

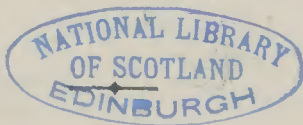
THE
COMIC MINSTREL:

A COLLECTION OF

COMIC SONGS.



“Laugh and Grow Fat.”



GLASGOW:

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

THE CARLE HE CAM' OWER THE CRAFT.

The carle he cam' ower the craft,
Wi' his beard new-shaven ;
He looked at me as he'd been daft—
The carle trowed that I wad hae him !
Hout awa ! I winna hae him !
Na, forsooth, I winna hae him !
For a' his beard's new-shaven,
Ne'er a bit o' me will hae him,

A siller brooch he gae me neist,
To fasten on my curchio nookit ;
I wore't a wee upon my breist,
But soon, alake ! tho tongue o't crookit ;
And sao may his ; I winna hae him
Na, forsooth, I winna hae him !
Twice-a-bairn's a lassie's jest ;
Sao ony fool for me may hae him.

The carle has nae fault but ano ;
For he has land and dollars plenty ;
But waes me for him, skin and bano
Is no for a plump lass of twenty.
Hout awa, I winna hae him !
Na, forsooth, I winna hae him !
What signifies his dirty riggs,
And cash, without a man wi' them ?

But should my cankert daddio gar
Me tak him 'gainst my inclination,
I warn the fumbler to beware
That autlers dinna claim their station.

Hout awa ! I winna hao him !

Na, forsooth, I winna hae him !

I'm fleyed to crack the holy band,

Sae lawty says, I shouldna hao him.

GUDE ALE COMES.

O gudo ale comes, and gudo ale goes ;

Gudo ale gars me sell my hose,

Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon ;

Gudo ale keeps my heart aboon.

I had sax oxen in a plouch,

And they drew teuch and weol oneuch,

I drank them a' just ano by ane ;

Gudo ale keeps my heart aboon.

I had forty shillings in a clout,

Gudo ale gart me pyke them out ;

That gear should moul' I thought a sin ;

Gudo ale keeps my heart aboon.

Gudo ale hauds me baro and busy,

Gars me moop wi' the servant hizzie,

Stand i' the stool, when I hao dono ;

Gudo ale keeps my heart aboon.

O gudo ale comes, and gudo ale goes :

Gudo ale gars me sell my hose,

Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon ;

Gudo ale keeps my heart aboon.

THE LAD WITH THE CARROTY POLL.

Oh dear ! oh dear ! good gentlefolks may it be said,
 I'm come here to learn, if any poor bairn
 Has been troubled, like me, with his head.
 My feyther and mither they used to control
 Fifteen of us bairns, and all red i' the poll ;
 We all were pratty, and merry as punch,
 But I were always the pride of the bunch.
 Oh dear ! oh dear ! I'm a queer little comical soul,
 And if you'll believe me, though I think you may see,
 I'm the lad with the carroty poll.

Oh dear ! oh dear ! I fear I shall never get wed ;
 For indeed you must know, wherever I go,
 They laugh at my carroty head.
 T'other day I went up to town with young squire,
 They said that my head would set Lunnon a fire :
 I see'd pratty women, wi' cheeks like a rose ;
 I gave one a kiss, but she painted my nose ;
 Oh dear ! oh dear ! I couldn't I'm sure, for my
 soul,
 Like the touch of her cheek, if I rubbed for a week,
 Get the red from my carroty poll,

Oh dear ! oh dear ! a quack in our village one day,
 He said that he could, and I said that he should,
 Come and take all my carrots away.
 So he rubb'd and he scrubb'd till my face went awry,
 Wi' some stuff that he called his new patent dye.
 My hair he turn'd black, and my pockets he drain'd,
 And I looked like the devil the first day it rain'd.
 Oh dear ! oh dear ! I war such a transmogrified soul,
 For my head were as bald, as a pig that is scall'd,
 And I longed for my carroty poll.

Oh dear ! oh dear ! the joy of my heart you mu
 know,
 Was to see the first sprout of my hair shooting out
 When the carrots began to grow ;
 And my happiness now has arrived at the top,
 Because I have got such a glorious crop ;
 And the lesson I've learnt is never to fret,
 But be always content with whatever I get ;
 Oh dear ! oh dear ! the queer little comical soul,
 Ever will laud the hands that applaud.
 The lad with the carrotty poll.

LAY OF THE MILL :

OR THE PLEASURES OF THE PAY-NIGHT.

HEY, the merry pay-night,
 Ho, the merry pay-night ;
 'Tis fun to see how we agree,
 Upon the merry pay-night ;

That night we clear the lawin score,
 And then again begin the splore ;
 Whilst, drunk as lords, we sit and roar
 Upon the merry pay night !
 Hey, the merry, &c.

Then Johnny plays his monkey tricks,
 An' knocks the timmer things tae sticks ;
 An' wife an' weans a' get their licks,
 Upon the merry pay-night !
 Hey the merry, &c.

Our neighbours, when they hear the din,
Then helter-skelter they come in ;
An' teeth-an' nail we a' begin
 Upon the merry pay night :
 Hey the merry, &c.

The Police are a meddling pack,
They'll no let neighbours hae their crack :
But pounce at aince upon their back
 Upon the merry pay-night !
 Hey, the merry, &c.

Then aff they march us in a raw,
Wi' police-bracelets on each paw :
An' wow but we are unco brow
 Upon the merry pay-night !
 Hey, the merry, &c.

But Monday settles a' disputes—
Then we maun pawn our bits o' clouts
'To pay our fines, for bloody snouts
 We got upon the pay-night !
 Hey, the merry, &c.

THE SOVEREIGN BANK.

A PLOUGHMAN down in Somersetshire,
Who'd saved up ten pound-notes, I'm told,
Hearing how bankers fail'd, did swear
 He'd have his notes all changed for gold.

He got his purse, but was so cross,
'Cause his son smiled, he wopped the younker
Then went and begg'd the farmer's horse,
 And off he gallop'd to the banker.

He soon got to the banker's shop,
 And there he said—"Tho' they be old,
 You know these notes again, so, cup,
 Change them for *soverines* of gold."

When they'd paid him ten pounds in cash,
 He was so pleased at the bright show,
 He said, "I hope 'twont make you smash,
 But charity 'gins at home, you know."

Quite pleased, he to the inn did spank
 To treat him with a mug of *yale* ;
 When some one said, the Sovereign Bank
 Had fail'd—or it was like to fail !

When he heard this, he in a crack
 Return'd to bank with might and main,
 And said, "Cup take your *soverines* back,
 And just give me my notes again."

When he'd his notes, he did begin
 To blow them up, and said, "You crew !
 You thought to take a poor man in,
 But, dang it ! d'ye see, I's cunning as ye
 You seem'd dang'd quick your gold to pay,
 You knew the *soverine* bank was broke ;
 But I've my notes, and so good day,
 And I to your *soverines* wish good luck !"

PADDY THE PIPER.

WHEN I was a boy in my father's mud edifice,
 Tender and bare as a pig in a sty,
 Out at the door as I look'd with a steady phiz,
 Who but Pat Murphy the piper came by ?

ays Paddy, "Few play this music, can you play?"

Says I, "I can't tell, for I never did try;"

He told me that he had a charm,

To make his pipes precisely speak,

Then squeezed a bag under his arm,

And sweetly they set up a squeak:

With a farala, larallo loo, och! honey how he handled the drone!

And then such a sweet music he blew, 'twould have melted the heart of a stone.

'Our pipes,' said I, 'Paddy, so nately come over me,

Naked I'll wander wherever it blows

And if my father should try to recover me,

Sure it won't be by describing my clothes.

The music I hear now, takes hold of my ear now,

And leads me all over the world by the nose.'

So I follow'd his bagpipe so sweet,

And sung, as I leap'd like a frog,

Adieu to my family seat,

So pleasantly placed in a bog.

With my farala, laralla, loo, how sweetly he handled the drone!

And then such sweet music he blew, 'twould have melted the heart of a stone.

Full five years I follow'd him, nothing could sunder us,

Till he one morning had taken a sup,

And slipp'd from a bridge in a river just under us,

Souse to the bottom, just like a blind pup.

He roar'd out, and bawl'd out, and lustily call'd out,

'O Paddy, my dear, don't you mean to come up?'

He was dead as a nail in a door ;—
Poor Paddy was laid on the shelf ;
So I took up his pipes on the shore,
And now I've set up for myself.
With my farala, laralla loo, to be sure I've not got
the knack,
To play farala, laralla loo, ay, and bubaroo dideroo
whack.

TIPITYWITCHET.

THIS morning very handy,
My malady was such,
I in my tea took brandy,
But took a cup too much.
(*Hiccups.*) tol de rol.

But stop, I mustn't mag hard,
My head aches—if you please,
One pinch of Irish blackguard
I'll take to give me ease.
(*Sneezes.*) tol de rol.

Now I'm quite drowsy growing,
For this very morn,
I rose when cock was crowing,
Excuse me if I yawn.
(*Yawns.*) tol de rol.

I'm not in cue for frolic,
Can't up my spirits keep,
For love and windy cholic,
'Tis they who make me weep.
(*Cries.*) tol do rol.

I'm not in a mood for crying,
 Care's a silly calf,
 If to get fat your trying,
 The only way's to laugh.
 (*Laughs*) tol de rol.

THE BEAUTY.

WHEN I was quite a little boy,
 Some fifteen years ago,
 I was the pride of my mammy,
 Lorl, she made me quite a show !
 Such a beauty I did grow, did grow, did grow
 Such a beauty as I did grow

I'd red straight hair and goggle-eyes.
 And such a roggish leer ;
 A large flat nose, and mouth
 That reach'd from ear to ear.
 Such a beauty, &c.

My mammy doated on me,
 And when my mouth she'd fill,
 For fear she'd spoil it with a spoon,
 She fed me with a quill.
 Such a beauty, &c.

And when that I could run alone,
 Stock still I never stood,
 The ducks were my companions,
 As I waddled through the mud.
 Such a beauty &c

Then I learned to be musical,
And got of songs so pat,
I could grunt bass like any pig,
Mew treble like a cat.
Such a beauty, &c.

Then I went to a dancing school,
For to be finished there,
And they said that I danced a reel
As graceful as a bear.
Such a beauty, &c.

With a mountebank a candidate,
I beat them all quite hollow,
And I won this pretty gold-laced hat,
By grinning through a collar.
Such a beauty, &c.

My name is Tommy Herring,
As every body knows,
And they stick me in the barley-fields
To fright away the crows.
Such a beauty, &c.

THE WEST COUNTRYMAN.

There was an old chap who lived down in the west,
Inside of a church he never had been;
Ecod!' eried he, 'to go I had best,'
Just vor to see what's there to be seen

One sunday morning he put on his clothes,
His very best waistcoat, his coat, and his hat;
Then early he to the church door goes,
'I'll have the best seat,' said he, 'that's vlat,'

Now when the sexton had open'd the door,
 In stumped the stareing gaping clown,
 And like a rude unmannerly boor,
 In the *parson's pulpit* set himself down.

Quoth he, ' This be a very nice place,
 Here's a very nice cushion to zit down upon ;
 And when the volks come, I can see ev'ry face,
 And also can hear whatever goes on.

The clerk and the parson soon did approach,
 And saw the clown perch'd up in the desk,
 Cried the clérk ' How dare you thus encroach,
 Now aren't you ashamed his rev'rence to vex ?

The clown he started the clerk to hear,
 And said, ' That I'm ashamed don't suppose ?
 'Tis the parson should be ashamed to appear,
 With his *shirt there hanging out over his clothes.*

THE COAL HOLE.

I AM a buxum spree young blade,
 I never was the least afraid
 To kiss a handsome pretty maid,
 My friends call me a gay soul.
 The lasses are all fond of me,
 Because I'm merry, blythe, and free,
 Damn them that would not marry me
 Though I were in a Coal Hole

I took a spree the other night,
 I went to see my heart's delight,
 Some woman there did me a spite,
 And that ' I thought was quite droll.

She spill'd my liquor smack'd my face,
 And bade me for to quit the place,
 Yet her damn'd clack would never cease,
 'Till I went to the Coa^a Hole.

Not caring for her damn'd prat,
 Resolving to retaliate,
 Whatever next should be my fate,
 And soon I'd make her head roll.
 Then who came in but Billy Wright,
 And we like fools began to fight.
 We broke the glass put out the light,
 And we soon found out the Coal Hole.

Who to my surprise next came in,
 Was a gay young coxcomb tall and slim,
 And round his hat he'd a gay gold rim.
 And in his hand a long pole.
 Says he my lad I charge you this,
 Put on your clothes and quit the place.
 Or damn me If I ever cease
 Till I march you to the Coal Hole.

Not caring for this cowardly prince,
 Or as little for his consequence,
 I bade him stand in his own defence
 Or soon I'd make his head roll.
 Then he went out as quick as thought,
 The watchman I suppose he sought,
 For he more than half a dozen brought;
 And they marched me to the Coal Hole.

When I went there surprised to view,
 A number of the female crew,
 Some dressed in black and some in blue.
 The sight to me seemed quite droll.

Says they my lad don't be afraid,
 Nor any way seem the least dismay'd
 For almost every spree young blade,
 Sometimes comes to the Coal Hole.

But since I'm free I'll no more fight,
 Nor any way stop out late at night ;
 For to tell the truth I've ne'er been right,
 Since I got such a curs'd roll.
 Black were my eyes and scratched my face,
 Besides it's brought me to disgrace,
 And makes poor Jack for to curse the place,
 Which people call the Coal Hole.

THE LIFE OF A SOLDIER.

WHEN I was an infant, gossips would say,
 I when older, would be a soldier,
 Rattles and toys I threw them away ;
 Unless a gun or a sabre.
 I a younker, up I grew,
 Saw one day a grand review :
 Colours flying, set me a dying,
 To embark in a life so new.

CHORUS.

Roll drums merrily march away,
 Soldiers glory, lives in story,
 His laurels are green, when his locks they are gray,
 Then huzza for the life of a soldier.
 Listed—to battle I marched along,
 Courting danger fear a stranger,
 The cannon beat time to the trumpets song.
 Which made my heart a hero's :

Charge our gallant leader cry,
 On like Lyons then we fly;
 Blood and thunder, foes knocked under,
 Then huzza for a victory.

Then who so merry as we in a camp
 Battle over live in cover,
 Care and his cronies are forced to tramp,
 And all is social pleasure.
 Then we laugh we quaff we sing,
 Time goes gaily on the wing;
 Smiles of beauty, sweetening duty,
 Then each private is a king.

SAINT PATRICK WAS A GENTLEMAN.

Saint Patrick was a gentleman,
 And came of decent people;
 In Dublin town he built a church,
 And he put upon't a steeple;
 His father was O'Callaghan,
 His mother was O'Brady;
 His Aunt was an O'Saugnessy,
 And his uncle an O'Grady.
 Then success to bold St Patrick's fist,
 He was a saint so clever;
 He gave the snakes and toads a twist
 And banished them for ever.

There's no a mile in Ireland's isle,
 Where the durty varment musters,
 Where'er he put his dear fore foot,
 He murder'd them in clusters.

The toads went hop, the frogs went lop,
 Slap dash into the water,
 And the bastes committed suicide
 To save themselves from slaughter.
 Then success, &c.

Nine hundred thousand vipers blue
 He charm'd with sweet discourses,
 And din'd on them at Killialoo
 In soups and second courses ;
 When blind-worms crawling in the grass
 Disgusted all the nation,
 He gave them a rise, and open'd their eyes
 To a sense of their situation.
 Then success, &c.

No wonder that our Irish boys
 Should be so free and frisky,
 It was St Patrick taught them first
 The joys of tippling whisky ;
 No wonder that the Saint himself
 To taste it should be willing,
 For his mother kept a whisky shop,
 In the town of Enniskillen.
 Then success, &c.

The Wicklow hills are very high,
 So's the hill of Howth, sir,
 But there's a hill much higher still,
 Aye, higher than them both, sir ;
 'Twas on the top of this high hill
 St Patrick preach'd the sarmint,
 He drove the frogs into the bogs,
 And bother'd all the varmint.
 Then success, &c.

St Patrick has a great regard
 For those who came before him,
 He knew the King of France would need
 A paddy to restore him ;
 The French went skipping thro' the bogs,
 Their hearts crammed full of treason,
 We'll send them Paddy Wellington
 To scrub them to their reason.
 Then success, &c.

THE COBBLER AND GOOSE.

A COBBLER lived at york,
 A merry man was he ;
 His wife took needle-work,
 A good kind soul was she
 Easy as an old shoe
 They pass'd their lives together ;
 And of a piece, 'tis true,
 Like sole and upper leather.

(*Spoken.*) They were a happy couple, worked hard, and never grumbled at the times or at each other,—that's a rare thing in our days,—while she nimbly employed her needle, he hammered away at the lapstone, and sung

Ran ! tan ! tan !

The cobbler bought a goose,
 And fatted it quite high ;
 Somehow the bird got loose
 The day it was to die.
 Here " Pegs," bawl'd out the wife,
 " Run after the goose to win her."

Goosey she ran for her life,
And the cobbler for his dinner.

(Spoken.) Away he went, and the boys after him, calling out "Now, cobbler! now, goose; two to one upon Pegs," Egad! he almost caught her once, when his foot slipped, and headlong he went into a sty among a litter of pigs, and only saved his bacon by leaving the flaps of his jacket in the old sow's grinders; but Pegs wasn't to be abashed; he followed her through bush and brier, bogs, quagmires, over houses, trees, hedges, ditches, fields, cats, dogs, coeks, hens, cows, bulls, and pigs. At last he knocked down the stall of an old woman, who sold hot apple dumplings, which made a rare scramble for the boys—and what could they do, but sing

Ran, &c.

By the river, he seized her rump,
But she got loose with a scream:
And he fell in the water plump,
While goosey cross'd the stream.
So finding the chase no use,
He went home in a shiver;
Told wifey he had lost the goose,
But got a fine *duck*—in the river.

(Spoken) "Oh! wite, wite," he cried, "I've had my morning's wet; the goose has gone a gauder-hunting. I was thrown out, and had fairly a tumble in, besides leaving half my jacket in pawn in the piggery; my wildgoose-chase has turned out a black, but no green peas; and as I'm very wet, you may as well hand us over a drop of

Ran, &c

THE SAVING WIFE.

I took a wife my house to mind,
 Who misery compares;
 Cameleon-like, she lives on wind,
 And treats me with her airs.

She tells me wilful waste brings want,
 And quickly makes us poor;
 But though of fat I'm cruel scant,
 I dont waste wilful, sure.

I call this wife my saveall, and
 A thousand pretty names,
 For, under petticoat command,
 My whole respect she claims.

Yet, oft I silently complain
 Of shackles that I wear,
 And think my *rib*, with heart of pain,
 A *spare-rib* I could *spare*.

I ask her for a trifle small,
 When going on a prank;
 It costs too much, so nought at all
 Comes from her saving bank.

Forsooth! she's such a stingy wife
 She fears her very breath,
 If used too much, would waste her life;
 I wish she'd starve—to death.

Perchance, I bring a friend to sup,
 Whose talents I admire:
 'The fire is low— she blows me up
 Before she blows the fire.

Ah! would she hang herself—bless'd thought!—
 I'd rev'rence not her frown—
 She'd die ere I assistance brought,
 I'd fear to cut her down.

THERE YOU ARE WITH YOUR EYE OUT.

Not long ago fra' Yorkshire town
 I comed up by the waggon;
 And soon in Lunnon war set down
 At sign o' George and Dragon:
 But soon fra' thence I steer'd, d'yo see,
 O'd uncle's house to pry out,
 When a chap comed up and said to mo—
 ' Oh!—there you go with your *eye out*.'

Of this, d'ye mind, I took no heed,
 But to o'd uncle's past on;
 When another chap to me, indeed,
 Comed up just like the last one:
 He stared at me—I stared at him—
 Good humour then was nigh out,
 For wi' a face he bawled so grin,
 ' Oh!—there you go with your *eye out*.'

If one eye's out, says I, it's droll,
 And to me is unknown, sirs;
 Put up my hand to find the hole,
 But found it war not flown, sirs.
 When a *third* chap cam wi' grinning face
 My patience quite to try out,
 And bellow'd out wi' strange grimace,
 ' Oh!—there you go with your *eye out*.'

What all the world says must be true,
 To me it seems quite funn-y,
 When I left home I'm sure I'd two,
 Tho' now it seems but one eye:
 As those who will not see, are none
 So blind---I've heard folks cry out,
 Now tho' I see,---folk every one,
 Still bawl that I've an *eye out*.'

T' account for this affair, egad!
 It cost my brain much trouble;
 And I thought I must be drunk or mad,
 If drunk I did see *double*:
 So the next that bawl'd I black'd his face,
 And made *his* eye soon fly out;
 So I cried with a *better grace*,
 'There *you* go with your *eye out*.'

But now of Lunnon town I'm sick,
 So I'll from Cockney walk sheer,
 And take this speech that's quite the kick,
 Wi' me now back to Yorkshire.
 To wed me, Dolly waits, d'ye mind,
 So to her I will cry out---
 For she loves me, and love is *blind*---
 'Oh!---there you go with your *eye out*.'

THE SAWYER AND THE LAWYER

To set up a village with tackle for tillage,
 Jack Carter he took to the saw;
 To pluck and to pillage the same little village,
 Tim: Gordon he took to the law

They angled so pliant for gull and for client,
 As sharp as a weazel for rats,
 Till what with their saw-dust, and what with their
 lawdust,
 They blinded the eyes of the flats.
 Then hey for the sawyer, and hey for the lawyer,
 Make hay, for its going to rain !
 And saw'em, and law'em, and work'em, and pnick-
 'em
 And at 'em again and again.

Jack brought to the people a bill for the steeple,—
 They swore that they wouldn't be bit ;
 But out of a saw-pit is into a law-pit,---
 Tim. tickled them up with a writ.
 Cried Jack, the saw-rasper, "I say, neighbour
 Grasper,
 We both of us by in the stocks ;
 While I, for my savings, turn blocks into shavings,
 You, lawyer, are shaving the blocks."
 Then hey for the sawyer, &c.

Jack frolic'd in clever, and when work was over,
 Got drunk at the George, for a freak ;
 But Timothy Gordon, he stood for church-warden
 And eat himself dead in a week :
 Jack made him a coffin, but Timothy off in
 A loud clap of thunder had flown :
 When lawyers lie level, be sure that the devil
 Looks sharp enough after his own.
 Then hey for the sawyer, &c.

THEY'RE A' TEASING ME.

O wha is he I loe sae weel?
 Wha was my heart an' a',
 O wha is he? 'tis sair to tell
 He's o'er the seas awa',
 There's Charlie he's a sodger lad,
 And Davie blythe is he,
 And Willie in his tartan plaid,
 They're a' teasing me.

O they're a' tease teasing,
 They're a' teasing mo.
 They're a' tease teasing,
 O they're a teasing me.

There's Carl the chief o' Daftne glen,
 And ho has laud and store,
 With flow'ry mead, and shady fen,
 And siller o'er and o'er.
 "Quoth he, sweet lass, I'll marry thee
 (Yestreen in yonder shaw,
 And thou my ain true bride shall be,
 And Queen o' Daftne ha!"

O they're a' tease, &c.

But when my Jamie comes again,
 Young Carl will then descry,
 That siller is but empty gain,
 To hearts nae gowd can buy.
 My Jamie's brave, my Jamie's braw,
 My Jamie's a' to me,
 And tho' his siller store be sma'
 Yet his I'll only be.

For they're a' tease, &c.