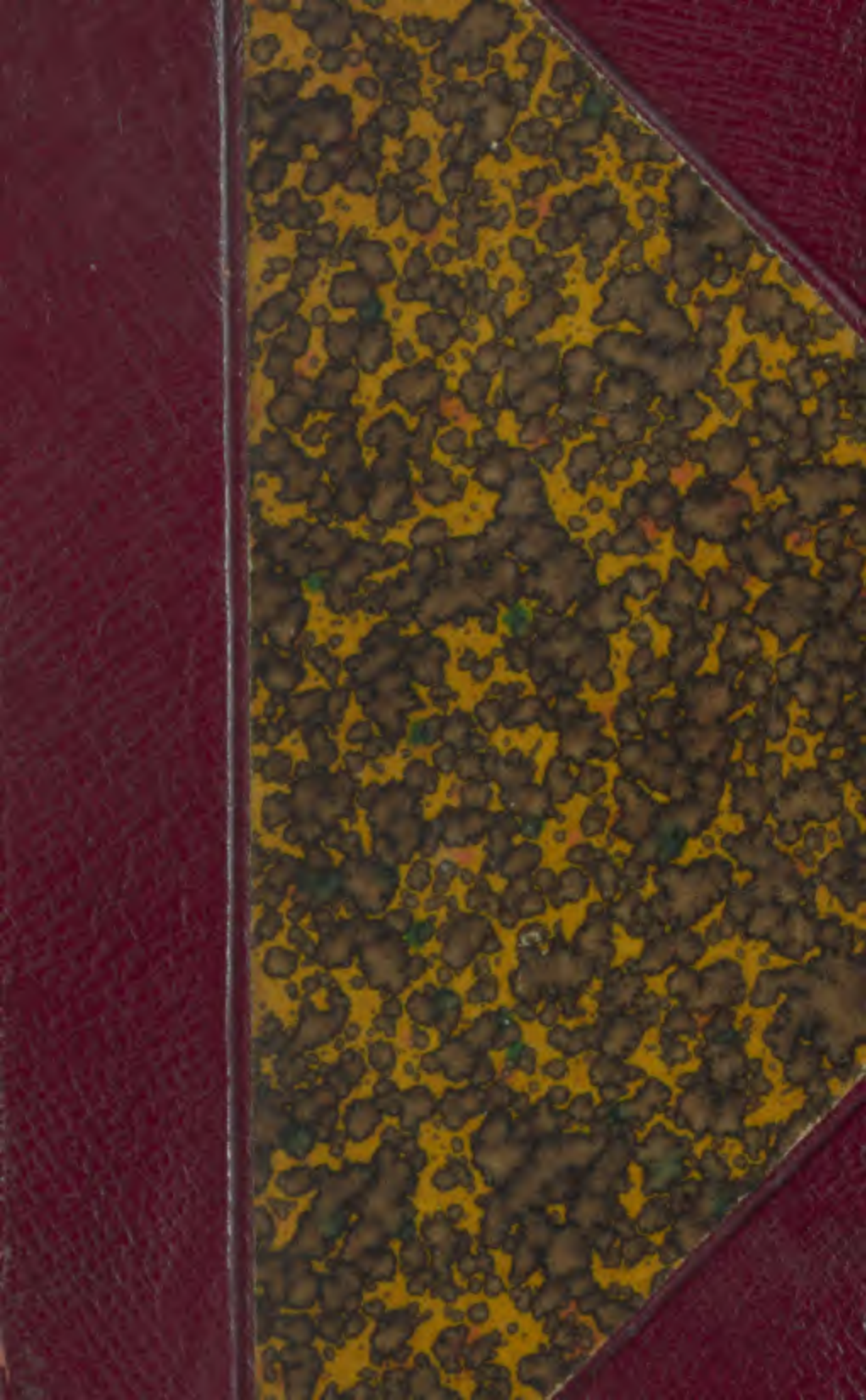

Scottish Chapbooks

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Humorous Songs

Printed at:-
Glasgow.

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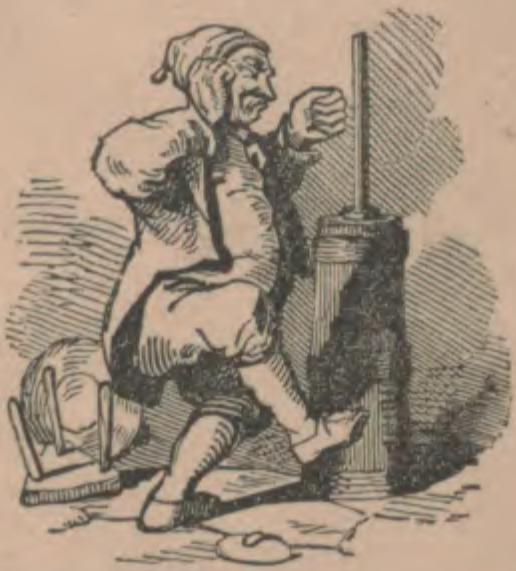
*** A detailed list of contents will be found in each book.

THE

SCOTTISH COMIC SONG-BOOK.



"He kirned nor butter gat."—*John Grumlie.*

GLASGOW:
GEORGE CAMERON, 67 VIRGINIA STREET.
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.
1857.
Price Twopence.

THE SCOTTISH COMIC SONG BOOK:

CONTAINING A VARIETY OF

THE BEST AND MOST HUMOROUS

SCOTTISH COMIC SONGS,

AS SUNG BY

THE MOST POPULAR COMIC VOCALISTS.

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SCOTTISH

COMIC SONG-BOOK.

LASS, GIN YE LO'E ME.

Words by James Tytler.

AIR—"*Lass gin ye lo'e me.*"

I HAE laid a herring in saut—
  Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now;
I hae brew'd a forpit o' maut,
  An' I canna come ilka day to woo;
I hae a calf that will soon be a cow—
  Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now;
I hae a stook, and I'll soon hae a mowe,
  And I canna come ilka day to woo.

I hae a house upon yon moor—
  Lass gin ye lo'e me, tell me now;
Three sparrows may dance upon the floor,
  An I canna come ilka day to woo:
I hae a butt, an' I hae a ben—
  Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now;
A penny to keep, and a penny to spen',
  An' I canna come ilka day to woo.

I hae a hen wi' a happitie leg—
  Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now;
That ilka day lays me an egg,
  An' I canna come ilka day to woo.
I hae a cheese upon my skelf—
  Lass gin ye lo'e me, tell me now;
And soon wi' mites 'twill rin itself,
  And I canna come ilka day to woo.

THE MILLER.

Words by Sir John Clerk.

AIR—"*The Miller.*"

O! MERRY may the maid be,
  That marries wi' the miller;
For foul day and fair day
  He's aye bringing till her.
He's aye a penny in his purse,
  For dinner and for supper;
An' gin she please, a guid fat cheese,
  And lumps o' yellow butter.

When Jamie first did woo me,
  I spier'd what was his calling:
"Fair maid," says he, "O! come and see,
  Ye'er welcome to my dwalling."
Tho' I was shy, yet I could spy
  The truth o' what he told me;
And that his house was warm and couth,
  And room in it to hold me.

Behind the door a bag o' meal,
  And in the kist was plenty
O' guid hard cakes his mother bakes,
  And bannocks were na scanty;
A guid fat sow, a sleeky cow,
  Was stannin' in the byre,
While lazy puss wi' mealy mouse
  Was playing at the fire.

Guid signs are these, my mither says,
  And bids me tak' the miller;
For foul day an' fair day.
  He's aye bringing till her:
For meal and maut she doesna want,
  Nor onything that's dainty,
And now and then a kecklin' hen,
  To lay her eggs in plenty.

In winter, when the wind and rain
  Blaws o'er the house and byre;
He sits beside a clean hearthstane,
  Before a rousing fire.
His canty wife has a' things right,
  A supper warm and sappy;
Wha'd be a king, a petty thing,
  When a miller lives sae happy,

THE AULD HIGHLANDMAN.

AIR—"*Killiekrankie.*"

HERSEL pe aughty eirs an' twa,
  Te twanty tird o' May, man:
She twal amang te Heelan hills
  Apoon the 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 Shermanic, man;
An' cot tree tespurt bluddy oons
  Peyond te 'Lantic sea, man.
Put wae licht on te nesty gun,
  Tat ever she pe 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 ower 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.

IT FELL ON A MORNING.

Words by Joanna Baillie.

It fell on a morning when we were thrang,
  Our kirn was gaun, our cheese was making,
  And bannocks on the girdle baking,
That ane at the door chapt loud and lang.
  But the auld guidwife and her Mays sae tight
Of this stirring and din, took sma' notice I ween,
  For a chap at the door, in braid daylight,
Is no like a chap when heard at e'en.

Then the clocksey auld laird of the warlock glen,
  Wha stood without, half cowed, half cheerie,
  And yearn'd for a sight of his winsome dearie,
Raised up the latch and came crousely ben.

His coat was new and his o'erlay was white,
And his hose and his mittens were coozy and bein,
But a wooer that comes in braid daylight,
Is no like a wooer that comes at e'en.

He greeted the carlin and lasses sae braw.
And his bare lyart pow he smoothly straiket.
And look'd about, like a body half glaiket,
On bonnie sweet Nanny the youngest of a'.
"Ha ha," quo' the carlin, "and look ye that way;
Hoot let nae sic fancies bewilder ye clean;
An elderlin man i' the noon o' the day,
Should be wiser than youngsters that come at e'en."

"Na na!" quo the pawky auld wife, "I trow,
You'll fash na your head wi' a youthfu' gilly,
As wild and as skeigh as a muirland filly;
Black Madge is far better and fitter for you."
He hem'd and he haw'd and he screw'd in his mouth,
And he squeez'd his blue bonnet his twa hands between,
For wooers that come when the sun's in the south,
Are mair aukwart than wooers that come at e'en.

"Black Madge she is prudent."—"What's that to me?
"She is eident and sober, has sense in her noddle,
Is douse and respectit."—"I care na a boddel,
I'll baulk na my luive, and my fancy's free."
Madge toss'd back her head wi' a saucy slight
And Nanny ran laughing out to the green;
For wooers that come when the sun shines bright,
Are no like the wooers that come at e'en.

Awa' flung the laird and loud muttered he,
"All the daughters of Eve, between Orkney and Tweed, O,
Black and fair, young and old, dame, damsel, and widow,
May gang wi' their pride to the deil for me!"
But the auld guidwife and her Mays sae tight
For a' his loud banning, cared little I ween;
For a wooer that comes in braid daylight,
Is no like a wooer that comes at e'en.

THE CARLE HE CAM OWER THE CRAFT.

AIR—"*The Carle he cam ower the craft*"

The carle he cam ower the craft,
Wi' his beard new-shaven;
He looked at me as he'd been daft,—
The carle trowed that I wad hae him.
Hout awa! I winna hae him!
Na, forsooth, I winna hae him!
For a' his beard's new shaven,
Ne'er a bit o' me will hae him.

A siler brooch he gae me neist
To fasten on my curchie nookit;
I wore't a wee upon my breist,
But soon, alake! the tongue o't crookit;
And sae may his, I winna hae him!
Na, forsooth, I winna hae him!
Twice-a-bairn's a lassie's jest;
Sae ony fool for me may hae him.

The carle has nae fault but ane;
For he has land and dollars plenty;
But wae's me for him, skin and bane
Is no for a plump lass of twenty.
Hout awa I winna hae him!
Na, forsooth, I winna hae him!
What signifies his dirty riggs
And cash, without a man wi' them?

But should my cankert daddie gar
  Me tak him 'gainst my inclination,
I warn the fumbler to beware
  That antlers dinna claim their station.
Hout awa! I winna hae him!
  Na, forsooth, I winna hae him!
I'm fleyed to crack the holy band,
  Sae lawty says I shouldna hae him.

THE HUMOURS OF GLASGOW FAIR.

AIR—"*Cries of Edinburgh.*"

O, the sun frae the eastward was peeping,
  And braid through the winnocks did stare,
When Willie cried—Tam, are you sleeping?
  Mak haste, man, and rise to the fair:
For the lads and 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 himscl snod,
For a pint o' milk brose he did worry,
  To mak him mair teugh for the road.
On his head his blue bonnet he slippet,
  His whip o'er his shouther 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 queen,
Word gade she had a gay penny,
  For whilk Willie fondly did green.
Now Tam he was blaming the liquor,
  Yae night he had got himsel' fou,
And trysted gleed Maggie MacVicar,
  And faith he thought shame for to rue.
    Lilt te turan an uran, &c.

The earles, 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,
  Sweety 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 theekit wi' blankets and mats,
And deals seated round like a tap-room,
  Supported on stanes and on pats;
The whisky like water they're selling;
  And porter as sma' as their yill,—
And aye as ye'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 gomeral,
  To mak sic a won'er at that,
D'ye na ken, daft gowk, that's a mongrel,
  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, feth 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 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 house 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 Plough.

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 handed,
  And baps in great bonrocks did lie.
Blind Alick 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 gafaaing,
  Sic hooching 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 head 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 GABERLUNZIE MAN.

Words by King James V.

The pauky auld carle cam o'er the lea,
Wi' monie good c'ens and good days to me;
Saying, "Guidwife, for your courtesie,
  Will ye lodge a silly puir man?"

The night was cauld, the carle was wat,
And doun ayont the ingle he sat;
My dochter's shouthers he 'gan to clap,
  And cadgily ranted and sang.

"O vow!" quo' he, "were I as free,
As first when I saw this countrie;
How blithe and merry wad I be,
  And I would never think lang!"
He grew cantie and she grew fain,
But little did her auld minny ken,
What thir slee twa thegither were sayin',
  When wooing they were sae thrang.

"And O!" quo' he, "an ye were as black,
As e'er the crown o' my daddy's hat:
'Tis I would lay thee by my back,
  And awa wi' me thou should gang."
"And O!" quo' she, "an' I were as white,
As e'er the snaw lay on the dyke,
I'd clead me braw and lady-like,
  And awa wi' thee I would gang."

Between the twa was made a plot,
They raise a wee before the cock;
And wylily they shot the lock,
  And fast to the bent are they gane.
Up in the morn the auld wife raise,
And at her leisure put on her claise
Syne to the servant's bed she gaes,
  To spier for the silly puir man.

She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay,
The strae was cauld—he was away;
She clapp'd her hands, cried "Dulefu' day
  For some o' our gear will be gane."
Some ran to coffer and some to kist,
But nocht was stown that could be miss'd;
She danced her lane, cried "Praise be blest!
  I've lodged a leal puir man,"

Since naething's awa as we can learn,
The kirns to kirn and milk to yearne;
Gae butt the house, lass, and waukin' my bairn,
  And bid her come quickly ben:

The servant gaed where the dochter lay.
The sheets were cauld, she was away;
And fast to her guidwife did say,
  She's aff wi' the gaberlunzie man.

O fye! gar ride and fye gar rin,
And haste ye fin those traitors agai...
For she's be burnt and he's be slain,
  The wearifu' gaberlunzie man."
Some rade upo' horse, some ran a-foot,
The wife was wud and out o' her wit,
She couldna gang, nor yet could she sit,
  But aye she cursed, and aye she bann'd.

Meantime, far hind out o'er the lea,
Fu' snug in a glen where nane could see;
The twa wi' kindly sport and glee,
  Cut frae a new cheese a whang,
The preiving was guid, it pleased them baith,
To lo'e her for aye, he gae her his aith;
Quo' she, "to leave thee I will be laith,
  My winsome gaberlunzie man.

O! kenn'd my minnie I were wi' you,
Ill-fauredly would she crook her mou';
Sic a poor man she never trow
  After the gaberlunzie man."
"My dear," quo' he, "ye'er yet ower young,
And haena learned the beggar tongue,
To follow me frae toun to toun,
  And carry the gaberlunzie on.

Wi' cauk and keel I'll win' your bread.
And spindles and whorls for them wha need;
Whilk is a gentle trade indeed,
  To carry the gaberlunzie on:
I'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,
And draw a black clout o'er my e'e:
A cripple and blind they will ca' me,
  While we'll be merry and sing."

THE HUMBLE BEGGAR.

In Scotland there lived a humble beggar,
  An' he had neither house, ha', nor hame,
But he was weel likit by ilka bodie—
  They gied him sunkets to rax his wame.
A han'fu o' meal, a wee pickle groats,
  A daud o' bannock, or puddin' bree,
Cauld kail, or a lickin o' plates,
  Wad mak him as blithe as a beggar could be.

This beggar he was a humble beggar,
  The fient a pride, nae pride had he;
But he'd ta'en his awmous a' in a bicker,
  Frae gentle folk or puir bodie.
His wallets they hung ahin and afore,
  In as guid order as wallets could be;
An' a lang kail-gully hang down by his side,
  And a meikle nowt horn to rout on had he.

It happen'd ill, and it happen'd waur,
  It happen'd that this auld body did dee;
And wha was at his lykewake,
  But lairds and ladies o' hie degree
Some war merry, and some war sad,
  Some they play'd at "blin' Harrie,"
When up and started the auld carle,
  "I redd ye gude folks tak tent o' me."

Up gat Kate wha sat in the neuk—
  "Vow, kimmer, an' how do ye?"
Up gat he and he ca'd her a limmer,
  An' ruggit and tuggit her cockernonie.
They houkit his grave in Doukett's kirkyard,
  Fair fa' the companie;
An' when they war gaun to lay 'm i' the yird,
  The fient a dead, nae dead was he.

An' when they brought him to Doukett's kirkyard,
  He dunket on the kist, an' the boords did flee;
An' ere they got him put under the sward,
  In fell the kist, and oot lap he,

Cryin', I'm cauld, I'm cauld, I'm uneo cauld.
Fu' fast ran the fock, far faster ran he;
Aye, an' he was first hame at the ingle-side,
An' he helpit to drink his ain dredgie.

HIGHLAND POLITICIANS

AIR—"*A man's a man for a' that.*"

COME, Tougall, tell me what you'll thocht
Apout this Bill Reform, man,
Tat's preeding sie 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 rieht,
She wad her beetock traw, man,
An' feught like tamn—till anee ta Bill
Was made eoot 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
Sinee pluity Waterloo, man.

Last nieht 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 *Revolations*, 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 *Revolations* tak will teuk
  To 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 te 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 infu' 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,
Te 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;

* Infidel. † James the Weaver.

No purn him's house apoon him's head,
An' trive him aff ta farm, man.

Weel, Tonald! 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,
Wi' some tat I will ken, man;
Tey'll prunt my house to *please ta laird*,
Cot! let them try't again, man!

HEY FOR A WIFE WI' A HUNNER OR TWA.

Words by Andrew Steel, of Coldstream.

AIR—"*The Laird o' Cockpen.*"

SING hey for a wife wi' a hunner or twa,
A canty bit wife wi' a hunner or twa;
Contentet an' blithe, an' hoo crouse waud I craw
Gin I had a wife wi' a hunner or twa.

I've aft had a blink o' Dame Fortune's bricht e'e,
But pass'd her aye by, as she cared nae for me;
What's wealth but a siren that sings to beguile,
An' honour a bauble that glitters awhile.
For them and for grandeur I little but care,
Enough be my lot, wi' a morsel to spare:
The sma'er the height, O the less is the fa',
Sae a' my ambition's a hunner or twa.

I care na for beauty, gin she be but guid,
I rate nae her worth by connection or bluid,
As the fairest o' flowers ha'e aft the least smell,
And the finest o' grapes by the tastin' we tell.
But if she is lovin', and modest and true,
Can wash a bit sark, an' can airn an' sew,
An' guide the bit penny, wi' care aboon a',
She's naething the warse wi' a hunner or twa.

Twad keep us fu' cozie, wi' that o' my ain,
Whan drifts the cauld snaw o'er the moor and the plain,
Be to our wee blossoms a bield frae the blast,
That's wither'd the brightest an' best as it pass'd.

O mony the pleasures that wait its command,
An' how finely an' freely it turns the hand,
"Your wit and your wisdom are naething ava,
Without," cries the warld, "a hunner or twa."

MOUNTAIN DEW.

AIR—"*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.

ADAM GLEN.

AIR—"*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's dune,
Cheeric kyth'd the bodie—
Crackit like a gun,
And leugh to aunty Madie;

Cried, "My eallans, 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,
Cheerie 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'.

THE BROOMSTICK.

AIR—"*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 came 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 be 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 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 be on te broomstick,
Te broomstick, te broomstick,
The tiel pe on te broomstick,
That tump me sair yestreen, O.

MAGGY MACLANE.

Doon i' the glen, by the lown o' the trees,
Lies a wee theeket bield, like a bike for the bees,
But the hinnie there skepp'd—gin ye'er no dour to please—
It's virgin Miss Peggy Maclane!
There's few seek Meg's shed noo, the simmer sun jookin;
Its aye the dry floor, Meg's,—the day e'er sae drookin!
But the heather-blabs hing whare the red blud's been shooken
I' bruilzies for Maggy Maclane!

Doon by Meg's howf-tree the gowk comes to woo,
But the corneraik's aye fley'd at her hallan-door joo,
An' the redbreast ne'er cheeps but the weed's at his mou,
For the last o' the roses that's gane!
Nae trystin's at Meg's noo—nae hallowe'en rockins!
Nae howtowdie guttlins—nae Mart puddin yockins!
Nae bane i' the blast's teeth blaws snell up GLENDOCKENS!
Clean biekers 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! tho' 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 Hielan 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 ower the muir they cam' stottin an' stoicherin:
Tramper an' traveller, a' beakin an' broicherin!
Cadjers an' cuddy-creels, oigherin!—hoigherin!
"Th' lanlowpers!" quo Maggy Maclane.

Cowtes were to fother—Meg ower the burn flang;
Nowte were to tether—Meg through the wood rang—!
The widow she kenn'd-na to bless or to bann!
Sic waste o' gude wooers to hain!
Yet, aye at the sooter, Meg grump'd her! an' grump'd her!
Th' loot-shouther'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' doon he cam' wi a beck an' a boo:—
Quo' Meg—"We'se sune tak' the clecken aff you;"—
An' plump i' the burn he's gane.
The widow's cheek redden'd; her heart it play'd thud, aye;
Her garters she cuist roon' his neck like a wuddie!
She linket him oot; but wi' wringin' his duddies,
Her weed-ring its burst in twain!

Wowf was the widow—to haud nor to bing!
The tailor he's aff, an' he's coft a new ring!—
Th' diel squeeze his craig's no wordy the string!—
He's waddet auld widow Maclane.
Auld?—an' a bride! Na, ye pitied the tea-pat!
O saut were the skadyens! but balm's in Glenlivat!
The haggis was bockin oot blutters o' bree-fat,
An' hotch'd to the piper its lane!—

Doon the burnside, i' the lown o' the glen,
Meg reists her bird-lane, i' a but-an'-a-ben:
Steal down when ye dow,—i' the dearth, gentlemen,—
Ye'se be awmous to Maggy Maclane!
Lane bauks the virgin—nae white pows now keekin
Through key-hole an' cranny; nae cash blade stan's sleekin
His nicherin naigie, his gaudamons seekin!
Alake for the days that are gane!

Lame's fa'n the souter!—some steek i' his thie!
The cooper's clean gyte, wi' a hoopin coughee!
The smith's got sae blin'—wi' a spunk i' his ee!—
He's tyned glint o' Maggy Maclane!
Meg brak the kirk-pew door—*Auld Beukie* leuk'd near-na her!
She dunkled her pattie—*Young Sneckie* ne'er spier'd for her!
But the warst's when the wee mouse leuks oot, wi' a tear to her,
Frae the meal kist o' Maggy Maclane!

HIGHLAND SOBRIETY.

AIR—"*The Braes o' Glenorchy.*"

My praw ponny 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 tak ta coot trams, but no fill yoursel's fou.
For, oich! she pe shamfu, 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 *muhk dhu.*

Me sure, gin you shust teuk ta troubles pe leuk,
(Ta place I'm forgot) in ta coot Pible Peuk,
She tell you, tat you ta wee trappies mought 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 that wad play *tamn* an' *hellnations* wi' you.

Ta whiskees be coot when ta pelly pe sore,
Pe coot when Shon Highlanman traws her claymore,
For ten she'll perform ta crate wonders gallore,
  Sae lang's her coot *beetock* or *skean* stood true;
Pe coot for ta peoples in a' kind o' statlon,
When tey will be use her in tue *modderation*,
But when tey pe 'puse her wi' *toxification*,
  Far betters pe feught wl' ta *Deoul mhor dhu.*

Ta whiskees preed shoy, an' ta whiskees preed wo,
Ta whiskees pe freen', an' ta whiskees pe foe,
For as you pe treat him, he shust use you so,
  Hims coots and him 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-pree*,
Trunk aff your coot glasses—ay—ane, twa, nor tree,
  But oich! teukit care, no pe piper pitch fou.

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.

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,
(Here 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.

AULD DUGALD PAUL.

Words by Andrew Park.

AIR—"*Laird o' Cockpen.*"

AULD DUGALD PAUL keeps an inn at Cairndhu,
A canty auld carle that seldom gets fou;
Though whiles he may taste when his stomach grows caul',
He's a decent auld body, that's auld Dugald Paul.

Though his fine Sunday-blacks be fu' bare at the knees;
Though his coat-neck and pouch lids be glancing wi' greeze;
Though his nose be fu' ruddy, and pow gettin' baul',
Yet he's hearty and hale-like, that's auld Dugald Paul.

Last summer, auld Dugald had gane oot to dine,
And comin' hame cantie, drapt into Lochfine;
The fishermen pu'd wat they thocht a right haul,
Whan oot o' the net loupit auld Dugald Paul.

Though Dugald be kept frae the bar and the till,
He whiles gets a saxpence, and, aiblins, a gill;
When the herrings are fried Dugald aye gets his waul;
He's a capital feeder, that's auld Dugald Paul.

Auld Dugald Paul has a sonsy auld wife,
Wi' wham he has ne'er had a moment o' strife;

Though he ance stealt the *grey-beard*, wi' brandy
an' all;
It's no lost what a frien' drinks, quo auld Dugald
Paul!

In the cauld frosty mornings he slips to the glen
This king o' fine fallows, this cock o' auld men;
To the postman frae Luss, he cries "Hech, man
it's caul'!"
Syne he whups out a bottle, that's auld Dugald
Paul.

Then clink down the twa on a humploc o' grass,
And toom down their guzzles a stout Highlan'
glass;
The folks o' the post-office kick up a brawl,
For certies! they ken he's met auld Dugald Paul!

But, fare-ye-weel, Dugald, and farewell Cairndhu
Let us tak' a bit toothfu' to moisten our mou':
An' neist when Glencroe's dizzy summits I crawl,
I will ca' in an' crack wi' you, auld Dugald Paul.

HOOLY AND FAIRLY.

AIR—"*The drucken wife o' Galloway.*"

Oh! neighbours, what had I ado for to marry,
My wife she drinks naething but sack and Canary,
An' ca's me a nasty auld thrawn gabbit carlie;
Oh! gin my wife would drink hooly and fairly,
Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,
Oh! gin my wife would drink hooly and fairly.

First she drank Crummie, an' syne she drank Garie,
Now she has drunken my bonnie gray marie,
That carried me aye through the dub an' the larie;
Oh! gin my wife would drink hooly and fairly,
Hooly and fairly, &c.

If she drank but her ain things I wadna much care,
But she drinks a' my claise that I canna weel spare,
To kirk an' to market I'm forced to gang barely;
Oh! gin my wife would drink hooly and fairly,
Hooly and fairly, &c.

The vera grey mittens that gaed on my hans,
To her ain neibour wife she has laid them in pawns,
Wl' my bane-headed staff that I lo'd so dearly
Oh! gin my wife would drink hooly and fairly,
Hooly and fairly, &c.

If there be ony sillar, she maun keep the purse,
If I seek but a bawbee, she'll scauld and she'll curse,
She gangs like a queen—I gang scrimpet and sparely;
Oh! gin my wife would drink hooly and fairly,
Hooly and fairly, &c.

I never was given to wranglin' or strife,
Nor e'er did refuse her the comforts o' life,
Ere it come to a war I am aye for a parley;
Oh! gin my wife would drink hooly and fairly,
Hooly and fairly, &c.

A pint wi' her cummers I wad her allow,
But when she sits down, od! she fills hersel' fou,
And when she is fou she is unco camstairee,
Oh! gin my wife would drink hooly and fairly.
Hooly and fairly, &c.

She rins out to the causey, she raves and she rants,
Has nae dread o' her neighbours, nor minds the house wants,
Roars some foolish lilt, like "keep up your heart, Charlie;"
Oh! gin my wife would drink hooly and fairly,
Hooly and fairly, &c.

And when she comes hame she lays on the lads,
And she ca's a' the lasses baith limmers and jauds,
And I my ainsel', a puir auld cuckold carlie;
Oh! gin my wife would drink hooly and fairly,
Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,
Oh! gin my wife would drink hooly and fairly.

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 turned 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 folk say that ye're failin', 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 guidman.
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 ither at the fit,
  My bonny Meg, my jo.

BAULDY BAIRD.

AIR—"*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 guidman be poor,
And pouch till the guidwife 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-ten
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 pony 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,
It's a' ane to Bauldy Baird.

On Bauldy Baird the law was vile,
To draw him on a cart to jail:
But Bauldy Baird, the panky deevil,
Slipt the loop, and left the beagle;

O'er the dike and through the fiels,
Bauldy ran wi' mettle heels.
Watch the corn staek, Robin Shaw,
For Bauldy Baird's run awa',
Or rin, and let the bailie ken,
That Bauldy Baird's come again!

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 eautious aye before folk.

Consider, lad, how folk will erack,
An' what a great affair they'll mak
O' naething but a simple smaek,
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
Oecasion to come o'er folk.

It's no through hatred o' a kiss,
That I sae plainly tell you this;
But, losh! 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 ane, 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 sie a pawkie, coaxing way,
That my poor wits ye lead astray,
  An' ding me dollt 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 "blithesome 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!

KATTIE CHRISTIE.

AIR—"*The east neuk o' Fife.*"

AT the east neuk o' Fife, lived a bonny blooming girl,
Wha, for beauty an' mien, could match either lord or earl;
Sae 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 take 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 cummer,
That could glaze ev'ry e'e wi' love's deluding glammour;
An' ilk wooer fan' she was skill'd in Venus' grammar,
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 e'e was fixed on Kattie Christie, O.

'Twas a sair time in Fife 'mang the wooers late an' early,
Mony hearts glow'd wi' hope, many pined and languish'd sairly;
Fathers gloomt, mithers flate, lasses spite an' spleen did ware ay
In profusion 'gainst young lovely Kattie Christie, 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 fortune o' this darlin',
There was sair dool an' shame spaed by ilka envious carlin;
But fate, on time's wings, ended a' sic idle snarlin',
And soon stamp'd the lot o' pretty Kattie Christie, 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' Kattle Christie, O

Now there's braw peace in Fife 'mang the rival lads and lasses,
There's an end to a' strife 'mang the fierce contending classes,
And ilk ane now sees they were dollt as mules or asses,
To be sae sair bewitched 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,
To support in style his charming Kattie Christie, O.

I'LL HIE ME TO THE SHEELING HILL.

AIR—"*Gillie Callum.*"

I'LL hie me to the sheeling hill
And bide amang the braes, Callum;
Ere I gang to Crochan mill
I'll live on hips and slaes, Callum.
Wealthy pride but ill can hide
Your runkly measled shins, Callum;
Lyart pow, as white's the tow,
And beard as rough's the whins, Callum.

Wily woman aft deceives,
Sae ye'll think, I ween, Callum;
Trees may keep their withered leaves,
Till ance they get green, Callum.
Blithe young Donald's won my heart,
Has my willing vow, Callum;
Now, for a' your couthy art,
I winna marry you, Callum.

ONE NIGHT IN MY YOUTH.

AIR—"*The lass that wears green.*"

NE night in my youth as I roved with my merry pipe,
Listening the echoes that rang to the tune,
nct Kitty More with her two lips so cherry ripe;
Phelim, says she, give us Ellen Aroon!
ear Kitty, says I, thou'rt so charmingly free!
Now if thou wilt deign thy sweet voice to the measure,
'Twill make all the echoes run giddy with pleasure,
or none in fair Erin can sing it like thee.

y chanter I plied with my heart beating gaily,
I piped up the strain, while so sweetly she sung;
he soft melting melody filled all the valley,
The green woods around us in harmony rung.
ethought that she verily charmed up the moon!
Now, still, as I wander in village or city,
When good people call for some favourite ditty,
gave them sweet Kitty, and Ellen Aroon.

COGGIE THOU HEALS ME.

OROTHY sits i' the cauld ingle nook,
Her red rosy neb's like a labster tae,
Wi' girning, her mou's like the gab o' the fluke,
Wi' smoking her teeth's like the jet o' the slae.
nd aye she sings weels me, aye she sings weels me,
oggie, thou heals me! coggie, thou heals me!
ye my best friend when there's ony thing ails me,
c'er shall we part till the day that I die.

orothy ance was a weel tochered lass,
Had charms like her neighbours, and lovers enow,
ut she spited them sae, wi' her pride and her sauce,
They left her for thirty lang summers to rue.

Then aye she sang waes me, aye she sang waes me
Oh, I'll turn crazy, oh, I'll turn crazy,
Naething in a' the wide world can ease me,
De'il take the wooers, oh, what shall I do?

Dorothy, dozened wi' living her lane,
  Pu'd at her rock, wi' the tear in her e'e;
She thought on the braw merry days that were gane,
  And coft a wee coggie for company.
Now aye she sings weels me, aye she sings weels me,
Coggie, thou heals me! coggie thou heals me!
Aye my best friend when there's ony thing ails me,
Ne'er shall we part till the day that I die.

POOR TOM, FARE-THEE-WELL.

Mongst life's many cares there is none so provoking
  As when a brave seaman, disabled and old,
Must crouch to the worthless, and stand the rude mocking
  Of those who have nought they can boast but their gold.
Poor Tom, once so high on the list of deserving,
  By captain and crew none so dearly were prized;
At home now laid up, worn with many years' serving,
  Poor Tom takes his sup, and poor Tom is despised.

Yet, care thrown a-lee, see old Tom in his glory,
  Placed snug with a shipmate, whose life once he saved,
Recounting the feats of some bold naval story,
  The battles they fought, and the storms they had braved.

In his country's defence he has dared every danger,
His valorous deeds he might boast undisguised;
Yet home-hearted landsmen hold Tom as a stranger,
Poor Tom loves his sup, and poor Tom is despised.

Myself, too, am old, rather rusted for duty,
Yet still I'll prefer the wide ocean to roam;
I'd join some bold corsair, and live upon booty,
Before I'd be gibed by these sucklings at home.
Poor Tom, fare-thee-well! for, by heaven, 'tis provoking,
When thus a brave seaman, disabled and old,
Must crouch to the worthless, and stand the rude mocking
Of those who have nought they can boast but their gold.

THE IRISH FARMER.

AIR—"*Sir John Scott's favourite.*"

DEAR Judy, when first we got married,
Our fortune indeed was but small,
For save the light hearts that we carried,
Our riches were nothing at all.
I sung while I reared up the cabin,
Ye powers give me vigour and health;
And a truce to all sighing and sobbing,
For love is pat Mulligan's wealth.

Through summer and winter so dreary,
I cheerily toiled on the farm;
Nor ever once dreamed growing weary,
For love gave my labour its charm.
And now, though 'tis weak to be vaunty,
Yet here let us gratefully own,
We live amidst pleasure and plenty,
As happy's the king on the throne.

We've Murdoch, and Patrick, and Connor,
As fine little lads as you'll see,

And Kitty, sweet girl, 'pon my honour,
  She's just the dear picture of thee.
Though some folks may still under-rate us,
  Ah, why should we mind them a fig?
We've a large swinging field of potatoes,
  A good driminduath * and a pig.

* Driminduath is a general name in Ireland for the cow.

DEAR JUDY.

Dear Judy, I've taken a thinking,
  The children their letters must learn,
And we'll send for old father O'Jenking,
  To teach them three months in the barn.
For learning's the way to promotion,
  'Tis culture brings fruit from the sod,
And books give a fellow a notion
  How matters are doing abroad.

Though father neglected my reading,
  Kind soul, sure his spirit's in rest!
For the very first part of his breeding,
  Was still to relieve the distressed.
And, late, when the traveller benighted,
  Besought hospitality's claim,
He lodged him till morning, delighted,
  Because 'twas a lesson to them.

The man that wont feel for another,
  Is just like a colt on the moor,
He lives without knowing a brother,
  To frighten bad luck from his door.
But he that's kind-hearted and steady,
  Though wintry misfortune should come,
He'll still find some friend who is ready,
  To scare the old witch from his home.

Success to old Ireland for ever!
  'Tis just the dear land to my mind;
Her lads are warm-hearted and clever,
  Her girls are all handsome and kind.

And he that her name would bespatter,
By wishing the French safely o'er,
May the de'il blow him over the water,
And make him cook frogs for the core.

THE HIGHLANDER'S INVITATION.

AIR—"*Will you come to the bower.*"

WILL you come to the board I've prepared for you?
Your drink shall be good, of the true Highland blue:
Will you, Donald, will you, Callum, come to the board?
There each shall be great as her own native lord.

There'll be plenty of pipe, and a glorious supply
Of the good sneesh-te-bacht, and the fine cut-and-dry:
Will you, Donald, will you, Callum, come then at e'en?
There be some for the stranger, but more for the frien'.

There we'll drink foggy care to his gloomy abodes,
And we'll smoke till we sit in the clouds like the gods:
Will you, Donald, will you, Callum, wont you do so?
'Tis the way that our forefathers did long ago.

And we'll drink to the Cameron, we'll drink to Lochiel,
And, for Charlie, we'll drink all the French to the de'il:
Will you, Donald, will you, Callum, drink there until
There be heads lie like peats if hersel' had her will.

There be groats on the land, there be fish in the sea,
And there's fouth in the coggie for friendship and me:
Come then, Donald, come then, Callum, come then to-night,
Sure the Highlander be first in the fuddle and the fight.

THE COGGIE.

AIR—"*Cauld kail in Aberdeen.*"

When poortith cauld, and sour disdain,
Hang ower life's vail sae foggie,
The sun that brightens up the scene,
Is friendship's kindly coggie.
Then, oh! revere the coggie, sirs!
The friendly, social coggie!
It gars the wheels of life run light,
Through e'er so doilt and cloggie.

Let pride in fortune's chariots fly,
Sae empty, vain, and voggie;
The source of wit, the spring of joy,
Lies in the social coggie.
Then, oh! revere the coggie, sirs!
The independent coggie!
And never snool beneath the frown
Of any selfish roggie.

Poor modest worth, with cheerless e'e,
Sits hurkling in the boggie,
Till she asserts her dignity,
By virtue of the coggie.
Then, oh! revere the coggie, sirs!
The poor man's patron coggie!
It warsels care, it fights life's fraughts,
And lifts him frae the boggie.

Gie feckless Spain her weak snail broo,
Gie France her weel spiced froggie,

Gie brother John his luncheon too,
But gie to us our coggie.
Then, oh! revere the coggie, sirs!
Our soul-warm kindred coggie!
Hearts doubly knit in social tie,
When just a wee thought groggie.

In days of yore our sturdy sires,
Upon their hills sae scroggie,
Glowed with true freedom's warmest fires,
And fought to save their coggie,
Then, oh! revere the coggie, sirs!
Our brave forefathers' coggie!
It roused them up to doughty deeds,
O'er which we'll lang be voggie.

Then here's may Scotland ne'er fa' down,
A cringing, coward doggie,
But bauldly stand and bang the loon,
Wha'd reave her of her coggie!
Then, oh! protect the coggie, sirs!
Our good auld mother's coggie!
Nor let her luggie e'er be drained
By any foreign roggie.

THE FIVE FRIENDS.

AIR—"*We're a' noddin.*"

WEEL, wha's in the bouroch, and what is your cheer?
The best that ye'll find in a thousand year.
And we're a' noddin, nid nid noddin,
We're a' noddin fu' at een.

There's our ain Jamie Clark, frae the hall o' Argyle,
'Tis his leal Scottish heart, and his kind open smile.
And we're a' noddin, &c.

There is Will the guid fallow, wha kills a' our care
Wi' his sang and his joke, and a mutchkin mair.
And we're a' noddin, &c.

There is blithe Jamie Barr, frae St Barchan's town,
When wit gets a kingdom, he's sure o' the crown.
And we're a' noddin, &c.

There is Rab, frae the south, wi' his fiddle and his flute;
I could list to his sangs till the starns fa' out.
And we'er a' noddin, &c.

Apollo for our comfort has furnished the bowl,
And here is my bardship, as blind as an owl.
For we're a' noddin, &c.

DAVIE TALLOCH'S BONNIE KATY.

Davie Tulloch's bonnie Katy,
Davie's bonnie, blithesome Katy,
Tam the laird cam down yestreen,
He sought her love, but got her pity.
Wi' trembling grip he squeezed her hand
While his auld heart gaed pity-patty;
Aye he thought his gear and land
Wad win the love o' bonnie Katy.
Davie Tulloch's bonnie Katy,
Davie's bonnie blithsome Katy;
Aye she smiled as Davie wiled;
Her smile was scorn, yet mixed wi' pity.

MEG O' THE GLEN.

Air—"*When she cam ben she bobbit.*"

Meg o' the glen set aff to the fair,
Wi' ruffles, and ribbons, and meikle prepare;
Her heart it was heavy, her head it was light,
For a' the lang way for a wooer she sighed:
She spak to the lads, but the lads slipped by,
She spake to the lasses, the lasses were shy;
She thought she might do, but she didna weel ken,
For none seemed to care for poor Meg o' the glen.

"But wot ye, what was't made the lads a' gae by?
And wot ye, what was't made the lasses so shy?
Poor Meg o' the glen had nae tocher ava,
And therefore could neither be bonnie nor braw.
But an uncle wha lang in the Indies had been,
Foreseeing death coming to close his auld een,
Made his will, left her heiress o' thousand pounds ten,
Now, wha is mair thought o' than Meg o' the glen?"

THE LASSIE O' MERRY EIGHTEEN.

My father wad hae me to marry the miller,
My mither wad hae me to marry the laird,
But brawly I ken it's the love o' the siller,
That brightens their fancy to ony regard.
The miller is crooked, the miller is crabbed,
The laird, though he's wealthy, he's lyart and lean;
He's auld, and he's cauld, and he's blin', and his bald,
And he's no for a lassie o' merry eighteen.

But oh, there's a laddie wha tells me he loes me,
And him I loe dearly, aye dearly as life,
Though father and mither should scold and abuse me,
Nae ither shall ever get me for a wife.
Although he can boast na o' land, nor yet siller,
He's worthy to match wi' a duchess or queen;
For his heart is sae warm, and sae stately his form,
And then, like mysel' he's just merry eighteen.

COME HAME TO YOUR LINGELS.

AIR—"*Whistle and I'll come to you my lad.*"

"COME hame to your lingels, ye ne'er-do-weel loon,
You're the king of the dyvours, the talk o' the town:

Sae soon as the Munonday morning comes in,
Your wearifu' daidling again maun begin!"
"Guidwife, ye're a skillet, your tongue's just a bell;
To the peace o' guid fellows it brings the death-knell;
But clack till ye deafen auld Barnaby's mill,
The souter shall aye hae his Munonday's yill."

"Come hame to your lapstane, come hame to your last;
It's a bonnie affair that your family maun fast,
While you and your crew here a guzzling maun sit;
Ye dazed, drunken, guid-for-nocht heir o' the pit,
Just look, how I'm gaun without stocking or shoe,
Your bairns a' in tatters, and fatherless too,
And yet, quite content, like a sot, ye'll sit still,
Till your kyte's like to crack, wi' your Munonday's yill."

"I tell you, guidwife, gin ye haudna your clack,
I'll lend you a reestle wi' this, owre your back;
Maun we be abused and affronted by you,
Wi' sican foul names as loon, dyvour, and crew?"
"Come hame to your lingels, this instant come hame,
Or I'll redden your face, gin ye've yet ony shame,
For I'll bring a' the bairns, and we'll just hae our fill,
As weel as yoursel' o' your Munonday's yill."

Gin that be the gate o't, sirs come let us stir
What need we sit here to be pestered by her,
For she'll plague and affront us as far as she can:
Did ever a woman sae bother a man;
Frae yill-house to yill-house, she'll after us rin,
And raise the whole town wi' her yelpin' an' din;
Come! ca' the guidwife, bid her bring in her bill:
I see I maun quat takin' Munonday's yill.

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 gi'en us;
I warstled and toiled through the *fair* and the *foul*,
And she was right carefu' o' what I brought till her,
For aye we had min' 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 *bra'tie* cam' aye alang 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 married;
Yet see, we can rank wi' the best i' the town,
Though our noddles we never owre haughtily carried.
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?

GUID ALE COMES.

AIR—"*The happy Farmer.*"

O GUID ale comes, and guid ale goes:
Guid ale gars me sell my hose,

Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon;
Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.

I had sax oxen in a pleuch,
And they drew teuch and weel eneuch;
I drank them a' just ane by ane;
Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.

I had forty shillings in a clout,
Guid ale gart me pyke them out;
That gear should moule I thought a sin;
Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.

Guid ale hauds me bare and busy,
Gars me moop wi' the servant hizzie,
Stand i' the stool, when I hae done;
Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.

O guid ale comes, and guid ale goes:
Guid ale gars me sell my hose,
Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon;
Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.

THE AULD MAN'S WIFE'S DEAD.

Words by the Ettrick Shepherd.

AIR—"*The auld man's mare's dead.*"

THE auld man's wife's dead,
The poor body's wife's dead,
The auld man's wife's dead,
  An' feint a mair has he.

There was hay to won, an' lint to weed,
An' deuks an' hens an' a' to feed,
An' peats an' turs an' a' to lead—
  What meant the wife to dee?

The auld man's wife's dead,
The poor body's wife's dead,
The auld man's wife's dead,
  A mile aboon Dundee.

Now when her back is at the wa',
She had a faut, an' maybe twa,
But now she's dead, that's warst of a'.
  An' what a gouk was she!

The auld man's wife's dead,
The poor body's wife's dead,
The auld man's wife's dead,
  An' feint a mair has he.

She had the cauld but an' the creuk,
The mirliegoes an' maltman yeuk,
The skrink, the shaw, the scarlet breuk,
  An' yet the jaud to dee!

The auld man's wife's dead,
The poor body's wife's dead,
The auld man's wife's dead,
  A mile aboon Dundee.

She was wry-faced, an' blench-lippit,
Heme-hough'd, an' haggis-fittit,
Lang-neckit, chandler-chaftit,
  Yet the jaud to dee!

The auld man's wife's dead,
The poor body's wife's dead,
The auld man's wife's dead,
  An' feint a mair has he.

THE GLASGOW DOCTOR.

AIR—"*There's nae luck.*"

IN Glasgow once there liv'd a man,
  As I have heard folks say,
And if he doesn't live there still,
  He must have gone away;
And he's four feet, upon a pinch,
  Though scarcely quite so tall,
And if he hasn't grown an inch,
  He must be very small.

[*Spoken.*]—Yes, there isn't no doubt of that; and though he was a wery small man, yet he wore a

wery large vig; and as he walked along with his large vig, and a little stick in his hand, yon would have thought he was a—what you may call a—sort of a

Rum ti tum tum fol ol ol, &c.

This little man of mighty fame,
A doctor was, 'tis true,
But as I never knew his name,
I cannot tell it you.
The patients came both far and near,
To try the doctor's skill,
And those he didn't know how to cure,
He well knew how to kill.

[*Spoken.*]—Yes, and by this means he got a wery large number of patients; they came to him in a flock, just like so many sheep, and hevery one on them vas more worser nor the other; but if they vas sheep, the doctor he knew wery well how to fleece them. When any of them came to him he would look wery grave; then the patient would say, "O! dear doctor, I'm so hill—so wery hill; pray, doctor, what do you think is the matter with me?" Why—hum—ha—I think you've got a sort of a—kind of a—

Rum ti tum, &c

This little man fell deep in love,
With a lady tall and slim,
And she, sweet turtle cooing dove,
Fell deep in love with him.
And soon to church he led his bride,
To make her bone of bone,
She look'd a May pole by the side
Of him, a little mile stone.

[*Spoken.*]—They were a wery queer couple certainly; vhy, vhen they vere a valking on the street together, vhen you looked up at her, this vay, vhy you thought you vould never come to the hend of her; and then, vhen you vanted to see him, vhy, you thought you'd never come down so

far, for you see she was about the height of—(*holding up his hand as high as possible*)—and he was about the height—(*holding it low*)—of—just about—
Rum ti tum, &c.

But soon the doctor, to his cost,
Found out he'd got no prize,
For she both tongue and nails had got,
To teaze both ears and eyes.
She caught a cold, and strange to tell,
She bit her nails with pain,
But the doctor physic'd her so well,
She ne'er got ill again.

[*Spoken.*]—No, she never did get hill no more, cause vhy? the last dose he gave her, made a tottle hend of her, it was such a strong one—why it was so strong that you would have thought that it would have—
Rum ti tum, &c.

When done he feasted all his kin,
In honour of her death,
But drank so much of Hodges' gin
It fairly stopt his breath.
So then they popp'd the doctor too,
In coffin with his wife,
And what is strange, though very true,
They ne'er came again to life.

[*Spoken.*]—They had a very large funeral tho—aye, and when they were buried, their friends herected a fine monument over them, and it had a hepitaph all about
Rum ti tum tum fol ol ol, &c.

KATE DALRYMPLE.

Words by William Watt.

AIR—"*Jinglin' Johnnie.*"

In a wee cot house far across the muir,
Whaur peaseweeps, plovers, and whaups cry dreary,

There lived an auld maid for mony lang years,
  Wham ne'er a wooer did e'er ca' dearie.
A lanely lass was Kate Da'rymple,
A thrifty quean was Kate Da'rymple,
Nae music except the clear burnie's wimple,
Was heard round the dwelling o' Kate Da'rymple.

Her face had a smack o' the gruesome and grim,
  That did frae the fash o' a' wooer's defend her;
Her lang Roman nose nearly met wi' her chin,
  And brang folks in mind o' the auld witch of Endor.
A wiggle in her walk had Kate Da'rymple,
A snivel in her talk had Kate Da'rymple,
And mony a cornelian and cairngorum pimple,
Did shine on the din face o' Kate Da'rymple.

She span tarry woo' the hale winter through,
  For Kate ne'er was lazy, but eident and thrifty;
She wrought 'mang the peats, coil'd the hay, shore the corn,
  And supported hersel' by her ain hard shift aye.
But ne'er a lover cam' to Kate Da'rymple,
For beauty and tocher wanted Kate Da'rymple,
Unheeded was the quean by baith gentle and simple,
A blank in existence seem'd Kate Da'rymple.

But mony are the ups and the downs in life,
  When the dice-box o' fate's jumbled tapsalteerie:
Sae Kate fell heiress to a rich frien's estate,
  An' nae langer for wooers had she cause to weary.
The squire cam' a wooin' soon to Kate Da'rymple;
The priest, scrapin', bowin', fan' out Kate Da'rymple,
An' on ilk wooer's face was seen love's smilin' dimple,
Sae now she's nae langer Kate—but Miss DALRYMPLE.

Her auld cutty stool that she used at her wheel,
  Is flung by for the saft gilded sofa sae gaudy;
An' now she's array'd in her silks and brocade,
  An' can bark now for ruffs and muffs wi' ony lady.
But still an unco fash aye to Kate Da'rymple,
Was dress an' party clash aye to Kate Da'rymple;
She thocht a half marrow, bred in line mair simple,
Wad be a far fitter match for Kate Da'rymple.

She aftentimes thocht, when she dwelt by hersel',
  She could wed Willie Speedyspool, the sarkin, weaver,
An' now unto Will she the secret did tell,
  Wha for love, or for interest, did kindly receive her.
He flang by his heddles soon for Kate Da'rymple,
He burnt a' his treddles down for Kate Da'rymple,
Though his right e'e doth skellie, and his right leg doth limp ill,
He's won the heart, and got the hand o' Kate Da'rymple.

MY WIFE HAS TA'EN THE GEE.

Author unknown.

A FRIEND o' mine came here yestreen,
  And he wad hae me down,
To drink a pot of ale wi' him,
  In the neist borough town.
But oh! alake! it was the waur,
  And sair the waur for me;
For lang or e'er that I came hame,
  My wife had ta'en the gee.

We sat sae late, and drank sae stout,—
  The truth I'll tell to you,—
That lang or ever midnight came,
  We were a' roaring fu'.

My wife sits by the fireside,
  And the tear blinds aye her e'e;
The ne'er a bed will she gae to,
  But sit and tak' the gee.

In the morning soon when I came doun,
  The ne'er a word she spake;
But mony a sad and sour look
  And aye her head she'd shake.
"My dear," quo' I, "what aileth thee,
  To look sae sour at me?
I'll never do the like again,
  If ye'll ne'er tak' the gee."

When that she heard, she ran, she flang
  Her arms about my neck,
And twenty kisses in a crack;
  And poor wee thing she grat.
"If you'll ne'er do the like again,
  But stay at hame wi' me,
I'll lay my life I'se be the wife
  That's never tak' the gee."

AND SAE WILL WE YET.

Words by Walter Watson.

Sit ye down here, my cronies, and gie me your crack,
Let the win' tak' the care o' this life on its back;
Our hearts to despondency we never will submit,
For we've aye been provided for, and sae will we yet.
And sae will we yet, &c.

Let the miser delight in the hoarding of pelf,
Since he has not the soul to enjoy it himself:
Since the bounty of Providence is new ev'ry day.
As we journey through life, let us live by the way,
Let us live by the way, &c.

Then bring us a tankard o' nappy good ale,
To comfort our hearts and enliven the tale;

We'll aye be the merrier the langer that we sit,
For we've drank thegither mony a time, and sae will we yet.
And sae will we yet, &c.

Success to the farmer, and prosper his plough,
Rewarding his eident toils a' the year through:
Our seedtime and harvest we ever will get,
For we've lippen'd aye to Providence, and sae will we yet.
And sae will we yet, &c.

Long live the Queen, and happy may she be,
And success to her forces by land and by sea;
Her enemies to triumph we never will permit,
Britons aye have been victorious, and say will they yet,
And sae will they yet, &c.

Let the glass keep its course, and go merrily roun',
For the sun has to rise, tho' the moon it goes down;
Till the house be rinnin' roun' about, 'tis time enough to flit,
When we feli we aye got up again, and sae will we yet.
And sae will we yet, &c.

JOHN GRUMLIE.

JOHN GRUMLIE swore by the light o' the moon,
And the green leaves on the tree,
That he could do more work in a day,
Than his wife could in three.
His wife rose up in the morning
Wi' cares and troubles enow;
John Grumlie, bide at hame, John,
nd I'll gae haud the plow. [lal lal la.
Singing, fal de lal lal de ral lal, fal lal lal
John Grumlie bide at hame, John,
And I'll gae haud the plow.

"First ye maun dress your children fair,
  And put them a' in their gear,
And ye maun turn the malt, John,
  Or else ye'll spoil the beer.
And ye maun reel the tweel, John,
  That I span yesterday;
And ye maun ca' in the hens, John,
  Else they'll a' lay away."
    Singing, fal de lal lal, &c.

O he did dress his children fair,
  And he put them a' in their gear;
But he forgot to turn the malt,
  And so he spoild the beer.
And he sang aloud as he reel'd the tweel
  That his wife span yesterday;
But he forgot to put up the hens,
  And the hens a' lay'd away,
    Singing, fal de lal lal, &c.

The hawket crummic loot down nae milk;
  He kirned, nor butter gat;
And a' gaed wrang, and naught gaed right;
  He danced wi' rage, and grat.
Then up he ran to the head o' the knowe,
  Wi' mony a wave and shout—
She heard him as she heard him not,
  And steered the stots about.
    Singing, fal de lal lal, &c.

John Grumlie's wife cam' hame at e'en,
  And laugh'd as she'd been mad,
When she saw the house in siccan a plight,
  And John sae glum and sad.
Quoth he, "I gie up my housewifes-kep,
  I'll be nae mair guidwife."
"Indeed," quo she, "I'm weel content,
  Ye may keep it the rest o' your life."
    Singing, fal de lal lal, &c.

"The deil be in that," quo' surly John,
  "I'll do as I've done before."
Wi' that the guidwife took up a stoot rung,
  And John made off to the door.

"Stop, stop, guidwife, I'll haud my tongue,
I ken I'm sair to blame,
But henceforth I maun mind the plow,
And ye maun bide at hame."
Singing, fal de lal lal, &c.

BIDE YE YET.

Music arranged by Mr Dewar.

Gin I had a wee house, an' a canty wee fire,
An' a bonnie wee wife to praise an' admire,
Wi' a bonnie wee yardie aside a wee burn,
Fareweel to the bodies that yaumer an' mourn.
Sae bide ye yet, an' bide ye yet,
Ye little ken what's to betide ye yet;
Some bonnie wee body may fa' to my lot,
An' I'll aye be canty wi' thinkin 'o't.

When I gang a-field, an' come hame at e'en,
I'll get my wee wifie fu' neat an' fu' clean,
Wi' a bonnie wee bairnie upon her knee,
That'll cry papa or daddie to me.
Sae bide ye yet, &c.

An' if there should ever happen to be
A difference atween my wee wifie an' me,
In hearty good humour, although she be teased,
I'll kiss her an' clap her until she be pleased.
Sae bide ye yet, &c.

O FOR ANE-AND-TWENTY, TAM.

Words by Burns. Air—"*The Moudiewart.*"

O for ane-and-twenty, Tam!
And hey sweet ane-and-twenty, Tam!
I'll learn my kin a rattlin' sang,
An' I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam!

They snool me sair and haud me down,
And gar me look like bluntie, Tam;
But three short years will soon wheel roun',
And then comes ane-and-twenty, Tam.
O for ane-and-twenty, Tam, &c.

A glebe o' lan', a claut o' gear,
Was left me by my auntie, Tam;
At kith or kin I needna spier,
An' I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.
O for ane-and-twenty, Tam, &c

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,
Tho' I mysel' hae plenty, Tam;
But hear'st thou laddie, there's my loof,
I'm thine at ane-and-twenty, Tam.
O for ane-and-twenty, Tam, &c.

JOCKEY SAID TO JENNY.

Jockey said to Jenny, Jenny wilt thou wed?
Ne'er a fit, quo' Jenny, for my tocher guid;
For my tocher guid, I winna marry thee,
E'en's ye like, quo' Johnnie; ye may let me be.

I hae gowd and gear; I hae land aneuch,
I hae seven guid owsen gangin' in a pleuch;
Gangin' in a pleuch, and linkin' ower the lea,
And gin ye winna tak' me, I can let ye be.

I hae a guid ha' house, a barn, and a byre,
A stack afore the door, 'ill mak' a rantin' fire,
'Ill mak' a rantin' fire, and merry we shall be;
An' gin ye winna tak' me, I can let ye be.

Jenny said to Jockey, Gin ye winna tell,
Ye shall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysel';
Ye're a bonnie lad, and I'm a lassie free,
Ye're welcomer to tak' me than to let me be.

WHAT WILL A' THE LADS DO.

Words by Hogg. Music by Alexander Lee.

Oh! what will a' the lads do,
The lads do, the lads do.
Oh! what will a' the lads do,
When Maggie gangs awa'?
There's no a heart in a' the glen
That disna dread the day,
Oh! what will a' the lads do,
When Maggie gangs awa?

Young Jock has ta'en the hill for't,
A waefu' wight is he;
Poor Harry's ta'en the bed for't,
And laid him down to dee;
And Sandy's gane unto the kirk,
An' learning fast to pray;
And, oh! what will puir Willie do,
When Maggie gangs awa?

The young laird o' the Lang Shaw
Has drunk her health in wine,
The priest has said in confidence,
The lassie was divine;
The fairies from their beds of dew,
Will rise and join the lay;
Hey! what a sad day 'twill be,
When Maggie gangs awa'.

TULLOCHGORUM.

Words by the Rev. John Skinner.

Come gie's a sang Montgomery cried,
And lay your disputes a' aside;
What signifies't for folks to chide
For what's been done before them.
Let whig and tory a' agree,
Whig and tory, whig and tory,
Whig and tory a' agree
To drop their Whigmegmorum,

Let whig and tory a' agree
To spend the night with mirth and glee
And cheerfu' sing alang wi' me
  The reel of Tullochgorum.

O, Tullochgorum's my delight,
It gars us a' in ane unite,
And ony sumph that keeps up spite,
  In conscience I abhor him.
Blythe and merry we's be a',
Blythe and merry, blythe and merry,
Blythe and merry we's be a',
  And make a cheerfu' quorum.
Blythe and merry we's be a',
As lang as we hae breath to draw,
And dance till we be like to fa',
  The reel of Tullochgorum.

There needs na be sae great a fraise,
Wi' dringing dull Italian lays;
I wadna gie our ain strathspeys
  For hauf-a-hunder score o' them.
They're dowf and dowie at the best,
Dowf and dowie, dowf and dowie;
They're dowf and dowie at the best,
  Wi' a' their variorum.
They're dowf and dowie at the best,
Their *allegros*, and a' the rest:
They canna please a Highland taste,
  Compared wi' Tullochgorum.

Let warldly minds themselves oppress,
Wi' fear o' want and double cess,
And silly sauls themselves distress,
  Wi' keeping up decorum.
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
  Like auld Philosophorum?
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
Nor ever rise to shake a fit
  To the reel of Tullochgorum?

May choicest blessings still attend
Each honest, open-hearted friend,
And calm and quiet be his end,
  And a' that's good watch o'er him.
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
May peace and plenty be his lot,
  And dainties a great store o' em;
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Unstain'd by ony vicious blot,
And may he never want a groat,
  That's fond of Tullochgorum!

But for the disconted fool,
Who loves to be oppression's tool,
May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
  And discontent devour him!
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
  And honest souls abhor him;
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
And a' the ills that come frae France,
Whac'er he be that winna dance
  The reel of Tullochgorum!

RATTLIN', ROARIN' WILLIE.

Words by Burns.

O, RATTLIN', roarin' Willie,
  O he held to the fair,
An' for to sell his fiddle
  And buy some ither ware;
But partin' wi' his fiddle,
  The saut tear blin't his e'e;
An' ratlin', roarin' Willie,
  Ye're welcome hame to me.

O, Willie, come sell your fiddle,
  Come, sell your fiddle sae fine;
O, Willie, come sell your fiddle,
  And buy a pint o' wine.

If I should sell my fiddle,
  The warl' would think I was mad;
For mony a rantin' day
  My fiddle and I hae had.

As I eam' by Crochallan
  I cannily keekit ben,
And rattlin' roarin' Willie
  Was sittin' at yon boord-en'—
Sittin' at yon boord-en',
  And amang guid companie;
O, rattlin', roarin' Willie,
  Ye're welcome hame to me.

O LET ME IN THIS AE NIGHT.

Words by Burns.

O, LASSIE, art thou sleepin' yet?
Or art thou waukin' I would wit?
For love has bound me hand and fit,
  And I would fain be in, jo.
    O, let me in this ae night,
      This ae night, this ae night,
    For pity's sake, this ae night,
      O, rise and let me in, jo.

Out o'er the moss, out o'er the muir,
I came this dark and dreary hour;
And here I stand without the door,
  Amid the pouring storm, jo.
    O, let me in this ae night, &c.

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet:
Nae star blinks through the driving sleet:
Tak' pity on my weary feet,
  And shield me frae the rain, jo,
    O, let me in this ae night, &c.

The bitter blast that round me blaws,
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's:
The cauldness o' my heart's the cause
  O' a' my grief and pain, jo.
    O, let me in this ae night, &c.

X