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THE
Scots Medley.

To which are Added,
THE LAND OF SHILELAH,
MAGGY LAUDER,
AND
BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY.



GREENOCK :
PRINTED BY WILLIAM SCOTT.



SCOTS MEDLEY.

AS I cam' in by Calder fair,
And yont the Lappard Lee, man,
There was braw kissing there,
Come but and kiss wi' me, man :
There was Highland folk and Lawland folk,
Unco folk and kend folk,
Folk aboon folk i' the yard ;
There's nae folk like our ain folk,
Dirum dum, &c.

Hech hey, Bessy Bell,
Kilt your coat, Maggy,
Ye'se get a new gown,
Down the burn, Davie.
'The Earl of Mar's bonnie thing,
And muckle bookit wallet ;
Play the same tune-o'er again,
And down the burn for a' that.
Dirum dum, &c.

Gin ye had been whare I ha'e been,
Ye wadna been sae wantin' ;
I gat the lang girdin o't,
An' I fell thro the gantrin.
O'er the hills and far away,
My bonnie winsome Willie,

Whare shall our gudeman lie ?
The gleed Earl of Kelly.

Dirum dum, &c.

Toodle butt, and toodle ben,
Hey, Tam Brandy ;
Crack a louse on Maggy's Wame,
Little Cocky Bendy
There's three sheep's skins,
The barber and his bason ;
The bonnie lass o' Patie's Mill,
Wi' the free and accepted mason.

Dirum dum &c.

On Ettrick banks, ae simmer night,
The clifly rocks, in view, man,
Kath'rine Ogie gat a fright,
'Mang Scotland's bells sae blue, man,
O wally, wally, up yon wood,
And down by bonny Yarrow,
The lassie lost her silken snood
Wi' Wil' her winsome marrow.

Dirum dum, &c.

Stately stapt he east the wa',
The lad I darena name, man ;
Geordie reigns in Charlie's ha' ;
Send Lewie Gordon hame, man ;
In winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
Wil' brew'd a peck o' maut man ;
John Anderson ye're growing auld,
Pit a sheep's head i' the pat man,

Dirum dum, &c.

The tailor cam' to clout the claise,
 Upon a Lammas night, man,
 Which caus'd the battle o' the fleas,
 And shaw'd M' Craw's great might, man;
 John Tamson at the key-hole keeks,
 My wife's a wanton pawky,
 She's clouting Johnny's grey breeks,
 And Bess she's but a gawky.

Dirum dum, &c.

In Fife there liv'd a wicked wife,
 And she has ta'en the gee, man,
 The door barring caus'd the strife,
 And Sandy o'er the lee, man;
 Tarry woo frae Tweedside came,
 Frie Aberdeen could kail, man,
 Made gude Scotch brose to fill our wame,
 Could Donald M'Donald fail, man.

Dirum dum, &c.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 Sae merry's we hae been, man;
 Yet still on Meanie's charms I doat,
 At Polwart on the green, man;
 Willie was a wanton wag,
 And push'd about the jorum,
 While Rab the Ranter burst his bag,
 Playing the Reel of Tullochgorum.

Dirum dum, &c.

THE LAND OF SHILELAH.

ARRAH come, sons of Erin, I'll give you a song ;
 The Shilelah's my theme, of course 'twill not be long ;
 And if with attention you'll honour the tune,
 To the words you're as welcome as roses in June,
 Fal de ral, de ral la, la, la, la.

The Irish shilelah, och ! faith its no joke,
 Is nearly a kin to the old English oak ;
 The relationship no one will doubt, sure, who knows,
 The striking similitude felt in their blows.

In the land of potatoes, I mean no offence,
 The shilelah first sprouted, its pride and defence ;
 By freedom 'twas planted, it flourish'd and grew,
 And the fame of this sapling is know the world thro'.

The shilelah's an Irishman's joy and delight ;
 His companion by day, his protection by night ;
 And though rough in appearance, you all must allow,
 That its mighty engaging when seen in a rowe.

That thief of the world, Bonaparte, declares,
 He'd fain be at the head, Sirs, of Irish affairs ;
 About writing your wrongs should a foreigner prate,
 Och, let your shilelah fall whack on his pate.

The French gascon ders have long made a boast,
 They'll Old England invade on the Irishm n's coast ;
 Should they dare from your shamrock to rifle a sprig,
 Och, show the blackguards you can handle a twig.

Let bumpers, then, sons of Hibernia, go round,
 The toast I propose, in your hearts will be found ;

Here's ' the land of Shilelah', and long may the sod
By the firm foot of friendship and freedom be trod.

—o—

MAGGY LAUDER.

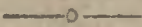
WHA wadna be in love
Wi' bonny Maggy Lauder ?
A piper met her gaun to Fife,
And spier'd what was't they ca'd her :
Right scornfully she answer'd him,
Begone you hallanshaker :
Jogg on your gate, you bladderskate,
My name is Maggy Lauder.

Maggy, quo' he, and by my bags,
I'm fidging fain to see ye ;
Sit down by me, my bonny bird,
In trote I winna steer thee :
For I'm a piper to my trade,
My name is Rob the Ranter ;
The lasses loup as they were daft,
When I blaw up my chanter.

Piper, quo' Meg, ha'e ye your bags,
Or is your drone in order ?
If you be Rob, I've heard of you,
Live you upo the border ?
The lasses a'. baith far and near,
Ha'e heard of Rob the Ranter ;
I'll shake my foot wi' right good-will,
Gif you'll blaw up your chanter.

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,
 About the drone he twisted ;
 Meg up, and wallop'd o'er the green,
 For brawly cou'd she frisk it.
 Well done, quo' he ; Play up, quo' she,
 Well bobb'd, quo' Rob the ranter ;
 It's worth my while to play indeed,
 When I ha'e sic a dancer.

Well ha'e you play'd your part, quo' Meg,
 Your cheeks are like the crimson ;
 There's nane in Scotland plays sae weel,
 Since we lost Habby Simson.
 I've liv'd in Fife, baith maid and wife,
 These ten years and a quarter ;
 Gin you should come to Anst'er fair,
 Spier ye for Maggy Lauder.



BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY.

O Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
 They war' twa bonny lasses,
 They bigg'd a bow'r on yon burn brae,
 And theek'd it o'er wi' rashes.

Fair Bessy Bell I lo'ed yestreen,
 And thought I ne'er cou'd alter,
 But Mary Gray's, twa pawky e'en,
 They gar my fancy falter.

Now Bessy's hair's like a lint-tap ;
 She smiles like a May morning :
 When Phoebus starts frae Thetis' lap,
 The hills with rays adorning :

White is her neck, saft is her hand,
 Her waist and feet's fu genty;
 With ilka grace she can command
 Her lips, O vow! their dainty.

And Mary's locks are like a craw,
 Her een like diamonds glances;
 She's ay sae clean, redd up, and bra,
 She kills whene'er she dances:

Blyth as a kid, with wit at will,
 She blooming, tight, and tall is;
 And guides her airs sae gracefu' still—
 O Jove, she's like thy Pallas!

Dear Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
 Ye unco sair oppress us;
 Our fancies jee between you tway,
 Ye are sic bonny lasses:

Waes me! for baith I canna get,
 To ane by law we're stented;
 Then I'll draw cuts and tak my fate,
 And be with ane contented.

FINIS.