

THE NEW WAY

OF

Oxter

MY LADDIE,

AND THE

Beauties of Falkirk.

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## OXTER MY LADDIE.

FIRST, when my laddie and I did meet,  
 He treated me with kisses so sweet :  
 It was low down in the meadows so green,  
 I oaxter'd my laddie where we were not seen,

Where we were not seen,  
 Where we were not seen,  
 I oaxter'd my laddie where we were not seen

But I being young, and in my prime,  
 Kissing then I thought no crime ;  
 But my stays are turn'd strait, they'll not  
 meet by a span,  
 And it's a' for the oaxtering my laddie  
 fae lang, &c.

When first my stays began to turn strait,  
 I went to my laddie and told him that :  
 He said they'd got rain, and had cripen in.  
 No, says she, my laddie, that's not the  
 thing, &c.

First, when my stays I began for to wear,  
 Neither the Kirk nor Session I did fear ;

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With ruffles and ribbons, and every thing  
braw,  
That few thought I'd oxt'er'd my laddie  
at a', &c.

My Love was so handsome in every degree  
His comely locks so enlured me,  
That he soon gain'd my love, which led  
in a snare;  
And I'll never, never oxt'er my laddie  
mair, &c.

My daddie is like to be my dead,  
For the losing of my maidenhead:  
With the rock and the reel my minnie  
does me bang,  
And all for the oxt'ering my laddie fae  
fae lang, &c.

My brother daily frowns upon me,  
For acting my part so foolihlie:  
My sister she calls me a very silly jade,  
And all for oxt'ering my bonny lad; &c.

But if my sweet babe were born,  
My parents shall never hold me in scorn;  
For all their frowns I would disdain,  
In hopes for to oxt'er my laddie again, &c.

I will never grudge what I have done,  
 Since my first-born is a son;  
 With the pan & the spoon he well foster'd  
 shall be,  
 And his darling daddie yet oxt'er me, &c.

My laddie he sent a love-letter to me,  
 That in a short time we married should be;  
 The same I received with heart and  
 good-will,  
 And hopes for to enjoy my laddie still. &c.

My laddie he sent me a braw gold ring,  
 A silk gown, ribbons, and other fine things,  
 And ay the o'ercome of his tune,  
 Was, Oxt'er the bride in the afternoon.

My daddie has my tocher paid,  
 That very day I was married:  
 But what's gone & past we ne'er can recal,  
 Yet I'll oxt'er my laddie in spite of them  
 all, &c.

Thirteen maidens all in a row,  
 That day to the kirk with me did go;





And when they are going home at night,  
 Each merchant strives with all his might,  
 Whose windows shall show the best light;  
 And all their shops do shine full bright,  
 To light them all awa', awa', &c.

Each Thursday is our market-day,  
 When Farmers to their servants say,  
 Make haste and let us all away  
 To Falkirk ane and a'.

Then each side of our street they deck  
 With beans and pease, full many a sack,  
 And beer and corn, with a large peck,  
 Which never on the seas did tack,  
 That's come not far awa', awa', &c:

And the Muirlands do all they can,  
 To feed and nourish our fine town,  
 For cheefe and butter they bring down,  
 The pound's ounces twenty-twa.  
 From east and west comes all things good,  
 All necessaries for clothes and food;  
 And there's nothing bad that is allow'd,  
 Or those that sell shall sorely ru't,  
 And with shame be sent awa', awa', &c.

Then turn about to the east hand,  
 The Kerfes all like gardens stand,

With many a pretty ridge of land,  
 Makes Farmers rich and braw.  
 They do abound with fine fruit-trees,  
 With beer and corn, beens and pease,  
 With milk and butter, and fine cheese,  
 Or any thing that you do please,  
 And that's not far awa', awa', &c.

Then take a walk along with me,  
 The great Canal then you shall see,  
 And vessels up and down it flee;  
 With goods from far awa'.  
 Behold and see the great Sea-lock,  
 How all the Ships about it flock,  
 With every thing to fill a shop,  
 Likewise oat-meal, that is no mock,  
 That's come not far awa', awa', &c.

It's like unto great Egypt's Nile,  
 It does us all with plenty fill,  
 Sends portions to both vale and hill,  
 And countries far awa'.  
 The waters down the locks that fall,  
 Sing praises to the great M'Kell,  
 But mournfully they give a knell,  
 Most like unto a funeral-bell,  
 Saying, but he's now awa', awa', &c.

Of Carron next let's take a view,

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The wonder of the whole, I true,

For all the rest may to it bow,

And that's baith ane and a' :

What numbers from them do get bread !

For many a family by them is fed,

And every week their money's paid,

For *Call-again* by them's kill'd dead,

And far' he's sent awa', awa', &c.

Their Ships send terror unto France,

For to our coasts if they advance,

They soon will make them reel and dance,

They ne'er will get awa' :

Like Men-of-War they do appear,

When up to London they do steer :

For France and Spain they do not fear,

Because they dare not them come near,

At home nor far awa', awa', &c.

Great Authors do resound our fame,

And celebrate our ancient name,

Our Arthur's Oven and dyke of Graham,

That's heard of far awa' .

Then let a health, my friends, go round,

With peace and plenty we abound ;

'Mongst us no want is to be found.

Of wars may we ne'er hear the sound,

But from us far awa', awa',

But from us far awa' .

F I N I S .