

Four Songs.



Roy's wife of Aldivalloch.

Crazy Jane.

The Miller of Dron.

Lass of Cartside.



KILMARNOCK: "

Printed for the Booksellers.



ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.

ROY'S wife of Aldivalloch,
 Róy's wife of Aldivalloch,

Wat ye how she cheated me,
 As I came o'er the braes o' Balloch :

She vow'd, she swore she wad be mine,
 She said she lo'ed me best of ony,
 But oh ! the fickle, faithless quean,
 She's ta'en the carle, and left her Johnny

O she was a canty quean,
 An' weel could dance a Highlan' walloch
 How happy I, had she been mine,
 Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch.

Her face sae fair, her een sae clear,
 Her wee bit mou sae sweet and bonny
 To me she ever will be dear,
 Tho' she's for ever left her Johnny.

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

CRAZY JANE.

WHY, fair maid, in ev'ry feature,
 Are such signs of fears express'd ;
 Can a wand'ring wretched creature
 With such terror fill thy breast ?
 Do my frenzied looks alarm thee ?
 Trust me, sweet, thy tears are vain,
 Not for Kingdoms would I harm thee ;
 Shun not then poor Crazy Jane.

Dost thou weep to see my anguish ?
 Mark me, and avoid my woe ;
 When men flatter, sigh, and languish,
 Think them false--I found them so :
 For I lov'd, oh ! so sincerely,
 None could ever love again ;
 But the youth I lov'd so dearly,
 Stole the wits of Crazy Jane.

Fondly my young heart receiv'd him,
 Which was doom'd to love but one :
 He sigh'd, he vow'd, and I believ'd him,
 He was false, and I undone.
 From that hour has reason never
 Held her empire o'er my brain ;
 Henry fled, with him for ever
 Fled the wits of Crazy Jane.

Now forlorn, and broken hearted,
 And with frenzied thoughts beset,
 On that spot where last we parted—
 On that spot where first we met,
 Still I sing my love-lorn ditty—
 Still I slowly pace the plain,
 While each passer-by, in pity,
 Cries—God help thee, Crazy Jane.

THE MILLER OF DRON.

THERE was a miller stout and strong,
 Fed up with beef and brose,
 With sturdy limbs, and shoulders broad,
 As you may well suppose.
 This miller was as great a loon
 As ever hung a stone;
 He took his muter different ways—
 This miller liv'd in Dron.

With my heesy, teesy, soft and easy,
 Ay the mill gets on;
 You may get millers many a one,
 But no ne like him in Dron.

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The fair maid she went to the mill
With corn upon her head,
Says miller set your stones to work,
For we are out of bread.
He took the fair maid in his arms,
And in motion put the stones,
And clitter clatter went the mill,
With a' the graith in Dron.

This fair maid she went springing home,
As yal as yal could be,
If she had been jointed all with springs,
Nae yaller could she be.
She threw the meal pock off her back,
And began to bake a scone;
Of all the millers e'er I saw,
There is none like him in Dron.

The auld wife she gaed to the mill hersel,
With corn upon her head,
Says miller set your mill to work,
For we are out of bread.
He took this auld wife in his arms,
In motion put the stones,
And soon he ground the old wife's batch,
Betwixt the mill stones.

The auld wife she went singing home,
 As canty as a bee,
 Says, daughter put the kettle on,
 For we must have some tea.
 She threw the meal pöck off her back,
 And began to dance and croon,
 Of all the millers e'er I saw,
 There's none like him in Dron.

The auld man he got up at last,
 And swore a solemn oath,
 That he would next the miller see,
 If he had life and breath.
 This auld man sought a sturdy stick,
 And stoutly he went on
 Out o'er the moor, and thro' the croft,
 Unto the mill of Dron.

The auld man he went to the mill
 With corn upon his head,
 Says miller set your stones to work,
 For we are out of bread.
 He says there is not much o't,
 And good potatoe corn;
 And if it be not ground to-night,
 We'll all be dead the morn.

The miller brought a sturdy stick,
 And stoutly he laid on ;
 And soon he made the old man rue
 That e'er he came to Dron.
 The old man he went toddling home,
 As supple as he dought,
 And ay he muttered to himsel,
 This meal is dearly bought:
 At length the old man he came in,
 With many a sigh and moan ;
 I have seen millers many a one,
 But none like him in Dron.
 He threw the meal pock off his back,
 With many an aching bone ;
 Of all the millers e'er I saw,
 There's none like him in Dron.

The mother look'd, the daughter blush'd,
 They look'd at one another ;
 The mother look'd, the daughter blush'd,
 And glow'rd at one another.
 At length the daughter clapp'd her hands,
 And swore that by St. John,
 The rogue has kiss'd my father too,
 Within the mill of Dron.

THE LASS OF CARTSIDE.

WHERE Cart gently glides thro' the vale

And nature, in beauty array'd,
Perfumes the soft whispering gale,

That wantons in every green shade,
From pride and from vanity free,

The fairest of fair ones doth bide,
No beauty so charming as she,

The lovely sweet lass of Cartside.

By Cart as I lonesomely stray,

No flower can my fancy excite;
Not all his wild verdure so gay,

Without her, can yield me delight.

Ah, fortune! why art thou severe,

How long will thy frownings divide
This heart from its object so dear,

The lovely sweet lass of Cartside.

If destin'd some happier swain,

Shall her that I covet, enjoy,
O let me not live to complain!

Let death every tendon destroy.

But while by a meadow or grove,

The Cart gently rolls in his pride,
May happiness, pleasure and love,

Attend the sweet lass of Cartside.