

The Excellent Old
SCOTTISH SONG

OF THE
BLAEBERRY COURTSHIP;

TO WHICH IS ADDED

The Crook & Plaid.



PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS

THE
BLAEBERRY COURTSHIP.

Will ye go to the Highlands, my jewel, with me?
Will ye go to the Highlands, the flocks for to see?
It is health to my jewel to breathe the sweet air,
And to pull the blackberries in the forest so fair.

To the Highlands, my jewel, I will not go with thee,
For the road it is long, and the hills they are high ;
I love those valleys and sweet corn fields, [yield.
More than all the blackberries your wild mountains

Our hills they are bonnie when the heather's in
bloom,

It would cheer a fine fancy in the month of June,
To pull the blackberries and carry them home,
And set them on your table when December comes on.

Out spake her father, that saucy old man,
 You might have chosen a mistress among your own
 clan ;

It's hut poor entertainment to our Lowland dames,
 To promise them heather and blue heather bloom.

Kilt up your green plaidie, walk over yon hill,
 For a sight of your Highland face does me much ill ;
 For I will wed my daughter, and spare pennies too,
 To whom my heart pleases, and what's that to you ?

My plaid it is broad, it has colours anew,
 Goodman, for your kindness, I'll leave it with you ;
 I have got a warm cordial keeps the cold from me—
 The blythe blinks of love from your daughter's e'e.

My flocks they are thin, and my lodgings but bare,
 And you that has meikle the more you can spare ;
 Some of your spare pennies with me you will share,
 And you winna send your lassie o'er the hills bare.

He went to her daughter to give her advice,
 Said, if you go with him I'm sure you're not wise,
 He's a rude Highland fellow, as poor as a crow,
 He's of the clan Caithness for ought that I know.

But if you go with him, I'm sure you'll go bare,
 You'll have nothing father or mother can spare ;
 Of all I possess I'll deprive you for aye,
 If o'er the hills lassie you go away.

It's father keep what you are not willing to give,
 For I fain would go with him as sure as I live ;
 What signifies gold or treasure to me,
 If the Highlands are between my love and me.

A beautiful laddie, with green tartan trews,
 And twa bonnie lassies were buchtin in ewes,
 They said, honoured master are you come again,
 Long, long have we look'd for your coming hame.

Bught in your ewes lassie, and go your way home,
 I've brought a swan frae the north, I have her to tame;
 Her feathers are fallen, and where can she lie?
 The best bed in the house her bed shall be.

The lady's heart was far down, it couldna well rise,
 Till many a lad and lass came in with a phrase,
 To welcome the lady, to welcome her home:
 Such a hall in the Highlands she never thought on.

The laddies did whistle, and the lassies did sing
 They made her a supper might served a queen,
 Long life and happiness they wished her all round,
 And they made to the lady a braw bed of down.

Early next morning he led her to the hay,
 He bade her look round her as far as she could spy,
 These lands and possessions my debt for to pay,
 Ye winna gae round them in a lang simmer day.

O Allan! O Allan! I'm indebted to thee,
 It's a debt dear Allan, I never can pay,
 O Allan! O Allan! how came you for me?
 Sure I am not worthy your bride for to be.

How call you me Allan, when Sandy's my name?
 Why call you me Allan? sure you are to blame;
 For don't you remember when at school with thee,
 I was hated by all the rest but loved by thee.

How oft have I fed on your bread and your cheese,
 Likewise when you had but a handful of pease,
 Your cruel-hearted father hound at me his dogs,
 They tore my bare heels, and rave all my rags.

Is this my dear Sandy whom I loved so dear?
 I have not heard of you this many a year;
 When all the rest went to bed, sleep was frae me,
 For thinking what was become of thee.

My parents were born lang before me,
 Perhaps by this time they are drowned in the sea,
 These lands and possessions they left them to me,
 And I came for thee, jewel, to share them with thee.

In love we began, and in love we will end,
 And in joy and mirth our days we will spend;
 And a voyage to your father once more we will go,
 And relieve the old farmer from his trouble and woe.

With men and maid-servants to wait them upon,
 Away to her father in a chaise they are gone;
 The laddie went foremost—the brave Highland loon,
 Till they came to the road that leads to the town.

When he came to the gate he gave a loud roar,—
 Come down gentle farmer, Catherine's at your door.
 When he looked out at the wiudow he saw his
 daughter's face,
 With his hat in his hand he made a great phrase.

Keep on your hat, farmer, don't let it fa',
 For it sets not the peacock to bow to the crow.
 It's hold your tongue, Sandy, and do not saunt me,
 For my daughter's not worthy your bride for to be.

Now he held his bridle reins till he came down,
 And then he conveyed him to a fine room :
 With rejoicing and feasting the time flew away,
 And the father and son lived in friendship for aye.

THE CROOK AND PLAID.

If lassies love the laddies, they surely should confest,
 For every lassie has a lad she loes aboon the rest,
 He's dearer to his bosom whatever be his trade,
 And through life I'll loe the laddie that wears the
 Crook and Plaid.

He's aye true to his lover, aye true to me.

He climbs the mountain early, his fleecy flocks to view,
 He spies the little laverocks spring out frae 'mang the
 dew ;

His faithful little doggie, so frolicsome and glad,
 Wanders forward with the laddie that wears the
 Crook and Plaid.

For he's, &c.

He pu's the blooming heather, he pu's the lily incek,
 Calls the lily like my bosom, the heather like my
 check ;

His words are aye so tender, my heart is aye so glad,
 There's nae wooer like the laddie that wears the
 Crook and Plaid.

For he's, &c.

I winna hae the laddie that ca's the cart and plough,
 Although he may be tender, although he may be true
 But I will hae the laddie that has my heart betrayed,
 He's the faithful shepherd laddie, that wears the
 Crook and Plaid.

For he's, &c.

It's down beside the hawthorn that blooms in yonder
 vale,

I'll meet him in the gloaming far frae the noisy gale,
 His words are aye so tender, my heart is aye so glad,
 For he kens the way sae nicely to row me in his plaid

For he's &c.

To such a faithful lover, oh who would not comply!
 True love gives greater pleasure than aught beneath
 the sky.

If love be in your bosom my heart can ne'er be sad.
 And through life I'll loe the laddie that wears the
 Crook and Plaid.

For he's &c.

