

CARLE, NOW THE KING'S COME.

The news has flown frae mouth to mouth,
The North for aince has bang'd the South;
The de'il a Scotsman's die of drouth,

Carle, now the King's come!

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Thou shall dance, and I will sing,

Carle, now the King's come!

Auld England held him lang and fast;

And Ireland had a joyfu' cast;

But Scotland's turn has come at last—

Carle, now the King's come!

Auld Reikie, in her rokela gray,

Thought never to have seen the day;

He's been a weary time away—

But, Carle, now the King's come!

She's skirling frae the Castle Hill;

The Carline's voice is grown sae shrill,

Ye'll hear her at the Canon Mill,

Carle, now the King's come!

"Up bairns!" she cries, "baith grit and sma',

And busk ye for the weapon-shaw!—

Stand by me, and we'll bang them a'!

Carle, now the King's come!

"Come from Newbattle's ancient spires,

Bauld Lothian, with your knights and squires,

And match the mettle of your sires,

Carle, now the King's come!

"You're welcome hame, my Montague!

Bring in your hand the young Buccleugh;—

I'm missing some that I may rue,

Carle, now the King's come;

Come Haddington the kind and gay

You've graced my causeway mony a day;

I'll weep the cause if you should stay

Carle now the King's come!

Come premier Duke and carry down

Frae yonder craig his ancient crown;

It's had a lang sleep and a soun'—

But Carle now the King's come!

Come Athole from the hill and wood

Bring down your clansmen like a cloud;

Come Morton shew the Douglas blood—

Carle now the King's come!

Come Tweddale true as sword to sheath

Come Hopetoun fear'd on fields of death;

Come Clerk and give yon bugle breath;

Carle now the King's come!

Come Weymss who modest merit aids;

Come Roseberry from Dalmeny shades

Breadalbane bring your belted plaids;

Carle now the King's come!

Come stately Niddrie auld and true

Girt with the sword that Minden knew;

We have ower few such lairds as you

Carle now the King's come!

King Arthur's grown a common crier

He's heard in Fife and far Cantire—

Fie lads behold my crest of fire

Carle now the King's come!

Saint Abb roars out I see him pass

Between Tantallan and the Bass!

Calton get out your keeking glass

Carle now the King's come!

The Carline stopp'd and sure I am

For very glee had ta'en a dwam

But Oman help'd her to a dram—

Cogie now the King's come!



A New Song, Called

THE

Washing Day!

THE sky with clouds was overcast, the rain began to fall,
My wife she beat the children, and raised a pretty squal:
She bad me with a frowning look, to get out of the way,
The diel a bit of comfort's there, on Washing day;

For its thump, thump, scold, scold, thump, thump away,

The diel a bit of comfort's there, on a Washing day;

My Kate she is a bonny wife, there's none more free from evil,
Except on a Washing day, and then she is the devil!

The very kittens on the hearth, they dare not even play,

Away they they jump with many a thump, on the Washing day;

For its thump, &c;

A friend of mine once asked me how long poor Jeen's been dead?

Lamenting the good creature, and sorrow I was wed,

To such a scolding vexen, whilst he had at tea;

The truth it was he chanc'd to come, on a Washing day;

For its thump, &c;

I asked him to stay and, come, come, said I, ods bods!

I'll no denial take—you shall, though Kate was in the suds.

But what we had to dine upon, in feith, I shall not say,

But I'll wager he'll not come again on a Washing day!

For its thump, &c;

On that fatal morn when I rise, I make a fervent prayer,

Unto the gods that it may be, throughout the quite fair,

That not a gown nor hankerchief, may in the ditch be laid,

For should it happen so, egad, I would catch a broken head?

For its thump, &c;

1820

