

Dear is my little native vale ;

To which are added,

The Crook and Plaid.

Tarry woo is ill to spin.

Oh Nanny wilt thou fly with me



STIRLING.
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DEAR IS MY LITTLE NATIVE VALE.

Dear is my little native vale.

The ring-dove builds and warbles there,
Close by my cot she tells her tale,
To every passing villager?
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange groves, and myrtle bow'rs,
That breath a gale of fragrance round,
I charm the fairy footed hours
With my love'd lute's romantic sound.
Or crowns of living laurel weave
For those that win the race at eve,

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
The ballad danc'd at twilight glade,
The Canzonet and roundel-y,
Sung in the silent greenwood shade:
These simple joys, that never fail,
Shall bind me to my native vale.

THE CROOK AND PLAID.

If the lassies like the lasses,
 And they like me confess,
 For every lass she had a lad
 She likes abun the rest.
 That's dear unto her bosom,
 What ever be his trade;
 There's nae wooing like the ladie,
 That wears the Crook and Plaid.
 and sae weel, &c.

At morn he climbs the mountain,
 His fishy flock to view;
 And hear the Lavrocks warble,
 New springs frae maing the dew.
 With his chearfull little dozzie,
 Sae frolicsome and glad,
 Wanders forward with the ladie,
 That wears the Crook and Plaid.
 and sae weel, &c.

At even he laid him down,
 All in yon healthy glen,

And views his flock around him,
All feeding in the plain.

There he tun'd his Pipe sae sweetly,
Which cheard the heart that's sad,

For his only wish is to be bliss'd

Wi Jean and tartan Plaid.

and sae weel, &c.

Beneath the bonny hawthorn,
That blooms in the glen.

I'll meet him in the gloman,

Far far frae trants and men,

I'll meet him in the gloman,

Our hearts will then be glad,

For he kens the way sae nicely,

To row me in his Plaid.

and sae weel &c.

A lad wi' muckle siller,

May to his lover ride,

And praise her charms wi' artfull wiles,

To win her to be his Bride.

But commend me to the hawthorn,

Where cheek to cheek is laid,

While the praises O' his heart to be,

Beneath his Tartan Plaid.

and sae weel, &c.

To be a faithfull loyer,
 O who can e'er deny,
 For love gives purer pleasure,
 Then all beneath the sky,
 When love is in the bosom
 That heart can ne'er be sad,
 Then I'll wander wi' the ladie,
 That wears the Crook and Plaid.
 and sae weel, &c.

He pu'd the bonny heather Bells,
 He pu'd the lily meek;
 Call the lily like my bosom,
 The heather like my cheek,
 And he promised wi' a faithfull vow,
 To make me his Bride.
 Then through life I'll love the ladie,
 That wears the Crook and Plaid.
 and sae weel, &c.

TARRY WOO IS ILL TO SPIN.

Tarry woo, tarry woo,
 Tarry woo is ill to spin,
 Card it well, card it well,
 Card it well e'er ye begin.

When 'tis carded, rov'd and spun,
 Then the wark is hasten'd done;
 But when woven, drest, and clean
 It may be cleading for a Queen.

Sing my bonny harmless sheep,
 That feed upon the mountains steep;
 Bleating sweetly as they go,
 Through the winters frost and snow;
 Hart and hind, and fallow deer,
 Not by half so useful are;
 Free kings to him that ha'ns the plow,
 Are all oblig'd to tarry woo.

Up ye shepherds, dance and skip,
 O'er the hills and valleys trip,
 Sing up the praise of tarry woo,
 Sing the flocks that bear it too:
 Harmless creatures without blame,
 That clead the back and warms the wame,
 Keeps us warm and hearty fu';
 Leeze me on the tarry woo.

How happy is a shepherd's life!
 Far frae courts and free from strife,
 While the gimmers bleat and bar,
 And the lambkins answer—mae!

No such music to his ear,
 Of thief and fox he has no fear;
 Sturdy kent, and colly too
 Well defend the tarry woo.

He lives content and easy
 Not ev'n a monarch on his throne
 Though he the royal sceptre sways,
 Has not sweeter holy days.
 Who'd be a king, can any tell
 When a shepherd lives so well?
 Sings sae weel and pays his due,
 With honest heart and tarry woo.

OH NANNY WILT THOU FLY WITH ME.

Oh Nanny, wilt thou fly with me,
 nor sigh to leave the charming town,
 Can silent glens have charms for thee,
 the lowly cot and russet gown?
 No longer drest in silken sheen,
 no longer deck'd with jewels rare!
 Say, canst thou quit the busy scenes
 where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nanny when thou'rt far awa,
 wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
 Say, canst thou face the flaky snaw
 nor shrink before the warping wind?
 O can that soft and gent'lest mien
 sever at hardships learn to bear?

Nor, sad regret each courtly scene,
 where thou wert fairest of the fair? &c.

O Nanny can thou love so true,
 thro' perils keen with me to gae?
 Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,
 to share wi' him the pangs o' wae?
 And when invading pains befall,
 wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
 Nor, wishful, those gay scenes recal,
 were thou wert fairest of the fair? &c.

And when, at last, thy love shall die,
 wilt thou receive his parting breath?
 Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
 and cheer with smiles the bed of death?
 And wilt thou o'er his much lov'd clay,
 strew flowers and drop the gentle tear,
 Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
 where thou wert fairest of the fair?