

My Friend and Pitcher,

THE LITTLE LAD,

I HAD A HORSE,

Blythesome Sally,

Etrick Banks,

AND

THE SMILE AND THE TEAR.



SOLD WHOLESALE BY J. FRASER & CO.

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THE FRIEND AND PITCHER.

THE wealthy fool with gold in store,
Will still desire to grow the richer;
Give me but these, I ask no more;
My charming girl, my friend and pitcher.
My friend so rare, my girl so fair,
With such what mortal can be richer;
Give me but these, a fig for care,
With my sweet girl, my friend & pitcher.

From morning sun I'd never grieve
To toil a hedger or a ditcher,
If that, when I came home at eve,
I might enjoy my friend and pitcher.
My friend so rare, &c.

Though Fortune ever shuns my door,
(I know not what can thus bewitch her),
With all my heart can I be poor,
With my sweet girl, my friend and pitcher.
My friend so rare, &c.

THO' I AM NOW A VERY LITTLE LAD.

THOUGH I am now a very little lad,
If fighting men cannot be had,

For want of a better I, may do
 To follow the boys with a rat-tat-too.
 I may seem tender, yet I'm tough,
 And tho' not much of me, I'm right good stuff;
 Of this I'll boast, say more who can,
 I never was afraid to face my man.

I'm a chicka-biddy—see
 Take me now, now, now,
 A merry little he
 For your row, dow, dow.

Brown Bess I'll knock about, oh, there's my joy!
 With my knapsack at my back like a roving boy.

In my tartan plaid a young soldier view,
 My philabeg, and dirk, and bonnet blue,
 Give the word and I'll march where you com-
 mand, (hand.
 Noble serjeant with a shilling then strike my
 My captain when he takes his glass,
 May like to toy with a pretty lass,
 For such a one I've a roguish eye,
 He'll never want a girl when I am by.

I'm a chicka-biddy, &c.

Though a barber has never yet mowed my chin,
 With my great broad sword I long to begin;
 Cut, slash, ram, dam, oh, glorious fun,
 For a gun pip pop change my little pop gun.
 The foes should fly like geese in flocks,
 Even Turks I'd drive like Turkey-cocks;

Wherever quarter'd I shall be,
 Oh, zounds, how I'll kiss my landlady.
 I'm a chicka-biddy, &c.

I HAD A HORSE.

I HAD a horse, and I had nae mair,
 I gat it frae my daddie;
 My purse was light, and my heart was sair,
 But my wit it was fu' ready.
 So I bethought me on a time,
 Outwittens o' my daddie,
 To see mysel to a Lawland laird,
 Wha had a bonnie lady.

I wrote a letter, and thus began:
 Madam, be not offended:
 I'm owre the lugs in love wi' you,
 And I carena though ye kend it:
 For I get little frae the laird,
 And far less frae my daddie;
 Yet I wad blythely be the man
 Wad strive to please my lady.

She read my letter, and she leugh;
 Ye needna been sae blate, man,
 Ye might hae come to me yoursel,
 And tald me o' your state, man:
 Ye might hae come to me yoursel,
 Outwittens o' onie body,

And made John Goukston o' the laird,
And kiss'd his bonny lady.

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

Then she pat me behint a chair,
And hap'd me wi' a plaidie;
Where I was like to swarf wi' fear,
And wish'd me wi' my daddie.
The laird gaed out, he saw na me,
I staid till I was ready;
I promis'd, but I ne'er gaed back
To see his bonny lady.

LILLIES OF THE VALLEY.

O'er barren hills and flow'ry dales,
O'er seas and distant shores,
With merry songs and jocund tales,
I've pass'd some pleasant hours:
Tho' wand'ring thus, I ne'er could find,
A girl like blythesome Sally;

Who picks, and culls, and cries aloud,
 'Sweet lillies of the valley.'

From whistling o'er the harrow'd turf,
 From nestling of each tree,
 I chose a soldier's life to wed,
 So social, gay, and free:
 Yet tho' the lasses love me well,
 And often try to rally,
 None pleases me like her who cries
 'Sweet lillies of the valley.'

I'm now return'd, of late discharg'd,
 To see my native soil;
 From fighting in my country's cause,
 To plough my country's soil:
 I care not which, with either pleas'd,
 So I possess my Sally,
 That little merry nymph who cries
 'Sweet lillies of the valley.'

ETRICK BANKS.

ON Etrick banks, in a summer's night,
 At gloaming, when the sheep drove hame,
 I met my lassie, braw and tight,
 Come wading barefoot a' her lane.
 My heart grew light; I ran, and flang
 My arms about her lily neck,

And kiss'd and clap'd her there fu' lang,
My words they were na monie feck.

I said, My lassie will ye gang
To the Highland hills, some Earse to learn?
And I'll gie thee baith cow and ewe,
When ye come to the brig of Earn.
At Leith auld meal comes in, ne'er dash,
And herrings at the Broomielaw;
Cheer up your heart, my bonny lass,
There's gear to win we never saw.

A day when we hae wrought enough
When winter frosts and snaw begin,
Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,
At hicht when ye sit down to spin,
I'll screw my pipes, and play a spring;
And thus the weary night we'll end,
Till the tender kid and lamb-time bring
Our pleasant simmer back again.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
And gowans glent o'er iika field,
I'll meet my lass among the broom,
And lead her to my simmer bield.
There, far frae a' their scornfu' din,
That mak the kindly heart their sport,
We'll laugh, and kiss, and dance, and sing,
And gar the langest day seem short.

SAID A SMILE TO A TEAR.

SAID a smile to a tear,
 On the cheek of my dear,
 And beam'd like the sun in spring weather,
 In sooth, lovely tear,
 It strange must appear,
 That we should be both here together.

I come from the heart,
 A soft balm to impart,
 'To yonder sad daughter of grief:
 And I, said the smile,
 That heart now beguile,
 Since you gave the poor mourner relief.

Oh! then said the tear,
 Sweet smile, it is clear,
 We are twins, and soft pity our mother;
 And how lovely that face,
 Which together we grace,
 For the woe and the bliss of another!

FINIS.