

THE
BENNACHIE BUDGET:

CONTAINING
THE STRAYED OX:
STAP THE FLOOD'S WALL-E'E;
TENANT-RIGHT;
HUNTLY'S BLESSIN';
AND
THE "OCCASIONAL" OF THE EXCISE.



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THE STRAYED OX.

TUNE—"Send Me."

Why condemn the self-concealer,
Leaving but an Ox to stray?
And applaud the spirit-dealer,
Luring souls to Satan's sway?
If a brother's Son should wander
From the path of life and truth,
Should you, like a cold by-stander,
For your profit blight his youth?

Know you not, the faithful Spirit
Solemn warning all hath given,
That no drunkard can inherit
Everlasting life in heaven?
What, you force not your *October*,
Or *Devanka* down his throat!
What, not bound to keep him sober,
Or refuse his hindmost groat!

Ah, the man who slew his brother
Asked—"Must I my brother keep?"
Gain may conscience try to smother;
Vengeance will not always sleep!

Can you love to brethren cherish,
 While their reason you deprave?
 Thro' your drink shall sinners perish,
 Whom their Friend has bled to save?

Sailors, thro' the foaming billow,
 Urge the life-boat to the wreck;
 And refuse to press their pillow,
 Till the last has left the deck;
 But your light—like wreckers' torches,
 Luring ships to ruin's rock—
 Draws our sons, like moths, and scorches,
 While their spoils increase your stock.

Love of money, like a canker,
 Eats the flesh and gnaws the soul;
 But can riches form an anchor,
 Sure and fast when tempests roll?
 No; the gold that fills your coffers,
 Happiness nor honour brings;
 What you net from drunken scoffers
 May escape on eagles' wings.

One day preachers ply their labours,
 Stripping Satan of his spoil;
 Six days long among your neighbours,
 Strive you not to mar their toil?
 Saturday brings drink and dances,
 Smutty song and wanton sports;
 Will the Sabbath's calm advances
 Draw your friends to Zion's courts?

Bid the Farmer to the Miller
 Bear the barley and the rye;
 Soon would Brewer and Distiller
 Find their bitter fountains dry.
 Grateful to the gracious Giver,
 Humbly yield to Mercy's sway;
 Slaves from chains of drink deliver,
 Lead them all in freedom's way.

STAP THE FLOOD'S WAIL-E'E,

TUNE—"Jenny's Bawbee."

When Friendship filled her siller tass,
 For laird or cottar, lad or lass,
 Langsyne naeboddy dared surpass
 A wee drap i' their e'e;
 The eummer warmed the caudle cup,
 The hame-come foamed a couthy sup,
 Whaur death had laid his cauldrie grup,
 They drank the kind dirgee.

As thro' the worm the wimplin' rill
 Sae gently trickles frae the still,
 What heart could dread sae muckle ill
 Could dreip frae feunt sae sma'.
 The rill has swall'd intil a spate,
 That pours its torrents air' an' late,
 An' sweeps to Ruin bauld an' blate
 Beyond remeid o' law.

For men, wi' demon's strength an' tongue,
 Now beat their wives an' ban their young,
 Syne leave them cow'rin', cauld, an' clung,
 An' birl the Barley-bree;
 Their wives for meat an' claes maun drudge,
 An' leave their bairns to rake the sludge,
 But lazy sots refuse to mudge
 While blest wi' ae bawbee,

Then, Scotland's sons, the fecht maintain,
 Till truth unlink the drunkard's chain,
 An' voters send to Stephen's fame,
 Bauld members true an' leal;
 There let them bar despotic plan,
 Nor laws devise for class or clan,
 Nor statesmen prop wi' cup an' can,
 That blight the commonweal.

While swinish drunkards, roll in slime,
 An' stain our land wi' blood an' crime,
 While poison, wasting manhood's prime,
 Frac fat an' still flows free;
 Let Temp'rance all her sons combine,
 While poison's streams turn men to swine,
 An', firm, resolve through aid Divine,
 To stop the flood's Wall-e'e!

TENANT-RIGHT.

TUNE—" *Wha' wadna fecht for Charlie?* "

Aberdeenshire, height an' hallow,
 Needs a south o' farmin' brain;
 Here the soil is deep—there shallow—
 This cries "fench, an' that cries drain.

Yet, when Harvest waves her tresses,
 Scatt'rin' gowd o'er Gerrie's lands,
 Aberdeen the prospect blesses—
 There her well-pang'd *Girnal* stands!

Wonderfu' the change on Buchan,
 Since the fires in Bruce's day!
 Slowly grew the tree an' clachan,
 Marking Labour's toilsome way.

Farms extended—rents were doubled—
 Planting rose in stately ranks;
 Till the game, in funz untroubled,
 Swarmed in hills an' sandy banks.

First the land was let for labour,
 Then the same was let for game,
 Till this "*begg'rin' o' my neig'bour*"
 Gart Conservatives cry "*shame!*"

Farmers aft to London traug'in',
 Cried—"Preserve us frae this game!"
 But the Culprits ruled the juglin',
 And ignored the Plaintiffs' claim.

Aberdeenshire donned her armour,
 Would not stand outside the door;
 Boldly sent a Tenant-Farmer,
 Rousing Justice from her snore.

But the man who once had furrowed
 Reeskie rig for seanty braird,
 Bought the land he sowed an' harrowed,
 So the Tenant turned a Laird.

Must our rights fa' wi' the tiller,
 And our prospects end in fog?
 Must our hopes o' vested siller
 Sink like spunkie i' the bog?

Mars rushed frae the braes o' Learny,
Esculapius Finzean plied;
 But a cry frae Mar to Cairnie
 Bade the gallant Gordon guide!

Douglas Gordon yet is youthfu',
 But that fault will daily mend;
 Like the Gordons, wise and truthfu',
 May their God his footsteps fend!

May his course be long and steady,
 Brightly blow the buds of youth;
 Thro' life's stream, may turbid eddy
 Ne'er betray a stifled truth!

HUNTLY'S BLESSIN'.

TUNE—"Maggy Lauder."

At Vict'lers' feast, o'er sparklin' glass,
 Lord Huntly, thanks expressin',
 Declared, that a' the workin' class
 In *Publics* found a *Blessin'*!

In smoky toun, or valley green,
 When stent or tax is pressin',
 Where could the sons o' toil convene,
 If nae in *Huntly's Blessin'*?

There wages they discuss an' spend,
 Tho' drink is trade depressin';
 Then give their wives, their fare to mend,
 A kick frae *Huntly's Blessin'*.
 In filth an' rags their offspring slouch,
 The neighbours sair oppressin';
 While fathers fill the tapster's pouch,
 For waughts in *Huntly's Blessin'*.

Tho' Boards may big an' garnish schools,
 The sober folk assessin';
 Yet drunkards' bairns will stand like snools,
 Depraved thro' *Huntly's Blessin'*.
 The Preacher warns, an' fervent prays,
 The nation's sins confessin';
 But tipplers scorn his sober says,
 Inspired by *Huntly's Blessin'*.

Young men an' maids, thro' a' the land,
 Are Hymen's torch depressin';
 But drink an' dance go hand in hand,
 Wi' shouts in *Huntly's Blessin'*.
 An' Publicans, that favoured race,
 Their gratefu' hearts expressin',
 On signs portray his Lordship's face,
 Inscribed wi' *Huntly's Blessin'*.

There crouse the *Northern Cock* may crow
 The midden-tap possessin';
 Frae Pentlan' Firth to Gallowa',
 Proclaimin' *Huntly's Blessin'*.
 Yes; far an' near, 'mong rich an' poor,
 Development's progressin';
 An' men for care may find a cure—
 But nae in *Huntly's Blessin'*.

THE "OCCASIONAL" OF THE EXCISE.

TUNE—"The Exciseman."

What's brewed an' stilled maun aye be swilled,
 Your drouth we ne'er despise, man;
 An' thanks we'll vent, since Parli'ment
 O'er Bailies set th' Exciseman.

Chorus.—He's nae awa, fair be his fa',
 Nor like to gang, the wise man;
 While drink can rax spontaneous tax,
 The State will back the Exciseman!

The Bailiehood, in bardach mood,
 May gie their wigs a hyse, man,
 An' daur our youth to sloke their drouth,
 As we had nae Exciseman.

Chorus.—He nae awa, fair be his fa', &c.

But dames an' chiels may crack their heels,
 An' hooch till morn surprise men;
 An' never fear, they'll want the gear,
 As lang's we've kind Excisemen.

Chorus.—He's nae awa, fair be his fa', &c.

Tho' Temp'rance sends her tonguey friends
 The Trade to stigmatise, man;
 Yet Bailies' power to stint your hour
 Is Baffled by th' Exciseman.

Chorus.—He's nae awa, fair be his fa', &c.

Then dance an' drink, till doon ye clink,
 Nor schape in haste to risé, man;
 An' for the joys o' midnight ploys,
 Drink "Luck to the Exciseman!"

Chorus.—He's nae awa, fair be his fa', &c.

FINIS.