

40.

Robin Aboon ;

To which are added,

STEER HER UP AND HAD HER GAWN.

A sup of good Whisky.

HIGHLAND LAD MY LOVE WAS BORN.



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ROBIN A'BOON.

My name is Robin A'boon,
my age is twenty and four,
I married last midsummer morn,
for the sake of a plentiful store.
My wife she's decrepp'd and old,
and scarce has an eye for to see
But I knew she had plenty of gold,
or the d—l should have had her for me.

Though I be young brany, and fat,
and Dolly my comical bride,
Her locks are as grey as a rat,
and her nose it stands all on one side:
I stroak'd her old cheek with my hand,
in a few words we soon did agree,
My wife has abundance of gold,
or the d—l should have had her for me.

The very first visit I paid,
she gave me a delicate ring,
So lovingly as we did agree,
Oh! then she began for to sing.

She pray'd for my prosp'rous health,
 so lovingly we did agree,
 At first she show'd me her wealth,
 or the d—I should have had her for me.

She promis'd to make me the lord,
 of every penny she had,
 So lovingly as we did accord,
 all peop'e did think me mad ;
 But the end of my fingers did itch,
 to handle the gold I did see,
 I knew very well she was rich,
 or the d—I should have had her for me.

Her stumps they are rotten and black,
 for teeth she has none in her head,
 And with a great hump on her back,
 she waddled away to be wed.
 I laugh'd at the comical sight,
 to think that she wedded must be,
 For if that she had not been rich,
 the d—I should have had her for me.

keep both my hawks and houn'ls,
 and often a hunting I go,
 Sometimes upon other folk's grounds,
 catch a young canny or so,

Of which I am wondrous proud,
 my wife to the same did agree,
 And if liberty was not allow'd,
 the d—l should have had her for me.

Oft-times have I crossed the seas,
 where thundering cannoas do rear,
 But now I live at my ease,
 drinking humming good liquor gaiore:
 I'll cast off my tarpauling rags
 and on with some clothes that are free,
 My wife had abundance of bags,
 or the d—l should have had her for me.

Her husband when he was alive,
 he liv'd upon usury then,
 He made it his trade to contrive,
 to cheat and defraud honest men;
 But now he is laid in the dust,
 and I'm her young husband to be,
 She show'd me her riches at first,
 or the d—l should have had her for me.

Old wives love men that are young;
 young men love money likewise,
 Court them with a flattering tongue,
 and soon they'll surrender the prize:

Since it has been my prosp'rous lot,
 I wish her no more of ill,
 I have got all the money she had,
 let her die now as soon as she will.

STEER HER UP AND HA'D HER GAWIN.

O steer her up and ha'd her gaw'n,
 her mither's at the mill; ja;
 But gin she winna tak a man,
 e'en her let tak her will, jo.

Play thee, lad leave silly thinking,
 cast thy cares of love away:
 Let our sorrows drown in drinking,
 'tis daffin' langer to delay;

See that shining glass of claret,
 how invitirgly it looks;
 Tak it aff and let's hae mair o't.
 pox on fighting, trade, and books.

Let's ha'e pleasure while we're able,
 bri g us in the meikle bowl,
 fac't on the middle of the table,
 and let wind and weather howl.

Ca'l the drawer, let him fill it
 fou, as ever it can hold :
 O tak tent ye dinna spill it,
 'tis mair precious far than gold.

By you've drunk a dozen bumpers,
 Bacchus will begin to prove
 Spite of Venus and her mumpers,
 drinking better is than love.

A SUP OF GOOD WHISKY.

A sup of good whisky will make you glad,
 Too much of the creature will make you mad ;
 If you take in reason 'twill make you wise ;
 If you drink to excess it will close up your eyes ;
 Yet Father and Mother,
 And Sister and Brother,
 They all love a sup in their turn.

Some preachers will tell you to drink is bad,
 I think so too——if there's none to be had ;
 The Swadler will bid you drink none at all ;
 But while I can get it a fig for them all ;
 both Layman and Brother,
 In spite of this pother,
 Will take a sup in their turn,
 and soon they'll be better.

Some Doctors will tell you 'twill spoil your health
 And justice will say 'twill reduce your wealth:
 Physicians and Lawyers will all agree,
 When your mosey's all gone, they can get no fee;
 Yet Surgeon Doctor,
 And Lawyer and P octor,
 Will all take a sup in their turn.

The Turks who ar ived from the part sublime,
 They to'd us that drinking was held a great crime;
 Yet after their dinner away they slank,
 And tipple their wine till they got quite drunk;
 The Sultan and Cromnet,
 And even Mahomet,
 They all take a sup in their turn.

The Quakers will bid you from drink abstain,
 By yea, and by nay 'tis a fault in the vain;
 Yet some of the Broadbrims will get to the staff,
 And tipple away till they've tippled enough;
 For Stiff rump and Steady,
 And Solomo 's Lady,
 Would all take a sup in their turn.

The Germans will say they drink the most,
 The French and Italians will also boast;
 Hibernia's the country for all their noise,
 For generous drinking and hearty boys;
 Where each jovial fellow,
 Will drink till he's mellow,
 And take off his glass in his turn.

A HIGHLAND LAD MY LOVE WAS BORN.

A Highland lad my love was born,
The Lowland laws be held in scorn,
But he still was faithful to his clan,
My gallant braw John Highlandman.

Sing hey my braw John Highlandman,
Sing ho my braw John Highlandman,
There's not a lad in a' the clan,
Can match wi' my braw Highlandman.

With his bonnet blue and tartan plaid,
And good claymore down by his side,
The ladies' heart he did trepan
My gallant braw John Highlandman.

FINIS.