

# Jamie's Bad Wife.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

Success to the Loom.

The Delicate Maid.

Labour in Vain.

The Season of Love.



FALKIRK—Printed by T. JOHNSON.

## JAMIE'S BAD WIFE.

**O** JAMIE lad, hear my advice,  
 And warnin' tak' by me, man;  
 For if ye get a wife like me,  
 You'll rue't until ye die, man;  
 For when I hrt I was in my youth,  
 Like you, I then cou'd quench my drouth,  
 But now I darena wet my mouth,  
 For Maggy's tongue, de'il drive her south  
 To some place far awa', man.

On Sunday, if I spier for Will,  
 She swears I'm seeking drink, man;  
 Then o'er my head, wi' furious rage,  
 The tangs aloud will clink, man.  
 This is the life that I must bear,  
 She'll harle out my very hair;  
 And then she'll rage, and curse, and swear,  
 And cry, Ye dog, I'll gi'e ye mair,  
 Tho' for ye I should die, man.

And, Jamie, when I got her first,  
 I thought mysel' enrich'd, man!  
 Her beauty, and her bonny claes  
 They had me sae bewitch'd, man.  
 I had nae power to see her ill,  
 She led me captiv e at her will,  
 Poor simple youth, I hadna skill,  
 But thought that she was like mysel',  
 For love and unity, man.

But when the fatal knot was tied,  
 I found I was betray'd, man ;  
 For she was fill'd wi' nought but strife,  
 And foolish empty pride, man.  
 I sit as mute as ony sot,  
 Wi' no a word out o' my throat,  
 Till o'er my head the chamber-pot  
 In twenty pieces it is broke,  
 And then I'm forc'd to flee, man.

And if her wants I can't supply,  
 She'll flee like fire on me, man ;  
 And let the pinch be ne'er so great,  
 She cries aloud for tea, man.  
 And if I bid her gang to wirk,  
 She flees at me like ony Turk ;  
 Wi' venom she could cut my throat,  
 Or shoot me dead upon the spot :  
 She's fill'd with cruelty, man.

Some says that I should thresh her weel,  
 And I should taan her hide, man ;  
 The oil o' a gude hazel rung,  
 They say, would lay her pride, man.  
 But I dinna like to try that plan,  
 It mak's but little o' a man,  
 To say that he wou'd lift his han' ;  
 For instance, there, our neighbour Tam,  
 He's just as ill as me, man.

But Jamie, whan ye wale a wife,  
 Lay beauty a' aside, man ;  
 The pleasures o' a virtuous wife  
 Are beyond a bonny bride, man :

Think on their wild deceitful ways,  
 Their painted checks, and bonny claes;  
 They're like a stockin' fu' o' flaes,  
 That will torment ye a' your days,  
 Until the day ye dié, man.

For the bravest lasses, aft, I see,  
 Turns out the greatest daws, man;  
 For when a man and bairns they get,  
 It's rags in place o' brows, man.  
 But whan a wife ye gang to seek,  
 Look for ane that's mild and meek,  
 Wi' modesty on ilka cheek,  
 And then your joys will be complete  
 Until the day ye die, man.

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### SUCCESS TO THE LOOM.

*Let the learn'd and unlearn'd still pursue their fond  
 schemes,  
 And pursue the same end by quite different means;  
 We weavers can never know sorrow nor gloom,  
 While commerce is brisk, and we work on our loom.*

*The coxcomb thinks happiness center'd in self,  
 The Statesman in pow'r, the miser in pelf,  
 The heir when he sees his old sire in the tomb;  
 But the bliss of us weavers is fix'd in our loom.*



## THE DELICATE MAID.

I told a sweet damsel a tender soft tale,  
 Each eve as we sat in the shade;  
 In hopes that in time my fond suit might prevail,  
 For she was a delicate maid.

I said that my love was so ardent and true,  
 That nothing my passion could cure;  
 But she only answer'd Ah! what will you do?  
 'Tis a pity indeed, to be sure.

I play'd on my pipe and sung a soft song,  
 The sentiments warm from my heart;  
 She listen'd attentive, but then ere 'twas long,  
 Declar'd it was time to depart.  
 I press'd her white hand with a languishing smile,  
 And said Pity the pangs I endure!  
 But no other answer cou'd gain all the while,  
 Than 'tis pity indeed, to be sure.

At length little Cupid assisted my plan,  
 To soften the nymph to my mind;  
 My wishes to crown, and my heart more to span,  
 She soon became tender and kind.  
 To church the next day she consented to go,  
 Suspense I no longer endure,  
 For wedlock's the greatest delight we can know,  
 'Tis charming indeed, to be sure.

To exercise us'd. and to temperance inclin'd,  
 We enjoy health of body, and sweet peace of mind;  
 And while the pale ruke in disease meets his doom,  
 Content throws her crimson on us at the loom.

The sword and the scales of strict justice we bear,  
 And, like good Free-Masons, still act by the square;  
 In our souls no mean passion shall ever find room,  
 For honour and honesty wait on the loom.

Tho' wickedness reigns in camp, council, and hall,  
 'Tis foolish, I'm sure, to be wicked at all:  
 Mind this all ye folks, from the glibe to the comb;  
 And be merry and wise, like the lads of the loom.

As as to you Ladies who caper and dance,  
 With the Eunuchs of Rome, the cotillons of France,  
 O waste not on such empty trifles your bloom,  
 But cherish the products and lads of the loom.

But if you must needs have some music at night,  
 Sure a good Scots tune may afford you delight;  
 Then a lilt you may dance with the brave Captain Plume,  
 Or make merry with the lad that works at the loom.

Above your own country prize not foreign parts,  
 Nor let their gay toys gain your purses or hearts,  
 Nor foolishly spend at Bath, Paris, or Rome,  
 What at home would be wisely laid out on the loom.

Why, Ladies, run to foreign markets to buy,  
 When your own manufactures will you supply?  
 Be advis'd by a friend---impair not your bloom,  
 With washes and paints---but apply to the loom.

## LABOUR IN VAIN.

*In search of some lambs, from my flocks that  
had stray'd,*

*One morning I roam'd o'er the plain;  
But, alas! after all the enquiries I made;  
I found it was labour in vain.*

*Then vex'd and fatigu'd, I reclin'd on the shade,  
And sung how young Colin the swain,  
My love to obtain with endearments essay'd,  
But he sigh'd, and he sooth'd me in vain.*

*Alas! me silly fool, thus I chid my coy heart,  
Who cou'd let him unpitied complain,  
And suffer a bosom untainted with art,  
To despair, and to labour in vain.*

*From the copse full of rapture my Colin flew light;  
Where he lurk'd, and baa'd my fond strain;  
Now, now, said he, fenny, my passion requite,  
And no more let me labour in vain.*

*Blushing I gave hand and heart to the youth,  
While he thank'd me again and again;  
And now to deny a return to his truth,  
Lackady! it were labour in vain.*

## THE SEASON OF LOVE.

Bright Sol is return'd the winter is o'er,  
 His all-bearing beams do nature restore;  
 The cowslip and daisy the violet and rose,  
 Each garden each orchard does fragrance  
 disclose;

The birds cheerful notes are heard in each grove,  
 All nature confesses the season of love

The Nymphs and the Shepherds come tripping  
 a-main.

All hasten to join in the sports of the plain;  
 Our rural diversions are free from all guile;  
 The face that is honest securely can smile:  
 The heart that's sincere in affection may prove  
 All nature's mild force in the season of love.

O come then Philander, with Sylvia away,  
 Our friends that expect us, accuse our delay;  
 Let's haste to the village the sports to begin,  
 I'll strive for my Shepherd the gauntlet to win.  
 But see his approach whom my heart does  
 approve!

Who makes ev'ry hour the season of love.

F I N I S.

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