

9. THE BASHFUL WOOER.

R. ANDERSON.

Old Air, "THE DUSKY NIGHT."

Gaily. $\text{♩} = 108.$

VOICE.

Key Bb. { s, | d :-:d | s, :-:f, | m, :r, :m, | d, :-:s, }

When-e'er you come to woo me, Tom, Don't

PIANO.

{ l, :-:s, | f, :-:m, | m, :-:r, :r, | s, :-:s, | l, :-:l, | t, :l, :t, | s, :-:s, | d :-:d | r :d :t, }

at the win - dow tap, Or cough, or hem, or give a clap, To let my fa - ther

{ d :-:d :-:d, | s, :-:s, | s, :-:s, | s, :-:s, | d, :-:s, | d :-:d | d :r :m | d :-:d | d :-:s, }

hear, man. He's old, and weak, and wants his sleep, So by the hall - an soft - ly creep, You

CHORUS.

{ l, :t, :d | r :-:m :f | s, :-:l, :t, | d :-:s, | l, :-:f, | s, :-:s, | d :-:d :-:d | s, :m :m :s | f .r :r .f }

need not watch, and stare, and peep, I'll meet you nev - er fear, man. If a las - sie you would win, Be

f staccato

|| m .d :d .m | r ,d .t, l, :s, .s, | s .m :m .s | f .r :r .f | m .d :r .t, | d :d ||
 cheer-ful ev-er, bash-ful nev-er; Ev-'ry Jock may get a Jen, If he has sense to try, man.

The Bashful Wooer.

(Verses for general use.)

- 1 Whene'er you come to woo me, Tom,
 Don't at the window tap,
 Or cough, or hem, or give a clap,
 To let my father hear, man.
 He's old, and weak, and wants his sleep,
 So by the hallan softly creep,
 You need not watch, and stare, and peep,
 I'll meet you, never fear, man.

Chorus.—If a lassie you would win,
 Be cheerful ever, bashful never;
 Every Jock may get a Jen,
 If he has sense to try, man.

- 2 Whene'er we at the market meet,
 Don't look like one half daft,
 Or talk about the cold or heat,
 As you were weather-wise, man.
 Hold up your head, and boldly speak,
 And keep the blushes from your cheek,
 For he who has his tale to seek,
 We lassies all despise, man.

Chorus.—If a lassie you would win, etc.

- 3 My auntie left me three score pound,
 But de'il a one of all the men,
 Till then, did bare-legg'd Elsie ken,
 Or care a straw for me, man;
 Now, tigg'ing[‡] at me soon and late,
 They're clutching at the yellow bait;
 Yet mind me, Tom, I needn't wait,
 When I have choice of three, man.

Chorus.—If a lassie you would win, etc.

- 4 There lives a lad o'er yonder moor,
 He has no fault but one, he's poor;
 Whene'er we meet, with kisses sweet,
 He's like to be my death, man.
 And there's a lad beyond yon trees
 Who'd wade[¶] for me above the knees;
 So tell your mind, or, if you please,
 No longer tease us both, man.

Chorus.—If a lassie you would win, etc.

There is an old English proverb that "the grey mare is the best horse." It is one of Nature's compensations that when the male wooer is shy he often meets with a lover who, with feminine tact, makes up for his deficiencies. The tune here used is a variant of "A-hunting we will go." The MS. collection (18th century) from which it is taken gives two or three phrases which differ slightly from the current version. The common-time refrain, in which words and music are well mated, is not a modern addition.
 —J. G.

[‡] Striking playfully.

[¶] Rush through the water.

The Bashfu' Wooer.

(The verses complete, in Cumberland dialect.)

- Whene'er ye come to woo me, Tom,
 Dunnet at the window tap,
 Or cough, or hem, or gi'e a clap,
 To let my fadder hear, min.
 He's aul, and feal'd, an wants his sleep,
 Sae by the hallan* softly creep,
 Ye need nae watch, an glowre an peep,
 I'll meet ye, niver fear, min.

If a lassie ye wou'd win,
 Be cheerfu' iver, bashfu' niver;
 Ilka Jock may get a Jen,
 If he his sense to try, min.

- Whene'er we at the market meet,
 Dunnet luik like yen hawf daft,[‡]
 Or talk about the caul and heat,
 As ye were weather-wise, min.
 Hod up yer heed, an bauldly speak,
 And keep the blushes frae yer cheek,
 For he whee hes his teale to seek,
 We lasses aw despise, min.

If a lassie ye wou'd win, etc.

- I met ye leately, aw yer leane.
 Ye seemt leyke yen stown frae the deed,
 Yer teeth e'en chatter'd i' yer head,
 But ne'er a word o' luive, min.
 I spak, ye luik'd anudder way,
 Then trimmel'd as ye'd got a flay,
 And owre yer shou'der cried, "Guid day,"
 Nor yence to win me struive, min.
 If a lassie ye wou'd win, etc.

- My aunty left me fourscore pun,
 But de'il a yen of aw the men,
 Till then, wad bare-legg'd Elsie ken,
 Or care a stree for me, min;
 Now, tigin' at me suin and late,
 They're clecking at the yellow bait;
 Yet, meynd me, Tom, I needn't wait,
 When I ha'e choice o' three, min.
 If a lassie yer wou'd win, etc.

- There lives a lad owre yonder muir,
 He hes nae faut but yen—he's puir;
 Whene'er we meet, wi' kisses sweet,
 He's leyke to be my deeth, min;
 And there's a lad ahint yon trees,
 Wad weade for me abuin the knees;
 Sae tell your mind, or, if ye please,
 Nae langer fash us beath, min.
 If a lassie ye wou'd win, etc.

Robert Anderson, Jan. 5, 1803.

* Boundary wall.

[‡] Half-wise.