

# HELLEN

Of the Dee.

Hal, the Woodman.

The Rigs of Hallow-fair.

Ans. to the Blue Bonnet,

Lovely Lass of Inverness,

Robin Shure in Haerst. / 8



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## ELLEN OF THE DEE.

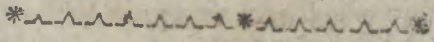
WHERE Dee's soft waters gently glide,  
 thro' myrtles, flow'ry dale,  
 Meek Ellen shone in youthful pride,  
 the beauty of the vale!  
 Her form was gentle, and her mind  
 from overy folly free;  
 To render pity still inclin'd,  
 sweet Ellen of the Dee.

While blooming Henry mark'd her charms  
 who long had known her fame,  
 He gaz'd, and lov'd, and in his arms  
 she own'd an equal flame.  
 Tho' he had sprung of noble race,  
 and she of low degree,  
 Yet none to beauty added grace  
 like Ellen of the Dee.

But when the secret of his heart  
 his haughty parents knew,  
 They strove with unremitting art  
 his purpose to undo;  
 Who (joyless in the splendid dome,  
 with dames of high degree,)  
 Found pleasure in his humbler fame,  
 with Ellen of the Dee.

To foreign climes he then was sent,  
 to please parental pride ;  
 Reluctantly poor Henry went,  
 lest Ellen's charms, and died !  
 They griev'd too late, his fate to hear,  
 and curs'd the stern decree,  
 Which pride inspir'd, his heart to tear  
 from Ellen of the Dee :

Who still, when ev'ning softly flings  
 her shadows o'er the glade,  
 in Dee's lone margin strays and sings  
 sweet dirges to his shade.  
 No happiness be not her lot,  
 no murmurs utters she ;  
 Meek resignation shares the cot  
 with Ellen of the Dee.



THE WOOD-MAN.

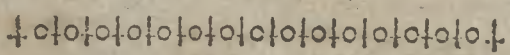
AY, traveller, tarry here to-night,  
 the rain yet beats, the wind is loud,  
 the moon has too withdrawn her light,  
 and gone to sleep within a cloud ;

'Tis seven long miles across the moor,  
and shou'd you chance to go astray,  
You'll meet, I fear, no friendly door,  
nor soul to tell the ready way.

Come, dearest Kate, our meal prepare,  
this stranger shall partake our best;  
A cake and rasher be his fare,  
with ale that makes the weary blest.

Approach the hearth, there take a place,  
And, till the hour of rest draws nigh,  
Of Robin Hood and Chevy-Chace  
we'll sing, then to our pallets hie.

Had I the means, I'd use you well;  
'tis little I have got to boast:  
Yet shou'd you of this cottage tell,  
say, Hal, the wood-man was your host.



### THE RIGS OF HALLOW-FAIR.

I know that young-folks like to hear a new Song  
And something that's funny, and not very long;  
And I have one here that will make you smile,  
And you have no occasion to stop a long while.



My Song is concerning All-Hallow-Fair,  
 Where people of all ages do yearly repair;  
 The roads they are lin'd, only see the maids flock,  
 In their long worsted gowns, without e'er a smock.

And when at the fair they all do arrive,  
 Like a bed full of fleas they are all jumping alive;  
 Such a stuffing and squeezing, and pushing about,  
 Poor Moll cries, Alas! you will shove my guts out.

Some to public-houses they do choose to walk,  
 And others with their sweethearts incline to talk,  
 Some have their hands full of ginger-bread nuts,  
 And many with sweetmeats stuffing their guts.

Each lad brings his favourite lass to the fair,  
 To buy her a fairing, when he gets her there;  
 And some get a fairing which I darna tell,  
 But in a very short time they'll ken themselves'.

So all pretty girls that go to the fair,  
 Of coaxing young fellows I'd have you take care,  
 For young men love kissing, so from it keep free,  
 Or in less than ten months you'll sing lullababy.

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### ANSWER TO THE BLUE BONNET.

FAREWELL to all sorrows, with joy now I'll sing,  
 Since Charles has returned as free as a King,  
 It's long seven years since he bade rae adieu,  
 But now he has returned with his bonnet so blue.

He cried out be constant, that day we did part ;  
That word was so heavy it sunk in my heart :  
But like a roving turtle, the campaign stood thro',  
But now he has returned with his bonnet so blue.

Some said he was wounded, some said he was slain,  
Which made me relent as he stood on the plain ;  
With joy transported my senses all flew,  
When I saw my dear charmer and's bonnet so blue.

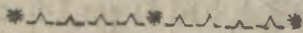
I fainted with joy, in his arms I did fall,  
My cheeks they did willow, my lips turn'd pale ;  
Then he cried out, Dear lassie, thy senses rene,  
For it's I thy dear Charles and his bonnet so blue.

For the war is now over, and alive I remain,  
Unto thy sweet arms I am safe back again.  
The cannons did thunder, balls & arrows they flew,  
No danger came over me, and my bonnet so blue.

When with danger surrounded, for death I resign'd,  
The thoughts of my jewel waa still in my mind ;  
In the midst of hot battles my grief was for you,  
When I thought to lie there with my bonnet so blue.

In sorrow I left thee, why now dost thou faint,  
When alive I'm preserved, and now to thee sent ?  
I am chaste, true, and loyal, thy joys to renew,  
I'll still wear my plaid and my bonnet so blue.

It's true, my dear lassie, our dangers wére great,  
 We fought for our King, our country and state,  
 For to keep our plaids, because they are new,  
 That the Scotch may for-ever wear bonnets so blue.



THE  
 LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.

THE lovely Lass of Inverness,  
 nae joy nor pleasure can she see,  
 For e'en and morn she cries; Alas!  
 and ay the faut tear blinds her e'e.

Drumossie-muir, Drumossie-day,  
 a waefu' day it was to me!  
 For there I lost my father dear,  
 my father dear, and brethren three!

Their winding-sheet the bludy clay!  
 their graves are growing green to see;  
 And by them lies the dearest lad,  
 that ever blest a woman's e'e.

Now wae to thee, thou creel Lord!  
 a bludy man I true thou be;  
 For many a heart thou hast made fair,  
 that ne'er did wrang to thine or thee.

## ROBIN SHURÉ IN HAERST.

ROBIN shure in haerst, I shure wi' him  
 Fient a heuk had I, yet I stack by him.  
 I gaed up to Duase, to warp awab o' plaider  
 At my father's yeat wha met me but Robin

Was na Robin bauld, be't I was a Cotte  
 To play sic a trick, & me the El'er's doughter

Robin shure, &c.

Ribin promis'd me a' my winter's victual  
 Fient a haet had he, but twa trumps and  
 a whistle.

Robin shure, &c.

Now I'm Robin's bride, free frae kirk-folk  
 busle;  
 Robin's a' my ain, wi's twa trumps and  
 a whistle.

Robin shure, &c.

**F I N I S.**

Falkirk—T. Johnston, Printer.