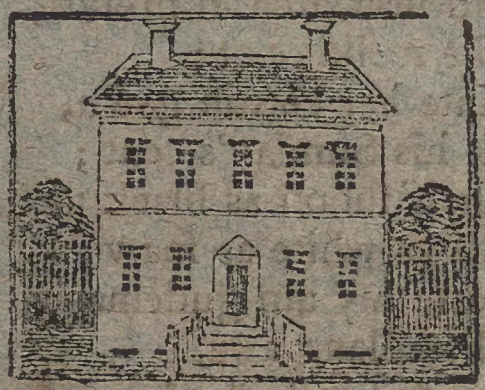
A

GARLAND

OF

NEW SONGS.

Nae Luck about the Houſe
Highland Mary
Come under my Plaidy.
M'Pherſon's Farewell



Printed by J. Marſhall,
In the Old Fleſh-Market, Newcaſtle.

Where may alſo be had, a large and intereſting Collection of Songs, Ballads, Tales, Hiſtories, &c.

Nae Luck about the Houſe.

AND are ye ſure the news is true?
And are ye ſure he's weel?
Is this a time to ta'k o' wark?
Mak haſte, ſet by your wheel!
Is this a time to ta'k o' wark,
When Collin's at the door?
Gie me my cloak, I'll to the quay,
And ſee him come aſhore.

For there's nae luck about the houſe,
There's nae luck ava;
There's little pleaſure in the houſe,
When our gudeman's awa.

Riſe up, and mak a clean fireſide,
Put on the meikle pot;
Gie little Kate her cotton gown,
And Jock his Sunday's coat;
And mak their ſhoon as black as ſlaes,
Their hoſe as white as ſnaw;
It's a' to pleaſe my ain gudeman,
For he's been lang awa.
For there's nae luck, &c.

There are twa hens upon the bauk,
They've fed this month and mair;
Mak haſte, and thraw their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare;

And ſpread the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look braw;
It's a' for love o' my gudeman,
For he's been lang awa.
For there's nae luck, &c.

O gie me down, by bigonets,
My biſhop-ſatin gown;
For I maun tell the bailie's wife,
That Colin's come to town:
My Sunday's ſhoon they maun gae on,
My hoſe o' pearl blue;
It's a' to pleaſe my ain gudeman,
For he's baith leal and true.
For there's nae luck, &c.

Sae true's his word, ſae ſmooth's his ſpeech,
His breath's like caller air,
His very feot has muſic in't,
When he comes up the ſtair.
And will I ſee his face again?
And will I hear him ſpeak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought;
In troth, I'm like to greet,
For there's nae luck, &c.

The cauld blaſts o' the winter wind,
That thirl'd thro' my heart,
They're a' blawn by, I hae him ſafe,
Till death we'll never part;

But what pits parting in my head?
It may be far awa;
The preſent moment is our ain,
The neiſt we never ſaw.
For there's nae luck, &c.

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content,
I hae nae mair to crave;
Could I but live to mak him bleſt,
I'm bleſt aboon the lave:
And will I ſee his face again?
And will I hear him ſpeak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought;
In troth, I'm like to greet,
For there's nae luck, &c.

Highland Mary.

YE banks and braes, and ſtreams around,
The Caſtle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, an' fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There ſimmer firſt unfalds her robes,
And there the langeſt tarry;
For there I took the laſt fareweel
O' my ſweet Highland Mary.

How ſweetly bloom'd the gay, green birk,
  How rich the hawthorn's bloſſom;
As underneath their fragrant ſhade,
  I claſp'd her to my boſom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
  Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me, as light and life,
  Was my ſweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
  Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
  We tore ourſels aſunder;
But oh! fell death's untimely froſt,
  That nipt my flower ſae early!
Now green's the ſod, and cauld's the clay,
  That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, thoſe roſy lips,
  I aft hae kiſs'd ſae fondly!
And clos'd for ay, the ſparkling glance,
  That dwelt on me ſae kindly!
And mouldering now in ſilent duſt,
  That heart that loe'd me dearly!
But ſtill within my boſom's core,
  Shall live my Highland Mary.

Come under my Plaidy.

Tune—" Johnny Macgill."

"COME under my plaidy, the night's gaun to fa ;
Come in frae the cauld blaſt, the drift, and the ſnaw ;
Come under my plaidy, and ſit down beſide me ;
There's room in't, dear laſſie ! believe me, for twa.
Come under my plaidy, and ſit down beſide me,
I'll hap ye frae every cauld blaſt that can blaw :
O ! come under my plaidy, and ſit down beſide me,
There's room in't, dear laſſie ! believe me, for twa."

" Gae 'wa wi your plaidy ! auld Donald, gae 'wa,
I fear nae the cauld blaſt, the drift, nor the ſnaw ;
Gae 'wa wi' your plaidy ! I'll no ſit beſide ye ;
Ye may be my gutcher !—auld Donald, gae 'wa.
I'm gaun to meet Johnny, he's young and he's bonny ;
He's been at Meg's bridal, ſae trig and ſae braw !
Nane dances ſae lightly ! ſae graceſu' ! ſae tightly !
His cheek's like the new roſe, his brow's like the ſnaw !"

" Dear Marion, let that flee ſtick faſt to the wa',
Your Jock's but a gowk, and has naething ava ;
The hale o' his pack he has now on his back,
He's thretty, and I am but threeſcore and twa.
Be frank now, and kindly ; I'll buſk you ay finely ;
To kirk or to market they'll few gang ſae braw ;
A bien houſe to bide in, a chaiſe for to ride in,
And ſlunkies to tend ye as oft as ye ca."

" My father's ay tauld me, my mother and a',
Ye'd mak a gude huſband, and keep me ay braw ;
It's true, I loe Johnny, he's gude and he's bonny,
But, wa's me ! ye ken he has naething ava !

I hae little tocher; you've made a gude offer;
I'm now mair than twenty; my time is but sma!
Sae gie me your plaidy. I'll creep in beside ye—
I thought ye'd been auider than threescore and twa."

She crap in ayont him, aside the stane wa',
Whare Johnnie was list'ning, and heard her tell a';
The day was appointed!—his proud heart it dunted,
And strack 'gainst his side, as it bursting in twa.
He wander'd hame weary, the night it was deary!
And, thowless, he tint his gate deep 'mang the snaw:
The howlet was screamin', while Johnnie cried,
"Women
Wad marry Auld Nick, if he'd keep them ay braw."

O the deil's in the lasses! they gang a' sae braw,
They'll lie down wi' auld men o' fourscore and twa;
The hale o' their marriage is gowd and a carriage,
Plain love is the cauldest blast now that can blaw!
But loe them I canna, nor marry I winna
Wi' ony daft lassie, though fair as a queen;
Till love hae a share o't, the never a hair o't
Shall gang in my wallet at morning or e'en.

M'Pherson's Farewell.

FAREWELL, ye dungeons dark and strong,
The wretch's destinie!
M'Pherson's time will not be long,
On yonder gallows tree.

Sae rantingly, ſae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he;
He play'd a ſpring and danc'd it round,
Below the gallows tree.

Oh, what is death, but parting breath?—
On mony a bloody plain;
I've dar'd his face, and in this place,
I ſcorn him yet again!
Sae rantingly, &c.

Untie theſe bands from off my hands,
And bring me to my ſword;
And there's no a man in all Scotland,
But I'll brave him at a word.
Sae rantingly, &c.

I've liv'd a life of ſturt and ſtrife;
I die by treacherie;
It burns my heart I muſt depart,
And not avenged be.
Sae rantingly, &c.

Now farewell, light, thou ſun-ſhine bright,
And all beneath the ſky!
May coward ſhame diſtain his name,
The wretch that dares not die!
Sae rantingly, &c.

FINIS.

JBM
Burns
Eyhubn