

THE
DUKE OF GORDON'S THREE
DAUGHTERS;

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

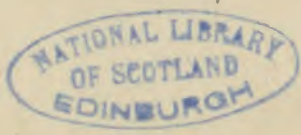
JEM OF ABERDEEN;

AND THE

BONNY HOUSE OF AIRLY.



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THE
DUKE OF GORDON'S DAUGHTERS.

The Duke of Gordon had three daughters,
Elizabeth, Margaret, and Jean ;
They would not stay in bonny Castle Gordon,
But they went away to bonny Aberdeen.
They had not been in bonny Aberdeen,
A twelvemonth and a day,
Till Jean fell in love with Captain Ogilvie,
And away with him went she.

Word came to the Duke of Gordon,
In the chamber where he lay,
How lady Jean fell in love with a Captain,
And from him she would not stay.
Go saddle me the black horse, he cried,
My servant shall ride on the grey,
And I'll go to bonny Aberdeen,
Forthwith to bring her away.

They were not a mile from Aberdeen,
A mile but only one,
Till he met with his two daughters,
But away was lady Jean.
O where is your sister, maidens ?
Where is your sister, now ;
O where is your sister maidens,
That she's not walking with you ?

O pardon us honoured father!

O pardon they did say:

Lady Jean is with Captain Ogilvie,

And from him she will not stay.

When he came to bonny Aberdeen,

And down upon the green,

There he did see Captain Ogilvie,

A training of his men.

O woe be to thee Captain Ogilvie!

An ill death shalt thou die,

For taking to thee my daughter,

High hanged thou shalt be.

The Duke of Gordon wrote a broad letter,

And sent to the king,

To cause him hang brave Captain Ogilvie,

If ere he caused hang any man.

No I will not hang Captain Ogilvie,

For any offence that I see,

But I'll cause him to put of the scarlet,

And put on the single livery.

Now word came to Captain Ogilvie,

In the chamber where he lay,

To strip off the gold and scarlet,

And put on the single livery.

If this be for bonny Jeannie Gordon,

This penance I'll take wi'.

If this be for bonny Jeannie Gordon,

All this and more I'll dree.

Lady Jean had not been married,
 A year but only three,
 Till she had a babe in every arm,
 And another on her knee.

O but I'm weary wandering!
 O but my fortune is bad,
 It sets not the Duke of Gordon's daughter,
 To follow a soldier lad.

O hold your tounge, bonny Jean Gordon,
 O hold your tongue my lamb,
 For once I was a noble captain,
 Now for thy sake a single man.

O high was the hills and the mountains,
 Cold was the frost and snow;
 Lady Jean's shoes were all torn,
 No farther could she go.

O if I was in the glens of Foudlen,
 Where hunting I have been,
 I could go to bonny castle Gordon,
 Without either stockings or sheen.

O hold your tongue bonny Jean Gordon,
 O hold your tongue my dow;
 I've but one half-crown in the world,
 I'll buy hose and shoon to you.
 When she came to bonny Castle Gordon,
 And coming over the green,
 The Porter cried out, with a loud voice,
 Yonder comes our lady Jean.

You are welcome bonny Jeanie Gordon,
 You are dearly welcome to me ;
 You are welcome dear Jeanie Gordon,
 But away with your Ogilvie.
 Now over the seas went the Captain,
 As a soldier under command ;
 But a messenger soon followed after,
 Which caused a countermand.

Come home now, pretty Captain Ogilvie,
 To enjoy your brother's land ;
 Come home now, pretty Captain Ogilvie,
 You're the heir of Northumberland.
 O what does this mean ? says the Captain,
 Where is my brother's land ?
 Come home now, pretty Captain Ogilvie,
 You're the heir of Northumberland.

O what does this mean ? says the Captain,
 Where's my brother's children three ?
 O they are all dead and buried,
 The lands are all ready for thee.
 Then hoist up your sails brave Captain,
 And let's be jovial and free ;
 I'll go home and have my estate,
 And then my dear Jeanie I'll see.

He soon came to bonny castle Gordon,
 And then at the gate stood he ;
 The Porter cried out with a loud shout,
 Here comes Captain Ogilvie !

You're welcome pretty Captain Ogilvie,
 Your fortunes advanced I hear,
 No stranger can come to my gates
 That I do love so dear.

Sir, the last time I was at your gate
 You would not let me in;
 I am come for my wife and children,
 No friendship else I claim.

Then she came tripping down the stair,
 With the saut tear in her e'e,
 One babe she had at every foot,
 Another upon her knée.

You're welcome, bonny Jean Gordon,
 Your're dearly welcome to me,
 You're welcome bonny Jean Gordon,
 Countess of Northumberland to be.

Now the Captain came off with his lady,
 And his sweet babies three,
 Saying, I'm as good blood by descent,
 Though the great Duke of Gordon you be.

JEM OF ABERDEEN.

The tuneful laverocks cheer the grove,
 And sweetly smiles the summer green;
 Now o'er the mead I love to rove,
 Wi' bonny Jem of Aberdeen.

Whene'er we sit beneath the broom,
 Or wander o'er the flowery lea,
 He's always wooing, wooing, wooing,
 O Jamie's always wooing me.

He's fresh and fair as flowers in May,
 The blythest lad on a' the green;
 How sweet the time will pass away
 Wi' bonny Jem of Aberdeen!

Wi' joy I leave my father's cot,
 Wi' ilka sport of glen or green,
 Well pleased to share the humble lot
 Of bonny Jem of Aberdeen.

THE BONNY HOUSE OF AIRLY.

It fell on a day, and a bonny summer day,
 When the corn grew green and yellow,
 That there fell out a great dispute
 Between Argyle and Airly.

Argyle has rais'd a hundred men,
 A hundred men and mairly;
 And he has gone to the back of Dunkeld,
 To plunder the bonny house of Airly.

The lady looked over her window,
 And O! but she looked weary,
 And she espied the great Argyle
 Coming to plunder the bonny house of Airly.

Come down, come down, Madam he says,
 Come down and kiss me fairly;
 I will not kiss thee, great Argyle,
 If you should not leave a standing stone in
 Airly.

He has ta'en her by the middle so small,
 Says, lady, where is your dowry?
 It is up and down the bonny burn-side,
 Among the plantings of Airly.

They sought it up they sought it down,
 They sought it late and early,
 And found it in the bonny palm-tree,
 That shines on the bowling green of Airly.

He has ta'en her by the left shoulder,
 And O but she looked weary,
 And laid her down on the green bank,
 Till he plundered the bonny house of Airly.

O! if my lord was at home,
 As this night he's wi' Charlie,
 Great Argyle and all his men
 Durst not plunder the bonny house of Airly.

'Tis ten bonny sons I have born,
 And the eleventh ne'er saw his daddie;
 And if I had a hundred more
 I would give them all to Charlie.