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THE HAWTHORN.

*CALDER FAIR,*

THE GALLANT SAILOR,

BONNY DUNDEE.



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1817.

THE HAWTHORN.

Last midsummer morning as going to the fair  
I met with young Jamie, was taking the air;  
He asked me to stay, and indeed he did prevail  
Beneath the pretty hawthorn that blooms in  
vale.

That blooms in the valley, that blooms in  
vale,

Beneath the pretty hawthorn that blooms in  
vale.

He said he had lov'd me both long and sincere  
That none on the green was so gentle and fair  
I listened with pleasure to Jamie's tender tale  
Beneath the pretty hawthorn that blooms in  
vale.

That blooms, &c.

O hark, says he, Nan; to the birds in the grove  
How charming their song and exciting to love  
The briars clad with roses perfume the passi  
gale.

And sweet's the pretty hawthorn that blooms  
That blooms, &c. [the va

His words were so moving, and looks e'en a  
kind,

Convinc'd me the youth had no guile in his  
 mind,  
 My heart too confess'd him the flower of the  
 dale,  
 Beneath the pretty hawthorn that blooms in the  
 vale,  
 That blooms, &c,

Let I oft bade him go for I could no longer stay,  
 But leave me he would not nor let me away;  
 Till pressing his suit and at last he did prevail.  
 Beneath the pretty hawthorn that blooms in the  
 vale.  
 That blooms, &c.

Now tell me ye maids how could I refuse,  
 His lips they were sweet, and so binding his  
 vows:  
 We went and were married, and Jamie loves me  
 still  
 And we live beside the hawthorn that blooms  
 in the vale.  
 That blooms in the valley that blooms in the vale.  
 We live beside the hawthorn that blooms in the  
 vale.

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SCOTS MEDLEY.

As I came in by Calder fair,  
 and yont the Lappard Lee, man,

There was braw kissing there;  
 Come butt and kiss wi' me, man;  
 There was Highland folk and Lawland folk,  
 Uaco folk and kend folk,  
 Folk aboon folk i' the yard;  
 there's nae folk like our ain folk.  
 Dirum dum, &c

Hech, hey! Bessy Bell,  
 kilt your coat, Maggy,  
 Ye's get a new gown,  
 down the burn Davie.  
 The Earl o' Mar's bonny thing,  
 and muckte bookit wallet,  
 Play the same tune o'er again,  
 and down the burn for a' that.  
 Dirum dum, &c

Gin ye had been whare I had been,  
 ye wadna been sae wantin;  
 I gat the lang girdin o't,  
 an' I fell thro' the gantrin.  
 O'er the hills and far awa',  
 my bonny winsome Willie;  
 What shall our gudeman lie?  
 the glead Earl o' Kellie  
 Dirum dum, &c

Toddie butt, and toddle ben,  
 hey, Tam Brandy;  
 Crack a louse on Maggy's wyme,

Little Cockey Boudy;  
 There's three sheeps skins'  
 the barber and his bason;  
 The bonny lass o' Patie's mill,  
 wi the free and accepted mason.  
 Dirum dum, &c

Oa Ettrick banks, ae summer's night,  
 the cliffy rocks in view, man,  
 Kath'rine Ogie gat a fright,  
 'Mang Scotland's bells sae blue, man  
 O waly, waly, up yon wood,  
 and down by bonny Yarrow,  
 The lassie lost her silken snood  
 wi' Will her winsome marrow,  
 Dirum dum, &c

Stately stapt he east the wa',  
 the iad I darena name, man;  
 Geordie reigns in Charlie's ha';  
 send Lewie Gordon hame, man  
 In winter when the rain rain'd cauld,  
 Will brew'd a peck o' maut, man;  
 John Anderson, ye're turning auld,  
 pit a sheep's-head i' the pat, man  
 Dirum dum, &c

The tailor cam to clout the claise  
 upon a Lammas night, man,  
 Which caus'd the battle o' the fleas,  
 and shew'd McCraw's great might, man,

John Tamson at the key hole keeks,  
 T my wife's a wanton pawkey,  
 He's clouting Johnny's grey breeks  
 T and Bess she's but a gawkie.

Dirum dum &c

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Fife there liv'd a wicked wife,  
 and she has ta'en the gee, man;  
 He door-barring caus'd the strife,  
 Hand Sandy o'er the Lee, man  
 Erry woo frae Tweedside came,  
 Yfrae Aberdeen, cauld kail, man  
 He gude Scotch brose to fill our wame,  
 T could Donald McDonald fail, man

Dirum dum, &c

I

ould auld acquaintance be forgot,  
 sae merry's we have been, man;  
 et still on Menie's charms I doat,  
 at Polwart on the green, man  
 Tillie was a wanton wag,  
 and push'd about the Jorum,  
 While Rab the Ranter burst his bag  
 playing the Reel o' Tullochgorum.

Dirum dum, &c.

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### THE GALLANT SAILOR.

Jewel my dear and gallant sailor,  
 since you and I must parted be;

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If you prove constant without failing,  
I will prove the same to thee.  
May the winds and waves direct you,  
to the wistful part design'd;  
Though you leave me do not grieve me,  
let your love be as true as mine.

For all my Father he proves cruel,  
you to sea must go once more:  
With true love I will requite you,  
none but you I do adore.  
Frightful dreams doth oft affright me,  
when on my bed I slumbring lie;  
Dreadful horrors doth surprise me,  
when I dream you're cast away.

Then I'm started, and wake surprised,  
wishing that you were in my arms,  
I would caress you and embrace you,  
for to free you from all harms,  
Sometimes my dear, in fatal battle  
my thoughts give me that you are slain,  
So then there's nothing that can ease me,  
but my sailor's return again.

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### BONNY DUNDEE

O whare gat ye that bonny blue bannet?  
O silly blind body canna ye see?

John W-

I gat it frae a bonny Scots callan,  
 Atween Saint Johnstone and bonny Dundee  
 And O, gin I saw but the laddie that gae me't  
 Fu' aft has he doudl'd me upon his knee;  
 But now he's awa, and I dinna ken whare he's;  
 O gin he was back to his minny and me!

My heart has nae room when I think on m  
 dawty;  
 his dear rosy haffits bring tears in my ee.  
 But now he's awa, and I dinna ken whar he's  
 Gin we would ance meet, we's ne'er pa  
 till we die.

And O, gin I saw but my bonny Scots callan  
 Fu' aft has he doudl'd me upon his knee;  
 But now he's awa, and I dinna ken whar he'  
 O gin he was back to his minny and me.

FINIS.