

A

NEW SONG,

CALLLED, THE

Kebuckstone Wedding

To which is added,

The Sprig of Shelela,

Jockey the Shepherd,

My Dear Highland Lad,

AND

Sweet Peggy Alavan.



Falkirk, Printed in the Year 1821.

KEBBUCKSTONE WEDDING.

Auld Watty o' Kebbuckstone brae,
 Wi' lear an' readin' o' bouks, auld-farran,
 What think ye! the body cam' owre the day,
 An' auld us ha's gaun to be married to Mirre.
 To gang to the weddin',
 Baith Johnnie and Sunney, an' Nelly and Nanny
 An' 'am o' the knowes,
 He swears an' he vows,
 At the church he'll face to the bride wi' his gear.

A' the lads hae try sic their joss,
 Sic Willy cam' up an' ca'd on Welly,
 Altho' she was hecht to Geordie Bowse,
 She's gien him the gunk, and she's gaun wi' Willy.
 Has yeket his pouney,
 An's aff to the town for a ladin' o' nappy,
 Wi' fouth o' gude meat,
 To fer us to eat;
 Sas wi' fuddlin' an' feastin' we'll a' be fu' happy.

Wee Patie Brydie's to say the grace,
 The body's aye ready at dreezies an' weddins;
 An' flunkey M'fee, o' the Skiverton Place,
 Is chosen to scuttle the pies an' the puddins;
 For there will be plenty
 O' ilka thing dainty,
 Baith lang kail an' beggies, an' every thing fitting
 Wi' luggies o' beer,
 Our wizzens to clear;
 Sas wi' ill his kyte wha gae selung frae themootin'.

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and sent her to the sea,
With sevenscore brave mariners,
to bear her company:
There's threescore of them were sunk,
and threescore dy'd at sea,
And the lowlands of Holland
bath twin'd my love and me.

Their mainmast was hewn down,
their yards and riggings gone,
Their ropes and their anchors,
out o'er ship-board were thrown.
Out o'er ship-board they were blown,
by tempest in the sea:
And the lowlands of Holland
bath twin'd my love and me.

My love hath built another ship,
and set it on the main,
Yet hath not twenty mariners
now for to fetch her home;
The weary wind did rise again,
the seas began to rout.
My love then and his pretty ship
turn'd widershins about.

New Holland is a bonny place,
in it there grows no grain,
Nor yet no habitation,
within for to remain.
The sugar canes are plenty,
the wine drops from the tree,
And the lowlands of Holland
bath twin'd my love and me.

New Holland is a bonny place,
 but it is scant of men;
 Yet to conquer New England
 is what they do intend;
 For there is none can win them,
 so well they know the sea,
 And the lowlands of Holland
 hath twin'd my love and me.

Be still be still my daughter
 be still and be content:
 There are more lads in Galloway
 thou needs not so lament.
 O there are none in Galloway
 not one that longs for me,
 For I lov'd ne'er a love but one
 who's drowned in the sea.

He was a comely proper youth
 I lov'd him for my part
 But death has taken him from me
 which sore afflicts my heart:
 And since that he's departed
 I'll mourn and weep always,
 That e'er he went to Holland
 that was my earthly joys.

Unto the grave that he has gone
 who was my comely dear,
 May heaven receive my soul to rest
 and guide me while I'm here.
 I'll still lament in brinish tears
 Until the day I die,
 Since the lowlands of Holland
 hath twin'd my love and me.

BET OF BUCHLYVIE.

'Twas on a bonny morn in May,
When fields and meadows round look'd gay,
I met a fair maid on the way,
A bit below Buchlyvie.

Her cheeks were like the new blown rose,
Her een were blacker than the sloes,
And auburn tresses grac'd the brows,
O bonny Bet Buchlyvie.

Quoth I my bonny lass ne'er fear,
But whar ye gaun, it I might spier,
Weel would I like to be your dear,
My bonny bet Buchlyvie.

Or dress you like a lady gay,
In fine attire, at ball and play,
If ye'll consent to come away,
Wi' me and leave Buchlyvie.

I wiinna gang wi' you she said,
I'm happier in my home spun plaid,
Than though in silks I were arrayed
If absent frae Buchlyvie.

I hae a lover o' my ain,
And him though poor I'll ne'er disdain,
'Tis lang since he the heart did gain
O' his dear Bet Buchlyvie.

Then, like a thought away she flew,
 And left me wondering at the view,
 To see a mind in love sae true
 As bonny Bet Buchlyyle.

For Scotia's maids, fair without art,
 Your wit and beauty takes the heart,
 Tho' uane among you acts the part,
 Of bonny Bet Buchlyvie.

CHARLIE HE'S MY DARLING.

'Twas on a Monday morning
 Right early in the year,
 That Charlie came to our town,
 The young Chevalier,
 And Charlie he's my darling,
 My darling, my darling,
 Charlie he's my darling,
 The young Chevalier

As he was walking up the street;
 The city for to view,
 O there he spied a bonny lass,
 The window looking thro',
 An' Charlie, &c.

Sae light's he jumped up the stair,
 And tirl'd at the pin;
 And wha sae ready as hersel',
 To let the laddie in,
 An' Charlie, &c.

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MY DEAR HIGHLAND LADDIE, O.

By TANNAHILL.

Blythe was the time when he see'd wi' my fathaer, O,
Happy waur the days when we herded thegither, O,
Sweet were the hours when he row'd me in his
plaidie, O,
And vow'd to be mine, my dear Highland Laddie, O.

But ah, wae's me! wi' their sodgering sae gandy, O,
The Laird's wylt awa' my braw Highland Laddie, O,
Misty are the glens, and the dark hills sae cloudy, O,
That aye seem'd sae blythe wi' my dear Highland
Laddie, O.

The blaë-berry banks now are lonefome and dreary, O,
Muddy are the streams that gush'd down sae clear, O,
Silent are the rocks that echoed sae glad, O,
The wild melting streams o' my dear Highland Laddie O

Oh! love is like the morning sae gladfome & bonny, O,
Till winds sa' a storming, & clouds low'r sae anny, O,
As Nature in winter droops withering sae sadly, O,
Sae lang may I mourn for my dear Highland Laddie O

He pu'd me the crawberry tips frae the boggie fen,
He pu'd me the strawberry aces frae the toggie glen,
He pu'd me the rus' an' frae the wild sheep's giddy, O,
Sae löving an' kind was my dear Highland Laddie, O.

Farewell my ewes, an' farewell my dogge, O,
Farewell ye knowes, now sae cheerless & scroggie, O,
Farewell Glenfeoch, my mammy an' my daddie, O,
How can I live without my dear Highland Laddie, O!

SWEET PEGGY ALAVAN.

I'm restless in mind, and always uneasy,
 Since I lost my jewel, nothing can please me:
 Her breasts like a swan on the water a-playing,
 Sure no one on earth's like my Peggy Alavan.

When first I beheld this dear angel so bright,
 She appear'd like Auroro, she dazzl'd my sight!
 Her skin is so fair, and her mein so charming,
 I would chuse for my valentine Peggy Alavan.

My Peggy she's fair, she's charming and young,
 And if she don't love me, I'm surely undone!
 Let me go where I will, I can find no such maiden!
 She's the jimp of all swains, my Peggy Alavan.

Had I but my Peggy, I wou'd ask for no more,
 She's a far greater treasure than the Indian shore!
 With her smiles so inviting she's got me enslav'd;
 I shall sure die a martyr for Peggy Alavan.

Her red rosy cheeks, and her ruby lips charming,
 She's the nymph of Parnassus, she is my darling!
 She's surely a goddess, or great constellation!
 Now she's all I forbear to love sweet Peggy Alavan.

FINIS.