

T H E

North Country Lads.

To which is added,

O X T E R M Y L A D D I E.

O L D K I N G C O U L.

The H U M B L E B E G G A R.

May-Eve: Or, Kate of Aberdeen.

S O M E T H I N G E l s e t o D o.



Entered according to Order.



The North Country L A S S.

MY love she was born in the north country wide,
 Surrounded with lofty mountains on every side
 She is the fairest creature that ever I did see,
 She excels all the maids in the north country.

I've scarce ta'en my hand my pen for to hold,
 To write my love a letter on the charms of gold,
 Her teeth is like the ivory, her eyes as black as sloes,
 She wounds my poor heart wherever she goes.

O saddle me my horse that I may go ride,
 O'er hills and lofty mountains whatever betide:
 O'er hills and lofty mountains I'll rant and rove,
 And all for the sake of my own constant love.

My parents have separated me from my dear,
 Which caused me to weep and shed many a tear,
 When at night I do weep, in the morning I cry,
 It is all for the sake of my darling I die,

My true love is as sweet as the cinnamon tree;
 My love she is as high as the bark to the tree;
 The top of it will wither and the root will decay,
 And a fair maiden's beauty will soon fade away.

O X T E R M Y L A D D I E.

FIRST when my laddie and I did meet,
 He treated me with kisses so sweet:
 It was low down in the meadows so green,
 I oxt'er'd my laddie where we were not seen,
 Where we were not seen,
 Where we were not seen,
 I oxt'er'd my laddie where we were not seen.

But I being young and in my prime,
 Kissing then I thought no crime:
 But my stays are turn'd strait they'll not meet me by a span
 And all for the oxtering my laddie sae lang,
 My laddie sae lang, &c.

When first my stays began to turn strait,
 I went to my laddie and told him that;
 He said they'd got rain, and had creepen in,
 No, says she, my laddie, that's not the thing,
 That's not the thing, &c.

First when my stays I began for to wear,
 Neither kirk nor session I did fear;
 With ruffles and ribbons and every thing bra',
 That few thought I'd oxter'd my laddie at a',
 My laddie at a', &c.

My love was so handsome in every degree,
 His comely looks so enshar'd me;
 But my belly's turn'd big, & my heart's full of care,
 And I'll ne'er oxter my laddie nae mair.
 My laddie nae mair, &c.

My daddie is like to be my dead,
 For losing of my maiden-head,
 With a rock and a reel my minnie does me bang,
 And all for the oxtering my laddie sae lang,
 My laddie sae lang, &c.

My sister daily frowns on me,
 For losing my virginity;
 My sister calls me whore and jade,
 And all for the oxtering my bonny lad.
 My bonny lad, &c.

But if my sweet babe it was born,
 My parents ne'er shall hold me in scorn,
 For all their frowns I would disdain,
 In hopes for to oxter my laddie again. My laddie &c.

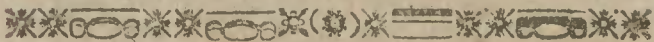
I will never grudge what I have done,
 Since my first born is a son,
 With the pan, & the spoon he well foster'd shall be,
 And the daddie of him for to oxter me. To oxter &c.

My laddie he sent a love letter to me,
 That in a short time we married should be,
 The same I received with heart and good will,
 And hopes for to enjoy my laddie still.
 My laddie still, &c.

My laddie sent me a braw gold ring,
 On our wedding-night a far better thing,
 And ay the o'erward of the tune,
 Was oxt'er the bride in the afternoon.
 In the afternoon, &c.

My daddie he my tocher paid,
 That very day that I was married,
 But what's gone and past we ne'er can recall,
 Yet I'll oxt'er my laddie in spite of them all.
 In spite of them all, &c.

Thirteen maidens all in a row,
 That day to the kirk with me did go;
 It was a bra' time of sweet delight,
 For I oxt'er'd my laddie the length of the night.
 The length of the night,
 The length of the night,
 For I oxt'er'd my laddie the length of the night.



OLD KING COUL.

OLD King Coul was a jolly old Soul,
 and a jolly old soul was he,
 Old King Coul he had a brown bowl,
 and they brought him in fiddlers three:
 And every fidler was a very good fidler,
 and a very good fidler was he,
 Fidle-didle, fidle-didle, went the fiddlers three:
 and there's no a lass in braid Scotland,
 compared to our sweet Marjory.
 Old King Coul was a jolly old soul,
 and a jolly old soul was he,

Old King Coul he had a brown bowl,
 and they brought him in pipers three:
 Ha-didle, how-didle, ha-didle, how-didle, went the
 pipers three:
 Fidle-didle, fidle-didle, went the fidders:
 And there's no a lafs, &c.

Old King Coul was a jolly old soul,
 and a jolly old soul was he:
 Old King Coul he had a brown bowl,
 and they brought him in harpers three,
 Twingle-twangle, twingle-twangle, went the harp-
 ers;
 Ha-didle, how-didle, ha-didle how-didle, went the
 pipers;
 Fidle-didle, fidle-didle, went the fidders,
 And there's no a lafs, &c.

Old King Coul was a jolly old soul,
 and a jolly old soul was he,
 Old King Coul he had a brown bowl,
 and they brought him in trumpeters three,
 Twara-rang, twara-rang, went the trumpeters,
 Twingle-twangle, twingle-twangle, went the harp-
 ers;
 Ha-didle, how-didle, went the pipers;
 Fidle-didle, fidle-didle, went the fidders,
 And there's no a lafs, &c.

Old King Coul was a jolly old soul,
 and a jolly old soul was he,
 Old King Coul he had a brown bowl,
 and they brought him in drummers three,
 Rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub, went the drummers;
 Twara-rang, twara-rang, went the trumpeters,
 Twingle-twangle, twingle-twangle, went the harp-
 ers;
 Ha-didle, how-didle, went the pipers,
 Fidle-didle, fidle-didle, went the fidders three,
 And there's no a lafs, &c.

 The H U M B L E B E G G A R.

IN Scotland there lived a humble beggar,
 He had neither house, nor hault, nor hame,
 But he was well liked by ilka bodie,
 And they gae him sunkets to rax his wame.

A nivefow of meal, and a handfow of groats,
 A dad of bannock or herring brie,
 Cauld parade, or the lickings of plates,
 Wad make him blythe as a beggar could be.

This beggar he was a hurable beggar,
 The feint a bit of pride had he,
 He wad ta'en his a'ms in a bikker,
 Frae gentlemen, or poor bodie.

His wallets ahint and afore did hang,
 In as good order as wallets could be,
 A lang kail-gully hang down by his side,
 And a meikle nout horn to rout on had he.

It happen'd ill, it happen'd warfe,
 It happen'd sae, that he did die,
 And wha do ye think was at his late-wake,
 But lads and lassies of high degree.

Some were blythe, and some were sad,
 And some they play'd at Blind Harrie,
 But suddenly up started the auld carle,
 I redd ye good folks tak tent o' me.

Up gat Kate that sat i' the nook,
 Vow kimmer, and how do ye;
 Up he gat, and ca'd her a linner,
 And ruggit and tuggit her cockernonie.

They houkit his grave in Duket's kirk-yard,
 E'en far frae the companie;
 But when they were gaun to lay him i' the yird,
 The feint a dead nor dead was he.

And when they brought him to Duket's kirk-yard,
 He dunted on the kist, the broads did flie,
 And when they were gaun to put him i' the yird,
 In feil the kist, and out lap he.

He cry'd, I'm cauld, I'm unca cauld,
 Fu' fast ran the fo'k, and fu' fast ran he:
 But he was first hame at his ain ingle side,
 And he helped to drink his ain dirgie.



May-Eve: or, Kate of Aberdeen.

THe silver moon's enameur'd beams,
 steals softly through the night,
 To wanton with the winding streams,
 and kifs reflected light:
 To courts begone! heart soothing sleep,
 where you've so seldom been,
 Whilst I-May's wakeful vigil keep,
 with Kate of Aberdeen.

The nymphs and swains expectant wait,
 in primrose chaplet's gay,
 Till morn unbars her golden gate,
 and gives the promis'd May.
 The nymphs shall all declare,
 the promis'd May, when seen,
 Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
 as Kate of Aberdeen.

I'll tune my pipe, and playful notes,
 and rouse yon nodding grove,
 Till new wak'd birds disten'd their throats,
 and hail the maid I love,
 At her approach the lark mistakes,
 and quits the new-dress'd green,
 Fond birds, 'tis not the morning breaks,
 'tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now blithsome o'er the dewy mead,
 where elves disportive play,

The festal dance young shepherds lead,
 or sing their love tun'd lay :
 Till May, in morning robe draws nigh,
 and claims a virgin Queen,
 The nymphs and swains exulting cry,
 " here's Kate of Aberdeen, "



Something Else to Do.

To its own Proper Tune.

THE sun was sleeping in the main,
 Bright Cynthia silver'd all the plain,
 When Colin turn'd his team to rest,
 And sought the lass he lov'd the best.
 As tow'rd her co'e he jogg'd along,
 Her name was frequent in his song ;
 But when his errand Dolly knew,
 She vow'd she'd something else to do.

He swore he did esteem her more,
 Than any maid he'd seen before,
 In tender sighs pretending, he
 Would constant as the turtle be ;
 Talk'd much of death, shou'd she refuse,
 And us'd such arts as lovers use,
 'Tis fine, says Doll, if 'tis but true,
 But now I've something else to do.

Her pride then Collin thus address'd,
 Forgive me, Doll, ' did but jest,
 To her that's kind I'll constant prove,
 But, trust me I'll ne'er die for love.
 Tho' first she did his courtship scorn
 Now Doll began to court in turn :
 Dear Collin, I was jesting too,
 Step in, I've nothing else to do.

F I N I S.