

Rob Roy Macgregor,

To which are added,

Mrs. F.'s Delight

The Highland Laddie,

BILLY AND NANCY'S PARTING,

Together let us Range.



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Rob Roy Macgregor.

ROB ROY MACGREGOR.

Mrs. F. A. Delight

PARDON now the bold outlaw,

Rob Roy Macgregor, O!

Grant him mercy, gentles a',

Rob Roy Macgregor, O!

Let your hands and hearts agree,

Let the Highland laddie free,

Mark us sing wi' muckle glee,

Rob Roy Macgregor, O!

Long the state had doom'd his fa',

Rob Roy Macgregor, O!

Still he spurned the hatefu' law,

Rob Roy Macgregor, O!

Scots can for their country die;

Nc'er for Britan's foes they flee,

A' that's past forget—forgie

Rob Roy Macgregor, O!

Scotland's fear, and Scotland's pride,

Rob Roy Macgregor, O!

Your award must now abide,

Rob Roy Macgregor, O!

Lang your favours hae been mine,

Favours I will ne'er resign—

Welcome then for auld langsyne,

Rob Roy Macgregor, O!

MRS. F.'S DELIGHT.

COMPOSED BY HER HUSBAND.

Some men they do delight in hounds,
 And some in hawks take pleasure,
 Some do rejoice in war and wounds,
 And thereby gain great treasure.

Some men do love on sea to sail;
 And some rejoice in riding;
 But all their judgments do them fail—
 O! no such joy as chiding.

When in the morn I ope my eyes,
 To entertain the day,
 Before my husband's e'en can rise,
 I chide him—then I pray.

When I at table take my place,
 Whatever be the meat,
 I first do chide—and then say grace,
 If so dispos'd to eat.

Too fat, too lean, too hot, too cold,
 I ever do complain,
 Too raw, too roast, too young too old—
 Faults I will find or feign.

Let it be flesh, or fowl or fish,
 It never shall be said,
 But I'll find fault with meat or dish,
 With master, or with maid.

But when I go to bed at night,
 I heartily do weep,
 That I must part with my delight—
 I cannot scold and sleep.

However this doth mitigate,
 And much abate my sorrow,
 That though to-night it be too late,
 I'll early scold to-morrow.

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

The Lawland lads think they are fine,
 But O! they're vain and idly gaudy;
 How much unlike the gracefu' mein,
 And manly looks of my Highland laddie.

*O my bonny Highland laddie;
 My handsome, charming Highland laddie,
 May heaven still guard, and love reward,
 The Lawland lass and her Highland laddie.*

If I were free at will to choose
 To be the wealthiest Lawland lady,

I'd tak young Donald without trews,
With bonnet blue and belted plaidie.

O my bonnie, &c.

The brawest beau in burrows town,
In a' his airs with art made ready,
Compared to him, he's but a clown,
He's finer far in's tartan plaidie.

O my bonnie, &c.

O'er benty hills with him I'll run,
And leave my Lawland kin and daddie;
Frae winter's cauld, and simmer's sun,
He'll screen me with his Highland plaidie.

O my bonnie, &c.

A painted room, and silken bed,
May please a Lawland laird and lady;
But I can kiss, and be as glad,
Behind a bush, in's Highland plaidie.

O my bonnie, &c.

Few compliments between us pass,
I ca' him my dear Highland laddie;
And he ca's me his Lawland lass,
Syne rows me in beneath his plaidie.

O my bonnie, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
Than that his love proves true and steady

Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
 While Heav'n preserves my Highland laddie.
O my bonnie, &c.

BILLY AND NANCY'S PARTING.

IT was on a Monday morning,
 just at the break of day,
 Our ship she slipt her cable
 and we were bound to sea:
 The wind' blew from the south-east,
 and from Greenock we were bound,
 The streets they were all garnished,
 with pretty maids all round.

There was a pretty sailor
 all in his blooming years,
 He came unto his true love,
 with bitter sighs and tears;
 And he came unto his true love,
 to let her understand,
 That he was going to leave her
 into some foreign land.

Why say you so dear Billy?
 these words do break nry heart,
 Come let us now be married,
 before that we do part:

These fourteen weeks and longer.

I'm going with child to thee,

So stay at home dear Billy,
be kind and marry me,

If I should stay at home, my dear,
another would take my place,

It would be a shame to me, love,
besides a sad disgrace:

The King he's wanting men, my dear,
and I for one must go,

And for my very life, love,
I must not answer no.

Well, I'll cut off my yellow hair,
man's clothes I will put on,

And I will go along with you,
to be your waiting man:

Like a true and faithful servant,

I on my love will wait,

No storm nor danger will I fear,
let it be e'er so great.

Your waist it is too slender,
your fingers are too small,

I fear you will not answer me,
when I do on you call,

When cannons they do rattle,
and bullets they do fly,

And silver trumpets sounding,
to drown the dreadful cry.

If I should meet a bonny lass,
 that's merry, blythe and gay,
 And on her set my fancy,
 what would my Nancy say?
 What would I say dear Willy,
 but I would love her too,
 It's I would step aside, my dear,
 till she would pleasure you.

Why, say you so, dear Nancy!
 you now do gain my heart;
 Come, let us now be married,
 before that we do part.
 This couple now are married,
 and sailing o'er the main,
 All goodness may attend them,
 till they return again.

TOGETHER LET US RANGE.

Together let us range the fields,
 Impearl'd with the morning dew,
 Or view the fruit the vineyard yields,
 Or the apples clustering bough.

There in close embowered shades,
 Impervious to the noontide ray,
 By tinkling rills—or rosy beds,
 We'll love the sultry hours away.

FINIS.