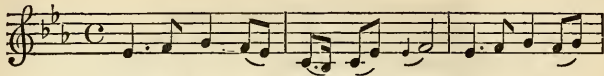


TARRY WOO.

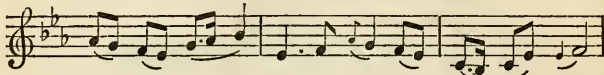
There are very few sentimental songs of the north country otherwise than upon love. One of that exceptive character, long held in great favour in the pastoral regions of Tweed and Teviot, is devoted to the exaltation of the pastoral craft, under the general idea of the tarry wool in which it deals. This ditty was published in the *Tea-table Miscellany*, and the air in M'Gibbon's first collection.

TARRY WOO.

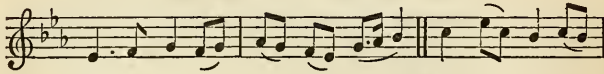
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Tar - ry woo, O, tar - ry woo, Tarry woo is



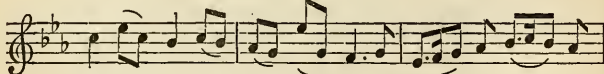
ill to spin; Card it weil, O card it weil,



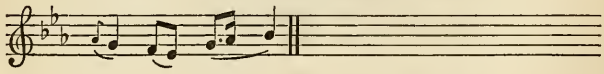
Card it weil, ere ye be - gin, When it's card - it,



row'd, and spun, Then the wark is haf - lins done;



But, when wov - en, dress'd, and clean, It may be clead - in'



for a queen.

Tarry woo, O, tarry woo,
 Tarry woo is ill to spin;
 Card it weil, O card it weil,
 Card it weil, ere ye begin,
 When it's cardit, row'd, and spun,
 Then the wark is haffins done;
 But, when woven, dress'd, and clean,
 It may be cleadin' for a queen.

Sing my bonnie harmless sheep,
 That feed upon the mountains steep,
 Bleating sweetly, as ye go
 Through the winter's frost and snow.
 Hart, and hynd, and fallow-deer,
 No by half sae useful are :
 Frae kings, to him that hauds the plou',
 All are obliged to tarry woo.

Up, ye shepherds, dance and skip ;
 Ower the hills and valleys trip ;
 Sing up the praise of tarry woo ;
 Sing the flocks that bear it too :
 Harmless creatures, without blame,
 That clead the back, and cram the wame ;
 Keep us warm and hearty fou—
 Leeze me on the tarry woo !

How happy is the shepherd's life,
 Far frae courts and free of strife !
 While the gimmers bleat and bae,
 And the lambkins answer mae ;
 No such music to his ear !
 Of thief or fox he has no fear :
 Sturdy kent, and collie true,
 Weil defend the tarry woo.

He lives content, and envies none :
 Not even a monarch on his throne,
 Though he the royal sceptre sways,
 Has such pleasant holidays.
 Who'd be king, can ony tell,
 When a shepherd sings sae well ?
 Sings sae well, and pays his due
 With honest heart and tarry woo.

Sir Walter Scott used annually to join in the festivities of the woollen manufacturers of Galashiels, on the day of the

inauguration of their deacon-convener. On one or two of these occasions, notwithstanding disqualifications equal to those of the Nightingale Club, he was induced to regale the company (at an advanced period of the evening) with *Tarry Woo*.