

THE WEE WIFUKIE,

OR

THIS IS NO ME.

To which are added,

The Pope's Knavery,

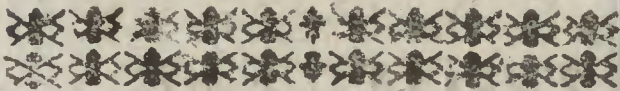
OR

Old Nick's Invention.

BLYT HE SANDY.



Stirling, Printed, and Sold by M. Randall;



THE WEE WIFUKIE.

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

(C H O R U S .

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 Johany see me barley-sick,
I doubt he'd claw my skin,
I'll tak' a wee bit rapukie,
before that I gae it:
She lyin' down at a dyke-side,
takin' a wee bit nap:
By came a paukie packman,
wi' a wee bit pack. wi' a wee, &c.

He clippet a' the wifies locks,
that gowden were and lang,

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

When I was bonny Bessukie,
 my leck's they were like gowd,
 I lock'd like ony lassukie,
 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 na 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 haa' down by her side,
 to fin' gin it wae sh-,
 But neither pouch nor plack she had,
 so this is no me so this is, &c.

I hae a wee bit housikie,
 an' ia't a ki dly man;
 A doggie they ca' Dossukie,
 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.

4.
The night was cau'd and dingin' wat,
ard wow but it was mirk,
The little doggie heard a foot,
an' it began to bark?
An' when the dogie barked,
she kent it was nae she
O weel kens my Doffukie
that this is no me.

that this is, &c.

When John heard his Bessy's foot
fast to the door he ran;
Cryin', come awa' my Doffukie;
it's no me, goodman:
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 stood on an end;
I hae gotten sic a fright, Sir,
I fear I'll never mend:
My wife's come home without a head,
cryin' out mo' bitterly,
Fare ye weel, my Johnny, lad,
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 happen here awa',
are wonderfu' to me;

I co'ud smail w' Bessy fly.

'tis neither you nor she.

'tis ne her, &c.

When Johnny he came hame again,

his heart was unco fain,

To see his bonny Bessukie,

come to herse fagain,

Sittin' on a stooliken',

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 bit napokis,

and this now me

Then Johnny took her in his arms,

his heart was unco glad.

To see his bonny Bessukie,

now a' right but the head:

Although you've lost your gowden locks.

your pouch and pursukie,

Come to your bed my Bessukie!

and happy we shall be.

although, &c.

OLD NICK'S INVENTION:

Of all the ills the De'il did shew,

His Master-piece I Pop'ry vew;

For being himself with Heaven 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 hellish 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 Priest you pay;
And there by a thousand years,
The least he'll tak's a peck o' bear. Fal. &c.

The Porter 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 see,
First to be sure to get them money:
They'd work for that if they'd work for any, &c.

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 hellish trade, Fal. &c.

I don't remember that the De'il,
To pardon sin pretend'd 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,

7
And none dare challenge, or gainsay;
They'll rob a Virgin of her prize,
And pardon her before she rise,
It's shocking to the human ear,
The 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 Jerviswood,
Who fear'd not faggot, nor the sword,
But to oppose the Romish Faity,
Lay down their lives and welcome death. Fal &c.

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

Why should the Peasant's heart be cold,
When Princes' hearts are firm and bold,
They are the head you are the hand,
That should defend our British land,
Go forth with Howe and Elliot 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 confes'd,
 the Caledonian laddie, O,

Chor. O, my benny, bonny Highland boy,
 my bonny, bonny Highland lad,
 My benny, bonny Highland laddie O,
 my Caledonian laddie, O.

The maidens try both far and near,
 to gain young Sandy over,
 But all their art I didna fear,
 he winna prove a rover

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

FINIS.