

THE

Lass o' Ballochmyle.

Auld Rob Morris.

WANDERING WILLIE.

For a' that and a' that.

Meg o' the Mill.



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152

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 along;
 In every glen the mavis sang,
 All nature listening seem'd the while,
 Except where green-wood echoes rang,
 Among the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward stray'd,
 My heart rejoic'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;
And I the happy country swain,
Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shed
That ever rose on Scotia's plain;
Thro' weary winter's wind and rain
With joy, with rapture I would toil;
And nightly to my bosom strai:
The bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

Then pride might climb the slippery
steep,

Where fame and honour lofty shine;
And thirst of gold might 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 divine.

Wi' the bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

There's auld Robt Morris that wons in
the yonglen,
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; (hay;
 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 mauna 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
 I 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 hep'd she wad smile
 upon me!

O how past describing 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 on'y dearie,
 Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the
 same.

Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our
 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 bil-
 lows, [my arms.
 And waft my dear laddie ance mair to

But oh, if he's faithless, and mind na hi
 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.

Tho' 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 muckle's a' that,
 The bonny lass that I loe best
 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 aue aboon the lave,
 Has wit and sense, and a' that;

A bonny lass, 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 hae put me daft,
 They've ta'en me in, and a' that;
 But clear your decks and here's the sex!
 I like the jades for a' that.
 For a' that, &c.

MEG O' THE MILL.

ken ye wha Meg o' the Mill has got-
 ten, [ten,
 ken ye wha Meg o' the Mill has got-
 ne has gotten a coof wi' a claut o' siller
 and broken the heart o' the barley mil-
 ler.

he miller was strappin, the miller was
 ruddy, (dy;
 heart like a lord, and a hue 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 mair
 A fine pacing horse wi' a clear chained
 bridle, (saddle.
 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
 mailen!

A tocher's nae word in a true lover's
 parle, (war!
 But, gie me my love, and a fig for the

FINIS.