

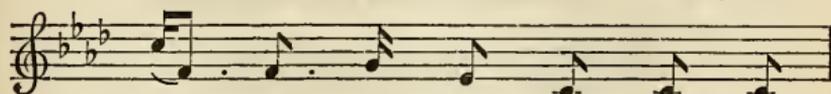
## TIBBIE FOWLER.

The following song, full of Scotch cynical humour, very cleverly expressed, first appeared complete in Johnson's *Museum*, a mere fragment having previously been given by Herd. It probably refers to a real Tibbie Fowler, and tradition at Leith points to the person in a certain Isabella Fowler, who was married to a son of Logan of Restalrig, the conspirator, in the seventeenth century. (Campbell's *History of Leith*, note, p. 314.) A house which is believed to have belonged to the pair, bearing the date 1636, is pointed out in the Sheriff-brae, in Leith.

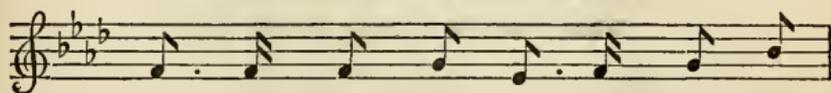
It happens that tradition here indicates persons who actually existed. That George Logan, son of the conspirator, wedded Isobel Fowler, daughter of Ludowick Fowler of Burncastle, is stated on authentic grounds by Nisbet (*Heraldry*, i. 202). We know not, however, whether Isobel Fowler had previously been the subject of extensive competition among the other sex, or whether she sank into the arms of Logan without a sigh from herself or others. Neither have we any authentic account of the date of the composition. The song does not appear to be in a style earlier than the reign of George I.



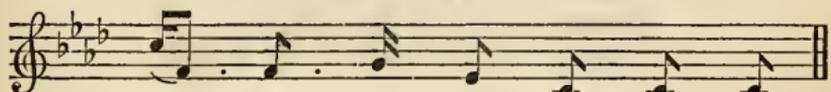
Tib - bie Fow - ler o' the Glen, There's



ower mo - ny woo - ing at her;

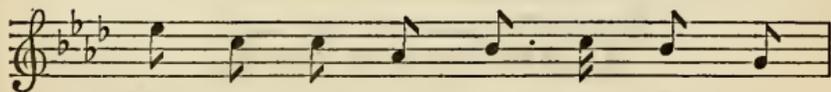


Tib - bie Fow - ler o' the Glen, There's

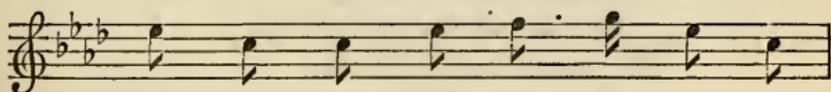


ower mo - ny woo - ing at her.

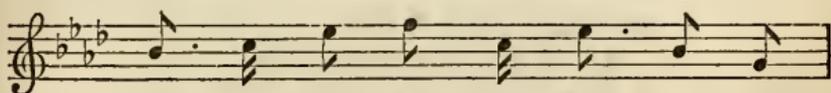
Chorus.



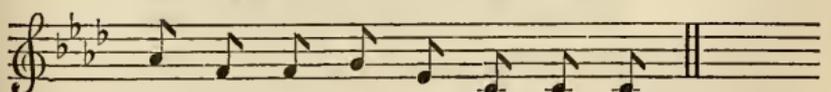
Woo - in' at her, pu' - in' at her,



Court - in' her, and can - na get her;



Fil - thy elf, it's for her pelf That



a' the lads are woo - in' at her.

Tibbie Fowler o' the Glen,  
 There's ower many wooing at her;  
 Tibbie Fowler o' the Glen,  
 There's ower many wooing at her.

## SONGS OF SCOTLAND.

Wooin' at her, pu'in' at her,  
Courtin' her, and canna get her ;  
Filthy elf, it's for her pelf  
That a' the lads are wooin' at her.

Ten cam east, and ten cam west ;  
Ten cam rowin' ower the water ;  
Twa cam down the lang dyke-side :  
There's twa-and-thirty wooin' at her.

There's seven but, and seven ben,  
Seven in the pantry wi' her ;  
Twenty head about the door :  
There's ane-and-forty wooin' at her !

She's got pendles in her lugs ;  
Cockle-shells wad set her better !  
High-heel'd shoon, and siller tags ;  
And a' the lads are wooin' at her.

Be a lassie e'er sae black,  
Gin she hae the name o' siller,  
Set her up on Tintock tap,  
The wind will blaw a man till her.

Be a lassie e'er so fair,  
An she want the penny siller,  
A flie may fell her in the air,  
Before a man be even'd till her.