

FOUR

POPULAR SONGS; VIZ.

THE DOCTORS,

THE DRYGATE BRIG.

MERRY AND JESE.

KATHLEEN O' MOORE.



GLASGOW.

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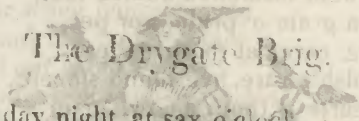
THE DOCTORS,

THE DRYGATE BRIG,

MERRY AND WISE

SONGS.

KATHLEEN O'MOORE.


 The Drygate Brig.

Last Monday night at sax o'clock,  
 To Mirran Gibb's I went, man,  
 To snuff, an' crack an' toom the cap,  
 It was my hail intent: man;  
 Sae down I sat and pried the yill,  
 Syne luggit out my sneeshie mill,  
 An' took a pinch wi' right good will,  
 O' beggar's brown, (the best in town,)  
 Then sent it roun' about the room  
 To gie ilk ane a scent, man.

Our club consisted, — let me see —  
 O' augh! auld canty carles, man.

Whase rule was aye nae room to gie  
 To ony needless quarrels, man;  
 Gude yill, plain snuff, and socia crack,  
 Was a' we had to gie or tak,  
 And we could be as blythe, in fact,  
 Wi' siccan fare, when gathered there,  
 As they whase share o' gowd and gear  
 Could match a duke's or earl's, man.

The sneeshin mill, the cap gude round,  
 The joke the crack, an' a' man;  
 Bout markets, trade, and daily news,  
 to wear the time awa, man;  
 Ye never saw a blyther set  
 O' queer auld-fashioned bodies met,  
 For sient a grain o' pride, nor pet,  
 Nor eating care gat fobbing there,  
 But friendship rare, aye found sincere,  
 And hearts without a fiaw, man.

To cringing courtiers, kings may blaw  
 How rich they are an' great, man;  
 But kings could match na us at a'  
 Wi' a' their regal state, man;  
 For Mirran's swats, sae brisk an' fell,  
 An' Turner's snuff, sae sharp an' snell,  
 Made ilk ane quite forget himsel;  
 Made young the auld inflamed the cauld,  
 And fired the saul wi' projects bauld,  
 That daured the power o' fate, man.

But what are a' sic mighty schemes,  
 When ance the spell is broke, man;  
 A set o' maut-inspiring whins,  
 That end in perfect smoke, man;  
 An' what like some disaster keen,  
 Can chase the glamour frae our een,  
 Aar bring us to oursel's again?  
 As was the fate o' my o'd pate,  
 When that night late I took the gate,  
 as erouse as ony cock man,

For, sad misluck without my hat,  
 I doiting cam awa man,  
 And when I down the Drygate cam,  
 the win' began to blaw man;  
 When I cam to the Drygate brig,  
 The win' blew aff my gude brown wig,  
 That whirled like ony whirligig,  
 As up it flew out o' my view,  
 While I stood glowring, waefu' blue,  
 wi' wide extended jaw man.

When I began to grape for t' syne,  
 thrang poutrin' wi' my staff, man,  
 I coupet owre a muckle stane,  
 and skailed my pickle snuff man,  
 My staff out o' my hand did jump,  
 An' struck my snout a dreatfu' thump,  
 Whilk raised a most confounded lump,  
 But whar it flew I never knew,  
 Yet sair I rue this mark sae blue,  
 it teuks sae fleesome waff man

O, had you seen my waeft' plighn: or yod: to Y  
 your mirth had been but sma', man  
 An' yet a queerer antic sight

I trow ye never saw man  
 I've lived thir fyfty years an' mair,  
 But so h'm y I here declare  
 I ne'er before met loss sae sair  
 My wig flew aff I tint my staff,  
 I skailed my snuff I peeled my loof,  
 an' brak my snout an' a', man.

Now, wad ye profit by my loss?—  
 then, tak advice frae me, man.

And ne'er let common sense tak wing  
 on fumes o' barley-bree man;

For drink can heeze a man sae high,  
 as mak his head maist touch the sky.

But down he tumbles by-an'-by  
 wi' sic a thud 'mang stanes an' mud,

That aft it's gude if dirt and b'uid  
 be a he has to dree, man.

### The Doctors.

Be honours which to kings we give,  
 we to doctors also paid

We're the king's subjects while we live,  
 the doctors when we're dead.

Though when in health and thoughtless mood  
 we treat them off with scoffings

; thgt: boog yov s ev' I holl: or

Yet they, returning ill with good,  
relieve us from our coughing (coughing)

At times they kill us, to be sure,  
in cases rather tickle;

But when they've killed, they still can cure,  
their patients—in a pickle.

-And when at last we needs must die,—  
the doctors cannot save

From death—they still most kindly try  
to snatch us from the grave

### Merry And Wise.

Let who will complain of the troubles they meet  
they're matter of laughter to me;

A dash of the bitter the sweet makes more sweet  
I therefore contented will be.

If Fortune looks kindly I'll bask in her smiles;  
if frowning—my comfort is still,

That life's but a span and good humour beguiles  
the time be it bad as it will.

My friend proves unfaithful I'll seek out a new,  
nor trouble my head about that;

I'll pity the changeling I'll honour the true,  
and cheerfully laugh and be fat.

What tho' I a coach and six horses can't have  
to which I've a very good right:

A pair of good legs hath kind Providence gave,  
with a heart that's both honest and light.

My frame's not unyieldy 'tis active and sound;  
my appetite not very great;

A scanty provision sufficient is found,  
if cleanly and whole meto eat.

Let epicures feast on their turtles for me  
their ortolans pheasants and sturgeon;

With Frenchify'd dishes high sauces and be  
a prey to the doctor and surgeon;

With all kinds of wine let them pamper their taste  
nor ought to their palates deny;

If they to their latter end wilfully haste  
themselves are to blame and not I;

On dress pomp and grandeur I fix not my mind  
they're matters unworthy a care;

Beneath those fine trappings we oftentimes find  
the pangs of remorse and despair.

Gay Pleasure's a phantom exceedingly fair,  
which vainly we hope to embrace;

we grasp at a substance she melts into air;  
and leaves not behind her a trace.

Then why should we make such a pother about  
what no one could ever attain?

Tho' the sweet illusion is tempting no doubt  
till banish'd by old age and pain.

But soon we the idle pursuit of her charms,  
by dear bought experience despise

Then blooming good humour still dwell in my air  
my motto be—MERRY AND WISE.

## Kathleen O'More.

My love still I think that I see her once more,  
 But alas she has left me her loss to deplore  
 My own little Kathleen my poor lost Kathleen  
 my Kathleen, O!

Her hair glossy black her eyes were dark blue  
 Her colour still changing her smiles ever new  
 So pretty was Kathleen my sweet little Kathleen  
 my Kathleen O.

She milk'd the dun cow that ne'er offer'd to  
 stir,  
 Though wicked it was it was gentle to her  
 So kind was my Kathleen my poor little Kathleen  
 my Kathleen O.

She sat at the door one cold afternoon,  
 To hear the wind blow and to look at the moon  
 So pensive was Kathleen my poor little Kathleen  
 my Kathleen, O.

Cold was the night-breeze that sigh'd round her  
 bower  
 It chill'd my poor Kathleen she drooped from  
 that hour,  
 And, I lost my poor Kathleen my own little  
 Kathleen my Kathleen O.

The bird of all birds that I love the best,  
 Is the Robin that in the churchyard builds his  
 nest,  
 For he seems to watch Kathleen hops lightly on  
 Kathleen my Kathleen O.