

Maggy Lauder.

Violin

Slow

Wha wad na be in love wi bonny Maggy Lauder, A pi-per met her gaum to fife, and

fpeir'd what was't they ca'd her; right scornful ly she answer'd him, be-gone, ye hal-lan-sha-ker, Jog

on your gate your bladderskate, my name is Maggy Lauder. Maggie, quoth he, and by my bags, I'm

fidgeing fain to see thee; sit down by me, my bonny bird, in trowth I win-na steer thee, for I'm a piper

to my trade, my name is Rob the ranter, the laf-ses loup as they were daft, when I blaw up my chanter.

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MAGGY LAUDER.

WHA wad na be in love
 Wi' bonny Maggy Lauder?
 A piper met her gaun to Fife,
 And speer'd what was't they ca'd her;
 Right scornfully she answer'd him,
 Begone, ye hallanfhaker,
 Jog on your gate, you bladderfkate,
 My name is Maggy Lauder.

Maggy, quoth he, and by my bags,
 I'm fidging fain to see thee:
 Sit down by me, my bonny bird,
 In trouth I winna steer thee;
 For I'm a piper to my trade,
 My name is Rob the Ranter,
 The lasses loup as they were daft,
 When I blaw up my chanter.

Piper, quoth Mag, hae you your bags,
 Or is your drone in order?
 If ye be Rob, I've heard of you,
 Live you upo' the border?
 The lasses a' baith far and near,
 Have heard of Rob the Ranter:
 I'll shake my foot wi' right good will,
 Gif you'll bla' up your chanter.

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,
 About the drone he twisted;
 Meg up and wallop'd o'er the green,
 For brawly could she frisk it:
 Weel done, quoth he, play up, quoth she,
 Weel bobb'd, quoth Rob the Ranter,
 'Tis worth my while to play indeed,
 When I get sic a dancer.

Weel hae you play'd your part, quoth she,
 Your cheeks are like the crimson;
 There's nane in Scotland plays fae weel,
 Since we lost Habby Simfon.
 I've liv'd in Fife, baith maid and wife,
 These ten years and a quarter;
 Gin you should come to Enfter fair,
 Spier ye for Maggy Lauder.