

FOUR EXCELLENT

NEW SONGS,

Duke of Gordon's Daughters,

The Golden Glove,

The Answer,

The Caledonin Hunt Delights.



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## The Duke of Gordon's three Daughters

THE Duke of Gordon had three daughters  
 Elizabeth, Margaret and Jean,  
 They would not stay in bonny Castle Gordon,  
 but they went to bonny Aberdeen.  
 They had not been in bonny Aberdeen,  
 a twelvemonth and a day.  
 Till Lady Jean fell in love with Captain Ogilvie  
 and away with him went she.

Word came to the Duke of Gordon,  
 in the chamber where he lay,  
 How Lady Jean fell in love with a Captain,  
 and from him she would not stay,  
 Go saddle to me the black horse he cried,  
 my servant shall ride on the gray,  
 And I will go to bonny Aberdeen,  
 forthwith to bring her away.

They were not a mile from Aberdeen,  
 a mile but only one,  
 Till he met with his two daughters,  
 but away was Lady Jean.  
 O where is your sister maidens?  
 where is your sister, now?  
 O where is your sister maidens?  
 that she's not walking with you.

O pardon us honored father,  
 O pardon us they did say,  
 Lady Jean is with Captain Ogilvie,  
 and from him she will not stay,  
 When he came to bonny Aberdeen,  
 and down upon the green,

There he did see Captain Ogilvie,  
a traing of his men.

O woe be thee, Captain Ogilvie,  
and an ill death thou shalt die,  
For taking to the my daughter,  
high hanged thou shalt be,  
Duke of Gordon has wrote a broad letter,  
and sent it to the king,  
To cause him hang the brave Captain Ogilvie,  
if e'er he caus'd hang any man.

No I will not hang Captain Ogilvie,  
for any offence that I see,  
But I'll cause him put off the scarlet,  
and put on the single livery  
Now word came to brave Captain Ogilvie,  
in the chamber where he lay,  
To strip off the broad lace and scarlet,  
and put on the single livery.

If this be for Jeany Gordon,  
this penance I'll take wi';  
If this be for bonny Jeany Gordon,  
all this and more I'll drice  
Lady Jeen had not been married,  
not a year but only three  
Till she had a babe in every arm,  
and another upon her knee.

O but 'm'weary wandering,  
O but my fortune is bad,  
It sets not the Duke of Gordon's daughter,  
to follow a soldier lad.  
O hold thy tongue bonny Jeany Gordon,

For once I was a noble Captain,  
now for thy sake a single man,

O high were the hills and the mountains,  
cold was the frost and the snow,  
Lady Jean's shoe's were all torn,  
no farther she could go.

O if I were in the glens of Foudlen,  
where hunting I have been,  
I could go to bonny Castle Gordon,  
without either stockings or shoon.

O hold your tongue bonny Jeany Gordon,  
hold your tongue my dow,  
I've but one half crown in the world,  
Ill buy hose and shoon to you  
When she came to bonny castle Gordon,  
and coming over the green.  
The porter cried out with a cry  
yonder comes our Lady Jean.

You're welcome bonny Jeany Gordon  
you are dearly Welcome to me  
Thou art welcome dear Jeany Gordon,  
but away with your Ogilvie.  
Now over the sea went the Captain,  
as a soldier under command,  
But a messenger soon followed after,  
which caused a countermand.

Come home now pretty Captain Ogilvie,  
to enjoy your brother's land  
Come home now pretty Captain Ogilvie,  
you're the heir of Northumberland,  
O what does this mean: says the Captain,  
where's your brother's childre  
and down upon the green,

O they are all dead and buried,  
the lands they are ready for thee.

Then hoist up your sails, brave Captain,  
and let's be jovial and free,  
I'll go home and have my estate,  
and then my dear Jeany I'll see,  
He soon came to bonny Castle Gordon,  
and then at the gate stood he,  
The porter cries out with a loud shout,  
here comes the Captain Ogilvie.

You are welcome pretty Captain Ogilvie,  
your fortune's advaened we hear,  
No stranger can come to my gate,  
that I do love so dear  
Sir, the last time I was at your gate,  
you would not let me in,  
I am come for my wife and children,  
no friendship else I claim,

Then she came tripping down the stair,  
with the salt tear in her eye,  
One babe she had at every foot,  
another upon her knee,  
You're welcome bonny Jeany Gordon,  
you are deazly welcome to me;  
You are welcome bonny Jeany Gordon,  
Countess of Northumberland to be.

Now the Captain come off with his Lady,  
but and his sweet babies three  
Saying I'm as good blood by descent  
tho' the great Duke of Gordon you be.

## THE GOLDEN GLOVE

A wealthy young 'squire in Tomworth we hear,  
 Courted a noblen an's daughter so fair  
 And fort marry her it was his intent,  
 All friends and relations did give him consent

The time was appointed for the wedding day,  
 A farmer was chosen the father to be,  
 But as soon as the lady the farmer did spy,  
 It flamed her heart, O my heart she did cry.

She turn'd from the squire but nothing she said,  
 Instead of being married she went to bed ;  
 O the thought of the farmer so run in her mind  
 And the way for to have him she quickly did find

Coat waistcoat and breeches she then did put on  
 A hunting she went with her dog and her gun,  
 She hunted all round where the farmer did dwell,  
 Because in her heart she did love him full well,

She oftentimes fired but nothing she killed,  
 At length the young farmer came into the field,  
 O then to discourse him it was her intent,  
 With her dog and her gun to meet him she went,

I thought you had been at the wedding she cried  
 For to wait on the 'squire and give him his bride  
 No, no, said the farmer, if the truth I may tell,  
 I'll not give her away for I love her too well,

Suppose that the lady should grant you her love  
 You know the 'squire your ruin would prove,  
 O then says the farmer I'll take sword in hand,  
 By honour I'll gain her or my life's at command  
 and down upon the green,

The lady was pleas'd to hear him sobold,  
 She gave him a glove that was flowered with gold,  
 She told him she found it coming along,  
 As she was a hunting with a dog and a gun.

The lady went home with a heart full of love,  
 And gave out a speech that she had lost a glove :  
 And he that does find it and brings it to me,  
 That man that doth find it his bride I will be.

This pleased the farmer to hear of the news,  
 With a heart full of joy to the lady he goes,  
 Dear honoured lady I pick'd up your glove,  
 And if you are pleased to grant me your love.

It is already granted the lady replied,  
 For I love the sweet breath of a farmer she cried ;  
 I'll be mistress of the dairy and milk all the cows,  
 Whilst my jolly young farmer is whistling at plow.

### THE ANSWER.

**T**HE 'squire he returned in a furious mood,  
 Swearing to be revenged on the farmer's blood:  
 But fortune to the farmer has proved most kind,  
 Disappointed the 'squire of his cruel design.

The 'squire and the farmer by chance they did  
 meet,  
 Says the 'squire to the farmer you are indiscreet,  
 For taking from me my sweet lovely bride,  
 You shall either fight me or die by my side.

With all my whole heart the farmer did say,  
 To fight for my jewel I will never deny ;

So to work with vigour they instantly went, (sc  
 But the 'squire he soon yielded gave the farmer c

And now they are married in great splendour  
 Now he is possess'd of nine thousand a year; h (c  
 With his beautiful lady, and likewise his hall,  
 He has men and maidens and all at his call.

Here's a health to the plough boys, (my lady  
 I'm wed to a ploughman I'll never deny, (c  
 Because they are men of honour and that we do he  
 And they labour hard for both rich and poor.

Then after the wedding she told of the fun,  
 How she hunted the farmer with a dog and a gu  
 But now I have caught him so fast in my snare,  
 I'll enjoy him for ever I vow and declare.

### Caledonian Hunt Dillights,

**Y**E banks and bras of bonny Doune  
 How can you bloom so fresh and fair?  
 Ye little birds ye'll break my heart,  
 While I'm so weary full of care  
 You'll break my heart, ye little birds,  
 That wanton warble through the thorn,  
 It mends of departed joys,  
 Departed never to return.

Oft have I roam'd by bonny Doune,  
 To see the rose and woodbine twine,  
 Where ilka bird sung o'er it's note,  
 And sae did I the same of mine.  
 Wi' heartsome glee I po'd a rose,  
 A rose out of yon thorny tree;  
 But my fond love has stolen the rose,  
 And left the thorn behind to me.