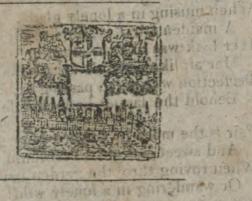
Lass o' Ballochmyle.

Auld Rob Morris.

WANDERING WILLIE.

For a that and a that.

Meg o' the Mill.



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THE LASS O' BALLOCHMYLE.

'Twas even, the dewy fields were green, On every blade the pearls hang; The zephyr wanton'd round the bean, And bore its, fragrant sweets alange

In every glen the mavis sang,

All nature listening seem'd the while, Except where green wood echoes rang, Amang the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward stray'd, My heart rejoie'd in nature's joy,

When musing in a lonely glade,

A maiden fair I chanc'd to spy; Her look was like the morning's eye, Her air like nature's vernal smile; Perfection whispered passing by, Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle!

Fair is the morn in flowery May, And sweet is night in Autumn mild; When roving thro' the garden gay, Or wandering in a lonely wild! But woman, nature's darling child! There all her charms she does compile;

Even there her other works are foil'd By the bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

O had she been a country maid; it a one And I the happy country swaln, Tho' shelter it in the lowest shed

That ever rose on Scotia's plain; Thro' weary winter's wind and rain With joy, with white I would toil; And nightly to my bosom strain on!

The bonny lass of Ballochinyie,

Then pride might climb the sliphty steen.

Where tome and honour lofty shine: And thirst of gold wight tempt the deep Or downward sink the Indian mine;

Give me the cot below the pine, To tend the flocks, or till the soil,

And every day have joys divide. Wittle bonny lass of ballochuyle.

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There's auld Rob Morris that won's in

He's the king o' gude fellows and wale o' auld men;

He has gowd in his coffers, he has owsen and kine, (mine.

And ae bonny lassie, his darling and She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May;

She's sweet as the e'ning among the new

She's sweet as the e'ning among the new As blithe and as artless as the lamb on the lea, (my ee.

And dear to my heart as the light to

But O she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird,

And my daddie has nought but a cot-

house and yard;

A wooer like manna hope to come speed, The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead.

The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane; (is gane; The night comes to me, but my rest it is wander my lane like a night-troubled ghaist, (my breast. And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in

O, had she but been of lower degree,
I then might hae hop'd she wad smile
upon me!

O how past descriving had then been my bliss.

[press. As now my distraction no words can ex-

WANDERING WILLIE.

Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie, Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame; Come to my bosom, my ain only dearie, Tell me thou bring st me my Willie the same.

Winter winds blew loud and cauld atout parting, [ee; Pears for my Willie brought tears in my Welcome now simmer, and welcome my Willie,

The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers,

How your dread howling a lover alarms! Wauken ye breezes, row gently ye billows, [my arms.

And waft my dear laddie ance mair to

But oh, if he's faithless, and mind na his Nannie, (main Plow still between us, thou wide-roaring May I never see it, may I never trow it But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain.

FOR A' THAT.

The women's minds like winter winds,
May shift and turn and a that,
The noblest breast adores them maist,
A consequence I draw that.

For a that and a that,

And twice as make's a that,

The bonny lass that I loe hest

She'll be my ain for a that.

Great love I bear to all the fair,
Their humble slave and a that;
But lordly will, I hold it still.
A mortal sin to thraw that.
For a that, &c.

But there is an aboon the lave, Has wit and sense, and a that;

A bonny lais, I like her best, And wha a crime dare ca' that? For a' that, &c.

In rapture sweet this hour we meet,
Wi mutual love and a that;
But for how lang the flee may stang,
Let inclination law that.
For a that, &c.

Their tricks and craft has put me daft,
They've ta'en me in, and as that;
but clear your decks and here's the sext
I like the jades for a' that.
For a' that, &c.

MEG O'THE MILL.

ken ye wha Meg o' the Mill has gotten, [ten, ken ye wha Meg o' the Mill has gotne has gotten a coof wi' a claut o' siller and broken the heart o' the barley miller.

he miller was strappin, the miller was ruddy, (dy; heart like a lord, and a kue like a la-

The laird was a widdiefu' bleerit knurl; She's left the guid fellow and ta'en the churl.

The miller he hecht her a heart leal and loving, (moving, The laird did address her wi matter main A fine pacing horse wi' a clear chained (saddle. bridle. A whip by her side, and a bonny side-

O wae on the siller, it is sae prevailing; And wae on the love that is fix'd on a A tocher's nae word in a true lover's

(warl! parle. But, gie me my love, and a fig for the

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