

THE
Bony Lad,

× Jamie the Rover,
— *Rebellion 1715* —
AND

The Roving Maids
of Aberdeen.



FALKIRK, Printed by T. JOHNSTON.

THE BONNY LAD.

As Jamie Gay gang'd blyth his way,
 along the river Tweed,
 A bonny lass, as e'er was seen,
 came tripping o'er the mead :
 The hearty swain, untaught to feign,
 the buxom nymph survey'd,
 And full of glee, as lad could be,
 besp ke the pretty maid :

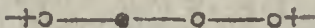
Dear lassie tell why by thyself
 thou halt'ly wand'rest here ?
 My ewes, she cry'd, are straying wide,
 canst tell me, laddie, where ?
 To town I'll hie, he made reply,
 some meikle sport to see ;
 But thou'rt so sweet, so trim and neat,
 I'll seek the ewes with thee.

She ga'm her hand, n'r made a stand,
 but lik'd the youth's intent :
 O'er hill and dale, o'er plain and vale,
 right merrily they went.
 The birds sang sweet, the pair to greet,
 and flowers bloom'd around !

And as they walk'd, of love they talk'd,
and joys which lovers crown'd.

And now the sun had rose to noon,
the zenith of his power,
When to a shade their steps they made,
to pass the mid-day hour.

The bonny lad row'd in his plaid
the lass, who scorn'd to frown;
He soon forgot the ewes she sought,
and he to gang to town.



JAMIE THE ROVER.

Of all the days that's in the year,
The teath of June I love most dear;
And for his sake these robes I'll wear,
For he alone is all my care,
Young Jamie you call the Rover.

The fairest flowers of white and blue,
I'll wear a robe of that same hue,
All this and more for him I'll do,
Young Jamie you call the Rover.

My maidens all shall wear the same,
 Six boys in white shall bear his train,
 While I alone his praise proclaim,
 The titles of Jamie the Rover.

All in tartan my love shall be drest,
 With a diamond star upon his breast,
 And of the rest I'll count him the best,
 Young Jamie you call the Rover.

Tho' some call him a bricklayer's son,
 But I say he is nobly born,
 For to the royal he does belong,
 Young Jamie you call the Rover.

I need not strange at Nature's change,
 Tho' he ahroad be forc'd to range,
 I'll find him out where he remains,
 Young Jamie you call the Rover.

It is not in England I delight,
 But over to Flanders I'll take my flight,
 And there I'll ramble both day and night,
 With Junie you call the Rover.

O if I were on the top of yon tree,
 Where none they ^{could} would hear nor see,
 Then I would sing right cheerfully,
 With Jamie you call the Rover.

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To foreign lands I'll straight repair,
 For to find out my dearest dear,
 For he alone is all my care,
 Young Jamie you call the Rover.

The lillies white shall be my bed,
 Tartans bright my coverlid,
 To sing of my love I'm not afraid,
 Young Jamie you call the Rover.

In his royal arms I will lay me down,
 In remembrance of the tenth of June,
 That all my pleasure I will crown
 With Jamie you call the Rover.

Thro' foreign lands with him I'll rove,
 Thro' every plain and shady grove,
 For he's the man I prize above,
 Young Jamie you call the Rover.

Tho' all my friends should me despise,
 Yet to his praise my voice I'll raise,
 For he's a jewel in my eyes,
 Young Jamie you call the Rover.

I and S, I must confess,
 The thistle and crown his motto is;
 Of all the swains he deserves the praise,
 Young Jame you call the Rover.

THE
ROVING MAIDS OF ABERDEEN

THE roving maids of Aberdeen,
they are so brisk and airy,
They make the young men laugh at them,
their heads so high they carry.
Fal-de-ral-lal-de-ral.

Now to behold these pretty maids,
as they walk on the caufey,
With ruffle-cuffs and capuchines,
and w w but they be saucy.

With fine net-hoods upon their heads,
each dame a buckling-comb O,
Which mounted is with silver bright,
and set with Bristo'-stone O.

Their lockets fine, that bright do shine,
a glancing broach below it;
Their bravery full well you see,
how proud they are to shew it.

With new-fashion caps of different shapes,
that are so monstrous high O!
Such florey piggs, upon their heads,
are frightful to the eyes O!

The other night I got such fright,
I blest'd me from all evil,
When a lady came in shining robes,
I thought it was the Devil!

With a cap more high than granad
and hair dress'd in such order,
She appeared like sweet Marg'ret's ghost,
com'd from the Stygian border.

With silken hose, and fine pink shoes,
they are all trim'd and ready;
It is not easy for to know
a scodgie by a lady.

There's lassies bright turns out at night,
their sign is a white apron;
All in the dark to seek a park,
and wha but our Miss Kathrine.

Some lassies then, I do offend,
in telling of your knavery,
For that's the way, I'm bold to say,
that you've won all your bravery.

The roving maids of Aberdeen,
when they go to the dancing,
The young men all admire the sport,
they are so neat and handsome.

It is well kent, their face they paint,
 they are so vain and idle ;
 To busk and dress, more time they pass,
 than they do on their Bible.

With muffs and frills, and cardinals,
 made of the finest scarlet,
 They worn are, I do declare,
 by many a common harlot.

Their qualitie, come show to me,
 you'll not know't by their cleeding,
 Dear neighbour, then, I'll tell you plain,
 you'll find it by their breeding.

They curse and swear, and dominier,
 and scold like any randy ;
 Their morning drink, I really think,
 is whisky, gin or brandy.

And if they chance to prove with child,
 or lose their reputation,
 O then sets up a tipling-house,
 and that's their occupation.

Such conduct leads from whores to thieves
 but 'mark the dismal story !
 By hangy's hands their lives they end,
 and that's call'd Tyburn's glory.
 Fal-de-ral-lal-de-ral.

F I N I S.