

SCORNFUL NANCY.

This is one of the songs of unknown age and authorship which appeared in the *Tea-table Miscellany* and *Orpheus Caledonius*. Its *naïf* dialogue has secured it a place in every subsequent collection.

The musical score consists of six staves of music in common time and G clef, with lyrics written below each staff. The lyrics tell a story of a woman named Nancy who is unkind to a追求者 (wooer). The story includes a dialogue between Nancy and the wooer, with Nancy being dismissive and the wooer being persistent.

Nan - cy's to the green - wood gane, To
hear the gowd-spink chatt'ring; And Wil - lie he has
fol - low'd her, To gain her love by flatt'ring: But,
a' that he could say or do, She geck'd and scorned
at him; And, aye when he be - gan to woo, She
bad him mind wha gat him.

Nancy's to the greenwood gane,
 To hear the gowdspink chatt'ring ;
 And Willie he has follow'd her,
 To gain her love by flatt'ring :
 But, a' that he could say or do,
 She geck'd and scorned at him ;
 And, aye when he began to woo,
 She bad him mind wha gat him.

What ails ye at my dad, quoth he,
 My minnie or my auntie ?
 Wi' crowdy-mowdy¹ they fed me,
 Lang-kale and ranty-tanty :²
 Wi' bannocks o' guid barley-meal,
 Of thae there was richt plenty,
 Wi' chappit stocks fu' butter'd weel,
 And was not that richt dainty ?

Although my father was nae laird,
 'Tis daffin to be vaunty,
 He keepit aye a guid kale-yard,
 A ha' house, and a pantry :
 A guid blue bonnet on his head,
 An owerlay 'bout his craigie ;³
 And aye, until the day he dee'd,
 He rade on guid shanks-naigie.⁴

Now wae and wonder on your snout,
 Wad ye hae bonnie Nancy ?
 Wad ye compare yoursel to me—
 A docken till a tanzie ?

¹ A mess composed of milk and meal boiled together.

² The broad-leaved sorrel, so called, used to be gathered by our frugal ancestresses in spring, and added to the cabbage or kail in the dinner broth.

³ A cravat about his neck.

⁴ A jocular way of stating that he used his limbs in moving about.

I hae a wooer o' my ain,
 They ca' him Souple Sandy ;
 And weel I wat his bonnie mou'
 Is sweet like sugar-candy.

Now, Nancy, what need a' this din ?
 Do I no ken this Sandy ?
 I 'm sure the chief o' a' his kin
 Was Rab, the beggar-randy :
 His minnie Meg, upon her back,
 Bare baith him and his billy ;¹
 Will ye compare a nasty pack
 To me, your winsome Willie ?

My gutcher ² left a guid braidsword :
 Though it be auld and rusty,
 Yet ye may tak it on my word,
 It is baith stout and trusty ;
 And if I can but get it drawn,
 Which will be richt uneasy,
 I shall lay baith my lugs in pawn,
 That he shall get a heezy.

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

¹ Brother.

² Goodsire or grandfather.