

III. LOVE—HUMOROUS.

No. 168. *Here's to thy health, my bonie lass!*

Tune: *Laggan burn.* Scots Musical Museum, 1796, No. 495.
Briskly

Here's to thy health, my bon-ie lass; Gude night and joy be wi' thee;
I'll come nae mair to thy bower-door To tell thee that I lo'e thee.
O, din - na think, my pret - ty pink, But I can live with - out
thee: I vow and swear I din - na care How lang ye look a - bout ye!

HERE's to thy health, my bonie lass!

Gude night and joy be wi' thee;

I'll come nae mair to thy bower-door

To tell thee that I lo'e thee.

O, dinna think, my pretty pink,

But I can live without thee:

I vow and swear I dinna care

How lang ye look about ye!

Thou'rt ay sae free informing me

Thou hast nae mind to marry,

I'll be as free informing thee

Nae time hae I to tarry.

I ken thy freens try ilka means

Frae wedlock to delay thee—

Depending on some higher chance,—

But fortune may betray thee.

I ken they scorn my low estate,

But that does never grieve me,

For I'm as free as any he,—

Sma' siller will relieve me!

I'll count my health my greatest wealth
 Sae lang as I'll enjoy it :
 I'll fear nae scant, I'll bode nae want
 As lang's I get employment.
 But far off fowls hae feathers fair,
 And ay until ye try them,
 Tho' they seem fair, still have a care—
 They may prove as bad as I am !
 But at twel at night, when the moon shines bright,
 My dear, I'll come and see thee,
 For the man that loves his mistress weel,
 Nae travel makes him weary.

No. 169. *The taylor fell thro' the bed.*

Tune : *I rede ye beware o' the ripells young man.* Scots M. M., 1790, No. 212.

Cheerily

The taylor fell thro' the bed, thim-ble an' a', The taylor
 fell thro' the bed, thim-ble an' a'; The blankets were thin, and
 the sheets they were sma', The taylor fell thro' the bed, thim-ble an' a'!

THE taylor fell thro' the bed, thimble an' a',
 The taylor fell thro' the bed, thimble an' a',
 The blankets were thin, and the sheets they were sma',—
 The taylor fell thro' the bed, thimble an' a'!

The sleepy bit lassie, she dreaded nae ill,
 The sleepy bit lassie, she dreaded nae ill ;
 The weather was cauld, and the lassie lay still ;
 She thought that a taylor could do her nae ill !

Gie me the groat again, cannie young man !
 Gie me the groat again, cannie young man !
 The day it is short, and the night it is lang—
 The dearest siller that ever I wan !

There's somebody weary wi' lying her lane,
 There's somebody weary wi' lying her lane,
 There's some that are dowie, I trow wad be fain
 To see the bit taylor come skippin again.

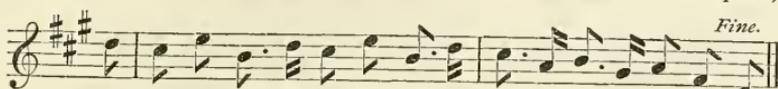
No. 170. *O, merry hae I been teethin a heckle.*Tune : *Lord Breadalbine's March.* Scots Musical Museum, 1790, No. 270.

Brisck

O, mer - ry hae I been teeth - in a heckle, An' mer - ry
 hae I been shap - in a spoon ; O, mer - ry hae I been clout - in
 a - ket - tle, An' kiss - in my Ka - tie when a' was done.
 O, a' the lang day I ca' at my ham - mer, An' a' the lang
 day I whis - tle and sing ; O, a' the lang night I cud - dle
 my kim - mer, An' a' the lang night as hap - py's a king!

O, MERRY hae I been teethin a heckle,
 An' merry hae I been shapin a spoon ;
 O, merry hae I been cloutin a kettle,
 An' kissin my Katie when a' was done.
 O, a' the lang day I ca' at my hammer,
 An' a' the lang day I whistle and sing ;
 O, a' the lang night I cuddle my kimmer,
 An' a' the lang night as happy's a king !

Bitter in dool, I lickit my winnins
 O' marrying Bess, to gie her a slave :
 Blest be the hour she cool'd in her linens,
 And blythe be the bird that sings on her grave !
 Come to my arms, my Katie, my Katie,
 An' come to my arms, and kiss me again !
 Drucken or sober, here's to thee, Katie,
 An' blest be the day I did it again !

No. 171. *My lord a-hunting he is gane.*Tune : *My lady's gown.* Scots Musical Museum, 1803, No. 554.*Bris*CHORUS. *My lady's gown, there's gairs upon't, And gowden flowers sae rare upon't;**But Jenny's jimps and jir-kin-et, My lord thinks meikle mair up-on't.*

My lord a-hunt-ing he is gane, But hounds or hawks wi' him are nane;



By Colin's cot-tage lies his game, If Colin's Jen-ny be at hame.

CHORUS. *My lady's gown, there's gairs upon't.
And gowden flowers sae rare upon't;
But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet,
My lord thinks meikle mair upon't.*

My lord a-hunting he is gane,
But hounds or hawks wi' him are nane ;
By Colin's cottage lies his game,
If Colin's Jenny be at hame.

My lady's white, my lady's red,
And kith and kin o' Cassillis' blude ;
But her ten-pund lands o' tocher gude
Were a' the charms his lordship lo'ed.

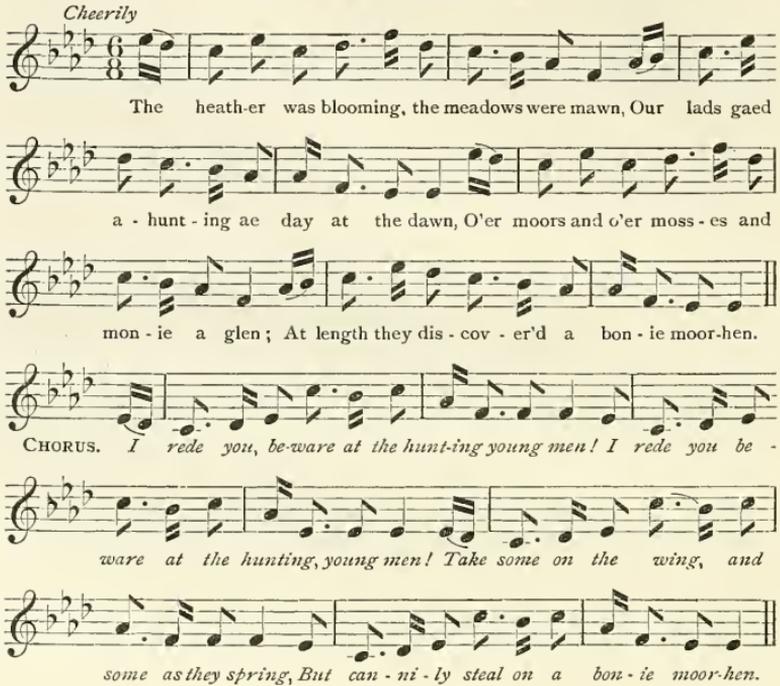
Out o'er yon muir, out o'er yon moss,
Whare gor-cocks thro' the heather pass,
There wons auld Colin's bonie lass,
A lily in a wilderness.

Sae sweetly move her genty limbs,
Like music-notes o' lovers' hymns :
The diamond-dew in her een sae blue,
Where laughing love sae wanton swims.

My lady's dink, my lady's drest,
The flower and fancy o' the west ;
But the lassie that a man lo'es best,
O, that's the lass to mak him blest !

No. 172. *The heather was blooming.*Tune: *The Tailor's March.*

Cheerily



The heath-er was blooming, the meadows were mawn, Our lads gaed
a - hunt - ing ae day at the dawn, O'er moors and o'er moss - es and
mon - ie a glen; At length they dis - cov - er'd a bon - ie moor-hen.

CHORUS. *I rede you, be-ware at the hunt-ing young men! I rede you be -
ware at the hunting, young men! Take some on the wing, and
some as they spring, But can - ni - ly steal on a bon - ie moor-hen.*

THE heather was blooming, the meadows were mawn,
Our lads gaed a-hunting ae day at the dawn,
O'er moors and o'er mosses and monie a glen;
At length they discover'd a bonie moor-hen.

CHORUS. *I rede you, beware at the hunting, young men!
I rede you, beware at the hunting, young men!
Take some on the wing, and some as they spring,
But cannily steal on a bonie moor-hen.*

Sweet-brushing the dew from the brown heather bells,
Her colours betrayed her on yon mossy fells;
Her plumage outlusted the pride o' the spring,
And O! as she wanton'd sae gay on the wing,

Auld Phœbus himsel, as he peeped o'er the hill,
In spite at her plumage he trièd his skill;
He levell'd his rays where she bask'd on the brae—
His rays were outshone, and but mark'd where she lay.

They hunted the valley, they hunted the hill,
 The best of our lads wi' the best o' their skill;
 But still as the fairest she sat in their sight,
 Then, whirr! she was over, a mile at a flight.

* * * * *

No. 173. *Weary fa' you, Duncan Gray.*

(OLD WORDS.)

Tune : *Duncan Gray.* *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1751, iii. p. 8.

Moderately *tr*

Wea - ry fa' you, Dun - can Gray! Ha, ha, the gird - in o't! Wae
 gae by you, Dun-can Gray! Ha, ha, the gird - in o't! When a' the
 lave gae to their play, Then I maun sit the lee - lang day, And
 jeeg the cra - dle wi' my tae, and a' for the gird - in o't!

WEARY fa' you, Duncan Gray!

Ha, ha, the girdin o't!

Wae gae by you, Duncan Gray!

Ha, ha, the girdin o't!

When a' the lave gae to their play,

Then I maun sit the lee-lang day,

And jeeg the cradle wi' my tae,

And a' for the girdin o't!

Bonie was the Lammas moon—

Ha, ha, the girdin o't!

Glowrin a' the hills aboon,—

Ha, ha, the girdin o't!

The girdin brak, the beast cam down,

I tint my curch and baith my shoon,

And, Duncan, ye're an unco loun—

Wae on the bad girdin o't!

But Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith,

Ha, ha, the girdin o't!

I'se bless you wi' my hindmost breath,

Ha, ha, the girdin o't!

Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith,

The beast again can bear us baith,

And auld Mess John will mend the skaith

And clout the bad girdin o't.

No. 174. *Wi' braw new branks in meikle pride.*

(Tune unknown.)

Wi' braw new branks in meikle pride,
 And eke a braw new brechan,
 My Pegasus I'm got astride,
 And up Parnassus pechin ;
 Whiles owre a bush wi' downward crush
 The doited beastie stammers ;
 Then up he gets, and off he sets
 For sake o' Willie Chalmers.

I doubt na, lass, that weel-kenn'd name
 May cost a pair o' blushes ;
 I am nae stranger to your fame,
 Nor his warm-urgèd wishes :
 Your bonie face, sae mild and sweet,
 His honest heart enamours ;
 And faith ! ye'll no be lost a whit,
 Tho' wair'd on Willie Chalmers.

Auld Truth hersel might swear ye're fair,
 And Honor safely back her ;
 And Modesty assume your air,
 And ne'er a ane mistak her :
 And sic twa love-inspiring een
 Might fire even holy palmers ;
 Nae wonder then they've fatal been
 To honest Willie Chalmers.

I doubt na Fortune may you shore
 Some mim-mou'd, pouter'd priestie,
 Fu' lifted up wi' Hebrew lore,
 And band upon his breastie :
 But O, what signifies to you
 His lexicons and grammars ?
 The feeling heart's the royal blue,
 And that's wi' Willie Chalmers.

Some gapin, glowrin countra laird
 May warsle for your favour ;
 May claw his lug, and straik his beard,
 And hoast up some palaver.
 My bonie maid, before ye wed
 Sic clumsy-witted hammers,
 Seek Heaven for help, and barefit skelp
 Awa' wi' Willie Chalmers.

Forgive the Bard ! my fond regard
 For ane that shares my bosom
 Inspires my Muse to gie'm his dues,
 For deil a hair I roose him.

May powers aboon unite you soon,
 And fructify your ámours,
 And every year come in mair dear
 To you and Willie Chalmers !

No. 175. *I am my mammy's ae bairn.*

Tune : *I'm o'er young to marry yet.* *Scots Musical Museum, 1788, No. 107.*

Gaily



I am my mammy's ae bairn, Wi' un-co folk I wea-ry, sir,



And ly-ing in a man's bed, I'm fley'd it mak me eer-ie, sir.



CHORUS. *I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young to mar-ry yet!*



I'm o'er young, 'twad be a sin To tak me frae my mammy yet.

I AM my mammy's ae bairn,
 Wi' unco folk I weary, sir,
 And lying in a man's bed,
 I'm fley'd it mak me eerie, sir.

CHORUS. *I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young,
 I'm o'er young to marry yet!
 I'm o'er young, 'twad be a sin
 To tak me frae my mammy yet.*

Hallowmas is come and gane,
 The nights are lang in winter, sir ;
 And you an' I in ae bed—
 In trowth, I dare na venture, sir.

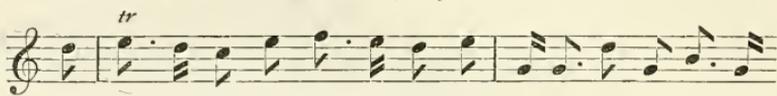
Fu' loud and shill the frosty wind
 Blaws thro' the leafless timmer, sir,
 But if ye come this gate again,
 I'll aulder be gin simmer, sir.

No. 176. *There was a lass, they ca'd her Meg.*Tune : *Ye'll ay be welcome back again.* Bremner's *Scots Reels*, 1759, p. 56.*Merrily*

There was a lass, they ca'd her Meg, And she held o'er the moors to spin ;



There was a lad that fol-low'd her, They ca'd him Dun-can Da-vi-son.



The moor was dreigh, and Meg was skeigh, Her fa-vour Dun-can could-na



win ; For wi' the rock she wad him knock, And ay she shook the tem-per-pin.

THERE was a lass, they ca'd her Meg,
 And she held o'er the moors to spin ;
 There was a lad that follow'd her,
 They ca'd him Duncan Davison.
 The moor was dreigh, and Meg was skeigh,
 Her favour Duncan couldna win ;
 For wi' the rock she wad him knock,
 And ay she shook the temper-pin.

As o'er the moor they lightly foor,
 A burn was clear, a glen was green ;
 Upon the banks they eas'd their shanks,
 And ay she set the wheel between :
 But Duncan swear a haly aith,
 That Meg should be a bride the morn ;
 Then Meg took up her spinnin graith,
 And flang them a' out o'er the burn.

We will big a wee, wee house,
 And we will live like king and queen,
 Sae blythe and merry 's we will be,
 When ye set by the wheel at e'en !
 A man may drink, and no be drunk ;
 A man may fight, and no be slain ;
 A man may kiss a bonie lass,
 And ay be welcome back again !

No. 177. *The blude-red rose at Yule may blaw.*

Tune : *To daunton me.* Cal. *Pocket Companion*, 1743, i. p. 16.

Slow

CHORUS. *To daun - ton me, to daun - ton me, An auld man shall never daun-ton me. The blude-red rose at Yule may blaw, The sim - mer lil - lies bloom in snaw, The frost may freeze the deep - est sea ; But an auld man shall nev - er daun - ton me.*

CHORUS. *To daunton me, to daunton me, An auld man shall never daunton me.* } *bis*

THE blude-red rose at Yule may blaw,
 The simmer lilies bloom in snaw,
 The frost may freeze the deepest sea,
 But an auld man shall never daunton me.

To daunton me, and me sae young,
 Wi' his fause heart and flatt'ring tongue :
 That is the thing you ne'er shall see,
 For an auld man shall never daunton me.

For a' his meal and a' his maut,
 For a' his fresh beef and his saut,
 For a' his gold and white monie,
 An auld man shall never daunton me.

His gear may buy him kye and yowes,
 His gear may buy him glens and knowes ;
 But me he shall not buy nor fee,
 For an auld man shall never daunton me.

He hirples twa fauld as he dow,
 Wi' his toothless gab and his auld beld pow,
 And the rain rains down frae his red blear'd e'e—
 That auld man shall never daunton me.

No. 178. *Her daddie forbad, her minnie forbad.*Tune : *Jumpin John*. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1788, No. 138.*Brisik*

Her dad-die for - bad, her min-nie for-bad; For-bid-den she wad-na



be: She wad-na trow't the browst she brew'd Wad taste sae bit - ter -

CHORUS.

lie! *The lang lad they ca' Jumpin John Beguil'd the bo-nie las - sie!**The lang lad they ca' Jumpin John Beguil'd the bo-nie las - sie!*

HER daddie forbad, her minnie forbad;

Forbidden she wadna be:

She wadna trow't the browst she brew'd

Wad taste sae bitterlie!

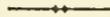
CHORUS. *The lang lad they ca' Jumpin John
Beguil'd the bonie lassie!**The lang lad they ca' Jumpin John
Beguil'd the bonie lassie!*

A cow and a cauf, a yowe and a hauf,

And thretty gude shillins and three;

A vera gude tocher, a cottar-man's dochter,

The lass wi' the bonie black e'e.

No. 179. *Duncan Gray cam here to woo.*Tune : *Duncan Gray* (see No. 173).

DUNCAN Gray cam here to woo

Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

On blythe yule-night when we were fou

Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

Maggie coost her head fu' high,

Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,

Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh—

Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan
 pray'd—
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
 Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
 Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
 Grat his een baith bleer't and blin',
 Spak o' lowpin o'er a linn—
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

Time and chance are but a tide,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
 Slighted love is sair to bide
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
 'Shall I, like a fool,' quoth he,
 'For a haughty hizzie die?
 She may gae to—France for me!—
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

How it comes, let doctors tell,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
 Meg grew sick, as he grew hale
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
 Something in her bosom wrings,
 For relief a sigh she brings,
 And O! her een they spak sic
 things!—
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
 Maggie's was a piteous case,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't:
 Duncan couldna be her death,
 Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;
 Now they're crouse and cantybaith—
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

No. 180. *Hey the dusty miller.*

Tune : *Dusty miller.* Scots Musical Museum, 1788, No. 144.

Quickly

Hey the dus-ty mil-ler And his dus-ty coat; He will win a
 shil-ling Or he spend a groat: Dus-ty was the coat, Dus-ty
 was the colour, Dus-ty was the kiss That I gat frae the mil-ler.

HEY the dusty miller
 And his dusty coat;
 He will win a shilling
 Or he spend a groat:
 Dusty was the coat,
 Dusty was the colour,
 Dusty was the kiss
 That I gat frae the miller.

Hey the dusty miller
 And his dusty sack;
 Leeze me on the calling
 Fills the dusty peck.
 Fills the dusty peck,
 Brings the dusty siller;
 I wad gie my coatie
 For the dusty miller.

No. 181. *I gaed up to Dunse.*Tune: *Rob shear'd in hairst.* Cal. *Pocket Companion*, 1753, v. p. 11.*Brisk*CHORUS. *Rob - in shure in hairst, I shure wi' him; Fient a heuk had**Fine.**I, Yet I stack by him. I gaed up to Dunse To warp a**D.C.*

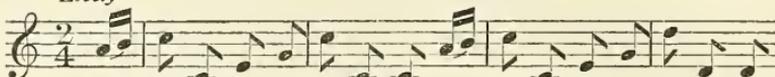
wab o' plaid-en; At his dad-dy's yett Wha met me but Ro-bin!

CHORUS. *Robin shure in hairst,
I shure wi' him;
Fient a heuk had I,
Yet I stack by him.*

I gaed up to Dunse
To warp a wab o' plaiden;
At his daddy's 'yett
Wha met me but Robin!

Was na Robin bauld,
Tho' I was a cottar?
Play'd me sic a trick,
An' me the Eller's dochter!

Robin promis'd me
A' my winter vittle;
Fient haet he had but three
Guse feathers and a whittle!

No. 182. *My love, she's but a lassie yet.*Tune: *My love, she's but a lassie yet.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 225.*Lively*

My love, she's but a las-sie yet, My love, she's but a las-sie yet;



We'll let her stand a year or twa, She'll no be hauf sae sau-cy yet;



I rue the day I sought her, O! I rue the day I sought her, O!



Wha gets her needna say he's woo'd, But he may say he's bought her, O!

My love, she's but a lassie yet,
 My love, she's but a lassie yet;
 We'll let her stand a year or twa,
 She'll no be hauf sae saucy yet;
 I rue the day I sought her, O!
 I rue the day I sought her, O!
 Wha gets her needna say he's woo'd,
 But he may say he has bought her, O!
 Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet,
 Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet;
 Gae seek for pleasure whar ye will,
 But here I never miss'd it yet.
 [We're a' dry wi' drinkin o't,
 We're a' dry wi' drinkin o't;
 The minister kiss'd the fiddler's wife—
 He couldna preach for thinkin o't.]

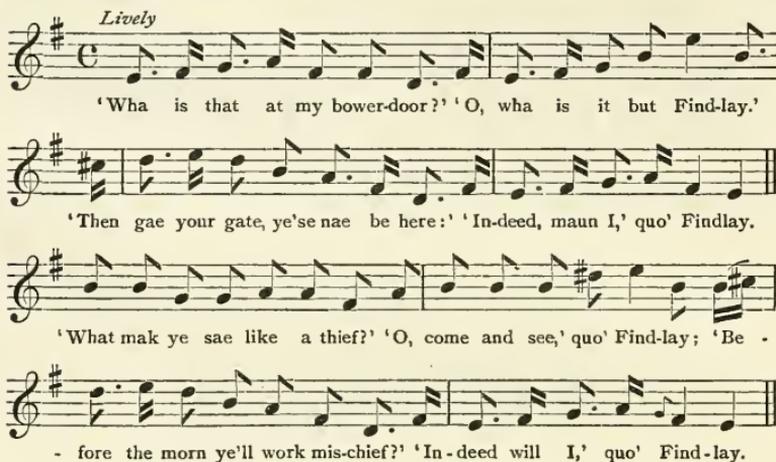
No. 183. *I murder hate by field or flood.*

(Tune unknown.)

I MURDER hate by field or flood,
 Tho' glory's name may screen us;
 In wars at hame I'll spend my blood—
 Life-giving wars of Venus.
 The deities that I adore
 Are social Peace and Plenty;
 I'm better pleas'd to make one more,
 Than be the death of twenty.
 I would not die like Socrates,
 For all the fuss of Plato;
 Nor would I with Leonidas,
 Nor yet would I with Cato:
 The zealots of the Church and State
 Shall ne'er my mortal foes be;
 But let me have bold Zimri's fate
 Within the arms of Cozbi.

No. 184. *Wha is that at my bower-door?*Tune: *Lass, an I come near thee.* Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 337.

Lively



'Wha is that at my bower-door?' 'O, wha is it but Find-lay.'

'Then gae your gate, ye'se nae be here:' 'In-deed, maun I,' quo' Findlay.

'What mak ye sae like a thief?' 'O, come and see,' quo' Find-lay; 'Be -

- fore the morn ye'll work mis-chief?' 'In-deed will I,' quo' Find-lay.

'WHA is that at my bower-door?'
 'O, wha is it but Findlay?'

'Then gae your gate, ye'se nae be here:'
 'Indeed, maun I,' quo' Findlay.

'What mak ye sae like a thief?'
 'O, come and see,' quo' Findlay;

'Before the morn ye'll work mischief?'
 'Indeed will I,' quo' Findlay.

'Gif I rise and let you in'—
 'Let me in,' quo' Findlay—

'Ye'll keep me waukin wi' your din?'
 'Indeed will I,' quo' Findlay.

'In my bower if ye should stay'—
 'Let me stay,' quo' Findlay;

'I fear ye'll bide till break o' day?'—
 'Indeed will I,' quo' Findlay.

'Here this night if ye remain'—
 'I'll remain,' quo' Findlay—

'I dread ye'll learn the gate again?'—
 'Indeed will I,' quo' Findlay.

'What may pass within this bower'—
 'Let it pass,' quo' Findlay;

'Ye maun conceal till your last hour'—
 'Indeed will I,' quo' Findlay.

No. 185. *There's a youth in this city.*Tune : *Niel Gow's lament.* Scots Musical Museum, 1790, No. 258.*Moderately*

The musical score is written on a single treble clef staff in 6/8 time, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is simple and rhythmic, with a tempo marking of 'Moderately'. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with some words underlined to indicate syllable placement. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

There's a youth in this ci - ty, it were a great pi - ty That he from
 our las - sies should wan - der a - wa ; For he's bon - ie and braw, weel -
 fa - vor'd, with - a'. An' his hair has a na - tu - ral buckle and a'.
 His coat is the hue o' his bon - net sae blue, His feck - et is
 white as the new - driv - en snaw, His hose they are blae, and his
 shoon like the slae, And his clear sil - ler buck - les, they daz - zle us a'.

[THERE'S a youth in this city, it were a great pity
 That he from our lasses should wander awa ;
 For he's bonie and braw, weel-favor'd witha',
 An' his hair has a natural buckle an' a'.]
 His coat is the hue o' his bonnet sae blue,
 His fecket is white as the new-driven snaw,
 His hose they are blae, and his shoon like the slae,
 And his clear siller buckles, they dazzle us a'.

For beauty and fortune the laddie's been courtin ;
 Weel-featured, weel-tocher'd, weel-mounted, an' braw ;
 But chiefly the siller that gars him gang till her,
 The penny's the jewel that beautifies a' ;
 There's Meg wi' the mailen, that fain wad a haen him,
 And Susie, whase daddy was laird o' the ha' ;
 There's lang-tocher'd Nancy maist fetters his fancy ;
 But the laddie's dear sel he lo'es dearest of a'.

No. 186. *O, meikle thinks my luvve o' my beauty.*Tune: *The highway to Edinburgh.* Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 312.

O, mei - kle thinks my luvve o' my beau - ty, And mei - kle thinks
my luvve o' my kin; But lit - tle thinks my luvve I
ken brow - lie My to - cher's the jew - el has charms for him. It's
a' for the ap - ple he'll nour - ish the tree; It's a' for the
hin - ey he'll cher - ish the bee; My lad - die's sae mei - kle in luvve
wi' the sil - ler, He can - na hae luvve to spare for me!

O, MEIKLE thinks my luvve o' my beauty,
And meikle thinks my luvve o' my kin;
But little thinks my luvve I ken brawlie
My tocher's the jewel has charms for him.
[It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree;
It's a' for the hiney he'll cherish the bee!]
My laddie's sae meikle in luvve wi' the siller,
He canna hae luvve to spare for me!

Your proffer o' luvve's an airle-penny!
My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy;
But an ye be crafty, I am cunnin,
Sae ye wi' anither your fortune may try.

[Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,
 Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree,
 Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
 An' ye'll crack your credit wi' mair nor me !]

No. 187. *Whare are you gaun, my bonie lass.*

Tune : *A waukrife minnie.* Scots Musical Museum, 1790, No. 288.



'Whare are you gaun, my bon - ie lass, Whare are you gaun, my hin - ey ?'



She answer'd me right sau - ci - lie, - 'An er - rand for my min - nie.'

'WHARE are you gaun, my bonie lass,
 Whare are you gaun, my hinyey ?'
 She answer'd me right saucilie, -
 'An errand for my minnie.'

'O, whare live ye, my bonie lass,
 O, whare live ye, my hinyey ?'
 'By yon burnside, gin ye maun ken,
 In a wee house wi' my minnie.'

But I foor up the glen at e'en
 To see my bonie lassie ;
 And lang before the grey morn cam
 She was na hauf sae saucie.

O, wearie fa' the waukrife cock,
 And the founmart lay his crawin !
 He wauken'd the auld wife frae her sleep
 A wee blink or the dawin.

An angry wife I wat she raise,
 And o'er the bed she brocht her ;
 And wi' a meikle hazel rung
 She made her a weel-pay'd dochter.

'O, fare-thee-weel, my bonie lass !
 O, fare-thee-weel, my hinyey !
 Thou art a gay and a bonie lass,
 But thou hast a waukrife minnie !'

No. 188. *My heart is a-breaking, dear Tittie.*Tune: *Tam Glen.* Scots Musical Museum, 1790, No. 296.

Brisk

My heart is a-breaking, dear Tit-tie, Some coun-sel un-to me come
len': To anger them a' is a pi-ty, But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

My heart is a-breaking, dear Tittie,
Some counsel unto me come len':
To anger them a' is a pity,
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

I'm thinking, wi' sic a brow fellow
In poortith I might mak a fen':
What care I in riches to wallow,
If I mauna marry Tam Glen?

There's Lowrie the Laird o' Dummeller;
'Guid day to you';—brute! he comes ben:
He brags and he blows o' his siller,
But when will he dance like Tam Glen?

My minnie does constantly deave me,
And bids me beware o' young men:
They flatter, she says, to deceive me:
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'd gie me guid hunder marks ten:
But if it's ordain'd I maun take him,
O, wha will I get but Tam Glen?

Yestreen at the valentines' dealing,
My heart to my mou' gied a sten,
For thrice I drew ane without failing,
And thrice it was written—'Tam Glen'!

The last Hallowe'en I was waukin
My droukit sark-sleeve, aʒ ye ken;
His likeness came up the house staukin,
And the very grey brecks o' Tam Glen!

Come, counsel, dear Tittie, don't tarry!
I'll gie ye my bonny black hen,
Gif ye will advise me to marry
The lad I lo'e dearly—Tam Glen.

No. 189. *They snool me sair, and haud me down.*Tune: *The moudiewart.* Caledonian Pocket Companion, c. 1752, iv. p. 8.*Brisk*CHORUS. *An' O, for ane-and-twenty, Tam! And hey, sweet ane-and-**twen-ty, Tam! I'll learn my kin a ratt-lin sang An I**Fine.**saw ane-and-twenty, Tam. They snool me sair, and haud me**down, And gar me look like blun-tie, Tam; But three short years**will soon wheel roun'— And then comes ane-and-twenty, Tam!*CHORUS. *An' O, for ane-and-twenty, Tam!**And hey, sweet ane-and-twenty, Tam!**I'll learn my kin a rattlin sang**An I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.*

THEY snool me sair, and haud me down,

And gar me look like bluntie, Tam;

But three short years will soon wheel roun'—

And then comes ane-and-twenty, Tam!

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear

Was left me by my auntie, Tam:

At kith or kin I needna spier,

An I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,

Tho' I mysel hae plenty, Tam;

But hear'st thou, laddie! there's my loof;

I'm thine at ane-and-twenty, Tam!

No. 190. *But warily tent when ye come to court me.*Tune: *Whistle an' I'll come to ye, my lad.* Scots Mus. Museum, 1788, No. 106.

Lively



CHORUS. *O, whistle an' I'll come to ye, my lad! O, whistle an'*



I'll come to ye, my lad! Tho' fa-ther an' mo-ther an' a' should gae

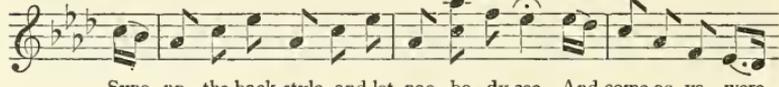
Fine.



mad, O, whistle an' I'll come to ye, my lad! But war-i-ly tent



when ye come to court me, And come nae un-less the back-yett be a-jee;



Syne up the back-style, and let nae-bo-dy see, And come as ye were

D. C.



na com-in to me. And come as ye were na com-in to me.

CHORUS. *O, whistle an' I'll come to ye, my lad!*
O, whistle an' I'll come to ye, my lad!
Tho' father an' mother an' a' should gae mad,
O, whistle an' I'll come to ye, my lad!

But warily tent when ye come to court me,
 And come nae unless the back-yett be a-jee;
 Syne up the back-style, and let naebody see,
 And come as ye were na comin to me. *bis*

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
 Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd na a flie;
 But steal me a blink o' your bonie black e'e,
 Yet look as ye were na looking to me. *bis*

Ay vow and protest that ye care na for me,
 And whiles ye may lightly my beauty awee;
 But court na anither, tho' jokin ye be,
 For fear that she wile your fancy frae me. *bis*

No. 191. *O, when she cam ben, she bobbed fu' law!*

Tune : *When she cam ben she bobbit.* *Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 353.*

Moderate

O, when she cam ben, she bob - bed fu' law! O, when she
 cam ben, she bob - bed fu' law! And when she cam ben, she
 kiss'd Cock - pen, And syne she de - ny'd she did it at a'.

[O, WHEN she cam ben, she bobbed fu' law!
 O, when she cam ben, she bobbed fu' law!
 And when she cam ben, she kiss'd Cockpen,
 And syne she deny'd she did it at a'.

And was na Cockpen right saucy witha'?
 And was na Cockpen right saucy witha'?]
 In leaving the dochter o' a lord,
 And kissin a collier lassie an' a'?

O, never look down, my lassie, at a'!
 O, never look down, my lassie, at a'!
 Thy lips are as sweet, and thy figure complete,
 As the finest dame in castle or ha'.

Tho' thou hast nae silk, and holland sae sma',
 Tho' thou hast nae silk, and holland sae sma',
 Thy coat and thy sark are thy ain handywark,
 And Lady Jean was never sae braw.

No. 192. *O, ken ye what Meg o' the Mill
has gotten?*

(FIRST VERSION.)

Tune: *O ken ye what Meg.* Scots Musical Museum, 1803, No. 566.
Moderately

O, ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has got-ten? An' ken ye what
Meg o' the Mill has got-ten? A braw new naig wi' the tail o' a
rot-tan, And that's what Meg o' the Mill has got-ten! O, ken ye
what Meg o' the Mill lo'es dear-ly? An' ken ye what Meg o' the Mill
lo'es dear-ly? A dram o' gude strunt in a morn-ing
ear-ly, And that's what Meg o' the Mill lo'es dear-ly!

O, KEN ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?
An' ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?
A braw new naig wi' the tail o' a rottan,
And that's what Meg o' the Mill has gotten!

O, ken ye what Meg o' the Mill lo'es dearly?
An' ken ye what Meg o' the Mill lo'es dearly?
A dram o' gude strunt in a morning early,
And that's what Meg o' the Mill lo'es dearly!

O, ken you how Meg o' the Mill was married?
An' ken ye how Meg o' the Mill was married?
The priest he was oxt'er'd, the clark he was carried,
And that's how Meg o' the Mill was married!

O, ken ye how Meg o' the Mill was bedded?
 An' ken ye how Meg o' the Mill was bedded?
 The groom gat sae fu', he fell awald beside it,
 And that's how Meg o' the Mill was bedded!

No. 193. *O, ken ye what Meg o' the Mill
 has gotten?*

(SECOND VERSION.)

Tune: *O bonie lass, will ye lie in a barrack?* Napier's *Scots Songs*, 1792, ii. p. 90.

O, ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten? An' ken ye what Meg
 o' the Mill has got-ten? She's gotten a coof wi' a claut
 o' sil-ler, And bro-ken the heart o' the bar-ley mil-ler!

O, KEN ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?
 An' ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?
 She's gotten a coof wi' a claut o' siller,
 And broken the heart o' the barley miller!

The miller was strappin, the miller was ruddy,
 A heart like a lord, and a hue like a lady.
 The laird was a widdifu', bleerit knurl—
 She's left the gude fellow, and taen the churl!

The miller, he hecht her a heart leal and loving,
 The laird did address her wi' matter mair moving;
 A fine pacing horse wi' a clear, chainèd bridle,
 A whip by her side, and a bonie side-saddle.

O, wae on the siller, it is sae prevailin,
 And wae on the love that is fixed on a mailen!
 A tocher's nae word in a true lover's parl,
 But gie me my love and a gif for the warl!

No. 194. *Cauld is the e'enin blast.*Tune: *Peggy Ramsay.* *Scots Musical Museum, 1803, No. 583.*

Slowly

Cauld is the e'en - in blast O' Bo-reas o'er the pool, An' daw - in
 it is drea-ry When birks are bare at Yule. O, cauld blaws the e'en -
 - in blast, When bit-ter bites the frost, And in the mirk and drea - ry drift,
 The hills and glens are lost! Ne'er sae mur-ky blew the night That drift - ed
 o'er the hill, But bon - ie Peg - a - Ram - say Gat grist to her mill.

CAULD is the e'enin blast
 O' Boreas o'er the pool,
 An' dawin it is dreary
 When birks are bare at Yule.
 O, cauld blaws the e'enin blast,
 When bitter bites the frost,

And in the mirk and dreary drift,
 The hills and glens are lost!
 Ne'er sae murky blew the night
 That drifted o'er the hill,
 But bonie Peg-a-Ramsay
 Gat grist to her mill.

No. 195. *The taylor he cam here to sew.*Tune: *The Drummer.* *Aird's Airs, 1782, i. No. 129.*

Lively

The tay - lor he cam here to sew, And weel he kend the way
 to woo, For ay he pree'd the las-sie's mou', As he gaed but and
 ben, O. For weel he kend the way, O, The way, O, the way, . . .



O! For weel he kend the way, O, The las-sie's heart to win, O!

THE taylor he cam here to sew,
And weel he kend the way to
woo,

For ay he pree'd the lassie's mou',
As he gaed but and ben, O.

For weel he kend the way, O,

The way, O, the way, O!

For weel he kend the way, O,

The lassie's heart to win, O!

The taylor rase and shook his duds,
The flaes they flew awa in cluds!
And them that stay'd gat fearfu'
thuds,—

The taylor prov'd a man, O!

For now it was the gloamin,

The gloamin, the gloamin,

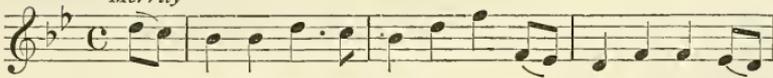
For now it was the gloamin,

When a' to rest are gaun, O!

No. 196. *O, steer her up.*

Tune : *Steer her up.* Scots Musical Museum, 1803, No. 504.

Merrily



O, steer her up, an' haud her gaun—Her mither's at the



mill, jo, An' gin she win-na tak a man, E'en let her tak



her will, jo: First shore her wi' a gen-tle kiss, And ca' a-nith-er



gill, jo, An' gin she tak the thing a-miss, E'en let her flyte her fill, jo.

O, STEER her up, an' haud her
gaun—

Her mither's at the mill, jo,

An' gin she winna tak a man,

E'en let her tak her will, jo :

First shore her wi' a gentle kiss,

And ca' anither gill, jo,

An' gin she tak the thing amiss,

E'en let her flyte her fill, jo.

O, steer her up, an' be na blate,

An' gin she tak it ill, jo,

Then leave the lassie till her fate,

And time na langer spill, jo!

Ne'er break your heart for ae re-
bute,

But think upon it still, jo,

That gin the lassie winna do't,

Ye'll fin' anither will, jo.

No. 197. *What can a young lassie?*Tune: *What shall I do with an auld man?* Scots Mus. Mus., 1792, No. 316.*Merrily*

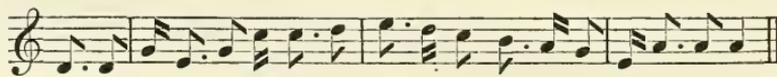
What can a young las - sie, what shall a young las - sie, What can a young



las - sie do wi' an auld man? Bad luck on the pen - ny that tempt - ed my



min - nie To sell her puir Jen - ny for sil - ler an' lan'! Bad luck on the pen -



- ny that tempted my min - nie To sell her puir Jen - ny for sil - ler an' lan'

WHAT can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,

What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?

Bad luck on the penny that tempted my minnie } *bis*

To sell her puir Jenny for siller an' lan'!

He's always compleenin frae mornin to e'enin;

He hoasts and he hirples the weary day lang:

He's doylt and he's dozin; his blude it is frozen, } *bis*

O, dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man!

He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,

I never can please him, do a' that I can:

He's peevish an' jealous of a' the young fellows: } *bis*

O, dool on the day I met wi' an auld man!

My auld auntie Katie upon me taks pity,

I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan:

I'll cross him and wrack him, until I heartbreak him, } *bis*

And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.

No. 198. *Awa wi' your witchcraft o' Beauty's alarms.*

Tune : *Balin a mone.* Thumoth's *English and Irish Airs*, c. 1760, p. 26.

A - wa' wi' your witch-craft o' Beau - ty's a - larms, The slen - der bit
beau - ty you grasp in your arms, O, gie me the lass that has acres o'
CHORUS.
charms! O, gie me the lass wi' the weel-stock-it farms! *Then hey for*
a lass wi' a toch - er, Then hey for a lass wi' a toch - er, Then hey for
a lass wi' a toch - er, The nice yel - low guin - eas for me!

AWA' wi' your witchcraft o' Beauty's alarms,
The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms,
O, gie me the lass that has acres o' charms!
O, gie me the lass wi' the weel-stockit farms!

CHORUS. *Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,*
Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
The nice yellow guineas for me!

Your Beauty's a flower in the morning that blows,
And withers the faster the faster it grows;
But the rapturous charm o' the bonie green knowes,
Ilk Spring they're new deokit wi' bonie white yowes!

And e'en when this beauty your bosom has blest,
The brightest o' beauty may cloy when possess'd;
But the sweet, yellow darlings wi' Geordie impress'd,
The langer ye hae them, the mair they're carest!

No. 199. *Had I the wyte.*Tune : *Come kiss with me.* Orpheus Caledonius, 1733, No. 39.*Briskly*

Had I the wyte, had I the wyte, Had I the wyte?—she bade me; She
 watch'd me by the hie-gate side, And up the loan she shaw'd me; And
 when I wad-na ven-ture in, A cow-ard loon she ca'd me: Had
 kirk and state been in the gate, I'd light-ed when she bade me.

HAD I the wyte, had I the wyte,
 Had I the wyte?—she bade me;
 She watch'd me by the hie-gate side,
 And up the loan she shaw'd me;
 And when I wadna venture in,
 A coward loon she ca'd me:
 Had kirk and state been in the gate,
 I'd lighted when she bade me.

Sae craftilie she took me ben
 And bade me mak nae clatter:—
 'For our ramgunshoch, glum guidman
 Is o'er ayont the water:'
 Whae'er shall say I wanted grace,
 When I did kiss and dawte her,
 Let him be planted in my place,
 Sync say I was the fautor!

Could I for shame, could I for shame,
 Could I for shame refus'd her?
 And wadna manhood been to blame
 Had I unkindly used her?
 He claw'd her wi' the ripplin-kame,
 And blae and bluidy bruised her—
 When sic a husband was frae hame,
 What wife but wad excused her?

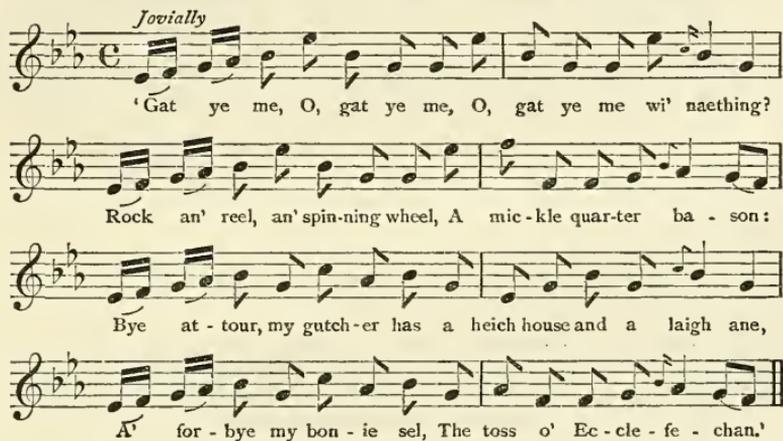
I dighted ay her een sae blue,
 An' bann'd the cruel randy ;
 And, weel I wat, her willin mou'
 Was sweet as sugar-candy.
 At gloamin-shot it was, I wot,
 I lighted on the Monday,
 But I cam thro' the Tyesday's dew
 To wanton Willie's brandy.

No. 200. *Gat ye me, O, gat ye me.*

Tune : *Jack Latin.*

Scots Musical Museum, 1796, No. 430.

Jovially



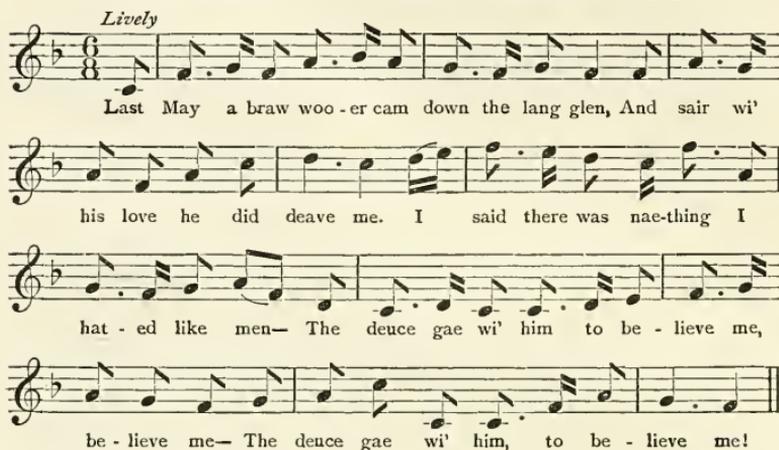
'Gat ye me, O, gat ye me, O, gat ye me wi' naething?
 Rock an' reel, an' spin-ning wheel, A mic-kle quar-ter ba-son:
 Bye at-tour, my gutch-er has a heich house and a laigh ane,
 A' for-bye my bon-ie sel, The toss o' Ec-cle-fe-chan.'

'GAT ye me, O, gat ye me,
 O, gat ye me wi' naething?
 Rock an' reel, an' spinning wheel,
 A mickle quarter bason:
 Bye attour, my gutcher has
 A heich house and a laigh ane,
 A' forbye my bonie sel,
 The toss o' Ecclefechan.'

'O, haud your tongue now, Lucky Lang,
 O, haud your tongue and jauner!
 I held the gate till you I met,
 Syne I began to wander:
 I tint my whistle and my sang,
 I tint my peace and pleasure;
 But your green graff, now Lucky Lang,
 Wad airt me to my treasure.'

NO. 201. *Last May a braw wooer.*Tune: *The Lothian lassie.* Thomson's *Scottish Airs*, 1799, p. 52.

Lively



Last May a braw woo - er cam down the lang glen, And sair wi'
his love he did deave me. I said there was nae-thing I
hat - ed like men— The deuce gae wi' him to be - lieve me,
be - lieve me— The deuce gae wi' him, to be - lieve me!

LAST May a braw wooer cam down the lang glen,
And sair wi' his love he did deave me.

I said there was naething I hated like men—
The deuce gae wi'm to believe me, believe me—
The deuce gae wi'm, to believe me!

He spak o' the darts in my bonie black een,
And vow'd for my love he was dein.

I said, he might die when he liket for Jean—
The Lord forgie me for liein, for liein—
The Lord forgie me for liein!

A weel-stockèt mailen, himsel for the laird,
And marriage aff-hand were his proffers;
I never loot on that I kenn'd it, or car'd,
But thought I might hae waur offers, waur offers—
But thought I might hae waur offers.

But what wad ye think?—in a fortnight or less—
The deil tak his taste to gae near her—
He up the lang loan to my black cousin, Bess,
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her, could bear her—
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her.

But a' the neist week, as I petted wi' care,
I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock,
And wha but my fine fickle lover was there?
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shouther I gae him a blink,
 Lest neibors might say I was saucy ;
 My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie—
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,
 Gin she had recover'd her hearin' ?
 And how her new shoon fit her auld, shachl'd feet ?
 But heavens ! how he fell a swearin, a swearin—
 But heavens ! how he fell a swearin !

He beggèd, for gudesake, I wad be his wife,
 Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow ;
 So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow—
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

No. 202. *Wantonness for evermair.*

Tune: *Wantonness.* Scots Musical Museum, 1796, No. 422.

Slow

Wan - ton - ness for ev - er - mair, Wan - ton - ness has been
 my ru - in. Yet for a' my dool and care It's
 wan - ton - ness for ev - er - mair. I hae lo'ed the Black,
 the Brown: I hae lo'ed the Fair, the Gow - den: A' the
 co - lours in the town I hae won their wan - ton fa - vour.

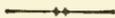
WANTONNESS for evermair,
 Wantonness has been my ruin.
 Yet for a' my dool and care
 It's wantonness for evermair.

I hae lo'ed the Black, the Brown :
 I hae lo'ed the Fair, the Gowden ;
 A' the colours in the town—
 I hae won their wanton favour.

No. 203. *The Robin cam to the Wren's nest.*Tune: *The wren's nest.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 406.

The Rob - in cam to the Wren's nest And keek - it in, and
 keek - it in; O, weel's me on your auld pow, Wad
 ye be in, wad ye be in? Ye'se ne'er get leave to lie with -
 out, And I with - in, and I with - in; Sae lang's I
 hae an auld clout To rowe ye in, to rowe ye in.

THE Robin cam to the Wren's nest
 And keekit in, and keekit in;
 O, weel's me on your auld pow,
 Wad ye be in, wad ye be in?
 Ye'se ne'er get leave to lie without,
 And I within, and I within;
 Sae lang's I hae an auld clout
 To rowe ye in, to rowe ye in.

No. 204. *Lassie, lend me your braw hemp heckle.*Tune: *The Bob o' Dumblane.* *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1725, No. 45.*Rather slow*

Las - sie, lend me your braw hemp hec - kle, And I'll lend
 you my thripp-ling-kame; My hec - kle is brok - en, It can -



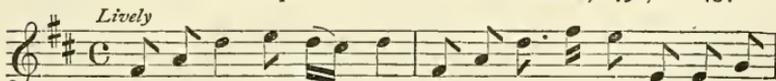
- na be got - ten, And we'll gae dance the Bob o' Dum-blane.

LASSIE, lend me your braw hemp heckle,
And I'll lend you my thripping-kame;
My heckle is broken, it canna be gotten,
And we'll gae dance the Bob o' Dumblane.

Twa gaed to the wood, to the wood, to the wood,
Twa gaed to the wood—three cam hame;
An it be na weel bobbit, weel bobbit, weel bobbit,
An it be na weel bobbit, we'll bob it again.

No. 205. *My daddie was a fiddler fine.*

Tune: *The reel o' Stumpie.* Scots Musical Museum, 1796, No. 457.



CHORUS. *Wap and rowe, wap and rowe, Wap and rowe the feetic o't; I*



thought I was a maiden fair, Till I heard the greetie o't.



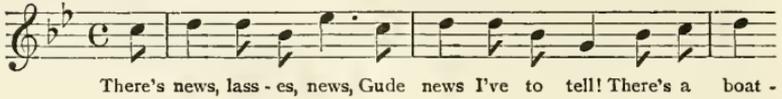
My dad-die was a fid-dler fine, My min-nie she made mantie, O; And



I my-sel a thumpin quine, And danc'd the reel o' Stumpie, O.

CHORUS. *Wap and rowe, wap and rowe,
Wap and rowe the feetic o't;
I thought I was a maiden fair,
Till I heard the greetie o't.*

My daddie was a fiddler fine,
My minnie she made mantie, O;
And I mysel a thumpin quine,
And danc'd the reel o' Stumpie, O.

No. 206. *There's news, lasses, news.*Tune: *There's news, lasses.* Scots Musical Museum, 1803, No. 589.*Briskly*

THERE'S news, lasses, news,
 Gude news I've to tell!
 There's a boatfu' o' lads
 Come to our town to sell!

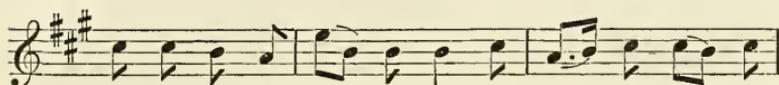
CHORUS. *The wean wants a cradle,
 And the cradle wants a cod,
 An' I'll no gang to my bed
 Until I get a nod.*

'Father,' quo' she, 'Mither,' quo' she,
 'Do what you can:
 I'll no gang to my bed
 Till I get a man!'

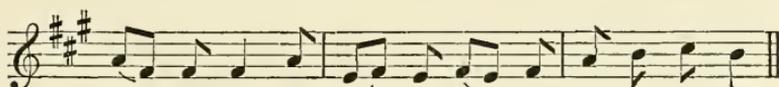
I hae as gude a craft rig
 As made o' yird and stane;
 And waly fa' the ley-crap,
 For I maun till'd again.

No. 207. *O, Galloway Tam cam here to woo.*Tune : *Galloway Tam.* *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1754, vi. p. 25.

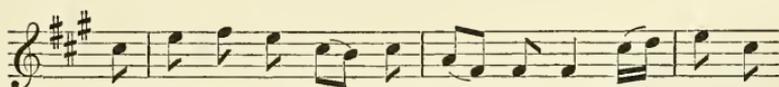
O, Gal - lo - way Tam cam here to woo; I'd ra - ther



we'd gien him the brow - nit cow; For our lass Bess may



curse and ban The wan - ton wit o' Gal - lo - way Tam.



O, Gal - lo - way Tam cam here to shear; I'd ra - ther



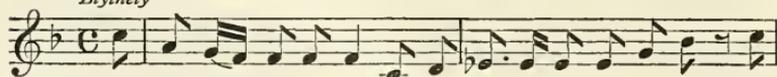
we'd gien him the gude gray mare; He kist the gude - wife



and strack the gudeman; And that's the tricks o' Gal - lo - way Tam.

O, GALLOWAY Tam cam here to woo;
 I'd rather we'd gien him the brawnit cow;
 For our lass Bess may curse and ban
 The wanton wit o' Galloway Tam.

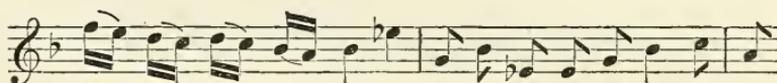
O, Galloway Tam cam here to shear;
 I'd rather we'd gien him the gude gray mare;
 He kist the gudewife and strack the gudeman;
 And that's the tricks o' Galloway Tam.

No. 208. *The Collier has a dochter.*Tune: *The Collier's bonie lassie.* Orpheus Caledonius, 1725, No. 44.*Blythely*

The Col - lier has a doch - ter, And O, she's won - der bon - ie! A



laird he was that sought her, Rich baith in lands and mon - ey: She



wad - na hae a laird, Nor wad she be a la - dy, But she



wad hae a col - lier The co - lor o' her dad - die.

THE Collier has a dochter,
 And O, she's wonder bonie!
 A laird he was that sought her,
 Rich baith in lands and money:
 She wadna hae a laird,
 Nor wad she be a lady,
 But she wad hae a collier
 The color o' her daddie.

* * * * *

