

THE
DUKE OF GORDON'S THREE DAUGHTERS;

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

THE BREWER LADDIE;

AND

THE HERO MAY PERISH.



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SONGS.

THE DUKE OF GORDON'S DAUGHTERS.

The Duke of Gordon had three daughters,
Elizabeth, Margaret, and Jean ;
They would not stay in bonny Castle Gordon,
But they went away to bonny Aberdeen.
They had not been in bonny Aberdeen,
A twelvemonth and a day,
Till Jean fell in love with Captain Ogilvie,
And away with him went she.

Word came to the Duke of Gordon,
In the chamber where he lay,
How lady Jean fell in love with a Captain,
And from him she would not stay.
Go saddle me the black horse, he cried,
My servant shall ride on the grey,
And I'll go to bonny Aberdeen,
Fortwith to bring her away.

They were not a mile from Aberdeen,
A mile but only one,
Till he met with his two daughters,
But away was lady Jean.
O where is your sister, maidens ?
Where is your sister, now ;
O where is your sister, maidens,
That she's not walking with you ?

O pardon us honoured father!

O pardon they did say :

Lady Jean is with Captain Ogilvie,

And from him she will not stay.

When he came to bonny Aberdeen,

And down upon the green,

There she did see Captain Ogilvie,

A training of his men.

O woe be to thee Captain Ogilvie !

An ill death thou shalt die,

For taking to thee my daughter,

High hanged shalt thou be.

The Duke of Gordon wrote a broad letter,

And sent it to the king,

To cause him hang brave Captain Ogilvie,

If ere he caused hang any man.

No I will not hang Captain Ogilvie,

For any offence that I see,

But I'll cause him to put off the scarlet,

And put on the single livery.

Now word came to Captain Ogilvie,

In the chamber where he lay,

To strip off the gold and scarlet,

And put on the single livery.

If this be for bonny Jeannie Gordon,

This penance I'll take wi',

If this be for bonny Jeannie Gordon,

All this and more I'll dree.

Lady Jean had not been married,
 A year but only three,
 Till she had a babe in every arm,
 And another on her knee.

O but I'm weary wandering!
 O but my fortune is bad,
 It sets not the Duke of Gordon's daughter,
 To follow a soldier lad.

O hold your tongue, bonny Jean Gordon,
 O hold your tongue my lamb,
 For once I was a noble captain,
 Now for thy sake a single man.

O high was the hills and the mountains,
 Cold was the frost and snow;
 Lady Jean's shoes were all torn,
 No farther could she go.

O if I was in the glens of Foudlen,
 Where hunting I have been,
 I could go to bonny castle Gordon,
 Without either stockings or sheen.

O hold your tongue bonny Jean Gordon,
 O hold your tongue my dow;
 I've but one half-crown in the world,
 I'll buy hose and shoon to you.

When she came to bonny castle Gordon,
 And coming over the green,
 The Porter cried out, with a loud voice,
 Yonder lies our lady Jean.

You are welcome bonny Jeannie Gordon,
 You are dearly welcome to me ;
 You are welcome, dear Jeanie Gordon,
 But away with your Ogilvie.
 Now over the seas went the Captain,
 As a soldier under command ;
 But a messenger soon followed after,
 Which caused a countermand.

Come home now, pretty Captain Ogilvie,
 To enjoy your brother's land ;
 Come home now, pretty Captain Ogilvie,
 You're the heir of Northumberland.
 O what does this mean ? says the Captain,
 Where's my brother's land :
 Come home now, pretty Captain Ogilvie,
 You're the heir of Northumberland.

O what does this mean ? says the Captain,
 Where's my brother's children three ?
 O they are all dead and buried,
 The lands are all ready for thee.
 Then hoist up your sails brave Captain,
 And let's be jovial and free ;
 I'll go home and have my estate,
 And then my dear Jeannie I'll see.

He soon came to bonny castle Gordon,
 And then at the gate stood he ;
 The Porter cried out with a loud shout,
 Here comes Captain Ogilvie !

You're welcome pretty Captain Ogilvie,
 Your fortune's advanced I hear,
 No stranger can come to my gates,
 That I do love so dear.

Sir, the last time I was at your gate
 You would not let me in ;
 I am come for my wife and children,
 No friendship else I claim.
 Then she came tripping down the stair,
 With the saut tear in her ee,
 One babe she had at every foot,
 Another upon her knee.

You're welcome, bonny Jean Gordon,
 You're dearly welcome to me,
 You're welcome, bonny Jean Gordon,
 Countess of Northumberland to be.
 Now the Captain came off with his lady,
 And his sweet babies three,
 Saying, I'm as good blood by descent,
 Though the great Duke of Gordon you be.

THE BREWER LADDIE.

In Perth there lived a bonny lad,
 A brewer to his trade O,
 And he has courted Peggy Roy,
 A rum and handsome maid O.

CHORUS—She's a rum one fal de reedle ay do, &c.

He courted her for seven long years,
 All for to gain her favour,
 But there came a lad out of Edinburgh town,
 And he swore that he would have her.

Wilt thou go along with me,
 Wilt thou go my honey?
 And wilt thou go alongst with me,
 And leave your own dear Johnnie?

Yes, I'll go along with you,
 And along with you I'll ride O,
 Yes, I'll go along with you,
 Altho' I'm the brewer's bride O,

The brewer he came home at e'en,
 Enquiring for his honey,
 Her father he made this reply,
 I never seen her since Monday.

Be it not or be it so,
 Little it does grieve me,
 I'm a young man free as you may see,
 And a small thing will relieve me.

There is as good fish in the sea,
 As ever yet was taken,
 I'll cast my net once o'er again,
 Altho' I am forsaken.

She's rambled up, she's rambled down,
 She's rambled through Kirkaldy,
 And many's the time she's rued the day
 She forsaked her brewer laddie.

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She's rambled up, she's rambled down,
 She's rambled through Perth town O,
 And when she came to the brewer's door,
 She was ashamed to gang in O!

He's drawn his course where e'er he's gane,
 His country he has fled O!
 He's not left a shift upon her back,
 Nor a blanket on her bed O!

The brewer he set up in Perth,
 And often brewed strong ale O!
 And he has courted a bonny lass,
 And ta'en her to his sell O!

Ye lovers all where'er ye be,
 By me now take a warning,
 And never slight your ain true love,
 For fear you get a waur ane.

THE HERO MAY PERISH.

The hero may perish, his country to save,
 And he lives in the records of fame ;
 The sage may the dungeons of tyranny brave—
 Ever honour'd and blest be his name !

But virtue that silently toils or expires,
 No wreath for the brow to entwine :
 That asks but a smile—but a fond sigh requires,
 O woman ! that **virtue** is thine.