

Classic Poetry Series

Allan Ramsay

- poems -

Publication Date:

2004

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

Give Me a Lass with a Lump of Land

1 Gi'e me a lass with a lump of land,
2 And we for life shall gang thegither;
3 Tho' daft or wise I'll never demand,
4 Or black or fair it maks na whether.
5 I'm aff with wit, and beauty will fade,
6 And blood alane is no worth a shilling;
7 But she that's rich her market's made,
8 For ilka charm about her is killing.

9 Gi'e me a lass with a lump of land,
10 And in my bosom I'll hug my treasure;
11 Gin I had anes her gear in my hand,
12 Should love turn dowf, it will find pleasure.
13 Laugh on wha likes, but there's my hand,
14 I hate with poortith, tho' bonny, to meddle;
15 Unless they bring cash or a lump of land,
16 They'se never get me to dance to their fiddle.

17 There's meikle good love in bands and bags,
18 And siller and gowd's a sweet complexion;
19 But beauty, and wit, and virtue in rags,
20 Have tint the art of gaining affection.
21 Love tips his arrows with woods and parks,
22 And castles, and riggs, and moors, and meadows;
23 And naithing can catch our modern sparks,
24 But well-tocher'd lasses or jointur'd widows.

Allan Ramsay

Katy's Answer

1 My mither's ay glowran o'er me,
2 Tho she did the same before me,
3 I canna get leave
4 To look to my loove,
5 Or else she'll be like to devour me.

6 Right fain wad I take ye'r offer,
7 Sweet Sir, but I'll tine my tocher,
8 Then, Sandy, ye'll fret,
9 And wyt ye'r poor Kate,
10 When e'er ye keek in your toom coffer.

11 For tho my father has plenty
12 Of siller and plenishing dainty,
13 Yet he's unco sweer
14 To twin wi' his gear,
15 And sae we had need to be tenty.

16 Tutor my parents wi' caution,
17 Be wylie in ilka motion,
18 Brag well o' ye'r land,
19 And there's my leal hand,
20 Win them, I'll be at your devotion.

Allan Ramsay

My Peggy Is a Young Thing

My Peggy is a young thing,
Just enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day, and sweet as May
Fair as the day, and always gay.
My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld,
Yet well I like to meet her at
The Wawking of the Fauld.

My Peggy speaks sæ sweetly,
When'er we meet alane,
I wish næ mair to lay my care,
I wish næ mair of a' that's rare.
My Peggy speaks sæ sweetly,
To a' the lave I'm cauld;
But she gars a' my spirits glow
At Wawking of the Fauld.

My Peggy smiles sæ kindly,
Whene'er I whisper Love,
That I look down on a' the Town,
That I look down upon a Crown.
My Peggy smiles sæ kindly,
It makes my blythe and bauld,
And naithing gi'es me sic delight,
As Wawking of the Fauld.

My Peggy sings sæ softly,
When on my pipe I play;
By a' the rest it is confest,
By a' the rest, that she sings best.
My Peggy sings sæ softly,
And in her songs are tald,
With innocence the wale of Sense,
At Wawking of the Fauld.

Allan Ramsay

The Young Laird and Edinburgh Katy

1 Now wat ye wha I met yestreen
2 Coming down the street, my Jo,
3 My mistress in her tartan screen,
4 Fow bonny, braw and sweet, my Jo.
5 "My dear," quoth I, "thanks to the night,
6 That never wish'd a lover ill,
7 Since ye're out of your mither's sight,
8 Let's take a wauk up to the hill.

9 "O Katy wiltu gang wi' me,
10 And leave the dinsome town a while,
11 The blossom's sprouting frae the tree,
12 And a' the summer's gawn to smile;
13 The mavis, nightingale and lark,
14 The bleeting lambs and whistling hynd,
15 In ilka dale, green, shaw and park,
16 Will nourish health, and glad ye'r mind.

17 "Soon as the clear goodman of day
18 Bends his morning draught of dew,
19 We'll gae to some burnside and play,
20 And gather flowers to busk ye'r brow.
21 We'll pou the dazies on the green,
22 The lucken gowans frae the bog;
23 Between hands now and then we'll lean,
24 And sport upo' the velvet fog.

25 "There's up into a pleasant glen,
26 A wee piece frae my father's tower,
27 A canny, saft and flow'ry den,
28 Which circling birks has form'd a bower:
29 When e'er the sun grows high and warm,
30 We'll to the cauller shade remove,
31 There will I lock thee in mine arm,
32 And love and kiss, and kiss and love."

Allan Ramsay