

A SUP OF *Good Whisky.*



A sup of good Whiskey will make you glad,
Too much of the creature will make you mad ;
If you take it in reason 'twill make you wise,
If you drink to excess it will close up your eyes ;

Yet Father and Mother,
And Sister and Brother,
They all love a sup in their turn.

Some preachers will tell you to drink is bad ;
I think so too—if there's none to be had !
The Swaddler will bid you drink none at all,
But while I can get it, a fig for them all ;

Both Laymen and Brother,
In spite of this pother,
Will all take a sup in their turn.

Some doctors will tell ye 'twill hurt your health,
The miser will say, it reduces your wealth ;
Physicians and Lawyers will both agree,
When your money's all gone they can get no fee ;

Yet Surgeon and Doctor,
And Lawyer and Proctor,
Will all take a sup in their turn.

If a soldier is drunk on his duty found,
He soon to the three legg'd horse is bound,
In the face of his regiment is obliged to strip,
But a noggin will soften a nine tailed whip !

For Serjeant and Drummer,
And likewise his Honour,
Will all take a sup in their turn.

The Turks who arrived from Port Sublime,
All told us that drinking was held a great crime ;
Yet after their dinner away they flunk,
And tiddle'd away till they got quite drunk.

The Sultan and Crommet,
And even Mahomet,
They all take sup in their turn.

The Quakers will bid from drink abstain,
By yea, and by nay, 'tis a fault in the vain ;
Yet some of the broadbrims will get to the stuff,
And tiddle away till they've tiddled enough ;

For Stiff-rump and Steady,
And Solomon's Lady,
Would all take a sup in their turn.

The German's will say they can drink the most,
The French and Italians will also boast ;
Hibernia's the country (for all their noise)
For generous drinking, and hearty boys :

There each jovial fellow,
Will drink till he's mellow,
And take off his glass in his turn.



Of all the arts the wind can blow.

Of all the arts the wind can blow
I dearly love the west,
For there the bonny lassie lives,
The lass that I love best ;
Where green woods grow and rivers flow,
And many hills between ;
Both day and night my fancy's flight,
Is ever with my Jean.

I saw her down in yonder glen,
So charming, sweet and fair ;
I heard her voice like the sweet bird's
Her music charms the air :
There's not a pretty flower that springs,
O'er meadow, shore or green,
Nor yet a bonny flower that blows,
But minds me of my Jean.

All on the banks of flowing Clyde,
When lasses dress so braw,
And when their best they have put on,
My Jean she dings them a' ;
She's a comely maid, and far exceeds
The fairest in the town,
So blythe and gay I confess and say
When drest in russet gown.

The young lambs that suck their dams,
More harmless cannot be ;
She has no fault, except you call't
A fault, her love to me :
The powers above do only know,
To whom the heart is seen,
There's none can be so dear to me,
As my sweet lovely Jean.

Blow west ye winds,
Blow soft amongst the leafy trees,
With gentle gales o'er hills and dales,
Bring home the loaded bees ;
And bring the lassie back to me,
That is so neat and clean ;
One glance of her will banish care,
She's my sweet lovely Jean.

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