

A COLLECTION OF

7

SONGS, &c.

CONTAINING

v.

HOOPLY AND FAIRLY.

TASTE LIFE'S GLAD MOMENTS.

DONALD CAIRD,

BRUCE'S ADDRESS.

THE SPRIG OF SHILLELAH.



EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

Hooly and Fairly.

Oh neighbours! what had I ado for to marry,
 My wife she drinks possets and wine o' Canary
 And ea's me a niggardly, thraw-gabbet earlie,
 O, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

Hooly and fairly, &c.

She feasts wi' her kimmers on dainties enew,
 Ay bowing and smirking, and dighting her mo
 While I sit aside, and wu helpit but sparely,
 O, gin my wife wad eat hooly and fairly!

Hooly and fairly, &c.

To fairs, and to bridals, and preachings, and a'
 She gangs sae light-headed, and basket sae bray
 It's ribbons and mantles that gar me gae barely—
 O, gin my wife wad spend hooly and fairly!

Hooly and fairly, &c.

In the kirk sie commotion last Sabbath she made
 Wi' babs o' red roses, and breast knots o'erlaid
 The Dominie sticket his psalm very nearly—
 O, gin my wife wad dress hooly and fairly!

Hooly and fairly, &c.

She's warring and flyting frae morning till e'en,
 And if ye gainsay her, her e'e glows sae keen!
 Then tongue, neive, and cudgel, she'll lay on
 sairly!

O, gin my wife wad strike hooly and fairly!

Hooly and fairly, &c.

When tir'd wi' her cantrips, she lies in her bed,
 The wark a' neglecket, the house ill up-redd,
 When a' our good neighbours are stirring right early:
 Ogin my wife wad sleep timely and fairly!

Timely and fairly, &c.

For ord o' good counsel, or grace, she'll hear none,
 She bardies the elders and mocks at Mess John,
 And back in his teeth his ain text she flings rarely!
 Ogin my wife wad speak hooly and fairly!

Hooly and fairly, &c.

I wish I were single, I wish I were freed;
 I wish I were doited, I wish I were dead;
 He in the mools, to dement me nae mair, lay;
 That does't avail to cry hooly and fairly!

Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly!

Wasting my health to cry hooly and fairly!

Taste Life's Glad Moments.

Taste life's glad moments,

Whilst the wasting taper glows;

Pluck, ere it withers,

The quickly fading rose.

Man blindly follows grief and care,
 He seeks for thorns, and finds his share;

Whilst violets to the passing air

Unheeded shed their blossoms.

Taste life's, &c.

When tim'rous nature veils her form,
 And rolling thunder spreads alarm,

Then, ah! how sweet, when, lull'd the storm,
The sun smiles forth at even.

Taste life's, &c.

How spleen and envy anxious flies,
And meek content in humble guise,
Improves the shrub, a tree shall rise,
Which golden fruits will yield him.

Taste life's, &c.

Who fosters faith in upright breast,
And freely gives to the distress'd,
There sweet contentment builds her nest,
And flutters round his bosom.

Taste life's, &c.

And when life's path grows dark and strait,
And pressing ills on ills await,
Then friendship, sorrow to abate,
The helping hand will offer.

Taste life's, &c.

She dries his tears, she strews his way,
E'en to the grave, with flow'rets gay;
Turns night to morn, and morn to day,
And pleasure still increases.

Taste life's, &c.

Of life she is the fairest hand,
Joins brothers truly hand in hand,
Thus onward to a better land
Man journeys light and cheérly.

Taste life's, &c.

Donald Caird.

Donald Caird's come again;
 Donald Caird's come again;
 Tell the news in burgh and glen,
 Donald Caird's come again.

Donald Caird can lilt and sing;
 Blythely dance the Highland fling;
 Drink till the gudeman be blind;
 Fleech till the gudewife be kind;
 Hoop a leggin, cloot a pan,
 Crack a pow wi' ony man:
 Tell the news in burgh and glen,
 Donald Caird's come again.

Donald Caird can wire a maukin,
 Kens the wiles o' dun deer staukin;
 Leisters kipper; makes a shift
 To shoot a muirfowl in the drift.
 Water bailiffs, rangers, keepers,
 He can wauk when you are sleepers;
 Not for bountith or reward
 Dare you mill wi' Donald Caird.

Donald Caird can drink a gill
 Fast as hostile wife can fill;
 Ilka ane that sells good liquor
 Kens how Donald hends a bicker.
 When he's fou, he's stout and saucy
 Keeps the cantle o' the causey;
 Highland chief and Lowland laird,
 Maun gie room to Donald Caird.

Steek the amrie, lock the kist,
 Else some gear may soon be mist;
 Donald Caird finds orra things,
 Whare Allan Gregor fand the fings;
 Dunts o' kebbuc, taitis o' woo,
 Whiles a hen, and whiles a sow;
 Wabs or duds, frae hedge or yard—
 'Ware the woody, Donald Caird!
 On Donald Caird the doom was stern,
 Craig to tether—legs to airn;
 But Donald Caird, wi' muckle study,
 Caught the gift to cheat the woody.
 Rings o' airn, and bolts o' steel,
 Fell like ice frae han' an' heel;—
 Watch the sheep in fauld and glen,
 Donald Caird's come again.

Donald Caird's come again;
 Donald Caird's come again;
 Dinna let the Shirra kén.
 Donald Caird's come again.

Bruce's Address.

Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled;
 Scots wham Bruce has aften led;
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to glorious victory!
 Now's the day and now's the hour;
 See the front of battle lour;
 See approach proud Edward's power—
 Edward! chains, and slavery!

Who will be a traitor knave?

Who will fill a coward's grave?

Who sae base as be a slave?—

Traitor! coward! turn and flee!

Who for Scotland's king and law,

Freedom's sword will strongly draw?

Freeman stand, or freeman fa'

Caledonian, on wi' me!

By Oppression's woes and pains!

By your sons in servile chains!

We will drain our dearest veins,

But they shall be—shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!

Tyrants fall in every foe!

Liberty's in every blow!

Forward! let us do or die!

The Sprig of Shillelah.

O love is the soul of a neat Irishman,

He loves all the lovely, loves all that he can,

With his sprig of shillelah, and shamrock so green.

His heart is good-humour'd, 'tis honest and sound,

No malice or hatred is there to be found,

He courts and he marries, he drinks, and he fights,

For love, all for love, for in that he delights,

With his sprig of shillelah, and shamrock so green.

Who has e'er had the luck to see Donny-brook fair,

An Irishman all in his glory is there,

With his sprig of shillelah, and shamrock so green,

His clothes spick and span new, without e'er
speck,

A new barcelona tied round his neat neck;
He goes to a tent, and he spends his half-crown,
He meets with a friend, and for love knocks him

down,
With his sprig of shillelah, and shamrock so green

At ev'ning returning, as homeward he goes,
His heart soft with whisky; his head soft with blow
From a sprig of shillelah, and shamrock so green
He meets with his Sheelah, who, blushing a smile
Cries, Get ye gone, Pat,—yet consents all the

while!
To the priest soon they go; and nine months

after that,
A fine baby cries, How d'ye do, father Pat,
With your sprig of shillelah, and shamrock so green

Bless the country, says I, that gave Patrick his
birth,

Bless the land of the oak, and its neighbourin
earth,

Where grows the shillelah, and shamrock so green
May the sons of the Thames, the Tweed, and the
Shannon,

Drub the foes who would plant on their confin
a cannon:

United and happy at loyalty's shrine,—

May the rose and the thistle long flourish and twi

Round a sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green