

Bonny Barbara Allan. 18

THE MINSTREL.

Oh! Nannie, wilt thou gang
wi' me.

Here awa, there awa.

NAEBODY.



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BONNY BARBARA ALLAN.

It was in and about the Martinmas time
When the green leaves were a-falling
That Sir John Graeme in the west country
Fell in love with Barbara Allan.

He sent 'his man down thro' the town
To the place where she was dwellin'
O haste and come to my master dear,
Gin ye be Barbara Allan.

O hooly hooly rose she up,
To the place where he was lying,
And when she drew the curtain by,
Young man, I think ye're dying.

O its I'm sick, and very very sick,
And 'tis a' for Barbara Allan,
O the better for me ye'se never be,
Tho' your heart's blood were a-spillin'

O dinna ye mind, young man, said she
When ye was in the tavern a drinkin'

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That ye made the healths gae round and
round,
And slighted Barbara Allan.

He turn'd his face unto the wall,
And death was with him dealing,
Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,
And be kind to Barbara Allan.

And slowly slowly raise she up,
And slowly slowly left him;
And sighing, said, she could na stay,
Since death of life had rest him.

She had not gane a mile but twa,
When she heard the dead bell ringing
And ev'ry jow that the dead-bell gied,
It cry'd, Woe to Barbara Allan.

O mother, mother, mak my bed,
O mak it saft and narrow,
Since my love died for me to-day,
I'll die for him to-morrow.

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THE MINSTREL.

Keen blows the wind o'er Donnocht-
Head,

The snaw drives snellie thro' the dale;
The Gaberlunzie tirls my sneck,
And, shivering, tells his waefu' tale.

Cauld is the night, O let me in,
And dinna let your minstrel fa';
And dinna let his winding sheet
Be naething but a wreath o' snaw.

Full ninety winters hae I seen, (flew
And pip'd whar gor-cocks whirring
And mony a day ye've danc'd I've seen,
To liltis which from my drone I blew.

My Eppie wak'd, and soon she cried,
Get up, gudeman, and let him in;
For weel ye ken the winter nights
Seem'd short when he began his din.

My Eppie's voice, O wow it's sweet,
E'en tho' she baus and scaulds a wee;
But when it's tun'd to sorrow's tale,
O, haith, it's doubly dear to me.

me in, auld carle, I'll steer my fire,
 I'll mak it bleeze a bonnie flame,
 Your bluid is thin, ye've tint the gate,
 Ye should na stray sae far frae hame."

Nae hame hae I, the minstrel said,
 Sad party-strife o'erturn'd my ha';
 And, weeping, at the eve of life,
 I wander thro' a wreath o' snaw.

FAIREST OF THE FAIR.

O Nannie, wilt thou gang wi' me,
 Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town;
 Can silent glens have charms for thee,
 The lowly cot, and russet gown?
 Nae langer drest in silken sheen,
 Nae langer deck'd wi' jewels rare,
 Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
 Where thou wast fairest of the fair?

O Nannie, when thou'rt far awa,
 Wilt thou not cast a look behind?
 Say, canst thou face the flaky snaw,
 Nor shrink before the warping wind?
 O can that soft and gentlest mien,
 Severest hardships learn to bear,

Nor sad regret each courtly scene,
Where thou wast fairest of the fair?

O Nannie, canst thou love so true,
Thro' perils keen wi' me to gae?
Or when thy swain mislapp shall rue,
To share with him the pang of wae.
And when invading pains befall,
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
Nor wishful those gay scenes recal,
Where thou wast fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
And wilt thou o'er his much-lov'd clay,
Strew flow'rs, and drop the tender tear?
Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
Where thou wast fairest of the fair?

NAEBODY.

I hae a wife o' my ain,
I'll partake wi' naebody;
I'll tak cuckold fræ nane,
I'll gie cuckold to naebody.

I hae a penny to spend,
 There—thanks to naebody;
 I hae naething to lend,
 I'll borrow frae naebody.

I am naebody's lord,
 I'll be slave tō naebody;
 I hae a gūid braid sword,
 I'll tak dunts frae naebody.
 I'll be merry and free,
 I'll be sad for naebody;
 If naebody care for me,
 I'll care for naebody.

WANDERING WILLIE.

Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
 Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame;
 Come to my bosom, my ain only dearie,
 Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the
 same.

Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our
 parting, [ee;
 Fears for my Willie brought tears in my
 Welcome now simmer, and welcome my
 Willie,
 The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the
slumbers,

How your dread howling

Wauken ye breezes, ro
lows,

And waft my dear lar

But oh, if he's faithle

Nannie,

Flow still between

May I never see

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