

TWO NEW SONGS,

CALLED

The humours of Glasgow fair,

Wat, ye wha (100) een.



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THE HUMOURS OF GLASGOW FAIR.

O THE sun frae the eastward was peeping,
And braid through the winnock did stare,
When Willie cried, Tam are you sleeping,
Mak haste, man, and rise to the fair;
For the lads and the lasses are thranging,
And a' body's now in a steer.
Fy haste ye a d let us be ganging,
Or faith we'll be langsome I fear

Chorus—Lilt te uran and uran, &c.

Then Tam he got up in a hurry
And wow but he made him el' s'ood,
For a p't o' milk brase he did worry,
To make him mair tough for the road.
On his head his blue bonnet he slippet,
His whip o'er his shauther he flang,
And a clumsy oak cudgel he grippet,
On purpose the lewns for to bang.

Now Willock had trystet wi' Jeany,
For she was a braw canty quean.
Word gane that she had a gay penny,
For whilk Willie fondly did grin.

Now Tam he was blawing the liquor,
 Yae night he had got himsel fou,
 And trysted gleid Maggy Macvicar,
 And faith he thought shame for to rue.

The carles fu cagie, sat cocking
 Upon their white rags and their brow,
 Wi' snuffing, and laughing, and joking,
 They soon canter'd into the town.
 'Twas there was the funning and sporting,
 Eh! what a swarm o' braw fo k,
 Rowly powly, Wild beasts Wheel o' fortune,
 Sweety Stan's master Punch and black Jock.

Now Willock and Tam gay and bousy,
 By this time had met with their joes,
 Consented wi' Gibby and Susy,
 To dauner down by to the shows.
 'Twas there was the fiddling and drumming,
 Sic a crowd they could scarcely get through,
 Fiddles, trumpets and organs a bumming,
 O Sirs, what a hully balloo.

Then hie to the tents at the paling,
 Weel theekit wi' blankets and mats,
 And deals, seated round like a tap-room,
 Supported on stanes and on pats.
 The whisky like water they're sellin'.

And porter as s. na' as their yill,
 And ay as your pouring they're telling,
 Trauh dear, it's just sixpence the gill!

Says Meg, see you beast wi' the claes on't,
 Wi' the face o' t as black as the soot,
 Preserve's it has fingers and toes on't,
 Eh! lass it's an unco like brute;
 O woman but ye are a general,
 To mak sic a wonder at that.
 D'ye na ken, daft gowk, that's a mangrel,
 That's bred 'twixt a dog and a cat.

Na but see you souple jade how she's dancing,
 Wi' the white ruff'd breeks and red shoon,
 Frae the tap to the toe she's a glancing,
 Wi' gowd and a feather aboon
 My troth she's a blye decent kimmer,
 As I have yet seen in the fair,
 Her decent! quo Meg she's some limmer,
 Or faith she wad never been there.

Now Gibbie was wanting a toothfu',
 Says he I'm right tir'd o' the fun,
 D'ye think we'd be the waur o' a mouthfu'
 O' guid nappy yill and a bun;
 Wi' a' my heart, says Tam, faith I'm willing,
 'Tis best for to water the corn,

By jing, I've a bonny white shilling,
 And a saxpence that e'er saw the morn.

Before they got out o' the bustle
 Poor Sam got his fairing, I trow
 For a stick at the gingbread play'd whistle,
 And knock'd him down like a cow.
 Says Sam wha did that, deil confound him,
 Fair play let me win at the lown,
 And he whirled his stick round him and round him,
 And swore, odd he swore like a very dragoon.

Then for a house they gaed glowrin',
 Whare they might get weeting their mou',
 Says Meg, here's a house keeps a pourin',
 Wi' the sign o' the muckle black oow,
 A cow, quo Jenny, ye gawky,
 Preserve's but ye hae little skill,
 Ye hav'rel did you e'er see a hawky,
 Look again and ye'll see it's a bill.

But just as they darken'd the entry,
 Says Willie, we're now far aneuch,
 See it's a house for the gentry,
 Let's gang to the sign o' the pleugh.
 Na, faith, says Gibbie, we'se better
 Sae dauner to auld luckie Gun's,

For there I'm to meet wi' my father,
And auld uncle Jock o' the Whins.

Now they a' in Luckie's had landed;
Twa rounds at the bicker to try,
The whisky and yill round was handed,
And baps in great bouracks did lie:
Blind Aleck the fiddler was tryset,
And he was to handle the bow,
On a big barrel head he was hoistet,
To keep himsel out o' the row.

Had you seen sic a din and gafawing,
Sic hooshing and dancing was there,
Sic rugging and riving, and drawing,
Was ne'er before seen in a fair;
For fiam he wi' Maggy was wheeling,
And he gied sic a terrible loup,
That his head cam a thump on the ceiling,
And he came down wi' a dad on his doup

Now they ate and they drank till their bellies
Were bent like the head of a drum,
Syne they raise and they caper'd like fillies,
Whene'er the fiddle play'd bum.
Wi' dancing they now were grown weary,
And scarcely were able to stand
So they took to the road a' fu' cheery.
As day was beginning to dawn.

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NOW WAT YE WHA I MET YESTREEN.

Now wat ye wha I met yestreen,
Coming down the street my jo?
My mistress in her tartan screen,
Fu' bonny brow and sweet my jo.
My dear, quoth I, thanks to the night,
That never wish'd a lover ill,
Since ye're out o' your mother's sight,
Let's tak a walk up to the hill.

O Katty wilt thou gang wi' me,
And leave the dinsome town a while?
The blossoms sprouting frae the tree,
And a' the simmers gaun to smile;
The mavis nighingale and lark
The bleating lambs and whistling hind,
In ilka dale green shaw and park,
Will nourish health, and glad your mind.

Soon as the clear gudeman o' day,
Bends down this morning draught o' dew,
We'll gae to some burnie side and play,
And gather flowers to busk your brow;
We'll pu' the daisies on the green,
The luken gowass frae the bog,

Between hand, now and then, we'll lean,
 And sport upon the velvet feg.
 There's up into a pleasant glen,
 A wee b'ia frae my father's tower,
 A canny safe, and flowery den,
 Where circling birks have form'd a bower.
 When'er the sun grows high and warm,
 We'll to that cauler shade remove;
 There I will lock thee in my arms,
 And love and kiss, and kiss and love.

FINIS.