

# GILDEROY.

**M**Y Love he was as brave a Man  
as ever *Scotland* bred,  
Descended from a Highland Clan,  
a Kater to his Trade:

No woman then or woman, or kind  
had ever greater Joy,

Than we two when we lodg'd alone,  
I and my *Gilderoy*.

2 First when I and my Love met,  
with Joy he did me crown,

He gave me a new Petticoat,  
and then a Tartan Gown:

*No Woman then, &c.*

3 *Gilderoy* was a bonny Boy  
when he went to the Glen,

He had silk Stockens on his Legs,  
and Roses in his Shoon:

*No Woman then, &c.*

4 When *Gilderoy* went to the Wood  
he oft-times catch'd the Fat,

Into the Desert as he went,  
scarce ten durst beldecar,

But if he were as stout as *Wallace* wight,  
and tall as *Dalmabay*,

He'd never miss to get a Clout  
from my Love *Gilderoy*.

5 When *Gilderoy* and I was young,  
we was brought up together,

And we were scarce seven Years old,  
when the one did love the other;

Our Fathers and our Mothers both,  
they thought of us great joy,

And long'd to see the Wedding-day  
'twixt me and *Gilderoy*.

6 Till it fell once upon a time

they catch'd him like a Thief,

And ty'd his Hands behind his Back,  
which was to me great grief;

Three Gallons large of *Iscober*,

they drank to my Love's Foy,

And in to *Edinburgh* they have ta'en  
my gallant *Gilderoy*.

7 Pox upon your *English* Laws,

that hangs a Man for Gear,

Either for catching Cow or Ewe,

or stealing Horse or Mare;

Had not their Laws been so strict,

I'd never lost my Joy;

But now he's gone whom I love best,

I mean my *Gilderoy*.

8 And now he is in *Edinburgh* Town,

'twas long e're I came there,

They hanged him upon a Pin,

and he wagged in the Air:

His Relicks they were more esteem'd,

than *Scanderbeg* at *Troy*;

I never love to see the Face

of my dear *Gilderoy*.