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July 2019

## Barrochan Jean

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R.W. Hume, Leith (Edinburgh)

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### Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author and R.W. Hume, Leith (Edinburgh), "Barrochan Jean" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: Scotland*. 29.

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WHEN I WAS AN INFANT.

When I was an infant, mammy would say, I'd when  
 older be a soldier, rattles and toys I'd throw  
 them away, unless a gun or a sabre. When a  
 youngster I grew, saw one day a grand review.  
 Colours flying, set me dying, to embark in a life so  
 new, roll drums merrily, march away, soldiers  
 glory lives in story, his laurels are green when  
 his locks are grey, then hey for the life of a soldier.

Listed - to battle I marched along,  
 Courting danger,  
 Fear a stranger,  
 The cannon beat time to the trumpets song,  
 And made my heart a hero's.  
 Charge! the gallant leader cries,  
 On like lions then we fly,  
 Blood and thunder,  
 Foes knock under,  
 Then huzza! for a victory!  
 Roll drums merrily, &c.

Who so merry as we in camp?  
 Battle over,  
 Live in clover,  
 Care and his cronies are forced to tramp,  
 And all is social pleasure.  
 Then we laugh, we quaff, we sing,  
 Time goes gaily on the wing,  
 Smiles of beauty,  
 Sweeten duty,  
 And each private is a king,  
 Roll drums merrily, &c.

BARROCHAN JEAN.

Its hinnie ye heard man, o' Barrochan Jean, An hinnie  
 ye heard man, o' Barrochan Jean? How death an' starvation  
 came o'er the hale nation, She wrought sic mischief wi' her  
 twa pawkie een? The lads an' the lasses were dying  
 in dizzens, The tane kill'd wi' love, an' the tither wi'  
 a sploun - The plowing, the sawing, the shearing,  
 the mowing, A wark was forgotten for Barrochan Jean.

Frae the south and the north, o'er the Tweed and the Forth,  
 Sic coming and ganging there never was seen;  
 The comers were cheery, the gangers were bleary,  
 Despairing or hoping for Barrochan Jean.  
 The carlins at hame were a' gurning and graining,  
 The bairns were a' greeting frae morning till e'en;  
 They gat nought for crowdie but runts boild to sowdie,  
 For nething gat growing for Barrochan Jean.

The doctors declared, it was past their describing;  
 The ministers said 'twas a judgment for sin;  
 But they lookit sae blae, and their hearts were sae wae,  
 I was sure they were dying for Barrochan Jean.  
 The burns on road-sides were a' dry wi' their drinking,  
 Yet a' wadna sloken the drouth i' their skin;  
 A' around the peat-stacks, an' against the dyke-backs,  
 E'en the winds were a' sighing "sweet Barrochan Jean".

The timmer ran dune wi' the making o' coffins,  
 Kirk-yards o' their swaird were a' howkit fu' clean;  
 Dead lovers were packit like herring in barrels,  
 Sic thousands were dying for Barrochan Jean.  
 But mony braw thanks to the Laird o' Glenbrodie,  
 The grass o'er their graffs is now bonnie and green,  
 He staw the prov'd heart o' our wanton young lady,  
 And spoild a' the charms o' her twa pawky een.

HOT CROSS BUNS.

Hot cross buns, one a penny, buns, one a penny, two a penny, hot cross buns.