

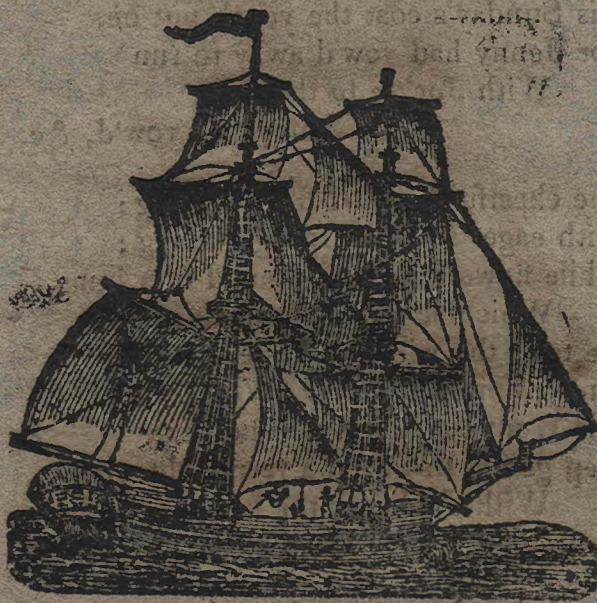
'T WAS ON THE MORN OF
SWEET MAY DAY.

To which are added,

LOVELY JEAN.

HALUKET MEG

BLYTHE, BLYTHE, AN' MERRY
ARE WE.



GLASGOW.

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1829.

TWAS ON THE MORN OF SWEET
MAY-DAY.

TUNE—*Jackie to the Fair.*

'Twas on the morn of sweet May-day,
When nature painted all things gay,
Taught birds to sing, and lambs to play,
And gild the meadows fair ;
Young Jockie, with the early dawn,
Arose, and tript it o'er the lawn ;
His Sunday's coat the youth put on,
For Jenny had vow'd away to run
With Jockie to the fair ;
For Jenny had vow'd, &c.

The cheerful parish-bells had rung ;
With eager steps he trudg'd along ;
While flowery garlands round him hung,
Which shepherds us'd to wear ;
He tap't the window, haste, my dear ;
Jenny, impatient, cried, Who's there ?
'Tis I, my love, and no one near,
Step gently down, you've nought to fear,
With Jockie to the fair ;
Step gently down, &c.

My dad and mam are fast asleep,
My brother's up, and with the sheep,
And will you still your promise keep,
Which I have heard you swear ?
And will you ever constant prove ?
will by all the powers above !

And ne'er deceive my charming dove :
 Dispel those doubts, and haste, my love,
 With Jockie to the fair:
 Dispel those doubts, &c.

Behold the ring, the shepherd cried,
 Will Jenny be my charming bride ?
 Let cupid be our happy guide,
 And Hymen meet us there.
 Then Jockie did his vows renew,
 He would be constant, would be true ;
 His word was pledg'd away she flew,
 O'er cowslips tipt with balmy dew,
 With Jockie to the fair ;
 O'er cowslips tipt. &c.

In raptures meet the joyful throng,
 Their gay companions blythe and young,
 Each joins the dance, each joins the song,
 To hail the happy pair ;
 In turns there's none so fond as they,
 They bless the kind propitious day,
 The smiling morn of blooming May,
 When lovely Jenny ran away
 With Jockie to the fair ;
 When lovely Jenny, &c.

LOVELY JEAN.

TUNE—Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey.
 Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
 I dearly like the west,

For there the bonnie lassie lives,
 The lass that I loo best ;
 Tho' wild woods grow, and rivers row,
 Wi' monie a hill between,
 Baith day and night, my fancy's flight
 Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flow'r,
 Sae lovely, sweet, and fair ;
 I hear her voice in ilka bird,
 Wi' music charm the air ;
 There's not a bonnie flow'r that springs,
 By fountain, shaw, or green,
 Nor yet a bonnie bird that sings,
 But minds me o' my Jean.

Upon the banks o' flowing Clyde
 The lasses busk them braw ;
 But when their best they hae put on,
 My Jeanie dings them a' ;
 In hamely weeds she far exceeds
 The fairest o' the town ;
 Baith sage and gay confess it say,
 Tho' drest in russet gown.

The gamesome lamb, that sucks its dam,
 Mair harmless canna be ;
 She has nae faut, (if sic ye ca't,)
 Except her love for me ;
 The sparkling dew, o' clearest hue,
 Is like her shining een ;

In shape and air, wha can compare
 Wi' my sweet lovely Jean?

O blaw, ye westlin winds, blaw saft
 Among the leafy trees;

Wi' gentle gale, frae muir and dale,
 Bring hame the laden bees,

And bring the lassie back to me
 That's ay sae neat and clean;

Ae blink o' her wad banish care,
 Sae lovely is my Jean.

What sighs and vows, among the knowes
 Hae past atween us twa!

How fain to meet, how wae to part
 That day she gaed awa!

The powers aboon can only ken,
 To whom the heart is seen,

That name can be sae dear to me,
 As my sweet lovely Jean.

BURNS.

HALUKET MEG.

AIR—"The muckin' o' Geordie's byre."

Meg, muckin' at Gordie's byre,
 Wrought as gin her judgment was wrang;
 Ilk daud o' the scartle struck fire,
 While, loud as a lavrock, she sang!

Her Geordie had promised to marry,
 An' Meg, a sworn fae to despair,
 Not dreamin' the job could miscarry,
 Already seemed mistress an' mair!

My neebouts, she sang, aften jeer me,
 An' ca' me daft halucket Meg,
 An' say, they expect soon to hear,
 I' the kirk, for my fun, get a fleg!
 An' now, 'bout my marriage they clatter,
 An' Geordie, poor fallow! they ca'
 An' auld doitit hav'rel!—Nae matter,
 He'll keep me aye brankin an' braw!

I grant ye, his face is kenspeckle,
 That the white o' his e'e is turned out,
 That his black beard is rough as a heckle,
 That his mou' to his lug's rax'd about;
 But they needna let on that he's crazie,
 His pike-staff wull ne'er let him fa':
 Nor that his hair's white as a daisie,
 For, sient a hair has he ava!

But a weel-plenish'd mailin has Geordie,
 An' routh o' gude goud in his kist;
 An' if siller comes at my wordie,
 His beauty I never will miss't!
 Daft gouks, wha catch fire like tinder,
 Think love-raptures ever wull burn!
 But wi' poortith, hearts het as a cinder
 Wull cauld as an iceshogle turn!

There'll just be ae bar to my pleasure,
 A bar that's aft filled me wi' fear,
 He's sic a hard, near-be-gawn miser,
 He likes his saul less than his gear!
 But though I now flatter his failin',
 An' swear nocht wi' goud can compare,
 Gude sooth! it sall soon get a scailin'!
 His bags sall be mouldie-nae mair!

I dreamt that I rade in a chariot,
 A flunky ahint me in green;
 While Geordie cried out he was harriet,
 An' the saut tear was blindin' his een;
 But though 'gainst my spendin' he swear aye,
 I'll hae frae him what sairs my turn;
 Let him slip awa whan he grows weary,
 Shame fa' me! gin lang I wad mourn!

But Geordie, while Meg was haranguin'
 Was cloutin' his breeks i' the bauks,
 An' whan a' his failins she brang in,
 His strang hazle pike-staff he taks,
 Designin' to rax her a lounder,—
 He chanced on the ladder to shift,
 An' down frae the bauks, flat's a flounder,
 Flew, like a shot-starn frae the list!

But Meg, wi' the sight, was quite hastered,
 An' nae doubt, was bannin ill luck;
 While the face o' poor Geordie was plastered,
 An' his mou' was filled fu' o' the muck!

Confound ye! cried Geordie, and spat out
 The glaur that adown his beard ran;—
 Preserve us! quo' Meg, as she gat out
 The door,—an' thus lost a gudeman!

BLYTHE, BLYTHE, AN' MERRY
 ARE WE.

Blythe, Blythe, an' merry are we,
 Blythe are we ane an' a';
 Aften hae we cantie been,
 But sic a night we never saw.

The gloamin' saw us a' sit down,
 An' meikle mirth has been our fa';
 But ca' the tither toast aroun',
 Till chanticleer begin to crow.
 Blythe, &c.

The auld kirk bell has chappit twal';
 Wha cares tho' she had chappit twa!
 We'er light o' heart, an' winna part,
 Tho' time an' tide should rin awa'.
 Blythe, &c.

Tut! never spier how wears the morn,
 The moon's still blinkin' i' the sky!
 An' gif like her we fill our horn,
 I dinna doubt we'll drink it dry.
 Blythe, &c.

Then fill we up a social cup,
 And never mind the dapple dawn;
 Just sit a while, the sun may smile,
 An' light us a' across the lawn.
 Blythe, &c.

Here
 PR
 1829
 S.L.