

The Young Lasses'
SONG,

OR,

What wou'd a Young Lassie do
wi' an Auld Man.

AND

Bonaparte o'er the Sea,
Auld Gudeman
Ye're a Drunken Body,
Lord Nelson's Garland.



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THE
YOUNG LASSES' SONG.

WHAT can a young lassie,
What shall a young lassie,
What can a young lassie do wi'
an auld man?

Bad luck on the penny,
'That tempted my minnie
To sell her poor Jenny for filler an' lan'.
Bad luck, &c.

He's always compleenin'
Frae morning till e'enin',
He hofts and he hirples the weary
day lang;

He's doyl't and he's dozin,
His blude it is frozen,
O! dreary's the night wi' a crazy
auld man!

He hums and he hankers,
He frets and he cankers;
I never can please him, do a' that I can:
He's peevish and jealous
Of a' the young fellows:
O! dool on the day I met wi' an
auld man!

Hech, gudewife, ye're a flytin body,
 flytin body;
 Will ye hae, but, gude be prais'd,
 the Wit ye want;
 The puttin cow should be aye a daddie,
 aye a daddie;
 Mak na sic an awfome reel.

Ye're a fow, auld man,
 Ye get fou, auld man;
 Fu' shame, auld man,
 To your wame, auld man;
 Pinch'd I win, wi' spinin tow,
 A plack to clead ye're back and pow.

It's a lie, gudewife,
 It's your tea, gudewife;
 Na, na, gudewife,
 Te spend a', gudewife,
 D'na fa' on me pell-mell,
 Ye like the drap fu' weel yourself.

Ye's rue, auld gouk, your jest and frolic,
 jest and frolic;
 Dare ye say, goose, I ever lik'd to tak
 a drappy!

An' 'twerna juft for to cure the colic,
 cure the colic,
 Deil a drap wad weet my mou.

Troth, gudewife, ye wadna fwither,
 wadna fwither,
 Soon foon to tak a cholic, when it brings
 a drap o' cappy.
 But twa fcore years we hae fought the-
 fought thegither, (gither,
 Time it is to gree, I trow.

I'm wrang, auld Jehn;
 Owre lang, auld Jehn,
 For nought, gude Jehn,
 We hae fought, gude Jehn;
 Let's help to bear ilk ither's weight,
 We're far owre fecklefs now to fight.

Ye're right, gudewife,
 The night, gudewife,
 Our cup, gude Kate,
 We'll fup, gude Kate,
 Thegither frae this hour we'll draw,
 And toom the ftoup atween us twa.

LORD NELSON'S GARLAND:

To England's fame another ray
Is added, boys, this glorious day!
And sad despair is on its way

To gall the bold invader,
Who swore he would our isle subdue;
Said Nelson, 'D—me if you do!

' For should your fleet

' With Britain's meet, (slaves:

' We'll make you yield like dastard

' For Britain still must rule the waves,

' In spite of Gasconaders.'

In Cadiz harbour long confin'd,
' The French and Spanish fleet combin'd,
Came out, to future evil blind,

Nor dreamt we were so near, boys.

Brave Nelson's heart it beat with glee;

' Now is your time, my boys,' said he,

' To give the blow,

' Lay Frenchmen low:

' Of twenty, boys, we may make sure,

' And honours for that King secure,

' Whom Britain doth revere, boys.'

To arms we flew, their line was broke,
 And all around was lost in smoke,
 While Nelson gave the potent stroke

That crush'd their proud armada.

But fate for us had ill in store,
 A loss which we must e'er deplore ;

A fatal shot,

Oh! cruel lot!

Wounded the hero of the Nile,

While envy did malignant smile,

On board the *Trinidad*.

Then to revenge his loss let's fly,
 Like Britons conquer, boys, or die,
 For dearly's earn'd the victory

Which by his death is won, boys ;

But, tho' he dies, his name shall live ;
 In future ages ardour give ;

Our tars inspire

With martial ire,

While to each Briton ever dear,

They'll sigh, and drop a briny tear,

To think his race is run, boys.

F I N I S.

—○—
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