### EXCELLENT

# NEW SONG,

CALLED

THE

## BLAE BERRIES.



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#### ABERDEEN:

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#### THE

#### BLAE BERRIES.

Will you go to the highlands jewel with me,
Will you go to the high hills the flocks to
fee,
It is health for my jewel to breathe the fweet air,

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 blackerries your wild mountains yield.

Our hills they are bonny when the heather's in bloom,

t would cheer a fine fancy in the month of June,
To pull the blaeberries and carry them home,
and fet them on your table when December comes
on.

Out spake her father that saucy old man, sou might have chosen a mistress among your own clan,

ts but poor entertainment for our lowland dames, so promife them berries on wild heather bleems.

If I had chosen a mistress among my own clan, would never have asked a word of your daughter good man,

As for her entertainment I tell you no lie, the shall just share as I do if she go with me,

Kilt up your green plaidie, walk over yon hill, for a fight of your highland face does me much ill, for I will wed my daughter and spare pennics 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 kindnefs I'll leave it with you, have got 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 fpare,

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 fure you're not wife,
He is a rude highland fellow as poor as the crow,
He's of the clan of the Catherines for ought that I
know.

But if you go with him I'm fure 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 laffie you do go away.

It's father keep what you're not willing to give, For I will go with him as fure as I live, What fignifies 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 fummer's evening they came to a glen, Being wearied with travel the lassie fat 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 desart until that I die.

The day is far fpent, and the night coming on. Then step you aside to you 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 pleafant 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 defire.

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 sour when it's new.

A fweet chrystal river near by to a grove, His slocks they were feeding in numberless droves; Allan stood musing his slocks 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.

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

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

The laddies did whiftle and the laffies did fing,
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 the could fpy, This land and possessions my debt for to pay, And you winna walk round them in a long summer's

O Allan, O Allan, I am indebted to thee,

O. Allan, O Allan, how came you for me, Sure I am not worthy your bride for to be.

day:

How call you me Allan, when Sandy's my name, Why call you me Allan, fure 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 cheefe, 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 fee, 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 fea, 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 fervants us to wait upon, And away to her father's in a chaife 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.

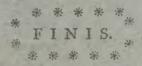
When he look'd out at the window and faw his daughter's face,

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

It's hold your tongue Sawney and do not taunt me, For I have heard of you fince 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 toss, And the fon and the father drink both in one glass.



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