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THREE EXCELLENT
NEW SONGS,

CALLED,

Peggy Bawn's Courtship

Sweet Sings the Mavis,

AND

The Glasgow Packman.



FALKIRK:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY T. JOHNSTON,

PEGGY BAWN.

A LOVE SONG.

As I went o'er the Highland hills
 to a farmer's house I came,
 The night being late and something wet,
 I ventured into the same;
 Where I became a courtier,
 and a handsome young girl did 'spy
 Who asked me if I had a wife,
 but this I did then deny.

I courted her the whole night long,
 and a while of the next day,
 'Till simply she to me reply'd,
 along with you I'll gae,
 For Ireland is a bonny place,
 and bonny men therein,
 And I will go along with you
 my fortune to begin.

Night being come and supper o'er
 we went to take our rest,
 The goodman to the goodwife said,
 be kind unto your guest;

For this countier is an Irishman,
 an Irishman so brave,
 And if he stays in this country,
 our daughter he shall have.

The day being come, and breakfast o'er
 to the parlour I was ta'en,
 The goodman kindly asked me,
 if I'd marry their daughter Jean:
 An hundred merks I'll gie to thee,
 besides e piece of land,
 But scarcely had he spake these words,
 till I thought on Peggy Bawn.

Your offer sir is very good,
 and I thank you too, said I,
 But I cannot be your son-in-law,
 I'll tell you the reason why:
 My business calls me in great haste,
 I'm the king's messenger bound
 I cannot be your son-in-law,
 till I see Irish ground.

With hat in hand most courtiously
 I took leave of each one,
 Especially of that pretty young girl,
 whose wearied with lying alone.

I bade farewell, and came away,
 but in my mind it ran.
 How blyth and merry were the days
 I spent with Peggy Bawn.

O Peggy Bawn I am thine own,
 my heart lies in your breast;
 And tho' we at a distance are
 I still will love you the best,
 Although we at a distance are
 and seas between us roar,
 I'll constant be dear Peggy Bawn,
 to you for evermore.

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SWEET SINGS THE MAVIS.

How sweet sings the mavis
 among yon green bowers;
 Soft whispers the breeze,
 gently sweeping the dale;
 The bee homeward bending,
 forsakes the rich flowers,
 And the shepherd's soft melody
 floats on the gale.

THE GLASGOW PACKMAN:

JAMES KER, that was a packman bold,
 thro' all the country known,
 Stands in a shop in Glasgow town,
 James Ker doth call his own:
 When he had kept this goodly shop
 a twelvemonth and a day,
 He seiz'd the ellwand valiantly,
 and to himself did say:

What boots it, man! to t'p and thrive,
 all in a shop forlorn?
 I'll hire a horse, I'll spend a pound,
 as sure as I am born!

What time the preachings, like a plague,
 disperse the Glasg'w beaux,
 And flocks of gospel-ministers
 come cawing in like crows:

A gay gelding James Ker has hir'd,
 for which he pays a crown;
 And he that never rode before,
 ariding now is gone.

When o'er the bridge, and furth the town,
 and past the toll, I wot,
 James wav'd his whip aloft in air,
 the horse began to trot.

Blythe o'er the mead
 the milk-maid trips lightly,
 No care-cankered thought
 t'bs her cheek of the rose;
 Contented and gay
 she chants her love-ditty,
 'Tis innocence only
 this blessing bestows.

Around yon neat cottage,
 where wild flowers bloom gaily,
 Soft steals the pure stream
 down its willowy shore;
 There meek-eyed contentment
 has ch' sen her dwelling,
 And Peace, softly smiling,
 reclines at the door.

How sweet from the dangers
 of life's stormy ocean
 Secure in this haven
 of peace to repose,
 To taste the pure pleasure,
 the heart-felt emotion,
 That innocence, innocence,
 only bestows.

Tramp, tramp, along the road he speeds,
the sparkling pebbles fly!

Huzza! James Ker can ride apace!

Ah! why dost bump so high?

And now, a village, calm and fair,
fast rises to the view;

With dogs and cats, and wives at doors:

Says James, What shall I do!

The wives did stare, the dogs did bark,
the cats astounded fled,

James scarce could fit the saddle-tree,
nor dar'd to turn his head.

A churlish cur, a terrier fierce,
with hideous bark and bay,

Pursu'd the horse's trotting heels;

James damn'd the dog away.

But still it ran, and bark'd, and bay'd,
the wives began to shout;

James rous'd his heart, and whipt behind;
he could not look about.

Sometimes the lash it bit the horse,
and faster on went he;

Sometimes the dog it touch'd-- Says James,
What shall become of me!

At length to desperation rais'd,
 he lashes with effect;
 The whipstring, with a manful smack,
 knots round the terrier's neck
 Well done, well done, we true he's name
 o' the godless Glasgow gang;
 But a player loop from London come,
 the dog, the dog he'll hang.

And hang'd he was and dragg'd by James
 triumphant through the town;
 And still the village wives proclaim
 the rider lawn's renown.
 So may ye see that praise and fame
 still wait up'n success;
 Good luck with fine, than slight of art,
 is neither more nor less.

Now let us sing, Long live the King,
 and may he, like James Ker,
 Ride forth, and at his whipstring end
 drag Nap the Terrier.

F I N I S.

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