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A Highlandman's Adventures,

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TWEEDSIDE.

THIS AE NIGHT.

WITH HER ANSWER,

AND

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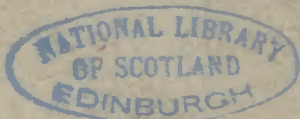
Wha wadna be in love.

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THE TURNIMSPIKE.

HERSELL pe Highland shentleman,
Pe auld as Pothwel prig, man;
And monie alterations seen
Amang the Lawland whig, man.

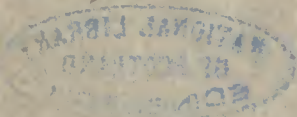
First, when her to the Lowlands cam,
Nainsell was driving cows, man:
'There was nae laws about him's narse,
About the preeks or trews, man.

Nainsel did wear the philabeg,
The plaid prik't on her shouder;
The gude claymore hung pe her pelt,
The pistol sharg'd wi' powder.

But for whercas these cursed preeks,
Wherewith mans narse be lockit,
O hon that e'er she saw the day!
For a' her houghs be prokit.

Every thing in the Highlands now
Pe turn't to alteration;
The soger dwal at our door cheek,
And that's te great vexation.

Scotland pe turn't an England now,
And laws bring on te cadger:



Nainsel wad durk him for hur deeds,
But oh she fears de sodger.

Another law cam after that,
Me never saw the like, man:
They mak a lang road on the crund,
And ca' him turnimspike, man.

And wow she pe a ponnie road,
Like Louden corn rigs, man;
Whar twa carts may gang on her,
And no break ithers legs, man.

They sharge a penny for ilka horse,
In troth they'll be nae sheaper,
For nought but gaun upon the crund,
And they gie me a paper.

They tak the hors then be the head,
And there they mak them stand, man:
Me tell'd tem me had seen te day,
Tey had nae sic command, man.

But I'll awa to te Highland hills,
Whar ne'er a ane shall turn her;
And no come near your turnimspike,
Unless it pe to purn her.

TWEEDSIDE.

WHEN Maggy and I war acquaint,
I carried my noddle fu' hie;

Nae lintwhite on a' the gay plain,
 Nae gowdspink sae bonny as she.
 I whistled, I pip'd, and I sang;
 I woo'd, but I cam nae great speed:
 Therefore I maun wander abroad,
 And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.

To Maggy my luvve I did tell;
 My tears did my passion express:
 Alas! for I lo'ed her o'er weel,
 And the women loo sic a man less.
 Her heart it was frozen and cauld,
 Her pride had my ruin decreed;
 Therefore I maun wander abroad,
 And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.

O LET ME IN THIS AE NIGHT.

O LASSIE, art thou sleeping yet?
 Or art thou wauken, I would wit?
 For love has bound me hand and foot,
 And I would fain be in, jo.

O let me in this ae night,
 This ae, ae, ae night;
 For pity's sake this ae night,
 O rise and let me in, jo.

Out owre the moss, out owre the muir,
 I came, this dark and drearie hour,
 And here I stand without the door,
 Amid the pouring storm, jo.

thou hear'st the winter wind and weet,
The star blinks thro' the driving sleet;
Ask pity on my weary feet,
And shield me frae the rain, jo.
O let me in, &c.

The bitter blast that round me blows
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's;
The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause
Of a' my grief and pain, jo.
O let me in, &c.

HER ANSWER.

O TELL na me of wind and rain,
Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain!
Gae back the gate ye cam again,
I winna let you in, jo.

I tell you now this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
And ance for a' this ae night,
I winna let you in, jo.

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,
That round the pathless wand'rer pours,
Is nought to what poor she endures,
That's trusted faithless man, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,
Now trodden like the vilest wood;

Let simple maid the lesson read,
The wierd may be her ain, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

The bird that charm'd his summer-day,
Is now the cruel fowler's prey;
Let witless, trusting, woman, say
How aft her fate's the same, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

MAGGIE LAUDER.

WHA wadna be in love
Wi' bonnie Maggie Lauder,
A piper met her gaun to Fife,
And spier'd what was't they ca'd her,
Right scornfully she answer'd him,
Begone you hallanshaker,
Jog on your gate, you bladderskate,
My name is Maggie Lauder.

Maggie, quoth he, and by my bags
I'm fidging fain to see thee;
Sit down by me, my bonny bird,
In troth I winna steer thee;
For I'm a piper to my trade,
My name is Rob the Ranter;
The lasses loup as they were daff
When I blaw up my chanter.

Piper, quoth Meg, hae ye your bags?
Or is your drone in order?

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If you be Rob I've heard of you,
 Live you upon the border?
 The lasses a' baith far and near,
 Hae heard of Rob the Ranter;
 I'll shake my foot wi' right good-will,
 Gif you'll blaw up your chanter.

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,
 About the drone he twisted;
 Meg up and wallop'd o'er the green,
 For brawly could she frisk it.
 Weel done, quoth he: play up, quoth she:
 Weel bob'd, quoth Rob the Ranter;
 'Tis worth my while to play, indeed,
 When I hae sic a dancer.

Weel hae you play'd your part, quoth Meg,
 Your cheeks are like the crimson;
 There's nane in Scotland plays sae weel,
 Since we lost Habby Simpson.
 I've liv'd in Fife, baith maid and wife,
 These ten years and a quarter;
 Gin you should come to Anster fair,
 Spier ye for Maggie Lauder.

The cantie spring scarce rear'd her head,
 And winter yet did blaud her,
 When the Ranter cam to Anster fair,
 And spier'd for Maggy Lauder;
 A snug wee house in the East Green,
 Its shelter kindly lent her;

Wi' cantic ingle, clean hearth stane,
Meg welcom'd Rob the Ranter.

Then Rob made bonnie Meg his bride,
An' to the kirk they ranted;
He play'd the auld ' East Nock o' Fife,
An' merry Maggie vaunted,
That *Hab* himsel ne'er play'd a spring,
Nor blew sae weel his chanter,
For he made Anster town to ring;
An' wha's like Rob the Ranter!

For a' the talk an' loud reports
That ever gaed against her,
Meg proves a true an' carefu' wife,
As ever was in Anster;
And since the marriage knot was ty'd
Rob swears he could na want her,
For he lo'es Maggy as his life,
An' Meg lo'es Rob the Ranter.

FINIS.