

Jim Crow.

HEY FOR A LASS WI A TOCHER.

MARY OF CASTLECARY,

HAUD AWA FRAE ME DONALD.

THIS IS NO MY PLAID.

OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW.

AULD LANGSYNE.



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 66.

Jim Crow

THEY FOR A TOCHER SONGS.

MARY OF CASTLEBERRY.

HAND AWAY FRAE ME DONALD.

JIM CROW.

I came from ole Kentucky,

A long time ago,

Where I first larned to wheel about,

And jump Jim Crow.

Wheel about, and turn about, and do jis so
Ebry time I wheel about, I jump Jim Crow

I us'd to take him fiddle,

Ebry morn and afternoon,

And charm de ole buzzard,

And dance to de racoon.

Wheel about, &c.

I landed fust at Liverpool,

Dat place of ships and docks,

I strutted down Lord Street,

And ask'd de price of stocks.

Wheel about, &c.

I paid my fare den up to town,

On de coach to cut a dash

De axle-tree soon gave way,

And spilt us wid a smash.

Wheel about, &c.

34

I lighted den upon my head,
 All in de nassy dirt,
 Dey all thought that I was dead,
 But I laughed and was'nt hurt.
 Wheel about, &c.

Dis head you know am pretty tick,
 Cause dere it makes a hole,
 On de dam macadamis road,
 Much bigger dan a bowl.
 Wheel about, &c.

When I got into Lunnon,
 Dey took me for a savage,
 But I war pretty well behaved,
 So I 'gaged wid Massa Davidge.
 Wheel about, &c.

Dem young Jim Crows 'bout de streets,
 More like a raven rader,
 Pray good people don't mistake,
 Indeed I'm not dare fader.
 Wheel about, &c.

Dem urchin's dat sing my song,
 Had better mind dar books,
 For any how dey can' be Crows,
 You see d'are only Rooks.
 Wheel about, &c.

HEY FOR A LASS WI' A TOCHER.

Awa wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms,
 The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms,

O gie me the lass that has acres o' charms,
O gie me the lass wi' the weel stockit farms.

Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
The nice yellow guineas for me.

Your beauty's a flower in the morning that blows,
And withers the faster, the faster it grows:
But the rapturous charm o' the bonny green knowes,
Ilk spring they're new deeked wi' bonny white yowes.
Then hey, &c.

And e'en when this beauty your bosom has blest,
The brightest o' beauty may cloy when possess;
But the sweet yellow darlings wi' Geordie imprest,
The langer ye hae them—the mair they're carest.
Then hey, &c.

MARY OF CASTLECARY.

Saw ye my wee thing? saw ye my ain thing?
Saw ye my true love down by yon-lea?
Cross'd she the meadow yestreen at the gloaming,
Sought she the burnie whare flowers the haw tree?
Her hair it is lint-white, her skin it is milk-white,
Dark is the blue o' her saft-rolling e'e,
Red, red her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses,
Where could my wee thing wander frae me?

I saw your ain Mary, she's frae Castlecary,

I saw your ain true love down on yon lea,

Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,
 Sweet were the kisses that she gae to me,
 Sair gloom'd his dark brow, blood red his cheek grew,
 Wild flash'd the fire frae his dark rolling e'e,
 Ye'll rue sair this morning your boasts and your scorning,
 Defend ye, fause traitor, fu' loudly ye lie!

Awa wi' beguiling; cried the youth smiling,
 Aff went the bonnet, the lint white locks flow,
 The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing,
 Fair stood the loved maid wi' the dark-rolling e'e.
 Is it my wee thing? is it my ain thing?
 Is it my true love here that I see?
 Oh, Jamie! forgive me, your heart's constant to me,
 I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee!

HAUD AWA FRAE ME, DONALD.

Haud awa, bid awa, bid awa,
 Haud awa frae me, Donald;
 What care I for a your wealth,
 And a' that ye can gie Donald?
 I wadna lea my lowland lad,
 For a your goud an' gear, Donald,
 Sae tak your plaid, and o'er the hill,
 And stay nae langer here, Donald.
 Haud awa, bid awa, &c.

My Jamie is a gallant youth—
 I loe but him alane, Donald;
 And in bonny Scotland's isle,
 Like him there is nane, Donald.

Haud awa, bide awa,
 Haud awa frae me, Donald;
 What care I for a' your wealth,
 An a' that ye can gi'e, Donald?
 He wears nae plaid, nor tartan hose,
 Nor garters at his knee, Donald;
 But O he wears a faithfu' heart,
 And love blinks in his e'e, Donald.
 Sae haud awa, bide awa,
 Come nae mair at e'en, Donald;
 I wadna break my Jamie's heart,
 To be a Highland Queen, Donald.

THIS IS NO MY PLAID.

O this is no my plaid,
 My plaid, my plaid,
 O this is no my plaid,
 Bonny though the colours be.
 The ground of mine was mix'd wi' blue,
 I got it frae the lad I loe;
 He ne'er has gi'en me cause to rue,
 And O the plaid was dear to me.
 Farewell ye lowland plaids o' grey,
 Nae kindly charms for me ye hae,
 The tartan shall be mine for aye,
 For O the colour's dear to me.
 For mine was silky, saft and warm,
 It wrapped me round frae arm to arm,
 And like mysel' it bore a charm,
 And O the plaid is dear to me.

Although the lad the plaid who wore,
 Is now upon a distant shore;
 And cruël seas between us roar,
 I'll mind the plaid that sheltered me.
 The lad that gied me't likes me weel,
 Although his name I darna tell,
 He likes me just as weel's himsel',
 And O the plaid is dear to me.
 O may the plaidie yet be worn,
 By Caledonians yet unborn;
 Ill fa' the wretch that e'er doth scorn,
 The plaidie that's sae dear to me.

OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW.

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
 I dearly loe the west,
 For there the bonny lassie lives,
 The lassie I loe best.
 Though wild-woods grow, and rivers row
 Wi' inony a hill between,
 Baith day and night my fancy's flight
 Is ever wi' my Jean.
 I see her in the dewy flower,
 Sae lovely, sweet and fair;
 I hear her voice in ilka bird,
 Wi' music charm the air.
 There's no a bonnie flower that springs,
 By fountain, shaw, or green,
 Nor yet a bonny bird that sings,
 But minds me o' my Jean.

AULD LANGSYNE.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to min' ?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And days o' langsyne ?
 For auld langsyne, my dear,
 For auld langsyne,
 We'll take a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld langsyne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
 And pu'd the gowans fine,
 But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,
 Since auld langsyne.

For auld langsyne, &c.

We twa ha'e paidelt in the burn,
 Frae morning sun till dine,
 But seas between us braid hae roared
 Sin' auld langsyne.

For auld langsyne, &c.

Now there's a hand my trusty frien',
 And gie's a hand o' thine,
 And we'll take a right gude wallee-waucht,
 For auld langsyne.

For auld langsyne, &c.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
 As sure as I'll be mine,
 And we'll take a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld langsyne.

For auld langsyne, &c.