

THE
DRUNKEN EXCISEMAN;

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

YOUNG DONALD OF DUNDEE.

WHEN I WAS YOUNG.

LANGSYNE BESIDE THE WOODLAND BURN.

AND

ROBIN HOOD.



GLASGOW:

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

SONGS.

THE DRUNKEN EXCISEMAN.

I KNOW that young folks like to hear a new song
Of something that's funny and not very long.
It is of an Exciseman the truth I will tell,
Who thought that one night he was going to hell.
Fal de lal, &c.

One night he went out to look for his prey;
He did meet with some smugglers, as I heard them
say,
In tasting the liquors they were going to sell,
The Exciseman got drunk, the truth I will tell.

He got so intoxicated he fell to the ground,
And like a fat sow was forced to lie down,
Just nigh to a coal pit the Exciseman did lie,
When four or five colliers by chance did come by.

They shouldered him up and hoised him away,
Like a pedlar's pack, without any delay;
Into the bucket they handed him down,
'This jolly Exciseman they got under ground.

The Exciseman awakened with terrible fear,
Upstartd a collier, says what brought you hear,
Indeed Mr Devil, I don't very well know,
But I think I am come to tho regions below.

Says the collier, what was you in the world above,
I was an Exciseman and few did me love ;
Indeed Mr. Devil the truth I will tell,
Since I've got here, I'll be what you will.

Since you're an Exciseman, here you must remain,
You will never get out of this dark cell again ;
The gates they aro fast, and bind you securo.
All this you must suffer for robbing the poor.

Indeed Mr. Devil if you'll pity me,
No more will I rob the poor you shall see ;
If you will look over, as you've done before,
I never will rob the poor any more.

Come give me your money, which now I demand
Before you can get to the christian land,
O yes, Mr. Devil, the Exeiseman did say,
I wish to get back, for to see light of day.

DONALD OF DUNDEE.

Young Donald is the blithest lad
That e'er made love to me,
Whene'er he's by my heart is glad,
He seems so gay and free ;

Then on his pipe he plays so sweet,
 And in his plaid he looks so neat,
 It cheers my heart at eve to meet
 Young Donald of Dundee.

Whene'er I gang to yonder grove,
 Young Sandy follows me.
 And fain he wants to be my love
 But ah ! it canna be.
 Tho' mither frets both ear' and late,
 For me to wed this youth I hate,
 There's nane need hope to gain young Kato
 But Donald of Dundee.

When last we ranged the banks of Tay
 The ring he showed to me,
 And bade me name the bridal day,
 Then happy would he be.
 I ken the youth will aye prove kind,
 Nao mair my mither will I mind,
 Mess John to me shall quickly bind
 Young Donald of Dundee.

WHEN I WAS YOUNG.

When I was young and in my prime,
 My mother selt good ale ;
 I let the young men kiss my mouth,
 But guarded well my tail

Till on a day came the young laird,
 And he spoke wondrous crouse,
 He'd make me lady of all his land,
 Likewise my mother's house.

I answered him right sharply,
 I said that will not do,
 But give me fifty pounds in hand
 And I'll be at bour bow.
 The money then was telled down,
 In silver and bright gold,
 And I gave him my maidenhead,
 And thought it was well sold.

The next he was a weaver lad,
 Had plenty of yarn and cloth,
 I got from him fifteen guineas
 Besides a web of cloth.
 I put a cod upon my wame,
 In purpose to enrage him;
 I got ten guineas then from him,
 And he begged I would discharge him.

The next he was a bold merchant lad,
 Who had good horse and packs,
 He swore that he would marry me
 Whenever he came back.
 I got from him thirteen guineas,
 Besides ribbons and rings,
 And gave him my maidenhead,
 Which he took in exchange.

I put a pack on every haunch,
 A cod upon my wame,
 And went unto the market place
 My merchant for to find.
 When ho saw me he held out his paw,
 And said, How do you do,
 But weel I kent ho did repent
 For shame blushed on his brow.

I said I came to speak with him,
 If once the fair was done;
 So that very night he took the flight,
 And travelled with the moon.
 The next was a bold butcher lad,
 Came past in search of veal,
 And he was wanting to comply,
 The flank and wame to fill.

Ho rifled me and touzled me,
 And made me to comply,
 I got no more but a veals head,
 And a gill when he came by.
 I was tochered now with lint and woo,
 A purse well worth the picking,
 I fancied a taylor lad,
 To whom I had a liking.

I sent for him, he came to me,
 And then I told to him,
 If ho'd agree to marry me
 I had a house to hold him.

The last of seven maidenheads,
 So freely then I gave him;
 'Twas far better than the rest,
 For weel I wat it pleased him.

ROBIN HOOD.

A famous man is Robin Hood,
 The English ballad-singers' joy;
 But Scotland has a thief as good,
 She has her bold outlaw Rob Roy!
 A dauntless heart M'Gregor shows,
 And wond'rous length and strength of arm;
 He long has quelled his Highland foes,
 And kept his Highland friends from harm.
 A famous man, &c.

His daring mood protects him still,
 For 'tis the robber's simple plan,
 That they should take who have the will,
 And they should keep who can.
 And while Rob Roy is free to rove,
 In summer's heat, and winter's snow,
 The eagle he is lord above,
 And bold Rob Roy is lord below.
 A famous man, &c.

LANGSYNE BESIDE THE WOODLAND BURN.

LANGSYNE beside the woodland burn,
 Amang the broom sae yellow,
 I lean'd ine 'neath the milkwhite thorn,
 On nature's mossy pillow;
 Around my seat the flow'rs were strew'd,
 That frae the wildwood I had pu'd,
 To weave mysel' a simmer snood,
 To pleasure my dear fellow.

I twin'd the woodbine round the rose,
 Its richer hues to mellow,
 Green sprigs of fragrant birk I chose,
 To busk the sedge sae yellow.
 The craw-flow'r blue, and meadow-pink,
 I wove in primrose braided link,
 But little, little did I think,
 I should have wove the willow.

My bonnie lad was forced afar,
 Toss'd on the raging billow,
 Perhaps he's fa'n in bloody war,
 Or wrecked on rocky shallow;
 Yet, aye I hope for his return,
 As round our wonted haunts I mourn,
 And aften by the woodland burn,
 I pu' the weeping willow.