

A' body's like to be married
but me.

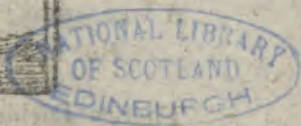
MY NANNIE O,

Love among the Roses.

TOM BOWLING,

AND

Far amang the Highland hills.



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J. FRASER, PRINTER, STIRLING.

A' BODY'S LIKE TO BE MARRIED
BUT ME.

As Jenny sat down wi' her wheel by the fire,
An thought on the time that was fast fleein' b
She said to hersel', wi' a heavy heigh hee;
O, a' body's like to get married but me!

She said, &c.

My youthfu' companions are a' worn awa,
And tho' I've had wowers mysel', ane or twa,
Yet a lad to my mind I ne'er yet could see:
O, a' body's like to get married but me!

Yet a lad, &c.

There's Lowrie, the lawyer, wad hae me fu' fair
Who has baith a house an a yard o' his ain;
But before I'd gang to it, I rather wad die;
A wee stumpin' body! he'll never get me!

But before, &c.

There's Dickie, my cousin, frae Lun'on com
down,
Wi' fine yellow buckskins that dazzled the town

But, poor deevil, he ne'er got a blink o' my ee:
 O, e' body's like to get married but me!
 But, poor deevil, &c.

But I saw a lad by yon saughy-burn side,
 Wha weel wad deserve onie queen for his bride;
 Gin I had my will, soon his ain I wad be:
 O, a' body's like to get married but me!
 Gin I had, &c.

gied him a look, as a kind lassie shou'd;
 My friends if they kend it, wad surely run wud;
 For tho' bonnie and good, he's no worth a hawbee:
 O, a' body's like to get married but me!
 For tho' bonnie, &c.

'Tis hard to take shelter behint a laigh dike;
 'Tis hard for to take ane we never can like;
 'Tis hard for to leave ane we fain would be wi';
 Let it be harder that a' should get married but me.
 'Tis hard for, &c.

LOVE AMONG THE ROSES.

Young Love flew to the Paphian bow'r,
 And gather'd sweets from many a flow'r,
 From roses and sweet jessamine,
 The lily and the eglantine.

The Graces there were culling posies,
 And found young Love among the roses.
 Young Love, &c.

O happy day! O joyous hour!
 Compose a wreath of ev'ry flow'r;
 Let's bind him to us, ne'er to sever,
 Young Love shall dwell with us for ever.
 Eternal spring the wreath composes,
 Content is Love among the roses.
 Young Love, &c.

THE SAILOR'S EPIGRAM.

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
 The darling of our crew;
 No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
 For death has brought him to.
 His form was of the manliest beauty,
 His heart was kind and soft;
 Faithful below he did his duty,
 And now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
 His virtues were so rare;
 His friends were many, and true-hearted,
 His Poll was kind and fair;
 And then he'd sing so blythe and jolly,
 Ah! many's the time and oft;

But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When He who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.
Thus death, who kings and rare despatches,
In vain Tom's life had doff'd;
For, tho' his body's under hatches,
His soul is gone aloft.

MY NANNIE, O,

BEHIND yon hills where Lugar flows,
'Mang moors and mosses many, O,
The wintry sun the day has clos'd,
And I'll awa to Nannie, O.
The westlin wind blows loud and shrill;
The night's baith mirk and rainy, O;
But I'll get my plaid, and'out I'll steal,
And o'er the hill to Nannie, O.

My Nannie's charming, sweet, and young;
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O:
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Nannie, O.
Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonnie, O;

The opening gowan, wat wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
And few there be that ken me, O;
But what care I how few there be?
I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O.
My riches a's my penny fee,
And I maun guide it cannie; O;
But war's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

Our auld gudeman delights to view,
His sheep and kye thrive bonnie, O;
But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
And has nae care but Nannie, O.
Come weel, come wae, I carena by,
I'll tak what Heaven will send me, O;
Nae ither care in life hae I,
But live and love my Nannie, O.

THE LASS O' ARRANTEENIE.

FAR lone amang the Highland hills,
'Midst Nature's wildest grandeur,
By rocky dens, and woody glens,
With weary steps I wander.
The langsome way, the darksome day,
The mountain-mist sae rainy,

Are nought to me when gaun to thee,
Sweet lass o' Arranteenie!

On mossy rose-bud down the howe,
Just op'ning fresh and bonnie,
It blinks beneath the hazle bough,
An's scarcely seen by onie:
O sweet, amidst her native hills,
Obscurely blooms my Jeanie;
Fair fair an' gay than rosy May,
The flow'r o' Arranteenie.

Now, from the mountain's lofty brow,
I view the distant ocean;
There ay rice guides the bounding prow—
Ambition courts promotion.
Let fortune pour her golden store,
Her laurel'd favours many—
Give me but this my soul's first wish,
The lass o' Arranteenie.

THE BGGAR GIRL.

OVER the mountain and over the moor, —
Hungry and barefoot I wander forlorn;
My father is dead, and my mother is poor,
And she grieves for the days that will never
return.

Pity, kind gentlefolks, friends to humanity,
 Cold blows the wind, and thenight's coming o
 Give me some food for my mother in charity;
 Give me some food, and then I'll begone.

Call me not lazy-back, beggar, and bold enough
 Fain' would I learn both to knit and to sew;
 I've two little brothers at home,—when they'
 old enough,
 They will work hard for the gifts you bestow
 Pity, kind gentlefolks, &c.

O think, while you revel, so careless and free,
 Secure from the wind, and well clothed and fee
 Should fortune so change it how hard would it
 'To beg at a door for a morsel of bread.
 Pity, kind gentlefolks, &c.

FINIS.