

## **The Broom of Cowdenknowes**

How blythe was I each morn to see,  
My Swain come o'er the Hill;  
He leap'd the Brook and flew to me,  
I met him with goodwill.

He tun'd his Pipe and Reed so sweet,  
The Birds stood list'ning by;  
The fleecy Sheep stood still and gaz'd,  
Charm'd with his Melody.

While thus we pas't our time by turns,  
Betwixt our Flocks and Play;  
I envy'd not the fairest Dame,  
Tho e'er so rich and gay.

Oh, the Broom, the bonny, bonny Broom,  
The Broom of the Cowdenknowes;  
I wish I were with my dear Swain,  
With his pipe and with his ewes.

Hard fate that I must banish'd be,  
Gang heavily and mourn;  
Because I lov'd the finest Swain,  
That ever yet was born.

## **Ned o' the Hill**

Oh, dark is the evening and silent the hour  
Oh, who is that minstrel by yon shady tower?  
Whose harp is so tenderly touching with skill  
Oh, who could it be but young Ned of the Hill?  
And he sings, "Lady love, will you come with me now?  
Come and live merrily under the bough—  
I'll pillow your head where the light fairies tread  
If you will but wed with young Ned of the Hill."

Young Ned of the Hill has no castle or hall,  
No bowmen or spearmen to come at his call.  
But one little archer of exquisite skill  
Has loosed a bright shaft for young Ned of the Hill.  
It is hard to escape to this young lady's bower  
For high is the castle and guarded the tower,  
But where there's a will there's always a way  
And young Eileen is gone with young Ned of the Hill.

## **Fickle Jenny**

Jockey:

Ah my fickle Jenny while there was not any  
In a' the north had pow'r to win ye but Jockey only to his arms;  
Ne'er a Laird in aw the nation was in so happy a station  
As Jockey when in possession of Jenny in her early charms.

Jenny:

Had you still caress'd me as you once address'd me,  
No other Laird had e'er posses'd me, but thine alone I'd only been;  
Had I only been in vogue wi' ye, or had you let none else collogue ye,  
Nor rambled after Kath'rine Ogie I'd ha' sped as well as any queen.

Jockey:

Moggy of Dumferlin, she's my only darling,  
Who sings as well as any starling and dances with a bonny air;  
Moggy is so kind and tender, if fate was ready now to end her,  
Cou'd I but from the stroke defend her, I'd die if he wou'd Moggy spare.

Jenny:

Sawny me caresses, whose bagpipe so pleases,  
That never my poor heart at ease is, but when we are together baith;  
I so heartily befriend him, if fate was ready now to end him,  
Cou'd I but from the stroke defend him, a thousand times I'd suffer death.

Jockey:

Come let's leave this fooling, my heart ne'er was coolin,  
None else but Jenny e'err was ruling, but thus our hearts we fondly try;

Jenny:

To thine arms if thou restore me, Shou'd all the Lairds o' th land adore me,  
Nay our good king himself send for me, with thee alone I'd live and die.

## **Lovely Nancy**

How can you, lovely Nancy, thus cruelly slight  
A swain who is wretched when banished your sight;  
Who for your sake alone thinks life worth his care,  
But which soon if you frown on must end in despair.

If you mean thus to torture, Oh! why did your eyes  
Once express so much softness and sweetly surprise?  
By their lustre inflamed I could not believe  
As they shed such wild influence they e'er would deceive.

But alas, like the pilgrim bewildered in night,  
Who perceives a false splendour at distance invite.  
Overjoyed he hastes on, pursues it and dies;  
A like ruin attends me, if away Nancy flies.

## **My Boy Tammy**

"Whare hae ye been a' day,  
My boy, Tammy?"  
"I've been by burn and flow'ry brae,  
Meadow green, and mountain gray,  
Courting o' this young thing,  
Just come frae her mammy."

"What said ye tae the bonnie bairn,  
My boy, Tammy?"  
"I praised her een, sae lovely blue,  
Her dimpled cheek, and cherry mou';  
I pree'd it aft, as ye may true;  
She said she'd tell her mammy."

"I held her tae my beating heart,  
My young, my smiling lammie!  
'I hae a house, it cost me dear;  
I've wealth o' plenishin' and gear;  
Ye 'se get it a', wastin' ten times mair,  
Gin ye will leave your mammy.'

"The smile gaed off her bonnie face,  
'I maunna lea' my mammy;  
She's gi'en me meat, she 's gi'en me claise,  
She's been my comfort a' my days;  
My father's death brought mony waes;  
I maunna leave my mammy."

"We'll tak her hame, and make her fain,  
My ain kind-hearted lammie;  
We'll gi'e her meat, we'll gi'e her claise,  
We'll be her comfort a' my days."  
The wee thing gi'es her hand and says:  
"There! gang and ask my mammy."

## **Jenny Dang the Weaver**

At Willie's wedding on the green,  
The lasses, bonny witches,  
Were buskit out in aprons clean,  
And snaw-white Sunday's mutches.  
Auld Maysie bade the lads tak' tent,  
But Jock wad nae believe her;  
And soon the fool his folly kent,  
For Jenny dang the weaver.  
Sing, fa la la, etc.

In ilka countra-dance and reel,  
Wi' her he wad be babbin;  
When she sat down, then he sat down,  
And till her wad be gabbin:  
Whare'er she gaed, or but or ben,  
The coof wad never leave her,

Ay cacklin like a clockin hen;  
But Jenny dang the weaver.  
Sing, fa la la, etc.

Quoth he, "My lass, to speak my mind,  
"Good haith! I need na swither;  
"You've bonny een, and gif you're kind,  
"I needna court another."  
He hum'd and ha'd -- the lass cried, Feugh!  
And bade the fool nae deave her;  
Then snapt her thumb, and lap and leugh,  
And dang the silly weaver!  
Sing, fa la la, etc.

### **Dermot and Shelah**

O who sits so sadly, and heaves the fond sigh?  
Alas! Cried young Dermot, 'tis only poor I,  
All under the willow, the willow so green.  
My fair one has left me in sorrow to moan,  
So here I am come, just to die all alone;  
No longer fond love shall my bosom enslave,  
I'm wearing a garland to hang o'er my grave,  
All under the willow, the willow so green.

The fair one you love is, you tell me, untrue,  
And here stands poor Shelah, forsaken, like you,  
All under the willow, the willow so green.  
O take me in sadness to sit by your side,  
Your anguish to share, and your sorrow divide;  
I'll answer each sigh, and I'll echo a groan,  
'Tis dismal, you know, to be dying alone,  
All under the willow, the willow so green.

Then close to each other they sat down to sigh,  
Resolving in anguish together to die,  
All under the willow, the willow so green,  
But he was so comely, and she was so fair,  
They somehow forgot all their sorrow and care;  
And, thinking it better a while to delay,  
They put off their dying, to toy and to play,  
All under the willow, the willow so green.

### **Sunset**

The sun upon the Weirdlaw hill,  
in Ettrick's vale is sinking sweet;  
the westland wind is hush and still,  
the lake lies sleeping at my feet.  
Yet not the landscape to mine eyes  
bears those bright hues that once it bore;  
tho' Ev'ning, with her richest dye,  
flames o'er the hills on Ettrick's shore.

With listless look along the plain,  
I see Tweed's silver current glide,  
And coldly mark the holy fane  
Of Melrose rise in ruin'd pride.  
The quiet lake, the balmy air,  
The hill, the stream, the tower, the tree,  
Are they still such as once they were,  
Or is the dreary change in me?

Alas, the warp'd and broken board,  
How can it bear the painter's dye?  
The harp of strain'd and tuneless chord,  
How to the minstrel's skill reply?  
To aching eyes each landscape lowers,  
To feverish pulse each gale blows chill:  
And Araby's or Eden's bowers,  
Were barren as this moorland hill.

### **Come Draw We Round a Cheerful Ring**

Come draw we round a cheerful ring  
And broach the foaming ale,  
And let the merry maiden sing,  
The beldame tell her tale:  
And let the sightless harper sit  
The blazing faggot by;  
And let the jester vent his wit,  
His tricks the urchin try.

Who shakes the door with angry din;  
And would admitted be?  
No, Gossip Winter, snug within,  
We have no room for thee.  
Go, scud it o'er Killarney's lake,  
And shake the willows bare;  
The water-elf his sport doth take,  
Thou'lt find a comrade there.

Will o' the Wisp skips in the dell,  
The owl hoots on the tree,  
They hold their nightly vigil well,  
And so the while will we.  
Then strike we up the rousing glee,  
And pass the beaker round,  
While ev'ry head right merrily  
Is moving to the sound.

### **Corn Riggs**

My Patie is a lover gay, his mind is never muddy,  
His breath is sweeter than new hay, his face is fair and ruddy:  
His shape is handsome, middle-sized, he's comely in his waulkin'  
The shinin' o' his een surprise, 'tis hea'n to hear him talkin'

Last night I met him on a bawk, where yellow corn was growin',  
There mony a kindly word he spake, that set my heart a'glowin';  
He kiss'd and vow'd he wad be mind, and loo'd me best of ony,  
That gars me like to sing since syne, where corn riggs are bonny.

Let lasses o' a silly mind refuse what maist they're wantin',  
Since we for yieldin' were designed, we chastely should be grantin',  
Then I'll comply and marry Patie, and syne my cockernonny,  
He's free to touzel air or late where corn riggs are bonny.

Where corn riggs are bonny, where corn riggs are bonny,  
She heard her Patie breathe his voo's where corn riggs are bonny.