

# Bonny Bell,

*A Love Song,*

To which are added,

## The Brave Sailor,

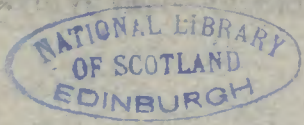
## Buxom bonny Willie,

## Bonny Betsy Taylor,

## The Highland Laddie.



Falkirk, Printed in the Year 1823.



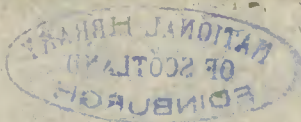
(2)  
Bonny Bell

BONNY BELL.

In fair Edina dwelt a maid,  
not of high birth, nor low;  
'Tis not material when, I trow,  
but tis not long ago.  
Howe'er this lass of lasses was  
much for her beauty fam'd;  
Each foppling that could read or write,  
her praise in verse proclaim'd.

CHORUS:  
This Maid she was a virgin fair,  
none could her charms excel!  
No rose on Sharon's vale could e'er  
compare with bonny Bell!

For her full long did Strephon whine,  
for her he rack'd his breast;  
But no fond flatterer could engage  
this Helen of the west.  
Ignaro next the fair address'd,  
he too a passion feign'd;  
Flutus in vain did urge his suit,  
but both the maid disdain'd.



At last grave Damon made his suit,  
 she listen'd to his tale;  
 He pled a genuine virtuous love,  
 and virtue did prevail  
 The choice approv'd, to lend his aid,  
 Thalius did not fail;  
 Each vale re sounded with the praise  
 of Damon and his Bell.

[This Maid, &c.]

BRITOM BOMBY WILLK.

THE BRAVE SAILOR.

Ye gallant souls, who beat so high,  
 with British glory in each vein;  
 From his example learn to die,  
 whose honour never knew one stain.  
 At break of day two sail appear'd,  
 and on the larboard-quarter stood;  
 For action straight the decks were clear'd,  
 which soon, alas! were dy'd with blood.  
 My friend maintain'd the unequal fight,  
 till bringing all his guns to bear,

With red-hot balls their thunder freight,  
and up one Frenchman blew in air!

The other struck her colours now,  
but, ah! too late his life to save,  
For e'er the hostile flag was low,  
a shot had mark'd him for the grave.



BUXOM BONNY WILLIE.

WHEN fragrant bloom of yellow broom  
delights our lads and lasses,  
O'er yellow broom in beauty's bloom  
my Will all lads surpasses!

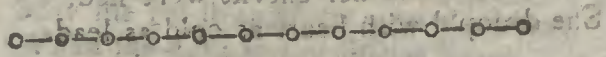
Wi' Willie then I'll o'er the braes,  
I'll o'er the braes wi' Willie;  
Wi' Willie then I'll o'er the braes,  
I'll o'er the braes wi' Willie,  
From morn to eve I'll sing the praise  
of buxom bony Willie  
Willy, Willy, Willy,  
From morn to eve I'll sing the praise  
of buxom bonny Willy.

( 5 P )

Reclin'd by Tray at noon-tide day,  
 we'll put the daily pretty;  
 The live-ing day we'll kiss and play,  
 or sing some loving ditty.

Willy Willie then, &c.  
 Now blith and gay at setting day,  
 gif neither dinner hinder;  
 I'll sing and play wi' Willy gay,  
 for we'll wa'n'er shall finder.

Willy Willie then, &c.



**BONNY BETSY TAYLOR:**

In Hygate, as I now do tell,  
 One Betsy Taylor there did dwell,  
 Who was a beauty of renown,  
 But now her roses are pull'd down,  
 With Mr. Hooker she did reside,  
 A young man wish'd her for his bride:  
 They fix'd upon the wedding day,  
 But all their joys are fled away.

Her brother was a wicked blade,  
This poor young girl he did persuade  
To rob her Master—wicked deed!  
Which made her tender heart to bleed.

Two hundred pounds in goods they stole,  
O now have mercy on their soul!  
For they were taken and cast to die,  
And in the dreadful cells they lie!

When at the bar this fair maid stood,  
The tears ran down just like a flood,  
The roses from her cheeks were fled,  
She droop'd with heart as cold as lead—

When to the bar, poor soul, was brought,  
For mercy on her knees she sought,  
The Judge unto her then did cry,  
There is no help, for you must die.

When from the bar they did her take,  
With grief her heart was like to break,  
Her sweetheart he was in the Court,  
His dearest girl for to support.

When back to prison they did go,  
And they must part—O fatal woe!  
The scene of grief no tongue can tell,  
When she was led into the cell.

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With aching heart, the crowdors lie,  
Until the day that she must die;  
When dress'd in white from top to toe,  
To meet her fate this maid will go.

So maidens now take warning all,  
Reflect upon her wretched fall,  
And when you hear the dead bell toll,  
Fall on your knees, pray for her soul.

O! by her death a warning take,  
Before with you it be too late;  
May she get strength to meet the blow,  
When she sinks to the shades below.

**BONIE HIGHLAND LADDIE.**

The boniest lad that e'er I saw,  
Bonie laddie, Highland laddie,  
Wore a plaid, and was su' braw,  
Bonie Highland laddie.  
On his head a bonnet blue,  
Bonie laddie, Highland laddie,  
His loyal heart was firm and true,  
Bonie Highland laddie.

Trumpets sound, and cannons roar,  
 Bonie laddie, Lowland laddie;  
 And at the hills wi' echoes roar,  
 Bonie Lowland laddie.  
 Glory, honour, now invite,  
 Bonie laddie, Lowland laddie;  
 For freedom and my King to fight,  
 Bonie Lowland laddie.  
 The sun a backward course shall take,  
 Bonie laddie, Highland laddie;  
 Ere ought thy manly courage shake,  
 Bonie Highland laddie.  
 Gae for yourself procure renown,  
 Bonie laddie, Highland laddie;  
 And for your lawful King his crown,  
 Bonie Highland laddie.

The bonie laddie, Highland laddie,  
 Bonie laddie, Highland laddie,  
 Wore a shield, and was his brow,  
 Bonie Highland laddie.  
 On his head a bonnet blue,  
 Bonie laddie, Highland laddie,  
 His loyal heart was firm and true,  
 Bonie Highland laddie.