

John Highlandman's Remarks

ON THE

CITY OF GLASGOW.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

JOHNNY AND MOLLY.

ORIGINAL OF TWEEDSIDE.


THE PLOUGHMAN LAD.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.



GLASGOW,

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John Highlandman's Remarks on Glasgow.

HER nainfel into Glasgow went,
 an erran there to see't.
 And she ne'er saw a ponnier town
 standing on her feet.

For a' the houses that be tere,
 was thicket wi' blue stanes,
 And a stane ladder to gang up,
 no fa' to prack her banes.

I gang upon a stoney road,
 a street they did him ca'
 And when me seek the chapman's house,
 her name pe on the wa'.

I gang to seek a snish tumback,
 and standing at the corse,
 And tere I saw a dead man
 was riding on a horse.

And O he be a poor man,
 and no hae mony cleafe,
 Ye brogs be worn aff his feet,
 and me see a' his taes.

Te horse had up his muckle fit
 for to gie me a shap,
 And gaping wi' his great mouth
 to grip me by the tap.

He had a staff into his hand,
 to fight me an he cou'd,
 But hersel be rin awa' frae him,
 his horse be unca proud.

But I be rin around about,
 and stan about the guard,
 Where I see the deil chap the hours,
 tan me grow unco feard:

Ohon! ohon! her nainfel said,
 and whare will me go rin?
 For yonder pe the black man
 tat burns the fouks for sin:

I'll no pe stay nae langer tere,
 but fast I rin awa',
 And see te man thrawin reaps
 aside the Broomy-law:

And O she pe a lang tedder,
 I spier'd what they'll do wi't?
 He said, To hang te Highlandmen
 for stealing o' their meat.

Hour, hersel's a honest shentleman,
 I never yet did steal,
 But when I meet a muckle purse
 I like her unco weel.

Tan fare-you-well, you faucy fellow,
 I fain your skin wou'd pay;
 I came to you toun the morn, but,
 an I'll gang out yesterday.

Tan I go to my quarter house,
 the toor was unca bra',
 For tere they had a cow's husband,
 was pricket on the wa'.

O tere we get a shapin ale,
 and tan we get a supper,
 A filthy choud o' chappet meat,
 boil'd amang a butter.

It was a filthy dirty beef,
 his bains was like te horn ;
 She was a ca'f wanting the skin,
 before that he was born.

I gang awa' into the kirk,
 to hear a Lawland preach;
 And mony a bonny sang they sing,
 tere books it did him teach.


And tere I saw a bonny mattam
 wi' feathers on her weim,
 I wonder an she pe gaun to flee,
 or what pe in her myn ?

Another mattams follow her,
 wha's arse was round like cogs ;
 And clitter clatter cries her feet,
 she had on iron brogs.

And tere I saw another mattam
 into a tarry feck,
 And twa mans pe carry her,
 wi' rapes about hins neck.

She pe sae fu' of vanity,
 as no gang on the grun,
 Put twa peor mans pe carry her
 in a barrow, cov'rt abuse.

Some had a fish-tail to her mouth,
 and some pe had a bonnet,
 Put my Jannet and Donal's wife,
 wad rather hae a bannock.



JOHNNY AND MOLLY.

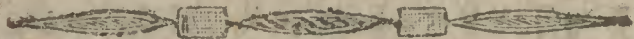
DOWN the burn and thro' the mead,
 his golden locks wav'd o'er his brow,
 Johnny lilting, tun'd his reed,
 and Mary wip'd her bonny mou'.
 Dear she io'ed the well known song,
 while her Johnny blythe and young,
 Sung her praise the whole day long.

Chor. Down the burn and thro' the mead,
 his golden locks wav'd o'er his brow,
 Johnny, lilting, tun'd his reed,
 and Mary wip'd her bonny mou'.

Costly claites she had but few;
 of rings and jewels nae great store;
 Her face was fair, her love was true,
 and Johnny wisely wish'd nae mair:
 Love's the pearl the shepherd prizes,
 o'er the mountain, near the fountain,
 Love delights the shepherd's eyes.
 Down the burn, etc.

Gold and titles give not health;
and Johnny cou'd not these impart;
Youthfu' Mary's greatest wealth
was still her faithfu' Johnny's heart;
Sweet the joys that lovers find,
great the treasure, sweet the pleasure,
Where the heart is always kind.

Chor. Down the burn and thro' the mead,
his golden locks way'd o'er his brow,
Johnny, liking, tun'd his reed,
and Mary wip'd her bonny mou'.



ORIGINAL OF TWEEDSIDE.

When Maggy and me were acquaint,
I carry'd my nookle fu' hie,
Nae lintwaite on a' the green plain,
nor goudspink sae bonny as she.

I whistled, I pip'd, and I sang,
I woo'd, but I came nae great speed,
Therefore I maun wander abroad,
and lay my banes over the Tweed.

To Maggy my love I did tell,
saut tears did my passion express;
Alas! for I lo'ed her o'er well,
and the women lo'e sic a man less.

Her heart was frozen and cauld;
her pride had my ruin decreed,
Therefore I will wander abroad,
and lay my banes far frae the Tweed.

(7)
THE PLOUGHMAN LAD.

THE ploughman he's a bonny lad,
and a' his work's at leasure;
And ay when he comes hame at e'en,
he kisses me with pleasure;

Chor. O the bonny ploughman lad,
O the bonny ploughman;
Of a' the lads that I do see,
commend me to the ploughman.

Now the blooming spring comes on,
he takes his yocking early:
A whistling o'er the furrow'd land,
he goes to fallow early. O my, &c.

When my ploughman comes hame at e'en,
he's aften wet and weary;
Cast aff the wet, put on the dry
gang to your bed my deary. O my, &c.

I will wash my ploughman's hose,
and I will wash his o'erlay;
And I will mak the ploughman's bed,
and cheer him late and early. O my, &c.

Plough you hill, and plough you dale,
plough you faugh or fallow:
Wha winna drink the ploughman's health,
is but a dirty fellow

Chor. Merry butt and merry ben,
merry is my ploughman;
Of a' the trades that I do ken,
commend me to the ploughman.

 THE BRAES OF YARROW.

THE sun just glancing thro' the trees,
 gave light and joy to ilka grove,
 And pleasure in each southern breeze,
 awaken hope and slumbering love ;
 When Jeany sung with hearty glee,
 to charm her winsome marrow,
 My bonny laddie gang wi' me,
 we'll o'er the braes o' Yarrow.

Young Sandy was the blythest swain,
 that ever pip'd on broomy brae ;
 Nae lass cou'd ken him free from pain,
 sae gracefu', kind, sae fair and gay.
 And Jeany sung with hearty glee,
 to charm her winsome marrow,
 My bonny laddie gang wi' me,
 we'll o'er the braes o' Yarrow.

He kiss'd and lo'ed the bonny maid,
 her sparkling een had won his heart,
 Nae lass the youth had e'er betray'd,
 nae fear had she, the lad nae art.
 And still she sung with hearty glee,
 to charm her winsome marrow,
 My bonny laddie gang wi' me,
 we'll o'er the braes o' Yarrow.
