

T H E

C H I L D O F A T A R .

T H E M I D N I G H T B O W I .

C O M E G I E ' S A S A N G

the Lady cried.

The Winter sat lang on the

Spring o' the year.



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THE CHILD OF A TAR.

IN a little blue garment, all ragged and torn,
With scarce any shoes to his feet,
His head quite uncover'd, a look quite ter-
lorn,
And a cold stony step for his seat;
A boy cheerless sat and as passengers pass'd
With a voice that might avarice bar,
Have pity, he cry'd, let your bounty be cast
To a poor little child of a Tar.

No mother I have, no friend can I claim,
Deserted and cheerless I roam;
My father had fought for his country and
fame,
But, alas! he may never come home
Pinch'd by cold and by hunger, now hapless
my fate,
Distress must all happiness mar;
Look down on my sorrows and pity the fate
Of a poor little child of a Tar.

By cruelty drove from a neat rural cot,
Where once with contentment he dwelt;
No friend to protect us, my poor mother's
lot,

Alas! too severely she felt;
 Bow'd down by misfortune, death made her
 his own,
 And snatch'd her to regions afar,
 Distress'd and quite friendless, she left me to
 moan,—
 A poor little child of a Tar.

Thus plaintive he mourn'd. when a sailor
 who passed,
 Stopped a moment to give him relief,
 He stretch'd forth his hand, and a look on
 him cast,
 A look full of wonder and grief.
 What, William! he cried, my poor little boy,—
 With wealth I've returned from the war,
 Thy sorrows shall cease, nor shall grief more
 annoy,
 The poor little child of a Tar.

THE MIDNIGHT BOWL.

Care, thou canker of our joys,
 Now thy tyrant reign is o'er,
 Fill the merry bowl my boys,
 Join in Bacchanalian roars.

O'er the merry midnight bowl,
 O how happy we will be;
 Day was made for vulgar souls,
 Night, my boys, for you and me.

Seize the villain, plunge him in;
 See, the hated miscreant dies,
 Mirth, with all thy train, come in;
 Banish sorrow, tears, and sighs!

TULLOCHGORUM.

Come gies a sang, the lady cried,
 And set your disputes all aside;
 What nonsense tis for folks to chide
 'Bout what's been done before them.
 Let whig and tory all agree,
 Whig and tory, whig and tory,
 Let whig and tory all agree
 To drop their whigmegnorum.
 Let whig and tory all agree
 To spend the night wi' mirth and glee,
 And cheerfu' sing along wi' me
 The Reel of Tullochgorum.

'Tullochgorum's my delight,
 It gars us a' in ane unite,

And onie sumpn wha keeps up spite

In conscience I abhor him;

Blithe and merry we's be a',

Blithe and merry, blithe and merry,

Blithe and merry we's be a',

To mak a cheerfu' quorum.

Blithe and merry we's be a',

As lang as we hac breath to draw;

And dance, till we be like to fa',

The Reel of Tullochgerum.

There needs na be sae great a phrase

Wi' bringing dull Italian lays;

I wadna gie cur ain strathspeys

For hauf a hunder score o'm!

They're dowff and dowie at the best,

Dowff and dowie, dowff and dowie;

They're dowff and dowie at the best,

Wi' a' their variorum;

They're dowff and dowie at the best,

Their allegro's, and a' the rest,

They canna please a Highland taste,

Compa'd wi' Tullochgerum.

Let warldly minds themselves oppress,

Wi' fear o' want, and double cress,

And silly sauls themselves distress,

Wi' keeping up decerum.

Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,

Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
 Like auld Philosophorum.
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit;
 Wi' neither sense, nor miith, nor wit,
 And canna rise to shake a fit
 To the Reel of I'ullochgorum?

May choicest blessings still attend
 Each honest-hearted open-friend,
 And calm and quiet be his end,
 Be a' that's gude before him!
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 And dainties a great store o'm;
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 Unstained by any vicious blot!
 And may he never want a groat
 That's fond of I'ullochgorum.

But for the discontented fool,
 Wha wants to be oppression's tool,
 May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
 And blackest fiends devour him!
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,
 Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,
 And honest souls abhor him;

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May dool and sorrow be his chance,
And a' the ills that come frae France,
Whae'er he be who winna dance
The Reel of Tullechgorum.

THE FRIEND THAT'S AWA.

The winter sat lang on the spring o' the year,
Our seed time was late, and our mailin was dear
My mither tint heart when she leok'd on us a',
And we thought upon them that were farest awa.
O! were they but here that are farest awa!
O! were they but here that are dear to us a'!
Our cares wou'd seem light, and our sorrows but
sma',
If they were but here that are far frae us a'.

Last week, when our hopes were o'erclouded
wi' fear,
And nae ane at hame the dull prospect to cheer;
Our Johnnie has written frae far awa parts,
A letter that lightens and hauds up our hearts.
He says, "My dear mither, tho' I be awa,
In love and affection I'm still wi' ye a';
While I hae a being yese aye hae a ha',
Wi' plenty to keep out the frost and the
snaw."

My mither o'erjoyed at this change in her
state,

By the bairn that she deated on early and
late,

Gies thanks, night and day, to the Giver of a'
There's been naething unworthy o' him that s'
awa.

Then here is to them that are far frae us a',
The friend that ever failed us, tho' farrest awa!
Health, peace, and prosperity wait on us a',
And a blythe coming-home to the friend that's
awa.

F I N I S.