

*Answer to the Blue Bonnet,*

I HAD A HORSE, &c.

Ans. to the Happy Stranger.

O TAKE ME TO YOUR ARMS,

AND

*Her twa Een, sae bonny blue.*

---



---

SOLD WHOLESALE BY J. FRASER & CO.

PRINTES, STIRLING.

---

## ANSWER TO THE BLUE BONNET.

FAREWELL to all sorrows, with joy now I'll sing  
Since Charles has return'd as free as a king,  
Its long seven years since he bade me adieu,  
But now he has return'd with his bonnet so blue

He cried out—be constant, that day we did part  
That word was so heavy it sunk in my heart,  
But like a moving turtle, the campaign stood thro'  
But now he has returned with his bonnet so blue

Some said he was wounded, some said he was  
slain,  
Which made me lament—and he alive upon the  
plain,  
With joy transported my senses all flew,  
When I saw my dear charmer and his bonnet so  
blue.

I fainted with joy, in his arms I did fall,  
My cheeks they did willow, my lips turned pale  
Then he cried out, Dear lassie, thy senses renew  
For it's I thy dear Charles and his bonnet so blue

For the war is now over, and alive I remain,  
Unto thy sweet arms I am safe back again,

The cannons did thunder, balls and arrows they  
 flew,  
 No danger came over me, and my bonnet so blue.

When with danger surrounded, for death I re-  
 sign'd,  
 The thoughts of my jewel was still in my mind;  
 In the midst of hot battles my grief was for you,  
 When I thought to lie there with my bonnet so  
 blue.

In sorrow I left thee, why now dost thou faint,  
 When alive I'm preserv'd, and now to thee sent?  
 I am chaste, true, and loyal, thy joys to renew,  
 I'll still wear my plaid and my bonnet so blue.

It's true, my dear lassie, our dangers were great,  
 We fought for our King, our country and state,  
 For to keep our plaids, because they are new,  
 That the Scotch may for ever wear bonnets so  
 blue.

---

### I HAD A HORSE.

I HAD a horse, and I had nae mair,  
 I gat it frae my daddie;  
 My purse was light, and my heart was sair,  
 But my wit it was fu' ready.

So I bethought me on a time,  
 Outwittens o' my daddie,  
 To see mysel to a Lawland laird,  
 Wha had a bonnie lady.

I wrote a letter, and thus began:  
 Madam, be not offended:  
 I'm owre the lugs in love wi' you,  
 And I carena though ye kend it:  
 For I get little frae the laird,  
 And far less frae my daddie;  
 Yet I wad blythely be the man  
 Wad strive to please my lady.

She read my letter, and she leugh;  
 Ye needna been sae blate, man,  
 Ye might hae come to me yoursel,  
 And tald me o' your state, man;  
 Ye might hae come to me yoursel,  
 Outwittens o' onie body,  
 And made John Goukston o' the laird,  
 And kiss'd his bonny lady.

Then she pat siller in my purse;  
 We drank wine in a cogie;  
 She fee'd a man for to rub my horse,  
 And vow but I was vogie!  
 But I ne'er gat sae sair a fleg  
 Since I cam frae my daddie;  
 The laird cam, rap, rap! to the yett,  
 When I was wi' his lady.

Then she pat me béhint a chair,  
 And hap'd me wi' a plaidie;  
 Where I was like to swarf wi' fear,  
 And wish'd me wi' my daddie.  
 The laird gaed out, he saw na me,  
 I staid till I was ready;  
 I promis'd, but I ne'er gaed back  
 To see his bonny lady.

---

A NEW SONG; BEING AN ANSWER TO  
 THE HAPPY STRANGER.

I ONCE was a stranger, in a far country did roam,  
 When young Jemmy of Newry came to me a-  
 lone,

He said, My dear jewel, now tell me I pray,  
 How you came to wander in a desert this way?

She said, Pray young man don't attempt to per-  
 suade,

Or take an advantage of me a poor maid;  
 It was my cruel father who caus'd me to stray  
 So far from my home, and to wander this way.

I loved a young man, and he loved me,  
 But because he was poor, and of low degree,  
 It was my cruel parents that press'd him to sea,  
 Which made me to wander here, and a stran-  
 ger to be.

When I heard that my true love in battle was  
 slain; [I came,  
 I packed up my jewels, from my father's house  
 Determin'd to wander in lonesome retire,  
 And there to lament for the youth I admire.

Then young Jemmy of Newry, with a most  
 graceful bow, [you now,  
 Did say, Lovely fair maid, the truth I'll tell  
 It was false lovers that caus'd me to roam,  
 And wander so many miles distant from home.

And now, lovely fair maid, if you will agree,  
 Since we're both cross'd in love, I'll marry with  
 thee; (pain,  
 Then dry up your tears, I'll ease you of your  
 And marry with me, I'll be your kind swain.

To a neighbouring village they then did repair,  
 Where a licence was bought, and they married  
 were;  
 And now the two strangers in love both agree,  
 In a neat little cottage by a shady green tree.

No longer they wander in desarts alone,  
 In content they do live in their cottage at home,  
 The lark, thrush, and linnet round their cottage  
 do sing,  
 And both live as happy as a prince or a king.

---

## THE WILLOW TREE.

Oh, take me to your arms, my love,

For keen the wind doth blow;

O take me to your arms, my love,

For bitter is my woe.

She hears me not, she cares not,

Nor will she list to me;

And here I lie, in misery,

Beneath the willow tree.

My love has wealth and beauty,

The rich attend her door;

My love has wealth and beauty,

But I, alas! am poor.

The ribbon fair that bound her hair

Is all that's left to me;

And here I lie, in misery,

Beneath the willow tree.

I once had gold and silver,

I thought 'em without end;

I once had gold and silver,

I thought I had a friend;

My wealth is lost, my friend is false,

My love is stole from me;

And here I lie, in misery,

Beneath the willow tree.

---

*I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen.*

I GAED a waefu' gate yestreen,  
 A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue;  
 I gat my death frae twa sweet' een,  
 Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue.  
 'Twas not her golden ringlets bright,  
 Her lips like roses wat wi' dew,  
 Her heaving bosom lily white;  
 It was her een sae bonnie blue.

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wil'd,  
 She charm'd my saul, I wistna how;  
 And aye the stound, the deadly wound,  
 Cam frae her een sae bonnie blue  
 But spare to speak, and spare to speed,  
 She'll aiblins listen to my vow:  
 Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead  
 To her twa een sae bonnie blue.

F I N I S.