

A FUNNY CONVERSATION



Between

Cuddie WILLIE, the Pigman, and HAWKIE, the Speech Crier, Twa Celebrated and Well-known Characters in Edinburgh, on occasion of the Last All-Hallow Fair, held in the Vicinity of Auld Reekie.

ALL Hallow Fair had scarce begun,
When noise on noise, like morning gun,
Cam' frae the wast an' frae the east,
No like to man but rather beast.
The cly frae CUDDIE WILL was loud,
Which first alarmed the Keelie crowd,
The next was HAWKIE, cunning elf,
Wha's rhyming Rhymes made by himself;
When they twa met—a feast to see,
Them crying pigs and poetry.
But to the meeting of our heros,
The one for voice, the other stories.

HAWKIE.

Weel Cuddie, man what's a' the news,
Will Christians soon reform Jews,
Or will the Turks tak' Portobello,
Whar grows your pigs baith blue and yellow,
Or will they turn by transmigration,
Your cuddie into a great nation;
Na na, friend Willie, that can ne'er tell,
As lang as you and I can load yell.

CUDDIE.

D—n you and Turks and a' sic foolery,
Gie me my ass an' a' my jewellery,
I care for neither Turk nor Jew,
Gie me my ass and gude Scots blue.

HAWKIE.

But Cuddie, e'er the Fair begin,
I think it wadna be a sin,
To some gude tent let us loup in,
And prie a drap of yill or gin,
And drink gude luck whate'er sude happen,
Like other fowk let's tak' our chappin;
For we, like drovers and horse-cowpers,
We are but only black land lowpers,
We'll cheat and lie like a' our trade,
To such, dear Willie, we were bred.

CUDDIE.

Weel weel, quo Will, a bargain be't,
Come let's go in and tak' our bead,
And tho' my bowls be crack't and chippet,
Not one of them are Hawkie lippet;
Come gie's a gill, cries Willie loud,
His thund'ring voice soon brought a crowd,
Which made poor Willie's favourite Cuddie,
Like to himself not very studdie;
They took their dram and to their wark,
And sung and cry'd till it was dark,
And then they met like honest thieves,
When Hawk took stick and Cudd took neeves,
Till baith were quarter'd in an office,
Not a bed-chamber, but a police,
Till ten o'clock neist day a'tweel,
Made baith poor Cudd and Hawk to feel,
They baith had cash poor souls to pay,
For fechtin' on our gude Fair day;
So out they cam' wi' hanging face,
Then baith shook hands and cry'd alas!
The bad effects o' too much gas.

Feb. 1828

