Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch.

To which is added,

THE HIGHLAND PLAID.

Neil Gow's Fareweel,

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO,

MARIA.

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ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Wat ye how she cheated me,
As I cam o'er the braes of Balloch.

She vow'd, she swore she wad be mine;
She said she lo'd me best of ony;
But oh! the fickle faithless quean,
She's ta'en the carle, and left her Johnie.
Roy's wife &c.

O she was a canty quean.
Weel could she dance the Highland walloch;
How happy I, had she been mine,
Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch.
Roy's wife, &c,

Her hair sae fair, her een sae clear,
Her wee bit mou' sae sweet and bonnie:
To me she ever will be dear,
Though she's for ever left her Johnie.
Roy's wife. &c.

Tho' Roy's aulder thrice than I,
Perhaps his days 'ill no be mony,
And when the carle's dead and gane,
She then may turn her thoughts on Johnny.
Roy's wife &c.

THE HIGHLAND PLAID.

Lowland lassie will ye go,
Whare the hills are clad wi' snow,
Whare beneath the icy steep,
The hardy shepherd tends his sheep;
Ill nor wae shall thee betide,
When row'd within my Highland plaid.

Soon the voice of cheary spring
Will gar a' our plantins ring,
Soon our bonny heather braes,
Will put on their summer claes;
On the mountain's sunny side
We'll lean us on my Highland plaid.

When the simmer spreads the flow'rs
Busks the glens in leafy bow'rs,
Then we'll seek the caller shade,
Lean us on the primrose bed;
While the burning hours preside,
I'll screen thee wi' my Highland plaid.

Then we'll leave the sheep and goat,
I will launch the bonny boat,

Skim the loch in canty glee,
Rest the oars to pleasure thee;
When chilly breezes sweep the tide,
I'll hap thee wi' my Highland plaid.

Lowland lads may dress mair fine,
Woo in words mair saft then mine;
Lowland lads hae mair of art,
A' my boast's an honest heart;
Whilk shall ever be my pride,
O row thee in my Highland plaid.

" Bonny lad ye've been sae leal,
" My heart would break at our farewell,
" Lang your love has made me fain,
" Take me—take me for your ain!"
Cross the firth, away they glide,
Young Donald and his Lowland bride.

NEIL GOW'S FAREWEEL.

You've surely heard o' famous Neil,
The man that play'd the fiddle weel,
I wat he was a canty chiel,
And dearly loo'd the whisky, O
And ay since he wore tartan hose,
He dearly loo'd the Athol brose;
And wae was he, you may suppose,
To play fareweel to whisky, O.

Alake! quoth Neil, I'm frail and auld,
And find my bluid grows unco cauld;
I think 'twad mak me blyth and bauld,
A wee drap Highland whisky, O,
And yet the doctors a' agree
That whisky's no the drink for me;
Saul! quoth Neil, 'twill spoil my glee.
Shou'd they part me and whisky, O.

Tho' I can get baith wine and ale,
And find my head and fingers hale.
I'll be content, tho' legs shou'd fail,
To play fareweel to whisky, O.
But still I think on auld langsyne,
When Paradise our friends did tyne,
Because something ran in their min,'
Forbid, like Highland whisky, O.

Come a' ye pow'rs o' Music, come!
I' find my heart grows unco glum,
My fiddle strings will no playobum,
To say fareweel to whisky, O,
I'll take my fiddle in my hand,
And screw the strings up while they'll stand,
To mak a lamentatiou grand,
On gude auld Highland whisky, O.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,

Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your head's turned bald, 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 cannie hand, John,
Her master-work was *man*:
And you among them a' John,
Sae trig frae tap to toe,
She proved 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,
Though I ca' ye trim and neat;
Though some folks say ye're auld, John,
I never think you 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,

Though 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 many 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 clamb the hill thegither,
And money 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.

MARIA.

'Twas near a thicket's calm retreat,
Under a poplar tree,
Maria chose her lonely seat,
To mourn her sorrows free.
Her lovely form was sweet to view,
As dawn at opening day;
But, ah! she mourn'd her love not true,
And wept her cares away.

The brook flow'd gently at her feet,
In murmurs smooth along;
Her pipe, which once she tun'd so sweet,
Had now forgot its song.
No more to charm the vale she tries,
For grief has fill'd her breast;
Fled are the joys she us'd to prize,
And fled with them her rest.

Poor hepless maid! who can behold
Thy anguish so severe,
Or hear thy love-lorn story told,
Without a pitying tear!
Maria, hapless maid, adieu!
Thy sorrows soon must cease;
Soon heaven will take a maid so true
To everlasting peace.

FINIS.

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