

Fair Widow, are ye wauking.

O I hae lost my Silken Snood.

Madame Jane.

When merry hearts were gay

THE IRISH FISHERMAN,

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Glasgow.—Printed for the Booksellers,



FAIR WIDOW, ARE YE WAUKING.

O wha's at my chamber door?  
' Fair widow, are ye wauking?  
Auld Carle, your suit give o'er,  
Your love lies a' in tauking.  
Give me the lad that's young and light,  
Sweet like an April meadow;  
'Tis sic as he can bless the sight  
And bosom of a widow. —

O widow, wilt thou let me in,  
I'm pauky, wise, and thrifty,  
And come of a richt gentle kin,  
An' little mair than fifty.  
Daft carle, dit your mouth,  
What signifies how pauky  
Or gentle born ye be—bot youth,  
In love your but a gawky.

Then, widow, let these guineas speak,  
That powerfully plead clinken,  
And if they fail, my mouth I'll steek,  
And nae mair love will think on.

These court indeed, I maun confess,  
 I think they make you young sir,  
 An ten times better can express  
 Affection than your tongue, sir.

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○ I HAE LOST MY SILKEN SNOOD.

O I hae lost my silken snood,  
 That tied my hair so yellow,  
 I've gie'n my heart to the lad I loed,  
 He was a gallant fellow,  
 And twine it weel my bonny dow,  
 And twine it weel the plaiden,  
 The lassie lost her silken snood,  
 In pu'ing o' the bracken.

He prais'd my e'en sae bonny blue,  
 Sae lily white my skin, O;  
 And syne he prie'd my bonnie mou',  
 And swore it was nae sin, O,  
 And twine it weel, my bonnie dow,  
 And twine it weel the plaiden;  
 The lassie lost her silken snood,  
 In pu'ing o' the bracken,

But he has left the lass he loo'd,  
 His ain true love forsaken,

Which gars me sair to greet the snood,  
 I lost amang the bracken.  
 And twine it weel my bonnie dow,  
 And twine it weel the plaiden;  
 The lassie lost her silken snood,  
 In pu'ing o' the bracken.

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MADAME JANE.

Money maks us bonny,  
 Money maks us glad;  
 Be she lame or lazy,  
 Money brings a lad.

When I'd ne'er a penny,  
 Deil a lad had I;  
 Pointing aye at Jenny,  
 Laughing, they flew by.

Money causes flattery,  
 Money maks us vain;  
 Money changes a' things,—  
 Now I'm Madam Jane.

Sin auld Robby left me  
 Houses, fields, not few;  
 Lads thrang round in clusters—  
 I'm a beauty now!

Money maks us merry,  
 Money maks us braw;  
 Money gets us sweethearts,  
 That's the best of a'!

I hae fat and slender  
 I hae short and tall,  
 I hae rake and miser,—  
 I despise them all.

Money they're a' seeking,  
 Money they'se get nane;  
 Money sends them sneaking  
 After Madam Jane.

There's ane pair and bashfu',  
 I hae in my e'e,  
 He's get hand and siller,  
 Gin he fancies me.

Money maks us bonny,  
 Money maks us glad;  
 Be she lame or lazy,  
 Money brings a lad.

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## WHEN MERRY HEARTS WERE GAY.

When merry hearts we're gay,  
 Careless of ought but play,  
 Poor Flora slipt away,  
     Sadd'ning to Mora,  
 Loose flow'd her coal black hair,  
 Quick heav'd her bosom bare,  
 And thus to the troubled air,  
 She vented her sorrow:—

Loud howls the northern blast,  
 Bleak is the dreary waste:—  
 Haste, then, O Donnel haste,  
     Haste to thy Flora.  
 Twice twelve long months are o'er,  
 Since in a foreign shore,  
 You promised to fight no more,  
     But meet me in Mora.

Where now is now is Donnel dear?  
 Maids cry with taunting sneer,  
 Say, is he still sincere  
     To his lov'd Flora.  
 Parents upbraid my moan:  
 Each heart is turn'd to stone—  
 Ah Flora! thou'rt now alone,  
     Friendless in Mora.

Come then, O come away,  
 Donnel no longer stay;  
 Where can my rover stray  
 From his dear Flora.

Ah sure he ne'er could be  
 False to his vows and me.  
 O heav'n, is not yot yonder he  
 Bounding in Mora.

Never, O wretched fair,  
 (Sigh'd the sad messenger)  
 Never shall Donnel mair  
 Meet his loved Flora.

Cold, cold-beyond-the-main,  
 Donnel thy love lies slain;  
 He sent me to soothe thy pain  
 Weeping in Mora.

Well fought our gallant men,  
 Headed by brave Burgoine;  
 Our heroes were thrice led on  
 To British glory.

But ah! tho' our foes did flee,  
 Sad was the loss to thee,  
 While every fresh victory  
 Drown'd us in sorrow."

"Here take this trusty blade,  
 (Donnel expiring said)

"Give it to you dear maid  
 "Weeping in Mora;

" Tell her, O Allan, tell,  
 " Donnel thus bravely fell,  
 " And that in his last farewell,  
     He thought on his Flora."

Mute stood the trembling fair,  
 Speechless with wild despair,  
 Then striking her bosom bare,  
     Sigh'd out poor Flora,  
 " O Donnel ! O welladay !"  
 Was all the fond heart could say :  
 At length the sound died away,  
     Feebly in Mora.

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THE IRISH FISHERMAN.

An Irishman angling one day in the Liffy,  
 Which runs down by Dublin's sweet city so  
     fine ;  
 A smart shower of rain falling, Pat in a giffy,  
 Crept under the arch of a bridge with his line.

" Why that's not the way to accomplish your  
     wishes,"  
 Cries Dermot, " the devil a bite you will get ;"  
 " Och, bother," says Pat, " don't you know  
     that the fishes,  
 Will flock rinder here to keep out of the wet."