

# The Blae Berries ;

or, the HIGHLAND LAIRD'S  
COURTSHIP to a  
FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,  
THE HUMBLE BEGGAR.



GREENOCK:—PRINTED BY W. SCOTT.

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## THE BLAE-BERRY GARLAND.

Will you go to the highlands, my jewel, with me  
Will you go to the highlands, the flocks for to see,  
It is health to my jewel to breath the sweet air,  
And to pull the blae-berries in the forest so fair.

To the highlands, my jewel, I'll not go with thee  
For the road it is long, and the hills they are high,  
I love these vallyes and sweet corn fields, (yield  
More than all the blae-berries your wild mountain

Our hills are bonny when the heather's in bloom  
It would chear a fine fancy in the month of June,  
To pull the blae-berries and carry them home,  
Set them on your table when December comes on.

Out spake her Father, that saucy old man,  
You might chosen a mistress among your own clan  
It's but poor entertainment to our la'land dames,  
To promise the m berries and blue heather's bloom

Kilt up your green plaidie, walk over yon hill,  
For a sight of your highland face does me much ill  
For I'd 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've got a warm cordial keeps the cold from me,  
The blythe blink of love from your daughter's eye.

My flocks are but thin, and my lodging but bare,  
Aney cu that has meikle, the mair ye can spare,

Some of your spare pennies wi' me you will share,  
And ye winna send your lassie o'er the hills bare.

He went to his 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 the clan of the Catrines for ought that I know.

But if you go with him I'm sure you'll go bare,  
You shall have nothing that Father or Mother can  
Of all I posses, I'll deprive you for ay, (spare;  
Over the hill, lassie, you do go away.

It's Father keep what you're not willing to give,  
Or fain I'd go with him as sure as I live;  
That signifies gold or treasure to me,  
When the highland hills is 'tween my love and me.

Now she has gone with him in spite o' them a',  
Away to a place that her eyes never saw;  
He had no sted for to carry her on,  
But still he said, Lassie, think not the road long.

In a warm summer's evening they came to a glen,  
Being wearied with travel, the Lassie sat down;  
He said, Get up brave Lassie, and let us step on,  
For the sun will go round before we get home.

My feet are all torn, my shoes are all rent,  
I'm weary with travel, and just like to faint;  
Were it not for the sake of your kind company,  
I would lye in this desert until that I die.

The day is far spent, and the night coming on,  
And the sun has set side to yon bonny mill-town,

And there ask for lodging to thee and to me,  
For I would be glad in a barn for to be.

The place it is bonny and pleasant indeed,  
But the people's hard-hearted to us that's in need,  
Perhaps they'll not grant us their barn nor byre,  
But I'll go and ask them, as it's your desire.

The Lassie went foremost, sure I was to blame,  
To ask for a lodging, myself, I thought shame;  
The Lassie replied with tears not a few,  
It's ill ale, said she, that's sour when it's new.

In a short time thereafter, they came to a grow,  
Where his flocks they were feeding in numberless  
Allan stood musing his flocks for to see, (droves,  
Step on, says the Lady, that's nae pleasure to me.

A beautiful Lady with green tartan trouse,  
And twa bonny Lassies were bughting his ewes,  
They said, Honoured Master, are you come again?  
Long, long have we look'd for your coming hame.

Bught is your ewes lasses and go your way hame  
I've brought a Swan frae the north I have her to name  
Her feathers are fallen, and where can she lye?  
The best bed in the house her bed shall be.

The Lady's heart was far down, it cou'dna well rise  
Till mony a lad and a lass came in wi' a fraise,  
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 have sertain spare,

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 With ale & good whisky they drank her health round,  
 And they made to the Lassie a braw bed of down.

Early next morning he led her to the hay,  
 He bid her look round her as far's she could spy,  
 These lands and possessions my debts are to pay,  
 And ye winna go round 'em in a lang summer day.

O Allan, O Allan, I'm indebted to thee,  
 't is 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 ye me Allan when Sandy's my name,  
 Why call ye me Allan, sure ye are to blame;  
 Or don't ye remember, when at school with thee,  
 I was hated by all the rest, loved by thee.

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

Is this my dear Sandy which I lov'd so dear!  
 I have not heard of you this many a year;  
 When all the rest went to bed, sleep went frae me,  
 Or thinking on what was become of thee.

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

In love we began and in love we will end,  
 And in 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 wo.

With men and maid-servants us to wait upon,  
And away in a chaise to her Father they are gone;  
The laddie went foremost, the brave highland lown,  
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, Catrine's at your door;  
He look'd out at the window, saw his daughter's face,  
With his hat in his hand he made a great fraise.

Keep on your hat Farmer, don't let it fa',  
For it sets not the Peacock to bow to the Crow.  
O hold your tongue, Sawny, and do not taunt me,  
For my daughter's not worthy your bride for to be.

Now he's held the bridle reins till he came down,  
And then he convey'd them to a fine room;  
With the finest of spirits they drink a fine toast,  
And the son and the father, drank both of one glass.

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### THE HUMBLE BEGGAR.

IN Scotland there liv'd a humble beggar,  
He had neither house, nor hauld, nor hame,  
But he was well liked by every body,  
And they gae him sunkets to rax his wame.

A nivesow o' meal, and a handfow of groats,  
And a dad o' riper meak, are sic'can spare,

Cauld parage, or the licking o' plates, (be.  
 Wad made him as blythe as a beggar could

This beggar was a humble beggar,  
 The feint a bit o' pride had he,  
 He wad a ta'en his a'ims in a bicker,  
 Frae gentleman or poor bodie.

His wallâts a-hint and a-fore did hang,  
 In as good order as wallets cou'd be,  
 A lang kail-gully hang down by his side,  
 And a meikle nout-horn to roar on had he.

It happened ill, it happened warse,  
 It happened sae that he did die,  
 And wha do ye think was at his late wake,  
 But lads and lasses o' high degree.

Some were blythe, and some were sad,  
 And some they play'd at blind Harie;  
 But suddenly up started the auld Carle,  
 I red you good fo'ks tak care o' me.

Up gat Kate that sat i' the nook,  
 Vow kimmer, and how do ye?  
 Up he gat, and ca'd her a limmer,  
 And ruggit and tuggit her cockernonie.

They houkit his grave is Doukit's kirk-yard,  
 E'en far frae the companie ;  
 But when they were gawn to lay him i'the yir  
 The feint a dead nor dead was he.

And when they brought him to Doukit's kirk  
 yard,

He dunted on the kist, the boards did flee,  
 And when they were gawn to lay him i'the yir  
 In fell the kist, and out lap he.

He cried, I'm cauld, I'm unca cauld,  
 Fu' fast ran the fo'k, and fu' fast ran he,  
 But he was first hame at his ain ingle-side,  
 And helpit to drink his ain dirgie.

FINIS.