

THE  
WATER LILY:

CONTAINING

THE LICENSED GROCER;  
FA PUSHIONED THE DOGGIE?  
NEARING THE DAWN;  
THE NEW YEAR'S ADVICE;  
AND  
WATTIE'S PIPES.



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THE LICENSED GROCER.

TUNE—"The auld wife ayont the fire."

The name o' Grocer's but a sham;  
It's nae in butter, cheese, nor ham;  
The cent. per cent. flows i' the dram,  
    Retaild by licensed grocer;  
Ah, cauld an' hard's the merchant's hap,  
Tho' kind an' couthie kythes the chap;  
Gin spirits come nae whan ye rap,  
    Ye seek the licensed grocer.

Tho' rackless men an' scornfu' boys,  
That play in whisky-dens their ploys,  
An' coup the cap to sang an' noise,  
    May scorn the licensed grocer;  
Yet houffs o' drink wad pour disgrace  
On maid or matron's sober face;  
But fearless a' the path may trace  
    That leads to licensd grocer.

Wi' basket trig, while baby sleeps,  
For bits o' trocks the mithcr creeps;  
But frac its nook the *pistol* peeps,  
    An' glints on licensed grocer;  
As she behands a bing o' cheese,  
She glides ayont it, as she pries,  
An' gulps a glass—her corns to ease—  
    Wi' "luck to licensd grocer!"

He sums her pass book up fu' snell,  
 An' *sun'ries* he contrives to spell,  
 Lest *spirits* tales the man mith tell  
     That pays the licensed grocer.  
 Tho' twal', the gas is nae turned off;  
 Meg chaps an' seeks a *penny loaf*;  
 "Just ca't a *gill*," the passers scoff,  
     "An' hand the pley to Prosser!"

Ye lads for shorter time wha strive,  
 An' cast your tools aside at five,  
 Why *sax hours mair* should tipplers drive,  
     An' slave the licensed grocer?  
 An' men wha grudge the greedy till,  
 In *sun'ries* sniff the thriftless gill,  
 An' a combine to get a Bill,  
     To lowse the licensed grocer!

### FA PUSHIONED THE DOGGIE?

TUNE—"Cauld kail in Aberdeen."

Fat sets the quintra side a-steer  
 Frae lairds, to raggit rogie,  
 An' gentry cracking wi' the peer?—  
 But I maun watch my doggie.  
     For they the country side may scour,  
     Frae Boddam to the Bogie;  
 Gar fur and feathers flee like stour,  
     But maunna kill my doggie.

They're fley'd my doggie—canty tyke—  
 May chase a hare or rabbit;  
 Syne lay their pushion yont the dyke,  
 In hopes that he may gab it.  
     Oh, they the quintra side may scour, &c.

My doggie weirs the kye an' sheep,  
 An' wags his tail fu' vogie,  
 An' safe frae thieves the toun will keep,  
 My faithfu', waukrife doggie.  
 But ye the quintra side may scour, &c.

A member's sought for Parliament—  
 Tak' Marr o' Cairnbrogie,  
 An' he'll bring down the farmers' rent;  
 Nor tax their gun or doggie.  
 Then they the quintra side may scour, &c.

There's some wad hae a Soger lad,  
 That props the Kirk wi' fervour;  
 An' ithers frae the Landlord squad,  
 Wad tak' a game-preserver.  
 But they the quintra side may scour, &c.

The Laird that spak' sae glib an' crouse,  
 An' banter't cbiels that mockit,  
 Yet ken'tna Scotland's public house  
 On Sabbath days is lockit!  
 Sae they the quintra side may scour, &c.

The Soger votes 'gainst Wilfrid's bill,  
 That scrimps the drunkard's cogie;  
 But what care I for cap or gill,  
 Gin they lat be my doggie.  
 Sae they the quintra side may scour, &c.

The neist a Farmer lang has been,  
 'Bout land is guid at talkin';  
 But some preten' his hand's nae clean,  
 Wi' rabbit, grouse, an' maukin.  
 But they the quintra side may scour, &c.

As for religion, my peer muse  
 Sees little 'mang the threesum;  
 For ane on Sunday reads the news,  
 An' twa wad mak' it glesome.  
 Sae they the quintra side may scour, &c.

## NEARING THE DAWN.

"The fyrst is, that we haiff the rycht,  
And for the rycht ay God will fycht."—*The Bruce.*

TUNE—"Scots, wha hae." (*Con spirito*).

Men, adorned with civic chains,  
Men, ordained to guide the reins,  
Men, enriched by sordid gains,  
    Drained from cup and can ;  
Indignation scorns the Turk,  
Shocked by his atrocious work ;  
But your Bottles sheathe a durk,  
    Worse than yataghan ! \*

Statesmen growth in taxes want ;  
Magistrates must licence grant,  
When the Pastor writes a saint  
    Fit to foam a horn.

Drink extorts the madman's yell,  
Drags the sot to prison cell,  
Kicks wi' feet that women fell—  
    Plighted troth forsworn.

First when morn the landseape drest,  
Rapture filled the warbler's breast,  
Sparkling streams their joy exprest—  
    Brightly bloomed the lawn :  
But when darkness closed the bloom ;  
Dire amaze filled rapture's room ;  
Till the lark, above the gloom,  
    Met the smile of dawn !

So, when Britain's swelling bane  
Floods the street and fills the lane,  
And with tens of thousands slain  
    Stains another year ;  
When "the trade," with purpose dire,  
Turns our eorn to liquid fire,  
Luring crowds to treach'rous mire,  
    Sure the dawn is near !

\* A Turkish dagger.

See yon children wave in rags,  
 See their mothers cringe like scrag,  
 See how poison's casks and cags  
     Heart and home deform!  
 Tyrants from our fathers fled,  
 When for freedom's rights they bled;  
 Shall their sons be captive led,  
     Stung by Stillers' worm?

Why should Drink, with brazen stare,  
 Fill the land with crime and care,  
 And his victims—blotched and bare—  
     Plunge in ruin's night?  
 TEMP'RANCE' trump bids Scotland rise;  
 Join, ye brave, her bold emprise;  
 Sweep the land of Drunkards' styes—  
     Triumph crowns the right!

### THE NEW YEAR'S ADVICE.

TUNE—"Maggie Lauder."

While earth begins her yearly race  
 Around the flaming centre,  
 We drain the cups that ne'er disgrace,  
 An' daur Discord to enter;  
 Here Fathers walk in Rechab's way,  
 An' Mothers train like Hannah,  
 Nor purchase frae the men o' prey  
 Glenlivet or Devanha.

Here safe we place our girl or boy  
 Aside the blythsome mother;  
 While loud the wee thing craws for joy,  
 'Mang kisses like to smother;  
 Abhor the howfs o' drink accurst,  
 Young men, now hale and ruddy,  
 Lest grief the hearts o' parents burst,  
 When ye grow daized an' duddy!

Oh, cast afar baith quaich an' caup,  
 That mak' the skilled unhandy,  
 The mensefu' like a gomral gaup,  
 The mim-mou'd may, a randy;  
 Till nae reports o' feezin' corks  
 Release the fiendish spirit,  
 That stains the hearth wi' murder's works,  
 When husbands gang deleerit!

Tho' Elders douce distil an' brew,  
 An' Deacons fill the gill stoup;  
 Their drink as soon as mountain dew  
 Will gie your creels an ill coup;  
 The Fiend that wiled to chains an' night,  
 Can play the angel purely;  
 Sae wolves in sheep's attire bedight  
 May gulp the goats demurely.

Why Scotland o' your gifts deprive,  
 Your household o' your labour,  
 Nor help wi' food to store the hive,  
 But sorn upo' your neighbour?  
 Then droun the drunkard's slavish drouth,  
 Ye landsmen, townsmen, seamen;  
 Pursue the course o' life an' truth,  
 An' upright walk as freemen!

### WATTIE'S PIPES.

TUNE—"Killiecrankie."

"The toast 'the Clergy' having been drunk, Pipe-Major Watt convulsed the meeting by playing 'Old Hundred' on the pipes."—*Newspaper*.

What ails the folk o' Inverness?—  
 A public's changed its name, man;  
*Glen-Albyn* now for *Lorne* address;  
 Och, such is fleeting fame, man.

So clansmen, disregarding cost,  
 Wad haud a merry gyse, man,  
 An' gie a dinner to "mine host,"  
 Whase traffic swells th' excise, man.

When a' the feed was clean despatched—  
 The boiled, the fried, the roast, man—  
 The chairman his occasion watched,  
 An' gae baith speech an' toast, man.

Nae that they cared a pinch o' sneesh,  
 Gin 'twas a prince or ass, man;  
 But "hip, hurrah," ilk toast atweesh,  
 Bade fill the tither tass, man.

"The Clergy" gravely they propose—  
*Nae thanks disturbed the calm*, man,  
 Till Wattic's pipes, like snuffy nose,  
 Droned forth the *hunert psalm*, man.

Then *Christians* scarce could keep their chair,  
 They hobbilt, roared, an' leuch, man;  
 For tho' they missed the parson's prayer,  
 They gat the organ's sough, man.

Drink thus displayed the cloven hoof—  
 So prays ilk water-wise man,  
 "May minister's ayo stand aloof  
 Frae *mock'ry* in disguise, man.

"And aft the awfu' truth enforce,  
 A beacon to their flocks, man;  
 That a' that steer the drunkard's course,  
 Maun crash on Ruin's rocks," man!