

Tea-Tables and Shepherds

Songs by Allan Ramsay from *The Tea-Table Miscellany*, vol. I (1723)
and pastoral comedy *The Gentle Shepherd* (1725-6)

My Jo Janet

SWEET Sir, for your Courtesie,
When ye came by the *Bass* then,
For the Love ye bear to me,
Buy me a Keeking-glass then.

door-mat

Keek into the Draw-well

looking-glass

Janet, Janet,
And there ye'll see ye'r bonny sell,
My Jo Janet.

KEEKING in the Draw-well clear
What if I should fa' in,
Syn a' my Kin will say and swear
I drown'd my sell for Sin.

Ha'd the better be the Brae,

*hold on tighter at the
edge*

Janet, Janet;
Ha'd the better be the Brae,
My Jo Janet.

GOOD Sir, for your Courtesie,
Coming through *Aberdeen* then,
For the Love ye bear to me
Buy me a Pair of Shoon then.

shoes

Clout the auld the new are dear,

mend

Janet, Janet;
Ae Pair may gane ye haff a Year,
My Jo Janet.

BUT what if dancing on the Green,
And skipping like a Mawking,
If they shou'd see my clouted Shoon,
Of me they will be tauking.

hare

Dance ay laigh and late at E'en,

down low

Janet, Janet;
Syne a' their Fauts will no be seen,
My Jo Janet.

KIND Sir for your Courtesie,
When ye gae to the Cross then,
For the Love ye bear to me,
Buy me a pacing Horse then.

*Pace upo' your Spinning-wheel,
Janet, Janet;
Pace upo' your Spinning-wheel,
My Jo Janet.*

My Spinning-wheel is auld and stiff,
The Rock o't winna stand, Sir;
To keep the Temper-pin in tift

*wooden screw in
position*

Employs aft my Hand, Sir.
Make the best o't that ye can,
Janet, Janet;
But like it never wale a Man,
My Jo Janet.

choose

Up in the Air

Now the Sun's gane out o' Sight,
Beet the Ingle, and snuff the Light:
In Glens the Fairies skip and dance,
And Witches wallop o'er to *France*,
Up in the Air
On my bonny grey Mare,
And I see her yet, and I see her yet,
Up in, &c.

fire in the hearth

THE Wind's drifting Hail and Sna'
O'er frozen Hags like a Foot Ba',
Nae Starns keek throw the Azure Slit,
'Tis cauld and mirk as ony Pit,
The Man i' the Moon
Is carowsing aboon,
D'ye see, d'ye see, d'ye see him yet.
The Man, &c.

*stars
gloomy*

overhead

TAKE your Glass to clear your Een,
'Tis the *Elixir* heals the Spleen,
Baith Wit and Mirth it will inspire,
And gently puffs the Lover's Fire,
Up in the Air,
It drives away Care,
Ha'e wi'ye, ha'e wi'ye, and ha'e wi'ye Lads yet,
Up in, &c.

eyes

STEEK the Doors, keep out the Frost,
Come, *Willie*, gi'es about ye'r Tost,

lock up

Til't Lads, and lilt it out,
And let us hae a blythsome Bout.

sing
cheerful *drinking*
session

Up wi't there, there,
Dinna cheat, but drink fair,
Huzza, Huzza, and Huzza Lads yet,
Up wi't, &c.

The Gentle Shepherd Sang I. ***The Wawking of the Faulds***

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.

watching the
sheep-fold at the end
of summer

My *Peggy* speaks sae sweetly,
When e'er we meet alane.
I wish nae mair, to lay my Care,
I wish nae mair, of a' that's rare.
My *Peggy* speaks sae sweetly,
To a' the lave I'm cauld;
But she gars a' my Spirits glow
At wawking of the Fauld.

the rest
makes

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.

cheerful

My *Peggy* sings sae saftly,
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 saftly,
And in her Sangs are tald,

With Innocence the Wale of Sense,
At wawking of the Fauld.

best

A South Sea Sang

WHEN we came to *London* Town,
We dream'd of Gowd in Gowpings here,
And rantinly ran up and down,
In rising Stocks to buy a Skair:

*gold; handfuls
merrily
share*

We daftly thought to row in Rowth,
But for our Daffine pay'd right dear;
The lave will fare the war in Trouth,
For our lang biding here.

*roll in plenty
stupid behaviour
rest*

BUT when we fand our Purses toom,
And dainty Stocks began to fa',
We hang our Lugs and wi' a Gloom,
Girn'd at Stockjobbing ane and a'.

*empty
hung our heads
winced*

If ye gang near the *South Sea* House,
The Whillywha's will grip ye'r Gear,
Syne a' the Lave will fare the war,
For our lang biding here.

*flatterers
then all the rest*

The Gentle Shepherd Sang X. Winter was cauld, and my Cleathing was thin

PEGGY.

When first my dear Laddie gade to the Green
hill,
And I at Ew-milking first sey'd my young Skill,
To bear the Milk-bowie, nae Pain was to me,
When I at the Bughting forgather'd with thee.

*tried
milk-barrel
gathering ewes for
milking*

PATIE.

When Corn-riggs wav'd yellow, and blew
Hether-bells
Bloom'd bonny on Moorland and sweet-rising
Fells,
Nae Birns, Brier, or Breckens, gave Trouble to me,
If I found the Berries right ripen'd for thee.

PEGGY.

When thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the Stane,
And came aff the Victor, my Heart was ay fain: *pleased*
Thy ilka Sport manly, gave Pleasure to me; *every*
For nane can put, wrestle or run swift as thee.

PATIE.

Our Jenny sings softly the *[a list of song titles]*
Cowden-Broom-Knows,
And Rosie liltis sweetly the *Milking the Ews*;
There's few Jenny Nettles like Nansy can sing,
At *Throw the Wood Laddie*, Bess gars our Lugs *makes our ears ring*
ring:

But when my dear *Peggy* sings with better Skill,
The *Boat-man*, *Tweed-side*, or the *Lass of the*
Mill,
'Tis many Times sweeter and pleasing to me;
For tho' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.

PEGGY.

How easy can Lassies trow what they desire? *fishing by dragging a*
line
And Praises sae kindly increases Love's Fire;
Give me still this Pleasure, my Study shall be
To make my self better and sweeter for thee.

The Gentle Shepherd Sang XI.
By the delicious Warmness of thy Mouth

Patie (sings).

By the delicious Warmness of thy Mouth,
And rowing Eye that smiling tells the Truth, *rolling*
I guess, my Lassie, that as well as I,
Your made for Love, and why should ye deny?

Peggy (sings.)

But ken ye, Lad, gif we confess o'er soon,
Ye think us cheap, and syne the Woing's done?
The Maiden that o'er quickly tynes her Power, *loses*
Like unripe Fruit will taste but hard and sowr.

Patie (sings.)

But gin they hing o'er lang upon the Tree,
Their Sweetness they may tine, and sae may ye. *lose*
Red cheeked you completely ripe appear,
And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang Half-year. *endured*

Peggy (*singing falls into Patie's Arms.*)
Then dinna pou 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 farther till we've got the Grace.

*restrict
venture*

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;
All Night I'll dream my Kisses o'er again,
Till that Day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

Sung by both.

Sun, gallop down the Westlin Skyes,
Gang soon to Bed, and quickly rise;
O! Lash your Steeds, post Time away,
And haste about our Bridal Day:
And if ye'er wearied, honest Light,
Sleep gin ye like a Week that Night.

if

The Bonny Scot

YE Gales that gently wave the Sea,
And please the canny Boat-man,
Bear me frae hence, or bring to me
My brave, my bonny Scots-----Man.
In haly Bands
We join'd our Hands,
Yet may not this discover,
While Parents rate
A large Estate
Before a faithfu' Lover.

BUT I loor chuse in *Highland* Glens
To herd the Kid and Goat-----Man,
E'er I cou'd for sic little Ends
Refuse my bonny Scots-----Man.
Wae worth the Man
Wha first began
The base ungenerous Fashion,
Frae greedy Views
Love's Art to use,
While Strangers to its Passion.

woe betide

FRAE foreign Fields my lovely Youth,

Haste to thy longing Lassie,
 Wha pants to press thy bawmy Mouth,
 And in her Bosom hawse thee. *embrace*
 Love gi'es the Word
 Then haste on Board,
 Fair Winds and tenty Boat-man,
 Waft o'er, waft o'er
 Frae yonder Shore
 My blyth, my bonny Scots-----Man. *cheerful*

Auld Rob Moris

M I T H E R.

AULD *Rob Moris* that wins in yon Glen, *lives*
 He's the King of good Fellows, and Wale of auld *best*
 Men,
 Has fourscore of black Sheep, and four-score too;
 Auld *Rob Moris* is the Man ye maun loo. *must love*

D O U G H T E R.

HA'D your Tongue Mither, and let that abee, *be*
 For his Eild and my Eild can never agree: *age*
 They'll never agree, and that will be seen;
 For he is Fourscore, and I'm but Fifteen.

M I T H E R.

HA'D your Tongue Doughter, and lay by your
 Pride,
 For he's be the Bridegroom, and ye's be the
 Bride;
 He shall ly by your Side, and kiss ye too,
 Auld *Rob Moris* is the Man ye maun loo.

D O U G H T E R.

AULD *Rob Moris* I ken him fou weel,
 His Arse it sticks out like ony Peet-Creel, *deep basket of peats*
 He's out-shind, in-kneed and ringle-eyd too; *carried on the back*
 Auld *Rob Moris* is the Man I'll ne'er loo. *having a wall eye*

M I T H E R.

THO' auld *Rob Moris* be an elderly Man,
 Yet his auld Brass it will buy a new Pan;
 Then, Doughter, ye shouldna be sae ill to shoo, *unwilling to woo*
 For auld *Rob Moris* is the Man ye maun loo.

DOUGHTER.

BUT auld *Rob Moris* I never will hae,
His Back is sae stiff and his Beard is grown Gray:
I had titter die than live wi' him a Year;
Sae mair of *Rob Moris* I never will hear.

The Toast

COME let's ha'e mair Wine in,
Bacchus hates Repining,
Venus loos na Dwining,
Let's be blith and free.
Away with dull here t'ye, Sir,
Ye'r Mistress ----- gi'es her,
We'll drink her Health wi' Pleasure,
Wha's belov'd by thee.

hates to waste away

THEN let ----- warm ye,
That's a Lass can charm ye,
And to Joys alarm ye,
Sweet is she to me.
Some Angel ye wad ca' her,
And never wish ane brawer,
If ye bare Headed saw her,
Kiltet to the Knee.

----- a dainty Lass is,
Come let's join our Glasses,
And refresh our Hawses,
With a Health to thee.
Let Coofs their Cash be clinking,
Be Statesmen tint in Thinking,
While we with Love and Drinking,
Give our Cares the Lie.

throats

*fools
lost*

N.B. *The first Blank to be supply'd with
the Toster's Name, the two last with
the Name of the Toast.*