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TIBBY FOWLER.

Up in the morning early.

THE THORN.

DONNOCHT-HEAD.

Fareweel to Whisky.



GLASGOW:

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

TIBBIE FOWLER.

Tibbie Fowler o' the glen,
There's o'er monie wooin at her,
Tibbie Fowler o' the glen,
There's o'er monie wooin at her.
Wooin at her; pu'in at her,
Courtin at her, canna get her;
Filthy elf, its for her pelf,
That a' the lads are wooin at her.

Ten cam east, and ten cam west,
Ten cam rowin o'er the water;
Twa cam down the lang-dyke side,
There's twa and thirty wooin at her.
Wooin at her, &c.

There's seven but, and seven ben,
Seven in the pantry wi' her;
Twenty head about the door,
There's ane-and-forty wooin at her.
Wooin at her, &c.

She's got pendles in her lugs,
Cockle shells wad set her better;

High-heel'd shoon and siller tags,
 And a' the lads are wocin at her.
 Wocin at her, &c.

Be a lassie e'er sae black,
 An' she hae the name o' siller,
 Set her upo' Tintoc-tap,
 The wind will blaw a man till her.
 Wocin at her, &c.

Be a lassie e'er sae fair,
 An' she want the pennie siller,
 A flie may fell her in the air,
 Before a man be even till her.
 Wocin at her, &c.

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

Cauld blaws the win' frae north to south
 And drift is driving sairly;
 The sheep are cowering i' the heugh,
 O sirs! it's winter fairly.
 Now up in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning early;
 I'd rather gang supperless to my bed,
 Than rise in the morning early.

Bude rairs the blast amang the woods,
 The branches tirlin barely;
 Amang the chinney-taps it thuds,
 And frost is nippin sairly.

Now up in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning early;
 To sit a' night I'd rather agree,
 Than rise in the morning early.

The sun peeps o'er yon southland hill,
 Like ony timorous carlie;
 Just blinks a wee, then sinks again,
 And that we find severly.

Now up in morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning early;
 When snaw blaws into the chimley
 cheek,
 Wha'd rise in the morning early.

Nae linties lilt on hedge or bush,
 Poor things, they suffer sairly;
 In cauldrie quarters a' the night,
 A' day they feed but sparely.

Now up in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning early;
 No fate can be waur, in winter time,
 Than rise in the morning early.

A cosey house, and cantie wife,
 Keeps ay a body cheerly;
 And pantry stow'd wi' meal and maut,
 It answers unco rarely.
 But up in the morning, na, na, na,
 Up in the morning early;
 The gowans maun glent on bank and
 brae,
 When I rise in the morning early.

THE THORN.

From the white-blossom'd sloe my dear
 Chloe requested,
 A sprig her fair breast to adorn:
 No, by heaven! I exclaim'd, may I pe-
 rish,
 If ever I plant in that bosom a thorn.
 Then I show'd her a ring, and implor'd
 her to marry,
 She blush'd like the dawning of morn;
 Yes, I'll consent, she reply'd, if you'll
 promise,
 That no jealous rival shall laugh me
 to scorn.
 No, by heaven! &c.

DONNOCHT-HEAD.

Keen blows the wind o'er Donnocht-
 Head,
 The snaw drives snellie thro' the dale;
 The Gaberlunzie tirls my sneek,
 And, shivering, tells his wae fu' tale.

Cauld is the night, O let me in,
 And dinna let your minstrel fa';
 And dinna let his winding sheet
 Be naething but a wreath o' snaw.

Full ninety winters hae I seen, (flew;
 And pip'd whar gor-cocks whirring
 And mow-a-day ye've dauc'd I ween,
 To lilt, which from my drone I blew.

My Eppie wak'd, and soon she criet,
 Get up, gudeman, and let him in;
 For weel ye ken the winter nights
 Seem'd short when he began his din.

My Eppie's voice, O woe, it's sweet,
 E'en tho' she bans and scaulds a wee;
 But when it's tun'd to sorrow's tale,
 O, hain, it's doubly dear to me.

Come in, auld carle, I'll steer my fire,
 I'll mak it bleeze a bonnie flame,
 Your bluid is thin, ye've tint the gate,
 Ye should na stray sae far frae hame.

Nae hame hae I, the minstrel said,
 Sad party-strife o'erturn'd my ha';
 And, weeping, at the eve of life,
 I wander thro' a wreath o' snaw.

FAREWHEEL TO WHISKY.

You've surely heard o' famous Neil,
 The man that play'd the fiddle weel,
 I wat he was a canty chiel,
 And dearly lo'ed the whisky, O.
 And ay since he wore tartan hose,
 He dearly lo'ed the Athol brose,
 And wae he was, you may suppose,
 To play fareweel to whisky, O.

Alake, quoth Neil, I'm frail and auld,
 I find my bluid growing unco cauld,
 I think 'twad mak me blythe and bauld
 A wee drap Highland whisky, O.
 And yet the doctors a' agree,
 That whisky's no the thing for me;

Saul! quoth Neil, they'll spoil my glee,
Should they part me and whisky, O.

Tho' I can get baith wine and ale,
And find my head and fingers hale,
I'll be content, tho' legs should fail,
To play fareweel to whisky, O.

But still I think on auld langsyne,
When Paradise our friends d:ll tyne,
Because something ran in their min',
Forbid, like Highland whisky, O.

Come a' ye pow'rs o' Music, come,
I find my heart grows unco glum,
My fiddle strings will no play bium,
To say fareweel to whisky, O.

I'll tak my fiddle in my hand, (stand,
And screw the strings up while they
To mak a lamentation grand,
On gude auld Highland whisky, O.

FINIS