

FOUR EXCELLENT

NEWSONGS

THE

wee Wifukie,

Roving Journeyman.

LOVELY MOLLY,

The Belfast Mountains.



Edinburgh. — Printed by J. Morren,

THE WEE WIFUKIE.

THERE was a wee bit wifukie,
 and she gaed till a fair,
 She got a wee bit drapukie,
 that cost her meikle care,
 It gaed about the wifie's heart,
 an' she was like to spew,
 An O! quo' the wee bit wifukie,
 I wish I be nae fu'.
 Chos. I wish I be nae fu', quoth she.
 I wish I be nae fu';
 O quo' the wee wifukie
 I wish I be nae fu'.

If Johnny see me barley-sick,
 I doubt he'll claw my skin,
 I'll tak a wee bit napuckie,
 before that I go in:
 Sae lyin' down at a dyke-side
 takin' a wee bit nap;
 By came a paukie packman,
 wi' a wee bit pack. wi', &c.

He clippet a' the wifie's locks,
 that gowden were and lang!
 He took her pouch and pursukie,
 and fast away he ran;
 The wifie wakened in a fright,
 her head was light's a flee,
 An' O! quo' the wice wifukie
 sure this is no me, sure this, &c.

When I was bonny Bessukie,
 my locks they were like gowd,
 I look'd like ony lassukie,
 whene'er that they were cow'd ;
 An' Johnny was ay telling me,
 I was right fair to see ;
 But somebody's been fellin' me,
 for this is nae me. For this, &c.

I met with kindly companie,
 I birl'd my baubee ;
 If I be bonny Bessukie,
 three placks remain wi me.
 She put her hand down by her side,
 to fin' gin it was she,
 But neither pouch nor plack she had,
 nor yet a baubee. For this, &c.

I hae a wee bit houfukie,
 an' in't a kindly man ;
 A doggie they ca' Doffukie,
 if it be me he'll fawn ;
 An' a' the bairns about the hoase,
 will ken if this be me,
 But somebody's been felling me,
 for this is nae me. For this, &c.

The night was cauld and dingin wet,
 an' wow but it was mirk.
 The little doggie heard a foot,
 an' it began to bark :
 An' when the doggie barked,
 she kend it was nae she ;

O weel keas my Dollie d aw I and W
that this is no me. for ye that this. &c.

When Johnny heard his Bessie's foot
falt to the door he ran
Cryin' come awa my Bessie,
it s no me goodman ;
Be kindly to the bairns,
an weel may you be ;
Fare ye weel, my Johnny lad,
for this is no me. for this, &c.

John ran to the Minister,
his hair it stood on end ;
I hae gotten sic a fright, sir,
I fear I'll never mend
My wife came hame without a head,
cryin' out most bitterly.
Fare ye weel, my Johnny lad,
for this is no me. for this, &c.

The tale you tell seems wond'rous strange
seems wond'rous strange to me,
To think a wife without a head
could either speak or see
The things that happen hereawa',
are wonderful to me ;
could amais't w' Bessie say,
'tis neither you nor she, &c.

When Johnny he came hame again,
his heart was unco fain,

To see his banny Bessukie
 come to herself again ;
 Sittin' on a stoolikin,
 an' Tibbock on her knee :
 Cryin' come awa, my Johnny lad,
 for this is now me ;
 I've got a wee bit napukie,
 an' this is now me.

Then Johnny took her in his arms,
 his heart was unco glad,
 To see his bonny Bessukie,
 now a right but the head.
 Although you've lost your gowden locks,
 your pouch and perfukie,
 Come to your bed my Bessukie,
 and happy we shall be. and, &c.

THE ROVING JOURNEY.

I Am a roving journeyman,
 I rove from town to town.
 But when I meet a job of work
 I'm willing to sit down
 My wallet hangs over my shoulder
 a small cane in my hand,
 And I march off to Derry,
 like a Roving journeyman.

But when I come to Derry,
 the girls they jump'd with joy,
 The one says to the other
 there comes the sporting boy.

They invited me to drink with them,
 and took me by the hand,
 The toast gade merrily around
 success to the journeyman.

I was not long in Derry,
 a day but barely one,
 Till I had took a notion,
 to go to sweet Strabane;
 I hoisted up my sails boys,
 I went along the strand,
 Until I came to that new canal,
 that lay by sweet Strabane,

I was not long in sweet Strabane,
 a Day but only three,
 Till I fell in with an airy dame,
 with her I did agree;
 She invited me in to dine with her,
 and took me by the hand,
 She whispered to her mammy,
 she loved a journeyman.

No magic arts I ever us'd,
 to any woman kind,
 Which makes me go a roving,
 and leave my love behind.
 I wonder whats the reason,
 makes my love court so shy,
 I'm sure I use the cordial,
 which makes fair maids comply,

My pearcing bone and shuttle
 I will lay down a throw,
 Unknown to friends and parents,
 a roving I will go
 And every town that I come to,
 I will find a new sweetheart,

And girls you may believe me,
I will leave you a blading heart.

LOVELY MOLLY.

I will gather flocs, she and I,
we won't be gathering flocs,
But we'll be mixing tocs,
down in yon valley so green.

I'll be pulling heather, she and I,
we won't be pulling heather,
But we'll be tanning leather
down in yon valley so green

I'll be gathering eggs, she and I,
we won't be gathering eggs,
But we'll be mixing legs, she and I,
down in yon vally so green.

We'll be gathering bones, she and I,
we'll not be gathering bones,
But we will be laying stons,
down in yon valley so green.

I will be gathering hips, she and I,
we won't be gathering hips,
But we'll be kissing lips,
down in yon valley so green,

We'll be winding yarn, she and I,
we won't be winding yarn,
But we'll be getting bairns,
down in yon valley to green.

We will drink and be merry,
and drown melancholly,

What a lovely Molly was she

BELFAST MOUNTAINS.

'T WAS on Belfast mountains,
 I heard a maid complain,
 Making a lamentation
 Down by a purling stream,
 She said I am confined
 All in bands of love,
 Ah, by a false pretender,
 That does inconstant prove.
 O Johnny, my dear jewel,
 Don't treat me with disdain,
 Nor leave me here behind you,
 In sorrow to complain.
 With her arms she clasp'd around him,
 Like the violets round the vine.
 This bonny Irish laddie
 Has stole this heart of mine.
 Had I but all the diamonds,
 That on the rocks do grow,
 I'd give them to the Irish laddie
 If his love to me he would throw,
 Wringing her hands and crying
 O Johnny dear farewell,
 And to you Belfast mountains,
 My sorrow, I will tell.
 'Tis not Belfast mountains,
 Can give me relief,
 Nor is it in their power,
 To ease me of grief.
 Had I but a tongue to prattle,
 Or tell him a love tale,
 To my bonny Irish laddie,
 My mind I would reveal.

FINIS.