

SEVEN

# Select Songs

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Willie brew'd a peck o' maut.

This is no my ain Lassie.

Willie Wastle.

The Day returns.

Hey for a lass wi' a tocher.

I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen.

I hae a wife o' my ain.

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EDINBURGH:

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WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT.

○ Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,  
And Rab and Allan cam to prie;  
Three blyther lads that lee lang night,  
Ye wadna fand in Christendie.

We are na fou, we're na that fou,  
But just a wee drap in our ee;  
The cock may craw the day may daw  
But ay we'll taste the barley bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,  
Three merry boys I trow are we;  
And mony a canty night we've seen,  
And mony mae we hope to see.

We are na fou, &c.

It is the moon, I ken her horn,  
That's blinkin in the lift sae hie;  
She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,  
But by my sooth she'll wait a wee.

We are na fou, &c.

Vha first shall rise to gang awa,  
A cuckold coward loon is he!

Wha last beside his chair shall fa',  
 He shall be king amang us three.  
 We are na fou, &c.

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THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE.

O this is no my ain lassie,  
 Fair tho' the lassie be;  
 O weel ken I my ain lassie,  
 Kind love is in her ee.

I see a form, I see a face,  
 Ye weel may wi' the fairest place;  
 It wants, to me, the witching grace,  
 The kind love that's in her ee.

O this is no, &c.

She's bonny, blooming, straight and tall  
 And lang has had my heart in thrall;  
 And ay it charms my very saul,  
 The kind love that's in her ee.

O this is no, &c.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean,  
 To steal a blink, by a unseen;  
 But gleg as light are lovers' een,  
 When kind love is in the ee.

O this is no, &c.

It may escape the courtly sparks,  
 It may escape the learned clerks;  
 But weel the watching lover marks  
 The kind love that's in her ee.

O this is no, &c.

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WILLIE WASTLE.

Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed,  
 The spot they ca'd it Linkumoddie,  
 Willie was a wabster guid,  
 Could stown a clue wi' ony bodie;  
 He had a wife was dour and din,  
 Tinkler Maggie was her mither;  
 Sic a wife as Willie had,  
 I wadna gie a button for her.

She has an e'e, she has but ane,  
 The cat has twa the very colour;  
 Five rusty teeth, lolbye a stump,  
 A clapper tongue wad deave a miller;  
 A whiskin beard about her mou,  
 Her nose and chin they threaten ither;  
 Sic a wife, &c.

She's bow-hough'd, she's hein-shinn'd,  
 Ae limpin leg a hand-breed shorter;

She's twisted right, she's twisted left,  
 To balance fair in ilka quarter:  
 She has a hump upon her breast,  
 The twin o' that upon her shouther;  
 Sic a wife, &c.

Auld baudrons by the ingle sits,  
 And wi' her loof her face a-washin;  
 But Willie's wife is nae sae tric,  
 She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion;  
 Her walie nieves like midden creels,  
 Her face wad fyle the Logan water;  
 Sic a wife, &c.

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THE DAY RETURNS.

The day returns, my bosom burns,  
 The blissful day we twa did meet,  
 Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd,  
 Ne'er summer sun was half sae sweet.  
 Than a' the pride that loads the tide,  
 And crosses o'er the sultry line;  
 Than kingly robes, than crowns and  
 globes, (mine.  
 Heaven gave me more, it made thee  
 While day and night can bring delight,  
 Or nature aught of pleasure give;

While joys above my mind can move,  
 For thee, and thee alone, I live.  
 When that grim foe of life below  
 Comes in between to make us part;  
 The iron hand that breaks our band,  
 It breaks my bliss---it breaks my heart.

HEY FOR A LASS WI' A TOCHER.

Awa wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's a-  
 larms, [arms,  
 The slender bit beauty you grasp in your  
 Ogie me the lass that has acres o' charms  
 O gie me the lass wi' the weel-stockit  
 farms.

Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher, hey  
 for a lass wi' a tocher,

Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher, the  
 nice yellow guineas for me.

Your beauty's a flower in the morning  
 that blows, (grows:

And withers the faster, the faster it

But the rapturous charms o' the bonny  
 green knewes,

Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonny  
 white yowes.

Then hey, &c.

And e'en when this beauty your bosom  
 has blest, [possest;  
 The brightest o' beauty may cloy when  
 But the sweet yellow darlings wi' Geor-  
 die imprest, [carest.  
 The langer ye hae them the mair they're  
 Then hey, &c.

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THE BLUE-EYED LASSIE.

I gae'd a waefu' gate yestreen,  
 A gate I fear I'll dearly rue;  
 That gat my death frae twa sweet een,  
 Twa lovely een o' bonny blue:  
 It was not her golden ringlets bright,  
 Nor her lips like roses wat wi' dew,  
 Nor her heaving bosom lily white;—  
 It was her een sae bonny blue.

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wyl'd  
 She charin'd my saul I wist na how;  
 And ay the stound, the deadly wound,  
 I am frae her een sae bonnie blue.  
 Spare to speak, and spare to speed,  
 He'll aiblins listen to my vow:  
 Would she refuse I'll lay my dead  
 O her twa een sae bonnie blue.

## I HAE A WIFE O' MY AIN.

I hae a wife o' my ain,  
 I'll partake wi' naeboddy;  
 I'll tak cuckold frae nane,  
 I'll gie cuckold to naeboddy.  
 I hae a pennay to spend,  
 There—thanks to naeboddy;  
 I hae naething to lend,  
 I'll borrow frae naeboddy.

I am naeboddy's lord,  
 I'll be slave to naeboddy;  
 I hae a guid braid sword,  
 I'll tak dunts frae naeboddy.  
 I'll be merry and free,  
 I'll be sad for naeboddy;  
 If naeboddy care for me,  
 I'll care for naeboddy.

FINIS.