

T H E

Blaeberries;

O R, T H E

Highland Laird's Courtship

T O A

Farmer's Daughter.

T O W H I C H A R E A D D E D,

EDWARD AND BETSY.
O DEAR! I'M SO PLEAS'D.
A DROP OF A DRAM.
THE HAPPY MARRIAGE.





BLAE-BERRIE GARLAND.

Will you go to the highlands, my jewel, with me,
 Will you go to the highlands the flocks for to see,
 It is health to my jewel to breath the sweet air,
 And to pull the blae-berries in the forest so fair:

To the highlands, my jewel, I'll not go wi' thee,
 For the road it is long, and the hills they are high,
 I love those vallies and sweet corn fields, (yields.
 More than all the blae-berries your wild mountains

Our hills are bonny when the heather's in bloom,
 It would chear a fine fancy in the month of June,
 To pull the blae-berries and carry them home,
 Set them on your table when December comes on.

Out spake her father, that saucy old man,
 You might a chosena mistress among your own clan,
 It's but poor entertainment to our la'land dames,
 To promise them berries and blue heather blooms.

Kilt up your green plaidie, walk over yon hill,
 For a sight o' your highland face does me much ill,
 For I'll wed my daughter, and spare pennies too,
 To whom my heart pleases, and what's that to you?

My plaid it is broad, it has colours anew,
 Goodman, for your kindness, I'll leave it with you;
 I've got a warm cordial keeps the cold from me,
 The blythe blinks of love from your daughter's eye.

My flocks they are thin, and my lodging but bare,
 And you that has meikle, the mair ye can spare,
 Some of your spare pennies with me ye will share,
 And ye wiinna send your lassie o'er the hills bare.

He went to his daughter to give her advice,
Said, if you go with him, I'm sure you're not wise;
He's a rude highland fellow, as poor as a crow,
He's the clan of the Catrines for ought that I know.

But if you go with him, I'm sure you'll go bare,
You shall have nothing that father or mother can
Of all I possess I'll deprive you for ay, (spare,
If o'er the hills lassie you do go away.

It's father keep what you're not willing to give,
For fain I'd go with him as sure as I'd live;
What signifies gold or treasure to me,
When the highland hills is 'tween my love & me.

Now she has gone with him in spite o' them a',
Away to a place that her eyes never saw,
O he had no steed for to carry her on,
But still he said, lassie, think not the road long.

In a warm summer's ev'ning they came to a glen,
Being wearied with travel, the lassie sat down;
He said, get up brave lassie, and let us step on,
For the sun will go round before we win home.

My feet are all torn, my shoes are all rent,
I'm weary'd with travel, and just like to faint,
Were it not for the sake of your kind company,
I would lye in this desert until that I die.

The day is far spent, and the night coming on,
And step you aside to yon bonny mill-town,
And there ask for lodging to thee and to me,
For I would be glad in a barn to be.

The place it is bonny and pleasant indeed,
But the people's hard-hearted to us that's in need,
Perhaps they'll not grant us their barn nor byre,
But I'll go and ask them, as it's your desire.

The lassie went foremost, sure I was to blame,
 To ask for a lodging, myself I thought shame,
 The lassie replied with tears not a few,
 It's ill-ale, said she, that's sour when it's new.

In a short time thereafter they came to a grove,
 Where his flocks they were feeding in numberless
 Allan stood musing his flocks for to see, (droves,
 Step on, says the lady, that's no pleasure to me.

A beautiful lady with green tartan trouse,
 And twa bonny lassies were bughting his ewes,
 They said, Honour'd master, are you come again?
 Long, long have we look'd for you coming hame.

Bught in your ewes lassies and go your way hame,
 P've brought a swan from the north I have her to name;
 Her feathers are fallen, and where can she lye,
 The best bed in the house her bed shall be.

The lady's heart was far down, it cou'dna well rise,
 Till mony a lad and lass came in with a fraise,
 To welcome the lady, to welcome her home,
 Such a hall in the highlands she never thought on.

The laddies did whistle, and the lassies did sing,
 They made her a supper might have served a queen;
 With ale & good whiky they drank her health roun',
 And they made to the lassie a braw bed of down.

Early next morning he led her to the hay,
 He bid her look round her as far's she cou'd spy,
 These lands and possessions my debts for to pay,
 And ye winna go round 'em in a long summer day.

O Allan, O Allan, I'm indebted to thee,
 It is a debt, dear Allan, I never can pay;
 O Allan, O Allan, how came you for me?
 Sure I am not worthy your bride for to be.

How call ye me Allan when Sandy's my nam,
 Why call you me Allan, sure you are to blame;
 For don't you remember when at school with thee,
 I was hated by all the rest, loved by thee.

How oft have I fed on your bread & your cheese?
 Likewise when you had but an handful of pease;
 Your cruel-hearted father hound at me his dogs,
 They tore all my bare heels and rave all my rags.

Is this my dear Sandy whom I lov'd so dear!
 I have not heard of you this many a year,
 When all the rest went to bed, sleep was frae me,
 For thinking on what was become of thee.

My parents were born long time before me,
 Perhaps by this time they are drown'd in the sea,
 These lands and possessions they left them to me,
 And I came for you, jewel, to share them with thee.

In love we began, and in love we will end,
 And in joy and mirth our days we will spend,
 And a voyage to your father once more we will go,
 And relieve the old farmer from his trouble and wo.

With men and maid-servants us to wait upon,
 And away to her father in a chaise they are gone,
 The laddie went foremost, the brave highland lown,
 Till they came to the road that leads to the town.

When he came to the gate he gave a loud roar,
 Come down gentle farmer, Catrine's at your door;
 He look'd out at the window, saw his daughter's face,
 With his hat in his hand he made a great fraise.

Keep on your hat, farmer, don't let it sa',
 For it sets not the peacock to bow to the cr.
 O hold your tongue, Sawny and do not taunt me,
 For my daughter's not worthy your bride for to be.

Now he's held his bridle-reins till he came down,
 And then he convey'd them to a fine-room;
 With the finest of spirits they drank a fine tofs,
 And the son and the father drank both in one glass.

EDWARD AND BETSY.

Young Edward was faithful, & Betsy was true,
 when war call'd her soldier away,
 She parted in tears, and he sigh'd out adieu,
 and they never more met from that day.

For courage, with Edward there's few could compare,
 but his foes would not favour the brave,
 When dying, his Betsy alone was his care,
 he blest her, then sunk to his grave.

The wars were all over, still constant her heart,
 now expected her soldier's return,
 Poor maiden, how wilt thou survive the keen smart,
 thy Edward in tears thou wilt mourn.

The news soon arriv'd that her soldier was slain,
 O Edward! she faltering cry'd,
 We'll meet in a world where we'll ne'er part again,
 then fainting, she droop'd and she dy'd.

O DEAR! I'M SO PLEAS'D.

WHEN Strephon appears, how my heart pit a pat,
 shews the tender emotion with which it is seiz'd,
 To the shepherd's bewitching gay innocent chat,
 I could listen for ever, O dear! I'm so pleas'd.

My grandmother frowns, & protests I'm too young,
 with the lesson of Cupid to soon to be teaz'd,
 But so sweet is the honey that falls from his tongue,
 I laugh at my grandmam, O dear! I'm so pleas'd.

ould he ask me to wed, as he hinted to-day,
 when my hand he so soft & so tenderly squeez'd,
 He's so pretty a swain that I can't say him nay,
 I'm resolv'd to be marry'd, O dear! I'm so pleas'd.

A D R O P O F A D R A M.

AT two o'the clock my wife puts on her clothes,
 And straight on the fire the tea-kettle goes,
 Here's good toast and butter, pray eat if you can,
 Don't you think it convenient for a drop of a dram.

C H O R U S.

Let's prittle prattle, tittle tattle, pour out the kettle,
 O I bought it at the little shop over the way,
 Straight over the way of that very good man,
 Don't you think it convenient for a drop of a dram.

Then comes t'other gossip, this is very fine tea,
 Pray where did you buy it? Straight over the way,
 Straight over the way of that very good man,
 Don't you think it convenient for a drop of a dram?

My husband he is a very bad man,
 He will not allow me one drop of a dram,
 And when that he does, it is little that I take,
 It is altogether for company's sake.

In comes t'other gossip, what news have you got?
 O I have brave news, and 'tis quite piping hot,
 If one man should lie with another man's wife,
 You must not speak a word, not a word for your life.

T H E H A P P Y M A R R I A G E.

AS I was a walking one morning so fair,
 So Green was the fields, and cool was the air,
 There did I discover
 Pretty Nancy my lover,
 And I for to woo her was pleas'd for to say,

O fairest of creatures that ever was seen,
 You're the pride of my heart, the flow'r of the green,
 With garlands made of roses,
 And sweet pretty posies,
 What nature compasses I'll crown you my Queen.

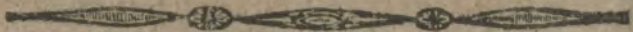
To these words I spoke she answered and said,
 O how can you flatter a poor harmless maid,
 For your tongue it runs so nimble,
 It makes my heart to tremble,
 And I fear you dissemble my poor heart to break.

Of all my sweethearts I have had nine or ten,
 Yet never a one can I fancy of them,
 But if I should believe you,
 And you should deceive me,
 And scornfully leave me, Oh! where am I then?

These words I speak is by the Powers above,
 The rocks and the mountains shall sooner remove,
 And the sea shall flame on fire,
 If from my love I do retire,
 And there's nothing I desire, but innocent love.

If innocent love is all your request,
 And you are in earnest, I thought you were in jest,
 I'll adore you with pleasure,
 With kisses out of measure,
 With joy, peace and pleasure, we both shall be blest.

This couple they're married and live very happy,
 Enjoying one another with pleasures so canty,
 The rocks they shall melt,
 And the mountains shall move,
 If ever I prove false to the woman I love.



G L A S G O W,

Printed by J. & M. Robertson, Saltmarket, 1803.