

QUITE POLITELY

To which is added.

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Travelling Dictionary.



EDINBURGH:

Printed for the Booksellers in Town and Country.

QUITE POLITELY

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WHEN first in Lunnun I arriv'd,
 On a visit, on a visit,
 When first in Lunnun I arriv'd,
 'Midst heavy rain and thunder,
 There I espied a lass in green,
 The bonniest lass by eyes e'er seen,
 I'd often heard of beauty's queen,
 Thinks I, by gum, I've found her.

She stood stock still, I did the same,
 Gazing on her, gazing on her,
 She stood stock still, I did the same,
 We both look'd mighty simple.
 Her cheeks were like the blushing rose,
 Which on the hedge neglected blows,
 Her eyes were black as any sloe,
 And nigh her mouth a dimple.

Madam, says I, and made a bow,
 Scraping to her, scraping to her,
 Madam, says I, and made a bow,

I quit, forgot the weather;
 If you will me permission give,
 I'll see you home, where'er you live;

The page above

The morning

The morning

R.D.

Printed for the Bookseller in Strand, London.

With that she took me by the sleeve,
And off we trudg'd together.

A pratty wild goose chase we had,
Up and down stairs, in and out, sirs,

A pratty wild goose chase we had,
The cobbled stones so gall'd me.

Whereon we came unto a door,
Where twenty lasses, ay and more,

Came out to have a bit galore
At Bumpkin, as they call'd me.

Walk in, kind sir, says she to me,
Quite politely, quite politely,

Walk in, kind sir, says she to me,
Poor lad, they cried the's undone.

Walk in, kind sir—not so, says I,
For I've got other fish to fry.

I've seen you home, so now good by,
I'se Yorkshire tho' in Lunnus.

My pockets soon I rummag'd o'er,
Cautious ever, cautious ever,

My pockets soon I rummaged o'er,
And I found a diamond ring there;

For I had this precaution took,
To stick in each a small fish-hook.

In groping for my pocket-book,
The hook it stript her finger.

Three weeks I've been in Lunnin town;
Living idle, living idle,
Three weeks I've been in Lunnin town;
Tis time to try to work stre;
I sold the ring and got the brass,
I did not play the silly game;
But sure I'll toast the Lunnin
When I get back to Yorkshire.

THE BRAES ABOON BONAW

Wilt thou go my bonny lassie,
Wilt thou go my braw lassie,
Wilt thou go say ay or no,
To the braes aboon Bonaw, lassie.

Though Donald has nae meikle phraze,
Wi' Lellan speeches fine, lassie,
What he'll impart comes frae the heart,
Sae let it be frae thine, lassie.
Wilt thou go my bonny lassie, &c.

Wi' siller clasp I'll deck thy waist,
Wi' silken snood thy hair, lassie;

Thou'll sleep 'twixt Donald and the wa',
 On bed o' bent sae rare, lassie.
 Wilt thou go, &c.

When simmer days c'leed a' the brae,
 Wi' blossom'd broom sae fine lassie,
 At milking sheel we'll join the reel,
 My flocks shall a' be thine lassie.

Wilt thou go, &c.
 I'll hunt the rae, the hart, the doe,
 The tarmigan sae shy lassie;
 For duck and drake I'll beat the brake,
 Nae want shall thee come nigh lassie.
 Wilt thou go, &c.

For trout and par wi' canny care,
 I'll wylie skim the flea lassie,
 Wi' sic like cheer I'll please my dear,
 Then come awa wi' me lassie.
 "Yes I'll go my bonny laddie,
 Yea I'll go, my braw laddie,
 I'll kilt my coats and tend the goats,
 On the braes aboon Bonaw, laddie.

Gin thou'll prove true, thou's never rue
 The love thou bear'st for me, laddie,
 Ilk joy and care wi' thee I'll share,
 Until the day I die, laddie.

Come awa my bonny laddie,
 Come awa my braw laddie,
 Come weel come wae,
 To the braes aboon Bonaw laddie.

THE MAID OF ILAY.

RISING o'er the heaving billow,
 Evening gilds the ocean's swell,
 While with thee on grassy pillow,
 Solitude I love to dwell,
 Lonely to the sea breeze blowing,
 Oft I chant my love lorn strain,
 To the streamlet sweetly flowing,
 Murmur oft a lover's pain.

'Twas for her, the maid of Ilay,
 Time flew o'er me wing'd with joy;
 'Twas for her the cheering smile ay
 Beam'd with rapture in my eye,
 Not the tempest raving round me,
 Lightning's flash or thunder's roll;
 Not the ocean's rage could wound me,
 While her image fill'd my soul.

Farewell days of purest pleasure,
 Long your loss my heart shall mourn!

Farewell hours of bliss, the measure,
 Bliss that never can return!
 Cheerless o'er the wild heath wandering;
 Cheerless o'er the wave-worn shore;
 On the past with sadness pond'ring,
 Hope's fair visions charm no more!

THE FUDDLING-DAY.

Each Monday morn before I rise
 I make a fervent prayer,
 Unto the gods my husband may
 From tippling keep quite clear.
 But O! when I his breakfast take,
 To shop without delay,
 What anguish do I feel to hear,
 It is a fuddling day.
 For it's drink, drink, smoke, smoke,
 Drink, drink away,
 There is no comfort in the house,
 Upon a fuddling day.
 Saint Monday brings more ills about,
 For when the money's spent,
 The children's clothes go up the spout,
 Which causes discontent;
 And then at night he staggers home,

He knows not what to say,
 An ass is more a man than he,
 Upon a fuddling day.

For it's drink, drink, &c.

My husband is a workman good,
 No man can be more civil,
 Except upon a fuddling day,
 And then he is the devil;

For should I thwart his humour then,
 To claret he will fly,

And I have cause to dread his looks,
 Upon a fuddling day.

For it's drink, drink, &c.

A friend of mine came in one day,

'Twas cold and foggy weather,
 Says I to comfort us we'll have,

A cup of max together;

My husband came in at the time,
 I knew not what to say,

I'll wager shall not come again,
 Upon a fuddling day.

For it's drink, drink, &c.