

WILLY RILLY

and *Colin Bacon*  
OR THE

CONSTANT LOVERS.

To which are added,

THE HURL-BARROW

*The Lass o' Glenshee.*



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WILLY RILLY.

O Rise up Willy Rilly,  
and come along with me,  
I mean for to go with you,  
and leave this country :  
I will leave my father's dwelling,  
his houses and free lands  
And away goes Willy Rilly  
and his fair Colin Bawn.

Over hills and lofty mountains,  
and many a lonesome place :  
Thro' many a grove and valley,  
her company to obtain  
Her father followed after them,  
with a well armed ban',  
And taken was poor Rilly,  
and his fair Colin Bawn.

This lady she was taken,  
and in her chamber bound ;  
And Billy also was taken,  
and laid in Sligo Jail :  
It's at the bar of justice,  
great Fowler's age to stand,  
For nothing else but stealing of,  
of his fair Colin Bawn.

It's here into cold irons  
 my hands and feet are bound,  
 Condemned like a murderer,  
 and fast tyed to the ground ;  
 O all this toil and slav'ry,  
 I'm willing for to stan',  
 Still hoping to be saved  
 by my sweet Colin Bawn.

Up steps the jailor's son,  
 and to Billy he did say,  
 Come rise up Willy Rilly,  
 you must appear this day  
 It's at the bar of justice,  
 with courage you must stan',  
 I'm afraid you'll suffer sorely,  
 for your dear Colin Bawn.

This lady she was sensible  
 all in her tender youth,  
 If Billy had deluded her,  
 she must declare the truth :  
 Much like a morning angel bright,  
 before him she did stand,  
 You are welcome here my heart's delight  
 my fair sweet Colin Bawn.

It's out spoke her father dear,  
 at the table he stood by,  
 This villain came amongst us,  
 to disgrace our family ;  
 The pride of these inferiors,  
 I am not fit to stand,

If I cant get satisfaction,  
I will leave my native land.

Up spoke the lady fair  
with the salt tear in her eye,  
The fault is none of Billy's,  
the fault lies all on me,  
I forc'd him for to leave this place,  
and go along with me,  
I loved him out of measure,  
which proved my destiny.

Up spoke noble folks  
at the table he stood by,  
Gentlemen of the jury,  
look on extremity,  
To hang a man for love  
it's a murder you may see,  
O spare the life of Billy  
let him leave this country.

But my good lord he stole from her,  
her jewels and fine things,  
Gold watch and silver buckles  
with many other things,  
Which cost me bright guineas  
more than five hundred pounds,  
I will have the life of Billy  
should it cost ten thousand pounds.

It's my good Lord I gave him them,  
as a token of true-love,  
And when we are a parting,  
we will have them all removed,



And if you have got them,  
 pray send them unto me,  
 I will my loving lady  
 with thanks given unto thee.

There is one ring amongst them all,  
 I allow yourself to wear,  
 With thirty shining diamonds,  
 set in with silver clear;  
 As a true lover's token  
 to wear on your right hand,  
 That you may think on broken hearts,  
 when you are in a foreign land.

Up spoke the noble judge, saying,  
 you may let the pris'ner go,  
 The lady she has cleared him,  
 the jury well may know  
 She has released her own true love,  
 and has renewed her name,  
 That her honour great may gain estate,  
 and always rise in fame.

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THE HURL BARROW.

When I was a wee thing,  
 and just like an elf,  
 All the meat that e'er I gat,  
 I laid upon a shelf.

The rottens and the nice  
 they fell into a strife,

They wadna let my meat alone,  
 Till I gat a wife,  
 And when I gat a wife  
 she wadna bide therein,  
 Till I gat a hurl-barrow  
 to hurl her out and in.  
 The hurl-barrow, brake,  
 my wife she gat a fa';  
 And the foul fa' the hurl-barrow,  
 cripple wife an' a'.  
 She wadna eat nae bacon,  
 she wadna eat nae beef,  
 She wadna eat nae lang-kail,  
 for fying o' her teeth  
 But she wad eat the bonnie bird,  
 that sit upos the tree,  
 Gang down the burn, Davie, love,  
 and I sall follow thee.

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### THE LASS O' GLENSHEE.

ON a bonny day, when the heather was blooming,  
 and the silent hill bumm'd wi' the sore laden'd  
 bee;  
 I met a fair maid as I homeward was riding,  
 a herding her sheep on the bill o' Glenshee.  
 The rose in her cheek it was gem'd wi' a dimple,  
 and blythe were the blinks o' her bonny black  
 e'e.  
 Her face so enchanting so neat and so handsome,  
 my heart soon belonged to the lass o' Glenshee.

I kls'd and caress'd, and said my dear lassie,  
 if you would but go to St Johnston wi' me,  
 There's none o' the fair shall set a foot on the  
 causeway,

with cleading more fine than the lass o' Glenshee.

A carriage for pleasure you shall hae to ride in,  
 and fook shall say Mem, when they speak unto  
 thee,

Servant; you shall hae for to do your bidin',  
 I'll make you my lady, the lass o' Glenshee.

It is mock me nae mair wi' your carriage to ride  
 in

nor think that your grandeur I value a flee,

I would think mysel' happy in a cottie o' of plaid-  
 ing,

wi' an innocent herd on the hills o' Glenshee.

Believe me, dear lassie Caledonia's clear waters,  
 may alter their course and run back frae the  
 sea.

Her brave hardy sons may submit to be in fetters,  
 but cease and believe not such baseness in me.

The lark may forget to rise in the morning,  
 the spring may forget to revive on the lea,

But never will I while my senses govern me,  
 forget to be kind to the lass o' Glenshee.

O let me alone, for I am sure I would blunder,  
 and set a' the gentry a laughing at me.

They're book-taught in manners baith auld and  
 young o' them,

but we ken little o' that in the hills o' Glenshee.

They would say look ye at him wi' his Highland  
 lady,  
 set up for a sale in a window so high,  
 Roll'd up like a witch in a hamely spun plaidie,  
 and pointing towards the lass o' Glenshee.  
 Do not dream o' sic stories but come up behind

me.  
 ere Phoebus goes round my sweet bride thou  
 shalt be,

This night in my arms I'll doat you sae kindly,  
 she smil'd and consented, I took her wi' me,

Now years hae gone round since we busked to-  
 gether,  
 and seasons have changed, but nae changes wi'  
 me,

She's ay as gay as the fine summer weather.  
 when Boreas blaws shrill on the hills o' Glen-  
 shee.

To meet wi' my Jeanie away I would venture,  
 she's sweet as the echoes that rings o'er the lee  
 She's spotless and pure as the robes in the winter,  
 when laid out to bleach on the hills o' Glenshee.

FINIS.