

THE

Ewe-Boughts Marion.

To which are added,

Nobody coming to Marry Me.

THE

MOUNTAIN FLOWER.

Caledonia.

Beneath the Willow Tree.

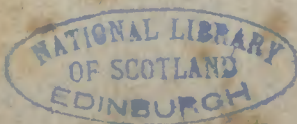
THE MAID OF THE MILL,

THE KING'S ANTHEM.



STIRLING:

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THE EWE-BOUGHTS MARION.

WILL you go to the ewe-boughts Marion;
And wear in the sheep wi' me;
The sun shines sweet my Marion,
But nae half sae sweet as thee.

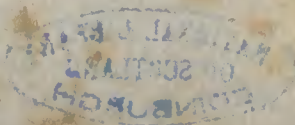
O Marion's a bonny lass,
And the blythe blinks in her eye;
And fain wad I marry Marion,
Gin Marion wad marry me.

I've nine milk ewes my Marion;
A cow and a brawny quey,
I'll gie them a' to my Marion,
Just on her bridle day,

And ee's get a green say apron,
And waistcoat of the London brown,
And wow but ye will be vap'ring,
When ye gang to the town.

I'm young and stout, my Marion
Nane dances like me on the green;
And gin ye forsake me Marion,
I'll e'en gae draw up wi' Jean;

Sae put on your pearlins Marion,
And kirtle of the cransie,



And soon as my chin has nae hair ont,
I shall come west and see ye.

NOBODY COMING TO MARRY ME.

LAST night the dogs did bark,
I went to the gates to see
When every lass had her spark,
but nobody comes to me.

And its O dear what shall become of me!
O dear what shall I do!
Nobody coming to marry me,
nobody coming to woo.

Last time that I went to my prayers,
I pray'd for half a day,
Come cripple, come lame, come blind,
come somebody, take me away.
For its O dear, &c.

My father's a hedger and ditcher,
my mother does nothing but spin;
And I am a handsome young girl,
but the money comes slowly in;
For its O dear, &c.

They say I am beautiful and fair,
they say I am scornful and proud:
Alas! I must now despair,
for ah! I am grown very old.
For its O dear, &c.

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And now I must die an old maid,
O dear, how shocking a thought!
And all my beauty must fade,
but I'm sure it is not my own fault.
For its O dear, &c.

THE MOUNTAIN FLOWER.

My love can boast a sweeter flow'r,
Than can be seen in cultur'd bow'r,
Where gently falls the simmer-show'r,
Upon the opening blossom.
This early flow'r on mountain' side,
Bedecks the slope where streamlets glide,
In haste to meet the ocean's tide,
Which guards its native shore.

I love to seek the Primrose pale,
That bends before the vernal gale,
Which softly breathes along the vale,
When Winter's storm is o'er.
In Primrose pale I sometimes trace,
The sweetness of my Lucy's face;
The tender heart, that stamps the grace,
That blooms when roses wither.

CALADONIA.

Their groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
Where bright-beaming simmer exhale their perfume,

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ar dearer to me yon lone glen o' green brecken,
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang' yellow
broom,
ar dearer to me are yon humble green bowers,
Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk lowly un-
seen,
er there, lightly tripping, among the wild flowers
A-listning the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

ough-rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valley,
And auld Caladonia's blast on the wave;
eir sweet scented woodlands, that skirt the proud
palace,
What are they?—the hunt o' the tyrant and
slave,
e slave spicy forests, and gold bubbling fountains
The brave Caladonian views wi' disdain;
wanders as free as the wind on his mountain,
ave Love's willing fetters—the chains of his Jean

BENEATH THE WILLOW TREE

ke me to your arms, my love,
ken the wind doth blaw;
ke me to your arms, my love,
bitter is my woel,
ears me not, she cates not,
will she list to me;
ere I die in misery,
eath the willow tree.
Willow, willow, willow,
eneath the willow tree:

My love has wealth, has love and beauty,
 the rich attend the door ;
 My love has wealth and beauty,
 and I, alas ! am poor.

The ribbon fair that bound her hair,
 is all that's left to me :

Whilst here I die in misery,
 beneath the willow tree,
 Willow, &c.

I once had gold and silver,
 I thought 'em without end ;

I once had gold and silver,
 and I thought I had a friend :

My wealth is lost, my friend is false,
 my love he stole from me ;

And here I lie in misery,
 beneath the Willow tree.
 Willow, &c.

THE MAID OF THE MILL.

I've talk'd and prattle'd to fifty fair maids,
 And chang'd them as oft, do you see ;
 I've talk'd, &c.

But of all the fair maids that dance on the gr
 The Maid of the Mill for me,
 The Maid of the Mill for me:

There's fifty young men have told me fine t
 And call'd me their fairest she ;
 There's fifty young men, &c.

But of all the gay youths that sport on the green,
Young Harry's the lad for me,
Young Harry's the lad for me.

Her eyes are as black as the sloe in the hedge,
Her cheek like the blossom in May ;
Her eyes, &c.

Her teeth are as white as the new-shorn flock,
Her breath like the new-made hay :
The new-made hay, the new-made hay,
Her breath like the new-made hay.

He's tall and straight, like the poplar tree,
His cheeks are as fresh as a rose ;
He's tall and straight, &c.

He looks like a Squire of high degree,
When dress'd in his Sunday's cloths,
When dress'd in his Sunday's cloths.

With hugging and kissing to church we will go,
And be marry'd and languish no more ;
With hugging and kissing, &c.

The bells they shall ring, and the music shall play,
The Maid of the Mill will ancore,
The Maid of the Mill will ancore.

THE KING'S ANTHEM.

7,

FAME let the trumpet sound,
Tell all the world around,
Great George is King!

Tell Rome, and France, and Spain,
 Britannia scorns their chain;
 All their vile arts are vain:
 Great George is King!

We will his life defend,
 And make his power extend
 Wide as his fame.
 My choicest blessings shed
 On his exalted head,
 And make his foes to dread
 Great George our King.

He peace and plenty brings,
 While Rome's deluded kings
 Waste and destroy,
 Then let his people sing,
 Long live great George our King,
 From whom such blessings spring,
 Freedom and joy.

FINIS.