

THE
Maid of Carronshore,

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

The Jolly Farmer,

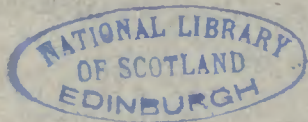
The Minister's Maid,

AND THE

✱ Falkirk Volunteers.



FALKIRK: Printed by T. JOHNSTON.]



THE
MAID OF CARRON-SHORE.

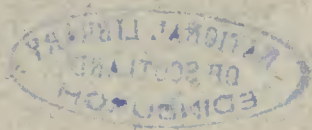
As late I through the country stray'd,
it's beauties to explore,
I happ'd, by chance, to meet a maid,
the Flower of Carron-shore.

Tho' winter's frowns had robb'd the trees
of the verdure which they bore,
Sweet Nature, to replace all these,
rais'd this Flower on Carron-shore.

Tho' keen and cold the winter's blast,
and loud the tempests roar,
Ah! they can never dare deace
The Flower of Carron-shore.

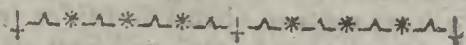
While summer's smiles do cheer the groves,
and to each flower its sweets restore,
They still like winter must appear
to the Maid of Carron-shore.

O have you seen the opening rose
with dew bespangled o'er?
Such charm within the breast repose
of the Maid of Carron-shore.



The lilly's sweet and frequent charms
 may still more aid implore,
 For all its sweets this Flower disarms,
 the Maid of Carron-shore.

Then ever blooming may you be,
 should I ne'er see you more ;
 Yet still your charms are dear to me,
 sweet Maid of Carron shore.



THE

JOLLY FARMER.

You jolly brave fellows who incline to be mellow
 I pray you attend and sit easy,
 One jorum in quiet, my lads we will buy us,
 Too long thinking will make a man crazy ;
 It's here I am a king, I will laugh, dance & sing,
 Let no man appear as a stranger ;
 But show me the ale that will refuse his glass,
 And I'll order him grass in a manger.

By plowing, and sowing, reaping and mowing,
 Kind Nature supports me with plenty ;
 I have a cellar in store, with a plentiful board,
 My garden affords me all dainties :

I have all things in season, both woodcock and
pheasant,

And I'm here like a justice of oram;
In my cabin-end I have a bed for a friend,
with a clean fire-side and a jorum.

If it was not my feeding, you'd have but poor
feeding.

You'd surely be starving without me;
I'm always content when I do pay my rent,
I'm happy when friends are about me.

Draw near to the table, my boys, when you're
able,

Let's not have a word of complaining,
For the tinkling of glasses all music surpasses,
I long to see hogsheds a-draining.

Let the mighty and great roll in splendor
and state,

I do not envy them, I declare it;
I will eat my own ham, my chicken and lamb,
I will shear my own fleece, and wear it.

I have woods & bowers, with plenty fine flowers,
The lark in May-morning my alarm;
My jolly boys now, who follow the plow,
Drink long life and success to the farmer.

The Minister's Maid.

WHEN I was a bonny wie lassie,
 I lived by yon river side;
 A bonny wie laddie courted me,
 for to make me his bride:
 My matter being one of the Clergy,
 I kentna weel how to do;
 But I courted aye wi' my laddie,
 and pleas'd the Minister too.

We waited a' opportunities,
 ay when they were frae hame;
 We kiss'd and clapp'd each other:
 so merry as we were then!
 So merry as we were then,
 our vows for to renew!
 So ay I courted my laddie,
 and pleas'd the Minister too.

It was on a fine simmer-evening
 I went out for to meet with my lad,
 He took me in his arms,
 our hearts being wond'rous glad!
 And what came o' me then,
 ye wadna believe me now;
 But ay I courted my laddie,
 and pleas'd the Minister too.

When I came hame to my mistress,
 she scolded and she flet ;
 Says, Where have you been wa'king,
 that ye have stay'd sae late ?
 That ye have stay'd sae late ?
 your master I will tell.
 Thinks I, madam, ye needna fash,
 for I'll hae to do that mysel'.

But I keepet ay up my courage,
 and madna muckle din ;
 And my laddie came ay and saw me,
 ay's he gaed out and in ;
 And ay's he gaed out and in,
 ay he pried my mou' :
 So ay I courted my laddie,
 and pleas'd the minister too.

But when the simmer was over,
 O pale and wane grew I,
 Like ane risen out o' a fever,
 or ane just gaun to die !
 My master came an' asked me,
 what was the matter wi' me ?
 If I knew any thing that would ease me,
 at my comman' it should be.

Oh! I maun own my crime, Sir,
 tho' it be to my shame and disgrace,
 I went out for to meet wi' the lad,
 the lad that gies out your mass ;

His voice, it was too shrill,
 he pitch'd o'er high for me;
 And ay finfyne I remember
 that I've been likin' to die.

Then my laddie was sent for,
 and he came hingin' his mou';
 Says Mefs John, had you been a good bairn,
 we wadna hae sent for you:

My lassie is lyin' sick,
 an' on you she lays a' the blame:
 An' ye ken ony way ye've wrang'd her,
 ye'll raise her as speedy again.

O I never harm'd your lassie,
 neither by night nor by day;
 But it was on a fine summer evening,
 when crossin' over the way,
 When crossin' o'er the way,
 I learn'd her how to sing,
 And pitching the high notes o' bangor,
 has driv'n her a' out o' tune.

Be pleas'd to marry your lassie,
 O marry your lassie to me!
 For I'm resolv'd to hae her,
 whether she live or die,
 Whether she live or die,
 to mak' ner my wedded wife.
 So I'll live with my lassie
 a sweet and contented life.

The Falkirk Volunteers.

The bold Gaulic Consul has made a bravado,
 With five hundred thousand he'll invade our coasts;
 But let him remember the Spanish Armada,
 The brave sons of Freedom may quash all his boasts:
 Our country now calls for our hearts and our hands;
 Let the love of our country dispel all our fears:
 Come, see courage and Liberty
 Nobly inspiring Falkirk Volunteers.

Fair Liberty gave us our commerce and treasure,
 She taught us to cultivate science and mirth,
 To patronise learning and social pleasure,
 To lighten the heart, and give jollity birth:
 Come, come Britons all, it is Liberty's call,
 Let us haste to her shrine, lay aside all our fears:
 Come, see courage and Liberty
 Nobly inspiring Falkirk Volunteers.

By Freedom we hold all our foes in defiance,
 The banner of Britain o'er earth she's unfurl'd;
 The greatest of nations must court her alliance,
 The envy of Gaul, and the pride of the world.
 Long, long o'er our isle may Liberty smile,
 And bless it with courage in time of its fears:
 Come, see courage and Liberty
 Nobly inspiring Falkirk Volunteers.

F I N I S.

Falkirk—T. Johnston, Printer.