

GLASGOW PEGGY;

TO WHICH IS ADDED

THE FAVOURITE BALLAD OF

THE DROWNED LOVERS.



GLASGOW:
PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

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THE DROWNED LOVERS

A BONNIE laddie brisk and gay,
A handsome youth sae brisk and gaddie ;
And he is on to Glasgow town,
To steal awa' his bonnie Peggy.

When he came into Glasgow town,
Upon her father's green sao steady ;
"Come forth, come forth, old man," he says,
"For I am come for bonnie Peggy."

Out it spake her father then,
"Begone from me, ye Highland laddie ;
There's nane in a' the west country
Dare steal from me my bonnie Peggy."

"I've ten young men all at my back,
That ance to me were baith true and steady ;
If ance I call, they'll soon be nigh,
And bring to me my bonnie Peggy."

Out it spake her mother then,
Dear but sho spake wond'rous saucy ;
Says, "Ye may steal my cow or ewe,
But I'll keep sight o' my ain lassie."

“Hold your tongue, old woman,” he says,
 “Ye think your wit it is fu’ ready ;
 For cow nor ewe I ever stole,
 But I will steal your bonnie_Peggy.”

Then all his men they boldly came,
 That was to him baith true and steady ;
 And through the ha’ they quickly went,
 And forth they carried bonnie Peggy.

Her father gae mony shout and cry,
 Her mother cursed the Highland laddie ;
 But he heard them as he heard them not,
 But fix’d his eye on bonnie Peggy.

He set her on his milk-white steed,
 And he himsel’ on his grey naigie,
 Still along the way they rode,
 And he’s awa’ wi’ bonnie Peggy.

Says, “I would gi’e baith cow and ewe,
 And sae would I this tartan plaidie,
 That I was far into the north,
 And alang wi’ me my bonnie Peggy.”

As they rode down yon pleasant glen,
 For trees and brambles were right mony,
 There they met the Earl o’ Hume,
 And his young son, were riding bonnie.

Then out it spake the young Earl Hume,
 Dear but he spake wond’rous gaudie ;
 “I’m wae to see sae fair a dame
 Riding alang wi’ a Highland laddie.”

“ Hold your tongue, ye young Earl Hume,
 O dear but you do speak right gaudie ;
 There’s nae a lord in a’ the south,
 Dare e’er compete wi’ a Highland laddie.”

Then he rade five miles through the north,
 Through mony hills sae rough and scroggie,
 Till they came down to a low glen,
 And ho lay down wi’ bonnie Peggy.

Then he enclosed her in his arms,
 And row’d her in his tartan plaidie ;
 “ There are blankets and sheets in my father’s house,
 How havo I lien down wi’ a Highland laddie !”

Says he, “ There are sheep in my father’s fauld,
 And every year their wool is ready ;
 By the same our debts we pay,
 Although I be but a Highland laddie.

“ There are fifty cows in my father’s byre,
 That all are tyed to the stakes, and ready ;
 Five thousand pounds I ha’e ilk year,
 Although I be but a Highland laddie.

“ My father has fifty well shod horse,
 Besides your steed and my grey naigie ;
 I’m Donald o’ the Isle o’ Sky,
 Why may not you be ca’d a lady ?

“ See ye nēt yon fino castle,
 On yonder hill that stands sae gaudie ;
 And there we’ll win this very night,
 Where ye’ll enjoy your Highland laddie.”

THE DROWNED LOVERS.

WILLIE stands in his stable door,
 And clapping at his steed ;
 And looking o'er his white fingers
 His nose began to bleed.

“ Gi'e-corn to my horse, mother,
 And meat to my young man ;
 And I'll awa' to Meggie's bower,
 I'll win ere she lie down.”

“ O bide this night wi' me, Willie,
 O bide this night wi' me ;
 The best an' cock o' a' the reest
 At your supper shall be.”

“ A' your cocks, and a' your reests,
 I value not a prin ;
 For I'll awa' to Meggie's bower,
 I'll win ere she lie down.”

“ Stay this night wi' me, Willie,
 O stay this night wi' me ;
 The best an' sheep in a' the flock
 At your supper shall be.”

“ A' your sheep, and a' your flocks,
 I value not a prin ;
 For I'll awa' to Meggie's bower,
 I'll win ero she lie down.”

“ O an' ye gang to Meggie's bower,
 Sae sair against my will ;
 The deepest pot in Clyde's water,
 My malison ye's feel.

“The gude steed that I ride upon,
 Cost me thrice thretty pound;
 And I'll put trust in his swift feet,
 To ha'e me safe to land.”

As he rade ower yon high, high hill,
 And down yon dowie den,
 The noise that was in Clyde's water
 Would fear'd five huner men.

“O roaring Clyde, ye roar ower loud,
 Your streams seem wond'rous strang,
 Make me your wreck as I come back,
 But spare me as I gang.”

Then he is on to Meggie's bower,
 And tirl'd at the pin;
 “O sleep ye, wake ye, Meggie,” he said,
 “Ye'll open, lat me come in.”

“O wha is this at my bower door,
 That calls me by my name?”
 “It is your first love, sweet Willie,
 This night newly come hame.”

“I ha'e few lovers thereout, thereout,
 As few ha'e I therein;
 The best an' love that ever I had,
 Was here just late yestreen.”

“The warstan stable in a' your stables,
 For my puir steed to stand;
 The warstan bower in a' your bowers,
 For me to lie therein:
 My boots are fu' o' Clyde's water,
 I'm shivering at the chin.”

“ My barns are fu’ o’ corn, Willie,
 My stables are fu’ o’ hay ;
 My bowers are fu’ o’ gentlemen,
 They’ll nae remove till day.”

“ O fare-ye-well, my fause Meggie,
 O farewell, and adieu ;
 I’ve gotten my mither’s malison,
 This night coming to you.”

As he rode ower yon high, high hill,
 And down yon dowie den ;
 The rushing that was in Clyde’s water,
 Took Willie’s cane frae him.

He lean’d him ower his saddle bow,
 To catch his cane again ;
 The rushing that was in Clyde’s water,
 Took Willie’s hat frae him.

He lean’d him o’er his saddle bow,
 To catch his hat through force ;
 The rushing that was in Clyde’s water,
 Took Willie frae his horse.

His brither stood upo’ the bank,
 Says, “ Fye, man, will ye drown ?
 Ye’ll turn ye to your high horse head,
 And learn how to sowm.”

“ How can I turn to my horse head,
 And learn how to sowm ?
 I’ve gotten my mither’s malison,
 It’s here that I maun drown !”

The very hour this young man sank
 Into the pot sae deep.

Up waken'd his love, Meggie,
Out o' her drowsy sleep.

“Come here, come here, my mither dear,
And read this dreary dream ;
I dream'd my love was at our yates,
And nane wad let him in.”

“Lye still, lyē still now, my Meggie,
Lye still and tak' yeur rest ;
Sin your true love was at our yates,
It's but twa quarters past.”

Nimble, nimble, raise she up,
And nimble pat she on ;
And the higher that the lady cried,
The louder blew the win'.

The first an' step that she stepp'd in,
She stepped to the queet :

“Ohon, alas !” said that lady,
“This water's wond'rous deep.”

The next an' step that she wade in,
She wadit to the knee ;

Says she, “I could wade farther in,
If I my love could see.”

The next an' step that she wade in,
She wadit to the chin ;

The deepest pot in Clyde's water
She got sweet Willie in.

“You've had a cruel mither, Willie,
And I have had anither ;

But we shall sleep in Clyde's water,
Like sister an' like brither.”