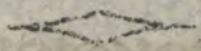


Five Songs.



Willie was a Wanton Wag.
Baillie Nicol Jarvie's Journey
to Aberfoil.

Whistle, and I'll come to you.

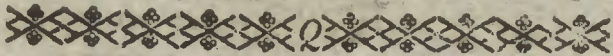
Bonny Johnnie Lowrie.

Scottish Whiskie.



KILMARNOCK:

Printed for the Booksellers.



WILLIE WAS A WANTON WAG.

WILLIE was a wanton wag,
 The blythest lad that e'er I saw,
 At bridals still he bore the brag,
 And carried ay the gree awa ;
 His doublet was of Zetland shag,
 And, wow ! but Willie he was braw,
 And at his shoulder hang a tag,
 That pleas'd the lasses best of a'.

He was a man without a clog,
 His heart was frank without a flaw
 And aye whatever Willie said,
 It was still hadden as a law.
 His boots they were made of the jag,
 When we went to the Weapon shaw ;
 Upon the green nane durst him brag,
 The fiend a ane amang them a'.

And was na Willie worth gowd ?
 He wan the love of great and sma' ;

For after he the bride had kiss'd,
 He kiss'd the lasses hale-sale a'.
 Sae merrily round the ring they row'd,
 When by the hand he led them a',
 And smack on smack on them bestow'd,
 By virtue of a standing law.

And was na Willie a great lown,
 As shyre a lick as e'er was seen;
 When he danc'd wi' the lasses round,
 The bridegroom spier'd where he had been.
 Quoth Willie, I've been at the ring,
 With bobbing, faith my shanks are sair;
 Gae ca' your bride and maidens in,
 For Willie he dow do nae mair.

Then rest ye, Willie, I'll gae out,
 And for a wee fill up the ring;
 But, shame light on his souple snout,
 He wanted Willie's wanton fling.
 Then strait he to the bride did fare,
 Says, waes me on your bonny face,
 With bobbing Willie's shanks are sair,
 And I'm come out to fill his place.

Bridegroom, she says, you'll spoil the dance,
 And at the ring you'll aye be lag,
 Unless, like Willie, ye advance;
 O! Willie has a wanton leg.
 For wi' he learns us a' to steer,
 And foremost aye bears up the ring;
 We will find nae sic dancing here,
 If we want Willie's wanton fling.

BAILIE NICOL JARVIE'S JOURNEY TO
ABERFOIL!

AIR—Quaker's Wife.

YOU may ta'k o' your Wallace, and ta'k o' your
Bruce,

And ta'k o' your feighting Red Reiver:
But where will you find a man o' sic use,
As a thorough-bred Saut-Market Weaver;
Let once Nicol Jarvie come under your view,
At hame whar the people adore me;
Whar they made me a Bailie, and Counsellor too,
Like my father, the Deacon, before me.

The clavering chieis in the clachan, hard by,
They'll no gi'e a body but hard words;
My Conscience! they'll find, if again we shall try,
A Het Poker's as good as heir Braid Swords.
"It's as weel to let that flee stick fast to the wa',"
For if they should chance to claymore me;
"Let sleepin' dogs lie," is the best thing ava,
Said my father, the Deacon, before me.

My poor cousin Rab, and his terrible wife,
Was sae proud that she chose to disown me,
An' she naething thought o' a Magistrate's life;
My Conscience! she was just gaun to drown me.
But if I again in her clutches should pop,
Poor Matty may live to deplore me,
But were I at Glasgow, I'd stick by my shop,
Like my father, the Deacon, before me.

Now, to think o' them hanging a baine so high,
 To be pick'd at by corbies and burdies,
 But if I were at Glasgow, my Conscience! I'll try
 That their craigs feel the weight o' their burdies.
 But stop, Nicol, stop man! na, that canna be,
 For if ane wad to hanie safe restore ye,
 In the Sautmarket safe. I'll forget and forgie'e,
 Like my father, the Deacon, before me.

In favour o' Matty a word let me say,
 O' Lunnon queans she's worth a dozen;
 Through the foul paths o' darkness she leads me
 the way,
 Though of Limmerfield she's the laird's cousin:
 To match then wi' Matty I'm no that aboon,
 And young Nicol I shall adore him,
 If he to his friends but as gratefa' do prove
 As his father, the Bailie, before him.

WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO YOU.

O whistle, an' I'll come to you, my lad,
 O whistle, &c.
 Tho' father and mother, and a' should gae mad,
 O whistle, an' I'll come to you, my lad.
 Come down the back stairs, when ye come to court
 me,
 Come down, &c.
 Come down the back stairs and let nae body see;
 And come as ye were na coming to me.
 And come, &c.

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
 Gang by me, as tho' ye car'd na a flie,
 But steal me a blink o' your bonny black e'e,
 Yet look as ye were na looking at me.
 Yet look, &c.

Ay vow and protest that ye care na for me;
 And whiles ye may lightly my beauty a wee;
 But court na another, though joking ye be,
 For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.
 For fear, &c.

O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,
 O whistle, &c.
 Though father and mother, and a' should gae mad,
 O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.

BONNIE JOHNNIE LAWRIE.

OF all the lads in Tintald town,
 Or lovely fair, or black, or brown,
 There never was sae droll-a lown,
 As bonny Johnnie Lowrie.

Tirrie owden, dowden dow, and tirrie, &c.

My dad a peck o' int did sow,
 I went to see how it did grow,
 When wha came skipping o'er the knowe,
 But bonny Johnnie Lowrie.

I wander'd out to weed the same,
 My laddie kend I was frae hame;

To follow me he was na lame,
My bonny Johnnie Lowrie.

I took my flax unto the mill,
My jewel follow'd after still;
And coming hame I got a gill
Frae bonny Johnnie Lowrie.

When I gaed to the Bar to shear,
Close at my heels I had my dear;
I in the kemp the gree did bear,
Wi' bonny Johnnie Lowrie.

And when I went to the Rood-fair,
I wat I didna want my share
O' a' the good things that was there,
Frae bonny Johnnie Lowrie.

At last, one night into the park,
I met wi' him when it was dark,
And aye sinsyne I bear the mark
Of bonny Johnnie Lowrie.

But Johnnie's true, he did me wed,
Yestreen we tumbled into bed;
I care na now for mam or dad,
Since I have Johnnie Lowrie.

I carena now for jacking gown,
Or priest or elder in the town,
I'll take the world rough an' roun',
Wi' bonny Johnnie Lowrie.

Tirrie owden, dowden dow, and tirrie owden, &c.

SCOTTISH WHISKIE.

YE social sons of Scotia's isle,
 Who love to rant and roar, Sir,
 To drink, to dance, to laugh, to sing,
 And hie withouten care, Sir;
 Attend and listen to my lays,
 'Twill make you blithe and friskie;
 I sing, who dare my theme despise?
 In praise of guid Scots Whiskie.
 O my cheering, care-dispelling,
 Heart-reviving Whiskie!
 Thou brighten up the glooms of life,
 That aft look dark and duskie.
 Let Frenchmen o' their bev'rage boast,
 The juice of Gallic vine, Sir,
 And Dons and Portuguese rehearse
 The praises o' their wine, Sir;
 I don't envy them wi' their tons,
 Gi'e me a little caskie
 O' Caledonia's nectar pure,
 The real Scottish Whiskie.
 O my cheering, &c.
 Jamaica rum it's but a hum,
 So is the best Antigua;
 And Holland's gin's no worth a pin,
 Compared wi' dear Kilbegie.
 Whoever wants to take a bouse,
 Or have a jovial pliskie,
 They only need to weet their mou's
 Wi' rea' Scottish Whiskie.
 O my cheering, &c.

FINIS.