

The Excellent Old

SCOTTISH SONG

OF THE

BLAEBERRY COURTSHIP.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

The Crook & Plaid.



PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.



THE BLAEBERRY COURTSHIP.

Will ye go to the Highlands, my jewel, with me?
Will ye go to the Highlands the flocks for to see.
It is health to my jewel to breathe the sweet air,
And to pull the blackberries 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 blackberries your wild mountains
yield.

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

Out spake her lather that saucy old man,
You might have chosen a mistress among your own
clan ;

It's but poor entertainment to our Lowland dames,
To promise them heather 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 blythe blinks of love from your daughter's e'e.

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 advice,
Said, if you go with him, I'm sure you're not wise,
He's a rude Highland fellow, as poor as a crow,
He's of the clad Caithness for ought that I know.

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

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

A beautiful laddie, with green tartan trews,
 And twa bonnie lassies were bughting in ewes,
 They said, honoured master are you come again,
 Long, long have we look'd for your coming hame.

Bught in your ewes lassie, and go your way home,
 I've brought a swan frae the north, I have her to tame;
 Her featheres are fallen and where can she lie?
 The best bed in the house her bed shall be.

The lady's heart was far down it couldna well rise:
 Till many a lad and lass came in with a phrase,
 To welcome the lady to welcome her home;
 Such a hall in the Highlands she never thought on.

The laddies did whistle, and the lassies did sing,
 They made her a supper might served a queen,
 Long life and happiness they wished her all round,
 And they made to the lady a brow bed of down.

Early next morning he led her to the hay,
 He bade her look round as far as she could spy,
 These lands and possessions my debt for to pay,
 You winna gae round them in a lang summer day.

O Allan! O Allan! I'm indebted to thee,
 It's 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 thee,
 I was hated by all the rest but loved by thee?

How oft have I fed on your bread and your cheese,
Likewise when you had but a handful of pease,
Your cruel hearted father hound at me his dogs,
They tore my bare heels, and rave all my rags .

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

My parents were born lang before me,
Perhaps by this time they are drowned in the sea,
These lands and possessions they left them to me,
And I came for you jewel to share them with thee.

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 and woe.

With men and maid servants us to wait upon
So away to her father in a chaise they are gone ;
The laddie went foremost, the brave highland loun,
Till 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 looked out at the window he saw his
daughter's face,
With his hat in his hand he made a great phrase.

Keep on your heart farmer, don't let it fa',
For it sets not the peacock to bow to the crow.
It's hold your tongue Sandy 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 conveyed him to a fine room ;
 With rejoicing and feasting the time flew away,
 And the father and son lived in friendship for aye.

The Crook and Plaid.

If lassies love the laddies they surely should confest,
 For every lassie has a lad she loes aboon the rest,
 He's dearer to her bosom whatever be his trade,
 And through life I'll loe the laddie that wears the
 Crook and Plaid.

He's aye true to his lover, aye true to me.

He climbs the mountains early, his fleecy flocks to
 view,
 He spies the little laverocks spring out frae 'mang the
 dew,
 His faithful little doggie, so frolicsome and glad,
 Wanders forward with the laddie that wears the
 Crook and Plaid.

For he's aye, &c.

He pu's the bloomin heather, he pu's the lily meek,
 Calls the lily like my bosom, the heather like my
 cheek,
 His words are aye so tender, my heart is aye so glad,
 There's nae wooer like the laddie that wears the
 Crook and Plaid.

For he's, &c.

I winna hae the laddie that ca's the cart and plough,
 Although he may be tender, although he may be true,
 But I will hae the laddie that has my heart betrayed,
 He's the faithful shepherd laddie, that wears the
 Crook and Plaid.
 For he's, &c.

It's down beside the hawthorn that blooms in yonder
 vale,
 I'll meet him in the gloaming far frae the noisy gale,
 His words are aye so tender, my heart is aye so glad,
 For he kens the way sae nicely to row me in his plaid,
 For he's &c.

To such a faithful lover, oh who would not comply!
 True love gives purer pleasure than aught beneath
 the sky.
 If love be in your bosom my heart can ne'er be sad.
 And through life I'll loe the laddie that wears the
 Crook and Plaid.
 For he's &c.

