

Three Excellent

5

New Songs.

I. The ROCK and a WEE
PICKLE TOW.

II. The TANKARD of ALE.

III. LABOUR IN VAIN.



Entered according to Order.



The ROCK and wee Pickle TOW.

THere was an auld wife and a wee pickle tow,
 An' she wad gae try the spinning o't,
 She louted her down, an' her rock took a low,
 An' that was a bad beginning o't.
 She sat an' she grat, an' she stet an' she slang,
 An' she threw an' she blew, an' she wrig'd an' wrang,
 An' she choaked an' bocked, an' cry'd like to mang,
 Alas for the dreary beginning o't.

I've wanted a fark for these eight years and ten,
 An' this was to be the beginning o't ;
 But I vow I shall want it for as lang again,
 Or ever I try the spinning o't.
 For never since ever they ca'd me as they ca' me,
 Did sic a mishap and mishanter befa' me,
 But ye shall hae leave baith to hang me and draw me,
 The neist time I try the spinning o't.

I hae kept my house for these threescore o' years,
 An' ay I kept free o' the spinning o't,
 But how I was farked, foul fa' them that speers,
 For it minds me upon the beginning o't.
 But our women are now a-days grown sae bra',
 That ilk an maun hae a fark, an' some hae twa,
 The world was better when ne'er ane ava'
 Had a rag, but ane at the beginning o't.

Foul fa' her that ever advis'd me to spin,
 That had been sae lang a beginning o't ;
 I might well have ended as I did begin,
 Nor got sic a skare wi' the spinning o't.
 But they'll say she's a wise wife that kens her ain weerd:
 I thought on a day, it would never be speer'd,
 How lote ye the low tak your rock by the beard,
 When ye gaed to try the spinning o't ?

The spinning, the spinning it gars my heart sob,
 When I think upo' the beginning o't,
 I thought e'er I died to have anes made a wob,
 But still I had weirs o' the spinning o't.
 But had I nine daughters, as I hae but three,
 The safest and foundest advice I coud gie,
 Is, that they frae spinning wad keep their hands free,
 For fear of a bad beginning o't.

Yet in spite of my counsel if they will needs run,
 The drearysome risk o' the spinning o't,
 Let them seek out a lythe in the heat of the sun,
 And there venture on the beginning o't.
 But to do as I did, alas! and awow!
 To busk up a rock at the cheek of the low,
 Says, that I had but little wit in my pow,
 An' as little ado wi' the spinning o't.

But yet after a' there is ae thing that grieves
 My heart, to think o' the beginning o't,
 Had I won the length but of a' pair of sleeves,
 Then there had been word o' the spinning o't.
 This I wad hae washen and bleech'd like the snaw,
 And on my twa gardies like moggans wad draw,
 And then fouk wad say, that auld Girzy was braw,
 And a' was upo' her ain spinning o't.

But gin I could shog about till a new spring,
 I should yet hae a bout o' the spinning o't,
 A mutchkin of lintseed I'd in the yerd sling,
 For a' the wanchansy beginning o't.
 I'll gar my ain Tammie gae down to the how,
 And cut me a rock of a widdershins grow,
 Of good rantry-tree, for to carry my tow,
 And a spindle o' the same for the twining o't.

For now when I mind me, I met Maggy Grim;
 This morning just at the beginning o't,
 She was never ca'd chaney, but canny and slim,
 An' sae it has far'd of my spinning o't.

But if my new rock were anes cutted and dry,
 I'll a' Maggies' cann and her cantraps defy,
 An' but ony fuffie, the spinning I'll try,
 An' ye's a' hear o' the beginning o't.

Quo' Tibby her doughter, tak tent fat ye say,
 The never a ragg we'll be seeking o't.
 Gin ye anes begin, ye'll tarveal's night and day,
 Sae 'tis vain ony mair to be speaking o't.
 Since Lammas I'm now gain thirty and twa,
 An' ne'er a dud fark had I yet girt or sma,
 An' what war am I, I'm as warm an' as braw,
 As thrummy tail'd Meg that's a spinner o't.

To labour the lint-land, and then buy the seed,
 An' then to yoke me to the harrowing o't,
 An' syne loll amon't, an' pick out ilk weed,
 Like swine in a sty at the farrowing o't.
 Syne powing, an' ripling, an' steeping, and then
 To gar's gae an' spread it upo' the cauld plain,
 An' then after a', may be labour in vain,
 When the wind an' the weat gets the fusion o't.

But though it should anter the weather to bide,
 With bittles we're set to the drubbing o't,
 And then frae our fingers to guide aff the hide,
 Wi' the wearisome wark o' the rubbing o't.
 An' syne ilka tait maun be heckl'd out throw,
 The lint putten ae gate, anither the tow,
 Syne on a rock wi't, and it taks a low:
 The back o' my hand to the spinning o't.

Quo' Jeany, I think 'oman ye're in the right,
 Set your feet ay a spar to the spinning o't,
 We may tak our advice frae our ain mither's fright
 That she gat, when she try'd the beginning o't.
 But they'll say, that auld fouk are twice bairns indeed,
 And sae she has kythed it, but there is nae need
 To sickan an amshach that we drive our head,
 As langs we're sae skair'd frae the spinning o't.

Quo' Nanny the youngest, I've now heard you a',
 An' dowie's your doom of the spinning o't,
 Gin ye, fan the cow flings, the dish cast awa';
 Ye may see where ye'll lick up your winning o't.
 But I see that but spinning I'll never be bra',
 But gae by the name of a dilp or a da',
 Sae lack where ye like, I shall anes shake a fa',
 Afore I be dung with the spinning o't.

For well I can mind me, when black Willie Bell
 Had Tibbie there just at the winning o't,
 What blew up the bargain, she kens well herself,
 Was the want of the knack of the spinning o't.
 And now, poor 'omen, for ought that I ken,
 She never may get sic an offer again,
 But pine away bit and bit like Jenkin's hen,
 An' naething to wyté but the spinning o't.

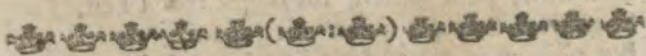
But were it for naething, but just these alane,
 I shall yet hae a bout o' the spinning o't.
 They may cast me for calling me black at the bane,
 But nae 'cause I shun the beginning o't.
 But be that as it happens, I care not a strac,
 But nane of the lads shall have it to say,
 When they come to woo, she kens naething avac,
 Nor has ony cann o' the spinning o't.

In the days they ca'd yore, gin auld fouks had but won,
 To a furcoat hough-side for the winning o't,
 Of coat raips well cut by the east of their bun,
 They never sought mair of the spinning o't.
 A pair of grey hoggors well clinked benew,
 Of nae other litt but the hue of the ewe,
 With a pair of rough rullions to scuff thro' the dew,
 Was the fee they sought at the beginning o't.

But we maun hae linen, and that maun hae we,
 And how get we that but by spinning o't?
 How can we hae face for to seek a great fee,
 Except we can help at the winning o't?

An' we maun hae pearlins, an' mabbies, an' cocks,
 An' some other thing that the ladies call smocks,
 An' how get we that, gin we tak na.our rocks,
 An' pow what we can at the spinning o't?

'Tis needless for us for to tak our remarks
 Frae our mither's miscooking the spinning o't,
 She never kend ought of the gweed of the sarks,
 Frae this aback to the beginning o't.
 Twa three ell of plaiden, was all that was fought;
 By our auld world bodies, and that boot be bought,
 For in ilka town sicken things was na wrought,
 So little they kend of the spinning o't.



THE TANKARD OF ALE.

NOT drunk nor yet sober, but brother to both,
 I met a young man upon *Asbury Vale*,
 I saw by his face, that he was in good case,
 to go and take share of a tankard of ale.
 Laru la re, laru, &c. I saw by his face, &c.

There's the hedger that works in the ditches all day,
 and labours so hard at the plough-tail;
 He'll talk of great things, about princes and kings,
 when once he shakes hands with a tankard of ale.
 Laru la re, laru, &c. He'll talk, &c.

There's the beggar that begs, without any legs,
 she has scarce got a rag for to cover her tail;
 She's as merry in rags as a miser with bags,
 when once she shakes hands with a tankard of ale.
 Laru la re, laru, &c. She's as, &c.

There's the widow who buried her husband of late,
 has scarcely forgot how to weep and to wail,
 But thinks ev'ry day ten, till she's marry'd again,
 when once she shakes hands with a tankard of ale.
 Laru la re, laru, &c. But thinks, &c.

There's the old parish Vicar, when he's in's liquor,
 he merrily doth on his parishioners rail ;
 Come pay up your tythes, or I'll kiss all your wives,
 when once he shakes hands with a pot of good ale.
 Laru la re, laru, &c. Come pay, &c.

There's the old Parson's Clerk, his eyes are so dark,
 and the letter so small, he scarcely can tell,
 But he can tell each letter, and sing the psalms better,
 when once he shakes hands with a pot of good ale.
 Laru la re, laru, &c. But he can tell, &c.

There's the black-smith by trade, a jolly brisk blade,
 Cries, fill up the bumper, dear host from the pail ;
 So cheerful he'll sing, and make the house ring,
 when once he shakes hands with a tankard of ale.
 Laru la re, laru, &c. So cheerful, &c.

There's the tinker you ken, cries old kettles to mend,
 with his budget, and hammer to drive in the nail,
 Will spend a whole crown, at one sitting down,
 when once he shakes hands with a tankard of ale.
 Laru la re, laru, &c. Will spend a &c.

There's the mason brave John, that carver of stone,
 the Master's grand secret he'll never reveal ;
 Yet how merry is he, with a lass on his knee,
 when once he shakes hands with a tankard of ale.
 Laru la re, laru, &c. Yet how merry, &c.

You maids of the game, pray do me not blame,
 tho' your private practice in public I tell ;
 Young Bridget and Nell, to kiss will not fail,
 when once they shake hands with a tankard of ale.
 Laru la re, laru, &c. Young Bridget, &c.

There's some jolly wives, loves drink as their lives,
 dear neighbours but mind the sad thread of my tale,
 Their husbands they'll horn as sure's they were born,
 if once they shake hands with a tankard of ale.
 Laru la re, laru, &c. Their husbands, &c.

From wrangling or jangling, and ev'ry such strife,
 or any thing else that may happen to fall,
 From words comes to blows and sharp bloody nose,
 but friends again over a tankard of ale.

Laru la re, laru, &c. From words, &c.



LABOUR IN VAIN.

IN pursuit of some lambs from my flocks that had
 one morning I rang'd o'er the plain; (stray'd,
 But, alas! after all my researches were made,
 I perceiv'd that my labour was vain.

At length growing hopeless my lambs to restore,
 I resolv'd to return back again;
 It was useless, I thought to seek after them more,
 since I found that my labour was vain.

On this my return, pretty Phœbe I saw,
 and to love her I could not refrain:
 To sollicite a kiss, I approach'd her with awe,
 but she told me my labour was vain.

But, Phœbe, I cry'd, to my suit lend an ear,
 and let me no longer complain:
 She reply'd, with a frown, and an aspect severe,
 young Colin, your labour's in vain.

Then I eagerly clasp'd her quite close to my breast,
 and kiss'd her, and kiss'd her again:
 O Colin, she cry'd, if you're rude, I protest
 that your labour shall still be in vain.

At length, by entreaties, by kisses and vows,
 compassion she took on my pain;
 She now has consented to make me her spouse,
 so no longer I labour in vain.

F I N I S.