

Bundle and Go ;

To which are added,

Donald and Mary,

The Wonders,

Sweet Kitty o' the Clyde.



STIRLING :

Printed and Sold, Wholesale and Retail,

By W. MACNIE, Bookseller.

BUNDLE AND GO.

Out o'er you mountain and o'er you lang muir,
There lives a young lassie o' twenty and twa,
And aft I hae coud at her auld mither's door,
To try for to wile my dear Mary awa :
But aye she'll say, which maks me so eerie,
I wina, I canna, say weel yes or no,
In love, I'll prove aye true to my dearie,
Although no I munna lad Bundle and Go.

Yestreen at the gloaming beside the haw tree,
While the wee bits o' birdies were making their mane,
Wha but the dear lass wi' the blue rolling e'e,
Out o'er the green meadows came tripping her lane.
The rose, that blaws it wasna sae bonny,
Sae rare, sae fair, like twa that did glow,
In hue, sae true, are the cheeks o' my honey,
That fain I would hae fer to Bundle and Go.

Her soft hair loos'd on her bare neck, like snaw,
Mair white than the lillie that grows on the lea,
But the smile that she gied was the sweetest o' a',
That glanc'd frae the blink o' her bonny blue e'e ;

Nae care, nae guile, was seen in my Mary,
 Nor vain, to pain, my love that did glow,
 Her heart, to part, and leave Castlecarry.
 It whispered refusal to Bundle and Go.

I clasp'd the dear lassie, beside the haw bush,
 Her sweet cherry lips I kiss'd mony times weel,
 While haffins consenting, a red rosy blush,
 It made me believe that her heart it was leal;
 I press'd, caress'd, fu' snug and fu' cheerie,
 My love, my dove, to ease a' my woe,
 I lap, she spak', I will be your dearie,
 And leave my auld mither and Bundle and Go.

Then Johnny, enraptur'd, nae mair did complain,
 Nor stae her auld mither did heed ony mair,
 But blythely they tripp'd o'er the green dewy plain,
 As blythe as Auro a' divested of care;
 As gay, as May, sae sweet and sae cheerie,
 Sae leal, sae weel, to banish each woe,
 Her pride, His pride, and each other's dearie,
 Resolv'd wi' the ither to Bundle and Go.

Now contented they live aye beside the haw bush,
 And the auld mither's gotten a but and a wee,
 And Mary the lass wi' the blue rolling ees,
 May do what she likes wi' her Johnny ye ken;
 Thro' life, his wife, fu' snug and fu' cheerie,
 Aye ready, and steady, to meet weel or wee,

And never, to sever, but each other's dearie,
Till death gies the word for to Bundle and Go.

DONALD AND MARY.

Young Mary sang wi' love in her e'e,
Beneath the bonny hawthorn tree,
That blooms out o'er yon flowery lee,
Beside the burn sae cheerie, O.

O! whar is gane my ain lad,
My braw lad, my bonny lad,
O! whar is gane my ain lad,
That lo'ed me ever dearly, O.

Young Donald was a bannay lad,
Dress'd in his silk and tartan plaid,
An' aye he made my heart fu' glad,
While aft he kiss'd me cheerie, O.

Fu' trig he was at kirk or fair,
There's nane wi' him I could compare,
An' I was sure aye to be there,
Alang then wi' my dearie, O.

But when my love did pleasing smile,
The sodgers did his heart beguile,
An' tore him frae me mony a mile,
An' gart him le'e his dearie,

But still I'll wait and ne'er repine,
 While fortune still may on me shine,
 An' bring him back to mak him mine,
 An' never leave his dearie, O.

While thus she sang an' made a mane,
 Waefu' sitting a' her lane,
 Her lad unken'd come back again,
 The lad she lo'd sae dearly, O.
 But still she sang, my, &c.

While there he kiss'd her cheery mou,
 Her wonted colour frae her flew,
 An' half o'ercome her Donald knew,
 That lo'ed her ever dearly, O.
 An' then she sang, my, &c.

There many a blush glow'd on her cheek,
 A tear did then her love bespeak,
 An' baith their hearts did fondness beat,
 That each had found their dearie, O.
 Nae mair she sang, my, &c.

An' now behind the hawthorn tree,
 Baith they live frae sorrow free,
 An' never till the day she'll die,
 She'll sing again sae eerie, O.
 O! where is gane, my, &c.

THE WONDERS.

Your laughter I'll try to provoke,
 With the wonders I've got in my travels;
 And first is a pig in a poke,
 Next a law-case without any cavils;
 Tol lol, &c.

A straw poker, a tiffany boat,
 Paper boots to walk dry thro' the ditches;
 A new lignumvitæ great coat,
 Flint waistcoat and pair of glass breeches.
 Tol lol, &c.

A dimity warming pan new,
 Steel night cap, and pair of lawn bellows:
 A yard-wide foot-rule, and then two
 Odd shoes, that belong to odd fellows.
 Tol lol, &c.

China wheelbarrow, earthen-ware gig,
 A book bound in wood with no leaves to't,
 Besides a new velveret wig
 Lin'd with tripe, and a long pair of sleeves to't.
 Tol lol, &c.

A coal-scuttle trim'd with Scottish gauze,
 Tickled crimpets and harricoed muffins;

Tallow stewpan, nankeen chest of drawers:-

Dumb alarm bell to frighten humguffans ;

Tol lol, &c.

Six knives and forks made of red tape,

A patent wash leather poloby ;

A gilt coat with a gingerbread cape,

And lin'd with the best macaroni.

Tol lol, &c.

A plumb-pudding made of linc'd deal,

A pot of mahogany capers ;

A gooseberry pye made of veal,

And stuff'd with two three-corner'd scrapers ;

Tol loo, &c.

Sour cruet sweeten'd well with small coal,

A fricaseed carpenter's mallet ;

A cast iron toad in a hole ;

And a monstrous great hole in the ballad.

Tol lol, &c.

SWEET KITTY O' THE CLYDE.

A Boat danc'd on Clyde's bonny stream,

When winds were rudely blowing,

There sat what might the goddess seem,

Of the waves beneath her flowing ;

But no! a mortal fair was she,
 Surpassing a' beside;
 And youths a' speer'd her choice to be—
 Sweet Kitty o' the Clyde.

I saw the boatman spread a sail,
 And while his dastness noting,
 The boat was upset by the gale,
 I saw sweet Kitty floating.
 I plung'd into the silver wave,
 Wi' Cupid for my guide,
 And thought my heart weel lost to save,
 Sweet Kitty o' the Clyde.

But Kitty is a high-born fair;
 A lowly name I carry,
 Nor can wi' lordly Thanes compare,
 Who woo'd the maid to marry.
 But she na scornfu' looks on me,
 And joy may yet betide,
 For hope dares flatters mine may be,
 Sweet Kitt o' the Clyde

FINIS.