

An Excellent Collection of

Popular Songs ;

viz.

1. The Braes o' Gleniffer.
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The Braes o' Gleniffer.

KEEN blows the win' o'er the braes o' Gleniffer,
 The auld castle's turrets are cover'd wi' snaw;
 How chang'd frae the time when I met wi' my lover,
 Among the broom bushes by Stanley green shaw,
 The wild flowers o' simmer were spread a' sae
 bonny,

The mavis sang sweet frae the green birken
 tree;
 But far to the camp they hae march'd my dear
 Johnnie,
 An' now it is winter wi' nature an' me,

Then ilk thing around us was blythsome an'
 cheery,

Then ilk thing around us was bonny an' braw;
 Now naething is heard but the win' whistlin dreary,
 An' naething is seen but the wide-spreading
 snaw:

The trees are a' bare, an' the birds mute an' dowie,
 They shake the cauld drift frae their wings as
 they flee,

An' chirp out their plaints, seeming wae for my
 Johnnie;

'Tis winter wi' them, an' 'tis winter wi' me.

Yon cauld sleety cloud skiffs along the bleak
 mountains,

An' shakes the dark firs on the stey rocky brae,
 While down the deep glen bawls the snaw-flooded
 fountain,

That murmur'd sae sweet to my laddie an' me:
 It's no its loud roar on the wintry win' swellin';

It's not the cauld blast brings the tears i' my ee;
 For O gin I saw my bonny Scotch callan,
 The dark days o' winter were simmer to me.

The Exciseman.

To a village that skirted the sea,
 An Exciseman one midsummer came ;
 But prudence, between you and me,
 Forbids me to mention his name.
 Soon Michael he chanc'd to espy,
 A cask on his napper he bore,
 With six gallons of brandy, or nigh ;
 And where is the head can bear more.

Says th' Exciseman, ' Let's see your permit ;'
 Says Mike, ' 'Tant convenient to shew it ;'
 T'other cried, " Sir, I'm not to be bit,
 For you've smuggled that stuff, and you know it.
 Your hogs to a fine market you've brought ;
 For seeing you've paid no excise,
 As customs have settled you ought,
 I seizes your tub as my prize."

' Now don't be so hard,' said poor Mike ;
 Th' Exciseman was deaf to complaint ;
 ' Why then, take it,' said Mike, ' if you like,
 For I've born it till ready to faint.'
 Four miles in hot sun-shine they trudg'd,
 Till on them they'd scarce a dry rag ;
 Th' Exciseman his labour ne'er grudg'd,
 But cheerfully carried the cag.

To the custom-house in the next town,
 'Twas yet some three furlongs or more,
 When, says Michael, ' Pray, set your load down,
 For this here, sir, is my cottage door.'
 T'other answered, " I thank you, friend, no ;
 My burden, just yet, I shan't quit."
 ' Then,' says Michael, ' before you do go,
 I'll get you to read my permit.'

"Your permit, Why not shew it before?"
 'Because it came into my nob,
 By your watching for me on the shore,
 That your worship was wanting a job:
 Now I'd need of a porter, d'ye see,
 For that load made my bones fit to crack;
 And so, sir, I thank you for me,
 And wish you a pleasant walk back.'

Whack, Paddy Whack.

WHEN an Irishman's call'd to tip you a song,
 If he shortly begins—why he can't keep you
 long,

With his whack, fal de ral, Paddy Whack.
 With a heart that is soft as potatoes, dear joy,
 Tho' at fighting you'll find him a broth of a
 boy;

For his country and king, faith he'll roar like
 a bull,

And bang Britain's foes, till their bellies are
 full

Of this whack, fal de ral, Paddy whack.

A very good song, and very well sung,

Jolly companions every one.

We're all met met here our lives to enjoy.

A very good song, &c.

We have heard of addressing a new cradled
 king,

But an Irishman laughs when he thinks of the
 thing,

With his whack, &c.

While the baby was hail'd by the lubberly louts,
 The nurses were busied in washing the clouts.

When the deputies knelt as the child they
 address'd,
 Sure had Paddy been there he'd have laid
 them to rest,
 With his whack, &c.
 A very good song, &c.

Little Boney, no doubt, cannot be very big,
 And was great Boney here, faith we'd tickle
 his wig,
 With a whack, &c.

Whene'er on the ocean he ventures ashore,
 We fight him a little, but look for much more.
 He's been every thing else—let him now nurse
 at home,
 Or we'll send him to seek absolution from Rome,
 With our whack, &c.
 A very good song, &c.

Still with Britons uniting, Hibernia, you see,
 Is true in the cause, and resolved to be free,
 With a whack, &c.

In love or in war you will ne'er find us flat,
 At a hod, or a battle, pray who equals Pat?
 Then long life after death to each Irishman's
 name,
 Who fights while he lives for his country and
 fame,
 With his whack, &c.
 A very good song, &c.

Willie Brew'd a Peck o' Maut.

O WILLIE brew'd a peck o' maut,
 And Rob and Allan cam to see;

Three blyther hearts, that lee-lang night,
 Ye wadna found in Christendie.
 We are na fou, we're na that fou,
 But just a drappie in our ee ;
 The cock may craw, the day may daw,
 And aye we'll taste the barley bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
 Three merry boys, I trow are we ;
 And mony a night we've merry been,
 And mony mair we hope to be !
 We are na fou, &c.

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
 That's blinking in the lift sae high ;
 She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
 But by my sooth she'll wait a wee !
 We are na fou, &c.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
 A cuckold, coward loun, is he !
 Wha first beside his chair shall fa',
 He is the king amang us three !
 We are na fou, &c.

Crazy Jane.

WHY, fair maid, in ev'ry feature,
 Are such signs of fear express'd ?
 Can a wand'ring, wretched creature,
 With such terror fill thy breast ?
 Do my frenzied looks alarm thee ?
 Trust me, sweet, thy fears are vain :
 Not for kingdoms would I harm thee :
 Shun not then poor Crazy Jane.

Dost thou weep to see my anguish?
 Mark me, and avoid my wo?
 When men flatter, sigh, and languish,
 Think them false,—I found them so:
 For I lov'd, oh! so sincerely,
 None could ever love again;
 But the youth I lov'd so dearly
 Stole the wits of Crazy Jane.

Fondly my young heart receiv'd him,
 Which was doom'd to love but one:
 He sigh'd, he vow'd, and I believ'd him t
 He was false, and I undone!
 From that hour has reason never
 Held her empire o'er my brain;
 Henry fled, with him for ever
 Fled the wits of Crazy Jane.

Now forlorn and broken-hearted,
 And with frenzied thoughts beset,
 On that spot where last we parted,
 On that spot where first we met,
 Still I sing my love-lorn ditty,
 Still I slowly pace the plain,
 While each passer by, in pity,
 Cries, God help thee, Crazy Jane.

Begone dull Care.

BEGONE dull Care,
 I pr'ythee begone from me;
 Begone dull Care,
 You and I can never agree.
 Long time thou hast been tarrying here,
 And fain thou would'st me kill;
 But i'faith, dull Care,
 Thou never shalt have thy will.

Too much care
Will make a young man gray ;
And too much care
Will turn an old man to clay.
My wife shall dance, and I will sing,
So merrily pass the day,
For I hold it one of the wisest things
To drive dull Care away.
My wife shall dance, &c.

She's Fair and Fause.

SHE'S fair and fause that causes my smart,
I lo'ed her meikle and lang ;
She's broken her vow, she's broken my heart,
And I may e'en gae hang.
A coof cam in wi' rowth o' gear,
And I hae tint my dearest dear ;
But women are but warld's gear,
Sae let the bonny lass gang.

Whae'er ye be that woman love,
To this be never blind,
Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove,
A woman has't by kind.
O woman, lovely woman fair !
An angel form's faun to thy share ;
'Twad been o'er meikle to gien thee mair,
I mean an angel miad.

FINIS.