

# OLD MAIDS.

To which are added,

Come under my Plaidy.

MEG O' THE MILL,

NANCY'S TO THE GREENWOOD GANE.

BANNOCKBURN.



EDINBURGH.

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## OLD MAIDS.

THREESCORE and ten of us,  
                    Poor old maids,  
Threescore and ten of us,  
And not a penny in our purse,  
Crying, Oh what shall we do?  
                    Poor old maids.

We are of a mournful crew,  
                    Poor old maids,  
We are of a mournful crew,  
Dress'd in yellow, pink, and blue,  
Crying, Oh what shall we do?

We are of a willing mind,  
                    Poor old maids,  
We are of a willing mind,  
If gentlemen would be so kind  
As take charge of lame and blind  
                    Poor old maids.

We'll petition George the third,  
                    Poor old maids;  
We'll petition George the third,  
If our petition will be heard,  
If he will send rich bachelors,  
                    For poor old maids,

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 COME UNDER MY PLAIDY.

Come under my plaidy, the night's gann to fa',  
 Come in frae the cauld blast the drift and the snaw  
 Come under my plaidy, and lie down beside me,  
 There's room in't, believe me, dear lassie for twa;  
 Come under my plaidy, and lie down beside me,  
 I'll hap you frae ev'ry cauld blast that will blaw;  
 Come under my plaidy, and lie down beside me,  
 There's room in't, dear lassie, believe me, for twa,

Gae awa' wi' your plaidy, auld Donald, gae awa',  
 I fear na' the cauld blast, the drift nor the snaw;  
 Gae awa' wi' your plaidy, I'll no lie beside ye,  
 Ye might be my gutchard auld Donald gae awa';  
 I'm gann to meet Johnny, he's blythe and he's bonny  
 He's been at Meg's bridal fu' trig and fu' braw;  
 O there's nane dance sae lightly, sae gracefu' sae  
 tightly,

His cheeks are like roses, his brow's like the snaw.

Dear Marion let that flee stick fast to the wa',  
 Your Jock's but a gowk, and has naething ava'  
 The hale o' his pack he has now on his back;  
 He's thretty, and I am but threescore and twa:  
 Be frank and be kindly, I'll busk ye aye finely,  
 At kirk or at market they'll nane gang sae braw;  
 A binn house to bide in, a chaise for to ride in,  
 And flunkies to tend ye whatever ye ca.

My father aye tell'd me, my mither an' a',  
 Ye'd mak a gude husband, and keep me aye braw

It's true I lo'e Johnny, he's young and he's bonny  
 But wae's me I ken, he has naething ava:  
 I hae little tocher, ye've made a gude offer,  
 I'm now mair than twenty, my time is but sma';  
 Sae gie me your plaidy I'll creep in beside ye.  
 I thought ye'd been aulder than threescore and twa

She crept in ayont him bēside the stane wa',  
 Where Johnny was listening and heard her tell a'  
 The day was appointed, his proud heart it dunted,  
 And strack 'gairst his side as if bursting in twa.  
 He wander'd hame weary, the night it was dreary,  
 And thawless he tist his gate 'mang the deep snaw  
 The owlet was screaming, While Johnny cried Wo-  
 men

Wed marry Auld Nick, if he'd keep them aye braw

O the deil's in the lasses they gang now sae braw  
 They'll lie down wi' auld men o' threescore an' twa  
 The hail of their marriage is gowd as a carriage,  
 Plain lave is the cauldest blast now that can blaw  
 Auld estards, be wary, tak tent wha ye marry,  
 Young wives wi' their coaches they'll whip an' they'll

Till they meet wi' some Johnny that's youthfu' an'  
 bonny,  
 An' they'll gie you a horn on ilk haffet to claw.

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MEG O' THE MILL.

O KEN ye wha Meg o' the mill has gotten?  
 And ken ye wha Meg o' the mill has gotten?  
 She has gotten a coof wi' a claut o' siller,

And broken the heart o' the barley miller.

The miller was strappin, the miller was ruddy ;  
 A heart like a lord and a hue like a lady,  
 The laird was a widdiefu', blearit knurl :  
 She's left the gude fellow and ta'en the churl.

The miller he hecht her a heart leal and loving' :  
 The laird did address her in matter mair moving,  
 A fine pacing horse wi' a clear chained bridle,  
 A whip by her side, and a bonnie side-saddle.

O wae on the siller it is sae prevailing,  
 And wae on the love thats fix'd on a mailen :  
 A tocher's nae word in a true lover's parle ;  
 But gie me my love, and a fig for the warl'.

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### NANCY'S TO THE GREENWOOD GANE.

Nancy's to the greenwood gane,  
 To hear the gowdspink chatt'ring ;  
 And Willie he has followed her,  
 To gain her love by flatt'ring.  
 But a' that he could say or do,  
 She geck'd and scorn'd at him ;  
 And aye when he began to woo,  
 She bid him mind wha gat him.

What ails ye at my dad, quoth he,  
 My minny, or my aunty ?  
 With croudy-moway they sed me,  
 Lang-kail and ranty-tanty ;

With bannocks o' gude barley-meal,  
 Of thae there was right plenty;  
 With chopped stocks fu' butter'd weel,  
 And was not that right dainty.

Although my father was wae laird,  
 ('Tis daffin' to be vaunty,)  
 He keepit aye a gude kail-yard,  
 A ha' house and a patry:  
 A gude blue bonnet on his head,  
 Aud o'erlay 'bout his craggy,  
 And aye untill the day he died,  
 He rade on good shanks naggy.

Now wae and wonder on your snout,  
 Wad ye hae bonny Nancy;  
 Wad ye compare yoursel' to me,  
 A docker till a tansy?  
 I have a wooer o' mine ain,  
 They ca' him supple Sandy;  
 And well I wat his bonny mou  
 Is sweet like sugar-candy.

Now Nancy what needs a' this din,  
 Do I not ken this Sandy?  
 I'm sure the chill of a' his kin  
 Wat Rob the beggar randy.  
 His minny Meg, upon her back,  
 Bare baith him and his billy;  
 Will ye compare a nasty pack,  
 To me your winsome Willie?

My gutchard lea'd a gude braid sword,  
 Though it be auld and rusty.

Yet, ye may tak it on my word,  
 It is baith stout and trusty :  
 And if I can but get it drawn,  
 (Which will be right uneasy,)  
 I shall lay baith my lugs in pawn  
 That he shall get a heezy.—

Then Nancy turned her round about,  
 And said did Sandy hear ye,  
 Ye wadna miss to get a clout,  
 I ken he disna fear ye.  
 Sae haud your tongue and say nae mair,  
 Set somewhere else your faacy,  
 For as lang's Sandy's to the fore,  
 Ye never shall get Nancy.

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### BANNOCKBURN.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled ;  
 Scots wham Bruce has aften led :  
 Welcome to your gory bed,  
 Or to victory.  
 Now's the day and now's the hour,  
 See the front of battle lour,  
 See approach proud Edward's pow'r,  
 Chains and slavery.

Wha will be a traitor knave ?  
 Wha wad fill a coward's grave ?  
 Wha sae hae as be a slave ?  
 Coward, turn and flee.  
 Wha for Scotland's king and law,

Freedom's sword will strongly draw,  
Freeman stand, or freeman fall;  
Caledonians on wi' me.

By oppression's woes and pains :  
By your sons in servile chains,  
We will drain our dearest veins ;  
But they shall be—free.  
Lay the proud usúpers low,  
Tyrants fall in every foe :  
Liberty's in e ery blow,  
Let us do or die.

FINIS.

HANNOCKURU

Wheats to your glory  
Now the day and hour's the hour  
See the front of battle  
Her approach proud Edward's power  
Chains and slaves  
Who will be a traitor's slave?  
Who will fill a coward's grave?  
Who can see his sword  
Forward and not back  
Who for Scotland's king and law