

# MAGGY LAUTHER

To which are added,  
The Pitcher.  
Bonny Jean.  
Yarrow braes.

---



---

STIRLING:  
PRINTED BY W. MACNICHOLAS.

1823.

---

## MAGGY LAUTHER.

WHA wou'dna be in love  
wi' bonny Maggy Lauther,  
A piper met her gaun through Fife,  
he speir'd what was't they ca'd her ?  
Right scornfully she answer'd him,  
begone you ballan-shaker,  
Job on your gate you blather-skate,  
my name is Maggy Lauther.

Maggy quo' he, now by my bags,  
I'm fidg'ing fain to see thee,  
Sit down by me my bonny bird,  
indeed I winna steer thee :  
For I'm a piper to my trade.  
my name is Rob the Ranter.  
The lasses loup as they were daft,  
when I blaw up my chanter.

Piper, quo' Meg, hae ye your bags,  
or is your drone in order ?  
Gif ye be Rob we've heard of you,  
live ye upo' the border ?

The kinty a' baith far and near,  
 has heard of Rob the Raster,  
 I'll shake my foot wi' right good will,  
 gif ye'll blaw up your chanter.

Then to his bags he flew with speed,  
 and round the drone he twisted,  
 Meg up and wallop'd o'er the green,  
 for brawly could she frisk it,  
 Well done quo' he play up quo' she,  
 well bob'd quo' Rob the Raster,  
 'Tis worth my while to play, quo' he,  
 when I get sic a dancer.

Well hae ye play'd your part quo' Meg,  
 your cheeks are like the crimson,  
 There's nane in Scotland plays like you,  
 since we lost Habbie Simson :  
 I've liv'd in Fife baith maid and wife,  
 these ten years and a quarter,  
 When ye come there to Anst'er fair,  
 speer ye for Maggy Lauther.

Then Rob he rous'd and took the road,  
 and round all Fife he ranted,  
 And play'd a spring thro' Siller-dykes  
 as merry Meg he wanted :  
 And as he enter'd Anst'er town,  
 his drone it souaded louder,

His bags he blew till the chanter flew,  
no pipes wae ever prouder.

Then Meg came gigling to the door,  
and saw her bairn father,  
O mind not ye, ye danc'd wi' me,  
your bonny Maggy Leather:  
Which makes me rue that day siasyne,  
that e'er I heard your chanter,  
But now I hope you'll marry me,  
my bonny Rob the Ranter.

For when I danc'd, then you advanc'd,  
and ye promis'd not to steer me,  
Wae to the day I heard you play,  
it makes the kintry jeer me,  
But since that ye will comfort gi'e,  
I'm glad ye've come to see me,  
And from the scandle of the jig,  
in really you will free me.

Fidler's wives and gamester's drink,  
is free to all who chuse them,  
But if you'll be a piper's wife,  
I'll guard you in my bosom,  
And while I live to blaw a blast,  
you'll never be a wanter,  
Since you're so free to marry me,  
your bonny Rab the Ranter.

---

## THE PITCHER

IT'S not yet day, it's not yet day,  
then why should we leave good liquor,  
'Till the sun beams around us play,  
we'll sit and take the other pitcher,  
The silver moon she shines so bright,  
she shines so bright—I swear by Nature,  
That if my minute-glass goes right,  
we've time to drink the other pitcher.  
It's not yet day, &c.

They tell me if I'd work all day,  
and sleep by night, I'd grow the richer,  
But what is all this world's delight,  
compar'd with mine, my friend & pitcher.  
It's not yet day, it's not yet day,  
then why should we leave good liquor,  
'Till the sun beams about us play,  
we'll sit and take the other pitcher.  
It's not yet day, &c.

They tell me Tom has got a wife,  
whose portion will make him the richer,  
I envy not his happy life,  
give me good health, my friend & pitcher.

It's not yet day it's not yet day,  
 then why should we leave good liquor,  
 'Till the sun beams round us play,  
 we'll sit and take the other pitcher,  
 It's not yet day &c

---

OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLOW

Of a' the airts the wind can blow,  
 I dearly like the west,  
 For there the bonnie lassie lives,  
 The lass that I loe best.  
 Tho' wild woods grow an' rivers row,  
 Wi' monie a hill between'  
 Baith day and night my fancy's flight,  
 Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flow'r,  
 Sae lovely sweet and fair!  
 I hear her voice in ilka bird,  
 I hear her charm the air;  
 There's not a bonny flow'r that springs,  
 By fountain, shaw or green:  
 Nor yet a bonny bird that sings,  
 But minds me o' my Jean.

Upon the banks of flowing Clyde,  
 The lassie busk them braw,  
 But when their best they hae put on,  
 My Jeanie dings them a',  
 In hamely weeds she far exceeds,  
 The fairest o' the town ;  
 Baith grave and gay confess it sae,  
 Tho' drest in russet gown.

The gamesome lamb that sucks it's dam,  
 Mair harmless canna be :  
 She has nae faut (if sic we ca't,)  
 Except her love for me,  
 The sparkling dew, of clearest hae,  
 Is like her shining een ;  
 In shape an' air wha can compare,  
 Wi' my sweet lovely Jean.

O blaw, ye westlin winds blaw saft,  
 Amaag the leafy treas ;  
 Wi' gentle breath frae muir and dale,  
 -Bring hame the laden bees,  
 An' bring the lassie back to me,  
 That's aye sae neat and clean :  
 Ae blink o' her wad banish care,  
 Sae lovely is my Jean.

---

**YARROW BRAES.**

I DREAM'D a dreary dream last night,  
God keep us free from sorrow ;  
I dream'd I pou'd the birks sae green,  
Wi' my true love on Yarrow.

I'll read your dream my sister dear,  
I'll tell you all your sorrow ;  
You pou'd the birks wi' your true love,  
he's kill'd, he's kill'd on Yarrow.

O gentle wind that blaweth south,  
To where my love repaireth,  
Convey a kiss from his dear mouth,  
And tell me how he fareth.

But o'er yon glen came arm'd men,  
Have wrought him dule and sorrow,  
They've slain, they've slain the comliest swain,  
He bleeding lies in Yarrow.

FINIS.