

Willie was a wanton wag.

THE JOLLY MILLER.

When trees did bud.

THE BROWN JUG.



1823.

WILLIE WAS A WANTON WAG.

Willie was a wanton wag,
The blythest lad that e'er I saw,
At bridals still he bore the brag,
And carried ay the gree awa.
His doublet was of Zetland shag,
And wow! but Willie he was braw,
And at his shouther hang a tag,
That pleas'd the lasses best of a'.

He was a man without a clag,
His heart was frank without a flaw;
And ay whatever Willie said,
It still was haddan as a law.
His boots they were made of the jag,
When he went to the Weaponshaw,
Upon the green hane durst him brag,
The fier a ane among them a'.

And wasna Willie weel worth gowd?
He wan the love of great and sma';
For after he the bride had kiss'd,
He kiss'd the lasses hale sale a'.
Sae merrily round the ring they row'd,

When by the hand he led them a',
 And smack on smack on them bestow'd
 By virtue of a standing law.

And wasna Willie a great loon,
 As shyre a lick as e'er was seen?
 When he danc'd wi' the lasses round,
 The bridegroom spier'd whar he had
 been.

Quo' Willie, I've been at the ring,
 Wi' hobbing, faith my shanks are sair;
 Gae ca' your bride and maidens in,
 For Willie he dow' donae mair.

Then rest ye, Willie, I'll gae out,
 And for a wee fill up the ring.
 But, shame light on his souplé snout,
 He wanted Willie's wanton fling.
 Then straight he to the bride did fare,
 Says, Leeze me on your bonny face;
 Wi' hobbing, Willie's shanks are sair,
 And I'm come out to fill his place.

Bridegroom, she says, you'll spoil the
 dance,
 And at the ring you'll ay be lag,
 Unless, like Willie, ye advance:
 O! Willie has a wanton leg;

For wi't he learns us a' to steer,
 And foremost ay bears up the ring,
 We will find nae sic dancing here,
 If we want Willie's wanton fling.

THE JOLLY MILLER.

There was a jolly miller once
 Liv'd on the river Dee,
 He danc'd and he sang from morn till
 No lark so blittie as he. (night,
 And ay the burden of his song
 For ever us'd to be,
 I care for nobody, no not I,
 If nobody cares for me.

I live by my mill, God bless her,
 She's kindred, child and wife;
 I would not change my station
 For any other in life.
 No lawyer, surgeon, or doctor,
 E'er had a groat from me.
 I care for nobody, no not I,
 If nobody cares for me.

When spring begins its merry career,
 Oh how his heart grows gay;

Nor summer drouth alarms his fears,
 Nor winter's sad decay;
 No foresight mars the miller's joy,
 Who's wont to sing and say,
 I care for nobody, no not I,
 If nobody cares for me.

Thus, like the miller, bold and free,
 Let us rejoice and sing;
 The days of youth are made for glee,
 And time is on the wing.
 This song shall pass from me to thee,
 Along this jovial ring;
 Let heart and voice and all agree
 To say—Long live the king.

DOWN THE BURN DAVIE.

When trees did bud and fields were green,
 And broom bloom'd fair to see;
 When Mary was complete fifteen,
 And love laugh'd in her ee;
 Blythe Davy's blinks her heart did move
 To speak her mind thus free,
 Gang down the burn, Davie, love,
 And I will follow thee.

Now Davie did each lad surpass
 That dwelt on this burn-side;
 And Mary was the bonniest lass,
 Just meet to be a bride.

Blythe Davie's blinks, &c.

Her cheeks were rosy red and white,
 Her een were bonny blue,
 Her locks were like Aurora bright,
 Her lips like dropping dew.

Blythe Davie's blinks, &c.

What pass'd, I guess, was harmless play,
 And nothing, sure, unmeet!
 For gaing home, I heard them say,
 They lik'd a walk so sweet.

Blythe Davie's blinks, &c.

His cheeks to her's he fondly laid;
 She cried, Sweet love be true,
 And when a wife, as now a maid,
 To death I'll follow you.

Blythe Davie's blinks, &c.

As fate had dealt to him a rough
 Straight to the kirk he led her;
 There plighted her his faith and truth,
 And a bonny bride he made her.

No more asham'd to own her love;
 Or speak her mind thus free;
 Gang down the burn, Duvie, love,
 And I will follow thee.

THE BROWN JUG.

Dear Tom, this brown jug, that new
 foams with mild ale,
 Out of which I now drink to sweet Nan
 of the vale,
 Was once Toby Filpot, a thirsty old soul
 As e'er drank a bottle, or fashion'd a
 bowl.
 In boozing about 'twas his praise to ex-
 cel,
 And among jolly toppers he bore off the
 bell.
 It chanc'd as in dog-days he sat at his
 ease,
 In his flow'r-woven arbour, as gay as you
 please,
 With a friend and a pipe puffing sorrow
 away,
 And with honest old stingo was soaking
 his clay,

His breath doors of life on a sudden were
 shut,
 And he died full as big as a Dorchester
 butt.

His body, when long in the ground it
 had lain,
 And time into clay had resolv'd it again;
 A potter found out in its covert so snug,
 And with part of fat Toby he form'd this
 brown jug.
 Now sacred to friendship, to mirth and
 mild ale,
 So here's to my lovely sweet Nan of the
 vale.

FINIS.