

Author: Anonymous

Text type: Verse, ballad

Date of print: 1674-1679

Editions: Unknown

Source text:

Anon. 1674-1679. *The Bonny Scottish Lovers: Or, Some Pretty Fine Hits that Pass too and fro*. [n.p.] Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clark. <<http://www.bodley.ox.ac.uk/ballads/>>.

e-text:

Access and transcription: February 2006

Number of words: 385

Dialect represented: Northern/Scots

Produced by Javier Ruano-García

Copyright © 2011– DING, The Salamanca Corpus, Universidad de Salamanca



Anonymous

***The Bonny Scottish Lovers: Or, Some Pretty Fine
Hits that Pass too and fro (1674-1679)***

To a pretty, yet common, Northern Tune

Jo.

Sat thee down by me, my own sweet joy,
Thould'st quite kill me, should'st thou prove coy,
Should'st thou prove coy, & not love me,
Where soold I find sike a one as thee.

Ise been at Wake, and Ise been at Fair,
Yet nere found yne with thee to compare:
Oft have I sought, but nere could find,
Sike beauty as thine, couldst thou prove kind.

Thouse have a gay goon, and go foin,
With siller shoon thy feel sal shoin:

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Bonny Scottish Lovers* (1674-1679)

And thy Pink-Petty roat shall be lac'd down

Weese yearly gang to the Brook-side,
And Fishes catch as they do glide,
Each pretty little Fish thy Prisoner shall be,
Thouse catch them my Jo, and Ise catch thee.

What mun we do, when Scrip is foo?
Weese gang tull the house at the hill broo,
And there weese fry and eat the Fish,
But 'tis thy flesh makes the best dish.

Ise kiss thy Cherry lips and praise,
As the sweet features of thy face,
Thy Fore-head smooth and lofty doth rise,
Thy soft ruddy cheeks, and pretty black eyes.

Ise lig by thee aw the cou'd night,
Thouse want nothing for thy delight,
Thouse have any thing, if thouse have me,
And sure I have something sal please thee.

Ise bid thee gude morow when cocks do crow
To Bow yeance a night is fair as times go,
Then prethee turn thy wem to me,
Ise fill thy belly foo, and please thee.

Jenny.

Alack and welly, how can it be,
That thou souldst ere prove true to me,
Who have beguil'd yean, twa, and three,
Nanny, and Sis, and Margery.

But thou hast sike a tempting tongue,
With saighs and tears, and kisses among,
That I fear I sal not be so strong,
Ah! wau is my wem to hawd out long.

Thou'st promised me sine gay gown,
And a pink petty-coat laced down:
Garland gay, and siller Shoon,
And that I sal lye a bed till Noon.

Thy hooks and baits thou well hast laid,
To tempt me with thy fishing trade:
If thou canst angle as well as thresh,
Feed me with Fish, I'se find thee flesh.

But let us ere we saw to work,
Gang bodily bonily to the Kirk.

