

TAM GLEN,

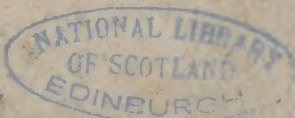
To which is added,

The Lammy,
Blythe was She,
Nora's Vow ; and
I ha'e a Wife o' my ain.



STIRLING:

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TAM GLEN.

My heart is a breaking, dear Tittie,
Some counsel unto me come len':
To anger them a' is a pity,
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?
I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fallow,
In poortith I might mak' a fen',
What care I in riches to wallow,
If I mauna marry Tam Glen.

There's Lowrie the Laird o' Drummiller,
Gude day to you, brute, he comes ben,
He brags an' he blaws o' his siller,
But when will he dance like Tam Glen?
My minnie does constantly deave me,
An' bids me beware o' young men;
They flatter, she says, to deceive me;
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

My daddy says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'll gie me guid hunder merks ten.
But if its ordain'd I maun tak' him
O wha will I get but Tam Glen?

Yestreen at the Valentine's dealing,
 My heart to my mou' gied a sten,
 For thrice I drew ane without failin',
 An' thrice it was writtea Tam Glen.

The last Halloween I was waukin,
 My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken,
 His likeness cam' up the house staukin,
 An' the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen.

Come, counsel, dear Tittie, don't tarry,
 Ill-gie you my bonny black hea,
 Sin ye will advise me to marry,
 The lad I loe dearly, Tam Glen.

THE LAMMY.

Whare hae ye been a' day,
 My boy Tammy?
 Whare hae ye been a' day,
 My boy Tammy?
 I've been by burn and flow'ry brae,
 Meadow green and mountain grey,
 Courtin' o' this young thing,
 Just new come frae her mammy.

An' whare gat ye that young thing,
My boy Tammy ?

I gat her down on yonder howe,
Smiling on a broomy knowe,
Herding a wee lamb and ewe,
For her poor mammy.

What said ye to the bonny bairn,
My boy Tammy ?

I praised her een sae bonny blue.
Her dimpled cheek and bonnie mou,
I pris'd it aft, as ye m'y trow——
She said she'd tell her mammy.

I held her to my beating heart :
My young but smiling laamie !
I hae a house it cost me dear,
I've wealth o' plenishing and gear :
Ye've got it a' war't ten times mair,
Gin ye will leave your mammy.

We'll tak' her hame, and make her safe,
My ain kind-hearted lammy !
We'll gie her meat, we'll gie her claise,
We'll be her comfort a her days ;
The wee thing gies her hand, and says, —
There, gang and ask my mammy.

Has she been to the kirk wi' thee,
 My boy Tammy?
 She has been to the kirk wi' me,
 And the tear was in her e'e,—
 But Oh! she's but a young thing,
 Just come frae her mammy.

BLYTHE WAS SHE.

Blythe, blythe and merry was she,
 Blythe was she but and ben:
 Blythe by the banks of Earn,
 And blythe in Glenturit Glen.

By Oughtertyre grows the aik,
 On Yarrow banks the birken-shaw;
 But Phemie was the bonniest lass,
 That braes o' Yarrow ever saw.
 Blythe, &c.

Her looks were like a flower in May,
 Her smile was like a simmer morn;
 She tripped by the banks of Earn,
 As light's a bird upon a thorn.
 Blythe, &c.

Her bonny face it was as meek,
 As ony lamb upon a lee,
 The e'ning sun was ne'er so sweet,
 As was the blink o' Phemie's ee.
 Blythe &c.

The High land hills I've waade'd wide,
 An' o'er the Lowlands a' ha'e been,
 But Phemie was the blythest lass,
 That ever trod the dewy green.
 Blythe, &c.

NORA'S VOW.

HEAR what Highland Nora said,
 "The earlie's son I will not wed,
 Should all the race of nature die,
 And none left but he and I.
 For all the gold, for all the gear,
 And all the lands both far and near,
 That ever valour lost or woo,
 I will not wed the earlie's son."

"A maiden's vows," o' Col'um spoke,
 "Are lightly made, and lightly broke;
 The heather on the mountain's height
 Begins to bloom in purple light;

The frost wind soon shall sweep away,
 That lustre deep from glen and biao;
 Yet Nora ere its bloom be gone,
 May blithely wed the earlie's son."

"The swan," she said, "the lake's clear breast,
 May barter for the eagle's nest,
 The Awe's fierce stream may backward run,
 Ben-Cruaichan fall and crush K'cours,
 Our kilted clans, when blood is high,
 Before their foes may turn and fly;—
 But I, were all these marvels done,
 Would never wed the earlie's son."

Still in the water-lily's shade,
 Her wonted nest the wild swan made,
 Ben-Cruaichan stands as fast as ever.
 Still downward foams the Awe's fierce river;
 To shun the clash of foeman's steel,
 No Highland brogue e'er turn'd the heel;
 But Nora's heart is lost and won,
 —She's wedded to the earlie's son.

I HA'E A WIFE O' MY AIN.

I ha'e a wife o' my ain,
 I'll partake wi' naebody,
 I'll tak' cuckold frae nane.
 I'll gie cuckold to naebody.
 I hae a penny to spend,
 There thanks to naebody;
 I hae nathing to lead,
 I'll borrow frae naebody.

I am naebody's lord,
 I'll be slave to naebody;
 I hae a gude braid sword,
 I'll tak dunts frae naebody.
 I'll be merry and free,
 I'll be sed for naebody;
 Naebody cares for me,
 I care for naebody.

FINIS.