feet,
There's no room at my side, MARG'RET,
My coffin's made so meet.

Then up and crew the red cock,
And up then crew the gray,
'Tis time, 'tis time, my dear MARG'RET,
That you were going away.

No more the ghost to MARG'RET said,
But, with a grievous groan,
Evanish'd in a cloud of mist,
And left her all alone.

O stay, my only true love, stay,
 The constant MARG'RET cry'd;
 Wan grew her cheeks, she clos'd her een,
 Stretch'd her soft limbs, and dy'd.

Waly, waly.

O WALY waly up the bank,
 And waly waly down the brae,
 And waly waly yon burn-side,
 Where I and my love wer went to gae.
 I leant my back unto an aik,
 I thought it was a trusty trie;
 But first it bow'd, and syne it brake,
 Sae my true love did lyghtlie me.

O waly waly gin love be bonny
 A little time while it is new;
 But whan its auld it waxeth cauld,
 And fades awa' like morning-dew.
 O wherfore shu'd I busk my head?
 Or wherfore shu'd I kame my hair?
 For my true love has me forfook,
 And says he'll never loe me mair.

Now Arthur-feat fall be my bed,
 The sheets fall neir be fyl'd by me:
 Saint Anton's well fall be my drink,
 Since my true love has forsaken me.
 Marti'mas wind, whan wilt thou blow,
 And shake the green leaves aff the trie?
 O gentle death, whan wilt thou cum?
 For of my life I am wearie.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
 Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie;
 'Tis not sick cauld that makes me cry,
 But my love's heart grown cauld to me.

Whan we came in by Glasgowe town,
 We were a comely sight to see ;
 My love was cled i' th' black velvet,
 And I myfell in cramasie.

But had I wist before I kist,
 That love had been fae ill to win,
 I had lockt my heart in a case of gowd,
 And pinn'd it with a filler pin.
 Oh, oh ! if my young babe were born,
 And fet upon the nurse's knee,
 And I myfell were dead and gone !
 For a maid again he never be.

WILLIE'S drown'd in Yarrow.

WILLIE's rare, and WILLIE's fair,
 And WILLIE's wond'rous bonny,
 And WILLIE hecht to marry me,
 Gin e'er he married ony.

Yestreen I made my bed fu' braid,
 This night I'll make it narrow ;
 For a' the live-lang winter-night
 I'll ly twin'd of my marrow.

O came you by yon water-side ?
 Pu'd you the rose or lilly ?
 Or came you by yon meadow-green ?
 Or saw ye my sweet WILLIE ?

She fought him east, she fought him west,
 She fought him braid and narrow ;
 Syne in the cleaving of a craig
 She found him drown'd in Yarrow.

Woes my heart that we should funder.

WITH broken words, and downcast eyes,
 Poor COLIN spoke his passion tender;
 And, parting with his GRISY, cries,
 Ah! woes my heart that we should funder.

To others I am cold as snow,
 But kindle with thine eyes like tinder:
 From thee with pain I'm forc'd to go;
 It breaks my heart that we should funder.

Chain'd to thy charms, I cannot range,
 No beauty new my love shall hinder,
 Nor time nor place shall ever change
 My vows, tho' we're oblig'd to funder.

The image of thy graceful air,
 And beauties which invite our wonder,
 Thy lively wit and prudence rare,
 Shall still be present, tho' we funder.

Dear nymph, believe thy swain in this,
 You'll ne'er engage a heart that's kinder;
 Then seal a promise with a kiss,
 Always to love me tho' we funder.

Ye gods! take care of my dear lass,
 That as I leave her I may find her;
 When that blest time shall come to pass,
 We'll meet again, and never funder.

What's that to you?

MY JEANY and I have toil'd
 The live-lang summer-day,
 Till we amais't were spoil'd
 At making of the hay:

Her kurchy was of holland clear,
Ty'd on her bonny brow ;
I whisper'd something in her ear,
But what's that to you ?

Her stockings were of Kerfy green,
As tight as ony filk :

O sick a leg was never seen,
Her skin was white as milk ;

Her hair was black as ane could wish,
And sweet sweet was her mou ;

Oh ! JEANY daintily can kiss,
But what's that to you ?

The rose and lily baith combine,
To make my JEANY fair,

There is no bennison like mine,
I have amaist nae care ;

Only I fear my JEANY's face

May cause mae men to rue,

And that may gar me say, Alas !

But what's that to you ?

Conceal thy beauties if thou can,

Hide that sweet face of thine,

That I may only be the man

Enjoys these looks divine.

O do not prostitute, my dear,

Wonders to common view,

And I, with faithful heart, shall swear

For ever to be true.

King SOLOMON had wives enew,

And mony a concubine ;

But I enjoy a bliss mair true ;

His joys were short of mine :

And JEANY's happier than they,

She seldom wants her due ;

All debts of love to her I'll pay,

And what's that to you ?

Were na my Heart light I wad die.

THERE was ance a MAY, and she loe'd na men;
She biggit her bonny bow'r down in yon glen;
But now she cries dool! and a well-a-day!
Come down the green gate, and come here away.

But now she cries, &c.

When bonny young JOHNY came o'er the sea,
He said he saw naething sae lovely as me;
He hecht me baith rings and mony braw things;
And were na my heart light I wad die.

He hecht me, &c.

He had a wee titty that loed na me,
Because I was twice as bonny as she;
She rais'd sick a pother 'twixt him and his mother;
That were na my heart light I wad die.

She rais'd, &c.

The day it was set, and the bridal to be,
The wife took a dwam, and lay down to die;
She main'd and she grain'd out of dolour and pain,
Till he vow'd he never wad see me again.

She main'd, &c.

His kin was for ane of a higher degree,
Said, What had he to do with the like of me!
Albeit I was bonny, I was na for JOHNY:
And were na my heart light I wad die.

Albeit I was, &c.

They said I had neither cow nor caff,
Nor dribbles of drink rins throw the draff,
Nor pickles of meal rins throw the mill-eye;
And were na my heart light I wad die.

Nor pickles of, &c.

His titty she was baith wylie and flee,
She spy'd me as I came o'er the lee;
And then she ran in and made a loud din,
Believe your ain een, an ye trow na me.

And then she, &c.

His bonnet stood ay fu' round on his brow ;
 His auld ane looks ay as well as some's new :
 But now he let't wear ony gate it will hing,
 And casts himself dowie upo' the corn-bing.

But now he, &c.

And now he gaes drooping about the dykes,
 And a' he dow do is to hund the tykes :
 The live-lang night he ne'er fleeks his eye,
 And were na my heart light I wad die.

The live-lang, &c.

Were I young for thee, as I hae been,
 We shou'd hae been galloping down on yon green,
 And linking it on the lily-white lee ;
 And wow gin I were but young for thee.

And linking, &c.

Where will our Goodman ly.

H E.

WHERE wad bonny ANNIE ly ?
 Alane nae mair ye maun ly ;
 Wad ye a goodman try ?
 Is that the thing ye're lacking !

S H E.

Can a las fae young as I,
 Venture on the bridal-tye,
 Syne down with a goodman ly ?
 I'm flee'd he keep me wauking.

H E.

Never judge until ye try,
 Mak me your goodman, I
 Shanna hinder you to ly,
 And sleep till ye be weary.

S H E.

What if I thou'd wauking ly,
 When the hoboy's are gawn by,
 Will ye tent me when I cry,
 My dear, I'm faint and iry ?

H E.

In my bosom thou shalt ly,
 When thou wakrife art, or dry,
 Healthy cordial standing by,
 Shall presently revive thee.

S H E.

To your will I then comply,
 Join us, priest, and let me try
 How I'll wi' a goodman ly,
 Wha can a cordial gi'e me.

The wauking of the Faulds.

MY PEGGY is a young thing,
 Just enter'd in her teens,
 Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
 Fair as the day, and always gay.

My PEGGY is a young thing,
 And I'm not very auld,
 Yet well I like to meet her at
 The wauking of the fauld.

My PEGGY speaks sae sweetly,
 Whene'er we meet alane,
 I wish nae mair to lay my care,
 I wish nae mair of a' that's rare.

My PEGGY speaks sae sweetly,
 To a' the lave I'm cauld ;
 But she gars a' my spirits glow,
 At wauking of the fauld.

My PEGGY smiles fae kindly,
 Whene'er I whisper love,
 That I look down on a' the town,
 That I look down upon a crown,
 My PEGGY smiles fae kindly,
 It makes me blyth and bauld,
 And naething gi'es me sick delight,
 As wauking of the fauld.

My PEGGY sings fae fastly,
 When on my pipe I play ;
 By a' the rest it is confest,
 By a' the rest, that she sings best.
 My PEGGY sings fae fastly,
 And in her sangs are tald,
 With innocence the wale of sense,
 At wauking of the fauld.

Widow, are ye wauking.

O WHA's that at my chamber-door ?
 " Fair widow, are ye wawkin ?"
 Auld carl, your suit give o'er,
 Your love lyes a' in tawking.
 Gi'e me a lad that's young and tight,
 Sweet like an April meadow ;
 'Tis sick as he can bless the sight,
 And bosom of a widow.

" O widow, wilt thou let me in,
 " I'n pawky, wise and thrifty,
 " And come of a right gentle kin ;
 " I'm little wair than fifty."

Daft carle, dit your mouth,
 What signifies how pawky,
 Or gentle born ye be,—bot youth,
 In love ye're but a gawky.

“ Then widow, let these guineas speak,
 “ That pow’rfully plead clinkan,
 “ And if they fail my mouth I’ll steek,
 “ And nae mair love will think on.”

These court indeed, I maun confess,
 I think they mak you young, Sir,
 And ten times better can express
 Affection, than your tongue, Sir.

Wap at the Widow, my Laddie.

THE widow can bake, and the widow can brew,
 The widow can shape, and the widow can sew,
 And mony braw things the widow can do;

Then have at the widow, my laddie.

With courage attack her baith early and late,
 To kiss her and clap her you manna be blate;
 Speak well and do better, for that’s the best gate
 To win a young widow, my laddie.

The widow she’s youthfu’, and never ae hair
 The war of the wearing, and has a good skair
 Of every thing lovely; she’s witty and fair,

And has a rich jointure, my laddie?

What cou’d you wish better your pleasure to crown,
 Than a widow, the bonniest toast in the town,
 Wi’ naithing but draw in your stool and sit down,
 And sport wi’ the widow, my laddie?

Then till ’er and kill ’er wi’ courtesie dead,
 Tho’ stark love and kindness be a’ ye can plead;
 Be heartsome and airy, and hope to succeed

Wi’ a bonny gay widow, my laddie.

Strike iron while ’tis het, if ye’d have it to wald,
 For Fortune ay favours the active and bauld,
 But ruins the wooer that’s thowleis and cauld,
 Unfit for the widow, my laddie.

WILLIE was a wanton Wag.

WILLIE was a wanton wag,
 The blythest lad that e'er I saw,
 At bridals still he bore the brag,
 And carried ay the gree awa':
 His doublet was of Zetland shag,
 And wow! but WILLIE he was braw,
 And at his shoulder hang a tag,
 That pleas'd the lasses best of a'.

He was a man without a clag,
 His heart was frank without a flaw;
 And ay whatever WILLIE said,
 It was still hadden as a law.
 His boots they were made of the jag,
 When he went to the Weaponshaw,
 Upon the green nane durst him brag,
 The fiend a ane among them a'.

And was not WILLIE well worth gowd?
 He wan the love of great and sma';
 For after he the bride had kifs'd,
 He kifs'd the lasses hale-fale a'.
 Sae merrily round the ring they row'd,
 When be the hand he led them a',
 And smack on smack on them bestow'd,
 By virtue of a standing law.

And was nae WILLIE a great lown,
 As thyre a lick as e'er was seen?
 When he danc'd wi' the lasses round,
 The bridegroom speir'd where he had been.
 Quoth WILLIE, I've been at the ring,
 Wi' bobbing, faith, my shanks are fair;
 Gae ca' your bride and maidens in,
 For WILLIE he dow do nae mair.

Then rest ye, WILLIE, I'll gae out,
 And for a wee fill up the ring.
 But, shame light on his souple snout,
 He wanted WILLIE's wanton fling.
 Then straight he to the bride did fare,
 Says, Well's me on your bonny face;
 Wi' bobbing WILLIE's shanks are fair,
 And I am come out to fill his place.
 Bridegroom, she says, you'll spoil the dance,
 And at the ring you'll ay be lag,
 Unless, like WILLIE, ye advance:
 O! WILLIE has a wanton leg;
 For wi't he learns us a' to steer,
 And foremost ay bears up the ring;
 We will find nae sick dancing here,
 If we want WILLIE's wanton fling.

Woo'd and married and a'.

*W*OO'D and married and a',
 Woo'd and married and a',
 Was she nae very weel aff,
 Was woo'd and married and a'.
 The bride came out of the byre,
 And O as she dighted her cheeks,
 Sirs, I'm to be married the night,
 And has neither blanket nor sheets;
 Has neither blankets nor sheets,
 Nor scarce a coverlet too;
 The bride that has a' to borrow,
 Has e'en right meikle ado.
Woo'd; and married, &c.
 Out spake the bride's father,
 As he came in frae the plough;
 O had ye're tongue, my daughter,
 And ye's get gear enough;

The stirk that stands i' th' tether,
 And our bra' basin'd yade,
 Will carry ye hame your corn,
 What wad ye be at, ye jade?
Woo'd, and married, &c.

Out spake the bride's mither,
 What d—I needs a' this pride;
 I had nae a plack in my pouch
 That night I was a bride;
 My gown was linsy-woolsey,
 And ne'er a fark ava;
 And ye hae ribbons and buskins,
 Mae than ane or twa.
Woo'd, and married, &c.

What's the matter, quo' WILLIE,
 Tho' we be scant o' claiths,
 We'll creep the nearer thegither,
 And we'll sinore a' the fleas:
 Simmer is coming on,
 And we'll get teats of woo;
 And we'll get a lafs o' our ain,
 And she'il spin claiths anew.
Woo'd, and married, &c.

Out spake the bride's brither,
 As he came in wi' the kie;
 Poor WILLIE had ne'er a ta'en ye,
 Had he kent ye as weel as I;
 For you're baith proud and faucy,
 And no for a poor man's wife;
 Gin I canna get a better,
 Ise never tak ane i' my life.
Woo'd, and married, &c.

Out spake the bride's sifter,
 As she came in frae the byre;
 O gin I were but married,
 It's a' that I desire:

But we poor fo'k maun live single,
 And do the best we can ;
 I dinna care what I shou'd want,
 If I cou'd get but a man.
Woo'd, and married, &c.

Wat ye wha I met Yestreen.

NOW wat ye wha I met yestreen,
 Coming down the street, my jo ?
 My mistress in her tartan screen,
 Fow bonny, braw, and sweet, my jo.
 My dear, quoth I, thanks to the night,
 That never wish'd a lover ill,
 Since ye're out of your mither's sight,
 Let's take a wauk up to the hill.

O KATY, wiltu' gang wi' me,
 And leave the dinfome town a while ;
 The blossom's sprouting frae the tree,
 And a' the simmer's gaw'n to smile :
 The mavis, nightingale, and lark,
 The bleating lambs, and whistling hind,
 In ilka dale, green, shaw, and park,
 Will nourish health, and glad ye'r mind.

Soon as the clear goodman of day
 Bends up his morning-draught of dew,
 We'll gae to some burn-side and play,
 And gather flow'rs to busk ye'r brow ;
 We'll pou the daisies on the green,
 The lucken gowans frae the bog ;
 Between hands now and then we'll lean,
 And sport upo' the velvet fog.

There's up into a pleasant glen,
 A wee piece frae my father's tow'r,
 A canny, soft, and flow'ry den,
 Where circling birks have form'd a bow'r :

Whene'er the sun grows high and warm,
 We'll to the cauler shade remove;
 There will I lock thee in mine arm,
 And love and kifs, and kifs and love.

KATY'S ANSWER.

MY mither's ay glowran o'er me,
 Though she did the same before me:
 I canna get leave to look to my loove,
 Or else she'll be like to devour me.
 Right fain wad I take ye're offer,
 Sweet Sir, but I'll tine my tocher;
 Then, SANDY, ye'll fret, and wyte ye'r poor KATE,
 Whene'er ye keek in your toom coffer.
 For tho' my father has plenty
 Of filler and plenishing dainty,
 Yet he's unco swear to twin wi' his gear;
 And fae we had need to be tenty.
 Tutor my parents wi' caution,
 Be wylie in ilka motion;
 Brag weel o' ye'r land, and there's my leal hand,
 Win them, I'll be at your devotion.

We'll a' to Kelfo go.

AN I'll awa' to bonny Tweed-side,
 And see my deary come throw,
 And he fall be mine, gif fae he incline,
 For I hate to lead apes below.

While young and fair, I'll make it my care,
 To secure mysell in a jo;
 I'm no sick a fool to let my blood cool,
 And syne gae lead apes below.

Few words, bonny lad, will eithly persuade,
 Though blushing, I dastly say, no ;
 Gae on with your strain, and doubt not to gain,
 For I hate to lead apes below.

Unty'd to a man, do whate'er we can,
 We never can thrive or dow :
 Then I will do well, do better wha will,
 And let them lead apes below.

Our time is precious, and gods are gracious
 That beauties upon us bestow :

'Tis not to be thought we got them for nought,
 Or to be set up for a show.

'Tis carried by votes, come, kilt up ye'r coats,
 And let us to Edinburgh go,
 Where she that's bonny may catch a JOHNY,
 And never lead apes below.

Wayward Wife.

ALAS! my son, you little know,
 The sorrows that from wedlock flow.

Farewell to ev'ry day of ease,
 When you've gotten a wife to please :

*Sae bide you yet, and bide you yet,
 Ye little ken what's to betide you yet ;
 The half of that will gane you yet,
 If a wayward wife obtain you yet.*

When I like you was young and free,
 I valu'd not the proudest she ;
 Like you I vainly boasted then,
 That men alone were born to reign ;
But bide you yet, &c. .

Great HERCULES and SAMSON too,
 Were stronger men than I or you ;
 Yet they were baffled by their dears,
 And felt the distaff and the sheers ;
Sae bide you yet, &c.

Stout gates of brass, and well-built walls,
 Are proof 'gainst swords and cannon-balls,
 But nought is found by sea or land,
 That can a wayward wife withstand :

Sae bide you yet, &c.

We're gayly yet.

WE'RE gayly yet, and we're gayly yet,
 And we're no very fou, but we're gayly yet;
 Then sit ye a while and tipple a bit,
 For we're no very fou, but we're gayly yet.

There was a lad and they ca'd him DICKY,
 He gae me a kifs, and I bit his lippy;
 Then under my apron he shew'd me a trick;
 And we're no very fou, but we're gayly yet.
And we're gayly yet, &c.

There were three lads, and they were clad,
 There were three lasses, and they them had,
 Three trees in the orchard are newly sprung,
 And we's a' get gear enough, we're but young,
*Then up wi't AILLIE, AILLIE,
 Up wi't, AILLIE, now,
 Then up wi't, AILLIE, quo' cummer,
 We's a' get roaring fou.*

And one was kifs'd in the barn,
 Another was kifs'd on the green,
 The third behind the pease-stack,
 Till the mow flew up to her een.
Then up wi't, &c.

Now, fy, JOHN THOMSON, rin,
 Gin ever ye ran in your life;
 De'il get you, but hey, my dear JACK,
 There's a man got a-bed with your wife.
Then up wi't, &c.

Then away JOHN THOMSON ran,
 And I trow he ran with speed;
 But before he had run his length
 The false loon had done the deed.
We're gayly yet, &c.

U

Up and war them a', WILLIE.

WHEN we went to the field of war,
 And to the Weaponshaw, WILLIE,
 With true design to stand our ground,
 And chace our faes awa', WILLIE.
 Lairs and lords came there bedeen,
 And vow gin they were pra', WILLIE:
Up and war 'em a', WILLIE,
War 'em, war 'em a', WILLIE.

And when our army was drawn up,
 The bravest e'er I saw, WILLIE,
 We did not doubt to rax the rout,
 And win the day and a', WILLIE.
 Pipers play'd frae right to left,
 Fy, fourugh Whigs awa', WILLIE.
Up and war, &c.

But when our standard was set up,
 So fierce the wind did bla', WILLIE,
 The golden knop down from the top,
 Unto the ground did fa', WILLIE.
 Then second-fighted SANDY said,
 We'll do nae good at a', WILLIE.
Up and war, &c.

When bra'ly they attack'd our left,
 Our front, and flank, and a', WILLIE;
 Our bald commander on the green,
 Our faes their left did ca', WILLIE,

And there the greatest slaughter made
That e'er poor TONALD saw, WILLIE.

Up and war, &c.

First when they saw our Highland mob,
They swore they'd slay us a', WILLIE;

And yet ane fyl'd his breiks for fear,
And so did rin awa', WILLIE.

We drave him back to Bonnybrigs,
Dragoons, and foot, and a', WILLIE.

Up and war, &c.

But when their gen'ral view'd our lines,
And them in order saw, WILLIE,

He straight did march into the town,
And back his left did draw, WILLIE.

Thus we taught them the better gate
To get a better fa', WILLIE.

Up and war, &c.

And then we rally'd on the hills,

And bravely up did draw, WILLIE :

But gin ye spear wha wan the day,

I'll tell you what I saw, WILLIE :

We baith did fight, and baith were beat,

And baith did rin awa', WILLIE.

So there's my canty Highland sang

About the thing I saw, WILLIE.

Up in the Air.

NOW the sun's gane out of sight,
Beet the ingle, and snuff the light.

In glens the fairies skip and dance,

And witches wallop o'er to France.

Up in the air, on my bonny grey mare,

And I see her yet, and I see her yet,

Up in, &c.

The wind's drifting hail and snaw,
 O'er frozen hags, like a foot-ba';
 Nae starns keek through the azure slit,
 'Tis cauld and mirk as ony pit.

The man i' the moon is carousing aboon,
 D' ye see, d' ye see d' ye see him yet?

The man, &c.

Take your glass to clear your een,
 'Tis the elixir heals the spleen,
 Baith wit and mirth it will inspire,
 And gently puff the lover's fire,

Up in the air, it drives away care;
 Ha'e wi' ye, ha'e wi' ye, and ha'e wi' ye, lads, yet.

Up in, &c.

Steek the doors, had out the frost;
 Come, WILLIE, gie's about ye'r toast;
 Till't, lads, and lilt it out,
 And let us hae a blythsome bout.

Up wi't there, there, dinna cheat, but drink fair;
 Huza, huza, and huza, lads, yet.

Up wi't, &c.



Y

The yellow-hair'd Laddie.

THE yellow-hair'd laddie sat down on yon brae,
 Cries, Milk the ewes, lassie, let nane of them gae;
 And ay she milked, and ay she sang,
 The yellow-hair'd laddie shall be my goodman.

And ay she milked, &c.

The weather is cauld, and my claithing is thin;
 The ewes are new clipped, they winna bught in;
 They winna bught in tho' I shou'd die,
 O yellow-hair'd laddie, be kind to me.

They winna bught in, &c.

The goodwife cries butt the house, JENNY, come ben,
 The cheese is to mak, and the butter's to kirn;
 Tho' butter, and cheese, and a' shou'd sowre,
 I'll crack and kifs wi' my love ae haff hour;
 It's ae haff hour, and we's e'en make it three,
 For the yellow-hair'd laddie my husband shall be.

Same Tune.

IN April when primroses paint the sweet plain,
 And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain;
 The yellow-hair'd laddie would oftentimes go
 To wilds and deep glens where the hawthorn trees
 grow.

There under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
 With freedom he sung his loves ev'ning and morn;
 He sang with so fast and enchanting a sound,
 That sylvans and fairies unseen danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sung, Tho' young MAYA be fair,
 Her beauty is dash'd with a scornfu' proud air;
 But SUSIE was handsome, and sweetly cou'd sing;
 Her breath like the breezes perfum'd in the spring.

That MADIE in all the gay bloom of her youth,
 Like the moon was unconstant, and never spoke
 truth;

But SUSIE was faithful, good-humour'd, and free,
 And fair as the goddess which sprung from the sea.

That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great
 dow'r,
 Was aukwardly airy, and frequently fowr;
 Then, sighing, he wish'd, wou'd parents agree,
 The witty sweet SUSIE his mistress might be.

Same Tune.

P E G G Y.

WHEN first my dear laddie gade to the green hill,
 And I at ew-milking first sey'd my young skill,
 To bear the milk-bowie nae pain was to me,
 When I at the bughting forgather'd with thee.

P A T I E.

When corn-rigs waw'd yellow, and blue heather bells
 Bloom'd bonny on moorland and sweet rising fells,
 Nae birns, briers, or brechens ga'e trouble to me,
 If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

P E G G Y.

When thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the stane,
 And came aff the victor, my heart was ay fain:
 Thy ilka sport manly ga'e pleasure to me;
 For nane can putt, wrestle, or run swift as thee.

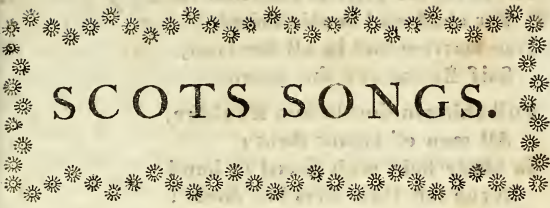
P A T I E.

Our JENNY sings fastly *the Cowden broom-knows*,
 And ROSIE liltis sweetly *the milking the ewes*;
 There's few *Jenny Nettles* like NANSY can sing,
 At *throw the wood, laddie*, BESS gars our lugs ring:
 But when my dear PEGGY sings, with better skill,
The boatman, Tweed-side, or the lass of the mill,
 'Tis mony times sweeter and pleasant to me;
 For tho' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.

P E G G Y.

How easy can lasses trow what they desire!
 And praises sae kindly increases Love's fire:
 Give me still this pleasure, my study shall be,
 To make myself better and sweeter for thee.

END OF PART FIRST.



SCOTS SONGS.



P A R T II.



F I R S T C L A S S .

HISTORICAL BALLADS, &c.

H A R D Y K N U T E :

Or, The Battle of LARGS. *A Fragment.*

STATELY stapt he east the wa,
And stately stapt he west :
Full seventy zeirs he now had sene,
With skerfs sevin zeirs of rest.

He livit quhen Britons breach of faith
Wrought Scotland meikle wae :
And ay his sword tauld to their skaith,
He was their deadly fae.

Hie on a hill his castle stude,
With halls and towirs a bicht,
And guidly chambres fair to see,
Quhair he lodgit mony a knicht.

T

His dame fae peirless anes and fair,
 For chaff and bewtie deimt,
 Nae marrow had in all the land,
 Saif EMERGARD the queen.

Full thirtein fons to him scho bare,
 All men of valour stout ;
 In bludy ficht with sword in hand
 Nyne lost their lives bot doubt ;
 Four zit remain, lang may they live
 To stand by liege and land :
 Hie was their fame, hie was their micht,
 And hie was their command.

Great lave they bare to FAIRLY fair,
 Their sister fast and deir ;
 Her girdle shawd her midle gimp,
 And gowden glist her hair.
 Quhat waefou wae her bewtie bred !
 Waefou to zung and auld,
 Waefou I trow to kyth and kin,
 As story ever tauld.

The King of Norfe in summer tyde,
 Puft up with powir and micht,
 Landed in fair Scotland the yle,
 With mony a hardy knicht.
 The tydings to our gude Scots king
 Came, as he fat at dyne,
 With noble chiefs in braif aray,
 Drinking the blude-reid wyne.

“ To horse, to horse, my royal Liege,
 Zours faes stand on the strand,
 Full twenty thousand glittering spears
 The King of Norfe commands.”

“ Bring me my steed Mage dapple gray,”
 Our gude King raise and cryd,
 “ A truitier beast in all the land
 A Scots king nevir seyde.

Go, little page, tell HARDYKNUTE,
That lives on hill fae hie,
To draw his sword, the dreid of faes,
And haft and follow me."

The little page flew swift as dart
Flung by his masters arm,
"Cum down, cum down, Lord HARDYKNUTE,
And rid zour King frae harm."

Then reid reid grew his dark-brown cheiks,
Sae did his dark-brown brow ;
His luiks grew kene, as they were wont,
In dangers great, to do :

He hes tane a horn as grene as glafs,
And gien five sounds sae shrill,
That treis in grene wod schuke thereat,
Sae loud rang ilka hill.

His sons in manly sport and glie
Had past that summers morn,
Quhen low down in a grassy dale
They heard their fatheris horn,
That horn, quod they, neir sounds in peace,
We haif other sport to byde.
And sune they heyd them up the hill,
And sune were at his side.

"Late late zestrene I weind in peace
To end my lengthned life,
My age nicht weil excuse my arm
Frae manly feats of stryfe ;
But now that Norse dois proudly boast
Fair Scotland to intrall,
Its neir be said of HARDYKNUTE,
He feard to ficht or fall.

"ROBIN of Rothsay, bend thy bow,
Thy arrows schute sae leil,
Mony a comely countenance
They haif turnd to deidly pale,

Brade THOMAS tak ze but zour lance,
 Ze neid nae weapons mair,
 Gif ze ficht weit as ze did anes
 Gainst WESTMORLAND's ferfs heir.

“MALCOM, licht of fute as stag
 That runs in forest wyld,
 Get me my thousands thrie of men,
 Well bred to sword and schield;
 Bring me my horse and harnifine,
 My blade of mettal cleir.
 If faes kend but the hand it bare,
 They sune had fled for feir.

“Fareweil my dame sae peirless gude,
 (And tuke hir by the hand),
 Fairer to me in age zou feim,
 Than maids for bewtie famd:
 My zoungeft son fall here remain
 To guard these stately towirs,
 And schut the silver bolt that keips.
 Sae fast zour painted bowirs.”

And first scho wet hir comely cheiks,
 And then hir bodice grene,
 Hir silken cords of twirtle twist,
 Weil plait with silver schene;
 And apron fet with mony a dice
 Of neidle-wark sae rair,
 Wove by nae hand, as ze may guesf,
 Saif that of FAIRLY fair.

And he has ridden owre muir and moss,
 Owre hills and mony a glen,
 Quhen he came to a wounded knicht,
 Making a heavy mane;
 “Here maun I lye, here maun I dye,
 By treacheries false gylēs;
 Witlefs I was that eir gaif faith
 To wicked womans smyles.”

“ Sir Knicht, gin ze were in my bowir,
 To lean on filken feat,
 My ladyis kyndlie care zoud prove,
 Quha neir kend deidly hate :
 Hirself wald watch ze all the day,
 Hir maids a deid of nicht ;
 And FAIRLY fair zour heart wald cheir,
 As scho stands in zour sicht.

“ Aryse, young knicht, and mount zour steid,
 Full lowns the thynand day :
 Cheis frae my menzie quhom ze pleis
 To leid ze on the way.”
 With smyle's luke, and visage wan,
 The wounded knicht replyd,
 “ Kynd chiftain, zour intent pursue,
 For heir I maun abyde.

To me nae after day nor nicht
 Can eir be sweit or fair,
 But sune beneath sum draping tree
 Cauld death fall end my care.”
 With him nae pleiding micht prevail ;
 Brave HARDYKNUTE in to gain,
 With fairest words, and reason strong,
 Straif courteously in vain.

Syne he has gain-far hynd attowre
 Lord CHATTANS land fae wyde ;
 That Lord a worthy wicht was ay,
 Quhen faes his courage seyde :
 Of Pictish race by mothers syde,
 Quhen Picts ruld Caledon,
 Lord CHATTAN claimd the princely maid,
 Quhen he saist Pictish crown.

Now with his fer's and stalwart train,
 He reicht a ryding heicht,
 Quhair braid encampit on the dale,
 NORSE menzie lay in sicht.

“ Zonder, my valiant fons and ferfs,
 Our raging revers wait,
 On the unconquerit Scottish swaird,
 To try with us their fate.

Mak orisons to Him that saist
 Our fauls upon the roode ;
 Syne braifly schaw zour veins ar filld
 With Caledonian blade.”

Then furth he drew his trusty glaive,
 Quhile thousands all around,
 Drawn frae their sheaths glanst in the sun,
 And loud the bougills found.

To join his King, adown the hill
 In hast his merch he made,
 Quhile, playand pibrochs, minstralls meit
 Afore him statly strade.

“ Thryse welcum valziant stoup of weir,
 Thy nations scheild and pryde ;
 Thy King nae reason has to feir
 Qohen thou art be his syde.”

Qohen bows were bent and darts were thrawn,
 For thrang scarce could they flie,
 The darts clove arrows as they met,
 The arrows dart the trie.

Lang did they rage and ficht full ferfs,
 With little skaith to man,
 But bludy bludy was the field,
 Or that lang day was done.

The King of Scots that findle bruikd
 The war that luikt like play,
 Drew his braid sword, and brake his bow,
 Sen bows seimt but delay.

Quoth noble ROTHSAÿ, “ Myne i’ll keip,
 I wate its bleid a skore.”
 Hast up, my merry men, cryd the King,
 As he rade on before.

The King of Norſe he ſocht to find,
 With him to menſe the faucht,
 But on his forehead there did licht
 A ſharp unſonſie ſhaft ;

As he his hand put up to find
 The wound, an arrow kene,
 O waefou chance ! there pinnd his hand
 In midſt between his ene.

“ Revenge, revenge ! cryd ROTHSAYS heir,
 Your mail-coat fall nocht byde
 The ſtrength and ſharpneſs of my dart : ”
 Then ſent it throuch his ſyde.

Another arrow weil he markt,
 It perſit his neck in twa,
 His hands then quat the ſilver reins,
 He law as eard did fa.

“ Sair bleids my Liege, fair fair he bleids ! ”
 Again with micht he drew,
 And geſture dreid, his ſturdy bow,
 Faſt the braid arrow flew :
 Wae to the knicht he ettled at,
 Lament now, QUEEN ELGREID,
 Hie dames to wail zour darlings fall,
 His zouth and comely meid.

“ Tak aff, tak aff his coſtly jape,
 (Of gold weil was it twynd,
 Knit lyke the fowlers net, throuch quhilk
 His ſteily harnes ſhynd),
 Tak, NORSE, that gift frae me, and bid
 Him venge the blude it beirs ;
 Sae, if he face my bended bow,
 He ſure nae weapon feirs.”

Proud NORSE with giant body tall,
 Braid ſhoulders and arms ſtrong,
 Cryd, “ Quhair is HARDYKNUTE ſae ſamd,
 And feird at Britains throne ?

That Britons tremble at his name,
 I sune fall make him wail,
 That eir my sword was made fae sharp,
 Sae fast his coat of mail."

That brag his stout heart coud na byde,
 It lent him zouthfou might :

" I'm HARDYKNUTE this day, he cryd,
 To Scotlands king I hecht

To lay thee law, as horses hufe,
 My word I mean to keep."

Syne with the first strake eir he strake,
 He garrd his body bleid.

NORSE ene like gray goshawke staird wyld,
 He sicht with shame and spyte ;

" Disgrac'd is now my far-fam'd arm,
 That left thee power to stryke :"

Then gaif his head a blaw fae fell,
 It made him down to stoup,

As law as he to ladies usit
 In courtly gyse to lout.

Full soon he raisd his bent body,
 His bow he marvelld fair,

Sen blaws till then on him but darrd
 As touch of FAIRLY fair :

NORSE ferliet too as fair as he,
 To se his stately luke,

Sae sune as eir he strake a fae,
 Sae sune his lyfe he tuke.

Quhair, like a fyre to hether set,
 Bauld THOMAS did advance,

A sturdy fae, with luke enrag'd,
 Up towards him did prance ;

He spurd his steid throw thickest ranks,
 The hardy zouth to quell,

Quaha stude unmusit at his approach,
 His furie to repell.

“ That schort brown shaft sae meanly trimd,
 Lukis lyke poor Scotlands geir ;
 But dreidfull seims the rusty poynt ! ”
 And loud he leuch in jeir.

“ Aft Britons blude has dimd its schyne ;
 This poynt cut schort their vaunt : ”
 Syne piercd the boisteris bairded cheik,
 Nae tyme he tuke to taunt.

Schort quhyle he in his sadill swang,
 His stirrup was nae stay,
 Sae feible hang his unbent knee,
 Sure taken he was fey :
 Swith on the hardened clay he fell,
 Richt far was heard the thud ;
 But THOMAS lukit not as he lay
 All waltering in his blude.

With cairles gesture, mynd unmovit,
 On raid he north the plain ;
 His seim in thrang of fiercest stryfe,
 Quhen winner ay the same ;
 Nor zit his heart dames dimpelit cheik,
 Coud meise fast luvè to bruik,
 Till vengeful ANN returnd his scorn,
 Then languid grew his luke.

*Now darts flew wavering through slow speed,
 Scarce could they reach their aim ;
 Or reach'd, scarce blood the round point drew,
 'Twas all but shot in vain :
 Right strengthly arms forseebled grew,
 Sair wreck'd wi' that day's toils ;
 E'en fierce-born minds now lang'd for peace,
 And curs'd Wars cruel broils.*

*Yet still Wars horns sounded to charge,
 Swords clash'd and harness rang ;
 But saftly sae ilk blaster blew
 The hills and dales fraemang,*

*Nae echo heard in double dints,
Nor the lang-winding horn,
Nae mair she blew out brade as she
Did eir that summers morn.*

In thrawis of death, with wallowit cheik,
All panting on the plain,
The fainting corps of warriors lay,
Neir to aryse again ;
Neir to return to native land,
Nae mair with blythsom founds
To boist the glories of the day,
And schaw thair shyning wounds.

On Norways coast the widowit dame
May waih the rocks with teirs,
May lang luke owre the schiples seis
Befoir hir mate appeirs.

Ceise, EMMA, ceise to hope in vain ;
Thy Lord lyis in the clay ;
The valziant Scots nae revers thole
To carry lyfe away.

There on a lee, quhair stands a cross
Set up for monument,
Thousands full feris that summers day
Filld kene Waris black intent.

Let Scots, quhile Scots, praise HARDYKNUTE,
Let NORSE the name ay dreid :
Ay how he faucht, aft how he spaird,
Sal latest ages reid.

Loud and chill blew the westlin wind,
Sair beat the heavy showir,
Mirk grew the nicht eir HARDYKNUTE
Wan neir his stately towir.
His towir that usd with torches bleise
To shyne sae far at nicht,
Seemd now as black as mourning weid,
Nae marvel fair he sichd.

“Thairs nae licht in my ladys bowir,
 Thairs nae licht in my hall;
 Nae blink schynes round my FAIRLY fair,
 Nor ward stands on my wall.
 Quhat bodes it? ROBERT—THOMAS, fay!”—
 Nae answer fits their dreid.
 “Stand back, my sons, i’ll be zour gyde :”
 But by they past with speid.
 “As fast I haif sped owre Scotlands faes,”—
 Thair ceist his brag of weir,
 Sair schamit to mynd oucht but his dame,
 And maiden FAIRLY fair.
 Black feir he felt, but quhat to feir
 He wist not zit with dreid :
 Sair schuke his body, fair his limbs,
 And all the warriour fled.

* * * * *

The Heir of Linne.

LITHE and listen, gentlemen,
 To sing a song I will beginne :
 It is of a lord of faire Scotland,
 Which was the unthrifty heir of Linne.
 His father was a right good lord,
 His mother a lady of high degree ;
 But they, alas ! were dead, him froe,
 And he lov’d keeping companie.
 To spend the daye with merry cheare,
 To drinke and revell every night,
 To card and dice from eve to morne,
 It was, I ween, his hearts delighte.
 To ride, to runne, to rant, to roare,
 To alwaye spend and never spare,
 I wott, an’ it were the king himselfe,
 Of gold and fee he mote be bare.

Soe fares the unthrifty Lord of Linne
 Till all his gold is gone and spent ;
 And he mun sell his landes so broad,
 His house, and lands, and all his rent.

His father had a keen stewarde,
 And JOHN o' the Scales was called hee :
 But JOHN is become a gentel mon,
 And JOHN has got both gold and see.

Sayes, Welcome, welcome, Lord of Linne,
 Let nought disturb thy merry cheere ;
 Iff thou wilt sell thy landes sae broad,
 Good store of gold Ile give thee here.

My gold is gone, my money is spent ;
 My lande now take it unto thee,
 Give me the golde, good JOHN o' the Scales,
 And thine for aye my lande shall bee.

Then JOHN he did him to record draw,
 And JOHN he gave him a godis-pennie ;
 But for every pounce that JOHN agreed,
 The lande, I wis, was weil worth three.

He told him the golde upon the board,
 He was right glad his land to winne :
 The land is mine, the gold is thine,
 And now Ile be the Lord of Linne.

Thus he hath sold his land sae broad,
 Both hill and holt, and moore and fenne,
 All but a poore and lonesome lodge,
 That stood far off in a lonely glenne.

For sae he to his father hecht :
 My sonne when I am gone, sayd hee,
 Then thou wilt spend thy land sae broad,
 And thou wilt spend thy golde sae free.

But sweare me nowe upon the roode,
 That lonesome lodge thou'lt never spend ;
 For when all the world doth frown on thee,
 Thou there shalt find a faithfull friend.

The heir of Linne is full of golde :
 And come with me, my friends, sayd hee,
 Let's drinke, and rant, and merry make,
 And he that spares, ne'er mote he thee.

They ranted, drank, and merry made,
 Till all his gold it waxed thinne ;
 And then his friends they slunk away ;
 They left the unthrifty heire of Linne.

He had never a penny left in his purse,
 Never a penny left but three,
 The tone was brass, and the tone was lead,
 And tother it was white money.

Nowe well-away, sayd the heire of Linne,
 Nowe well-away, and woe is mee,
 For when I was the Lord of Linne,
 I never wanted gold or fee.

But many a trusty friend have I,
 And why shold I feel dole or care ?
 Ile borrow of them all by turnes,
 Soe need I not be never bare.

But one, I wis, was not at home,
 Another had payd his gold away ;
 Another call'd him thriftless loone,
 And bade him sharpely wend his way.

Now well-away, sayd the heir of Linne,
 Now well-away, and woe is me !
 For when I had my landes sae broad,
 On me they liv'd right merrilee.

To beg my bread from door to door
 I wis it were a brenning shame :
 To rob and steal it were a finne :
 To worke my limbs I cannot frame.

Now lle away to lonesome lodge,
 For, there my father bade me wend ;
 When all the world should frown on mee,
 I there shold find a trusty friend.

Away then hyed the heire of Linne
 O'er hill and holt, and moor and fenne,
 Untill he came to the lonesome lodge,
 That stood so lowe in a lonely glenne.

He looked up, he looked downe,
 In hope some comfort for to winne,
 But bare and lothly were the walles :
 Here's sorry cheare, quo' the heire of Linne.

The little windowe dim and darke
 Was hung with ivy, brere and yewe ;
 Nae shimmering sunn here ever shone ;
 Nae halefome breeze here ever blew.

Nae chair, nae table he mote spye,
 Nae chearful hearth, nae welcome bed,
 Nought save a rope with renning noose,
 That dangling hung up o'er his head.

And over it in broad letters,
 These words were written sae plain to see :
 " Ah ! gracelesse wretch, hast spent thine all,
 " And brought thyselfe to penurie ?

" All this my boding mind misgave,
 " I therefore left this trusty friend :
 " Let it now sheeld thy foule disgrace,
 " And all thy shame and sorrows end."

Sorely shent wi' this rebuke,
 Sorely shent was the heir of Linne,
 His heart, I wis, was neare-to braft
 With guilt and forrowe, shame and sinne.

Never a word spake the heire of Linne,
 Never a word he spake but three :
 " This is a trusty-friend indeed,
 " And is right welcome unto mee."

Then round his necke the corde he drewe,
 And sprung aloft with his bodie :
 When lo ! the cieling burst in twaine,
 And to the ground came tumbling hee.

Astonyed lay the heire of Linne,
 Ne knewe if he were live or dead,
 At length he looked, and sawe a bille,
 And in it a key of gold so redd.

He took the bill, and lookt it on,
 Strait good comfort found he there :
 It told him of a hole in the wall,
 In which there stood three chests in fere.

Two were full of the beaten golde,
 The third was full of white money,
 And over them in bread letters
 These words were written sae plaine to see.

" Once more, my sonne, I sette thee clere ;
 " Amend thy life and follies past ;
 " For but thou amend thee of thy life,
 " That rope must be thy end at last."

And let it bee, sayd the heire of Linne ;
 And let it bee, but if I amend :
 For here I will make mine avow,
 This reade shall guide me to the end.

Away then went the heir of Linne ;
 Away he went with a merry cheare :
 I wis he neither stint ne stayd,
 Till JOHN o' the Scales house he came neare.

And when he came to JOHN o' the Scales,
 Up at the speere then looked hee ;
 There sate three lords at the bordes end,
 Were drinking of the wine sae free.

And then bespake the heire of Linne
 To JOHN o' the Scales then louted hee :
 I pray thee now, good JOHN o' the Scales,
 One forty pence for to lend mee.

Away, away, thou thriftless loone,
 Away, away, this may not bee :
 For CHRISTS curse on my head, he sayd,
 If ever I trust thee one pennie.

Then bespake the heire of Linne,
 To JOHN o' the Scales wife then spake hee ;
 Madame, some almes on me bestowe,
 I pray for sweet Saint CHARITIE.

Away, away, thou thriftless loone,
 I swear thou gettest nae almes of mee ;
 For if we shold hang any losel heere,
 The first we wold begin with thee.

Then bespake a good fellowe,
 Which sat at JOHN o' the Scales his bord ;
 Sayd, Turn againe, thou heire of Linne,
 Some time thou wast a well good lord :

Sometime a good fellow thou hast been,
 And sparedst not thy golde and fee,
 Therefore Ile lend thee forty pence,
 And other forty if need bee.

And ever, I pray thee, JOHN o' the Scales,
 To let him sit in thy companee :
 For well I wot thou hadst his land,
 And a good bargain it was to thee.

Up then spake him JOHN o' the Scales,
 All woad he answer'd him againe :
 Now CHRISTS curse on my head, hee sayd,
 But I did lose by that bargain.

And here I proffer thee, heire of Linne,
 Before these lords fae faire and free,
 Thou shalt have it back again better cheape,
 By a hundred markes, than I had it of thee.

I drawe you to record, Lords, he said.
 With that he gave him a godis-pennee ;
 Now by my fay, sayd the heir of Linne,
 And here, good JOHN, is thy monee.

And he pull'd forth three bagges of gold,
 And layd them down upon the bord :
 All woe begone was JOHN o' the Scales,
 Sae shent he could fay never a word.

He told him forth the gude red gold,
 He told it forth with mickle dinne,
 The gold is thine, the land is mine,
 And now lme againe the Lord of Linne.

Sayes, Have thou here, thou good fellowe,
 Forty pence thou didst lend mee :
 Now I am againe the Lord of Linne,
 And forty pounds I will give thee.

Now welladay ! sayth JOAN o' the Scales ;
 Now welladay ! and woe is my life !
 Yesterday I was Lady of Linne,
 Now lme but JOHN o' the Scales his wife.

Now fare thee well, sayd the heire of Linne ;
 Farewell, good JOHN o' the Scales, said hee ;
 When next I want to sell my land,
 Good JOHN o' the Scales Ile come to thee.

EDOM of Gordon.

IT fell about the Martinmas,
 Quhen the wind blew schrill and cauld,
 Said EDMON o' Gordon to his men,
 We maun draw to a hauld.

And quhat a hauld fall we draw to,
 My mirry men and me ?
 We wul gae to the house o' the Rhodes,
 To see that fair ladie.

The ladie stude on her castle wa',
 Beheld baith dale and down ;
 There she was ware of a host of men
 Cum ryding towards the toun.

O see ze nat, my mirry men a' ?
 O see ze nat quhat I see ?
 Methinks I see a host of men :
 I merveil quhat they be.

She weend it had been hir lovely lord,
 As he cam ryding hame ;
 It was the traitor EDMON o' Gordon,
 Quha reekt nae sin nor shame.

She had nae sooner buskit hersel,
 And putten on hir gown,
 Till EDMON o' Gordon and his men
 Were round about the toun.

They had nae sooner supper sett,
Nae sooner said the grace,
Till EDOM o' Gordon and his men
Were light about the place:

The lady ran up to hir towir head,
Sae fast as she could drie,
To see if by hir fair speechès
She could wi' him agree.

But quhan he see this lady faif,
And hir yates all locked fast,
He fell into a rage of wrath,
And his hart was all aghast.

Cum doun to me, ze lady gay,
Cum doun, cum doun to me:
This night fall ye lig within mine armes,
To morrow my bride fall be.

I winnae cum doun, ze fals GORDON,
I winnae cum doun to thee;
I winnae forsake my ain dear lord,
That is sae far frae me.

Give owre zour house, ze lady fair,
Give owre zour house to me,
Or I fall brenn yoursel therein,
Bot and zour babies three.

I winnae give owre, ze fals GORDON,
To nae sik traitor as zee;
And if ze brenn my ain dear babes,
My lord fall mak ze drie.

But reach my pistol, GLAUD, my man,
And charge ze weil my gun:
For, but if I pierce that bloody butcher,
My babes we been undone.

She stude upon hir castle wa,
 And let twa bullets flee :
 She mist that bloody butchers hart,
 And only raz'd his knee.

Set fire to the house, quo' fals GORDON,
 All wood wi' dule and ire :
 Fals lady, ze fall rue this deid,
 As ze brenn in the fire.

Wae worth, wae worth ze, JOCK my man,
 I paid ze weil zour fee ;
 Quhy pow ze out the ground-wa stane,
 Lets in the reek to me ?

And ein wae worth ze, JOCK my man,
 I paid ze weil zour hire ;
 Quhy pow ze out the ground-wa stane,
 To me lets in the fire ?

Ze paid me weil my hire, lady ;
 Ze paid me weil my fee :
 But now Ime EDMOND o' Gordons man,
 Maun either doe or die.

O than bespaik hir little son,
 Sate on the nourice' knee :
 Sayes, Mither dear, gi owre this house,
 For the reek it smithers me.

I wad gie a' my gowd, my childe,
 Sae wad I a' my fee,
 For ane blast o' the westlin wind,
 To blaw the reek frae thee,

O then bespaik hir dochter dear,
 She was baith jimp and sma :
 O row me in a pair o' sheits,
 And tow me owre the wa.

They rowd hir in a pair o' sheits,
And towd hir owre the wa:
But on the point of GORDONS spear,
She gat a deadly fa.

O bonnie bonnie was hir mouth,
And cherry wer hir cheiks,
And clear clear was hir zellow hair,
Whereon the reid bluid dreips.

Then wi' his spear he turn'd hir owre,
O gin hir face was wan!
He said, Ze are the first that eir
I wisht alive again.

He turnd hir owre and owre again,
O gin her skin was whyte!
I might ha spared that bonnie face
To hae been fum mans delyte.

Busk and boun, my merry men a',
For ill dooms I do gues's;
I cannae luik in that bonnie face,
As it lyes on the grafs.

Thame luiks to freits, my master deir,
Then freits will follow thame:
Let it neir be said brave EDOM o' Gordon
Was daunted by a dame.

But quhen the ladye see the fire
Cum flaming owre hir head,
She wept and kist hir children twain,
Sayd, Bairns, we been but dead.

The GORDON then his bougill blew,
And said, Awa', awa';
This house o' the Rhodes is a' in flame,
I hauld it time to ga'.

O then bespied hir ain dear lord,
 As hee cam owre the lee;
 He fied his castle all in blaze.
 Sae far as he could see.

Then fair, O fair his mind misgave,
 And all his hart was wae:
 Put on, put on; my wighty men,
 Sae fast as ze can gae.

Put on, put on, my wighty men,
 Sae fast as ze can drie;
 For he that is hindmost of the thrang,
 Sall neir get guid o' me.

Than sum they rade, and sum they rin;
 Fou fast out-owre the bent;
 But eir the foremost could get up,
 Baith lady and babes were brent.

He wrang his hands, he rent his hair,
 And wept in teenefu' muid:
 O traitors, for this cruel deid
 Ze fall weip teirs o' bluid.

And after the GORDON he is gane,
 Sae fast as he micht drie;
 And sooni' the GORDON's foul hartis bluid,
 He's wroken his dear ladie.

Young WATERS.

ABOUT Zule, quhen the wind blew cule,
 And the round tables began,
 A'! there is cum to our Kings court
 Mony a well-favourd man.

The Queen luik owre the castle wa,
Beheld baith dale and down,
And then she saw zoung WATERS
Cum riding to the town.

His footmen they did rin before,
His horsemen rade behind,
And mantel of the burning gowd
Did keip him frae the wind.

Gowden graith'd his horse before,
And filler shod behind ;
The horse zoung WATERS rade upon
Was fleeter than the wind.

But then spake a wylie lord,
Unto the Queen said he,
O tell me quha's the fairest face
Rides in the company.

I've seen lord, and I've seen laird,
And knights of high degree ;
Bot a fairer face than zoung WATERS
Mine eyne did never see.

Out then spack the jealous King,
(And an angry man was he),
O if he had been twice as fair,
Zou might have excepted me.

Zou're neither laird nor lord, she says,
Bot the King that wears the crown ;
Theris not a knight in fair Scotland
But to thee maun bow down.

For a' that she could do or fay,
Appeas'd he wad nae be ;
Bot for the words which she had said,
Zoung WATERS he maun die.

They hae taen zoung WATERS, and
Put fetters on his feet ;

They hae taen zoung WATERS, and
Thrown him in dungeon deep.

Aft I have ridden through Stirling towne
In the wind bot and the weit,
Bot I neir rade through Stirling towne
Wi' fetters at my feit.

Aft I have ridden through Stirling towne
In the wind bot and the rain,
Bot I neir rade through Stirling towne
Neir to return again.

They hae taen to the heiding hill
His zoung fon in his craddle,
And they hae taen to the heiding hill
His horse bot and his faddle :

And they hae taen to the heiding hill
His lady fair to see.
And for the words the Queen had spoke,
Zoung WATERS he did dee.

The young Laird of OCHILTRIE.

O LISTEN, gude peopell, to my tale,
Listen to quhat I tel to thee,
The King has taiken a poor prisoner,
The wanton Laird of OCHILTRIE.

Quhen news cam to our guidly Queen,
Sche sicht, and said richt mournfullie,
O quhat will cum of Lady MARGRET,
Quha beirs sick luvè to OCHILTRIE ?

Lady MARGRET tore hir yellow hair,
 Quhen as the Queen tald hir the sailm,
 I wis that I had neir bin born,
 Nor neir had knawn OCHILTRIES naim.

Fie na, quoth the Queen, that maunna be,
 Fie na, that maunna be ;
 I'll fynd ze out a better way
 To saif the lyfe of OCHILTRIE.

The Queen sche trippit up the stair,
 And lowly knielt upon hir knie,
 The first boon quhich I cum to craive
 Is the lyfe of gentel OCHILTRIE.

O iff you had askd me castels or towirs,
 I wad hae gin thaim, twa or thrie,
 Bot a' the monie in fair Scotland
 Winna buy the lyfe of OCHILTRIE.

The Queen sche trippit down the stair,
 And down sche gade richt mournfullie,
 Its a' the monie in fair Scotland
 Winna buy the lyfe of OCHILTRIE.

Lady MARGRET tore hir yellow hair,
 Quhen as the Queen tald hir the sailm;
 I'll tak a knife and end my lyfe,
 And be in the grave assoon as him.

Ab! na, fie! na, quoth the Queen,
 Fie! na, fie! na, this maunna be ;
 I'll set ze on a better way
 To loofe and set OCHILTRIE frie.

The Queen sche slippit up the stair,
 And sche gaid up richt privatlie,
 And sche has stoun the prison keys,
 And gane and set OCHILTRIE frie.

And sches gien him a purse of gowd,
 And another of whyt monie,
 Sches gien him twa pistoles by's syde,
 Saying to him, Shute quhen ze win frie.

And quhen he cam to the Queens window,
 Quhaten a joyfou shute gae he !
 Peace be to our royal Queen,
 And peace be in hir companie !

O quhaten a voyce is that ? quoth the King,
 Quhaten a voyce is that ? quoth he,
 Quhaten a voyce is that ? quoth the King ;
 I think its the voyce of OCHILTRIE.

Call to me a' my gaolours,
 Call thaim by thirtie and by thrie ;
 Quhairfor the morn at twelve a clock
 Its hangit schall they ilk ane be.

O didna ze fend zour keyis to us ?
 Ze sent thaim be thirtie and be thrie,
 And wi thaim sent a strait command,
 To set at lairge zoung OCHILTRIE.

Ah ! na, fie ! na, quoth the Queen,
 Fie, my dear luvie ! this maunna be :
 And iff ye're gawn to hang thaim a',
 Indeed ze maun begin wi me.

The tane was schippit at the pier of Leith,
 The ither at the Queensferrie ;
 And now the Lady has gotten hir luvie,
 The winsom Laird of OCHILTRIE.

Sir ANDREW WOOD.

THE King sits in Dumferling toune,
 Drinking the blude-reid wine :

O quhar will I get guid sailor,
 To sail this schip of mine ?

Up and spak an eldern knicht,
 Sat at the kings richt kne :
 Sir ANDREW WOOD is the best sailor,
 That sails upon the se.

The King has written a braid letter,
 And signd it wi' his hand ;
 And sent it to Sir ANDREW WOOD,
 Was walking on the sand.

The first line that Sir ANDREW red,
 A loud lauch lauched he :
 The next line that Sir ANDREW red,
 The teir blinded his ee.

O quha is this has don this deid,
 This ill deid don to me ;
 To send me out this time o' the zeir,
 To sail upon the se ?

Mak haste, mak haste, my mirry men all,
 Our guid schip fails the morne.
 O say na fae, my master deir,
 For I feir a deadlie storme.

Late late yestreen I saw the new moone
 Wi' the auld moone in hir arme ;
 And I feir, I feir, my deir master,
 That we will cum to harme.

O our Scots nobles wer richt laith
 To weet their cork-heild shoone;
 Bot lang or a' the play wer playd,
 They wat thair heads aboone.

O lang, lang, may thair ladies sit
 Wi' thair fans into their hand,
 Or eir they se Sir ANDREW WOOD
 Cum failing to the land,

O lang, lang may thair ladies stand
 Wi' thair gold kems in their hair,
 Waiting for thair ain deir lords,
 For they'll se thame na mair.

Haff owre, haff owre to Aberdour,
 It's fiftie fadom deip:
 And thair lies guid Sir ANDREW WOOD,
 Wi' the Scots lords at his feit.

B O T H W E L L.

AS BOTHWELL was walking in the lowlands alane,
Hey down, and a down.
 He met six ladies sae gallant and fine,
Hey down, and a down.*
 He cast his lot amang them a',
 And on the youngest his lot did fa'.
 He's brought her frae her mother's bower,
 Unto his strongest castle and tower.
 But ay she cried and made great moan,
 And ay the tear came trickling down.
 Come up, come up, said the foremost man;
 I think our bride comes slowly on.

* *The Chorus to be repeated at the end of each line.*

O Lady, sits your saddle awry ?
Or is your steed for you owre high ?
My faddle is not fet awry,
Nor carries me my steed owre high :
But I am weary of my life,
Since I maun be Lord BOTHWELL's wife.
He's blawn his horn fae sharp and shrill,
Up start the deer on ev'ry hill.
He's blawn his horn fae lang and loud,
Up start the deer in gude green wood.
His Lady Mother lookit owre the castle wa',
And she saw them riding ane and a'.
She's call'd upon her maids by seven,
To make his bed baith fast and even :
She's call'd upon her cooks by nine,
To make their dinner fair and fine.
When day was gane, and night was come,
What ails my love on me to frown ?
Or does the wind blow in your glove ?
Or runs your mind on another love ?
Nor blows the wind within my glove,
Nor runs my mind on another love ;
But I nor maid nor maiden am,
For I'm wi' bairn to another man.
I thought I'd a maiden fae meek and fae mild,
But I've nought but a woman wi' child.
His mother's taen her up to a tower,
And lockit them in her secret bower :
Now, daughter mine, come tell to me,
Wha's bairn this is that you are wi' ?
O mother dear, I canna learn
Wha is the father of my bairn ;
But as I walk'd in the lowlands my lane,
I met a gentleman gallant and fine ;
He keepit me there fae late and fae lang,
Frae the ev'ning late till the morning dawn,

And a' that he gied me to my propine,
 Was a pair of green gloves and a gay gold ring;
 Three laughters of his yellow hair,
 In case that we shou'd meet nae mair.
 His Lady Mother went down the stair.
 Now son, now son, come tell to me,
 Where's the green gloves I gave to thee.
 I gied to a lady, fae fair and fae fine,
 The green gloves and a gay gold ring;
 But I wad gie my castles and towers,
 I had that lady within my bowers:
 But I wad gie my very life,
 I had that lady to be my wife.
 Now keep, now keep your castles and towers,
 You have that lady within your bowers;
 Now keep, now keep your very life,
 You have that lady to be your wife.
 O row my lady in sattin and silk,
 And wash my son in the morning milk.

Lord THOMAS and Fair ANNET.

LORD THOMAS and Fair ANNET
 Sat a' day on a hill;
 Whan night was cum, and sun was sett,
 They had not talkt their fill.
 Lord THOMAS said a word in jest,
 Fair ANNET took it ill;
 A'! I will nevir wed a wife
 Against my ain friends wull.
 Gif ye wull nevir wed a wife,
 A wife wull neir wed yee.
 Sae he is hame to tell his mither,
 And knelt upon his knee:

O rede, O rede, mithers, he says,
A gude rede gie to mee:
O fall I take the nut-browne bride,
And let fair ANNET bee?

The nut-browne bride haes gowd and gear,
Fair ANNET she'as gat nane;
And the little bewtie fair ANNET haes,
O it wull soon be gane!

And he has till his brother gane:
Now, brother, rede ye mee;
A'! fall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
And let fair ANNET bee?

The nut-browne bride has oxen, brother,
The nut-brown bride has kye;
I wad hae ye marrie the nut-browne bride,
And cast fair ANNET bye.

Her oxen may dye i' the house, Billie,
And her kye into the byre;
And I fall hae naething to mysell
Bot a fat fadge by the fyre.

And he has till his sifter gane:
Now, sifter, rede ye me;
O fall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
And set fair ANNET free?

Ife rede ye tak fair ANNET, THOMAS,
And let the browne bride alane;
Lest ye sould sigh, and say, Alace!
What is this we brought hame?

No, I wull tak my mithers counsel,
And marrie me owt o' hand;
And I wull tak the nut-browne bride;
Fair ANNET may leive the land.

Up then rose fair ANNETS father
 Twa hours or it wer day,
 And he is gane into the bower
 Wherein fair ANNET lay.

Rise up, rise up, fair ANNET, he says,
 Put on your silken sheene;
 Let us gae to St Maries kirke,
 And see that rich weddeen.

My maides, gae to my dressing roome,
 And dress to me my hair;
 Whair-eir yee laid a plait before,
 See yee lay ten times mair.

My maides, gae to my dressing-room,
 And dress to me my smock;
 The one half is o' the holland fine,
 The other o' neidle-work.

The horse fair ANNET rade upon,
 He amblit like the wind,
 Wi' filler he was shod before,
 Wi' burning gowd behind.

Four-and-twenty filler bells
 Wer a' tyed till his mane,
 Wi' yae tift o' the norland wind,
 They tinkled ane by ane.

Four-and-twenty gay gude knights
 Rade by fair ANNETS side,
 And four-and-twenty fair ladies,
 As gin sic had bin a bride.

And whan she cam to Maries kirk,
 She sat on Maries stean;
 The leading that fair ANNET had on
 It skinkled in their can.

And whan she came into the kirk,
She skimmer'd like the sun;
The belt that was about her waift
Was a' wi' pearles bedone.

She sat her by the nut-browne bride,
And hir een they wer fae clear,
Lord THOMAS he clean forgat the bride,
Whan fair ANNET drew near.

He had a rose into his hand,
He gae it kisses three,
And reaching by the nut-browne bride,
Laid it on fair ANNETS knee.

Up then spak the nut-browne bride,
She spak wi' meikle spite;
And whair gat ye that rose-water
That does mak yee fae white?

O I did get the rose-water
Whair ye wull neir get nane;
For I did get that very rose-water
Into my mither's wame.

The bride she drew a long bodkin
Frae out her gay head-gear,
And strake fair ANNET unto the heart,
That word spake nevir mair.

Lord THOMAS saw fair ANNET wex pale,
And marvelit what mote bee;
Bot whan he saw her dear hearts blade,
A' wood-wroth wexed hee.

He drew his dagger that was fae sharp,
That was fae sharp and meet,
And drave it into the nut-browne bride,
That fell deid at his feit.

Now stay for me, dear ANNET, he said;
 Now stay, my dear, he cryd;
 Then strake the dagger untill his heart,
 And fell deid by hir side.

Lord THOMAS was buried without kirk-wa',
 Fair ANNET within the quiere;
 And o' the tane thair grew a birk,
 The other a bonny briere.

And ay they grew, and ay they threw,
 As they wad faine be neare;
 And by this ye may ken right weil,
 They wer twa lovers deare.

GIL MORRICE.

GIL MORRICE was an erles son,
 His name it waxed wide;
 It was nae for his great riches,
 Nor zet his mickle pride;
 But it was for a lady gay,
 That livd on Carron side.

Quhair fall I get a bonny boy,
 That will win hose and shoen;
 That will gae to Lord BARNARDS ha',
 And bid his lady cum?
 And ze maun rin errand, WILLIE,
 And ze maun rin wi' pride;
 Quhen other boys gae on their foot,
 On horse-back ze fall ride.

O no! oh no! my master dear!
 I dare nae for my life;
 I'll no gae to the bauld barons,
 For to triest furth his wife.

My bird WILLIE, my boy WILLIE ;
 My dear WILLIE, he sayd :
 How can ze strive against the stream ?
 For I shall be obeyd.

Bot, O my master dear ! he cry'd,
 In grene wod ze're zour lain ;
 Gi owre sic thochts, I walde ze rede,
 For fear ze should be tain.

Hašte, hašte, I say, gae to the ha',
 Bid hir cum here wi' speid :
 If ze refuse my heigh command,
 Ill gar zour body bleid.

Gae bid hir take this gay mantel,
 'Tis a gowd but the hem ;
 Bid hir cum to the gude grene wode,
 And bring nane bot hir lain :
 And there it is, a silken farke,
 Hir ain hand sewd the steive ;
 And bid her cum to GIL MORRICE,
 Speir nae bauld barons leave.

Yes, I will gae zour black errand,
 Though it be to zour cost ;
 Sen ze by me will nae be warn'd,
 In it ze fall find frost.

The baron he's a man of might,
 He neir could bide to taunt,
 As ze will see before its night,
 How sma' ze hae to vaunt.

And sen I maun zour errand rin
 Sae fair against my will,
 I'll mak a vow and keip it trow,
 It fall be done for iil.

And quhen he came to Broken brigue,
 He bent his bow and swam ;
 And quhen he came to gra's growing,
 Set down his feet and ran.

And quhen he came to BARNARDS ha',
 Would neither chap nor ca' :
 Bot set his best bow to his breist,
 And lichtly lap the wa'.
 He wauld nae tell the man his errand,
 Though he stude at the gait ;
 Bot straiht into the ha' he cam,
 Quhair they were set at meit.

Hail ! hail ! my gentle fire and dame !
 My message winna waite ;
 Dame, ze maun to the gude grene wod
 Before that it be late.
 Ze're bidden tak this gay mantel,
 Tis a' gowd bot the hem :
 Zou maun gae to the gude grene wode,
 Ev'n by your sel alane.

And there it is, a silken farke,
 Your ain hand sewd the fleive ;
 Ze maun gae speik to GIL MORRICE ;
 Speir nae bauld barons leave.
 The lady stamped wi' hir foot,
 And winked wi' hir ee ;
 Bot a' that she coud say or do,
 Forbidden he wad nae bee.

Its surely to my bowr-woman ;
 It neir could be to me.
 I brocht it to Lord BARNARDS lady ;
 I trow that ze be she.
 Then up and spack the wylie nurse,
 (The bairn upon hir knee),
 If it be cum frae GIL MORRICE,
 Its deir welcum to mee.

Ze leid, ze leid, ye filthly nurse,
 Sae loud's I heire ze lee ;
 I brocht it to Lord BARNARDS lady ;
 I trow ze be nae shee.

Then up and spack the bauld baron,
 An angry man was hee ;
 He's tain the table wi' his foot,
 Sae has he wi' his knee ;
 Till filler cup and ezar dish
 In flinders he gard flee.

Gae bring a robe of zour cliding,
 That hings upon the pin ;
 And I'll gae to the gude grene wode,
 And speik wi' zour lemman.

O bide at hame, now Lord BARNARD,
 I warde ze bide at hame ;
 Neir wyte a man for violence,
 That neir wyte ze wi' nane.

GIL MORRICE fate in gude grene wode,
 He whistled and he sang :

O what means a' the folk coming.
 My mother tarries lang.

His hair was like the threeds of gold,
 Drawne frae MINERVA'S loome :

His lipps like roses drapping dew,
 His breath was a perfume.

His brow was like the mountain sna
 Gilt by the morning beam :

His cheeks like living roses glow :
 His een like azure stream.

The boy was clad in robes of grene,
 Sweet as the infant spring :

And like the Mavis on the bush,
 He gart the vallies ring.

The baron came to the grene wode,
 Wi' mickle dule and care,
 And there he first spied GIL MORRICE,
 Kameing his zellow hair,

That sweetly wav'd around his face,
 That face beyond compare :
 He sang sae sweet it might dispel
 A' rage but fell dispair.

Nae wonder, nae wonder, GIL MORRICE,
 My lady loed thee weel,
 The fairest part of my body
 Is blacker than thy heel.
 Zet neir the less now, GIL MORRICE,
 For a' thy great bewty,
 Ze's rew the day ze eir was born ;
 That head fall gae wi' me.

Now he has drawn his trusty brand,
 And flaited on the strae ;
 And thro' GIL MORRICE' fair body
 He's gard cauld iron gae.
 And he has tain GIL MORRICE' head,
 And set it on a speir :
 The meanest man in a' his train
 Has gotten that head to bear.

And he has tain GIL MORRICE up,
 Laid him across his steid,
 And brought him to his painted bowr,
 And laid him on a bed.
 The lady sat on castil wa',
 Beheld baith dale and doun ;
 And there she saw GIL MORRICE' head
 Cum trailing to the toun.

Far better I loe that bluidy head,
 Bot and that zellow hair,
 Than Lord BARNARD, and a' his lands,
 As they lig here and thair.

And she has tain hir GIL MORRICE,
 And kisd baith mouth and chin :
 I was once as fow of GIL MORRICE,
 As the hip is o' the stean.

I got ze in my father's house,
 Wi' mickle sin and shame;
 I brocht thee up in gude grene wode,
 Under the heavy rain :

Oft have I by thy cradle sitten,
 And fondly seen thee sleip;
 Bot now I gae about thy grave,
 The faut tears for to weip.

And syne she kifs'd his bluidy cheik,
 And syne his bluidy chin :

O better I loe my GIL MORRICE
 Than a' my kith and kin !

Away, away, ze ill woman,
 And an il deith mait ze dee :

Gin I had kend he'd bin zour son,
 He'd neir bin slain for mee.

Obraid me not, my Lord BARNARD !
 Obraid me not for shame !

Wi that sailm speir O pierce my heart !
 And put me out o' pain.

Since nothing but GIL MORRICE head
 Thy jelous rage could quell,

Let that sailm hand now tak hir life,
 That neir to thee did ill.

To me nae after days nor nights
 Will eir be fast or kind ;

I'll fill the air with heavy sighs,
 And greet till I am blind.

Enouch of blude by me's bin spilt,
 Seek not zour death frae mee ;

I rather lour'd it had been my sel
 Than eather him or thee.

With waefo wae I hear zour plaint ;
 Sair, fair I rew the deid,

That eir this cursed hand of mine
 Had gard his body bleid.

Dry up zour tears, my winsom dame,
 Ze neir can heal the wound;
 Ze see his head upon the speir,
 His heart's blude on the ground.

I curse the hand that did the deid,
 The heart that thocht the ill;
 The feet that bore me wi' sik speid,
 The comely zouth to kill.

I'll ay lament for GIL MORRICE,
 As gin he were my ain;
 I'll neir forget the dreiry day
 On which the zouth was slain.

The Wife of Auchtermuchty.

IN Auchtermuchty dwelt a man,
 An husband, as I heard it tawld,
 Quha weil coud tipple out a can,
 And nowther luvit hungir nor cauld:
 Till anes it fell upon a day,
 He zokit his plewch upon the plain;
 And schort the storm wald let him stay,
 Sair blew the day with wind and rain.
 He lowld the plewch at the lands end,
 And draife his owfen hame at ene;
 Quhen he came in he blinkit ben,
 And saw his Wyfe baith dry and clene,
 Set beikand by a fyre fu' bauld,
 Suppand fat sowp, as I heard say:
 The man being weary, wet and cauld,
 Between thir twa it was nae play.
 Quod he, quhair is my horses corn,
 My owfen has nae hay nor strae,
 Dame, ze maun to the plewch the morn,
 I fall be huffy gif I may.

This seid-time it proves cauld and bad,
 And ze fit warm, nae troubles se ;
 The morn ze fall gae wi' the lad,
 And syne zeil ken what drinkers drie.

Gudeman, quod scho, content am I,
 To tak the plewch my day about,
 Sae ye rule weil the kaves and ky,
 And all the house baith in and out :
 And now sen ze haif made the law,
 Then gyde all richt and do not break ;
 They sicker raid that neir did faw,
 Therefore let naithing be neglect.

But sen ye will huffyskep ken,
 First ze maun sift and syne fall kned ;
 And ay as ze gang butt and ben,
 Luke that the bairns dryt not the bed :
 And lay a fast wyfp to the kiln,
 We haif a dear farm on our heid ;
 And ay as ze gang forth and in,
 Keip weil the gaislings frae the gled.

The wyfe was up richt late at ene,
 I pray luck gife her ill to fair,
 Scho kirn'd the kirn, and skunt it clene,
 Left the gudeman but bledoch bair :
 Then in the morning up scho gat ;
 And on her heart laid her disjune,
 And pat as mickle in her lap,
 As micht haif ferd them baith at nune.

Says, Jok, be thou maister of wark,
 And thou fall had, and I fall ka,
 Ise promise thee a gude new fark,
 Either of round claith or of sma.
 She lowst the ousen aught or nyne,
 And hynt a gad-staff in her hand ;
 Up the Gudeman raise astir syne,
 And saw the Wyfe had done command.

He draif the gaislings forth to feid,
 Thair was but sevensum of them aw,
 And by thair comes the greidy gled,
 And lickt up five, left him but twa :
 Then out he rane in all his mane,
 How sune he hard the gaisling cry ;
 But than or he came in again,
 The kaves brake loufe and suckt the ky.
 The kaves and ky met in the loan,
 The man ran wi' a rung to red,
 Than by came an illwilly roan,
 And brodit his buttocks till they bled :
 Syne up he tuke a rok of tow,
 And he sat down to sey the spinning ;
 He loutit down our neir the low,
 Quod he, this wark has ill beginning.
 The leam up throu the lum did flow,
 The sute tuke fire, it flyed him than,
 Sum lumps did fall and burn his pow ;
 I wat he was a dirty man ;
 Zit he gat water in a pan,
 Quherwith he flokend out the fyre :
 To soup the house he syne began,
 To had all richt was his desyre.
 Hynd to the kirn then did he stoure,
 And jumblit at it till he swat,
 Quhen he had rumblit a full lang hour,
 The sorrow crap of butter he gat ;
 Albeit nae butter he could get,
 Zet he was cummert wi' the kirn,
 And syne he het the milk sae het,
 That ill a spark of it wad zyrne.
 Then ben thair cam a greidy sow,
 I trow he cund hir little thank :
 For in scho shot her mickle mow,
 And ay scho winkit, and ay scho drank.

He take the kirnstaff be the schank,
 And thocht to reik the sow a root,
 The twa left gaisings gat a clank,
 That straik dang baith their harns out.

Then he bure kendling to the kill,
 But scho start up all in a low,
 Quhat eir he heard, what eir he saw
 That day he had nae will to * *
 Then he zied to take up the bairns,
 Thocht to have fund them fair and clene,
 The first that he gat in his arms,
 Was a bedirtin to the ene.

The first it smellt sae sappylie,
 To touch the lave he did not grien :
 The deil cut aff thair hands, quoth he,
 That cramd zour kytes sae strute zestrein.

He traild the foul sheits down the gate,
 Thocht to haif washt them on a stane,
 The burn was risen grit of spait,
 Away frae him the sheits has tane.

Then up he gat on a know-heid,
 On hir to cry, on hir to schout ;
 Scho hard him, and scho hard him not,
 But stoutly steird the stots about.

Scho draif the day unto the nicht,
 Scho lowit the plewch, and syne came hame ;
 Scho fand all wrang that fould bene richt,
 I trow the man thocht mekle schame.

Quoth he, my office I forsake,
 For all the hale days of my lyfe ;
 For I wald put a house to wraik,
 Had I been twenty days gudewyfe.

Quoth scho, weil mot ze bruik your place,
 For truely I fall neir accept it ;
 Quoth he, Feynd sa the lyars face,
 But zit ze may be blyth to get it.

Then up scho gat a meikle rung ;
 And the gudeman made to the dore,
 Quoth he, Dame, I sal hald my tung,
 For and we fecht-I'll get the war.
 Quoth he, when I forsuke my plewch,
 I trow I but forsuke my skill :
 Then I will to my plewch again ;
 For I and this house will nevir do weil.

J O N N I E A R M S T R A N G .

SUM speiks of lords, sum speiks of lairds,
 And sicklike men of hie degrie ;
 Of a gentleman I sing a sang,
 Sumtyme cal'd Laird of Gilnockie.
 The King ke wrytes a luving letter
 With his ain hand sae tenderly,
 And he hath sent it to J O H N Y A R M S T R A N G ,
 To cum and speik with him speedily.
 The E L L I O T S and A R M S T R A N G S did convene ;
 They were a gallant company,
 Weil ryde and meit our lawfull king,
 And bring him safe to Gilnockie.
 Make kinnen and capon ready then,
 And venison in great plenty,
 Weil welcome hame our royal king,
 I hope heil dyne at Gilnockie.
 They ran their horse on the Langum Hawn,
 And brake their speirs with meikle main ;
 The ladys lukit frae their loft windows,
God bring our men weil back again.
 Quhen J O H N Y came before the King,
 With all his men so brave to see,
 The King he movit his bonnet to him,
 He weind he was a King as well as he.

May I find grace, my sovereign Liege,
 Grace for my loyal men and me ;
 For my name it is JOHNIE ARMSTRANG,
 And subject of zours, my Liege, said he.
Away, away, thou traytor strang,
Out of my sicht thou mayst sune be,
I grantit nevir a traytor's lyfe,
And now Ill not begin with thee.

Grant me my lyfe, my Liege, my King,
 And a bonny gift I will give to thee,
 Full four and twenty milk whyt steids,
 Were a foald in a zeir to me.
 I'll gie thee all these milk whyt steids,
 That prance and nicher at a speir,
 With as mekle gude Inglis gilt,
 As four of their braid backs dow beir.

Away, away, thou traytor, &c.

Grant me my life, my Liege, my King,
 And a bony gift I'll gie to thee,
 Gude four and twenty ganging mills,
 That gang throw a' the zeir to me.
 These four and twenty mills complete,
 Sall gang for thee throw all the zeir,
 And as mekle of' gude reid quheit,
 As all thair happers dow to bear.

Away, away, thou traytor, &c.

Grant me my lyfe, my Liege, my King,
 And a great gift I'll gie to thee,
 Bauld four and twenty sisters sons,
 Sall for thee fecht tho' all sould flee.

Away, away, thou traytor, &c.

Grant me my lyfe, my Liege, my King,
 And a brave gift I'll gie to thee ;
 All betwene heir and Newcastle town,
 Sall pay thair zeirly rent to thee.

Away, away, thou traitor, &c.

Ze leid, ze lied now, King, he says,
 Althocht a King and prince ze be ;
 For I luid naithing in all my lyfe,
 I dare well sayi, but honesty :
 But a fat horse and a fair woman,
 Twa bonny dogs to kill a deir ;
 But Ingland suld haif found me meil and malt,
 Gif I had livd this hundred zeir.

Scho suld haif fund me meal and malt,
 And beif and mutton in all plentie ;
 But neir a Scots wyfe could haif said,
 That eir I skaithd her a puie flie.
 To seik het water beneath cauld yce,
 Surely it is a great folie ;
 I haif asked grace at a graceless face,
 But there is nane for my men and me.

But had I kend or I came frae hame,
 How thou unkind wadst bene to me,
 I wad haif kept the border syde,
 In spyte of all thy force and thee.
 Wilt Englands king that I was tane,
 O gin a blyth man wald he be ;
 For anes I slew his sisters son,
 And on his brieft-bane brak a tree.

JOHN wore a girdle abaut his midle,
 Imbroidred owre with burning gold,
 Bespangled with the same mettle,
 Muist beautifull was to behold.

Ther hang nine targats at JOHNIES hat,
 And ilka an worth three hundred pound :
What wants that knave that a King suld have,
But the sword of honour and the crown.

O quhair gat thou these targats, JOHNIE,
That blink sae brawly abune thy brie?

I gat them in the field fechting
 Quher, cruel King, thou durst not be.
 Had I my horse and my harness gude,
 And ryding as I wont to be,
 It suld haif bene tald this hundred zeir,
 The meiting of my King and me.

God be withee, KIRSTY, my brither,
 Lang live thou Laird of Mangertoun ;
 Lang mayst thou dwell on the border-syde,
 Or thou se thy brither ryde up and down :
 And God be withee, KIRSTY, my son,
 Quhair thou sits on thy nurses knee ;
 But and thou live this hundred zeir,
 Thy fathers better thoult never be.

Farweil, my bony Gilnockhall,
 Quhair on Esk syde thou standest stout,
 Gif I had lieved but seven zeirs mair,
 I wald haif gilt thee round about.

JOHN murdred was at Carlinrigg,
 And all his galant companie ;
 But Scotlands heart was never sae wae,
 To see sae mony brave men die.

Because they savd their country deir
 Frae Englishmen ; nane were sae bauld,
 Quhyle JOHNIE livd on the border-syde,
 Nane of them durd cum leir his nald.

MACPHERSON'S Rant.

I'VE spent my time in rioting,
 Debauch'd my health and strength;
 I've pillag'd, plunder'd, murdered,
 But now, alas! at length,
 I'm brought to punishment direct,
 Pale death draws near to me;
 This end I never did project,
 To hang upon a tree.

To hang upon a tree! a tree!
 That curs'd unhappy death!
 Like to a wolf to worried be,
 And choaked in the breath.
 My very heart would surely break,
 When this I think upon,
 Did not my courage singular,
 Bid pensive thoughts begone.

No man on earth that draweth breath,
 More courage had than I;
 I dar'd my foes unto their face,
 And would not from them fly;
 This grandeur stout, I did keep out,
 Like HECTOR, manfullie:
 Then wonder one like me, so stout,
 Should hang upon a tree.

Th' Egyptian band I did command,
 With courage more by far,
 Than ever did a general
 His soldiers in the war.
 Being fear'd by all, both great and small,
 I liv'd most joyfullie:
 O! curse upon this fate of mine,
 To hang upon a tree.

As for my life, I do not care,
If justice would take place,
And bring my fellow plunderers
Unto this same disgrace.

For PETER BROWN, that notour loon,
Escap'd, and was made free ;
O ! curse upon this fate of mine,
To hang upon a tree.

Both law and justice buried are,
And fraud and guile succeed,
The guilty pass unpunished,
If money interceed.

The Laird of Grant, that Highland saint,
His mighty majestie,
He pleads the cause of PETER BROWN,
And lets MACPHERSON die.

The dest'ny of my life contriv'd
By those whom I oblig'd,
Rewarded me much ill for good,
And left me no refuge.

For BRACO DUFF, in rage enough,
He first laid hands on me,
And if that death would not prevent,
Avenged wou'd I be.

As for my life, it is but short,
When I shall be no more ;
To part with life I am content,
As any heretofore.

Therefore, good people all, take heed,
This warning take by me,
According to the lives you lead,
Rewarded you will be.

Gillicrankie.

CLAVERS, and his Highlandmen,
 Came down upo' the raw, man,
 Who being stout, gave mony a clout ;
 The lads began to claw then.
 With sword and terge into their hand,
 Wi' which they were nae flaw, man,
 Wi' mony a fearful heavy sigh,
 The lads began to claw then.
 O'er bush, o'er bank, o'er ditch, o'er flank,
 She flang amang them a', man ;
 The Butter-box got mony knocks,
 Their riggings paid for a' then.
 They got their paiks, wi' sudden straiks,
 Which to their grief they saw, man ;
 Wi' clinkum clankum o'er their crowns,
 The lads began to fa' then.
 Hur skipt about, hur leapt about,
 And flang amang them a', man,
 The English blades got broken heads,
 Their crowns were cleav'd in twa then.
 The durk and door made their last hour,
 And prov'd their final fa', man,
 They thought the devil had been there,
 That play'd them sick a paw then.
 The Solemn League and Covenant
 Came whigging up the hills, man,
 Thought Highland trews durst not refuse
 For to subscribe their bills then.
 In WILLIE'S name they thought nae ane
 Durst stop their course at a', man,
 But hur nane fell, wi' mony a knock,
 Cry'd, Furich-Whiggs awa', man.

Sir EVAN DU, and his men true,
 Came linking up the brink, man ;
 The Hogan Dutch they feared such,
 They bred a horrid stink then.
 The true Maclean, and his fierce men,
 Came in amang them a', man ;
 Nane dust withstand his heavy hand,
 All fled and ran awa' then.

Oh' on a ri, Oh' on a ri,
 Why should she lose King SHAMES, man ?
Oh' rig in di, Oh' rig in di,
 She shall break a' her banes then ;
 With *furichinish*, an' stay a while,
 And speak a word or twa, man,
 She's gi' a straike, out o'er the neck,
 Before ye win awa' then.

O fy for shame, ye're three for ane,
 Her nane-fell's won the day, man.
 King SHAMES' red-coats should be hung up,
 Because they ran awa' then ;
 Had bent their brows, like Highland trows,
 And made as lang a stay, man,
 They'd fav'd their king, that sacred thing,
 And WILLIE 'd run awa' them.

Sheriff-Muir.

THERE'S some say that we wan,
 Some say that they wan,
 Some say that nane wan at a' man ;
 But one thing I'm sure,
 That at Sheriff-muir,
 A battle there was, which I sa', man ;
*And we ran, and they ran, and they ran, and we ran,
 and we ran, and they ran awa' man.*

Brave ARGYLE and BELHAVEN,
 Not like frightened L——N,
 Which ROTHES and HADDINGTON sa', man;
 For they all with WIGHTMAN
 Advanc'd on the right, man,
 While others took flight, being ra', man,
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Lord ROXBURGH was there,
 In order to share
 With DOUGLAS, who stood not in awe, man,
 Voluntarily to ramble
 With Lord LOUDOUN CAMPBELL,
 Brave ILAY did suffer for a', man,
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Sir JOHN SCHAW, that great knight,
 With broad-sword most bright,
 On horseback he briskly did charge, man,
 An hero that's bold,
 None could him with-hold,
 He stoutly encounter'd the targemen,
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

For the cowardly W——M,
 For fear they should cut him,
 Seeing glittering broad-swords with a pa', man,
 And that in such thrang
 Made BAIRD edicang,
 And from the brave clans ran awa', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Brave MAR and PANMURE
 Were firm I am sure,
 The latter was kidnapt awa', man,
 With brisk men about,
 Brave HARRY retook
 His brother, and laught at them a', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Grave MARSHAL and LITHGOW,
 And GLENGARY's pith too,
 Assisted by brave LOGGIA-MAN,
 And GORDONS the bright,
 So boldly did fight,
 The red coats took flight and awa', man,
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

STRATHMORE and CLANRONALD
 Cry'd still advance DONALD,
 Till both these heroes did fa', man;
 For there was such hatching,
 And broad swords a clashing,
 Brave FORFAR himself got a cla' man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Lord PERTH stood the storm,
 SEAFORTH but lukewarm,
 KILSYTH and STRATHALLAN not fla', man;
 And HAMILTON pled,
 The men were not bred,
 For he had no fancy to fa', man,
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Brave generous SOUTHESK,
 TILEBAIRN was brisk,
 Whose father indeed would not dra', man,
 Into the same yoke,
 Which serv'd for a cloak,
 To keep the estate 'twixt them twa, man,
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Lord ROLLO not fear'd,
 KINTORE and his beard,
 PITSLIGO and OGILVIE a', man,
 And Brothers BALFOURS,
 They stood the first show'rs,
 CLACKMANNAN and BURLEIGH did cla' man,
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

But CLEPPAN acted pretty,
 And STROWAN the witty,
 A poet that pleases us a', man;
 For mine is but rhyme,
 In respect of what's fine,
 Or what he is able to dra', man,
Tho' we ran, and they ran, &c.

For HUNTLY and SINCLAIR
 They both plaid the tinclair,
 With consciences black like a cra', man.
 Some Angus and Fifemen
 They ran for their life, man,
 And ne'er a LOT's wife there at a' man,
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Then L——E the traitor,
 Who betray'd his master,
 His king and his country and a', man,
 Pretending MAR might
 Give order to fight,
 To the right of the army awa', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Then L——E for fear,
 Of what he might hear,
 Took DRUMMOND's best horse and awa', man,
 Instead of going to Perth,
 He crossed the Firth,
 Alongst Stirling-bridge and awa', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

To London he pres'd,
 And there he address'd,
 That he behav'd best of them a', man;
 And there without strife
 Got settled for life,
 An hundred a year to his fa', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

In Borrowstounness
 He resides with disgrace,
 Till his neck stand in need of a dra', man,
 And then in a tether
 He'll swing from a ladder,
 Go off the stage with a pa', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

ROB ROY stood watch
 On a hill for to catch
 The booty for ought that I sa', man,
 For he ne'er advanc'd,
 From the place he was stanc'd,
 'Till no more to do there at a' man,
For we ran, and they ran, &c.

So we all took the flight,
 And M——Y the Wright ;
 But L——M the smith was a bra' man,
 For he took the gout,
 Which truly was wit,
 By judging it time to withdra', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

And Trumpet M——E,
 Whose breeks were not clean,
 Thro' misfortune he happen'd to fa', man,
 By saving his neck
 His trumpet did break,
 Came off without musick at a', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

So there such a race was,
 As ne'er in that place was,
 And as little chafe was at a', man ;
 From other they ran,
 Without touk of drum ;
 They did not make use of a pa', man.
*And we ran, and they ran, and they ran, and we ran,
 and we ran, and they ran awa' man.*

Tranent Muir.

THE CHEVALIER, being void of fear,
 Did march up Birse brae, man,
 And thro' Tranent, e'er he did stent,
 As fast as he could gae, man:
 While General COPE did taunt and mock,
 Wi' mony a loud huzza, man;
 But e'er next morn proclaim'd the cock,
 We heard another crow, man.

The brave LOCHIEL, as I heard tell,
 Led Camerons on in clouds, man:
 The morning fair, and clear the air,
 They loos'd with dev'lish thuds, man:
 Down guns they threw, and swords they drew,
 And soon did chace them aff, man:
 On Seaton crafts they buft their chafts,
 And gart them rin like dast, man.

The bluff dragoons swore blood and 'oons,
 They'd make the rebels run, man;
 And yet they flee when them they see,
 And winna fire a gun, man.
 They turn'd their back, the foot they brake,
 Such terror seiz'd them a', man;
 Some wet their cheeks, some fyl'd their breeks,
 And some for fear did sa', man.

The volunteers prick'd up their ears,
 And vow gin they were crouse, man;
 But when the bairns saw't turn to earn'ft,
 They were not worth a louse, man;
 Maist feck gade hame; O sy for shame!
 They'd better staid awa', man,
 Than wi' cockade to make parade,
 And do nae good at a', man.

M——**H** the great, when herfell shiit,
 Un'wares did ding him o'er, man ;
 Yet wad nae stand to bear a hand,
 But aff fou fast did scour, man ;
 O'er Soutra hill, e'er he stood still,
 Before he tasted meat, man :
 Troth he may brag of his swift nag,
 That bare him aff sae fleet, man.

And **S**——**N** keen to clear the een
 Of rebels far in wrang, man ;
 Did never strive wi' pistols five,
 But gallop'd with the thrang, man :
 He turn'd his back, and in a crack
 Was cleanly out of sight, man ;
 And thought it best ; it was nae jest
 Wi' Highlanders to fight, man.

' Mangst a' the gang nane bade the bang
 But twa, and ane was tane, man ;
 For **CAMPBELL** rade, but **MYRIE** staid,
 And fair he paid the kain, man ;
 Fell skelps he got was war than shot
 Frae the sharp-edg'd claymore, man ;
 Frae many a spout came running out
 His reeking-het red gore, man.

But **GARD'NER** brave did still behave,
 Like to a hero bright, man ;
 His courage true, like him were few
 That still despised flight, man ;
 For King and laws, and country's cause,
 In Honour's bed he lay, man ;
 His life, but not his courage, fled,
 While he had breath to draw, man.

And Major **BOWLE**, that worthy soul,
 Was brought down to the ground, man ;
 His horse being shot, it was his lot
 For to get mony a wound, man ;

Lieutenant S——H, of Irish birth,
 Frae whom he call'd for aid, man,
 Being full of dread, lap o'er his head,
 And wadna be gainfald, man.

He made sick haste, fae spur'd his beast,
 'Twas little there he saw, man :
 To Berwick rade, and falsely said,
 The Scots were rebels a', man ;
 But let that end, for well 'tis kend
 His use and wont to lie, man ;
 The Teague is naught, he never faught,
 When he had room to flee, man.

But gallant ROGER, like a foger,
 Stood and bravely fought, man ;
 I'm wae to tell, at last he fell,
 But mae down wi' him brought, man.
 At point of death, wi' his last breath,
 (Some standing round in ring, man),
 On's back lying flat, he wav'd his hat,
 And cry'd, God save the King,—man.

Some Highland rogues, like hungry dogs,
 Neglecting to pursue, man,
 About they fac'd, and in great haste
 Upon the booty flew, man ;
 And they as gain, for all their pain,
 Are deck'd wi' spoils of war, man ;
 Fow bald can tell how her nainfell
 Was ne'er fae pra before, man.

At the thorn-tree, which you may see
 Bewest the meadow-mill, man,
 There mony slain lay on the plain ;
 The clans pursuing still, man.
 Sick unco' hacks, and deadly whaks,
 I never saw the like, man,
 Lost hands and heads cost them their deads,
 That fell near Preston-dyke, man.

That afternoon, when a' was done,
 I gaed to see the fray, man ;
 But had I wist what after past,
 I'd better staid away, man ;
 On Seaton sands, wi' nimble hands,
 They pick'd my pockets bare, man ;
 But I wish ne'er to drie sick fear,
 For a' the sum and mair, man.

The Archer's March.

SOUND, found the music, found it,
 Let hills and dales rebound it ;
 Let hills and dales rebound it,
 In praise of archery ;
 Its origin divine is,
 The practice brave and fine is,
 Which generously inclines us
 To guard our liberty.

Art by the gods employed,
 By which heroes enjoyed,
 By which heroes enjoyed
 The wreaths of victory.

The deity of Parnassus,
 The god of soft caresses,
 Chaste CYNTHIA and her lasses
 Delight in archery.

See, see yon bow extended,
 'Tis JOVE himself that bends it,
 'Tis JOVE himself that bends it,
 O'er clouds on high it glows,
 All nations, Turks and Parthians,
 The Tartars and the Scythians,
 The Arabs, Moors, and Indians,
 With brav'ry draw their bows.

Our own true records tell us,
 That none cou'd e'er excel us,
 That none cou'd e'er excel us
 In martial archery ;
 With shafts our fires engaging,
 Oppos'd the Romans raging,
 Defeat the fierce Norvegian,
 And spar'd few Danes to flee.

Witness Largs and Loncartie,
 Dunkel and Aberlemny,
 Dunkel and Aberlemny,
 Roslin and Bannockburn.

The Chiviots—all the border
 Were bowmen in brave order,
 Told enemies, if further
 They mov'd, they'd ne'er return.

Sound, sound the music, sound it,
 Let hills and dales rebound it,
 Let hills and dales rebound it,
 In praise of archery :
 Us'd as a game it pleases,
 The mind to joy it raises,
 And throws off all diseases
 Of lazy luxury.

Now, now our care beguiling,
 When all the year looks smiling,
 When all the year looks smiling
 With healthful harmony :
 The sun in glory glowing,
 With morning dew bestowing,
 Sweet fragrance, life, and growing,
 To flowers and ev'ry tree.

'Tis now the archers royal,
 An hearty band and loyal,
 An hearty band and loyal,
 That in just thoughts agree,

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Appear in ancient bravery,
 Despising all base knavery,
 Which tends to bring in slavery
 Souls worthy to live free.

Sound, found the music, found it,
 Fill up the glass and round wi't,
 Fill up the glass and round wi't,
 Health and prosperity
 To our great CHIEF and Officers,
 T' our President and Counsellors;
 To all who, like their brave forbears,
 Delight in archery.

General LESLY'S March.

MARCH, march, march,
 Why the d—— don't ye march?
 Stand to your arms, my lads,
 Fight in good order,
 Front about, ye musketeers all,
 Till ye come to the English border.
 Stand till't, and fight like men,
 True gospel to maintain,
 The parliament's blyth to see us a' coming;
 When to the kirk we come,
 We'll purge it ilka room,
 Frae Popish relicks, and a' such innovations,
 That a' the world may see,
 There's nane i' the right but we,
 Of the auld Scottish nation.
 JENNY shall wear the hood,
 JOCKY the fark of GOD;
 And the kist fou of whistles,
 That make sick a cleiro,
 Our pipers bra', shall hae them a', whate'er comes on it;
 Busk up your plaids, my lads, cock up your bonnets.
March, march, &c.

Highland March.

IN the garb of old Gaul, wi' the fire of old Rome,
 From the heath-cover'd mountains of Scotia we
 come,
 Where the Romans endeavour'd our country to
 gain,
 But our ancestors fought, and they fought not in
 vain.

CHORUS.

*Such our love of liberty, our country, and our laws,
 That like our ancestors of old, we stand by Freedom's
 cause;
 We'll bravely fight like heroes bold, for honour and
 applause,
 And defy the French, with all their art, to alter our
 laws.*

No effeminate customs our sinews unbrace,
 No luxurious tables enervate our race ;
 Our loud-sounding pipe bears the true martial
 strain,
 So do we the old Scottish valour retain.
Such our love, &c.

We're tall as the oak on the mount of the vale,
 Are swift as the roe which the hound doth assail,
 As the full moon in autumn our shields do appear,
 MINERVA would dread to encounter our spear.
Such our love, &c.

As a storm in the ocean when BOREAS blows,
 So are we enrag'd when we rush on our foes ;
 We sons of the mountains, tremendous as rocks,
 Dash the force of our foes with our thundering
 strokes.
Such our love, &c.

Quebec and Cape Breton, the pride of old France,
 In their troops fondly boasted till we did advance;
 But when our claymores they saw us produce,
 Their courage did fail, and they fled for a truce!
Such our love, &c.

In our realm may the fury of faction long cease,
 May our councils be wise, and our commerce in-
 crease;
 And in Scotia's cold climate may each of us find,
 That our friends still prove true, and our beauties
 prove kind.

*Then we'll defend our liberty, our country, and our laws,
 And teach our late posterity to fight in Freedom's cause;
 That they like our ancestors bold, &c.*

Little wat ye, &c.

*L*ittle wat ye wha's coming,
 Little wat ye wha's coming,
 Little wat ye wha's coming,
 JOCK and TAM and a's coming.

DUNCAN's coming, DONALD's coming,
 COLIN's coming, RONALD's coming,
 DOUGAL's coming, LAUHLAN's coming,
 ALASTER and a's coming.

*Little wat ye wha's coming,
 JOCK and TAM and a's coming.*

BORLAND and his men's coming,
 The CAMRONS and M'LEANS' coming,
 The GORDONS and M'GREGORS coming,
 A' the DUNYWASTLES' coming.

Little wat ye, &c.

M'GILVREY of Drumglaf is coming.

WIGTON's coming, NITHSDALE's coming,
 CARNWATH's coming, KENMURE's coming,
 DERWENTWATER and FOSTER's coming,
 WITHRINGTON and NAIRN's coming.

Little wat ye, &c.

Blyth COWHILL and a's coming.

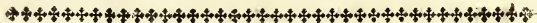
The Laird of M'INTOSH is coming,
 M'CRABIE and M'DONALD's coming,
 The M'KENZIES and M'PHERSONS' coming,
 A' the wild M'CRAWS' coming.

Little wat ye, &c.

DONALD GUN and a's coming.

They gloom, they glowr, they look sae big,
 At ilka stroke they'll fell a Whig;
 They'll fright the fuds of the Pockpuds,
 For mony a buttock bare's coming.

Little wat ye, &c.



SECOND CLASS.

Bannocks of Barley-meal.

MY name is ARGYLL: you may think it strange,
 To live at the court, and never to change;
 All falsehood and flatt'ry I do disdain;
 In my secret thoughts no deceit shall remain:
 In siege or in battle I ne'er was disgrac'd;
 I always my King and my country have fac'd;
 I'll do any thing for my country's well,
 I'd live upo' bannocks o' barley-meal.

Adieu to the courtiers of London town,
 For to my ain country I will gang down;
 At the sight of Kirkcaldy ance again,
 I'll cock up my bonnet, and march amain.

O the muckle de'il tak a' your noise and strife,
 I'm fully resolv'd for a country life,
 Where a' the bra' lasses, wha kens me well,
 Will feed me wi' bannocks o' barley-meal.

I'll quickly lay down my sword and my gun,
 And I'll put my plaid and my bonnet on,
 Wi' my plaiding stockings and leather-heel'd shoon;
 They'll mak me appear a fine sprightly loon.
 And when I am dress'd thus frae tap to tae,
 Hame to my MAGGIE I think for to gae,
 Wi' my claymore hinging down to my heel,
 To whang at the bannocks o' barley-meal.

I'll buy a fine present to bring to my dear,
 A pair of fine garters for MAGGIE to wear,
 And some pretty things else, I do declare,
 When she gaugs wi' me to Paisley fair.
 And whan we are married we'll keep a cow,
 My MAGGIE shall milk her, and I will plow:
 We'll live a' the winter on beef and lang-kail,
 And whang at the bannocks of barley-meal.

If my MAGGIE shou'd chance to bring me a son,
 He's fight for his King as his daddy has done;
 I'll send him to Flanders some breeding to learn,
 Syne hame into Scotland and keep a farm.
 And thus we'll live and industrious be,
 And wha'll be sae great as my MAGGIE and me;
 We'll soon grow as fat as a Norway seal,
 Wi' feeding on bannocks o' barley-meal.

Adieu to you citizens every ane,
 Wha jolt in your coaches to Drury-lane;
 You bites of Bear-garden who fight for gains,
 And you fops wha have got more wigs than brains;
 You cullies and bullies, I'll bid you adieu,
 For whoring and swearing I'll leave it to you;
 Your woodcock and pheasant, your duck and your
 I'll leave them for bannocks o' barley-meal. [teal,

I'll leave off kissing a citizen's wife,
 I'm fully resolv'd for a country life ;
 Kissing and toying, I'll spend the lang day,
 Wi' bonny young lasses on cocks of hay ;
 Where each clever lad gives his bonny lass
 A kiss and a tumble upo' the green grass.
 I'll awa' to the Highlands as fast's I can reel,
 And whang at the bannocks o' barley meal.

No Dominies for me, laddie.

I CHANC'D to meet an airy blade,
 A new-made pulpiteer, laddie,
 With cock'd-up hat and powder'd wig,
 Black coat and cuffs fu' clear, laddie ;
 A long cravat at him did wag,
 And buckles at his knee, laddie ;
 Says he, My heart, by CUPID'S dart,
 Is captivate to thee, lassie.

I'll rather chuse to thole grim death ;
 So cease and let me be, laddie :
 For what ? says he ; Good troth, said I,
 No dominies for me, laddie.
 Ministers' stipends are uncertain rents
 For ladies' conjunct-fee, laddie :
 When books and gowns are all cried down,
 No dominies for me, laddie.

But for your sake I'll fleece the flock,
 Grow rich as I grow auld, lassie ;
 If I be spar'd I'll be a laird,
 And thou's be Madam call'd, lassie.
 But what if ye shou'd chance to die,
 Leave bairns, ane or twa, laddie ?
 Naething wad be reserv'd for them
 But hair-mould books to gnaw, laddie.

At this he angry was, I wat,
He gloom'd and look'd fu' high, laddie :
When I perceived this, in haste
I left my dominie, laddie.
Fare ye well, my charming maid,
This lesson learn of me, lassie,
At the next offer hold him fast,
That first makes love to thee, lassie.

Then I returning hame again,
And coming down the town, laddie,
By my good luck I chanc'd to meet
A gentleman dragoon, laddie ;
And he took me by baith the hands,
'Twas help in time of need, laddie.
Fools on ceremonies stand,
At twa words we agreed, laddie.

He led me to his quarter-house,
Where we exchang'd a word, laddie :
We had nae use for black gowns there,
We married o'er the sword, laddie.
Martial drums is music fine,
Compar'd wi' tinkling bells, laddie ;
Gold, red and blue, is more divine
Than black, the hue of hell, laddie.

Kings, queens, and princes, crave the aid
Of my brave stout dragoon, laddie ;
While dominies are much employ'd
'Bout whores and sackcloth gowns, laddie.
Away wi' a' these whining loons ;
They look like, Let me be, laddie :
I've more delight in roaring guns ;
No dominies for me, laddie.

Sweet ANNIE frae the sea Beach.

SWEET ANNIE frae the sea beach came,
 Where JOCKY-speel'd the vessel's side;
 Ah! wha can keep their heart at hame,
 When JOCKY's tost aboon the tyde:
 Far aff to distant realms he gangs,
 Yet I'll be true as he has been;
 And when ilk lass about him thrangs,
 He'll think on ANNIE, his faithful ain.

I met our wealthy laird yestreen,
 Wi' gou'd in-hand he tempted me,
 He prais'd my brow, my rolling een,
 And made a brag of what he'd gie:
 What tho' my JOCKY's far awa',
 Tost up and down the ansome main,
 I'll keep my heart ane other day,
 Since JOCKY may return again.

Nae mair, false JAMIE, sing nae mair,
 And fairly cast your pipe away,
 My JOCKY wad be troubled sair,
 To see his friend his love betray:
 For a' your songs and verse are vain,
 While JOCKY's notes do faithful flow,
 My heart to him shall true remain,
 I'll keep it for my constant jo.

Bla' fast, ye gales, round JOCKY's head,
 And gar your waves be calm and still;
 His hameward sail with breezes speed,
 And dinna a' my pleasure spill:
 What tho' my JOCKY's far away,
 Yet he will bra' in siller shine;
 I'll keep my heart anither day,
 Since JOCKY may again be mine.

Deil take the Wars.

DEIL take the wars that hurried BILLY from me,
 Who to love me just had sworn;
 They made him captain sure to undo me;
 Woe's me, he'll ne'er return.
 A thousand loons abroad will fight him,
 He from thousands ne'er will run:
 Day and night I did invite him,
 To stay at home from sword and gun.

I us'd alluring graces,
 With muckle kind embraces,
 Now fighting, then crying, tears dropping fall;
 And had he my soft arms,
 Preferr'd to war's alarms,
 By love grown mad, without the man of God,
 I fear in my fit I had granted all.

I wash'd, and patch'd, to make me look provoking:
 Snares that they told me would catch the men,
 And on my head a huge commode fat poking,
 Which made me shew as tall again;
 For a new gown too I paid muckle money,
 Which with golden flow'rs did shine;
 My love weil might think me gay and bonny,
 No Scots lass was e'er so fine.

My petticoat I spotted,
 Fringe too with thread I knotted,
 Lace shoes, and silk hose, garter full over knee;
 But, oh! the fatal thought,
 To BILLY these are nought;
 Who rode to towns, and rifled with dragoons,
 When he, silly loon, might have plunder'd me.

AS JAMIE gay.

AS JAMIE gay gang'd blyth his way
 Along the river Tweed,
 A bonny lass as e'er was seen,
 Came tripping o'er the mead.
 The hearty swain, untaught to feign,
 The buxom nymph survey'd,
 And full of glee, as lad could be,
 Bespoke the pretty maid.
 Dear Lassie tell, why by thine fell
 Thou hast'ly wand'rest here.
 My ewes, she cry'd, are straying wide,
 Canst tell me, Laddie, where?
 To town I'll hie, he made reply,
 Some meikle sport to see,
 But thou'rt so sweet, so trim and neat,
 I'll seek the ewes with thee.
 She gi'm her hand, nor made a stand,
 But lik'd the youth's intent;
 O'er hill and dale, o'er plain and vale
 Right merrily they went.
 The birds sang sweet, the pair to greet,
 And flowers bloom'd around;
 And as they walk'd, of love they talk'd,
 And joys which lovers crown'd.
 And now the sun had rose to noon,
 The zenith of his power,
 When to a shade their steps they made,
 To pass the mid-day hour.
 The bonny lad rowd in his plaid
 The lass, who scorn'd to frown,
 She soon forgot the ewes she sought,
 And he to gang to town.

I've been Courting.

I'VE been courting at a lass
 These twenty days and mair;
 Her father winna gie me her,
 She has sick a gleib of gear.
 But gin I had her where I wou'd
 Amang the hether here,
 I'd strive to win her kindness,
 For a' her father's care.
 For she's a bonny fonsie lass,
 An armsfu', I swear;
 I wou'd marry her without a coat,
 Or e'er a plack o' gear.
 For, trust me, when I saw her first,
 She gae me sick a wound,
 That a' the doctors i' the earth
 Can never mak me found.
 For when she's absent frae my sight,
 I think upon her still;
 And when I sleep, or when I wake,
 She does my senses fill.
 May Heav'ns guard the bonny lass
 That sweetens a' my life;
 And shame fa' me gin e'er I seek
 Anither for my wife.

My Heart's my ain.

THIS nae very lang finsyne,
 That I had a lad of my ain;
 But now he's awa' to anither,
 And left me a' my lain.

The lafs he's courting has filler,
 And I hae nane at a' ;
 And 'tis nought but the love of the tocher
 That's tane my lad awa'.

But I'm blyth, that my heart's my ain,
 And I'll keep it a' my life,
 Until that I meet wi' a lad
 Who has sense to wale a good wife.
 For though I say't mysell,
 That shou'd nae say't, 'tis true,
 The lad that gets me for a wife,
 He'll ne'er hae occasion to rue.

I gang ay fou clean and fou tosh,
 As a' the nei'bours can tell ;
 Tho' I've seldom a gown on my back,
 But sick as I spin mysell.
 And when I'm clad in my curtsy,
 I think mysell as braw
 As SUSIE, wi' a' her pearling
 That's tane my lad awa'.

But I wish they were buckl'd together,
 And may they live happy for life ;
 Tho' WILLIE does slight me, and's left me,
 The chield he deserves a good wife.
 But, O ! I'm blyth that I've mis'd him,
 As blyth as I weel can be ;
 For ane that's fae keen o' the filler
 Will ne'er agree wi' me.

But as the truth is, I'm hearty,
 I hate to be scrimpit and scant ;
 The wie thing I hae, I'll make use o't,
 And nae ane about me shall want.
 For I'm a good guide o' the warld,
 I ken when to had and to gie ;
 For whinging and cringing for filler
 Will ne'er agree wi' me.

Contentment is better than riches,
 An' he wha has that, has enough ;
 The master is seldom fae happy
 As ROBIN that drives the plough.
 But if a young lad wou'd cast up,
 To make me his partner for life ;
 If the chield has the sence to be happy,
 He'll fa' on his feet for a wife.

My Wife's ta'en the Gee.

A FRIEND of mine came here yestreen,
 And he wou'd hae me down
 To drink a bottle of ale wi' him
 In the niest borrows town.

But, O! indeed it was, Sir,
 Sae far the war for me ;
 For lang or e'er that I came hame,
 My wife had ta'en the gee.

We sat fae late, and drank fae stout,
 The truth I tell to you,
 That lang or e'er midnight came,
 We were a' roaring fou.

My wife sits at the fire-side ;
 And the tear blinds ay her ee,
 The ne'er a bed will she gae to ;
 But sit and tak the gee.

In the morning soon, when I came down,
 The ne'er a word she spake ;
 But mony a sad and four look,
 And ay her head she'd shake.

My dear, quoth I, what aileth thee,
 To look sae sour on me ?
 P'll never do the like again,
 If you'll never tak the gee.

When that she heard, she ran, she flang
 Her arms about my neck ;
 And twenty kisses in a crack,
 And, poor wee thing, she grat.
 If you'll ne'er do the like again,
 But bide at hame wi' me,
 I'll lay my life Ise be the wife
 That's never tak the gee.

Wallifou fa the Cat.

THERE was a bonny wie ladie,
 Was keeping a bonny whine sheep ;
 There was a bonny wie lassie,
 Was wading the water fae deep ;
 Was wading the water fae deep,
 And a little above her knee ;
 The ladie cries unto the lassie,
 Come down Tweed-side to me.
 And when I gade down Tweed-side,
 I heard, I dinna ken what,
 I heard ae wife say t' anither,
 Wallifou fa the cat ;
 Wallifou fa the cat,
 She's bred the house an wan-ease,
 She's open'd the am'ry door,
 And eaten up a' the cheese.
 She's eaten up a' the cheese,
 O' the kebbuk she's no left a bit :
 She's dung down the bit skate on the brace,
 And 'tis fa'en in the fowen kit ;
 'Tis out o' the fowen kit,
 And 'tis into the maister kan ;
 It will be fae fiery fa't,
 'Twill poison our goodman.

Here awa', there awa'.

HERE awa', there awa', here awa' WILLIE,
 Here awa' there awa', here awa' hame;
 Lang have I sought thee, dear have I bought thee,
 Now I have gotten my WILLIE again.

Thro' the lang muir I have follow'd my WILLIE,
 Thro' the lang muir I have follow'd him hame,
 Whatever betide us, nought shall divide us;
 Love now rewards all my sorrow and pain.

Here awa', there awa', here awa', WILLIE,
 Here awa', there awa', here awa' hame.
 Come Love, believe me, nothing can grieve me,
 Ilka thing pleases while WILLIE's at hame.

Drap of Capie----O.

THERE liv'd a wife in our gate-end,
 She lo'ed a drap of capie—O,
 And all the gear that e'er she gat,
 She slipt it in her gabie—O.

Upon a frosty winter's night,
 The wife had got a drapie—O,
 And she had pish'd her coats fae weil,
 She could not find the patie—O.

But she awa' to her goodman,
 They ca'd him TAMIE LAMIE—O,
 Gae ben and fetch the cave to me,
 That I may get a dramie—O.

TAMIE was an honest man,
 Himsel he took a drapie—O,
 It was nae weil out o'er his craig,
 Till she was on his tapie—O.

She paid him weil, baith back and side,
 And fair she creish'd his backie—O,
 And made his skin baith blue and black,
 And gar'd his shoulders crackie—O.

Then he's awa' to the malt barn,
 And he has ta'en a pockie—O,
 He put her in, baith head and tail,
 And cast her o'er his backie—O.

The carling spurn'd wi' head and feet,
 The carle he was fae ackie—O,
 To ilka wall that he came by,
 He gar'd her head play knackie—O.

Goodman, I think you'll murder me,
 My brains you out will knockie—O,
 He gi'd her ay the other hitch,
 Lie still, you devil's buckie—O.

Goodman, I'm like to make my burn,
 O let me out, good TAMIE—O ;
 Then he set her upon a stane,
 And bade her piss a damie—O.

Then TAMIE took her aff the stane,
 And put her in the pockie—O,
 And when she did begin to spurn,
 He lent her ay a knockie—O.

Away he went to the mill-dam,
 And there ga'e her a duckie—O,
 And ilka chiel that had a stick,
 Play'd thump upon her backie—O.

And when he took her hame again,
 He did hing up the pockie—O,
 At her bed-side, as I hear say,
 Upon a little knagie—O.

And ilka day that she up-rose,
 In naithing but her smockie—O,
 Sae soon as she look'd o'er the bed,
 She might behold the pockie—O.

Now all ye men, baith far and near,
 That have a drunken tutie—O,
 Duck you your wives in time of year,
 And I'll lend you the pockie—O.

The wife did live for nineteen years,
 And was fu' frank and cuthie—O,
 And ever since she got the duck,
 She never had the drouthie—O.

At last, the carling chanc'd to die,
 And TAMIE did her bury—O,
 And for the public benefit,
 He has gar'd print the curie—O.

And this he did her motto make ;
 Here lies an honest luckie—O,
 Who never left the drinking trade,
 Until she got a duckie—O.

WILLIE WINKIE'S Testament.

MY daddy left me gear enough,
 A couter, and an auld beam-plough,
 A nebbed staff, a nutting-tyne,
 A fishing-wand with hook and line ;
 With twa auld stools, and a dirt-house,
 A jerkenet scarce worth a louse,
 An auld patt, that wants the lug,
 A spurtle and a sowen mug.

A hempen heckle, and a mell,
 A tar-horn, and a weather's bell,
 A muck-fork, and an auld peet-creel,
 The spakes of our auld spinning-wheel.

A pair of branks, yea, and a saddle,
 With our auld brunt and broken laddle,
 A whang-bitt, and a sniffle-bit ;
 Chear up, my bairns, and dance a fit.

A flailing-staff, a timmer spit,
 An auld kirn and a hole in it,
 Yarn-winnles, and a reel,
 A fetter-lock, a trump of steel,
 A whistle, and a tup-horn spoon,
 With an auld pair of clouted shoon,
 A timmer spade, and a gleg shear,
 A bonnet for my bairns to wear.

A timmer tong, a broken cradle,
 The pillion of an auld car-saddle,
 A gullie-knife, and a horse-wand,
 A mitten for the left hand,
 With an auld broken pan of brass,
 With an auld fark that wants the arse,
 An auld-band, and a hoodling-how,
 I hope, my bairns, ye're a' weil now.

Aft have I borne ye on my back,
 With a' this riff-raff in my pack,
 And it was a' for want of gear,
 That gart me steal Mefs JOHN'S grey mare :
 But now, my bairns, what ails ye now,
 For ye ha'e naigs enough to plow ;
 And hose and shoon fit for your feet,
 Chear up, my bairns, and dinna greet.

Then with mysel I did advise,
 My daddy's gear for to comprize ;
 Some neighbours I ca'd in to see
 What gear my daddy left to me.
 They sat three quarters of a year,
 Comprizing of my daddy's gear ;
 And when they had gi'en a' their votes,
 'Twas scarcely a' worth four pounds Scots.



THIRD CLASS.

Fair MARGARET and Sweet WILLIAM.

AS it fell out on a long summer's day
Two lovers they sat on a hill ;
They sat together that long summer's day,
And could not talk their fill.

I see no harm by you, MARGARET,
And you see none by mee :
Before to-morrow at eight o'clock
A rich wedding you shall see.

Fair MARGARET fate in her bower-window,
A combing of her hair ;
She spy'd Sweet WILLIAM and his bride,
As they were a riding near.

Down she layd her ivory combe,
And up she bound her hair ;
She went her way forth of the bower,
But never more came there.

When day was gone, and night was come,
And all men fast asleep,
There came the spirit of fair MARG'RET,
And stood at WILLIAMS feet.

God give you joy, you lovers true,
In bride-bed fast asleep ;
Lo ! I am going to my green-grass grave,
And I'm in my winding sheet.

When day was come, and night was gone,
And all men wak'd from sleep,
Sweet WILLIAM to his lady sayd,
My dear, I have cause to weep.

I dreamt a dream, my dear lady,
 Such dreames are never good.
 I dreamt my bower was full of red swine,
 And my bride-bed full of blood.

Such dreams, such dreams, my honoured Sir,
 They never do prove good ;
 To dream thy bower was full of red swine,
 And thy bride-bed full of blood.

He called up his merry men all,
 By one, by two, and by three :
 Saying, I'll away to Fair MARG'RETS bower,
 By the leave of my lady.

And when he came to fair MARG'RETS bower,
 He knocked at the ring ;
 So ready were her seven brethren
 To let Sweet WILLIAM in.

Then he turned up the covering-sheet,
 Pray let me see thee dead ;
 Methinks she does look pale and wan,
 She has lost her cherry red.

I'll do more for thee, MARGARET,
 Than any of thy kin ;
 For I will kiss thy pale wan lips,
 Though a sinile I cannot win.

With that bespake the seven brethren,
 Making most piteous mone :
 You may go kiss your jolly brown bride,
 And let our sister alone.

If I do kiss my jolly brown bride,
 I do but what is right ;
 For I made no vow to your sister dear,
 By day, nor yet by night.

Pray tell me then how much you'll deal,
 Of your white bread and your wine ;
 So much as is dealt at her funeral to-day,
 To-morrow shall be dealt at mine.

Fair MARGARET dyed to-day, to-day,
 Sweet WILLIAM dyed the morrow :
 Fair MARGARET dyed for pure true love,
 Sweet WILLIAM dyed for sorrow.

MARGARET was buryed in the lower chancel,
 And WILLIAM in the higher :
 Out of her brest there sprang a rose,
 And out of his a briar.

They grew as high as the church top,
 Till they could grow no higher ;
 And there they grew in a true lovers knot,
 Made all the folke admire.

Then came the clerk of the parish,
 As you this truth shall hear,
 And by misfortune cut them down,
 Or they had now been there.

The Jew's Daughter.

THE rain runs down thro' Mirry-land toune,
 Sae dois it doune the Pa :
 Sae dois the lads of Mirry-land toune,
 Quhan they play at the ba'.

Than outand cam the Jewis dochter,
 Said, Will ye cum in and dine !
 I winnae cum in, I cannae cum in,
 Without my play-feres nine.

Scho powd an apple reid and white
 To intice the zong thing in :
 Scho powd an apple white and reid,
 And that the sweit bairne did win.

And scho has taine out a little pen-knife,
 And low down by her gair,
 Scho has twin'd the zong thing of his life ;
 A word he nevir spak mair.

And outand cam the thick thick bluid,
 And outand cam the thin ;
 And outand cam the bonny herts bluid :
 Thair was nae life left in.

Scho said him on a dressing borde,
 And drest him like a swine,
 And laughing said, Gae nou and pley
 With zour sweet play-feres nine.

Scho rowd him in a cake of lead,
 Bade him ly still and sleip.
 Scho cast him in a deip draw-well,
 Was fifty fadom deip.

Quhan bells wer rung, and mafs was sung,
 And every lady went hame :
 Than ilk lady had her zong sonne,
 But Lady HELEN had nane.

Scho rowd hir mantil hir about,
 And fair fair gan she weip :
 And she ran into the Jewis castel,
 Quhan they wer all asleip.

My bonny Sir HEW, my pretty Sir HEW,
 I pray thee to me speik :
 ' O lady rinn to the deip draw-well
 ' Gin ze zour sonne wad seik.'

Lady HELEN ran to the deip draw-well,
 And knelt upon her kne :
 My bonny Sir HEW, an ze be here,
 I pray thee speik to me.

The lead is wondrous heavy, mither,
 The well is wondrous deip,
 A keen pen-knife sticks in my hert,
 A word I dounae speik.

Gae hame, gae hame, my mither deir,
 Fetch me my winding sheet,
 And at the back o' Mirry-land toune,
 Its thair we twa fall meet.

* * * * *

There Gowans are gay.

THESE gowans are gay, my joy,
 There gowans are gay ;
 They gar me wake when I shou'd sleep,
 The first morning of May.

About the fields as I did pass,
 There gowans are gay ;
 I chanc'd to meet a proper lass,
 The first morning of May.

Right busy was that bonny maid,
 There gowans are gay ;
 I halt her, syne to her I said,
 The first morning of May :

O lady fair, what do you here ?
 There gowans are gay ;
 Gathering the dew, what need ye speir ?
 The first morning of May.

The dew, quoth I, what can that mean ?
 There gowans are gay ;
 Quoth she, to wash my mistress clean,
 The first morning of May.

I asked farder at her syne,
 There gowans are gay,
 Gif to my will the wad incline ?
 The first morning of May.

She said, her errand was not there,
 Where gowans are gay ;
 Her maidenhood on me to ware,
 The first morning of May.
 Then like an arrow frae a bow,
 There gowans are gay ;
 She skift away out o'er the know,
 The first morning of May.
 And left me in the garth my lane,
 There gowans are gay ;
 And in my heart a twang of pain,
 The first morning of May.
 The little birds they sang full sweet,
 There gowans are gay ;
 Unto my comfort was right meet,
 The first morning of May.
 And thereabout I past my time,
 There gowans are gay ;
 Until it was the hour of prime,
 The first morning of May.
 And then returned hame bedeen,
 There gowans are gay ;
 Panfand what maiden that had been,
 The first morning of May.

Kertonha' : or, The Fairy Court.

SHE's prickt herself and prin'd herself,
 By the ae light o' the moon,
 And she's awa' to Kertonha',
 As fast as she can gang.

" What gars ye pu' the rose, JENNET ?
 What gars ye break the tree ?
 What gars you gang to Kertonha',
 Without the leave of me ? "

“ Yes, I will pu’ the rose, THOMAS,
 And I will break the tree ;
 For Kertonha’ shou’d be my ain,
 Nor ask I leave of thee.”

“ Full pleafant is the fairy land,
 And happy there to dwell ;
 I am a fairy lyth and limb,
 Fair maiden view me well.

O pleafant is the fairy land !
 How happy there to dwell ?
 But ay at every feven years end,
 We’re a’ dung down to hell.

The morn is good Hallow e’en,
 And our court a’ will ride ;
 If ony maiden wins her man,
 Then she may be his bride.

But first ye’ll let the black gae by,
 And then ye’ll let the brown ;
 Then I’ll ride on a milk-white steed,
 You’ll pu’ me to the ground.

And first, I’ll grow into your arms,
 An esk, but and an edder ;
 Had me fast, let me not gang,
 I’ll be your bairn’s father.

Next, I’ll grow into your arms
 A toad, but and an eel,
 Had me fast, let me not gang,
 If you do love me leel.

Last, I’ll grow into your arms
 A dove, but and a swan,
 Then, maiden fair, you’ll let me go,
 I’ll be a perfect man.

* * * * *

Clerk COLVILL: or, The Mermaid.

CLERK COLVILL and his lusty dame
 Were walking in the garden green;
 The belt around her stately waist
 Cost Clerk COLVILL of pounds fifteen.

O promise me now, Clerk COLVILL,
 Or it will cost ye muckle strife;
 Ride never by the wells of Slane,
 If ye wad live and brook your life.

Now speak nae mair, my lusty dame,
 Now speak nae mair of that to me;
 Did I ne'er see a fair woman,
 But I wad sin with her body.

He's ta'en leave o' his gay lady,
 Nought minding what his lady said;
 And he's rode by the wells of Slane,
 Where washing was a bonny maid.

"Wash on, wash on, my bonny maid,
 That wash fae clean your fark of silk;"

"And weel fa' you, fair gentleman,
 Your body whiter than the milk."

Then loud, loud cry'd the Clerk COLVILL,
 O my head it pains me fair;

"Then take, then take," the maiden said,
 "And frae my fark you'll cut a gare."

Then she's gi'ed him a little bane-knife,
 And frae his fark he cut a share;

She's ty'd it round his whey-white face,
 But ay his head it aked mair.

Then louder cry'd the Clerk COLVILL,
 "O fairer, fairer akes my head;"

"And fairer, fairer ever will,"

The maiden crys, "till you be dead."

Out then he drew his shining blade,
 Thinking to stick her where she stood;
 But she was vanish'd to a fish,
 And swam far off a fair mermaid.

○ mother, mother braid my hair,
 My lusty lady make my bed,
 ○ brother take my sword and spear,
 For I have seen the false mermaid.

* * * * *

WILLIE and ANNET.

Liv'd ance twa lovers in yon dale,
 And they luv'd ither weel,
 Frae ev'ning late to morning airt
 Of luv'ing luv'd their fill.

“ Now, WILLIE, gif you luv' me weel,
 As fae it seems to me,
 Gar build, gar build a bonny schip,
 Gar build it speedilie.

And we will sail the sea fae green,
 Unto some far countrie,
 Or we'll sail to some bonie isle
 Stands lanely midst the sea.”

But lang or ere the schip was built,
 Or deck'd, or rigged out,
 Came sick a pain in ANNET's back,
 That down she cou'd na lout.

“ Now, WILLIE, gif ye luv' me weel,
 As fae it seems to me,
 ○ haste, haste, bring me to my bow'r,
 And my bow'r maidens three.”

He's taen her in his arms twa,
 And kifs'd her cheik and chin ;
 He's brocht her to her ain sweet bow'r,
 But nae bow'r-maid was in.

“ Now, leave my bower, WILLIE, she said,
 Now leave me to my lane ;
 Was nevir man in a lady's bower
 When she was travelling.”

He's stepped three steps down the stair,
 Upon the marble stane :
 Sae loud's he heard his young son's greet,
 But and his lady's mane !

“ Now come, now come, WILLIE, she said,
 Tak your young son frae me,
 And hie him to your mother's bower
 With speed and privacie.”

He's taen his young son in his arms,
 He's kifs'd him cheik and chin,
 He's hied him to his mother's bower
 By th' ae light of the moon.

And with him came the bold Barone,
 And he spake up wi' pride,
 “ Gar seek, gar seek the bower-maidens,
 Gar busk, gar busk the bryde.

My maidens, eafy with my back,
 And eafy with my side.
 O fet my faddle fast, WILLIE,
 I am a tender bryde.”

When she came to the burrow town,
 They gied her a broch and ring,
 And when she came to * * * *
 They had a fair wedding.

O up then spake the Norland Lord,
 And blinkit wi' his ee,
 " I trow this lady's born a bairn ;"
 Then laucht loud laughters three.

And up then spake the brisk bridegroom,
 And he spake up wi' pryde,
 " Gin I should pawn my wedding-gloves,
 I will dance wi' the bryde."

" Now had your tongue, my Lord, she said,
 Wi' dancing let me be,
 I am fae thin in flesh and blude,
 Sma' dancing will serve me."

But she's taen WILLIE be the hand,
 The tear blinded her ee,
 " But I wad dance wi' my true luv—
 But bursts my heart in three."

She's taen her bracelet frae her arm,
 Her garter frae her knee,
 " Gie that, gie that to my young son,
 He'll ne'er his mother see."

* * * * *

" Gar deal, gar deal the bread, mother,
 Gar deal, gar deal the wyne ;
 This day hath seen my true luv's death,
 This nicht shall witness myne."

The Cruel Knight.

THE Knight stands in the stable-door,
 As he was for to ryde,
 When out then came his fair lady,
 Desiring him to byde.

“ How can I byde, how dare I byde,
 How can I byde with thee?
 Have I not kill'd thy ae brother?
 Thou hadst nae mair but he.”

“ If you have kill'd my ae brother,
 Alas! and woe is me!
 But if I save your fair body,
 The better you'll like me.”

She's tane him to her secret bower,
 Pinn'd with a filler pin,
 And she's up to her highest tower,
 To watch that none come in.

She had na well gane up the stair,
 And entered in her tower,
 When four-and-twenty armed knights
 Came riding to the door.

“ Now, God you save, my fair Lady,
 I pray you tell to me,
 Saw you not a wounded knight
 Come riding by this way?”

“ Yes; bloody, bloody was his sword,
 And bloody were his hands;
 But if the steed he rides be good,
 He's past fair Scotland's strands.

Light down, light down, then, Gentlemen,
 And take some bread and wine;
 The better you will him pursue,
 When you shall lightly dine.”

“ We thank you for your bread, Lady,
 We thank you for your wine.
 I would gie thrice three thousand pounds
 Your fair body was mine.”

Then she's gane to her secret bower,
 Her husband dear to meet ;
 But out he drew his bloody sword,
 And wounded her fae deep.

“ What aileth thee now, good my Lord,
 What aileth thee at me ?
 Have you not got my father's gold,
 But and my mother's fee ? ”

“ Now live, now live, my fair lady,
 O live but half an hour,
 There's ne'er a leech in fair Scotland,
 But shall be at thy bower. ”

“ How can I live, how shall I live,
 How can I live for thee ?
 See you not where my red heart's-blood
 Runs trickling down my knee !

* * * * *

Wha will bake, &c.

WHA will bake my bridal bread,
 And brew my bridal ale ?
 And wha will welcome my brisk bride
 That I bring o'er the dale ?

I will bake your bridal bread,
 And brew your bridal ale,
 And I will welcome your brisk bride
 That you bring o'er the dale.

But she that welcomes my brisk bride
 Maun gang like maiden fair,
 She maun lace on her robe fae jimp,
 And braid her yellow hair.

But how can I gang maiden-like,
 When maiden I am nane?
 Have I not born seven sons to thee,
 And am with child agen?

She's taen her young son in her arms,
 Another in her hand,
 And she's up to the highest tower
 To see him come to land.

You're welcome to your house, Master,
 You're welcome to your land,
 You're welcome with your fair lady,
 That you lead by the hand,

* * * * *

And ay she serv'd the lang tables
 With white bread and with wine,
 And ay she drank the wan water,
 To had her colour fine.

Now he's taen down a silk napkin
 Hung on the silver pin,
 And ay he wipes the tear trickling
 Adown her cheek and chin.

Bonny M A Y.

IT was on an ev'ning fae fast and fae clear,
 A bonny lass was milking the kye,
 And by came a troupe of gentlemen,
 And rode the bonny lassie by.

Then one of them said unto her,
 Bonny lass, pr'ythee shew me the way.
 O if I do fae it may breed me wae,
 For langer I dare nae stay.

But dark and misty was the night
Before the bonny lass came hame ;
Now where hae you been, my ae doughter ?
I am sure you was nae your lane.

O father, a tod has come o'er your lamb,
A gentleman of high degree,
And ay whan he spake he lifted his hat,
And bonny bonny blinkit his ee.

Or e'er six months were past and gane,
Six months but and other three,
The lassie begud for to fret and to frown,
And think lang for his blinkin ee.

O wae be to my father's shepherd,
An ill death may he die ;
He bigged the bughts sae far frae hame,
And trysted a gentleman to me.

It fell upon another fair evening,
The bonny lassie was milking her ky,
And by came the troop of gentlemen,
And rode the bonny lassie by.

Then one of them stopt, and said to her,
Whafe aught that baby ye are wi' ?
The lassie began for to bluth, and think
To a father as good as ye.

O had your tongue, my bonny MAY,
Sae loud I hear you lie ;
O dinnae you mind the misty night
I was in the bught with thee ?

Now he's come aff his milk-white steed,
And he has taen her hame :
Now let your father bring hame the ky,
You ne'er mair shall ca' them agen.

I am a lord of castles and towers,
 With fifty ploughs of land and three,
 And I have gotten the bonniest lass
 That is in this countrie.

I'll wager, I'll wager, &c.

I'LL wager, I'll wager, I'll wager with you,
 Five hundred merks and ten,
 That a maid sha'nae go to yon bonny green wood,
 And a maiden return agen.

I'll wager, I'll wager, I'll wager with you,
 Five hundred merks and ten,
 That a maid shall go to yon bonny green wood,
 And a maiden return agen.

She's pu'd the blooms aff the broom-bush,
 And strew'd them on's white haws-bane,
 This is a sign whereby ye may know
 That a maiden was here, but she's gane.

O where was you, my good gray steed,
 That I hae lo'ed sae dear?

O why did you not awaken me
 When my true love was here?

I stamp'd with my foot, Master,
 And gar'd my bridle ring,
 But you wadnae waken from your sleep,
 Till your love was past and gane.

Now I may sing as dreary a sang,
 As the bird sung on the brier,
 For my true love is far remov'd,
 And I'll ne'er see her mair.



FOURTH CLASS.

Mucking of GEORDIE'S byre.

THE mucking of GEORDIE'S byre,
 And shooling the grupe fae clean,
 Has gard me weit my cheiks
 And greit wi' baith my een.

*It was ne'er my father's will,
 Nor yet my mother's desire,
 That e'er I should file my fingers,
 Wi' mucking of GEORDIE'S byre.*

The moufe is a merry beast,
 And the moundewort wants the een,
 But the warld shall ne'er get wit
 Sae merry as we hae been.

It was ne'er, &c.

Bonny Dundee.

O HAVE I burnt, or have I slain?
 Or have I done aught injury?
 I've gotten a bonny young lassie wi' bairn,
 The bailie's daughter of bonny Dundee.
 Bonny Dundee, and bonny Dunda's,
 Where shall I see fae bonny a lass?
 Open your ports, and let me gang free,
 I maun stay nae langer in bonny Dundee.

Galla-Water.

BRAW, braw lads of Galla-water,
 O braw lads of Galla-water,
 I'll kilt my coats below my knee,
 And follow my love thro' the water.

Sae fair her hair, sae brent her brow,
 Sae bonny blew her een my dearie,
 Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou',
 I aften kifs her till I'm wearie.

O'er yon bank, and o'er yon brae,
 O'er yon mofs among the hether,
 I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
 And follow my love thro' the water.

Down among the broom, the broom,
 Down among the broom, my dearie;
 The lassie lost her silken snood,
 That gard her greet till she was wearie.

Gae to the ky wi' me, JOHNY.

GAE to the ky wi' me, JOHNY,
 Gae to the ky wi' me;
 Gae to the ky wi' me, JOHNY,
 And I'll be merry wi' thee.

And was she not wordy of kiffes,
 And was she not wordy of three,
 And was she not wordy of kiffes,
 That gaed to the ky wi' me.
 Gae to the ky, &c.

I have a house to big,
 And another that's like to fa',
 I have a lassie wi' bairn,
 Which grieves me warst of a'.
 Gae to the ky, &c.

If that she be now wi' bairn,
 As I trow weel she be,
 I have an auld wife to my mither,
 Will doudle it on her knee.
Gae to the ky, &c.

Brose and Butter.

GI'E my love, brose, brose,
 Gi'e my love brose and butter,
 Gi'e my love, brose, brose,
Yestreen he wanted his supper.
 JENNY fits up in the laft,
 JOCKY wad fain hae been at her,
 There came a wind out of the waft,
 Made a' the windows to clatter.
Gi'e my love, &c.

A goose is nae good meat,
 A hen is boss within,
 In a pye there's muckle deceit,
 A pudding it is a good thing.
Gi'e my love, &c.

JENNY'S Bawbie.

AND a' that e'er my JENNY had,
 My JENNY had, my JENNY had;
 A' that e'er my JENNY had,
Was ae bawbie.
 There's your plack, and my plack,
 And your plack, and my plack,
 And my plack, and your plack,
 And JENNY'S bawbie.
And a' that e'er, &c.

We'll put it a' in the pint-stoup,
 The pint-stoup, the pint-stoup,
 We'll put it in the pint-stoup,
 And birle 't a three.

And a' that e'er, &c.

Cauld Kale in Aberdeen.

CAULD kale in Aberdeen,
 And castocks in Strabogie;
 But yet I fear they'll cook o'er soon,
 And never warm the cogie.
 The lasses about Bogie gicht,
 Their limbs they are fae clean and tight,
 That if they were but girded right,
 They'll dance the reel of Bogie.

Wow, ABERDEEN, what did you mean,
 Sae young a maid to woo, Sir?
 I'm sure it was nae mows to her,
 Whate'er it was to you, Sir;
 For lasses now are no fae blate,
 But they ken auld folks out o' date,
 And better playfare can they get,
 Than castocks in Strabogie.

Cock up your Beaver.

WHEN first my dear JOHNY came to this town,
 He had a blue bonnet, it wanted the crown;
 But now he has gotten a hat and a feather,
 Hey, my JOHNY lad, Cock up your beaver.
 Cock up your beaver, cock up your beaver,
 Hey, my JOHNY lad, cock up your beaver;
 Cock up your beaver, and cock it nae wrang,
 We'll a' to England ere it be lang.

JOHN, come kifs me now.

JOHN, *come kifs me now, now, now;*

O JOHN *come kifs me now,*

JOHN *come kifs me by and by,*

And make nae mair ado.

Some will court and compliment,

And make a great ado,

Some will make of their goodman,

And fae will I of you.

JOHN, *come kifs, &c.*

When she came ben she bobbit.

WHEN she came ben she bobbit,

And when she came ben she fobbit,

And when she came ben she kist COCKPEN,

And then deny'd that she did it.

And was nae COCKPEN right sawcy,

And was nae COCKPEN right sawcy;

He len'd his lady to gentlemen,

And he kist the collier lassie.

And was nae COCKPEN right able,

And was nae COCKPEN right able;

He left his lady with gentlemen,

And he kist the lass in the stable.

O are you wi' bairn, my chicken?

O are you wi' bairn, my chicken?

O if I am not, I hope to be,

E'er the green leaves be shaken.

I wish that you were dead, Goodman.

I WISH that you were dead, goodman,
 And a green sod on your head, goodman,
 That I might ware my widowhood,
 Upon a ranting highlandman.

There's fax eggs in the pan, goodman,
 There's fax eggs in the pan, goodman,
 There's ane to you, and twa to me,
 And three to our JOHN HIGHLANDMAN.

I wish, &c.

There's beaf into the pat, goodman,
 There's beaf into the pat, goodman,
 The banes for you, and the brow for me,
 And the beef for our JOHN HIGHLANDMAN.

I wish, &c.

There's fax horse in the stable, goodman,
 There's fax horse in the stable, goodman,
 There's ane to you, and twa to me,
 And three to our JOHN HIGHLANDMAN.

I wish, &c.

There's fax ky in the byre, goodman,
 There's fax ky in the byre, goodman,
 There's nane o' them yours, but there's twa of
 them mine,

And the lave is our JOHN HIGHLANDMAN'S.

I wish, &c.

Whistle o'er the lave o't.

MY mither sent me to the well,
 She had better gane herself,
 I got the thing I dare nae tell,
 Whistle o'er the lave o't.

My mither sent me to the sea,
 For to gather musles three ;
 A sailer lad fell in wi' me,
 Whistle o'er the lave o't.

The Ploughman.

THE ploughman he's a bonny lad,
 And a' his wark's at leisure,
 And whan that he comes hame at ev'n,
 He kisses me wi' pleasure.

Up wi't now, my ploughman lad,

Up wi't now, my ploughman ;

Of a' the lads that I do see,

Commend me to the ploughman.

Now the blooming spring's come on,
 He takes his yoaking early,
 And whistling o'er the furrow'd land,
 He goes to fallow chearly ;
Up wi't now, &c.

Whan my ploughman comes hame at ev'n,
 He's often wet and weary ;
 Cast aff the wet, put on the dry,
 And gae to bed my deary.
Up wi't now, &c.

I will wash my ploughman's hose,
 And I will wash his o'erlay,
 And I will make my ploughman's bed,
 And chear him late and early.

Merry butt, and merry ben,

Merry is my ploughman ;

Of a' the trades that I do ken,

Commend me to the ploughman.

Plough you hill, and plough you dale,
 Plough you faugh and fallow,
 Who winna drink the ploughman's health,
 Is but a dirty fellow.

Merry butt, and, &c.

The Tailor.

THE tailor came to clout the claise,
 Sick a braw fellow;

He fill'd the house a' fou of fleas,
 Daffin down, and daffin down;

He fill'd the house a' fou of fleas,
 Daffin down and dilly.

The lassie slept ayont the fire,
 Sick a braw hissey!

Oh! she was a' his heart's desire;
 Daffin down, and daffin down;

Oh! she was a' his heart's desire:
 Daffin down and dilly.

The lassie she fell fast asleep;
 Sick a braw hissey!

The tailor close to her did creep;
 Daffin down, and daffin down;

The tailor close to her did creep;
 Daffin down and dilly.

The lassie waken'd in a fright;
 Sick a braw hissey!

Her maidenhead had taen the flight;
 Daffin down, and daffin down;

Her maidenhead had taen the flight;
 Daffin down and dilly.

She sought it butt, she sought it ben;
 Sick a braw hissey!

And in beneath the clocken-hen ;
Daffin down, and daffin down ;

And in beneath the clocken-hen ;
Daffin down and dilly.

She fought it in the owfen-ftaw ;
Sick a braw hissey !

Na, faith, quo' she, it's quite awa' ;
Daffin down, and daffin down ;

Na, faith, quo' she, it's quite awa' ;
Daffin down and dilly.

She fought it 'yont the knocking-stane ;
Sick a braw hissey !

Some day, quo' she, 'twill gang its lane ;
Daffin down, and daffin down ;

Some day, quo' she, 'twill gang its lane ;
Daffin down and dilly.

She ca'd the tailor to the court ;
Sick a braw hissey !

And a' the young men round about ;
Daffin down, and daffin down ;

And a' the young men round about ;
Daffin down and dilly.

She gard the tailor pay a fine ;
Sick a braw hissey !

Gi'e me my maidenhead agen ;
Daffin down, and daffin down ;

Gi'e me my maidenhead agen ;
Daffin down and dilly.

O what way wad ye hae't agen ?
Sick a braw hissey !

Oh ! just the way that it was taen ;
Daffin down, and daffin down ;

Oh ! just the way that it was taen ;
Daffin down and dilly.

The Maid gaed to the Mill.

THE maid's gane to the mill by night,
 Hech hey, fae wanton ;

The maid's gane to the mill by night,
 Hey fae wanton she ;

She's sworn by moon and stars fae bright,
 That she should hae her corn ground,
 That she should hae her corn ground,
 Mill and multure free.

Out then came the miller's man,
 Hech hey, fae wanton ;

Out then came the miller's man,
 Hey fae wanton he ;

He sware he'd do the best he can,
 For to get her corn ground,
 For to get her corn ground,
 Mill and multure free.

He put his hand about her neck,
 Hech hey, fae wanton ;

He put his hand about her neck,
 Hey fae wanton he ;

He dang her down upon a sack,
 And there she got her corn ground,
 And there she got her corn ground,
 Mill and multure free.

When other maids gaed out to play,
 Hech hey, fae wanton ;

When other maids gaed out to play,
 Hey fae wantonlie ;

She sigh'd and sobb'd, and wadnae stay,
 Because she'd got her corn ground,
 Because she'd got her corn ground,
 Mill and multure free.

When forty weeks were past and gane,
 Hech hey, fae wanton ;
 When forty weeks were past and gane,
 Hey fae wantonlie ;
 This maiden had a braw lad-bairn,
 Because she'd got her corn ground,
 Because she'd got her corn ground,
 Mill and multure free.

Her mither bade her cast it out,
 Hech hey, fae wanton ;
 Her mither bade her cast it out
 Hey fae wantonlie ;
 It was the miller's dusty clout,
 For getting of her corn ground,
 For getting of her corn ground,
 Mill and multure free.

Her father bade her keep it in,
 Hech hey, fae wanton ;
 Her father bade her keep it in,
 Hey fae wantonlie ;
 It was the chief of a' her kin,
 Because she'd got her corn ground,
 Because she'd got her corn ground,
 Mill and multure free.

The brisk young Lad.

THERE came a young man to my dadie's door,
 My dadie's door, my dadie's door,
 There came a young man to my dadie's door,
 Came seeking me to woo.
*And wow but he was a braw young lad,
 A brisk young lad, and a braw young lad,
 And wow but he was a braw young lad,
 Came seeking me to woo.*

But I was baking when he came,
 When he came, when he came,
 I took him in and gae him a scone,
 To thow his frozen mou'.

And wow but, &c.

I set him in aside the bink,
 I gae him bread, and ale to drink,
 But ne'er a blyth styme wad he blink,
 Until his wame was fou.

And wow but, &c.

Gae, get ye gone, ye cauldriife wooer,
 Ye sour-looking, cauldriife wooer,
 I straightway shou'd him to the door,
 Saying, Come nae mair to woo.

And wow but, &c.

There lay a duck-dub before the door,
 Before the door, before the door,
 There lay a duck-dub before the door,
 And there fell he I trow.

And wow but, &c.

Out came the goodman, and high he shouted,
 Out came the goodwife, and low she louted,
 And a' the town-neighbours were gather'd about it,
 But there lay he I trow.

And wow but, &c.

Then out came I, and sneer'd and smil'd,
 Ye came to woo, but ye're a' beguil'd,
 Ye've fa'en i' the dirt, and ye're a' befyl'd.
 We'll hae nae mair of you.

And wow but, &c.

The Surprise.

I HAD a horse, and I had nae mair,
I gat him frae my daddy ;
My purse was light, and my heart was fair,
But my wit it was fu' ready.
And sae I thought upon a wile,
Outwittens of my daddy,
To see myfell to a lowland laird,
Who had a bonny lady.

I wrote a letter, and thus began,
Madam, be not offended,
I'm o'er the lugs in love wi' you,
And care nae tho' ye kend it.
For I get little frae the laird,
And far less frae my daddy,
And I would blythly be the man
Would strive to please my lady.

She read my letter, and she leuch,
Ye needna been sae blate, man ;
You might hae come to me yourfell,
And tald me o' your state, man :
You might hae come to me yourseil,
Outwittens of your daddy,
And made JOHN GOUKSTON of the laird,
And kiss'd his bonny lady.

Then she pat filler in my purse,
We drank wine in a cogie ;
She fee'd a man to rub my horse,
And wow but I was vogie :
But I gat ne'er sae fair a fleg
Since I came frae my daddy,
The laird came rap rap to the yate,
Whan I was wi' his lady.

Then she pat me below a chair,
 And hap'd me wi' a plaidie ;
 But I was like to swarf wi' fear,
 And wish'd me wi' my daddy.
 The laird went out, he saw na me,
 I went whan I was ready :
 I promis'd, but I ne'er gaed back
 To see his bonny lady.

The Grey Cock.

O SAW ye my father, or saw ye my mother,
 Or saw ye my true love JOHN ?
 I saw not your father, I saw not your mother,
 But I saw your true love JOHN.

Up JOHNNY rose, and to the door he goes,
 And gently tirl'd the pin ;
 The lassie taking tent, unto the door she went,
 And she open'd and let him in.

Flee, flee up, my bonny grey cock,
 And craw whan it is day ;
 Your neck shall be like the bonny beaten gold,
 And your wings of the silver grey.

The cock prov'd false, and untrue he was,
 For he crew an hour o'er soon ;
 The lassie thought it day when she sent her
 love away,
 And it was but a blink of the moon.

The Mariner's Wife.

BUT are you sure the news is true?

And are you sure he's well?

Is this a time to think o' wark?

Ye jades, fling by your wheel.

There's nae luck about the house,

There's nae luck at a',

There's nae luck about the house

Whan our goodman's awa.'

Is this a time to think of wark

When COLIN's at the door?

Rax me my cloak, I'll down the key,

And see him come ashore.

There's nae luck, &c.

Rise up, and make a clean fire-side,

Put on the muckle pat;

Gie little KATE her cotton gown,

And JOCK his Sunday's coat.

There's nae luck, &c.

Make their shoon as black as slaes,

Their stockings white as snaw;

It's a' to pleasure our goodman,

He likes to see them braw.

There's nae luck, &c.

There are twa hens into the crib,

Have fed this month and mair,

Make haste and thraw their necks about,

That COLIN well may fare.

There's nae luck, &c.

Bring down to me my bigonet,

My bishop-sattin gown,

And then gae tell the Bailie's wife,

That COLIN's come to town.

There's nae luck, &c.

My Turkey slippers I'll put on,
 My stockings pearl blue,
 And a' to pleasure our goodman,
 For he's baith leel and true.

There's nae luck, &c.

Sae sweet his voice, sae smooth his tongue,
 His breath's like cauler air,
 His very tread has music in't
 As he comes up the stair.

There's nae lack, &c.

And will I see his face again,
 And will I hear him speak?
 I'm downright dizzy with the joy,
 In troth I'm like to greet!

There's nae luck, &c.

The Gawkie.

BLYTH young BESS to JEAN did say,
 Will ye gang to yon funny brae,
 Where flocks do feed, and herds do stray,
 And sport a while wi' JAMIE?
 Ah na, lass, I'll no gang there,
 Nor about JAMIE tak nae care,
 Nor about JAMIE tak nae care;
 For he's ta'en up wi' MAGGIE.

For hark, and I will tell you, lass,
 Did I not see your JAMIE pass,
 Wi' mickle gladness in his face,
 Out o'er the muir to MAGGIE.

I wat he gae her mony a kifs,
 And MAGGIE took them ne'er amifs;
 'Tween ilka smack pleas'd her wi' this,
 That BESS was but a gawkie.

For whene'er a civil kifs I seek,
 She turns her head, and thraws her cheek,
 And for an hour she'll scarcely speak ;

Who'd not call her a gawkie ?
 But sure my MAGGIE has mair sense,
 She'll gi'e a score without offence ;
 Now gi'e me ane unto the mense,
 And ye shall be my dawtie.

O JAMIE, ye hae mony tane,
 But I will never stand for ane
 Or twa, when we do meet again,
 Sae ne'er think me a gawkie.
 Ah na, lafs, that can ne'er be,
 Sick thoughts as these are far frae me,
 Or ony thy sweet face that see,
 E'er to think thee a gawkie.

But, whisht, nae mair of this we'll speak,
 For yonder JAMIE does us meet ;
 Instead of MEG he kifs'd fae sweet,
 I trow he likes the gawkie.
 O dear BESS I hardly knew,
 When I came by your gown's fae new,
 I think you've got it wat wi' dew.
 Quoth she, that's like a gawkie.

It's wat wi' dew, and 'twill get rain,
 And I'll get gowns when it is gane,
 Sae ye may gang the gate you came,
 And tell it to your dawtie.
 The guilt appear'd in JAMIE's cheek,
 He cry'd, O cruel maid, but sweet,
 If I should gang another gate,
 I ne'er could meet my dawtie.

The lasses fast frae him they flew,
 And left poor JAMIE fair to rue,
 That ever MAGGIE's face he knew,
 Or yet ca'd BESS a gawkie.
 As they gade o'er the muir they sang,
 The hills and dales with echoes rang,
 The hills and dales with echoes rang,
 Gang o'er the muir to MAGGIE.

The Shepherd's Son.

THERE was a shepherd's son,
 Kept sheep upon a hill,
 He laid his pipe and crook aside,
 And there he slept his fill.

Sing, Fal deral, &c.

He looked east, he looked west,
 Then gave an under-look,
 And there he spyed a lady fair,
 Swimming in a brook,

Sing, Fal deral, &c.

He rais'd his head frae his green bed,
 And then approach'd the maid,
 Put on your claiths, my dear, he says,
 And be ye not afraid.

Sing, Fal deral, &c.

'Tis fitter for a lady fair,
 To sew her silken seam,
 Than to get up in a May morning,
 And strive against the stream.

Sing, Fal deral, &c.

If you'll not touch my mantle,
 And let my claiths alane ;
 Then I'll give you as much money,
 As you can carry hame.

Sing, Fal deral, &c.

O! I'll not touch your mantle,
 And I'll let your claiths alane;
 But I'll tak you out of the clear water,
 My dear, to be my ain,
Sing, Fal deral, &c.

And when she out of the water came,
 He took her in his arms;
 Put on your claiths, my dear, he says,
 And hide those lovely charms.
Sing, Fal deral, &c.

He mounted her on a milk-white steed,
 Himself upon anither;
 And all along the way they rode,
 Like sifter and like brither.
Sing, Fal deral, &c.

When she came to her father's yate,
 She tirdled at the pin;
 And ready stood the porter there,
 To let this fair maid in.
Sing, Fal deral, &c.

And when the gate was opened,
 So nimbly's she whipt in;
 Pough! You're a fool without, she says,
 And I'm a maid within.
Sing, Fal deral, &c.

Then fare ye well, my modest boy,
 I thank you for your care;
 But had you done, what you should do,
 I ne'er had left you there.
Sing, Fal deral, &c.

Oh! I'll cast aff my hose and shoon,
 And let my feet gae bare,
 And gin I meet a bonny lass,
 Hang me, if her I spare.
Sing, Fal deral, &c.

In that do as you please, she says,
 But you shall never more
 Have the same opportunity ;
 With that she shut the door.

Sing, Fal deral, &c.

There is a gude auld proverb,
 I've often heard it told,
 He that would not, when he might,
 He should not, when he would.

Sing, Fal deral, &c.

Get up and bar the Door.

IT fell about the Martinmas time,
 And a gay time it was then,
 When our goodwife got puddings to make,
 And she's boil'd them in the pan.

The wind sae cauld blew south and north,
 And blew into the floor :

Quoth our goodman, to our goodwife,
 " Gae out and bar the door."

" My hand is in my huffy'f skap,
 Goodman, as ye may see,
 An it shou'd nae be barr'd this hundred year,
 Its no be barr'd for me."

They made a paction 'tween them twa,
 They made it firm and sure ;
 That the first word whae'er shou'd speak,
 Shou'd rise and bar the door.

Then by there came two gentlemen,
 At twelve o' clock at night,
 And they could neither see house nor hall,
 Nor coal nor candle light.

Now, whether is this a rich man's house,
 Or whether is it a poor?
 But never a word wad ane o' them speak,
 For barring of the door.

And first they ate the white puddings,
 And then they ate the black;
 Tho' muckle thought the goodwife to hersel,
 Yet ne'er a word she spake.

Then said the one unto the other,
 "Here, man, tak ye my knife,
 Do ye tak aff the auld man's beard,
 And I'll kiss the goodwife."

"But there's nae water in the house,
 And what shall we do than?"

"What ails ye at the pudding broo,
 "That boils into the pan?"

O up then started our goodman,
 An angry man was he;

"Will ye kiss my wife before my een,
 And scad me wi' pudding bree?"

Then up and started our goodwife,
 Gied three skips on the floor;

"Goodman, you've spoken the foremost word,
 Get up and bar the door."



FIFTH CLASS.

Original Words to Tunes in the First Part.

The Braes of Yarrow.

A. **B**USK ye, busk ye, my bony bony bride,
 Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow?
 Busk ye, busk ye, my bony bony bride,
 And think nae mair on the braes of Yarrow.

B. Where gat ye that bony bony bride?

Where gat ye that winsome marrow?

A. I gat her where I dare na weil be seen,
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bony bony bride,

Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow,
Nor let thy heart lament to leive

Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

B. Why does she weep, thy bony bony bride?

Why does she weep thy winsome marrow?

And why dare ye nae mair weil be seen

Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow?

A. Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun
she weep,

Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow,
And lang maun I nae mair weil be seen

Puing the birk on the braes of Yarrow.

For she has tint her luvèr luvèr dear,

Her luvèr dear, the cause of sorrow,
And I hae slain the comliest swain

That e'er pu'd birk on the braes of Yarrow.

Why runs thy streams, O Yarrow, Yarrow, red?

Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?
And why yon melancholeous weeds

Hung on the bony birks of Yarrow?

What yonder floats on the rueful, rueful stream?

What's yonder floats? O dule and sorrow!
'Tis he the comely swain I slew

Upon the doleful braes of Yarrow.

Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,

His wounds in tears, with dule and sorrow,
And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,

And lay him on the braes of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye sisters sisters sad,
 Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow,
 And weep around in waeful wife,
 His helpless fate on the braes of Yarrow.

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless useless shield,
 My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
 The fatal spear that pierc'd his breast,
 His comely breast on the braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee not to lue,
 And warn from fight; but to my sorrow,
 O'er rashly bald a stronger arm
 Thou met'st, and fell on the braes of Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows
 the grass,
 Yellow on Yarrow's banks the gowan,
 Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
 Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet as sweet flows Tweed,
 As green its grass, its gowan yellow,
 As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
 The apple frae the rock as mellow.

Fair was thy lue, fair fair indeed thy lue,
 In floury bands thou him did'st fetter;
 Tho' he was fair and well beluv'd again,
 Than me he never lued thee better.

Busk ye, then busk, my bony bony bride,
 Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
 Busk ye, and lue me on the banks of Tweed,
 And think nae mair on the braes of Yarrow.

C. How can I busk a bony bony bride?
 How can I busk a winsome marrow?
 How lue him on the banks of Tweed,
 That slew my lue on the braes of Yarrow.

O Yarrow fields, may never never rain,
 No dew thy tender blossoms cover,
 For there was basely slain my luvè,
 My luvè, as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
 His purple vest, 'twas ray awn feuing ;
 Ah ! wretched me ! I little little kend
 He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white milk-white steed,
 Unheedful of my dule and sorrow ;
 Bu e' r the toofal of the night
 He lay a corps on the braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoic'd that waeful waeful day ;
 I sang, my voice the woods returning,
 But lang e'er night the spear was flown
 That slew my luvè, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous barbarous father do,
 But with his cruel rage pursue me ?
 My luvè's blood is on thy spear,
 How can't thou, barbarous man, then woo me ?

My happy sisters may be may be proud,
 With cruel, and ungentle scoffin,
 May bid me seek on Yarrow braes
 My luvè nailed in his coffin.

My brother DOUGLAS may upbraid,
 And strive with threatenng words to muve me :
 My luvè's blood is on thy spear,
 How can't thou ever bid me luvè thee ?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of luvè,
 With bridal sheets my body cover,
 Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
 Let in the expected husband lover.

But who the expected husband husband is?

His hands, methinks, are bath'd in slaughter,
Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon,
Comes, in his pale shroud, bleeding after?

Pale as he is, here lay him lay him down,
O lay his cold head on my pillow ;
Take aff take aff these bridal weids,
And crown my careful head with willow.

Pale tho' thou art, yet best yet best belov'd,
O could my warmth to life restore thee,
Yet lye all night between my briefts,
No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale pale indeed, O lovely lovely youth,
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,
And lye all night between my briefts,
No youth shall ever lye there after.

A. Return, return, O mournful mournful bride,
Return, and dry thy useles sorrow,
Thy lover heeds nought of thy sighs,
He lyes a corps on the braes of Yarrow.

G I L D E R O Y .

GILDEROY was a bonny boy,
Had roses tull his shoone,
His stockings were of silken soy,
Wi' garters hanging doune :
It was, I weene, a comelie sight,
To see sae trim a boy ;
He was my jo and heart's delight,
My handsome GILDEROY.

Oh ! sik twa charming een he had,
 A breath as sweet as rose,
 He never ware a Highland plaid,
 But costly silken clothes ;
 He gain'd the luvè of ladies gay,
 Nane eir tull him was coy ;
 Ah ! wae is mee ! I mourn the day,
 For my dear GILDEROY.

My GILDEROY and I were born,
 Baith in one toun together,
 We scant were seven years beforn
 We gan to luvè each other ;
 Our dadies and our mammies thay
 Were fill'd wi' mickle joy,
 To think upon the bridal day
 'Twixt me and GILDEROY.

For GILDEROY that luvè of mine,
 Gude faith, I freely bought
 A wedding fark of holland fine,
 Wi' silken flowers wrought :
 And he gied me a wedding ring,
 Which I receiv'd wi' joy,
 Nae lad nor lassie eir could sing,
 Like me and GILDEROY.

Wi' mickle joy we spent our prime,
 Till we were baith sixteen,
 And aft we past the langsome time,
 Amang the leaves fae green ;
 Aft on the banks we'd sit us thair,
 And sweetly kifs and toy,
 Wi' garlands gay wad deck my hair,
 My handsome GILDEROY.

Oh ! that he still had been content
 Wi' me to lead his life,
 But, ah ! his manfu' heart was bent
 To stir in feates of strife :

And he in many a venturous deed,
 His courage bauld wad try,
 And now this gars mine heart to bleed
 For my dear GILDEROY.
 And whan of me his leave he tuik,
 The tears they wat mine ee ;
 I gave tull him a parting luik,
 “ My benifon gang wi’ thee !
 God speid thee weil, mine ain dear heart,
 For gane is all my joy ;
 My heart is rent sith we maun part,
 My handsome GILDEROY.”
 My GILDEROY baith far and near
 Was fear’d in every town,
 And bauldly bare away the gear
 Of many a lawland loun ;
 Nane eir durst meet him man to man,
 He was sae brave a boy,
 At length wi’ numbers he was tane,
 My winsome GILDEROY.
 The Queen of Scots possessed nought
 That my love let me want ;
 For cow and ew he brought to me,
 And e’en whan they were skant :
 All these did honestly possess,
 He never did annoy,
 Who never fail’d to pay their cess
 To my love GILDEROY.
 Wae worth the loun that made the laws,
 Te hang a man for gear,
 To ’reave of life for ox or afs,
 For sheep, or horse, or mare ;
 Had not their laws been made sae strick,
 I neir had lost my joy,
 Wi’ sorrow neir had wat my cheek
 For my dear GILDEROY.

Giff GILDEROY had done amiff
 He mought hae banisht been,
 Ah ! what fair cruelty is this
 To hang fike handsome men :
 To hang the flower o' Scottish land,
 Sae sweet and fair a boy ;
 Nae lady had fae white a hand
 As thee, my GILDEROY.

Of GILDEROY fae 'fraid they were,
 They bound him mickle strong,
 Tull Edenburrow they led him thair,
 And on a gallows hung :
 They hung him high aboon the rest,
 He was fae trim a boy,
 Thair dyed the youth whom I lued best,
 My handsome GILDEROY.

Thus having yielded up his breath,
 I bare his corpse away,
 Wi' tears that trickled for his death,
 I wafht his comelye clay ;
 And siker in a grave sae deep
 I laid the dear-loed boy,
 And now for evir maun I weep,
 My winsome GILDEROY.

Flowdenhill: or, Flowers of the Forest.

I'VE heard of a liltin' at our ewes milkin',
 Lassies a' liltin' before the break of day ;
 But now there's a moaning on ilka green lo anin'
 That our braw foresters are a' wede away.

Atbughts in the morning nae blyth lads are scorning,
 The lassies are lonely, dowie, and wae ;
 Nae daffin, nae gabbin, but sighing and sabbing,
 Ilk ane lifts her leglin and hies her away.

At e'en at the gloming nae swankies are roaming
 'Mong stacks with the lasses at bogle to play,
 But ilk ane sits dreary, lamenting her deary,
 The flowers of the forest that are wede away.

At har'ft at the shearing, nae younkers are jearing,
 The banfters are runkled, lyart, and grey,
 At a fair or a preaching nae wooing, nae fleeching,
 Since our braw forefters are a' wede away.

O dool for the order sent our lads to the border!
 The English for ance by guile gat the day;
 The Flower of the forest that ay-shone the foremost,
 The prime of our land lyes-cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair liltin' at our ewes milkin',
 The women and bairns are dowie and wae,
 Sighin' and moanin' on ilka green loanin',
 Since our braw forefters are a' wede away.

Had awa' frae me, DONALD.

O WILL you hae ta tartan plaid,
 Or will you hae ta ring, Mattam?
 Or will you hae ta kifs o' me?

And dats ta pretty ting, Mattam.

Had awa', bide awa',

Had awa' frae me, DONALD;

I'll neither kifs nor hae a ring,

Nae tartan plaids for me, DONALD.

O see you not her ponny progues,

Her fecket plaid, plew, creen, Mattam?

Her twa short hose, and her twa spiogs,

And a shoulter-pelt apoon, Mattam?

Had awa', bide awa',

Had awa' frae me, DONALD;

Nae shoulter-belts, nae trinkabouts,

Nae tartan hose for me, DONALD.

Hur can peshaw a petter hough
 Tan him wha wears ta crown, Mattam;
 Herfell hae pistol and claymore
 Ta fie ta lallant lown, Mattam.

Had awa', had awa',
 Had awa' frae me, DONALD;
 For a' your houghs and warlike arms,
 You're no a match for me, DONALD.

Hurfell hae a short coat pi pote,
 No trail my feets at rin, Mattam;
 A cutty fark of good harn sheet,
 My mitter he be spin, Mattam.

Had awa', had awa',
 Had awa' frae me, DONALD;
 Gae hame and hap your naked houghs,
 And fash nae mair wi' me, DONALD.

Ye's neir pe pidden work a turn
 At ony kind o' spin, Mattam,
 But shug your lenno in a scull,
 And tidel highland sing, Mattam.

Had awa,' had awa',
 Had awa' frae me, DONALD;
 Your jogging sculls and highland fang
 Will sound but harsh wi' me, DONALD.

In ta morning when him rise
 Ye's get fresh whey for tea, Mattam;
 Sweet milk an ream as much you please,
 Far cheaper tan pohea, Mattam.

Had awa', had awa',
 Had awa' frae me, DONALD;
 I winna quit my morning's tea,
 Your whey will ne'er agree, DONALD.

Haper Gallic ye's be learn,
 And tats ta ponny speak, Mattam;
 Ye's get a cheese, an putter-kirn,
 Come wi' me kin ye like, Mattam.

Had awa', had awa',
Had awa' frae me, DONALD;
Your Gallic and your Highland chear
Will ne'er gae down wi' me, DONALD.

Fait ye's pe ket a silder protch
Pe pigger as the moon, Mattam;
Ye's ride in curroch stead o' coach,
An wow put ye'll pe fine, Mattam.

Had awa', had awa',
Had awa' frae me, DONALD;
For a' your Highland rarities
You're not a match for me, DONALD.

What's tis ta way tat ye'll pe kind
To a protty man like me, Mattam?
Sae lang's claymore pe po my sidge,
I'll nefer marry tee, Mattam.

O come awa', run awa',
O come awa' wi' me, DONALD;
I wadna quit my Highland man;
Frae Lallands set me free, DONALD.



I N D E X.

A

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I N D E X .

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