

K A I L B R O S E

O F

A U L D S C O T L A N D .

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,
 THE HUMBLE BEGGAR.
 MY APRON DEARY.
 THE PATRIOT FAIR.
 THE HAPPY MARRIAGE.
 THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.
 GENTLEMAN RAKES of the TOWN.



G L A S G O W,

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The KAIL BROSE of AULD SCOTLAND.

WHEN our ancient forefathers agreed wi' the laird,
 For a piece o' good grun' 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'd been feasting on brose,
 O! the kail brose of auld Scotland,
 An' O the Scottish kail brose.

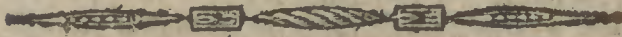
Our sgers were clad in their kilts and short hose,
 With their bonnets and belts, which their drefs did
 compose,
 Wi' a bag of oat-meal on their backs to be brose;
 O! the kail brose of auld Scotland,
 An' O the Scottish kail brose.

At our annual elections for Bailies or Mayor,
 No kickshaws of puddings, or tarts were seen there,
 But a dish of gude brose was the favourite fare,
 O! the kail brose of auld Scotland,
 An' O the Scottish kail brose.

Before that the Thistle was join'd with the Rose,
 The Englishmen aye were accounted our foes,
 Let us run said John Bull, they've been feasting on
 O! the kail brose of auld Scotland, (brose,
 An' O the Scottish kail brose.

But now since the Thistle is join'd to the Rose,
 An' the English nae langer are counted our foes,
 We've lost a gude dale o' our relish for brose,
 O! the kail brose of auld Scotland,
 An' O the Scottish kail brose.

Yet each true hearted Scotchman, by nature jocose,
 Loves always to dine on a dish of gude brose,
 And thanks be to Praise, we've yet plenty of those,
 O! the kail brose of auld Scotland,
 An' O the Scottish kail brose.



THE HUMBLE BEGGAR.

IN Scotland there lived a humble Beggar,
 He had neither house, nor hauld, nor hame,
 But he was well liked by ilka bodie,
 And they gae him funkets to rax his wame.

A nivesfow o' meal, and a handfow o' groats,
 A dadd o' bannock, or herring brie,
 Cauld parrage, or the lickings o' plates,
 Wad made him as blyth as a beggar cou'd be.

This Beggar he was a humble Beggar,
 The feint a bit o' pride had he,
 He wad a ta'en his a'ns in a bicker,
 Frae gentleman, or poor bodie.

His wallets a-hint and a-fore did hang,
 In as good order as wallets cou'd be :
 A lang kail-gully hang down by his side,
 And a meikle nowt-horn to rout on had he.

It happened ill, it happened warfe,
 It happened fae, that he did die :
 And wha do ye think was at his late-wake,
 But lads and lasses o' high degree.

Some were blyth, and some were sad,
 And some they play'd at blind Harrie ;
 But suddenly up-started the auld Carle,
 I redd ye, good fowks, tak tent o' me.

Up gat Kate that sat i'the nook,
 Vow Kimmer, and how do ye?
 Up he gat, and ca'd her a Limmer,
 And ruggit and tuggid her cockernonie.

They houkit his grave in Duket's kirk-yard,
 E'en far frae the companie;
 But whan they wère gawn to lay'm i'the yird,
 The feint a dead nor dead was he.

And whan they brought him to Duket's kirk-yard,
 He dunted on the kist, the boards did flie,
 And whan they wère gawn to put'm i'the yird,
 In fell the kist, and out lap be.

He cry'd, I'm cauld, I'm unca cauld,
 Fu' fast ran the fowk, and fu' fast ran he:
 But he was first hame at his ain ingle side,
 And he helped to drink his ain dirgie.

M Y A P R O N D E A R Y .

T Was early in the morning, a morning of May,
 A foldier and a lassie was walking astray,
 Close down in yon meadow, yon meadow brow,
 I heard the lasfs cry, My apron now.

C H O R U S .

My apron, deary, my apron now,
 My belly bears up my apron now:
 But I, being a young thing, was easy to woo,
 Which makes me cry out, My apron now.

O had I ta'en counsel of father or mother,
 Or had I advis'd with siller or brother;
 But I, being a young thing, and easy to woo,
 It makes me cry out, My apron now.

My, apron deary, my apron now, &c.

Your apron, deary, I must confess,
 Seems something the shorter, tho' naithing the less:
 Then ha'd your tongue deary, & I will prove true,
 And nae mair cry out your apron now.

Chor. Your apron deary, Your apron now,
 Your belly bears up your apron now, (true,
 Then ha'd your tongue, deary, & I will prove
 And nae mair cry out your apron now.

THE PATRIOT FAIR.

WHEN young and artless as the lamb,
 Which plays about its fondling dam,
 Brisk, buxom, pert, and silly;

I slighted all the manly swains,
 And put my virgin heart in chains,
 For smiling smooth fac'd Willy.

But when experience came with years,
 Which rais'd my hopes and quell'd my fears,

My heart was blythe and bonny,
 I turn'd off every beardless youth,
 So gave my word, and fix'd my truth
 On honest sturdy Johnny.

Next at the wake I saw the 'Squire,
 For love I felt a new desire,

Fond to outshine my mammy,
 I sigh'd for fringes, frogs, and beaux,
 For pig-tail wigs, and powder'd clothes,
 And silken master Sammy.

For riches next I set a flame,
 Old Gripus to my cottage came,
 And held an amorous parley.

For music next I chanc'd to burn,
 And fondly listen'd in my turn,
 To warbling quivering Charley.

So now alike the fools, and wits,
 Fops, fidlers, foreigners and cits,
 All struck me by rotation.
 Come learn of me ye patriot fair,
 Nor make a single man your care,
 But sigh for all the nation.



THE HAPPY MARRIAGE.

AS I was a walking one morning so fair,
 So Green was the fields, and cool was the air,
 There did I discover
 Pretty Nancy my lover,
 And I for to woo her was pleas'd for to say,
 O fairest of creatures that ever was seen,
 You're the pride of my heart, the flow'r of the green,
 With garlands made of roses,
 And sweet pretty posies,
 What nature composes I'll crown you my Queen.

To these words I spoke she answered and said,
 O how can you flatter a poor harmless maid,
 For your tongue it runs so nimble,
 It makes my heart to tremble,
 And I fear you disemble my poor heart to break.

Of all my sweethearts, I have had nine or ten,
 Yet never a one can I fancy of them,
 But if I should believe you,
 And you should deceive me,
 And scornfully leave me, Oh! where am I then?

These words I speak is by the Powers above,
 The rocks and the mountains shall sooner remove,
 And the sea shall flame on fire,
 If from my love I do retire,
 And there's nothing I desire, but innocent love.

If innocent love is all your request,
 And you are in earnest, I thought you were in jest,
 I'll adore you with pleasure,
 With kisses out of measure,
 With joy, peace and pleasure, we both shall be blest.

This couple they're married and live very happy,
 Enjoying one another with pleasures so canty,
 The rocks they shall melt,
 And the mountains shall move,
 If ever I prove false to the woman I love.



THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

WHEN rous'd by the trumpet's loud clangor to arms,
 Reluctant I quitted Eliza's bright charms,
 Tho' honour commanded, yet love fill'd my mind,
 Ah! how could I leave the dear charmer behind?
 Yet the rage of the battle with courage I try'd,
 Surviv'd, while the heroes fell fast on each side;
 Love stood my protector in all the alarms,
 While the silver-ton'd trumpet still sounded to arms.

Now olive-rob'd Peace kind advances again,
 And her blessings dispenses wide over the plain;
 Return'd to Eliza, we join in the throng,
 Where is heard the soft pipe, or the heart-lifting song.
 Each rural amusement with rapture we try,
 While the beams of contentment are found in each
 Love stood my protector in all the alarms, (eye;
 While the silver-ton'd trumpets still sounded to arms.

What mortal like me so transcendently blest,
 When clasp'd by my charmer with joy to her breast;
 The laurels of conquest I give to the wind,
 'Tis nought without love and honour combin'd;

But when thus united, how noble the fame!
 What envy must wait on so happy a name!
 Love stood my protector in all the alarms,
 While the silver-ton'd trumpet still sounded to arms.

GENTLEMEN RAKES OF THE TOWN.

D ID not you hear of the gentlemen rakes,
 And hear the sweet cry of beer, wine & cakes,
 Whilst we in blue aprons, and clean linen gowns,
 For to view all the gentlemen rakes of the town.

The goodman comes hame to drive away care,
 And takes some good fellow away to the fair;
 Some are too bashful, and some are too bold,
 Young womens' intentions are not to be told.

Whilst we in blue aprons, etc.

There's Millers, there's Oats, there's Bully & all,
 There's Lee, and there's Harper, the devil and all,
 Whilst we are a viewing the gentlemen rakes,
 And hear the sweet cry of beer, wine and cakes.

Whilst we in blue aprons, etc.

Our pinner well lac'd, with fine round ear'd caps,
 We dress ourselves nice to tempt our chaps,
 With rings & round ribbons to swell out our pride,
 And our bosoms all naked to tempt you beside.

Whilst we in blue aprons, etc.

On our arms hangs a basket of fruit that is nice,
 Our gentlemens' palate to please in a trice,
 Let it be at a masquerade, play-house, or ball,
 We lately frequented, likewise Fox-hall.

Whilst we in blue aprons, etc.

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