

Three Excellent

# SONGS,

CALLED,

Andrew Carr,

The ANSWER to

The Happy Stranger,

AND THE

Kebbuckstone Wedding



FALKIRK—Printed by T. JOHNSTON:  
1816.

## ANDREW CARR.

DOWN in yonder glen,  
 there lives old Bessie Blench,  
 And she had a daughter,  
 a comely young wench,  
 Scarce seventeen winters old,  
 and she was sore afraid,  
 That she would no husband get,  
 and be fore'd to die a maid.

O mother I'll have a man,  
 if there be one to be had;  
 For there lives Andrew Carr,  
 a bonny bucksome lad,  
 He says he likes me well,  
 and what can I say mair?  
 O mother, if you think fit  
 the priest will mak us a pair.

Begone, ye muckle gowk,  
 and a bonny pair ye'll be,  
 For how do ye think he can  
 maintain himself and thee?  
 There's naething between ye twa,  
 but the claes upon your back;  
 And when ye married are,  
 there's many a thing ye lack.

O mother you are cros,  
 as cros as cros you can be,  
 For there lives Peggy Patch,  
 she's twa years younger than me,  
 They had nae wealth of gear;  
 we hae as muckle as them,  
 And when they married were,  
 you never did them blame.

O how could I them blame,  
 when I the case did read,  
 For it was plainly seen  
 young Rodger had done the deed;  
 And if you be free of him,  
 as good-send you may be,  
 If you wed Andrew Carr,  
 you'll never get mair of me.

O mother, when you was young;  
 when you was young and braw,  
 You liked the lads as well  
 as ony of us a';  
 So you may haud your tongue,  
 for you I wianna believe,  
 If you was as young again,  
 you would be like the lave.

Coming from the fair  
 the bonny bucksome loon,  
 He would come home with me,  
 and so the deed was done:  
 So he has done his worst,  
 and you can do no more.

And what care I for that,  
if I get Andrew Carr.

O then says Bessie Blench,  
there has been muckle to do,  
For we will a' be sham'd  
if he'll no buckle to.  
How durst you let the lown  
presume to play the fool?  
But for the fau't he's done,  
he must ride the repenting-stool.

So Peg she held her tongue,  
till Bess she said nae mair;  
Then straightway they sent  
for spanky Andrew Carr:  
The clown he kept his word,  
and quickly came with speed:  
So now they married are,  
and free to do the deed.

CHORUS.—*Row-de, dow-de, dow, &c.*

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### ANSWER to the HAPPY STRANGER.

**I** Once was a stranger, in a far country did  
roam,  
When young Jemmy of Newry came to me  
alone,  
He said, My dear jewel, now tell me I pray,  
How you came to wander in a desert this way?

She said, Pray young man don't attempt to  
persuade,

Or take an advantage of me a poor maid ;  
It was my cruel father who caus'd me to stray  
So far from my home, and to wander this way.

I loved a young man, and he loved me,  
But because he was poor, and of low degree,  
It was my cruel parents that press'd him to sea,  
Which made me to wander here, and a stranger  
to be.

When I heard that my true love in battle  
was slain,  
I packed up my jewels, from my father's house  
I came,  
Determin'd to wander in lonesome retire,  
And there to lament for the youth I admire.

Then young Jemmy of Newry, with a most  
graceful bow,  
Did say, Lovely fair maid, the truth I'll tell  
you now,

It was false lovers that caus'd me to roam,  
And wander so many miles distant from home.

And now, lovely fair maid, if you will agree,  
Since we're both cross'd in love, I'll marry  
with thee ;

Then dry up your tears, I'll ease you of your  
pain,

And marry with me, I'll be your kind swain.

To a neighbouring village they then did repair,  
Where a licence was bought, and they married  
were;

And now the two strangers in love both agree,  
In a neat little cottage by a shady green tree.

No longer they wander in desarts alone,  
In content they do live in their cottage at home.  
The lark, thrush & linnet round their cottage  
do sing,

And both live as happy as a prince or a king.

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THE  
KEBBUCKSTONE WEDDING.

AULD Watty o' Kebbuckstone brae,  
Wi' lear an' readin' o' beuks auld-farren,  
What think ye! the body cam' owre the day,  
An' tauld us he's gaun to be married to  
We a' gat a biddin (Mirren:  
To gang to the Weddin',  
Baith Johnnie and Sauncy, & Nelly & Nanny;  
An' Tam o' the knowes,  
He swears, an' he vows,  
At the dancin' he'll face to the bride wi'  
his graunie.  
A' the lads hae tryftet their joes,  
Slee Willy cam' up an' ca'd on Nelly,  
Altho' she was hecht to Geordie Bowse,  
She's gi'en him the gunk, an' she's gaun  
wi' Willy.

Wee collier Johnnie  
 Has yocket his pouney,  
 An's aff to the town for a ladin' o' nappy,  
 Wi' fouth o' gude meat,  
 To ser' us to eat, (happy.  
 Sae wi' fuddlin' an' feastin' we'll a' be fu'

Wee Patie Brydie's to say the grace,  
 The body's ay ready at dredgies an' weddin's,  
 An' flunkey M'Fee, o' the Skiverton Place,  
 Is chosen to scuttle the pies an' the puddin's;  
 — For there will be plenty,  
 O' ilka thing dainty, (sitting,  
 Baith lang kail and haggice, an' every thing  
 Wi' lugges o' beer,  
 Our wizens to clear; (the meeting.  
 Sae the foul fu' his kite wha gaes clung frae

Lowrie ha' coft Gibbie Cameron's gun,  
 That his auid gutcher bare when he follow'd  
 Prince Charley,  
 The barrel was rustet a' black as the grun',  
 But he's ta'ent to the smiddy an's fettl'd it  
 Wi' wallets o' pouter (rarely;  
 His musket he is shouter.  
 An' ride at our head, to the bride's a' paradin';  
 At ilka farm-town,  
 He'll fire them a roun', (Weddin'.  
 Till the hale kintra ring wi' the Kebbuckitone

Jamie an' Johnnie maun ride the brouse,  
 For few like them can fit in the saddle;  
 An' Willy Cobreath the best o' bows,  
 Is trysted to jig i' the barn wi' his fiddle;

Wi' whiskin' an' fliskin',  
An' reelin' an' wheelin',  
The young anes are a' like to loup out o'  
the body;  
An' Neillie M'Nairn,  
'Tho' fair forfairn,  
He vows that he'll wallop twa sets wi' the  
howdie.  
Sauney M'Nab, wi' his tartan treuse,  
Has hecht to come down, in the midst o'  
the caper,  
An' gi'e us three wallops o' merry Shantrows,  
To the true Highland fling o' Macrimmon  
the piper:  
Sic hippin' an' skippin',  
An' springin' an' flingin',  
I'fe wad that there's nane o' the Lallands can  
waff it!  
Feth! Willie maun fiddle,  
An' jirguan and diddle, (haffet,  
An' screed till the sweat fa' in beads f ae his  
Then gi'e me your han', my trusty gude frien'!  
An' gi'e me your word, my worthy auld kim-  
Ye'll baith come owre on Friday bedeen, (mer,  
An' join us in rantin' an' toomin' the timmer,  
Wi' fouth o' gude liquor  
We'll haud at the bickar,  
An' lang may the mailin o' Kebbuckstone  
For Watty's fae free. (flourish,  
Between you an' me,  
I'fe warrant he's bidden the ha'f o' the parish.

**F I N I S.**