The Young Laffes' 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 Nelfon's Garland.



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YOUNG LASSES' SONG.

WHAT can a young laffie, What fhall a young laffie, What can a young laffie do wi' an auld man? Bad luck on the penny, That tempted my minnie To fell her poor Jenny for filler an'lan'. Bad luck, &c.

He's always complemin' 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 frezen,
O! dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man!

He hums and he hankers, He frets and he cankers; I never can plleafe him, do a' that I can: He's peevifh and jealous Of a' the young fellows: O! dool on the day I met wi' an auld man! My auld auntie Katie Upon me taks pity ; I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan ; I'll crofs him, and wrack him, Until I heart-break him, And then his auld brafs will buy me a new pan.

(3)

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Bonaparte o'er the Sea.

BONAPARTE, o'er the fea, Threatens you, and threatens me; But, fingle-handed tho' we be, We'll whiftle o'er the lave o't:

Let him come, or let him fend, Back again he'll never bend; Our ifland is his journey's end, He'll only find a grave o't.

And for the fiend-like fons of flrife, Wha'd flain the foil that gie'd us life, By a' that's dear to man and wife, An inch they'll never have o't. We'll fight like men who dare be free; We'll gar them fa', or gar them flee; And when we've drown'd them i' the fea, We'll whiftle o'er the lave o't.

(4)

In his King and Country's caufe Blefs'd is he who nobly fa's; Loud fame proclaims him in her ha's, And glory tells the brave o't.

Londfound your pipes, your chanters blaw To arms! to arms! huzza! huzza! Our King, our Liberty and Law, Our Country, or a grave o't.

AULD GUDEMAN YE'RE A DRUNKEN CARLE.

Auld gudeman, ye're a drunken carle, drunken carle, A' the lang day ye wink and drink, and gape and gaunt; Of Scottifh loons ye're the pink and pearl, pink and pearl, Ill-far'd, doited, ne'er-do-weel. Hech, gudewife, ye're a flytin body, flytin body; Will yo hae, but, gude be prais'd, the Wit ye want; The puttin cow fhould be aye a doddy, aye a doddy; Mak na fic an awfome reel.

(5)

Ye're a fow, auld man, Ye get fou, auld man; Fy fhame, auld man, The our wame, auld man; Pinch'd I win, wi' fpinin tow, A plack - clead ye're back and pow.

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

Ye's rue, auld gouk, your jeft and frolic, jeft and frolic; Dare ye fay, goofe, I ever lik'd to tak a drappy! 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 thefought thegither, (gither, Time it is to gree, I trow.

I'm wrang, auld John; Owre lang, auld John, For nought, gude John, We hae fought, gude John; 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 floup atween us twa.

LORD NELSON's GARLAND.

(7)

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

To gall the bold invader, Who fwore he would our ifle fubdue; Said Nelfon, "D-me if you do!

· For fhould your fleet -

With Britain's meet, (flaves:
We'll make you yield like daltard
For Britain flill mult rule the waves, In fpite of gafconaders.'

In Cadiz harbour long confin'd, The French and Spanish fleet combinid, Carbo out, to future evil blind, Nor dreamt we were fo near, boys. Brave Nelfon's heart it beat with glee; 'Now is your time, my boys,' faid he, 'To give the blow,

' Lay Frenchmen low:

' Of twenty, boys, we may make fure,

" And Iwnours for that King focure,

' Whom Britain doth revere, boys.'

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To arms we flew, their line was broke, And all around was loft in finoke, While Nelfon gave the potent fireke

That crush'd their proud armada. But fate for us had ill in flore, A lofs which we must e'er deplore;

A fatal fhot,

Oh! cruel lot! Wounded the hero of the Nile, While envy did malignant finile, On board the Trinidada.

Then to revenge his lofs 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 fhall live; In future ages ardour give;

Our tars inspire

With martial ire, While to each Briton ever dear, They'll figh, and drop a briny tear, To think his race is run, boys.

FINIS.

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