

book

CAPTAIN

CAPTAIN WEDDERBURN'S COURTSHIP  
**WEDDERBURN'S**

**COURTSHIP.**

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

**HEY JOHNNIE COUP.**



GLASGOW:

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CAPTAIN WEDDERBURN'S COURTSHIP.

The Lord of Roslin's daughter,  
Walk'd thro' the woods her lane,  
And bye came Captain Wedderburn,  
A servant to the king;  
He said unto his servant man,  
Were it not against the law,  
I would take her to my own bed,  
And lay her next the wa'.

I'm walking here alone, she says,  
Amang my father's trees ;  
And you may let me walk alone,  
Kind Sir, now if you please ;  
The supper-bell it will be rung,  
And I'll be miss'd, you know ;  
So I will not lie in your bed,  
Neither at stock nor wa'.

He says, My pretty lady,  
I pray lend me your hand ;  
And you'll have drums and trumpets,  
Always at your command ;  
And fifty men to guard you,  
Who well their swords can draw :  
And we'll both lie in ae bed,  
And thou'll be next the wa'.

O hold away from me, kind Sir,  
I pray let go my hand ;

The supper-bell it will be rung,  
 No longer must I stand;  
 My father he'll no supper take,  
 If I be miss'd you know:  
 So I'll not lie in your bed,  
 Neither at stock nor wa'.

Then says the pretty lady,  
 I pray tell me your name;  
 My name is Captain Wedderburn,  
 A servant to the king:  
 Tho' thy father and his men were here,  
 Of them I'd have no awe,  
 But would take thee into my bed,  
 And lay thee next the wa'.

He lighted off his milk-white steed,  
 And set this lady on;  
 And held her by the milk-white hand,  
 Even as they rode along;  
 He held her by the middle jimp,  
 For fear that she should fa',  
 And said, I'll take thee to my bed,  
 And lay thee next the wa'.

He took her to his lodging-house,  
 His landlady looked ben,  
 Says, Many ladies in Edinburgh I've seen,  
 But never such a one.  
 For such a pretty face as this,  
 In it I never saw;

Go make her up a down bed,  
And lay her next the wa'.

O hold away from me, kind Sir,  
I pray you let me be;  
For I will not go to your bed,  
Till you dress me dishes three;  
Dishes three you must dress to me,  
And I must have them a',  
Before that I lie in your bed,  
Either at stock or wa'.

O I must have to my supper  
A cherry without a stone,  
And I must have to my supper  
A chicken without a bone;  
And I must have to my supper  
A bird without a ga',  
Before I lie into your bed  
Either at stock or wa'.

When the cherry is in the bloom,  
I'm sure it hath no stone,  
And when the chicken is in its shell,  
I'm sure it hath no bone;  
Tho' the dove it is a gentle bird,  
It flies without a ga',  
And we shall both lie in a bed,  
And thou'st lie next the wa'.

Hold away from me, kind Sir,  
I pray you give me o'er,

For I will not go to your bed,  
Till you answer me questions four;

Questions four you must tell me,

And that is twa and twa;

Or I will not lie in your bed,

Neither at stock nor wa'.

You must get me some winter fruit,

That in December grew;

And I must have a silken mantle,

That waft was ne'er ca'd through;

What bird sings first? what wood buds first?

What dew does on them fa'?

And then I'll lie in your bed,

Either at stock or wa'.

My father has winter fruit,

That in December grew;

My mother has a silken mantle,

That waft was ne'er ca'd through;

The cock crows, ciders buds first,

The dew does on them fa':

So we shall both lie in ae bed,

And thou's lie next the wa'.

Hold away from me, kind sir,

And do not me perplex;

For I'll not lie in your bed,

Till you answer questions six;

Questions six you must answer me,

And that is four and twa,

Before I lie in your bed,  
 Either at stock or wa'.

What is greener than the grass?  
 What is higher than the trees?  
 And what is worse than woman's voice?  
 What's deeper than the seas?

A sparrow's horn, a priest unborn,  
 This night to join us twa  
 Before I lie in your bed,  
 Either at stock or wa'.

Death is greener than the grass;  
 Skies higher than the trees;  
 The devil's worse than woman's voice,  
 Hell's deeper than the seas;

A sparrow's horn you may well get,  
 There's one on every pa,  
 And two upon the gab of it,  
 And you shall have them a'.

The priest he's standing at the gate,  
 Just ready to come in,  
 No man can say that he was born  
 No man without a sир:

A holo cut in his mother's side,  
 He from the same did fa';  
 So we shall lie in ae bed,  
 And thou's lie next the wa'.

O little did this lady think,  
 That morning when she rose,



That it was to be the very last,  
 Of all her maiden days.  
 But there's not in the king's realm,  
 To be found a blyther twa;  
 And now they lie into ae bed,  
 And she lies next the wa.

### JOHNNIE COUP.

*Original Words.*

Coup sent a challenge frae Dunbar,  
 Charlie meet me an ye dare,  
 And I'll learn you the art of war,  
 If you'll meet wi' me in the morning.

Hey Johnnie Coup are ye waking yet,  
 Or are your drums a-beating yet,  
 If you were waking I would wait,  
 To gang to the hills i' the morning.

When Charlie look'd the letter upon,  
 He drew his sword the scabbard from,  
 Come follow me my merry, merry men,  
 And we'll meet Johnnie Coup in the morning.

Hey Johnnie Coup, &c.

Now Johnnie be as good as your word,  
 Come let us try baith fire and sword,

And dinna rin away like a frightened bird,  
That's chas'd frae its nest in the morning.

Hey Johnnie Coup, &c.

When Johnnie Coup he heard of this,  
He thought it wadna be amiss,  
To hae a horse in readiness,

To flie awa' i' the morning.

Hey Johnnie Coup, &c.

Fy now Johnnie get up and rin,  
The Highland bagpipes makes a din,  
It's best to sleep in a hale skin,  
For 'twill be a bluddie morning.

Hey Johnnie Coup, &c.

When Johnnie Coup to Dunbar came,  
They speir'd at him where's a' your men;  
The deil confound me gin I ken,  
For I left them a' in the morning.

Hey Johnnie Coup, &c.

Now Johnnie, troth, ye wasna blate,  
To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat,  
And leave your men in sic a strait,  
So early in the morning.

Hey Johnnie Coup, &c.

Ah, faith, quo' Johnnie, I got a fleg,  
With their claymores and philabegs,  
If I face them again, deil break my legs,  
So I wish you a good morning.

Hey Johnnie Coup, &c.





