

Calen. 169a.



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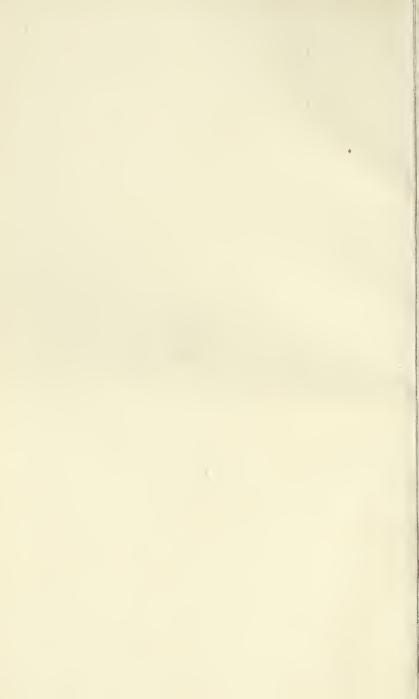
### THE GLEN COLLECTION OF SCOTTISH MUSIC

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Glen 169a

### ORPHEUS CALEDONIUS:

OR, A

### COLLECTION

SCOTS SONGS.

Set to Musick

BY

W. THOMSON.

VOL. II.



LONDON:

Printed for the AUTHOR, at his House in Leicester-Fields.

M.DCG,XXXIII.





TO

HER GRACE THE

Dutchess of Hamilton.

MADAM,

THE first Volume of these Songs having appear'd under the Protection of her Majesty; where cou'd I hope A 2 to

#### DEDICATION.

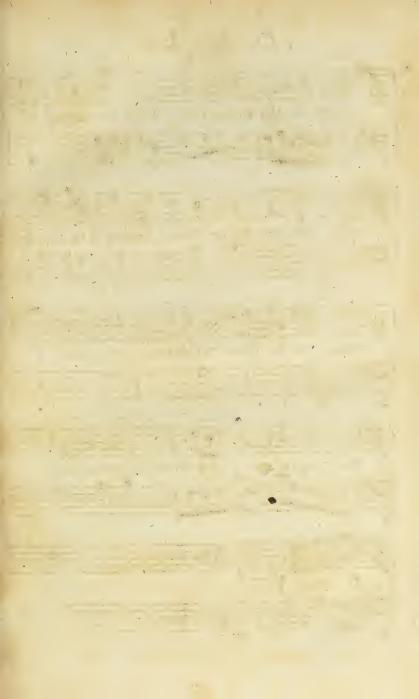
to find a proper Patroness for the second, but in the Dutchess of Hamilton?

Tho' being allow'd the Honour of sheltring them under your Grace's Name, is rather making a Demand for new Favours, than gratefully acknowledging numberless Obligations past; yet I had no other way left, to declare publickly how much I am,

### MADAM,

Your Grace's most Devoted and most Obliged Humble Servant,

William Thomson.







### ORPHEUS CALEDONIUS.

#### VOL. II.

# I. Cromlet's Lilt.



INCE all thy Vows, false Maid;
Are blown to Air,
And my poor Heart betray'd
To sad Despair,

Into some Wilderness,
My Grief I will express,
And thy Hard-heartedness,
O cruel Fair.

VOL. II.

B

Have

Have I not graven our Loves

On every Tree:

In yonder spreading Groves,

Tho' false thou be:

Was not a folemn Oath Plighted betwixt us both, Thou thy Faith, I my Troth,

Constant to be?

Some gloomy Place I'll find,

Some doleful Shade,

Where neither Sun nor Wind

E'er Entrance had:

Into that hollow Cave, There will I figh and rave, Because thou do'ft behave

So faithleffly.

Wild Fruit shall be my Meat,

I'll drink the Spring,

Cold Earth shall be my Seat:

For covering

I'll have the starry Sky My Head to canopy,

Until my Soul on high

Shall spread its Wing.

I'll have no funeral Fire,

Nor Tears for me:

No Grave do I desire,

Nor Obsequies:

The courteous Red-Breast he,

With Leaves will cover me, And fing my Elegy,

With doleful Voice.

And when a Ghost I am,

I'll visit thee:

O thou deceitful Dame,

Whose Cruelty

Has kill'd the kindest Heart, That e'er felt Cupid's Dart, And never can desert

From loving thee.





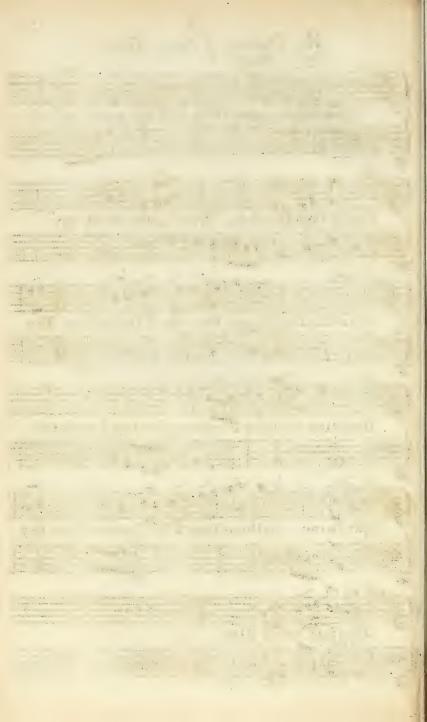
# My Deary, if thou die,

OVE never more shall give me pain,
My Fancy's six'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 Persection see:
Then I'll renounce all Woman-kind,
My Peggy, after thec.

No new-blown Beauty fires my Heart With Cupid's raving Rage,





But thine which can fuch Sweets impart, Must all the World engage.

Twas this, that like the Morning Sun,
Gave Joy and Life to me;
And when it's destin'd Day is done,

Ye Powers that smile on virtuous Love, And in such Pleasure share; You who it's faithful Flames approve, With pity view the Fair.

With Peggy let me die.

Restore my Peggy's wonted Charms,
Those Charms so dear to me;
Oh! never rob them from these Arms:
I'm lost, if Peggy die,







### III.

Sae Merry as we have been.

Nac Footsteps of Winter are seen;
The Birds carrol sweet in the Sky,
And Lambkins dance Reels on the Green.
Thro' Plantings, by Burnies sae clear,
We wander for Pleasure and Health,
Where Buddings and Blossoms appear,
Giving Prospects of Joy and Wealth.

Viewilka gay Scene all around,

That arc, and that promife to be;

Yet in them a nathing is found,

Sae perfect Eliza as thee:

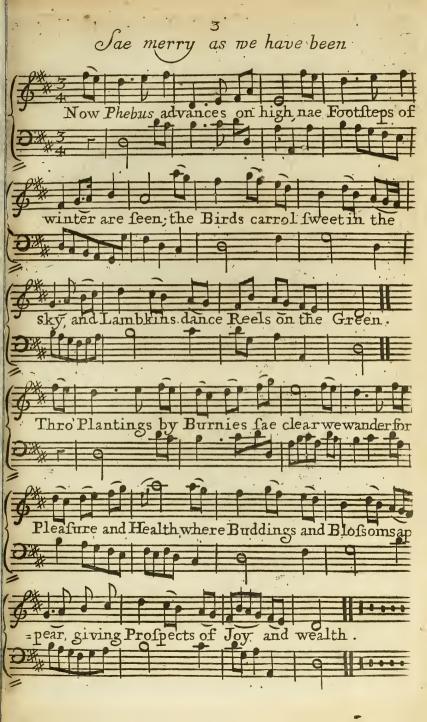
Thy Een the clear Fountains excel,

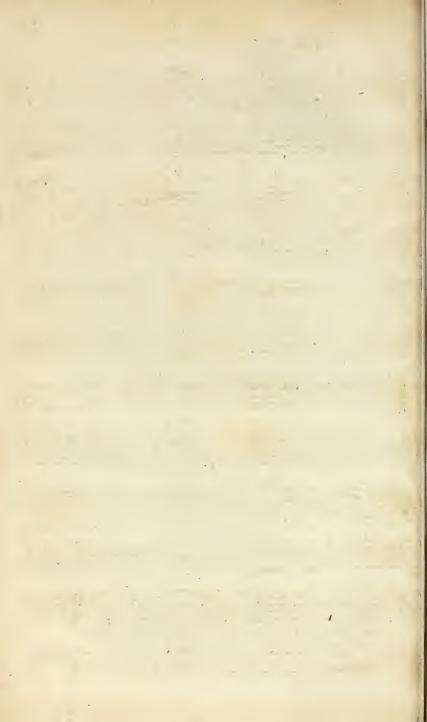
Thy Locks they out-rival the Grove;

When Zephyrs those pleasingly swell,

Ilk Wave makes a Captive to Love.

The Roses and Lillies combin'd, And Flowers of maist delicate Hue,





By thy Cheek and dear Breasts are out-shin'd,
Their Tinctures are naithing sae true.
What can we compare with thy Voice?
And what with thy Humour sae sweet?
Nae Music can bless with sic Joys;
Sure Angels are just sae complete.

Fair Blossom of ilka Delight,
Whose Beauties ten thousand out-shine;
Thy Sweets shall be lasting and bright,
Being mixt with sae many divine.
Ye Powers, who have given sic Charms
To Eliza, your Image below,
O save her frae all human Harms!
And make her Hours happily flow.





# IV. The Bonny Earl of Murray.

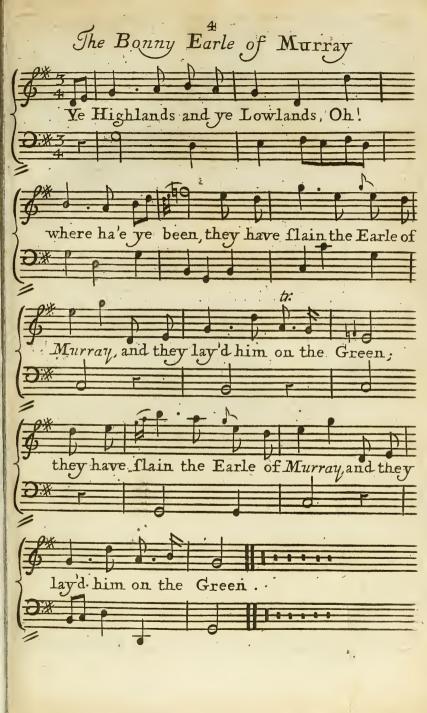
Oh! where ha'e ye been:
They ha'e flain the Earl of Murray,
And they laid him on the Green.

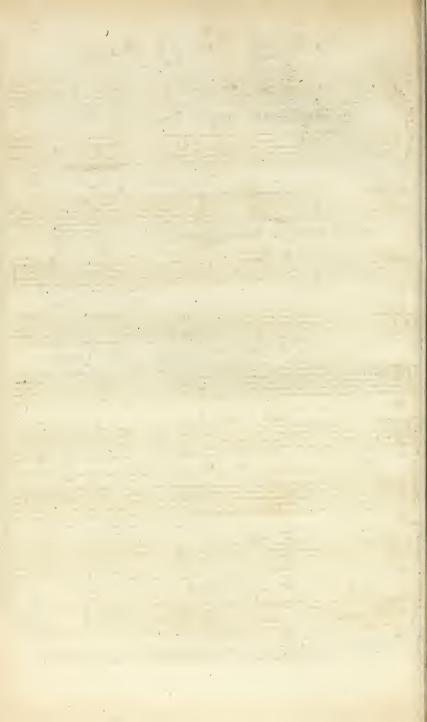
Now wae be to thee *Huntly*; And wherefore did ye sae; I bad you bring him wi' you, But forbad you him to slae.

He was a braw Gallant, And he rid at the Ring; And the bonny Earl of Murray, Oh! he might have been a King.

He was a braw Gallant, And he play'd at the Ba', And the bonny Earl of Murray, Was the Flower amang them a's

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.

Oh! lang will his Lady,
Look o'er the Castle-Down,
E'er she see the Earl of Murray,
Come sounding through the Town.



Vol. II.

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V.



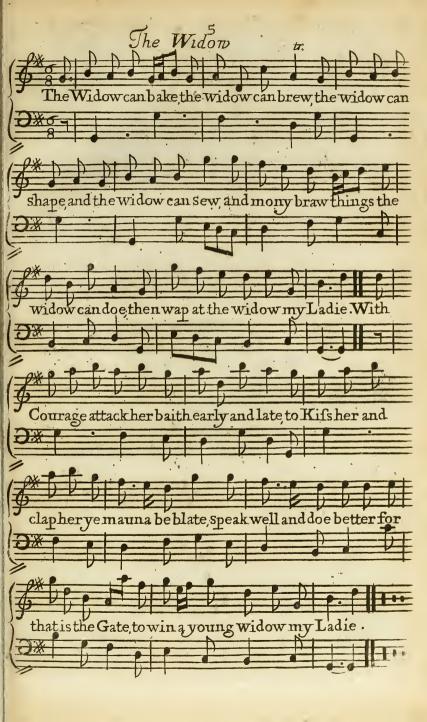
## The Widow.

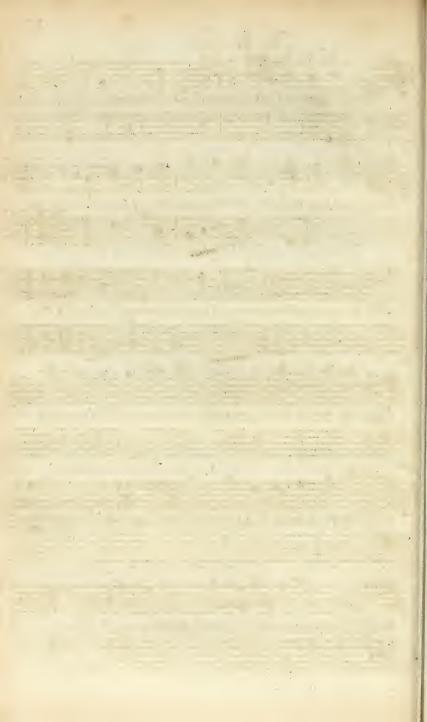
HE Widow can bake, and the Widow can brew,

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 ye mauna 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 a 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 ye wish better your Pleasure to crown,
Than a Widow, the bonniest Toast in the Town,
With naithing, but draw in your Stool and sit down,
And sport with the Widow, my Laddie?

Then till'er and kill'er with Courtesse dead,
Tho' stark Love and Kindness be all ye can plead,
Be





Be heartsome and airy, and hope to succeed,
With 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 Woer that's thowless and cauld,
Unsit for the Widow, my Laddie.



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#### VI.

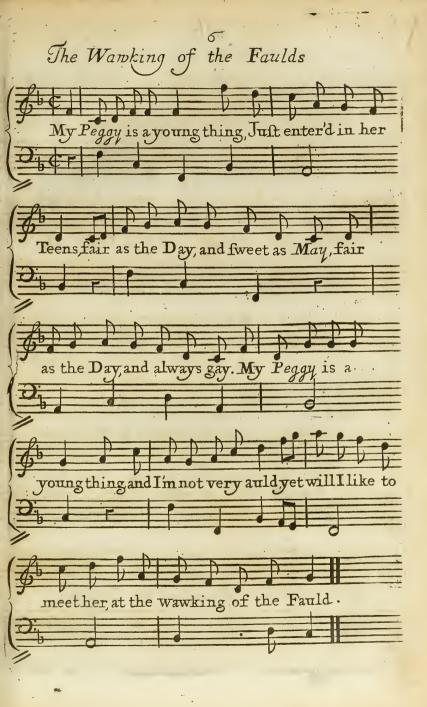
### The Wawking of the Faulds.

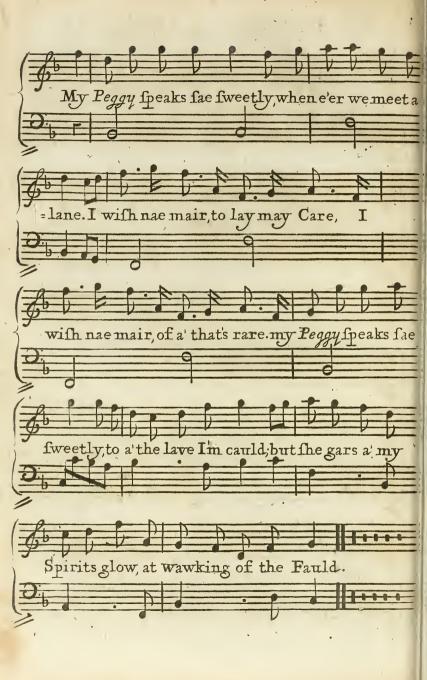
Y Peggy is a young thing, Just entered in her Teens, Fair as the Day, and sweet as May, Fair as the Day, and always gay.

My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld,
Yet well I like to meet her at
The Wawking 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 Wawking of the Fauld.

My Peggy smiles so kindly,
Whene'er I whisper Love,
That I look down on a' the Town,
That I look down upon a Crown.





My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
It makes me blyth and bauld,
And naithing gives me sic Delight,
As Wawking of the Fauld.
My Peggy sings sae saftly,
When on my Pipe I play;
By a' the rest, it is confest,
By a' the rest, that she sings best.
My Peggy sings sae saftly,
And in her Sangs are tald,

With Innocence the Wale of Sense, At Wawking of the Fauld.



# VII. Jocky faid to Jeany.

Jocky faid to Jeany, Jeany, wilt thou do't?

Ne'er a fit, quo' Jeany, for my Tochergood;

For my Tocher-good, I winna marry thee. E'ens ye like, quo' Jonny, ye may let it be.

I ha' Gowd and Gear, I ha' Land eneugh, I ha' feven good Owsen ganging in a Pleugh; Ganging in a Pleugh, and lingking o'er the Lee, And gin ye winna take me, I can let ye be.

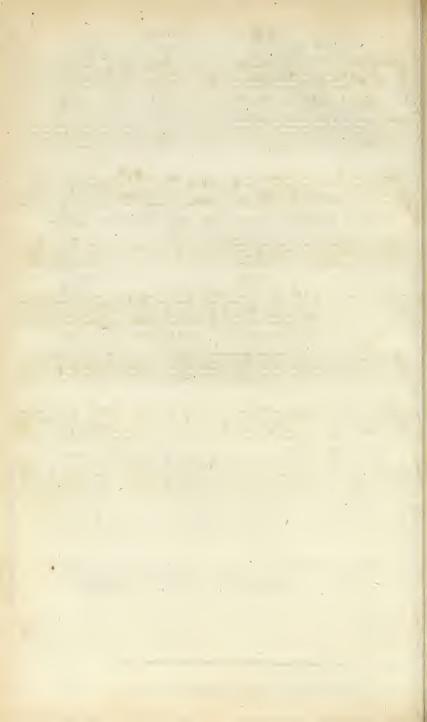
I ha' a good Ha' House, a Barn, and a Byer,

A Stack afore the Door, I'll make a rantin

Fire;

I'll make a rantin Fire, and merry shall we be; And gin ye winna take me, I can let ye be.





Jeany said to Jocky, gin ye winna tell, Ye shall be the Lad, I'll be the Lass my sell: Ye're a bonny Lad, and I'm a Lassie free, Ye're welcomer to take me, than to let me be.



VIII.



### VIII. Dumbarton's *Drums*.

Umbarton's Drums beat bonny — O,
When they mind me of my dear Jonny — O,
How happy am I,
When my Soldier is by,
While he kiffes and bleffes his Annie — O!
'Tis a Soldier 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 Soldier has Honour and Bravery — O,

Unacquainted with Rogues and their Knavery — O:

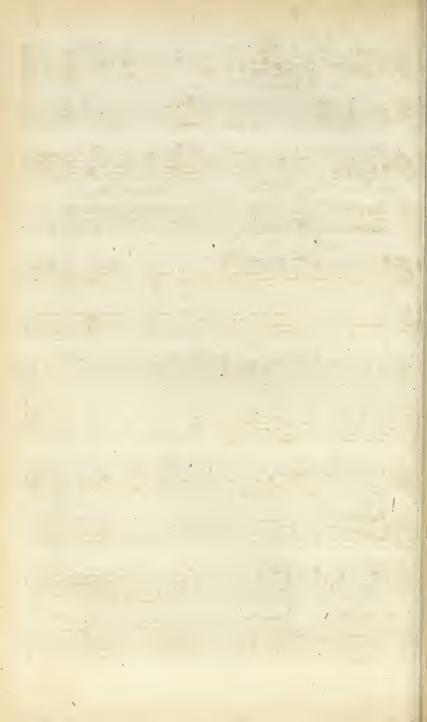
He minds no other thing,

But the Ladies or the King;

For every other Care is but Slavery — O.

Then





#### ORPHEUS CALEDONIUS.

17

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 found bonny — O,

They are sprightly like my dear Jonny — O;

How happy shall I be,

When on my Soldier's Knee,

And he kisses and blesses his Annie — O!





#### · IX.

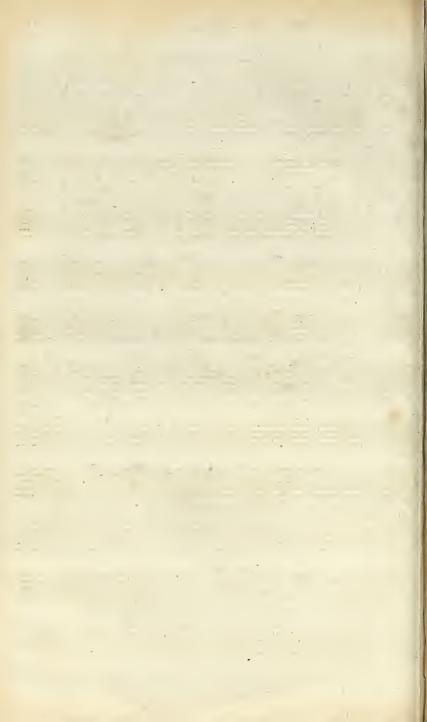
### Ye Gods ! was Strephon's Picture bleft.

E Gods! was Strephon's Picture bleft, With the fair Heaven of Chloe's Breaft Move softer, thou fond fluttering Heart, Oh gentle 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 bleft 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 Pray'r, Ingrossing all that beauteous Heaven, That Chloe, lavish Maid, has given.

I cannot blame thee: were I Lord Of all the Wealth those 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 Air, Prize him whose Bosom glows with Fire, With eager Love and soft Desire.

'Tis true, thy Charms, O powerful Maid, To Life can bring the filent Shade:
Thou can'ft surpass the Painter's Art's
And real Warmth and Flames impart.
But oh! it ne'er can love like me,
I've ever lov'd, and lov'd but thee:
Then, Charmer, grant my fond Request,
Say thou can'ft love, and make me blest.





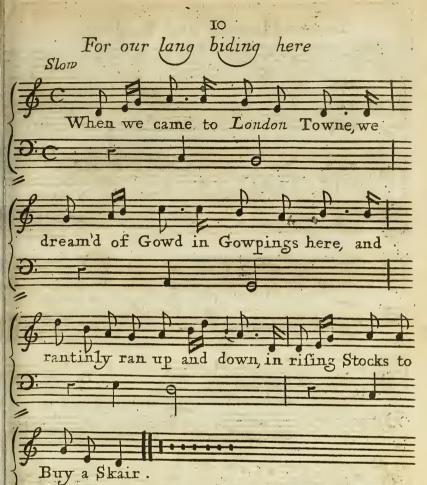
## For our lang biding here.

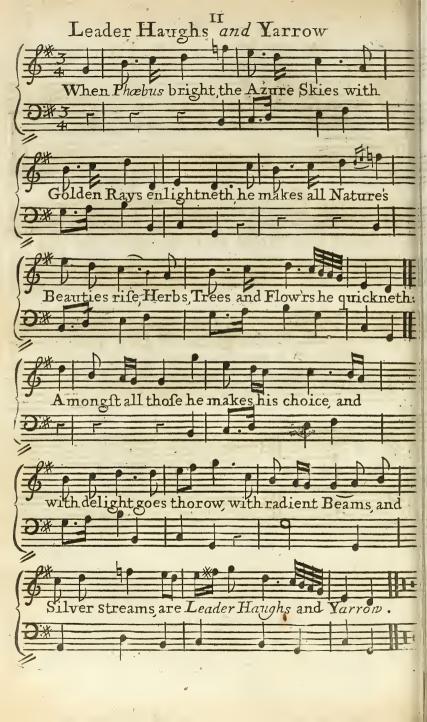
We dream'd of Gowd in Gowpings here, And rantinly ran up and down, In rifing Stocks to buy a Skair:

We dastly thought to row in Rowth, But for our Dassine pay'd 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 Stock-jobbing ane and a'.

If we gang near the South-Sea House, The Whilly-Wha's will grip ye'r gear, Syne a' the Lave will fare the war, For our lang biding here,







### XI. Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

With golden Rays enlightneth,

He makes all Nature's Beauties rife,
Herbs, Trees and Flowers he quickneth:

Amongst all those he makes his Choice,
And with Delight goes thorow,

With radient Beams and silver Streams,
Are Leader Haughs and Tarrow.

When Aries the Day and Night,
In equal length divideth,
Auld frosty Saturn takes his slight,
Nae langer he abideth:
Then Flora Queen, with Mantle green,
Casts aff her former Sorrow,
And vows to dwell with Ceres sell,
In Leader Haughs and Tarrow,

Pan playing on his aiten Reed, And Shepherds him attending, Do here refort, their Flocks to feed,
The Hills and Haughs commending;
With Cur and Kent upon the Bent,
Sing to the Sun, Good morrow,
And swear nac Fields mair Pleasures yield,
Than Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

An House there stands on Leader-side,
Surmounting my descriving,
With Rooms sae rare, and Windows fair,
Like Dedalus' contriving:
Men passing by, do aften cry,
In sooth it hath nae Marrow;
It stands as sweet on Leader-side,
As Newark does on Tarrow.

A Mile below wha lift to ride,
They'll hear the Mavis finging;
Into St. Leonard's Banks she'll bide,
Sweet birks her Head o'er hinging:
The Lintwhite loud, and Progne proud,
With tuneful Throats and narrow,
Into St. Leonard's Banks they fing,
As sweetly as in Tarrow.

The Lapwing lilteth o'er the Lee, With nimble Wing she sporteth, But vows she'll flee far frae the Tree,
Where *Philomel* resorteth:
By Break of Day, the Lark can say,
I'll bid you a Good-morrow,
I'll streek my Wing, and mounting sing,
O'er *Leader Haughs* and *Yarrow*.

Park, Wantan-waws, and Wooden cleugh,
The East and Western Mainses,
The Wood of Lauder's fair eneugh,
The Corns are good in Blainshes;
Where Aits are fine, and sald be kind,
That if ye search all thorow
Mearns, Buchan, Mar, nane better are
Than Leader Haughs and Tarrow.

In Burn Mill-bog and Whit slade Shaws,
The fearful Hare she haunteth,
Brig-haugh and Braidwoodsheil she knaws,
And Chapel-wood frequenteth:
Yet when she irks, to Kaidsly Birks
She rins, and sighs for sorrow,
That she shou'd leave sweet Leader Haughs,
And cannot win to Tarrow.

What fweeter Musick 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 Beilding can she borrow
In Sorrel's Field, Cleckman or Hag's,
And sighs to be in Yarrow.

For Rockwood, Ringwood, Spoty, 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 Seugh and Syke,
She'll rin the Fields all thorow,
'Till fail'd she fa's in Leader Haughs,
And bids farewell to Tarrow

Sing Erslington and Cowdenknows,
Where Homes had anes commanding;
And Drygrange with thy milk white Ews,
'Twixt Tweed and Leader standing:
The Bird that slees throw Reedpath Trees,
And Gledsworth Banks ilk morrow,
May chant and sing, sweet Leader Haughs,
And bonny Howms of Tarrow.

But Minstrel Burn cannot assuage His Grief, while Life endureth, To fee the Changes of this Age,

That fleeting Time procureth;

For mony a Place flands in hard Case,

Where blyth Fowk kend nae Sorrow,

With Homes that dwelt on Leader-side,

And Scots that dwelt on Tarrow.





## XII. A Lass with a Lump of Land.

The me a Lass with a Lump of Land,

And we for Life shall gang thegither,

Tho' dast or wise, I'll ne'er demand,

Or black or fair, it maksna whether.

I'm aff with Wit, and Beauty will sade,

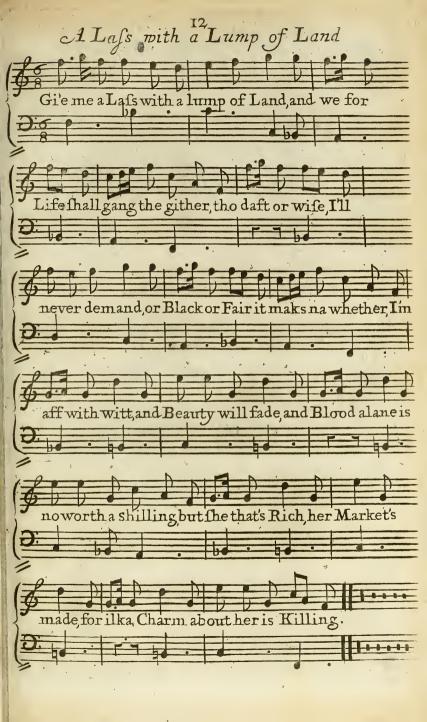
And blood alane is na worth a Shilling;

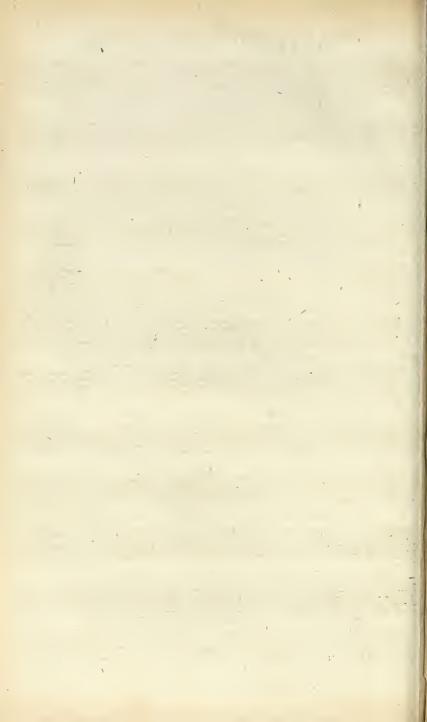
But she that's rich, her Market's made,

For ilka Charm about her is killing.

Gi'e me a Lass with a Lump of Land,
And in my Bosom I'll hug my Treasure;
Gin I had anes 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,
They'se never get me to dance to their Fiddle.

There's meikle good Love in Bands and Bags, And Siller and Gowd's a sweet Complexion;





### ORPHEUS CALEDONIUS: 27

But 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 naithing can catch our modern Sparks, But well-tocher'd Lasses or joynter'd Widows:



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XIII.

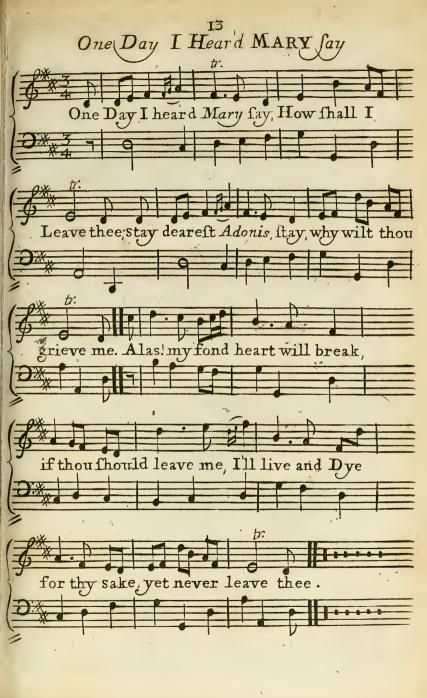


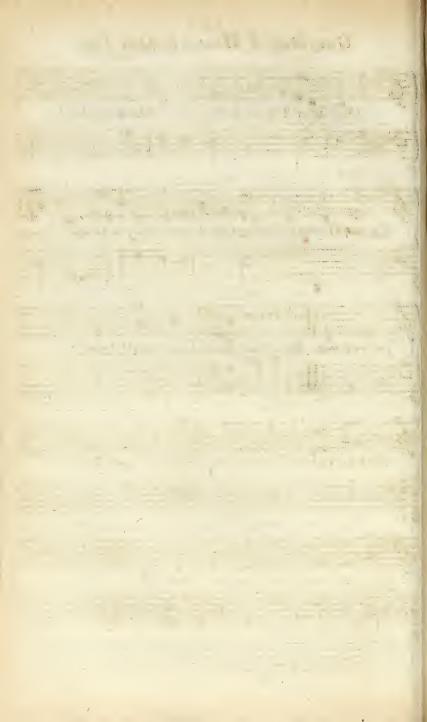
# XIII. One Day I heard Mary fay.

NE Day I heard Mary fay,
How shall I leave thee?
Stay, dearest Adonis, stay,
Why wilt thou grieve me?
Alas! my fond Heart will break,
If thou should leave me:
I'll live and die for thy sake;
Yet never leave thee.

Say, lovely Adonis, fay,
Has Mary deceived thee?
Did e'er her young Heart betray
New Love, that has griev'd thee;
My conflant Mind ne'er shall stray,
Thou may believe me.
I'll 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 sly?
Why does he grieve me?
Alas! my poor Heart will die,
If I should leave thee.



# 

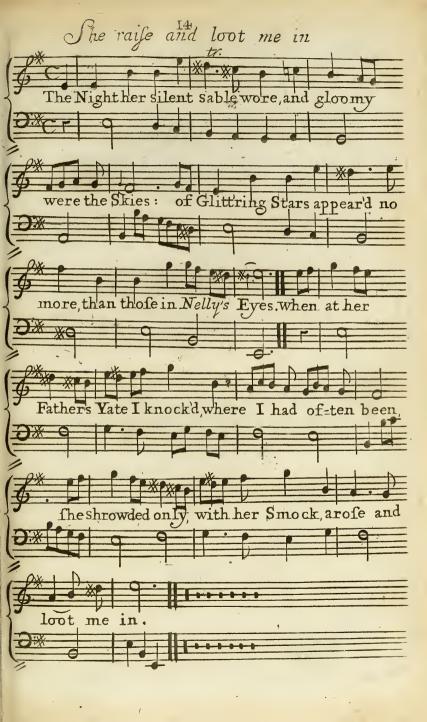
#### XIV.

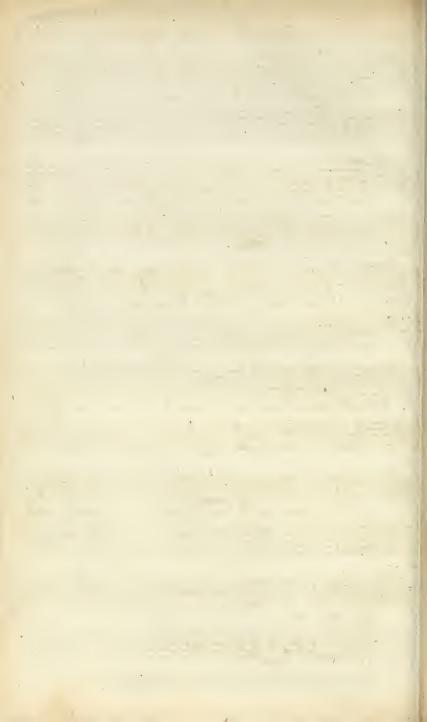
She raise and loot me in.

HE Night her filent Sable 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, shrowded only, with her Smock,
Arose and loot me in.

Fast lock'd within her close Embrace,
She trembling stood asham'd;
Her swelling Breast and glowing Face,
And ev'ry Touch enslamed.
My cager 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 Bleffing,
So bleft a Man was I.
And fhe, all ravish'd with Delight,
Bid me oft come again;
And kindly vow'd, that ev'ry Night,
She'd rife and let me in.

But ah! at last she prov'd with Bairn,
And sighing sat 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 curs'd the fatal Hour,
That e'er she loot me in.

But who cou'd 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
That e'er she loot me in.



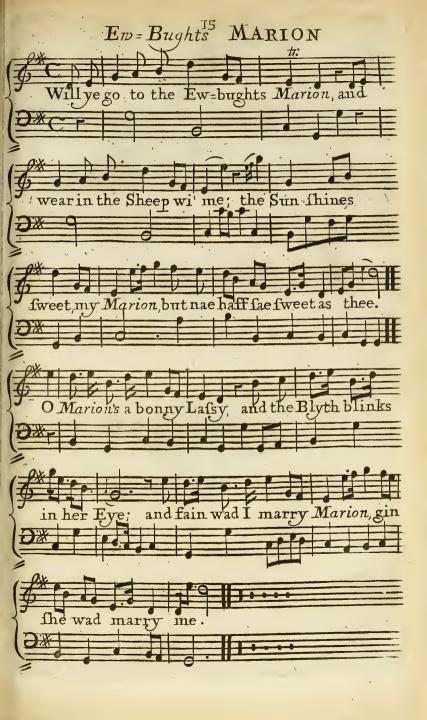


## XV. Ew-Bughts Marion.

And wear in the Sheep wi'me;
The Sun shines sweet, my Marion,
But nae haff sae 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 Hauss-bane;
Fu' 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 Eye,
At Kirk when they see my Marion;
But nane of them lo'es like me.

I've nine Milk-Ews, 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 Waistcoat of the London brown,
And wow but ye will be vap'ring,
Whene'er ye gang to the Town.

I'm young and sout, my Marion;
Nane dances 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.





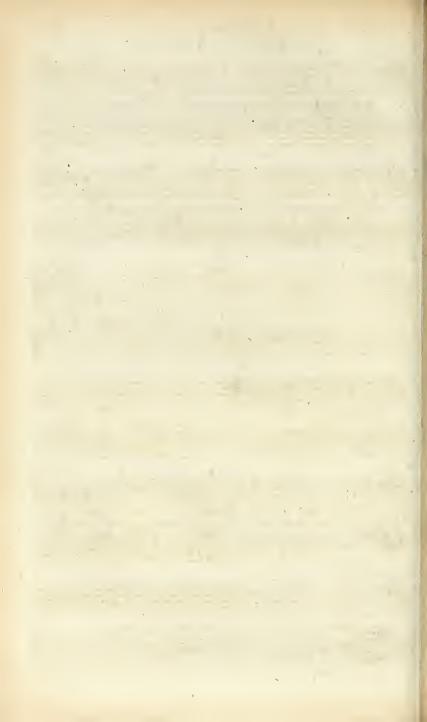
## XVI. The Braes of Yarrow.

Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny Bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winfom Marrow;
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny Bride,
And let us leave the Braes of *Tarrow*.
Where got ye that bonny, bonny Bride,
Where got ye that winfom Marrow?
I got her where I durst not well be seen,
Puing the Birks on the Braes of *Tarrow*.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny, bonny Bride, Weep not, weep not, my winsom Marrow; Nor let thy Heart lament to leave Puing the Birks on the Braes of Tarrow. Why does she weep, thy bonny, bonny Bride? Why does she weep, thy winsom Marrow? And why dare ye nae mair well be seen, Puing the Birks on the Braes of Tarrow?

Lang must she weep, lang must she, must she weep, Lang must she weep with Dole and Sorrow,





And lang must I nae mair well be seen,
Puing the Birks on the Braes of *Yarrow*.
For she has tint her Lover, Lover dear,
Her Lover dear, the Cause of Sorrow;
And I have slain the comeliest Swain,
That ever pued Birks on the Braes of *Yarrow*.

Why runs thy Stream, O Tarrow, Tarrow, reid? Why on thy Braes heard the Voice of Sorrow? And why you melancholious Weeds, Hung on the bonny Birks of Tarrow? What's yonder floats on the rueful, rueful Flood? What's yonder floats? O Dole and Sorrow, O'tis the comely Swain I flew, Upon the doleful Braes of Tarrow.

Wash, O wash his Wounds, his Wounds in Tears, His Wounds in Tears of Dole and Sorrow, And wrap his Limbs in mourning Weeds, And lay him on the Braes of Tarrow. Then build, then build, ye Sisters, Sisters sad, Ye Sisters sad, his Tomb with Sorrow; And weep around in woful wise, His helpless Fate on the Braes of Tarrow.

Curse ye, curse ye, his uscless, uscless Shield, My Arm that wrought the Deed of Sorrow;

#### 36. ORPHEUS CALEDONIUS.

The fatal Spear that piere'd his Breast, His comely Breast on the Braes of *Tarrow*. Did I not warn thee not to, not to love, And warn from Fight: but to my Sorrow, Too rashly bold, a stronger Arm Thou met'st, and fell on the Braes of *Tarrow*?

Sweet smells the Birk, green grows, green grows the Grass,

Yellow on *Tarrow*'s Braes the Gowan;
Fair hangs the Apple frae the Rock,
Sweet the Wave of *Tarrow* flowan.
Flows *Tarrow* fweet, as fweet, as fweet flows *Tweed*,
As green its Grafs, its Gowan as yellow,
As fweet fmells on its Braes the Birk,
The Apple from its Rocks as mellow.

Fair was thy Love, fair, fair indeed thy Love, In flow'ry Bands thou him did'ft fetter; Tho' he was fair, and well-belov'd again, Than me he never lov'd thee better.

Busk ye, then busk, my bonny, bonny Bride, Busk ye, then busk, my winfom Marrow; Busk ye, and lo'e me on the Banks of Tweed, And think nae mair on the Braes of Tarrow.

How can I busk a bonny, bonny Bride? How can I busk a winfom Marrow? How lo'e him on the Banks of Tweed,
That flew my Love on the Braes of Tarrow.
O Tarrow Fields, may never, never Rain,
No Dew thy tender Blossoms cover,
For there was vilely kill'd my Love,
My Love as he had not been a Lover.

The Boy put on his Robes, his Robes of Green, His purple Vest, 'twas my awn sewing, Ah! wretched me, I little, little knew, He was in these to meet his Ruin. The Boy took out his milk-white, milk-white Steed, Unheedful of my Dole and Sorrow; But e'er the Toosal of the Night, He lay a Corps on the Braes of Tarrow.

Much I rejoic'd that woeful, woeful Day,
I fung, my Voice the Woods returning;
But lang e'er Night the Spear was flown,
That flew my Love, and left me mourning.
What can my barbarous, barbarous Father do,
But with his cruel Rage pursue me?
My Lover's Blood is on thy Spear;
How can'ft thou, barbarous, Man, then woo me?

My happy Sisters may be, may be proud, With cruel and ungentle Scoffing, May bid me seck on *Tarrow*'s Braes, My Lover nailed in his Coffin.

My Brother *Douglas* may upbraid, And strive with threatning Words to move me; My Lover's Blood is on thy Spear, How can'st thou ever bid me love thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the Bed, the Bed of Love, 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, methink, 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 Weeds,
And crown my careful Head with yellow.
Pale tho' thou art, yet best, yet best belov'd,
O could my Warmth to Life restore thee;
Yet lie all Night between my Breasts;
No Youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale, pale indeed, O lovely, lovely Youth! Forgive, forgive so foul a Slaughter; And lie all Night between my Breasts, No Youth shall ever lie there after.

Return, return, O mournful, mournful Bride, Return and dry thy useless Sorrow, Thy Lover heeds nought of thy Sighs, He lies a Corps in the Bracs of Yarrow.



XVII.



# XVII. Lady Anne Bothwel's Lament.

Alow, my Boy, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me fore to hear thee weep;
If thou'lt be silent, I'll be glad,
Thy Mourning makes my Heart sull sad.
Balow, my Boy, thy Mother's Joy,
Thy Father bred me great Annoy.

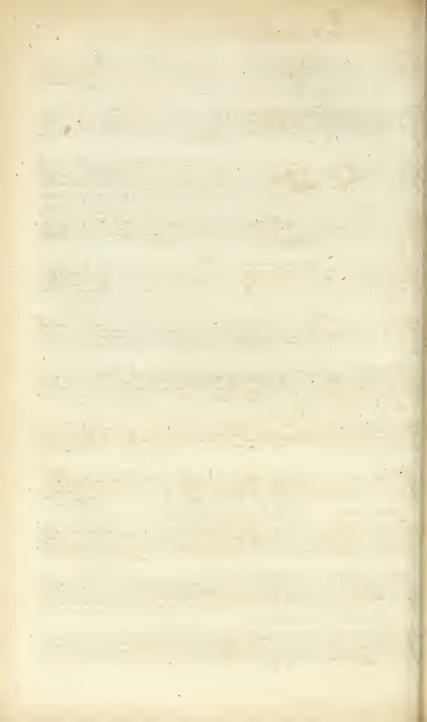
Balow, &c.

Balow, my Darling, fleep 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, &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, &c.

Farewell, farewell, thou falsest Youth,
That ever kist a Woman's Mouth,
Let never any after me,
Submit unto thy Courtesy:
For, if they do, O! cruel thou,
Wilt her abuse, and care not how.
Balow, &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, &c.

I wish I were a Maid again,
From young Men's Flattery I'd refrain;
For now unto my Grief I find,
They are all perjur'd and unkind:
Bewitching Charms bred all my Harms,
Witness my Babe lies in my Arms.

Balow, &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, &c.

Balow, my Boy, weep not for me,
Whose greatest Gries'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, &c.

Balow, my Boy, thy Father's fled,
When he the thriftles Son has play'd,
Of Vows and Oaths, forgetful he
Prefer'd the Wars to thee and me.
But now, perhaps, thy Curse and mine,
Make him eat Acorns with the Swine.

Balow, &c.

But curse not him, perhaps now he, Stung with Remorse, is bleffing thec: 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, &c.

I wish I were into the Bounds,
Where he lies 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, tho' not forget.

Balow, &c.

If Linnen lacks, for my Love's fake,
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, &c.

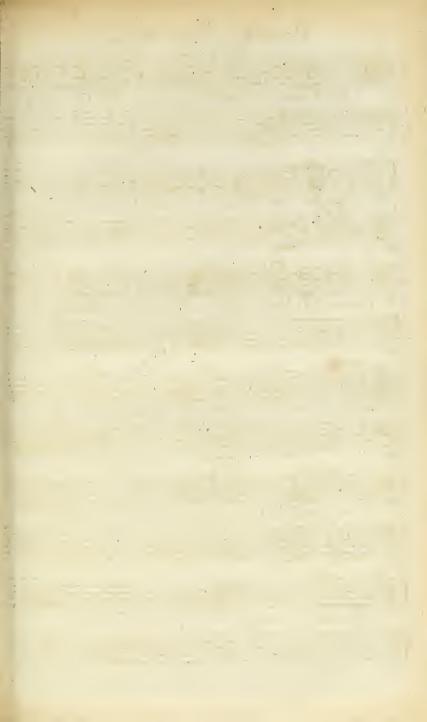
Balow, my Boy, I'll weep for thee;
Too foon, alake, thou'lt weep for me:
Thy Griefs are growing to a Sum,
God grant thee patience when they come;

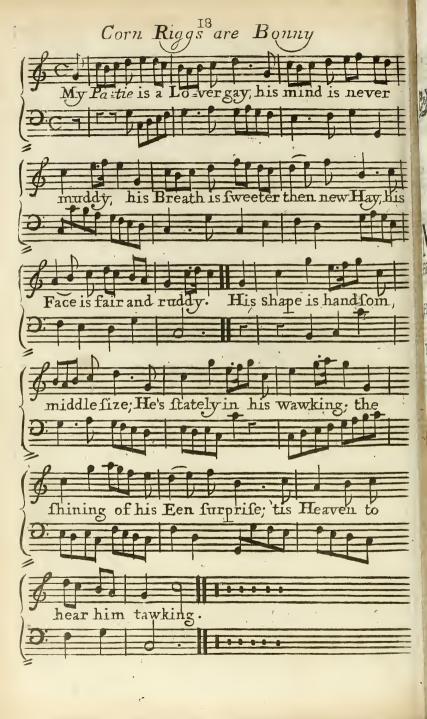
#### 44 ORPHEUS CALEDONIUS.

Born to sustain thy Mother's Shame, A hapless Fate, a Bastard's Name. Balow, &c.



XVIII.





### CIPPEDE CERCIPIE

## XVIII. 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 surprise;
'Tis Heaven to hear him tawking.

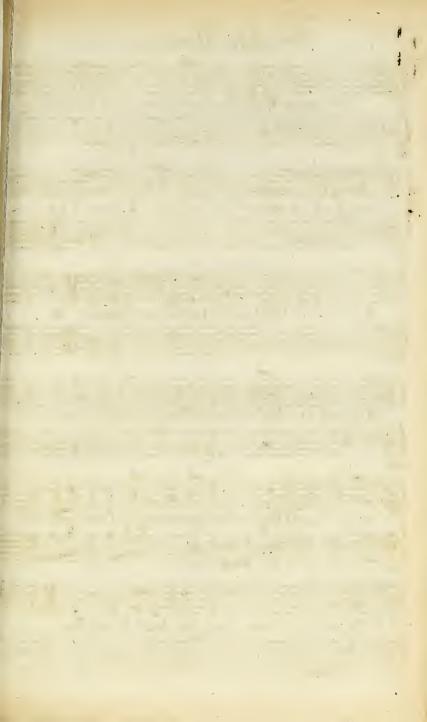
Last Night I met him on a Bawk,
Where yellow Corn was growing,
There mony a kindly Word he spake,
That set my Heart a glowing.
He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
And loo'd me best of ony;
That gars me like to sing sinsyne,
O Corn Riggs are bonny.

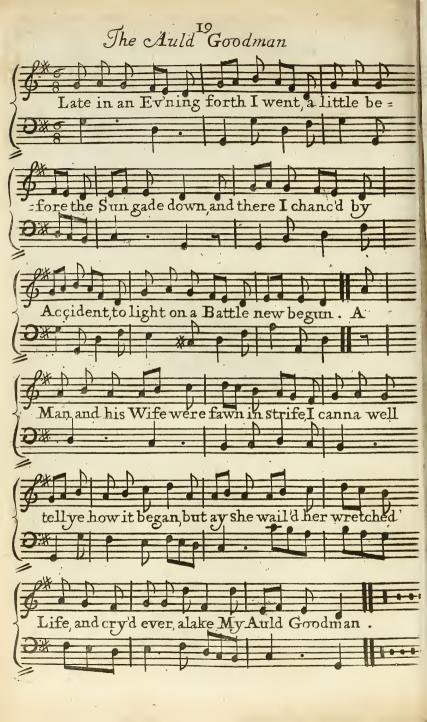
Let Maidens of a filly Mind, Refuse what maist they're wanting,

#### 46 ORPHEUS CALEDONIUS.

Since we for yielding are design'd, We chastly should be granting:
Then I'll comply, and marry Pate,
And syne my Cockernony,
He's free to touzle air or late,
Where Corn Riggs are bonny.









## XIX. The auld Goodman.

Ate in an Evening forth I went,
A little before the Sun gade down,
And there I chanc'd by Accident,
To light on a Battle new begun.
A Man and his Wife was fawn in a Strife,
I canna well tell ye how it began;
But ay she wail'd her wretched Life,
And cry'd ever, alake my auld Goodman.

#### HE.

The Country kens where he was born,
Was but a filly 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,
Sac tell nae mair of thy auld Goodman.

SHE.

My Heart alake, is liken to break,
When I think on my winfome John,
His blinkan Eye and Gate fae free,
Was naithing like thee, thou dosend 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.

HE.

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 Houshold Stuff thou hast enough,
Thou wants for neither Pot nor Pan;
Of sicklike Ware he left thee bare,
Sae tell nae mair of thy auld Goodman.

SHE.

Yes I may tell, and fret my fell,

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 salds thy Feet, and sa saseep,

And thou'lt ne'er be like my auld Goodman.

Then

Then coming was the Night sae dark,
And gane was a' the Light of Day;
The Carle 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.



#### MARIANA MARAANA

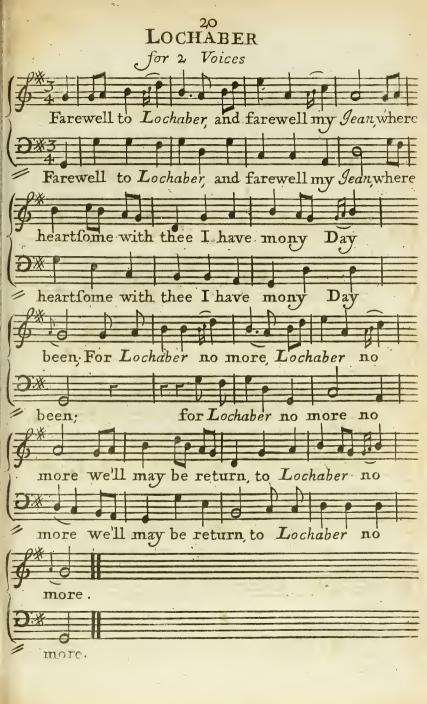
## Lochaber.

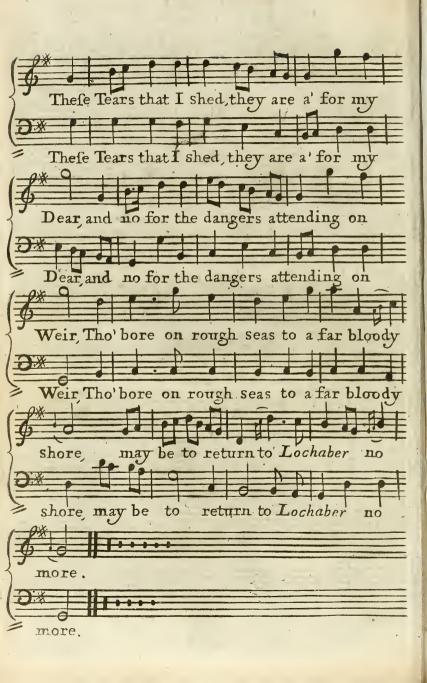
Arewell to Lochaber, and farewell my Jean,
Where heartsome with thee I've mony Day
been;

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 rife, and rife 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 naithing like leaving my Love on the Shore.
To leave thee behind me, my Heart is sair 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 must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my Excuse, Since Honour commands me, how can I refuse? Without





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.

ni totil. 18 Tajit balla si itsi si u



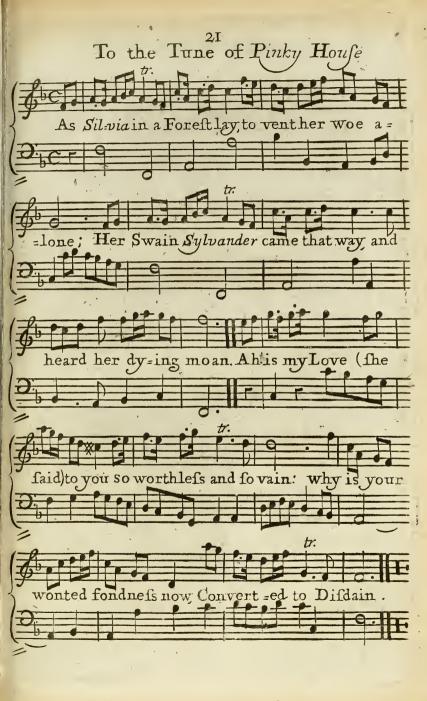


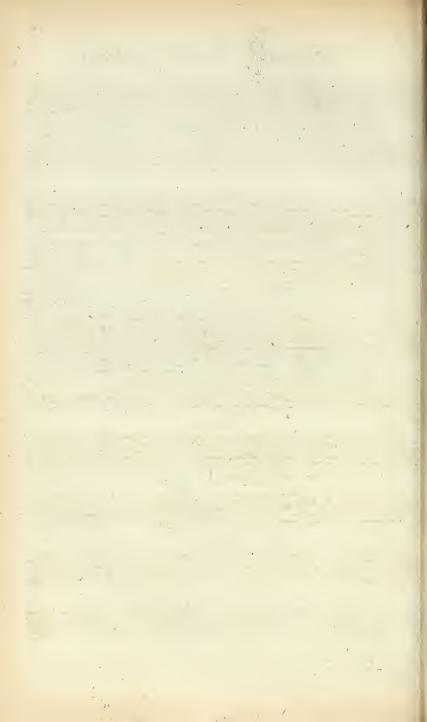
## As Sylvia in a Forest lay.

S 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 should 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 fee 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 conftant I
Should by your felf be kill'd.

This faid — 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 Heaven.





#### XXII.

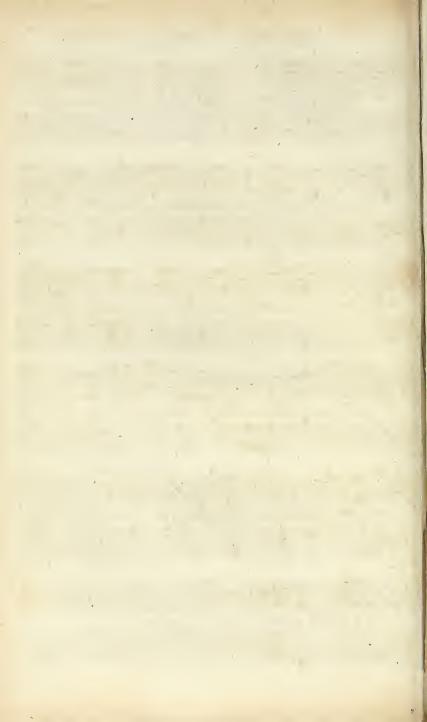
When absent from the Nymph I love.

Hen absent from the Nymph I love,
I'd fain shake off the Chains I wear;
But whilst I strive these to remove,
More Fetters I'm oblig'd to bear.
My captiv'd-Fancy Day and Night,
Fairer and fairer represents
Belinda, form'd for dear Delight,
But cruel Cause of my Complaints.

All Day I wander through the Groves,
And fighing hear from ev'ry Tree
The happy Birds chirping their Loves;
Happy, compar'd with lonely me.
When gentle Sleep with balmy Wings,
To rest fans ev'ry weary'd Wight,
A thousand Fears my Fancy brings,
That keep me watching all the Night.

Sleep flies, while like the Goddess fair, And all the Graces in her Train,





With melting Smiles and killing Air
Appears the Cause of all my Pain.
A while my Mind delighted flies,
O'er all her Sweets with thrilling Joy;
Whilst want of Worth makes Doubts arise,
That all my trembling Hopes destroy.

Thus while my Thoughts are fix'd on her,
I'm all o'er Transport and Desire;
My Pulse beats high, my Cheeks appear
All Roses, and mine Eyes all Fire.
When to my self I turn my View,
My Veins grow chill, my Cheeks look wan:
Thus whilst my Fears my Pains renew,
I scarcely look or move a Man.





# XXIII. 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 figh 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 Prayer,
And I absolve thy future Care;
All other Blessings I resign,
Make but the dear Amanda mine.









#### XXIV.

The bonniest Lass in a' the Warld.

OOK where my dear Hamillia smiles,

Hamillia! heavenly Charmer;

See how with all their Arts and Wiles,

The Loves and Graces arm her.

A Blush dwells glowing on her Cheeks,

Fair Seats of youthful Pleasures;

There Love in smiling Language speaks,

There spreads his rosy Treasures.

O fairest Maid, I own thy Power,
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.

XXV



## XXV. Clout the Caldron.

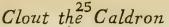
Or any broken Chandlers?

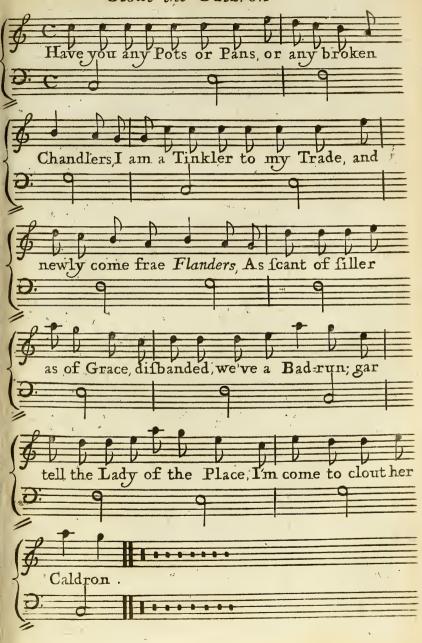
I am a Tinkler to my Trade,
And newly come frae Flanders.

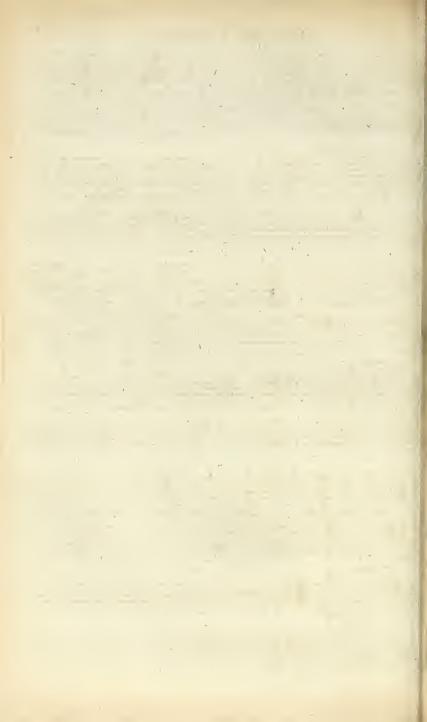
As fcant of Siller as of Grace;
Disbanded, we've a bad-run;
Gar tell the Lady of the Place,
I'm come to clout her Caldron.

Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Madam, if you have Wark for me,
I'll do't to your Contentment,
And dinna care a fingle Flie
For any Man's Resentment:
For, Lady fair, tho' I appear,
To every ane a Tinkler;
Yet to your sell 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.





### XXVI.

Willy 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 Willy 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 Willy faid,

It was still hadden as a Law.

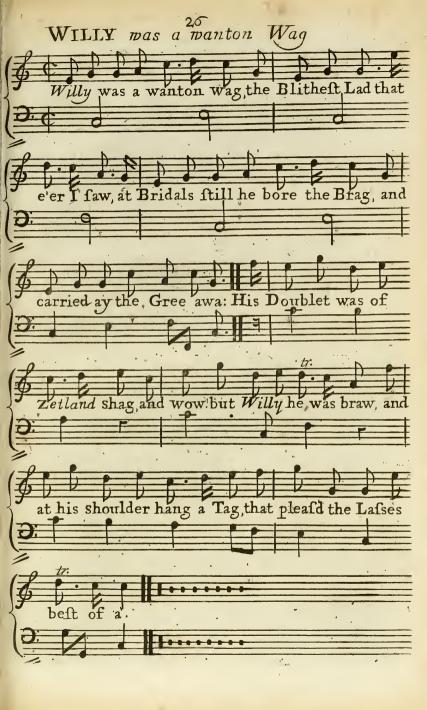
His Boots they were made of the Jag,

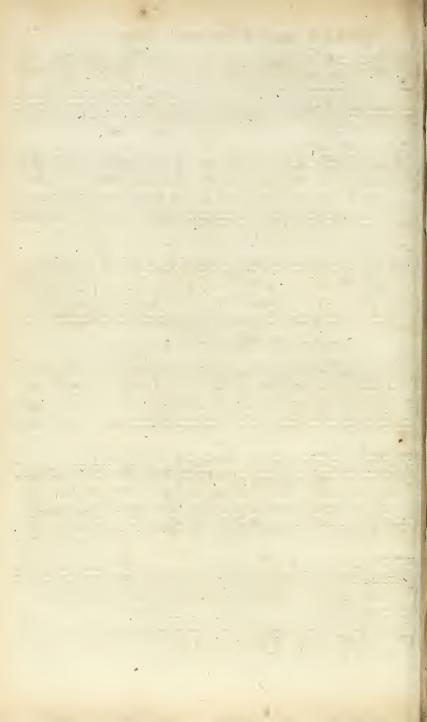
When he went to the Weapon-shaw,

Upon the green nane durst him brag,

The feind a ane amang them a'.

And was not Willy well worth Gowd?
He wan the Love of great and sma';





For after he the Bride had kiss'd,
He kiss'd the Lasses hale sale 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.

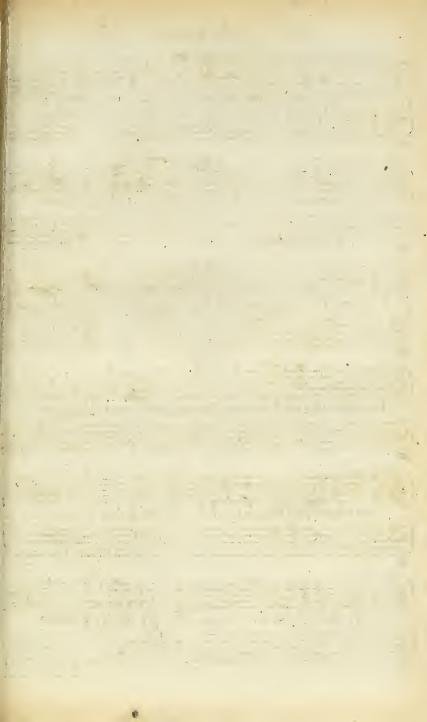
And was na Willy a great Lown,
As shyre a Lick as e'er was seen?
When he dane'd with the Lasses round,
The Bridegroom speer'd where he had been.
Quoth Willy, I've been at the Ring,
With bobbing, faith, my Shanks are fair;
Gae ca' your Bride and Maidens in,
For Willy he dow do nae mair.

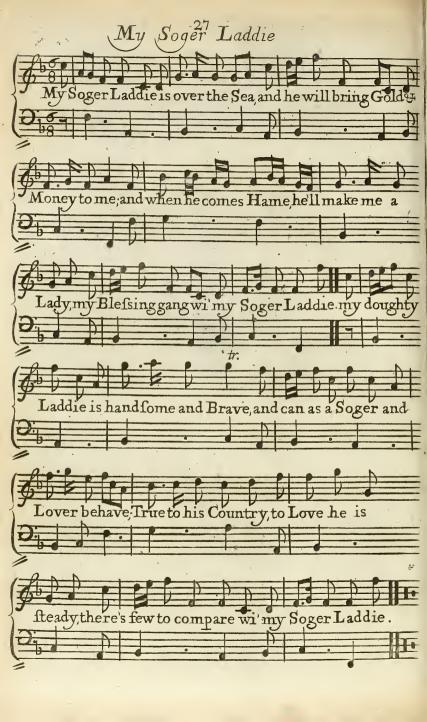
Then rest ye, Willy, I'll gae out,
And for a wee fill up the Ring;
But, Shame light on his souple Snout,
He wanted Willy's wanton Fling.
Then straight he to the Bride did fare,
Says, well's me on your bonny Face,
With bobbing Willy's Shanks are fair,
And I am come to fill his Place.

Bridegroom, she says, you'll spoil the Dance, And at the Ring you'll ay be lag; Unless like Willy ye advance; (O! Willy has a wanton Leg)

For we't he learns us a' to steer,
And formast ay bears up the Ring;
We will find nae sic Dancing here,
If we want Willy's wanton Fling.









# XXVII. 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 Blefling 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 steady,
There's few to compare
With my Soger Laddie.

Shield him, ye Angels, Frae Death in Alarms,

Return him with Lawrels

To my langing Arms.

Syne frae all my Care

Ye'll pleafantly free me,

When back to my Wifhes

My Soger ye gie me.

O foon 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.









### XXVIII. Allan Water.

What Verse be sound to praise my Annie?
On her ten thousand Graces wait,
Each Swain admires, and owns she's bonny.
Since first she trode the happy Plain,
She set each youthful Heart on fire;
Each Nymph does to her Swain complain,
That Annie kindles new Desire.

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;

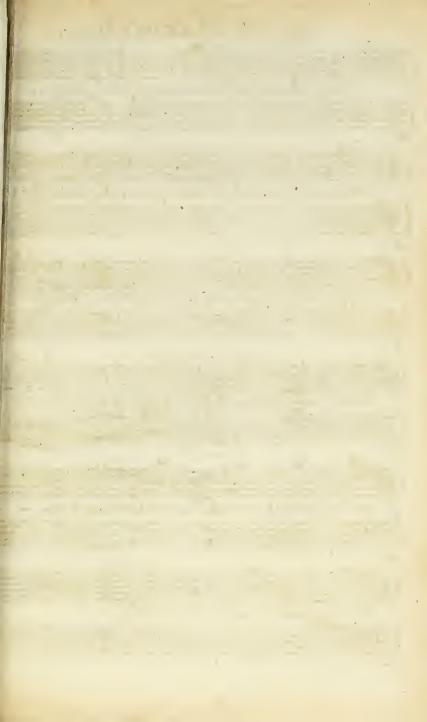
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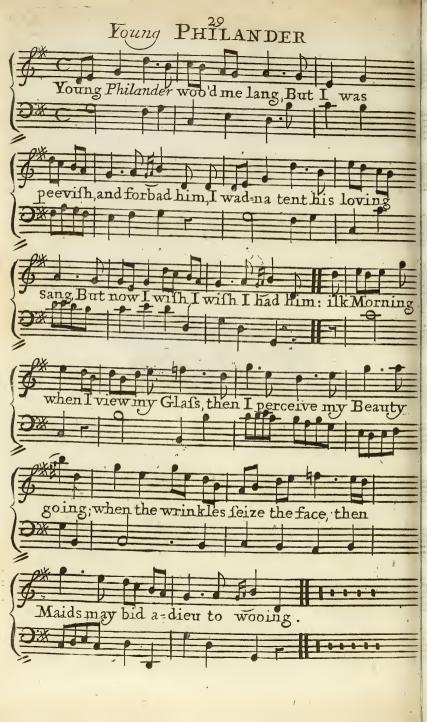
Vol. II.

He stole away my Virgin Heart;
Cease, poor Amyntor, 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.



XXIX.







# XXIX. Peer of Leith.

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 sind it fading fast, and slying;
My Cheeks, which Coral like appear'd,
Grow pale, the broken Blood decaying:
Ah! we may see our selves 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 Scason rare,

But five and twenty is the Devil.

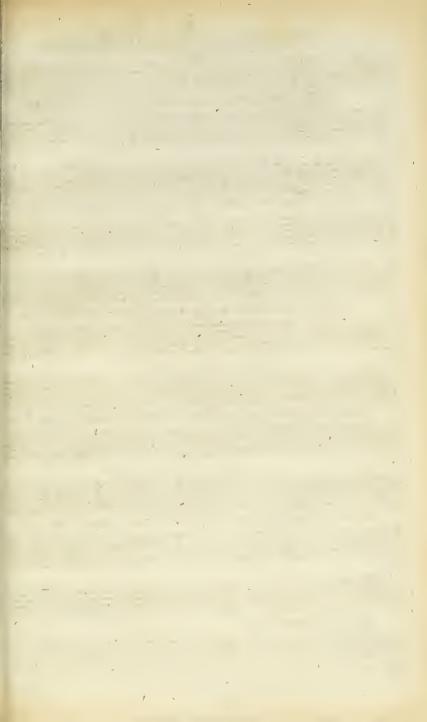
Just when ripe, consent unto't,

Hug nae mair your lanely Pillow:

Women are like other Fruit,

They lose their Relish when too mellow.









# XXX. Bessy's Haggies.

Bessy's Beauties shine sae bright,
Were her many Virtues sewer,
She wad ever give Delight,
And in Transport make me view her.
Bonny Bessy, thee alane
Love I, naithing else about thee;
With thy Comeliness I'm tane,
And langer cannot live without thee.

Beffy's Bosom's saft 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 Beffy, when the Roses
Leave thy Cheek, as thou grows aulder,
Virtue, which thy Mind discloses,
Will keep Love frae growing caulder.

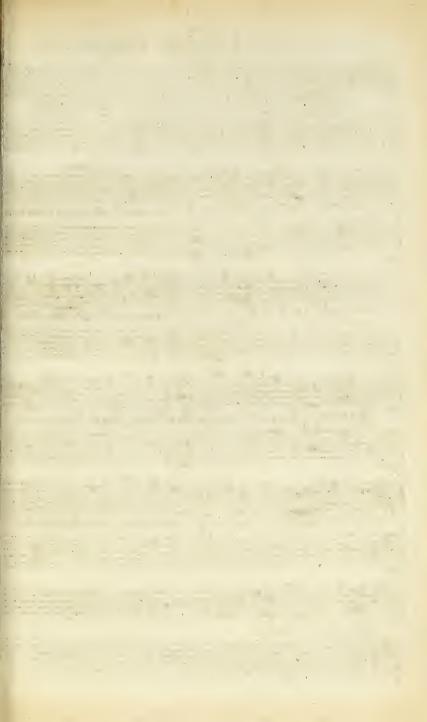
Beffy's Tocher is but scanty, Yet her Face and Soul discovers

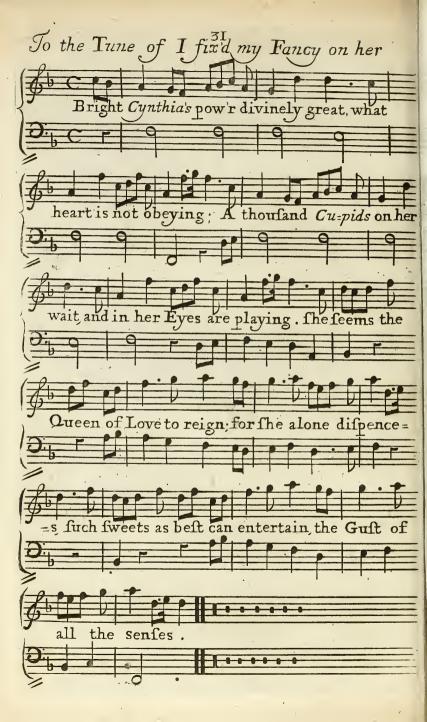
These inchanting Sweets in plenty,
Must intice a thousand Lovers.

It's not Money, but a Woman
Of a Temper kind and casy,
That gives Happiness uncommon,
Petted things can nought but teez ye.



XXXI.







# Bright Cynthia's Power.

Right 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.





#### XXXII.

### This is no mine ain House.

HIS is not 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,

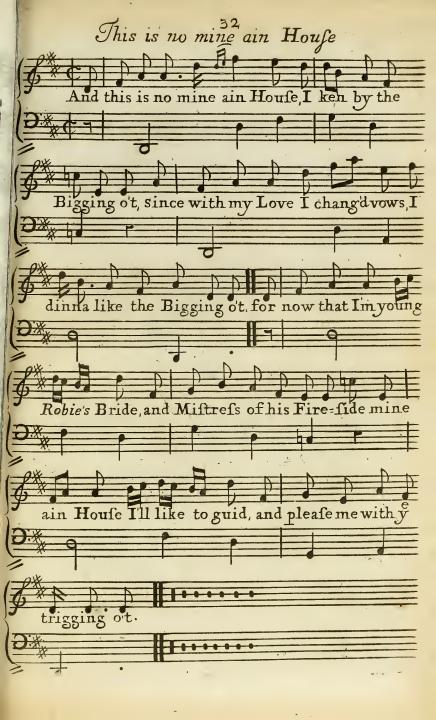
And Mistress of his Fire-side,

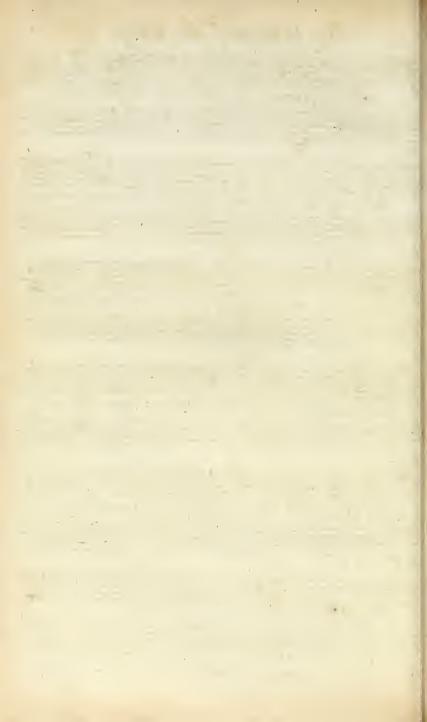
Mine ain House I'll like to guide,

And please me with the Trigging on'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 us 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'm in mine ain House, True Love shall be at hand ay,





To make me still a prudent Spouse,
And let my Man command say;
Avoiding ilka Cause of Strife,
The common Pest of married Life,
That makes ane wearied of his Wise,
And breaks the kindly Band ay.



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XXXIII.



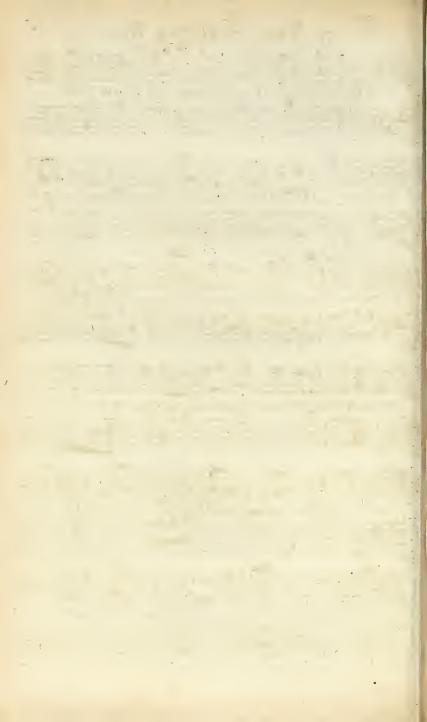
## XXXIII. Why hangs that Cloud.

HY hangs that Cloud upon thy Brow?
That beauteous Heav'n e'er while serenc?
Whence do these 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 lie obscur'd in endless Night,
For each poor filly Speech of mine?

Dear Child, how can I wrong thy Name, Since 'tis acknowledg'd at all hands,
That could ill Tongues abuse thy Fame,
Thy Beauty can make large Amends:
Or if I durst profanely try,
Thy Beauty's powerful Charms t'upbraid,
Thy Virtue well might give the Lye,
Nor call thy Beauty to its Aid.

For Venus every Heart t'ensnare, With all her Charms has deckt thy Face 3





And Pallas with unufual Care,
Bids Wisdom heighten every 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 fuch Power is given, Let not a Wretch in Torment live, But smile, and learn to copy Heaven, Since we must sin e'er it forgive. Yet pitying Heaven not only does Forgive th' Offender and th' Offence, But even itself appeas'd bestows, As the Reward of Penitence.



# AST AST AST AST AST AST AST

# XXXIV. Patie and Peggy.

### PATIE.

PY the delicious Warmness 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?

#### PEGGY.

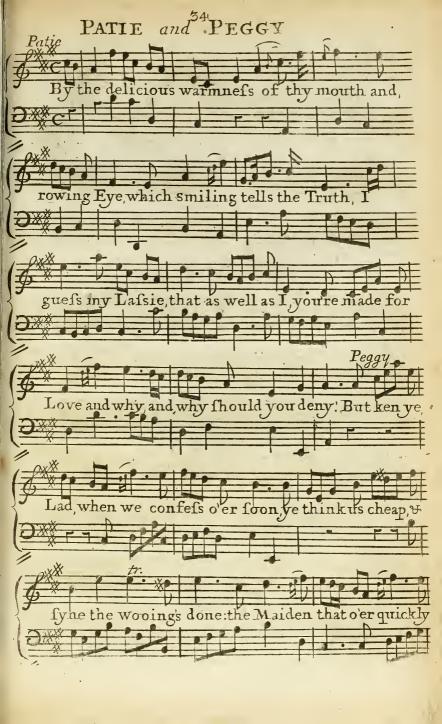
But ken ye, Lad, gin we confess o'er soon, Ye think us cheap, and syne the Wooing's done: The Maiden that o'er quickly tines her Pow'r, Like unripe Fruit, will taste but hard and sour.

#### PATIE.

But when they hing o'er lang upon the Tree, Their Sweetness they may tine, and sae may ye; Red-cheeked you compleatly ripe appear, And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang haff Year,

#### PEGGY.

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.

#### PATIE.

O charming Armsfu'! hence, ye Cares, away, I'll kis 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.



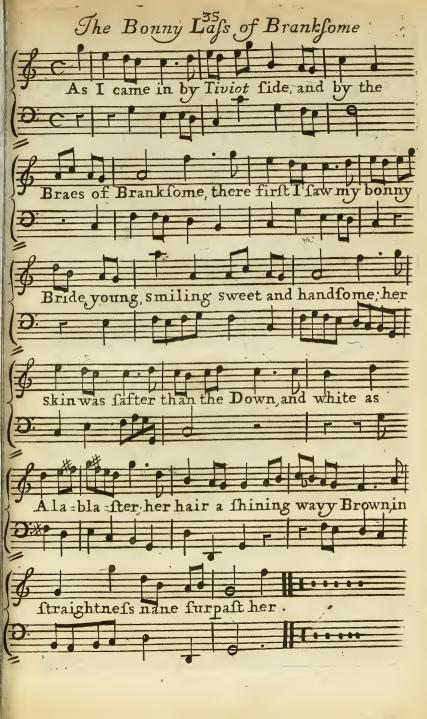


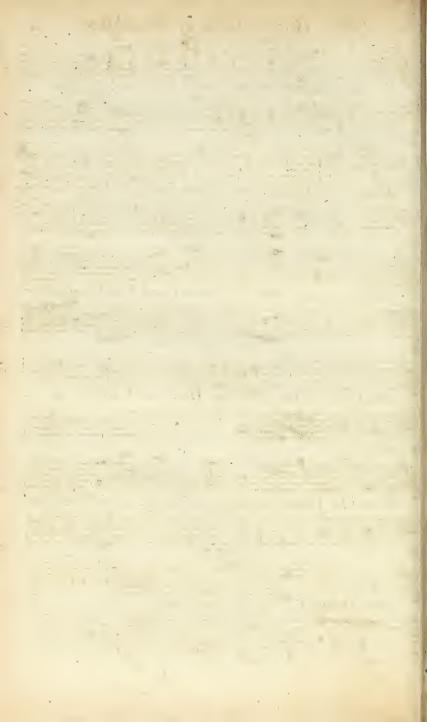
# XXXV. The bonny Lass of Branksome.

And by the Braes of Branksome,
There first I saw my bonny Bride,
Young, smiling, sweet and handsome:
Her Skin was safter than the Down,
And white as Alabaster;
Her Hair a shining wavy brown;
In straightness nane surpast her,

Life glow'd upon her Lip and Cheek,
Her clear Een were furprising,
'And beautifully turn'd her Neck,
Her little Breasts just rising:
Nae silken Hose, with Gooshets sine,
Or Shoon with glancing Laces,
On her fair Leg, forbad to shine,
Well shapen native Graces.

Ae little Coat, and Bodice white, Was fum of a' her Claithing;





Even these o'er mickle; — mair Delyte She'd given cled wi' naithing.
She lean'd upon a flowry Brae,
'By which a Burny trotted:
On her I glowr'd my Saul 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 bot designing, charm'd me.
Hurry'd by Love close to my Breast,
I grasp'd the Fund of Blisses;
Wha smil'd, and said, without a Priest,
Sir, hope for nought but Kisses.

I had nae Heart to do her Harm,
And yet I coudna want her;
What she demanded, ilka Charm
Of her's pled, I should grant her,
Since Heaven had dealt to me a routh,
Straight to the Kirk I led her,
There plighted her my Faith and Trowth,
And a young Lady made her.





# My Jo Janet.

Weet Sir, for your Courtesse,

When ye come by the Bass then,

For the Love ye bear to me,

Buy me a Keeking-Glass then.

Keek into the Draw-well,

Janet, Janet;

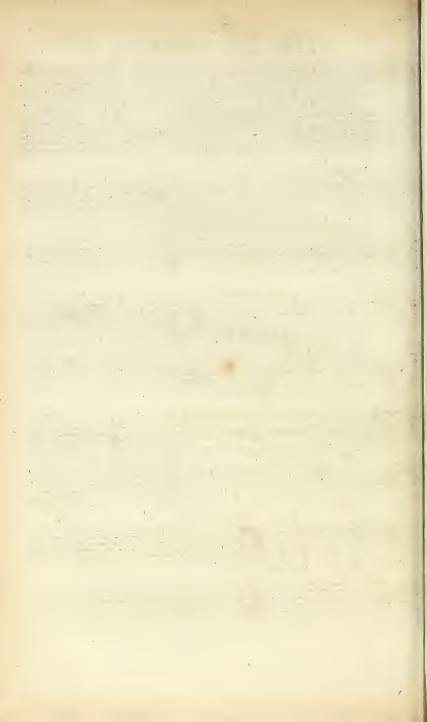
And there ye'll see ye'r bonny sell,

My Jo Janet.

Keeking in the Draw-well clear,
Wat if I shou'd fa' in,
Syne a' my Kin will say and swear,
I drown'd my sell 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 haff a Year,
My 70 Janet.

But what if dancing on the Green,
And skipping like a Mawking,
If they shou'd fee my clouted Shoon,
Of me they will be tauking.

Dance ay laigh, and late at E'en, Janet, Janet,

Syne a' their Fauts will no be seen, My Jo Janet.

When ye gae to the Crossthen,

For the Love we bear to me

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, ORPHEUS CALEDONIUS.

To keep the Temper-pin in tiff,
Employs aft my Hand, Sir.

Make the best o't that you can,
Janet, Janet;

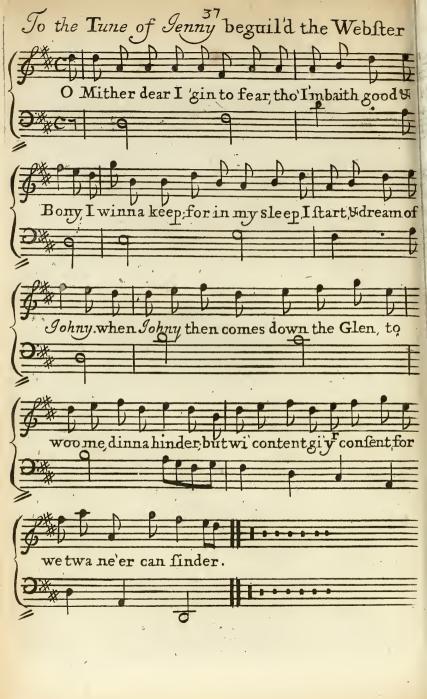
But like it never wale a Man,
My Jo Janet.

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XXXVII.







# O Mither dear, I gin to fear.

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 finder.

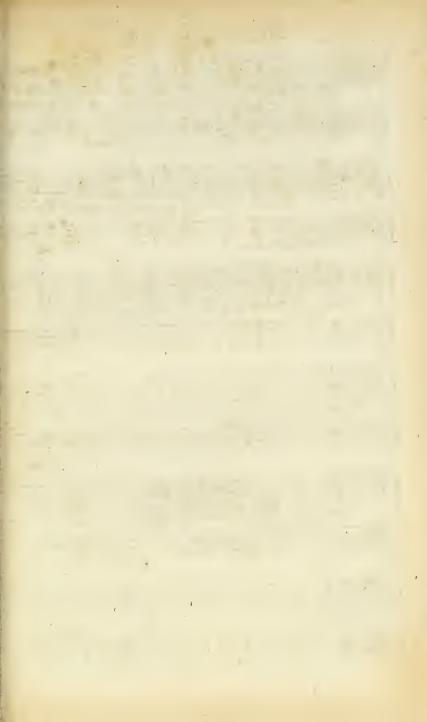
Better to marry, than miscarry;
For Shame and Skaith's the Clink o't,
To thole the Dool, to mount the Stool,
I downa' bide to think o't:
Sae while 'tis time, I'll shun the Crime,
That gars poor Epps gae whinging,
With Hainches fow, and Ecn sae blew,
To a' the Bedrals bindging.

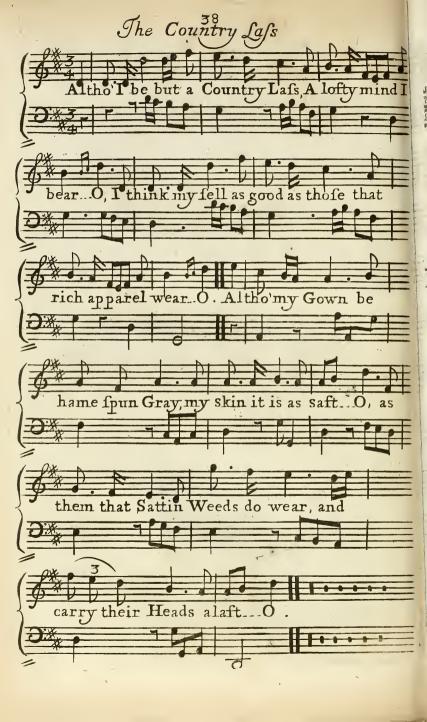
Had Eppy's Apron bidden down, The Kirk had ne'er a kend it; M 2

But when the Word's gane thro' the Town, Alake! how can she mend it? Now Tam maun face the Minister. And she maun mount the Pillar; And that's the way that they maun gae, For poor Folk has na Siller.

Now ha'd ye'r Tongue, my Daughter young, Reply'd the kindly Mither, Get Fohny's Hand in haly Band, Syne wap ye'r 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 fweetly.









# XXXVIII. The Country Lass.

Ltho' I be but a Country Lass,
Yet a lofty Mind I bear—O,
And think my fell as good as those,
That rich Apparel wear—O.
Altho' my Gown be hame-spun Gray,
My Skin it is as saft—O,
As them that Satin Weeds do wear,
And carry their heads alast—O.

What tho' I keep my Father's Sheep?
The thing that must be done — O,
With Garlands of the finest Flowers,
To shade me frace the Sun — O.
When they are feeding pleasantly,
Where Grass and Flowers do spring — O,
Then on a Flowry Bank at Noon,
I set me down and sing — O.

E.,,

My Paifly Piggy, cork'd with Sage,
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 flowry Bank at Noon,
I fet me down and dine — O.

Altho' my Parents cannot raise
Great Bags of shining Gold — O,
Like them whase 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 sifty thousand Crowns,
I value not a Prin — O.

I use nac 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,

### ORPHEUS CALEDONIUS.

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Tho' we want Gear, I dinna care,
My Hands I can improve — O;
Expecting for a Bleffing still,
Descending from above — O,
Then we'll embrace and sweetly kiss,
Repeating Tales of Love — O.



XXXXX



#### XXXIX.

To the Tune of,

Come kiss with me, come clap with me.

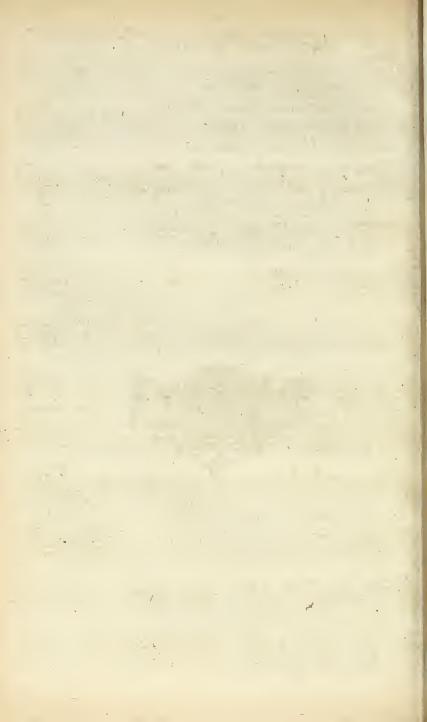
PEGGY.

Y Jocky blyth for what thou hastdone,
There is nae help nor mending;
For thou has jogg'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.

JOCKY.

My Peggy, what I've faid I'll do,
To free thee frae her Scouling;
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 safter than the Rashes.





PEGGY.

Then Jocky since thy Love's so true,
Let Mither scoul, I'm casy:
Sae lang's I live I ne'er shall rue
For what I've done to please thee.
And there's my hand I'se ne'er complain:
O! well's me on the Rashes;
When e'er thou likes I'll do't again,
And a Feg for a'their Clashes.



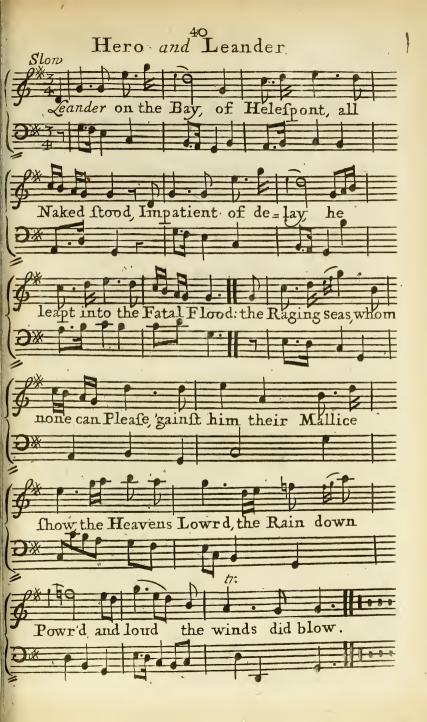


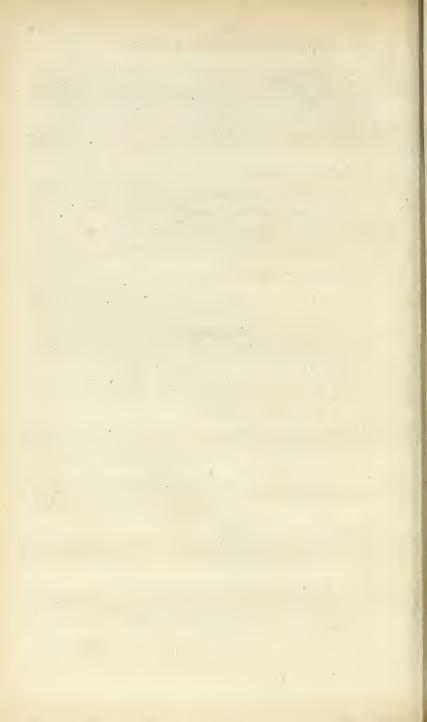
### Hero and Leander, an Old Ballad.

Eander on the Bay
Of Hellespont, all naked stood;
Impatient of Delay,
He leap'd into the fatal Flood:
The raging Seas
(Whom none can please)
'Gainst him their Malice shew;
The Heav'ns lour'd,
The Rain down pour'd,
And loud the Winds did blow.

Then casting round his Eyes,
Thus of his Fate he did complain:
Ye cruel Rocks and Skies!
Ye stormy Winds and angry Main!
What 'tis to miss
The Lover's Bliss;
Alas! — ye do not know;
Make me your Wreck,
As I come back,

But spare me - as I go.





Lo! — yonder stands the Tow'r!
Where my beloved Hero lies;
And this th'appointed Hour,
Which sets to watch her longing Eyes:
To his fond Suit,
The Gods were mute,

The Billows answer'd —— No!

Up to the Skies

The Surges rise;

But sunk the Youth as low.

Mean while the wishing Maid,
Divided 'twixt her Care and Love;
Now does his Stay upbraid,
Now dreads he shou'd the Passage prove.

O Fate! — faid she, Nor Heav'n, nor thee,

Our Vows shall e'er divide:

I'd leap this Wall,

Cou'd I but fall,

By my Leander's Side.

At length the rifing Sun
Did to her Sight reveal too late,
That Hero was undone,
Not by Leander's Fault, but Fate:
Said she, I'll shew,
Tho' we are two,

## 92 ORPHEUS CALEDONIUS.

Our Loves were ever one;

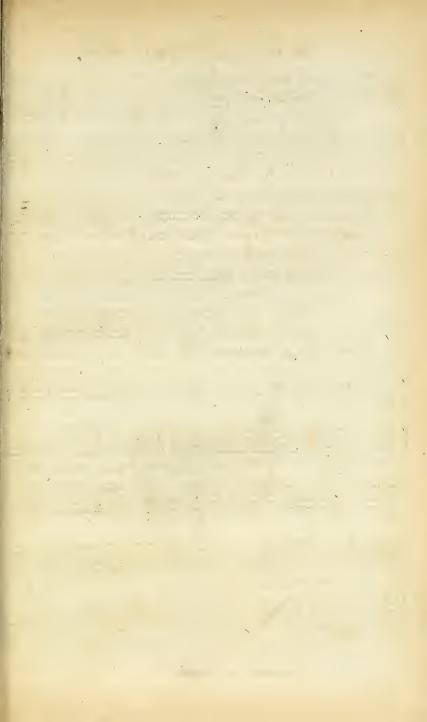
This Proof I'll give,

I will not live,

Nor shall he die — alone.

Down from the Wall she leapt
Into the raging Seas to him,
Courting each Wave she met,
To teach her wearied Arms to swim:
The Sea-Gods wept,
Nor longer kept
Her from her Lover's Side;
When join'd at last,
She grasp'd him fast,
Then sigh'd, embrac'd, and dy'd.









### XLI. Todlen butt, and Todlen ben.

Hen I've a Saxpence under my Thumb,
Then I get Credit in ilka Town:
But ay when I'm poor they bid me gang by;
O! Poverty parts good Company.

Todlen hame, todlen hame,
Coudna my Love come todlen hame.

Fair-fa' the Goodwife, and send her good Sale, She gi'es us white Bannocks to drink her Ale, Syne if that her Tippony chance to be sma', We'll tak a good Scour o't, and ca't awa'.

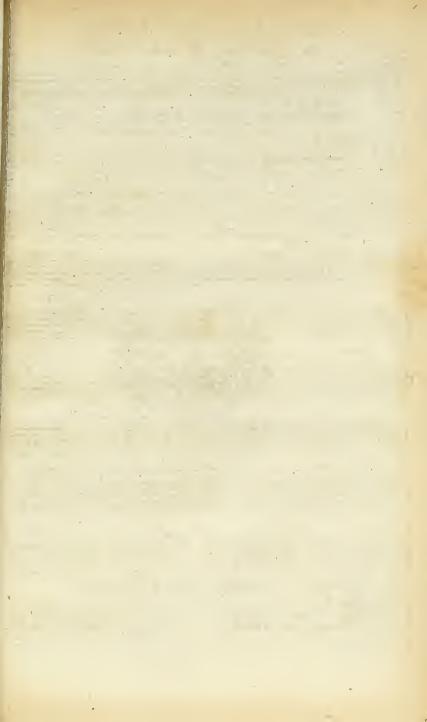
Todlen hame, todlen hame,

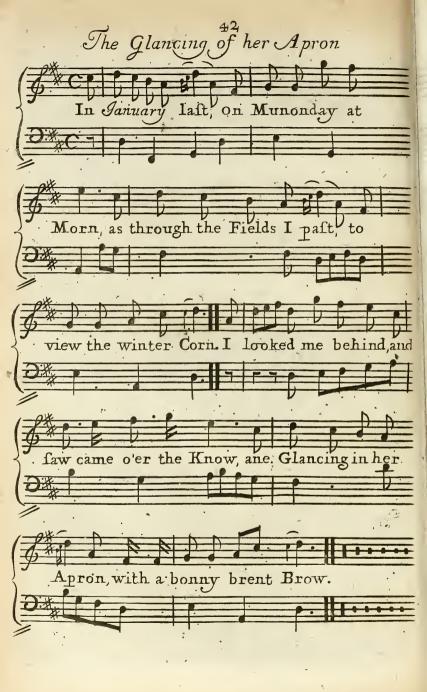
As round as a Neep come todlen hame.

My Kimmer and I lay down to sleep,
And twa Pint-stoups at our Bed's Feet;
And ay when 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 when weeting your Mou;
When sober sae sour, ye'll fight with a Flee,
That 'tis a blyth Sight to the Bairns and me.
When todlen hame, todlen hame,
When round as a Neep ye come todlen hame.









# XLII. The Glancing of her Apron.

In January 1ast,
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,
Ane glancing in her Apron,
With a bonny brent Brow.

Isaid, good morrow, fair Maid;
And she right courteously
Return'd a Beck, and kindly said,
Good Day, sweet Sir, to you.
I spear'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.

HE.
Fair Maid, I'm thankfu' to my Fate,
To have sic Company;

For I am 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.

SHE.

Kind Sir, ye are a wi' mistane;
For I am nane of these,
I hope ye some mair breeding ken,
Than to russe Woman's Claise;
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.

HE.

Na, if ye are contracted,

I hae nae mair to fay;
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 class her round the Neck;

And kiss her bonny Mou.

SHE.

O Sir, ye are proud-hearted;
And laith to be faid nay,
Else ye wad ne'er a started
For ought that I did say:
For Women in their Modesty
At first they winna bow;
But if we like your Company,
We'll prove as kind as you.



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XLIII.



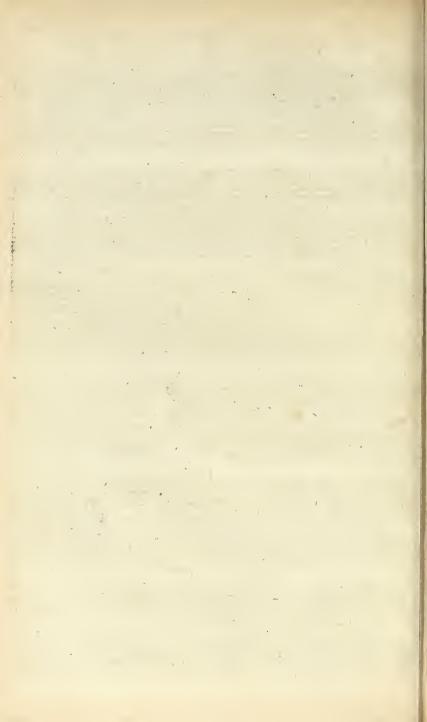
### XLIII. The Birks of Endermay.

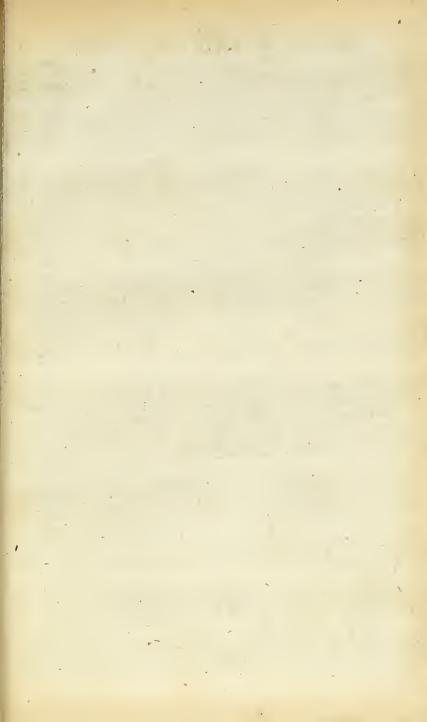
Invite the tuneful Birds to fing:
And while they warble from each Spray,
Love melts the universal Lay.
Let us, Amanda, timely wise,
Like them improve the Hour that flies;
And in soft Raptures waste the Day,
Among the Birks of Endermay.

For soon the Winter of the Year,
And Age, Life's Winter, will appear:
At this, thy living Bloom will fade;
As that will strip the verdant Shade.
Our Taste of Pleasure then is o'er;
The seather'd Songsters love no more:
And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu the Birks of Endermay.











### GIGACIA DE LA CARRA DEL CARRA DEL CARRA DE LA CARA DEL LA CARRA DE LA CARRA DE LA CARRA DE LA CARRA DE LA CARRA DE

#### XLIV. Willie Winkie's Testament.

Y Daddy left me Gear enough,
A Couter and an auld Beam-plough,
A nebbed Staff, a Nutting-tyne,
A Fishing-wand with Huik and Line.
With twa auld Stools and a Dirt-house,
A Jerkinet scarce worth a Louse;
An auld Patt, that wants the Lug,
A Spurtle and a sowen Mug.

A Hempen Heckle, and a Mell, A Tarr-horn, and a Weather's Bell, A Muck-fork, and an auld Peet-ercel, The Spairks of our auld Spinning-wheel, A Pair of Branks, yea and a Sadle, With our auld brunt and broken Ladle; A Whang-bitt and a Sniffle bit; Chear up, my Bairns, and dance a fit.

A Flailing-staff, a Timmer Speet, An auld Kirn and a Hole in it,

Yearn-winnles, and a Reel, A Fetter-lock, a Trump of Steel, A Wnifle, and a Toup-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-Sadle, A Gullic-knife, and a Horse-wand, A Mitten for the Lest-hand; With an auld broken Pan of Brass, With an auld Sark that wants the arse; An auld Band, and a Hooding-How, I hope (my Bairns) ye're a' well now.

Oft have I born ye on my Back,
With a' this Riff-raff in my Pack;
And it was a' for want of Gear,
That gart me fteal Mess John's gray Mare;
But now, my Bairns, what ails ye now,
For ye ha'e Naigs enough to plough;
And Hose and Shoon sit for your Feet,
Chear up, my Bairns, and dinna greet.

Then with my sel 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.

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They sat three quarters of a Year, Comprising of my Daddy's Gear; And when they had gi'en a' their Votes, 'Twas scarcely a' worth four Pounds Scots.



XLV.

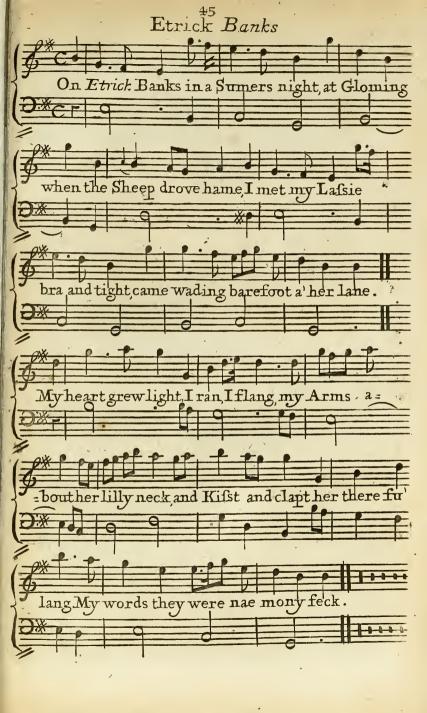


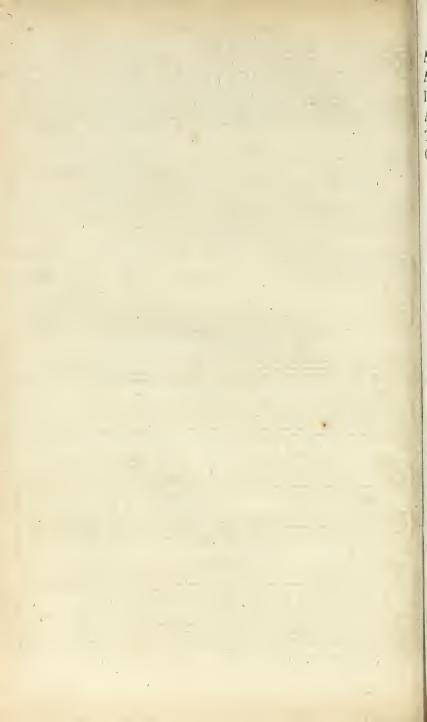
#### XLV. Etrick Banks.

N Etrick Banks in a Summer's Night,
At gloaming when the Sheep drove hame,
I met my Lassy bra' and tight,
Came wading barefoot, a' her lane.
My Heart grew light, I ran, I slang
My Arms about her lilly Neck,
And kiss'd and clap'd her there fu' lang,
My Words they were na' mony feck.

I said, my Lassy, will you go
To the Highland Hills, the Ersh to learn?
I'll beath gi' thee a Cow and Yew,
When you come to the Brigg of Earn.
At Leith, auld Meal comes in, (ne'er fash)
And Herring at the broomy Law;
Chear up your Heart, my bonny Lass,
There's Gear to win we never saw.

All Day, when we ha' wrought enough, When Winter's Frost and Snow begin,





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And when the Sun goes West the Loch, At Night when you sa' fast to spin; I'll screw my Drons, and play a Spring, And thus the weary Night we'll end, Till the tender Kids, and Lamb-time bring Our pleasant Summer back again.



XLVI.



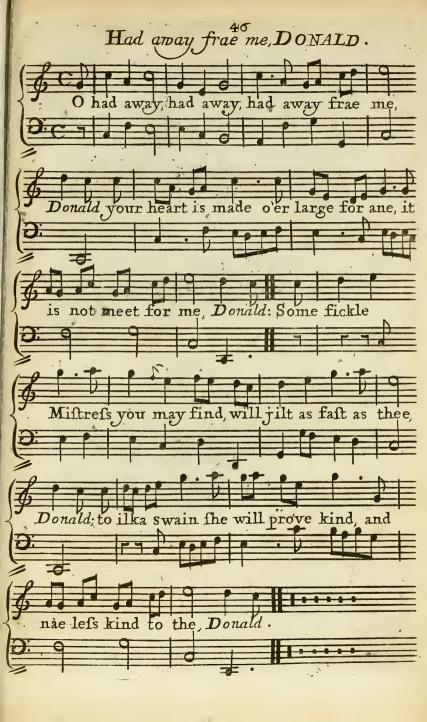


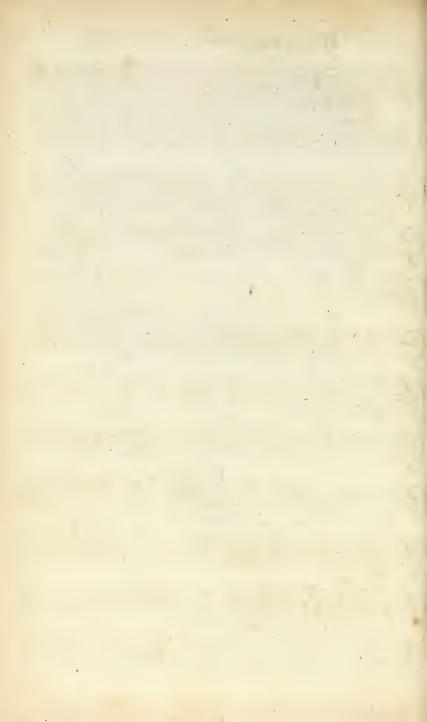
## XLVI. Had away from me, Donald.

Had away, had away,
Had away 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 nacthing such,
'Tis fill'd with Honesty, Donald;
I'll ne'er love mony, I'll love much,
I'll hate all Levity, Donald.
Therefore nae mair, with Art, pretend,
Your Heart is chain'd to mine, Donald;
For Words of Falshood 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 feem'd to adorn
The Man esteem'd by me, Donald;
But now, the Mask fallen aff, I scorn
To ware a Thought on thee, Donald.

And now, for ever, had away,
Had away from me, Donald;
Gae feek a Heart that's like your ain,
And come nae mair to me, Donald:
For I'll referve my fell for ane,
For ane that's liker me, Donald;
I'll ne'er loo Man, nor thee, Donald.



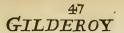


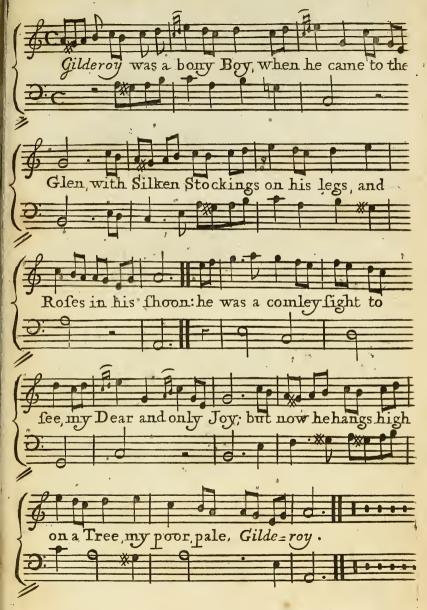
XLVII. Gilderoy.

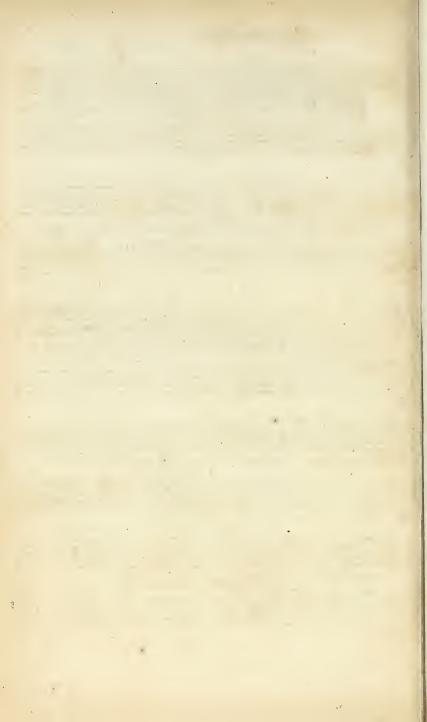
When he came to the Glen,
With filken Stockings on his Legs,
And Roses in his Shoon:
He was a comely Sight to sec,
My Dear, and only Joy;
But now he hangs high on a Tree,
My poor, pale Gilderoy.

Gilderoy was as brave a Man,
As ever Scotland bred;
Descended from a Highland Clan,
But a Caper till his Trade.
Our Fathers and our Mothers baith
Of us they had great Joy;
Expecting still the Wedding-Day,
'Tween me and Gilderoy.

When Gilderoy went to the Glen, He always choos'd the Fat;







And in these Days there were not ten,
With him durit bell the Cat:
For had he been as Walace stout,
And tall as Dalmahoy,
He never mist to get a Clout,
Frae my Love Gilderoy.

The Queen of Scots possessed nought,

That my Love let me want;

For Cow and Ew he brought to me,

And c'en when they were scant:

All these did honestly possess,

He never did annoy,

Who never fail'd to pay their Cess

To my Love Gilderoy.

But ah! they catch'd him on a Hill,
And baith his Hands they tied;
Alledging he had done much ill;
But Sons of Whores they lyed:
Three Gallons large of Usquebaugh,
We drank to his last Foy,
Before he went for Edinburgh,
My Dearest Gilderoy.

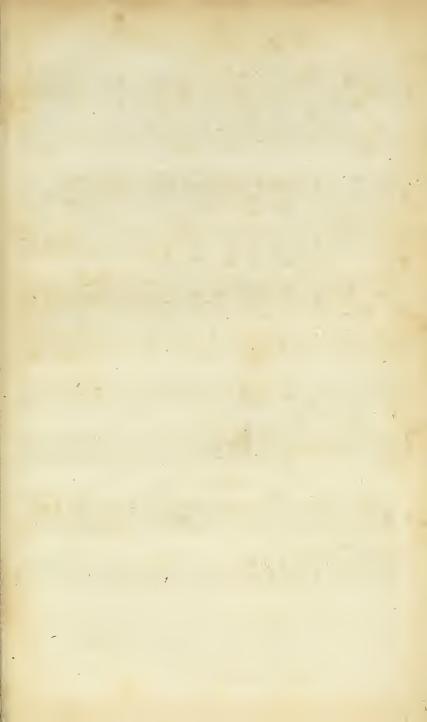
To Edinburgh I followed fast;
But long e'er I came there,
They had him mounted on a Mast,
And wagging in the Air.

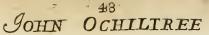
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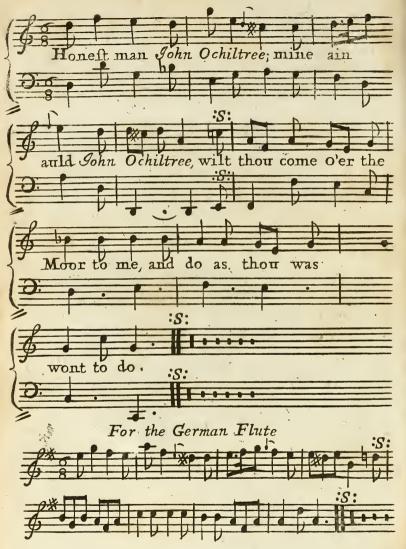
His Relicks there were mair esteem'd, Than Scanderbeg and Croy; And e'vry Man was happy deem'd, That gaz'd on Gilderoy.

Alas! that e'er fuch Laws were made,
To hang a Man for Gear;
Either for stealing Cow or Sheep,
Or yet for Horse or Mare:
Had not the Laws then been so strict,
I had never lost my Joy;
But now he lodges with auld Nick,
That hang'd my Gilderoy.











### XLVIII. John Ochiltree.

Mine ain auld John Ochiltree,
Wilt thou come o'er the Moor to me,
And do as thou was wont to do?

Alake, alake! I wont to do!
Ohon, Ohon! I wont to do!
Now wont to do's away frae me,
Frae silly 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 whost and hirple o'er my Tree,

Is a' that I dow do to do.

Walaways John Ochiltree,
For mony a time I tell'd to thee,
Thou'd tine the speed thy sell wad die,
Poor, silly, auld John Ochiltree.



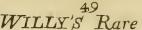
### XLIX. Willy's Rare and Willy's Fair.

ILLT's rare, and Willy's fair,
And Willy's wond'rous bony;
And Willy heght to marry me,
Gin e'er he marry'd ony.

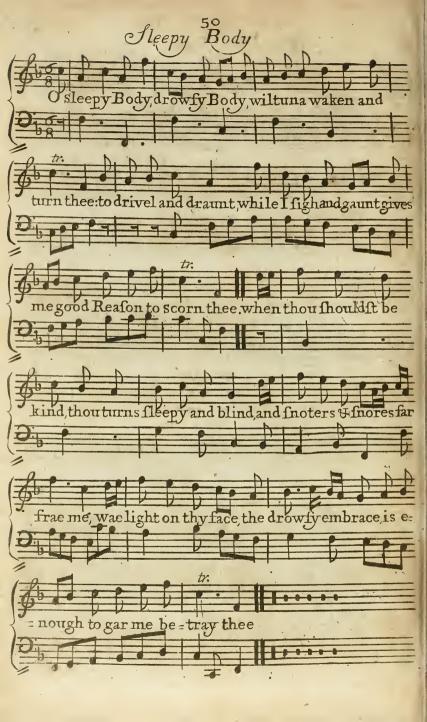
Yestreen I made my Bed fu' brade, The Night I'll make it narrow; For a' the live-long Winter's Night, I lie twin'd of my Marrow.

O came you by yon Water-fide,
Pu'd you the Rose or Lilly;
Or came you by yon Meadow green,
Or saw you my sweet Willy?

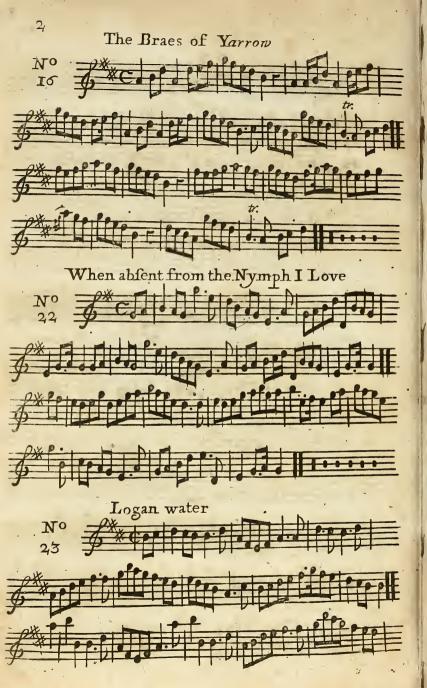
She fought him East, she fought him West, She fought him brade and narrow; Sine in the clifting of a Craig, She found him drown'd in *Tarrow*.



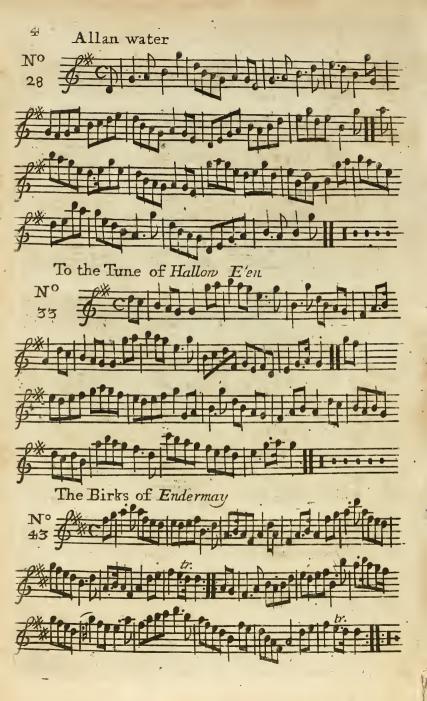














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