

The Merry Fairs of Falkirk.

To which are added,

The Happy Marriage.

Johnny Bluster's Wife

Lay thy loof in mine lass.

The Broad Swords of

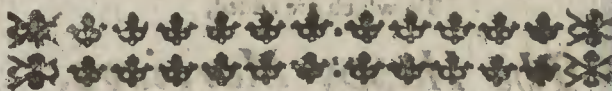
AULD SCOTLAND

The Caledonian Laddie.

A Hunting Song.



Stirling Printed and Sold by M. Randall.



The Merry Fairs of Falkirk.

Where are the poets, are they all dead;
Or is the muse from Falkirk fled.
That nothing of our country's said
Tho' its so rich and braw
Six fairs we have into the year,
When lads does at the lasses spier,
My dear will ye go to the fair;
For friends or foes ye need not fear,
To Falkirk let's awa'.
For friends, &c.

When to our town they do advance,
Like ladies in fine clothes they glance,
And now and then they take a dance,
With lads that's neat and braw,
And when they are going home at night,
Each mercant strives with all his might,
Whose windows shall shew the best light,
And all their shroes does shine full bright,
To light them all awa'.

Each Thursday is our market-day'
When farmers to their servants say,
Make haste, and let us all away
To Falkirk we are awa'
Then each side of our street they deck,
With beans and pease full many a sack,

And bear and corn, with a large peck,
 Which never on the seas did lack,
 That's come not far awa.

The Happy Marriage.

As I was walking one morning so fair,
 So green was the fields, and cool was the air,
 There did I discover,
 Pretty Nancy my lover.
 And I for to woo her was pleas'd for to say,

O fairest of creatures that ever was seen,
 You're the pride of my heart, the flower of the
 green,
 With garlands of roses,
 And sweet pretty posies,
 What nature composes I'll crown you my queen?

To these words I spoke she answered and said,
 O how can you flatter a poor harmless maid,
 For your tongue it runs so nimble,
 It makes my heart to tremble,
 And I fear you disemble my poor heart to break?

Of all my sweethearts I have nine or ten,
 Yet never a one I can fancy of them,
 But if I should believe you,
 And you should deceive me,
 And scornfully leave me, oh! where am I then?

These words I speak is by the powers above,

The rocks and the mountains shall sooner remove,
 And the sea shall flame on fire,
 If from my love I shall retire,
 And there's nothing I desire but innocent love.

If innocent love is all your request,
 And you in earnest, I thought you were in jest,
 I'll adore you with pleasure,
 With kisses out of measure,
 With joy, peace & pleasure ye both shall be blest.

This couple they're married, and live very happy,
 Enjoying one another with pleasures so canty,
 The rocks they shall melt,
 And the mountains shall remove,
 Ere ever I prove false to the woman I love.

Johnny Bluster's Wife.

Trac—Willie Talk dwalt on Tweed.

JOHNNY BLUSTER dwalt on Tweed
 The place they ca'e it Dunfrettony;
 Johnny was a jaker gude,
 Nane could wield a plain like Johnny;
 Lizie Paunch was Johnny's wife,
 An' fifty Marry was her mither;
 Sic a wife as Johnny had,
 I wadna g'e a button for her.

Johnny was ance half in love,
 His fancy was by beauty haunted;
 Heaven shone in Johnny's e'e—
 But as the heaven Johnny wanted:

For Johnny courted Lizzie Painc,
 Cause Lizzie Painc she had the filler,
 S c a wife as Lizzie Painc,
 I wadna gi'e a button for her.

Lizzie's face was like the moon,
 Her shouther's mark as braid as Samson's;
 Her very picture's like the figu
 That hings aboon au'd Robin Tamson's.
 But de'il a prin does Johnny care,
 Were Lizzie like the witch of Endor;
 Johnny fastens on her gear—
 He wadna gi'e a button for her.

Lay thy loof in mine, lass.

O lay that loof in mine, lass,
 In mine lass, in mine lass,
 And fear on thy white hand, lass,
 that thou wilt be my ain
 a slave to love's unbounded sway,
 He aft has wrought me metkic wae,
 But now he is my deadly fae,
 Un'es thou be mine ain.
 O lay thy loof in mine, lass,
 In mine, lass, in mine lass, &c.

There's monie a lass has brak't my rest,
 That for a blink ha'e lo'ed best,
 But thou art Queen within my breast,
 For ever to remain.

O lay &c.

Dear lad, gin ye'll be leel and true,
 There's aae I like fae weel as you,

For there's my loof I swear and vow,
 For 'fe to be your ain
 Now there's my loof in thine lad,
 In thine lad, in thine e lad,
 In hopes you will p'ove kin' lad,
 and take me for your ain.

The Broad Swords of OLD SCOTLAND,

WHEN our valiant ancestors did land in this isle,
 Brave Fergus commanded and vict'ry did smile,
 With their Broad Swords in their hand they well
 cleared the soil!

O the Broad Swords of old Scotland!
 And O the Old Scottish Broad Swords!

The Romans, the Picts, and the Old Britons too,
 Us, by fraud and by guile did attempt to subdue;
 But their schemes prov'd abortive while we did prove
 true,

O the Broad Swords, &c

Tho' some factious Nobles, to serve their own end,
 Did joia with the English, themselves to befriead,
 And we lost at first they did lose in the end,

O the Broad Swords, &c

Remember brave WALLACE who bold'y did play,
 BRUCE at Bannockburn, what a glorious day!
 The flowers of Old England our heroes did fly.

O the Broad Swords, &c.

Set Edward their King, take his heels in a fright,
 Never look'd behind but in Berwick alight,

In an old fishing boat he had Scotland good night,
O the broad Swords, &c.

Our Scottish an' Ains were valiant and bold,
In leasnaing ne'er beat nor in battle controul'd,
But now—shall I name it!—Ains we're a' fold.
O the Broad Swords of Old Scotland,
And O the Old Scottish Broad Swords,

The Caledonian Laddie.

Blyth Sandy is a bonny boy,
and always is a wooing,
Nor is he e'er too ho'd or coy,
although he is so loving.

Last night he prest me to his breast,
and vow'd he'd ask my daddy, O,
O dear to wed me he confess'd,
the Caledonian laddie, O,

Chor. O, my bonny, bonny Highland boy,
my bonny, bonny Highland lad,
My bonny, bonny Highland laddie O,
my Caledonian laddie, O,

The maidens try baith far and near,
to gain young Sanny over,
But all their art I didna fear,
he winna prove a rover.

For fare he tal' me frank and free,
unknown to dad or mammy, O,
He'll marry me, ah! name but me,
the Caledonian laddie, O. O my, &c.

The tother day from Dundee fair,
he brought me hame a bannet,

A cap and ribbon for my hair,
 But mark what soon came on it;
 As late at kirk we somewhat stood,
 in spite of mam or daddy, O,
 He married me, do all I could
 the Caledonian laddie, O. O my, &c.

A Hunting Song

With early horn, salute the morn,
 That glids thro' charming place;
 With cheerful cries bid echo rise,
 And join the jovial chase,
 The vocal hills around,
 The waving woods,
 The chrysal flocks,
 Return the enlivening sound.

Chor. O my bonny bonny laddie
 My bonny bonny laddie
 My bonny bonny laddie

FINIS.

The laddie's name is John
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