

THE WAY FOR TO WOO,
Dinna think, Bonny Lassie,
AMO AMAS,
AND
WONDERFUL SONG.



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THE WAY FOR TO WOO.

O tell me, my bonny young lassie,
O tell me the way for to woo;
O tell me, my bonny sweet lassie,
O tell me the way for to woo.
Say, maun I roose your red cheeks like the
morning,
Lips like the rose when its moisten'd wi' dew,
And say maun I roose your een's pawky scorning
O tell me dear lassie the way for to woo.

O far hae I wander'd, dear lassie,
To see thee I've sail'd the salt sea,
I've travell'd o'er muirlands and mountains,
And houseless lain cauld on the lea,
I never hae try'd yet to mak love to ony,
Never lov'd ony till ance I lov'd you:
Now we're alane in the green wood sae bonny
Now tell me my dear lassie the way for to
woo.

What care I for your wand'rings, laddie,
Or yet for your sailing the sea?
It was nae for nought ye left Peggy,
My tocher it brought you to me.
An' say hae ye gowd for to busk me ay gaudy,
Wi' ribbons an' pearlins, an' breast-knots anew

A house that is canty wi' plenishin' plenty,
Without them ye never need come for to woo?

I hae nae gowd to busk ye ay gaudy,
Nor yet buy you ribbons enow.

I brag nae o' house nor o' plenty,
But I hae a heart that is true.

came nae for tocher, I ne'er heard o' ony,
Never lo'ed Peggy, nor e'er brak my vow,
Ye wander'd poor fool, for a face fause as bonny
I little thought this was the way for to woo.

I hae nae ye roo'sd my red cheeks like the mor-
ning,

An' roo'sd up my cherry red mou;
Ye've come o'er the sea, muir, and mountain,

What mair Johnny need you to woo:
An' far hae ye wander'd I ken my dear laddie,
Now ye hae faund me, ye've nae cause to rue
Wi' health we'll hae plenty, I'll never gang gaudy
I ne'er wish'd for mair than a heart that is
true.

DINNA THINK, BONNY LASSIE.

O dinna think bonny lassie I'm gaun to leave you
Dinna think bonny lassie I'm gaun to leave you,
Dinna think bonny lassie I'm gaun to leave you,
I'll tak a stick into my hand an' come again an'
see you.

Far's the gate ye hae to gang, dark's the night
and eerie,

Far's the gate ye hae to gang, &c.

Far's the gate ye hae to gang, &c.

O stay this ae night wi' your love and dinna
gang and leave me.

It's but a night and half a day that I'll leave my
dearie,

It's but a night and half a day, &c.

It's but a night and half a day, &c.

Whene'er the sun gaes west the loch I'll come
again and see thee.

Dinna gang my bonny lad dinna gang and leave
me,

Dinna gang my bonny lad, &c.

When a' the lave are sound asleep I'm dull and
erie,

An' a the lee late night I'm sad wi' thinking
on my dearie.

O dinna think bonny lassie I'm gairn to leave you

Dinna think bonny lassie I'm gairn to leave you,

Dinna think bonny lassie I'm gairn to leave you,

Whene'er the sun gaes out o' sight I'll come
again and see thee.

Waves are rising o'er the sea, winds blaw loud
an' fear me,

Waves are rising o'er the sea, &c.

Waves are rising o'er the sea, &c.

An' gin ye loe me as ye say ye winna gae and
leave me.

O never mair bonny lassie will I gang & lea thee

Never mair bonny lassie, &c.

Never mair bonny lassie, &c.

E'en let the warld gae as it will I'll come again
an' cheer thee.

Frae his hand he coost the stick, I winna gang
and leave thee,

Threw his plaid into the neuk never can I grieve
thee,

Drew his boots, an' flang them by, come my lass
be cheerie,

I'll kiss the tear frae aff thy cheek an' never
leave my dearie.

AMO AMAS.

AMO Amas. I love a lass,

As a cedar tall and slender,

Sweet cowslips grace her nominative case,

And she's of the feminine gender.

CHORUS.

Rorum Corum, sunt di-vorum,

Harum scarum Divo;

Tag rag merry derry, periwig and hat band,
Hic hoc horum Genetive.

Can I decline a nymph divine,
Her voice like a flute is Dulcis,
Her oculus bright, her Manus white,
And soft when I tacto her pulsis.
Rorum Corum, &c.

O how Bella, my Puella;
I'll kiss in Secula Seculorum,
If I've luck sir, she's my Uxor,
O Dies Benedictorum.
Rorum Corum, &c.

WONDERFUL SONG.

WHAT a wonderful age 'tis, my lads,
And what wonderful people live in it,
We've wonderful manmas and dads,
Fresh wonders arise every minute.
We've wonderful ships in our Navy,
And wonderful soldiers and sailors,
We've wonderful beef full of gravy,
And wonderful cabbage for tailors.

We've wonderful Pilots I trow,
To steer us thro' wonderful dangers,
John Bull is a wonderful cow,
Admired by natives and strangers.

We've wonderful grand puppet shows,
 A wonderful sight to beholders,
 We've wonderful boots for the beaux,
 And coats made with wonderful shoulders!

We've wonderful doctors call'd quacks,
 With wonderful puffs in the papers;
 Will tell you of wonderful facts,
 And cut you most wonderful capers,
 With one little wonderful pill,
 They every disorder keep under,
 For if they can't cure they can kill,
 And where is the difference I wonder.

We've wonderful foes on the sea,
 Who kick up a wonderful riot,
 We'll bang them with wonderful ease,
 And make them all wonderful quiet.
 In Egypt we'd wonderful works,
 Bonuparte the great undertaker,
 Went to take the whole land from the Turks,
 But could not get one single acre,

Take a peep at our wonderful ladies,
 They look all so wonderful pretty,
 Each wig now so wonderful made is,
 To suit brown, yellow, and jetty.
 We've wonderful prattling old tabby,
 Who Ministers should lay a tax on,

Can hide her gay noddle so shabby,
With a wonderful new auburn coxon.

But the wonderful wonder of all,
And wonderful true we have found it,
That Britain so wonderful small,
Should awe the great nations around it.
Huzza, for each Soldier and Tar,
At fighting so wonderful clever,
And whether at peace or at war
Let's sing wonderful Britain for ever.

FINIS.