My Bonnie Mary.

It was upon a Lammas night.

Tho' women's minds.

Yestreen I had a pint o' wine.

There's nought but care on ev'ry hand.

Ye Banks and Braes.

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MY BONNIE MARY.

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
And fill it in a silver tassie;
That I may drink before I go,
A service to my bonnie lassie.
The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith;
Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the ferry;
The ship rides by the Berwick-Law,
And I must leave my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are ranked rea-
The shouts o' war are heard afar, [dy;
The battle closes thick and bloody;
But it's not the roar o' sea or shore
Wad mak me langer wish to tarry;
Nor shout o' war that's heard afar,
It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.

IT WAS UPON A LAMMAS NIGHT.

It was upon a Lammas night,
When corn rigs are bonnie,
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
I hied awa to Annie;

The time flew by wi' tentless heed,
Till 'tween the late and early:
Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed
To see me thro' the barley.

O corn rigs, an' barley rigs,
An' corn rigs are bonnie:
I'll ne'er forget that happy night,
Amang the rigs wi' Annie.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
The moon was shining clearly;
I set her down wi' right good will,
Amang the rigs o' barley:
I kent her heart was a' my ain,
I lo'ed her most sincerely;
I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
Amang the rigs o' barley.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace,
Her heart was beating rarely:
My blessings on that happy place,
Amang the rigs o' barley!
But by the moon and stars so bright,
That shone that hour so clearly!
She ay shall bless that happy night,
Amang the rigs o' barley.

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear,
I hae been merry drinkin;
I hae been joyfu' gatherin gear,
I hae been happy thinkin:
But of a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
Tho' three times doubled fairly,
That happy night was worth them a',
Amang the rigs o' barley.

THE GOWDEN LOCKS O' ANNA.

Yestreen I had a pint o' wine,
A place where body saw na;
Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine
The gowden locks o' Anna.
The hungry Jew in wilderness
Rejoicing o'er his manna,
Was naething to my hinny bliss
Upon the lips o' Anna.

Ye monarchs tak the east and west,
Frae Indus to Savannah!
Gie me within my straining grasp
The melting form of Anna.
There I'll despise imperial charms,
An Empress or Sultana,

While dying raptures in her arms
I give and take with Anna.

Awa thou flaunting god o' day!
Awa thou pale Diana!
Ilk star gae hide thy twinkling ray
When I'm to meet my Anna.
Come, in thy raven plumage, night,
Sun, moon, and stars withdrawn a';
And bring an angel pen to write
My transports wi' my Anna.

THO' WOMEN'S MINDS, &c.

Tho' women's minds like winter winds,
May shift and turn and a' that,
The noblest breast adores them maist,
A consequence I draw that.
For a' that and a' that,
And twice as meikle's a' that,
The bonny lass that I loe best
She'll be my ain for a' that.

Great love I bear to all the fair,
Their humble slave and a' that;
But lordly will, I hold it still,
A mortal sin to thraw that.
For a' that, &c.

But there is ane aboon the lave,
Has wit and sense, and a' that;
A bonny lass, I like her best,
And wha a crime dare ca' that?
For a' that, &c.

In rapture sweet this hour we meet,
Wi' mutual love and a' that;
But for how lang the flee may stang,
Let inclination law that.
For a' that, &c.

Their tricks and craft hae put me daft
They've ta'en me in, and a' that;
But clear your decks and here's the sex
I like the jades for a' that.
For a' that, &c.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

There's nought but care on ev'ry han',
In ev'ry hour that passes, O;
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na for the lasses, O.

Green grow the rashes, O,
Green grow the rashes, O;

The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
Are spent among the lasses, O.

The warly race may riches chase,
An' riches still may flee them, O;
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

Green grow, &c.

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms around my dearie, O;
Then warly cares an' warly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O.

Green grow, &c.

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

Green grow, &c.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O;
Her prentice han' she try'd on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O.

Green grow, &c.

THE BANKS O' DOON.

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair!
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu' o' care.
Ye'll break my heart, ye little birds,
That wanton thro' the flow'ry thorn;
Ye mind me o' departed joys,
Departed never to return.

Oft hae I roam'd by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine-twine;
Whar ilka bird sang o' its love,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
And my fause love has stown the rose,
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

FINIS.