



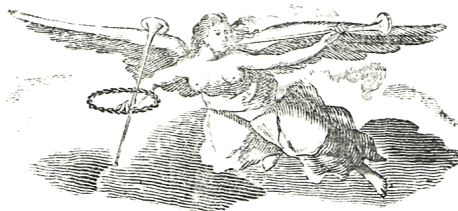
## THE SPREE.

The spree, the spree, the jovial spree,  
From care and toil for ever free,  
Where nought but friendship doth abound,  
And sparkling glasses go cheerily round,  
Where tiplers meet their jokes to tell,  
Or drown their griefs in mugs of ale,  
I'm on the spree, I'm on the spree,  
I am where I would ever be,  
Where the nut brown beer in glasses flow,  
And pretty girls where'er we go,  
If I should get lush'd with drinking deep,  
What matter, why then I'd fill fast asleep.

I love, I love, oh how I love to lush,  
It cheers the heart and on the cheek puts a rosy blush,  
It makes the light beam in mans' eyes,  
It makes him noble, brief, and wise,  
And every goblet that he drinks,  
His cares into oblivion sinks,  
I never was on the spree before,  
But I loved the liquor more and more,  
And back I went to the fudlers' nest,  
And call'd for a quart of the landlady's best,  
For a mother she was and is to me,  
When I am on the jovial spree,

The froth was white, and black the horn,  
From which I drank John Barleycorn,  
I whistled and sung, the piper play'd,  
Whilst I held on my knee a pretty maid,  
And never was time half so sweetly beguill'd,  
As when Bacchus sat, and Venus smil'd  
I've spree'd since then, tho' I've took a wife,  
But best I love a rover's life,  
Like a butterfly for ever range,  
And never sought or sighed for change,  
And death when'er he comes to me,  
Shall come when I am on the spree.

Printed by George Walker, Jun., Sadler-street,  
Durham; and sold by John Livsey, Hanover-street,  
Shudehill, Manchester.



## A TEE-TOTAL SONG.

Let ilka drouthie neighbour, that likes a wee drap,  
Rejoice o'er the gill-stoup, and laugh o'er the cap,  
Let them boast o' their fuddle, and crack o' their spree,  
But the Tee-total job's been a guid thing for me.

I ance was as fond o' the bottle and dram,  
As ony that lives—tho' I tell't to my shame;  
I could ne'er get enough, tho' as full as the sea,  
But the Tee-total job's been a guid thing for me

How oft ha'e I drunk baith my coat, hat, and sark,  
And sat frae the morning, till it was clean dark;  
I ne'er stagger'd hame while I had a bawbee,  
But the Tee-total job's been a guid thing for me.

Wi' muckle ado I howk'd into my nest,  
When the first sleep was o'er then farewell to rest;  
For blue devils danced round me, wi' wrath in their e'e,  
But the Tee-total job's been a guid thing for me.

Then I'd rise the next morn, half dead and half daiz'd  
My head runnin' roun', an' my brain nearly craiz'd;  
Then I'd rin to de'l a drap mair for to pree,  
But the Tee-total job's been a guid thing for me.

When I got a drap mair then my care was a' gane,  
Tho' wretch like, and ragged, I care no a pin:  
Now I'm meat like and claith like, and decent to see,  
For the Tee-total job's been a guid thing for me.

Now to gang sober hame's a' my glory an' pride,  
To enjoy the comforts o' my ain fireside;  
I rise in the morning as brisk as a bee,  
For the Tee-total job's been a guid thing for me.

My house was ance cheerless, nae comfort was there,  
My beds were thin happit, my shelves they were bare;  
Now it's snug, clean, and tidy, and pleasant to see,  
For the Tee-total job's been a guid thing for me.

And my bonny wee wife that smiles in the neuk,  
How altered her temper, how changed her look,  
For now she's as happy as happy can be,  
For the Tee-total job's been a guid thing for me.

And my wee todlin's weans, ance the picture o' wants,  
When what they should eaten was a' drunk an' spent;  
Now their cheek are fresh as the braid on the lee,  
For the Tee-total job's been a guid thing for me.

A' ye wha delight in the glass or the horn,  
It will work ye a mischief as sure as ye born,  
So leave it off, an' consider what drinkers maun dree,  
For the Teetotal job's been a guid thing for me.

Durham: Printed by George Walker, Jun., Sadler-street.  
Sold by John Livsey, 43. Hanover-street Shudehill,  
Manchester.

