

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
Whene'er I whisper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown;
My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
It makes me blyth and bauld;
And naithing gi'es me sic delight,
As wawking of the fauld.

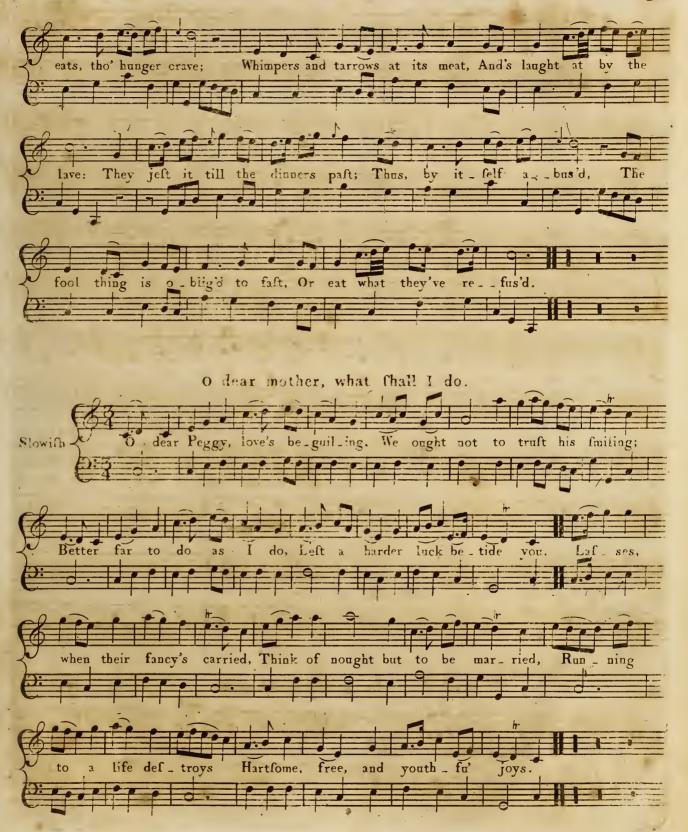
My Peggy fings fae faftly,
When on my pipe I play,
By a' the rest it is confest,
By a' the rest, that she sings best:
My Peggy sings sae fastly,
And in her sangs are tauld,
With innocence, the wale of sense,
At wawking of the sauld.

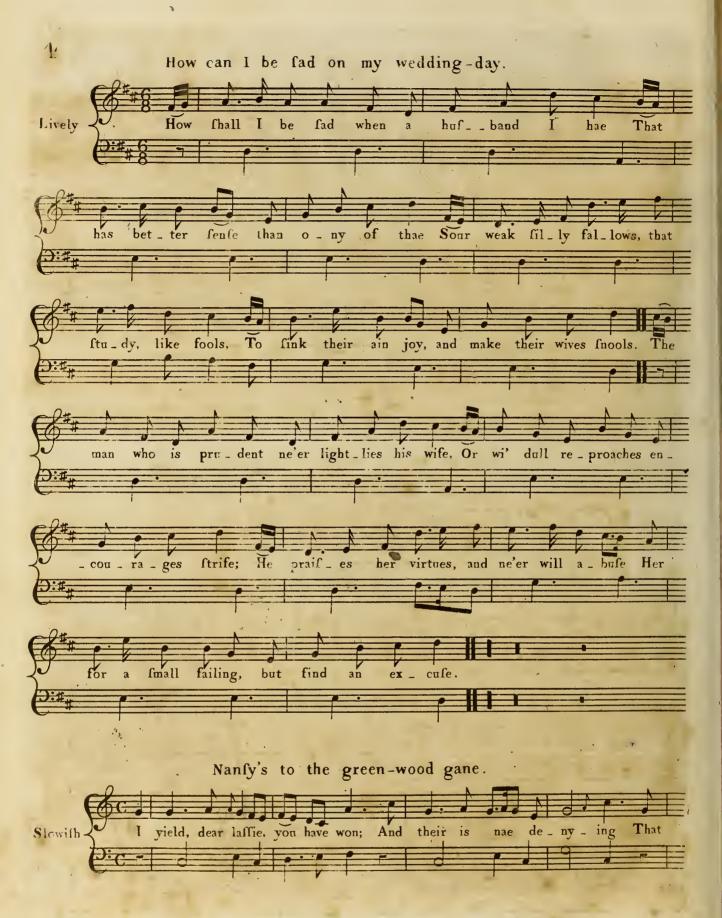


When maidens, innocently young,
Say aften what they never mean,
Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,
But tent the language of their een:
If these agree, and she persist
To answer a your love with hate,
Seek elsewhere to be better blest,
And let her sigh when 'tis too late.













Cauld hail in Aberdeen.



-coat for filk, And be a lady of that Ilk, Now, Peggy, fince the king's come.



The yellow-hair'd ladie.



PATIES.

When corn-rigs wav'd yellow, and blue heather-belis Bloom'd bonny on moorland, and fweet rifing fells, Nac birns, briers, or breckens gave trouble to me, If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

PEGGY.

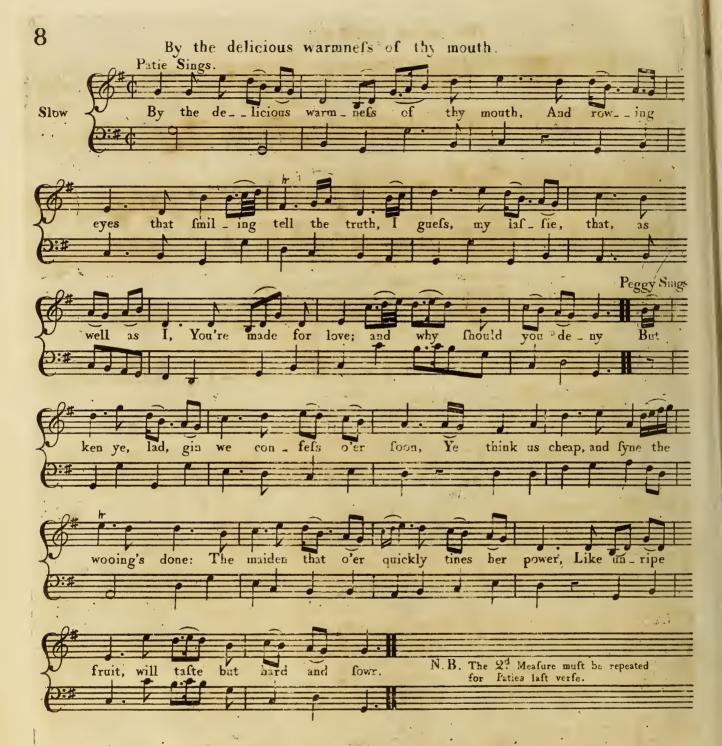
When thou ran, or wrestied, or putted the stane, And came aff the victor, my heart was ay fain: Thy ilka sport manly gave pleasure to me; For same can putt, wrestle, or run swift as thee.

PATIE.

Our Jenny fings faftly the Cowden-broom-knows And Rofey lists sweetly the Milking the ews; There's few Jenny Nettles like Nansy can sing; At throw-the-wood-ladie, Bess gars our lags ring: But when my dear Peggy sings wi' better skill, The Boat-may, Tweed-side, or the Lass of the Mill, It's many times sweeter and pleasant to me; For the' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.

PEGGY.

How easy can lasted trow what they desire. And praises say kindly increases love's fire: Gir me full this pleasure, my study shall be, To make in all only and success for thee.



PATIE Sings.

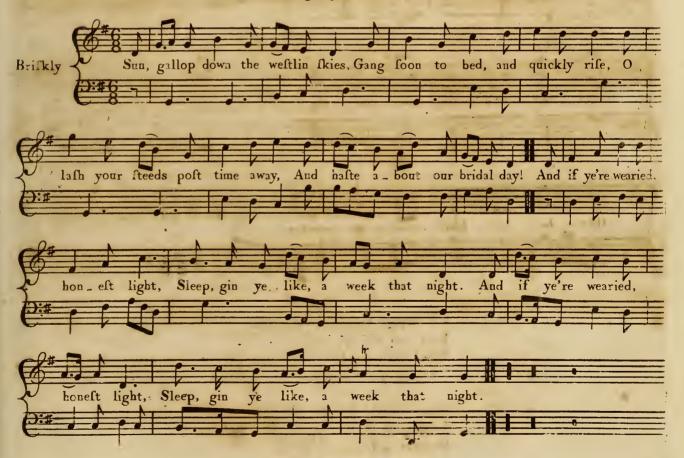
But gin they hing o'er lang upon the tree, Their sweetness they may tine; and sae may ye. Red cheeked you completely ripe appear, And I ha'e thol'd and woo'd a lang haff-year. PEGGY singing, falls into Patie's arms.

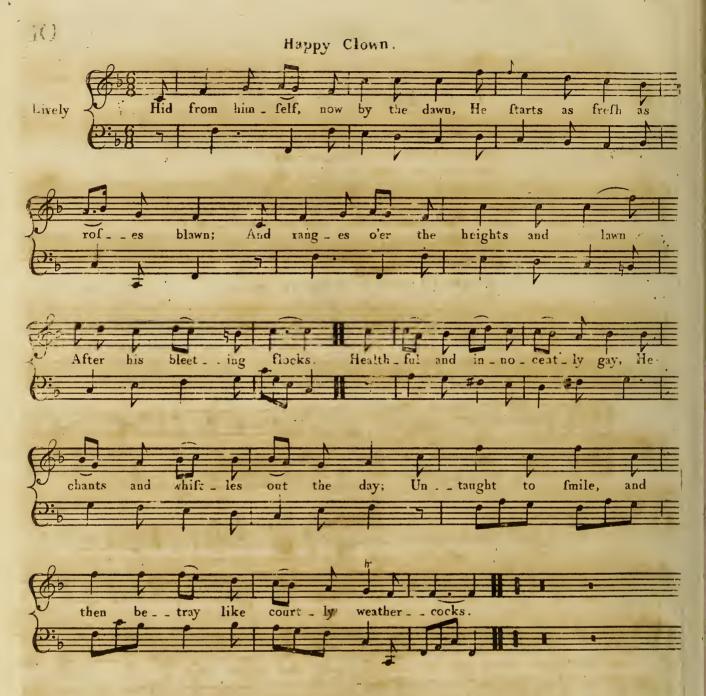
Then dinna pu me; gently thus I fa' Into my Patie's arms, for good and a'. But stint your wishes to this kind embrace, And mint nae farer till we've got the grace.

PATIE (with his left hand about her waist.)

O charming armfu' hence ye cares away, I'll kiss my treasure a' the live-lang day; A' night I'll dream my kisses o'er again, Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

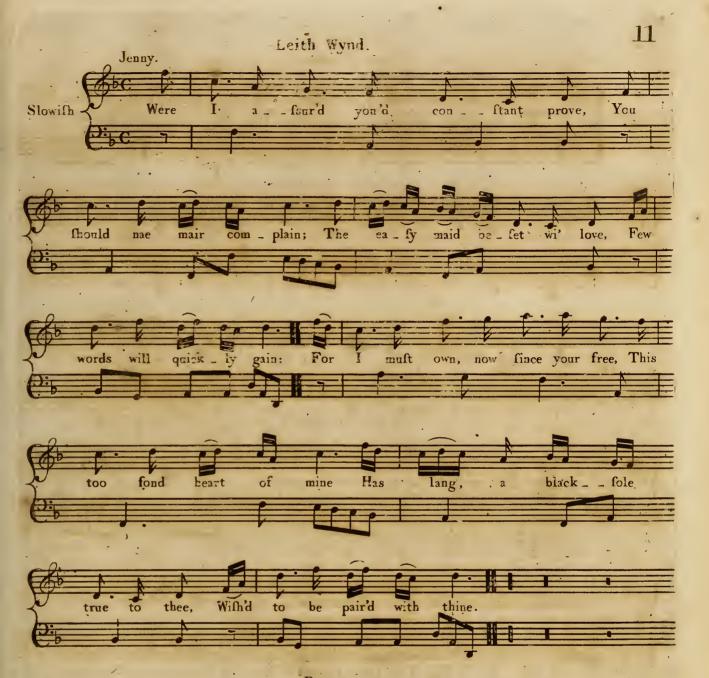
Sung by both.





Life happy, from ambition free, Envy, and vile hypocrify, Where truth and love with joy agree, Unfullied with a crime:

Unmov'd with what diffurbs the great, In proping of their pride and state: He lives, and unafraid of fate. Contented spends his time.



ROGER.

I'm happy now; ah! let my head
Upon thy breaft recline
The pleafure strikes me near-hand dead;
Is Jenny then sae kind?
O let me briz thee to my heart,
And round my arms entwine:
Delightfu' thought! we'll never part.
Come, press thy mouth to mine.

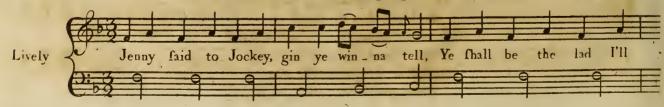


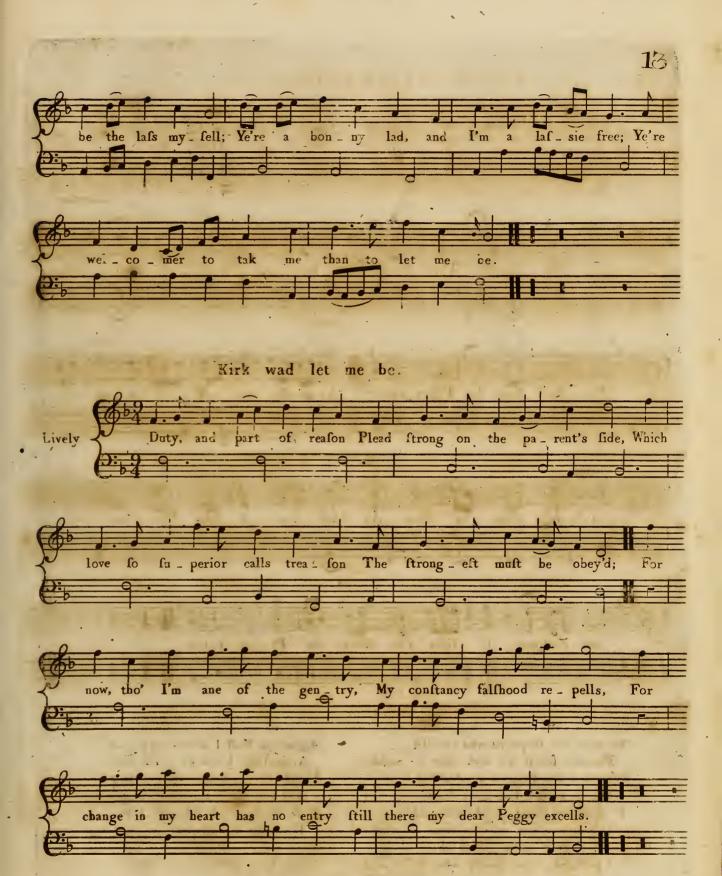
o'er Bogie.



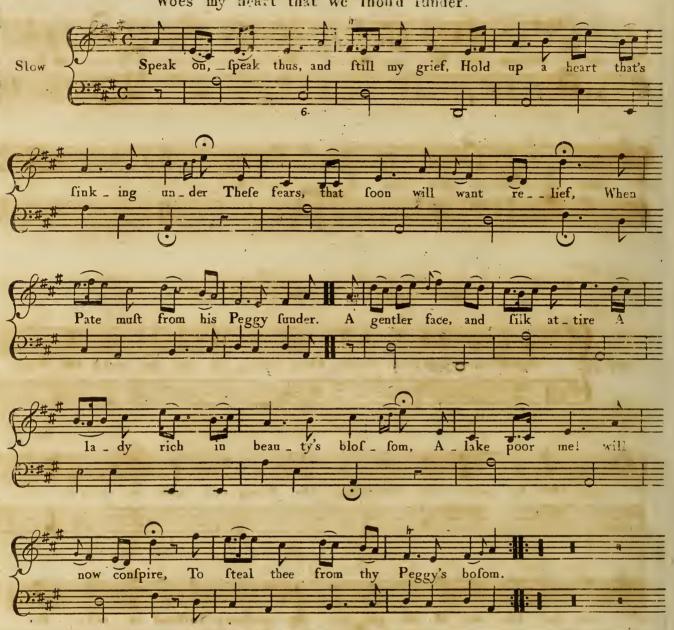
Shou'd he, deny, I carena by,
He'd contradict in vain;
Tho' a' my kin had faid and fworn
But thee I will hae nane.
Then never range nor learn to change,
Like those in high degree:
And if he prove faithful in love,
You'll find nae fault in me.

Enter BAULDY Singing.





Woes my heart that we fhould funder.



No more the shepherd who excell'd

The rest, whose wit made them to wonder,

Shall now his Peggy's praises tell:

Ah! I can die, but never sunder.

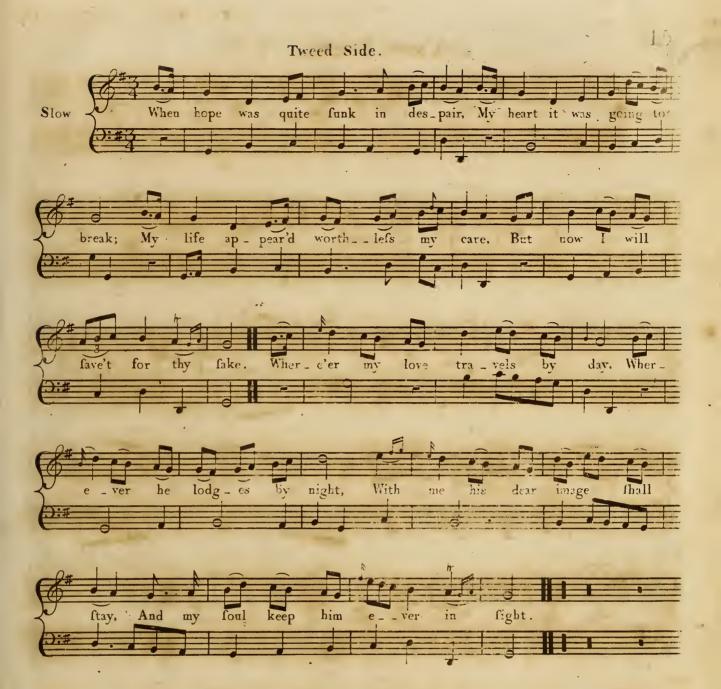
Ye meadows where we aften stray'd,

Ye banks where we were wont to wander

Sweet-scented rucks round which we play'd,

You'll lose your sweets when we're asunder.

Again, ah! shall I never creep
Around the know wi' silent duty.
Kindly to watch thee while asleep,
And wonder at thy manly beauty.
Hear, heav'n while solemnly I vow,
Tho' thou should prove a wand'ring lover,
Thro' life to thee I shall prove true,
Nor be a wife to any other.



With patience I'll wait the lang year,
And study the gentlest charms;
Hope time away, till thou appear
To lock thee for ay in those arms.
Whilst thou was a shepherd, I priz'd
No higher degree in this life;
But now I'll endeavour to rise
To a height that's becoming thy wife.

For beauty that's only Ikin deep,

Must fade, like the gowans in May;
But inwardly rooted will keep

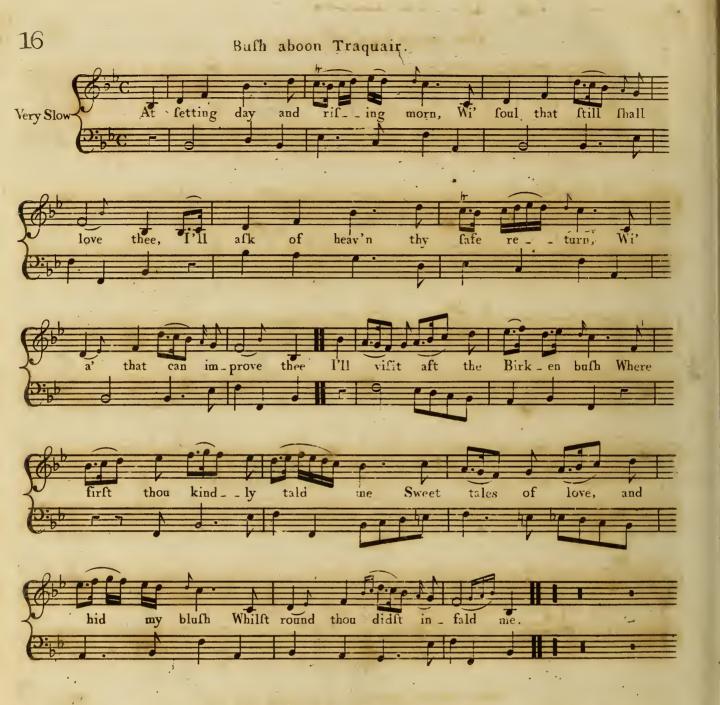
For ever, without a decay.

Nor age, nor the changes of life,

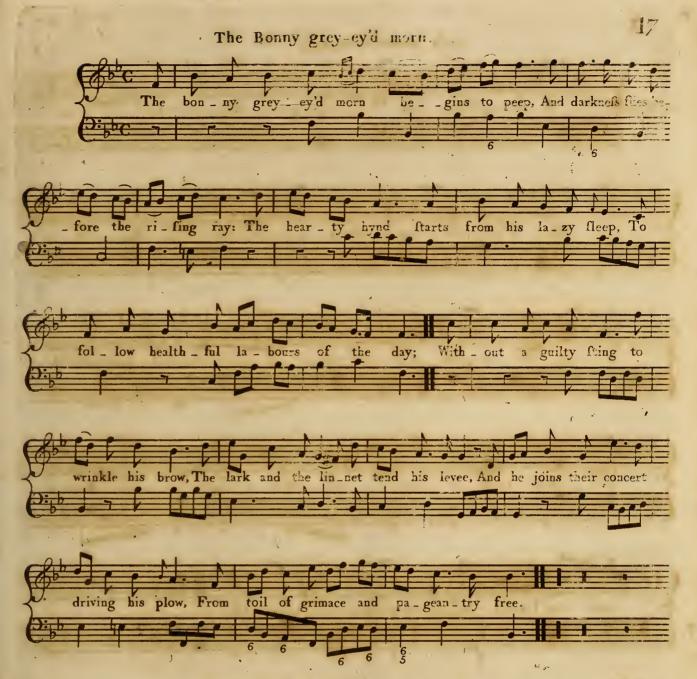
Can quench the fair fire of love,

If virtue's ingrain'd in the wife,

And the husband ha'e sense to approve.

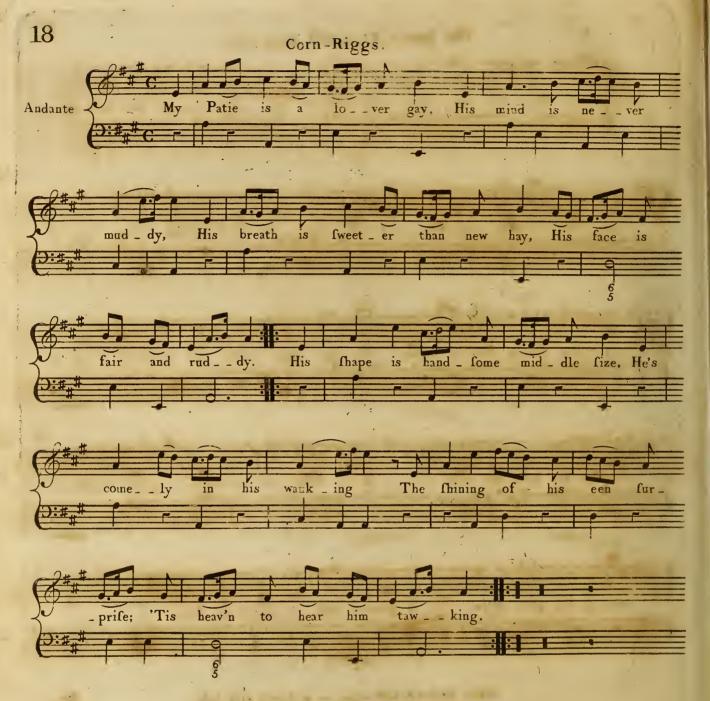


To a' our haunts I will repair,
To Greenwood-shaw or fountain;
Or where the simmer-day I'd share
Wi' thee upon you mountain.
There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,
From thoughts unseign'd and tender,
By vows you're mine, by love is yours
A heart which cannot wander.



While fluster'd with wine, or madden'd with loss
Of half an estate, the prey of a main,
The drunkard and gamester tumble and toss,
Wishing for calmness and slumber in vain;

Be my portion health and quietness of mind, Plac'd at due distance from parties and state, Where neither ambition nor avarice blind, Reach him who has happiness link'd to his fate.



Last night I met him on the bawk,
Where yellow corn was growing,
There mony a kindly word he spake,
That set my heart a glowing.
He kis'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
And loo'd me best of ony;
That gars me like to sing sinsyne,
"O corn-riggs are bonny."

Let lasses of a filly mind
Refuse what maist they're wanting:
Since we for yielding are design'd,
We chastely should be granting;
Then I'll comply, and marry Pate,
And syne my cokernony,
He's free to touzle, air or late,
Where corn-riggs are bonny.

Finis.