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Hills o' Gallowa;

To which are added,

Last May a braw wooer,

Green grow the rashes, O,

Sweet the rose blaws.

STIRLING:
Printed by W. Macnie.

1826.

HILLS OF GALLOWA.

Amang the birks sae blythe and gay,
I met my Julia hameward gaun;
The linties chantit on the spray,
The lammies lowpit on the lawn;
On ilka swaird the hay was mawn,
The braes wi' gowans buskit braw;
And gloamin's plaid o' grey was thrawn,
Cut o'er the hills of Gallowa.

Wi' music wild the woodlands rang,
And fragrance winged alang the lee,
When down we sat, the flowers amang,
Upon the banks of stately Dee.
My Julia's arms encircle me;
Then sweetly slade the hours awa,
Till dawnin' cost a glimmerin' ee,
Upon the hills o' Gallowa.

It is nae owsen, sheep and kye,
It is nae gowd it is nae gear,
This lifted ee wad hae quoth I,
The warld's drumlie gloom to cheer;

But gie to me my Julia dear,
  Ye pow'rs wha rule this earthen ba',
And O sae blythe thro' life I'll steer,
  Amang the hills o' Gallowa.

When gloamin' daunders up the hill,
  And our gudeman ca's hame the cows;
Wi' fier I'll trace the mossy rill,
  That thro' the rashes dimpled rows;
Or tint amang the scroggy knowes,
  My birken pipe I'll sweetly blaw,
And sing the streams, the straths, the howes,
  The hills and dales o' Gallowa.

And when auld Scotland's heathy hills,
  Her rural nymphs and jovial swains,
Her flowery wilds and wimpling rills,
  Awake nae mair my cantie streams;
Where friendship dwells and freedom reigns,
  Where heather blooms and moor-cocks craw,
O dig my grave, and lay my banes,
  Amang the hills o' Gallowa.

LAST MAY A BRAW WOOER.

Last May a braw wooer came down the lang glen,
And sair wi' his love did he deave me;

He spake o' the darts in my bonny black e'en,
And vow'd for my love he was dying?
I said he might die when he liked for Jean,
The Lord forgie me for lying, for lying,
The Lord forgie me for lying.

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

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

But a' the neist week I fretted wi' care,
I gaed to the tryst o' Dolgarnock,
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 neebours 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 now her new shoon fit her auld shaebeld feet,
But, heavens, how he fell a swearin, a swearin,
But, heavens, how he fell a swearin.

He begged me 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.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O.

Green grow the rashes, O,
Green grow the rashes, O;
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
I spent amang the lasses, O.

There's nought but care on every han',
In every hour that passes, O,
What signifies the life o' man,
And 'twerna for the lasses, O.

The warldly race may riches chase,
And riches still may flee, them, O,
And though at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

But gie me a cannie hour at e en,
My arms about my dearie, O,
And wardly cares and wardly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O.

For you sae douse who sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O,
The wisest man the warld e'er saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.

Auld Nature swears the lovely dears,
Her noblest work she classes, O,
Her prentice hand she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O.

SIC A WIFE AS WILLIE HAD.

Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed,
The spot they ca'd it Linkumdoddie,
Willie was a wabster gude,
Cou'd stown a clue wi' ony body.

He had a wife was dour and din,
O Tinker Maggie was her mither;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wadna gae a button for her.

She has an ee, she has but ane,
The cat has twa the very colour;
Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,
A clapper tongue wad deave a miller;
A whiskin beard about her mou,
Her nose and chin they threaten ither.

She's bow hough'd she's hein shin'd,
Ae limpin leg a hand breed shorter;
She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
To balance fair in ilka quarter:
She has a humph upon her breast,
The twin o' that upon her shouther.

Auld baudrans by the ingle sits,
and wi' her loof her face a washin';
But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,
She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion;
Her walie nieves like midden-creels,
Her face wad fyle the Logan water.

HOW SWEET THE ROSE BLAWS.

How sweet the rose blaws, it fades and it fa's;
Red is the rose and bonnie O:
It brings to my mind what my dear laddie was;
So bloom d, so cut off, was my Johnnie, O.

Now peace is returned, but nae joy brings to me:
Red is the rose and bonnie O:
For cauld is his cheek, and blameless his e'e,
And nae mair beats the heart o' my Johnnie, O.

Ah! why did he love me, and leave these sweet plains;
Red is the rose and bonnie, O:
Where smiling contentment and peace ever reigns,
But they'll ne'er bloom again for my Johnnie, O.

Nor to me will their beauties e'er pleasure impart,
Red is the rose and bonnie, O,
For sunk is my spirits and broken my heart,
Soon I'll meet ne'er to part frae my Johnnie, O.

FINIS.