

Three Excellent

S O N G S

John Highlandman's
Remarks.

Gouf my Logie.

Irish Whisky.



Edinburgh : Printed by J. Morren.

John Higlandman's Remarks on Glasgow.

HER nainfel into Glasgow went,
an erand for to see't,
An' she never saw a pönier town,
pe stanin on her feet;
For a' te houses tat pe tere,
was ticket wi' plue stens,
And a sten ladder to gang up,
nae fa to prak her panes.

I gang up a stennie rod,
a fireet tey tid him ca',
An' when she seek te shapman's house,
her name pe on te wa';
I gan to buy a snish tumback,
an' staning at te cors,
An' tere I saw a tead man,
riding on a horse:

An' O he pe a poor man,
an no hac mony clais,
Te progs be worn aff hims feet,
an' we see a hims taes;
Te horse held up his muckle fit
for to gie me a shap,
An' gaping wi' his nauckle mouth,
to grip me be te tap.

He had a staff into his han,
to fight me if he cou'd,

But he nainfel pe run awa',
 te horse pe unco proud;
 But I pe rin around apout,
 an, stan apout te guard,
 An' tere te de'il pe shap te hour,
 ten I grew unco fear'd.

Ohon! ohon! her nainfel said,
 aa' whar will me pe rin?
 For yonder pe the plack man,
 tat purns te foke for sin:
 I pe stay nae langer here,
 but fast I rin awa',
 An' tere I sec a man thraving rapes,
 aside te Proome.law.

An' O she be a lang tēther,
 I speert what they'll do west.
 Tey said to hang te highlandmen,
 for steating o' her meat.
 Her fell's an honest gentelman,
 an never yet did steal,
 Put when I meet a muckle purfs
 I like her unco weel.

Ten fare fare you well you faucy lown
 I fain your skin would pay,
 She came into your town te morn,
 an she's gaun out yesterday.
 Tan I gang te my quarter house,
 te toor be unco praf

For tere was the cow's husban,
 pe pricket on the wa.

Then we be get a shapen o' ale,
 an' ten we get a supper,
 A filthy shoud o' shapped meat,
 pou'd amang a putter;
 It was a filthy dirt o' peef,
 his paces pe like te horn,
 It was a calf wanten te skin,
 before sut it was porn.

I gang awa' into te kirk,
 to hear a lawland preach,
 An' mony a ponny sang tey sing,
 tere hooks tey do them teach,
 An' tere me saw a prtt. mattam,
 wi' feathers on her wame,
 I wander if she pe gaun to flee,
 or what pe in her mine.

Anoter matams follow her,
 her narfe was round like cogs,
 An' blitter clotter went her feet,
 she had on iron progs,
 An' there I saw aniter mattam,
 into a tarry sack,
 An' twa mans pe carry her,
 wi' rapes apout hims neck.

She pe so fuu of vanity,
 as nae gang on te groun,
 An' two peer mens pe carr' her,
 in parrow cvert apoun.
 Some held a fish tail to her neck,
 an' some pe hae a ponnet,
 Put our peer Shannet and Tonald's wife,
 wad rather hae a pannock.

GOUF MY LOGIE.

OF modest maids in simple weeds,
 I've nothing for to say man,
 But against the game of airy maids,
 I'll tell you if you'll stay man
 For gin ye busk so bra lassie,
 For gin you busk so bra,
 The lads will catch your maidenheads,
 and that's against the law lassie.

I view them aften going to church,
 with meal upon their hair man,
 Whom I have seen in former times,
 with back and buttocks, bare man.
 O do not look so high lassie,
 Do not look so high ;
 O mind your mammy was but poor,
 though now you drink your tea lassie.

These beauxsome maids goes to the kirk,
 holding their mouth so mim man,

Their bonny coats, like peacocks tails,
tamboures in the loom man.

O but you be vogie lassie,

O but you be vogie;

With backward fa's you win your bra's,
the game's call'd gouf my loogie.

Our country maids goes to the fairs,
with whalebone stays so queer man,

So foolishly they're primped up,
like funks upon a mare man;

That makes you so trig lassie,

That makes you so trig,

The whale keeps your bellies back,
but yet it may turn big.

Our ladies now we do not know,
though they busk ne'er so braw man,

Our servant maids they wear the same,
we think them ladies a' man;

O what needs a' this pride lassie,

What needs a' this pride,

To wear your best clothes every day,
and what when you're a bride.

Some thinks their maidenheads will spuil,
before young men come near man,

It's a pain to keep it, like a boil,
and their wish is to get clear man,

Hout awa' wi' pride lassie,

Hout awa' wi' pride,

It's that that makes young men go by,
they 'll no make you their bride.

So all young men that wants a wife,
take warning by their look man,
Ne'er love a lass that casts her head
about like a game cock man,
But those to you I recommend,
That's clad in a douse weed man.
Ne'er marry one that goes so proud,
else they will horn your head.

So beware when Maggy Idle
comes a fooling to the fair,
If you incline she will refu n,
the whole use of her ware man;
If she draw you on laddie,
If she draw you on,
She'll burn you with her merry bit,
and then you'll sigh and moan.

IRISH WHISKY.

Y^E friends give ear I pray daw near,
that love to be drunk and frisky O,
No cordial sure is half so pure
as a horn of Irish whisky O,

'Till do you good and cherish your blood,
and make you fat and frisky O,

No cordial sure is half so pure
as a horn of Irish whisky O.

The other day I chanc'd to stray
I being dry and thirsty O,
I met a with a friend did me recommend
to a horn of Irish whisky, O,

My friend and me we did agree,
Being dry and thirsty O,
The second sup my heels kick'd up,
With the strength of the Irish whisky O.

Some sa beer is good cheer,
when a man is dry and thirsty, O,
But all my friends I recommend,
to a horn of Irish whisky, O.

At Paddy's game we spend the day,
and drink till we get tipsy O,
No cordial sure is half so pure,
as a horn of Irish whisky O.

Come all young men who have young wives,
that are both plump and luffy, O,
Keep down their pride and tan their hide,
half drunk with Irish whisky O.

For if you don't I'm sure you'll rue
when that the get tipsy, O,
Therefore be wise don't loose your eyes,
with the strength of the Irish whisky, O.

FINIS.