A COLLECTION OF

SONGS, &c.

XIII

CONTAINING

THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN.

THE ROW.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

MOGGY ADAIR.

UNFORTUNATE MARY.

AND SAE WILL WE YET.

EDINBURGH:

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The Laird o' Cockpen.

The Laird o' Cockpen, he's proud an' he's great,
His mind is ta'en up wi' the things o' the state:
He wanted a wife his braw house to keep;
But favour wi' wooing was fashious to seek.

Doun by the dike side a Lady did dwell;
At his table-head he thought she'd look well:
M'Clish's ae daughter o' Claverse-ha' Lee,
A pennyless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel-pouther'd as guid as when new,
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue.
He put on a ring, a sword, and cock'd hat;
And wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that?

He took the grey mare and rade cannily;
An' rap't at the yett o' Claverse-ha' Lee;
"Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben;
She's wanted to speak to the Laird o' Cockpen?"

Mistress Jean was makin' the elder-flow'r wine,
"An' what brings the Laird at sic a like time?"
She pat aff her apron, an' on her silk gown,
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, an' gaed awa doun.

An' whan she cam ben, he boued fu' low:
An' what was his errand he soon let her know;
Amaz'd was the Laird, when the Lady said, Na—
An' wi' a laigh curtsie she turned awa.

Dumfunder'd he was, nae sigh did he gi'e,
He mounted his mare, an' rade cannily;
And aften he thocht, as he gaed thro' the glen,
She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.

The Row.

I knew by the noise that I heard all around,
In the street where I was, that a Row it was
near;
And I said if there's fun this good night to be found,
As I love it so dearly, I shall sure find it here.
Every tongue seem'd employed, and the row did
increase,
Whilst the Charleys their rattles so cheerly spring.
I hopp'd into the crowd, the news for to catch,
But scarcely had open'd my mouth to enquire,
When a rascally thief made off with my watch,
Tript my heels, and so laid me down flat in
the mire!
The watchmen surrounded, and bore me away,
And in limbo I sigh'd till the dawn of next day.
To the justice they took me, to tell my sad tale,
Who asked me what in defence I'd to say,
I told him that rogues in the crowd did assail,
My person abus'd, and my watch bore away.
He looking quite grim, bade me better hours keep,
Pay a shilling—Return to my home with all speed.

John Anderson my Jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonny brow was brent;

But now your head's turn'd bauld, John,
Your locks are like the snow,
Yet blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
When nature first began
To try her canny hand, John,
Her master-work was Man;
And you amang them a', John,
Sae trig frae tap to toe,
She prov'd to be nae journey-work,
John Anderson, my jo

John Anderson, my jo, John,
Ye were my first conceit,
And ye need na think it strange, John,
Tho' I ca' ye trim and neat;
Tho' some folks sae ye're auld John,
I never think ye so,
But I think ye're aye the same to me,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We've seen our bairns' bairns,
And yet, my dear John Anderson,
I'm happy in your arms;
And sae are ye in mine, John—
I'm sure ye'll ne'er say no,
Tho' the days are gane that we have seen,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
  What pleasure does it gie,
To see sae mony sprouts, John,
  Spring up 'tween you and me;
And ilka lad and lass, John,
  In our footsteps to go,
Makes perfect heaven here on earth,
  John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
  Frae year to year we've past,
And soon that year maun come John
  Will bring us to our last:
But let 'na that affright us, John,
  Our hearts were ne'er our foe:
While in innocent delight we lived,
  John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
  We climb the hill thegither,
And monie a cantie day, John,
  We've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter down, John,
  But hand in hand we'll go,
And we'll sleep thegither at the foot,
  John Anderson, my jo.

Moggy Adair.

What's all the world to me!
  Desert and bare!
There it was limping Ned
  Gave her a ribbon red,

For which I broke his head—
(All for) Moggy Adair!

Who made the saucepan shine?
Moggy Adair!
Who boiled nice dumplings nine?
Moggy Adair!
Who, when they all were done.
Because I didn't run,
Eat 'em up every one?
(O, cruel) Moggy Adair!

But now thou'rt cold to me,
False, I declare!
Left me for Timothy,
At the Brown Bear!
Now in my garters twined,
I'll dangle in the wind,
Oh!—no, I'll change my mind,
(So a fig for) Moggy Adair!

Unfortunate Mary.

Distracted with anguish and grief,
Behold a poor girl of woe.
Ah! where shall I fly for relief?
In vain scalding tears now flow,
No ease they afford to my heart,
Nor comfort give to my mind.
Ah! what can the world now impart,
Where ease or hope shall I find?

Then, pity me, maids, ah, pity me!
My true love was lost at sea,
In the unfortunate Abergavenny.

The youth of my heart is no more;—
Charles found a wat'ry grave,
His virtues how many deplore,
Yet worth nor virtue could save
That dear form from the tyrant death;
His truth and vows, so sincere,
Fled for ever that voice and breath,
And all my soul loved dear.
Then, pity me, &c.

No more fond memory delights
In tracing the heavenly mind,
His soul has ta'en her flight
And gone to its kindred kind.
Poor Mary, though heart-broken, blest,—
Constancy still was thy lot;
Thy sorrow will soon find rest,
Though Charles will ne'er be forgot.
Then, pity me, &c.

And sae will we yet.

Sit ye down here, my cronies, and gie me your crack,
Let the win' tak the care o' this life on its back;
Our hearts to despondency we ne'er will submit,
For we've aye been provided for, and sae will we yet.
And sae will we yet. &c.

Let the miser delight in the hoarding of pelf,
Since he has not the saul to enjoy it himself:
Since the bounty of Providence is new ev'ry day,
As we journey through life, let us live by the way.
Let us live by the way, &c.
Then bring us a tankard of nappy good ale,
For to comfort our hearts, and enliven the tale;
We'll aye be provided for the langer we sit,
For we've drank thegither monie a time, and sae will we yet.
And sae will we yet, &c.

Success to the farmer, and prosper his plough,
Rewarding his eident toils a' the year through:
Our seed time and harvest we ever will get,
For we've lippen'd aye to Providence, and sae will we yet
And sae will we yet, &c.

Long live the king, and happy may he be,
And success to his forces by land and by sea:
His enemies to triumph we ne'er will permit,
Britons aye have been victorious, and sae will they yet.
And say will they yet, &c.

Let the glass keep its course, and go merilie roun',
For the sun has to rise, tho' the moon it goes down:
Till the house be rinnin round about, 'tis time enough to flit,
When we fell, we aye get up again, and sae will we yet.
And sae will we yet, &c.