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THE WEE WIFUKIE,

OR

THIS IS NO ME.

To which are added,

The Pope's Knavery,

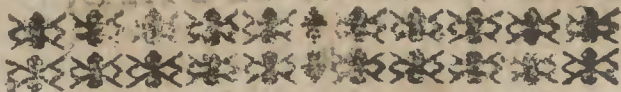
OR

Old Nick's Invention.

BLYTHE SANDY.



Stirling: Printed, and Sold by M. Randall:



THE WEE WIFUKIE.

There was a wee bit wifukie,
and she gade to the far,
She got a wee bit drapukie,
that cost her mickle care;
It gade about the wife's heart,
an' she was like to spew,
An' O! quo' the wee wifukie,
I wish I be nae fu'.

CHORUS.

I wish I be nae fu', quoth she,
I wish I be nae fu';
O, quo' the wee wifukie,
I wish I be nae fu'.

If Johnny see me barley-sick,
I doubt he'll claw my skin,
I'll tak' a wee bit rapukie,
before that I gae in:
See lyin' down at a dyke-side,
takin' a wee bit nap:
By came a paukie peckman,
wi' a wee bit pack . . . wi' a wee, &c.

He clipped a' the wifes locks,
that gowden were and lang,

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He took her pouch an' purfukie,
an' fast awa' he ran;
The wifie waken'd in a fright,
her head was tight's a flie,
An' O, quo' the wee wifukie,
fure this is no me. fure this is, &c.

When I was bonny Bessukie,
my lock's they were like gowd,
I look'd like ony affukie,
whene'er that they were cow'd,
An' Johnny was ay telling me,
I was right fair to see;
But somebody's been fellin' me,
for this is no me. for this is, &c.

I met wi' kindly company,
I bir'd my baubee;
If I be bonny Bessukie,
three placks remain wi' me."
She put her haz' down by her side,
to sin' gin it wae she,
But neither pouch nor plack she had,
so this is no me so this is, &c.

I hae a wee bit housikie,
an' in't a ki diyman;
A doggie they ca' Dollukie,
if it be me he'll fawn;
An' a' the bairns about the house,
will ken if this be me,
But somebody's been tellin' me,
for this is no me. for this is, &c.

The night was caud and dingin' wet,
and wow but it wæs mirk,

The little doggie heard a foot,
an' it began to bark ?

An' w'hen the dogie barked,
she kent it was nse she,

O weel kens my Bessukie
that this is no me,

that this is, &c.

When Johnny heard his Bessy's foot
falt to the door he ran ;

Cryin', coae awa' my Bessukie ;
it's no me, godman :

Be kindly to my bairns a',
an' weel may you be ;

Fare ye weel, my Johnny, lad,
for this is no me.

for this is, &c

John ran to the Minister,
his hair flood on an ead ;

I hae gotten sic a fright, Sir,
I fear I'll never mend ;

My wife's come home without a head,
cryin' out mae bitterly,

Fare ye weel, my Johnny, 'ad,
for this is no me.

for this is, &c.

The tale you tell seems wondrous strange,
seems wondrous strange to me,

To think a wife without a head
could either speak or see,

The things that hyppen here awa',
are wonderfu' to me ;

I cr'u'd awaist wi' Bessy say,
'tis neither you nor she. 'tis re her, &c.

When Johnny he came hame again,
his heart was unco fain,
To see his bonny Bessukie,
come to berse f' again,
Sittin' on a stool'iken',
an' Tibbock on her knee;
Cryin', come awa' Johnny lad,
for this is now me, quo' she,
for this is now me;
I've got a wee hit napokie,
and this now me

Then Johnny took her in his arms,
his heart was usco glad,
To see his bonny Bessukie,
now a' right but the head:
Although you've lost your gowden locks,
your pouch and perfukie,
Come to your bed my Bessukie,
and happy we shall be. althou_gh, &c.

OLD NICK'S INVENTION.

Of all the rits the De'il did shew,
His Master-piece is Pop'ry vew;
For being himself wita Heaves at odds,
He taught them first to eat their gods,
Which wicked false and cunning trick,
Was first invented by Old Nick.

They say the Pope can pardon sin,
If that be true we've need of him;

For there's no fear but we'll get work,
For him and all his bellish folk,
As long's his Master Devil can,
Unthinking mortals thus trapan. Fal. &c.

Yes work enough t'at's very sure:
But what becomes of all that's poor,
To Purgatory trip must they;
Unless with bribes the finest you pay;
And there liv a thousand years,
The least he'll tak's a peck o' bear. Fal. &c.

The Potter too must have his great;
Or then he'll take you by the throat.
And a wax candle there must be
Through Purgatory there for to be,
First to be sure to get them money:
They'd work for that if they d work for any, &

They'll take you to a better place,
Without repentance, faith or grace:
And well I wot that is strange news,
For there the Turks and there the Jews,
As bad as ever they were ex'd,
They ne'er set up this bellish trade, Fal. &c.

I don't remember that the De'il,
To pardon sin pretended skill,
But Turks and Jews with a' their cha',
The Popish Clergy bangs them a',
The Saints and Angels they address,
For dead and living they say Mass, Fal &c!

All kinds of sin commit do they,

and none dare challenge, or gainay;
 'hey'll rob a Virgin of her prize,
 and pardon her before she rife,
 't's shocking to the Laman ear,
 'he tricks of Popish Priests, to hear. Fal, &c.

Where is the zeal your fathers bore,
 Against the Pope and Romish Whore,
 Think on Argyle and Jeaviswood,
 Who fear'd not fagot, nor the sword,
 but to oppose the Romish Fatty,
 Lay down their lives and welcome death. Fal &c.

Ye Lowland Lads that drive the cart,
 know you have good hands and heart,
 Charge your musket, point your lance,
 Unto Mars' field do ye advance,
 and join brave Donald without breaks,
 Who make the French to wet their cheeks. &c.

Why should the Peasant's heart be cold,
 When Princes' hearts are firm and bold,
 'hey are the head you are the hand,
 'hat should defend our British land,
 Go forth with Howe and Eliot true,
 The French and Spaniards to subdue. Fal, &c.

Blythe Sandy:

Blyth Sandy is a bonny boy,
 and always is a wooing,
 Nor is he e'er too bold or coy,
 although he is so loving.
 Last night he prest me to his breast,

and vow'd he'd ask my daddy, O,
 O dear to wed me he confess'd,
 the Caledonian laddie O,
 Chor. O, my bonny bonny Highland boy,
 my bonny, bonny Highland lad,
 My bonny, bonny Highland laddie O,
 my Caledonian laddie, O.

The maidens try baith far and near,
 to gain young Sandy over,
 But all their art I didna fear,
 The winaa prove a rever.
 For sure he tal' me frank and free,
 unknown to dad or mammy, O,
 He'll marry me, ah! nane but me,
 the Caledonian laddie, O. O my, &c.

The tother day from Dundee fair,
 he brought me hame a bannet,
 A cap and ribboa for my hair,
 but mark what soon came on it;
 As late at kirk we somewhat flood,
 in spite of mam or daddy, O,
 He married me, do all I could;
 the Caledonian laddie, O. O my, &c.

FINIS.