

1.

THE NEW Pease Strae.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

The Minister's Maid.

ALSO,

Jenny, Lads, my bonny Bird,

AND

Whistle and I'll come t'ye:

[By R. BURNS.]



FALKIR

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NEW PEASE STRAE.

THE country swain that tends the plain,
 driving the lightsome plough,
 At night, tho' tir'd, with love a' fir'd
 he views the lasses' brow.
 When morning comes, instead of drums,
 the flails clap merrily,
 To raise the maids out o' their beds
 to shake the Pease Strae.

Fair Jenny raise, put on her claihs,
 syne turn'd her voice to sing:
 She sang sae sweet, with notes compleat,
 gar'd a' the echoes ring;
 An' a' the maids laid by their flails,
 then danced merrily,
 And bless'd the hour that they had power
 to shake the Pease Strae.

The musing swain, disturb'd in brain,
 fast to her arms he flew,
 And strove a while then, wi' a smile,
 said, Jenny redd in here.
 She cries right aft, I think ye're daft,
 to tempt a lassie sae;
 Ye'll do me wrang, pray let me gang,
 an' shake the Pease Strae.

My heart, said he, fair wounded be,
 for thee, my Jenny fair;
 Without a jest I get nae rest,
 my bed it proves a snare.

Thy image fine presents me syne,
an' taks a' rest frae me;
An' while I dream, in your esteem,
you reckon me your fae.

Which is a sign ye will be mine,
dear Jenny fayna na',
But soon comply, or else I die,
fae tell me but a flaw;
If thou can love, there's none above
thee, I can fancy fae;
I would be blest, if I but wist
that ye wou'd shake my strae.

She, wi' a smile, said, ye're beguil'd,
I mauna fancy thee;
My mither bauld, she would me scauld,
fae dinná die for me.
But yet I own, as I'm near grown
a woman, since it's fae,
I'll marry thee, syne ye'll get me
to shake your Pease Strae.



THE
MINISTER'S MAID:

WHEN I was a bonny wie lassie,
I lived by you river side;
A bonny wie laddie courted me,
for to make me his bride:
My master being one of the Clergy,
I kentna weel how to do;
But I courted ay wi' my laddie,

We waited a' opportunities,
 ay when they were frae hame ;
 We kiss'd and clapped 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 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 ha'e 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 he came an' asked me,
 what was the matter wi' me?
 If I knew any thing that wou'd ease me,
 at my comman' it shou'd 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 gi'es out your mafs;
 His voice it was too sh'ill,
 he pitch'd o'er high for me;
 And ay sin'yne I remember
 that I 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 simmer-evening,
 when crossing o'er the way,
 When crossing o'er the way,
 I learn'd her how to sing,
 And pitching the high notes o' bangor,
 has driven her a' out o' tunc.

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

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JENNY LASS, My BONNY BIRD.

[BY BURNS.]

JENNY, lass, my bonny bird,
 My father's dead, and a' that,
 And saugly laid aneath the yeard,
 An' I'm his heir, an' a' that:

I'm now a laird, an' a' that,
 I'm now a laird, an' a' that
 I've gear an' lan' at my comman',
 An' muckle mair than a' that.

He left me, wi' his diein' breath,
 A dwelling-house, an' a' that;
 Guid byars an' barns, an' wabs o' claith;
 A guid peat-flack, an' a' that:

A mare, a foal, an' a' that,
 A mare, a foal, an' a' that;
 Sax guid milk-ky, a ca'f forby;

Two guid cats, an' a' that

A yard, a meadow, lang braid lees ;
 Wi' stacks o' corn, an' a' that :

They're weelhedg'droun' wi' thorns an' trees
 An' carts, an' cars, an' a' that :

A plou' an' greath, an' a' that,
 A plou' an' greath, an' a' that ;
 Good harrows twa, cocks, hens an' a',
 A grizle too, an' a' that.

I've walth o' claiiths for ilka-days,
 For Sundays too, an' a' that ;
 I've bills an' ban's on lairds an' lan's,
 An' filler, goud, an' a' that ;

An' muckle mair than a' that,
 An' muckle mair than a' that :
 What want I now, my bonny dow,
 But just a wife to a' that ?

Now, Jenny dear, my errand here
 Is to seek you to a' that ;
 My heart's a' lowpin' whan I speer
 Gin ye'll tak me wi' a' that ?

Myself' my gear, an' a' that,
 Myself', my gear, an' a' that :
 Come, gie's your loof, to be a proof
 That ye'll tak me wi' a' that.

Syne Jenny laid her niver in his ;
 Said she'd tak him wi' a' that :
 An' he gaed her a hearty kifs ;
 An' dauted her, an' a'-that :

They set the day an' a' that,
 They set the day, an' a' that,
 Whan she'd come hame to be his dame,
 An' ha'e a rant wi' a' that.

WHISTLE AN' I'LL COME T'YE,

[BY BURNS.]

O Whistle, an' I'll come t'ye, my lad,
 O whistle, an' I'll come t'ye, my lad,
 Tho' father an' mother, an' a' shou'd gae mad,
 O while, an' I'll come t'ye, my lad.

Ay wylily tent, when ye come to court me,
 An' comina unless the back-yate be agee;
 Syne up the back-style, an' lat me body see:
 An' come as ye werena comin' for me.

O whistle, &c.

At kirk, or at market, where'er ye meet me,
 Ay pass me by, as ye car'dna a flee;
 Yet gi'e me the blink o' yr' bonny black e'e,
 An' look as ye werena lookin' at me.

O whistle, &c.

Ay vow an' protest that ye carena for me;
 An' whiles ye may lightly my beauty a-wee;
 Yet courtna anither, tho' j' kin' ye be,
 For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.

O whistle, &c.

F I N I S.

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[Falkirk, Printed by T. JOHNSTON.]

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