

THE
WATER WARBLER:

CONTAINING

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

AND

THE SANG O' THE UNEMPLOYED.



PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS,

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 quaiçh or 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.

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 drunkard's wife,
Far better farcs 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 branded Bacchus' slaves,
Maun wallow fousome 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 Tattin's no' doun,
 Wi a' their raggit rogues;
 They turn the brain, an' tae'm 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 among 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,
 Yet need a body lat the toddy
 Mak the man a brute?

Let Labour's shanks leave shafts an' cranks,
 An' roam by mount or main;
 But shun the dens where tappit hens
 Cleck nought but shame an' pain;
 Ilka valley has a wallie,
 Free to loon an' laird;
 There fling 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 lat retailer
 Droun him in his grog?

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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,
Thero's little heat to tine !

Dinna leave your litle 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 cap a stronger drap,
Than stroup o' trackie pours ;—
 Then rosy health an' growin wealth
 Will cheer like simmer showr's !

THE RINDERPEST.

TUNE—" *Scots, Wha Hae.*"

Stots, by farmers purely bred,
 Stots, whose 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 streams would thirst allay,
 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-pail
 Relieves your misery ;
 By your pest and by your pains,
 By your trucks 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 of 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 rifle 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' muckle shame I gather.

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

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

My wife right cauld rife 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,
 Shē 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 'mo the Unemploy'd
 Be Publicans an' Sinners!