

The Tinker's Cure

FOR

All Conditions :

To which are added,

The Birks of Aberfeldy,

The weary pund o' Tow.



EDINBURGH:

Printed for the Booksellers in Town and Country.

1823.

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A TINKER'S CURE FOR ALL CONDITIONS.

It needs no second sight to see
That I'm a jovial Tinker
Bred up completely to my trade,
Yet not a harden'd drinker.
So I have trudg'd a great way down,
From London, gay and frisky,
To look at Scotland, long so fam'd
For fighting and for whisky.

Bow, wow, &c.

Yes, fighting—ay—and whisky too,
Are partly my vocation.
Without them what would Scotland do,
She would not be a nation.
I likewise can the conscience mend,
Though it be like a riddle,
And make it hard and firm again,
As sound as a new fiddle.

Bow, wow, &c.

The ladies fair are first my care,
If love their hearts has rended,

I famous am at such repair,
 An' fail h, I soon will mend it.
 To Doctors next I lend my skill,
 When their own dozes fail 'em,
 And they prescribe a gilded pill
 To those—whom nothing ail 'em.
 Bow, wow, &c.

The Lawyers too should come to me,
 And I would stretch their conscience;
 For, it is not by half so wide
 As't ought. and that's not nonsense.
 Yet spoons they make as well as mē,
 They're never known to spoil a horn,
 But loudly blow it at some wight,
 Beneath a luckless planet born.
 Bow, wow, &c.

Old Maids. and Bachelors and Beaux,
 Are very oddish creatures,
 Some gay, some grim, and some morose,
 All curious in their natures,
 The maiden old, if without gold,
 Is like a rusty kettle;
 The Bachelors an empty still;
 The Beau's a lad of little.
 Bow, wow, &c.

But more than these, there is a race,
 Until of late was only known,
 A perfect non-descript it is,
 Would puzzle Goldsmith or Buffon.
 Nor man nor woman, beast nor bird,
 Is it—but part of all the four ;
 It flies from man, from woman turns,
 And beast and bird it frightens sore.
Bow, wow, &c.

It has a double row of ribs,
 To give it shape, and give it size ;
 And yet so strangely is it made,
 That should it fall it cannot rise.
 With all its trappings, grace and airs,
 The heads as empty as my bellows,
 No solid metal's in the skull
 Of Dandies, or of such fine fellows.
Bow. wow, &c.

In London where I us'd to sing,
 They tried to quiz and brag me ;
 But here, more erudite and wise,
 They say that they will gag me.
 Even 'tother day I met a lad,
 Who aim'd at me his gaggery ;

But you shall hear if he or I
 Were soundest in our waggery.
 Bow, wow, &c.

'Twas at St Mungo's ancient dome
 We met, and looking at the spire—
 "Tinker, says he, did you e'er see
 The like of what you now admire :
 That mighty steeple, grand and high,
 Was cast at Carron—solid all,
 And, taking fifty years to cool,
 Was brought up here by the canal."
 Bow, wow, &c.

I was too old a traveller now,
 To be outwitted by a lout ;
 And when he told this monstrous lie,
 I quickly lugg'd another out
 "But friend, says I, if you had been
 With me in Dublin city ;
 And if you have not yet been there,
 Why, then, the more's the pity.
 Bow, wow, &c.

"In Dublin I did make and mend
 A caldron, large and weighty ;

Why, 'twas as large as Lomond Loch,
Or Baltic sea, so mighty."

Says he, Were it here with our spire,
We then could gag all nations."

"Send the Rob Roy for it, says I,
And show them on all 'casions.

Bow, wow, &c.

In spite of every sage degree.

Some men will thus be braggers,

And plague the world with words unsound—

Stuff only fit for gaggers.

But let them take advice from me,

And purify their metal;

And then they may amend their lives,

As I can mend a kettle.

Bow, wow, &c.

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

Bonny lassie, will ye go,

Will ye go, will ye go,

Bonny lassie will ye go,

To the birks of Aberfeldy.

Now summer blinks on flowery braes,
 And o'er the crystal streamlet plays,
 Come let us spend the lightsome days,
 In the birks of Aberfeldy,

While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
 The little birdies blythely sing,
 Or lightly fit on wanton wing
 In the birks of Aberfeldy,

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
 The foaming stream deep roaring fa's,
 O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
 The birks of Aberfeldy.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
 White are the linn's the burnie pours,
 And risin' weets wi' misty showers,
 The birks of Aberfeldy.

Let fortune's gifts at random flee,
 They no'er shall draw a wish frae me,
 Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.

THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

The weary pund, the weary pund,
 The weary pund o' tow;

I think my wife will end her life,
 Before she spin her tow.

I bought my wife a stane o' lint,
 as good as e'er did grow,
 And a' that she has made o' that,
 Is ae poor puind o' tow.

There sat a bottle in the neuk,
 ayont the ingle low,
 And ay she took the ither souk
 to drouk the stourie tow,

Quoth I, for shame, ye dirty dame,
 Gae spin your tap o' tow;
 She took the rock, and wi' a knock,
 She brak it o'er my pow.

At last her feet, (I sang to see't)
 Gaed foremost o'er a knowe;
 And e'er I wed anither jade,
 I'll wallop in a tow.

FINIS.