

Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,

Broom o' Cowdenknowes,

THE LASSIE O' THE GLEN.

O are ye sleeping, Maggie,

AND

As I came by Loch-Erroch Side.



SOLD WHOLESALE BY J. FRASER & CO.

PRINTERS, STIRLING.

BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY.

O BESSY BELL and Mary Gray,
They were twa bonny lasses;
They bigg'd a house on yon burn brae,
And theek'd it o'er wi' rashes.
Fair Bessy Bell I lo'ed yestreen,
And thought I ne'er could alter;
But Mary Gray's twa pawky een,
They gar my fancy falter.

Now Bessy's hair's like a lint-tap;
She smiles like a May morning,
When Phoebus starts frae Thetis' lap,
The hills with rays adorning;
White is her neck, saft is her hand,
Her waist and feet's fu' genty;
With ilkz grace she can command;
Her lips, O wow! they're dainty.

And Mary's locks are like a crow,
Her een like diamonds glances;
She's ay sae clean, redd up, and braw,
She kills whene'er she dances;
Blythe as a kid, with wit at will,
She blooming, tight, and tall is,
And guides her airs sae gracefu' still,
O Jove, she's like thy Pallas.

Dear Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
Ye unco sair oppress us;
Our fancies jee between you twae,
Ye are sic bonnie lasses.
Waes me! for baith I canna get,
To ane by law we're stented;
Then I'll draw cuts, and tak my fate,
And be with ane contented.

BROOM OF COWDENKNOWES.

How blythe was I ilk morn to see
My swain come o'er the hill!
He leap'd the burn, and flew to me,
I met him wi' good will.

O, the broom, the bonnie bonnie broom,
The broom of the Cowdenknowes.
I wish I were wi' my dear swain,
Wi' his pipe and my ewes.

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,
While his flocks near me lay;
He gather'd in my sheep at night,
And cheer'd me a' the day.

O, the broom, &c.

He tun'd his pipe and reed so sweet,
The birds stood list'ning by;

Ev'n the dull cattle stood and gaz'd,
 Charm'd wi' his melody.
 O, the broom, &c.

While thus we spent our time, by turns,
 Betwixt the flocks and play,
 I envied not the fairest dame,
 Though e'er so rich and gay.
 O, the broom, &c.

Hard fate! that I should banish'd be,
 Gang heavily, and mourn,
 Because I lov'd the kindest swain
 That ever yet was born.
 O, the broom, &c.

He did oblige me ev'ry hour;
 Could I but faithful be?
 He staw my heart; could I refuse
 Whate'er he ask'd of me?
 O, the broom, &c.

My doggie, and my little kit,
 That held my wec soup whey,
 My plaidie, broach, and crooked stieks
 Maun now lie useless by.
 O, the broom, &c.

Adieu, ye Cowdenknowes, adieu!
 Fareweel a' pleasures there!

Ye gods, restore me to my swain,
 Its a' I crave or care.
 O, the bloom, &c.

THE LASSIE O' THE GLEN.

BENEATH a hill, 'mang birken bushes,
 By a burnie's dimpilt linn;
 I told my love, wi' artless blushes,
 To the lassie o' the glen.

O the birken bank sae grassy,
 Hey the burnie's dimpilt linn;
 Dear to me's the bonny lassie,
 Living in yon rashy glen

Lanely Ruail! thy stream sae glassy,
 Shall be ay my fav'rite theme;
 For, on thy banks my Highland lassie
 First confess'd a mutual flame.
 O the birken, &c.

There, as she mark'd the sportive fishes,
 Upward spring wi' quiv'ring fin,
 I slyly stole some melting kisses,
 Frae the lassie o' the glen.
 O the birken, &c.

What bliss! to sit, and nane to fash us,

In some sweet wee bow'ry den;
 Or fondly stray among the rushes,
 Wi' the lassie o' the glen.
 O the birken, &c.

But tho' I wander now unhappy,
 Far frae scenes we haunted then,
 I'll ne'er forget the—bank sae grassy,
 Nor—the lassie o' the glen.
 O the birken, &c.

O ARE YE SLEEPING, MAGGIE.

O are ye sleeping, Maggie,
 O are ye sleeping, Maggie;
 Let me in, for loud the linn
 Is roaring o'er the warlock craigie.

MIRK and rainy is the night,
 No a starn in a' the carry;
 Lightnings gleam athwart the lift,
 And winds drive wi' winter's fury.
 O are ye, &c.

Fearful soughs the boortree bank,
 The rifted wood roars wild and drearie;
 Loud the iron yate does clank,
 And cry of howlets maks me eerie.
 O are ye, &c.

Aboon my breath I daurna speak,
 For fear I rouse your waukrife daddie;
 Cauld's the blast upon my cheek;
 O rise, rise, my bonny lady!

O are ye, &c.

She opt the door, she let him in,
 He cuist aside his dreeping plaidie;
 Blaw your warst, ye rain and win',
 Since, Maggie, now I'm in aside ye.

Now since ye're waking, Maggie,
 Now since ye're waking, Maggie,
 What care I for howlets' cry,
 For boortree bank, or warlock craigie.

LOCH ERROCH SIDE.

As I came by Loch-Erroch side,
 The lofty hills surveying,
 The water clear, the heather blooms,
 Their fragrance sweet conveying,
 I met, unsought, my lovely maid,
 I found her like May morning:
 With graces sweet, and charms so rare,
 Her person all adorning.

How kind her looks, how blest was I,
 While in my arms I press'd her!
 And she her wishes scarce conceal'd;
 As fondly I caress'd her.
 She said, If that your heart be true,
 If constantly you'll love me,
 I heed not care, nor fortune's frowns,
 For nought but death shall move me.

But faithful, loving, true, and kind,
 For ever you shall find me,
 And of our meeting here so sweet,
 Loch-Erroch sweet shall mind me.
 Enraptur'd then, My lovely lass,
 I cried, no more we'll tarry!
 We'll leave the fair Loch-Erroch side,
 For lovers soon-should marry.

FINIS.