

The Bold Dragoon.

GIN I HAD A WEE HOUSE.

Paddy's Legacy.

Why, Soldiers, why.

The LASSIE I LOE BEST OF A,

O wha's at my chaumber door.

YARROW.



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THE BOLD DRAGOON.

There was an ancient fair,  
O she lov'd a neat young man,  
But she could not get sly looks at him,  
But only through her fan.

With her winks and blinks,  
This waddling minx;  
Her quizzing glass, her leer and sidle,  
O she lov'd a bold dragoon,  
With his long sword, saddle, bridle,  
Whack row de dow.

She had a rolling eye.  
It's fellow it had none,  
Would ye know the reason why?—  
'Twas because she had but one.  
With her winks, &c.

Now he was tall and thin,  
She squab and short was grown,  
He look'd—just like a mile in length,  
And she, a short mile stone.  
With her winks, &c.

Soon he led her to the church,  
 The beautiful Mrs Flinn,  
 Who a walnut could have crack'd  
 'Twixt her lovely nose and chin,  
 With her winks, &c.

A twelvemonth scarce had pass'd  
 When he laid her under ground,  
 Soon he threw the onion from his eyes,  
 And touch'd—ten thousand pound.  
 With her winks, &c.,

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GIN I HAD A WEE HOUSE.

Gin I had a wee house, and a canty wee fire,  
 A bonny wee wifie to praise and admire,  
 A bonny wee yardie, a-side a wee burn,  
 Fareweel to the bodies that yammer & mourn  
 Sae bide ye yet, and bide ye yet,  
 Ye little ken what may beide you yet;  
 Some bonny wee body may yet be my lot,  
 And I'll ay be canty wi' thinking o't.

When I gang afield, and come hame at e'en,  
 I'll get my wee wifie su' neat and su' clean,  
 And a bonny wee bairnie upon her knee,  
 That will cry Papa or Dady to me.  
 And bide ye yet, &c.

And if there should happen ever to be  
 A dif'rence a'tween my wi' wifie and me,  
 In hearty good humour, altho' she be teas'd,  
 I'll kiss her, and clapher, until she be pleas'd  
 And bide ye yet, &c.

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PADDY'S LEGACY.

My father he left me a snug little cot,  
 Which by one trifling accident I never got,  
 For dying without his will having been made,  
 Not a legacy in it ever was paid.

'Twas a neat little cot, built with weather-  
 board stout,  
 Which kept every thing else but the weather  
 clean out,  
 Had a pig sty for poultry without any door,  
 It was two stories high, and both on the  
 ground floor.

A beautiful garden, with weeds overgrown,  
 And an elegant fish-pond dried up by the sun  
 Then the house stood convenient enough you  
 may say,  
 Next door to the whisky-shop over the way.

'Twas a freehold estate, heir at law was my-  
 self,  
 So to law went about it of course with an elf.  
 Gain'd the cause, but to try it so long time  
 requir'd  
 The freehold I lost, 'cause the lease was ex-  
 pir'd.

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WHY, SOLDIERS, WHY.

How stands the glass around?  
 For shame, ye take no care my boys.  
 Let mirth and wine abound.  
 The trumpets sound,  
 The colours they are flying, boys.  
 To fight, kill, or wound,  
 May we still be found,  
 Content with our hard fate my boys,  
 On the cold ground.

Why, soldiers, why,  
 Shou'd we be melancholy, boys?  
 Why, soldiers, why?  
 Whose business 'tis to die?  
 What, sighing? fie!  
 Don't fear, drink on, be jolly, boys,  
 'Tis he, you, or I,  
 Cold, hot, wet, or dry,  
 We're always bound to follow, boys,  
 And scorn to fly.



'Tis but in vain,—  
 I mean not to upbraid you boys,—  
 'Tis but in vain  
 For soldiers to complain,  
 Should next campaign  
 Send us to him who made us, boys,  
 We're free from pain,  
 But, if we remain,  
 A bottle ann kind laudlady  
 Cure all again.

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THE LASSIE I LOE BEST OF A'

Hae ye seen in the calm dewy morning,  
 The red-breast wild warbling sae clear  
 Or the low dwelling, snow-breasted gowan,  
 Sur-charged wi' mild e'ering's soft tear,  
 O then ye hae seen my dear lassie,  
 The lassie I loe best of a'  
 But far frae the hame o' my lassie,  
 I'm monie a lang mile awa.

Her hair is she wing o' the blackbird,  
 Her eye is the eye o' the dove,  
 Her lips are the red blushing rose-bud,  
 Her bosom's the palace of love.  
 Tho' green be thy banks O sweet Clutha,  
 Thy beauties ne'er charm me awa,

Forgive me, ye maid of sweet Clutha,  
My heart is wi' her that's awa.

O love thou'rt a dear fleeting pleasure,  
The sweetest we mortals here know,  
But soon as thy heav'n bright beaming,  
O'ercast with the darkness of wo.  
As the moon on the oft changing ocean,  
Delight's the lone mariner's eye,  
Till red rush the storms of the desert,  
And dark billows tumble on high.

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O WHA'S AT MY CHAUMBER DOOR,

O wha's at my chamber door?

'Fair widow, are ye wauking?'

Auld Carle, your suit give o'er,

Your love lies a' in taunking.

Give me the lad that's young and tight,

Sweet like an April meadow;

'Tis sic as he can bless the sight

And bosom of a widow. —

'O widow, wilt thou let me in,

I'm pauky, wise, and thrifty,

And come of a right gentle kin,

An' little mair than fifty.'

Daft carle, dit your mouth,

What signifies how pauky

Or gentle born ye be—bot youth,

In love your but a gawky.

' Then, widow, let these guineas speak,  
 That powerfully plead clinken,  
 And if they fail, my mouth I'll steek,  
 And nae mair love will think on.'  
 These court indeed, I maun confess,  
 I think they make you young sir,  
 An ten times better can express  
 Affection than your tongue, sir.

YARROW

I dream'd a dreary dream last night,  
 God keep us a' frae sorrow,  
 I dream'd I pu'd the birk sae green,  
 Wi' my true love on Yarrow.

I'll read your dream, my sister dear,  
 I'll tell you a' your sorrow:  
 Ye pu'd the birk wi' your true love,  
 He's kill'd, he's kill'd on Yarrow.

O gentle wind that bloweth south  
 To where my love repaireth,  
 Convey a kiss to his dear mouth,  
 And tell me how he faireth.

But o'er yon glen run arm'd men,  
 Have wrought me dool and sorrow,  
 They've slain, they've slain the comeliest swain  
 He bleeding lies on Yarrow.