

Neil Gow's Fareweel.

Blythe and happy are we.

My heart's in the Highlands.

THE BRAW WOOER.

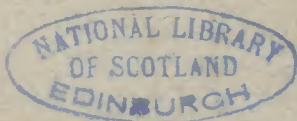
Hey for a Lass wi' a Tocher.



GLASGOW :

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NEIL GOW'S FAREWHEEL.

You've surely heard o' famous Neil,
The man that play'd the fiddle weel,
I wat he was a canty chiel,

And dearly loo'd the whisky, O.
And ay since he wore tartan hose,
He dearly loo'd the Athol bröse;
And wae was he, you may suppose,
To play fareweel to whisky, O.

Alake, quoth Neil, I'm frail and auld,
And find my bluid grows unco cauld;
I think 'twad mak me blythe and bauld,

A wee drap Highland whisky, O.
And yet the doctors a' agree
That whisky's no the drink for me;
Saul! quoth Neil, 'twill spoil my glee,
Shou'd they part me and whisky, O.

Tho' I can get baith wine and ale,
And find my head and fingers hale,
I'll be content, tho' legs shou'd fail,
To play fareweel to whisky, O.
But still I think on auld langsyne,

When Paradise our friends did tyne,
 Because something ran in their min';
 Forbid, like Highland whisky, O.

Come a' ye pow'rs o' Music, come!
 Find my heart grows unco glum,
 My fiddle strings will no play bum,
 To say fareweel to whisky, O.
 I'll take my fiddle in my hand,
 And screw the strings up while they'll
 stand,
 To mak a lamentation grand,
 On gude auld Highland whisky, O.

BLYTHE AN' HAPPY ARE WE.

Blythe, blythe, an' happy are we,
 Cauld care is flegg'd awa;
 This is but ae night o' our lives,
 An' wha wou'd grudge tho' it were twa.
 The ev'ning shade around is spread,
 The chilling tempest sweeps the sky;
 We're kindly met, an' warmly set,
 An' streams o' nappy rinnin' by.
 Blythe, &c.

While gettin' fou, we're great, I trow,
 We scorn misfortune's greatest bangs;

The magic bowl can lift the soul
 Aboon the warld and a' its wrangs,
 Blythe, &c.

The days o' man are but a span,
 This mortal life a passing dream,
 Nought to illume the dreary gloom,
 Save love an' friendship's sacred gleam,
 Blythe, &c.

Then toom your glass to my sweet lass,
 And niest we'll turn it o'er to thine :
 The glowin' breast that loes them best
 Shall dearest ever be to mine.
 Blythe, &c.

An' here's to you, my friend sae true,
 May discord ne'er a feeling wound !
 An' should we flyte, ne'er harbour spite,
 But in a bowl be't quickly drown'd.
 Blythe, &c.

Now rap and ring, an' gar them bring
 The biggest stoupfu' yet we've seen ;
 Why should we part when hand an' heart
 At ilka bumper grows mair keen ?
 Blythe, &c.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

My heart's in the highlands, my heart is
not here, (deer ;

My heart's in the highlands a chasing the
Chasing the wild deer, and following the
roe ; [go.

My heart's in the highlands wherever I
Farewel to the highlands, farewel to the
north, (worth ;

The birth-place of valour, the country of
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the highlands for ever I love.

Farewel to the mountains high covered
with snow, (below,

Farewel to the straths and green vallies
Farewel to the forests and wild hanging
woods, (ing floods.

Farewel to the torrents and loud pour-
My heart's in the highlands, my heart is
not here, (the deer ;

My heart's in the highlands a chasing
Chasing the wild deer, and following the
roe, (go.

My heart's in the highlands wherever I

HEY FOR A LASS WI' A TOCHER.

Awa' wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's a-
larms, (your arms ;

The slender bit beauty you grasp in
O, gie me the lass that has acres o'
charms, (farms.

O, gie me the lass wi' the weel stockit

Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,

Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,

Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,

The nice yellow guineas for me,

Your beauty's a flower in the morning
that blows, (grows ;

And withers the faster, the faster it

But the rapturous charm o' the bonnie
green knowes, (white yowes.

Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonnie

Then hey, &c.

And e'en when this beauty your bosom
has blest, (possest ;

The brightest o' beauty may cloy when

But the sweet yellow darlings, wi' Geor-
die imprest, (carest.

The langer ye hae them the mair they're

Then hey, &c.

THE BRAW WOOPER.

Tune—The Lothian Lassie.

LAST May a braw wooer cam down the lang glen,
 And sair wi' his love he did deave me ;
 I said there was naething I hated like men,
 The deuce tak him to believe me, believe me,
 The deuce tak him to believe me.

He spak o' the darts o' my bonnie black een,
 And vow'd for my love he was diein ;
 I said he might die when he liket for Jean,
 The Lord forgie me for lien, for lien,
 The Lord forgie me for lien !

A weel stockit mailen, himsel for the laird,
 And marriage aff hand was the proffer ;
 I never loot on that I kent it, or car'd,
 But thought I might get a waur offer, waur offer,
 But thought I might get a waur offer.

But what do ye think ? in a fortnight or less,
 (The deil 's in his taste to gang near her !)
 He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess ;
 Guess ye how, the jad ! I could bear her, could
 bear her,
 Guess ye how, the jad ! I could bear her.

Sae a' the niest week as I fretted wi' care,
 I gade to the tryst o' Dalgarnock,
 And wha but my braw fickle wooer was there,
 I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock ;
 I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shouther I gied him a blink,
 Lest neibours might say I was saucy ;
 My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cōusin, fu' cuthie and sweet,
 Gin she had recover'd her hearin,
 And how my auld shoon fitted her shachel'd feet,
 But, heavens ! how he fell a swearin, a swearin,
 But, heavens ! how he fell a swearin.

He begged, for Gudesake ! I wad be his wife,
 Or else I wad kiil him wi' sorrow ;
 So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

F I N I S .