

A NEW

GARLAND

OF

Choice Songs,

VIZ.

DUNCAN GRAY,

Now Boney is awa',

JOHNNY COUP,

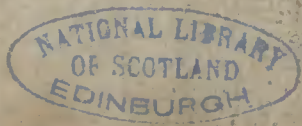
AND

The Mill, Mill, O.



SURLING;

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DUNCAN GRAY.

DUNCAN GRAY cam' here to woo,
ha, ha, the wooing o't,
On new-year's day when we were fou,
ha, ha, the wooing o't;
Maggie coost her head fu' high,
Look'd asklent and unca skeigh,
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh,
ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd,
ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Meg was deaf as Ailsa craig,
ha, ha, the wooing o't;
Duncan sidg'd baith out an' in,
Gart his e'en baith blear'd and blin',
Spak' o' louping o'er a lin,
ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Time and chance are but a tide,
 ha, ha, the wooing o't,
 Slighted love is sair to bide,
 ha ha the wooing o't ;
 Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
 For a haughty hussy die ;
 She may gae to France for me,
 ha, ha, the wooing o't.

How it comes, let doctors tell,
 ha, ha, the wooing o't,
 Meg grew sick as he grew well,
 ha, ha, the wooing o't,
 Something in her bosom rings,
 For relief a sigh she brings,
 And oh, her een they spak sic things,
 ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
 ha, ha, the wooing o't,
 Maggy's was a ticklish case,
 ha, ha, the wooing o't ;
 Duncan could na' be her death,
 Swelling pny smoor'd his wrath ;
 Now they're crouse and canty baith,
 ha, ha' the wooing o't.

NOW BONEY IS AWA'.

NOW Bonney is awa'
 From his warring and fightin',
 He is gone to the place
 That he ne'er can delight in ;
 He may sit now and tell
 Of the scenes he hath seen a'.
 While forlorn he doth mourn
 In the Isle of St. Helena.

No more at St. Cloud's
 He'll appear in great splendor ;
 Nor go forth with his crowds,
 Like the great Alexander.
 He may sigh to the winds,
 By the great mount Diana,
 With his eye o'er the waves
 That surrounds St. Helena.

Now Lousiana weeps
 For her husband departed ;
 She dreams while she sleeps,
 And she wakes broken hearted.
 Not a friend to condole,
 Even those that might, they winna ;

Now she mourns while she thinks
On the Isle St Helena.

The rude rushing waves
A' our shores round are washing,
And the great billows heaves
A' the wild rocks a-dashing,
He may look upon the moon,
And think on Lousiana,
With his heart full of woe,
On the Isle St. Helena.

Now you that have great wealth,
Be aware of ambition ;
For some decree of fate
Soon may change your condition.
Be ye stedfast in time,
For what's to come, ye kenna ;
May be, your race may end
At the Isle St. Helena.

JOHNNY COUP.

COUP sent a letter frae Dunbar,
Charlie meet me an ye dare,

And I'll learn you the art o' war,
If you'll meet wi me in the morning.

Hey Johnny Coup are ye wakin yet,
Or are your drums a-beatin yet,
If ye were wakin I would wait,
To gang to the coals in the morning.

When Charlie look'd the letter upon,
He drew his sword the scabbard from,
Come follow me my merry merry men,
And we'll meet Johnny Coup i' the morning.
Hey Johnny Coup, &c.

Now Johnny be as good as your word,
Come let us try baith fire and sword,
And dinna rin awa like a frightened bird,
That s chac'd frae its nest i' the morning.
Hey Johnny Coup, &c.

When Johnny Coup did hear of this,
He thought it wadna be amiss
To hae a horse in readines
To flee awa i' the morning.
Hey Johnny Coup, &c.

Fy now, Johnny get up and rin,
The Highland bagpipes makes a din,
It s best to sleep in a hale skin,
For 'twill be a bluidy morning.
Hey Johnny Coup, &c.

When Johnny Coup to Dunbar came,

They spier'd at him where's a' your men ?

O woe, says Johnny I dinna ken,

For I left them a' i' the morning.

Hey Johnny Coup, &c.

Now, Johnny, troth ye was nae blate,

To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat,

And leave your men in sic a strait,

So early in the morning.

Hey Johnny Coup, &c.

Alas ! quoth Johnny, I got a flog,

Wi' their claymores and philabegs,

If I face them again I'll break my legs;

So I wish you a' good morning.

Hey Johnny Coup are ye waking yet,

Or are your drums a-beating yet,

If ye were waking I would wait,

To gang to the coals i' the morning.

The Mill, Mill, O.

Beneath a green shade I fand a fair maid,

was sleeping sound and still,

A' lowin wi' love, my fancy did rove

around her wi' good will. O,

Her bosom I prest, but sunk in her rest,

the stirr'd na my joys to spill O.

While kindly she slept close to her I crept,
and kiss'd, and kiss'd her my fill O.

'Obliged by command in Flanders' to land,
t' employ my courage and skill, O,
Frae her quietly I staw, hoist sails an' awa,
for the wind blew fair on the billow.

Twa years brought me hame, whar loud-fraising
Fame

tould me wi' a voice right shill, O,
My lass, like a fool, had mounted the stool,
nor kend wha had done her the ill, O.

Mair fond o' her charms wi' my son in her arms,
I serlying spier d how she fell, O;
Wi' the tear in her ee quo she, Let me die,
sweet sir, gin I can teil, O.

But love gave command, I took her by the hand,
and bade a' her fears dispel, O,
And nae mair look wan, for I was the man
wha had done her the deed mysel, O.

My bonny sweet lass, on the gowany grafs,
beneath the sbilling hill, O,

If I did offence, I'll mak ye amends,
before I leave Peggy s mill, O.

O the mill mill O, and the kill kill O,
and the coggin o' the wheel, O,

The sack and the sieve, a' that ye maun leave,
and round wi' a foder reel, O.

FINIS.