



679

7 items





Scottish Chapbooks.

Scottish Chapbooks.

Anecdotes and Songs.

Printed at :-
Glasgow.



Contents

- 1 The Tourist's Companion.
- 2 The Anecdote Book.
- 3 The Universal Jest Book.
- 4 The Modern Comic Song Book.
- 5 Budget of Comic Songs.
- 6 The Fireside Songster.
- 7 Douglas: A Tragedy.



BUDGET

OF

COMIC SONGS.

THE THRIFTY LASS.

TUNE—*Good morning to your night-cap.*

I'm now a lass at thretty-three,
A clever hissey as ye'll see;
Yet ne'er a laddie ca's on me
To tak' me for his ain, O.

O gin I were but marri't, marri't, marri't,
O gin I were but marri't,
Wow, but I wad be fain, O.

What tho' my tocher be but sma',
What tho' I binna unco braw,
I like a man as weel's them a',
If he wad but incline, O.
O gin I were, &c.
It just wad ease my min', O.

A guid caff-bed, was never us'd,
Twa pair o' blankets might be roos't,
A winnow claith was ne'er abus't,
An' fring't at ilka en', O.
O gin I were, &c.
'Twad be a happy sen', O.

Forbye a dainty enel sheet,
 Twa cods, whilk on the bouster meet,
 An' slips enew to mak' complete
 A beddin' o' the kin', O.

O gin I were, &c.
 It really wad be fine, O.

I've e'en a dainty packet kist,
 Hale seven sarks without a brist;
 Four drogget coats, I trow the grist
 O them is gayan' sma', O.

O gin I were, &c.
 'Twad be the best o't a', O.

I hae twa gowns o' my ain mak',
 A coft ane, seldom on my back;
 A guid wheen trenchers for a rack,
 An' bowls enew I'm sure, O.

O gin I were, &c.
 We wadna be that poor, O.

Besides a' this that I hae said,
 Some siller i' my kist I've laid;
 An' I'm a carefu' wurkin' maid,
 Fu' nimble at the wheel, O.

O gin I were, &c.
 I'll snoor't awa' fu' weel, O.

O gin some kin'ly heartet chiel,
 Wad come an' cleek me aff the fiel',
 An' tak' me to a cozie biel,
 He wadna hae't to rue, O.

O, gin I were, &c.
 My sorrows wad be few, O.



MAGGY MACLANE.

Doon i' the glen, by the lown o' the trees,
Lies a wee theeket bield, like a birk for the bees;
But the binnie there skepp'd—gin ye're no dour
to please—

It's virgin Miss Peggy Maclane!
There's few seek Meg's sbed noo, the simmer sun
jookin;
Its aye the dry floor, Meg's,—the day e'er sae
droomin!
But the heather-blabs hing whare the red blud's
been shooen

I' bruilzies for Maggy Maclane!

Doon by Meg's bowf-tree the gowk comes to woo
But the corneraik's aye fley'd at her ballan-doorjoo
An' the redbreast ne'er cheeps but the weed's at
his mou,

For the last o' the roses that's ganel
Nae trystin's at Meg's noo--nae hallowe'en rockins!
Nae bowtowdie guttlins--nae Mart puddin yockins!
Nae bane i' the blast's teeth blaws snell up GLEN-
DOCKENS!

Clean bickers wi' Maggy Maclane!

Meg's auld lyart gutcher swairf'd dead i' the shawe:
Her bein, fouthy minnie,—she's aff an' awa'!
The grey on her pow but a simmerly snaw!—

The couthy, cosh Widow Maclane!
O titties be tenty! though air i' the day wi' ye,—
Think that the green grass may ae day be hay wi'
ye!—

Think o' the leal minnie—*mayna be aye wi' ye!*
When sabbin' for Maggy Maclane.

Lallan joes Hiellan' joes—Meg ance had wale :
 Fo'k wi' the siller, an' Chiefs wi' the tail !
 The yaud left the burn to drink oot o' Meg's pail—
 The sheltie braw kent "the Maclane."
 Awa owre the mair they cam' stottin an' stoicberin :
 Trampler an' traveller, a' beakin an' broicherin !
 Cadgers an' cuddy-ereels, oigherin !—boigherin !
 " Th' Lanlowpers !"—quo' Maggy Maclane.

Cowtes were to fother :—Meg owre the burn flang
 Nowte were to tetber :—Meg through the wood
 rang !
 Th' widow she kenn'd-na to bless or to banq !
 Sic waste o' gude wooers to hain !
 Yet, aye at the souter, Meg grump'd her ! an'
 grump'd her !
 Th' loot-shoutber'd wabster, she hump'd her ! an'
 hump'd her !
 The lamiter tailor, she stump'd her ! an' stump'd
 her !

Her minnie might groo or grane !

The tailor he liket cockleekie broo ;
 An' doun he cam' wi' a beck an' a boo :—
 Quo' Meg,—“ We're sune tak' the clecken aff
 you ;”—
 An' plump ! i' the burn he's gane !
 The widow's cheek redden'd ; ber heart it play'd
 thud ! aye ;
 Her garters she cuist roon' his neck like a wuddie !
 Sbe linket him oot ; but wi wringin his duddies,
 Her weed-ring it's burst in twain !

LOVE SICK WILLY.

TUNE—*Oh ! cruel, cruel.*

ONE Willy Wright, who kept a store,
But nothing kept therein,
Save earthen jugs, and some few kegs
Of whisky, ale, and gin.

Grew sick, and often would exclaim—
Oh, how my heart does burn !
And every week the poor man lived,
He had a weakly turn.

Now, when they saw him thus decline,
Some said that death must come ;
Some wondered what his ail could be—
Some said his ale was rum.

At last the very cause was known
Of every pang he felt—
Remote, at one end of the town,
Miss Martha Towns-end dwelt.

A portly, love-resisting dame,
Contemtuons, proud, and haughty ;
But yet, though 'fat and forty' too,
She was not two-and-forty.

And Willy long had sought and sighed,
To gain this pretty maid :
I have no trade, said he, so sure
My love can't be betrayed.

To Martha, then, he trembling went,
 And said, my dear, 'tis true,
 Though I have nothing in my store,
 I've love in store for you.

And, if thou wilt, thou may'st become—
 But here his tongue was tied !
 And though she willed, yet she said,
 She ne'er would be his bride.

Then, turning Willie out of doors,
 She said, go, go along ;
 I hate the man who's always *Wright*,
 Yet always doing wrong.

I leave you then, said he, farewell !
 Of peace I'm now bereft ;
 If I am always *Wright* and wrong,
 You must be right and left.

So then he closed his little store,
 Shut up each door and blind ;
 And settled his accounts, and died,
 And left no Will behind !

THE HUMOURS OF GLASGOW FAIR.

TUNE—*Cries of Edinburgh.*

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 ;

Fye, haste ye, and let us be ganging,
 Or, faith, we'll be langsome I fear.
 Lilt te turan an uran, &c.

Then Tam he got up in a hurry,
 And wow but he made himsel snod,
 For a pint o' milk brose he did worry,
 To mak him mair teugb for the road.
 On his head his blue bannet be slippet,
 His whip o'er his sbouter he flang,
 And a clumsy oak cudgel he grippet,
 On purpose the loons for to bang.
 Lilt te turan an uran, &c.

Now Willock had trysted wi' Jenny,
 For she was a braw canty quean,
 Word gade she had a gay penny,
 For whilk Willie fondly did grean.
 Now Tam he was blaming the liquor,
 Yae night he had got himsel' fou,
 And trysted gleed Maggy MacVicar,
 And faith he thought shame for to rue,
 Lilt te turan an uran, &c.

The carles, fu' codgie, sat cocking
 Upon their white nags and their brown;
 Wi' snuffing, and laughing, and joking,
 They soon cantered into the town:—
 'Twas there was the funning and sporting.
 Eh! what a swarm o' braw folk,
 Rowly powly, wild beasts, wheel o' fortune,
 Sweetie stan's, Master Punch, and Black Jock,
 Lilt te turan an uran, &c.

Now Willock and Tam, gayan bouzy,
 By this time had met wi' their joes

Consented wi' Gibbie and Susy
 To gang awa down 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 baloo.
 Lilt te turan an uran, &c.

Then hie to the tents at the paling,
 Weel theeket wi' blankets and mats,
 And deals seated round like a tap-room,
 Supported on stanes and on pats;
 The whisky like water they're selling;
 And porter as sma' as their yill,—
 And ay as you're pouring they're telling,
 Troth, dear, it's just sixpence the gill!
 Lilt te turan an uran, &c.

Says Meg—see yon beast wi' the claes on't,
 Wi' the face o't as black as the soot,
 Preserve's! it has fingers and taes on't,—
 Eh, lass, it's an unco like brute!
 O, woman, but ye are a gomerai,
 To mak sic a won'er at that,
 D'vena ken, daft gowk, that's a mangrel,
 That's bred 'twixt a dog and a cat.
 Lilt te turan an uran, &c.

See yon supple jade how she's dancing,
 Wi' the white ruffled breeks and red shoon,
 Frae tap to the tae she's a glancing
 Wi' gowd, and a feather aboon,—
 My troth, she's a braw decent kimmer
 As I have yet seen in the fair.

Her decent ! quo' Meg, she's some limmer,
 Or, faith, she would never be there.
 Lilt te turan an uran, &c.

Now Gibbie was wanting a toothfu',
 Says he, I'm right tired o' the fun,
 D'ye think we'd be the waur o' a mouthfu'
 O gude nappy yill and a bun ?
 Wi' a' my heart, says Tam, teth I'm willing,—
 'Tis best to water the corn ;
 By jing, I've a bonny white shilling,
 And a saxpence that ne'er saw the morn.
 Lilt te turan an uran, &c.

Before they got out o' the bustle,
 Poor Tam got his fairing, I trow,
 For a stick at the ging'bread played whistle,
 And knocked him down like a cow :
 Says Tam, wha did that, deil confound them,—
 • Fair play, let me win at the loon,
 And he whirled his stick round and round him,
 And swore like a very dragoon.
 Lilt te turan an uran, &c.

Then next for a house they gade glowring,
 Whare they might get wetting their mou'.
 Says Meg—Here's a bouse keeps a pouring,
 Wi' the sign o' the muckle black cow.
 A cow ! quo' Jenny ; ye gawky,
 Preserve us ! but ye've little skill,
 Ye haveral, did ye e'er see a hawky
 Like that—look again and ye'll see its a *bill*.
 Lilt te turan an uran, &c.

But just as they darkened the entry,
 Says Willie—We're now far aneugh,

I see its a house for the gentry,—
 Let's gang to the sign o' the Pleuch.
 Na, faith, says Gibbie, we'se better
 Gae dauner to auld Luckie Gunn's,
 For there I'm to meet wi' my father
 And auld uncle Jock o' the Whins.
 Lilt te turan an uran, &c.

Now they a' in Luckie's had landed,
 Twa rounds at the bicker to try,
 The whisky and yill round was banded,
 And Baps in great bourocks did lie.
 Blind Aleck the fiddler was trysted,
 And he was to handle the bow;
 On a big barrel head he was hoisted,
 To keep himsel' out o' the row.
 Lilt te turan an uran, &c.

Had ye seen sic a din and gafaasing,
 Sic booching and dancing was there,
 Sic rugging, and riving, and drawing
 Was ne'er seen before in a fair.
 For Tam, he wi' Maggy was wheeling,
 And he gied sic a terrible loup,
 That his head cam a thump on the ceiling,
 And he cam down wi' a dump on his doup.
 Lilt te turan an uran, &c.

Now they ate and they drank till their bellies
 Were bent like the bead o' a drum,
 Syne they raise, and they capered like fillies,
 Whene'er that the fiddle played bum.
 Wi' dancing they now were grown weary,
 And scarcely were able to stan',

So they took to the road a' fu' cheery,
 As day was beginning to dawn,
 Lilt te turan an uran, &c.

'THE BEAUTIFUL IRISHMAN.

TUNE—*The old Vagary, O.*

THERE was a lady lived in Leith,
 A lady very stylish, man,
 And yet in spite of all her teeth,
 She fell in love with an Irishman,—
 A nasty, ugly Irishman,
 A wild tremendous Irishman,
 A tearing, swearing, thumping, bumping,
 Ranting, roaring Irishman.

His face was no ways beautiful,
 For with small pox 'twas scared across ;
 And the shoulders of the ugly dog
 Were every inch of a yard across.
 O the lump of an Irishman,
 The whisky-devouring Irishman ;
 The great he-rogue with his wonderful brogue,
 The fighting, rioting Irishman.

One of his eyes was bottle green,
 And the other eye was out, my dear ;
 And the calves of his wicked-looking legs
 Were more than two feet about, my dear.
 O the great big Irishman,
 The rattling, battling Irishman ;
 The stamping, ramping, swaggering, staggering,
 Leathering swash of an Irishman.

He took so much of Lundy Foot,

That he used to snort and snuffle, O;
And, in shape and size, the fellow's neck
Was as bad as the neck of a buffalo.

O the horrible Irishman,

The thundering, blundering Irishman;
The slashing, dashing, smashing, lashing,
Thrashing, hashing Irishman.

His name was a terrible name indeed,

Being Timothy Thady Mulligan;
And whenever he emptied his tumbler of punch,
He'd no rest till he filled it full again;—

The boosing, bruising Irishman;

The 'toxicated Irishman;
The whisky, frisky, rummy, gummy,
Brandy, no dandy Irishman.

This was the lad the lady loved,

Like all the girls of quality;
And he craked the skulls of the men of Leith,
Just by the way of jollity.

O the leathering Irishman,

The barbarous, savage Irishman;
The hearts of the maids, and the gentlemen's heads
Were bothered or broke by this Irishman.

HOW TO BREAK ILL NEWS.

Master. How goes on things at home pray, Jarvis, now?

Servant. The magpie's dead, sir.

Mar. Magpie dead! why how?

Serv. With overeating horse-flesh, sir, he died.

Mar. Horse-flesh! where did he get so well supplied?

- Serv.* Your father's horses every one are gone,
Fatigued to death with labour they had done.
- Max.* What labour? tell me quickly, I desire.
- Serv.* Carrying water to put out the fire.
- Max.* What fire?
- Serv.* Your father's house burnt to the ground,
With all the barns and hay-stacks placed around.
- Max.* What caused the fire?
- Serv.* The torches I presume.
- Max.* For what?
- Serv.* Your mother's gone to her last home.
- Max.* My mother gone! poor soul! what! is she dead?
- Serv.* Ah! after it she ne'er held up her head.
- Max.* Ne'er after what? quick, tell me all, I pray.
- Serv.* Your father's death.
- Max.* My father dead! you say?
- Serv.* Alas! alas! poor man, it broke his heart.
- Max.* What do you mean?
- Serv.* Ah! deep he felt the smart.
His banker failed, his mis'ries all combined,
And not a shilling has he left behind;
I hither came, nor did one moment lose
Because I thought you'd like to hear the news.

MY MITHER MENT MY AULD BREEKS.

To its ain Tune.

My mither men't my auld breeks,
An' wow! but they war duddy,
An' sent me, to get shod our mare,
At Robin Tamson's smiddy;

The sniddy stands beside the burn
 That wimples thro' the clachan,
 I never, yet, gae by the door,
 But aye I fa' a laughin'.

For Robin was a waltby carle,
 An' had ae bonnie dochter,
 Yet ne'er wad let her tak a man,
 Tho' mony lads had sought ber;
 But what think ye o' my exploit?—
 The time our mare was shoeing,
 I slippit up beside the lass,
 An' briskly fell a-wooing.

An' aye she e'ed my auld breeks,
 Tbe time that we sat crackin'.
 Quo' I, my lass, ne'er mind tbe clouts,
 I've new anes for the makin';
 But gin ye'll just come hame wi' me
 An' lea' the carle—your father,
 Ye'se get my breeks to keep in trim,
 Mysel', an' a 'thegitber.

'Deed, lad, quo' she, your offer's fair,
 I really think I'll tak' it,
 Sae, gang awa', get out tbe mare,
 We'll baith slip on the back o't;
 For gin I wait my father's time,
 I'll wait till I be fifty,
 But na; I'll marry in my prime,
 An' mak' a wife fu' thrifty.

Wow! Robin was an angry man,
 At losing o' his dochter:
 Thro' a' the kintra-side he ran,
 An' far an' near he sought her;

But when he cam' to our fire-end,
 An' fand us baith thegither,
 Quo' I, gudeman, I've taen your bairn
 An' ye may tak' my mither.

Auld Robin girn'd an' sheuk his pow,
 Guid sooth, quo' he, you're merry;
 But I'll just tak' ye at your word,
 An' end this hurry-burry;
 So Robin an' our auld gudewife,
 Agreed to creep thegither;
 Now, I hae Robin Tamson's pet,
 An' Robin has my mither.

PARODY ON JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

My bonny Meg, my jo, Meg,
 When we were first acquent,
 A tighter hizzy never brush'd
 The dew frae aff the bent.
 But now ye're turn'd as stiff's a tree,
 And your pow's as white's the snow,
 There's naething supple but your tongue,
 My bonny Meg, my jo.

My bonny Meg, my jo, Meg,
 I wonder what ye mean,
 Ye're flyting everlastingly—
 Frae morning light till e'en.
 Some folks say that ye're failing Meg,
 But I scarce can think it so,
 For ye flyte as weel as e'er ye did,
 My bonny Meg, my jo.

My bonny Meg, my jo, Meg,
 When nature first began,
 She gaed every wife a yard o' tongue
 To torture her gudeman.
 She's been kind to you aboon the lave,
 An' I can prove it so,
 For she's gien you half a yard to boot,
 My bonny Meg, my jo.

My bonny Meg, my jo, Meg,
 We clamb the hill thegither,
 And mony a devilish dust we've had
 Sin' we met ane anither.
 Now we maun totter down, Meg,
 And cheek for chow we'll go,
 And we'll girn at itber at the fit,
 My bonny Meg, my jo.

HIGHLAN' SOBRIETY.

AIR—*The Braes o' Glenorchy.*

My praw ponnie lads : I will shust tell't you what,
 Whene'er you will down py ta stoup whiskee sat,
 In hearty coot freenships your whistles to wat,
 Shust tek ta coot trams, but no fill yousel's fou.
 For, oich ! she pe shamefu, pe sinfu' an' a,
 Pe mak' yoursel's trunk as pe haud py ta wa',
 Or down in ta tirty hole-gutter pe fa',
 An' wallow ta mire, like ta muckle *mukh dhu*.

Me sure, g'r you shust teuk ta troubles pe leuk,
 (Ta place I'm forgot) in ta coot Fible Peuk,

She tell you, tat you ta wee trappies moucht teuk,
 For coot o' ta pody, but no pe got fou ;
 You moucht teukit ae glass, you moucht teukit twa,
 You moucht teukit sax for pe help him awa',
 But oich ! dinna teuk him, pe gar yousel's fa',
 For tat wad play *tanna* an' *hellinations* wi' you.

Ta whiskces pe coot when ta pelly pe sore,
 Pe coot when Shon Highlanman traws her clay-
 more,

For ten she'll perform ta crate wonders gallorc,
 Sae lang's her coot *beetock* or *skean* stood true ;
 Pe coot for ta peoples in a' kind o' station,
 When tey will pe use her in tue *modderation*,
 But when tey pe 'puse her wi' *toxification*,
 Far petters pe feught wi' ta *Decoul mhor dhu*.

Ta whiskees preed shoy, and ta whiskces preed wo,
 Ta whiskees pe freen', an' ta whiskces pe foe,
 For as you pe treat him, he shust use you so.

Hims coots and hims neevils must 'pend a' 'pon
 you.

So now, my praw lads, tis coot 'vice I will gie,
 Whene'er tat you'll met wi' ta *Shon Parley-ree*,
 Trunk aff your coot glasses—ay—ane, twa, nor
 tree,

But oich ! teukit care, no pe piper pitch fou.

IRISH SPITE.

Two Irish mechnnics went into a spirit cellar one day to
 hnye a dhrop o' whisky ; but unfortunately they had
 been on the ramble for a day or two previous, and, con-
 sequently, were without a farthing in their pockets.

Their only plan, then, was to get *sick*. One of them—a very honest, outspoken fellow, thus addressed the landlord :—" Mr. Donnelly, will you trust me a noggin till the pay-night? " " Troth and I wont," was the reply. " Well," says Pat, " will you trust this man here, and I'll come cansion for him? " " I'll neither trust you nor that man," replied Mr. Donnelly. " You wont," says Pat, throwing off his jacket and flourishing his fists—" you wont! man alive! come out o' this till I give ye a right good"——" Dont throw off your coat hoy," said the landlord, very coolly; " you know very well I can lick you." " Well," says Pat, " look at this see: do you see that shop over there on the tither side of the street?—just to spite ye, on Saturday night when I get my wages, I'll go over to that whisky shop and spend every hap-orth of my money, and d——n the rap I'll take home to the wife!"

BAULDY BAIRD.

TUNE—*Cameron's got his wife again.*

Bauldy Baird's come again,
 Bauldy Baird's come again;
 Tell the news through burgh and glen,
 Bauldy Baird's come back again!
 O Bauldy Baird can buy and sell
 Barrels o' herring, lades o' meal;
 Cheat till the gudeman be poor,
 And pouch till the gudewife look sour;
 Laugh and clatter, curse and ban,
 Tell a lee wi' ony man,

Tell the news to a' you ken,
That Bauldy Baird's come again.

Bauldy Baird can drink, I trow,
Till a' the bodies roun' be fu' ;
Ilka ane that shares his bicker,
Ken's how Bauldy pays his liquor.
When ye're fu', he's on the catch,
He'll buy your blankets, corn, or watch,
Ye sharpers a', though London-rear'd,
Are a' but cuifs to Bauldy Baird.

Bauldy Baird can brag o' gambling,
Kens the airts o' dark dissembling :
Bauldy Baird can make a fen,
To cut the Jack an' Catch-the-teu.
Farmer bodies ! watch your pease,
Hide your butter, eggs, and cheese ;
For whether ripe, or in the braird,
It's a' ane to Bauldy Baird.

O ! close that slap there ; lock that yate,
Else some stooks will tak' the gate ;
For Bauldy's poney likes your grain,
Just as weel as 'twere his ain ;
Stooks o' corn, and sheaves o' pease
Bee-skeps and saugh-trees :
For faith, he's no so easy scar'd,
Its a' ane to Bauldy Baird.

On Bauldy Baird the law was vile,
To draw him on a cart to jail ;
But Bauldy Baird, the pauky deevil,
Slipt the loop, and left the beagle ;
O'er the dike and through the feld,
Bauldy ran wi' mettle heels.

Watch the corn stack, Robin Shaw,
 For Bauldy Baird's run awa'.
 Or rin, and let the bailie ken,
 That Bauldy Baird's come again!

TUGAL M'TAGGER.

WOULD you'll know me, my name it is Tugal
 M'Tagger,
 She'll brought hersel down frae the braes o' Loch-
 aber,
 To learn her nainsel to be praw habberdaber
 Or fine linen-draber, the tane or the twa.
 She'll being a stranger, she'll look very shy-like;
 She's no weel acquaint wi' your laigh kintra dialect;
 But hough never heed, she's got plenty o' Gaelic,—
 She comes frae ta house at the fit o' Glendoo.
 But her kilt she'll exchange for ta praw tandy
 trowser,
 An' she'll learn to ta lady to scrape an' to pow, sir.
 An' say to ta shentlemans. How did you'll do, sir?
 An' ten she'll forget her poor freens o' Glendoo.
 An' when she'll pe spoket ta laigh kintra jabber,
 She'll gie hersel' out for ta Laird o' Lochaber,
 Shust come for amusements to turn habberdaber,
 For tat will pe prawer tan herding ta cow.
 She'll got a big shop, an' she'll turned a big dealer;
 She was caution hersel', for they'll no sought no
 bailer,
 But Tugal M'Tagger hersel' maks a failure,—
 They'll call her a bankrump, a trade she'll not
 knew.

They'll called a great meeting, she'll look very
 quiet now,
 She'll fain win awa but they'll tell her to wait now;
 They'll spoket a lang time 'bout a great estate now;
 I'll thoct that they'll thoct me the Laird o'
 Glendoo.

They'll wrote a lang while about a trust deeder,
 She'll no write a word, for hersel' couldna read her;
 They'll sought compongzition, hough, hough,
 never heed her,—

There's no sic a word 'mang the hills o' Glendoo.
 But had I her durk, hersel' would devour them.
 They'll put her in jail when she'll stood there
 before them;
 But faith she'll got out on a hashimanorum;
 And now she's as free as the win's o' Glendoo.

SAWNY GRANT'S ADVENTURES IN GLASGOW.

TUNE—*Johannie Cope.*

HER nainsel' come frae ta hielan' hill,
 Ta ponny town o' Glascow till,
 But o' Glascow she's koten her pelly fil,
 She'll no forket t'is twa tree mornin'.
 She'll meet Shony Crant her Coosin son.
 An' Tuncan, an' Toukal, an' Tonal Cunn
 An' twa tree mae, Cot she haet sic' fun,
 But she'll turn't oot a sad sad mornin'.
 Sae Shony Crant a shill she'll hae
 "O' ta fera cootest usquapae,"

An' she'll pochtet a shill, an' twa tree mae,
So she'll trunk till ta fera neist mornin'.

She'll sat, an' she'll trunk, an' she'll roar an' she'll
sang,

An' aye for ta shill ta pell she'll rang,
An' she'll mate sic a tin t'at a man she'll prang
An' she'll say't—Co home t'is mornin'.

Ta man she hat on ta kreat pig coat,
An' in her han' a rung she'll cot,
An' a purrin' cruizie, an' she'll say't py Cot
She'll maun co to ta offish in ta mornin'.

She'll say't to ta man, *Te an deal shen doose*,
An' ta man she'll say't—Pe unco toose,
Or nelse o'er her heat she'll come fu' crouse,
So come awa to ta offish tis mornin'.

Ta' man she'll dad on ta' stone her stick,
An' t'an she'll shake her rick-tick-tick,
An' t'an she'll pe catchet her by ta neck,
An' trawn her to ta' offish in ta' mornin'.

Ta mornin' come she'll be procht before
Ta shentlemans praw, an' her pones all sore,
An' ta shentleman's she'll say't, "You tog, what for
You'll make sic a tin in ta mornin'."

She'll teuket aff her ponnet an' she'll mate her a
pow,

An' she'll say't, please her Crace she cot hersel' foo,
But shust let her co and she'll nefer to
Ta like no more in ta mornin'.

But t'an she'll say't, ta shentlemans praw
Twa kuinea frae her sporan she man traw,
An' she'll roart loot, *Te an diol aha er crax*,
Oh hone O si 'tis mornin'!

She'll say't to ta shentlemans, she'll no unterstoot
 What she'll pay money's for, put tamn her ploot,
 She'll mate ta case either pad or coot,
 She'll teuket to law this mornin'.

Ta shentleman's she'll say't respect to coort,
 Or py ta Lort she'll suffer for't
 Shust tare to spoket another wort,
 An' she'll send her to ta Fischal in ta mornin'.

Oh ! she titna' know what to too afa,
 But she nefer fount herself so sma',
 But she was right klat whan she kot awa,
 Frae oot o' ta offish in ta mornin'.

Oh ! t'at she war to ta hielans pack,
 Whar tam' ta pailie there to crack,
 Or else py Cot she wa't proket her pack,
 Or kie' her a tirk in ta mornin'.

An' t'at there was there her coosin son,
 An' Tuncan, an' Tookal, an' Tonal Cunn,
 An' twa t'ree mae, cot she't haet sic fun,
 An no be freght for ta offish in ta mornin'.

JOHN TAMSON'S CART.

" We're a' John Tamson's bairns"—that's an old Scotch sayin, and a true yin. I kent John Tamson weel. He had strapping lads and lasses baith, and he lived in that part o' Glasgow that was remarkable for the march of Sir William Wallace to attack the English general Percy. Ye'll be speiring whare's that ? weel its just the Brunt Barna. His next door neighbour was yin Wilj Galbraith, a coal carter, like himsel. So yae nicht, after a hard day's wark, he meets Will : " Hech, Will, there's

a gay cauld kind o' a nicht. Hae ye ony objections to a dram?" "No," quo Will, "where will we gang?" "We'll just gang o'er to Lucky Sourkail's." Weel, they sat down, and they had yae dram after anither, till "the proper corrective that aften parts gude company" gar'd them rise—that's the bottom o' a toom pouch. "Hech," says John, "I'll hae to be up before the sparrows, to gae wa' for a cart o' coals." Weel, he was as gude's his word; he wakened frae the side o' Mrs. Tamson, and yokes the horse gayan canna, and he's no lang till he's through Camlachie-toll. But, faith, in that quiet part o' the road between Camlachie and Parkhead, John fa's fast asleep. But wha the devil should come by, but Pauidy Baird, and he's a gay gleg kind o' a chiel: he disna like to let a gude opportunity slip out o' his hand. So he unyoked John's horse gayan canny, and he sets down the cart as canny. It happened to be Ru'glen fair morning, and he kent weel whare he was taking his bargain till; so he left John driving his pigs to the market gayan comfortable. But as John suddenly fell asleep, he as suddenly wakened, and looking up wi' his yae ee half opened, he looks first to the tae side o' the cart and syne to the tither, and he cries, "Gor, I canna understan' the meaning o' this at a'. As the Laird M'Nab said when he came in at the winning post at Perth races—'By the lord this is me now;' but I canna' exclaim wi' the Laird M'Nab,—for, by my faith, this is no me! no me!—but there's yae thing I can see, that if I'm John Tamson, I've lost a horse, but if I'm no John Tamson, faith, I've found a cart. But how will I find out this? I'll just awa bame to the wife, for she settles a' my accounts, she'll settle this yin tae." Weel, awa hame he comes, gayan briskly, and he's no lang till he's at his ain door: and he cries out, "Am I John Tamson?" Mrs. Tamson

puts o'er her hand to find for honest John,—“ Na, na,”
 quo' she, “ ye're no John Tamson, he's awa to his wark
 twa or three hours syne.” “ 'Od I'm glad o' that,” quo'
 he, “ for if I had been John Tamson, I would have lost a
 horse, but as I'm no John Tamson, Lord, I've found a
 cart!”

THE UNCO BIT WANT.

TUNE—*Woo'd an' married an' a'.*

I AM a young lass i' my blossom,
 My age is about twenty-one,
 Quite ready to lie i' the bosom
 O' some merry hearted young man ;
 I've baith bread an' kitchen nae scanty,
 An' gowns i' the fashon fu' braw ;
 But aye there's an unco bit wantie,
 That fashes me mair na them a .

Ripe an' ready an' a',
 Ripe an' ready an' a',
 I wish I may get a bit man
 Afore my beauty gae wa'.

A' day as I spin wi' my mither,
 An' hilt owre mysel' a bit sang,
 How lasses an' lads gae thegither,
 O sirs, but it gars me think lang ;
 A' night syne I'm like to gang craizie,
 I dream, an' I row, an' I gaun,
 Where I might be lyin' fu' easy,
 An' 't wama that unco bit want.
 Ripe an' ready, &c.

Young Andro' comes whiles at the gloamin',
 An' draws in a stool by my side ;
 But ay he's sae fear't for a woman,
 That aften his face he maun hide.
 I steave up my temper-string gayly,
 An' whiles a bit verse I do chaunt ;
 For lasses, ye ken, maun be wylie,
 To mak' up their unco hit want.
 Ripe an' ready, &c.

I'm thinkin', some night when he's risin'
 I'll mak' a bit stap to the door,
 An' raise a bit crack that's enticin',
 To heighen his courage a bore—
 For O gin the laddie wad kipple,
 Sae merrily as we will rant ;
 The punch out o' jugs we will tippie
 The night I get free o' my want.
 Ripe an' ready an' a',
 Ready an' ripe an' a',
 I'll mak' a gude wife to the laddie
 Gin ever he tak' me ava'.

ANSWER TO THE UNCO BIT WANT.

DEAR Maggie, I'm doubtfu' ye're jokin',
 I wish ye may like me sae weel ;
 O' luve tho' I ne'er yet hae spoken,
 It fashes me sair, I watweel ;
 Yer cheeks are sae roun' an' sae rosey ;
 Yer een hae sae witchin' a cant ;
 Her breath is as sweet as a posey,
 An' fain wad I mak' up yer want.

Kiss an' daut ye an' a',
 Daut an' kiss ye an' a';
 Young Andro' wad think himsel' happy
 To kiss an' daut ye an' a'.

The morn I sall speak to my father,
 To big us an inset an' spence;
 Some plenishin' syne we will gather,
 An' get a' thing manag't wi' mense;
 I'll get a wheen sarks frae my mither;
 Mae kail i' the yard I will plant;
 An' then, when we're buckl't thegither,
 I'll mak' up yer unco bit want.
 Kiss and daut, &c.

At e'en, when wi' toilin' I'm weary,
 An' beasts i' the stable an' byre,
 I'll get a bit crack wi' my dearie,
 An' dry my pleugh hose by the fire.
 E'en lairds, wha' in coaches are carri'd,
 A bonnier bride canna vaunt—
 An' Maggie, lass, when we are marri'd,
 I'll mak' up your unco bit want.
 Kiss an' daut, &c.

Tho' some tak' offence at our freedom,
 An' raise up a quarrelsome din,
 To gar us believe, gin we heed them,
 That tellin' the truth is a sin;
 Wi' lang chaftit modest pretences,
 They fain wad appear to be saunts;
 Yet few, wha's endow'd wi' their senses,
 But wishes supply for their wants.

Kissin' an' dautin' an' a',
 Dautin' an' kissin' an' a',
 There's naething been langer in fashion,
 Than kissin' an' dautin' an' a'.

BE A GOOD BOY AND TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF.

WHEN I was at home with my father and mother,
 I bate the old couple and Thady my brother,
 At larning I mane! for I handled my spade,
 And nately I followed the turf-cutting trade.
 But ould father Murphy, our parish director,
 He now and then gave me a bit of a lecture,
 "Arrah Barney," says he, "you're a frolicsome elf,
 But be a good boy, and take care of yourself."
 With your toorle lol, toorle lol, toorle lol loo,
 Toorle lol, toorle lol, toorle lol, toorle lol loo.

My Judy I lov'd, and oft gave her a kiss,
 "Fie, Barney," says she, but ne'er took it amiss.
 One night I took leave, says I, "Judy, I'm off;"
 But heard, as I thought, in the closet a cough;
 So I open'd the door, and I star'd like a pig,
 There stood ould father Murphy, without hat or
 wig!

"Arrah, father," says I, "you're a frolicsome elf,
 But be a good boy, and take care of yourself."

I was going, but ould father Murphy cried, "Stay!
 We'll settle this matter, I'll tell you the way;
 I'll marry you straight, and then, Barney, you
 know"—

"Thank'ee father," said I, "but I'd much rather go!"

So to ould father Murphy I bade a good night,
And to Judy I said, what you'll own was quite
right,

"Arrah, Judy," says I, "you're a frolicsome elf,
But I'll be a good boy, and take care of myself."

THE WATER DRINKER.

A BONNET-LAIRD in the vicinity of Glasgow, who was given to indulge too freely in ardent spirits, came at last to the resolution of eschewing the evil, by becoming a member of the Temperance Society. With this purpose he went to Glasgow, and inquired of a friend where he should enrol his name. "I'm just resolved," he said, "to drap the whisky a' thegither, and tak' naething stronger than water." The friend, who was a wag, informed him that there were several Temperance Societies in town, but the chief one, and the one which he would advise him to enter, was *The Glasgow Water Company*. Being directed to the office of that Company, the following dialogue took place:—

"I wish, gentlemen, to become a member of your society."

"You wish to take a share in our company?"

"Deed, do I, sirs; for I think there's naething like water after a'."

"To be sure, it is essential to life. The gentleman who disposes of shares will be here presently if you can wait."

"Oh, I can wait brawly. And is there mony now in Glasgow friendly to your Society?"

"Why, we have to fight against a good deal of opposition, as you may have heard."

"That's a pity. It wad save mony a sair head and sair heart if the folk o' the town were a' o' your mind."

"Yes, but that is scarcely to be looked for."

"Na, na—sae lang as pair human nature is what it. But tell me, gentlemen, in real earnest, does none o' ye ever taste whisky?"

(A laugh) "Why, there's no denying we may take a glass like our neighbours at times."

"Ay, I jaloused as much from your looks. And were ye just desperately gien to the dram before you cam' here?"

"What do you mean, you old quiz?—There comes the gentleman with whom you have to deal."

"Weel, sir, I was wanting to enrol myself in your company."

"You wish a share, sir? The price per share is £85 at present."

"Eighty-five pounds for entering a water society! D'ye tak' me for an idiot?"

"It is not a farthing lower, and has not been this twelvemonth."

"Gae wa'—gae wa', sir! Eighty-five pounds for drinking water! If that's the case, I'll stick by the speerit trade yet."

ALL ROUND MY HAT

All round my hat I vears a graen villow,
 All rond my hat for a twelvemonth and a day;
 If any one should ax't the reason vy I vears it,
 Tell them that my true love is far, far away.

Twas a going of my rounds in the streets I first
did meet her,

O I thought she was a hangel just come down
from the sky,

Spoken.—She'd a nice vegitable countenance, turnip nose,
and carrotty hair.

And I never heard a voice more louder and more
sweeter,

When she cry'd come buy my primroses, my
primroses come buy.

Spoken.—Here's your fine colliflowers.

All round my hat, &c.

Oh, my love she was fair, and my love she was kind
too,

And cruel was the cruel judge who had my love
to try,

Spoken.—Here's your precious turnups.

For theiving was a thing what she never was in-
clin'd to,

But he sent my love across the seas far away.

Spoken.—Here's your hard-hearted cabbages.

All round my hat, &c.

For seven long years my love and I are parted,

For seven long years my love is bound to stay;

Spoken.—'Tis a precious long time 'fore I does any
trade to-day.

Bad luck to that chap what w'd ever be false hearted,

Oh I'll love my love for ever tho' she's far, far
away.

Spoken.—Here's your nice heads of salary.

All round my hat, &c.

There is some young men is so preciouslly deceit-
full,

A coaxing off the the young *gals* they wish to
lead astray ;

Spoken.—Here's your walnuts, crack em and try em,
a shilling a hundred.

As soon as they deceive em, so cruelly they leave
em,

And they never sighs nor sorrows when they are
far, far away.

Spoken.—Do you vant any *hingons* to-day, marm.

All round my hat, &c.

Oh, I bought my love a ring on the werry day she
started,

Which I gove her as a token all to remember me,

Spoken.—Bless her *heyes*.

And when she does come back, Oh, ve'll never
more be parted,

But ve'll marry and be happy, Oh, for ever and
a day.

Spoken.—Here's your fine spring raddishes.

All round my hat, &c.

THE WIDOW MAHONEY.

Oh ! love it is murder, I wish it was furthir,
For faith I'm inclined to get rid of my life,
I'm out of my senses, arrah, besides the expenses
And only because I'm in need of a wife.

The widow Mahoney, she was my crony,
 Only her heart was so hard and so stony;
 Och, widow, sir, I stop my bachelor's trade,
 Or as sure as I live, I shall die an old maid,
 Oh ! widow Mahoney.

The widow Mahoney was tall, stout, and bony,
 Her husband had left her to plough the salt seas—
 Had gone to the bottom, his guineas she got 'em,
 So without any labour she liv'd at her ease.
 A beautiful crature as any in nature,
 And just like myself too in every feature.
 Och, widow, sir, I, &c.

I scorn'd to be scaly, so treated her daily,
 As sure as the night came, to whisky and tea;
 And there in a noddy, her beautiful body
 Would sit cheek by jowl, a one side behind me.
 To finish the matter, Mr. Rooney was fatter,
 And then with his Blarney he throw'd his eye at
 her.

Och, widow, &c.

Ere long they had tarried, they 'greed to be married,
 So lovingly went to the priest to get wed,
 When who should be stalking to stop their sweet
 walking,
 But the widow's live husband the man that was
 dead.

Mr. Mike was confounded, the widow she stounded,
 The man pick'd her up, and the neighbours pro-
 vok'd,

So there I was left to my bachelor's trade,
 And thro' widow Mahoney, must die an old maid.

Och, widow, &c.

HIGHLANDERS AT PRESTON PANE.

A Comic Story.

AFTER the battle of Preston, two Highlanders, in roaming through the south of Mid-Lothian, entered the farmhouse of Swanston, near the Pentland hills, where they found no one at home but an old woman. They immediately proceeded to search the house, and soon finding a web of coarse, home-spun cloth, made no scruple to unroll, and cut off as much as they thought would make a coat to each. The woman was exceedingly incensed at their rapacity—roared and cried, and even invoked the divine vengeance upon their heads,—‘ye villians!’ she cried, ‘ye’ll hae to account for this yet!’ ‘And whan will we pe account for’t?’ asked one of the Highlanders. ‘At the last day, ye blackguards!’ exclaimed the woman. ‘Ta last day,’ replied the Highlander, ‘tat pe cood lang credit,—she’ll pe gaun ta tukit a coat, but faith she’ll pe tukit a waistcoat too.’

BEHAVE YOURSEL BEFORE FOLK.

BEHAVE yoursel’ before folk,
 Behave yoursel’ before folk,
 An’ dinna be sae rude to me,
 As kiss me sae before folk.

It wadna gi’e me meikle pain,
 Gin ye were seen an’ heard by nane,
 To tak a kiss, or grant you ane;
 But, gudesake! no before folk.

Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk :
 Whate'er you do, when out o' view,
 Be cautious aye before folk.

Consider, lad, how folk will crack,
 An' what a great affair they'll mak
 O' naething but a simple smack,
 That's gi'en or ta'en before folk.
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Nor gi'e the tongue of auld or young
 Occasion to come o'er folk.

It's no through hatred o' a kiss,
 That I sae plainly tell you this ;
 But, losb ! I tak it sair amiss
 To be sae teased before folk.
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk :
 When we're our lane ye may tak ane,
 But fient a ane before folk.

I'm sure, wi' you I've been as free
 As ony modest lass should be !
 But yet, it doesna do to see
 Sic freedom used before folk.
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk ;
 I'll ne'er submit again to it—
 So mind you that—before folk.

You tell me that my face is fair ;
 It may be sae—I dinna care—
 But ne'er again gar't blush sae sair
 As ye hae done before folk.

Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk ;
 Nor heat my cheeks wi' your mad freaks,
 But aye be douce before folk.

Ye tell me that my lips are sweet ;
 Sic tales, I doubt, are a' deceit ;—
 At ony rate, it's hardly meet
 To pree their sweets before folk.
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk ;
 Gin that's the case, there's time and place,
 But surely no before folk.

But, gin ye really do insist
 That I should suffer to be kiss'd,
 Gae, get a license frae the priest,
 And mak me yours before folk.
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk ;
 And when we're aye, baith flesh and bane,
 Ye may tak ten—before folk.

CAN I BEHAVE, CAN I BEHAVE.

CAN I behave, can I behave,
 Can I behave before folk,
 When, wily elf, your sleeky self,
 Gars me gang gyte before folk ?

In a' ye do, in a' ye say,
 Ye've sic a pawkie, coaxing way,
 That my poor wits ye lead astray,
 An, ding me doilt before folk !

Can I behave, &c.

Can I behave, &c.

While ye ensnare, can I forbear
To kiss you, though before folk?

Can I behold that dimpling cheek,
Whar love 'mang sunny smiles might beek,
Yet, howlet-like, my e'elids steek,
An' shun sic light, before folk?

Can I behave, &c.

Can I behave, &c.

When ilka smile becomes a wile,
Enticing me before folk?

That lip, like Eve's forbidden fruit,
Sweet, plump, an' ripe, sae tempts me to't,
That I maun pree't, tho' I should rue't
Ay, twenty times—before folk!

Can I behave, &c.

Can I behave, &c.

When temptingly it offers me,
So rich a treat—before folk?

That gowden hair sae sunny bright;
That shapely neck o' snawy white;
That tongue, even when it tries to flyte,
Provokes me till't before folk!

Can I behave, &c.

Can I behave, &c.

When ilka charm, young, fresh, an' warm,
Cries, "kiss me now"—before folk?

An' oh that pawkie, rowin' e'e,
Sae roguishly it blinks on me,
I canna, for my saul, let be,
Frae kissing you before folk!

Can I behave, &c.
 Can I behave, &c.
 When ilka glint, conveys a hint
 To tak a smack—before folk?

Ye own that were we baith our lane,
 Ye wadna grudge to grant me ane;
 Weel, gin there be nae harm in't then,
 What harm is in't before folk?

Can I behave, &c.
 Can I behave, &c.
 Sly hypocrite! an anchorite
 Could scarce desist—before folk!

But after a' that has been said,
 Since ye are willing to be wed,
 We'll hae a "blythesome bridal" made,
 When ye'll be mine before folk!
 Then I'll behave, then I'll behave,
 Then I'll behave before folk,
 For whereas then, ye'll aft get "ten,"
 It winna be before folk!

SANDY ANDERSON, THE MINISTER'S MAN.

I CANNA sufficiently apologise to the company for attempting to entertain them, after the many excellent songs and anecdotes they have heard during the night; but, as I am just called upon, I canna very weel resist adding my little mite to the conversability of the evening. It's na worth the telling; its merely a little story which really happened to my poor dear husband, who is dead and gone; he was the minister of the Kirk, and was a man universally respected, not only by his parishioners,

but by the public at large ; in fact, he understood the whole duty of man ; and this minister had a servant, I canna exactly recollect his name—it was—dear, dear——Sandy Anderson, that was his name ! And this Sandy used to rub down the minister's horse, clean his boots and shoes, wait at table, and he performed all those offices it is customary for servants to perform ; and, independent of that, he used to keep the keys of the kirk ; he was, what we call in Scotland, the Bethel of the Parish ; and this Sandy was an orly-vorley kind of a body, who would be always troubling himsel' with other people's business ; and there had been a particular time when Sandy had given great offence to the parishioners, and they told my poor dear man that they thought it no longer proper that he should continue in his service, and with that he thought it was his duty to call Sandy before him, and expostulate with him, and tell him what he thought of him ; so with that, he summoned Sandy to attend him in his library : and he sat himsel' down in his arm chair, with a look of dignity quite peknliar to himsel'. Poor dear body, I think I see him now. I wish you could see him, for I thought what he said would have melted the heart of ony ane except the heart of Sandy Anderson. And said he to him, (that is, said the minister to Sandy,) Sandy, my lad, I suspect yon are a very wicked body, and that yon have been guilty of some particular fae, and I think its no longer proper yon should be trusted wi' the keys of the kirk. And while I stood waiting to hear what the poor lad would say for himsel'—for I really pitied him—he put his hand in his coat pocket and clinked down the keys down on the table ; and said he to him (that is, said Sandy to the minister,) I don't wish to be fash'd with the keys any longer, for I have had na such muckle luck and credit sin yon've been minister of the

kirk, I can tell you ; and with that he left the room wi' such a look of contempt, that you would have imagined my poor dear man to have been Sandy Anderson, and Sandy Anderson the minister of the kirk—that's all. And I can only lament, at this distant period, that I canna very weel recollect what that particular fae was, but, however, I believe it is na material to the story.

ILL AWA' HAME TO MY MITHER, I WILL.

*An excellent new Sang, composet be Miss Tibbie, Toshmytap,
Heiress o' Whack-my-hurdies, and Leddy o' that Ilk.*

AIR,—*The Laird o' Cockpen.*

O I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will,
An' I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will,
Gin I tarry wi' you I may meet wi' some ill ;
Sae I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will.

It's wearing to gloamin, an' soon will be late,
And the thing might befa' me that happened to
Kate,

When she gaed to the tryst wi' Will Watt o' the
mill ;

Then I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will,

O I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will,

An' I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will,

A mither's fireside is the safest place still ;

Then I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will.

My mither aft gies me a mither's advice,
About modesty, virtue, and ilka thing wise,

And she warns me to shun ilk appearance o' ill ;
Sae I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will.

Yes, I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will,

Ay, I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will,

She says, as I brew I maun e'en drink sic yill ;

Then I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will.

She bids me beware o' the ways o' young men,
As the half o' their tricks silly maids dinna ken,

For they lure to betray, as the spider to kill ;

Heth ! I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will,

Now I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will,

Troth I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will,

I'm young yet, and simple and hae little skill ;

Then I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will.

In this lonely place, I've my fears and my doubts,

For nane but ourselves, can I see hereabouts,

And the ill-deady diel in your head might put ill,

Troth I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will ;

Yes, I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will,

Deed I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will,

What ! here wi' a man at the back o' a bill.

Na—I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will.

I'm tauld the godly King Solomon said,

That he ken'd na the ways o' a man wi' a maid,

Strange ways ! that could baffle a man o' sic skill ;

Heth ! I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will,

O I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will,

Fegs ! I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will,

Sma' ferlie that lasses their wits often spill ;

But I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will.

Ye flatter and praise me, and leuk unco fain,

Pretending ye wish my affections to gain,

But I fear your ain ends ye just want to fulfil;
 Lad! I'll aw'a hame to my mither, I will,
 Deed I'll aw'a hame to my mither, I will,
 Troth I'll aw'a hame to my mither, I will,
 Some tongues try the tricks o' the auld serpent
 still;
 But I'll aw'a hame to my mither, I will.

Ye've heard o' my tocher in gear and gude brass,
 And ye ken that ilk pound adds a charm to a lass,
 But if pounds be my beauties your love's unco
 chill,

Lad! I'll aw'a hame to my mither, I will.
 Yes I'll aw'a hame to my mither, I will,
 Ay! I'll aw'a hame to my mither, I will,
 For I'll ne'er let it gang by the scart o' a quill,
 But I'll aw'a hame to my mither, I will.

But gin I were sure ye liket mysel',
 Whar a blister might light it were easy to tell,
 Sae I'll meet you niest Friday at Mungo's mant
 kiln;

Now I'll aw'a hame to my mither, I will.
 Yes, I'll aw'a hame to my mither, I will;
 Then I'll aw'a hame to my mither, I will,
 Be discreet, be sincere, and you're welcome back
 still,
 And I'll yet be your ain a'thegether, I will.

KATTIE CHRISTIE.

TUNE—*The east neuk o' Fife.*

The east neuk o' Fife, lived a bonny blooming
 girl,
 Ha, for beauty an' mein, could match either lord
 or earl;
 The sweet was her look that the diamond and the
 pearl
 Could add naething to the charms of Kattie
 Christie, O.

She was sweet nineteen,
 Wi' pure azure een.
 And her yellow hair
 Waved in ringlets rare;
 She was tight and tall,
 And tak her all in all,
 You'll but seldom meet the match of Kattie
 Christie, O.

The carlins o' Fife vow'd she was nae canny cum-
 mer,
 That could glaze ev'ry ee wi' love's deluding
 glammour;
 In ilk wooer fan' she was skill'd in Venus' gram-
 mar,
 When ev'ry heart did glow for Kattie Christie, O.
 At bridal an' fair
 She the grie bore there.
 'Mang the lads o' Fife
 She bred constant strife,

And the priest was vex'd,
 When reading out his text,
 To fin ev'ry ee was fixed on Kattie Christie, O.
 'Twas a sair time in Fife 'mang the wooers la
 an' early,
 Mony hearts glow'd wi' hope, many pined an
 languish'd sairly;
 Fathers gloomt, mithers flate, lasses spite an' splee
 did ware ay
 In profusion 'gainst young lovely Kattie Chris
 tie, O.

Sae wide spread her fame
 'Yond her circle at hame;
 That lairds cross'd the Forth,
 Chieftans cam' frae the north!
 E'en the Clerk, by report,
 Ran *lang-metre* into *short*,
 Thro' a random glance he got o' Kattie Christie, O.
 There were warm hopes at hame for the fortun
 o' this darlin',
 There was sair dool an' shame spaed by ilka en
 vious carlin;
 But fate, on time's wings, ended a' sic idle snar
 lin',
 And soon stamp'd the lot o' pretty Kattie Chris
 tie, O.

Now her lovers a'
 Need nae langer ca',
 Rich, poor, auld, and young
 Are aside a' flung;
 For the dancing-master's come
 Beating time like any drum,
 And has fairly won the heart o' Kattie Christie, O.

w there's braw peace in Fife 'mang the rival
 lads and lasses,
 ere's an end to a' strife 'mang the fierce con-
 tending classes,
 d ilk ane now sees they were doilt as mules or
 asses,

To be sae sair bewitch'd wi' Kattie Christie, O.
 She threw wealth aside
 To exalt the pride
 Of this *jumping-John*
 Wi' his *turn'd pumps* on,
 Who must thro' the world go,
 Flatter, shuffle, heel and toe,
 support in stile his charming Kattie Christie, O.

HIGHLAND POLITICIANS.

TUNE—*A man's a man for a' that.*

COME, Tougall, tell me what you'll thocht
 Apout this Bill Reform, man,
 Tat's preeding sic a muckle steer,
 An' like to raise ta storm, man ;
 For noo ta peoples meet in troves,
 On both sides o' ta Tweed, man,
 An' spoket speechums loud an' lang,
 An' very pauld inteed, man.

Teed, Tonald, lad, she'll no pe ken,
 For she's nae politish, man,
 But for their speechums loud an' lang,
 She wadna gie tat sneesh, man ;

For gin she'll thocht ta thing was richt,
 She wad her beestock traw, man,
 An' feught like tamn—till ance ta Bill
 Was made coot Cospel law, man.

Hoot toot, man, Tougall ! tat might do
 When SHORDIE TWA did ring, man,
 An' her fore-faiters trew ta dirk,
 To mak teir Charlie king, man ;
 But tirks, an' pistols, and claymores,
 Pe no for me nor you, man ;
 They'll a' pe out o' fashions gane
 Since pluity Waterloo, man.

Last nicht she'll went to pay her rent,
 Ta laird gie her ta dram, man,
 An' tell her tat this Bill Reform
 Was shust a nonsense tamn, man
 Pe no for honest mans, she'll say,
 Pe meddle 'ffairs o' State, man,
 But leave those matters to him's CRACE,
 Him's CLORY, an' ta great, man.

She'll talk 'pout *Revolutions*, too,
 Pe pad an' wicked thing, man,
 Wad teuk awa ta 'stinctions a'.
 Frae peggar down to king, man ;
 Nae doubts, nae doubts, her nainsel' said,
 But yet tere's something worse, man ;
 To *Revolutions* tak will teuk
 Ta puir man's cow or horse man.

An' ten she'll wish ta *Ministers*
 Pe kicket frae teir place, man :
 Och hon, och hon ! her nainsel said,
 Tat wad pe wofu' case, man

For gin ta *Ministers* pe fa',
Precentors niest maun gang, man—
 Syne wha wad in ta Punker stood,
 An lilt ta godly sang man?

Och ! ten ta laird flee in a rage,
 An' *sinfu' deil** me ca', man—
 Me tell him no be understood
 What him will spoke ava, man :
 Ta *sinfu' diel* !—na, na, she'll say,
 She'll no pelang tat clan, man,
 Hersel's a true an' trusty *Grant*,
 As coot as 'nitter man, man.

But, *Tougall*, lad ! my 'pinion is,
 An' tat she'll freely gie, man,
 Ta laird pe fear tat this Reform
 Will petter you an' me, man :
 For like some iter lairds, she still
 Wad ride upon our pack, man :
 But fait ! she'll maype saw ta tay
 Pe tell him 'nitter crack, man.

For *Shames ta feeter*† say this Bill,
 Will mak' ta rents be fa' man ;
 Pe mak' ta sneesh an' whisky cheap—
 Ta gauger chase awa, man ;
 An' ne'er let lairds nor factors more
 Pe do ta poor mans harm, man ;
 No purn him's hause apoon him's head,
 An' trive him aff ta farm, man.

* Infidel.

† James the Weaver.

Weel, Tonal'd I gin I'll thocht it tat,
 Reformer I will turn, man,
 For wi' their pressions an' their scorns,
 My very pluit will purn, man :
 Och, shust to hae ta tay apout,
 Wif some tat I will ken, man ;
 Tey'll prunt my house to *please ta lair'd*,
 Côt I let them try't again, man !

THE KEEK SHOW.

A LITTLE Frenchman with his keek show on his back, while on his way to Edinburgh, near Borrowstonness, met with two colliers, when the following dialogue took place :—

'Hoy, what's that you've got on your back?' The little Frenchman, with all the liveliness of his nation, replied—"It is de show." "A show! Lord, its a wee brick house. Set it down on its bottom, and gie's a keek. I say, Jock, here's a billie that has a show: It's like a kirk wi' a steeple on't. 'Od we'll pay him to get a keek; there's a hole on't for you, and anither for me, and if it doesna please us, we'll gie his kirka kick. But stop a wee till I palaver wi' him a bit; I say, billie, what's to pay?" "Vy, von hi'penny." "What's that?" "It is de baw-bee." "Ou ay—speak sense, and 'od ye'll get your sil-ler,—here. Now, billie, get on wi' your show." "Vell den, de first ting you shall see, you shall see vat you shall see: dere is Lord Vellinton and de British armee." "Hear him now, Jock—d'ye ken!—it's Lord Dundas an' a' his colliers. I think I see Lord Dundas's house wi' the muckle brown door. D'ye mind that time when we were a' out o' wark, whan Robin Forsyth said he'd gae

wa' and speak to the Lord? Sawny Wylie said he would speak. 'Speak awa then,' says Robin. 'I'm saying, my leddie, is my lord duke at hame?' 'Tchay, man, says Robin, 'let them speak that can speak,—is the most heegh i' the house?'—But never heed that, Jock; we'll see anither picture. Come, billie, get on wi' your show." "Vell den de next ting you shall see, you shall see vat you shall see! you shall see Amsterdam and de palais." "Hear him now, Jock—d'ye ken!—that's Lithcaw loch and the palace. I won'er if the billie thinks we dinna ken the place we were bred an' born in. I think I see the minister's house. Hae ye mind whan Sawny Wylie was married, when he asked the minister after the palaver was by, what was to pay. 'Nothing,' says the minister. 'Od ye're a kind billie,' says Sawny, 'we'll see and get ye some mair trade.' But never mind, Jock. Billie, get on wi' your show." "Vell den, de next ting you shall see, you shall see vat you shall see; you shall see de Bay of Naples, vid de ships coming in, and de city of Naples, vid de burning mountain in de distance." "Hear him now, Jock—d'ye ken! That's a lang harangue. The Bay of Naples an' the ships coming in! the city of Naples and the burning mountain in the distance! Its no that ava. The Bay o' Naples is the Firth o' Forth; the ships coming into the bay is the Greenlandmen; the city o' Naples is Borrowstonness; and the burning mountain in the distance (its nae grent distance,) its just Carron blast furnace. Cah, billy! wha are ye mocking? Let's see our bawbee back, or we'll drive a hole in your brow, and set ye a-yelping."

However, the colliers were not so bad as they said, but allowed the poor showman to pass unmolested.

One of these colliers, on his way through Edinburgh, passing the English Chapel, heard the Organ, and on in-

quiring what made that curious sound, at some children who were amusing themselves, they said it was an Organ! "An Organ," he said, "an' is a' the folk gaun in to see't; I'll awa' in and see't tae." "Lord have mercy upon us; Christ have mercy upon us," replied the Clerk; the Collier thinking he was the occasion of these blessings, exclaims,—“What are ye makin' a wark about; I just cam' in to see the Organ like yoursels;—Is that the Organ there? Oh, its jist a kist fu' o' whistles.”

'T WAS AT THE SIGN O' THE FORK.

Sung by Mr. Weekes.

'T WAS at the sign of the Fork
 Young Pat first opened his throttle,
 And being a native of Cork,
 No wonder he dipp'd in the bottle.
 His mother's own milk, they say,
 Soon made him quite funny and frisky,
 For when she put cream in his tea,
 By the powers! it was nothing but whisky.
 Oh! Paddy O'Flannagan,
 Neat, tippling, Paddy:
 Pat was a darling boy.

For England he sailed one day,
 Determin'd to be a great rover;
 But fell overboard in the sea,
 When he'd been at least half-seas over.
 But saved by a man hard by,
 Who showed him a deal of good-nature;

The water, he said, made him dry,
 So he asked for a drop of the cratur
 Oh ! Paddy, &c.

To the Devil's Punch-bowl he came,
 A pond that in Kerry is brimming ;
 And soon, for the sake of its name,
 Was seen in the punch-bowl swimming.
 For whisky he wrestled and purled,
 And won all his bets by his merits ;
 Then drank himself out of the world,
 To go to the world of spirits.
 Oh ! Paddy, &c.

THE WOMEN-FOLK.

From Hogg's " Border Garland."

O SAIRLY may I rue the day,
 I fancied first the women-kind ;
 For aye sinsyne I ne'er can hae
 A quiet thought, or peace o' mind ;
 They hae plagued my heart an' pleased my ee,
 An' teased an' flattered me at will ;
 But aye, for a' their witcherie,
 The pawky things, I lo'e them still.
 O the women-folk, O the women folk,
 But they hae been the wreck o' me,
 O weary fa' the women-folk,
 For they winna let a body be.

I've thought, an' thought, but daurna tell ;
 I've studied them wi' a' my skill,

I've lo'ed them better than mysel',
 I've tried again to like them ill.
 Wha sairest strives will sairest rue,
 To comprehend what nae man can;
 When he has done what man can do,
 He'll end at last where he began.
 O the women-folk, &c.

That they hae gentle forms, an' meet,
 A man wi' half a look may see,
 An' gracefu' airs, an' faces sweet,
 An' wavin' curls aboon the bree,
 An' smiles as saft as the young rose bud,
 An' een sae pawky, bright, an' rare,
 Wad lure the laverock from the clud,
 But, laddie, seek to ken nae mair.
 O the women-folk, &c.

Even but this night, nae farther gane,
 The date is nouthar late nor lang,
 I tak ye witness, ilka ane,
 How fell they fought and fairly dang.
 Their point they've carried, right or wrang
 Without a reason, rhyme, or law,
 An' forced a man to sing a sang,
 That ne'er could sing a verse ava'.
 O the women folk, &c.

TODDLIN BUTT AND TODDLIN BEN;

OR THE SCENES OF A DRUCKEN WIFE.

WHEN I hae a saxpence under my thum',
 Haith I'll get credit, though ne'er sic a loon;

But when I am puir, they bid me gang by,
And I'm forc'd to do't, though never sae dry.

SPOKEN.—When a body hasna a bawbee to birl now-a-days, they're no muckle thoct o'; they canna dauner o'er to Robin Tamson's to get a drap o' the Ferintosh, to gar them gang

Toddlin butt, and toddlin ben,
It's time enough yet to gang toddlin hame.

Fair fa' the gudewife, an' sen' her gude sale,
She gie's us white bannocks to drink her sma' ale
An' when that a body is taking a drap,
They are nane the waur o' the sole o' a bap.

SPOKEN.—No, no, a body's nane the waur o't; for it helps to dry their girsell, and gars them tak a drap mair o' the spirits, and that, ye ken yoursel', gars a body gang

Toddlin butt, &c.

Auld Gaffer and I lay down to sleep,
Wi' twa pint stoups at our bed feet,
And ay when we waken'd, we drank them dry,
Now what do you think o' auld Gaffer and I?

SPOKEN.—Haith he took a drap and I took a drap, and we baith took draps thegither, and ca'd it awa. If he waken'd ance, haith I waken'd twice, took twa draps for his ane, syne I gaed

Toddlin butt, &c.

Fair fa' the gudeman, and send him gude eate,
He gie's us wee bits o' bannocks wi' wee crums
cheese,
An' whan that his tip'ny shall chance to be sma',
We'll tak a guid scour o't an' ca' it awa.

SPOKEN.—Yet for a' this na, he is aye pawmin' theither sour chapin on us; but ye ken the auld say, Whan the sow's fu' the draff sours—he's no an ill body neither Robin—he's joost a dell o' a body, for he aye gies us theither hauf peck upon the hing; but when he takis ony o' his tawms, haith I gang awa doon to Jock Jenkins at the fit o' the Cow Lona. There's a set o' rantin' fallows sittin' there, ane o' them cries, Ho! Isbell. I'll be wi' ye the noo, quo' I—I'm ay ready when there ony thing gann. Is this you, Jock! I hae'na seen ye this lang while,—no, quo' Jock, but ye mann drink to me noo when ye hae seen me. I'll do that, an' tak it out, though it was a pint. Will ye hae a mouthfu' a water til't, quo Jock,—Na, na, quo' I, I ne'er liked water in my shoon, far less in my belly. Anither ane crys, Ho! Isbell. I'll be wi' ye the noo, quo' I, I'm crap for a' corn. 'Od keep me! Tam, is this you, I haena seen ye sin' last har'st; weel I min' that night ye cam' to the warld, man; first the kebbuck gaed roun', and syne the bottle gaed roun', and syne we gaed.

Toddlin butt, &c.

Leeze me on liquor, my auld toddlin dow,
I'm aye sae guid natur'd whan I'm weetin' my
mou',
But whan I am sober, I'll fecht wi' a flee,
Haith that's a guid sight for the bairns to see.

SPOKEN.—For whan I'm in a middlin' way I cry, Tibbuc, Elspuc, Kirstuc, Leezuc, ye limmers ye—Leezuc awa wast the gait for a pint o' yill—Leezuc! she's a sor-rowfu' lass that amang the lads: if she wad tak a pattern by her mitther, she might come to something yet. Leezuc! O ye're there are ye——guid keep me, I dare.

say I hae pawn'd my pouch—Leezuc, gae awa and tell
Robin the auld story owre again, and ye'll get in upo'
the auld score—get it out o' the brown harrei, dinna get
it out o' the green ane, for I thought it was a wee thun-
ner'd the last time I got it there ; get it out o' the brown
ane, and syne I'll gang

Toddlin butt, &c.

Tho' poverty pinches and snools me right sair,
Yet the stoup and the cappie will cure a' my care ;
And while I have a groat to clink in my fab,
I'll hae a wee drappie to gust my bit gab.

Toddlin butt, &c.

When a body gets a drap at e'en and disna get a drap
in the morning', its no an easy matter ; some flees to the
pipe, and some to a cup o' strong tea, but there's naething
relieves me like the mouthfa' o' spirits, and I danner awa'
to Lucky Buchanans in a case o' that kind—her dochter's
sittin' at the fire an' singin', love amang the roses ; that's
very afflictin', quo' I ; could you gie us love amang the
whisky harrels. Mrs. Buchanan, I'll thank ye for the ien'
o' a saxpence. Quo' she, what is't to do, quo' she ; its to
get snither dram, quo' I. Quo' she, I wish ye had tip-
pence happeny to get a quarter a pun a brown soap to
wash the dirt aff your bide. Ye'll no gie me't, then ; then
I'll just gang down to Robin Tamsen's, an' get it on the
auld score again, syne

I gang toddlin butt, and toddlin hen,
And cock up my nee like a crouse tappet hen.

MARRY FOR LOVE AND WORK FOR SILLER.

WHEN I and my Jenny thegither were tied,
 We had but sma' share o' the world between us;
 Yet lo'ed ither weel, and had youth on our side,
 And strength and guid health were abundantly
 gien us;
 I warsled and toiled through the *fair* and the *foul*,
 And she was right carefu' o' what I brought till
 her,
 For aye we had mind o' the canny auld rule,
 Just "marry for love and work for siller."
 Our bairns they cam' thick—we were thankfu' for
 that,
 For the *bit* and the *brattie*, cam' aye slang wi'
 them;
 Our *pan* was exchanged for a guid *muckle pat*,
 And, somehow or ither, we aye had to gi'e them.
 Our laddies grew up, and they wrought wi' mysel',
 Ilk ane gat as buirdly and stout as a miller,
 Our lasses they keepit us trig aye, and hale,
 And now we can count a bit trifle o' siller.
 But I and my Jenny are baith wearin' down,
 And our lads and our lasses hae a' gotten mar-
 ried;
 Yet see, we can rank wi' the best i' the town,
 Though our noddles we never too paughtily car-
 ried.
 And, mark me—I've now got a braw *cockit hat*,
 And in our civic *building* am reckon'd a pillar;

Is na THAT a bit honour for ane to get at,
 Wha married for love and wha wrought for
 siller?

THE KILBARCHAN WEAVER.

In one of my accustomed perambulations towards the outskirts of Glasgow, "to snuff the caller air," I fell in with an old acquaintance, a weaver from the west country, who shook me cordially by the hand, and began,—

"How's a' wi' ye, Leevyston? I haena seen ye this lang while, man. The last time I was in Glasgow I couldna get my ee on ye awa; but I fell in wi' that shoe-maker body that speaks in the debating societies whiles. But I would just reply to yon body as I would to a fiddler; for I think there's mair rozet than reason in yon argument o' his. When I left him, I daner't awa o'er to the Gorbals, an' bought a gill or twa, an' got mysel' a wee fou; an' 'od when I'm fou I has a terrible snash ye ken; so I set up my snash to the lan'lady body, and refused to pay the gills; but she said she would soon make me pay them, so, being late at een, she sent out for twa ruffian-looking bodies that cam' in wi' bowate in their hands, an' they hauled and pulled me up the street, and put me into a place up twa three staps o' a stair, where there were harrows afore the windows. Whatna place is this at a', quo I. They said it was the police office. Police office I quo' I; I would rather, at the present time, be in a Pye-office; but, faith, I'll let ye ken I'm the subject o' anither kind o' a man than that fallow Don M'Gill o' Portingale. They tauld me that quietness was best; an' faith I saw it was as weel to keep a calm sough; but says I to the man that was taking down the names,

ye're a gayan'decent like man yersel, but its my opinion, frien', ye're living amang a set o' great thieves. He shook his head, and tauld me to keep a calm sough. I saw that, an' I sat down at the fireside till the morning, till the justice cam'. Quo' I, freen', are ye the justice? I was sure he was the justice, for he had ponther on the hair o' him; but thinks I, if ye dinna gie me justice, I dinna care though you was ponthered wi' the floor o' brimstone, for I'm thinking they've been faults on baith sides; but the best thing you an' I can do to souther the matter is to daun'er down the stair and settle't o'er a whitter o' whisky. But faith, Leevyston, it wadna do, for I was fined in five shillings; but, between you and me, I was glad to get out their clutches. But afflictions ne'er come single, for I was nae sooner gane hame than auntie Tibbnc tauld me that Sawnnuc Perker, that's my nephew, ye ken, was run awa to the sea, and Tam Galbraith was stan'in' at the-chop door, and they tauld me he was rau awa to that part o't they ca' the naivy. God, quo' I, naivy here or naivy there, I'll be there as soon's him. So I take my stick an' awa through Kilmacolm. I cam' down upon Port-Glasgow gayan soon in the morning. and awa to the key I gangs, to a twa-masted ship that was lying there, raps upon the deck o' her, and cries to the bodies down—Halon, there, is this the naivy? quo' I freen, hae ye yin Sawnnuc Perker wi' ye? Yin o' them cries, No; o'd he was very civil; but, says I, freen, if ye'll come up to the town, I'll buy ye a gill. He tauld me where I would find the naivy, so he tauld me to gang down to Greenock, an' ask for the tender; sae I did as he bade me, and got a boat and gade ont to the tender. I saw the master body gawn on the deck, so I chappit on the side, an' quo' I, freen, is this the naivy? hae ye yin Sawnnuc Perker wi' ye? At length I heard Sawnnuc's

voice; I turns roun to the master body, and says I, I'm thinking, freen, you'll hae to let him awa, for I hae an indendure aboon his head. Syne I cries to Sawruc,—
 Man, Sawruc, ye're a daft bitch to gang awa an' leave your loom for ony thing your auntie said to ye. Your parritch is standing whar ye left them yet, an' I think, by this time, they will be as cauld's a snawhaw."

THE RAAL OULD IRISH GINTLEMAN,

THE BOY OF THE OULDEN TIME.

I'LL sing you a dacent song, that was made by a
 Paddy's Pate,
 Of a raal ould Irish Gintleman who had a fine
 estate,
 Whose mansion it was made of mud, wid thatch
 and all compleate,
 With a hole at top thro' which the smoke so grace-
 ful did retrate;
 Hurrah for the Irish Gintleman, the boy of the
 oulden time.
 His walls so cold were cover'd with the divil a
 thing for show,
 Except an ould shilalah, which had knock'd down
 many a foe,
 And there ould Barney sits at ease, without a shoes
 or hose,
 And quaffs his noggin of potteen to warm his big
 red nose,
 Like a fine ould Irish gintleman the boy of the
 oulden time.
 At Dennybrook his custom was, to be at every
 fair,

For tho' he'd seen a threescore years, he still was
young when there;

And while the rich they feasted him, he oft
among the poor,

Would sing, and dance, and hurl, and fight, and
make the spalpeens roar,

Like a raal ould Irish Gentleman—the boy of the
oulden time.

But och ! mavrone ! once at a row, ould Barney
got a knock,

And one that kilt him—'case he couldn't over-
get the shock ;

They laid him out so beautiful, and then set up a
groan,

Och ! Barney, darlint, jewel dear, why did ye die ?
och hone.

Then they wak'd this Irish Gentleman, the boy of
the oulden time.

Tho' all things in their course must change, and
seasons pass away,

Yet Irish hearts of oulden time, were just as at
this day.

Each Irish boy he took a pride to prove himself a
man—

To serve a friend, and bate a foe, it always was the
plan

Of a raal ould Irish Gentleman, the boy of the
oulden time.

YOUNG PADDY'S TUTOR.

A NEW SONG.

SOME patriots howl o'er Ireland's wrongs,
And raise such botheration, O!

Some others assist with their speeches and songs,

In completing her stultification, O!

Ould father Murphy, honest man,

Like a heavenly constellation, O!

Enlightens the Paddies as much as he can ;

What a useful man in a nation, O !

SPOKEN.—Come hither, the whole varmint of ye, and let me see that ye are all present, and none o' ye absent. Looney M'Twoolter, ye scoundrel, what's the name of that letter that's starin' you there in the face? Q, sur. It's a lie, sir; that's A, didn't I tell you that a month ago? Sure you might see the two legs of it standing up there, like the sticks at your grandmother's clay-cabin door? O Looney, Looney! you'll never make a clergy, I fear. And what's the name of the next letter that comes after the A? Sure you haven't forgot already? What do you call the little gentlemen wi' the yellow jacket, that flies about the bogs and ditches, wi' the long sting in his tail? Bee, sur. That's the name of it, you blackguard; many's the day you ran after him. And what do you call the fellow of the Bee? That's the moon, sur. Thunder and turf! that's murderous; in the name of wonder, who ever heard of a letter called the moon? What do I do when I look through my spectacles, ye rapscallion, ye? Ye squint, sur. (*Beats him.*) And what else? You see, sur. Troth, I do that, and that's the name of it; so run away to your seat, an' a sorra to you. Charley M'Fluskey, come you hither; but first of all, take that fly out of your mouth that I saw you catch when you left the form. What would you think now, if that little creature contained in its tiny body the soul of your own worthy grandmother? but you don't understand transmigration; never let me see you catch another fly in the school. Come, now, tell me the name of that letter I was explaining to you yesterday—the long one there, for all the world like a May pole? You've forgot I see, that's certain. What was it your father gave to your mother last Saturday night, when he came home? He gived her a black eye, sur. And isn't I the very name of the letter? And what's the name of the next but one after the I? What does your mother open the door with? A latch, please your worship. Any thing else? A key, sur. Sure, and K's the very name of it too. Well, and what's the name of that round letter, the very shape of the hoop I see you

driving so often over the common—I wonder if I could wring it out of ye? (*Pulls his ears.*) O murder, murder! That's it now; I'll take the O, and leave the murder to yourself. Tell me now, before I dismiss you, the name of that one with the slop over his head? Sure you know what mother takes to her breakfast on Sunday morning? Rum, sur. Oh ye little tell-tale, does your mother never take anything else? Tay, sur. And T's the very word I want; so get away to your seat, and pay more attention to your education.

And thus the worthy father lays,
 Of knowledge, the first foundation, O!
 The system every one must please,
 For it's all of his own creation, O!
 The arts and sciences every one,
 From their very first emanation, O
 He explains to all, as well as he can,
 And gives the elucidation, O!

Larry Hoolagan, spell Babelmandel, and be hanged t'ye. B-a-able-m-a-mandle, Babelmandel. That's the thing, my boy. Spell us Constantinople, also. C-o-n-constant-a-n-stan-tinople. Do you know the meaning of that mighty word, now? That's the name of the Grand Turk, sir, who commands the creatures with the three tails. There's the benefit of navigation for you. Dennis O'Flaherty, come up here, and tell me how many cases the ould Romans and Latins had among them? Six, please your reverence. Fire away, now! and let's hear their names. There was nominative, sur; and the jinitive, sur; and the jockative, sur. Och, blood and bones! that's a new one, with a vengeance; take that, you scoundrel (*knocks him down*), and remember that's the knockative.

Now, boys and girls, good night, I say,
 Go home and give over flirtation, O!
 Come back to-morrow, by break of day,
 And get on wi' your education, O!
 May English, Irish, Scotch, and all,
 Soon make an amalgamation, O!
 And the whole three kingdoms engage in a ball,
 To confirm their liberation O!

KATEY OF LOCHGOIL.

TUNE—*The Whalers.*

'Twas on the year eleventy-nine,
 And March the fortieth day,
 That Katey of Lochgoil, my boys,
 To sea she'll bore away.

Tae my fal al de dal, &c.

Now Katey, she's as fine a ship
 As ever yet was rigg;
 And when she'll got her mainsail up,
 Got! you'll tuke her for a prig.

Tae my fal al de dal, &c.

T'ere was Tonald More an' Tougald More,
 Shon Tamson an' Shon Roy;
 And all our whole ship's companie
 Was twa laddie an' a poy.

Tae my fal al de dal, &c.

As we'll sail by the Pladda light,
 She'll plew a terrible plow;
 Says Tonald More to Dougald More,
 She'll thinks she's pest pelow.

Tae my fal al de dal, &c.

As we steer round the Ailsa Craig,
 She'll plew a won'rous gale;
 Says Tougald More to Tonald More,
 We'll turn apoot her tail.

Tae my fal al de dal, &c.

As we steer round the Toward Point,
 She'll plew a terrible plast;
 She'll plew sech a herricane,
 She'll plew awa her mast.

Tae my fal al de dal, &c.

As we cam by the Cloch light-house,
 She'll plaw a terrible plew:
 It's Donald at the poo, my boys,
 O! she'll be tuke a spew.

Tae my fal al de dal, &c.

The captain, being kind to us,
 Put on the muckle pot
 Wi' scatyuns for to boil to us—
 But de'il a ane we'll got.

Tae my fal al de dal, &c.

T'ere was Tonald More an' Tougald More,
 Shon Tamson an' his mate,
 Was putting his coosin's son ashore,
 For breakin' a scatyun plate.

Tae my fal al de dal, &c.

Ta signal that our Katey had,
 Was Tonald's bonnet blue;
 Ta skipper being out on shore,
 It's he the signal knew.

Tae my fal al de dal, &c.

Noo Katey, she is hame again,
 And safe on Greenock key;
 And ere she'll go to sea again,
 She'll tuke new han's for me.

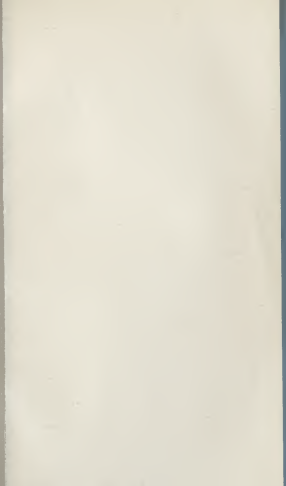
Tae my fal al de dal, &c.

CONTENTS

OF

THE BUDGET OF COMIC SONGS.

	Page
All round my hat,	30
Answer to the unco blt want,	26
Bauldy Baird,	18
Be a good boy and take care of yourself,	28
Behave yoursel' before folk,	34
Can I behave, can I behave,	36
Highlanders at Prestonpans,	34
Highland politicians,	45
Highlan' sobriety,	16
How to break ill news,	12
I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will,	40
Irish spite,	17
John Tamson's cart,	23
Katey of Lochgoil,	63
Kattle Christie,	43
Love sick Willy,	6
Maggie Maclane,	4
Marry for love and work for siller,	56
My mither mant my auld breeks,	13
Parody on John Anderson, my jo,	15
Sandy Anderson, the minister's man,	38
Sawny Grant's adventures in Glasgow,	21
The beautiful Irishman,	11
The humours of Glasgow fair,	6
The keek show,	48
The Kilbarchan weaver,	57
The real ould Irish gentleman,	59
The thrifty lass,	1
The unco blt want,	26
The water drinker,	29
The widow Mahoney,	32
The women-folk,	61
Toddlin' butt and toddlin' ben,	52
Tugal M'Tagger,	20
'Twas at the sign o' the fork,	64
Young Paddy's tutor,	60





28/4/01- 2/6



