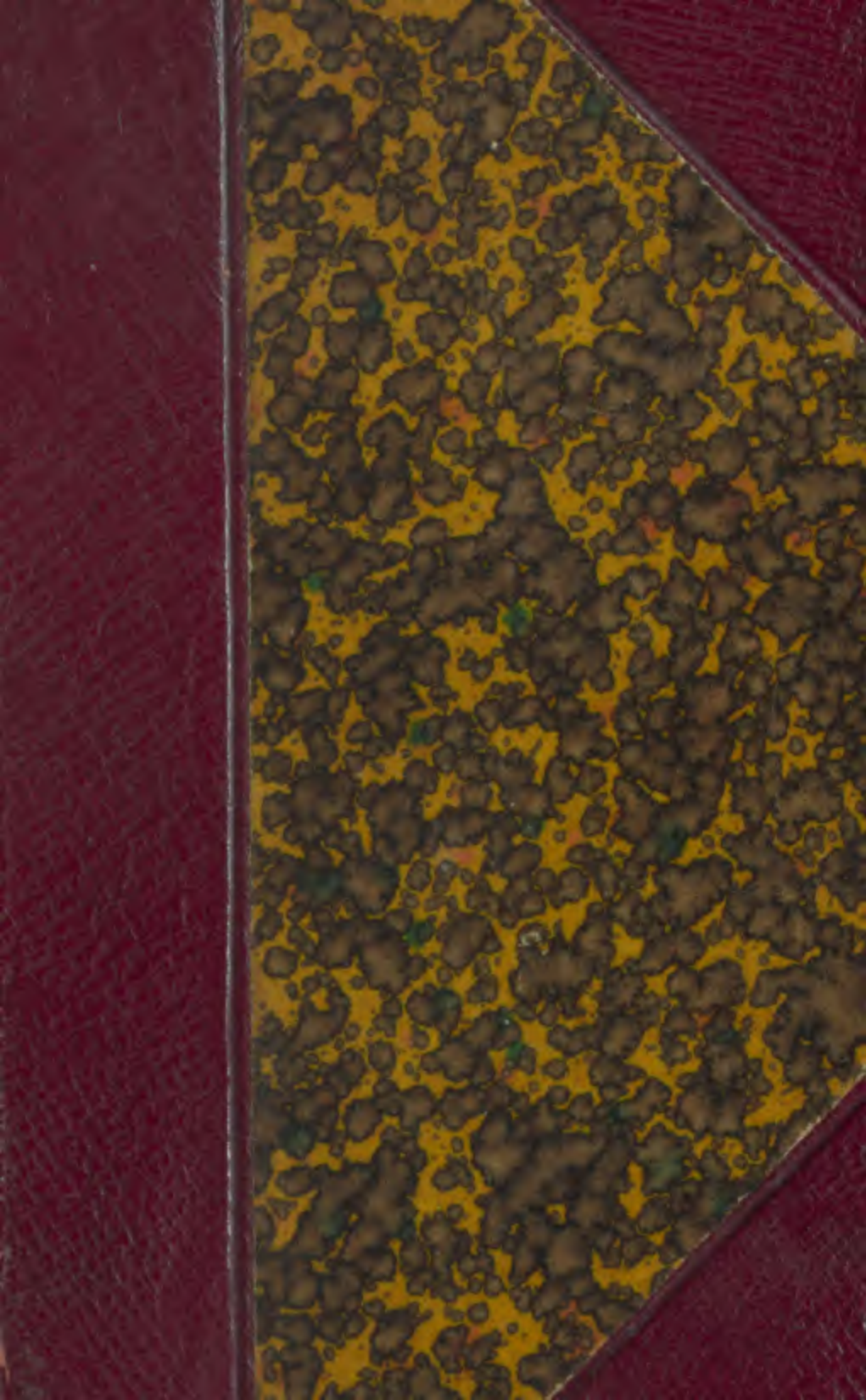

Scottish Chapbooks

Scottish Chapbooks

Humorous Songs

Printed at:-
Glasgow.

Contents

*** A detailed list of contents will be found in each book.

CASKET

OF

COMIC SONGS AND STORIES.

Tam Gibb and the Sow.

GLASGOW:
JOHN CAMERON, RENFIELD STREET,
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

Price Twopence.

CASKET

OF

COMIC SONGS AND STORIES.

TAM GIBB AND THE SOW.

Quo' Nell, my wife, the ither day,
  Provisions they are cheap, man;
And for the trifle it wad tak',
  A sow we weel micht keep, man;
Indeed, says I, my dearest Nell,
I've just been thinking sae mysel',
And since we've on the notion fell,
I'll just gan doon to Mattie Broon,
This afternoon, and vera soon
  Bring hame yin in a rape, man.

Sae in my pouch I put the rape,
  And doon to Mattie's went, man,
Resolved to ha'e a guid yin wault,
  Reflections to prevent, man.
As soon's I entered Mattie's door,
She blythely met me at the floor,
And kindly quastions speert a score,

About mysel', the bairns and Nell,
Nor can I tell what cracks befell,
  Ere my errant it was kent, man.

SPOKEN—For ye maun ken, Mattie and me was auld sweethearts; na, we wur yince neer about marriet, had it no been for a confoundet auld mither o' hers that put atween us, for I gaed under the nefarious name o' a rake in thae days; a name that operated like a dose o' salts on an auld wife's stammack.

But when auld stories a' were telt,
  And aiblins something new, man,
I faun 'twas time that I should mak'
  Some mention o' the sow, man.
When I my errant did unfauld,
I faun the young ancs a' were sauld,
But gin I liked to tak' the auld,
Wi' a' her heart she'd send her cart,
She weel could spare't, I thanked her for't,
  But out the rape I drew, man.

SPOKEN—Na, na, says I, Mattie, far be it frae Tam Gibb to put his auld sweetheart to sae muckle trouble; here's a bit new rape I hae brought, an' nae doubt the beast will gang the road braw and cannie.

Sae round dame grumphy's hindmost leg
  The rape I soon did tie, man,
And wi' a supple birken twig,
  I drave her out o' the sty, man;
Wi' Mattie straught I bade guid e'en,
And briskly to the road we tane;
But scarcely fifty yards we'd gane,

When madam sow impatient grew,
And soon I trow made me to rue,
  That her I chanced to buy, man.

For being o' the female breed,
  She proved a stubborn jade, man;
Were I to flee the brute alive,
  She'd aye ha'e her ain road, man.
I wanted east, but she'd be wast,
Or ony way she liked best,
And did my brains sae fairly pest;
Till in my wraith, wi' mony an aith,
I vowed her skaith, and kick'd her baith,
  And gart her squeak aloud, man.

SPOKEN—Odd, she was the most positive wretch o' a sow that ever was born, she would neither gang her ain road, nor the way I wanted her: through pound and ditch she spanked, me haudin' on like grim death, for I was maist grown as determined as hersel', and I daursay I would ha'e managed her, had it no been for a confounded muckle stane that tripp'd me—and doun I gaed a' my length in the glaur, snap gaed the rape, awa' ran the sow, and I can tell you, I never saw a sicht o't.

But though pig's flesh it never mair
  Should be my lot to pree, man:
I vow and swear anither sow
  Will ne'er be bought by me, man.
As lang's the're herring in Lochfine,
I'll ne'er want kitchen when I dine,
And henceforth bid adien to swine;
O' nae sic gear the price I'll speer,
Nor stan' the sneer and taunting jeer,
  That I frae neebours dree, man.

SPOKEN—Faith, I'm no fit to stan't; and the callans is the warst; odd, ye'll see them as a body gangs alang the street, jinking into a close, and keeking out, and crying, Hey Tam! hey Tam Gibb! Tam! whaur's yer sow?

It's ill to bear the taunting jeer,
That I frae neebours dree, man.

THE FRIAR.

A JOLLY fat friar lov'd liquor good store,
And he had drank stouty at supper—
He mounted his horse in the night, at the door,
And sat with his face to the crupper. [remorse,
"Some rogue," quoth the friar, "quite dead to
Some thief, whom a halter will throttle—
Some scoundrel has cut off the head of my horse,
While I was engaged with the bottle,"
Which went gluggity, gluggity, glug.

The tail of this steed pointed south on the dale,
'Twas the friar's road home, straight and level—
But when spurr'd, a horse follows his nose, not his tail,
So he scampered due north like the devil.
"This new mode of docking," the fat friar said,
"I perceive does not make a horse trot ill;
And 'tis cheap, for he never can eat off his head,
While I am engag'd with the bottle,"
Which goes gluggity, &c.

The steed made a stop, in the pond he had got,
He was rather for drinking than grazing;
Quoth the friar, "'Tis strange headless horses should trot,
But to drink with their tails is amazing."

Turning round to find whence this phenomena
In the pond fell this son of the bottle; [rose,
Quoth he, "the head's found, for I'm under his
I wish I was over the bottle," [nose;
Which goes glnggity, &c.

JENNY'S BAWBEE.

I MET four chaps yon birks amang,
Wi' hanging lugs an' faces lang,
I spier'd at neibour Bauldy Strang,
What are they these we see;
Quoth he, "Ilk cream-fac'd pawky chiel,
Thinks himsel cunnin' as the deil;
An' here they cam awa to steal
Jenny's bawbee."

The first a Captain to his trade,
Wi' ill lin'd scull and back weel clad,
March'd roun' the barn and by the shed,
And papped on his knee;
Quoth he, "My goddess, nymph, and queen,
Your beauty's dazzled baith my een;"
But deil a beauty he had seen
But Jenny's bawbee.

A Norlan' Laird neist trotted up,
Wi' passen'd nag and siller whup,
Cried, "Here's my beast, lad, had the grup,
Or tie him to a tree:
What's goud to me? I've wealth o' lan',
Bestow on ane o' worth your han';"
He thought to pay what he was awn
Wi' Jenny's bawbee

A Lawyer neist, wi' bletherin' gab,
Wi' speeches wove like ony wab,
In ilk ane's corn he took a dab,
And a' for a fee:
Accounts he ow'd thro' a' the town,
And tradesmen's tongnes nae mair cou'd drown;
But now he thought to clout his gown
Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

Quite spruce, just frae the washing-tubs,
A fool cam neist, but life has rubs,
Foul were the roads and fu' the dubs,
And sair besmear'd was he;
He danc'd up, squintin' thro' a glass,
And grinn'd, "I' faith, a bonnie lass;"
He thought to win, wi' front o' brass,
Jenny's bawbee.

She bade the Laird gae kame his wig,
The Sodger not to strut sae big,
The Lawyer not to be a prig;
The fool he cried, "tee-hee,
I kenn'd that I could never fail;"
But she pinn'd the dishclout to his tail,
And cooled him wi' a waterpail,
And kept her bawbee.

Then Johnnie cam', a lad o' sense;
Altho' he had na mony pence,
He took young Jenny to the spence,
Wi' her to crack a wee.
Now Johnnie was a clever chiel,
And here his suit he pressed sae weel,
That Jenny's heart grew saft as jeel,
And she birl'd her bawbee.

LORD LOVEL.

Lord Lovel he stood at his castle gate,
  Combing his milk-white steed,
When up came Lady Nancy Bell,
  To wish her lover good speed, speed, speed,
    Wishing her lover good speed.

Oh, where are you going, Lord Lovel? she cried;
  Oh, where are you going? said she:
I'm going, my Lady Nancy Bell,
  Strange countries for to see, see, see, &c.

When will you be back, Lord Lovel? she said;
  Oh, when will you be back? said she:
In a year or two, or three at most,
  I'll return to my fair Nancy,-cy,-cy, &c.

But he had not been gone a year and a day,
  Strange conntries for to see,
When languishing thonghts came into his head—
  Lady Nancy Bell he would go see, see, see, &c.

So he rode and he rode on his milk-white horse,
  Till he came to London town;
And there he heard St. Pancras' bell toll,
  And the people all mourning round, &c.

Oh, what is the matter? Lord Lovel he said—
  Oh, what is the matter? said he:
A lord's lady is dead, the women replied,
  And some call her Lady Nancy -cy,-cy, &c.

So he ordered the grave to be opened wide,
  And the shroud he tnrned down;
And there he kissed her clay cold lips,
  Till the tears came trickling down, &c.

Lady Nancy she died as it might be to-day,
  Lord Lovel he died as to-morrow;
Lady Nancy she died out of pure pure grief,
  Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow, &c.

Lady Nancy was laid in St. Pancras' churchyard,
  Lord Lovel was laid in the choir,
And out of her bosom there grew a red rose,
  And out of her lover's a brier-rier, &c.

It grew and it grew to the church steeple top,
  And then it could grow no higher;
So there it entwin'd in a true lover's knot,
  For true lovers all to admire,-rire,-rire, &c.

THERE WAS A LAD WAS BORN IN KYLE.

TUNE—*O, gin ye were dead, gudeman.*

THERE was a lad was born in Kyle,
But whatna day o' whatna style,
I doubt it's hardly worth the while
  To be sae nice wi' Robin.
    For Robin was a rovin' boy,
      Rantin' rovin', rantin' rovin';
    Robin was a rovin' boy,
      Rantin' rovin' Robin.

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
Was five-and-twenty days begun,
'Twas then a blast o' Janwar' win'
  Blew hansel in on Robin.
    For Robin was, &c.

The gossip keekit in his loof,
Quo' she, wha lives will see the proof,

This walie boy will be nae coof—
I think we'll ca' him Robin.
For Robin was, &c.

He'll hae misfortunes great and sma',
But aye a heart aboon them a';
He'll be a credit till us a'—
We'll a' be proud o' Robin.
For Robin was, &c.

BOATMAN OF THE OHIO.

De spring ob de year hab gone at last,
De fishing time hab gone and past,
Four-an-twenty boatmen sitting on de rock,
Shootin ob der sea-gulls all in a flock.

Dance, de boatmen dance,
Dance, de boatmen dance;
We'll dance all night in de pale moonlight
And go home wid de girls in de morning.
O yoe, de boatmen row,
Floating down de riber ob de Ohio.

Oh, de boatman dance, de boatman sing,
De boatman slick to ebery ting;
When de boatman go ashore,
He spend de money, den fish for more.
Dance, &c.

De boatman him de pink o' de man,
None make lub like de boatman can,
Him never see a pretty girl in all him life,
But she was sure be boatman's wife.
Dance, &c.

Den if to ball him chance to go,
An' dance to the trump of de ole banjo,
Den how the nigger kick up him heel,
Dancing wid de yaller girl de Highland reel.
Dance, &c.
De boatman jealous—upon my life
He dance wid de gals instead ob him wife,
But de sly olé fox him neber gib a chance,
Wid him wife to hab a dance.
Dance, &c.
De boatman quarrel, de boatman fight,
De boatman make de nigger turn white,
De boatman baste him like a goose,
Den lock him up in a calabouse.
Dance, &c.
Come let me out, de nigger cry,
Me let him out and away him fly,
And once de nigger him get ashore,
He neber play de trick wid boatman any more.
Dance, &c.

UNCLE NED.

TUNE—*Go-a-head.*

I once knew a nigger, and his name was Uncle Ned,
But he's dead long ago, long ago;
He's got no wool on the top of his head,
On the place where the wool ought to grow.
Hang up the fiddle and the bow,
Lay down the shovel and the hoe;
There's no more work for poor Uncle Ned—
He's gone where the good niggers go.
His nails were as long as the cane in the brake,
He's got no eyes for to see;

He's got no teeth for to eat the oat cake—
He's forced to let the oat cake be.
Hang up the fiddle and the bow, &c.

One cold frosty morning this nigger he died;
In the churchyard they laid him low;
And the niggers all said that they were afraid
His like they never should know.
Hang up the fiddle and the bow, &c.

THE DRYGATE BRIG.

TUNE—*Cameronian's Rant.*

LAST Monday night, at sax o'clock,
To Mirren Gibb's I went, man,
To meet wi' some auld cronies there,
It was my hale intent, man.
So down we sat, an' pried the yill,
Syne I pu'd out my sneeshin' mill,
An' took a pinch, wi' right good-will,
O' beggar's brown, the best in town,
Then sent it roun' about the room,
To gie ilka ane a scent, man.

The sneeshin' mill, the cap gaed roun',
The joke, the crack an a', man,
'Bout markets, trade, an' politics,
To wear the time awa, man.
Ye never saw a blither set,
O' queer auld-fashioned bodies met,
For fient a grain o' pride, nor pet,
Nor eating care got footing there,
But friendship rare, aye found sincere,
And hearts without a flaw, man.

To cringing courtiers kings may blaw
  How rich they are, and great, man;
But we outstrip their kingships far
  Wi' a' their regal state, man.
For Lucky's swats, sae brisk an' fell,
An' T———'s snuff, sae sharp an' snell,
Garr'd ilk ane quite forget himsel',
Made young the auld, inflam'd the cauld,
An' fir'd the saul wi' projects bauld,
  That dar'd the power o' fate, man.

But what are a' sic mighty schemes,
  When ance the spell is broke, man?
A set o' maut-inspired whims,
  That end in perfect smoke, man.
An' what like some disaster keen,
Can chase the glamour frae our een,
An' bring us to oursel's again,
As was the fate o' this auld pate,
When that night late I took the gate,
  As crouse as ony cock, man.

For sad misluck, without my hat,
  I doiting cam awa' man;
An, when I down the Drygate cam,
  The win' began to blaw, man.
When I cam to the Drygate Brig,
It whipt awa my good brown wig,
That whirl'd like ony whirligig,
As up it flew out o' my view,
While I stood glowring waefu' blue,
  Wi' wide extended jaw, man.

SPOKEN—There was a strange story cam' into my hea which at this part o' the sang I canna let gang witho tellin' you. Ye see my wife had bought a sheep's hea

for ye maun ken I'm very fond o' sheep head kail; I was gayan late out that nicht; na, teth, it was on i' the mornin' when I chappit at the door; my wife was just at that angry part o' the cooking' o't, that was the pikin' out the een o' the sheep's head. Wha's that at this time i' the mornin'?—Quo I—It's (hic) me, Kirsty.—O'd keep me, John, whar' hae ye been till this time i' the mornin'?—Whisht, dinna say a single word, an I'll tell you; we were awa' buryin' (hic) ani———(hic)—Whatna Anne were ye buryin'? We were awa buryin' ani——— (hic).—Tell me this moment, John, wha' ye were awa' buryin'?—(Hic) Quietness is best, Kirsty; don't say a word. (Hic)—Ye werena awa' buryin' our auld frien' Anne Frazer, were ye? (Hic) I tell ye we were awa', twa or three o' us, buryin' *animosity!* But for the wig,

O'd I never saw a sight o't.

When I began to grape for't, syne,
  Thrang poutering wi' my staff, man;
I coupet owre a muckle stane,
  An' skail'd my pickle snuff, man.
My staff out o' my hand did jump,
An' hit my snout a dreadfu' thump,
Whilk rais'd a most confounded lump:
But whar it flew, I never knew,
Yet sair I rue this mark sae blue,
  It looks sae fliesome waff, man.

O had you seen my waefu' plight,
  Your mirth had been but sma', man,
An' yet a queerer antique sight,
  I trow ye never saw, man.
I've lived these fifty years, an' mair,

But solemnly I here declare,
I never got mishap sae sair;
My wig flew aff, I tint my staff;
I skail'd my snuff, I peel'd my loof,
An' brak my snout an' a', man.

Now wad ye profit by my loss,
Then tak advice frae me, man,
An' ne'er let common sense tak wing,
On fumes o' barley bree, man;
For drink can heeze a man sae high,
As gar his head maist touch the sky,
But down he tumbles by and by,
Wi sic a thud, 'mang stanes and mud,
That aft it's good if dirt an' blood
Be a' he has to dree, man.

SPOKEN—Maybe the wife's stannin' ahint the door, ready to kaim your hair wi' a three footit stool; O'd, a body has

Some ither thing to dree, man.

THE AULD HIGHLANDMAN.

TUNE—*Killiekrankie.*

HERSEL pe aughty eirs an' twa,
Te twanty-tird o' May, man:
She twal amang te Heelan hills
Apoon te reefer Spey, man,
Tat eir tey faught te Shirramoor,
She first peheld te licht, man;
Tey shot my father in tat stour,—
A plaguit vexan spite man.

I've feucht in Scotlan' here at hame,
  In France and Shermanie, man;
An' cot tree tespurt bluddy oons
  Peyond te 'Lantic sea, man.
Put wae licht on te nesty gun,
  Tat ever she be porn, man;
File koot kleymore te tristle guard,
  Her leaves pe nefer torn, man.

Ae tay I shot, an' shot, an' shot,
  Fan e'er it kam my turn, man,
Put a' te fors tat I cood gie,
  My powter wadna burn, man:
A filthy loun kam wi' his gun,
  Resolvt to too me harm, man;
An' wi, te dirk upon her nose
  Ke me a pludy arm, man.

I flung my gun wi' a' my might,
  An' felt his neiper teet, man;
Tan trew my swort, an' at a straik
  Hewt aff te haf o's heed, man.
Pe vain to tell o' a' my tricks;
  My oons pe nae tisgrace, man;
Ter no pe yin pehint my back,
  Ter a' before my face, man.

Frae Roman, Saxon, Pick, an' Dane,
  We hae cot muckle skaith, man;
Yet still the Scot has kept his ain,
  In spite o' a' their teeth, man.
Ten rouse, my lads, and fear nae fae;
  For if ye're keen an 'true, man,
Although te French be sax times mae,
  She'll never konker you, man.

I'm auld an' stiff, an' owr my staff,
  Can gang but unco slaw, man;
But sood te Frenchman be sae taft
  As venter here awa, man,
My swort, tat now is auld an blunt,
  I'll sharp upon a stane, man,
An' hirple toon unto te kost,
  An' faught for Shorge an' fame, man

THE TOOM MEAL POCK.

TUNE—*O hae ye heard the news.*

PRESERVE us a'! what shall we do,
  Thir dark unhallow'd times?
We're surely dreeing penance now,
  For some most awfu' crimes.
Sedition daurna now appear,
  In reality or joke,
But ilka chiel maun mourn wi' me,
  O' a hinging toom meal pock.
                And sing, Oh waes me

When lasses braw gaed out at e'en,
  For sport and pastime free,
I seemed like ane in paradise,
  The moments quick did flee:
Like Venuses they a' appeared,
  Weel pouthered was their locks,
'Twas easy dune, when at their hame,
  Wi' the shaking o' their pocks.
                And sing, Oh waes me!

How happy pass'd my former days,
  Wi' merry heartsome glee,

When smiling fortune held the cup,
  And peace sat on my knee;
Nae wants had I but were supplied,
  My heart wi' joy did knock,
When in the neuk I smiling saw,
  A gaucie weel fill'd pock.
And sing, Oh waes me!

Speak no ae word about reform,
  Nor petition parliament,
A wiser scheme I'll now propose,
  I'm sure ye'll gie consent—
Send up a chiel or twa like me,
  As sample o' the flock,
Whase hollow cheeks will be sure proof,
  O' a hinging toom meal pock.
And sing, Oh waes me!

And should a sicht sae ghastly like,
  Wi' rags, and bains, and skin,
Hae nae impression on yon folks,
  But tell ye'll stand ahin'?
O what a contrast will ye shaw,
  To the glowrin' Lunnun folk,
When in St. James' ye tak' your stand,
  Wi' a hinging toom meal pock.
And sing, Oh waes me!

Then rear your hand, and glowr, and stare,
  Before yon hills o' beef,
Tell them ye are frae Scotland come,
  For Scotia's relief;
Tell them ye are the very best,
  Wal'd frae the fattest flock,

Then raise your arms, and Oh! display
  A hinging toom meal pock.
                And sing, Oh waes me!

Tell them ye're wearied o' the chain
  That hauds the state thegither,
For Scotland wishes just to tak'
  Gude nicht wi' ane anither.
We canna thole, we canna bide,
  This hard unwieldy yoke,
For wark and want but ill agree,
  Wi' a hinging toom meal pock.
                And sing, Oh waes me!

DONALD TURN'D POLITICIAN.

TUNE—*Cameronian's Rant.*

I'LL tell you my opinion now,
  I'll no be hesitation,
I think the battle Wateraloo,
  Will breed a great vexation.
It gies the Kings an unco power,
  Thro' a' the Europe's nation;
And honest men maun crouch and cour,
  When they put on taxation.

I think our lads hae cut the string
  That tied up usurpation,
But their steel would been as weel employ'd
  In clipping the taxation.
It tried the lads gude, but that
  Was kent to ilka nation;
But devil hait they'll mak o't yet,
  But just a damn'd vexation.

Our brethren in the South o' France,
  Hae murder'd no a few, man;
And this, ye ken, as weel it would,
  Gar honest men look blue, man.
The Duke he had as mony men,
  As could their noses screw, man;
But yet wi' them he'd dine and dance;
  O the persecution crew! man.

They'll never mind a chiel like me,
  Tho' what I say be true, man;
They'll mind the houlet just as much,
  That cries out Too-hoo, man.
But faith I've carried the claymore,
  When martial strains I blew, man;
And in Columbia's happy lan',
  I mony a Yankee slew, man.

But black mischanter tak the day,
  Gainst' freedom's laws I drew, man;
I now hae some mair common sense,
  Beneath this bonnet blue, man.
So has our Duncan that lost a spawl,
  And little for't, I trew, man;
But never mind, there's neathing wrang,
  Come's frae Wateraloo, man.

There's cornal this, and major that,
  Ye man tak' aff your hat, man,
And docter sic a ane, and a',
  And captain kenna what, man.
They'll no be ken a clute o' us;
  They do forget they say, man;
But faith, they let us ken fu weel,
  How they get the half-pay, man

Nae doubt we hae the peck o' meal,
  No what it should be now, man;
Cow's beef is comin down,
  So is a wee bit sow, man.
The battle was far frae our door,
  A' this is very true, man;
But, faith, it was a' weel paid for,
  By subsidies anew, man.

But wha, like Willy in the sang,
  A peck o' maut dare brew, man;
We daurna keep a dog nor cat,
  The maukin to. Too-hoo, man.
Another thing that grieves me sair,
  They seize the wee drap blue, man,
And tell me just to drink my fill,
  Out o' the Wateraloo, man.

DONALD FRAZER, THE HERRING MERCHANT.

THIS is a story of the ridiculous. The propensity of telling lies is extremely dangerous in those individuals who get them up with the design of injuring their neighbours; but we have seen, in our progress through life, those who told *bouncers*, merely to stand high in the estimation of their auditors. Such was the case with Mr. Donald Frazer, who commanded the Agnes wherry of Rothsay, and went annually to Port-Glasgow, Dumbarton, and the Broomielaw, with herrings. On a fine sun-shine day, Donald, standing on the quay of Rothsay, three old men who had never been out of the Island of Bute being present, one of them put the following question to him:—Mr. Frazer, was you ever in London?—To be surely; but

never more particularly thau the last time I was there, I think in 1832. My vessel was lying at the quay, loading with a cargo of very good Lochfine herrings, and I was going through the town looking for the merchants, and just as I was coming through a street, who should I see going along there but the Marchis and the Marchioness of Bute. The Marchis is very short sichtet, and he did not see me: but the Marchioness she saw me, an' says she, There's Donald Frazer. So the Marchis turned about to me, and he says, Was you Donald Frazer from Rosay, was going on the streets o' London toon, and did not speak to me when you saw me?—Then I says, says I, it does not do for the likes o' me to be seen speakin' wi' the likes o' you, I says.—Weel, he says, are you going to give us anything to do; and, says I, I don't care though I treat you to a dram, I says; but what do they call this street? He told me they call it Pick-a-dully-street. Weel, go along, I says, to a decent spirit-cellar, and I'll follow you —for it does not do for the likes o' me to be seen going wi' the likes o' you, I says. Weel, they went along there, and I went along too, till we came to a decent spirit-cellar shop in the back-room there, and we sat our waas down then; and I says to the Marchioness, Mam, says I, what will you please to drink? for I am going to treat you. She says, puir body, she did not know what to drink, for she had been very ill for two days with the influenza, and she thocht she wad tak a glass o' brandy. The Marchis said he wad tak a glass o' brandy too—so I called in half a mutchkin o' brandy there; and I filled out a glass to the Marchioness, and she took it off; and I filled out a glass to the Marchis, and he took it off; and I filled out a glass to myself, and I took it off too. Then the Marchis he says—And what are you doing in London at all, Mr. Frazer, if it be a fair question?--Says I--Sir, I'm just come

up with a cargo of Lochfine herrings, and I was just looking out for merchants when I met with you and her ladyship there: then says the Marchis to me—Mr. Frazer, since you've been so very kind as to treat the Marchioness and me, I'll introduce you to some company you never sawt before, and perhaps you may find a customer among them; and please your lordship, says I, what company is it, if it be a fair question?—O, says he, if you have no objection, Mr. Frazer, I'll introduce you to the King and the Duke of Wellington! So I says—I would be very happy to meet with the King and the Duke of Wellington too—Well, says he—If you'll have no objection to sit a little with the Marchioness here, I'll go out and see if I can fall in with them about some of the coffee-houses or taverns; so I said—I would be very happy to sit along with the Marchioness while he was out, so away he goes. Well, the door wasna clos'd when the Marchioness she smiles and says—Mr. Frazer, is there any thing more in the stoup? I says, I thought there would be about a glass in't;—Well, says she—Mr. Frazer, I'll take it, she says—Ou no, Mem, says I, we'll just half it. So we just halves it: then she says, in about five minutes or two—Mr Frazer, what would you think of a gill of good rum to put away the smell of the brandy before the King comes in? So I said—It would be a very good plan to keep the smell of the brandy away from his Majesty; so I rings the bell, an' calls for a gill of good rum; so she tuket one glass and I took the other, with some cold water; and was cracking away when the door opens and the Marchis comes and says—Mr. Frazer, the King and the Duke of Wellington; and I was introduced as Mr. Donald Frazer, a very respectable herring merchant, from the port of Rothsay, in the Island of Bute—Well, I says to the Duke—What would you choose to drink? he

rubs his hauns and says—As it's a very cold morning, Mr. Frazer, If yón have no objections, I'll just take a glass of brandy to fortify the stomach against the cold winds—With all my heart, says I, and rings the bell for another gill of brandy; and he tuket off his glass in one moment; so I offers the other glass to the King, but he thanked me very kindly, and said that he had joined the temperance society, but if I was going to treat him he had no objections to tuket a bottle of porter; so I calls for a bottle of porter there and then, and the King took a good hearty drink, and laying down the cap he says—Mr. Frazer, I understand you have come up with a cargo of herrings; they are an article I'm very fond of myself, and if I thought they were good I would take a barrel myself; but I leave all the buying o' the provisions to the wife. I can assure yonr Majesty, says I, that you never had better herrings within yonr door than I have in my vessel, down at the quay there; so he asks the price of the herrings by the barrel, and I says—twenty-two and sixpence, Sir—Ou, says he—the last I had was just a guinea; but says I—there was rather a bad tack in Lochfine this season, and that was the reason they were dearer.—Very well, says he—you'll just send np a barrel to-morrow to the house; and putting his hand in his pocket and bringing out five shillings, he says—Arthur, have you any small change about ye? I'm rather short this morning; the Duke he was not very sure, but putting his haun in his pocket, Got, he had no change at all, for when he recollected he paid the last reckoning—Have you any change, Marqnis? says the King; the Marquis said—He had just five shillings, which he gave the King; and the Marchioness she feels all her reticule and brought out a sixpence and gave it to the King: and says he—Mr. Frazer, we are all short of small change this

morning; but—(Ou, says I, it dis'nt signify whether or yes.)—but the first time the Marquis goes down to Bute, I'll remit the money to you; and turning to the Duke he says—I'm very fond of a saut herring to my breakfast, but I hate, above all things, to be sending out the Queen, puir body, wi' a plate in her haun, every morning, for my herrings in sma's.

THO' POVERTY PINCHES.

TUNE—*Toddlin' Hame.*

THO' poverty pinches and snools me right sair,
Yet the stoup and the capie will cure all my care;
And while I have a groat to clink in my fab,
Or a wee drap of whisky to gust my bit gab,
I gang toddlin' butt, and toddlin' ben,
And cock up my nose 'mang the proudest o' men.

Altho' fickle Fortune, that blinkin'-like b——
Has kicket me out of the hands of the rich,
And caukct me down, in her freeks and her fun,
To warsle thro' life wi' my nose to the grun,
I'll gang toddlin' butt, and gang toddlin' ben,
And I'll ne'er grudge a saxpence while I have it to spend.

Yet I'm wbiles gae and chawt when I think on my doom,
Wi' my auld tattered coat and my pouches but toom;
Yet I'll drown a' my care wi' the other bit waught,
Wi' the stoup and the capie I'll feght this life's faught,
I'll gang toddlin' butt, an' toddlin' ben,
And it's nonsense to grudge if a bodie can fen.

Yet I'd fain be a laird, wi' a fine carpet room,
Wi' my ready bit saxpence under my thum';
They can drink wi' the best, and poor bodies like me,
Tho' the cholic should tak us, can ne'er get a pree.
Yet we'll gang toddlin' butt, and toddlin' ben,
And we'll aye be content wi' what Fortune can sen'.

The neighbours they say that I'm gi'en to the drink,
How the deil can I get it, when I'm scant o' the clink?
For ye ken yoursel's what a canker like gloom
Roger's trumph on ilk face when our pouches are toom.
I'll gang toddlin' butt, and toddlin' ben,
And they'll ne'er bid us taste o' their bonny black hen.

Ye sour looking sages, in vain do you blame,
Poor toddlin' bodies for stachering hame;
Wi' the spark in our throats we maun e'en hae a douk,
Tho' baith purse and cleading be sair in the pouk.
We'll gang toddlin' butt, and toddlin' ben,
Tho' our coats be right tatter'd, they'll aiblins mend.

Then round wi' the capie, the stoupie an a',
It's time enough yet to go toddlin' awa;
For nae toddlin' body, e'er thought it a sin
To go toddlin' hame baith doited and blin'.
We'll go toddlin' butt, and toddlin' ben,
And we'll stick by the stoupie for ever. Amen!

BARNEY BRALLAGHAN'S COURTSHIP.

'Twas on a windy night,
  At two o'clock in the morning,
An Irish lad so tight,
  All wind and weather scorning
At Judy Callaghan's door,
  Sitting upon the pailings,
His love tale he did pour,
  And this was part of his wailings—
    Only say
      You'll have Mister Brallaghan;
    Don't say nay,
      Charming Judy Callaghan!

Oh, list to what I say,
  Charms you've got like Venus!
Own your love you may,
  There's only the wall between us;
You lay fast asleep
  Snug in bed and snoring,
Round the house I creep
  Your hard heart imploring.
    Only say, &c.

I've got nine pigs and a sow;
  I've got a stye to sleep 'em;
A calf and a brindled cow,
  And got a cabin to keep 'em,
Sunday hose and coat,
  An old grey mare to ride on,
Saddle and bridle to boot,
  Which you may ride astride on.
    Only say, &c.

I've got an old Tom cat,
  Thro' one eye he's staring;
I've got a Sunday hat,
  Little the worse for wearing;
I've got some gooseberry wine,
  The tree had got no riper on;
I've got a fiddle fine,
  Which only wants a piper on.
    Only say, &c.

I've got an acre of ground,
  I've got it set with pratees:
I've got of backey a pound,
  And got some tea for the ladies;
I've got the ring to wed,
  Some whisky to make us gaily;
A matress, feather bed,
  And a handsome new shilelah.
    Only say, &c.

You've got a charming eye;
  You've got some spelling and reading;
You've got, and so have I,
  A taste for genteel breeding.
You're rich, and fair, and young
  As every body's knowing;
You've got a decent tongue,
  Whene'er 'tis set a-going.
    Only say, &c.

For a wife till death,
  I am willing to take ye—
But, och, I waste my breath,
  The Devil himself can't wake ye;
'Tis just beginning to rain,
  So I'll get under cover

I'll come to-morrow again,
And be your constant lover.
Only say, &c.

HER NAINSEL TUKED AMANG HER HEAD.

TUNE—*Tullochgorum.*

HER nainsel tuked amang her head,
That she wad herd no more indeed,
But aff she'd gang an' win her bread
Amang te Lalan toun, man.
She'd leave te sheep, te kyes, an' a',
Te plaidin kilt for trows so braw,
An' af she'd gang, tru frost an' snaw,
A' to te Lalan toun, man.

An' when she'll come, she'll get some wark
To build a braw house 'mang te park;
Te name she'll hae's te mason's clark,
A' tru' te Lalan toun, man.
But tat shob she'll no like so weel,
For up te dam stick stairs to speel,
"More lime," teal cry, "you lazy sheel!"
Tat 'ill no gang doun weel wi' her, man.

Next, she'll go to work up to Clyde,
To dye te boney crimson plaid
Te laty wears, wi' meikle pride,
A' tru' te hael toun, man.
An' tere she'll stuck as fast's a burr,
Nor from her work she'll never stir;
If master spoke, she'll aye cry, Sir,
An' he'll thought her nae loun, man.

Bit te lads ter, ta are so dour,
Tael gloom at her so sulk an' sour,
Shist eas she'll come before her hour,
Her master for to please, man.
Ten a charge she'll shin got mang te house
To keep te men at wark fu' douse;
An' vow but she's bot big an' erouse,
An' thought hersel nae loun, man.

Next, 'mang te Company she'll be got,
An' partner mak' upon te spot;
An' now she's man o' meikle note
As ony in te toun, man.
Now, she'll dress her so wonderas gran',
Amang te Coffee-Room to stan',
To shake te shentlemen by te han';
She's big's ony in te toun, man.

Now, her greatest wish is to be sent
A member to te parliament,
Te toun or shire for to present—
Bit, feth, sheel present hersel, man.
First, te suposision part sheel tak';
Against the tory speech sheel mak';
But if te put siller amang her pack,
Sheel shist, turn te oter way, man.

MOUNTAIN DEW.

TUNE—*Bannocks o' Barley Meal.*

THE Highlandman's bauld, the Highlandman's free,
His arm is strong, and his heart is true,
What gies the Highlandman courage and glee?
What but the drops of his mountain dew?

When toss'd on the ocean o' carking care,
  When fortune looks black, and friends are few,
What makes the Highlandman conquer or bear?
  The magic drops of his mountain dew.

O wha would leave sickness and sorrow behind,
  O wha would keep pleasure and health in view,
Let him nerve his bare limbs in the mountain wind,
  And warm his heart with the mountain dew.

Joy to thy lovers! and dool to thy foes!
  Land of the heather and hills so blue!
Thy weapon to these, and thy welcome to those,
  The broad claymore and the mountain dew.

THE RENTON BELLMAN.

In the village of Renton, a Highlander at one time held the situation of bellman. When the village was in its infancy, they were often at a great loss for flesh-meat; at the same time, for want of a bell to announce when a sheep was killed, they were equally at a loss. However, Rory M'Pherson, the incumbent, supplied by his ingenuity, most of these wants. On one occasion when Rory had got an order, he procured an old tea cannister, and filling it full of small peebles, ho cried with stentorian lungs—" ADVERTISEMENT—you'll see, Archy Turner's going to kill a sheep, you'll see; and the minister's going to tuket one leg, and the doctor's going to tuket another leg, and the schoolmaster's going to tuket another leg, and John Murdoch's going to tuket another leg, and Widow M'Kechnie's going to tuket the other leg; now this is to give notice, that if no other person comes forward to bid for the head and the harrigals, by Got, she'll

just be drove back to the park again!!" However, as the village advanced in population and funds, a bell was procured, and his next cry was to the following effect. (A company of strolling players having come to the village, they issued bills to the following purport:—that they would give a night's entertainment in the Tontine ball room, commencing with Inkle and Yarico, or the Blessings of Liberty; after which a variety of Comic Singing and Recitations: the whole to conclude with Katherine and Petruchio, or the Taming of a Shrew. Sixpence for grown up people, and threepence for children. Doors to open at six o'clock, performance to commence at seven. Now Rory's version of the cry was this)—Notish, there's a company of players come to the toon, you'll see, and there going to play-act, you'll see, Jingle and Yorick, or the Blasphemy of Everybody; after which, a variety of common singing and the resignations; the whole to conclude with Kathrine-Pettigrew, or who to turn a screw. Sixpence for the big anes, and threepence for the wee anes. Doors to be open immediately at seven o'clock, and the performance to begin at six. God save the King.

ADAM GLEN.

TUNE—*Adam Glen.*

PAUKIE Adam Glen,
  Piper o' the clachan,
When he stoited ben,
  Sairly was he pechan;
Spak a wee, but tint his win';
Hurklet down, an' hostit syne,

Blew his beik, and dightit's een ;
  And whaisled a' forfoughen.

But his coughin' dune,
  Cheerie kyth'd the bodic—
Crackit like a gun,
  And leugh to auntie Madie ;
Cried, " My callans, name a spring,
' Jinglin' John,' or ony thing,
For weel I'd like to see the fling
  O' ilka lass and laddie."

Blithe the dancers flew,
  Usquabae was plenty,
Blithe the piper grew,
  Tho' shaking hands wi' ninety,
Seven times his bridal vow,
Ruthless fate had broken thro' ;
Wha wad thocht his coming now ,
  Was for our maiden auntie.

She had ne'er been sought,
  Cherrie hope was fadin' ;
Dowie is the thocht,
  To live an' die a maiden.
How it comes, we dinna ken,
Wanters aye maun wait their ain,
Madge is hect to Adam Glen,
  And sune we'll hae a weddin'.*

* Adam Glen, author of the air to which these verses were composed, was long a favourite in every farmer's ha', village, and fair, in the west of Angusshire. He was an excellent performer on the bag-pipe, a faithful reciter of our ancient ballads, and every way an eccentric character. In the memorable year of Mar's rebellion, he

THE COOPER O' FIFE.

THERE was a wee cooper who lived in Fife,
Nickity, nackity, noo, noo, noo,
And he has gotten a gentle wife,
Hey Willie Wallacky, how John Dougall,
Alane, quo' rushety, roue, roue, roue.

She wadna bake, nor she wadna brew,
Nickity, &c.
For the spoiling o' her comely hue,
Hey Willie, &c.

She wadna card, nor she wadna spin,
Nickity, &c.
For the shaming o' her gentle kin,
Hey Willie, &c.

She wadna wash, nor she wadna wring,
Nickity, &c.
For the spoiling o' her gouden ring,
Hey Willie, &c

joined the battalion of his county on its march to Sheriff Muir.

> "When Angusmen and Fifemen,
> Ran for their life, man,"

remained behind, winding his warlike instrument in the front and fire of the enemy, and fell on the field of battle, 13th November, 1715, in the 90th year of his age. A few months prior to his death, he espoused his seventh wife, a maiden lady of 45, on which circumstance the song is founded. When rallied on the number of his wives, he replied in his own way, "Ae kist comin' in is wurth twa gaun out."

The cooper's awa to his woo pack,
Nickity, &c.
And has laid a sheep skin on his wife's back.
Hey Willie, &c.

It's I'll no thrash ye for your proud kin,
Nickity, &c.
But I will thrash my ain sheep skin,
Hey Willie, &c.

Oh ! I will bake and I will brew,
(Hear the cooper's wife cries,)
Nickity, &c.
And never mair think on my comely hue,
Hey Willie, &c.

Oh ! I will card and I will spin,
Nickity, &c.
And never mair think on my gentle kin,
Hey Willie, &c.

Oh ! I will wash and I will wring,
Nickity, &c.
And never mair think on my gouden ring,
Hey Willie, &c.

A' ye wha hae gotten a gentle wife,
Nickity, nackity, woo, woo, woo';
Send ye for the wee cooper o' Fife,
Hey Willie Wallacky, how John Dougall,
Alane, quo' rushety, roue, roue, roue.

THE LAIRD OF LOGAN'S DESCRIPTION OF A NEW YEAR'S DAY, AT LOGANHOUSE.

(From the Scottish Monthly Magazine.)

On Logan resuming his seat at the dinner table, the company began, open-mouthed, to rate him for the liberty he had taken: to all which he listened with the greatest patience, till he was expected to reply. "Gentlemen, fill your glasses, and I'll give you a toast: 'may we always do as we ought to do.'—You took the liberty of conferring upon me the honour of being your *chairman*, and I merely took the liberty of adding to that honour, by making yon my *guests*.—If I have done wrong, it was yonrselves who set me the example.—I have no other apology to offer; so, here's wishing you all a merry new-year when it comes."—"Ah, Logan, Logan," said Auldgavel, "yon're the old man, I see, and there's no use talking to yon; so, here's wishing you may spend the coming new-year as merry, but much wiser, at Loganhouse, than you did last." "Well, Auldgavel, I thank you for your friendly hint, for though it was owing to a mistake, I hope I shall never see Loganhouse in snch a state again. You must know, gentlemen, that I was from home, and only returned on Hogmanae, when I was told there was no whisky in the house. Now, you know, a man may as weel try to haud a young naig without a tether, as haud new'rs-day without drink; so I told one of the men to go to Kilmarnock for a cask; and what does the drunken idiot do, but takes in the *sour*-milk barrel, and brings it hame fu' to the bung,—that's to say, as fn's himsel;—for he kent so little about what he was doing, that he filled a water-stoup wi' the drink, and left it in the kitchen; as for the rest o't, every

one that liked went to the barrel wi' his dish, and helped himsel'. The consequence was, that the men got a' fu', and they filled the women fu'. The porridge in the morning, by mistake, was made from the whisky that was put in the water-stoup; but as none of the servants could sup them, they were given to the pigs and the poultry. The pigs soon got outrageous, and set a-yelling in a manner that might have drowned the din of a hale reg'ment of pipers, tearing one another's snouts and lugs to tatters. The auld sow, trying to stand on her hind feet, (for what folly will beast or body not do when they get a drop in their head) fell into the trough, and a' the rest came about, riving at her as if she had been part of the breakfast. The ducks couldna' hand a fit. The geese were little better, and when such broad web-footed worthies are so ill at the walking, you may guess that the hens and turkeys made but a poor shift. Even the peacock and his lady so far lost sight of their gentility, as to become birds of a feather wi' their vulgar neighbours, and screamed and staggered about through dub and mire, spoiling all their finery, that they were lately so proud of displaying. The cock got better, but as for my lady, whether it was the vile mixture she had taken, or grief for destroying her rich dress, (for females, you know, have a great regard for fine clothes) I cannot tell but she never had a day to do well after it, but dwined awa', and seemed to die of a broken heart. Poor thing! It's a serious matter when females, who have been genteelly brought up, forget themselves,—poor Lady Pea she could never regain her standing in the barn-yard, fo every wide-mouthed drouthy rascal of a duck, even when sweltering in a gutter, expected her to be his boon companion.—In short, that morning there was neither beast nor body about Loganhouse that kent what they

were doing, except the horses, and they were all as sober as judges; but a horse, as you a' ken, gentlemen, can *carry* a deal o' drink.

HAUD AWA' FRAE ME, DONALD.

TUNE—*Haud awa' frae me, Donald.*

"O WILL you hae ta tartan plaid,
Or will you hae ta ring, mattam?
Or will ye hae a kiss o' me?
And dat's ta pretty ting, mattam."
'Haud awa', bide awa',
Haud awa' frae me, Donald;
I'll neither kiss nor hae a ring:
Nae tartan plaids for me, Donald.'

"O see you not her ponny progues,
Her fecket plaid, plew, creen, mattam?
Her twa short hoes, and her twa spiogs,
And a shoulder-pelt apoon, mattam?"
'Haud awa', bide awa',
Haud awa' frae me, Donald,
Nae shoulder-belts, nae trinkabouts,
Nae tartan hose for me, Donald.'

"Hur can pe shaw a better hough
Tan him who wears ta crown, mattam?
Hersel hae pistol and claymore
Ta flie ta Lallan loun, mattam."
'Haud awa', bide awa',
Haud awa' frae me, Donald,
For a' your houghs and warlike arms,
You're no a match for me, Donald.'

"Hursel hae a short coat pi pote,
No trail my feets at rin, mattam;
A cutty sark of good harn sheet,
My mitter he be spin, mattam."
'Haud awa', bide awa',
Haud awa' frae me, Donald;
Gae hame and hap your naked boughs,
And fash nae mair wi' me, Donald.'

"Ye'se neir pe piddin work a turn
At ony kind o' spin, mattam;
But shug your lenno in a scull,
And tidel Highland sing, mattam."
'Haud awa', bide awa',
Haud awa' frae me, Donald,
Your joggin sculls and Highland sang,
Will sound but harsh wi' me, Donald.'

"In ta morning when him rise
Ye'se get fresh whey for tea, mattam;
Sweat milk and ream as much you please,
Far cheaper tan pohea, mattam."
'Haud awa', bide awa',
Haud awa' frae me, Donald,
I winna quit my morning's tea,
Your whey will ne'er agree, Donald.'

"Haper Gallic ye'se be learn,
And tat's ta pony speak, mattam;
Ye'se get a cheese, and butter-kirn,
Come wi' me, kin ye like, mattam."
'Haud awa', bide awa',
Haud awa' frae me, Donald,
Your Gallic and your Highland cheer
Will ne'er gae down wi' me, Donald.'

"Fait ye'se pe get a siller protch
  Pe pigger than the moon, mattam,
Ye'se ride in curroch, 'stead o' coach,
  An' vow put ye'll pe fine, mattam."
'Haud awa', bide awa',
  Haud awa' frae me, Donald;
For a' your Highland rarities,
  You're not a match for me, Donald.

"What's tis ta way that ye'll be kind
  To a protty man like me, mattam,
Sae lang's claymore pe on my side,
  I'll ne'er marry tee, mattam."
'O come awa', run awa',
  O come awa' wi' me, Donald?
I wadna quit my Highlandman;
  Frae Lallands set me free, Donald.'

HOOLY AND FAIRLY.

By Joanna Baillie.

Oh neighbours! what had I ado for to marry,
My wife she drinks posets and wine o' Canary,
And ca's me a niggardly, thrawn-gabbet carle;
O, gin my wife wou'd drink hooly and fairly!
  Hooly and fairly, &c.

She feasts wi' her kimmers and dainties enew,
Aye bowing, and smirting, and dighting her mou,
While I sit aside, and am helpit but sparely;
O, gin my wife wou'd drink hooly and fairly!
  Hooly and fairly, &c.

To fairs and to bridals, and preachings and a',
She gangs sae lighted-headed, and busket sae braw,
Its ribbons an mantles that gar me gang barely;
O, gin my wife would spend hooly and fairly!
Hooly and fairly, &c.

In the kirk sic commotion last Sabbath she made,
Wi' babs o' red roses, and breast knots o'erlaid;
The dominie sticket his psalm very nearly;
O, gin my wife wou'd dress hooly and fairly!
Hooly and fairly, &c.

She's warring and flyting frae morning till e'en,
And if ye gainsay her, her eye glowrs sae keen,
Then tongue, neeve, and cudgel, she'll lay on you sairly;
O, gin my wife wou'd strike hooly and fairly!
Hooly and fairly, &c.

When tir'd wi' her cantraps, she lies in her bed,
The wark a' negleckit, the house ill up-red,
When a' our good neighbours are steering right early;
O, gin my wife wou'd sleep timely and fairly!
Timely and fairly, &c.

A word o' gude counsel, or grace she'll hear nane,
She bardies the elders, and mocks at Mess John,
And back in his teeth his ain text she flings rarely;
O, gin my wife would speak hooly and fairly!
Hooly and fairly, &c.

I wish I were single, I wish I were free'd,
I wish I were doited, I wish I were dead;
Or she in the mools, to dement me nae marely!
What does't avail to cry hooly and fairly!
Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly!
Wasting my health to cry hooly and fairly!

THE HIGHLAND PREACHER.

TUNE—*The Piper's March.*

O MY friends, I'm no to preach to you
In common exhortation,
Abcut your faith, your future state,
Or any other station;
But I will preach, and preach right loud,
A heavier temptation,
Then all the ills that e'er came down
To vex the Highland nation.
O the whisky!

A Highland dram is very good,
When tuke in moderation,
But like the tree in Adam's yard,
'Tis just a damn'd temtation,
Then, O refrain! so weel's you could,
And no be toxication,
Or you'll no get a drop to drink
The day of tribulation.

SPOKEN.—Now, my friends, when you rise in the morning, you will tuke a dram, an' you'll give the wife a dram; and when you go to the hill, you'll tuke a dram; and when you come down from the hill, you'll tuke a dram; and when you'll have put your breakfast in your pelly, you'll tuke a dram; but your no to be aye dram, dramin'. Ta merciees are good, and your to use them, but no 'buse them, and when you go to the hill, you'll tuke a dram, and so on till bed time.

And now, my friends, I'll told to you,
And no be hesitation;

Ye're no drink till ye be fou,
For fear the lamentation;
Or if you do, the whisky's blaze
Will fire the indignation,
And then you'll mind the preacher's words,
And curse your destination.
O the whisky!

SPOKEN.—Now, my friends, I hope you will tuke my advice, and no drink till you be toxication; for what the deuce would you be like in the tither world, with you prains fill'd fou o' Highland whisky. Got, it was far better you was never die at all—far better, my brethren.

JOHN MAUT.

TUNE—*Go to the devil and shake yourself.*

YE'LL a' hae heard tell o' John Maut, John Maut,
Ye'll a' hae heard tell o' John Maut;
He's been sae to blame,
That he's got an ill name,
An' really he's waur than he's ca't, John Maut.

His doublet is tatter'd, John Maut, John Maut,
His doublet is tatter'd, John Maut:
His hat's down in the crown,
He has awfu' like shoon,
An' his stockin's are terribly ga't, John Maut.

He swears like a trooper, John Maut, John Maut,
He swears like a trooper, John Maut;
He ne'er sticks at a lee,
An' wad fight wi' a flee,
Tho' nane but himsel's in the faut, John Maut.

He's whyles up i' the skies, John Maut, John Maut,
He's whyles up i' the skies, John Maut;
But down wi' a thud;
He fa's squat i' the mud,
An' then he gets unco misca'd, John Maut.

The weans get fun wi' John Maut, John Maut,
The weans get fun wi' John Maut;
They hoot an' they cry,
When they see him gang by,
But whyles tho' he lends them a claut, John Maut.

The wives are sair ta'en wi' John Maut, John Maut,
The wives are sair ta'en wi' John Maut;
They like him sae gran',
They ne'er mind their ain man,
But kiss, an' cuddle, an' daut, John Maut.

The lasses are fond o' John Maut, John Maut,
The lasses are fond o' John Maut;
They pretend it's no true,
But sometimes they get fu';
An' then they canna hut show't, John Maut.

But I red ye tak' tent o' John Maut, John Maut,
But I red ye tak' tent o' John Maut;
He's no gude to hae,
For a friend or a fae',
Sae keep yoursels clear o' his claut, his claut.

THE LAIRD O' LUGGIEHEAD ON MARRIAGE.*

He's nae man ava that's no in love ance i' his life, either in the ca'f, rational, or doitified state. But it's no that

* This and the following piece of broad humour, are taken from a volume entitled "Geordie Chalmers," published about two years

that I gang mad at: it's tho vapouring they mak about it—the fiddlin' an' dancin', an' the loupin' the winnocks at nicht—setting trysts to meet on the Hollows road the tae nicht, atween the Mill-dykes the neist—*my dearing*, an' *my lambing*, an' *my seraphing*—keekin' frae' neath plaids an' mantles when a body gaes by, like as mony chickens frae' neath the wings o' a hen—makin' set dances, an' galravaging awa' ilka Saturday for cruds an cream, sour plooms an' grossets—vowing eternal love—and then, after they hae ruined them, haudin' up their hauns an' swearin' by a' that's gude, that they ken naething about them! That's what I fin' fau't wi'. Awfu' wark that, Mr. Meek; stealing a horse is naething to that,—no imputing to my young frien' ony thing that's no decent. But wha', Mr. Meek, can hear an' witness sic iniquity, an' no be baith vexed an' angry? Puir women bodies led to ruin by a wheen dreaming, vapouring young scoon'reis, is eneuch to sink the kintra as laigh as Sodom and Gommorah. Gae wa wi' your ca'f love, Mr. Chalmers, it's a feast an' a famine—a month o' joy an' a lifetime o' misery. Wait till yer feathers are a' oot, afore ye rin to the arms o' matrimony. It's no a kiss an' a clap, an' a rug an' a rive, that's to pay after yer married, lad! It's whar's the meal to come frae, an' the peats, an' the brats o' duds, an' the rent, an' the ilka thing belanging to a hoose. It's hoo yer to pay yer debt, lad—keep the croon o' the cawsie, an' preserve yer integrity frae scandal. Folk's unco gude when we're awn them ony thing. Do as I did, sir,—no praising my-

ago. The author was a Mr. Kennedy, a country school-master. He died just as his work was on the eve of publication. Although it fell still-born from the press, it is one of the most interesting books of the kind that has appeared since the publication of the "Cottagers of Glenburnie."

el the mair I say't,—wait till yer banes are hardened, ill yer heard taks a grip o' the razor, till yer purse can tan' it's lane, and a body can step into yer dining-room, an' count mair in't than twa marrowless chairs. I was even-an'-twenty year aul' afore I ventured oot amang them, as the saying is. By that time I had galore—a veel-stowed house, an' claes o' a' dimensions, forby a rifle i' the bank to keep a' straught on a rainy day; an' being thus provided for, I thought it nae sin to mak some decent quean the better o' me. Sae, sir, I juist cannily leuket aboot me for twa-three days, an' waled oot ane to my mind—ane that had clever hauns, an' a trick for carefu'ness,—an' no lang aboot it aithers, Leezy Haldine o' Cornhapper was my choice: I sent her a bit note—nae doot in the best style I was able—telling her that I wanted a wife, an' that I had fixed upon her, an' that if she liket to tak me, gude an' weel, if no, there was nae ill dune. I juist gied her aucht days to think on't—rowth o' time in a' conscience, Mr. Meek, to wheeffle. I like aye to see folk clever about their bizness. She took me at my word; an' blithe the body was, nae doot, to get the offer. Our names were gi'en in to the session-clerk, an' in less than three weeks I had her on ahint me at the full gallop, and into the Cross Keys like a lintie! But nae mair aboot it; let the wab rin to the wab's end'. Here's a hale skin, an' a way o' doing, an' honour an' honesty for ever.

THE LAIRD O' LUGGIEHEAD ON A TEA HANDLIN'.

Tea, Mr. Chalmers, is unco gude, when there's something unco gude til't; but tea without something sub-

stantial to sook up the water, an' line ane's ribs, is a mere sporting wi' ane's inside. Fair play, dominie! Nane o' yer snip-snap, clishy-clashy palavers for me. Tither ouk wi' were a' owre at Mr. Braidfit's at the tap o' the knowe owre by; but sair I rued that I didna tak a *chack* afore I left hame, for sic anither humbug was never played on hungry humanity. There were several ledies o' fashion frae the sonth kintra present, an' sae, sir, to please their gentle stamachs, they starved the rest. Here's the way they gaed to wark. First, we were a' shown into the parlonr, Niest we sat doon on chairs placed a mile an' a half frae the table. Then Mrs. Braidfit taks her seat in front o' the tray, saying, 'Ledies, can ye tak sugar an' cream? An'ra, I needna speer at you.' Then fillin' the cups aboot halfway, up starts Miss Jean wi' a cup an' saucer in ilka haun, an' after her marches wee Tam wi' a server containin' a wheen thin shaves o' laif bread, cut through the middle. Then roun the company they go, an' stap a dish in ilka ane's haun, an' a shave o' hread an' butter no the size o' the Jack o' diamonds. Then, 'Mak your tea o't,' says the laird. Then aff rows my cup aff the saucer, an' spoils a' my pinsh breeks, smashing itsel' to pieces at my fit. Then the ledies curl their brows, an' won'er what I'm made o'. 'Auld stoitl' whispers Mrs. Braidfit: but recollecting that she was awn me a trifle, she changes her tune, an' says, 'Eh, pity me, Mr. Luggiehead, what's the matter wi' you noo? Jenny—hoy Jenny, bring a tooel here as fast as ye can: bring a cup an' a saucer wi' you too: haste ye—fey haste ye, my ledy.' Then, after I had gotten my senses back, roun' they cam wi' anither cup, an' a cracker no the size o' yer thoom nail. An' that bein' dune, the shine was owre,—the ledies a' seemingly as pleased as if they bad gotten lads to convoy them

name frae the kirk. But may I ride on the win' wi' auld Nance Logan, the witch o' Glenteerie, when I gang to sicean a peely-walley concern again! A tea! Gin I coudna eaten the hale hypothic in ae minute, my name's no Luggiehead! 'But it seems to be an improvement! Sae be't. Gude geer pleases the merchant. But, Bailie, gin his improvements in teaching be like our improvements in tea drinking, than see your dochters under his tuition, I'd rather see him an' them rowin doon the Warlock Burn on the tap o' a Lammas flood! But mind yoursel', dominie; seek nae biddin'; mind yer in a friend's hoose; and dinna forget the gude auld saying, that what's hained aff the stamach's ill wanred on the back; or, in ither words, that the stintin' o' the body never yet showed a generous soul.

THE BROOMSTICK.

TUNE—*Good-morrow to your night-cap.*

HER nainsel pe the tecent lad,
She's no a tief, a rogue, nor jade,
But sair she rue that e'er she saw'd,
A Jenny and te broomstick.

The tiel pe on te broomstick,
Te broomstick, te broomstick,
The tiel pe on te broomstick,
That tump me sair yestreen, O.

Pefore she'll ken'd whar she'll stood,
She cam as fast as e'er she cou'd,
And gied her sic a tawfu' scud,
I tocht I hear te sound yet.

The tiel pe on, &c.

She tang me here, she tang me tere,
And threw me o'er a proken chair,
And there the jade begoud to square,
And tump me wi' te broomstick.

The tiel pe on, &c.

Tawfu' were te heavy blows
I got apout te ribs an' nose;
I tocht I wad my judgment lose,
The like I'll never seen, O.

The tiel pe on, &c.

My patience could nae langer keep,
I tried to get upon my feet,
But, faith, she coup'd me heels o'er head,
And tump me o'er again, O.

The tiel pe on, &c.

Were she's te man, as she's te wife,
I pledge my word, I pledge my life,
I wad devour her in my strife,
And purn te awfu' broomstick.

The tiel pe on te broomstick,
Te broomstick, te broomstick,
The tiel pe on te broomstick,
That thump me sair yestreen, O.

THE GLASGOW MAGISTRATE.

TUNE—*Glenorchy Braes.*

IN Lunnin there's plenty of a' thing that's dainty,
In Edinburgh there's walth of both Physic and Law;

But gie me the town that has routh o' braw fallows,
And Glasgow will bear up the gree o' them a'.

Crail, Weems, and Kirkaldy are famous for haddies;
Auld Stirling may boast o' her sa'mon sae prime;
Aberdeen o' her crabs, cockles, labsters, and spel-
dings;
But a fat Glasgow Magistrate grows in Lochfine.

There's eggs in the Heegate, and tripe in the Brig-
gate;
In King-Street there's flesh and kail in it too;
In Stockwell there's walth o' baith meal and pota-
toes,
And Trongate will fit you wi' hats an' wi' shoes.

But gin you want great things, and gin ye want
neat things,
It's no in puir Scotland you'll get them a'.
You maun gang owre to France, whare you'll kaper
and dance,
And there you'll get ilk thing that's gausie and
braw.

But the sense o' there noddle is no worth a boddle,
To gang owre to France for soups and rapee,
At hame they should tarry, and no cross the ferry,
For at hame there's baith whisky and meal to mak
brose.

O' WHAT A PARISH.

TUNE—*Highland Lament.*

O! WHAT a parish,
A parish, a parish,

And O! what a parish
  Was drunken Dunkeld!
They've hang'd up their minister,
  Drown'd their precentor,
They've pu'd down their steeple,
  And drunken their bell.
        And O! what, &c.

While the boddies drank beer,
  They'd curse, and they'd swear,
They ranted and sang,
  What they daurna well tell,
'Bout Geordie and Charlie,
  They bother'd fu' rarely;
But whisky, they're waur
  Than the devil himsel'.
        And O! what, &c.

Then let me advise,
  As mischief there lies,
When neebours are drinking
  Wi' mae than themsel',
O'er your heart and your hand,
  Aye keep the command,
Or you may be as bad
  As the folk o' Dunkeld.
        And O! what, &c.

LITTLE ANDREW NICOL'S WEE BIT SANG.

A WEE bit housie beside a wee burn,
A wee bit garden to answer our turn
A wee bit barn, and a wee bit byre,

A wee pickle peats to mak a big fire;
A wee bit cow, an' twa acre o' lan',
To hae a bit butter and milk at comman';
A wee bit ewe, and a wee bit soo,
To get a bit pork, and a wee pickle woo;
A wee pickle meal our parritch to mak;
A wee drap kail at dinner to tak;
A wee bit mutton for kitchen to eat,
And a wee drap whisky our wizzens to weet;
A wee pickle tatties and herrin for supper,
Or else knotty sowens and a wee gim o' butter;
A caff-bed to sleep on, and plenty o' claes,
The blankets and sheets to be aye clear o' flaes,
A stock o' gude health aye the doctors to shun,
And peace with our neebours the lawyers to hum;
A conscience in quietness, but yet never blind,
A cheerfu' and happy contentment o' mind;
A faithfu' friend and a thrifty wife,
Will constitute a' the comforts o' life;
Gie me but sic blessings, a fig for the great,
Wi' a' their clamjamfrey, ambition, and state,—
The muse she has left me, the jade is but fickle,
(Hinc sic subscribatur) wee ANDREW NICOL.

BANNOCKS O' BARLEY MEAL.

TUNE—*Fitz Maurice's Ramble to Glasgow.*

LET bluff Johnny Bull sing his beef and plumb-pudding,
Gie Pat his potatoes and butter-milk pail,
But I'll sing o' the lads that can weel stan' a drubbing,
Tho' fed upon bannocks o' barley meal.

Gie Donald his crowdie, his bannocks o' barley,
A heart-cheering quaich o' his dear usquebae,
Then tho' death kick his doup, he'll ne'er sue for a parley,
He'll fight till he fa', but he'll ne'er run away.
Then up wi' their kilties and bonny blue bonnets,
When put to their metal they're ne'er kent to fail;
The auld Highland fling at the Waterloo wedding,
Was danc'd by the lads fed on barley meal.

The Romans, langsyne let a grab at our bannock,
The Danes and the Normans wad try the same game,
But Donald came down wi' his claymore and crummock,
Maul'd maist o' them stark, chac'd the lave o' them hame.
And the next baurdy loon that wad play sic a plisky,
He vows by the dirk o' the laird o' Kintaill—
He'll part wi' his blood or he's twin'd o' his whisky,
Or reav'd o' his bannocks o' barley meal.
Then up wi' the kilties, &c.

Then fill up the quaich, an' let's hae a gude waught o't,
Our mither Meg's mutch, be't our care to keep clean;
And the foul finger't loon that wad try to lay claught o't,
May Clooty's lang claws haul out baith o' his een!
Tho' she's auld yet she's rackle, she'll no thole their scorning,
She'll bang them when yoked in a bruilzie, I'd bail;

Sae we'll ne'er let her want Athol brose in the morning,
Nor weel butter'd bannocks o' barley meal.
Then up wi' the kilties and bonny blue bonnets,
When put to their metal they're ne'er kent to fail,
A Highlandman's heart's aye upheld wi' a haggis,
An' weel butter'd bannocks o' barley meal.

OLD HAMILTON AND THE STAGE STRUCK SHOPKEEPER.

At one time, there was a person of the name of Ferguson, a shopkeeper in Stockwell-Street, Glasgow, who took it into his head that he was destined to do immortal honour to the stage, in all Shakespeare's top tragedy characters. He believed that the mantle of Garrick had fallen upon his shoulders. We must premise that he was a Highlander.

Sometimes when studying a *part* behind the counter, our Highland Roscius was apt to have his sublime ideas put to flight by an old woman asking for a quarter of an ounce of tea, or a pennyworth of sugar. A demand, by a bare-footed urchin, for a baubee scone, or a penny worth of treacle, brought him at once from his stilts to the common level of humanity. He did not always, however, submit tamely to the drudgery of selling *sma's* without showing the irritability of a noble mind tied to a base occupation. A female customer entering his shop one day, says, "Will you let me see a sample o' your best meal, Mr. Ferguson; the last twa pecks I got frae ye had a black tick, an' I thocht a hue o' sand in't." His answer to this was in the style, and after the manner of

Richard the Third, when he repulses Buckingham—"Get along! thou troublest me." "I trouble ye! dear me, the man's gane gyte! Will ye no let me see a sample o' your meal?" "No! I am busy; avaunt and quit my sicht!" "Busy! Atweel ye dinna look unco busy like—readin' a buik there—but I can gang to the next door, whare the folks hae time to ser'e their customers." In this way the business of our Roscius dwindled away to a shadow. But he had another set of customers who were not so fastidious about his humours. These were the players, some of whom soon smelled him out, and, as is the custom with such people, soon set him down as a victim. He had a little back room adjoining the shop, and although he did not sell a dram, he kept a good bottle, and there was plenty of cheese and bread, plenty of red herrings, plenty of every kind of eatables in the shop. Into this little back room the hungry players would often force themselves, and once there, they made their quarters good for the day. By flattering the poor man's vanity, they found themselves in *clover*—they had *galore* of every thing.

Among those who regularly paid the stage-struck grocer a forenoon visit, was the late celebrated Mr. Hamilton, teacher of Elocution. Hamilton was considered not only the best Elocutionist of his time, but he was also allowed to be the first judge of dramatic excellence of his day. To get his good word, was all in all with Mr. Ferguson. No sooner would Hamilton appear at the shop-door, than he was hailed with—"come away, come away, Mr. Hamilton; I'm just glad and proud to see you, sir; who's a' wi' you the day, sir? Just step your ways into the back-room there, sir, and you'll get your 'MORNING,' Mr. Hamilton." The old fellow, nothing loath, enters the sanctum, seats himself by the fire, while a huge black

bottle is placed upon the table, flanked by a good sizeable glass, and a quantity of cheese and bread. The following scene, or dialogue would then take place :—

Hamilton. Now, sir; let me hear you go over the first soliloquy of Richard the Third.

Ferguson. O yes, Mr. Hamilton! but just take you a wee drap o' the whisky if you please, and I'll go and shut the fore-door, so that we'll not be annoyed by folks comin' in for dirt owre the counter. *(Retires, and fastens the street door, then returns. Mr. H. has had the bottle to his head in the meantime.)*

H. Now, sir, begin.

F. O yes, sir; well, here goes,—

Noo is the winter o' oor discontent,
Made glorious *simmer* by the sun o' York—

H. Stop, sir,—bad, bad,—can't you say *summer*, sir?

F. O, never you mind, Mr. Hamilton! take another glass if you please, sir. *(Another glass is filled by the anxious and obliging Mr. Ferguson, which Hamilton makes disappear like a weaver's kiss.)*

H. Begin again, sir!

F. Noo is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by the sun of York;
And all the clouds that lowered upon our house,
In the deep *boe-sum* of the ocean buried.

H. Stop, sir; d——d bad. Say *bosom*, sir!

F. O, never you mind, Mr. Hamilton, but just tukit you another glass, sir. *(Another glass is filled and emptied in a breath.)*

Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments,
Our stern alarms changed for merry meetings,
Our dreadful war-march to delightful measures.

H. Good—d——d good—get on in that style.

F. Just tukit you another glass, sir. *(Another is filled and emptied.)*

In this fashion the soliloquy was gone through, Hamilton being rewarded by another glass at every rebuke or compliment which he offered. It generally happened that the old gentleman was lying below the table before the last line of the soliloquy was come to; but if he did manage to keep his seat, he would conclude with this flattering piece of advice—"Go on in this way, sir, and by G——, you will make John Philip Kemble shake iu his pumps yet."

THE IRISH SOLDIER.

About nine years ago, I was digging my land,
With my brogues on my feet, and a spade in my hand,
When I thought it a pity, such a genius as I
Should be staying here at home diggiug turf for the fire,
With my fury, fury O.

I threw off my brogues, and shook hands with my spade,
And went to the fair like a darling young blade,
A sergeant came by, and he axt me to enlist,
Ara' gramachree, says he, will you lend me your fist.
With my fury, fury O.

He gave me a shilling, and said he'd got no more,
But when I went to quarters, I should have a score.
Quarters, said I, pray sargent good bye,

I never thought of quarters, nay, no not I.
With my fury, fury O.
Early next morning to drill I was sent,
And then, by my soul, I was made to repent,
For they taught us to exercise, and fall by degrces,
Shoulder arms, eyes aright, wheel about, stand at ease.
With my fury, fury O.

The General reviewed us, and gave me his thanks,
He told us to exercise, and fall into ranks.
To arms sir, says he; pray what do you mean?
Don't you see I've got legs and two arms of my own.
With my fury, fury O.

I have been in many wars, with very good luck,
At Vinegar hill, and Ballina march,
Where the fire it was so thick, and the shot it was so hot,
That I could'n't fire my gun for fear of being shot.
With my fury, fury O.

But now the wars *is* over, and I'm at home again,
You may all say what you like, but I will say Amen.
I've had nine years of glory, I'm glad it was not ten,
And now I'm at home, digging murphies again.
With my fury, fury O.

TAM O' THE BALLOCH.

TUNE—*The Campbells are coming.*

IN the nick o' the Balloch lived Muirland Tam,
Weel stentit wi' brochan and braxie-ham;
A briest like a buird, and a back like a door,
And a wapping wame that hung down afore.

But what's come ower ye, Muirland Tam?
For your leg's now grown like a wheelbarrow tram;
Your ee its faun in—your nose its faun out,
And the skin o' your cheek's like a dirty clout.

O ance like a yaud, ye spankit the bent,
Wi' a fecket sae fou, and a stocking sae stent,
The strength o' a stot—the wecht o' a cow;
Now, Tammy, my man, ye're grown like a grew.

I mind sin' the blink o' a canty quean,
Could watered your mou' and lichtit your een;
Now ye look like a yowe, when ye should be a ram;
O what can be wrang wi' ye, Muirland Tam

Has some dowg o' the yirth set your gear abread?
Hae they broken your heart, or broken your head?
Hae they rackit with rungs, or kittled wi' steel?
Or, Tammy, my man, hae ye seen the deil?

Wha ance was your match at a stoup and a tale?
Wi' a voice like a sea, and a drouth like a whale?
Now ye peep like a powt; ye glumph and ye gaunt;
Oh, Tammy, my man, are ye turned a saunt?

Come lowse your heart, ye man o' the muir;
We tell our distress ere we look for a cure:

There's laws for a wrong, and sa's for a sair;
Sae, Tammy, my man, what wad ye hae mair?
Oh! neebour, it neither was thresher nor thief,
That deepened my ee, and lichtened my beef;
But the word that makes me sae waefu and wan,
Is—Tam o' the Balloch's a married man!

JOHN M'NAB'S OPINION OF THE MARCH OF INTELLECT.

Corrected and Revised by the Author, with additions.

TUNE—"*For a' that an' a' that.*"

NAINSEL pe Maister Shon M'Nab,
Pe auld's ta forty-five man,
And mony troll affairs she's seen,
Since she was porn alive, man;
She's seen the warl' turn upside down,
Ta shentleman turn poor man,
And him was ance ta peggar loon,
Get knocker 'pon him's door, man.

She's seen ta stane bow't owre ta purn,
And syne pe ca'd ta prig, man;
She's seen ta whig ta tory turn,
Ta tory turn ta whig, man;
But a' ta troll things she pe seen,
Wad teuk twa tays to tell, man,
So, gin you likes, she'll told your shust
Ta story 'bout hersel, man:—

Nainsel was first ta herd ta kyes,
'Pon Morven's ponnie praes, man,

Whar tousand pleasant tays she'll spent,
  Pe pu ta nits and slaes, man;
An' ten she'll pe ta *herring-poat*,
  An' neist ta kill a cow, man,
An' ten she pe ta whisky still,
  Ta we trap tram pe prew, man.

But foul pefa' ta gauger loon,
  Pe put her in ta shail, man,
Whar she wad stood for mony a tay,
  Shust 'cause she no got bail, man;
But out she'll got—nae matters hoo,
  And came to Glasgow town, man,
Whar tousand wonders *mhor* she'll saw,
  As she went up and down, man.

Ta first thing she pe wonder at,
  As she cam down ta street, man,
Was man's pe traw ta cart himsel,
  Shust 'pon him's nain twa feet, man;
Och on! och on! her nainsel thought,
  As she wad stood and glower, man,
Puir man! if they mak you ta *horse*—
  Should gang 'pon a' your *four*, man.

And when she turned ta corner round,
  Ta plack man tere she see, man,
Pe grund ta music in ta kist,
  And sell him for pawpee, man:
And aye she'll grund, and grund, and grund,
  And turn her mill about, man,
Pe strange! she will put nothing in,
  Yet aye teuk music out, man.

And when she'll saw ta peoples walk,
  In crowds alang ta street, man,

Shell wonder whar tey a' got spoons
  To sup teir pick o' meat, man;
For in ta place whar she was porn,
  And tat right far awa, man,
Ta teil a spoon in a' ta house,
  But only ane or twa, man.

She glower to see ta Mattams, too,
  Wi plack clout 'pon teir face, man,
Ta surely tid some graceless teed,
  Pe in sic plack tisgrace, man;
Or else what for tey'll hing ta clout,
  Owre prow, and cheek, and chin, man,
If no for shame to show teir face,
  For some ungodly sin, man?

Pe strange to see ta wee bit kirn,
  Pe jaw the waters out, man,
And ne'er rin dry though she wad rin
  A' tay like ony spout, man;
Pe stranger far to see ta lamps,
  Like spunkies in a raw, man,
A' purnin pright for want o' oil,
  And teil a wick ava, man.

Ta Glasgow folk pe unco folk,
  Hae tealings wi' ta teil, man,—
Wi' fire tey grund ta tait o' woo,
  Wi' fire tey card ta meal, man;
Wi' fire tey spin, wi' fire tey weave,
  Wi' fire do ilka turn, man,
Na, some o' tem will eat ta fire,
  And no him's pelly purn, man.

Wi' fire tey mak' ta coach pe rin,
  Upon ta railman's raw, man,

Nainsel will saw him teuk ta road,
  An' teil a horse to traw, man;
Anither coach to Paisley rin,
  Tey'll call him Lauchie's motion,
But oich! she was plawn a' to bits,
  By rascal rogue M'Splosion.

Wi' fire tey mak' ta vessels rin
  Upon ta river Clyde, man,
She saw't hersel, as sure's a gun,
  As she stood on ta side, man:
But gin you'll no pelieve her word,
  Gang to ta Proomielaw, man,
You'll saw ta ship wi' twa mill-wheels,
  Pe grund ta water sma', man.

Oich! sic a town as Glasgow town,
  She never see pefore, man,
Ta houses tere pe mile and mair,
  Wi' names 'poon ta toor, man.
An' in teir muckle windows tere,
  She'll saw't, sure's teath, for sale, man,
Praw shentleman's pe want ta head,
  An' leddies want ta tail, man.

She wonders what ta peoples do,
  Wi' a' ta praw things tere, man.
Gie her ta prose, ta kilt, ta hose,
  For tem she wadna care, man:
And aye gie her ta pickle sneesh,
  And wee drap parley pree, man,
For a' ta praws in Glasgow town,
  She no gie paw-prown-pee, man.

UMBRELLA COURTSHIP.

A BELLE and beau would walking go,
  In love they both were pining;
The wind in gentle gales did blow,
  An April sun was shining.
Though Simon long had courted Miss,
  He knew he'd acted wrong in
Not having dared to steal a kiss,
  Which set her quite a-longing.
                Tol ol ol.

It so occurred as they did walk
  And viewed each dale so flow'ry,
As Simon by her side did stalk,
  Declared the sky looked show'ry;
The rain came to her like a drug,
  When loudly he did bellow,
"Look here, my love, we can be snug,
  I've brought an umbrella."
                Tol ol ol.

Quick flew the shelter over Miss;
  Now Simon was a droll one,
He thought this was the time to kiss,
  So from her lips he stole one.
She blush'd;—the rain left off, and he
  Th' umbrella closed for draining;
"Oh! don't," says she, "I plainly see
  It hasn't left off raining."
                Tol ol ol.

Now Simon, when he smok'd the plan,
  The umbrella righted;
He grew quite bold, talked like a man,
  And she seem'd quite delighted.

Their lips rung chimes full fifty times,
  Like simple lovers training;
Says she, "These are but lover's crimes;
  I hope it wont cease raining."
                Tol ol ol.

He kiss'd her out of her consent,
  That she'd become his bride; hence
To buy the ring was his intent,
  And then to get the license.
They parted, but he took much pains
  Where they should meet to tell her,
Says she, "I'll meet when next it *rains*,
  So bring your *umbrella*."
                Tol ol ol.

The wedding morn, no time to waste,
  He arose before 'twas yet day;
And just as if to please her taste,
  It was a shocking wet day.
They married were, had children dear,
  Eight round faced little fellows,
But strange to state, the whole of the eight
  Were mark'd with umbrellas.
                Tol ol ol.

CONTENTS

OF

CASKET OF COMIC SONGS AND STORIES.

X