

42
Tamie Lamie's Cure

FOR A

DRUNKEN WIFE.

To which are added,

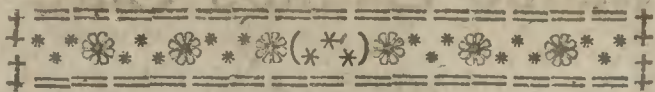
The PLOUGHMAN'S RANT,

AND

GOWF MY LOGIE.



Entered according to Order.



Tamie Lamie's Cure for a Drunken Wife.

THere liv'd a wife in our gate-end,
 she lo'ed a drap of cappie O,
 And all the gear that e'er she gat,
 she slipt it o'er her gabbie O.

Upon a frosty winter night,
 the wife had got a drappie O,
 And she had pish'd her coats sae well,
 she cou'd nae find the pattie O.

But she's awa' to her goodman,
 they ca'd him Tamie Lamie O,
 Gae ben and fetch the key to me,
 that I may get a dramie O.

Tamie was an honest man,
 himsel he took a drappie O,
 It was nae well out o'er his craig,
 till she was on his tappie O.

She paid him well baith back and side,
 and fair she creish'd his backie O,
 She made his skin baith blue and black,
 and made his shoulders crackie O.

Then he's awa' to the malt barn,
 and he has ta'en a sackie O,
 He put her in baith head and tail,
 and cast her o'er his backie O.

The carline spurr'd wi' head and feet,
 the carle he was fae ackie O,
 To ilka wa' that he came by,
 he garr'd her head play knackie O.

Goodman, I think you'll murder me,
 my brains you out will knockie O,
 He gi'ed her ay the other hitch,
 ly still ye devil's buckie O.

Goodman I'm like to mak my burn,
 O let me out good Tamie O,
 Then he set her upon a stane,
 and bad her pish a damie O.

Then Tamie took her aff the stane,
 and put her in the sackie O,
 And when she did begin to spurr,
 he lent her ay a knockie O.

Away he went to the mill-dam,
 and there gae her a duckie O,
 And ilka cheil that had a stick,
 play'd thump upon her backie O.

And when he took her hame again,
 he did hing up the sackie O,
 At her bed-side as I hear say,
 upon a little knagie O.

And ilka day when she rose up,
 in naething but her smockie O,
 Sae soon's she look'd him in the face,
 she might behold the sackie O,

Now all ye men baith far and near,
 that have a drunken toutie O,
 Duck ye your wives in time o' year,
 and I'll lend you the sackie O.

The wife did live for nineteen years,
 and was fu' frank and couthie O,
 And ever since she got the duck,
 she never had a drouthie O.

At last the carline chanc'd to die,
 and Tamie did her bury O,
 And for the public benefit,
 he has gar'd print the curie O.

And this he did her motto make,
 " Here lies an honest luckie O,
 " Who never left the drinking trade,
 " until she got duckie O."

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THE PLOUGHMAN'S RANT.

To its own Proper Tune.

THE ploughman he's a bonny lad,
 and all his work's at leisure,
 And when that he comes home at e'en,
 he kisses me with pleasure.

Up wi't a' my ploughman lad,
 up wi't a' my ploughman,
 Of a' the lads that I do know,
 commend me to the ploughman.

Now the blooming spring comes on,
 he takes his yoking early,
 And whistles o'er the fallow'd land,
 he goes to fallow early.

Up wi't a' my ploughman lad, &c.

The ploughman he comes hame at e'en,
 he's often wet and weary,
 Cast off the wet put on the dry,
 come to your bed my deary.

Up wi't a' my ploughman lad, &c.

It's I will wash my ploughman's hose,
 and I will wash his o'erly,
 And I will make my ploughman's bed,
 and chear him late and early.

Up wi't a' my ploughman lad, &c.

It's merry butt, and merry ben,
 it's merry is my ploughman;
 Of all the trades that I do ken,
 commend me to the ploughman.

Up wi't a' my ploughman lad, &c.

Plow yon hill, and plow yon dale,
 plow yon haugh and fallow,
 Who winna drink the ploughman's health,
 is but a dirty fellow.

Up wi't a' my ploughman lad,
 up wi't a' my ploughman,
 Of a' the lads that I do know,
 commend me to the ploughman.



G O W F M Y L O G I E.

To it's own Proper Tune.

OF modest maids in simple weeds,
 I've nothing for to say man,
 But against the game of hawking wench,
 I'll tell you and you'll stay man.
 And ye busk sae bra' lassie,
 and ye busk sae bra',
 The lads will crack your maidenhead,
 and that's against the law.

I view them aft come to the church,
 with meal upon their hair man;
 Whom I have seen in former times,
 with back and buttocks bare man.
 O do not look so high lassie,
 O do not look so high,
 You'll mind your mither was but poor
 tho' now you drink your tea.

Those dirty maids come to the church,
 holding their mouths so mim man,
 Like riddle rims their tails go round,
 fine coats stript in the loom man.
 O vow but ye be vogie lassie,
 O vow but ye be vogie, (coat,
 You're proud to wear that whorelike
 its name is gowf my logie.

I laugh to see them come to fairs,
 with whalebone stay's it's queer man,
 So foolishly they are primp't up,
 like funks upon a mare man.

O gin ye be trig lassie,
 O gin ye be trig,
 The whalebone keeps their belly back,
 and yet it may turn big.

With stamingers into their breasts,
 their bubbies they do crush man,
 Which makes them jimp about the
 middle,

and big where ye wad wish man.

O soon ye learn the trade lassie,
 O soon ye learn the trade,
 About fifteen you are fae keen,
 as venture to the bed.

With ribbons rare and other ware,
 they're primpet up fae nice man,
 They loftily do cock their heads,
 even as their docks gat spice man.

O well does thou incline lassie,
 O well does thou incline,
 To dance the blanket hornpipe,
 as minnie did langsyne.

Our Ladies now we do not know,
 tho' they busk ne'er fae bra' man,
 Our servant maids does wear the same,
 we think they're ladies a' man.

O what needs a' this pride lassie,
 O what needs a' this pride,
 To wear your best clothes ev'ry day,
 and what when you're a bride.

Some think their maiden-head will spoil,
 before young men come near man,
 It's pain to keep, it's like a boil,
 'tis duty them to clear man.

O hute awa' wi' pride lassie,
 O hute awa' wi' pride, (by,
 It's that, that makes young men go
 they'll no mak you their bride.

So all young men that want a wife,
 take warning by their look man,
 Love not a lass that casts her head,
 about like a game cock man.

O well I know I their eye lassie,
 O well know I their eye,
 They'll vex a man and chap his pan,
 his head they'll hornifie

So beware when Maggy Idle comes,
 a fooling to the fair man,
 If you incline she will resign,
 the whole use of her ware man.

And she draw you on laddie,
 and she draw you on,
 She'll burn you wi' her merry bit,
 and then you'll sigh and moan.