

FOUR
POPULAR SONGS; VIZ.
GLASGOW FAIR;
OH WHAT A PARISH.
A Beauty I did Grow;
AND
THE ADVENTURES OF A SHILLING.



GLASGOW:
PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

SONGS.

Glasgow Fair.

The sun frae the eastward was peeping,
and braid thro the winnock did stare,
When Will cried I am are you sleeping,
Wak haste man and come to the Fair.
On his head his blue bonnet he slippet,
his whip o'er nis shouther he flang
and a clumsy oak cudgel he gripped,
on purpose the loons for to bang
Lilt te turan an uran &c,

Now Willock and Tam geyan bouzy,
 in gude time did meet wi, their joes,
 Consented wi' Gibbie and Shusy
 to gang awa down to the shows;
 There was the fiddlin and drumming
 a crowd they could scarcely get through-
 Fiddles trumpets and Organs a bumming,
 O, Sirs what a hully baloo
 Lilt te turan an uran &c.

Then hie to the tents at the paling,
 weel theekit wi' blankets and mats,
 Deals seated round like a taproom,
 supporaed on stones and on pats,
 The whisky like water they're sellin
 and porter as sma' as their yill,
 And aye as you're pourin' they're tellin',
 troth dear it's just sixpence the gill.
 Lilt te turan an uran &c.

Says Meg see yon beast wi' the claes on't
 wi' the face o't as black as the soot
 Preserv'sit has fingers and taes on't
 eh lass it's an unco like brute.
 O, woman but you are a gomeril
 to mak' sic a wonner at that,
 Dyna ye ken daft gowk it's a mongrel,
 that's bred twixt adog and a cat,
 Lilt te turan an uran &c.

See yon supp'e jade how she's dancing,
 wi the white ruffled breeks and red shoon,
 Frae the tap to the tae she's a glancin,
 wi' gowd and a feather aboon.
 My trowth she's abraw decent kimmer,
 as I have yet seen at the fair
 Her decent quo Meg she's a limmer,
 or faith she would never be there:
 Lilt te turan an' uran &c.

O' What a Parish. was drunken
 Dunkel.

O what a parish
 a parish a parish,
 And o what, a parish
 was drunken Dunkeld,

They've hang'd up their minister
 drown'd their precentor,
 They've pu'd down their steeple
 and drunken their bell,
 and o' what &c.

While the boddies drank beer,
 they'd curse and they'd swear,
 They ranted and sang,
 what they daurna well tell,
 and o what &c.

Bout Geordie and Charlie,
 they bothered fu rarely ;
 But whisky they're waur
 than the Devil himsel'.
 and o what &c.

Then let me advise,
 as mischief there lies,
 When neebours are drinking
 wi mae than themsel',
 and o what &c.

O'er your heart and your hand
 aye keep the command,
 Or you may be as bad
 As the folk o' Dunkeld.
 and o what, &c.

A beauty I did grow.

When I was a little boy,
 some fifteen years ago,
 I was the pride of my mamma.
 lord she made me quite a show
 Such a beauty I did grow.

I'd red straight hair and goggle-e
 and such a roguish leer ;
 A large flat nose and mouth
 that reach'd from ear to ea ;
 Such a beauty I did grow.

My mammy doated on me,
 and when my mouth she'd fill
 For fear she'd spoil it with a spoon,
 she fed me with a quill,
 Such a beauty I did grow.

And when that I could run alone,
 stock fast I never stood
 The ducks were my companions
 as I waddled through the mud
 Such a beauty I did grow.

Then learned to be musical,
 and got of songs so pat,
 I could grunt bass like any pig,
 mew treble like a cat
 Such a beauty I did grow.

Then I went to the dancing school,
 for to be finished there,
 And they said I danced a minuet
 as graceful as a bear ;
 Such a beauty I did grow.

With a mountebank a candidate,
 I beat them all quite hollow,
 And I won this pretty gold laced hat
 by rinning through a collar
 Such a beauty I did grow.

My name is Tommy Herring,
 as every body knows,
 And they stick me in the barley fields,
 to frighten off the crows.

Adventures of a Shilling.

By a poor toiling wretch who each hour life
 bewailed,

Brought to light I made part of a dollar ;
 Near to Spain by a few British broadsides was
 hailed,

and given to reward a tars valour,
 Jack gave me to Poll when all dollars being stop'd
 To a Jew 'er for ear-rings me selling.

Slap into a crucible poor I was put
 and then stamped a beautiful shilling.

A Soldier who'd long been abroad at the wars,
 had been wounded long sick and confined
 The all that remained were his honored scars,
 not a stiver his pockets now lined.

An old comrade beholding his face soon did guess
 what his brave friend with hunger was feeling
 Most cheerful did give him the half of his mess
 and shared with him me his last shilling.

I long was admir'd by a kind-hearted Fair,
 who felt pity and gave me to shew it,

To the young helpless children and wife with a
 tear,
 of a poor distrest half-starving Poet.
 Tho' with love for his family his feeling heart bled
 this son of the Muses tho' willing,
 Couldn't get for his children a morsel of bread,
 till reliev'd by fair Charity's Shilling.

In a Pawn-broker's shop, I next morning was
 plac'd,
 where all roguery he practis'd daily
 Till at last caught receiving he paid me in haste
 to save his neck at the old Bailey.
 Next a fat rosy son of the church did me bear,
 who of charity ever was telling
 But tho' often assail'd by pale Penury's fear,
 could deny the small boon of a Shilling.

With all ranks and degrees I have taken abode,
 tho' with Merit I'd seldom a lodging;
 I have brib'd at Elections, been taken on the
 Road,
 from hand to hand constantly trudging.
 At last an old cunning, sly rogue of a Jew,
 without either mercy or feeling,
 In a pot of base metal, to mend it me threw;
 thus ending the days of the Shilling.