

THE

Blaeberry Courtship;

OR,

llan's Love to the Farmer's Daughter.

ALSO,

I can't for I'm in haste.



KILMARNOCK:

Printed for the Booksellers.



THE
BLAEBERRY COURTSHIP.

WILL you go to the highlands my jewel with me
 Will you go to the highlands the flocks for to see
 It is health to my jewel to breathe the sweet
 And to pull the blaeberrys in the forest so fair
 To the highlands my jewel I will not go with thee
 For the road it is long, and the hills they are high
 I love those vallies and sweet corn fields,
 More than all the blaeberrys your wild mountaine
 yield.

Our hills they are bonny when the heather's
 bloom,
 It would cheer a fine fancy in the month of June
 To pull the blaeberrys and carry them home,
 And set them on your table when December comes
 on.

Out spake her father, that saucy old man,
 You might have chosen a mistress among your
 own clan,
 It's but poor entertainment to our lowland damsels
 To promise them berries and blue heather bloom.

Kilt up your green plaidie, walk over yon hill,
 For a sight of your highland face does me much ill,
 For I will wed my daughter and spare pennies too,
 To whom my heart pleases, and what's that to you.

My plaid it is broad, it has colours anew,
 Goodman, for your kindness, I'll leave it with you;
 I have got a warm cordial keeps the cold from me,
 The blithe blinks of love from your daughter's eye.

My flocks they are thin, and my lodgings but bare,
 And you that has meikle, the more you can spare;
 Some of your spare pennies with me you will share,
 And you winna send your lassie o'er the hills bare.

He went to his daughter to give her an advice,
 Said, if you go with him, I'm sure you're not wise;
 He is a rude highland fellow, as poor as a crow;
 He's the clan of Caithness for ought that I know.

But if you go with him, I'm sure you'll go bare,
 You shall have nothing father or mother can spare,
 Of all I possess I'll deprive you for ay,
 If o'er the hills, lassie, you do go away.

It's father keep what you're not willing to give,
 For fain I would go with him as sure as I live;
 What signifies gold or treasure to me,
 If the highland hills are between my love and me?

Now she is gone with him in spite of them a',
 Away to a place that her eyes never saw :
 He had no steed for to carry her on,
 But still he said, Lassie, think not the road long.

In a warm summer's evening they came to a glen,
 Being weary'd with travel, the lassie sat down ;
 Get up, my brave lassie, let us step on,
 For the sun will go roud before we get home.

My feet is all torn, my shoes are all rent,
 I'm wearied with travel, and just like for to faint ;
 Were it not for the sake of your kind company,
 I would lie in the desert until that I die.

The day is far spent, and the night coming on,
 And step you aside to yon bonny mill-town,
 And there you'll ask lodging for thee and for me,
 For glad would I be in a barn to be.

The place it is bonny and pleasant indeed,
 Bur the people is hard-hearted to us that's in need,
 Perhaps they'll not grant us their barn nor byre,
 But I'll go and ask them as it is your desire.

The lassie went foremost, sure I was to blame,
 To ask for a lodging myself I thought shame ;
 The lassie replied, with tears not a few,
 It's ill ale, said she, that's sour when it's new.

short time thereafter they came to a grove,
 ere his flocks they were feeding in numerous
 droves,

he stood musing his flocks far to see,
 when, says the lady, that's no pleasure to me ;

A beautiful laddie in green tartan trews,
 with two bonnie lasses were bughting in ewes ;
 he said, honour'd master are you come again,
 long long have we look'd for you coming home.

He'll be in your ewes lasses and go your way home,
 I've brought a swan from the north, I have her to
 tame ;

Her feathers are fallen, and where can she lie ?
 Her best bed in the house her bed shall be.

The lady's heart was far down, it cou'dna well rise,
 many a lad and lass came in with a fraise,
 to welcome the lady, to welcome her home ;
 in a hall in the highlands she never thought on.

The laddies did whistle, and the lasses did sing,
 they made her a supper might have served a queen ;
 with ale and whisky they drank her health round,
 and they made to the lassie a braw bed of down.

Early next morning he led her to the hay,
 and bid her lo k round her as far as she could spy ;

These lands and possessions my debt for to pay
 You winna go round them in a long summer's day

O Allan ! O Allan ! I'm indebted to thee,
 It is a debt, dear Allan, I never can pay.
 O Allan ! O Allan ! how came you for me
 Sure I am not worthy your bride for to be.

How call you me Allan, when Sandy's my name
 Why call you me Allan ? sure you are to blame
 For don't you remember when at school with me
 I was hated by all the rest, loved by thee ?

How oft have I fed on your bread and your cheer
 Likewise when you had but an handful of p
 Your cruel hearted father hound at me his d
 They tore all my bare heels, and rave all my r

Is this my dear Sandy whom I lov'd so dear
 I have not heard of you this many a year ;
 When all the rest went to bed, sleep was frae
 For thinking on what was become of thee.

My parents were born long before me,
 Perhaps by this time they are drown'd in the
 'These lands and possessions they left them to
 And I came for you jewel to share them with t

In love we began, and in love we will end ;
 And in joy and mirth our days we will spend

and a voyage to your father once more we will go,
 and relieve the old farmer from his trouble & wo.
 With men and maid servants us to wait upon.
 away to her father in a chaise they are gone;
 Meladdie went foremost, the brave highland lown,
 All they came to the road that leads to the town.
 When he came to the gate he gave a loud roar,
 Come down gentle farmer, Cathrine's at your door,
 When he look'd out the window, he saw his
 daughter's face,
 With his hat in his hand he made a great fraise.
 Keep on your hat, farmer, don't let it fa',
 For it sets not the peacock to bow to the crow.
 Hold your tongue, Sawny, and do not taunt me,
 For my daughter's not worthy your bride for to be.
 Now he held his bridle-reins till he came down,
 And then he convey'd them to a fine room:
 With the finest of spirits they drank a fine toss.
 And the son and the father drank both in one glass.

I can't for I'm in haste.

As cross the fields the other morn,
 I tripp'd so blithe and gay,
 The squire with his dog and gun.
 By chance came by that way.

Whither so fast sweet maid, he cried,
 And caught me round the waist,

Pray stop a while, dear sir, said I,

I can't for I'm in haste,

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Pray stop a while, dear sir, said I,

I can't for I'm in haste.

You must not go as yet, cried he,

For I have much to say ;

Come, sit you down, and let us chat

Upon this new mown hay.

I've lov'd you long, and oft have wish'd

Those ruby lips to taste ;

I'll have a kiss, well then, said I,

Be quick, for I'm in haste.

Just as I spoke, I saw young Hedge

Come thro' a neighb'ring gate,

He caught my hand and cried, dear girl,

I fear I've made you wait.

But here's the ring, come let's to church,

The joys of love to taste ;

I left the squire, and laughing cried,

You see, sir, I'm in haste.

F I N I S.