

T H E

Hawking Wench ;

O R,

Gowf My Logie.

To which are added,

The PLOUGHMAN'S RANT.

MIRA'S CHARMS.

TAMIE LAMIE'S CURE.

FOR A

DRUNKEN WIFE.



G L A S G O W,

Printed by J. & M. Robertson, Saltmarket, 1803.



The Hawking Wench, or Gowf my Logie.

OF modest maids in single weeds,
 I've nothing for to say man,
 But 'gainst the game of hawking wench,
 I'll tell you and you'll stay man.

Chor. 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,
 though 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,
 Ye're proud to wear that whorelike coat,
 its name is GOWF MY LOGIE.

I laugh to see them come to fairs,
 with whalebone stays it's queer man,
 So foolishly they are primp up,
 like sunks upon a mare man.

O gin ye be so trig lassie,

O gin ye be so trig,

The whalebone keeps their belly back,
and yet it may turn big.

With stamingers into their breasts,

their bubies 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 so keen,
as venture to the bed.

With ribbons rare and other ware,

they're primped up fae nice man,

They loftily do cock their heads,

ev'n as their docks got spice man.

O well does thou incline lassie,

O well does thou incline,

To dance the bla'ket-hornpipe,
as minnie did langsyne.

Our Ladies now we do not know,

tho' they busk ne'er so 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 every day,
and what when you're a bride?

They think their maidenheads will spoil,

before young men come near man;

It's pain to keep, it's like a boil,
 it's duty them to clear man.
 O hout awa' wi' pride lassie,
 O hout awa' wi' pride,
 It's that, that makes young men go by,
 they'll no mak you their bride.

So ail young men that wants a wife,
 take warning by their look man;
 Love not a Lals-that casts her head
 about like a game-cock man
 O well I know their eye lassie,
 O well I know 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 o' laddie,
 and she draw you on,
 She'll burn you wi' her merry bit,
 and then you'll sigh and moan.



M I R A ' S C H A R M S.

PREPAR'D to rail, resolv'd to part,
 when I approach the perjur'd fair,
 What is it awes my tim'rous heart?
 why does my tongue forbear?

With the least glance, a little kind,
 such won'rous pow'rs have Mira's charms
 She arms my doubts. enslaves my mind,
 and all my rage disarms.

Forgetful of her broken vows,
 when gazing on that form divine!
 Her injur'd vassal trembling bows,
 nor dares her slave repine.



THE PLOUGHMAN'S RANT.

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

CHORUS.

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.

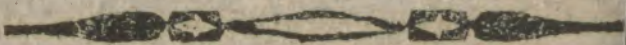
Now the blooming Spring comes on,
 he takes his yoking fairly,
 And whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
 he goes to fallow early. Up wi't a', &c.

The ploughman he comes hame at e'en,
 he's often wet and weary,
 Cast aff the wet, put on the dry,
 come to your bed my deary. Up wi't a', &c.

It's I will wash my ploughman's hose,
 and I will wash his o'erlay,
 And I will mak my ploughman's bed,
 and chear him late and early. Up wi't a', &c.

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

Plow on yon hill, plow on yon dale,
 plow yon haugh and fallow,
 Wha winna drink the ploughman's health,
 is but a dirty fallow.
 Up wi't a' my ploughman lad, &c.



Tamie Lamie's Cure for a Drunken Wife.

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

Upon a frosty winter night,
 the wife had got a drappie O,
 And she did pish her coats sae weel,
 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 drammic O.

Tamie was an honest man,
 himsell 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 ma't 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 with head and feet,
 the carle he was sae akie O,
 To ilka wa' that he came by,
 he garr'd her head play knackie O.

Goodman, I think ye'll murder me,
 my brains ye will out knockie O,
 He gi'ed her ay the ither hitch,
 ly still ye de'il'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 bade 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 spur,
 he lent her ay a knockie O.

Awa' he went to the mill-dam,
 and there gae her a duckie O,
 And ilka chiel 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 heard say,
 upon a little knaggie O.

And ilka day when she raise 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 both far and near,
 that have a drunken toutie, O,
 Duck ye your wife 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 burie O,
 And for the public benefit,
 he did gar print the curie O.

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