

Bony lad.pdf/4



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My maidens all shall wear the fame,
Six boys in white shail bear his train,
While I alone his praise proclaim,
 The titles of Jamie the Rover.

All in tartan my love shall be drest,
With a diamond star upon his bread.
And of the rest I'll count him the best,
 Young Jamie you call the Rover.

Tho' some call him a bricklayer's son,
But I say he is nobly born,
For to the royal he does belong.
 Young Jamie you call the Rover.

I need not strange at Nature's change,
Tho' he abroad be forc'd to range,
I'll find him out where he remains,
 Young Jamie you call the Rover.

It is not in England I delight,
But over to Flanders I'll take my flight,
And there I'll ramble both day and night,
 With Jamie you call the Rover.

O if I were on the top of yon tree,
Where none they would hear nor see,
Then I would sing right cheerfully,
 With Jamie you call the Rover.

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