

THE HISTORY OF

THE UNIVERSITY OF

EDINBURGH

BY



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*The Blaeberries.*

WILL you go to Highlands, my jewel, with me  
Will you go to the Highlands the flocks for to see,  
It is health to my jewel to breathe the sweet air?  
And to pull the blaeberries in the forest so fair.

To the Highlands, my jewel, I'll not go with thee  
For the road it is long and the hills they high  
I love these low vallies and the sweet corna fields,  
More than all the blaeberries your wild mountains yields.

Our hills they are bonny when the heather's in bloom  
It wou'd cheer a fine fancy in the month of June,  
To pull the blaeberries and carry them home,  
And set them on your table when December does come.

Out sp'ke her father, the saucy old man,  
You might have chosen a mistress among your own clan  
It's but poor entertainment to our lowland dames,  
'To promise them berries and blue heather blooms.

Kilt up your green plaidie and walk over yon hill,  
For the sight of your highland face does me much ill;  
For I'll wed my daughter, and spare pennies too  
To whom my heart pleases, and what's that to you?

My plaidie is brad, it has colours anew,  
Guedman, for your kindness, I'll leave with you;  
I have got a warm sordial, keep a cold from me,  
The blythe blinks of love from your daughter's eye.

My flocks are but thin and my lodging but bare,  
And you that has meikle, the m... can spare,  
Some of your spare pennies with us you will share,  
And you wisanna send your lassie out o'er the hills bare.

He went to his daughter and gave her advice,  
 Did if you go with him I'm sure you're not wise;  
 He's a rude highland fellow as poor as a crow,  
 He's the clan of the Catharine for ought that I know.  
 But if you go with him I'm sure you'll gang bare,  
 You shall have nothing that father or mother can spare;  
 All I possess, I'll deprive you for aye,  
 Over the hills you do go away.

It's father keep what you're not willing to give,  
 Or I fain would go with him as sure as I live;  
 That signifies gold or treasure to me,  
 When the big land hills is between my love and me.  
 No she has gone with him in spite of them a',  
 Away to a place that her eyes never saw.

She has no sleds for to carry her on,  
 And he said lassie think not the road long.  
 In a warm summer's evening they came to a glen,  
 Long wearied with travel, the lassie sat down;  
 She laid up my brave lassie and let us step on,  
 For the sun will go round before we get home.  
 My feet are all torn, my shoes are all rent,  
 I'm wearied with travel, and just like to faint.  
 Were it not for the sake of your kind company,  
 I would lie in this desert until that I die.

The day is far spent, and night coming on;  
 And step you aside to your bonny mill town,  
 And there you ask lodgings for thee and for me;  
 Or glad would I be in a barn to be.  
 The place it is bonny and pleasant indeed,  
 But the people hard-hearted to those who're in need;  
 Perhaps they'll not grant us barn nor byre;  
 But I shall go ask, as it is your desire.

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The lassie went foremost, sure I was to blame,  
To ask for a lodging, myself I thought shame,  
The lassie rep'nted, with tears not a few  
It is ill ale, she said, that is sour when it's new.

In a short time thereafter they came to a grove,  
Where his flocksthey were feeding in numberless droves,  
Allan stood musing his flocks for to see;  
St'p on, says the lady, hat's no pleasure to me.

A beautiful laddie with green tartan treuse,  
And twa bonny lasses were buchtin' in ewes;  
They said, Honour'd Matter, are you come again?  
For long have we look'd for your coming home.

Buht in your ewes lassies and go your way home,  
I've brough a swar from the north I have her to tame,  
Her teathers are f'len, and where can she fly?  
The best bed in all my house there she sha'l lye.

The lady's heart was fallen and it cou'dna well rise,  
Till m'ny a lad and lads came in with a fraise,  
To welcome the lady, to welcome her home;  
Such a bed in the highlands she never thought on.

The laddies did whistle and the lasses did sing,  
They made her a supper that might have serv'd a queen  
With ale and good whisky they dr'ank her healthround  
And they made to the lassie a braw bed of down.

Early next morning he led her up bigh,  
And bid her look round her as far as she could spy,  
Thes' lands and possessions are my debts for to pay,  
And you cannot walk round them in a f'ny summer's day

O Allan, O Allan, I'm indebted to thee  
It is debt, dear Allan, I never can pay.  
O Allan, O Allan, how came you for me?  
Sure I am not worthy your bride for to be.

How call you me Allan, when Sandy's name,  
 Why call you me Allan? sure you are to blame;  
 For don't you remember when at school with thee,  
 Was hated by all the rest, loved by thee.

How oft, have I fed on your bread and your cheese,  
 Likewise when you had but a handful of pease,  
 Your cruel hearted father would hound at me his dogs  
 They tore all my bare heels and rave all my rags.

Is this my dear Sandy whom I lov'd so dear,  
 Have not heard of you this many long year;  
 When all the rest went to bed sleep was far frae me,  
 For thinking what was become of thee.

My parents were born long before me,  
 Perhaps by this time they are drown'd in the sea;  
 These lands and possessions they gave them to me,  
 And now, my dear jewel, you shall share them with me.

In love we began, and in love we will end,  
 With joy and great mirth our days we will spend,  
 And a voyage to our father once more we will go,  
 To relieve the old farmer of his trouble and woe.

With men and maid servants to wait them upon,  
 And away to her father's in a chaise they are gone;  
 The laddie went foremost, the brave highland lown,  
 Till he came to the road that leads to the town.

When he came to the gate he gave a loud roar,  
 Come down gentle farmer Catherin's at your door.  
 He look'd out at the window and saw his daughter's face  
 With his hat in his hand he made a great fraise.

'Keep on your hat farmer and don't let it fa',  
 For it sets not a peacock to bow to a crow,  
 It's hold your tongue Sandy and do not taunt me,  
 For my daughter's not worthy your bride for to be.

Now he held the bridle reins till he came down,  
 And then he convey'd them to fine room;  
 With the finest of spirits they drank a fine tofs,  
 And the father and son drank out of one glass.

*The Dutchess of Newcastle's Lament.*

THERE is not a tailor in all London town,  
 That can shape Newcastle's fair lady a gown;  
 Her belly's torn'd out, and her face pale and wan,  
 She's fallen with child to her own servant-man.

This beautiful lady with tears in her eyes,  
 I'm ruin'd for ever, with sorrow, she cries;  
 My credit is broke, and honour is gone,  
 And what will I say when my good lord comes home.

Deceiv'd by falsehood I soon did comply,  
 For it was my foot-man that with me did lye;  
 To shew himself guilty, like a cruel knave,  
 He's fled from his country his life for to save.

The ladies of honour they will me disdain,  
 Likewise my young baby will publish my shame;  
 My Lord for the same he will turn me away,  
 To wait on his coming I dare not to stay.

When the Duke he arrived on the English shore,  
 To hear what was acted, it griev'd him sore.  
 These tidings of sorrow it did him surprize,  
 When tears like a fountain ran down from his eyes.

Thou worst of all women, thou emblem of strife,

I took thee a servant, and made thee my wife,  
 I advanced your honour in every degree;  
 You've lain with your footman, you'll ne'er lie wi' me.

Had you proved chaste as I proved kind,  
 Neither riches nor beaous should have alter'd my mind  
 But you love another far better than me,  
 So now from my presence you banish'd shall be.

I'll clothe my daughter in silver, my son in gold,  
 Because they are of a beautiful mould;  
 But a bill of divorcement your portion shall be,  
 You've liea wi' your footman, you'll ne'er lie wi' me.

He call'd for his factor, and to him did say,  
 This impudent strumpet I'll turn her away;  
 Of all I possess she disinheren shall be,  
 She's lain wi' her footman, she'll ne'er lie wi' me.

To some foreign country I'll now take my way,  
 For here in Old England no longer I'll stay;  
 Since the charms they are blaste that I did adore,  
 In my heart I shall never love a woman more.

The Duke he took shipping, away he did sail,  
 Over to Calais with a pleasant gale,  
 At the court of France a while for to stay,  
 But the unfortunate lady was turned away.

This sorrowful lady was turned away,  
 Lamenting her misfortune by night and by day,  
 Crying Ye ladies of honour, take warning by me,  
 Be chaste to your husbands of every degree.

Once I was a lady of fame and renown,  
 But here like a pilgrim I range up and down,  
 Without any person my woes to regard,  
 And this for my folly is a just reward.

Was ever a woman so bewitched as I,  
 Who had all the pleasures life could enjoy;  
 Likewise my dear husband he did me adore,  
 But now I'm forsaken, distressed, and poor.

To beg I'm ashamed my wants to supply,  
 Likewise my friends I dare not come nigh:  
 O death come and ease my sad troubled mind,  
 For here in this country no comfort I find.

So this sorrowful lady a wandering did go,  
 Till death in a short time put an end to her woe;  
 In a certain valley her body was found,  
 There with her sweet baby lying on the cold ground.

This tragical story which here I have told,  
 May it be a warning to both young and old;  
 In wedlock be faithful to your marriage vow,  
 Lest such dreadful ex-mples unto you ensue.

F I N I S.