

THE
Bonny Lass
OF
BANAPHIE.

And, Hap me wi' thy Petticoat.



FALKIRK—Printed by T. JOHNSTON—1810.

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THE

BONNY LASS OF BANAPHIE.

TUNE—*The Gallant Grahams.*

ONCE I loved a Lady fair,
She was a beauty I declare,
The only flower of the North Countrie,
The bonny lass of Banaphie.

She being heiress of houses and land,
And I alone a poor farmer's son,
It was her birth and high degree
That parted my true love and me.

I lov'd this Lady in my heart,
Against our wills it was to part,
For she ador'd me as her life,
In private we were man and wife.

Great Knights & 'Squires a-courting came
Unto this fair and lovely dame,
But all their offers prov'd in vain,
For none her favour could obtain.

But when her father came to know
How that I lov'd his daughter so,
He, Judas-like, betrayed me,
For keeping of her company.

It was at Aulrain that I was ta'en
A prisoner for Lady Jean ;
In fetters strong then I was bonnd,
And carried into Aberdeen.

It's not their frowns that I do mind,
Nor yet the way that I have to go,
But love has pierc'd my tender heart,
And alas ! it's brought me very low.

I was embarked at the shore,
Never to see my native shore,
In Germany a Soldier to be,
All for the Lass of Banaphie.

But when I was upon the Seas,
I ne'er could take one moment's ease,
For she was daily in my mind,
The bonny Lass I left behind.

But when I arriv'd in foreign lan',
From my true love a letter came,

With her respect in each degree,
Sign'd by the Lass of Banaphie.

The answer which to her I sent,
It never to my true love went;
Her cruel father told her then
That I abroad was surely slain.

Which griev'd this maiden's heart full
sore,

To think that we should ne'er meet more,
This caus'd her weep most bitterly,
Those tidings from High Germany.

O daughter dear thy tears refrain,
To weep for him it is in vain,
I have a better match for thee,
To enjoy the lands of Banaphie.

He was the husband of my youth,
In pledge he had my faith and truth;
I've made a vow I'll with none,
Since my true love is dead and gone.

On ev'ry finger she put a ring,
On her mid-finger she put three,
And she's away to High Germany
In hopes her true love for to see.

O she's put on her robes of green,
 Which was most lovely to be seen;
 O had he been a crowned King
 This fair Lady might been his Queen.

But when she came to High Germany,
 By fortune there her love did see,
 Upon a lofty rampart wall,
 As he was standing sentrie.

O were my love in this country,
 O I could swear that you wzs she;
 For there's not a face in High Germany,
 So like the Lass of Banaphie.

The first she met was the Colonel then,
 And he address'd her most courteously,
 From whence she came, and where she
 was born,

Her name, and from what country?

From fair Scotland, she said, I came,
 In hopes my true love-for to see;
 For now I hear he's a Grenadier,
 Into your Lordship's companie.

What's thy love's name, thou comely
 dame,

O Lady fair come tell me then,
For it's a pity thy love should be
In the station of a single man.

O William Graham is my love's name,
All these hardships he suffers for me;
But if it should cost me thousands ten,
A single man no more he's be.

Young Billy Graham was called then,
His own true love once more to see;
But when he saw her well-far'd face,
O the salt tears did blind his e'e.
You're welcome here my dearest dear,
You're thrice welcome here unto me;
For there's not a face so full of grace
Not in the land of Germanie.

With kisses sweet those lovers did meet
Most joyfully, as I am told;
She's chang'd his dress from worsted lace
To crimson scarlet trimm'd with gold.

But when her cruel father found
His daughter she abroad was gone,
He sent a letter on express,
'Twas to call these two lovers home.

Bat waking, think what I endure,
while cruel you decline.

Those pleasures, which can only cure
this panting breast of mine.

I faint, I fail, and wildly rove,
because you still deny

The just reward that's due to love,
and let true passion die.

Oh! turn and let compassion seize
that lovely breast of thine;

Thy petticoat would give me ease,
if thou and it were mine.

Sure Heaven has fitted for delight
that beauteous form of thine,

And thou'rt too good its law to slight,
by hind'ring the design:

May all the powers of love agree
at length to make thee mine,

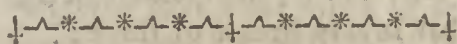
Or loose my chains and set me free
from ev'ry charm of thine.

F I N I S.

Falkirk—T. Johnston, Printers.

To him he gavé a free discharge,
 All for the sake of Lady Jeod;
 And now we hear he's a wealthy 'Squire,
 Into the Shire of Aberdeen.

O now behold how fortune turns
 Her father's rage to unity!
 And now he lives in sweet content
 With the bonny Lass of Bahaphie.



HAP ME WITH THY PETTICOAT.

O BELL thy looks have kill'd my heart,
 I pass the day in pain!
 When night returns I feel the smart,
 and wish for thee in vain;
 I'm starving cold, while thou art warm;
 have pity and incline,
 And grant me for a hap that charm-
 ing petticoat of thine.

My ravish'd fancy in amaze
 still wanders o'er thy charms,
 Delusive dreams ten thousand ways
 present thee to my arms!