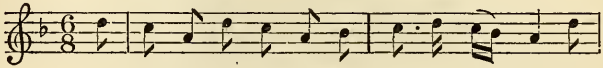


THE COCK-LAIRD.

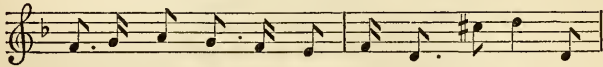
A cock-laird is a small proprietor. The present song first appeared in the *Orpheus Caledonius*, but in a rude version, upon which some improvements were afterwards made, probably by Ramsay. The style of the verse somewhat reminds us of *Scornful Nancy*, and also of the song immediately following the present, as if it were a production of the same pen.



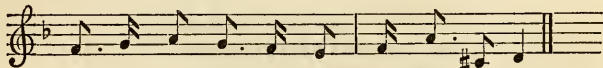
A cock-laird, fou cad-gie, Wi' Jen-nie did meet; He



hawsed, he kiss'd her, And ca'd her his sweet. Wilt



thou gang a-lang wi' me Jen-nie, Jen-nie? Thou'se



be my ain lem-an-jo, Jen-nie, quo' he.

A cock-laird, fou cadgie,
 Wi' Jennie did meet;
 He hawsed, he kiss'd her,
 And ca'd her his sweet.
 Wilt thou gang along wi' me,
 Jennie, Jennie?
 Thou'se be my ain leman-jo,
 Jennie, quo' he.

Gin I gae along wi' thee,
 Ye maunna fail
 To feast me wi' caddels
 And guid hackit kail.
 What needs a' this vanity,
 Jennie? quo' he;
 Is na bannocks and dribly-beards¹
 Guid meat for thee?

Gin I gang along wi' you,
 I maun hae a silk hood,
 A kirtle-sark, wyliecoat,
 And a silk snood,
 To tie up my hair in
 A cockernonie.
 Hout awa', thou 'se gane wud, I trow,
 Jennie! quo' he.

Gin ye 'd hae me look bonnie,
 And shine like the moon,
 I maun hae katlets and patlets,
 And cam'el-heel'd shoon;
 Wi' craig-claiths and lug-babs,²
 And rings twa or three.
 Hout, the deil 's in your vanity,
 Jennie! quo' he.

And I maun hae pinner,
 With pearlins set roun',
 A skirt o' the paudy,³
 And a waistcoat o' brown.
 Awa' wi' sic vanities,
 Jennie, quo' he,
 For curches and kirtles
 Are fitter for thee.

¹ Cabbage, which beslabber the beard.

² Cloths for the throat, and rings for the ears.

³ Probably paduasoy.

My lairdship can yield me
As muckle a year,
As haud us in pottage
And guid knockit bear ;
But, havin' nae tenants,
Oh, Jennie, Jennie,
To buy ought I ne'er have
A penny, quo' he.

The borrowstoun merchants
Will sell ye on tick ;
For we maun hae braw things,
Although they should break :
When broken, frae care
The fools are set free,
When we mak them lairds
In the Abbey,¹ quo' she.²