

THE
WATER WARBLER:

CONTAINING

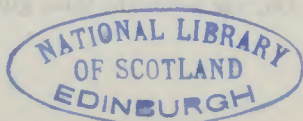
THE COGIE;
THE PLEASURE TRIP;
THE RINDERPEST;
THE CLEAR, COOLING WAVE;

AND

THE SANG O' THE UNEMPLOYED.



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WATER WARBLES:

THE COGIE:

OR, A WELCOME TO THE NEW YEAR.

TUNE—"Cauld Kail in Aberdeen."

AGAIN we hail the blythe New Year,
Wi' neibours kind an' vogie;
An' drain our cup o' social cheer,
Nor care for quaich or cogie.

Chor. Oh, wae betide the three-gird cog,
The sly, bewitchin' cogie;
Nor simmer frost nor autumn fog
Brings hauf sic seath on Bogie.

Tho' snaw lay lang on Tap o' Noth,
Yet hairst was air in Bogie;
But bairns maun dwine on barefit broth,
Gin fathers fame their cogie.

Chor. Oh, wae betide the three-gird cog, &c.

An' wae's me for the di' kard's wife,
Far better fares his dogie;
He vow'd to cheer, but wracks her life,
As up he coups the cogie.

Chor.—Oh, wae betide the three-gird cog, &c.

Our sons, when bran'ed Bacchus' slaves,
Mann wallow fousom hogies;
Correction's rod may sober knaves,
But fat can spain fae cogies?

Chor. Oh, wae betide the three-gird cog, &c.

May Tapsters soon to Temp'rance crouch,
 Wi a' their raggit roguies;
 They turn the brain, an' teem the pouch,
 While crouse they fill the cogies.
Chor.—Oh, wae betide the three-gird cog, &c.

Then stand we firm as Bennachie,
 An' cauler as the Bogie,
 Till Scotland, first amang the free,
 In finders ca' the cogie!
Chor.—Oh, wae betide the three-gird cog,
 The sly, bewitchin' cogie;
 Nor simmer frost nor autumn fog
 Brings hauf sic scaith on Bogie.

THE PLEASURE TRIP.

TUNE—"Comin' thro' the rye."

Gin the couthy meet the drouthy,
 Comin' frae the toun;
 Need the drouthy wi' the couthy
 Sense an' reason droun?
 Tho' Holiday bids Labour play,
 An' failin' health recruit,
 Ye need a body let the toddy
 Slak the man a brute?

 Let Labour's shanks leave shafts an' cranks,
 An' rear by mount or main;
 But shun the dens where tappit liens
 Cleck noug'it but shame an' pain;
 Ilka valley has a wallie,
 Free to loon an' laird,
 There ilka your length, renew your strength,
 An' drink till ye be sair'd

 Gin retailer meet a sailor,
 Freed frae line an' log;
 Need the sailor let retailer
 Droun him in his grog?

Restor'd to land, revere the hand,
That sav'd from stormy waves,
Abhor the haunts o' Cormorants,
That gorge Intemp'rance' slaves.

Gin the drouthy meet the couthy,
O' the causey's crap,
Need the drouthy gar the couthy,
Gang an' hae a drap?
Oh, Friendship's low will never glow
Where stoups an' glasses shine;
Gin Bacchus' bowl maun warm the soul.
There's little heat to tine!

Dinna leave your little bodies
I' the smoky toun;
Lead them thro' the flow'ry roadies,
Where the burnies croon;
Or lat them play on gow'ny brae,
Nor gloom their sunny joy;
But blythely sing their jingo-ring,
Nor blush to be a boy!

Or lat them rove thro' leafy grove,
An' hear the cushie coo;
Or playfu' lave in sparkling wave,
An' dip like snowy mew;
Then shellies fair an' steenies rare,
They'll pick for hamel ploys;
But, ah, the shame, should they bring hame
A father's drunken noise!

Poor Mary-Ann wi' sic a man,
The yoke is hard to draw;
An' sad you mane, he drank his lane,
Fat was to sair ye a';
But gin ye'd heed a body's rede,
That wails yer weary task,
When whirl'd again in Pleasure-train,
Oh, dinna fill the flask!

To a' that toil to clear the soil,
 An' sow the seed o' truth,
 Now let me tell a potent spell,
 Alike for age an' youth:—
Ne'er gie the coo a stronger drap,
Than stroup o' trackie pours:—
 Then rosy health an' growin' wealth
 Will cheer like simmer show'r's!

THE RINDERPEST.

TUNE—"Scots, Wha Hae."

Stots, by farmers purely bred,
 Stots, whase sires hae freely bled,
 Must we stamp your gory bed?
 Nor find a remedy?
 Stots, that droop the ruefu' head,
 Stots, on which John Bull is fed,
 Say you'll gang, but won't be sped
 In Railway truckery.

If you held your Highlan' way,
 Snoov'd alang frae brae to brae,
 Cauler screams would thirst alay,
 An' cool your burnin' e'e.
 That your flesh and fat may thrive,
 Let the drover gently drive
 Where the road will yield a rive
 O' nature's greenery.

Stots, aft crowded head and tail,
 Swiftly whirled on rattling rail,
 Where nor grass nor water-ped
 Relieves your misery;
 By your pest and by your pains,
 By your truel's wi' filthy stains,
 By your steam-bewilder'd brains,
 Loud bellow—you'll be free!

When the gloamin turns to dark,
Seek repose in grassy park,
Rest will fit you for the wark
 O' neist day's trudgerie.
Farmers, does the Holy Book
Weekly rest for beasts o'erlook ?
Brave ye still the frowning look
 That blights your property !

Since His judgments are abroad,
Oh, submissive hear the rod ;
Grace for oxen greens the sod,
 An' decks the gowany lea ;
Then your Sunday trucks tak' aff,
Worship not the golden calf,
Turn, oh turn, from mammon's laugh
 To deep humility.

THE CLEAR, COOLING WAVE.

TUNE—" *The Scottish Blue Bells.*"

Let the vot'ry of Bacchus exult o'er his barrels,
And boast of his freedom while appetite's slave ;
We leave him the hotbed of bloodshed and quarrels,
And sing the pure fount with the clear, cooling wave.
Spring up lovely fountain, beneath the gray willow
While flowers in thy waters their loveliness lave,
And roll thro' the valley thy far-cheering billow,
While fields, flocks, and Rechabites hail thy clear wave.

Chor.—Then loud raise your voices in sweet swelling
 numbers,
And boldly the taunt of the Bacchanal brave ;
Till echo reply from the cave of her slumbers,
The green-margin'd fount with the clear,
cooling wave !

When thro' the parch'd wilderness Israel were straying,
 And o'er them as brass blaz'd the cloudless concave
 The rod-smitten Horeb, the signal obeying,
 Pour'd forth from her bosom the clear, cooling wave.
 When far on his journey the Prophet had sped him,
 His life from the hand of oppression to save,
 By ravens the bounty o' providence fed him,
 But left him to drink of the clear, cooling wave.
Chor.—Then loud raise your voices in sweet swelling
 numbers, &c.

To his cot, when the toil-wearied father has plodded,
 His child brings a draught from the cool, dripping cave;
 Tho' drink may force *laughter* from hearts care-corroded,
 Yet *happiness* beams o'er the clear, cooling wave!
 O Folly ungrateful, why tunc the valleys,
 And torture for *drink* what for *food* Mercy gave?
 While Wisdom, to furnish a health-flowing chalice,
 Distils thro' the fountain the clear, cooling wave.
Chor.—Then loud raise your voices in sweet swelling
 numbers, &c.

SANG O' THE UNEMPLOYED.

TUNE—"Bob and Joan."

I haedna nae employ
 Thro' a' this wintry wather;
 The meelocks I enjoy
 Wi' muckie shame I gather.

I lang had rowth o' wark,
 An' couldna fant the wages,
 Wi' hail coat an' clean sark,
 I sang like birds in cages.

But aye fan Feersday cam,
 I couldna pass the Public;
 My joy—a *pipe* an' *dram*,
 Wi' *chiels* that held a club-like.

My wife right cauldrie steed,
 An' listen'd at the shutter;
 The bairns aye girn'd for bread--
 They kentna fat was butter.

An' there I roar'd a sang,
 Tho' ebbin' fast my pocket,
 Syne i' the strynd ere lang
 My siller's worth I byockit!

An' gin I fan my wife
 Aside the Public stanin'
 Gin sclafferts was nae rife,
 She had her share o' bannin'.

The coppers that she got
 Was but the Public's leavins;
 Had I nae been a sot,
 I mith 'a had some *Savins*.

But now I'm out o' wark,
 Wi' credit a sad lack o',
 Fat sud hae fill'd my ark,
 Was war'd on drink an' 'bacco

Then shut ilk Public House,
 Frae Causey-En' to Futtie:
 Let Indignation loose
 To crush baith stoup an' cuttie.

Sae prays my "achin' void,"--
 Foul fa' tobacco-spinners;
 Soon into the Unemploy'd
 Be Publicans an' Sinners!