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*The KAIL-BROSE of
aula Scotland.*

To which are added,

The Life of a folly Topper.

Believe my Sighs.

The Free-Mason's Song.

Nobody coming to Marry me.



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THE KAIL-BROSE OF AULD SCOTLAND.

WHEN our ancient forefathers agreed wi' the
laird,
For a piece o' guid groun' for to be a kail yard,
It was to the brose that they paid their regard;
O the kail brose of auld Scotland!
An' o' the Scottish kail brose;

When Fergus, the first of our kings, I suppose
At the head of our nobles had vanquish'd our foes,
Just before they began they were feasting on brose
O the kail brose, &c.

Our sedgers were dress'd in their kilts & shoon
hoos;
Their bonnets and belts their dress did compose
Wi' a bag of oat-meal on their back to be brose.
O the kail brose, &c.

At our annual elections for bailies or mayor,
No kickshows of puddings or tarts were seen there
But a dish of guid brose was the favorite fare.
O the kail brose, &c.

And each true-hearted Scotsman, by nature j
cose,
Loves always to dine on a dish o' guid brose;
And thanks be to praise we've yet plenty of this
O the kail-brose, &c.

THE LIFE OF A JOLLY TOPPER.

AM a young fellow that likes to be mellow,
to drink and be merry is all my delight,
often get tipsy with excellent whisky,
with jovial companions from morn to night.

never take pleasure in hoarding of treasure,
the sight of a miser I cannot endure,
Who always is gripping, both sharpening and biting,
and laying out schemes how to plunder the poor.

A niggardly miser who doats on his treasure,
the fruit of his labour he seldom enjoys;
his heirs they are waiting to spend it in pleasure,
and scarce will afford him a shirt when he dies.

His belly's complaining for want of sustenance,
his bones are decriped with hunger and cold,
instead of good liquor, he's still drinking water,
and takes no delight in a flourishing bowl.

To quarrel for riches is but a mere folly,
therefore I ne'er will seek worldly store;
if I get a sip for to cure me ancholy,
let me have that, desire no more.

With nothing to vex me, no care to perplex me,
O may I have this, contented am I;
Thos' others may blame me, they never can shame
me,

I think it no treason to drink when I'm dry.
I pray set me down at the head of the table,

with whisky the full of a large water stand,
 Where each clever fellow may drink all he's able,
 and toast all his friends with a bumper in hand.

My beard shall be shaven, my hair neat with powder,

whilst I sit in state in my holiday clothes,
 With a brave singing topper plac'd at my left shoulder,

a pipe to smock out, and a jug at my nose,

Dull Drawer be quicker, & bring us more liquor,
 sweet piper come squeeze up your leather and play,

And when you are dry, then apply to the pitcher,
 we'll drink and carouse till we see break of day.

We count them but asses who wait upon glasses,
 such muddling and fudding is all but a sham,
 It is only a wasting of time that is precious,
 commend me to him that would fogle the cann.

When my death bell is toll'd (for life's but a fashion)

no crocodile tear shall be shed at my wake,
 Nor counterfeit friends shall walk in procession,
 I on y desire no moan they shall make

I could not endure to lie under such beagles,
 relating a parcel of nonsense ill rhym'd,
 And three merry pipers to tune it up briskly,
 but yet all the time there's no moan to be made.

Early in the morning when day it is dawning,
 my funeral procession may then walk along,

Four strapping fellows may bear me on shoulders;
and all the way sipping and singing a song.

While the young do sing, the vallies shall ring,
which will rattle a chorus both gallant & brave,
Then lay me down flat on the broad of my back,
so away goes the merry man down to his grave.

BELIEVE MY SIGHS.

BELIEVE my sighs, my tears, my dear,
believe a heart you've won,
Believe my vows to you sincere,
er Jenni I'm undone.
You say I'm fickle, and apt to change,
at every face that's new:
Of all the girls I ever saw,
I ne'er lov'd one like you.

CHORUS.

I ne'er lov'd one like you my dear,
I ne'er lov'd one like you;
Of all the girls I ever saw,
I ne'er lov'd one like you.

My heart was like a lump of ice,
till warm'd by your bright eye,
And then it kindled in a trice,
a flame that ne'er can die.
Then take and try me you shall find,
that I've a heart that's true;
Of all the girls that ever I saw,
I ne'er lov'd one like you.
I ne'er lov'd, &c.

THE FREE-MASON'S SONG.

COME let us prepar, we brothers that are
 assembled on merry occasion;
 Let's drink, laugh and sing, our wine has a spring,
 here's a health to an accepted Mason.

The world is in pain our secrets to gain,
 and still let them wonder and gaze on;
 They ne'er can divine the word or the sign
 of a free and an accepted Mason.

'Tis this and 'tis that, they cannot tell what,
 why so many great men of the nation
 Should aprons put on, to make themselves one
 with a free and an accepted Mason.

Great Kings, Dukes, and Lords, have laid by
 their swords,
 our mystery to put a good grace on,
 And ne'er been asham'd to hear themselves nam'd
 with a free and an accepted Mason.

Still firm to our trust, in friendship we're just,
 our actions we guide by our reason,
 By observing this rule, the passions move cool
 of a free and an accepted Mason.

All idle debate about church or state,
 the springs of iniquity and treason,
 These raisers of strife ne'er ruffle the life
 of a free and an accepted Mason.

Antiquity's pride we have on our side,
which adds high renown to our station,
There's nought but what's good to be understood
by a free and an accepted Mason.

The clergy embrace, and all Aaron's race,
our square actions their knowledge to place on
And in each degree they'll honored be,
with a free and an accepted Mason.

We're true and sincere in our love to the fair,
who will trust us on every occasion;
No mortal can more the Ladies adore,
than a free and an accepted Mason.

A brother that's poor, we know at our door,
and are ready to shew our compassion;
No niggardly spirit possesses the breast
of a free and an accepted Mason.

Then join hand in hand, to each other firm stand;
let's be merry, and put a good face on:
What mortal can boast so noble a toast
as a free and an accepted Mason.

NOBODY COMING TO MARRY ME.

LAST night the dogs did bark,
I went to the gates to see,
When every lass had her spark,
but nobody comes to me.

And its O dear what shall become of me!
O dear what shall I do!

Nobody coming to marry me,
nobody coming to woo.

Last time that I went to my prayers,
I pray'd for half a day,

Come cripple, come lame, come blind,
Come somebody, take me away.

For its O dear, &c.

My father's a hedger and ditcher,

my mother does nothing but spin;

And I am a handsome young girl,
but the money comes slowly in.

For its O dear, &c.

They say I am beauteous and fair,

they say I am scornful and proud;

Alas! I must now despair,

for now I am grown very old.

For its O dear, &c.

And now I must lie an old maid,

O dear, how shocking a thought!

And all my beauty must fade,

but I'm sure it is not my own fault.

For its O dear, &c.

FINIS.