

A
GARLAND
OF
NEW SONGS.

Muirland Willie
Maggy Lauder
As I walk'd by myself
Sandy o'er the Lee



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Muirland Willie.

HARKEN and I will tell you how
Young muirland Willie came to woo,
Tho' he cou'd neither say nor do;
The truth I tell to you.
But ay he cries, Whate'er betide,
Maggy I'fe hae her to be my bride,
With a fal, dal, &c.

On his grey yad as he did ride,
Wi' durk and pistol by his side,
He prick'd her on wi' mickle pride,
Wi' mickle mirth and glee,
Out o'er yon moss, out o'er yon muir,
Till he came to her daddy's door.
With a fal, dal, &c.

Goodman, quoth he, be ye within,
I'm come your doughter's love to win,
I carena for making mickle din;
What answer gi' ye me?
Now, wooer, quoth he, wou'd ye light
down,
I'll gie you my doughter's love to win,
With a fal, dal,

Now wooer, fin' ye are lighted down,
 Where do ye won, or in what town;
 I thiak my doughter winna gloom,
 On sic a lad as ye.

The wooer he step'd into the house,
 And wow but he was wondrous crouse,
 With a fal, dal, &c.

I have three owfen in a pleugh,
 Twa gude ga'en yades, and gear enough,
 The place they ca' it Cadeneugh;

I seorn to tell a lie;
 Besides, I hae frae the great laird,
 A peat-pat, and a lang kail-yard,
 With a fal dal, &c.

The maid put on her kirtle brown,
 She was the brawest in a' the town;
 I wat on him she didna gloom,
 But blinkit bonnilie.

The lover he stended up in haste,
 And grip'd her hard about the waist,
 With a fal, dal, &c.

To win your love, maid I'm come here,
 I'm young and hae enough o' gear;
 And for myfell you needna fear,
 Troth try me whan you like.

He took aff his bonnet, and spat out his
chow,
He dighted his gab, and he prie'd her mou',
With a fal, dal, &c.

The maiden blush'd and bing'd fu law,
She hadna will to say him na,
But to her daddy she left it a'
As they twa cou'd agree.
The lover he gae her the tither kifs,
Syne ran to her daddy and tell'd him this.
With a fal, dal, &c.

Your doughter wad na say me na,
But to yourfell she's left it a',
As we cou'd 'gree between us twa ;
Say, what'll ye gie me wi' her?
Now, wooer, quo' he, I hae na meikle,
But sic's I hae, ye's get a pickle,
With a ial, dal, &c,

A kilnfu' of corn I'll gie to thee,
Three founs of sheep, twa good milk kye,
Ye's hae the wadding dinner free ;
Troth I dow do nae mair.
Content, quo' he, a bargain be't,
I'm far frae hame, mak haste, let's do't,
With a fal, dal, &c.

The bridal-day it came to pass,
 Wi' mony a blythfome lad and lass;
 But sicken a day there never was,
 Sic mirth was never seen.

This winsome couple straked hands,
 Mels John ty'd up the marriage-bands,
 With a fal, dal, &c.

And our bride's maidens were na few,
 Wi' tap-knots, lug-knots, a' in blew,
 Frae tap to tae they were bra' new,
 And blinkit bonnilie.

Their toys and mutches were fae clean,
 They glanced in our ladses een,
 With a fal, dal, &c.

Sic hirdum, dirdum, and sic din,
 Wi' he o'er her, and she o'er him;
 The minstrels they did never blin'.

Wi' mickle mirth and glee.
 And ay they bobit, and ay they beck't,
 And ay their wames together met,
 With a fal, dal, &c.

Maggy Lauder.

WHA wad na be in love
 Wi' bonny Maggy Lauder?
 A piper met her gaun to Fife,
 And speir'd what was't they ca'd her;
 Right scornfully she answer'd him,
 Begone, you hallanshaker,
 Jog on your gate, you bladder-skate,
 My name is Maggy Lauder.

Maggy, quoth he, and by my bags,
 I'm fidging fain to see thee;
 Sit down by me, my bonny bird,
 In troth 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, quoth Meg, hae you your bags,
 Or is your drone in order;
 If you be Rob, I've heard of you,
 Live you upo' the border;
 The lasses a', baith far and near,
 Have heard of Rob the Ranter;
 I'll shake my foot wi' right good will,
 Gif you'll blaw up your chanter.

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,
 About the drone he twisted;
 Meg up and wallop'd o'er the green,
 For brawly she could frisk it.

Weel done, quoth he; play up, quoth she,
 Weel bob'd, quoth Rob the Ranter,
 'Tis worth my while to play indeed,
 When I hae sic a dancer.

Weel hae you play'd your part, quoth Meg,
 Your cheeks are like the crimson;
 There's nane in Scotland plays fae weel,
 Since we lost Habby Simpson.
 I've liv'd in Fife, baith maid and wife,
 These ten years and a quarter;
 Gin ye should come to Enster fair,
 Speir ye for Maggy Lauder.

As I walk'd by myself.

AS I walk'd by myself, I said to myself,
 And myself said again to me,
 Look well to thyself, take care of thyself,
 For nobody cares for thee.

Then I answer'd to myself, and said to my-
 With the self-same repartee [self,
 Look well to thyself, or care to thyself,
 It's the self-same thing to me.

Sandy o'er the Lee.

I WINNA marry ony man, but Sandy o'er the lee,
 I winna hae the dominee, for gude he canna be,
 But I will hae my Sandy lad, my Sandy o'er the lee,
 For he's aye a kissing, kissing, kissing,
 Aye a kissing me.

I will not hae the minister, for all his godly looks,
 Ner yet will I the lawyer have, for all his wylie
 crooks;
 I will not have the ploughman lad, nor yet will I the
 miller,
 But I will I hae my Sandy lad, without one penny
 filler.
 For he's aye a kissing, &c.

I will not hae the soldier lad, for he gangs to the war,
 I will not hae the sailor lad, because he smells o' tar;
 I will not have the lord nor laird, for all their mickle
 gear,
 But I will hae my Sandy lad, my Sandy o'er the meir
 For he's aye a kissing, &c.

F I N I S.

