

T H E
Fortunate Weaver's Uprise,
O R, T H E
Landlady well Pleas'd.


TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

T H E L A D Y ' S D I A R Y
The Love & Rage of Highland Donald,
D R I N K I N G D R O W N S C A R E,
B R A V E D O N A L D M ' C R A W,
J E N N Y N E T T L E S,
T H E M A L T M A N.



G L A S G O W,

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The Fortunate WEAVER'S UPRISE.

LAST night as I came into town,
 I was both wet and weary,
 Into a tavern I did go,
 hoping relief was near me :

They conducted me to the tap-room,
 I call'd for punch was sinoaking,
 My landlady and I sat down,
 and there we fell a jokeing.

We drank about till it was out,
 then I call'd in another—

When in the shop we heard a rap,
 the daughter calling mother.

She said, my child, forbear a while,
 and do your best endeavour,
 For leave my heart, if I can part
 this darling sporting weaver.

I put my arms around her neck,
 her cheeks they blush'd like roses ;
 She said, young man, call what you will,
 you will not be impos'd on.

I took her gently by the hand,
 and embrac'd her in my arms,
 With one consent we went to bed,
 and there we slept till morning.

Then the next morning when I rose,
 I look'd so melancholy,
 Thinking of my night's repose
 and of my past folly.

She call'd me to her breakfast room,
 the tea being on the table,
 She said, my lad, be not so sad,
 fare well whilst you are able.

When breakfast things were laid aside,
 and all things fair and easy,
 She said my boy, don't seem so shy,
 I have a job will please you.

And if that you work journey work,
 I'd have you go no farther;
 I'll please your mind with coarse and fine,
 and a loom in proper order.

Immediately we did agree,
 and with her then I tarried,
 I wrought her piece most charmingly,
 and soon after we got married.

In unity we do agree,
 no couple can live better,
 Both night and day I bear the sway,
 for weaving of her chequer.

Now to conclude and end my song,
 I hope you're not offended,
 If I said any thing that's wrong,
 it's more than I intended.

I hope this will a warning be
 unto all linen-weavers,
 To always please the landlady,
 and keep her in their favour.

THE LADY'S DIARY.

LECTUR'D by Pa and Ma o'er night,
 Monday, at ten, quite vex'd and jealous,
 Resolv'd in future to be right,
 and never listen to the fellows!

Stitch'd half a wristband, read the text,
 receiv'd a note from Mrs. Rackit:
 I hate the woman, she sat next
 all church-time, to sweet Captain Clackit.

Tuesday got scolded, did not care,
 the toast was cold, 'twas past eleven;
 I dreamt the Captain, through the air,
 on Cupid's wings bore me to heav'n!
 Pouted and din'd; dress'd, look'd divine;
 made an excuse, got Ma to back it;
 Went to the play, what joy was mine!
 talk'd loud & laugh'd with Captain Clackit.

Wednesday came down, no lark so gay!
 the girl's quite alter'd, said my Mother;
 Cry'd Dad, I recollect the day
 when, Dearie, thou wert such another.
 Danc'd, drew a landscape, skinn'd a play,
 in the paper read that widow Clackit
 To Gretna-Green had run away,
 the forward miss! with Captain Clackit.

Thursday fell sick; poor soul, she'll die;
 five doctors came with length'ned faces;
 Each felt my pulse; ah, me! cry'd I,
 are these my promis'd loves and graces!
 Friday grew worse; cry'd Ma, in pain,
 our day was fair, heav'n do not black it;
 Where's your complaint, love? In my brain,
 what shall I give you? Captain Clackit.

Early next morn a nostrum came
 worth all their cordials, balms, and spices,
 A letter; I had been to blame;
 the Captain's truth brought on a crisis:
 Sunday, for fear of more delays,
 of a few clothes I made a packet,
 And Monday morn step in a chaise,
 and ran away with Captain Clackit.

The Love and rage of Highland Donald.

Highland Donald, swore a wife
 was not so great an evil,
 And any but a husband's life,
 was sure a Highland devil.

Then Highland Donald tun'd his pipe,
 he had been some months married;
 Severely now he feels a whip
 for Horns our Donald carried

Now Highland Donald thump'd his wife,
 he swore she was not civil,
 And to get quit, he'd part with life,
 and send her to the Devil.

 DRINKING DROWNS CARE.

FILL your glasses, banish care,
 Wealth and worldly care despise,
 Sorrow ne'er can bring relief;
 Joys from drinking will arise.

Why should we with anxious care,
 Spoil what Nature's made so fair?

Chor. Drink and set your heart at rest;
 Of a bad bargain make the best.

Mirth when mingled with our wine,
 Makes the heart alert and free:

Let it rain, or snow, or thine,
 All the same it is to me.

There's no fence against our fate,
 Changes daily on us wait. Chor. Drink &c.

Some pursue the winged wealth,
 Some to honour do aspire;

Give me freedom, give me health,
 That's the sum of my desire.

What this world could more present,
 Would not add to my content.

Chor. Drink and set your heart at rest;
 Of a bad bargain make the best.

BRAVE DONALD M' CRAW.

HIGHLAND Donald's got a wife,
 and O! an he be wordie o' her;
 For every night that he comes hame,
 he claws the Highland hurdies o' her.

Now Maggie fidg'd and claw'd her head,
cry'd, Donald will ye murder me!

But he laid on the other thump,
you cuckold me, oh-on-o-rie.

When Donald and his wife had done,
they both with one consent did part,

A sodger he went off to be,
and Maggy keeps a chearful heart.

JENNY NETTLES.

SA W ye Jenny Nettles,

Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles,
Saw ye Jenny Nettles,

coming frae the market;

Bag and baggage on her back,
her fee and bountith in her lap;

Bag and baggage on her back,
and a babcie in her oxter.

I met ayont the Kairny,

Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles,
Singing till her bairny;

Robin Rattle's bastard;

To flee the dool upo' the stool,
and ilka ane that mocks her,

She reund about seeks Robin out,
to flap it in his oxter.

Fy, fy! Robin Rattle,

Robin Rattle, Robin Rattle;

Fy, fy! Robin Rattle,

use Jenny Nettles kindly:

Score out the blame, and shun the shame,
and without more debate o't.

Tak hame your wain, mak Jenny fain,
the leel and leesome gate o't.

THE MALTMAN.

THE maltman comes on Munday,
he craves wonder fair,

Cries, "Danie come gi'e me my filler,
"or malt ye fall ne'er get mair."

I took him into the pantry,
and gave him some cock-broo,
Synè paid him upon a gantree,
as hostler-wives should do.

When maltmen come for filler,
and gaugers wi' wands o'er soon,
Wives, tak them a' down to the cellar,
and clear them as I ha'e done.

This bewith, when cunzie is scanty,
will keep them frae making din;
The knack I learn'd frae an auld aunty,
the snaekest o' a' my kin.

The maltman is right cunning,
but I can be as free,
An' he may crack o' his winning,
whan he clears scores wi' me;
For come whan he likes, I'm ready,
but if frae hame I be,
Let him wait on our kind Lady,
she'll answer a bill for me.
