

4 Songs ;

VIZ.

MAGGIE M'APIE'S LILT.
A Highland Laddie heard of
War.

Donald Caird.

I'VE NAETHING TO DO. &c.



My auld maiden Auntie and I !!

EDIN^R.—Printed for the Booksellers.

MAGGIE M'APIE'S LILT.

TUNE—*Toddlin' but and toddlin' ben.*

As Maggie M'Apie sat driving her wheel,
Blithe Maggie sung cheery, and Maggie, sings
To wheel,

And thus she gaed on, an' wi' nae little glee—
Sin' Johnie's turn'd Temp'rate how happy are we,
He says an' he feels that he is better far,
Than when he frequented the BULL or the
STAR,

He's aye hame in time, an' gangs sober to bed
An' up in the morning aye wi' a hale head.

The strongest he drinks now is Coffee or Tea!
Sin' Johnie's turn'd Temp'rate how happy are we;

He wasna lang enter'd, an' ere Johnie wist,
We had ham on the cleek, an' meal in the kist,
For now he takes care an' brings hame his bau-
An' we never want a bit butter or cheese. [bees,
The weans are fu' canty, an' liker their meat
We are never fash'd wi' him stoppin' out late;
Than they us'd to be, when John took his BEAD,
What then gaed for whisky we now hae in bread.

The strongest he drinks now, &c.

The PUBLICAN LOCUSTS they mak up their trash,
 (For it wastes the body as weel as the Cash,)
 Sae truly says Johnie, an' weel Johnie kens
 That it is ruination to enter their DENS,
 Yes, DENS I will ca' them, an' no the best kind,
 Gang in an' get tipsy, an' that ye will find,
 For some try to plunder whae'er they get in,
 Be't Dandy or Drover they'll fleece to the skin.
 Avoid them, my friends, an' drink Coffee or Tea,
 Sin' Johnie, &c.

Baith me an' my bairns were a' fleein' in rags,
 While sailin in silks are the Public-House hags,
 An' at our expense, I will tell'd to their face,
 But TEMP'RANCE SOCIETIES will alter the case.
 The Temp'rance Society I'm happy to tell
 Is makin' my neebours as happy's mysel'
 There's Girzy's Gudeman he has got a new coat
 Sin' he lost the road to the Sign i' Steam-Boat.
 The strongest he drinks now, &c.
 An' Girzy, puir body's as happy as me.

Now some say to temper themsells the will try,
 But somehow or ither they aften get dry,
 At times they may splice just for ae single gill,
 But then' tis a pity guid Company to spill,

Frae gills to half-mutchkins when ance they're begun,

Then Toddy, when ance they are fair on the run.

O! wad they be wise, like our Johnie and me,
An' drink naething stronger than Coffee or Tea,
The strongest he drinks now, &c."

A Highland Laddie heard of War.

A Highland laddie heard of war,
Which set his heart in motion,
He heard the distant cannon roar—
He saw the smiling ocean.

Come weal, come woe, to sea he'd go,
And left, one morning early,
Lochlomond Ben, and the willow glen,
And Jenny that loved him dearly.

He wandered east, he wandered south,
But joy he could not find it,
But he found out this wholesome truth,
And had the sense to mind it.

Of a' the earth, the bonny North,
To cherish late and early;
Lochlomond Ben, and the willow glen,
And Jenny that loved him dearly.

DONALD CAIRD.

Donald Caird's come again ;
 Donald Caird's come again ;
 Tell the news in burgh and glen,
 Donald Caird's come again.

Donald Caird can lilt and sing,
 Blythely dance the Highland fling
 Drink till the guidman be blind ;
 Fleece till the guidwife be kind ;—
 Hoop a liglin, cloot a pan,
 Crack a pow wi' ony man :
 Tell the news in burgh and glen,
 Donald Caird's come again.

Donald Caird can wire a maukin,
 Kens the wiles o' dun deer stawkin ;
 Leisters kipper ; makes a shift
 To shoot a moorfowl in the drift.
 Water bailiffs, rangers, keepers,
 He can wauk when you are sleepers :
 Not for bountith or reward
 Dare you mill, wi' Donald Caird.

Donald Caird can drink a gill
 Fast as hostile wife can fill ;
 Ilka ane that sells good liquor
 Kens how Donald bends a bicker.
 When he's fou he's stout and saucy
 Keeps the cantle o' the causey :

Highland chief and Lowland laird,
Maun gie room to Donald Caird.

Steek the amrie lock the kist,
Else some gear may soon be mist;
Donald Caird findsorra things,
Where Allan Gregor fand the tings;
Dunts o' kebbuc, taitis o' woo,
Whiles a hen, and whiles a sow;
Wabs o' duds, frae hedge or yard—
'Ware the woody, Donald Caird.

On Donald Caird the doom was stern,
Craig to tether—legs to airn;
But Donald Caird, wi muckle study,
Caught the gift to cheat the woody.
Rings o' airn and bolts o' steel,
Fel' like ice from han' an' heel:—
Watch the sheep in fauld and glen,
Donald Caird's come again.

Donald Caird's come again;
Donald Caird's come again;
Dinna let the Shirra ken,
Donald Caird's come again.

MY AULD MAIDEN AUNTIE.

I've naething to do but to sit and to spin,
And crack wi' my auld maiden aunty;

Our gossiping neighbours come dribbling in,
 And aye keep a body fu' canty, fu' canty,
 And aye keep a body fu' canty.

But our thoughts like the weather are given to
 I sigh'd day and night to get inarried; [change,
 And I'm sure gif there aught like a man had
 made love,

His suit wi' me soon he had carried—had car-
 His suit wi' me soon he had carried [ried—

My aunty's sae prævish, her temper's sae sour,
 She wearies us a' wi' inspection;
 She frowns at the mark o' a prin on the floor,
 Our neighbours a' ca' her Perfection—Perfec-
 Our neigbous a' ca' her Perfection. [tion—

The hale o' her pleasure is snuff and green tea,
 And her auld-fashion'd satins to number;
 Ae day she wad try how her hoops fitted me,
 And near squeezed my body asunder—asun-
 And near squeezed my body asunder. [der—

She sneers like the fox when I speak about men,
 I wonder what she makes a wark at—
 For I'm sure if her mother's example she'd ta'en
 She never had stood in the market—the mar-
 She never had stood in the market. [ket—

But wha' but our neighbour's son Johnny's
 come hame
 Since the wars were so happily ended?

He telt me my beauty has kindled a flame—
 My aunt wad gang daft if she kenn'd it,—she
 kenn'd it—
 My aunt wad gang daft if she kenn'd it.

Twass only yestreen like a statue I sat,
 When to hand me the kettle he hurried,
 He trod on the tail o' my aunt's tabby cat,
 She raved sae, I wished the brute worried—
 brute worried—
 She raved sae I wished the brute worried.

To-morrow she'll scandal the hale o' the sex,
 And ca' me the vilest o' ony :
 For I'll bid her guid day ere the sun's in the east
 And aff to the Highlands wi' Johnny—wi'
 Johnny—
 And aff to the Highlands wi' Johnny.

Disaster of the Irishman's Wife

At a Scotch Fair.

" I was broke down from being a dacent
 Swatiewife to cry praties, for it was by the
 hands o' Mikee M'Evoy, my husband that my
 cap was tore aff my head intil tatters; throth
 you might riddle bull-dogs thro it: and my
 hair-kim was broke intil three halves!!!