

THE EXCISEMAN,

Go where Glory waits thee,

KATE o' GOWRIE,

The Orphan,

THE MAID OF LODI.



SOLD WHOLESALE BY J. FRASER & CO.

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THE EXCISEMAN.

To a village that skirted the sea,
An Exciseman one midsummer came;
But prudence between you and me,
Forbids me to mention his name.
Soon Michael he chanc'd to espy,
A cask on his napper he bore,
With six gallons of brandy, Or nigh;
And where is the head can bear more?

Says the Exciseman, Let's see your permit.
Says Mike, T'ant convenient to shew it.
T'other cried, Sir, I'm not to be bit,
You've smuggl'd that stuff, and you know it:
Your hogs to a fine market you've brought;
For seeing you've paid no excise,
As customs have settl'd you ought;
I seizes your tub as my prize.

Now don't be so hard, said poor Mike:
Th' Exciseman was deaf to complain.
Why then, take it, said Mike, if you like,
For I've borne it till ready to faint.
Four miles in hot sunshine they trudg'd,
Till on them they'd scarce a dry rag;
Th' Exciseman his labour ne'er grudg'd,
But cheerfully carried the cag.

To the custom-house in the next town,
 'Twas yet some three furlongs or more,
 When says Michael, Pray set your load down,
 For this here, sir, is my cottage door.
 T'other answer'd, I thank you friend, no;
 My burden, just yet, I shan't quit.
 Then, says Michael, before you do o,
 I'll get you to read my permit.

Your permit! Why not show it before?
 Because it came into my nob,
 By your watching so long on the shore,
 That your worship was wanting a job;
 Now, I'd need of a porter, d'ye see,
 For the load made my bones almost crack;
 And so, sir, I thank you for me,
 And wish you a pleasant walk back.

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

Go where glory waits thee,
 But while fame elates thee,
 Oh! still remember me:
 When the praise thou meetest,
 To thine ear is sweetest,
 Oh! then remember me:
 Other arms may press thee,
 Dearer friends caress thee,
 All the joys that bless thee,
 Sweeter far may be;

But when friends are nearest,
 And when joys are dearest
 Oh! then remember me.

When at eve thou rovest,
 By the star thou lovest,
 Oh! then remember me:

Think when home returning,
 Bright we've seen it burning,
 Oh! then remember me:

Oft as summer closes,
 When thine eye reposes
 On its ling'ring roses,
 Once so lov'd by thee
 Think on her who wove them,
 Her who made thee love them,
 Oh! then remember me.

When around thee dying,
 Autumn leaves are lying,
 Oh! then remember me;

And at night, when gazing
 On the gay hearth blazing,
 Oh! then remember me;

Then should music stealing
 All the soul of feeling,
 To thy heart appealing,

Draw one tear from thee;
 Then let mem'ry bring thee,
 Strains I us'd to sing thee,
 Oh! then remember me.

KATE O' GOWRIE.

WHEN Katie was scarce out nineteen,
 O but she had twa coal-black een;
 A bonnier lass ye wadna seen,
 In a' the Carsè o' Gowrie.

Quite tir'd o' livin' a' his lane,
 Pate to her did his love explain,
 An' swore he'd be, were she his ain,
 The happiest lad in Gowrie.

Quo' she, I winna marry thee,
 For a' the gear that ye can gie;
 Nor will I gang ae step a-jee,
 For a' the gowd o' Gowrie.

My father will gie me twa kye,
 My mither's gaun some yarn to dyc;
 I'll get a gown just like the sky,
 Gif I'll no gang to Gowrie.

O my dear Katie, say na sae,
 Ye little ken a heart that's wae;
 Hae, there's my hand, hear me, I pray,
 Sin' thou'll no gang to Gowrie.

Since first I met thee at the shiel,
 My saul to thee's been true and leal;
 The darkest night I fear nae deil,
 Warlock, or witch, in Gowrie.

I fear nae want o' claise, nor nought;

Sic silly things my mind ne'er taught;
 I dream a' night, an' start about,
 An' wish for thee in Gowrie.
 I lo'e thee better, Kate, my dear,
 Than a' my rigs, and out-gaun gear;
 Sit down by me, till ance I swear,
 Thou'rt worth the Carse o' Gowrie.

Sine on her mouth sweet kisses laid,
 'Till blushes a' her cheeks o'erspread;
 She sigh'd, and in saft whispers said,
 O Pate, tak me to Gowrie.

Quo' he, let's to the auld fouk gang,
 Say what they like, I'll bide their bang,
 And bide a night, tho' beds be thrang,
 But I'll hae thee to Gowrie.

The auld fouk syne baith gied consent,
 The priest was ca'd, a' were content;
 Add Katie never did repent,
 That she gaed hame to Gowrie.
 For routh o' bonnie bairns had she,
 Mair strappin' lads ye wadna see;
 And her braw lasses bare the gree,
 Frae the rest o' Gowrie.

THE ORPHAN BOY.

No cheering sun-beam's friendly ray,
 Shone on the dark and cloudy day,

When I, an outcast from my birth,
 Sprung up the humblest flower on earth,
 No parent stalk to prop its form,
 No shelter from the winter's storm—
 Such was the fate, bereft of joy,
 Of Theodore, the orphan boy.

'Twas your dear hand, by pity led,
 First rais'd the lily's drooping head,
 Foster'd the bud bedew'd with tears,
 Then saw it blossom into years:
 And whilst your smiles such pow'r can give,
 Still will it flourish, bloom, and live;
 Ah! do not then the hopes destroy
 Of Theodore, the orphan boy.

THE MAID OF LODI.

I SING the maid of Lodi,
 Who sweetly sung to me,
 Whose brows were never cloudy,
 Nor e'er distort with glee.
 She values not the wealthy,
 Unless they're great and good,
 For she is strong and healthy,
 And by labour earns her food.

And when her day's work's over;
 Around a cheerful fire,

She sings, or rests contented;
 What more can man desire?
 Let those who squander millions
 Review her happy lot,
 They'll find their proud pavillions
 Far inferior to her cot.

Between the Po and Parma
 Some villains seiz'd my coach,
 And dragg'd me to a cavern,
 Most dreadful to approach;
 By which the maid of Lodi
 Came trotting from the fair:
 She paus'd to hear my wailings,
 And see me tear my hair.

Then to her market-basket
 She tied her poney's rein;
 I thus by female courage
 Was dragg'd to life again.
 Then sing the maid of Lodi,
 Who sweetly sung to me;
 And when this maid is married,
 Still happier may she be.

FINIS.