

The
EWIE WI' THE
Crookit Horn;

To which is added,
The Excellent Old Song of
The Greenwich Lady.

JOHN & NELL'S FROLIC.



FETERHEAD:

Printed by P. Buchan.

THE
EWIE WI' THE CROOKIT HORN.
CROOKIT HORN.

Were I but able to rehearse
My Ewie's praise in proper verse,
I'd sound it out as loud and fierce
As ever pipers drone could blaw.
The ewie wi' the crookit horn,
Wha had kent her might hae sworn
Sic a ewe was never born,
Here about nor far awa.

I never needed tar nor keil,
To mark her upo hip or heel,
Her crookit horn did as weel
To ken her by amo them a;
She never threatned scab nor rot,
But keepit ay her ain jog-trot,
Baith to the fauld and to the cot,
Was never sweir to lead nor ca'

Cauld nor hunger never dang her,
 Wind nor rain could never wrang her,
 Anes she lay an ouk and langer
 Furth aneath a wreath o' snaw:
 Whanither ewies lap the dyke,
 And eat the kail for a the tyke,
 My ewie never play'd the like,
 By tyc'd about the barn wa;

A better nor a thriftier beast,
 Nae honest man could weel hae wist,
 For silly thing she never mist,
 To hae ilk year a lamk or ewa;
 The first she had I gae to Jock,
 To be to him a kind o' stock,
 And now the laddie has a flock
 O' maik; than thirty head awa;

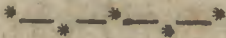
I lookit aye at even for her,
 Lest mihanter shou'd come o'er her,
 Or the founart might devour her,
 Gin the beastie bade awa,
 My ewie, wi the crookit horn,
 Well deserv'd baith girs and corn,
 Sic a ewe was never born,
 Here about nor far awa.

Yet last ouk for a my keeping,
 (Wha can speak it without greeting?)
 A villain cam when I was sleeping,
 Sta my ewie horn and a:
 I thought her fair upo the morn,
 And down aneath a by o' thorn,
 I got my ewies crookit horn,
 But my ewie was awa.

O gin I had the loun that did it,
 Swear I have as well as said it,
 Tho' a the world should forbid it,
 I wad gie his neck a thra:
 I never met wi sic a turn,
 As this fin ever I was born,
 My ewie wi the crookit horn,
 Silly Ewie stown awa.

O had she died o' crook or cauld,
 As ewies do when they grow auld,
 It wad na been by mony fauld,
 Sae fair a heart to nane o's a:
 For a the claith that we hae worn,
 Frae her and hers sae aften shorn,
 The los' o' her we could hae born,
 Had fair strao-death taen her awa.

at this poor thing to lose her life,
 death a bloody villains knife,
 n really flay't that our guidwife
 Will never win aboon't aya:
 a ye bards benorth Kinghorn,
 all your muses up and mourn,
 ur ewie wi' the crookit horn,
 Stown frac's, and fellt and r!



The GREENWICH LADY.

lady of great birth and fame
 to Greenwich town for pleasure came;
 here there a sailon she did behold,
 whose coarage was both stout and bold

she viewed him with her lovely eyes,
 which filled her hear with great surpris
 e being proper tall and trim,
 This lady fell in loye with him.

It happened once upon a day,
 this lady unto him did say,
 I understand fir you want a wife
 how can you live a single life?

The sailer then he thus replied,
 scarce for myself I can provide;
 If I had got a wife and family,
 perhaps their wants I could not supply

And if I chance for to leave the shore
 or should I go where cannons roar;
 If mischance should happen me
 I have none at home to inourn for me.

What needs you make so much complain
 the greatest joy and sweet consent
 Is to be found in a married state,
 the like is not found in mortal fate.

I would have you wed fir if you be wife,
 perha; & you may to riches rise;
 And stay at home and take your ease,
 and cress no more lite raging seas.

7
I thank your ladyship said he,
so pleasantly to jest with me:
No, I am in earnest he replied,
a match for you I can provide.

Matches enough theres to be had,
theres many a one that would be glad
Of such a brief young youth as you,
you will wed and bid the seas adieu.
I know a lady of great estate,
that hath got riches to make you great:
With her and maidens at her call,
and marriage makes you lord of all.

She is like myself in every degree,
I wish it were the same said he:
You have got your wish, take your love,
and I will endue you as above.

I've twelve thousand pounds, myself besides,
If you will quit the ocean wide:
Now this couple to church they went,
and married were with sweet content;
And now they live in love as one,
I hear they live in Greenwich town.

JOHN & NELL'S FROLIC.

As Nell sat underneath hea cow,
 Upon a cock of hay,
 Brik John was coming from the plow
 and chace'd to pass that way;
 Like lightning to the maid he flew,
 and by the hand he seiz'd her:
 Pray John she cry'd be quit; do:
 and frow'nd because he pleas'd her.

Young Cupid from his mothers knee,
 observed her female pride,
 Go on and prosper John says he,
 and I will be your guide.
 Then aim'd at Nellys breast a dart,
 from pride it soon released her;
 She fainting cry'd I feel loves smart,
 and sigh'd because it eas'd her.

F I N I S.

P. Buchan, Printer, Peterhead.