

12 leaf 5th
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THE

Ayrshire Garland,

Containing a few Celebrated

SONGS,

BY

R. BURNS,

VIZ.

The Unfortunate Clown,

Farewel to Ayrshire,

The Banks of the Devon,

Caledonian Laddie.



FALKIRK:

ED BY T. JOHNSTON.

THE
UNFORTUNATE CLOWN'S COURTSHIP.

—o—

THERE was a Clown in a stead,
what think ye but he wad ha'e a wiffie,
To manage his meal an' his bread,
for his siller it was nae fac riffie:
A Laird i' the neist barn-town
had daughters an' siller a plenty,
Thinks he gif the neist be na flown,
O rejoice! for my chance will be dainty.

He puts on his braw plaiding trews,
an' he scrapes aff his beard wi' a whittle,
An' he puts on the best o' his blues,
an' he rubs up his bonnet fu' muckle:
He taks the wide-teeth'd stable kame,
an' he gi'es his rough head a bit clautie;
He maist tare the hide frae the bane,
for O it was wonderous tautie.

His head-piece put on aboon a',
his cheeks in a cogfu' o' water;
Thinks he, O I'm bonny an' braw,
an' I'm sure o' the lals an' her tocher.

A staff in his han' fadam-lang,
 an' nicked right fair, it wad bruise ye;
 He lilted awa', an' he sang,
 Now I'm sure that she canna refuse me.

He arriv'd at the Gentleman's door,
 he didna ken the fashions o' the gentry,
 He lean'd a' his weight til't an' mair,
 an' he fell wi' a blade i' the entry:
 The daughters an' servants came ben,
 to gaze, an' to wonder on Johnny,
 An' he fixed his eyes on Miss Jean,
 for O she was wonderous bunny.

Miss Jean, for to had up the joke,
 she exter'd him ben to her chamber,
 An' O how he risted an' spake,
 and he said that she shi'd like the am'er.
 An' now, lass, my errand to you
 is to mak ye a sort o' ha'f-marrow,
 To wait on my housie, my dove,
 while I'm out at the plough an' the harrow.

I ha'e nee lets than twa pair o' it o'ls,
 a hitgang, a bat, an' an amry.
 A bink for our bickers an' our bowls
 an' I break them right aff when I'm angry;
 I've likewise twa guid horn-spoons,
 a flesh-fork, a pot, an' a ladle,

A girdle for toasting our scones,
 baith pocker and tangs, an' a paddle.

Ye's get parrich an' milk l' the morning,
 an' butter and cheese to your dinner;
 The same again night for your corning,
 an' ye'll lwall just like auld Luckie Gennet:
 For I've thretty pound Scots ilka year,
 twa pecks o' guid meal, an' a faxpence,
 Comes in ilka Saturday clear,
 sent down-by frae auld Andrew Dickson's.

I've likewise a dainty milk cow,
 an' thae things 'ill ay had us breathing,
 Twa piggs and a dainty breed fow,
 an' they get a' their grazing for naething.
 Sae tell me when ye're coming hame,
 an' dinna appear in a swither,
 For gin ye winna tak me, my dame,
 troth I'm just gaun awa' t' anither.

Dear Johnny, said she, with a smile,
 I cannot accept of your offer,
 One higher than you must beguile,
 ere my father will part with my tocher.
 If I were to give my consent,
 I would merit my father's displeasure,
 So Johnny you must be content
 to lose this thy beautiful treasure.

O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes!
 with chuil hoary wing, as ye usher the dawn:
 And far be thou distant, thou reptile that
 seizest

the verdure and pride of the garden or lawn.
 Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded lillies,
 and England, triumphant, display her proud
 rose;

A fairer than either adorns the green vallies,
 where Daven, sweet Devon meandering
 flows.

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THE
 CALEDONIAN LADDIE.

BLYTHE Sandy is a bonny boy,
 and always is a-wooing O!
 Nor is he e'er too bold or coy,
 altho' he is so loving O!
 Last night he press'd me to his breast,
 and vow'd he'd ask my daddy O!
 O dear! to wed me, he confess'd,
 the Caledonian Laddie!

My bonny, bonny Highland Boy,
 my Caledonian Laddie O!

The maidens try, baith far and near,
 to gain young Sandy over O!
 But a' their arts I dinna fear,
 he winna prove a rever O!
 For sure he told me, frank and free,
 unkend to dad or mammy O!
 He'd marry me, ah! nane but me,
 the Caledonian Laddie O!

My bonny, &c.

The tither day frae Dundee fair,
 he brought me hame a bonnet O!
 A cap, and ribbons for my hair;
 but mark what soon came on it O!
 As late at kirk we somehow stood,
 in spite of mam or daddy O!
 He married me, do all I could,
 the Caledonian Laddie O!

My bonny, bonny Highland Boy,
 my Caledonian Laddie O!

F I N I S.