

MY NANIE O.

To which are added,

BONNY JEAN,

Plaid amang the Heather.



Stirling, Printed by C. Randall,



MY NANIE O.

BEHIND you hill where Lugar flows,
mang moors and mofaes many, O.
The wintry fun the day has clos'd,
and I'll awa to Nanie, O.

The westlin wind blows loud and still :
I'be night's baith mirk and rainy, O.
But I'll get my plaid and out I'll steal,
and owic the hill to Nanie, O.

My Nanie's charming sweet and young ;
nae ertful wiles to win ye, O :
May ill befa' the flattering tongue,
that wad beguile my Nanie O.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
as spotless as she's bonny O.

The opening gowan wat wi' dew
nae purer is than Nanie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
and few there be that ken me O.
But what care I how few there be,
I'm welcome ay to Nanie O.

My riches, a's my penny fee,
and I maun guide it cannie, O
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are a' my Nanie, O!

Our auld gudeman delights to view,
his sheep and kye thrive bonny. O;
But I'm as blythe that hauds his his pleugh,
And has nae care but Nanie, O.

Come weel, come wae, I carena by,
I'll tak' what heaven will lend me, O.
Nae ither care in life hae I,
But live and love my Nanie, O.

 BONNY JEAN.

THERE was a lass and she was fair,
 at kirk and market to be seen,
 When a' the fairest maids were met,
 The fairest maid was bonny Jean.

And ay she wrought her mither's wark,
 and ay she sang sae merrilie ;
 The blytheest bird upon the bush,
 had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys
 that bless the little lintwhite's nest ;
 And frost will blight the fairest flowers,
 and love will break the soundest rest.

Young Robie was the bravest lad,
 the flower and pride of a' the glen
 And he had owfen, sheep and kye,
 and wanton nagies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryft,
 he danc'd wi' Jeanie on the down;
 And lang ere witless Jeanie wist
 her heart was tist, her peace was stown.

As in the bosom o' the stream,
 the moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en:
 So trembling, pure, was tender love,
 within the breast o' bonny Jean.

And now she works her mither's wark,
 and a y she sighs wi' care and pain;
 Yet wist na what her ail might be,
 or what wad mak her weel again.

But did na Jeanie's heart loup light,
 and didna joy blink in her e'e,
 As Robie tauld a tale o' love,
 at e'enin on the lily lea?

The sun was sinking in the west,
 the birds sang sweet in ilka grove;
 His cheek to her's he fondly prest,
 and whisper'd thus his tale o' love;

O Jeanie fair I loe thee dear;
 O canst thou think to fancy me?

Or wilt thou leave thy mither's cot,
and learn to tent the farms wi' me?

At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,
or naething else to trouble thee ;
But stray amang the heather bells,
and tent the waving corn wi' me.

Now what could artless Jeanie do ?
she had na will to say him na :
At length she blush'd a sweet consent.
and love was ay between them twa.

PLAID AMANG THE HEATHER.

THE wind blew hie o'er muir and lea,
And dark and stormy grew the weather,
The rain rain'd fair ; nae shelter near,
But my love's plaid amang the heather :

O my bonny highland laddie,
My winsome weel-far'd, highland laddie,
Wha wad mind the wind and rain,
Sae weel rowt in his tartan plaidie ?

Close to his breast he held me fast :—
 The coozy, warm, we lay thegither ;
 The summer heat was half fae sweet,
 As my love's plaid among the heather.

O my bonny, etc.

Mid wind and rain he told his tale :
 My lightsome heart grew like a feather,
 My lap fae quick I couldna speak,
 But silent sigh'd among the heather,

O my bonny, etc.

The storm blew past ; we kiss'd in haste ;
 The hameward ran and told my mither,
 The gloom'd at first but soon confess'd
 The bows row'd right among the heather.

O my bonny, etc.

Now Hymen's beam gilds bank and stream,
 My dear Will and I fresh flowers will gather,
 The storms I fear, I've got my dear,
 My hearted lad among the heather.

O my bonny highland laddie ;

My winsome, weelfar'd highland laddie ;

Should storms appear, my Will's ay near,

To row me in his tartan plaidie.

A NEW SONG.

IN love and life the present use.
One hour we grant the next refuse
Who then would risque a day?
Were lovers wise, they would be kind,
And in our eyes the moment find,
For only then they may.

FINIS.