

THREE EXCELLENT

(2)

SONGS,

The Rock and the Wee
Pickle Tow.

The Maid's advice to get
Married.

POOR ANNA.



THE
ROCK
AND
THE
WEE
PICKLE
TOW.
THE
MAID'S
ADVICE
TO
GET
MARRIED.
POOR
ANNA.

THE ROCK AND WEE PICKLE TOW.

THERE was an auld wife an a wee pickle tow,

An' she wad gae try the spinning o't;

She louted her gown and her rock took a low,

And that was a bad beginning o't.

She sat and she grut, an' she slet an' she sang,

An' she threw, an' she blew, an' she wrang'led
wrang.

An' she choked and bocked, an' cried let me hang,

Alack for the dreary spinning o't.

I've wanted a sark for these eight years an' ten,

An' this was to be the beginning o't;

But I vow I shall wait it for as lang a again,

Or ever I try the spinning o't.

For never since ever they ca'd me's they ca' me,

Did sic a mishap or mishanter befa' me.

But ye shall hae leave baith to hang me an' draw me,

Or ever I try the spinning o't.

I hae kept a heufe threescore o' years,

An' I ay kept free o' the spinning o't;

But how I was sarked, soul fa' them that speers,

For it minds me upo' the spinning o't.

But our women are now a-days grown sae braw,

That ilka aye maun hae a sark an' some maun hae
twa,

The world was better when ne'er she at a,

Had a rag for to hide the beginning o't.

Soul fa' them that e'er advis'd me to spin,

That had been so lang o' beginning o't

I might well have ended as I did begin,

Nor got sic a fear will the spinning o't,

But they'll say she's a wife that kens her ain weid

I thoughts aec on a day it should never been
 speir'd,

Now lout ye the low take the rock by the beard.
 When ye gaed for to try the spinning o't,
 The spinning, the spinning, it gars my heart sob,
 When I think upon the beginning o't ;
 I thought ere I died ance to have made a web,
 But still I had weers o' the spinning o't,
 But had I nine daughters as I hae but three,
 The safest and soundest advice I cou'd gie,
 Is that frae the spinning would keep there hands
 free,

For fear o' a bad beginning o't.

Yet in spite of my counsel if they will needs run,
 The dreary some risk the of spinning o't,
 Let them seek out a lythe in the heat of the sun,
 And there venturse o' the beginning o't,
 But to do as I did, blas and a' vow,
 To bask up my rock by the cheek of the low,
 Some may say that I had little wit my pow,
 And as little to do with the spinning o't.

But yet after a' there is ae thing that grieves
 My heart, to think o' the beginning o't,
 Had I won but the length of ae pair o' sleeves,
 Then there had been word o' the spinning o't,
 Then I wad hae twa washing and bleached like
 snow,

And on my twa gardies like muggons wad draw,
 An then fouk wad say auld Grey was braw,
 An a, was upo' her ain spinning o't

But an I wad shog about till a new spring,
 I should yet hae a bout of the spinning o't ;
 A mutchkin of lint seed I'd in the yeird sling,
 For a, the whan change beginning o't.
 I'll gar my ain Tamme gang down to the bow,

(2)
And cut me a rock of the whiter-shins grow,
Of good saltree for to carry my tow,
And a spindle of the fae for the twining o't,
For now when I mind me' I met Maggy Grim,
That morning jult at the beginning o't,
She was ne'er ca'd chat-ey, but unlucky and slim,
An fae i . has fared of my spinning o't,
But an my new rock were anes cutted and an dry,
It's a' Maggy's cann and her cantrips defy,
An but ony soothing, the spinning I'll try,
An ye's a' hear o' the beginning o't.

Quo' sibby her daughter, tak tent what ye say
The never a rag we'll be seeking o't;
Gin ye ante begin ye, ll traverse night and day,
Sae it's vain ony mair to be speaking o't,
Since Lammas I'm now gain thirty an twa,
An' never a dud fark had I yet, great or sma',
An' what the war am I I'm as warm an as brow,
As thrummy tail'd Meg that's a spianer o't
To labour lint lands and then buy the seed,
An then to yoke me to the harrowing o't.
An syne hoble among't an pike out ilka weed'
Like a swine in a sty at the farrowing o't,
Syne bowing an ripling, an sleeping an then,
To gar's gae an spread it upo' cauld plain;
An then after a' may be labour in vain,
When the win and the wet gets the fusion o't
But tho it should happen the wather to bide,
With beetles we're set to the drubbing o't,
An then frae our fingers to gudge all the hide,
With the wearysome wark o' the spinning o't.
An syne ilka tait man bo heckl'd out throw,
The lint puten ae gate anither the tow,
Syne on a rock with it and it takes a low,
The back o' my hand to the spinning o't.

Quo' Jennet, I think w'chian ye're in the right,
 Set your feet a spar w' the spinning o't;
 We may take your advice frae our ain mithers'
 w'right, that she gae when she tried the spinning o't;
 But they'll say that auld fowls are twice bairns in
 deed,

An fae has the keth'd its but there is nae need,
 To sicken an amshah, that we drive out o' head,
 As lang's we're fae fear'd frae the spinning o't. A
 Quo' Nancy, the youngest, I've now heard you a'
 An dowy's your doom o' the spinning o't;
 Gin ye fan the cow slings, the rog cast awa',
 Ye may see that, by the spinning, ye'll dick up
 your winning o't,

But I see, that by spinning ye'll never be brow,
 But gae by the name of a dulp or a da',
 But like where ye like I shall ance shake a fa',
 Afore I be dang w' the spinning o't,

For well can I mind me when black Willie Bell,
 Had libby there just at the winning o't,
 What blew up the bargain she kens well herself,
 Was the want of the knack at the spinning o't,
 An now poor woman for ought that I ken,
 She never may get such an offer again,
 But pine away bit and bit like Jenkin's hen,
 An naething to wyte but the spinning o't.

But were it for naething but just that alane,
 I shall yet hae a bout at the spinning o't;
 They may cast me for ca'ing me black at the
 But nane cause I shun'd the spinning o't. (bane)
 But be that as it happens I care not a straw,
 But nane o' the lads shall hae it to say,
 When he comes to woo she kens naething awa',
 Nor has ony cann at the spinning o't.

In days they ca'd yore, gin auld fouk had got,
 To a sm'kear, bough side, for the spinning o't;
 Of course raips well cut by the east of your bum,
 They never sought a main o' the spinning o't;
 A pair o' grey hoppers well clinked benew,
 Of nae other lit but the hew o' the ewe;
 With a pair o' rough rullous to scuff thro' the
 dew,

Was a they sought at the beginning o't,
 But we maun hae lient and that maun hae we,
 An' how get we that but by spinning o't,
 How can we hae face to seek a great fee,
 Except we can help at the winning o't,
 An we maun hae pearls, an mabbies an coaks
 Anyseme either thing that ladies ca's smocks,
 An how get we that an we tak na o'ur rocks,
 And show what we can at the spinning o't.
 'Tis needlis for 'tis to tak our tenisks,
 Frae our mither's miscooking the spinning o't.
 She never kend ought of the good of the taks,
 Krae this a' ba k to the beginning o't.
 Three ell of plaiding was a' that was tought,
 By our auld wally bodies, an that beet be bought,
 For i' ilka town sicken things were na wrought,
 So little they kield o' the spinning o't.

MAIDEN'S ADVICE TO GET MARRIED.

COME all ye brisk maidens, who husbands do
 lack,
 I'd have you make haste, ne'er mind the new act,
 New act nor new stile were ne'er good at first,
 Take the man that you love, for better or worse.

They tell me my husband a taylor must be,
 A taylor good Lord is no man for me,
 His arse and his mouth to near it doth meet,
 I think in my heart his breath can't be sweet.

His cabbage so strong my breath it would tart,
 His goote is so hard my teeth it would break,
 His knees knock together his elbows so wide,
 And so no poor taylor shall lay by side.

My sister would have me marry a craft,
 To hear the rognie's tricks would make you to
 laugh,
 When the one shoe is done they master will kick.
 The thoughts of such days would make me quite
 sick,

The wife with one shoe kicks the landlord, good
 fir,

Here's a groat for the landlord and 2d. for beer,
 A halfpenny for 'bacco, a penny for bread,
 Half penny snuff to comfort the head.

The jolly blacksmith his hammer doth drive,
 If he drives till he's blind, can never thrive,
 His fire's so hot and so thin is his coat
 That all that he gets won't cool his poor throat.

Some say that the butcher it is a good trade,
 They are likely young men and handsome blades
 If they blow up there wives as they blow up the
 veal,

I'd have the young lasses take care of their steel.

The jolly brisk weaver who works in the loom,
 With his hands and his feet he plays you a tune,
 The tune that he plays you is called pit a put,
 He may weave himself blind before he gets fat.

The halfpenny barber your face he will trim,
 While he takes a hold of your nose and your chin,
 The razor cuts hard and the lather bad made;
 Such a barber is not fit to dather a maid.

So ye pretty maidens who husbands do want,
 I'd have you take care for MEN will grow scant,
 For the wars they most have them by land and by
 sea,
 Johny's the man who shall please me.

POOR ANNA.

FAIR Anna lov'd a rustic Boy,
 And William was this shepherd's name;
 In him was center'd all her joy,
 For her he glow'd with equal flame;
 His cruel father knew he lov'd,
 And forc'd him o'er the seas away;
 Alone and sad poor Anna rov'd,
 And thus sung out, Ah! well-a-day,
 Ah! well-a-day, well-a-day, Ah! well-a-day,
 Sigh fond heart, but do not break;
 Deep in love, but dare not speak.

A wealthy neighbour woo'd the maid,
 His gold her fardid mother won,
 Tho' gentle Anna thus betrayed,
 Was forc'd to church and was undone:

Returning back she met her Love,
 William dear, who fondly cried,
 Mad you are, my dear, but I am not;
 I'll die with you, my dear, or die.

With his hands on his heart he said,
 The time that I have spent on you
 He may wave himself proud before me.