

## FAVOURITE SONGS.

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Cooper Davie.

The Ploughman.

My Love is like a red, red Rose.

The Lea Rig.

The Shepherd's Courtship.

Scotia's Sons.



FALKIRK:

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# Popular Songs.

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## COOPER DAVIE.

Air—Dainty Davie.

COOPER Davie gat a wife,  
To be the comfort o' his life ;  
But soon there was an unco strife,  
An' din wi' cooper Davie.  
Davie bore what patience wou'd,  
Davie try'd what anger cou'd ;  
Foul or fair she gaed clean wud,  
The wife o' cooper Davie.

She ranted butt, she ranted ben,  
She ceckled like a clocking hen,  
While she could use her fingers ten  
Wae's me for cooper Davie.  
She ruggit cooper Davie's hair.  
She pull'd his shins and made them bare,  
His very snoot she didna' spare,  
The wife o' cooper Davie.

Cooper Davie made a noose,  
He wad be master o' the house,  
Wi' Midget there was ne'er a truce,  
The wife o' Cooper Davie.

He ban' her hard, he ban' her fast,  
 He ban' her to a post at last,  
 But ere the sentence it was past,  
 She parlied wi' poor Davie.

Soon as he set her elbows free,  
 She brak his face, she blind his e'e,  
 An' wi' the tangs she made him flee,  
 Alack for cooper Davie.  
 Davie pray'd baith butt and ben,  
 He pray'd that death wad for her sen',  
 To ease him o' her fingers ten,  
 The wife o' Cooper Davie.

And death in pity came at last,  
 He ban her hard, he ban her fast ;  
 I trow a firmer knot he cast,  
 Than happen'd wi' poor Davie.  
 He fear'd na' Midget's scaulding wrath,  
 He nip't her wizen, stapt her breath,  
 She play'd na the auld trick wi death,  
 She play wi' cooper Davie.

But cooper Davie left the noose,  
 An heir-loom to ilk noisy house,  
 When wives they winna keep a truce,  
 As happen'd wi' poor Davie.  
 He left it wi' advice forby,  
 To ilk ane wha the like may try,  
 No to forget a firmer tie,  
 Nor cheated be like Davie.

## THE PLOUGHMAN.

THE Ploughman wakes from transient dream,  
 And blythe renews his useful toil;  
 He sings, to cheer his patient team,  
 As they unwearied turn the soil.

His song is answered from yon tree,  
 By blackbird's note or mellow thrush;  
 And sprightly linnets sing with glee,  
 In flow'ry glen and hawthorn bush.

His health is sound, his heart is gay,  
 He neither envies lords nor kings;  
 The cheerful day glides swift away,  
 As thus he labours and he sings.

He snuffs the fragrant gale of morn,  
 While Phœbus lifts his fervent eye;  
 All nature welcomes his return,  
 His brightened blaze illumines the sky.

The ploughman, happy in his lot,  
 Ambition never tempts his view;  
 You, who have sweet content forgot,  
 Come learn of him that holds the plough.

*My love is like a red, red Rose.*

O, MY love is like a red, red rose,  
 That's newly sprung in June;

O, my love is like the melody,  
 That's sweetly play'd in tune.  
 As fair art thou, my bonny lass,  
 So deep in love am I;  
 And I will love thee still, my dear,  
 Tho' a' the seas gang dry,  
 Tho' a' the seas, &c.

Till a' tho seas gang dry, my dear,  
 And the rocks melt wi' the sun:  
 And I will love thee still, my dear,  
 While the sands of life shall run.  
 But fare thee well, my only love!  
 And fare thee well a while!  
 And I will come again my love,  
 Tho' 'twere ten thousand miles.  
 Tho' 'twere &c.

### THE LEA RIG.

Will ye gang o'er the lea rig,  
 My ain kind dearie, O;  
 And cuddle there fu' kindly, O?  
 We me, my kind dearie, O?  
 At thorny-bush, or birken-tree,  
 We'll daff and never weary, O;  
 We'll scug ill seen frae you and me,  
 My ain kind dearie, O.

Nae herd wi' kent or colly there,  
 Shall ever come to fear ye, O;

But lav'rocks whistling in the air  
 Shall woo, like me, their dearie, O,  
 While ithers herd their lands and ewes,  
 And toil for world's gear, my jo,  
 Upon the lea my pleasure grows  
 Wi' thee, my kind dearie, O.

A gloamin', if my lane I be,  
 Oh, but I'm wond'rous eerie, O ;  
 And monie a heavy sigh I gie,  
 When absent frae my dearie, O :  
 But seated by the milk-white thorn,  
 In ev'ning fair and clearie, O,  
 Enraptur'd, a' my cares I scorn,  
 Whan wi' my kind dearie, O.

Whare thro' the birks the burnie rows,  
 Aft hae I sat fu' cheerie. O,  
 Upon the bonny greensward howes,  
 Wi' thee, my kind dearie, O ;  
 I've courted till I've heard the crow,  
 Of honest Chanticleerie, O,  
 But never miss'd my sleep ave,  
 Whan vi' my kind dearie, O.

For though the night was ne'er sae dark,  
 And I were ne'er sae weary, O,  
 I'd meet thee on the lea rig,  
 My ain kind dearie, O.  
 While in this weary world of wae,  
 This wilderness sae dreary, O ;  
 What makes me blithe, and keeps me sae,  
 'Tis thee, my kind dearie, O.

*The Shepherd's Courtship.*

Hzy, bonny lassie, come over the burn,  
 An' gin your sheep wander, I'll gie them a turn,  
 Syne we'll be sae happy in yonder green shade,  
 Gin ye'll be my dawtie, and sit in my plaid.

I hae a wee dogie that rins at my heel,  
 An' this little dogie I lo'e unco weel,  
 Him I'd gie to my dearie, an' mair gin I had,  
 Gin ye would come dawtie, and sit in my plaid.

Twa ewes an' a lammie are a' my hale stock,  
 The lammie I'll sell out o' my sma' flock,  
 To buy thee a head lace sae bonny and braid,  
 Gin ye would come, dawtie, and sit in my plaid.

I ha'e little siller but ha'f a year's fee,  
 An' that little siller I'd gae unto thee,  
 Syne we'll be married an' lie in ae bed,  
 Gin ye'll be my dawtie, an' sit in my plaid.

Eh! bonny lassie, what mair can I do?  
 But praise your fair bosom, an' pree your sweet  
 mou';  
 And that married we'll be if in life we be spa'd  
 Then ye'll be my dawtie, and sit in my plaid.

SCOTIA'S SONS.

BLITHE, blithe, aroun' the nappy,  
 Let us join in social glee;

While we're here we'll hae a drappy,  
 Scotia's sons hae aye been free.

Our aul' forbears, when owre their yill,  
 And cantie bickers roun' did ca',  
 Forsooth! they cried, anither giil,  
 For sweet we are to gang awa.  
 Blithe, blithe, &c.

Some hearty cock wad then hae sang,  
 An auld Scotch sonnet aff wi' glee,  
 Syne pledg'd his cog, the chorus rang,  
 Auld Scotia and her sons are free.  
 Blythe, blythe, &c.

Thus cracks, and jokes, and sangs gael roun',  
 Till morn the screens o' light did draw,  
 Yet driech to rise, the carles roun'  
 Cry'd, *Doch an dorais*, then awa.  
 Blythe, blythe, &c.

The landlord then the nappy brings,  
 And toasts su' nappy a' may be,  
 Syne tooms the cog— the chorus rings,  
 Auld Scotia's sons shall aye be free.  
 Blithe, blithe, &c.

Then like our dads o' auld langsyne,  
 Let social glee unite us a',  
 Aye blithe to meet, our mou's to weet,  
 But aye as sweet to gang awa.  
 Blithe, blithe, &c.

FINIS.