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*The Flowers of the Forest,*

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT,

*Nae Luck about the House,*

WERE I OBLIG'D, &c.

AND

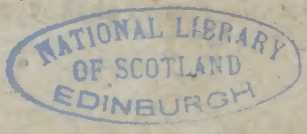
*TWEEDSIDE.*

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## THE FLOWERS O' THE FOREST

I've seen the smiling of Fortune beguiling,  
I've felt all its favours, and found its do  
Sweet was its blessing, kind its caressing,  
But now 'tis fled,——fled far away.

I've seen the forest adorned the foremost,  
With flow'rs of the fairest, most p lease  
and gay,  
Sae bonny was their blooming, their scent  
air perfuming;  
But now they are wither'd and wedded aw

I've seen the morning with gold the hills a  
ning, [d  
And loud tempest storming before the m  
I've seen Tweed's silver streams, shining  
the sunny beams,  
Grow drumlie and dark as they roll'd  
their way.

O fickle fortunè! why this cruel sporting,  
O why still perplex us poor sons of a day.  
Nae mair your smiles can cheer me, nae mair  
your frowns can fear me,  
For the flow'rs of the forest are wither'd aw

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 FOR A' THAT.

there for honest poverty,  
 Wha hangs his head and a' that,  
 he coward slave, we pass him by,  
 And dare be poor for a' that.  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 Our toils obscure an' a' that,  
 he rank is but the guinea-stamp,  
 'The man's the goud for a' that.

That tho' on hamely fare we dine,  
 Wear hodden gray, and a' that;  
 We fools their silk, and knaves their wine,  
 A man's a man for a' that.  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 Their tinsel shew and a' that;  
 An honest man tho' e'er sae poor,  
 Is chief o' men for a' that.

We see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,  
 Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that,  
 Tho' hundreds worship at his word,  
 He's but a cuif for a' that.  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 His ribbond, star, and a' that;  
 A man of independent mind,  
 Can look, and laugh at a' that.

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The king can mak' a belted knight,  
A marquis, duke, an' a' that,  
But an honest man's aboen his might—  
Gude faith, he manna fa' that.  
For a' that and a' that,  
His dignities and a' that;  
The pith o' sense and pride o' worth  
Are gränder far than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,  
As come it shall for a' that,  
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,  
Shall bear the gree, and a' that.  
For a' that, and a' that,  
It's coming yet, for a' that,  
When man and man, the warld o'er,  
Shall brithers be an' a' that.

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### NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

But are you sure the news is true?  
And are you sure he's weel?  
Is this a time to talk o' wark?  
Ye Jades, fling by your wheel.  
Is this a time to talk o' wark,  
When Colin's at the door?  
Rax me my cloak, I'll down the quay,  
And see him come ashore.

For there's nae luck about the house,  
 There's nae luck ava;  
 There's little pleasure in the house,  
 When our gudeman's awa.

Rise up and mak a clean fireside;  
 Put on the muckle pat;  
 Gie little Kate her cotton gown,  
 And Jock his sunday's coat:  
 And mak their shoon as black as slaes,  
 Their hose as white as snaw;  
 It's a' to pleasure our gudeman,  
 He likes to see them braw.  
 For there's nae luck, &c.

There are twa hens into the crib  
 Hae fed this month and mair,  
 Mak haste and thraw their necks about,  
 That Colin weel may fare:  
 And spread the table neat and clean,  
 Get ilka thing look braw;  
 It's a' for love o' our gudeman,  
 For he's been lang awa.  
 For there's nae luck, &c.

O gie me down my bigonet,  
 My bishop sa'in gown,  
 And then gae tell the bailie's wife,  
 That Colin's come to town.  
 My Sunday's shoon they maun gae on,  
 My hose o' pearl blue;

And a' to pleasure our gudeman,  
 For he's baith leal and true.  
 For there's nae luck, &c.

Sae sweet his voice, sae smooth his tongue,  
 His breath's like caller air;  
 His very tread has music in't,  
 As he comes up the stair.  
 And will I see his face again?  
 And will I hear him speak?  
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the joy,  
 In troth I'm like to greet.  
 For there's nae luck, &c.

The cauld blasts o' the winter wind,  
 That thirl'd thro' my heart,  
 They're a' blawn by, I hae him safe,  
 Till death we'll never part.  
 But what puts parting in my head?  
 It may be far awa;  
 The present moment is our ain,  
 The neist we never saw.

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content;  
 I hae nae mair to crave.  
 Could I but live to mak him blest,  
 I'm blest aboon the lave.  
 And will I see his face again?  
 And will I hear him speak?  
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought;  
 In troth, I'm like to greet.

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 SOMEBODY.

WERE I oblig'd to beg my bread,  
 And had not where to lay my head,  
 I'd creep where yonder flocks do feed,  
 And steal a look at somebody:

When I'm laid low, and am at rest,  
 And may be number'd with the blest,  
 Oh! may thy artless, feeling breast,  
 Throb with regard for somebody:  
 Ah! will you drop the pitying tear,  
 And sigh for the lost somebody.

But should I ever live to see  
 That form so much ador'd by me,  
 Then thou'lt reward my constancy,  
 And I'll be blest with somebody:  
 Then shall my tears be dried by thee,  
 And I'll be blest with somebody.

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 TWEEDSIDE.

Whan Maggy and I war acquaint,  
 I carried my noddle fu' hie;  
 Nae lintwhite on a' the gay plain,  
 Nae gowdspink sae bonnie as she.

I whistled, I pip'd, and I sang;  
 I woo'd but I cam nae great speed:  
 Therefore I maun wander abroad,  
 And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.

To Maggy my love I did tell;  
 My tears did my passion express:  
 Alas! for I loo'd her owre weel,  
 And the women loo sic a man less.  
 Her heart it was frozen and cauld,  
 Her pride had my ruin decreed;  
 Therefore I maun wander abroad,  
 And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.

F I N I S.