

I HAD A HORSE.

And sae will we yet.

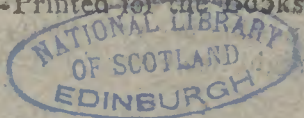
*The slumb'ring Maid.*

Deeply, deeply drink of Wine.

Saw ye my Father.



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I HAD A HORSE.

I had a horse, and I had nae mair,  
 I gat him free my daddie,  
 My purse was light, and my heart was sair,  
 But my wit it was fu' ready.  
 And sae I thought me on a time,  
 Outwitens o' my daddie,  
 To fee mysel' to a lowland laird,  
 Wha had a bonnie lady.

I wrote a letter, and thus began ;  
 Madam be not offended,  
 I'm o'er the lugs in love wi' you,  
 And care na' though you kend it ;  
 For I get little frae the laird,  
 And far less frae my daddy,  
 And I wad blythely be the man,  
 Wad strive to please his lady.

She read the letter and she leugh,  
 Ye needna been sae blate, man,  
 You might hae come to me yoursel',

And taald me o' your state man ;  
 You might hae come to me yoursel',  
 Outwittens o' ony body,  
 And made John Goukstoan o' the laird,  
 And kiss'd his bonny lady.

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

Then she put me beliat a chair,  
 And hap'd me we a plaidie,  
 But I was like to swarf wi' fear,  
 And wish'd me wi' my daddy  
 The laird gaed out, he saw na me;  
 I gaed when I was ready :  
 I promis'd, but I ne'er gaed back,  
 To see his bonnie lady.

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AND SAE WILL WE YET,

Sit ye down here my cronies, and gie me your  
 crack,  
 Let the win' tak' the care o' this life on his back,

Our hearts to despondency we never will  
 submit,  
 For we've aye been provided for, and sae will  
 we yet.  
 And sae will we yet, &c.

Let the miser delight in the hoarding of pelf,  
 Since he has not the saul to enjoy it himself,  
 Since the bounty of Providence is new every  
 day  
 As we journey through life, let us live by the  
 way.  
 Let us live by the way, &c.

Then bring us a tankard o' nappy guid ale,  
 For to comfort our hearts and enliven the  
 tale;  
 We'll keener feel the social glow the langer  
 we sit,  
 For we've drank thegither monie a time, and  
 sae will we yet.  
 And sae will we yet, &c.

Success to the farmer, and prosper his plough  
 Rewarding his eident toils a' the year through  
 Our seedtime and harvest we ever will get,  
 For we've lippened aye to Providence, and  
 sae will yet.  
 And sae will we yet, &c.

8  
Long live the king, and happy may he be,  
And success to his forces by land and by sea.  
His enemies to triumph we ne'er will permit,  
Britons ay have been victorious, and sae will  
they yet.

And sae will they yet, &c.

Let the glass keep its course, and go merrily  
roun',

For the sun has to rise, tho' the moon it goes  
down;

Till the house be rinnin' roun' about 'tis time  
eneugh flit,

When we fell we ay got up again, and sae will  
we yet

And sae will we yet, &c.

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ON A BANK OF LOWERS.

On a bank of flowers in a summer's day,  
Inviting and undress'd

In her bloom of years, bright Celia lay,  
With love and sleep oppress'd;

When a youthful swain, with admiring eyes  
Wished he durst the fair maid surprise,

With a fa, la, la, &c.

But he fear'd approaching spies.



As he gaz'd, a gentle breeze arose,  
 That fann'd her robes aside;  
 And the sleeping nymph did charms disclose  
 Which, waking, she would hide.  
 Then his breath grew short, and his pulse  
 beat high,  
 He long'd to touch what he chanc'd to spy,  
 With a fa, la, la, &c.  
 But durst not yet draw nigh.

All amazed he stood, with her beauties fir'd,  
 And bless'd the courteous wind;  
 Then in whispers sigh'd, and the gods desir'd,  
 That Celia might be kind.  
 Then, with hope grown bold, he advanc'd  
 again:  
 But she laugh'd aloud in a dream, and again,  
 With a fa, la, la, &c.  
 Repell'd the tim'rous swain.

Yet, when once desire has enflam'd the soul,  
 All modest doubts withdraw,  
 And the god of love does each fear controul  
 That would the lover awe.  
 Shall a prize like this, says the vent'rous boy,  
 Escape, and 't not the means employ,  
 With a fa, la, la, &c.  
 To seize the proffer'd joy?

Here the glowing youth, to relieve his pain,  
 The slumb'ring maid caress'd,

And with trembling hands (oh, the simple  
swain,)

Her glowing bosom press'd  
Then the virgin wak'd and affrighted flew,  
Yet look'd as wishing he would pursue,  
With a fa, la, la, &c.  
But Damon miss'd his cue,

Now repenting that he had let her fly,  
Himself he thus accus'd:  
What a dull and stupid thing was I,  
That such a chance abus'd!  
'To my shame 'twill now on the plains be said,  
Damon a virgin asleep betray'd,  
With a fa, la, la, &c.  
Yet let her go a maid.

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### GAILY STILL.

Gaily still the moments roll  
While I quaff the flowing bowl,  
Care can never reach the soul,  
That deeply drinks of Wine,  
That deeply drinks of Wine,  
Care can never reach the soul,  
That deeply, deeply drinks of Wine.

See the Lover pale with grief,  
Bind his brows with willow leaf,

But his heart soon finds relief,  
By drinking deep of Wine, &c.

Eyes of fire, and lips of dew,  
Cheeks that shame the rose's hue,  
What are these to me or you,  
That deeply drinks, &c.

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O SAW YE MY FATHER.

O saw ye my father, or ssw ye my mother,  
Or saw ye my true love John?  
I saw not father, I saw not your mother,  
But I saw your true love John.

Up Johnny rose, and to the door he goes,  
And gently tiried the pin.  
The lassie taking tent unto the door she went  
And she open'd and let him in.

Flee up, flee up, my bonny grey cock,  
And crow when it is day;  
Your neck shall be like the bonny beatengold,  
And your wings of the silver grey;  
The cock prov'd false, and untrue he was,  
For he crew an hour o'er soon.  
The lassie thought it day when she sent her  
love away,  
And it was but a blink of the moon,