

MY AIN DEAR JEAN.

To which are added.

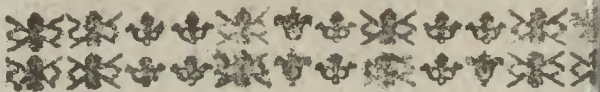
The Haughs of Crumdel.

JACK'S DISASTER.

The Merry fairs of Falkirk.



Stirling, Printed by M. Randall.



My ain dear Jean.

Love will enter in where it dare not well be seen,
And love will enter in, where wisdom once has been.

But I will down your river, O,
Among the leaves so green;
And it's a' to pu' a posey to my ain dear Jean.

I'll pull the blooming rose the beauty of the year,
And I will pu' the pink, the emblem of my dear
For she's the pink of women kind,
We will her eye exten':

And it's a' to pu' a posy for my ain kind Jean.

The lily it is white and the lilly it is fair,
Along her loving bosom I'll place a lily there
The hayacinth for constancy,
So sweet and lovely seen:

And it's a' to make a posy to my ain dear Jean.

I'll pull the blooming rose-white, it glitters
the dew,

It's like a balmy kiss upon her bonny mouth,
For the hayacinth for constancy,
So sweet and smiling been,

And it's a' to make a posy for my ain dear Jean.

All tie the posy round, with a silken cord
been,

And place it on the bosom of my sweet lovely
dove,

Unto my latest breath of life,
This band shall aye remain,
A posy of sincere regard for my ain dear Jean;

The Haughs of Crumdel.

As I came in by AUCHENDOWN,
A little wee bit frae the town,
Unto the Highlands I was bound,
To view the Haughs of Crumdel,
Sing tanteradel tanteradel, tanteradel;
Unto the Highlands I was bound,
To view the Haughs of Crumdel;

I met a man in tartan trews,
I speer'd at him what was the news,
Says he, The Highland army rues
That e'er they came to Crumdel, Sing, &c!

Lord Livingston rode from Inverness,
Our Highland lads for to distress,
And has brought us a' into disgrace,
Upon the Haughs of Crumdel, Sing, &c

The English Gen'ral he did say,
We'll give the Highland lads fair play,
We'll sound our trumpets, and give huzza,
And waken them at Crumdel, Sing, &c.

Says Livingston I hold it best,

To catch them lurking in their nest,
 The Highland lads we will distress,
 And hough them down at Crumdel, &c.

So they were in bed, Sir, every one,
 When the English army on them came,
 And a bloody battle soon began,
 Upon the Haughs of Crumdel, Sing, &c.

The English horse they were so rude,
 They bath'd their hooves in Highland blood,
 Our noble clans most firmly stood,
 Upon the Haughs of Crumdel, Sing, &c.

But our noble clans they could not stay,
 Out o'er the hills they ran away;
 And sore they do lament the day,
 That e'er they came to Crumdel, Sing, &c.

Says great Montrose I must not stay,
 For o'er the hills I'll go this day,
 So direct to me the nearest way,
 And see the Haughs of Crumdel, Sing, &c.

Alas! my Lord you are not strong,
 You've scarcely got two thousand men;
 There's twenty thousand on the plain,
 Lies rank and file at Crumdel, Sing, &c.

Says great Montrose I will not stay,
 So direct to me the nearest way,

For o'er the hills I'll go this day,
And see the Haughs of Crumdel, Sing, &c

They were at dinner every man,
When great Montrose upon them came,
And a second battle soon began,
Upon the Haughs of Crumdel, Sing, &c:

The Grants, M Kenzies, and M Kay,
As soon's Montrose they did espy,
They stood and fought full manfully,
Upon the Haughs of Crumdel, Sing, &c.

The M Donald's they return'd again,
The Camerons did their standards join,
M'Intoshes play'd a bonny game,
Upon the Haughs of Crumdel, Sing, &c.

The M Phersons fought like lions bold,
M'Gregors none could them controul,
M Lauchlans fought with valiant souls,
Upon the Haughs of Crumdel, Sing &c.

M Cleans M Douglas, and M'Niels,
So boldly as they took the field,
And made their enemies to yield,
Upon the Haughs of Crumdel, Sing &c.

The Gordon's boldly did advance,
The Frazers fought with sword and lance,
The Grahams made their heads to dance,
Upon the Haughs of Crumdel. Sing, &c.

The Royal Stewarts and Monroes,
So boldly as they fac'd their foes,
And brought them down with handy blows,
Upon the Haughs of Crumdel. Sing, &c.

Out of twenty thousand Englishman,
Five hundred fled to Aberdeen,
The rest of them they were all slain,
Upon the Haughs of Crumdel, Sing, &c.

Jack's disaster.

Come all you rearing boys, that delight in roar-
ing noise.

I compare it to nothing but laughter,
When a sailor comes on shore, with his gold &
silver store,
there's no one can get rid of it faster.

The first thing Jack craves, is a chamber fin-
and clean,
with good liquor of every sort,
With a pretty girl likewise with her black an
rolling eyes,
then Jack for he is pleas'd to the heart.

And so the game goes on, till his his money
spnt and gone,
then his landlady begins for to frown,
With her nasty leering eye, an' her nose turn
all awry,
crying, Sailor, it is high time to begone.

This strange and sudden check, put Jack's head-
 sails all a-back,
 not knowing to what shore for to steer,
 Resolving for revenge, and himself for to defend,
 swore the deck fore and aft should be clear.

No quarter he did cry, candlesticks at him did fly
 then Jack he began to engage,
 The old Bawd in a fright, call'd she watchmen
 of the night,
 crying, bundle him away to the cage,

Then Jack understands, there's a ship wants to
 be mann'd,
 and to the East-Indies she is bound,
 With a sweet and pleasant gale, she spreads a
 swelling sail,
 bids adieu unto England's fair ground.

So all you sailors bold, pray be careful of your
 gold,
 you will find that to be your best friend:
 Take some honest sober wife, then you'll ne'er
 be deceiv'd,
 but on her you may always depend.

The Merry Fairs of Falkirk.

Where are the poets, are they all dead;
 Or is the muse from Falkirk fled.
 That nothing of our country's said
 Tho' its so rich and braw,
 Six fairs we have into the year,
 When lads does at the lassies spier;

My dear will ye go to the fair;
 For friends or foes ye need not fear,
 To Falkirk let's awa'.
 For friends, &c.

When to our town they do advance,
 Like ladies in fine clothes they glance,
 And now and then they take a dance,
 With lads that's neat and braw,
 And when they are going home at night
 Each merchant strives with all his might,
 Whose windows shall show the best light,
 And all their shops does shine full bright,
 To light them all awa'.

Each Thursday is our market-day
 When farmers to their servants say,
 Make haste, and let us all away
 To Falkirk aye and a,
 Then each side of our street they deck,
 With beans and pease full many a sack,
 And bear and eorn, with a large peck,
 Which never on the seas did tack,
 That's come not far awa'.