

Tippling Farmer.

To which are added,

T H E B Y E S T A N D E R.

W H A T a B E A U M Y G R A N N Y W A S.

T H E N E W R A M I L I E S.

The Sailor's Return from Cape Breton.

S H E ' S a s t h e O P E N I N G L I L L Y f a i r.

The D I S C O N S O L A T E S A I L O R.



G L A S G O W,

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THE TIPPLING FARMER.

GOOD ale comes and good ale goes,
 Good ale gart me sell my hofe,
 Sell my hofe and-pawn my shoon,
 Good ale keeps my heart aboon.

Good ale comes and good ale goes, etc.

I had four owfen in a plough,
 And they drew a' teugh enough,
 I drank them a' ane by ane,
 Good ale keeps my heart aboon.

Good ale comes and good ale goes, etc.

Good ale keeps me bare and bizy,
 And gars me work when I am dizey,
 And spend my wage when a' is done,
 For good ale keeps my heart aboon.

Good ale comes and good ale goes, etc.

I had forty shillings in a clout,
 Good ale gart me pick them out,
 Pick them out a' ane by ane,
 Good ale keeps my heart aboon.

Good ale comes and good ale goes, etc.

I took the muckle pot on my back,
 And to the ale-house I did pack,
 I spent it a' in an afternoon,
 For good ale keeps my heart aboon.

Good ale comes and good ale goes, etc.

I wish they were a' hang'd on a gallows,
 That winna keep good ale for good fallows,
 And keep a soup till the afternoon,
 For good ale keeps my heart aboon.

Good ale comes and good ale goes, etc.

THE BYESTANDER.

LOOK fairly all the world around,
 and as you truth deliver,
 Tell me what character is found
 a real *favour vivre*?

Who truly merits sober fame,
 to find you need not wander,
 None can detect life's fraudulent game,
 so well as the Byestander.

The lover cogs, and palms, and slips,
 the easy fair as buffle,
 And still to win that stake, her lips,
 will deal, and cut, and shuffle;
 Still will he ply each subtle art,
 till he has quite trapann'd her,
 And then is sure to trump her heart,
 if absent the Byestander.

Preferment is a bowling green,
 where, plac'd in each position,
 Bowls jostling in and out are seen,
 to reach the jack, ambition;
 The bias interest still they try,
 twist, turn, and well meander,
 Yet their manœuvres, rub or fly,
 are known to the Byestander.

The law's a game of whist, wherein,
 the parties nine are both in,
 Where tricks alone the game can win,
 and honours go for nothing;
 And whilst they a sure game do nick,
 their client's money squander,
 Full many more than one odd trick
 discovers the Byestander.

The coxcomb plays at shuttlecock,
 the wit commands and questions,
 The barking cits to commerce flock,
 each follows his suggestions ;
 Yet he alone who merits fame,
 who blunts the shafts of slander,
 And on the square, life's motely game
 best plays, is the Byestander.

WHAT A BEAU MY GRANNY WAS.

THE Ladies all can best approve,
 the strict attention of my love,
 Though I decry their frippery,
 the ton the fashions oft did try.

In days of old my Granny told
 the dress of every lad and lass,
 But you shall know before I go,
 O what a beau my Granny was.

Chor. With her hizzy, quizzzy, hizzy, frizzy,
 thunder, dunder, blunder O,
 As I for fun, girls, hither run,
 my Granny was a wonder O.

My Granny had but her own hair,
 which she in comely mode did wear,
 But now with wool they load each skull,
 and frizzle it to make it stare ;
 With feathers high as if 'twou'd fly,
 each girl for beauty aims to pass,
 But 'twas not so long time ago,
 when a great beau my-Granny was. With, etc.

My Granny was both fair and plump,
 and like a squirrel she could jump,
 With coral lips and natural hips,
 but now each girl has her cark rump ;

The platted ruff looks well enough,
 now pigeons craws they wear, alas!
 Stuck out before, like the breast of a boar,
 O what a beau my Granny was.
 Chor. With her hizzy, quizzzy, etc.



THE NEW RAMILIES.

YOU pretty maids where e'er you be,
 that have sweet hearts on the raging sea,
 Come shed a tear along with me,
 my love was lost in the Ramilie.

My love he was a sailor bold,
 as e'er a fair maid did behold,
 He was always constant kind to me,
 he has lost his life in the Ramilie.

The seas did roll full mountains high,
 there was no daylight in the sky,
 The wind did blow with a dismal shock,
 when the Ramilies dash'd against a rock.

Five hundred seamen stout and bold,
 was here on board as we are told,
 Twenty-five of them their life did save,
 the rest were buried in a wat'ry grave.

Nigh Plymouth harbour where they lay,
 the wind did blow most dismally,
 By boisterous seas the ships were drove,
 by cruel Fortune I lost my love.

You widows and you fatherless,
 come mourn with me in my distress,
 Their mothers to their fathers cries,
 we've lost our sons in the Ramilies.

The SAILOR'S RETURN from CAPE BRETON.

STand round my brave boys, let's sing & rejoice,
 we dread neither dangers nor fears,
 Cape Breton's our own, as sure as a gun,
 and Boscawen's the bravest of Tars.

While the sea ran so high, we could hardly get nigh,
 and thundering cannons did roar :

We determin'd to land tho' oppos'd from the strand,
 and so boldly went bump upon shore.

Their light house we took & their colours we struck,
 & our red English Cross on it heighten'd, (shun,
 From their batteries they run, British vengeance to
 for the Monsieurs were damnably frighten'd.

Sacra Dieu they roar out, we are ruin'd no doubt,
 not a saint could afford them relief ;

And how should soup meagure enable a bougre,
 to fight like the Sons of Roast Beef.

Their ships of the line strove to baulk our design,
 but into the harbour we row'd, (hatches,

We damn'd their hot matches, soon clapt down their
 burn't one and out t'other we tow'd.

Then the governor sent, to surrender content,
 to save from destruction the town,

What he asked we granted, we had what we wanted,
 and Louisburg then was our own.

I never could laugh at a show so by half,
 as to see their lank soldiers and sailors,

By Jove my friend Will I thought then & think still,
 they were nothing but journeymen taylor.

Such glorious success, as our wrongs must redress,
 and the French on their marrow bones bring :

Now let's have a dance, with our partners advance,
 and so God bless great George our King.

SHE'S AS THE OPENING LILLY FAIR.

WHEN beauty blazes heav'nly bright,
 The muse can no more cease to sing,
 Than can the lark with rising light,
 Her notes neglect with drooping wing.
 The morning shines, harmonious birds rise high :
 The dawning beauty smiles, and poets fly.

Young Annie's budding graces claim
 Th' inspired thought, and softest lays :
 And kindle in the breast a flame,
 Which must be vented in her praise.
 Tell us, ye gentle shepherds, have you seen
 'Er one so like an angel tread the green ?

Ye youth, be watchful of your hearts ;
 When she appears, take the alarm :
 Love on her beauty points his darts,
 And wings an arrow from each charm.
 Around her eyes and smiles the graces sport,
 And to her snowy neck and breast resort.

But vain must every caution prove ;
 When such enchanting sweetness shines,
 The wounded swain must yield to love,
 And wonder, tho' he hopeless pines.
 Such flames the foppish butterfly shou'd shun ;
 The eagle's only fit to view the sun.

She's as the opening lilly fair ;
 Her lovely features are complete ;
 Whilst heaven indulgent makes her share
 With angels all that's wise and sweet.
 These virtues which divinely deck her mind,
 Wait each other of th' interior kind.

Whether she love the rural scenes,
 Or sparkle in the airy town,
 O! happy he her favour gains,
 Unhappy! if she on him frown.
 The muse unwilling quits the lovely theme,
 Adieu she sings, and thrice repeats her name.

THE DISCONSOLATE SAILOR.

WHEN my money was all spent I'd gain'd in the war,
 and the world began to frown on my fate,
 What matter'd my zeal or my honoured scars,
 when indifference stood at the gate.

The face that would smile when my purse was well
 shews a diff'rent respect unto me; (lin'd,
 But if I can nought but indifference find,
 I'll bid myself again to the sea.

I thought it not safe to repine at my lot,
 or to stay with cold looks on the shore,
 But I pack'd up the trifling remains I had got,
 and a trifle, alas! was my store.

A handkerchief held all the treasure I had,
 which on a stick over my shoulder I threw,
 Away then I steer'd with a heart rather sad,
 for to join with some jolly ship's crew.

The sea was less troubled by far than my mind,
 and as the wide main I survey'd,
 I could not help thinking the world was unkind,
 and Fortune a slipp'ry jade.

But if I can take her once more into tow,
 I will let these ungrateful ones see,
 That the blust'ring winds and the billows can show
 more kindness than they have for me.
