

13
JESSIE

THE FLOWER O' DUMBLAIN.

To which is added,

BARBARA BELL,

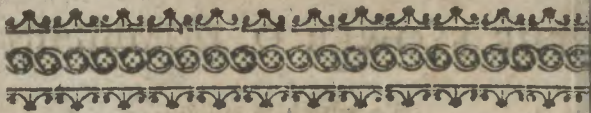
OH! TO BE MARRIED IF THIS
BE THE WAY.

AND,

A Hunting Song.



STIRLING :
Printed and Sold by M. Randall.



THE FLOWER O' DUMBLAIN.

The sun had gane down o'er the lofty Ben
lomond,

And lest the red clouds to preside o'er the
scene,

While lanely I stray'd in a calm simmer gloam
To muse on sweet Jessy the flower o' Du
blain,

How sweet is the brier wi' its fast-faulding bl
som,

And sweet is the birk wi' its mantie o' green
Yet sweeter, and fairer, and dear to this bosom

Is lovely young Jessie the flower o' Dumblain
Is lovely, &c.

She's modest as ony, and blithe as she's bonny,

For guileless simplicity marks her its ain,

An' far be the villain, divested o' feeling,

Wad blight in its bloom, the sweet flower o'
Dumblain.

Sing on thou sweet mavis thy hymn to the e'e
ing,

Thou'rt dear to the echoes o' Calderwood glen

Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
 Is charming young Jessy the flower o' Dum-
 blain,
 Is charming, &c.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessy,
 The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and vain;
 I ne'er saw a nymph I could ca' my dear lassie,
 Till charm'd wi' young Jessy the flower o'
 Dumblain.

Tho' mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
 Amidst its profusion I d languish in pain,
 And reckon it as naething the height o' its splen-
 dor,
 If wanting sweet Jessy the flower o' Dumblain;
 If wanting, &c.

BARBARA BELL.

Oh! hang this love, it is a serious thing,
 It begins so many a way;
 Far better a man in a halter should swing,
 As look to a lass now-a-day.
 Were there ever a poor fellow so fix'd as I,
 Come set you down, the truth I will tell,
 Far better I'd hung on yon coddling tree,
 As the very first time I saw Barbara Bell.

CHORUS.

So right leg, left leg, under leg, over leg,
Barbara Bell, my darling.

I being a rake, and not fond of work,
I drest myself up to go to Leeds' fair,
With my braw new hat and braw ruffl'd
shirt ;
And dicky the barber shook flour on
my hair.

These Leeds' lasses are always for fun,
Some drinks cider and some drinks rum,
But long-legged Davie he kick'd up a tune,
And he capper'd away with Barbara
Bell,

Chorus, Right leg. &c.

Wha came in but Rob o' the neuk,
With Dicky and Sally and twa or three
mair,

And off my knee they would Barbara take.
Says I, why hang it, that is not fair ;
So Robin he kick d up a dust in a crack,
Sticks and neeves they gade pell mell ;
Clock faces besides and glasses they broke

And they tumbled me over poor Barbara Bell

Chorus. So right leg, &c.

Never mind, lass, we'll do well enough yet,
For you can both lace, spin, and knit,
I'll mend cart geers and follow the plow,
And next whitsuntide the world begins,
There are some that do call me a gustring
fool;

I'll tarry no longer in the mumps my-
sel;

Up or in bed, at work or at play,

I can think on nothing but Barbara Bell.

Chorus. -So right leg, &c.

Oh late last night I went to see my love,
When a' the auld folks were fast asleep;
I off my shoes did softly take,
And in at the window did softly peep,
And wha did I spy but Walter Lang's lad,
And what he was doing I never will tell;
Next Saturday night if I live and be well,
I'll wear a red coat for Barbara Bell.

Chorus. So right leg, &c.

OH! TO BE MARRIED, IF THIS BE
THE WAY.

SAYS Moll to her Mistress, I long to be married.

For there is great danger in too long delay;
To see myself single, my mind is uneasy,

For marriage is pleasant, I hear people say:
Besides, I am fitteen, my days are a-wasting,

Therefore I'm afraid lest my beauty decay:
The boys say they love me, in truth they're not
jesting,

And oh! to be married if this be the way.

When I am inclos'd in the arms of my lover,
He yields me much pleasure; I think I am
blest;

He oftentimes kisses me over and over;

He oftentimes squeezes me unto his breast!

He says that his love to me is increasing,

Those raptures of pleasures shall never decay;
I think it's but folly my time to be wasting:

And oh! to be married if this be the way.

He call'd me his jewel, his joy, and his treasure,
Without me there's nothing can yield him de-
light;

He'll do his endeavor to keep me quite easy,

And comfort me always by day and by night.

Therefore I do think there is nothing a-wanting,
 Could I but enjoy that happy day;
 And now I think it is time to be granting,
 And oh to be married, if this be the way.

O foolish young girl, you talk to your knowledge,
 But little you know the danger you run;
 Before you are married, you think you have all
 things,

And then you want every thing else but a man.
 Your husband will chide you and say you are
 lazy,

And swear that the tea takes the money away:
 Perhaps the next morning the landlord will
 crave you,

You would ne'er like to marry if you knew the
 way.

And next, to your comfort, your apron's a rising,
 And you must provide for the crying out;
 Blankets, and pins, and tapes must be wanting,
 Your clothes must be broken to make baby-
 clouts;

And nursing and spinning is all your employment,
 And twenty things more to do all the day;
 This is the fruit of your wedlock enjoyment,
 You would ne'er like to marry if you knew
 the way.

Says Moll to her mistress, I pray you give over,
 For I am resolv'd for to take a man;

The richest ship that ever was laden,
 Must take her chance of both rock and sand.
 Therefore I am fully resolved to marry,
 Let you and every one say what you may ;
 I long for to taste of wedlock enjoyments,
 And oh to be married if this be the way.

Edm. Galt
Edm. Galt
 A HUNTING SONG.

WITH early horn salute the morn,
 That gilds this charming place ;
 With cheerful cries bid echo rise,
 And join the jovial chace.

The vocal hills around,
 The waving woods,
 The chrysal floods,
 Return the enlivening sound.

Edm. Galt
 FINIS.