

THE
RIGS O' BARLEY.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

The Bush aboon Traquair.

Charlie's my Darling.

OSCAR'S GHOST.

THE PITCHER.



STIRLING:

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THE
RIGS O' BARLEY.

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It was upon a Lammas night,

When corn rigs are bonny,
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,

I held awa to Annie:

The time flew by wi' tentless heed

Till 'tween the late and early;

Wi' sma' persuasions she agreed,

To see me thro' the barley.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,

The moon was shinin' clearly;

I set her down, wi' right guid will,

Amang the rigs o' barley:

I kent her heart was a' my ain;

Y' lov'd her most sincerely;

I kiss'd her owre and owre again,

Amang the rigs o' barley.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace,

Her heart was beating rarely;

My blessings on that happy place,

Amang the rigs o' barley!

But by the moon and stars sae bright,

That shone that hour so clearly,

She ay shall bless that happy night,

Amang the rigs o' barley!

I ha'e been blythe wi' comrades dear;
 I hae been merry drinkin'
 I hae been joyfu' gath'ring gear,
 I hae been happy thinkin':
 But a the pleasures e'er I saw,
 Tho' three times doubled fairly,
 That happy night was worth them a',
 Among the rigs o' barley.

CHORUS.

Corn rigs, and barley rigs,
 And corn rigs are bonny:
 I'll ne'er forget the happy night,
 Among the rigs wi' Annie.

THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

HEAR me ye nymphs and every swain,
 I'll tell how Peggy grieves me,
 Though this I languish, this complain,
 alas she ne'er believes me!
 My vows and ighs like silent air,
 unheaded never move her,
 At the bonny bush aboon Traquair,
 'twas there I first did love her,
 That day she smil'd and made me glad;
 no maid seem'd ever kinder,
 I thought myself the luckiest lad,
 so sweetly there to find her.

I try'd to soothe my am'rous flame,
 in words that I thought tender,
 I more than pass'd I'm not to blame;
 I mean not to offend her:

Yet now she scornful flees the plain,
 the fields we then frequented,
 Where'er she meets she shows disdain,
 she looks as ne'er acquainted.
 The bonny bush bloom'd fair in May,
 its sweets I'll ay remember,
 But now her sweets makes it decay,
 it fades as in December.

Ye rural powers who hear my strains,
 why thus should Peggy grieve me,
 Oh! make her partners in my pains,
 then ether smiles relieve me.

If not, my love will turn despair,
 my passion no more tender;
 I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair,
 to lonely woods I'll wander,

CHARLIE'S MY DARLING

It was on a Mondays-morning,
 right early in the year,
 That Charlie he came to this town,
 recruiting Granadiers

And Charlie he's my darling,
 My darling, my darling,

And Charlie he's my darling,
The young Chevalier.

As he came walking up the street,
The City for to view,

He spy'd a maiden young and sweet,
at a widow looking thro',
And Charlie, &c.

She said, My Father's gone abroad,
my mother's not at home,
You're welcome here, dear Charlie,
'twas you I thought upon.
And Charlie, &c.

Oh he has ta'en his bonny lass,
and set her on his knee:
Said she, I know, my bonny lad,
you are in love with me.
And Charlie, &c.

He took her into his arms,
all in his highland dress,
And gave her many a clap and kiss,
which pleas'd the bonny lass.
And Charlie, &c.

Then he took out a purse of gold,
it was aa long's his arm,
Here, take you that, dear Jenny,
it will do you no harm.
And Charlie, &c.

It's up the rosy mountain,
 let them say what they will,
 And if we dare not milk the cow,
 we will be milking still.

And Charlie, &c.

O Charlie he's a handsome youth,
 for him I'll leave my Dad,
 He is a jewel in mine,

my bonny highland lad,

And Charlie, &c.

And in her best her herself she dress'd,
 most comonly to be seen,
 And for to meet her own true-love
 she's gone to Aberdeen.

And Charlie, &c.

But when she came to Aberdeen,
 this bonny lowland lass,

There she found that her true-love,

was gone to Inverness.

And Charlie, &c.

But when she came Inverness,
 she curs'd the day and hour,
 That her true love was forc'd to flee,
 and leave Culoden-moor,

And Charlie, &c.

Now he is gone and left me,

I'm forc'd to lie alone;

I'll never have another lad,

till my true-love comes home.

And Charlie, &c.

I were free at liberty,
 and all things at my will,
 Over the sea I soon would be,
 for I vow I love him still
 And Charlie, &c.

And now my song is ended,
 of the young Chevalier,
 How Charlie he came to this town,
 and got a volunteer.
 O Charlie he's my darling,
 My darling, my darling,
 O Charlie he's my darling,
 The young Chevalier.

OSCAR'S GHOST.

Tune, Roslin-Castle.

O! See that form that faintly gleams,
 It's Oscar come to cheer my dreams;
 On wings of wind he flies away;
 O! stay my lovely Oscar, stay,
 Wake Ossian, last of Fingal's line;
 And mix thy tears and sighs with mine:
 Awake the harp to doleful lays,
 And sooth my soul with Oscar's praise.

THE PITCHER.

It's not yet day, it' not yet day,
 then why should we leave good liquor,

Till the sun beams around us play,
 we'll sit and take another pitcher,
 The silver moon she shines so bright,
 she shines most bright—I swear by Nature,
 That if my minute-glass goes right,
 we've time to drink the other pitcher.

It's not yet day, &c.

They tell me if I'd work all day,
 and sleep by night, I'd grow the richer,
 But what is all this world's delight,
 compar'd with mirth, my friend & pitcher.
 It's not yet day, it's not yet day,
 then why should we leave good liquor,
 'Till the sun beams around us play,
 we'll sit and take the other pitcher.

It's not yet day, &c.

They tell me Tom has got a wife,
 whose portion will make him the richer,
 I envy not his happy life,
 give me good health, my friend & pitcher.
 It's not yet day, it's not yet day,
 then why should we leave good liquor,
 'Till the sun beams around us play,
 we'll sit and take the other pitcher.

It's not yet day, &c.

FINIS

THE PITCHER

It's not yet day, it's not yet day,
 then why should we leave good liquor,