

FOUR POPULAR

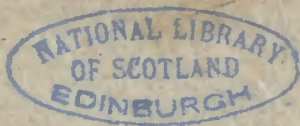
# Songs :

Viz.

WHAT MURRIAN NOW,  
THE GERMAN LAIRDIE.  
KENMURE'S ON AND AWA,  
AND  
THE MILLER



B. TAYLOR, PRINTER, FALKIRK



WHAT MURRIAN NOW.

What murrian now has ta'en the whigs,  
I think the're all gone mad sir;  
By dancing one-and-forty jigs,  
Our dancing may be bad sir.

The revolution principles,  
Have set their heads in bees then,  
They've fallen out among themselves;  
Shame fa' the first that grees them!

Did ye not swear in Anna's reign,  
And vow too and protest sir,  
If Hanover were once come o'er,  
Then we should all be blest, sir?

Since you got leave to rule the roast,  
Impeachments thro' a while sir,  
Our lords must steer to other coasts,  
Our lairds may leave the isle sir.

Now Britain may rejoice and sing,  
'Tis once a happy nation,  
Governed by a Germau thing,  
Our Sovereign by creation,

And whensoever this sovereign falls,  
 And pops into the dark sir,  
 O then we have a Prince of Wales.  
 The brat of Koningsmark sir.

Our king he has a cuckold's luck,  
 His praises we will sing sir,  
 For to a petty German Duke,  
 He's now a British King sir.

He was brought o'er to rule the greese,  
 But faith the truth I'll tell sir,  
 When he takes on his good name's gee,  
 He cannot rule himsel' sir.

And was there ever such a king,  
 As our brave German Prince sir,  
 Our wealth suplies him every thing  
 Save that he wants good sence sir,

Whilst Foreigners traverse our isle,  
 And drag our peers to slaughter,  
 This makes our gracious king to smile,  
 Our prince bursts out in laughter.

Our jails with British Subjects crammed,  
 Our scaffolds reek with blood sir,  
 And all but whigs and Duch are damned,  
 By the fanatic crowd sir.

Come let us sing our Monarch's praise,  
 And drink his health in wina sir,  
 For now we have braw happy days,  
 Like those of forty-nine sir.

### THE GERMAN LAIRDIE,

LORD wha's this we've gotton now !  
 Some wee bit German lairdie,  
 And when they gaed to bring him hame,  
 He was delving his kail yardie,  
 The thing it glowred and clawed it's head,  
 And strokit its wee bit beardie,  
 Laid by its spade and scrapit its shoon,  
 And steekit the door o' the yardie.

Put on its wig and braw new breeks—  
 Ye ken this was a rare day,  
 And pretty seemed in Whiggish e'en,  
 This braw wee German Lairdie.  
 It brushed its coat baith trig and clean,  
 And cried, Ist dies ein fair day,  
 Mein coat new poots vil smuthey be,  
 If das die vay be yerdy.

They rot him in a coach so fine,  
 And bade him ne'er fash his beardie,



The whigs wad coble and clean his shoon,  
 When he was England's lairdie.  
 But let us sing God save the king,  
 Our king though foul or fair be,  
 In spite o' wigs or brecks or Whigs,  
 Is this same German lairdie.

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KENMURE'S ON AND AWAY;

Kenmure's on and awa willie,  
 Kenmure's on and awa.  
 And Kenmure's lord's the bravest lord,  
 That ever Galloway saw.  
 Success to Kenmure's band willie,  
 Success to Kenmure's band,  
 There's no a heart that fears a Whig,  
 Thrt rides by Kenmure's hand.

There's a rose in Kenmure's cap willie,  
 There's a rose in Kenmure's cap.  
 He'el steep it red in ruddy heart's blude,  
 Afore the battle drap.  
 For Kenmure's lads are men willie,  
 For Kenmure's lads are men,  
 Their hearts and swords are metal true,  
 And that their faes shall ken,

They'll live or die wi' fame willie,  
 They'll live or die wi' fame,  
 And soon wi' sounding victsry,  
 May Kenmure's lads come hame.  
 Here's Kenmure's health in wine willie,  
 Here's Kenmure's health in wine,  
 There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blud  
 Nor yet o' Gordon's line.

His lady's cheeks were red willie.  
 His lady's cheeks were red  
 When she saw his steely jupes put on  
 Which smelled o' deadly feud.  
 Here's him that's far awa willie,  
 Here's him that's far awa,  
 And here's the flower that I lo'e best,  
 The rose that's like the snaw.

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## THE MILLER.

O merry may the maid be,  
 That marries the miller,  
 For foul day and fair day,  
 He's aye bringing till her,

He's aye a penny in his pouch,  
 For dinner and for supper,  
 And gin she please a good fat cheese  
 And lumps o' yellow butter.

Behind the door a bag of meal,  
 And in the kist was plenty,  
 Of good hard cakes his mither bakes  
 And bannocks were na scanty,  
 A good fat sow a sleeky cow,  
 Was standing in the byre,  
 Whilst lazy puss with mealy mouse  
 Was playing at the fire.

Good signs are these my mither  
 And bids me tak the miller, [says  
 For foul day and fair day,  
 He's aye bringing till her.  
 For meal and malt she does na want,  
 Nor ony thing thas's dainty,  
 And now and then a keckling hen,  
 To lay her eggs in plenty.

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In winter when the wind and rain,  
Blaws o'er the house and byre,  
He sits beside a clean hearth-stane,  
Before a rousing fire ;  
With nut brown ale he tells his tale,  
Which rows him o'er fu' nappy,  
Who'd be a king—a petty thing,  
When a miller lives so happy.

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