

**FOUR  
POPULAR SONGS.**

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Rigs of the Fair.

My Mither men't my auld Breeks.

Black-Eyed Susan.

O say not Woman's Tongue is  
stopped.



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FALKIRK:  
PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS

SONGS.

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*Rigs of the Fair.*

Ye lads and lasses every where,  
That do reside in——fair,  
Attend a while unto my song,  
I'll warrant it will not keep you long.

Now——fair is come again,  
The lassies gay and brisk young men,  
Dress'd in their best I do declare,  
To——fair they all repair.

And as along the road they drive,  
Like fleas a jumping all alive,  
The girls to please, the young men try,  
The lads look cunning and so sly.

And when they come unto the style,  
Jock hands o'er Jenny with a smile,  
And when they're over— then good lack—  
They give the girls a hearty smack.

When to the fair they all are come,  
O then for brandy, gin and rum ;  
They buy them ribbons, gloves and rings,  
And more than twenty pretty things.

Besides there's lot of cakes and wine,  
 To eat and drink this merry time,  
 But the finest present out of sight,  
 To give them when its dark at night.

When day is gone and night is come,  
 The lassies cry "let us go home,"  
 But first of all they must advance  
 To a public house to have a dance.

And when they do commence with joy,  
 Some eat and drink—some kiss and toy,  
 And some do make so bold and free  
 As tickle the girls above the knee.

O when the clock it has struck One,  
 The landlord says, "you must begone:"  
 And when into the streets you've got,  
 Then arm in arm to home they trot.

To shield them from the cold or frost,  
 Jock puts his arms round Jenny's waist  
 But I'd have you mind, don't think it droll,  
 He'll slip his hand in your pocket hole.

So now my song is almost done,  
 I hope I have offended none;  
 For I assure each honest friend,  
 No sort of harm I do intend.

So all young lassies gay and free,  
 I'd had you be advised by me,  
 And choose the lad that will be a friend,  
 For fear of a slip at the nine months end.

*Black Eyed Susan.*

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,  
 The streamers waving to the wind,  
 When Black-eyed Susan came on board,  
 O where shall I my true-love find?  
 Tell me, jovial sailors, tell me true,  
 Does my sweet William sail among your crew?

William, who high upon the yard,  
 Rock'd by the billow to and fro.  
 Soon as her well-known voice he heard,  
 He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below:  
 The cords slide swiftly thro' his glowing hands,  
 And quick as light ning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark high poised in the air,  
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,  
 (If chance his mate's shrill voice he hear)  
 And drops at once into her nest:  
 The noblest captain in the British fleet,  
 Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear!  
 My vows shall ever true remain,  
 Let me kiss of that falling tear,  
 We only part to meet again:  
 Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be  
 The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,  
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;

They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,  
 In every port a mistress find ;  
 Yes, yes, believe them when they tell you so,  
 For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,  
 Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,  
 Thy breath in Afric's spicy gale,  
 Thy skin is ivory so white ;  
 Thus every beauteous object that I view,  
 Wakes in my soul some charms of lovely Sue

Though battles call me from thy arms,  
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn,  
 Though cannons roar, yet safe from harm  
 William shall to his dear return ;  
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly  
 Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,  
 The sails their swelling bosoms spread,  
 No longer must she stay a-board ;  
 They kiss'd ; she sigh'd ; he hung his head.  
 Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land.  
 Adieu she cries, and wav'd her lily hand.

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*My Mither men't my auld breeks.*

My mither men't my auld breeks,  
 An' vow but they were duddy,

An' sent me, to get shod our mear,  
 At Robin Lamison's smiddy;  
 The smiddy stands beside the burn,  
 That wimples through the clachan,  
 I never, yet, gae by the door,  
 But aye I fa' a laughin'

## CHORUS.

With my fal dal de dido,  
 Lal de do a dady O;  
 With my fal de dal dido,  
 Fal lal de do a daddy, O.

For Robin was a wathy earle,  
 An' had a bonnie dochter,  
 Yet ne'er wad let her tak' a man,  
 Tho' mony lads had sought her;  
 But what think ye o' my exploit?  
 The time our mear was shoeing,  
 I slippet up beside the lass,  
 An' briskly fell a-wooin'.

An' aye she e'ed my auld breeks,  
 The time that we sat crackin'  
 Quo' I my lass ne'er mind the elouts,  
 I've new anes for the makin':  
 But gin ye'll just come hame wi' me,  
 An' lea' the carle—your father,  
 Ye's get my breeks to keep in trim,  
 Mysel' and a' thegither.

Deed lad, quo she, your offer's fair;  
 I really think I'll tak' it,  
 Sae gang awa' get out the mear,  
 We'll baith slip on the back o't;

Fer gin I wait my father's time,  
 I'll wait till I be fifty,  
 But na;—I'll marry in my prime,  
 An' mak' a wife fu' thrifty.

Wow! Robin was an angry man,  
 At loosing o' his dochter:  
 Thro' a' the kintra-side he ran,  
 An' far and near he sought her;  
 But when he cam' to our fire-end,  
 An' fand us baith thegither,  
 Quo' I, gudeman, I've ta'en your bairn,  
 An' ye may tak' my mither.

Auld Robin girn'd and sheuk his pow,  
 Guid sooth! quo' he you're merry,  
 But I'll just tak' ye at your word,  
 An' end this hurry-burry:  
 So Robin an' our auld gudewife,  
 Agreed to creep thegither;  
 Now, I ha'e Robin Tamson's pet,  
 An' Robin has my mither.

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*Oh Say not Woman's tongue is stopped.*

Oh say not woman's tongue is stopped  
 By any human measure;  
 Oh say not woman's tongue is stopped  
 By aught but heaven's pleasure.

When first her tongue its language knows,  
 To stop it—vain endeavour;  
 Both day and night her clapper goes,  
 She talks and talks for ever.

Oh say not woman's voice is air,  
 And hurts not while it ranges;  
 To me its sounds can but compare,  
 To ringing peals and changes.

And when her thwarted passions storm,  
 Her tongue moves like a river,  
 To stop its course there is no charm,  
 It runs and runs for ever.

Oh say not woman's tongue grows old,  
 And with her eye will weaken;  
 Oh say not woman's tongue can't scold,  
 When with years it is stricken.

Ah! no, that tongue that once can talk,  
 Will quit its office never,  
 E'en when her legs no longer walk,  
 'Twill talk and talk for ever.

Thy wife's tongue never think to tire,  
 When scolding she is hot on:  
 All that you can t'avoid its ire,  
 Is stuff your ears with cotton.

For woman's tongue will soon oppose  
 All reason ere so elever;  
 It steps for neither words nor blows  
 But scolds and scolds for ever.