

21.

# PEGGY BAWN;

To which are added,

Lucy of the Vale.

Roben is my only jo.

Young William.

The minute gun.



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*Peggy Bawn.*

As I came o'er the highland hills,  
To a farmer's house I came,  
The night being dark, and something wet,  
I ventur'd into the same.  
When I was kindly treated,  
And a pretty lass I spied,  
Who asked me if I had a wife,  
But marriage I denied.

I courted her the lee lang night,  
Till near the dawn of day  
When frankly she to me did say,  
Alang with you I'll gae ;  
For Ireland is a fine country,  
And the Scots to you are kin,  
So I will gang alang with you,  
My fortune to begin.

Day being come, and breakfast o'er,  
To the parlour I was ta'en ;  
The gude man kindly asked me,  
If I'd marry his daughter Jean.

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Five hundred marks I'll give her,  
Besides a piece of land;  
But scarcely had he spoke the word,  
Till I thought on Peggy Bawn.

Your offer, Sir, is very good,  
And I thank you too, said I;  
But I cannot be your son-in-law,  
And I'll tell you the reason why:  
My business calleth me in haste,  
I am the king's servant bound,  
And I must gang awa this day,  
Straight to Edinburgh town.

Oh Peggy Bawn, thou art my own,  
Thy heart lies in my breast,  
And tho' we at a distance are,  
Yet I love thee best.  
Altho' we at a distance are,  
And the seas between us roar,  
Yet I'll be constant, Peggy Bawn,  
To thee for evermore.

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*Lucy of the Vale.*

I've search'd each cottage far and near,  
Thro' town and village been,

And many maidens blooming fair,  
 I in my search have seen :  
 But none so lovely could I find,  
 In village, town, or dale,  
 So gentle, charming, and so kind  
 As Lucy of the Vale.

Beneath an aged elm-tree's shade,  
 Beside a lonely wood,  
 In thatch'd roof cot I found this maid,  
 So beautiful and good ;  
 She sweetly blush'd with virgin shame  
 Wher first I told my tale,  
 While ev'ry sigh increas'd my flame  
 For Lucy of the Vale

Her cheeks outvie the blushing rose,  
 Her eye all mild to view :  
 Her mind, which like the lily blows,  
 Is pure as morning dew ,  
 Not all the gayest flowers that are  
 In garden mead, or dale  
 Can with this beauteous maid compare,  
 Sweet Lucy of the Vale.



*Robin is my only jo.*

ROBIN is my only jo,  
 For Robin has the a't to woo,  
 So to his suit I mean to bow,  
     Because I ken he lo'es me  
 Happy, happy, was the shower,  
 That led me to his birken bower.  
 Whare first of love I fand the power,  
     And kend that Robin loed me.

They speak of napkins, speak of rings  
 Speak of gloves, and kissing strings  
 And name a thousand bonny things  
     And ca' them signs he lo'es me.  
 But I'd prefer a smack o' Rob,  
 Sporting on the velvet fog;  
 To gifts as lang's a plaiden wob,  
     Because I ken he lo'es me.

He's tall and sonsy, frank and free,  
 Lo'ed by a', and dear to me,  
 Wi' him I'd live, wi' him I'd die,  
     Because I ken he lo'es me.

My titty Mary said to me,  
 Our courtship but a joke wad be,  
 And I, or lang, be made to see  
 That Robin didna lo'e me.

But little kens she what has been,  
 Me and my hones! Rob between,  
 And in his wooing, O sae keen,  
 Kind Rob'n is that lo'es me.  
 Then flee, ye lazy hours away;  
 And hasten round the happy day,  
 When "join your hands," Mess John shall say,  
 And mak him mine that lo'es me.

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*Young William.*

Young William was a seamen true,  
 The darling of our bonny crew,  
 For blythe was he and kind;  
 For though no lagging lubber he,  
 Right loth he was to go to sea,  
 For Jane he left behind.

And Jenny lov'd, but all by stealth,  
 Her father had much store of wealth,  
 O' Will he would not bear;

Till cruel chance at length reveal'd  
 The passion they so long conceal'd,  
 And William lost his dear.

A friendly voice poor William hail'd,  
 A ruffian gang the youth assail'd,  
 'Twas done by cursed gold;  
 The tender for the offing stood,  
 The cutter skimm'd the yielding flood,  
 The hatch'd him in the hold.

She, 'troubled, walks the beach in haste,  
 And troubled look'd the watery waste,  
 And by the floating wave,  
 A corpse was wash'd upon the shore,  
 'Twas William! and with tears they bore,  
 Two lovers, to the grave.

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*The Minute gun.*

When in the storm on Albion's coast,  
 The night-watch guards his wary post,  
 From thoughts of danger free,  
 He marks some vessel's dusky form,  
 And hears amid some howling storm,  
 The minute gun at sea.

Swift on the shore a hardy few  
 The life-boat man with a gallant crew,  
 And dare the dangerous wave;  
 Through the wild surf they cleave their way,  
 Lost in the foam, nor know dismay,  
 For they go the crew to save,

But oh what rapture fills each breast  
 Of the hapless crew of the ship distress'd,  
 Then landed safe what joy to tell  
 Of all the dangers that beset,  
 Then heard is no more,  
 By the watch on the shore,  
 The minute gun at sea.

FINIS.