

FIVE
POPULAR
SONGS.



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THE LAIRD'S COURTSHIP.

The Laird o' Cockpen he's proud an' he's
 great;
 His mind is ta'en up wi' matters o' state.
 He wanted a wife his braw house to keep;
 But favour wi' woin' was fashious to seek.

Doun by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
 At his table-head he thought she'd look well;
 M'Clish's ae dochter o' Claversha' Lee,
 A penniless lass, wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was well-pouther'd, as guid as when
 new,
 His waiscoat was white, his coat it was blue,
 He put on a ring a sword and cock'd hat;
 And wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that!



He took the grey mare and rade cannily;
 An' rapp'd at the yett o' Ciaversha' Lee;
 "Gae, tell mistress Jean to come speedily ben,
 She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen.

Mistress Jean was makin' the elder-flower
 wine—

'An' what brings the Laird at sic a like time,
 She pat aff her apron, an' on her silk gown,
 Her mutch, wi' red ribbons, an' gaed awa'
 down.

An' when he came ben she boued fu' low;
 An' what was his errand he soon let her know;
 Amaz'd was the Laird, when the Lady said
 —"Na!"

An' wi' a laigh court'sy she turned awa'.

Dumfunder'd he was—but nae sigh did he gi'e
 He mounted his mare, and rade cannily;

An' aften he thocht, as he gaed through the
 glen,
 She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.

Near to the house amang the lang trees,
 There he did meet sweet Jeanie Greenlees;
 She sits at his table like a white tappet hen—
 Thus ended the courtships o' th' Laird o'
 Cockpen.

WHY WEEP YE BY THE TIDE, LADY?

"Why weep ye by the tide, lady?
 Why weep ye by the tide?
 I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
 And ye shall be his bride.
 And ye shall be his bride, lady,
 Sae comely to be seen;"—
 But aye she loot the tears down fa'
 For Jock o' Hazeldean.

"Now let this wilful grief be done,
 And dry that cheek so pale;
 Young Frank is chief of Errington,
 And Lord of Langley-dale.
 His step is first in peaceful ha',
 His sword in battle keen;"—
 But aye she loot the tears down fa'
 For Jock o' Hazeldeen.

"A chain of gold ye sall not lack,
 For braid to bind your hair,
 Nor mett'd hound, nor manag'd hawk,
 Nor palfrey fresh and fair.
 And you, the foremost o' them a',
 Shall ride our foremost queen;"—
 But aye she loot the tears down fa'
 For Jock o' Hazeldean.

The kirk was deck'd at morning tide—
 The tapers glimmer'd fair—
 The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
 And dame and knight are there.
 They sought her both by bower and ha',
 The lady was not seen;
 She's owre the border and awa'
 Wi' Jock o' Hazeideen.

FAIN WOULD I BE YOUNG JOHNNIE'S BRIDE.

I like to gang by Candran side;
 For Johnie meets me there.
 Fain would I be young Johnie's bride;
 This wish is a' my care;
 But that I darena tell the lad—
 He would think me owre fain;
 For mither frets and daddie threats,
 If I but name't to them.

When e'er I cross the door at e'en,
 There's fifty things to do;
 The ewes to bught, the pails to clean,
 The ale to warm or brew.
 A' wark is mine since Johnie came;
 Aud sneer'd at ilka turn;
 Sare sare I mane, yet a' in vain,
 They're happiest when I mourn.

Yestreen he pass'd at trystin' time ;
 Then out to him I flew ;
 He tauld me that his heart was mine ;
 And I'm sure 'tis true.
 Sae I'll be true to ilka vow,
 Let miher flyte or. flug :
 In Johnie's ha' ere Beltan blaw,
 I'll wear the bridal ring.

KILKENNY.

Oh ! the boys of Kilkenny are brave roaring
 blades,
 And if ever they meet with the nice little maids,
 They'll kiss them, and coax them, and spend
 their money free,
 And of all towns in Ireland Kilkenny for me,
 And of all towns, &c.

In the town of Kilkenny there runs a clear
 stream,
 In the town of Kilkenny there lives a fair
 dame,
 Her cheeks are like roses, her lips much the
 same,
 Like a dish of fresh strawberries smother'd in
 cream.
 Fal de ral, de ral, de ral, la, ra, la, la, lo

Her eyes are as black as Kilkenny's large coal,
 Which through my poor bosom have burnt a
 big hole;
 Her mind, like its rivers, is mild, clear and
 pure,
 But her hear is more hard than its marble,
 I'm sure.
 Fal de ral, &c.

Kilkenny's is pretty town, and shines where
 it stands,
 And the more I think on it the more my
 heart warms;
 For if I was in Kilkenny I'd think myself at
 home,
 For its there I'd get sweathearts, but here I
 get none.
 Fal de ral, &c.

I WADNA LEA MY LOWLAND LAD.

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

My Jamie is a gallant youth—
 I lo'e but him alane, Donald;
 And in bonnie 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,
 And a' that ye can gi'e, Donald?

He wears nae plaid nor tartan hose,
 Nor garters at his knee, Donald;
 But, oh! 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.

FINIS.