

# Braes o' Birniebrouse ;

To which are added,

The parting kiss.

Johnny Bluster's Wife.

Contented lover.

Happy Dick Dawson.

My Willie was a sailor bold.



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**BRAES O' BIRNIEBOUZLE.**

AIR- "Braes o' Tullymet."

WILL ye gang wi' me, lassie,  
To the braes o' Birniebouzle?  
Baith the earth and sea, lassie,  
Will I rob to fend ye:  
I'll hunt the otter and the brock,  
The hart, the hare the heather cock,  
An' pu' the limpet aff the rock,  
To fatten and to fend ye.

If ye gang wi' me, lassie,  
To the braes o' Birniebouzle,  
Till the day ye die lassie,  
Ye shall aye hae plenty:  
The peats I'll carry in a skull,  
The cod and ling wi' lines I'll pull,  
An' reave the eggs o' mony a gull,  
To mak ye dishes dainty.

Sae cheery will ye be, lassie,  
I' the braes o' Birniebouzle:  
Donald Gun and me lassie,  
Ever will attend ye,

Though we hae neither milk nor meal,  
 Nor lamb nor mutton, beef nor veal,  
 We'll fang the porpy and the seal,  
 An' that's the way to fend ye.

An' ye shall gang sae braw lassie,  
 At the kirk o' Birniebouzle,  
 Wi' littet brogues an' a' lassie,  
 Wow but ye'll be vaunty.

An' ye shall wear, when ye are wad,  
 The kirtle and the highland plaid,  
 An' sleep upon a heather bed,  
 Sae cozie and sae canty.

If ye will marry me, laddie,  
 At the kirk o' Birniebouzle,  
 My chiefest aim shall be, laddie,  
 Ever to content ye.

I'll bait the line and bear the pail,  
 And row the boat and spread the sail,  
 An' dad the clotters wi' a flail  
 To mak our taties dainty.

Then come awa wi' me lassie,  
 To the braes o' Birniebouzle,  
 An' since ye are sae free, lassie,  
 Ye never shall repent ye:  
 For ye shall hae baith tups and ewes,

An' gaits an' swine, an' stots an' cows,  
 An' b' the lady o' my house,  
 An' this may weel content ye.

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### THE PARTING KISS.

ONE kind kiss before we part,  
 drop a tear, and bid adieu,  
 Though you fever, my fond heart  
 till we meet, shall pant for you,  
 Till we meet, till we meet,  
 till we meet, shall pant for you.

Yet yet weep not so my love,  
 let me kiss that falling tear,  
 Though my body must remove,  
 ah my soul shall still be here. Tho', &c.

All my soul and all my heart,  
 every wish shall pant for you;  
 One kind kiss, then, ere we part,  
 drop a tear, and bid adieu. One, &c.

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### JOHNNY BLUSTER'S WIFE.

JOHNNY BLUSTER walk on Clyde,  
 The place they ca' it Fraddletony;

Johnny was a joiner gu'e,

Nane cou'd weild a plane like Johnny.  
Lizie Painch was Johnny's wife.

An' silly Matty was her Mither:

Sic a wife as Johnny had

I wadna gi'e a button for her.

Johnny was ance ha'f in love,

His fancy was by beauty haunted;

Heav'n shone in Johnny's e'e—

But no the heav'n Johnny waated:

For Johnny courted Lizie Painch,

Cause Lizie Painch she had the sillier,

But sic a wife as Lizie Painch,

I wadna gi'e a button for her.

Lizie's face was like the moon,

Her shouther's maist as braid as Samson's;

Her very picture's like the sign

That hings aboon au'd Robin Tamson's.

But de'il a prin does Johnny care

Were Lizie like the Witch of Endor;

Johnny fattens on her gear—

He wadna gi'e a button for her.

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### THE CONTENTED LOVER.

I LO'E na a laddie but ane.

he lo'es na a lassie but me,

He's willin' to mak' me his ain,  
 an' his ain I'm willin' to be.

He cost me a rokely o' blue,  
 a pair o' mittens o' green,  
 An' his price was a kiss o' my mou',  
 an' I paid him the debt yestreen.

My mither's ay makin' a phraze,  
 'that I'm lucky young to be wed!'  
 But lang e'er she counted my days,  
 o' me she was brought to bed;

Sae mither just settle your tongue,  
 an' dinna be flyting sae baul,  
 For we can do the thing whan we'er young,  
 that we canna do weel when we'er auld.

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### HAPPY DICK DAWSON.

COME here, we're all jovial and hearty,  
 as hearty as hearty can be,  
 No sorrow or care to perplex us,  
 from trouble we never are free,  
 Give me the gay fellow in life,  
 who seldom a dull thought has known,  
 That would rather kiss any man's wife,  
 by the ore half, than he'd his own.

Then fill up the glasses, dear boys,  
 and make the best use of your time;  
 For<sup>d</sup> believe me, there's nothing surpasses,  
 the joys of dear women and wine,  
 Since life is at best but a span,  
 It's as good to be merry as not,  
 We'll happily live while we can,  
 for sorrow brings nothing but thought.

We'll rattle away with the lasses,  
 and crack a gay flask with our friends,  
 So thus our time merrily passes,  
 in taking the world as God sends.  
 Hang money! it's nothing but trash,  
 we'll be merry, though never so poor,  
 When we have it, we cut a great dash,  
 when it's gone, we ne'er think of it more.

So let me be wealthy or not,  
 my spirits are always the same,  
 Quite free of ev'ry dull thought,  
 and happy Dick Dawson's my name.

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### MY WILLIE WAS A SAILOR BOLD.

My Willie was a Sailor bold,  
 He lov'd no other lass but me:  
 To earn for Ann a store of gold;  
 My constant Willie went to sea;

When on his trembling lip—Farewell,  
 Hung dew-drop like, I rent my heart,  
 I felt my throbbing bosom swell,  
 And vow'd from Willy ne'er to part.

In jacket blue and trousers neat,  
 Snow-white that play'd around my knee,  
 I join'd the ship in Willy's fleet,  
 Most dear to Ann and went to sea ;  
 A storm came on, rude tempests blew,  
 A pirate's flag appall'd each heart,  
 We struck—they made him join their crew,  
 I scorn'd from Willie still to part.

He knows me not as his true love,  
 But a kind messmate proves to me;  
 His truth, his constancy I prove,  
 For I'm his constant theme at sea ;  
 Link'd thus by love two minds unite,  
 Conjoin'd, each boasts a faithful heart,  
 I'll guard him in the raging light,  
 or e'en in death from Willy part.

FINIS.