

The Jolly
Weaver's
GARLAND.

To which is added,

Get up & bar the Door,

AND

The Lovely Nymph.



Falkirk, Printed by T. Johnston. 1815.

JOLLY WEAVER'S GARLAND.

IN former times, when meal was dear,
 we carried on a flir, man!
 But now, since markets they have fallen,
 it stopped a' our birr, man.
 We often to the tavern went,
 where we for wine did ca', man;
 But now the victual sells so low,
 we scarce small ale may fa', man.

As for the poor, we care na by,
 tho' far beneath the earth, man,
 They bury'd were, could we obtain
 the money and our mirth man.
 This will appear, as may seem clear,
 when meal at double price, man,
 Would not you please, but you must ha'e't
 advanced up to thrice, man.

Our sins, we own, they are the cause
 why we sustain'd this ill, man;
 But we've resolv'd our wicked ways
 no more for to fulfill, man.
 Why then, O farmer! why such hate
 against both good and ill, man?

Could ye think in this to succeed,
and ay to get your will, man ?

Nay, but you must learn a difference
to put the two between, man ;

It is so here, and after will
more plainly yet be seen, man.

The precious and the vile are those
that never can agree, man ;

Nor ought they to be serv'd alike,
by either you or me, man.

Know thou that righteous Providence
doth unto thee impart, man,

A just reward for thy misdeeds,
and hardness of thy heart, man.

O Bonnieparte, the farmer's friend,
who did their trade advance, man,

Why art thou now so low become,
and turned out of France, man ?

Thou, who the nations of the world
did sore with war oppress, man,

Art now a little man become,

I wonder ye're no less, man :

For had I had the management,

I vow and swear that I, man,

Had certainly your head cut off,
and made you quickly die, man.

For O the ills that ye conceiv'd,
and deeds that you have done, man !
It were enough to fright a knave,
and make him your ways shun, man.
For ye've done ill to our own trade,
and made it very scarce, man ;
Which sets my spirit up on edge,
and makes me wonderous fierce, man !

You burnt our webs, when sent to France,
or where-ever you had power, man ;
I hope you do repent that deed,
now in your Elba bower.

You shut the ports, and ruin'd trade
among the nations a', man,
Till from your tyrant throne you fell,
and got a dreadfu' fa', man.

But after all I do not stand,
your bad ways to rehearse, man,
But shall unto the farmer give
a word or two in verse, man.
Now, farmer, when Bonnie's away,
can e'er you think that ye, man,

Shall see the meal at three a-peck,
nae, nae, it ne'er shall be, man.

Why then, O sorry farmer, why
do ye hing down your head, man,
And look i' the ground wi' sic dismay,
as if you were quite dead, man?

I trust it is for sin that ye
in heart are so aggriev'd, man;
And not for to reflect that ye
the poor have not mischiev'd, man.

Up wi' your heart, the time may come,
when meal shall rise a-wee, man;

But never look to see't again
amount to shillings three, man.

Then, honest farmer, when thy trade
on earth grows very low, man,

Endeavour ye on higher thoughts
your time far to bestow, man:

This would afford you comfort, when
time's things doth pass away, man;

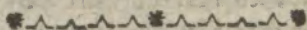
And ever-more comfort your heart,
time without end, I say, man.

This I, from my experience,
do speak, and to you show, man:

And evermore I'll happy be,
 tho' I had nought below, man.

Now, Gentlemen, who may attend,
 I hope ydu plainly see, men,
 The truth of what I here relate,
 'tis plain, as plain's can be, men.

By P. M. W. F. 1815.



GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR.

It fell upon the Martinmass time,
 and a gay time it was then,
 When our goodwife got puddings to make,
 and she's boil'd them in a pan.
 The wind sae cauld blew south and north,
 and blew into the floor;
 Quoth our goodman to our goodwife,
 Get up and bar the door.

My hand is in my huffy'f skap
 Goodman, as ye may see; (years,
 An' it shou'd nae be barr'd this hundred
 its no be barr'd for me.

They made a paction 'tween them twa,
they made it firm and sure,
That the first word whae'er shou'd speak,
shou'd rise and bar the door.

Then by there came two gentlemen,
at twelve o'clock at night,
And they could neither see house nor hall,
nor coal, nor candle-light.

Now, whether is this a rich man's house,
or whether is't a poor?

But never a word wad ane o' them speak,
for barring o' the door.

And first they ate the white puddings,
and then they ate the black;

Tho' muckle thought the gudewife to
yet ne'er a word she spake. (hersel,

Then said the one unto the other,

Here man, tak ye my knife;

Do ye tak aff the auld man's beard,
and I'll kiss the goodwife.

But there's nae water in the house,
and what shall we do than?

What ails you at the pudding-bree,
that boils into the pan?

O, up then started our goodman,
 an angry man was he!
 Will ye kiss my wife before my een,
 and scad me wi' pudding-bree?

Then up and started our goodwife,
 gied three skips on the floor;
 Goodman, you've spoken the first word,
 get up and bar the door.

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THE LOVELY NYMPH.

LOVELY Nymph, assuage my anguish;
 at your feet, a tender swain
 Prays you will not let him languish;
 one kind look would ease his pain.
 Did you know the lad that courts you,
 he not long need sue in vain;
 Prince of song, of dance, and sports, you
 you scarce will meet the like again.

F I N I S.

Falkirk—T. Johnston, Printer.