

SONGS.

WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

WILLIAM AND MARGARET;

ITY THE LADS THAT ARE FREE;

JANET AN' ME;

YOUNG WILLIE THE PLOUGHMAN,

AND

BRUCE'S LINES.



BRECHIN:

PRINTED FOR ALEXANDER BLACK, BOOK-SELLER.

1834.

WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

WHEN all was wrapt in dark midnight,
And all were fast asleep,
In glided Marg'ret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet,
Her face was like the April morn,
Clad in a wint'ry cloud;
And clay-cold was her lily hand,
That held the sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown—
Such is the robe that kings must wear,
When death hath reft their crown.
Her bloom was like the springing flow'r,
That sips the silver dew;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
And opening to the view.

But love had like the canker-worm,
Consum'd her early prime;
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek;
She dy'd before her time.
Awake, she cry'd, thy true-love calls,
Come from her midnight grave,
Now let they pity hear the maid,
Thy love refus'd to save.

This it the dark and fearful hour,
When injur'd ghosts complain;
Now dreary graves give up their dead,
To haunt the faithless swain.
Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath;
And give me back my maiden-vow,
And give me back my troth.

How could you say my face was fair,
 And yet that face forsake?
 How could you win my virgin heart,
 Yet leave that heart to break?
 How could you promise love to me,
 And not that promise keep?
 Why did you swear mine eyes were bright,
 Yet leave those eyes to weep?

How could you say my lip was sweet,
 And made the scarlet pale?
 And why did I, young witless maid,
 Believe the flatt'ring tale?
 That face, alas! no more is fair;
 That lip no longer red;
 Dark are mine eyes, now clos'd in death,
 And ev'ry charm is fled.

The hungry worm my sister is,
 This winding-sheet I wear:
 And cold and weary lasts our night,
 'Till that last morn appear.
 But hark! the cock has warn'd me hence:
 A long and last adieu:
 Come see, false man, how low she lies,
 That dy'd for love of you.

Now birds did sing, and morning smile,
 And shew her glistening head;
 Pale William shook in ev'ry limb,
 Then raving left his bed.
 He hy'd him to the fatal place
 Where Marg'ret's body lay,
 And stretch'd him on the green grass turf,
 That wrapt her breathless clay.

And thrice he call'd on Marg'ret's name,
 And thrice he wept full sore;
 Then laid his cheek to the cold earth,
 And word spake never more,

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FIFTY THE LADS THAT ARE FREE.

Pity the lads that are free,
Pity the chieles that are single;
For gude sake! tak pity on me,
I'm teased night an' day wi' Jean Pringle.
For lasses I carena a preen,
My heart's my ain an' I'm cheery,
An', wér't nae for that cutty Jean,
I'd sleep as soun' as a peerie!

What's beauty?—it a' lies in taste!
For nane o't wad I gie a bodle!
But hers, hauntin' me like a ghaist,
Is whiles like to turn my noddle!
She's wooers—but what's that to me?
They're wELCOME to dance a' about her;
Yet I like na her smilin' sae slée
To lang Sandy Lingles the souter!

Yestreen I cam in frae the plew,
The lasses were a' busy spinnin';
I stouter'd as if I'd been fou,
For Jeanie a sang was beginnin'.
I hae heard fifty maids sing,
Whiles ane an' whiles a' thegither;
But nane did the starting tears bring
Till she sung the "Braes of Balquhither."

Last Sunday, when gaun to the kirk,
I met wi' my auld aunty Beenie;
I looked as stupid's a stirk
When simply she said—"How is Jeanie?"
An' at e'en, when I, wi' the rest,
Was carrichted baith Larger an' Single,
When speered—Wham we suld like best?
I stammered out—"Young Jeanie Pringle!"

Last euk I gaed in to the fair,
 To wair out my Hallowmas guinea;
 When wha suld I fa' in wi' there
 A' dirket out finely—but Jeanie;
 I couldna gang by her for shame,
 I couldna but speak else be sauncy;
 Sae I had to exfer her hame,
 An' buy a silk snood to the lassie.

It's no but she's baith gude an' fair,
 It's no but she's winsome an' bonnie;
 Her een, glancing 'neath gowden hair,
 Are brighter, I daursay, than ony.
 But pawkie een's naething to me,
 Of gowd locks I want nae the straikin';
 Folk speak about love—but they'll see,
 For ance, by my faith! they're mistaken.

I promised the lasses a spree,
 I promised the lads a paradin',
 I canna weel hae't—let me see—
 Unless I get up a bit waddin'.
 I think I'll send ower for the clark,
 He might cry us out the neist Sunday;
 It's winter—we're nae thrang at wark,
 Sae I think I'll just marry 'gus Monday!

JANET AN' ME.

O, wha are sae happy as me an' my Janet?
 O, wha are sae happy as Janet an' me?
 We'er baith turning auld, an' our wealth is soon tauld;
 But contentment ye'll find in our cottage sae wee.
 She spins the lang day when I'm out wi' the owsen,
 She croons i' the house while I sing at the plough;
 And aye her blythe smile walcomes me frae my toil,
 As up the lang glen I come wearied, I trow!

When I'm at the beuk she is mending the cleadin',
 She's darnin' the stockings when I sole the shoon;
 Our cracks keeps us cheery—we work till we're weary,
 An' syne we sup sowans, when ance we are done.
 She's bakin a scone while I'm smokin' my cutty,
 When I'm i' the stable she's milkin' the kye;
 I envy not kings, when the gloamin' time brings
 The canty fireside to my Janet an' I!

Aboon our auld heads we've a decent clay biggin',
 That keeps out the cauld when the simmer's awa;
 We've twa wabs o' linen o' Janet's ain spinnin',
 As thick as dog-lugs, an' as white as the snaw!
 We've a kebbuck or twa, an' some meal i' the girdel,
 You sow is our ain that plays grumph at the door;
 An' *something*, I've guess'd, 's in yon auld painted kist,
 That Janet, fell bodie, 's laid up to the fore!

Nae doubt, we have haen our ain sorrows and troubles,
 Aften times pouches toom, an' hearts fu' o' care;
 But still, wi' our crosses, our sorrows an' losses,
 Contentment, be thankit, has aye been our share!
 I've an auld roosty sword, that was left by my father
 Whilk ne'er shall be drawn till our king has a fae;
 We hae friends ane or twa, that aft gie us a ca',
 To laugh when we're happy, or grieve when we're wae

The laird may hae gowd mair than schoolmen can reckon,
 An' flunkies to watch ilka glance o' his e'e;
 His lady, aye braw, may sit in her ha',
 But are they mair happy than Janet an' me?
 A' ye, wha ne'er ken't the straught road to be happy,
 Wha are na content wi' the lot that that ye dree,
 Come down to the dwallin' of whilk I've been tellin'
 Ye'se learn't by lookin' at Janet an' me

YOUNG WILLIE THE PLOUGHMAN.

YOUNG Willie, the ploughman, has nae land nor siller;

An' yet the blythe callant's as crouse as a king;

He courts his ain lass, an' he sings a sang till her,

Tak tent an' ye'se hear what the laddie does sing:—

“ O! Jenny, to tell that I loe you 'fore ony,

Wad need finer words than I've gatten to tell!

Nor need I say to you, ye're winsome and bonnie,—

I'm thinkin' ye ken that fu' brawly yoursel'!

“ I've courted you lang—do ye hear what I'm telling?

I've courted you, thinkin' ye yet wad be mine:

And if we suld marry wi' only ae shilling,

At the warst, only *ae shilling*, Jenny, we'se tinc.

But love doesna aye lie in gowpens o' guineas,

Nor happiness dwell whar the coffers are fu';

As muckle we'll surely aye gather atween us,

That want ne'er sal meet us, nor mis'ry pursue.

“ The ehiels that are ehristened to riches an' grandeur,

Ken nought o' the pleasure that hard labour brings;

What in idleness comes, they in idleness squander,

While the labouring man toils a' the lang day an sings!

Then why should we envy the great an' the noble?

The *thocht* is a kingdom—it's ours what we hae!

A boast that repays us for sair wark an' trouble;

'I've earned it!' is mair than a monarch can say.

“ The green buds now peep through the auld runkled
timmer,

The sun, at a breath, drinks the hail morning dew,

An' nature is glad at the comin' o' simmer,

As glad as I'm aye at the smiling o' you!

The flowers are a' springing, the birds are a' singing,

And beauty and pleasure are woin' the plain;

Then let us employ it, while we may enjoy it,

The simmer o' life, Jenny, comes na again!”

BRUCE'S LINES.

THE following verses were composed in early life by the late R. C. Mr. Bruce of Brechin, on a circumstance connected with his own personal history. Though never in print before they are well known to many old people in the district by the name prefixed to this notice—Bruce's Lines.

As I went out one evening to meet with my dear,
The blue sky was bright, and the full moon shone clear;
Not long had I waited by the river's green side,
When coming to meet me my Annie I spy'd.

How happy that moment—how happy was I—
The wealth of the world such bliss could not buy,
Its wealth and its honors were nothing to me,
When with my dear Annie by the lone green-wood-tree.

“O Annie! dear Annie! I must leave you a while—
I go on a journey of many a long mile,
I go to the Highlands some time to remain,
But I know you'll be constant till I come again.”—

I went to the Highlands some time to remain,
But ah! she was married e'er I came again—
Another more wealthy had offer'd his hand,
And I was forsaken for houses and land,

O all ye young men take warning by me,
Beware of the briars of the bonny rose-tree,
In July it will blossom and in August decay,
But the thorns remain when the leaves fall away!

But now I've resolved a shepherd to be
And my flock shall of all things be dearest to me,
I'll feed it, and lead it, in weal and in woe,
Where the green pastures grow, and the still waters flow