

Bonny Mally Stewart ;

To which are added,

Her blue rollin' e'e.

The braes o' Gleniffer.

Waes me for prince Charly.



STIRLING.

Printed by W. Macnie.

1825.

BONNY MALLY STEWART.

The cold winter is past and gone,
and now comes on the spring.

And I am one of the king's life-guards,
and I must go fight for my king, my dear,
and I must go fight for my king.

Now since to the wars you must go,
one thing I pray grant me
It's I will dress myself in man's attire,
and I'll travel along with thee, my dear,
and I'll travel along with thee.

I would not for ten thousand worlds
that my love endangered were;
The rattling of drums and shining of swords,
will cause great sorrow and wo, my dear,
will cause great sorrow and wo.

I will do the thing for my true love,
that she will not do for me;
It's I'll put cuffs of black on my red coat,
and mourn till the day I die, my dear,
and mourn till the day I die.

I will do more for my true love,
 than he will do for me
 I'll cut my hair and roll me bare,
 and mourn till the day I die,
 and mourn till the day I die.

So farewell my mother and father dear,
 I'll bid adieu and farewell
 My sweet and bonny Mally Stewart;
 you're the cause of all my wo, my dear,
 you're the cause of all my wo.

When we came to bonny Stirling town,
 as we lay all in camp,
 By the king's orders we were all taken,
 & to Germany we were all sent, my dear,
 and to Germany we were all sent.

So farewell bonny Stirling town,
 and the maids therein also;
 And farewell bonny Mally Stewart.
 you're the cause of all my wo, my dear,
 you're the cause of all my wo.

She took the slippers off her feet,
 and the cockup off her hair;

And she has ta'en a long journey,
 for seven lang years and mair **my dear**,
 for seven lang years and mair.

Sometimes she rade sometimes she gaed,
 sometimes sat down to moura,
 And it was aye the o'ercome o' her tale,
 shall I e'er see my bonny laddie come,
 shall I e'er see my bonny laddie come?
 The trooper turned himself round about,
 all on the Irish shore;
 He has gi'en the bridle, reins a shake,
 saying adieu for evermore, **my dear**,
 sayi'g adieu for evermore.

HER BLUE ROLLIN' E'E.

My lassie is lovely at May-dew **adorning**,
 Wi' gowans and primroses ilka green lea,
 Tho' sweet is the violet new blown in the morning,
 As tender and sweet is her blue rollin' ce.
 O say what is whiter than snow on the mountain,
 Or what wi' the red rose in beauty can vie?
 Yes whiter her bosom than snow on the mountain,
 And bonny her fae as the red rose can be?

See yon lowly cottage that stands by the wild wood,
Hedg'd round wi' sweet brier and green willow
tree,

'Twas yonder I spent the first days o' my childhood
And first felt the power of a love-rollin' ee.

Though soon frae my hame and my lassie I wan-
der'd,

Though lang I has been tossing on fortune's
rough sea,

Aye dear was the valley where Ettrick meander'd,

Aye dear was the blink o' her blue rollin' ee.

O for the evening, and O for the hour,

When down by yon greenwood she promised to be,

When quick as the summer-dew dries on the flower

A' earthly affections and wishes wad flee.

Let Art and let Nature display their proud treasure

Let Paradise boast of what bliss it could gie;

As high is my bliss, and as sweet is my pleasure,

In the heart-melting blink o' my lassie's blue ee.

THE BRAES O' GLENIEFER.

Keen blows the wind o'er the braes o' Gleniffer,

The auld castle's turrets are covered wi' snaw

How changed frae the time when I met wi' my love
 Among the broom bushes by Stanely green shaw
 The wild flowers o' simmer were spread a' sae
 bonny,

The mavis sang sweet frae the green birken tree,
 But far to the camp they hae marched my dear
 Johnnie,

And now it is winter wi' nature and me.

Then ilk thing around us was blythesome and cheery
 Then ilk thing around us was bonny and braw;
 Now naething is heard but the wind whistling dreary
 And naething is seen but the wide-spreading snaw

The trees are a' bare, an' the bir's mute and dowie,
 They shake the cauld drift frae their wings as
 they flee,

An' chirp out their plaints seeming wae for ym
 Johnnie,

'Tis winter wi' them and 'tis winter wi' me.

Yon cauld sleety clouds skiff along the bleak moun-
 tains,

And shakes the dark firs on the stey rocky brae,
 While down the steep glen bawls the snaw-flooded
 fountains,

That murrin'd sae sweet to my laddie and me.

It's no it: loud roar on the wintry winds swelling,
 It' no the cauld blast that brings the tears i' my ee
 For O gin I saw my bonny Scots callan,
 The dark days o' winter were simmer to me.

WAES ME FOR PRINCE CHARLY.

A WEE bird came to our ha' door,
 He warbled sweet and clearly,
 An' aye the o'ercome o' his sang
 Was, "Waes me for Prince Charly,
 O! when I heard the bonny soun',
 The tears cam happin' rarely;
 I took my bonnet aff my head,
 For weel I lo'd prince Charly.

Quoth I, "My bird, my bonny bonny bird,
 Is that a sang ye borrow?
 Are these some words y^eve learnt by heart,
 Or a lit o' dool and sorrow?"
 "Oh! no, no, no," the wee bird sang,
 "I've flown s'n' morning early;
 But sic a day o' wind and rain—
 Oh! waes me for prince Charly.

"On hills that are by right his ain,
 He roves a lonely stranger;

On every side he's prest by want,
 On every side is danger.
 " Yestreen I met him in the glen,
 My heart maist burstit fairly ;
 For sadly changed indeed was he—
 Oh : waes me for prince Charly.

Dark night cam on the tempest roared
 Loud o'er the hills and valleys ;
 An' whare was't that your prince lay down,
 Whase haime should been a palace ?
 " He rowd him in his Highland plaid,
 Which covered him but sparely,
 An' slept beneath a bush o' broom—
 Oh, waes me for prince Charly.

But now the bird saw some red coat,
 An' he shook his wings wi' anger—
 " Oh this is no a land for me,
 I'll tarry here nae langer."
 He hover'd on the wing a while,
 Ere he departed fairly ;
 But weel I mind the fareweel strain
 Was, " Waes me for prince Charly "

FINIS.