

THE
GREENOCK RAILWAY.

THE SNOW-DROP.

O WHAT WILL A' THE LADS DO.

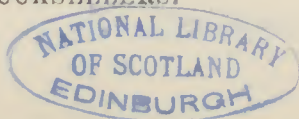
ALL'S WELL.

A MAN WITHOUT A WIFE.



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35.



SONGS.

THE GREENOCK RAILWAY.

Twas on a Monday morning soon,
As I lay snoring at Dunoon,
Dreaming of wonders in the moon,
I nearly lost the Railway.
So up I got, put on my clothes,
And felt, as you may well suppose,
Of sleep I scarcee had half a dose,
Which made my yawns as round as O's ;
No matter, on went hat and coat,
A cup of coffee, boiling hot,
I pour'd like lava down my throat,
In haste to catch the Railway.
 Racing, chasing to the shore,
 Those who fled from every door,
 There never was such haste before
 To catch the Greenock Railway.

The steam was up, the wind was high,
A dark cloud scour'd across the sky ;
The quarter-deck was scarcely dry
 Of the boat that meets the Railway.
Yet thick as sheep in market pen,
Stood all the Sunday-watering men,
Like growling lions in a den,
With faces inches five by ten ;

Some were hurrying to and fro,
 Others were sick, and crying, oh!
 Whose wooden peg's that on my toe,
 In the boat that meets the Railway.
 Rushing, crushing up and down,
 Tipping the cash to Captain B——n ;
 O what a hurry to get to town
 Upon the morning Railway.

When arriv'd at Greenock quay,
 What confusion—only see—
 Each selfish wight does quickly flee
 In hopes to catch the Railway.
 High and low, and thick and thin,
 Trying who the race shall win,
 Creaking boots, and hob-nail'd shoon,
 All determin'd to get in ;
 People laughing at the shore,
 Merchants smiling at each door ;
 Those running who ne'er ran before,
 And all to catch the Railway.
 Fleet through Greenock's narrow lanes,
 Over mud, and dubs, and stanes,
 Careless o' their boots and banes,
 And all to catch the Railway.

See the rear-guard far behind,
 Out of temper, out of wind,
 Out of patience, out of mind,
 For fear they lose the Railway.
 Last comes old Fatsides with his wife,
 Waging a real hot-mutton strife ;

" Such scenes in Scotland sure are rife ;
 I'm weary hot, upon my life !"
 " Alack ! there'll be no room for us ;
 Let's get into the homnibus."
 " O pray, my dear ! don't make such fuss,
 If we should lose the Railway."
 Blowing, glowing all the way.
 Crying upon the train to stay ;
 We'll never get to town to-day.
 Upon the morning Railway.

Now the crowded Station gain'd,
 Rain-bedrench'd and mud-bestain'd,
 Melting-brow'd and asthma-pain'd,
 Hurrying to the Railway.
 A boat has just arriv'd before,
 Which later left a nearer shore,
 And fills a full-siz'd train and more,
 Which is a most confounded bore ;
 But coach to coach are quickly join'd—
 Which surely is surpassing kind ;
 And off we fly as fleet as wind,
 Upon the Greenock Railway.
 Thus the sports of railway speed,
 Nought on earth can now exceed,
 Except my song, which all must read,
 About the Greenock Railway.

The moral of my song I add,
 To make you married ladies glad,
 Who lately were a little sad—
 Before the Greenock Railway.

So now dispel each moping frown,
 And don your most attractive gown :
 Your loving husbands can get down
 In one short, fleeting hour from town,
 While vessels waiting at the quay,
 Conduct them swiftly home to tea,
 Or to a drop of barley bree,
 So certain is the Railway.

Then let us steal a march on time,
 And echo forth this rauting rhyme,
 Which street Rubimi's think sublime,
 About the Greenock Railway.

O WHAT WILL A' THE LADS DO?

O what will a' the lads do
 When Maggy gangs away ?
 O what will a' the lads do,
 When Maggy gangs away ?
 There's no a heart in a' the glen
 That disna dread the day ;
 O what will a' the lads do
 When Maggy gangs away ?

Young Jock has ta'en the hill for't,
 A waefu' wight is he ;
 Poor Harry's ta'en the bed for't,
 And laid him down to dee.
 And Sandy's gane unto the kirk,
 And learning fast to pray ;

And O what will the lads do,
When Maggy gangs awa?

The young laird o' the Langshaw
Has drunk her health in wine ;
The priest in confidence has said
The lassie was divine ;
And that is mair in maiden's praise
Than ony priest should say ;
But O what will the lads do
When Maggy gangs away ?

The wailing in our green glen
That day will quaver high ;
'Twill draw the redbreast frae the wood,
The laverock frae the sky ;
The fairies frae their beds o' dew
Will rise and join the lay ;
O hey ! what a day will be
When Maggy gangs away.

THE SNOW-DROP.

The snow-drop, first-born flower of spring,
With violets to his grave I'll bring,
And summer roses I will spread,
'To deck the turf that binds his head
And o'er his earthly pillow
Shall wave the weeping willow.

Each day I'll sit beside his tomb,
 To watch the flow'rets as they bloom :
 That where the drooping rose appears,
 I may revive it with my tears.
 And o'er his earthly pillow
 Shall wave the weeping willow.

A MAN WITHOUT A WIFE.

A man without a wife
 Knows no comfort of his life,
 And none but a fool would live single, O.
 For when you're buckled to,
 You have nothing else to do,
 But hear her pretty tongue go jingle, jingle, O.

Her voice is quite divine,
 And if you should incline
 To have a single moment of quiet, O,
 It would be of little use,
 Unless you lov'd abuse,
 For she kicks up such a devil of a riot, O.

She'll simper, blush, and grin,
 And taste a drop of gin,
 Or else a little sup of full-proof brandy, O ;
 And when it makes her stagger,
 Lord ! how the jade will swagger,
 And her husband she proclaims a Smithfield dandy, O.

Then who the devil would
 Live single, if he could
 In women find these virtues so delightful, O,
 For though they scratch and fight,
 Still they are our great delight,
 And he that lives without one must be spiteful, O.

ALL'S WELL.

Deserted by the waning moon,
 When skies proclaim night's cheerless noon,
 On tower, or fort, or tented ground,
 The sentry walks his lonely round ;
 And should a footstep haply stray
 Where caution marks the guarded way—
 Who goes there ! stranger, quickly tell ;
 A friend—the word. Good night ; all's well.

Or sailing on the midnight deep,
 When weary messmates soundly sleep,
 The careful watch patrols the deck,
 To guard the ship from foes or wreck ;
 And while his thoughts oft homewards veer,
 Some friendly voice salutes his ear—
 What cheer ? brother, quickly tell ;
 Above—below. Good night ; all's well.