

The Lafs

WITH THE

Twa-handed Wheel.

To which is added,

Bonaparte's

Gone to St. Helena.

The Rambling Boy.

AND

Up in the Morning early.



Falkirk—T. JOHNSTON, Printer.

1817.

LASS Wi' the TWA-HANDED WHEEL.

IN my youth I became a great tramper,
 till love set my head in a creel;
 Thro' city and town I did scamper,
 O'er ilk hill, muir, mountain, and dale.
 'Twas then I gaed to the mishanter,
 when fore'd frae the arms o' sweet Nell;
 Fate said I would never supplant her,
 the Lass wi' the twa-handed Wheel.

Leander in love was ne'er blinder,
 like him I ran straught on extremes;
 I tried ev'ry-where for to find her,
 from bonny sweet Tay to the Thames;
 Then I ran to the sea helter-skelter,
 and rang'd o'er the banks o' the Nile,
 I fought thro' renown'd Gibraltar
 for the Lass wi' the twa handed Wheel.

I went to the gude town of Cadiz,
 to see if her there I could find,
 But nane o' braw Spanish ladies
 could in the least alter my mind.

Spain, Portugal I did abandon,
 and seas mountains high I did speel,
 Thro' England I travell'd to London,
 for the Lads wi' the twa-handed Wheel.

But beauty it soon turns tasteless,
 and luxury likewise grows stale,
 For Cupid had render'd me restless,
 'till arriv'd in the land of Oatmeal;
 There I met wi' the pride o' Dunnottar,
 for whom I had long stood at drill,
 Sae blyth in AULD REEKIE I got her,
 the Lads wi' the twa-handed Wheel.

O fools may gae hunt after riches,
 they're nought but a trifling garb,
 Tho' my bonny Lass is nae Dutchess,
 yet ilk year she spins me a web:
 For beauty and virtue's her portion,
 now and then there's a lass or a chiel;
 I ne'er will repent my exertions
 for the Lads wi' the twa-handed Wheel.

And now I have baith peace and pleasure,
 my mind it is settl'd and still,
 My Nell's my delight and my treasure,
 and love her for ever I will.
 Tho' now I've been seven years married,
 new joys ev'ry day I do feel!
 I'll ay bless the time I preferred
 the Lads wi' the twa-handed Wheel.

She's aae senseless vain idle taupie,
 gaen clashin' about here and there,
 She studies to make me ay happy,
 and snod-like at Kirk and at Fair;
 'Mang neighbours she raises nae ferment,
 house-secrets does never reveal.
 But sits in the house wi' contentment,
 and tugs at the twa-handed Wheel.

~~~~~

BONAPARTE's gone to St. HELENA.

NOW Bonney is awa',
 From his warring and fightin'
 He is gone to the place
 That he ne'er can delight in;
 He may sit now and tell
 Of the scenes he hath seen a',
 While forlorn he doth mourn
 On the Isle St. Helena.

No more at St. Clouds
 He'll appear in great splendour,
 Nor go forth with his crouds,
 Like the Great Alexander;

(5)

He may sigh to the winds,
 By the great mount Diana,
 With his eyes o'er the waves
 That surrounds St. Helena.

Now Lousiana weeps
 For her husband departed ;
 She dreams while she sleeps,
 And she wakes broken-hearted :
 Not a friend to condole,
 Even those that might, they winna ;
 Now she mourns while she thinks
 On the Isle St. Helena.

The rude rushing waves
 A' our shores round are washing,
 And the great billows heaves
 A' the wild rocks a-dashing ;
 He may look upon the mon,
 And think on Lousiana,
 With his heart full of woe,
 On the Isle St. Helena.

Now you that have great wealth,
 Be aware of ambition ;
 For some decree of fate
 Soon may change your condition ;

Be ye stedfast in time,
 For what's to come ye kenna;
 May be, your race may end
 At the Isle St. Helena.

—XXXXXXXXXX XXXXXX XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX—

THE RAMBLING BOY.

I was a rake and a rambling boy,
 both free from toil and care;
 The lasses all admired me,
 as I rov'd from fair to fair:
 The lasses they admired me,
 as I rov'd from town to town;
 But now I'm married to a wife,
 and the world's turn'd upside-down.

As I went out one May-morning,
 to rake and make some hay,
 I met with an old acquaintance,
 which caus'd me to stay;
 We had not drank a gill but one,
 till my wife came to the town;
 To scold and brawl she did begin,
 and the world turn'd upside-down.

(7)

Come sit you down my loving wife,
 there's nothing we have got here
 Like thunder in the element
 she rattled in my ears!
 And the gill stoup she did take up,
 saying, she would crack my crown,
 Which makes the matter ten times worse,
 and the world's turn'd upside-down.

As I went out in a morning clear,
 I met with Granitywell,
 With her I set me down a while,
 to tell my doleful tale;
 Then Grannie she made this reply,
 with a dark and dismal frown,
 Why did you not her sides well beat,
 and turn her upside-down?

Then I went home to my loving wife,
 she began to scold and brawl;
 I took old Granie's good advice,
 and her sides I did well maul;
 From that to this she's as good a wife
 as ever comes to town;
 From her I ne'er had a word of strife,
 since I turn'd her upside-down.

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

CAULD blaws the wind frae east to wast,
the drift is driving fairly;

Sae loud and shrill's I hear the blast,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

Up in the morning's no for me,
up in the morning early;

When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

The birds sit chittering in the thorn,
a' day they fare but sparely;

And lang's the night frae e'en to morn,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

Up in the morning's, &c.

F I N I S.

* ~ ~ ~ ~ * ~ ~ ~ ~ *

FALKIRK—T. JOHNSTON, PRINTER.

1847.