

Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch, 38

WITH THE

HAPPY RELIEF;

OR,

O'er the MUIR amang the HEATHER:

To which are added,

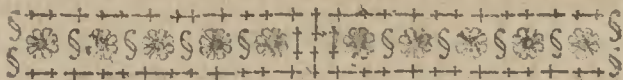
THE THREE JOLLY COLLIERS.

The JOYFUL WIDOWER.

MERRY MAY THE MAID BE.



G L A S G O W,
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ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.

ROY'S wife of Aldivalloch,
 Roys wife of Aldivalloch,
 Ken ye how she cheated me,

As I came by the Braes of Balloch.

She vow'd, she swore, she wad be mine,
 and said she lo'ed me best of ony :

But, Oh! the fickle, faithless quean,
 she's ta'en the carle and left her Johny.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch, &c.

But, Oh! the fickle, faithless quean,
 she's ta'en the carle and left her Johny.

Ay she was a canty quean, (loch:
 and weel cou'd dance the Highland waltz:
 Happy I, had she been mine.

or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch, &c.

Happy I, had she been mine,
 or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch.

Her face sae fair her een sae clear,
 her wee bit mou' was aye sae bonny ;

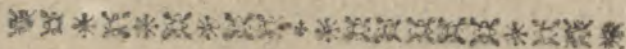
To me she ever shall prove dear,

tho' she's for ever left her Johny.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch, &c.

To me she ever shall prove dear

tho' she's for ever left her Johny.



THE HAPPY RELIEF:

O R

O'er the MUIR amang the HEATHER.

M A R Y mourn'd in formal weeds,
the death of Roy of Aldivalloch,
While her soul with passion burn'd.

for Johny and the Braes of Balloch.

Chor. O'er the muir amang the heather,
O'er the muir amang the heather,
O the days that I have seen,
Amang the bonny blooming heather.

Her curling locks wav'd in the wind,
the tears stream'd down her cheeks sae bon-
And ay the burden o' her song, (ny,
was wae's my heart I've lost my Johny.

O'er the muir. &c.

And ay the burden o' her song,
was waes my heart I've lost my Johny.

O curse upon the world's pelf,
that won my Mammy, and my Daddy;
Wha gae me to auld Roy's arms,
and bade me leave my ain true laddie.

O'er the muir. &c.

Wha gae me to auld Roy's arms,
and bade me leave my ain true laddie.

But gin I had my Johny here,
In spite o' Mam and cauld Daddy,

Whose lovely sparkling eyes,
do outshine the stars by night.

O some call me the sergeant,
because I am six foot high :

I am sitting for the army,
where all kinds of bullets fly ;

But if I were in Britain,
and my true love along with me,
With every thing that's fitting,
to serve his royal Majesty.

Adieu my lovely Molly,
although her portion is but small,

I might have sweet-hearts many,
if I could maintain them all :

We'll go where liquor's plenty,
we'll roll boys from side to side,
Her fortune ne'er shall daunt me,
I'm young and the world's wide.

You curious smiths and founders,
that daily work upon the fire ;

Whose genius with wonders,
makes others to admire :

Fine jewellers and smelters,
refiners of the purest gold,

Will say 'tis jolly Colliers
all other trades they do uphold.

Come fill up your bumpers,
and let the music sweetly sound ;

Here's a health to jolly Colliers,
who daily mine below the ground :

Likewise to jolly seamen
that sail all the world round,
The supporters of our nation,
the honour of our King and Crown.

Here's a health unto our army,
the British boys by sea and land,
To please the lovely lassies,
we always do run on command:
For Pady Burn is my name,
the same I'll ne'er deny,
From the county of Wicklow I came,
and its there I'll live and die.

(†) ❁ (†) ❁ (†) ❁ (†) ❁ (†) ❁ (†)

THE JOYFUL WIDOWER.

TUNE—MAGGY LAUDER.

I Married with a scolding Wife,
the fourteenth of November,
She made me weary of my life,
by one unruly member.

I long did bear the heavy yoke,
and many griefs attended.

But to my comfort be it spoke,
now, now her life is ended.

We liv'd full one and twenty years,
as man and wife together.

At length from me her course she steer'd,
and went I know not whether.

Would I could guess, I do profess,
 I speak and do not flatter,
 Of all the women in the world,
 I never would come at her.

Her body is bestowed well,
 a handsome grave doth hide her †

But sure her soul is not in hell,
 the de'il would not abide her.

I rather think she is aloft,
 and imitating thunder,

For why; methinks I hear her voice,
 rending the clouds afunder.

(*) - (*) - (*) - (*) - (*) - (*) - (*)

MERRY MAY THE MAID BE.

MERRY may the maid be,
 that marries the miller,

For foul day and fair day,
 he's ay bringing till her;

Has ay a penny in his purse,
 for dinner and for supper;

And gin she please, a good fat cheese,
 and lumps of yellow butter.

When Jamie first did woo me,

I spier'd what was his calling,
 Fair maid, says he, O come and see,

you're welcome to my dwelling:
 Though I was shy, yet I could spy,

the truth of what he told me;

And that his house was warm and couth,
and room in it to hold me.

Behind the door a bag of meal,
and in the kist was plenty
Of good hard cakes, his mither bakes,
and bannocks were na' scanty ;
A good fat sow, a sleeky cow
were standing in the byre ;
Whilst lazy puss, with mealy mouse,
were playing at the fire.

Good signs are these, my mither says,
and bids me tak the miller ;
For foul day and fair day,
he's ay bringing till her :
For meal and ma't she disna want,
nor ony thing that's dainty,
And now an then a keckling hen,
to lay her eggs in plenty.

In winter when the wind and rain
blaws o'er the barn and byre ;
The miller by a clean hearth-stane,
beside a ranting fire,
He sits and cracks, and tells his tale,
o'er ale that is right nappy ;
Who'd be a Queen that gaudy thing,
when a miller's wife's fae happy.