

The Jovial Rantin' HIGHLANDMAN.

To which are added,

Yougal Harbour:

OR,

PRETTY NANCY of CAPPERQUIN.

My ain Dear Jean.

Logan-Braes & Answer.

AND

Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch.



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THE
RANTIN' HIGHLANDMAN.

At morn, last owk, as I gade out,
to slit a tether'd ewe and lamb,
I met (as skiffin o'er the green)
a jolly rantin' Highlandman:
His thape was neat, wi' features sweet,
and ilka smile my favour wan;
I ne'er had teen sae braw a lad
as this young rantin' Highlandman.

He said, my dear, how came ye here
sae early through the fields to gang?
Wad ye but gang along wi' me,
an' wed a rantin' Highlandman,
In simmer days, on flowery braes,
when frisky is the ewe an' lamb,
I'll row ye in my tartan plaid,
syne be your rantin' Highlandman.

With hether-bells that finely smells,
I'll deck your hair sae lair an' lang,
If ye'll consent to scour the bent
wi' me, a rantin' Highlandman:
We'll big a cot, an' buy a flock,
I'll do the best that e'er we can;
Then come, my dear, ye needna fear
to trust a rantin' Highlandman.

Tho' Cupid's dart had struck my heart,
 and fain I wad a gi'en my han',
 Yet durstna, lest my mither shou'd
 dislike a rantin' Highlandman:
 But I expect that he'll come back,
 then tho' my kin wad swear an' ban,
 I'll o'er the hill, or where he will,
 wi' my young rantin' Highlandman.

YOUNGAL HARBOUR;

OR,

Pretty Nancy of Capperquin.

I being on my rambles on a summer's morning,
 early as the day did dawn,
 And Sol appear'd in his pomp and glory,
 I took my way thro' a pleasant lawn:
 The pinks and roses were sweetly blowing,
 and linnets warbling in each shade,
 I being alarmed by a killing charmer,
 near Youngal-Harbour, I met this maid.
 Her aspect pleasing, her smiles engaging,
 I thought she really would attract my mind;
 As I view'd each feature, I thought on the fair
 that in Rathangan I had left behind.

Her glancing eyes being most surprizing.
 Oh! I think, young man, I saw you before
 Here, in your absence, in grief I languish,
 My dear, you re welcome to me once more.
 You know, kind sir, that you once deceived,
 when of me you had got your will;
 You're now returned, I will cease to mourn,
 your promise now you do fulfil;
 And a darling boy for you, I'm rearing,
 as in your travels you have ever seen.
 So if you agree, and come home with me,
 we will live happy in Capperquin.

Oh! no, fair maiden, I must tell you plainly,
 here to remain I will not agree;
 It was your parents that did disdain me,
 which made me first quit this country.
 Don't you remember that day we sported,
 by yon shady arbour, on a pleasant green?
 It was there you told me I should get your
 portion,
 with a handsome farm near Capperquin.

But when your father would not receive me,
 O then to Leitrim I did repair,
 And then fell a-courting another fair one,
 in sweet Rathangan, nigh to Kiidare:
 It's to her I'll go and leave off roving,
 as her favours I'm in hopes to win;
 And ever more will her adore:
 so farewell Nancy of Capperquin.

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MY AIN DEAR JEAN,

Love will enter in, where it dare not well
be seen;

And love will enter in, where wisdom once
has been,

But I will down yon river, O,
Among the leaves so green,
And it's a' to pu' a posy to my ain dear Jean.

I'll pull the blooming rose, the beauty of
the year,
And I will pu' the pink, the emblem of my dear,
For she's the pink of women kind,
We will her ay exten',
And it's a' to pu' a posy to my ain kind Jean.

The lily it is white, and the lily it is fair,
Along her loving bosom I'll place a lily there!
The hyathint for constancy,
So sweet and lovely seen,
And it's a' to make a posy to my ain dear Jean.

I'll pull the blooming rose-white, it glitters
on the dew;
It's like a balmy kiss upon her bonny mou';
For the hyathint for constancy,
So sweet and smiling been,
And it's a' to make a posy for my ain dear Jean.

Ill tie the posy round, with a silken cord
 of love,
 And place it on the bosom of my sweet lovely
 Unto my latest breath of life, (dove;
 This band shall av remain,
 A posy of sincere regard for my ain dear Jean.

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LOGAN-BRAES.

[BY R. BURNS.]

By Logan-streams that run fae deep,
 Fu' aft wi' glee I've herded sheep,
 Herded sheep and gather'd slaes,
 Wi' my dear lad on Logan-braes.
 But, wad's my heart, these days are gane,
 And I, with grief, may herd alane,
 While my dear lad maun face his faes,
 Far, far from me on Logan-braes.

Nae mair at Logan Kirk will he
 Atween the preachings meet wi' me—
 Meet wi' me, and when it's mirk,
 Convoy me hame frae Logan-Kirk.
 Well may I sing these days are gane,
 Frae kirk or fair I come alane;
 While my dear lad maun face his faes,
 Far, far frae me, on Logan-braes.

THE ANSWER.

Ye Nymph that sat on Logan-plains,
 And did sing in so mournful strains,
 There's news in town your heart will raise,
 An' mak' you blythe on Logan-braes!
 The French have come to peacefu' terms,
 An' Britain's laying down her arms,
 An' your brave lad has chang'd his claes,
 An' s coming hame to Logan-braes:

Resolv'd hereafter to abide
 With you, at hame, by Logan side,
 To herd the sheep, an' gather slaes,
 An' cheer his lass on Logan braes:
 Sae now be blythe, ye'll comē nae mair
 Alane frae either kirk or fair,
 But wi' your lad, in lo'esome gaze,
 Will pass the time on Logan-braes.

Nae mair you'll need to herd your lane,
 Since your dear lass is now come hame;
 Nae mair he'll need to face his face,
 Or stay from thee or Logan-braes.
 Now Logan streams will run sae sweet,
 They'll fill your heart with joy complete,
 When your dear lad will crown with bays
 His bonny lass on Logan-braes.

Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch.

Roy's wife, of Aldivalloch,

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,

What ye how she cheated me.

As I came o'er the braes o' Balloch?

She vow'd she swore she wad be mine;

She said she lo'd me best of ony;

But oh! the fickle, faithless, quean,

she's ta'en the Carl, and left her Johnie.

O she was a canty quean,

and weel cou'd dance the Highland walloch;

How happy I, had she been mine,

or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch!

Roy's wife, &c.

Her hair fae fair, her een fae clear,

her wee bit mou so sweet and bonny!

To me she ever will be dear,

tho' she's for ever left her Johnie.

Roy's wife, &c.

R. H. N. I. S.