





**FOUR  
EXCELLENT  
SONGS;**

VIZ:—

**THE BOATIE ROWS.**

*The Lass of Patie's Mill.*

**JOCK O' HAZLEDEAN.**

*Tak' your auld cloak about ye.*



**STIRLING:**

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*The Boatie Rows.*

O weel may the Boatie row,  
And better may she speed;  
And liesome may the Boatie row,  
That wins the bairns' bread;  
The Boatie rows, the Boatie rows,  
The Boatie rows indeed:  
And weel may the boatie row  
That wins the bairnie's bread.

When Jamie vowed he wad be mine  
And wan frae me my heart,  
O muckle lighter grew my creel,  
We swore we'd never part:  
The Boatie rows, the Boatie rows,  
The Boatie rows fu' weel,  
And muckle lighter is the load,  
Whan love bears up the creel.

Whan Sawnie, Jock, and Janetie,  
Are up and gotten lair;  
They'll help to gar the Boatie row,  
And lighten a' our care.

The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
 The boatie rows fu' weel,  
 And lightsome be the heart that bears  
 The maurlin and the creel.

And wi' age we're worn down,  
 And hirpling round the door,  
 They'll help to keep us dry and warm  
 As we did them before.

Then werl may the boatie row,—  
 She wins the bairnie's bread ;  
 And happy be the lot o' a,  
 That wish the boatie speed.

—

*The Lass o' Patie's Mill.*

The Lass of Patie's Mill,  
 So bonny blithe and gay,  
 In spite of all my skill,  
 Hath stole my heart away.  
 When tedding of the hay,  
 Bareheadad ou the green,  
 Love midst her locks did play,  
 And wantoned in her e'en

Her arms, white, round and smooth,  
 Breasts rising in their dawn,  
 To age it would give youth,  
 To press on 'em your hand :  
 Through all my spirits ran  
 An extacy of bliss,  
 When I such sweetness fand,  
 Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without the help of art,  
 Like flowers that grace the wild,  
 She did her sweets impart,  
 Whene'er she spoke or smil'd.  
 Her looks they were so mild,  
 Free from affected pride,  
 She me to love beguil'd,  
 I wish'd her for my bride.

O had I all that wealth,  
 Hopetoun's high mountains fill,  
 Insur'd long life and health,  
 And pleasures at my will.  
 I'd promise and fulfil,  
 That none but bonnie she,

The lass of Patie's mill,  
Should share the same with me.

*Jock o' Hazledean.*

' Why weep ye by the tide, lady ?

Why weep ye by the tide ?

Il wed ye to my youngest son,

And ye shall be his bride ;

And ye shall be his bride, lady,

Sae comely to be seen ; —

But aye she loot the tears down fa'

For Jock o' Hazeldean.

' Now let this wilfu' grief be done,

And dry that cheek so pale ;

Young Frank is Chief of Errington,

And Lord of Langley dale :

His step is first in peacefu' ha'

His sword in battle keen ;

But aye she loot the tears down fa'

For Jock o' Hazledean.

' A chain of gold ye shall not lack,

Nor braird to bind your hair,

Nor mettled hounds, nor managed hawk

Nor palfrey fresh and fair :

And you the foremost o' them a',  
 Shall ride our bridal queen :—  
 But aye she loot the tears down fa',  
 For Jock o' Hazeldean.

The kirk was decked at morning tide,  
 The Tapers glimmered fair ;  
 The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,  
 And dame and night were there.  
 They sought her both by bower and ha,  
 The lady was not seen,  
 She s ower the border and awa,  
 Wi' Jock o' Hazledean.

*Tak' your auld cloak about ye.*

In winter when the rain rain'd cauld,  
 And frost and snow on ilka hill,  
 And Boreas his blast sae bauld,  
 Was threatening a' our kye to kill :  
 Then Bell my wife, wha loes nae strife,  
 She said to me right hastily,  
 Get up, gudeman, save Cromie's life,  
 And tak your auld cloak about ye.

O Bell, why dost thou flyte and scorn ?  
 Thou kens my cloak is very thin ;  
 It is sae bare and overworn,  
 A cricket thereon canna rin.

Then I'll nae mair barrow nor lend,  
 For I'll ance mair apparll d be,  
 To-morrow I'll to the town and spend,  
 And I'll hae a new cloak about me.

My cromie is a useful ew,  
 And she is come of a guid kin',  
 Aft has she wat the bairns mou,  
 And I am laith that she should tine;  
 Get up, gudeman, it is fu' time,  
 The sun shines in the list sae hie,  
 Sloth never made a gracious end,  
 Gae tak' your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was ance a guid grey cloak,  
 When it was sitting for my wear,  
 But now it's scarcely worth a groat,  
 For I hae worn't this thretty year:  
 Let's spend the gaer that we hae won,  
 We little ken the day we'll die,  
 Then I'll be proud since I hae sworn  
 To hae a new cloak about me.

In days when our King Robert rang,  
 His trows they cost but half a crown,  
 He said they were a groat our dear,  
 And ca'd the tailor theif and loun.  
 He was o King that wore a crown,  
 And thou'rt a man of laigh degree,

'Tis pride brings a' the kintra down,  
Sae tak' thy auld cloak about thee.

Every land has its ain laugh,

Ilk kind o' corn has its ain hool,  
I think the world is a' run wrang,  
When ilka wife her man would rule.

Do ye not see Rob, Jock, and Hab,  
How they are guided gallantly,  
While I sit hurkling in the ase?  
I'll hae a new cloak about me.

Gudeman, I wat 'tis thretty years  
Since we ane anither did ken,  
And we ha'e had between us twa,  
O lads and bonnie lasses ten.

Now, they are women grown and men,  
I wish and pray, weel may they be,  
And if you prove a good husband,  
E'en tak' your auld cloak about ye.

Bell, my wife, she lo'es nae strife,  
But she will guide me if she can,  
And, to maintain an easy life,

I aft maun yield, though I'm guidman.  
Nought's to be won at woman's hand,  
Unless ye gie her a' the plea,  
Then I'll leave off where I began,  
And tak' my auld cloak about me.



