

THE

Bonny Lass,

A NEW LOVE SONG:

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

I'll Clout Johnny's Grey Brecks,

Tell me the Way to Woo,

AND

Every Man take his Glass.



Falkirk, Printed in the Year 1822

THE BONNY LASSIE.

ANCE I lo'ed a bonny lassie,
 lang I thought she'd be my ain;
 Sometimes she was wond'rous laucy,
 sometimes she was wond'rous fain:
 She was fair, but unco fickle,
 mair than ony e'er I saw;
 Ilka rose it has a prickle,
 but my Jenny she had twa.

She was charmin', gay and handsome,
 'mair like Burn's lovely Jean;
 When she smil'd, 'twas heav'n to Johnny
 but by smiles the heart's ne'er teen.
 A hundred times she said she lo'ed me,
 illy I believ'd it a';
 Ilka rose it has a prickle,
 but fause Jenny she had twa.

Thro' the bloomin' birks we've wander'd
 never thought the time o'er lang;
 Where the burnie rows we've daunder'd
 listnin' to the birdies' sang.
 Wha wou'd thought in her fair bosom
 sic a marble heart cou'd be?

Wha wou'd thought the love o' filler
parted this sweet lass and me?

Jenny's rich auld aunty, Maggy,
died, and made but little din,
Left her gowd and blankets penty,
kills o' claife, and lint to spin.
Frae the moment Jenny got a',
Johnny nae mair fill'd e'e;
Scoury lairds, and trash o' farmers,
pleas'd her then instead o' me.

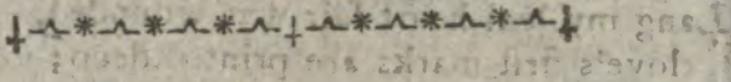
Lang my leal heart fair was wounded,
love's first marks are printed deep;
Wi' flighted love, and Lasses' scornin',
night nor day could get nae st-ep.
I curs'd the gowd, that root o' evil,
that had fircharms to change the mind;
I cursed a' deceivin' women,
I curs'd mysel' for being fae blind.

But time, the king of cures for a' thing,
wore the glammer frae my een,
Then I had power to look about me,
and soon I fix'd on bonny Jean!
I follow'd her to kirk and market,
('mang the maids she bare the green)

Spake o' love—then in a jiffy,
gae consent to married be.

Keen was I to hae her courted,
keen was I to get her wed,
Keen to hae the bridal over,
but keener far to win ta bed.

Jenny now may gang and whistle,
Johnny's happy morn and e'en!
Constant love and steady virtue
adorn the heart o' bonny Jean.



JOHNNY'S GREY BREEKS.

WHEN I was in my se'enteenth year,
I wa' oath blythe and bonny O!
The lad lo'ed me baith far and near,
but I lo'ed none but Johnny O.
He gain'd my heart in twa three weeks,
he spak sae blyth and kindly O;
And I made him new grey breeks,
that fitted him mo' finely O.

He was a handsome fellow,
his humour was baith frank and free;
His bonny locks sae yellow
like gowd they glitter'd in my ee!

His dimpl'd chin and rosy cheeks,
 and face so fair and ruddy O
 And then a day his grey breeks
 was neither auld nor duddy O
 But now they're thread bare worn,
 they're wider than they us'd to be,
 They're tash'd like and fair torn,
 and clouted fair on ilka knee:
 But gin I live anither year,
 as I have done right many O,
 I'll mak a web o' grey claithe,
 to be breeks to my Johnny O.

For he's well worthy o' them,
 and better gin I had to gie;
 And I'll tak pains upo' them,
 frae faults I'll strive to keep them free:
 To clead him weel shall be my care,
 and please him a my study O
 But he maun wear the auld pair
 a wee, tho' they be duddy O.

For when my lad was in his prime,
 like him there was nae munny O;
 He ca'd me av his bonny things,
 (ae wha wad nae do e Johnny O?)
 So I lo'e my Johnny's grey breeks
 for a the care they've gien me yet,
 And gin we live anither year,
 he'll get new breeks unmended yet.

I never hae try'd yet to mak love to ony,
 never lov'd ony till ance I lev'd you:
 Now we're alane in the green wood fae bonny,
 now tell me, dear lassie, the way for to woo.

What care I for your wand'ring, laddie,
 or yet for your sailing the sea?

It was nae for nought ye left Peggy,
 my rocher it brought you to me.

An' say, hae ye gowd, for to buik me ay gaudy,
 wi' ribbons, an' pearls, an' brealt-knots anew,

A house that is eanty, wi' plenishing plenty,
 without them ye never need come for to woo.

I hae nae gowd to buik ye ay gaudy,
 nor yet buy you ribbon, enow;

I brag nae o' house, nor o' plenty,
 but I hae a heart that is true:

I came na for techer, I ne'er heard o' ony,
 never lo'ed Peggy, nor e'er brak my vow;

I've wander'd, poor fool, for a face faulc as bonny,
 I little thought this was the way for to woo.

Hae na ye roos'd my red cheeks like the morning,
 an' roos'd up my cherry-red mou?

Ye've come o'er the sea, muir, and mountain,
 what mair, Johnny, need ye to woo?

An' far hae ye wander'd, I ken, my dear laddie,
 now ye hae faund me, ye've nae cause to rue;

Wi' health we'll hae plenty, I'll never gang
 gaudy;

I ne'er wish'd for mair than a heart that
 is true.

EVERY MAN TAKE HIS GLASS.

EVERY man take his glass in his hand,
 and drink a good health to our King;
 Many years may he rule o'er this land:
 May his laurels for ever fresh spring.
 Let wrangling and jangling straight way cease;
 Let every one strive for his country's peace;

Neither Tory nor Whig
 With their parties look big,
 Here's a health to all honest men.

'Tis not owning a whiffical name,
 that proves a man loyal and just;
 Let him fight for his country's fame,
 be impartial at home, if in trull.

'Tis this that proves him an honest soul,
 His health when drink in a brim full bowl.

Then let's leave off debate,
 No confusion create:
 Here's a health to all honest men.

Then agree we true Britons agree,
 and never quarrel about a nick name;
 Let our enemies trembling see
 that a Briton is always the same.

For our King, our Laws, our Church & Right,

Let's say by all hands and straight unite:

Then who need care a fig
 Who's a Tory or Whig?

Here's a health to all honest men.

F I N I S