

THE

Duke of Gordon's

Three Daughters.

To which is added,

All round my Hat.



GLASGOW,

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

SONGS.

The Duke of Gordon's Daughter.

The Duke of Gordon had three daughters,
Elizabeth, Margaret and Jean:
They would not stay in bonny Castle Gordon,
But they went to bonny Aberdeen.

They had not been in bonny Aberdeen
A twelvemonth and a day,
Till Jean fell in love with Captain Ogilvie,
And away with him went she.

Word came to the Duke of Gordon
In the chamber where he lay,
How lady Jean fell in love with a captain,
And from him she would not stay.

Go saddle me the black horse he cried,
My servant shall ride on the grey,
And I'll go to bonny Aberdeen,
Forthwith to bring her away.

They were not a mile from Aberdeen,
 A mile but only one,
 Till he met with his two daughters;
 But away with Lady Jane.

O where is your sisters, maidens?

Where is your sister, now;

O where is your sister, maidens?

That she's not walking with you?

O pardon us honoured father,

O pardon they did say :

Lady Jean is with Captain Ogilvie,

And from him she will not stay.

When he came to bonny Aberdeen,

And down upon the green,

There she did see Captain Ogilvie,

A-training of his men.

O woe be to thee Captain Ogilvie,

An ill death thou shalt die,

For taking to thee my daughter,

High hanged thou shalt be,

The Duke of Gordon wrote a broad letter,

And sent it to the king.

To cause him hang brave Captain Ogilvie,

If ere he caused hang any man.

No—I will not hang Captain Ogilvie,
 For any offence that I see;
 But I'd cause him to put off the scarlet,
 And put on the single livery.

Now word came to Captain Ogilvie,
 In the chamber where he lay,
 To strip off the gold and scarlet,
 And put on the single livery.

If this be for bonny Jeanie Gordon,
 This penance I'll take wi',
 If this be for bonny Jeanie Gordon,
 All this and more I'll dree.

Lady Jean had not been married
 A year and only threc,
 Till she had a babe in every arm,
 And another on her knee.

O but I'm weary wandering;
 O but my fortune is bad,
 It sets not the Duke of Gordon's daughter
 To follow a soldier lad:

O hold your tongue, bonny Jean Gordon,
 O hold your tongue my lamb,
 For once I was a noble captain,
 Now for thy sake a single man.

O high was the hills and the mountains,
 Cold was the frost and snow;
 Lady Jean's shoes were all torn,
 No farther could she go.

O if I was in the glens of Foudlen,
 Where hunting I have been,
 I could go to bonny Castle Gordon,
 without either stockings or sheen.

O hold your tongue bonny Jean Gordon,
 O hold your tongue my dow;
 I've but one half-crown in the world,
 I'll buy hose and shoon to you.

When she came to bonny Castle Gordon,
 And coming over the green,
 The porter cried out, with a loud voice,
 Yonder comes our lady Jean,

You're are welcome bonny Jeanie Gordon,
 You are dearly welcome to me;
 You are welcome, dear Jeanie Gordon,
 But away with your Ogilvie.

Now over the seas went the Captain;
 As a soldier at command;
 But a messenger soon followed after,
 Which caused a countermand.

Come home now pretty Captain Ogilvie,
 To enjoy your brother's land;
 Come home now pretty Captain Ogilvie
 You're the heir of Northumberland.

O what does this mean, says the Captain,
 Where's my brother's children three;
 O they are all dead and buried;
 The lands are all ready for thee.

Then hoist up your sails brave Captain,
 And let's be jovial and free;
 I'll go home and have my estate,
 And then my dear Jeanie I'll see:

He soon came to bonny Castle Gordon,
 And then at the gate stood he;
 The porter cried out with a loud shout,
 Here comes Captain Ogilvie.

You're welcome pretty Captain Ogilvie,
 Your fortune's advanced I hear,
 No stranger can come to my gates,
 That I do love so dear.

Sir, the last time I was at your gate
 You would not let me in:
 I am come for my wife and children,
 No friendship else I claim,

Then she came tripping down the stair,
 With the saul tear in her e'e,
 One babe she had at every foot,
 Another upon her knee.

You're welcome, bonny Jeanie Gordon,
 You're dearly welcome to me.

You're welcome, bonny Jean Gordon,
Countess of Northumberland to be.

Now the Captain came off with his lady,
And his sweet babies three,
Saying, I'm as good blood by descent,
Though the great Duke of Gordon you be:

All Round My Hat.

All round my hat I veers the green willow,
All round my hat for a twelvemonth and a day,
If any vone should ax me the reason vy I veers it,
I te'ls them that my true love is far far away,
'Twas a going of my rounds in the street I first
d'd meet her,

oh, I thought she was an angel just come down
from the sky,
Spoken,—She'd a nise wegitable countenance,
turnip nose, reddish cheeks, and carrotty hair,
And never heard a voice more louder and sweeter
When she cried, buy my primroses, primroses,
come buy,

Spoken—Here's your fine cauliflowers,
All round my hat, &c,

Spoken—Here's your precious turnips,
oh, now my tove, she vos fair an she vos kind too,
o cruel was vos the cruel judge vot had my
love try,
For thieving vos a thing she never was inclin'd to,
But he sent my love across the seas far, far away

Spoken—Here's your hard hearted cabbages
All round my hat, &c.

For seven long years my love and I are parted,
For seven long years my love is bound to stay,
Spoken—'Tis a precious long 'fore I gets any
trade to day,

Bad luck to that chap vot'd ev'r be false hearted,
o I'll love my love tho' she's far far away,

Spoken—Here's your nice heads of celery,
All round my hat, &c,
There's some young men so preciousely deceitful
A coaxing of the young gals they wish to
lead astray,

Spoken—Do you want any walnuts; crack 'em
and try 'em a shilling a hundred,
As soon as they've deceived 'em so cruelly they
leave them,

And never sighs nor sorrows when they're
far far away

Spoken—Do you want any linions to day marm,
All round my hat, &c,
oh I bought my love a ring on the werry day
she started,

Vich I gave her as a token all to remember me
Spoken—Bless her eyes,
And when she does come back, we'll never more
be parted,

But we'll marry and be happy, oh, for ever
and a day,

Spoken— Here's your fine spring raddishes,
All round my hat, &c,