

THE EXCELLENT

Old Scots Song

OF THE

Blaeberry Courtship.



NEWTON-STEWART:

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By J. M'NAIRN.

THE EXCELLENT
THE BLAEBERRY COURTSHIP.

WILL you go to the Highlands my jewel
el with me,
Will you go to the Highlands the flocks
for to see,
It is health to my jewel to breath the
sweet air,
And to pull the blackberries in the for
est so fair.
To the Highlands, my jewel, I will not go
with thee,
For the road it is long and the hills they
are high,
I love those vallies and sweet corn fields
More than all the blaeberrys your wil
mountains yield.

Our hills they are bonnie when the
heather's in bloom,
It would cheer a fine fancy in the mont
of june,
To pull the blaeberrys and carry them
home,
And set them on your table when De
cember comes on.
Out spake her father, that saucy ol
man,
You might have chosen a mistress among
your own clan,
It's but poor entertainment to our Loy
land dames,
To promise them berries and blue he
ther bloom.
Kilt up your green pladie walk over yo
hill,
For a sight of your Highland face doe
me much ill

For I will wed my daughter and spare
 pennies too,
 To whom my heart pleases and what's
 that to you.
 My plaid it is broad it has colours anew,
 Goodman for your kindness I'll leave it
 with you;
 I have got a warm cordial keeps the cold
 from me,
 The blithe blinks of love from your daugh-
 ter's eye.
 My flocks they are thin, and my lodgings
 but bare,
 And you that has meikle the more you
 can spare;
 Some of your spare pennies with me you
 will share,
 And you winna send your lassie o'er the
 hills bare.
 He went to his daughter to give her
 advice,
 Said he if you go with him I'm sure
 you'r not wise,
 He's a rude Highland fellow as poor as
 a crow;
 He's of the clan of Caithness for ought
 that I know
 But if you go with him I'm sure you'll
 go bare,
 You'll have nothing father or mother
 can spare,
 Of all I possess I'll deprive you for aye,
 If o'er the hills, lassie, you do go away,
 It's father keep what you're not willing
 to give,

For fain would I go with him as sure as
 I live,
 What signifies gold or treasure to me,
 If the Highland hills is between my love
 and me.

Now he is gone with him in spite of
 them a';
 Away to a place that her eyes never saw:

He had no steed for to carry her on,
 But still he said, lassie, think not the road
 long.

In a warm summer's evening they came
 to a glen,
 Being wearied with travel the lassie sat
 down;

Get up my brave lassie let us step on,
 For the sun will go round before we get
 home.

My feet are all torn my shoes are all rent,
 I'm wearied with travel, and just like to
 faint,

Were it not for the sake of your kind
 company,

I would lie in the desert until that I die.
 The day is far spent and the night com-
 ing on,

And step you aside to yon bonnie mill-
 town,

And there you'll ask lodging for thee and
 for me,

or glad would I be in a barn for to be.

For a sight of your highland face
 no much ill

In the place it is pleasant and bonnie in deed
 But the people are hard-hearted to us
 that's in need;
 Perhaps they'll not grant us their barn
 nor byre,
 But I'll go and ask them as it is your de-
 sire.
 The lassie went foremost sure I was to
 blame,
 To ask for a lodging myself I thought
 shame
 The lassie replied with tears not a few,
 It's ill ale said she that's sour when it's
 new.
 In a short time thereafer they came to
 a grove.
 Where his flocks they were feeding in
 numberless droves,
 Allan stood amusing his flocks for to see
 Step on says the lady, that's no pleasure
 to me.
 A beautifull laddie with green tartan
 trews,
 And two bonnie lasses were bughting
 in ewes,
 They said honour'd master are you come
 again,
 Long long have we look'd for your
 coming home.
 Bught in your ewes, lasses and go your
 way home,
 I've brought a swan from the north I
 have her to tame;

Her feathers are fallen and where can
she lie?

The best bed in the house her bed shall
be.

The lady's heart was far down it couldna
well rise,

Till many a lad and lass came in with a
phrase

To welcome the lady to welcome her
home;

Such a hall in the Highland she never
thought on.

The laddies did whistle and the lasses
did sing,

They made her a supper might served a
queen;

With ale and with whisky they drank
her health round,

And they made to the lady a braw bed of
down.

Early next morning he led her to the
hay,

He bid her look round her as far as she
could spy,

These lands and possessions my debt for
to pay,

You winna go round them in a long sum-
mer's day.

O Allan! O Allan! I'm indebted to thee,
It is a debt, dear Allan I never can pay

O Allan! O Allan! how came you for
me!

Sure I am not worthy your bride for to
be.

And a voyage to your father once more
 How call you me Allan when Sandy's
 my name?
 Why call you me Allan? sure you were
 to blame;
 For dont you remember when at school
 with thee,
 I was hated by all the rest but loved by
 thee?
 How oft have I fed on your bread & your
 cheese
 Likewise when you had but an handfull
 of peas,
 Your cruel hearted father bound at me
 his dogs,
 They tore all my bare heels, and rave all
 my rags,
 Is this my dear Sandy whom I loved so
 dear?
 I have not heard of you this many an
 year;
 When all the rest went to bed, sleep was
 frae me,
 For thinking on what was become of
 thee,
 My parents were horn lang before me,
 Perhaps by this time they are drown'd
 in the sea,
 These lands and possessions they left
 them to me,
 And I came for you my jewel, to share
 them with thee;
 In love we began, and in love we will
 end,
 And in joy and mirth our days we will
 spend,

And a voyage to your father once more
we will go,

And relive the old farmer from his trou-
ble and wo.

With men and maid servants us to wait
upon,

So away to her father in a chaise they
are gone;

The laddie went foremost, the brave
Highland loun,

Till they came to the road that lead to
the town.

When he came to the gate he gave a loud
roar,

Come down gentle farmer Catharine's
at your door,

When he look'd out at the window he
saw his daughter's face

With his hat in his hand he made a
great phrase.

Keep on your hat farmer, don't let it fall
For it sets not the peacock to bow to the
crow.

It's hold your tongue Sawny and do not
taunt me,

For my daughter's not worthy your bride
for to be

Now he held his bridle reins till he came
down.

And then he conveyed them to a fine
room:

With the finest of spirits they drank a
fine toast,

And the son and the father drank both
in one glass.