

# A NIGHT FRAE HAME,

## ORATION ON TEETOTALIZATION,

A NIGHT FRAE HAME.

AND

## PARODY ON THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

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A NIGHT FRAE HAME.

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I've been thinking, I've been thinking,  
I've been thinking a' day lang,  
That yestreen when I was drinking  
I was doing what was wrang.

I gaed out yestreen at gloaming,  
To enjoy the caller air,  
And amang the fields gaed roaming,  
Simmer evening's sweets to share.

Fragrant zephyrs gently glided  
O'er the flower-enamelled plain,  
Where wi' Meresy, Peace presided,  
Far frae angry Strife's domain.

But as hamewards I was walking  
I forgather'd wi' a frien',  
Wha in raptures fell a-talking  
O' the place where he had been.

Thoughtlessly I listen'd to him,  
Till we reach'd a yill-house door,  
Where the soun' o' voices drew him  
To where he had been before.

Little dreaming wha was w: him,  
 I stept in to taste his cheer,  
 But before that I could lea' him  
 I paid for my folly dear.

Roun' a board where jugs and glasses  
 In admired disorder stood,  
 Sat a batch o' downright asses,  
 In a most uproarious mood.

Sangs an' cracks were intermingled,  
 Laughter too set up her din ;  
 Jugs an' cans on crystal jingled,  
 Doubtless thinking silence sin.

For a wee I leuk'd disgusted  
 On the graceless roaring crew,  
 Till the drink my brains adjusted  
 To the squæd, for I gat fou'.

Soon appeared, disguised as Pleasure,  
 Riot, and we join'd her train ;  
 Folly too our wits wad measure,  
 And soon claim'd them as her ain.

Prudence lang ere this had left us,  
 No onc had a thought o' hame,  
 For the drink had fairly reft us  
 O' what sober folk ca' shame.

Conversation turn'd to roaring,  
 Every ane wad hae his say,  
 Save a party wha lay snoring  
 The effects o' drink away.

Contradiction wasna idle  
 In advising Strife to rise;  
 And the tongue without a bridle,  
 Food for passion soon supplies.

Personal abuse now quickly  
 Sent her arrows every where,  
 Till at last the blows fell thickly  
 On the ribs o' many there.

Black een follow'd bloody noses,  
 Oaths tremendous struck the ear;  
 This ane wi' big words opposes  
 That ane, if he seems to fear.

Braggarts never seem sae awfu'  
 As when in a tavern brawl;  
 Threats then some might think unlawfu'  
 On a' roun' them they let fall.

So yestreen, 'tween blows and boasting,  
 Sic a night was never spent,  
 Till at last the watch came posting,  
 And broke up our tournament.

Broken glasses, prostrate tables,  
 Thickly strew'd the yill-house floor,  
 Telling mair than Æsop's fables  
 Ever told o' Folly's lore.

Coats without lappels gave sorrow  
 To their owners' hearts I trou;  
 Others plainly felt neist morrow  
 Wad meet them wi' faces blue.

Watchmen took a dram, an' tauld us  
 To be aff without delay,  
 Or the lock-up wad infauld us  
 In its precious womb till day.

Quickly was our bill presented—  
 Landlords aye tak' care o' that—  
 And it was sae weel *per cented*,  
 It soon cured us o' our chat.

Faces black wi' blows grew blacker  
 When they heard the landlord's elaim;  
 Some were swearing by their maker  
 They noo ken't the worth o' hame.

Fun, and even strife, subsided,  
 Dullness on us laid her han',  
 Tho' without, by wisdom guided,  
 Larks proclaim'd the cheering dawn.

Ane by ane we paid our quota,  
 Ane by ane we stacher'd hame;  
 An' I'm vera certain not a  
 Soul amang us but thought shame.

O, my head! how lang will mortals  
 Dare great Nature's laws transgress?  
 Rushing headlong through the portals  
 That lead to such wretchedness.

But yestreen I left my dwelling  
 Wi' a mind serenely gay;—  
 Now my vera een are telling  
 What a man for drink must pay.

Temperance! thy couch of roses  
 Wisdom ever loves to share;  
 While Intemperance reposes  
 On the thorny breast o' Care.

Shun, then shun the *road to ruin*,—  
 Through the tavern's gate it lies;  
 And believe me, while so doing,  
 On the wings of Joy ye'll rise.

## ORATION ON TEETOTALIZATION.

Ye friends of moderation, who think a reformation,  
Of moral renovation, would benefit our nation ;  
Who deem intoxication, with all its dissipation,  
In every rank and station, the cause of degradation ;  
Of which your observation gives daily demonstration :

Who see the ruination, distress, and desolation,  
The open violation of moral obligation,  
The wretched habitation, without accommodation,  
Or any regulation for common sustenance ;  
A scene of deprivation, unequall'd in creation :  
The frequent desecration of Sabbath ordination,  
The crime and depredation, defying legislation ;  
The awful profanation of common conversation ;  
The mental aberration, and dire infatuation,  
With every sad gradation to maniac desperation :

Ye who, with consternation, behold this devastation,  
And utter condemnation on all inebriation ;—  
Why sanction its duration—or shew disapprobation,  
Of any combination for its extermination ?

We deem a declaration that offers no temptation,  
By any palliation of this abomination,  
The only sure foundation for total extirpation,  
And under this persuasion, hold no communication  
With noxious emanation of brewer's fermentation,  
Or poisonous preparation of spirit distillation,  
Nor any vain libation producing stimulation.

To this determination we call consideration,  
And without hesitation, invite co-operation ;  
Not doubting imitation will raise your estimation,  
And by continuation, afford you consolation.  
For in participation with this association,  
You may by meditation, ensure the preservation  
Of future generation from all contamination.

And may each indication of such regeneration,  
Be the theme of exultation till its final consummation.

PARODY ON THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

'Tis the last silver shilling,  
 Left shining alone ;  
 All its lovely companions  
 Are melted and gone ;  
 No coin of its kindred,  
 No credit is nigh,  
 To brighten our wishes,  
 And drown the sad sigh !

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one  
 To pine on the board ;  
 Since the landlord desires thee,  
 Go, swell thou his hoard.  
 Thus foolish I scatter  
 What should purchase bread,  
 To pamper an idler,  
 And gain a sore head.

And soon I must follow—  
 Finances decay ;  
 For now from before me  
 The stoup's snatch'd away.  
 When half-crowns are melted,  
 And cruckies are flown,  
 Ah! who would inhabit  
 A tavern alone !