

# The calm dewy morning

To which are added,

Gloomy winter.

Bundle and go.

I had a horse I had nae mair.

O send Lewie Gordon hame.



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THE CALM DEWY MORNING.

Hae ye seen in the calm dewy morning,  
The red-breast wild warbling, sae clear;  
Or the low-dwelling snow breasted gowan,  
Surcharg'd wi' mild e'ening's soft tear:  
O, then hae ye seen my dear lassie,  
The lassie I lo'e best of a';  
But far frae the hame o' my lassie,  
I'm monie a lang mile awa.

Her hair is the wing o' the blackbird,  
Her eye is the eye o' the dove,  
Her lips are the ripe blushing rose-bud,  
Her bosom's the palace of love.  
Tho' green be thy banks, O sweet Clutha  
Thy beauties ne'er charm me ava;  
Forgive me, ye maids o' sweet Clutha,  
O love thou'rt a dear fleeting pleasure,  
Forgive me, ye maids o' sweet Clutha.  
My heart is wi' her that's awa.

O love thou art a dear fleeting pleasure,  
The sweetest we mortals here know;

But soon is thy heaven, bright beaming,  
 Overcast with the darkness of woe,  
 As the moon, on the oft-changing ocean,  
 Delights the lone mariner's eye.  
 Will red rush the storms of the desert,  
 And dark billows tumble on high.

### GLOOMY WINTER.

Gloomy winter's now awo,  
 Soft the western breezes blaw:  
 Mang the birks o' Stanely shaw,  
 The mavis sings fu' cheery O,  
 Sweet the craw-flower's early bell,  
 Decks Gleniffer's dewy dell,  
 Blooming like thy bonny sel',  
 My young, my artless dearie O,  
 Come, my lassie, let us stray,  
 O'er Glenkilloch's sunny brae,  
 Blythly spend the gowden day,  
 'Midst joys that never weary O.

Tow'ring o'er the Newton woods,  
 Lav'rocks fan the snaw white clouds;  
 Siller saugks. wi' downy buds,  
 Adorn the bank sae briery O.

Round the Syluan fairy neuks,  
Feath'ry braikens fringe the rocks,  
Neath the brae the burnie Jouks.

And ilka thing is cheery O.

Trees may bud, and birds may sing,  
Flowets may bloom, and verdure spring,  
Joy to me they eanna bring,  
Unless wi' thee, my dearie O.

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### BUNDLE AND GO.

O haste m<sup>a</sup> dear lassie, thy lover ready,  
To prove he is faithfu' and true his jo;  
Come share o' my fate, and tak part o' my plaidie,  
O bonnie lass, wiltu na bundle and go?  
Thy vow are sae true may never be broken,  
To flee wi' me, come weel or come woe;  
Thy glove, my love, is here as a token,  
Sae bonnie lass, wiltu na bundle and go?

"Our road it is lang, and the night's mirk an' rainy,  
The dubs are a fu', and our pace will be slow;  
My daddy will soon be asteer for his Jenny,  
Sae bonny lad, how can I bundle and go?  
Still true for you a season I'll tarry,  
Mair kind, you'll find, my daddy will grow;

fain would gain his blessing to marry,  
 And then my dear lad, I wad bundle and go."

Ere now ta'en my leave o' my comrades sae loving,  
 While tears o' affection in plenty did flow :  
 My stock is a' here, and I lang to be moving,  
 I thought thou wast ready to bundle and go.  
 Alane I'll mane the loss o' my dearie,  
 Wi' pain in vain my boosom may glow ;  
 Ere day be grey, and stranger and weary,  
 I'll mourn thy refusal to bundle and go.

O haste na, dear laddie, O haste na to lea' me,  
 I vow d to be true, and I mean to be so,  
 Altho' my auld daddy nae tocher should gie me,  
 Wi' you, my dear lad, I will bundle and go.  
 Then prove, my love, a partner that's steady,  
 Our joys may rise, tho' fortune be low ;  
 To flee wi' thee this night I'm ready,  
 Fareweel, my auld daddy, I'll bundle and go.

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### I HAD A HORSE.

I had a horse, I had nae mair,  
 I got him frae my daddie ;

My purse was light, my heart was sair,  
 But my wit it was fu' ready.

So I bethought me on a time,  
 Outwitness o' my daddy,  
 To fee himsel' to a Lawland Laird,  
 Wha had a bonny lady.

I wrote a letter, and thus began :

"Madam, be not offended ;  
 "I'm o'er the lugs in love wi' you,  
 "And I care na though ye ken'd it.

"Ye might hae come to me soulsel',  
 "Outwittens o' ony body,  
 "And, made the Goughsteun o' the laird,  
 "And kiss'd the bonny lady."

Then she pat siller in my purse,  
 We drank wine in a coggie ;  
 She feed a man to rub my horse,  
 And vow but I was vogie.

"For I get little frae the laird,  
 "And far less frae my daddy ;  
 "Yet I wad blythely be the man,  
 "Wad strive to please my laddy."

She read the letter, and she leugh,  
 "Ye needna been sae blate, man;  
 "Ye might hae come to me yoursel',  
 "And tauld me a' your state, man.

But I ne'er gat sae sair a fleg  
 Since I came frae my daddie:  
 The laird cam rap, rap to the yett,  
 When I was wi' his lady!

Then she pat me behind a chair,  
 And happ'd me wi' a plaidy:  
 But I was like to swarf wi' fear,  
 And wish'd me wi' my daddy.

The laird gaed out, he saw na me,  
 I staid till I was ready:  
 I promis'd, but I ne'er gaed'back  
 To see his bonny lady.

---

LEWIS GORDEN.

Oh! send Lewis Gorden hame,  
 And send the lad I winna name;  
 Tho' his back be at the wa',  
 Here's to that's far awa.

Oh hon! my Highlandman,  
Oh! my bonny Highlandman,  
Weel wou'd I may true love ken,  
Amang ten thousand Highlandmen.

Oh to see his tartan trews  
Bonnet blue, and laigh heel'd shoes,  
Philebeg aboon his knee,§  
That's the lad that I'll gang wi'

The princely youth that I do mean,  
Is fitted to be a king ;  
On his breast he wears a star ;  
You'd take him for the god of war.

Oh, to see this princely one,  
Seated on a royal throne :  
Disasters a' wou'd disappear,  
Then begins the jub'lee year.

FINIS.