

WHISTLE - BINKIE

Gen. 26,

Lo

THE GLEN COLLECTION
OF SCOTTISH MUSIC

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28th January 1927.

23 Feb 1838





X Glen 26.
WHISTLE-BINKIE;

OR, THE

PIPER OF THE PARTY:

BEING A

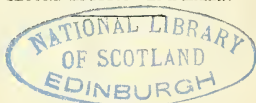
COLLECTION OF SONGS

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SECOND EDITION—ENLARGED.



GLASGOW:—DAVID ROBERTSON;

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MDCCCXXXVIII.



OUR
FIRST EDITION

“ WALKED OFF ” WITHOUT PATRONAGE OR NURSING.

Now that our favourite has attained the age of a Publisher's discretion, the Second Edition, he may be allowed to act for himself; and therefore claims the

PATRONAGE

OF


MR. WILLIAM CUNNINGHAME,
THE MOST RENOWNED WHISTLE-BINKIE
IN THE WEST;

FOR,

Whether his strains be addressed to the sprightly movements of the Dance, to rouse the patriotic feelings, or to give Wit to Music in its social and personal application, his Fiddle *bows* obedience to a master-hand.

THE EDITOR.

GLASGOW, November, 1837.



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A P O L O G Y.

THE Title given to our little work is defined in the third line of the title-page, and we do not think that another explanatory *alias* will be required.

It therefore occurred to us that the learned dissertation which prefaced the First Edition, might be profitably exchanged for some of the lyric effusions which adorn the pages of the "Laird of Logan," and forthwith waited on that humorous personage for permission to extract these portions.

With characteristic frankness and humour, he replied—
"Oh! man, tak them a'; an' tho' there were as many o' them as wad lade my pony, you were equally welcome. I wonder how it came into their heads to put sangs in my mouth—pigs may whistle, but they hae an ill made mouth for't. Thae jinglers o' rhyme, might hae been as profitably employed teaching Ailsa Craig to dance the 'Dusty Miller.'"

With many thanks for the kind permission, we in return offered our learned dissertation on Whistle Binkies, which cost us no small pains, as a compensation.—"It would be ill bred in me to refuse your gift," replied the Laird, "but I maun just say, that I think I'll hae as muckle use for't as a calf has for a Kilmarnock night-cap. I would na gi'e a pund o' real mither-wit, for a bing o' your books the size o' Loudon Hill."

WHISTLE-BINKIE, &c.

SCOTTISH TEA-PARTY.

Now let's sing how Miss M'Wharty,
T'other evening had a party,
 To have a cup of tea ;
And how she had collected
All the friends that she respected,
 All as merry as merry could be.
Dames and damsels came in dozens,
With two-three country cousins,
 In their lily-whites so gay ;
Just to sit and chitter-chatter,
O'er a cup of scalding water,
 In the fashion of the day.

(Spoken in different female voices.) 'Dear me, how hae ye been this lang time, mem?' 'Pretty weel, I thank ye, mem. How hae ye been yoursel?' 'O mem, I've been vera ill wi' the rheumatisms, and though I were your tippet, I couldna be fu'er o' stitches than I am; but whan did ye see Mrs. Pinkerton?' 'O mem, I haena seen her this lang time. Did ye no hear that Mrs. Pinkerton and I hae had a difference?' 'No, mem, I didna hear. What was't about, mem?' 'I'll tell you what it was about, mem. I gaed o'er to ca' upon her ae day, and when I gaed in, ye see, she's sitting feeding the parrot, and I says to her, Mrs. Pinkerton, how d'ye do, mem? and she never let on she heard me; and I says again, Mrs. Pinkerton, how d'ye do? I says, and wi' that she turns about, and says she, 'Mrs. M'Saunter, I'm really astonished you should come and ask me how I do, considering the manner you've ridiculed me and my husband in public companies''

‘Mrs. Pinkerton, quo’ I, what’s that ye mean, mem? and then she began and gied me a’ the ill-mannered abuse you can possibly conceive. And I just says to her, quo’ I, Mrs. Pinkerton, quo’ I, that’s no what I cam to hear, and if that’s the way ye intend to gae on, quo’ I, I wish ye gude morning, so I comes awa. Now I’ll tell ye what a’ this was about. Ye see, it was just about the term time, ye ken, they flitted aboon us, and I gaed up on the term morning to see if they wanted a kettle boiled or anything o’ that kind; and when I gaed in, Mr. Pinkerton, he’s sitting in the middle o’ the floor, and the barber’s shaving him, and the barber had laid a’ his face round wi’ the *white saip*, and Mr. Pinkerton, ye ken, has a very *red* nose, and the red nose sticking through the white saip, just put me in mind o’ a *carrot* sticking through a *collyflower*; and I very innocently happened to mention this in a party where I had been dining, and some officious body’s gane and tell’t Mrs. Pinkerton, and Mrs. Pinkerton’s ta’en this *wonderfully* amiss. What d’ye think o’ Mrs. Pinks?’ ‘Deed, mem, she’s no worth your while; but did you hear what happened to Mrs. Clapperton the ither day?’ ‘No, mem. What’s happened to her, poor body?’ ‘I’ll tell you that, mem. You see, she was coming down Montrose Street, and she had on a red pelisse and a white muff, and there’s a bubbly-jock* coming out o’ the breweree—and whether the red pelisse had ta’en the beast’s eye or no, I dinna ken, but the bubbly-jock rins after Mrs. Clapperton, and Mrs. Clapperton ran, poor body, and the bubbly-jock after her, and in crossing the causey, ye see, her fit slippet, and the muff flew frae her, and there’s a cart coming past, and the wheel o’ the cart gaes o’er the muff, and ae gentleman rins and lifts Mrs. Clapperton, and anither lifts the muff, and when he looks into the muff, what’s there, but a wee bit broken bottle, wi’ a wee soup brandy in’t; and the gentlemen fell a looking and laughing to ane anither, and they’re gaun about to their dinner parties and their supper parties, and telling about Mrs. Clapperton wi’ the bubbly-jock and the bottle o’ brandy. Now it’s vera ill done o’ the gentlemen to do any thing o’ the kind, for Mrs. Clapperton was just like to drap down wi’ perfect vexation, for she’s a body o’ that kind o’ laithfu’ kind o’ disposition, she would just as soon take aquafortis as she would take brandy in ony clandestine kind o’ manner!

* Turkey-cock.

Each gemman at his post now,
 In handing tea or toast now,
 Is striving to outshine ;
 While keen to find a handle
 To *tip* a little scandal,
 The ladies all combine ;
 Of this one's dress or carriage,
 Or t'other's death or marriage,
 The dear chit chat's kept up ;
 While the lady from the table,
 Is calling while she's able—
 “ Will you have another cup ? ”

‘ Dear me, you're no done, mem—you'll take another cup, mem—take out your spoon.’ ‘ Oh no, mem, I never take mair than ae cup upon ony occasion.’ ‘ Toots, sic nonsense.’ ‘ You may toots awa, but it's true sense, mem. And whan did ye see Mrs. Petticraw, mem ? ’ ‘ Deed, I haena seen her this lang time, and I'm no wanting to see her, she's a body o' that kind, that just gangs frae house to house gathering clashes, and gets her tea here and her tea there, and tells in your house what she hears in mine, and when she begins, she claver clavers on and on, and the claver just comes frae her as if it cam' aff a *claw*, and there's nae end o' her.’ ‘ O you maun excuse her, poor body, ye ken she's lost a' her *teeth*, and her tongue *wearies* in her mouth wantin' *company*.’ ‘ Deed they may excuse her that wants her, for it's no me. Oh ! ladies, did ye hear what's happened in Mr. M'Farlane's family ? there's an awfu' circumstance happened in that family, Mr. and Mrs. M'Farlane haevna spoken to ane anither for this fortnight, and I'll tell you the reason o't. Mrs. M'Farlane, poor body, had lost ane o' her teeth, and she gaed awa to the dentist to get a tooth put in, and the dentist showed her twa-three kinds o' them, and among the rest he showed her a Waterloo ane, and she thought she would hae a Waterloo ane, poor body. Weel the dentist puts in ane to her, and the tooth's running in her head a' day, and when she gangs to her bed at nicht, as she tells me—but I'm certain she must have been dreaming—just about ane or twa o'clock o' the morning, mem, just about ane or twa o'clock in the morning, when she looks out o' her bed, there's a *great lang* sodger

standing at the bedside, and quo' she, Man, what are ye wanting? she says. Quo' he, Mrs. M'Farlane, that's my tooth that ye've got in your mouth. Your tooth! quo' she, the very tooth that I bought the day at the dentist's! It does na matter for that, quo' he, I lost it at Waterloo. Ye lost it at Waterloo, sic nonsense! Weel, wi' that he comes forret to pit his finger into Mrs. M'Farlane's mouth to tak' the teeth out o' her mouth, and she gies a snap, and catch'd him by the finger, and he gied a great screich and took her a gowf i' the side o' the head, and that waukened her, and when she waukens, what has she gotten but Mr. M'Farlane's finger atween her teeth, and him roaring like to gang out o' his judgment!! Now, Mr. M'Farlane has been gaun about wi' his thumb in a clout, and looking as surly as a bear, for he thinks Mrs. M'Farlane had done it out o' spite, because he wadna let her buy a sofa at a sale the other day; noo it's vera ill-done o' Mr. M'Farlane to think ony thing o' that kind, as if ony woman would gang and *bite* her *ain flesh and blood* if she *kent o't*.

Miss M'Wharty, with a smile,
 Asks the ladies to beguile
 An hour with whist or loo;
 While old uncle cries "Don't plague us;
 Bring the toddy and the negus—
 We'll have a song or two."
 "Oh dear me, uncle Joseph!
 Pray do not snap ones nose off;
 You'll have toddy when your dry,
 With a little ham and chicken,
 An' some other dainty pickin'
 For the ladies, by-and-by."

'Weel, mem, how's your frien' Mrs. Howdyson coming on in thae times, when there is sae muckle influenza gaun about amang families?'
 'Mrs. Howdyson! na, ye maun ask somebody that kens better about her than I do. I hae na seen Mrs. Howdyson for three months.' 'Dear me! do ye tell me sae? you that used to be like twa sisters! how did sic a wonderfu' change as that come about?' 'Deed, mem, it was a very silly matter did it a'. Some five months since, ye see, mem (but

ye maunna be speaking about it), Mrs. Howdyson called on me ae forenoon, and after sitting awhile she drew a paper parcel out o' her muff;—Ye'll no ken what this is? said she. No, quo' I, it's no very likely. Weel, it's my worthy husband's satin brecks, that he had on the day we were married; and I'm gaun awa to Miss Gushat to get her to mak them into a bonnet for mysel, for I hae a great respect for them on account of him that's awa'. Respect! thinks I to mysel (for about this time she was spoke o' wi' Deacon Purdie), queer kind o' respect!—trying to catch a new guidman wi' a bonnet made out o' the auld ane's brecks!—but I said naething. Weel, twa or three weeks after this, I was taking a walk wi' anither lady, and wha should we meet but Mrs. Howdyson, wi' a fine, flashy, black satin bonnet on! So, we stopped, and chatted about the weather, and the great mortality that was in the town, and when shaking hands wi' her at parting, I, without meaning ony ill, gae a nod at her bonnet, and happened to say, in my thoughtless kind o' way, Is that the brecks? never mindin' at the time that there was a stranger lady wi' me. Now, this was maybe wrang in me, but considering our intimacy, I never dreamed she had ta'en't amiss—till twa three Sundays after, I met her gaun to the kirk alang wi' Miss Purdie, and I happened to hae on ane o' thae new fashionable bonnets—really, it was an elegant-shaped bonnet! and trimmed in the most tasteful and becoming manner—it was, in short, such a bonnet as ony lady might have been proud to be seen in. Weel, for a' that, mem, we hadna stood lang before she began on my poor bonnet, and called it a' the ugly-looking things she could think o', and advised me to gang hame and change it, for I looked so vulgar and daftlike in't. At length, I got nettled at her abuse, for I kent it was a' out o' spite; Mrs. Howdyson, says I, the bonnet may be baith vulgar and daftlike, as you say, but I'm no half sae vulgar or sae daftlike as I wad be, if, like *some folks*, I were gaun to the kirk wi' a *pair o' auld brecks on my head!* So, I turns on my heel and left them; but though it was the Sabbath-day, I could not help thinking to mysel—my lady, I trow I've gi'en you a lozenge to sook that'll keep you frae sleeping, better than ony confectionary you've ta'en to the kirk wi' ye this while.'

' Weel, ladies, there are some strange kind o' folks to be met with after a'. I've just been listening to your crack, and it puts me in mind

of a new-married lady I was visiting the ither day. Before she was married, she was one of the dressiest belles we had about the town; and as for changing bonnets, you would seldom meet her twice wi' the same ane on. But now, though she has been little mair than three months married, she has become one of the most idle tawpie drabs that ever was seen, and has so many romantic faucies and stupid conceits about her, that I often canna help pitying the poor husband. Besides, she kens nae mair about house matters, than if she had never heard o' sic things. She was an only dochter, you see, and, like the ewe's pet lamb, she got mair *licking* than *learning*. Just to gie ye an instance o' her management,—she told me she was making preparations for a dinner that her husband was going to give in a day or twa, and, amang ither things, she said that he wanted a turkey in ruffles.' 'Turkey in ruffles! quo' I, that's a queer kind o' a dish!' 'Queer as it is, I'll manage it.' 'I would like to see it, quo' I. So wi' that, she rings the bell and orders the servant to bring it ben. Weel, what's this but a turkey; the feathers were aff, to be sure, which showed some sma' glimmering o' sense, but the neck o' the beast was a' done up wi' fine cambric ruffles; these were to be ta'en aff, it seems, till it was roasted, and then it was to get on a' its finery again, soas to appear in full puff before the company, and this was what she called a turkey in ruffles! Dear me! quo' I, this is a way o' *dressing* a turkey I never saw before.—I'm thinking the guidman must have meant turkey and truffles.'—'Truffles!' cried she, looking like a bewildered goose, and 'what's truffles, in a' the world?' 'Just look your cookery-book, quo' I, and you'll find that truffles are no made o' cambric muslin. Now, ladies, did you ever hear such ignorance? but, better than that, she went on to tell me how she had sent the servant to the market to buy a hare, to mak soup o'; but, says she, 'what do you think the stupid creature did? instead of a hare, she brought me twa rabbits; now, ye ken, mem, rabbits dinna mak guid hare-soup.' 'No, quo' I; *hare-soup* made o' *rabbits* may be a rare dish, but it's no to my taste.' 'That's just my opinion; so, as they're gay and white in the flesh, I'm thinking just to make a bit veal-pie o' them;—what do you think o' that for economy?' 'Excellent, quo' I, if you can *manage* it.' 'But,' said she, 'I'm to hae a haggis too, as a novelty to some English gentlemen that

are to be of the party; now, I'm thinking of having the bag of the haggis died turkey-red; it's a fancy o' my ain, and I think it would astonish them; besides, it would cut such a dash on the table.' 'Dash on the table! quo' I, nae doubt it would cut a dash on the table;—but wha ever heard o' a turkey-red haggis before? Now, I think, ladies, if my frien' can either make *hare-soup* or a *veal-pye* out of a pair of *rabbits*, she'll be even a greater genius than Mrs. Howdyson, wi' her new bonnet made out o' a pair of auld breeks!

So thus to sit and chitter chatter
O'er a cup o' scalding water,
Is the fashion o' the day.

Carrick.

THE PARTING.

OH! is it thus we part,
And thus we say farewell,
As if in neither heart
Affection e'er did dwell?
And is it thus we sunder,
Without or sigh or tear,
As if it were a wonder
We e'er held other dear?
We part upon the spot,
With cold and clouded brow,
Where first it was our lot
To breathe love's fondest vow!
The vow both then did tender,
Within this hallow'd shade—
That vow, we now surrender;
Heart-bankrupts both are made!
Thy hand is cold as mine,
As lustreless thine eye;
Thy bosom gives no sign
That it could ever sigh!

Well, well ! adieu's soon spoken,
 'Tis but a parting phrase—
 Yet said, I fear heart-broken
 We'll live our after-days !

Thine eye no tear will shed,
 Mine is as proudly dry ;
 But many an aching head
 Is ours, before we die !
 From pride we both can borrow—
 To part, we both may dare—
 But the heart-break of to-morrow,
 Nor you nor I can bear ! *Motherwell*

COURTING AND CAUGHT.

My heart was joyous as a summer mead
 All clad in clover,
 When first I felt that swimming in my head
 That marks the lover.

The wildest waste, a Canaan was to me
 Of milk and honey ;
 Farther, I had not learn'd to sipple tea,
 Or count my money.

The future lay before my longing eyes
 In warm perspective,
 When straight I set about to exercise
 The right elective.

Sweet Sarah Tims, a killing, cutting thing,
 (Who now my lot is,)
 With eye-lid drooping like the turtle's wing,
 Soon caught my notice.

At first, I felt it was a cramping task
 To pop the question ;
 I fear'd the answer I might wish to ask
 Would need digestion.

But, no indeed—my dove was on the wing ;
 I said, “ Wilt do it ? ”
 “ I care not,” quoth she; “ ’tis a pleasant thing,
 Though one should rue it ! ”

THE ROSE OF THE CANONGATE.

THERE liv'd a maid in Canongate—

So say they who have seen her ;
 For me, 'tis by report I know
 For I have seldom been there.
 But so report goes on, and says,
 Her father was a Baker ;
 And she was courted by a swain
 Who was a Candle-maker.

'Tis said she long had lov'd the youth,
 And lov'd him passing well ;
 Till all at once her love grew cold,
 But why, no one could tell !
 At first he whin'd, then rav'd and blam'd
 The fair one's fickle fancies ;
 For miss's heart was led astray
 By reading of romances.

She dream'd of lords, of knights, and squires,
 And men of high degree ;
 But lords were scarce, and knights were shy,
 So ne'er a joe had she !
 Alarm'd at last, to see old age
 Was like to overtake her,
 She wrote a loving valentine
 Unto the Candle-maker.

“ She hoped,” she said, “ for her disdain
 He did not mean to slight her ;
 As she but meant to *snuff* his *flame*,
 To make it *burn* the *brighter* ! ”

You know Love's *taper* must be *trimm'd*,
 To keep it brightly *blazing* ;
 And how can that be better done,
 Than by a little *teazing* ?"

He own'd " her arguments were good,
 And *weighty* as a feather ;
 But, while in *snuffing*, she had *snuff'd*
 The *flame* out altogether !
 And, what was worse, 't was very plain,
 Her charms were sadly blighted ;
 And there was little hope that now
 Love's *taper* could be *lighted*."

With grief this *billet-doux* she read,
 And, while her heart was bleeding,
 Took three-and-ninepence from the till,
 And paid her quarter's reading.
 The stings of humbled female pride,
 Embittered every feeling
 And, next day, poor Miss Rose was found
 Suspended from the ceiling !

Now, ladies all, of every grade,
 I hope you'll here take warning ;
 And when you meet with lovers true,
 Please show some more discerning.
 You're not aware how much by *scorn*,
 The *flame* of true love suffers ;
 Yet, should you think it fit to *snuff*,
 Be *gentle* with the *snuffers*. Carrick.

MO LAOGH GEAL!*

WILT thou go, mo laogh geal,
 Mo laogh geal, mo laogh geal !

* *Mo Laogh Geal*, literally means, My White Calf. This expression, however ludicrous it may seem to the mere English reader, is to the ear of a Highlander replete with the tenderest affection.

Oh, wilt thou go, mo laogh geal!

And roam the Hielan' mountains?

I'll be kind as kind can be,

I will daut thee tenderlie,

In my plaid or on my knee,

Amang the Hielan' mountains.

Oh, wilt thou go, mo laogh geal, &c.

Heather-beds are saft and sweet,

Mo laogh geal, mo laogh geal!

Love and ling will be our meat,

Amang the Hielan' mountains.

And when the sun goes out o' view

O' kisses there will be nae few,

Wi' usqueba and bonnaeh dhu,

Amang the Hielan' mountains.

Oh, wilt thou go, &c.

Neither house nor ha' hae I,

Mo laogh geal, mo laogh geal!

But heather bed and starry sky,

Amang the Hielan' mountains.

Yet in my lee you'll lye fu snug,

While there is neither flae nor bug,

Shall dare to nip your bonny lug,

Amang the Hielan' mountains.

Oh, wilt thou go, &c.

Berries, now by burn and brae,

Mo laogh geal, mo laogh geal!

Are sweet'ning in the simmer ray,

Amang the Hielan' mountains.

For thee the blaekest I will pu',

And if they stain your bonny mou',

I'll bring it to its rosy hue,

Wi' kisses 'mang the mountains.

Oh, wilt thou go, &c.

Your mither's dozin' at her wheel,
 Mo laogh geal, mo laogh geal !
 The boatie waits, then let us steal
 Awa to the Hielan' mountains.
 Look cross the sea to Brodick Bay,
 The moon with silver paves the way,
 Let's keep her path, we canna stray,
 'Twill lead us to the mountains.
 Oh, wilt thou go, &c.

Carrick.

WEE TAMMIE TWENTY.

TUNE—*Gee Wo, Neddy.*

THERE'S Wee Tammie Twenty, the auld tinkler bodie,
 Comes here twice a-year wi' his creels and his cuddy,
 Wi' Nanny his wifie, sae gudgy an' duddy,
 It's hard to say whilk is the queerest auld bodie.

CHORUS—Sing gee wo, Neddy,
 Heigh ho, Neddy,
 Gee wo, Neddy,
 Gee hup an' gee wo.

He works brass and copper, an' a' sic like mettles,
 Walds broken brass pans, southers auld copper kettles ;
 Wi' ilka auld wifie he gossips and tattles,
 An' ilka young lassie he coaxes an' pettles.

Sing gee wo, Neddy, &c.

Fou stievely he clouts up auld broken-wind bellows,
 Or mends, wi' brass clasps, broken-ribb'd umbrellas ;
 An' sic sangs he can sing, an' sic stories can tell us,—
 I trow but Wee Tammie's the king o' guid fellows.

Sing gee wo, Neddy, &c.

Auld Nan's second-sighted, she sees far and clearly,
 Foretells ilka waddin' a towmond or nearly ;
 Can tell ilka lad the bit lass he lo'es dearly,
 An' gin the bit lassie lo'es him as sincerely.

Sing gee wo, Neddy, &c.

She tells ilka auld maid she yet may recover ;
 She tells ilka gillfirt some slee chiel will move her ;
 Ilka dark black-e'ed beauty she spaes a wild rover,
 An' ilka blue-e'ed ane, a true-hearted lover.

,Sing gee wo, Neddy, &c.

Ilka wanton young widow she spaes a brave sodger,
 Ilka thrifty landlady her best paying lodger,
 Ilka fat-leggit hen-wife an auld dodgin' cadger,
 An' ilka yillhouse wife an' auld half-pay gaudger.

Sing gee wo, Neddy, &c.

At night they get fou in auld Watty Macfluster's,
 Whaur a' the young belles sparkle round them like lustres,
 An' a' the young beaux gather round them in clusters,
 An' mony brow waddin's made up at their musters.

Sing gee wo, Neddy, &c.

They'd a humph-backit laddie, they ne'er had anither,
 Could coax like the faither, an' spae like the mither ;
 He'd the craft o' the tane, an' the wit o' the tither,
 There ne'er was sic mettle e'er souther'd thegither.

Sing gee wo, Neddy, &c.

He could spout a' last speeches, could sing a' new ballants,
 Could mimic a' tongues, frae the Highlants or Lawlants,
 Grew grit wi' the lasses, an' great wi' the callants,
 An' a' bodie laugh'd at the wee deilie's talents.

Sing gee wo, Neddy, &c.

But what think ye the gillie did here the last simmer ?
 He ran aff wi' Maggy, the young glaikit limmer,
 Syne stole a bit pursie to deck out the kimmer,
 An' was sent ower the seas to the felling o' timmer.

Sing gee wo, Neddy, &c.

[*Slow and with feeling.*]

Nae mair the aul' bodies look hearty an' cheerie,
 For the loss o' their callant they're dowrie and eerie ;

They canna last lang, for their hearts are sae weary,
An' their lang day o' life closes darksome and dreary.

Sing gee wo, Neddy, &c.

James Ballantine, Edinburgh.

A BRITISH SAILOR'S SONG.

A SHIP! a ship! a gallant ship! the foe is on the main!
A ship! a gallant ship! to bear our thunder forth again!
Shall the stripes, and stars, or tricolor, in triumph sweep
the sea,

While the flag of Britain waves aloft, the fearless and the
free?

Nobly she comes in warlike trim, careering through the
wave,

The hope, the home, the citadel of Britain and the brave!
Well may the sailor's heart exult, as he gazes on the sight,
To murmur forth his country's name, and think upon her
might.

How proudly does the footstep rise upon the welcome deck,
As if at every pace we trod upon a foeman's neck!

Hurrah! hurrah! let mast and yard before the tempest bend,
The sceptre of the deep from us, nor storm nor foe shall rend.

Our country's standard floats above, the ocean breeze to
greet,

And her thunder sleeps in awful quiet beneath our tramp-
ling feet;

But let a foeman fling abroad the banner of his wrath,
And a moment will awake its roar to sweep him from our
path!

No foreign tyrant ever through our wooden bulwarks broke,
No British bosom ever quailed within our walls of oak;

Let banded foes and angry seas around our ship conspire,
To tread our glorious decks, would turn the coward's blood
to fire!

Out every reef ! let plank, and spar, and rigging crack again !
 Let a broad belt of snow surround our pathway through the
 main ;

High to the straining top-mast nail the British ensign fast—
 We may go down, but never yield, and *it* shall sink the last.

Our country's cause is in our arms, but her love is in our
 souls,

And by the deep that underneath our bounding vessel rolls—
 By heaven above, and earth below, to the death for her
 we'll fight ;—

Our Queen and country is the word !—and God defend the
 right !

E. Pinkerton.

THE FRUIT OF OLD IRELAND.

SOME sing of roast beef, and some sing of kail brose,
 And some praise plum pudding, the Englishman's dose ;
 Such poets, we think, should be counted our foes
 When they name not the fruit of old Ireland—the beauti-
 ful nice Irish fruit.

This sweet little plant is the choicest of fruit,
 It grows not on branches, but lies at the root,
 So modest and humble, its just at your foot—
 The elegant fruit of old Ireland—the beautiful sweet Irish
 fruit.

When evening sets in Paddy puts on the pot,
 To boil the dear praties and serve them up hot ;
 His sweet little hearth-stone is then the dear spot
 Where you meet with the fruit of old Ireland—the beauti-
 ful nice Irish fruit.

And then he sets out full of praties and love,
 To court his own Judy the sweet turtle dove ;
 One would think him inspired by young Cupid above,
 But its nought but the fruit of old Ireland—the beautiful
 nice Irish fruit.

For down by her side he so bouldly will sit,
 And tell how his heart has been bothered and smit,
 Peace or quiet in this world he can ne'er get a bit,
 For she's loved like the fruit of old Ireland—the beautiful
 nice Irish fruit.

So the heart of poor Judy is melted like fat,
 When thus its besieged by young flattering Pat,
 Och! he swears that his life is not worth an old hat,
 For she's dear as the fruit of old Ireland—the beautiful
 nice Irish fruit.

Have ye e'er been in Ireland, at Dublin or Clare,
 Or passed half a night at a wake or a fair?
 Oh! the beautiful fruit that we often see there,
 Is the pride and the glory of Ireland—the elegant nice Irish
 fruit.

If e'er in that country you go to a feast,
 Or sit down to dinner with bishop or priest,
 Be assured, that at table there's one dish at least,
 Containing the fruit of old Ireland—the elegant nice Irish
 fruit.

But to sing all the wonders produced by this root,
 How it's prized by each man, woman, child, and poor brute,
 Would require Homer's powers; then, hurra, for the fruit,
 The beautiful fruit of old Ireland—the elegant nice Irish
 fruit.

KATE M'LUSKY.

ATR—“St. Patrick was a Gentleman.”

TALK not of Venus, or the love of any heathen creature,
 Of nightingales, or turtle-doves, that bother human nature;
 But talk to me, and don't depart from morning till it's
 dusky,
 Concerning her who stole my heart, the charming Kate
 M'Lusky.

She's never absent night or day,
 As through the world I wander ;
 And thus I pine my time away,
 Like any gooseless gander.

Oh! Kitty's eyes are black as jet, her cheeks are red as roses,

Her lips with pearls round are set, her ringlets are like posies ;

Her praises I could sit and sing, till roaring make me husky,
 I never, never shall forget, the darling Kate M'Lusky !

She's never absent night or day, &c.

Sweet Kitty dear ! when first we met, ye were so young and simple,

You had a most bewitching step, and on each cheek a dimple ;

And then the fragrance of your breath, it was so sweet and musky,

Oh, murder ! but she'll be my death, the jewel Kate M'Lusky.

She's never absent night or day, &c.

I've wander'd many a weary mile, around the Irish nation,
 And hundreds I have made to smile, of the female generation ;

But Kitty she has made me weep, in sorrow's weeds I'll busk me—

My heart is broken most complete, with cruel Kate M'Lusky.

She's never absent night or day, &c.

O Kitty ! if ye wont relent, ye will commit a murder,
 My ghost will make the jade repent, at midnight I'll disturb her ;

I'll search me out a great big tree, and hang on't till I'm fusty,

That all the gaping world may see I'm kill'd with Kate M'Lusky.

She's never absent night or day, &c.

Good people all, both great and small, behold my situation,
 Just kick'd about like some foot-ball, for Kitty's recreation ;
 Oh ! may the wicked heartless jade, be single till she's
 musty,
 And at fourscore be still a maid, the unmarried Miss
 M'Lnsky.

Then should she haunt me night and day,
 As through the world I wander ;
 If I be gooseless, folks will say,
 Ould Kate has got no gander.

JAMIE M'NAB.*

GAE find me a match for blythe Jamie M'Nab ;
 Ay, find me a match for blythe Jamie M'Nab ;
 The best piece o' *stuff* cut frae Nature's ain *wab*,
 Is that Prince o' gude fallows—blythe Jamie M'Nab.

In her kindest mood Madam Nature had been,
 When first on this world Jamie open'd his een ;
 For he ne'er gied a whimper, nor utter'd a sab,
 But hame he cam' laughin'—blythe Jamie M'Nab.

In process o' time Jamie grew up apace,
 And still play'd the smile on his round honest face,
 Except when a tear, like a pure hinny-blab,
 Was shed o'er the wretched by Jamie M'Nab.

And Jamie is still just the best o' gude chiels—
 Wi' the cheerfu' he laughs, wi' the waefu' he feels ;
 And the very last shilling that's left in his fab,
 He'll share wi' the needfu'—blythe Jamie M'Nab.

Blythe Jamie M'Nab is sae furthy and free,
 While he's cracking wi' you, while he's joking wi' me,

* Connected with the Glasgow Herald Newspaper, and well entitled to the high praise awarded to him by the Poet.

That I ne'er wad wish better than twa hour's confab
Owre a horn o' gude yill wi' blythe Jamie M'Nab,

Blythe Jamie M'Nab is nae thin airy ghaist,
For he measures an ell-and-twa-thirds round the waist ;
Yet a wittier wag never trod on a slab,
Than that kind-hearted billie—blythe Jamie M'Nab.

Yes, Jamie has *bulk*, yet it damps not his glee,
But his flashes o' fancy come fervid and free ;
As bright frae his brain, as if lively " Queen Mab"
Held nightly communings wi' Jamie M'Nab.

He tells sic queer stories, and rum funny jokes,
And mak's sic remarks upon a' public folks,
That Time rattles by like a beau in a cab,
While sitting and list'ning to Jamie M'Nab.

I carena for Tory—I carena for Whig—
I mindna your Radical raver a fig ;
But gie me the man that is staunch as a stab
For the rights o' his CASTE, like blythe Jamie M'Nab.

Amang the soft sex, too, he shows a fine taste,
By admiring what's handsome, and lovely and chaste ;
But the lewd tawdry trollop, the tawpie, and drab,
Can never find favour wi' Jamie M'Nab.

Some folks, when they meet you, are wonderfu' fair,
And wad hug you as keen as an auld Norway bear ;
The next time they see you, they're sour as a crab—
That's never the gate wi' blythe Jamie M'Nab.

No !—Jamie is ever the same open wight,
Aye easy, aye pleasant, frae morning till night ;
While ilk man, frae my Lord down to plain simple Hab,
Gets the same salutation frae Jamie M'Nab.

Had mankind at large but the tithe o' his worth,
We then might expect a pure heaven on earth ;
Nae rogues then would fash us wi' *grip* and wi' *grab*,
But a' wad be neebours—like Jamie M'Nab.

Lang, lang hae blythe Jamie and Samuel* the sage,
 Together sped on to the ripeness of age ;
 But “ *live by the way*”—(we must needs pick and dab)
 Is the motto of Samuel and Jamie M‘Nab.

And on may they speed as they’ve hitherto done,
 And lang rin the course they have hitherto run ;
 Wi’ a pound in their pouch and a watch in their fob,
 Sage Samuel the soncy—blythe Jamie M‘Nab.

Yes—lang may the SONCY GUEDEMAN o’ the *Herald*,
 Wi’ Jamie M‘Nab, wauchle on through this world ;
 And when, on life’s e’ening, cauld death steeks his gab,
 May he mount up on high—wi’ blythe Jamie M‘Nab.

Alex. Rodger.

LOVE’S DIET.

TELL me, fair maid, tell me truly,
 How should infant Love be fed ;
 If with dew-drops, shed so newly
 On the bright green clover blade ;
 Or, with roses pluck’d in July,
 And with honey liquored ?
 Oh, no ! oh, no !
 Let roses blow,
 And dew-stars to green blade cling :
 Other fare,
 More light and rare,
 Befits that gentlest nursling.

Feed him with the sigh that rushes
 ’Twi’ sweet lips, whose muteness speaks
 With the eloquence that flushes
 All a heart’s wealth o’er soft cheeks ;

* Samuel Hunter, Esq., late Editor.

Feed him with a world of blushes,
 And the glance that shuns, yet seeks:
 For, 'tis with food,
 So light and good,
 That the spirit-child is fed;
 And with the tear
 Of joyous fear
 That the small elf's liquored. *Motherwell.*

THE BUMPER.

SOME rail against drinking, and say 'tis a sin
 To tipple the juice of the vine;
 But as 'tis allow'd that we all have our faults,
 I wish no other fault may be mine.
 But mark me good fellows, I don't mean to say,
 That always to tipple is right;
 But 'tis wisdom to drown the dull cares of the day,
 In a bowl with old cronies at night.

See yon husbandman labours with care on the plain,
 Yet his face is lit up with a smile,
 For the whisp'rings of hope tell again and again,
 That harvest rewards all his toil.
 Just so 'tis with us, tho' we labour with pain,
 Yet we hear with unmingled delight,
 The whisperings of hope tell again and again,
 Of a harvest of pleasure at night.

How soothing it is, when we bumper it up,
 To a friend on a far distant shore,
 Or how sweetly it tastes, when we flavour the cup,
 With the name of the maid we adore!
 Then here's to the maid, then, and here's to the friend,
 May they always prove true to their plight,
 May their days glide as smooth and as merrily round,
 As the bumpers we pledge them to-night. *Carrick.*

A MOTHER'S ADVICE.

DONAL's her pairn, no more sons will she had,
 He'll pe laird o' the stirk whan her's gane,
 An' that will be soon, for her's doitet and done,
 And the preath in her throat made her grane;
 Deed, ay, my good lad!

The preath in her throat made her grane.

My poor poy! there's a lump in her throat, that she's sure will
 turn't out a presumption!—an' all the doctors in the college canna
 tak' it out.

Now Donal, poor lad! you'll never pe blate,
 But teuk your auld mither's advice;
 Mark weel what ye say, her commands weel obey,
 An' I'll warrant I'll got her a wifes!
 Deed will I, my good lad!
 An' I'll warrant I'll got her a wife.

Her praw new hose she'll maun be surely put on,
 She'll sure tey're no tatter nor torn;
 Her brow new hose, will suit her new clothes,
 An' they'll thocht her a shentlemans born!
 Deed will they, my bonnie pairn,
 They'll thocht you a shentlemans born.

When Donal, poor lad! put on her new clothes—
 Hooh, wow! but the laddie look spree!
 He'll roar an' he'll dance, an' he'll kicket an' he'll prance!
 Hugh! there's nocht but a ladies for me!
 Deed no, my good lad!
 There's nocht but a ladies for thee.

Now Donal, poor lad! he'll gone up the street,
 An' he'll meet farmer's tochter called Grace,
 He'll no pe shust taen ony kisses but ane,
 Whan she'll teuk him a slap on the face.

Deed did she, ta vile jade! she'll teuk him a slap on the face. Oh,
 the drunken trouster, to offer so to my Donal, decent lad! She should

be catch and procht to shail, and put shame on her face for a years to come.

But now sin' my Donal a-woosing has gane,
 To muckle Meg Dhu o' Loch-sloy;
 She's blin' o' an e'e, an' her mouth stan's a-jee,
 An' a hump on her shouther like buoy.

Deed has she, poor creature! She has a hump on her shouther, like ta ship's buoy; but never mind, Donal, shust got ta money, a great daud o' grund to buy, though she's as ugly as ta *foul tief*.

Now she'll pray, an' she'll wish tat weel she may be,
 Since Donal ta wifes now has got;
 Although she's no beauty, she can do her duty,
 An' Donal's content wi' his lot!
 Deed is he, good lad!
 And Donal's content wi' his lot.

SHON M'NAB.

TUNE—"For a' that an' a' that."

NAINSEL pe Maister Shon M'Nab,
 Pe auld's ta forty-five, man,
 And mony troll affairs she's seen,
 Since she was born alive, man;
 She's seen the warl' turn upside down,
 Ta shentleman turn poor man,
 And him was ance ta beggar loon,
 Get knocker 'pon him's door, man.
 She's seen ta stane bow't owre ta purn,
 And syne be ca'd ta prig, man;
 She's seen ta whig ta tory turn,
 Ta tory turn ta whig, man;
 But a' ta troll things she pe seen,
 Wad teuk twa days to tell, man,
 So, gin you likes, she'll told your shust
 Ta story 'bout hersel, man:—

Nainsel was first ta herd ta kyes,
 'Pon Morven's ponnie praes, man,
 Whar tousand pleasant tays she'll spent,
 Pe pu ta nits and slaes, man ;
 An' ten she'll pe ta *herring-poat*,
 An' syne she'll pe fish-cod, man,
 Ta place tey'll call Newfoundhims-land,
 Pe far peyont ta proad, man.

But, och-hon-ee ! one misty night,
 Nainsel will lost her way, man,
 Her poat was trown'd, hersel got fright,
 She'll mind till dying day, man.
 So fait ! she'll pe fish-cod no more,
 But back to Morven cam', man,
 An' tere she turn ta whisky still,
 Pe prew ta wee trap tram, man :

But foul pefa' ta gauger loon,
 Pe put her in ta shail, man,
 Whar she wad stood for mony a tay,
 Shust 'cause she no got bail, man ;
 But out she'll got—nae matters hoo,
 And came to Glasgow town, man,
 Whar tousand wonders *mhor* she'll saw,
 As she went up and down, man.

Ta first thing she pe wonder at,
 As she cam down ta street, man,
 Was man's pe traw ta cart himsel,
 Shust 'pon him's nain twa feet, man ;
 Och on ! och on ! her nainsel thought,
 As she wad stood and glower, man,
 Puir man ! if they mak you ta *horse*—
 Should gang 'pon a' your *four*, man.
 And when she turned ta corner round,
 Ta black man tere she see, man,

Pe grund ta music in ta kist,
 And sell him for pawpee, man ;
 And aye she'll grund, and grund, and grund,
 And turn her mill about, man,
 Pe strange ! she will put nothing in,
 Yet aye teuk music out, man.
 And when she'll saw ta people's walk,
 In crowds along ta street, man,
 She'll wonder whar tey a' got spoons
 To sup teir pick o' meat, man ;
 For in ta place whar she was porn,
 And tat right far awa, man,
 Ta teil a spoon in a' ta house,
 But only ane or twa, man.
 She glower to see ta Mattams, too,
 Wi' plack clout 'pon teir face, man,
 Tey surely tid some graceless teed,
 Pe in sic black disgrace, man ;
 Or else what for tey'll hing ta clout,
 Owre prow, and cheek, and chin, man,
 If no for shame to show teir face,
 For some ungodly sin, man ?
 Pe strange to see ta wee bit kirn,
 Pe jaw the waters out, man,
 And ne'er rin dry, though she wad rin
 A' tay like mountain spout, man ;
 Pe stranger far to see ta lamps,
 Like spunkies in a raw, man ;
 A' pruntin' pright for want o' oil,
 And teil a wick awa, man.
 Ta Glasgow folk be unco folk,
 Hae tealings wi' ta teil, man,—
 Wi' fire tey grund ta tait o' woo,
 Wi' fire tey card ta meal, man ;
 Wi' fire tey spin, wi' fire tey weave,
 Wi' fire do ilka turn, man,

Na, some o' tem will eat ta fire,
 And no hum's pelly purn, man.

Wi' fire tey mak' ta coach pe rin,
 Upon ta railman's raw, man,
 Nainsel will saw him teuk ta road,
 An' teil a horse to traw, man ;
 Anither coach to Paisley rin,
 Tey'll call him Lauchie's motion,
 But oich ! she was plawn a' to bits,
 By rascal rogue M'Splosion.

Wi' fire tey mak' ta vessels rin
 Upon ta river Clyde, man,
 She saw't hersel, as sure's a gun,
 As she stood on ta side, man :
 But gin you'll no pelieve her word,
 Gang to ta Proomielaw, man,
 You'll saw ta ship wi' twa mill-wheels,
 Pe grund ta water sma', man.

Oich ! sic a town as Glasgow town,
 She never see pefore, man,
 Ta houses tere pe mile and mair,
 Wi' names 'poon ilka toor, man.
 An' in teir muckle windows tere,
 She'll saw't, sure's teath, for sale, man,
 Praw shentleman's pe want ta head,
 An' leddies want ta tail, man.

She wonders what ta peoples do,
 Wi' a' ta praw things tere, man,
 Gie her ta prose, ta kilt, an' hose,
 For tem she wadna care, man.
 And aye gie her ta pickle sneesh,
 And wee drap parley pree, man,
 For a' ta praws in Glasgow town,
 She no gie paw-prown-pee, man.

MAGGY AND WILLIE.

TUNE—"Whistle an' I'll come to ye, my lad."

CHORUS.

O, what wud I do gin my Maggy were dead?
 O, what wud I do gin my Maggy were dead?
 This wud e'en be a wearifu' warld indeed,
 To me, gin my ain canny Maggy were dead.

Bairns brought up thegither, baith nursed on ae knee,
 Baith slung owre ae cuddy, fu' weel did we gree;
 Tho' I was born armless, an' aye unco wee,
 My Maggy was muckle an' bunted for me.

O, what wud I do? &c.

When she grew a woman an' I grew a man,
 She graspit my stump, for I hadna a han',
 An' we plighted our troth owre a big bag o' skran,
 Thegither true hearted to beg thro' the lan'.

O, what wud I do? &c.

Tho' whiles when the skran and the siller are rife,
 We baith may get fou, we ne'er hae ony strife;
 To me she ne'er lifted her han' in her life,
 An' whaur is the loon that can brag sic a wife?

O, what wud I do? &c.

O, Maggy is pure as a young Papist nun,
 An she's fond o' her will as the wean o' its fun,
 As the wight o' his drink, or the wit o' his pun—
 There's no sic anither Meg under the sun.

O, what wud I do? &c.

Mony big loons hae hecited to wyle her awa,
 Baith thumblers and tumblers and tinklers an' a';
 But she jeers them, an' tells them her Willie tho' sma',
 Has mair in his buik than the best o' them a'.

O, what wud I do? &c.

I'm feekless, an' frien'less, distorted an' wec,
 Canna cast my ain claes, nor yet claw my ain knee ;
 But she kens to my wants, an' does a'thing for me,
 Gin I wantit my Maggy I'm sure I wud dee.

Then, what wud I do, gin my Maggy were dead ?
 O, what wud I do, gin my Maggy were dead ?
 This wud e'en be a wearifu' warld indeed,
 To me, gin my ain canny Maggie were dead.

James Ballantine, Edin.

LAUGH AN' BE THANKFU'.

COME sit down, my cronies, and gie us your crack,
 Let the win' tak the care o' this worl' on its back ;
 The langer we sit here and drink, the merrier will we get—
 We've aye been provided for, an' sae will we yet.

Then bring us a tankard o' nappy guid ale,
 To cheer up our hearts, and enliven our tale ;
 Till the house be rinnin' roun' about, its time enough to flit—
 We've aye been provided for, and sae will we yet.

May the taxes come aff, that the drink may be cheap,
 And the yill be as plentiful as 'gin it were a spate ;
 May the enemies o' liberty ere lang get a kick
 They've aye gott'nt hitherto, and sae shall they yet.

Now, God bless the Queen, an' aye prosper her days,
 For I'm sure that Her Majesty has baith meat an' claes ;
 And lang on the throne o' her faithers may she sit—
 They've aye been provided for, and sae will they yet.

Then push round the jorum, an' tak aff your dram,
 An' laugh an' be thankfu' as lang as ye can—
 For seed-time and harvest ye ever shall get,
 When ye fell ye aye got up again, and sae will ye yet.

THE TWAL O' AUGUST.

SHE'LL taen't ta gun upon her shouther,
 A pock o' lead upon the 'other,
 An' she'll had her horn weel fill wi' pouter,
 Upon the Twal o' August.

For, oh but she's fond o' shooting !
 Fond, fond, fond o' shooting ;
 Oh but she's fond o' shooting,
 Upon the Twal o' August.

Twa ponny tog rin at her heel,
 An' oh tey'll snock the burd out weel,
 She'll no be fear for man nor Deil,
 Upon the Twal o' August.

For, oh but, &c.

Ta first tey'll call'd her Cailach Mohr,
 Ta noter's name was Pruach Vohr,
 An' troth tey'll rais't a ponny splore,
 Upon the Twal o' August.

For, oh but, &c.

Wi' pouter tan, she'll sharge ta gun,
 An' tan she'll ram't in lead a pun',
 Tan threw't her gun the shouther on,
 Upon the Twal o' August.

For, oh but, &c.

She'll gang't a bit an' rise ta purd,
 Another tan, an' tan a third ;
 But aye to shot, she maist turn't fear'd,
 Upon the Twal o' August.

For, oh but, &c.

She'll teuk't ta gun up ta her shouther,
 An' whether ta fright, or n'else the pouter,
 But o'er she'll fa't an' maist turn smother,
 Upon the Twal o' August.

For, oh but, &c.

She'll fa'at back on a muckle stane,
 An' roar't a grunt, an' tan a grane,
 An' she'll thocht her back had lost ta bane,
 Upon the Twal o' August.

For, oh but, &c.

Poor Pruach Vohr, he was 'nock plin,
 An' aff his head was blaw the skin ;
 He'll youll't a squeel, an' aff he'll rin,
 Upon the Twal o' August.

For, oh but, &c.

She'll ne'er will go a-shooting more,
 To kill ta purds, an' tats what for ;
 Ta peoples say, ta plum was sour,
 Upon the Twal o' August.

For, oh but she's tire o' shooting !

Tire, tire, weary shooting !

For she'll shot her tog, an' lam't hersel,
 Upon the Twal o' August.

A. Fisher,

IRISH LOVE SONG.

OH ! what a beautiful bit of mortality,
 Sweet Judy O'Flannigan is unto me ;
 The world must allow her angelic reality,
 The like of my Judy I never shall see.
 Her manner is free from all low vulgarity,
 So politely genteel, unaffected, and free ;
 To see her and think of a moment's neutrality,
 You might just as well go dance a jig on the sea.
 O smile on me, Judy ! with some partiality,
 For the brains in my skull have been all set a-jee ;
 Else I soon shall be dead, that's an end to vitality,
 Broken-hearted and murder'd, your Paddy will be !

And pray, where the deuce did ye get your morality ?

Would you like your poor Paddy to hang on a tree ?
Sure, Judy, that would be a bit of rascality,

While the daws and the crows would be pecking at me !
O name but the day, without more *botherality*,

Then the happiest of mortals your Paddy will be ;
Ere a year will go round, ye'll have more *motherality*,
And that the whole town of Kilkenny will see !

Then we'll laugh, dance, and sing with true conviviality,
While the rafters would ring to the noise of our spree ;
And our hearts will be beating with congeniality,
When Judy and Paddy they married shall be !

Oh what a beautiful bit of mortality,
Sweet Judy O'Flannigan is unto me ;
The world must allow her angelic reality,
The like of my Judy I never shall see !

BONNY FLORY.

I've lodged wi mony a browster wife,
And pree't her bonny mou' ;
But the coshest wife that e'er I met,
Was Mistress Dougal Dhu.
But Mistress Dougal's no for me,
Though always kind I've thought her ;
My pleasure is to sit beside
Her rosy-cheekit dochter.
To me, sweet Flory's wee bit mou'
Is never out o' season ;
An' if ye'll hover but a blink,
I will explain the reason :
Her breath's the balmy breath o' *Spring*,
Her tongue kind *Hairst* discloses,
Her teeth show *Winter's* flakes o' snaw
Set round wi' *Simmer's* roses.

Then I'll awa to the Hielan' hills,
 Whar heather-bells are springing ;
 And sit beside some waterfa',
 And hear the linties singing ;
 And while they sing their sang o' love,
 Frae 'neath their leafy cover,
 I'll press sweet Flory to my breast,
 And vow myself her lover !
 The bustled beauty may engage,
 The dandy in his corset ;
 But I'm content wi' Hielan' worth,
 In hodden-grey and worset.
 And if she'll gie her wee bit han',
 Although it's hard and hackit,
 Yet, heart to heart, and loof to loof,
 A bargain we shall mak it.

Carrick.

THE MUIRLAN' COTTARS.

“THE snaw flees thicker o'er the muir, and heavier grows the
 lift ;
 The shepherd closer wraps his plaid to screen him frae the
 drift ;
 I fear this nicht will tell a tale amang our foldless sheep,
 That will mak mony a farmer sigh—God grant nae widows
 weep.
 I'm blythe, guidman, to see you there, wi' elshin an' wi'
 lingle,
 Sae eydent at your cobbling wark beside the cosie ingle ;
 It brings to mind that fearfu' nicht, i' the spring that's now
 awa,
 When you was carried thowless hame frae 'neath a wreath
 o' snaw.
 That time I often think upon, an' mak' it aye my care.
 On nights like this, to snod up a' the beds we hae to spare ;

In case some drift-driven strangers come forfoughten to our
bield,

An' welcome, welcome they shall be to what the house can
yield.

'Twas God that saved you on that nicht, when a' was black
despair,

An' gratitude is due to him for makin' you his care ;

Then let us show our grateful sense of the kindness he be-
stowed,

An' cheer the poor wayfaring man that wanders frae his
road.

There's cauld and drift without, guidman, might drive a
body blin',

But, Praise be blessed for a' that's gude, there's meat and
drink within ;

An' be he beggar be he prince, that Heaven directs this way,
His bed it shall be warm and clean, his fare the best we hae."

The gudeman heard her silentlie, an' threw his elshin by,
For his kindlie heart began to swell, and the tear was in
his eye ;

He rose and pressed his faithfu' wife, sae loving to his breast,
While on her neck a holy kiss his feelings deep expressed.

" Yes, Mirran, yes, 'twas God himself that helped us in
our strait,

An' gratitude is due to him—his kindness it was great ;

An' much I thank thee thus to mak' the stranger's state
thy care,

An' bless thy tender heart, for sure the grace of God is there."

Nor prince nor beggar was decreed their kindness to partake ;

The hours sped on their stealthy pace as silent as the flake ;

Till on the startled ear there came a feeble cry of wo,

As if of some benighted one fast sinking in the snow.

But help was near—an' soon a youth, in hodden grey attire,

Benumbed with cold, extended, lay before the cottar's fire ;

Kind Mirran thow'd his frozen hands, the guidman rubbed
his breast,

An' soon the stranger's glowin' cheeks returning life confess'd.

How aft it comes the gracious deeds which we to others show
Return again to our own hearts wi' joyous overflow !

So fared it with our simple ones, who found the youth to be
Their only son, whom they were told had perish'd far at sea.

The couch they had with pious care for some lone stranger
spread—

Heaven gave it as a resting-place for their lov'd wanderer's
head :

Thus aft it comes the gracious deeds which we to others
show,

Return again to our own hearts with joyous overflow.

Carrick.

BEHAVE YOURSEL' BEFORE FOLK.

AIR—Good morrow to your night cap.

BEHAVE yoursel' before folk,

Behave yoursel' before folk,

And dinna be sae rude to me,

As kiss me sae before folk.

It wadna gie me meikle pain,

Gin we were seen and heard by nane,

To tak' a kiss, or grant you ane ;

But, guidsake ! no before folk.

Behave yoursel' before folk,

Behave yoursel' before folk ;

Whate'er you do, when out o' view,

Be cautious aye before folk.

Consider, lad, how folk will crack,

And what a great affair they'll mak',

O' naething but a simple smack,

That's gi'en or ta'en before folk.

Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk ;
 Nor gi'e the tongue o' auld or young
 Occasion 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.

Ye 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 ha'e 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 you 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, bluid, flesh and bane,
Ye may tak' ten—before folk.

Alex. Rodger.

THE ANSWER.

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 sic a pawkie coaxing way,
That my poor wits ye lead astray,
An' ding me doilt before folk !

Can I behave, &c.

Can I behave, &c.

While ye ensnare, can I forbear
A-kissing, though before folk ?

Can I behold that dimpling cheek,
Whar love 'mang sunny smiles might beck,
Yet, howlet-like, my e'e-lids 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, though 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 smaek—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 anehorite

Could scarce desist—before folk ?

But after a' that has been said,
Since ye are willing to be wed,

We'll hae a " blythesome bridal" made,
 When ye'll be mine befor e 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 !

Alex. Rodger.

JEANIE MORRISON.

I've wander'd east, I've wander'd west,
 Through mony a weary way ;
 But never, never, can forget
 The luv e o' life's young day !
 The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'on,
 May weel be black gin Yule ;
 But blacker fa' awaits the heart
 Where first fond luv e grows cule.
 O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
 The thochts o' bygone years
 Still fling their shadows ower my path,
 And blind my een wi' tears :
 They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
 And sair and sick I pine,
 As memory idly summons up
 The blithe blinks o' langsyne.
 'Twas then we luvit ilk ith er weel,
 'Twas then we twa did part ;
 Sweet time—sad time ! twa bairns at schule,
 Twa bairns, and but ae heart !
 'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,
 To leir ilk ith er lear ;
 And tones, and looks, and smiles were sh ed,
 Remember'd ever mair.
 I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
 When sitting on that bink,

Cheek touchin' cheek, loof lock'd in loof,

What our wee heads could think ?

When baith bent doun ower ae braid page,

Wi' ae buik on our knee,

Thy lips were on thy lesson, but

My lesson was in thee.

Oh mind ye how we hung our heads,

How cheeks brent red wi' shame,

Whene'er the schule-weans, laughin', said,

We cleek'd thegither hame ?

And mind ye o' the Saturdays,

(The schule then skail't at noon),

When we ran aff to speel the braes—

The broomy braes o' June ?

My head rins round and round about,

My heart flows like a sea,

As ane by ane the thochts rush back

O' schule-time and o' thee.

Oh, mornin' life ! Oh, mornin' luve !

Oh, lichtsome days and lang,

When hinnied hopes around our hearts,

Like simmer blossoms, sprang !

O mind ye, luve, how aft we left

The deavin' dinsome toun,

To wander by the green burnside,

And hear its water croon ;

The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,

The flowers burst round our feet,

And in the gloamin' o' the wud,

The throssil whusslit sweet.

The throssil whusslit in the wud,

The burn sung to the trees,

And we with Nature's heart in tune,

Concerted harmonies ;

And on the knowe abune the burn,

For hours thegither sat

In the silentness o' joy, till baith
 Wi' vera gladness grat !

Aye, aye, dear Jeanie Morrison,
 Tears trinkled down your cheek,
 Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
 Had ony power to speak !
 That was a time, a blessed time,
 When hearts were fresh and young,
 When freely gush'd all feelings forth,
 Unsyllabled—unsung !

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
 Gin I ha'e been to thee
 As closely twined wi' earliest thochts
 As ye hae been to me ?
 Oh ! tell me gin their music fills
 Thine ear as it does mine ;
 Oh ! say gin e'er your heart grows grit
 Wi' dreamings o' langsyne ?

I've wander'd east, I've wander d west,
 I've borne a weary lot ;
 But in my wanderings, far or near,
 Ye never were forgot.
 The fount that first burst frae this heart,
 Still travels on its way ;
 And channels deeper as it rins
 The luvè o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
 Since we were sinder'd young,
 I've never seen your face, nor heard
 The music o' your tongue ;
 But I could hug all wretchedness,
 And happy could I die,
 Did I but ken your heart still dream'd
 O' bygone days and me !

JESSY M'LEAN.

OH hark ! an' I'll tell you o' Jessy M'Lean,
 She promis'd shortsyne she would soon be my ain,
 So mind ye'll be ready to come on neist Friday,
 An' see me get buckled to Jessy M'Lean.
 Lang, lang hae I lo'ed her, and faithfully woo'd her,
 Yet ne'er has she treated my suit wi' disdain,
 For sense an' good nature enliven ilk feature,
 And guileless the heart is o' Jessy M'Lean.
 Tho' name o' your butterflee beauties sae vain,
 That flutter about, aye, new lovers to gain ;
 Yet she has attractions to catch the affections,
 And prudence, the heart that she wins, to retain.
 Her mild look so touching, her smile so bewitching,
 Her rich melting tones, sweet as seraphim's strain,
 Rush through my heart thrilling, and wake every feeling
 Of tender attachment for Jessy M'Lean.
 When sitting beside her, my heart is aye fain,
 To think what a treasure will soon be my ain ;
 Nae fause gaudy glitter, to cheat, then embitter,
 But pure solid worth, without hollow or stain.
 And should a bit callan, e'er bless our snug dwallin',
 Or ae bonnie lassie, (as heaven may ordain,)
 The sweet smiling creature, its *mither* ilk feature,
 Will knit me still closer to Jessy M'Lean.

Alex. Rodger.

 I SEEK TO WED NO OTHER LOVE.

SING not that song again, lady !
 Look not to me with sighs ;
 Past feelings all are buried now,
 Ah ! never more to rise.
 The pledge that bound our hearts in one,
 Was register'd on high ;

Nought but thy *wish* could cancel it,
 Could I that *wish deny* ?

I cannot pledge *again* lady !

Our griefs must now be borne ;

The angel who records above,

Would laugh us both to scorn :

I seek to wed no other love,

No, no, that cannot be ;

My widow'd heart must still bleed on,

In memory of thee !

The bliss which once you had to give,

I covet now no more ;

A few short struggles here, and then

Life's sighs and pangs are o'er.

I seek to wed no other love,

No, no, that ne'er can be ;

My widow'd heart must still bleed on,

In memory of thee !

Carrick.

THE SERENADE.

WAKE, lady, wake !

Dear heart, awake

From slumbers light,

For 'neath thy bower, at this still hour,

In harness bright,

Lingers thine own true paramour

And chosen knight !

Wake, lady, wake !

Wake, lady, wake !

For thy lov'd sake,

Each trembling star

Smiles from on high, with its clear eye ;

While, nobler far,

Yon silvery shield lights earth and sky.

How good they are !
Wake, lady, wake !

Rise, lady, rise !
Not star-fill'd skies
I worship now :

A fairer shrine, I trust, is mine
For loyal vow.

Oh, that the living stars would shine
That light thy brow !
Rise, lady, rise !

Rise, lady, rise !
Ere war's rude cries
Fright land and sea :

To-morrow's light sees mail-sheath'd knight,
Even hapless me,

Careering through the bloody fight,
Afar from thee.

Rise, lady, rise !

Mute, lady, mute !
I have no lute,
Nor rebeck small,

To soothe thine ear with lay sincere
Or madrigal :

With helm on head, and hand on spear
On thee I call.

Mute, lady, mute !

Mute, lady, mute
To love's fond suit !
I'll not complain,

Since underneath thy balmy breath
I may remain

One brief hour more, ere I seek death
On battle plain !

Mute, lady, mute !

Sleep, lady, sleep,
 While watch I keep
 Till dawn of day ;
 But o'er the wold, now morning cold,
 Shines icy grey ;
 While the plain gleams with steel and gold,
 And chargers neigh !
 Sleep, lady, sleep !
 Sleep, lady, sleep !
 Nor wake to weep,
 For heart-struck me.
 These trumpets knell my last farewell
 To love and thee ;
 When next they sound, 'twill be to tell
 I died for thee !
 Sleep, lady, sleep !

Motherwell.

THE UNINVITED GHAIST.

As the deil and his dame,
 Ae nicht were frae hame,
 A ghaist frae this warld did tick at their door.
 A wee deil did answer
 An' roar'd " What d'ye want, Sir ?"
 " I want," quo' the ghaist, " just to rank in your core."
 " The guidman's frae hame, man,
 The guidwife's the same, man,
 To admit ye mysel' is against their comman's,
 Sae slip your wa's back ;
 An' our *cork* when he's slack,
 Will gie ye a hint when he's takin on han's.
 The ghaist turn'd his heel
 Without sayin' fareweel,
 An' sneak'd awa back wi' his thumb in his jaw ;

Thinking 'twas a hard case,
 That in sic a warm place,
 A puir ghaistie should get sic a *cauld coal to blaw*.
 Now, let some folks reflect
 Upon this disrespect,
 An' look ere they loup, whar their landing's to be ;
 For it seems there is reason
 To tak tent o' their wizen,
 Since the deil's on the *shy*, and their frien's ca' them *fee*.
Carrick.

BRANDY VERSUS BEAUTY.

Miss Dorothy Dumps was a lovely maid,
 Fal lal la, fal lal di dal di de,
 In nature's rarest gifts array'd,
 Fal lal, &c.

Her cheeks wore *England's* rose's hue,
 Her eyes were of the *Prussian* blue,
 And *Turkey* red were her elbows too ;
 Fal lal, &c.

Now, many a youngster came to woo,
 Fal lal, &c.

But at them all she look'd askew ;
 Fal lal, &c.

The youths all strove, but strove in vain,
 The maid's affections sweet to gain ;
 But she answer'd still with proud disdain,
 Fal lal, &c.

Now, we've all heard grave sages say,
 Fal lal, &c.

That beauty's but a flower of May ;
 Fal lal, &c.

For time began her charms to crop,
 Nor paint nor patch could beauty prop,
 So she lost all hope and took to the *drop*,
 Fal lal, &c.

But, as we very seldom see

Fal lal, &c.

That *brandy* and *beauty* do agree,

Fal lal, &c.

So frequent did she ply the dose,

At last, alas! the *faithless* rose

Gave the *slip* to her cheek, and *drew up* with her nose!

Fal lal, &c.

Now, Miss Dolly's nose *shines a lighthouse*, fit

Fal lal, &c.

To show the rock on which she has split;

Fal lal, &c.

For when the brandy gains the sway,

The *loves* and the *graces*, all so gay,

Soon pack up their *awls* and fly away,

Fal lal, &c.

Carrick,

THE HARP AND THE HAGGIS.

At that tide when the voice of the turtle is dumb,

And winter wi' drap at his nose doth come,—

A whistle to mak o' the castle lum

To sowf his music sae sairie, O!

And the roast on the speet is sapless an' sma',

And meat is scant in chamber and ha',

And the knights hae ceased their merry gaffaw,

For lack o' their warm canarie, O!

Then the Harp and the Haggis began a dispute,

'Bout whilk o' their charms were in highest repute:

The Haggis at first as a haddie was mute,

An' the Harp went on wi' her vapourin', O!

An' lofty an' loud were the tones she assumed,

An' boasted how ladics and knights gaily plumed,

Through rich gilded halls, all so sweetly perfumed,

To the sound of her strings went a caperin', O!

“ While the Haggis,” she said, “ was a beggarly slave,
 “ An’ never was seen ‘mang the fair an’ the brave ;”
 “ Fuff ! fuff !” quo’ the Haggis, “ thou vile lying knave,
 Come tell us the use of thy twanging, O ?
 Can it fill a toom wame ? can it help a man’s pack ?
 A minstrel when out may come in for his snack,
 But when starving at hame, will it keep him, alack !
 Frae trying his hand at the hanging, O ?”

The twa they grew wud as wud could be,
 But a minstrel boy they chanced to see,
 Wha stood list’ning bye, an’ to settle the plea,
 They begged he would try his endeavour, O !
 For the twa in their wrath had all reason forgot,
 And stood boiling with rage just like peas in a pot,
 But a Haggis, ye ken, aye looks best when it’s *hot*,
 So his bowels were moved in her favour, O !

“ Nocht pleasures the lug half sae weel as a tune,
 An’ whar hings the lug wad be fed wi’ a spoon ?”
 The Harp in a triumph cried, “ Laddie, weel done,”
 An’ her strings wi’ delight fell a tinkling, O !
 “ The harp’s a braw thing,” continued the youth,
 “ But what is a harp to put in the mouth ?
 It fills na the wame, it slaiks na the drouth,—
 At least,—that is *my* way o’ thinking, O.

“ A tune’s but an *air* ; but a Haggis is *meat* ;—
 An’ wha plays the tune that a body can eat ?—
 When a Haggis is seen wi’ a sheep’s head and feet,
 My word she has gallant attendance, O.
 A man wi’ sic fare may ne’er pree the tangs,
 But laugh at lank hunger though sharp be her fangs ;
 But the bard that maun live by the wind o’ his sangs,
 Waes me, has a puir dependence, O.

“ How aften we hear, wi’ the tear in our eye,
 How the puir starving minstrel, exposed to the sky,

Lays his head on his harp, and breathes out his last sigh,
 Without e'er a friend within hearing, O.
 But wha ever heard of a minstrel so crost,—
 Lay his head on a Haggis to gie up the ghost?—
 O never, since time took his scythe frae the post,
 An truntled awa to the shearing, O.

“ Now I'll settle your plea in the crack o' a whup ;—
 Gie the Haggis the lead, be't to dine or to sup :—
 Till the bags are weel filled, there can nae drone get up,—
 Is a saying I learned from my mither, O.
 When the feasting is owre, let the harp loudly twang,
 An' soothe ilka lug wi' the charms o' her sang,—
 An' the wish of my heart is, wherever ye gang,
 Gude grant ye may aye be thegither, O.” *Carrick.*

SWEET BET OF ABERDEEN.

AIR—“ *The Rose of Allandale.*”

How brightly beams the bonnie moon,
 Frae out the azure sky ;
 While ilka little star aboon
 Seems sparkling bright wi' joy.
 How calm the eve ! how blest the hour !
 How soft the sylvan scene !
 How fit to meet thee—lovely flower !
 Sweet Bet of Aberdeen.

Now, let us wander through the broom,
 And o'er the flowery lea ;
 While simmer wafts her rich perfume,
 Frae yonder hawthorn tree :
 There, on yon mossy bank we'll rest,
 Where we've sae aften been,
 Clasp'd to each other's throbbing breast,
 Sweet Bet of Aberdeen !

How sweet to view that face so meek,—
 That dark expressive eye,—
 To kiss that lovely blushing cheek,—
 Those lips of coral dye !
 But O ! to hear thy Seraph strains,
 Thy maiden sighs between,
 Makes rapture thrill through all my veins—
 Sweet Bet of Aberdeen !
 O ! what to us is wealth or rank ?
 Or what is pomp or power ?
 More dear this velvet mossy bank,—
 This blest extatic hour !
 I'd covet not the Monarch's throne,
 Nor diamond-studded Queen,
 While blest wi' thee, and thee alone,
 Sweet Bet of Aberdeen.

Alex. Rodger.

THE NAILER'S WIFE.

AIR—"Willie Wastle."

THERE lives a Nailer wast the raw,
 Wi' brain o' peat, an' skull o' putty ;
 He has a wife—gude saff us a' !
 A randy royt ca'd Barmy Betty !
 O sic a scauld is Betty !
 Och hey ! how bauld is Betty !
 Xantippe's sel', wi' snash sae snell,
 Was but a lamb compared wi' Betty.
 An' O but she's a grousome quean,
 Wi' face like ony big bass fiddle,
 Twa flaming torches are her een,
 Her teeth could snap in bits—a griddle.
 O what a wight is Betty !
 O sic a fright is Betty !
 Wi' fiery een, an' furious mien,
 The queen o' terrors sure is Betty !
 Ye've seen upon a rainy night,
 Upon the dark brown clouds refleckit,

Clyde Airn Warks' grim an' sullen light—
 Then, that's her brow when frowns bedeck it.
 O what a brow has Betty !
 O sic a cove is Betty !
 Her vera glow'r turns sweet to sour,
 Sae baleful is the power o' Betty.

It had been good for you and me,
 Had mither Eve been sic a beauty,
 She soon wad garr'd *auld Saunders* flee
 Back to his dungeon dark an' sooty.
 O what a grin has Betty !
 O how like Sin is Betty !
 The auld "foul thief" wad seek relief,
 In his maist darksome den frae Betty.

Whene'er ye see a furious storm,
 Uprooting trees, an' lums down smashin',
 Ye then may some idea form,
 Of what she's like when in a passion.
 O what a barny Betty !
 O sic a stormy Betty !
 The wind an' rain may lash the plain,
 But a' in vain they strive wi' Betty.

For then the weans she cuffs and kicks,
 In fau't or no, it mak's nae matter ;
 While trenchers, bowls, and candlesticks,
 Flee through the house wi' hailstane blatter.
 O what a hag is Betty !
 O sic a plague is Betty !
 Dog, cat, an' mouse, a' flee the house,
 A-wondering what the deuce means Betty.

Her tongue—but to describe its power,
 Surpasses far baith speech and writing ;
 The Carron blast could never roar
 Like her, when she begins a flyting.
 O what a tongue has Betty !
 O siccan lungs has Betty !

The blast may tire, the flame expire,
But nought can tire the tongue o' Betty.

Alex. Rodger.

“O MITHER! ONY BODY.”

AIR—“*Sir Alex. M'Donald's Reel.*”

“O mither, ony body!

“Ony body! ony body!

“O mither, ony body!

“But a creeshy weaver.

“A weaver's just as good as nane,

“A creature worn to skin and bane,

“I'd rather lie through life my lanc,

“Than cuddle wi' a weaver.”

The lassie thocht to catch a laird,

But fient a ane about her cared;

For nane his love had e'er declared,

Excepting, whiles—a weaver.

Yet ne'er a weaver wad she tak',

But a' that cam', she sent them back,

An' bann'd them for a useless pack,

To come nae mair and deave her.

Their sowan crocks—their trantlum gear—

Their trash o' pirns she couldna bear;

An' aye the ither jibe and jeer,

She cuist at ilka weaver.

But sair she rued her pridefu' scorn,

E'er *thretty nicks* had mark'd her horn,

For down she hurkled a' forlorn,

In solitude to grieve her.

She gaed to kirk, she gaed to fair,

She spread her *lure*, she set her *snare*,

But ne'er a *nibble* gat she there,

Frae *leading apes*, to save her.

At last, unto the barn she gaed,

An' ilka e'ening duly pray'd,

That some ane might come to her aid,

An' frae her wants relieve her.

An' thus the lassie's prayer ran—
 " O send thy servant some bit man,
 " Before her cheeks grow bleach'd an' wan,
 " An' a' her beauties leave her."

A weaver lad wha ance had woo'd,
 But cam' nae speed, do a' he could,
 Now thocht her pride might be subdued,
 An' that he yet might have her.

He watch'd when to the barn she gaed,
 An' while her bit request she made,
 In solemn tone, he slowly said—

" Lass—will ye tak' a weaver."
 " Thy will be done—I'm now content,
 " Just ony body ere I want,
 " I'll e'en be thankfu' gin thou grant,
 " That I may get a weaver."

The weaver, he cam' yont neist day,
 An' sought her hand— she ne'er said " nay,"
 But thocht it time to mak' her hay,
 So jumpit at the weaver.

Now, ye whase beauty's on the wane,
 Just try the barn, at e'en, your lane,
 " Sma' fish are better far than nane,"
 " Ye'll maybe catch a weaver. *Alex. Rodger.*

BLYTHE ARE WE SET WI' ITHHER.*

BLYTHE are we set wi' ither;
 Fling Care ayont the moon;

* This song hath a right pleasant smack of boon companionship.
 The lines—

Now, round the ingle cheerly met,
 We'll scug the blast, and dread nae harm;
 Wi' jaws o' toddy reeking het,
 We'll keep the genial current warm—

are worthy of Burns. The Author was Ebenezer Picken, a native of Paisley, who was born about the year 1765, and, after many vicissitudes, died in 1815, or 1816. His Poems have been published.

No sae aft we meet thegither ;
 Wha wad think o' parting soon ?
 Though snaw bends down the forest trees,
 And burn and river cease to flow ;
 Though Nature's tide hae shor'd to freeze,
 And Winter nithers a' below ;
 Blythe are we, &c.

Now, round the ingle cheerly met,
 We'll scug the blast, and dread nae harm ;
 Wi' jaws o' toddy reeking het,
 We'll keep the genial current warm.
 The friendly crack, the cheerfu' sang,
 Shall cheat the happy hours awa',
 Gar pleasure reign the e'ening lang,
 And laugh at biting frost and snaw.
 Blythe are we, &c.

The cares that cluster round the heart,
 And gar the bosom stound wi' pain,
 Shall get a fright afore we part,
 Will mak' them fear to come again.
 Then, fill about, my winsome chiels,
 The sparkling glass will banish pine ;
 Nae pain the happy bosom feels,
 Sae free o' care as yours and mine.
 Blythe are we, &c.

A D A M G L E N. *

TUNE—*Adam Glen.*

Pauky Adam Glen,
 Piper o' the clachan,
 Whan he stoitet ben
 Sairly was he pechan,
 Spak a wee, but tint his win',
 Hurklit down and hostit syne,

* By Mr. Laing of Brechin—this is one of the best illustrations of the *frosty-bearded* anti-Malthusian that we have met with in type.

Blew his beak, an' dightit's ceen,
 An' whaisl't a' forfoughten.
 But, his yokin dune,
 Cheerie kyth't the body,
 Crackit like a gun,
 An' leugh to auntie Madie ;
 Cried, my callants, raise a spring,
 "Inglan John," or ony thing,
 For weel I'd like to see the fling,
 O' ilka lass and laddie.
 Blythe the dancers flew,
 Usquebaugh was plenty,
 Blythe the piper grew,
 Tho' shaking han's wi' ninety.
 Seven times his bridal vow
 Ruthless fate had broken thro'—
 Wha wad thought his coming now
 Was for our maiden auntie.
 She had ne'er been sought,
 Cheerie houp was fading,
 Dowie is the thought
 To live and die a maiden.
 How it comes we canna ken,
 Wanters ay maun wait their ain,
 Madge is hecht to ADAM GLEN,
 An' soon we'll hae a wedding'.

SANCT MUNGO.*

SANCT MUNGO wals ane famous sanct,
 And ane cantye carle wals hee,
 He drank o' ye Molendinar Burne,
 Quhan bettere hee culdna prie ;

* The patron Saint of the Glasgow Cathedral.—The Molendinar burn, alluded to in the third line, is the Glasgow Lethe that separates the two great repositories of mortality—the church-yard of the Cathedral, and the Necropolis.

Zit quhan he culd gette strongere cheere,
 He neuer wals wattere drye,
 Butte dranke o' ye streame o' ye wimpland worme,
 And loot ye burne rynne bye.

Sanct Mungo wals ane merrye sanct,
 And merrylie hee sang ;

Quhan neuer hee liltit uppe hys sprynge,
 Ye very Firre Parke rang ;

Butte thoch hee weele culd lilt and synge,
 And mak sweet melodye,

He chauntit aye ye bauldest straynes,
 Quhan prymed wi' barlye-bree

Sanct Mungo wals ane godlye sanct,
 Farre-famed for godlye deedis,

And grete delyte hee daylye took
 Inn countynge owre hys beadis ;

Zit I, Sanct Mungo's youngeste sonne,
 Can count als welle als hee ;

Butte ye beadis quilk I like best to count
 Are ye beadis o' barlye-bree.

Sanct Mungo wals ane jolly sanct :—
 Sa weele hee lykit gude zil,

Thatte quhyles hee staynede hys quhyte vesture,
 Wi' dribblands o' ye still ;

Butte I, hys maist unwordye sonne,
 Haue gane als farre als hee,

For ance I tynde my garmente skirtis,
 Through lufe o' barlye-bree.

Alex. Rodger.

GLASGOW PATRIOTS.*

AIR—" *There was a handsome Soldier.*"

LOYAL hearted citizens !

Great news there's come to town ;

* It is not long since the turf covered the remains of the Glasgow Homer, Alex. M'Donald, alias, *Blind Aleck*, author of these verses, who for many

I have not got the particulars yet,
But they'll be in the afternoon.

Loyal hearted citizens !

Great news I've got to tell,
Of the wars in Spain and Portingall,
And how the town of Badajos fell,

There was one Aleck Pattison,
A man of great renown ;
He was the first that did mount Badajos walls,
And the first that did tumble down.

He was a handsome tall young gentleman,
As ever my eyes did see ;
A captain, colonel, or major,
He very soon would be.

I am the author of every word I sing,
Which you may very well see,
The music alone excepted,
But just of the poetree.

I've travell'd the world all over,
And many a place beside ;
But I never did see a more beautifuller city,
Than that on the banks of the navigatable river, the Clyde.
I left Inverness without e'er a guide,
And arrived in Glasgow city,
Where I've been informed that bold John Bull,
Again beat the French so pretty.

years perambulated our streets, and with dexter hand directed the movements of his violin, while his lips gave the *measured* accompaniment. A remarkably spirited sketch of his life appeared in the Scots Times Newspaper at his death, drawn up by our City Chamberlain, Mr. John Strang. Aleck was, perhaps, one of the readiest improvisatores of his time ; and it was greatly to his advantage that he was not distressed by a very delicate ear for either numbers or harmony. Whether his lines had a greater number of feet than consisted with ease and grace, or limped in their motion for want of the due proportion, these defects were amply compensated for by a rapid articulation in the one case, and in the other by a strong dash or two of the bow.

I came into the Star Inn and Hotel ;
 First, they gave me brandy, and then they gave me gin ;
 Here's success, to all the waiters
 Of the Star Inn—————and Hotel !

THE TOOM MEAL-POCK.*

PRESERVE US a' ! what shall we do,

Thir dark unhallowed times ?

We're surely dreeing penance now,

For some most awfu' crimes.

Sedition daurna now appear,

In reality or joke,

For ilka chield maun mourn wi' me,

O' a hinging toom meal-pock.

And sing, Oh waes me !

When lasses braw gaed out at e'en,

For sport and pastime free,

I seem'd like ane in paradise,

The moments quick did flee.

Like Venuses they a' appeared,

Weel pouther'd were their locks—†

'Twas easy dune, when at their hames,

Wi' the shaking o' their pocks.

And sing, Oh waes me !

How happy past my former days,

Wi' merry heartsome glee,

When smiling Fortune held the cup,

And Peace sat on my knee ;

Nae wants had I but were supplied,

My heart wi' joy did knock,

* This capital song was written by John Robertson, Weaver, in Paisley, about the time of the political ferments of 1793. We know not the air to which it is sung, but believe it is an old one. Our worthy friend, Mr. George Miller, Blantyre, sings it inimitably, whether the air, or the accent, or the action, be taken into consideration.

† The allusion here, is to hair powder, which, at the time in question, was used by all respectable persons, *gentle and simple*.

When in the neuk, I smiling saw
A gaucie, weel-filled pock.

And sing, Oh waes me !

Speak no ae word about Reform,
Nor petition Parliament ;
A wiser scheme I'll now propone,
I'm sure ye'll gie consent ;—
Send up a chield or twa like me,
As a sample o' the flock,

Whase hollow cheeks will be sure proof
O' a hinging toom meal-pock.

And sing, Oh waes me !

And should a sicht sae ghastrly like,
Wi' rags, and banes, and skin,
Hae nae impression on yon folks,
Just tell ye'll stand a-hin.

O, what a contrast will ye show,
To the glow'rin' Lunnun folk,
When in St. James' ye tak' your stand,
Wi' a hinging toom meal-pock.

And sing, Oh waes me !

Then rear your hand, and glow'r, and stare,
Before yon hills o' beef ;
Tell them ye are frae Scotland come,
For Scotia's relief ;—

Tell them ye are the very best
Wal'd frae the fattest flock ;
Then raise your arms, and O ! display
A hinging toom meal-pock.

And sing, Oh waes me !

Tell them ye're wearied o' the chain
That hauds the state thegither,
For Scotland wishes just to tak'
Gude nicht wi' ane anither !

We canna thole, we canna bide
This bard unwieldy yoke,
For wark and want but ill agree,
Wi' a hinging toom meal-pock.

And sing, Oh waes me !

I SHALL RETURN AGAIN.*

I WOULD not have thee dry the tear
 That dims thine eye of blue ;
 I would not that thy cheek should wear
 A smile at our adieu :
 Yet cheer thee, love, the past was bliss,
 And though we part in pain,
 A happier hour will follow this,
 And we shall meet again.
 Oh think not that the wild sea-wave
 Shall bear my *heart* from thee,
 Unless its cold breast prove my grave,
 'Twill work no change in me,
 The troubled music of the deep
 Is now our farewell strain,
 And fond affection well may weep,
 Yet—I'll return again.
 I go to find a bower of peace,
 In lovelier lands than thine,
 Where cruel fortune's frowns shall cease,
 Where I can call thee mine.
 And when to crown my fairy plan,
 But *one thing* shall remain ;
 Then, love—if there be truth in man—
 I shall return again. *Wm. Kennedy.*

THE ANSWER.

WHY walk I by the lonely strand ?
 He comes not with the tide,

* This song was one of the very first written for the public by Mr. Kennedy, and was bequeathed to our publisher, who had suggested the Air to which it is usually sung—The Highland Watch, or March in the 42d Regiment. Our regret is, that so few of the author's lyrics have been given to the world.

His home is in another land,
 The stranger is his bride.
 The stranger, on whose lofty brow,
 The circling diamonds shine,
 Is now his bride, whose earliest vow,
 And pledge of hope, were mine.
 They tell me that my cheek is pale,
 That youth's light smile is gone ;
 That mating with the ocean gale
 Hath chilled my heart to stone ;
 And friendship asks what secret care
 There is to work me wo,
 But vainly seeks a grief to share
 Which none shall ever know.
 Ye waves, that heard the false one swear,
 But saw him not return,
 Ye'll not betray me, if a tear
 Should start in spite of scorn.
 Yet, no—a wounded spirit's pride,
 Though passion's pangs are deep,
 Shall dash the trait'rous drop aside,
 From eyes that must not weep.
 In vain, alas ! I have no power
 To quit this lonely strand,
 From whence, at the wild parting hour,
 I saw him leave the land.
 Though he has ta'en a stranger bride,
 My love will not depart ;
 Its seal, too strong for woman's pride,
 Shall be a broken heart.

Wm. Kennedy.

NED BOLTON.

A JOLLY comrade in the port, a fearless mate at sea ;
 When I forget thee, to my hand false may the cutlass be !
 And may my gallant battle-flag be stricken down in shame,
 If, when the social can goes round, I fail to pledge thy name !

Up, up, my lads!—his memory!—we'll give it with a cheer,—
 Ned Bolton, the commander of the Black Snake privateer!
 Poor Ned! he had a heart of steel, with neither flaw nor
 speck;

Firm as a rock, in strife or storm, he stood the quarter-deck;
 He was, I trow, a welcome man to many an Indian dame,
 And Spanish planters crossed themselves at whisper of his
 name;

But now, Jamaica girls may weep—rich Dons securely
 smile—

His bark will take no prize again, nor ne'er touch Indian
 isle!

'S blood! 'twas a sorry fate he met on his own mother wave,—
 The foe far off, the storm asleep, and yet to find a grave!

With store of the Peruvian gold, and spirit of the cane,
 No need would he have had to cruise, in tropic climes,
 again:

But some are born to sink at sea, and some to hang on
 shore,

And Fortune cried, God speed! at last, and welcomed Ned
 no more.

'Twas off the coast of Mexico—the tale is bitter brief—
 The Black Snake, under press of sail, stuck fast upon a reef;
 Upon a cutting coral-reef—scarce a good league from land—
 But hundreds, both of horse and foot, were ranged upon the
 strand:

His boats were lost before Cape Horn, and, with an old
 canoe,

Even had he numbered ten for one, what could Ned Bolton
 do?

Six days and nights, the vessel lay upon the coral-reef,
 Nor favouring gale, nor friendly flag, brought prospect of
 relief;

For a land-breeze, the wild one prayed, who never prayed
 before,

And when it came not at his call, he bit his lip and swore:

The Spaniards shouted from the beach, but did not venture
near,

Too well they knew the mettle of the daring privateer !

A calm !—a calm !—a hopeless calm !—the red sun burning
high,

Glared blisteringly and wearily, in a transparent sky ;

The grog went round the gasping crew, and loudly rose the
song,

The only pastime at an hour when rest seemed far too long.
So boisterously they took their rouse, upon the crowded
deck,

They looked like men who had escaped, not feared, a sud-
den wreck.

Up sprung the breeze the seventh day—away ! away ! to sea
Drifted the bark, with riven planks, over the waters free ;
Their battle-flag these rovers bold then hoisted top-mast
high,

And to the swarthy foe sent back a fierce defying cry.

“ One last broadside !” Ned Bolton cried,—deep boomed the
cannon’s roar,

And echo’s hollow growl returned an answer, from the
shore.

The thundering gun, the broken song, the mad tumultuous
cheer,

Ceased not, so long as ocean spared, the shattered privateer :

I saw her—I—she shot by me, like lightning, in the gale,

We strove to save, we tacked, and fast we slackened all
our sail—

I knew the wave of Ned’s right hand—farewell !—you strive
in vain !

And he, or one of his ship’s crew, ne’er enter’d port again

Wm. Kennedy.

IRISH INSTRUCTION.

IN this wonderful age when most men go to college,
And every man’s skull holds a hatful of knowledge,

'Twill soon be a wonder to meet with a fool,
 Since men are abroad like Professor O'Toole.

Derry down, down, down, derry down.

There are very few men like O'Toole who can teach,
 When the head wont respond, he applies to the breech ;
 And whacking them well, till he gives them their full,
 Let us knock in the larning, says Doctor O'Toole.

Derry down, &c.

One morning the Doctor went out to his walk,
 And found on the door his own likeness in *chalk*,
 That mornning he flogg'd every brat in the school,
 Its a part of my system, says Doctor O'Toole.

Derry down, &c.

Now get on with your larning as fast as you can,
 For knowledge is sweeter than eggs done with ham ;
 Fire away with your lessons, mind this is the school,
 Or I'll blow ye to pot, says Professor O'Toole.

Derry down, &c.

And now, my dear childer, bear this in your mind,
 That words without meaning are nothing but wind ;
 Accept of all favours, make that the first rule,
 Or your nothing but goslins, says Doctor O'Toole.

Derry down, &c.

When you go to a house and they ax you to eat,
 Don't hold down your head, and refuse the good meat ;
 But say you will drink too, or else you're a fool,
 Myself does the same thing, says Doctor O'Toole.

Derry down, &c.

When father and mother have turned their backs,
 Don't kick up a row with the dog and the cat ;
 Nor tie the pig's tail to a table or stool,
 Ye're a parcel of villains, says Doctor O'Toole.

Derry down, &c.

But give over fighting, and think of your sins,
 Or I'll break ev'ry bone in your rascally skins,

Nor try to deceive me like ducks in a pool,
For I'll find out the sinner, says Doctor O'Toole.

Derry down, &c.

When into your grandmother's cup-board ye break,
In scrambling down from it take care of your neck—
Don't cheat the poor hangman, that crazy old fool ;
Give the *Devil* his due, says Professor O'Toole.

Derry down, &c.

The lessons are over, so run away home,
Nor turn up your nose at a crust or a bone ;
Come back in the morning, for that is the rule ;
And ye'll get more instructions from Doctor O'Toole.

Derry down, &c.

MARY BEATON.

BONNIE blooming Mary Beaton !
Bonnie blooming Mary Beaton !
Could I but gain her for my ain,
I'd be the blythest wight in Britain.

I've woo'd and sued this mony a day,
Ilk tender vow o' love repeatin',
But still she smiles, and answers " *nay,*"
While I, *puir saul* ! am near the greetin',
Bonny blooming, &c.

If smiles frae her can wound sae sair,
How sair were frowns frae Mary Beaton !
The lee-lang night I sich and grane,
An' toss an' tumble till I'm sweatin',
For wink o' sleep can I get nane,
For thinkin' still on Mary Beaton.
Bonnie blooming, &c.

Poor troubled ghaist ! I get nae rest,
And what's my trouble ? Mary Beaton.
When ither youngsters blythe an' gay,
Set aff to join some merry meetin',

By some dyke-side I lanely stray,
A-musing still on Mary Beaton.

Bonnie blooming, &c.

A' mirth an' fun, I hate an' shun,
An' a' for sake o' Mary Beaton.

I ance could laugh an' sing wi' glee,

And grudg'd the hours sae short an' fleetin',
But *now* ilk day's a *moon* to me,

Sae sair I lang for Mary Beaton.

Bonnie blooming, &c.

Till ance she's mine, I'll waste an' pine,
For now I'm past baith sleep an' eatin'

Her fairy form sae light an' fair,

Her gracefu' manner sae invitin',

Alas ! will kill me wi' despair,

Unless I soon get Mary Beaton.

Bonnie blooming, &c.

Wad she but bless me wi' a YES,

Oh how that *yes* my lot wad sweeten !

Alex. Rodger.

PETER AND MARY ;

A KITCHEN BALLAD.

Founded on Fact, and written expressly for all the Hangers-on about the Dripping-Pan.

THE learned have said (but who can tell

When learned folks are right)

That there is no such thing in life

“ As loving at first sight.”

But I will now an instance bring,

You may rely upon,

How PETER BLACK fell deep in love

With MARY MUCKLEJOHN.

He through the kitchen-window look'd,
 When Mary just had got
 A round of beef all newly cook'd,
 And smoking from the pot.

And aye he gaz'd and aye he smelt,
 With many a hungry groan,
 Till Mary's heart began to melt -
 Like marrow in the bone.

And looking up, she sweetly smiled,
 Her smile it seemed to say,
 "Please, Mr. Black, if you're inclined,
 You'll dine with me to-day."

At least so Peter read her smile,
 And soon tripp'd down the stair ;
 When Mary kindly welcom'd him,
 And help'd him to a chair.

There much he praised the round of beef,
 And much he praised the maid ;
 While she, poor simple soul, believed
 Each flattering word he said.
 Perhaps he made some slight mistakes,
 Yet part might well be trew'd,
 For though her face was no *great shakes*,
 The beef was really *good*.

Then Peter pledged his troth, and swore
 A constant man he'd be,
 And *daily*, like a man of truth,
 Came *constantly* at three.

And thus he dared, though long and lean,
 Each slanderous tongue to say,
 That, though when present he seem'd long,
 That he was *long* away.

Three was the hour, when bits were nice,
 And then he show'd his face,

But show'd it there so very oft
That Mary lost her place.

Some fair ones say that love is sweet,
And hideth many a fault ;
Our fair one found, when *turn'd away*,
Her love was rather *salt*.

Poor Mary says to Peter Black,
“ Now wedded let us be,
Bone of your bone, flesh of your flesh
You promis'd to make me.”

“ Flesh of your flesh, I grant I said,
Bone of your bone, I'd be ;
But now you know you've got no *flesh*,
And *bones* are not for me.”

Poor Cooky now stood all aghast
To find him on the shy,
And rais'd her apron-tail to wipe
The *dripping* from her eye.

She sobb'd “ Oh, perjured Peter Black,
The basest man I know,
You're Black by name, you're black at heart,
Since you can use me so.”

Yet, still to please her Peter's *taste*
Gave her poor heart relief ;
So Mary went and hung herself,
And thus became *hung beef*.

That grief had *cut her up*, 'twas plain
To every one in town,
But Peter, when he heard the tale,
He ran and *cut her down*.

Fast, fast his briny tears now flow'd
Yet Mary's sands ran flecter ;
Such *brine* could not *preserve* the maid,
Though from her own *salt Peter*.

From this let cookmaids learn to shun
 Men who are long and lean ;
 For when they talk about their love,
 'Tis *pudding* that they mean.

Carrick.

THE DEIL O' BUCKLYVIE.

NAE doubt ye'll hae heard how daft Davie M'Quat
 Cam' hame like a deil, wi' an auld horn bouat ;
 His feet they were cloven, horns stuck through his bonnet.
 That fley'd a' the niebours when e'er they look'd on it ;
 The bairns flew like bees in a fright to their hivie,
 For ne'er sic a deil was e'er seen in Bucklyvie.

We had deils o' our ain in plenty to grue at,
 Without makin' a new deil o' Davie M'Quat :
 We hae deils at the sornin', and deils at blaspheming ;
 We hae deils at the cursin', and deils at nicknamin' ;
 But for cloots and for horns, and jaws fit to rive ye,
 Sic a deil never cam' to the town o' Bucklyvie.

We hae deils that will lie wi' ony deils breathing ;
 We're a' deils for drink when we get it for naething ;
 We tak' a' we can, we gie unco little,
 For no ane 'll part wi' the reek o' his spittle ;
 The shool we ne'er use, wi' the rake we will rive you,
 So we'll fen without ony mair deils in Bucklyvie.

Though han'less and clotless, wi' nae tail to smite ye,
 Like leeches when yaup, yet fu' sair can we bite ye ;
 In our meal-pock nae new deil will e'er get his nieve in,
 For among us the auld ane could scarce get a livin'.
 To keep a' that's gude to ourselves we contrive aye,
 For that is the creed o' the town o' Bucklyvie.

But deils wi' Court favour we never look blue at,
 Then let's drink to our new deil, daft Davie M'Quat ;

And lang may he wag baith his tail and his bairdie,
 Without skaith or scorning frae lord or frae lairdie ;
 Let him get but the Queen at our fauts to connive aye,
 He'll be the best deil for the town o' Bucklyvie.

Now, I've tell't ye ilk failin', I've tell't ye ilk faut ;
 Stick mair to yer moilin', and less to yer maut ;
 And aiblins ye'll find it far better and wiser,
 Than traikin' and drinkin' wi' Davie the guizar ;
 And never to wanthrift may ony deil drive ye,
 Is the wish o' wee Watty, the bard o' Bucklyvie.

Carrick.

A MOTHER'S DAUTY.

AIR—" *My mither's aye glowrin' ovre me.*"

MY mither wad hae me weel married,
 My mither wad hae me weel married ;
 Na, she tries a' she can
 To get me a gudeman,
 But as yet, a' her plans hae miscarried.
 To balls and to concerts she hies me,
 And meikle braw finery buys me ;
 But the men are sae shy,
 They just glow'r and gang by,
 There's nane has the sense yet to prize me.

To ilka tea-party she tak's me,
 And the theme o' her table-talk mak's me ;
 But the folks leuk sae queer,
 When she cries " Lizzy ! dear,"
 That their conduct most grievously racks me.
 She hauls me aff to the coast there,
 Expecting to mak' me the toast there ;
 But somehow or ither,
 A lass wi' her mither,
 Discovers her time is but lost there.

At the kirk, too, I'm made to attend her,
 Not wholly heart-homage to render,
 But in rich "silken sheen,"
 Just to see and be seen,
 And to dazzle the gowks wi' my splendour ;
 But for a' my sweet smirks and my glances,
 There's never a wooer advances
 To oxt'er me hame,
 Wi' my dainty auld dame ;
 Alas, now, how kittle my chance is !
 I'm sure I'm as good as my cousin,
 Wha reckons her joes by the dizen ;
 That besiege her in thrangs,
 Ilka gate that she gangs,
 A' swarmin' like bumbees a-bizzin' .
 And for beauty, pray what's a' her share o't ?
 Like me she could thole a hue mair o't ;
 For it's granted by a',
 Though she dresses right braw,
 She has wonderfu' little to spare o't.
 But I trow I maun try a new plan yet,
 And depend on *myse'* for a man yet ;
 For my cousin Kate vows,
 That *some mithers are coves*,
 That wad scaur the best chiel that ever ran yet.
 And gin I hae the luck to get married,
 Gin I hae the luck to get married,
 Wi' a husband to guide,
 (Let Miss Kate then deride,)
 I'll be proud that my point has been carried.

Alex. Rodger.

" HOUT AWA', JOHNNY, LAD ! "

Hour awa', Johnny, lad ! what maks ye flatter me ?
 Why wi' your praises sae meikle bespatter me ?

Why sae incessantly deave and be-clatter me,
 Teasing me mair than a body can bide?
 Can I believe, when ye "angel" and "goddess" me,
 That ye're in earnest to mak me your bride?
 Say, can a woman o' sense or yet modesty,
 Listen to talk frae the truth sae far wide?
 Few are the flatterer's claims to sincerity,
 Loud though he boast o' his honour and verity;
 Truth frae his lips is a wonderfu' rarity,
 Words by his actions are sadly belied!
 Woman he deems but a toy to be sported wi',
 Dawted or spurned at, as caprice may guide;
 Blooming a while to be dallied and courted wi',
 Then to be flung like auld lumber aside!
 True love has seldom the gift o' loquacity,
 Lips to express it, aft want the capacity;
 Wha, then, can trust in a wooer's veracity,
 Whase butter'd words o'er his tongue saftly slide?
 What are love's tell-tales, that give it sweet utterance,
 Wherein the maiden may safely confide?
 What—but the glances, the sighs and heart-flutterings,
 Of the loved youth who takes truth for his guide?
 Yet, though I've spoken wi' seeming severity,
 Made observations wi' prudish asperity,
 I'd be the last ane to geck, or to sneer at ye,
 Kenning how little is made by fause pride.
 Could we but then understand ane anither, then
 Soon wad my bosom the matter decide;
 Leaving my worthy auld father and mither, then
 Hey, Johnny, lad! I'd become your ain bride.

Alex. Rodger.

HIGHLAND POLITICIANS.

COME, Tougall, tell me what you'll thocht
 About this Bill Reform, man,

Tat's preeding sic 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 richt,
 She wad her beetock traw, man,
 An' feught like tamn—till ance ta Bill
 Was made coot Cospel law, man.

Hoot toot, man, Tougall ! tat nicht do
 When SHORDIE TWA did ring, man,
 An' her fore-faiters trew ta tirk,
 To mak teir Chairlie king, man ;
 But tirks, an' pistols, an' claymores,
 Pe no for me nor you, man ;
 Tey'll a' pe out o' fashions gane
 Since pluity Waterloo, man.

Last nicht she'll went to pay her rent,
 Ta laird gie her ta tram, man,
 An' tell her tat this Bill Reform
 Was shust a nonsense tamn, man !
 Pe no for honest man's, 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 *Revolutions*, 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 *Revolutions* tat will teuk

Ta puir man's cow nor 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 neist maun gang, man—

Syne wha wad in ta Punker stood,

An' lilt ta godly sang, man ?

Och ! ten ta laird flee in a rage,

An' *sinfu'diel** me ca', man—

Me tell him no pe understood

What him will spoke ava, man :

Ta *sinfu'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,

Ta laird pe fear tat this Reform

Will petter you an' me, man :

For like some ither 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 pe 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 man's harm, man,

Nor purn him's house apoon him's head,

An' trive him aff ta farm, man.

* Infidel.

† James the Weaver.

Weel, Tonald ! gin I'll thochtit that,
 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 !

Alex. Rodger.

O ! DINNA BID ME GANG WI' YOU.

O ! DINNA bid me gang wi' you,
 'Twould break my mither's heart ;
 There's nane to care for her but me,
 Sae dinna bid us part :
 Increasing frailties tell that here
 Her time will no be lang,
 And wha wad tend her deeing bed,
 Gin I wi' you should gang ?
 She kens our hearts, and says she thinks
 She could our absence bear ;
 But while she speaks, her aged e'e
 Is glist'ning wi' a tear.
 Light waes will weet the youthfu' cheek,
 But ah ! severe's the pang
 That stirs the time-dried fount of grief,
 Sae dinna bid me gang.

James Scott.

KILROONY'S VISIT TO LONDON.

HAVE ye heard of the excellent sport
 Afforded by Master Kilroony,
 How, when he got up to the court,
 The king recognised an old crony ?

‘Right happy to see you I am !

And welcome you are into Lunnan :

The natives cried out, there is Dan,

We scarcely believed you were comin’.

(Spoken.) ‘And so, Mr. Daniel Kilroony, how do you do?’ says the King. ‘Pretty well, I thank you,’ says Dan, ‘Oxis doxis glorioxis to your Kingship’s glory, for ever, and a day after; I hope your Majesty is full of salubrity?’ ‘That I am,’ says the King. ‘Did you bring your shillelah with ye, Dan?’ ‘I did.’ ‘And right you were,’ says His Majesty, ‘for betwixt you and me, there is the *ould one* to pay here, and no money to give him; depend upon it, there will be wigs upon the grass this year, long before it grows, Dan; but keep your mind asy, for I am determined to stand by my loyal loving subjects as long as they have a button on their coats.’ ‘That’s right,’ says Dan, ‘and if one of the varmint, after this, presume to question your Majesty’s goodness, blow me if I don’t beat their two eyes into one.’

Then the King and Kilroony down sat,

And partook of an excellent dinner;

There was roasted and boil’d, lean and fat,

To comfort the heart of each sinner;

There was brandy, and porter, and ale,

With excellent wine and good whisky;

All the fruits that are sold by retail,

So the King and Kilroony got frisky.

‘And how is Mrs. Kilroony and all the childer?’ says the King, after the dinner was over. ‘Why, pretty well, thank your Majesty,’ says Dan. ‘How is your own good lady, the Quean, I don’t see her about all the house, at-all-at-all?’ ‘Spake aisy,’ says the King, ‘she’s in bad humour to-day, this is Friday, and she’s busy wi’ washing and cleaning; and when engaged in that sort of work, the *ould black gentleman* with the long tail, couldn’t make her keep the dumb side of her tongue ndermost.’ ‘And are ye so circumstanced,’ says Dan, ‘it’s just the same way with Mrs. Kilroony; when her blood got up, she used to make me believe that she would fight the devil himself; but faith I

took it out of her.' 'And how did you manage that?' says the King. 'Just wi' the same elegant instrument you were enquiring after a little ago. I rubbed her down with an oaken towel, and gave her five-and-twenty drops of shillelah oil next her stomach in the morning. 'Don't mention it,' says the King. 'Then don't ax me,' says Dan.

'Arrah, murder!' exclaim'd the good King,
 'Could you cudgel the bones of a woman?'
 'I would try,' says Kilroony, 'to bring
 Back her sinses, and make her a true one;
 For ladies when doing what's wrong,
 Are nought but a parcel of *varmint*,'
 Says the King to Kilroony, 'go home,
 I've heard quite enough of your *sarmint*.

'Get out of my house this minute,' says the King, 'and never afterwards let me hear you insinuate any thing against the female generation. Bad luck to you for a dirty bog-trotting-potwalloper, can't ye give out your counsel to your own beautiful *pisantry*, six millions of elegant male and female Paddies, all in a state of beautiful naturality; sure there's work enough for your patriotism. Daniel Kilroony, leave this, I say, and never be after showing yourself here as long as there's a nose protruding from your countenance.' 'Please your Majesty,' says Dan, 'might I venture to show myself should I ever happen to lose that useful appendage?' 'Never,' says the King—'leave my presence, or I'll spake ye into the earth in a moment.

So Kilroony was 'cut at the court,'
 And soon left the city of Lunnan;
 All the Paddies had capital sport,
 When they saw poor Kilroony back coming.
 'Kilroony, Kilroony!' said they,
 'You would fain be a parliament *mimber*,
 But the King he put *salt* in your tay,
 And burn't your nose with a cinder.
 O have you not heard, &c.

THE DEUKS DANG O'ER MY DADDIE.*

THE bairns got up in a loud, loud skreech,

The deuks dang o'er my Daddie, O ;

Quo' our gudewife, " let him lie there,

For he's just a paidling body, O :

He paidles out, and he paidles in,

He paidles late and early, O ;

This thirty years I hae been his wife,

And comfort comes but sparely, O."

" Now haud your tongue," quo' our gudeman,

" And dinna be sae saucy, O,

I've seen the day, and so hae ye,

I was baith young and gaucy, O.

I've seen the day you butter'd my brose,

And cuitered me late and early, O ;

But auld age is on me now,

And wow but I fin't richt sairly, O."

" I carena' tho' ye were i' the mools,

Or dookit in a boggie, O ;

I kenna the use o' the crazy auld fool,

But just to toom the coggie, O.

Gin the win' were out o' your whaisling hauze,

I'd marry again and be voggie, O ;

Some bonny young lad would be my lot,

Some rosy cheeked roggie, O."

Quo' our gudeman, " gie me that Rung

That's hingin' in the ingle, O ;

I'se gar ye haud that sorrowfu' tongue,

Or else your lugs will tingle, O.

* The first two stanzas are, with a few verbal alterations, from Burns—the additional verses are by a facetious contributor to whom this publication is indebted for the graphic humour of our brethren of the Green Isle.

Gang to your bed this blessed nicht,
 Or I'll be your undoing, O ;"
 The canny auld wife crap out o' sicht,
 What think ye o' sic wooing, O ?

LOVE'S FIRST QUARREL.

" WHAR' shall I get anither love,
 Sin' Johnny's ta'en the gee ?
 Whar' shall I get anither love,
 To speak kind words to me ?
 To row me in his cozie plaid,
 Whan wintry winds blaw snell,
 Whar' shall I get anither love ?
 Waes me, I canna tell.
 Yestreen I quarrel'd wi' my love,
 'Cause he behaved unmeet,
 An' rubb'd my cheek wi' his hard chin
 Till I was like to greet.
 I flate upon him lang and sair,
 At last he took the huff,
 An' tel't him ne'er to see my face,
 If he kept his baird sae rough.
 But a' nicht lang I lay an' sigh't,
 Wi' the warm tear in my e'e,
 And I wish'd I had my Johnny back,
 Though his baird were to his knee.
 It's harsh to use a maiden thus,
 For her simplicity,
 Wha scarce can tell what loving means,
 Or kens what man should be."
 The youth ahint the hallan stood,
 And snirtled in his sleeve,

It's cordial to a love-sick heart,
To hear its true love grieve.

He slipp'd ahint her—ere she wist,
He baith her een did steek,
“ Now guess and tell wha's *weel-shav'd* chin,
Is press'd upon your cheek ?”

Her lips sae rich wi' *hinny* dew,
Smil'd sae forgiving-like,
That Johnny crook'd his thievish mou,
To herry the sweet *byke*.

Carrick.

THE GUEDEMAN'S PROPHECY.

THE win' blew loud on our lum-head,
About auld Hallowe'en ;
Quo' our gudewife to our gudeman,
“ What may this tempest mean ?”

The gudeman shook his head, an' sich'd,
Quo' he, “ 'tween you and me,
I fear we'll hae some bluidy war k,
And that ye'll live to see.

For just before the Shirra Muir,
We had sic thuds o' win',
An' mony a bonny buik lay cauld,
Before that year was dune.”

“ Hoot, toot ! gudeman, ye're haverin' noo,
An' talkin' like a fule,
Ye ken we've aye sic thuds o' win',
'Bout Candlemas or Yule.”

“ I'll no be ca'd a fule,” quo' he,
“ By ony worthless she,
My boding it sall stan' the test,
An' that belyve ye'll see.”

“ To ca’ your wife a worthless she,
Shows just ye’re scant o’ wit,
But if ye’ll speak that word again,
I’ll brain you whar ye sit.”

Now up gat he, and up gat she,
An’ till’t fell teeth an’ nail,
While frae the haffets o’ them baith,
The bluid cam down like hail.

Our Gutchyre now spak frae the nuik,
A sairie man was he,
“ Sit down, sit down, ye senseless fouk,
An’ let sic tuilzeing be.

An’ gudewife learn an’ no despise
The word o’ prophecy,
For “ *bluidy wark*” this nicht has been,
An’ that ye’ve lived to see.

I could hae seen wi’ hauf an e’e,
The prophecy was sure,
For siccan words ’tween married fouks,
Bring on a “ *Shirra Muir*.”

An’ noo I hope ilk wedded pair,
A moral here may fin’,
An’ mind though tempest rage without,
A *calm sough* keep within.

Carrick.

THE WEE RAGGIT LADDIE.

WEE stuffy, stumpy, dumpie laddie,
Thou urchin elfin, bare an’ duddy,
Thy plumpit kite an’ cheek sae ruddy
Are fairly baggit,
Although the breekums on thy fuddy
Are e’en right raggit.

Thy wee roun' pate, sae black an' curly,
 Thy twa bare feet, sae stoure an' burly,
 The biting frost, though snell an' surly

An' sair to bide,

Is scouted by thee, thou hardy wurly,

Wi' sturdy pride.

Come frost, come snaw, come win', come weet,

Ower frozen dubs, through slush an' sleet,

Thou patters wi' thy wee red feet

Right bauld an' sicker,

An' ne'er wast kenned to whinge or greet,

But for thy bicker.

Our gentry's wee pecl-garlic gets

Feed on bear meal, an' sma' ale swats,

Wi' thin beef tea, an' scours o' sauts,

To keep them pale ;

But aitmeal parritch straights thy guts,

An' thick Scotch kail.

Thy grannie's paiks, the maister's whippin',

Can never mend thy gait o' kippin' ;

I've seen the hail schule bairnies trippin'

A' after thee,

An' thou aff, like a young colt, skippin'

Far owre the lea.

'Mang Hallowfair's wild, noisy brattle,

Thou'st foughten mony a weary battle,

Stridin' owre horse, an' yerkin' cattle

Wi' noisy glee,

Nae jockey's whup nor drover's wattle,

Can frighten thee.

Ilk kiltit Celt, ilk raggit Paddy,

Ilk sooty sweep, ilk creeshy caddie,

Ilk tree-legg'd man, ilk club-taed laddie,

Ilk oily leary,

Ilk midden mavis, wee black jaudy,
A' dread an' fear ye.

Ilk struttin' swad, ilk reelin' sailor,
Ilk rosin't snab, ilk barkin't nailer,
Ilk flunky bauld, ilk coomy collier,
Ilk dusty batchy,
Ilk muckle grab, ilk little tailor,
A' strive to catch ye.

Ilk thimblin', thievin', gamblin' diddler,
Ilk bellows-mendin' tinkler driddler,
Ilk haltin', hirplin', blindit fiddler,
Ilk wee speech-crier,
Ilk lazy, ballant-singin' idler,
Chase thec like fire.

Ilk waly-draiglin', dribblin' wight,
Wha sleeps a' day, an' drinks a' night,
An' stagger's hame in braid daylight,
Bleerit, blin', an' scaur,
Thou coverest him up, a movin' fright,
Wi' dunts o' glaur.

Ilk auld wife stoyterin' wi' her drappie,
In teapot, bottle, *stoup*, or cappie,
Fu' snugly fauldit in her lappie,
Wi' couthy care,
Thou gar'st the hidden treasure jaupie
A' in the air.

At e'en, when weary warkmen house,
Their sair forfoughten spunks to rouse,
An' owre th' inspirin' whisky bouse,
Croon mony a ditty,
Thou sits amang them bauld and crouse,
Whiffin' thy cutty.

Thine education's maistly perfect,
An' though thou now arc wee an' barefoot,

Thou'lt be a swankin', spunky spark yet,
 Or I'm mista'en,
 Unless misfortunes gurly bark yet
 Should change thy vein.

O, why sould age, wi' cankered e'e,
 Condemn thy pranks o' rattlin' glee,
 We a' were callants ance, like thee,
 An' happier then
 Than, after clamberin' up life's tree,
 We think us men.

James Ballantine, Edinburgh.

THE QUEEN'S ANTHEM.

God bless our lovely Queen,
 With cloudless days serene ;—
 God save our Queen.

From perils, pangs and woes,
 Secret and open foes,
 Till her last evening close,
 God save our Queen.

From flattery's poisoned streams ;—
 From faction's fiendish schemes,
 God shield our Queen ;—
 With men her throne surround,
 Firm, active, zealous, sound,
 Just, righteous, sage, profound ;—
 God save our Queen.

Long may she live to prove,
 Her faithful subjects' love ;—
 God bless our Queen.

Grant her an Alfred's zeal,
 Still for the Commonweal,
 Her people's wounds to heal ;—
 God save our Queen.

Watch o'er her steps in youth ;—
 In the straight paths of truth,
 Lead our young Queen ;
 And as years onward glide,
 Succour, protect and guide,
 Albion's hope—Albion's pride ;—
 God save our Queen.

Free from war's sanguine stain,
 Bright be Victoria's reign ;—
 God guard our Queen.

Safe from the traitor's wiles,
 Long may the Queen of Isles,
 Cheer millions with her smiles ;—
 God save our Queen.

Alex. Rodger.

THE FORSAKEN.

O GIVE me back that blissful time,
 When I so fondly gazed on thee,
 And loved—nor deemed my love a crime,
 Till now too late, my fault I see.
 O give me back my innocence !
 Alas ! that may not—cannot be,
 Too deep, too dark is my offence,
 For purity to dwell with me.

Hast thou forgot the solemn vows,
 So oft exchanged by thee and me,
 While seated underneath the boughs,
 Of yonder venerable tree ?
 Those vows, indeed, may be forgot,
 Or only laughed at, now, by thee,
 But to thy mind they'll yet be brought,
 When cold below the sod I'll be.

How could'st thou treat a maiden so,
 Who would have gladly died for thee ?

Think, think what I must undergo,
 Think of my load of infamy ;
 O could repentance wash my stain,
 What peaceful days I yet might see,
 But no ;—I ever must remain
 A victim of my love, for thee.

Alex. Rodger.

OH ! PRINCELY IS THE BARON'S HALL.

OH ! princely is the Baron's hall,
 And bright his lady's bower,
 And none may wed their eldest son
 Without a royal dower ;
 If such, my peerless maid, is thine,
 Then place thy lily hand in mine.
 A cot beside the old oak-tree,
 The woodbine's pleasant flower,
 A careless heart and spotless name,
 Sir Knight, are all my dower ;
 Thy gold spur and thy milk-white steed,
 May bear thee where thou'lt better speed.
 Now, by the ruby of thy lip—
 The sapphire of thine eye—
 The treasures of thy snowy breast,
 We part not company :
 A sire's domain—a mother's pride,
 Can claim for me no wealthier bride.

Wm. Kennedy.

WEE RABIE.

AE mornin', wee Rabie, fu' canty and gabbie,
 Gat up frae his nestie an' buskit him braw ;
 To sweeten his lifey, he wish'd for a wifey,
 An' fix'd on tall Nelly o' Heathery Ha'.

The laughin' wee bodie soon mountit on Doddie,
 Sae sleekit, an' bridled, an' saddled, an' a';
 A drap in his headie, to haud his heart steadie,
 Aff he trotted for Nelly o' Heathery Ha'.

A wooer mair vap'rin', mair paukie and cap'rin',
 Ne'er before took the road sae weel mountit an' a';
 But the fowk thought him muzzy, to fix on a huzzy,
 Sae strappin' as Nell o' Heathery Ha'.

But Rabbie was happy, love smit wi' the nappy,
 Nor dream'd that his person was punylie sma';
 He canter'd fu' smirky, a bauld little birky,
 Nor halted till landit at Heathery Ha'.

Wi' whip-han' he knuckled, while neighbours a' chuckled,
 An' wondered what made him sae trig and sae braw;
 Ne'er thinking that Doddie had brought the wee bodie,
 A-wooin' to Nelly o' Heathery Ha'.

But Rabie soon lightit, without being frightit,
 An' vow'd he'd hae Nelly, or hae nane at a';
 Then tiptoe in goes he, resolved to be easie,
 Before he'd leave Nelly an' Heathery Ha'.

Soon Nelly, though taller, wi' Rabbie though smaller,
 Agreed to be buckled for gude an' for a';
 She vows he is snodie, though but a wee bodie,
 An' better a mannie than ne'er ane ava.

Sae they've remounted Doddie, lang Nell, the wee bodie;
 'Twas sport to see Rabie sae brisk gaun a'va',
 He sat in Nell's lapie, sae laughin' an' happy,
 An' trottit hame crously frae Heathery Ha'.

LOVELY MAIDEN.

LOVELY maiden, art thou sleeping?
 Wake, and fly with me, my love,
 While the moon is proudly sweeping
 Through the ether fields above;

While her mellow'd light is streaming
 Full on mountain, moor, and lake !
 Dearest maiden, art thou dreaming ?
 'Tis thy true-love calls—awake ?

All is hush'd around thy dwelling,
 Even the watch-dog's lull'd asleep ;
 Hark ! the clock the hour is knelling,
 Wilt thou then thy promise keep ?
 Yes, I hear her softly coming,
 Now her window's gently rais'd,
 There she stands, an angel blooming—
 Come, my Mary ! haste thee, haste !

Fear not, love ! thy rigid father
 Soundly sleeps, bedrench'd with wine ;
 'Tis thy true love holds the ladder,
 To his care thyself resign !
 Now my arms enfold a treasure,
 Which for world's I'd not forego ;
 Now our bosoms feel that pleasure,
 Faithful bosoms only know.

Long have our true love's been thwarted
 By the stern decrees of pride,
 Which would doom us to be parted,
 And make thee another's bride ;
 But behold my steeds are ready,
 Soon they'll post us far away ;
 Thou wilt be Glen Alva's Lady
 Long before the dawn of day !

Alex. Rodger.

COME THEN, ELIZA DEAR.

DEAREST Eliza, say, wilt thou resign
 All thy companions gay, and become mine ?

Wilt thou through woe and weal,
 Be my loved partner still,
 Share with me every ill,
 Nor e'er repine ?

Wilt thou, O lovely fair ! when I'm distress'd,
 All my afflictions share, soothe them to rest ?
 Wilt thou, when comforts fail,
 When woe and want assail,
 With sympathizing wail,
 Cling to this breast ?

Yes, yes, O dearest youth ! here I resign,
 All else I prize on earth, thy fate to join ;
 Gladly I'll share thy woes,
 Soothe thee to calm repose,
 While heaven on me bestows
 Such love as thine.

Come then, Eliza dear, come to this breast,
 Thou alone reignest here, kindest and best ;
 If wealth and rural peace,
 If love that ne'er shall cease,
 Can give thee ought like bliss,
 Thou shalt be bless'd.

Alex. Rodger.

THE CAVALIER'S SONG.

A STEED ! a steed of matchless speed,
 A sword of metal keen,
 All else to noble hearts is dross,
 All else on earth is mean.
 The neighing of the war-horse proud,
 The rolling of the drum,
 The clangour of the trumpets loud,
 Be sounds from heaven that come.

And oh ! the thund'ring press of knights,
 When as their war-cries swell,
 May toll from heaven an angel bright,
 Or rouse a fiend from hell.

Then mount, then mount, brave gallants all,
 And don your helms amain,
 Death's couriers, fame and honour, call
 Us to the field again.

No shrewish tears shall fill our eye,
 When the sword-hilt's in our hand,
 Heart-whole we'll part, and no whit sigh
 For the fairest of the land.

Let piping swain and craven wight,
 Thus weep and puling cry ;—
 Our business is, like men to fight
 And like to heroes die !

Motherwell.

YOUNG PADDY'S TUTOR.

SOME patriots howl o'er Paddies wrongs,
 And raise such lamentation, O ;
 Whilst others contrive with their speeches and songs,
 To complete her stultification, O.
 Ould Father M'Flail, good honest man,
 Like a heavenly constellation, O,
 Enlightens the Paddies as much as he can,
 With his system of education, O.

(*Spoken.*) ' Come hither the whole varmint of ye, and let me see that ye're all present and none ov ye absent. I see ye're all here, my honnies ; the more credit to you for the interest you take in your larn-in'. But before commencin' the instruction of the day, let us attend to the comforts of the Academy. Phidre O'Gallach ! what sort of a turf is that ye brought with you this morning ? Ye'll be after kaping it warm in your pocket, for shame, till ye come up to the school ;—did you ever expect that a handful like it could give a hap'worth of heat to

comfort the Institution? Jim Mullen, now for you, my man; what sort of a way is that 'you've turn'd the corner of your catechism? don't abuse the literature of the country. Are ye at it already? paice childer—houl' your paice, I say, agin; for I don't know whether my tongue is in my own mouth, or dancin' agin the teeth of all the childer in the Academy. Mike Linahan, there's no hearin', for you're roaring as if a score of ducks were houlding a holiday in your mouth; them black-nosed pepper-boxes on Dublin Castle, with the brimstone breath comin' up their throats, couldn't hear themselves spakin' for you! turn the dumb side of your tongue uppermost, or I'll glue it agin the ceilin' of your mouth! Winny M'Coy, my little pot of honey; there's not a sweeter mouth in ould Ireland, nor one that M'Flail would like to put knowledge and letters into, but there is no opening or pretinsion yet in your intellects; the mighty big letters coming up from the bottom of your breast, would be splittin' your throat to ribbands, and opening another mouth below your illigant chin; and there would be no raison for your takin' in sustenance and comforts there, my sweet potato blossom; just trot away home on that purty little foot of your's, that couldn't hurt a hair on the head of a daisy, and come back agin to the instruction when the turf is puttin' on its clothes for summer. Now, children, go on with the instruction of the day. Looney M'Twolter, ye scoundrel, what's the name of that letter that's starin' you there in the face?' 'Q, sur.' 'It's a lie, sir: that's A; didn't I tell you that a month ago? Sure you might see the two legs of it standing up there like the sticks at your grandmother's clay cabin door? O, Looney, Looney! you'll never make a clergy in the 'varsal world. And what's the name of the next letter that comes after the A? sure you havn't forgot it already! What do you call the little gintleman, with the sting in his tail, and yellow jacket over his shoulders, that flies about the bogs and the ditches?' 'Bee, sur.' 'That's the name of it, you blackguard; many's the day you run after him when ye should have been following your edication. And what do you call the fellow of the B?' 'That's the moon, sur.' 'Thunder and thump! that's murderous; who ever heard of a letter called the moon? What do I do when I look through my spectacles, ye rapscaillon, ye?' 'Ye squint, sur.' (*Beats him.*) 'And what else?' 'You see, sur.'

‘Troth, I do that, and C is the very name ov it; run away to your seat, an’ turn the sharpest corner of your eye to your lesson.’

And thus the worthy Father lays,
 Of knowledge the sure foundation, O,
 The system every one should plase,
 For its all of his own creation, O.
 The Arts and Sciences every one,
 From the very first emanation, O,
 He explains to all as clear as the sun,
 What a brilliant elucidation, O.

‘Charley M’Fluskey, come hither; but first of all take that fly out of your mouth. What would you think now, if that little creature contained in its tiny body the soul of your own ould grandmother? but you don’t understand transmugification; never catch flies in the school, sur. Denis Hourigan, now, tell me the name of that letter I was explaining to you yesterday—the long one there, for all the world like a May-pole? You’ve forgot, I see, that’s sartain. What was’t your father gave to your mother last Saturday night, when he came home?’ ‘He gived her a black eye, sur.’ ‘And isn’t I the very name of the letter? And what’s the name of the next but one after the I? What does your mother open the door with?’ ‘A latch, please your worship.’ ‘Any thing else?’ ‘A key, sur.’ ‘Sure, and K’s the very name of it too. Well, and what’s the name of that round letter like the full moon, afore she turns herself into a raping-hook agin, as our own Belfast prophets foretel? I wonder if I can ring it out ov ye?’ (*Pulls his ear.*) ‘O murder, murder!’ ‘That’s it now; I’ll take the O, and lave the murder to yourself. Tell me now, before I dismiss you, the name of that one with the slop over his head. Sure you know what mother takes to her breakfast on Sunday morning?’ ‘Rum, sur.’ ‘Oh ye little tell-tale! well does I love it my own self too, as well as a duck does a dhurty day; an’ it were not for a dhrop or two of it, my ould throat would get dhry with spaking—and my body a lump of dhry dust—ould Father M’Flail, your tutor, would be blown about like the dust in the very air you’re breathin’. Does your mother never take anything else?’ ‘Tay, sur.’ ‘And T’s the very word I want; so get away to your seat, and pay more attention for the future. And now;

Dennis O'Neal, you are farther on with your larning ; tell me how many cases them Latins had amongst them.' Six ; please your honour. ' Then fire away and let's hear their names.' ' There was the Nornativ, and the Ginitiv, and the Jockativ.' ' Thunder and turf, who ever heard of the Jockativ case ; take that, (*knocks him down,*) and remember that is the *Knockativ*. There is a lesson in jigonometry for you, that your mother never contracted for. Larry Hoolagan, spell Babelmandel, an' be hanged t'ye.' ' B-a-able-m-a-mandle, Babelmandel.' ' That's the thing, my boy. Spell us Constantinople.' ' C-o-n-con-s-t-a-n-stan-tinople, Constantinople.' Do you know the meanin' of that mighty word, now ? That's the name of the Grand Turk, -sir, who commands the cratures with the three tails. There's the benefit of navigation to you without ever puttin' your foot on water.'

Now boys and girls go home I say,
 And see ye give over flirtation, O ;
 Nor dare any more the truant to play,
 But get on with your idication, O.
 May English, Irish, Scotch, each one,
 Soon make an amalgamation, O,
 With heart, and soul, and blood, and bone,
 To confirm their liberation, O.

WEARIE'S WELL.

In a saft simmer gloamin',
 In yon dowie dell,
 It was there we twa first met
 By Wearie's cauld well.
 We sat on the brume bank
 And look'd in the burn,
 But sidelang we look'd on
 Ilk ither in turn.
 The corn-craik was chirming
 His sad cerie cry,
 And the wee stars were dreaming
 Their path through the sky ;

The burn babbled freely
 Its love to ilk flower,
 But we heard and we saw nought
 In that blessed hour.

We heard and we saw nought
 Above or around ;
 We felt that our love lived,
 And loathed idle sound.
 I gazed on your sweet face
 Till tears filled my e'e,
 And they drapt on your wee loof—
 A world's wealth to me.

Now the winter's snaw's fa'ing
 On bare holm and lea ;
 And the cauld wind is strippin'
 Ilk leaf aff the tree.
 But the snaw fa's not faster,
 Nor leaf disna part
 Sae sune frae the bough, as
 Faith fades in your heart.

Ye've waled out anither
 Your bridegroom to be ;
 But can his heart luvae sae
 As mine luvit thee ?
 Ye'll get biggings and mailings,
 And monie braw claes ;
 But they a' winna buy back
 The peace o' past days.

Fareweel, and for ever,
 My first luvae and last,
 May thy joys be to come—
 Mine live in the past.
 In sorrow and sadness,
 This hour fa's on me ;



But light, as thy luve, may
It fleet over thee !

Motherwell.

MY HEID IS LIKE TO REND, WILLIE.

My heid is like to rend, Willie,
My heart is like to break—
I'm wearin' aff my feet, Willie,
I'm dyin' for your sake !
Oh lay your cheek to mine, Willie,
Your hand on my briest-bane—
Oh say ye'll think on me, Willie,
When I am deid and gane !

It's vain to comfort me, Willie,
Sair'grief maun ha'e its will—
But let me rest upon your briest,
To sab and greet my fill.
Let me sit on your knee, Willie,
Let me shed by your hair,
And look into the face, Willie,
I never sall see mair !

I'm sittin' on your knee, Willie,
For the last time in my life—
A puir heart-broken thing, Willie,
A mither, yet nae wife.
Ay, press your hand upon my heart,
And press it mair and mair—
Or it will burst the silken twine
Sae strang is its despair !

Oh wae's me for the hour, Willie,
When we thegither met—
Oh wae's me for the time, Willie,
That our first tryst was set !

Oh wae's me for the loanin' green
 Where we were wont to gae—
 And wae's me for the destinie,
 That gart me luvè thee sae !

Oh ! dinna mind my words, Willie,
 I downa seek to blame—
 But oh ! it's hard to live, Willie,
 And dree a warld's shame !
 Het tears are hailin' ower your cheek,
 And hailin' ower your chin ;
 Why weep ye sae for worthlessness,
 For sorrow and for sin ?

I'm weary o' this warld, Willie,
 And sick wi' a' I see—
 I canna live as I ha'e lived,
 Or be as I should be.
 But fauld unto your heart, Willie,
 The heart that still is thine—
 And kiss ance mair the white, white cheek,
 Ye said was red langsyne.

A stoun' gaes through my heid, Willie,
 A sair stoun' through my heart—
 Oh ! haud me up and let me kiss
 Thy brow ere we twa pairt,
 Anither, and anither yet !—
 How fast my life-strings break !
 Fareweel ! fareweel ! through yon kirk-yard
 Step lichtly for my sake !

The lav'rock in the lift, Willie,
 That lilts far ower our heid,
 Will sing the morn as merrilie
 Abune the clay-cauld deid ;
 And this green turf we're sittin' on,
 Wi' dew-draps shimmerin' sheen,



Will hap the heart that luvit thee
As warld has seldom seen.

But oh ! remember me, Willie,
On land where'er ye be—
And oh ! think on the leal, leal heart,
That ne'er luvit ane but thee !
And oh ! think on the cauld, cauld mools,
That file my yellow hair—
That kiss the cheek, and kiss the chin,
Ye never sall kiss mair ! *Motherwell.*

THE BLOOM HATH FLED THY CHEEK, MARY.

THE bloom hath fled thy cheek, Mary,
As spring's rath blossoms die,
And sadness hath o'ershadowed now
Thy once bright eye ;
But, look on me, the prints of grief
Still deeper lie.
Farewell !

Thy lips are pale and mute, Mary,
Thy step is sad and slow,
The morn of gladness hath gone by
Thou erst did know ;
I, too, am changed like thee, and weep
For very woe.
Farewell !

It seems as 'twere but yesterday
We were the happiest twain,
When murmured sighs and joyous tears,
Dropping like rain,
Discoursed my love, and told how loved
I was again.
Farewell !

"Twas not in cold and measured phrase
 We gave our passion name ;
 Scorning such tedious eloquence.
 Our hearts' fond flame
 And long imprisoned feelings fast
 In deep sobs came.
 Farewell !

Would that our love had been the love
 That merest worldlings know,
 When passion's draught to our doomed lips
 Turns utter woe,
 And our poor dream of happiness
 Vanishes so !
 Farewell !

But in the wreck of all our hopes,
 There's yet some touch of bliss,
 Since fate robs not our wretchedness
 Of this last kiss :
 Despair, and love, and madness, meet
 In this, in this.
 Farewell !

Motherwell.

MAY MORN SONG.

THE grass is wet with shining dews,
 Their silver bells hang on each tree,
 While opening flower and bursting bud
 Breathe incense forth unceasingly ;
 The mavis pipes in greenwood shaw,
 The throstle glads the spreading thorn,
 And cheerily the blythsome lark
 Salutes the rosy face of morn.
 'Tis early prime ;
 And hark ! hark ! hark !

His merry chime

Chirrup the lark :

Chirrup ! chirrup ! he heralds in

The jolly sun with matin hymn.

Come, come, my love ! and May-dews shake

In pailfuls from each drooping bough,

They'll give fresh lustre to the bloom

That breaks upon thy young cheek now.

O'er hill and dale, o'er waste and wood,

Aurora's smiles are streaming free ;

With earth it seems brave holiday,

In heaven it looks high jubilee.

And it is right,

For mark, love, mark !

How bathed in light

Chirrup the lark :

Chirrup ! chirrup ! he upward flies,

Like holy thoughts to cloudless skies.

They lack all heart who cannot feel

The voice of heaven within them thrill,

In summer morn, when mounting high

This merry minstrel sings his fill.

Now let us seek yon bosky dell

Where brightest wild-flowers choose to be,

And where its clear stream murmurs on,

Meet type of our love's purity ;

No witness there,

And o'er us, hark !

High in the air

Chirrup the lark :

Chirrup ! chirrup ! away soars he,

Bearing to heaven my vows to thee !

Motherwell.

HE IS GONE! HE IS GONE!

He is gone! he is gone!

Like the leaf from the tree;
Or the down that is blown

By the wind o'er the lea.
He is fled, the light-hearted!
Yet a tear must have started
To his eye, when he parted
From love-stricken me!

He is fled! he is fled!

Like a gallant so free,
Plumed cap on his head,
And sharp sword by his knee;
While his gay feathers fluttered,
Surely something he muttered,
He at least must have uttered
A farewell to me!

He's away! he's away

To far lands o'er the sea—
And long is the day
Ere home he can be;
But where'er his steed prances,
Amid thronging lances,
Sure he'll think of the glances
That love stole from me!

He is gone! he is gone!

Like the leaf from the tree;
But his heart is of stone
If it ne'er dream of me!
For I dream of him ever:
His buff-coat and beaver,
And long sword, Oh, never
Are absent from me!

OH, WAE BE TO THE ORDERS.

Oh wae be to the orders that marched my luve awa',
 And wae be to the cruel cause that gars my tears doun fa';
 Oh wae be to the bluidy wars in Hie Germanie,
 For they hae ta'en my luve, and left a broken heart to me.

The drums beat in the mornin' afore the screich o' day,
 And the wee, wee fifes piped loud and shrill, while yet the
 morn was gray ;

The bonnie flags were a' unfurl'd, a gallant sight to see,
 But waes me for my sodger lad that marched to Germanie.

Oh, lang, lang is the travel to the bonnie Pier o' Leith,
 Oh dreich it is to gang on foot wi' the snaw-drift in the
 teeth !

And oh, the cauld wind froze the tear that gather'd in my
 e'e,

When I gade there to see my luve embark for Germanie !

I looked ower the braid blue sea, sae lang as could be seen
 Ae wee bit sail upon the ship that my sodger lad was in ;
 But the wind was blawin' sair and snell, and the ship sail'd
 speedilie,

And the waves and cruel wars hae twinn'd my winsome
 luve frae me.

I never think o' dancin, and I downa try to sing,
 But a' the day I spier what news kind neibour bodies bring ;
 I sometimes knit a stocking, if knittin' it may be,
 Syne for every loop that I cast on, I am sure to let doun
 three.

My father says I'm in a pet, my mither jeers at me,
 And bans me for a dautit wean, in dorts for aye to be ;
 But little weet they o' the cause that drumles sae my e'e :
 Oh they hae nae winsome luve like mine in the wars o'
 Germanie !

Motherwell.

BRITAIN'S QUEEN, VICTORIA.

AIR—*Rob Roy Macgregor O.*

BRIGHTEST gem of Britain's Isle !
 Born to wear the British crown,
 Millions basking in your smile,
 Crowd around your noble throne,
 Rending air with loud applause,
 Swearing to defend your cause,
 British rights and British laws,
 And Britain's Queen, Victoria.

Bravest Britons guard your crown !
 Patriots, statesmen, honest men—
 Tyrants, traitors, trample down !
 Never more to rise again ;—
 Let corruption wither'd parch !
 Let reform and knowledge march !
 Through perfection's glorious arch,
 Led by Queen Victoria !

Equal rights, and equal laws,
 Let the people all enjoy,
 Peace proclaim'd with loud huzzas !
 Never more let war destroy ;—
 Agriculture, lead the van ;
 Commerce, free to ev'ry man ;
 Religion pure, complete the plan,
 Glory to Victoria.

John Paterson.

I MET TWA CRONIES.

I MET twa cronies late yestreen,
 Wham blythe I've aft been wi' ;
 And ilka mind soon felt inclined
 To taste the barley-bree :

We sat sae late, and drank sae deep,
 That roarin' fou gat we ;
 And haith ! I found, when I gaed hame,
 My wife had ta'en the gee.

All lanely by the fire she sat,
 Her brows hung owre her e'e ;
 And wistfu' hush'd she aye the bairn,
 Though sleeping on her knee—
 I saw the storm was masking fast,
 That soon wad fa' on me ;
 Sae quietly slipt I aff to bed,
 And left her in the gee.

Neist day her looks were sour and sad,
 And ne'er a word spak she ;
 But aye the tear-drap gather'd big,
 And dimm'd her bonnie e'e :
 Quo' I, " My dear, what's past let gang,
 And frown nae mair on me,
 The like again I'll never do,
 Gin ye ll ne'er tak the gee !"

When this she heard, her brows she raised,
 And down beside me sat ;
 I kiss'd her, for her heart was fu',
 And, puir wee thing ! she grat :
 Quo' she, " Gin ye'll but keep your word,
 And bide at hame wi' me—
 Hae, there's my han', that, while I live,
 I'll never tak' the gee !"

Then let us ea', and pay our drap,
 And toddle while we doo ;
 For gin we drink anither bowl
 We'll a' get roarin' fou' :
 My wifey's smile is aye sae kind,
 When blythe or pleased is she,
 To anger her wad be a sin,
 Or gar her tak' the gee !

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 warsled and toiled through the *fair* and the *foul*,
 And she was right carefu' o' what I brought till her,
 For aye we had mind o' the canny auid rule,
 " Marry for love, and work for siller."

Our bairns they cam' thick—we were thankfu' for that,
 For the *bit* and the *brattie* cam' aye alang wi' them ;
 Our *pan* we 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',
 Iik 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 too paughtily 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 ?

Alex. Rodger.

IT'S NO THAT THOU'RT BONNIE.

It's no that thou'rt bonnie, it's no that thou'rt braw,
 It's no that thy skin has the pureness o' snaw,
 It's no that thy form is perfection itsel',
 That mak's my heart feel what my tongue canna tell ;
 But oh ! its the soul beaming out frae thine e'e,
 That mak's thee sae dear and sae lovely to me.

It's pleasant to look on that mild blushing face,
 Sae sweetly adorn'd wi' ilk feminine grace,
 It's joyous to gaze on these tresses sae bright,
 O'ershading a forehead sae smooth and sae white ;
 But to dwell on the glances that dart frae thine e'e,
 O Jeanie! it's evendown rapture to me.

That form may be wasted by lingering decay,
 The bloom of that cheek may be wither'd away,
 Those gay gowden ringlets that yield sic delight,
 By the cauld breath o' time may be changed into white ;
 But the soul's fervid flashes that brighten thine e'e,
 Are the offspring o' heaven, and never can dee.

Let me plough the rough ocean, nor e'er touch the shore,
 Let me freeze on the coast of the bleak Labrador,
 Let me pant 'neath the glare of a vertical sun,
 Where no trees spread their branches, nor streams ever run ;
 Even there, my dear Jeanie, still happy I'd be,
 If bless'd wi' the light o' thy heavenly e'e.

Alex. Rodger.

A LULLABY.

O SAFTLY sleep, my bonnie bairn !
 Rock'd on this breast o' mine ;
 The heart that beats sae sair within,
 Will not awaken thine.

Lie still, lie still, ye canker'd thoughts !
 That such late watches keep ;
 An' if ye break the mother's heart,
 Yet let the baby sleep.

Sleep on, sleep on, my ae, ae bairn !
 Nor look sae wae on me,
 As if ye felt the bitter tear
 That blin's thy mother's e'e.

Dry up, dry up, ye saut, saut tears.
 Lest on my bairn ye dreep ;
 An' break in silence, waefu' heart,
 An' let my baby sleep.

Ritchie.

THE DOCTORS.

BE honours which to Kings we give,
 To Doctors also paid ;
 We're the King's *subjects* while we live,
 The Doctor's when we're dead.
 Though when in health and thoughtless mood,
 We treat them oft with scoffing ;
 Yet they, returning ill with good,
 Relieve us from our *coughing* (coffin).
 At times they kill us, to be sure,
 In cases rather tickle ;
 But when they've kill'd—they still can *cure*
 Their patients—in a *pickle*.
 And when at last we needs must die,
 The Doctors cannot save
 From death—they still most kindly try
 To *snatch us* from the *grave*.

LADY'S POCKET ADONIS.

THERE was a lady lived at Leith,
 A lady very stylish, man,
 And yet, in spite of all her teeth,
 She fell in love with an Irishman,
 A nasty, ugly Irishman,
 A wild tremendous Irishman,
 A tearing, swearing, thumping, bumping, ramping, roaring
 Irishman.

His face was no ways beautiful,
 For with small-pox 'twas scarr'd across ;
 And the shoulders of the ugly dog
 Were almost double a yard across.

Oh the lump of an Irishman,
 The whisky-devouring Irishman—
 The great he-rogue, with his wonderful brogue, the fighting,
 rioting Irishman.

One of his eyes was bottle-green,
 And the other eye was out, my dear ;
 And the calves of his wicked-looking legs,
 Were more than two feet about, my dear.

Oh the great big Irishman,
 The rattling, battling Irishman—
 The stamping, ramping, swaggering, staggering, leathering
 swash of an Irishman.

He took so much of Lundy-foot,
 That he used to snort and snuffle, O ;
 And in shape and size, the fellow's neck,
 Was as bad as the neck of a buffalo.

Oh the horrible Irishman,
 The thundering, blundering Irishman,
 The slashing, dashing, smashing, lashing, thrashing, hash-
 ing Irishman.

His name was a terrible name, indeed,
 Being Timothy Thady Mulligan ;
 And whenever he emptied his tumbler of punch,
 He'd not rest till he filled it full again.

The boozing, bruising Irishman,
 The 'toxicated Irishman—
 The whisky, frisky, rummy, gummy, brandy, no dandy
 Irishman.

This was the lad the lady loved,
 Like all the girls of quality ;

And he broke the skulls of the men of Leith,
Just by the way of jollity.

Oh the leathering Irishman,
The barbarous, savage Irishman—

The hearts of the maids, and the gentlemen's heads, were
bother'd, I'm sure, by this Irishman.

A COOK'S LEGACY.

BLEAK now the winter blaws, thick flee the driftin' snaws,

A' the warld looks cauld and blae;

Birds wha used to sing, now wi' shiverin' wing,

Dozen'd sit on the frosted spray;

But though the wintry winds blaw keenly,

What are the wintry winds to me,

When by the kitchen fire sae cleanly,

My love is baking a pie for me!

Oh when I think on her cheeks sae greasy,

Oh when I think on her shoulders fat,

Never a lass have I seen like Leezy,

She makes my poor heart to go pitty-pat!

All the way hame though never so dreary,

It charms my heart to think of thee;

How by the kitchen fire sae cheery,

My love is baking a pie for me!

Some yield their hearts to the charms of beauty,

Doating with pleasure upon her smile,

But when they've caught their long-wish'd booty,

'Twill neither make pat nor pan to boil;

And wi' their beauty they aft catch a Tartar—

Often it happens, as all may see;

Then for beauty, I'll scorn to barter

The maid that is baking a pie for me!

Carrick.

JUNE AND JANUARY.

AIR—"Willie was a Wanton Wag."

FROSTY-bearded warlock body,
 Wife to you I'll never be ;
 Rather wad I wed the wuddie,
 Or a runkled maiden die ;
 Gang your wa's, an' seek some ither—
 Ane that's weary o' her life,
 For ye're liker Death's half-brither,
 Than a man that wants a wife.

What care I for a' your grandeur,
 Gear an' lands, and houses braw ?
 Sapless rung ! the witch o' Endor
 Scarce wad taen you wi' them a' !
 Troth, ye might hae hain'd your siller,
 That ye've spent on fripperies vain ;
 Dotard fool ! to think a tailor
 E'er could mak' you young again !

When you gat your dandy stays on,
 Was't to mak you trig an' sma' ;
 Or for fear that ye might gyzen,
 And in staves asunder fa' ?
 Ye wad tak' me to your bosom,
 Buy me braws an' ilk thing nice !
 Gude preserve's ! I'd soon be frozen,
 Clasp'd by sic a sherd o' ice !

Hoot ! haud aff—ye're quite ridic'ous
 Wi' your pow as white as snaw,
 An' your drumstick-shanks sae feckless,
 Aping youth o' twenty-twa ;
 Wha could thole your senseless boasting,
 Squeaking voice, an' ghaistlike grin ?
 Doited driveller ! cease your hoasting,
 Else gie ower your fulsome din.

Wha could sit an' hear a story,
 'Bout a bosom's burning pains,
 Frae an auld "*Memento mori*,"
 Sand-glass, skull, an' twa cross banes ?
 But for fear my scorn should cool ye,
 Hark ! I'll tell you what I'll do,
 When December's wed to July,
 There's my *fit*, I'll then tak' you. *Alex. Rodger*

MY GUDEMAN.

AIR—"Loch-Erroch Side."

My gudeman says aye to me,
 Says aye to me, says aye to me ;
 My gudeman says aye to me,
 Come cuddle in my bosie !
 Though wearin' auld, he's blyther still
 Than mony a swankie youthfu' chiel,
 And a' his aim's to see me weel,
 And keep me snug and cozie.

For though my cheeks where roses grew,
 Hae tint their lively glowing hue,
 My Johnnie's just as kind and true
 As if I still were rosy.

Our weel-won gear he never drank,
 He never lived aboon his rank,
 Yet wi' a neebour blythe and frank,
 He could be as jocose aye.

We hae a hame, gude halesome cheer,
 Contentment, peace, a conscience clear,
 And rosy bairns, to us mair dear
 Than treasures o' Potosi :

Their minds are formed in virtue's school,
 Their faut's are check'd wi' temper cool,
 For my gudeman mak's this his rule,
 To keep frae hasty blows, aye.

It ne'er was siller gart us wed,
 Youth, health, and love, were a' we had,
 Possess'd o' these, we toil'd fu' glad,

To shun want's bitter throes, aye ;
 We've had our cares, we've had our toils,
 We've had our bits o' troubles whiles,
 Yet, what o' that? my Johnny's smiles
 Shed joy o'er a' our woes, aye.

Wi' mutual aid we've truded through life,
 A kind gudeman, a cheerfu' wife ;
 And on we'll jog, unvexed by strife,
 Towards our journey's close, aye ;
 And when we're stretch'd upon our bier,
 Oh may our souls, sae faithfu' here,
 Together spring to yonder sphere,
 Where love's pure river flows, aye.*

Alex. Rodger.

O PETER M'KAY.

Ane sober advice to ane drucken Souter in Perth.

AIR—"Come under my Plaidie."

O Peter M'Kay! O Peter M'Kay!
 Gin ye'd do like the brutes, only drink when ye're dry,
 Ye might gather cash yet, grow gawcy and gash yet,
 And carry your noddle Perth-Provost-pow-high ;
 But poor drucken deevil, ye're wed to the evil
 ae closely, that naething can sever the tie ;
 Vi' boring, and boosing, and snoring, and snoozing,
 Ye emulate *him* that inhabits—the sty.

O Peter M'Kay! O Peter M'Kay!
 'm tald that ye drink ilka browster wife dry ;—
 When down ye get sitting, ye ne'er think o' flitting,
 While cogie or caup can a dribble supply ;—

* The first four lines form the chorus of a very old song.

What waur than a jaw-box, your monstrous maw soaks
 Whate'er is poured in till't, while "give" is the cry;
 And when a' is drunk up, ye *bundle* your *trunk* up,
 And bid, like the *sloth*, the bare *timmer* good-bye.

O Peter M'Kay! O Peter M'Kay!

Gang hame to your awls, and your lingals apply,
 Ca' in self-respect, man, to keep you correct, man—
 The task may be irksome—at ony rate try;
 But gin ye keep drinking, and dozing, and blinking,
 Be-clouding your reason, God's light from on high,
 Then Peter depend on't, ye'll soon make an end on't,
 And close your career 'neath a cauld wint'ry sky.

Alex. Rodger.

MARY'S GANE.

O WAES my heart, now Mary's gane,
 An' we nae mair shall meet thegither,
 To sit an' crack at gloamin' hour,
 By yon auld grey-stane amang the heather.
 Trysting-stane amang the heather,
 Trysting-stane amang the heather,
 How bless'd were we at gloamin' hour,
 By yon auld grey-stane amang the heather.

Her faither's laird sae gair on gear,
 He set their mailin to anither,
 Sae they've selt their kye, and ower the sea
 They've gane, and left their native heather.
 Left their native blooming heather,
 Left their native blooming heather,
 They've selt their kye, and ower the sea
 They've gane, and left their native heather.

Her parting look bespake a heart,
 Whase rising grief she couldna smother,

As she waved a last fareweel to me
 An' Scotland's braes an' blooming heather ;
 Scotland's braes and blooming heather,
 Scotland's braes and blooming heather,
 'Twas sair against the lassie's will,
 To lea' her native blooming heather.

A burning curse licht on the heads
 O' worthless lairds colleagued thegither,
 To drive auld Scotland's hardy clans
 Frae their native glens and blooming heather.
 Native glens and blooming heather,
 Native glens and blooming heather,
 To drive auld Scotland's hardy clans,
 Frae their native glens and blooming heather.

I'll sell the cot my granny left,
 Its plenishing an' a' thegither,
 An' I'll seek her out 'mang foreign wilds,
 Wha used to meet me amang the heather ;
 Used to meet me amang the heather,
 Used to meet me amang the heather,
 I'll seek her out 'mang foreign wilds,
 Wha used to meet me amang the heather.

Carriek.

OUR JOHN HIELANMAN.

I've sax eggs in the pan, gudeman,
 I've sax eggs in the pan, gudeman ;
 I've ane for you, an' twa for me,
 An' three for our John Hielanman.

Oh Johnny has a shapely leg,
 Weel fitted for the philibeg ;
 While we've a hen to lay an egg,
 That egg's to our John Hielanman.
 I've sax eggs, &c.

Ye ken, gudeman, you're failing noo,
 An' heavy wark ye canna do,
 Ye neither thrash nor haud the plough
 Sae weel as our John Hiellanman.

I've sax eggs, &c.

The folk that work should always eat,
 An' Johnny's wordy o' his meat.
 For ne'er a job that's incomplete
 Is done by our John Hiellanman.

I've sax eggs, &c.

As yet, gudeman, I'm no to blame,
 For I've maintain'd an honest fame ;
 But just stap aff to your lang-hame,
 An' I'll wed our John Hiellanman.

I've sax eggs, &c.

Carrick.

THE HERRING-HEAD CLUB.

As we journey through life let us live by the way,
 A famous remark which a sage once did say ;
 We all now are met, spite of care the old scrub,
 And we'll pass half an hour in the Herring-head club.

Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Some good folks complain of the times being bad,
 But the way to improve them, is not to be sad ;
 To laugh is no sin, if we raise no hubbub,
 At least so we think at the Herring-head club.

Derry down, &c.

King Fergus the First, who in Scotland did reign,
 Was a merry old blade who did seldom complain :
 No glasses had he, so he drank from a shell,
 His nobles and he had a glorious spell.

Derry down, &c.

One night being merry and full of much glee,
 For with herrings and drink they were all on the spree—
 This meeting, cried Fergus, it is now time to dub,
 So, my drouthies, we'll call it the Herring-head club.

Derry down, &c.

And now I command that ye keep the thing up,
 Be sure once a-month that on herrings ye sup,
 And if ye forget it, my ghost shall ye drub,
 And this was the rise of the Herring-head club.

Derry down, &c.

Then drink to King William, and drink to the Queen,
 May their pains be all past and their sorrows all seen ;
 May we all pass through life without jostle or rub,
 And often come back to the Herring-head club.

Derry down, &c.

THE AULD SCOTTISH BRUGH.

AIR—“*John Anderson my Jo.*”

IN Scotland stands an ancient brugh, wi' some twal-hundred
 people,

A lang and narrow strip o' street, and a'e high-shoulder'd
 steeple ;

Ilk grocer i' the borough is a bailie, or has been,

But the Provost was perpetual, and drave the hail machine.

At twal o'clock, the Provost cam, and stood upo' the street,

And waggit to his right-hand man, i' the public house to meet;

The Bailie threw his apron by, and o'er their gill they sat,

And they managed a' the Toun's affairs in a bit quiet chat.

The Deacon, wi' a face half-wash'd, gaed consequential by—

But the Deacon, as a' body kent, had nae finger i' the pie.

The Deacon made the Provost's breeks, and a' his laddies'
 claes—

And the Provost, though the best o' friends, was yet the
 warst o' faes.

And oh! the Provost was a man o' consequence and worth—
He managed weel, he strutted weel, yet had nae wit nor
birth :

He led the Council in a string, and the member ken't, I
trow,

That, if he said the word, 'twas done, and there were votes
enow.

And when the canvassin cam' round, the member walk'd
about,

And bughted i' the Provost's arm—they sought the Deacon's
out ;

The bodies threw their nightcaps by, or wi' them cleaned a
chair,

And the member sat i' the ben house, wi' a condescending
air.

The gudewife stood aside, and beck'd and twirled her apron
strings,

And wunner'd that the member deign'd to speak to them.
puir things !

The Parliamentar roar'd, and talked, and syne kiss'd the
gudewife—

And the wife declares the Deacon's vote is now as sure's his
life.

The Bailie's wife, wi' a braw head, frae her window looks
out,

And cried, ' Preserve 's ! he's comin' now—what are ye a
about ?

Put down the wine, ye lazy jad !—the lassie's surely mad !'
And down she sits, to be surprised, upon her cosh bit pad.

The Bailie bustles in before—his very lugs are red—

The gudewife hears upo' the trance a Parliamentar's tread !

He enters a' soawvity, and chucks each chubby laddie,

And swears how ane is like to her, anither to its daddy.

And now the Provost walks him hame to dinner wi' himsel',
 And the member tak's his seat atween the leddie and Miss
 Bell—

And the leddie cracks o' Dr. John, and syne o' Captain
 Sandy,

Wha, by his Honour's influence, to India got so handy.

But, wae's my heart ! the auncient town has now gane down
 the hill,

And vested rights o' families are stolen by Russell's Bill—
 And vulgar weaving touns, I trow, like Glasgow and Dundee,
 Maun steal the honours frae our brughs o' high antiquity !

MISTER PETER PATERSON.

Or, a Bailie in his Cups.

MISTER Peter Paterson,
 Ye will find that late or soon,
 If ye dinna change your tune,
 Ye will most dearly rue.

Mister Peter Paterson,
 Mister Peter Paterson,
 Mister Peter Paterson,
 I see you're gayan' fu'.

You're a Bailie now, ye ken,
 Then drink wi' nane but sober men,
 Nor sit in ony dirty den
 Wi' ony vulgar crew.

For I maun tell it to your face,
 That it's a sin and a disgrace,
 For you to sit in sic a place,
 And drink till ye get fu'.

So, Mister Peter Paterson, &c.

Mistress Peter Paterson,
 Ye aye tak' the gate ower soon,

To snool your pet an' keep him down,
 Before ye ken what's true :
 Believe me, I was nae sic gates,
 But dining wi' the magistrates,
 An' some o' them gaed *ower the sklates*,
 As weel's your dainty dow.

So, Mistress Peter Paterson,
 Mistress Peter Paterson,
 Mistress Peter Paterson,

I'm no sae vera fu'.
 Provost Brodie he was there,
 But yet they gart me tak' the chair,
 Guidsave, Kate, had ye been there,
 You'd keckled weel, I true.

Deacon Roset when he saw't,
 He left the room he was sae chawt,
 And on his tail we ne'er coost saut,
 The hail nicht lang I true.

So, Mistress Peter Paterson,
 Mistress Peter Paterson,
 Mistress Peter Paterson,
 I'm no sae vera fu'.

(*Bailie hickuping and laughing as he proceeds.*)—"I'm no sae vera fu', Mrs. Paterson, and its vera ill-done o' you to say sae; besides, it's no a proper expression to use to a man filling a civil as weel as an official capacity, and who has got a cocket hat on his head, and a gou'd chain about his neck—ha, ha, lass, ca' ye that naething?—lang looked-for's come at last—I've got the cocket hat noo—you did na ken what I was about these twa-three days. Little thought ye o' the braw tow I had in my rock—ha, ha, lass, catch a cat sleeping wi' a mouse in her lug. I've been on the hunt these twa days, and I've catched cocky at last. But noo, Mrs. Paterson, since you're a Bailie's wife, I maun gi'e you a word o' advice:—Never say the Bailie cam' hame fu'. O woman! woman! what wad the Provost's wife think o' you? she's the prudent woman! she never says the Provost cam' hame fu'.—na, na, the Pro-

vost cam' hame ' a *leettle elevated*, ' that's her prudent expression, worthy woman that she is; so dinna forget, Mrs. Paterson, but just say, whan ye speak about me and the town's affairs, that ' the Bailie cam' hame a *leettle elevated*. ' But what d'ye think we're gaun to be about the morn? Ha, ha, lass, we're to be great folks the morn—the morn's the Lord's day, ye ken, Mrs. Paterson, and me and the magistrates are gaun to hae a grand *paraad* to the kirk, and we're to hae the town-officers afore us, wi' their hats aff and their halberts in their han's; ay, woman, they're to be a' afore us, guid-be-thanket! they're to be *afore us*, I've been sair enough fashed i' my day wi' them *gaun after me*. Mony a time the buffers took me *afore* the Bailie; but praise be blessed! I've got them *afore the Bailie now*; time about's fair play, ye ken, Mrs. Paterson. Now, Mrs. Paterson, there's just ae favour I want o' you the night; Mrs. Paterson, and ye maunna deny me; you needna laugh, Mrs. Paterson, I'm a wee new-fangled about my cocket hat; ye ken, I had a lang and a sair strussel to get it; now, I acknowledge I'm a *leettle elevated* the night, as the Provost's wife says, and I canna think to part wi't woman; now, what I want o' you, Mrs. Paterson, is just to let—let—let me sleep wi' my cocket hat on the night—I just want to lie in *state* for ae night; and ye ken, Mrs. Paterson, you would be so agreeably astonished when ye waukened in the morning, and found yoursel lying beside a Bailie, a *real Bailie*, woman! wi' his three-cornered night-cap and a' his paraphernalia on. Now, Mrs. Paterson, you'll oblige me the night, like a dear, and I'll tell you the morn about a town's job that I'm to get that'll do me muckle good and you *little ill*. Thou's get the best silk gown to be had within the four quarters o' this or ony ither town in Scotland. What d'ye think o' that, Mrs. Paterson?"

There's mony a job about a town
To gar a Bailie's pat play brown,
But on ae job I'll keep my thumb,

Ye'll hear't some ither day.

So, Mistress Peter Paterson,
Mistress Peter Paterson,
So, Mistress Peter Paterson,
I'm no sae vera fu'.

Carrick.

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P A I S L E Y :

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