

EXCELLENT  
NEW SONG,  
CALLED  
THE  
BLAE BERRIES.




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ABERDEEN:

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THE  
BLAE BERRIES.

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**W**ill you go to the highlands jewel with me,  
Will you go to the high hills the flocks to  
see,  
It is health for my jewel to breathe the sweet air,  
And to pull the blaeberries in the forest so fair.

To the highlands my jewel I will not go with thee,  
For the road it is long and the hills they are high,  
I do love these low vallies and sweet corn fields,  
More than all your blaeberries your wild mountains  
yield.

Our hills they are bonny when the heather's in  
 bloom,  
 It would cheer a fine fancy in the month of June,  
 To pull the blaeberries and carry them home,  
 And set them on your table when December comes  
 on.

Out spake her father that faucy old man,  
 You might have chosen a mistress among your own  
 clan,  
 'Tis but poor entertainment for our lowland dames,  
 To promise them berries on wild heather bleems.

If I had chosen a mistress among my own clan,  
 I would never have asked a word of your daughter  
 good man,  
 As for her entertainment I tell you no lie,  
 She shall just share as I do if she go with me.

Kilt up your green plaidie, walk over yon hill,  
 For a sight of your highland face does me much ill,  
 For I will wed my daughter and spare pennies too,  
 To whom my heart pleases and what's that to you.

My plaid it is broad, it has colours anew,  
 Good man for your kindness I'll leave it with you,  
 A warm cordial keeps a' cold from me,  
 The blithe blinks of love from your daughter's eye.

My flocks they are thin, and my lodging but bare,  
 And you that has meikle the more you can spare,

Some of your spare pennies with us you will share,  
And you winna send your lassie o'er the hills bare.

He went to his daughter to give her advice,  
Said if you go with him I am sure you're not wife,  
He is a rude highland fellow as poor as the crow,  
He's of the clan of the Catherine's for ought that I  
know.

But if you go with him I'm sure you's go bare,  
You shall have nothing that father or mother can  
spare,  
Of all I possess I'll deprive you for ay,  
If o'er the hills lassie you do go away.

It's father keep what you're not willing to give,  
For I will go with him as sure as I live,  
What signifies gold or treasure to me,  
When the highland hills are between my love and me.

Now she has gone with him in spite of them a'  
Away to a place that her eyes never saw,  
He had no steed to carry her home,  
But still he said lassie think not the road long.

In a warm summer's evening they came to a glen,  
Being wearied with travel the lassie sat down,  
Get up my brave lassie let us step on,  
For the sun will go round before we win home.

My feet are all torn, my shoes are all rent,  
 I am wearied with travel just like to faint,  
 Were it not for the sake of your kind company,  
 I would lie in this defart until that I die.

The day is far spent, and the night coming on,  
 Then step you aside to yon bonny mill town,  
 And there you ask lodging for thee and for me;  
 For glad would I be in a barn to be.

The place it is bonny and pleasant indeed,  
 But the people's hard harted to us that's in need.  
 Perhaps they will not grant us barn nor byre,  
 But I shall go and ask them as it's your desire.

The lassie went formost, sure I was to blame,  
 To ask for a lodging myself I thought shame,  
 The lassie replied with tears not a few,  
 It's ill ale said the lassie that's four when it's new.

A sweet chrystal river near by to a grove,  
 His flocks they were feeding in numberless droves;  
 Allan stood musing his flocks for to see,  
 Come away my brave Allan it's no pleasure to me.

A beautiful laddie with green tartan treuse,  
 And two bonny lassies were bughting in ewes,  
 They said honoured master are you come again,  
 For long have we been thinking for you coming  
 home.

Bought in your ewes lassies and go your way home,  
 I brought a swain from the south I have her to tame.  
 Her father is fallen and where can she fly,  
 The best bed in all the house there shall she lie.

The lassie's heart's fallen till it winna rise,  
 Till many brave lad and lass came in with a phrase,  
 To welcome the lady, to welcome her home,  
 Such a hall in the highlands she never thought on.

The laddies did whistle and the lassies did sing,  
 They made her a supper might have served a queen,  
 With ale and good whisky they drank her health  
 round,  
 And they made to the lassie a bra' bed of down.

Early next morning he led her to the hay,  
 He bade her look round her as far as she could spy,  
 This land and possessions my debt for to pay,  
 And you winna walk round them in a long summer's  
 day.

O Allan, O Allan, I am indebted to thee,  
 't is a debt Allan I can never repay,  
 O Allan, O Allan, how came you for me,  
 Sure I am not worthy your bride for to be.

How call you me Allan, when Sandy's my name,  
 Why call you me Allan, sure you are to blame,

For don't you remember when at school with thee,  
I was hated by all the rest loved by thee.

How oft have I fed on your bread and your cheese,  
Likewise when you had but a handful of pease,  
Your cruel harted father hound at me his dogs,  
They tore all my bare heels and riv'd all my rags.

If this be you Sandy how happy am I,  
If this be you Sandy I am glad you to see,  
When all the rest went to bed sleep was frae me,  
For thinking on you Sandy what was become of thee.

My parents were born long before me,  
Perhaps by this time they are drown'd in the sea,  
These lands a possessions they left them to me,  
And I came for you jewel to share them with thee.

In love we began and in love we will end,  
And a voyage to your father once more we will go,  
With men and maid servants us to wait upon,  
And away to her father's in a chaise they are gone.

The laddie went formost, the brave highland clown,  
Till he came to the road that leads to the town,  
When he came to the gate he gave a loud roar,  
Come down gentle farmer Catherine's at your door.

When he look'd out at the window and saw his  
daughter's face,

With his hat in his hand he made a great phrase.  
 Keep on your hat farmer, don't let it fa'  
 For it sets not the peacock to bow to the crow.

It's hold your tongue Sawney and do not taunt me,  
 For I have heard of you since last you saw me,  
 My daughter's not worthy of what you have done,  
 Nor I of the honour of you as my son.

Now he has held his bridle-reins till he came  
 down,  
 And then he convey'd them to a fine room,  
 With the finest of spirits they drank a fine tofs,  
 And the son and the father drink both in one glass.

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