



TAM O' SHANTER.



Vol. II, page 103.

Till first ae caper, syne anither,  
 Tam tint his reason a thegither,  
 He roard out, "Weel done, Cutty bairn!"

x Glen 5(1).

OLIVER'S  
NEW SELECTION OF  
COMIC SONGS;  
OR,  
MOMUS'S BUDGET.

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*Embellished with a Frontispiece.*

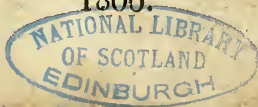
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## COMIC SONGS.



### *The Watchman.*

A WATCHMAN I am, I know all the rounds,  
The housekeepers, the strays, and the lodgers,  
Where low devils, rich dons, and high rips may be  
found,  
Odd dickins, queer kids, and rum codgers.  
Of money and property,  
I'm he that takes the care,  
And cries, when I see rogues go by,  
Hey ! what do you do there ?

*Spoken.*.]—" Only a little business in that there  
house—you understand me?"—" Understand you !  
Well, I believe you are an honest man : Do you  
hear me, bring me an old silver candlestick."

Then to my box I creep,  
And then fall fast asleep.  
St Paul's strikes one,  
Thus after all the mischief's done,

I goes and gives them warning ;  
 And loudly bawls,  
 While strikes St Paul's,  
 Past one o'clock, and a cloudy morning.

Then round as the hour I merrily cries,  
 Another fine Miss I discover,  
 For a curious rope-ladder I straightway espies,  
 And Miss Forward expecting her lover.  
 Then to each other's arms they fly,  
 My life, my soul, ah, ah !  
 " Fine work, Miss, out upon't," cries I,  
 " I'll knock up your papa."

*Spoken.*]—" No, no, you won't :"—" I shall ; wor-  
 thy old soul, to be treated in this manner !"—  
 " Here, here, take this."—" Oh ! you villain ;  
 want to bribe an honest watchman—and with  
 such a trifle too !"—" Well, well, here is more !"  
 —" More ! you seem to be a spirited lad—now  
 go—make her a good husband—I am glad you  
 trick'd the old hunks. Good night. I wish you  
 safe to Gretna Green."

Then to my box I creep,  
 And then fall fast asleep.  
 What's that ? St Paul's strikes two,  
 The lovers off, what does I do  
 But gives the father warning ;  
 And loudly bawls,  
 As strikes St Paul's,  
 Past two o'clock and a cloudy morning.

Then towards the square from my box I looks,  
 I hear such a ranting and roaring,  
 'Tis Pharaoh's whole host, and the pigeons and rooks  
 Are laughing, and singing, and swearing.

Then such a hubbub and din,  
 How they blaspheme and curse :  
 " That thief has stole my diamond pin,  
 " Watch ! watch ! I've lost my purse !"

*Spoken.*]—" Watch ! watch ! here, I charge you ;"  
 —honest people can't go home without being robbed.—Which is the thief?"—" That's the thief,  
 who tricked me out of two hundred pounds this evening."—" Ah, that you know is all in the  
 way of business ; but which is the thief that stole  
 the gentleman's purse ?"—" That's him,"—  
 " What, Sam Snatch ! give it to me, Sam.—He  
 has not got your purse—you are mistaken in your  
 man. Go home peaceably, and don't oblige me  
 to take you to the watch-house."

Then to my box I creep,  
 And then falls fast asleep ;  
 What's that ? St Paul's strikes three ;  
 Thus from all roguery I gets free,  
     By giving people warning ;  
 And loudly bawls,  
 As strikes St Paul's,  
     Past three o'clock, and a cloudy morning.

## *The Irish Gardener.*

OF all trades, my dear crature, a gard'ner's the best ;  
 Och he bothers your hearts and he gives you no rest,  
 'Till he makes you both jolly and gay.

With his raking he ne'er can disturb his wife's head,  
 Though faith, painted ladies are found in his bed,  
 Who with sweetness add joy to the day.

Then a gard'ner so rare

Is the lad for the fair,

With a rigdum, jigdum, rake about ho !

Dig away, delve away, drive away care ;

A gard'ner's the lad for the lasses.

No sad losses or crosses in trade he can rue,

For has'nt he balsam and balm in his view ;

Of his riches I'll give you a hint ;

If he husbands his thyme well, a plumb he can raise,

To be sure he can't manage the stocks if he please,

Nor draw as he likes on the mint.

Then a gard'ner so rare

Is the lad for the fair, &c.

“ Then listen, dear girls, and my story believe,

“ All the comforts of life a brisk gard'ner can give ;

“ His strong box is a source of delight !

“ While his honesty thrives, he no medlars need fear,

“ Then ne'er leave such worth the green willow to wear,

“ But let lad's-love all pleasures unite.”

Then a gard'ner so rare

Is the lad for the fair, &c.

## *The Wonders.*

Your laughter I'll try to provoke,

With the wonders I've got in my travels :



The first is a pig in a poke,  
 Next a law-case without any cavils ;  
 A straw poker, a tiffany boat,  
 Paper boots to walk dry thro' the ditches,  
 A new lignum vitæ great coat,  
 Flint waistcoat, and pair of glass breeches.  
 Tol lol, &c.

A dimity warming pan, new ;  
 Steel night cap, and pair of lawn bellows :  
 A yard-wide foot rule, and then two  
 Odd shoes, that belong to odd fellows ;  
 China wheelbarrow, earthen-ware gig,  
 A book bound in wood with no leaves to't,  
 Besides a new velveret wig  
 Lin'd with tripe, and a long pair of sleeves to't.  
 Tol lol, &c.

A coal-skuttle trim'd with Scotch gauze,  
 Pickled crumpets and harricoed muffins ;  
 Tallow stewpan, nankeen chest of drawers ;  
 Dumb alarm bell to frighten humguffins ;  
 Six knives and forks made of red tape,  
 A patent wash-leather polony,  
 A gilt coat with a gingerbread cape,  
 And lin'd with the best macaroni.  
 Tol lol, &c.

A plumb pudding made of inch deal,  
 A pot of mahogany capers ;  
 A gooseberry pye made of veal,  
 And stuff'd with two three-corner'd scrapers :  
 Sour crout sweeten'd well with small coal,  
 A fricaseed carpenters mallet ;  
 A cast iron toad in a hole  
 And a monstrous great hole in the ballad.  
 Tol lol, &c.

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*Life in London.*

COME round me good people, and hear what I've  
seen,  
To London's great whirligig city I've been ;  
Where fashion and riches hold absolute sway,  
So you may be sure that I've something to say.  
I saw clergy and laymen,  
Dukes, dancers, and draymen,  
And thieves, who for plunder will shoot men,  
With tinkers and taylors,  
Brave soldiers and sailors,  
Fools, furriers, and farriers, and footmen :  
With doctors and proctors,  
And teachers and preachers,  
And bakers and quakers,  
With walkers and talkers ;  
So mix'd is the medley, this motto it gives,  
One half of the world don't know how t'other lives.

The lady of fashion her breakfast is sipping,  
While rustics so rural to dinner are tripping,  
And lawyers in London their poor clients fleece,  
While farmers far distant are plucking their geese ;  
With doctors, sleek shorn,  
Are looking for lawn,  
Happy men who make wigs for the ladies,  
With some who make lockets,  
Pert prigs who pick pockets,  
And some who cant tell what their trade is—

With tinkers, free-thinkers,  
 And men who write papers,  
 Droll jokers, stock brokers,  
 And men who cut capers,  
 So mix'd is the medley, &c.

The Monsieurs in Paris of emperors boast,  
 Confusion to Frenchmen, in London's the toast;  
 For while Gallic invaders dare threaten John Bull,  
 John means with the Frenchmen to have a strong  
 pull.

When they vow they are coming,  
 We think they are humming,  
 But should they, we'll struggle, I trust hard;  
 For if they stay long,  
 They'll find us too strong,  
 Since our brave Volunteers are all muster'd:  
 We'll sting 'em like hornets,  
 With colonels and cornets,  
 We'll give them three cheers,  
 With our brave Volunteers;  
 Such diff'rent employments this motto still gives,  
 One half of the world don't know how t'other lives.

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### *The Cock and the Bull.*

My hearties, now fill up your porter-pots full,  
 And if that I please you, let me have a pull;  
 A story I'll sing of a Cock and a Bull,  
 'To—Oh! the roast beef Old England,  
 And oh! the Old English roast beef.

On the edge of a field was inclos'd a farm-yard,  
 With barley well stor'd, but to get there was hard,  
 For a ditch ran all around, and a Bull was its guard.  
 Sing Oh ! &c.

A greedy-gut Cock, t'other side o' the ditch,  
 Kept eyeing this farm, through a mischievous itch,  
 His crow with some good barley-corns to enrich.  
 Sing Oh ! &c.

This Cock was a savage, of Corsican breed ;  
 An insolent upstart, without any heed,  
 Wherever he chose he wou'd crow and he'd feed.  
 Sing Oh ! &c.

He had beat all his neighbours, which made him so  
 proud,  
 That henceforth he very uncivilly vow'd  
 Within the Bull's farm-yard to feed and crow loud.  
 Sing Oh ! &c.

So spreading his wings he attempted to fly,  
 But some brisk Water-Fowl in the ditch did him  
 spy,  
 And to pluck both his wings with each other did  
 vie.

Sing Oh ! &c.

As strange luck would have it, he 'scap'd from 'em  
 all,  
 (Tho' with great loss of feathers, they did him so  
 maul ;)  
 And at length on dry ground he made shift for to  
 crawl.

Sing Oh ! &c.

Taking courage, he strutted, without more ado,  
 To the gate of the farm, but the Bull came in view,  
 And terrify'd *Cocky* with roaring out BOO !  
 Sing Oh ! &c.

He would fain have fled back, but the Bull was too  
 quick,  
 And presenting his horn, on the top did him stick,  
 Then perch'd him aloft, and thus shew'd him a trick.  
 Sing Oh ! &c.

He flutter'd and scream'd there a while as he stuck,  
 Till the Bull from his horn in the ditch did him  
 chuck,  
 Where soon he was drown'd—this at last was his  
 luck,  
 That such was the end of proud *Cocky*,  
 And such was poor *Cocky's* just end.

#### MORAL.

The moral is learn'd without going to school,  
 Bonaparte's the Cock, and King George is the Bull,  
 Old England's his farm yard—where long may he  
 rule,  
 Sing Oh ! the roast beef of Old England,  
 And Oh ! the Old English roast beef.

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## *The Spouting Bumpkin.*

I'ZE a neat little knack got at spouting,  
 A bit of a mimickry elf,  
 My skill to take off, those who doubt it,  
 May soon see me take off myself.  
 Any part you can axe me to do  
 I'll act it, my spirits ne'er dompt are,  
 I always, you'll find, knows my cue,  
 And, dang it, without e'er a prompter.  
 With my tol de rol, &c.

To be sure, prompt by one thing or t'other,  
 The world acts a sort of a play ;  
 One's prompted to fight, while, all pother,  
 Another, so prompt, runs away.  
 Your cut-throats of Gaul, in a mass,  
 Are prompted by plunder and evil ;  
 By madness, each invading ass,  
 And their leader be prompt by the devil.

*Spoken.*.]—And the devil take him, I say, and all his  
 dom'd crew.

With their tol de rol, &c.

They still bluster and threaten evasion—  
 I wish they'd at once take their fling,  
 They'd find, there's not one in the nation  
 But is prompted to die for his King.

They talk—what I'd like them to do ;  
 They'll be quiet when once they well thump'd  
     are,  
 And to drub 'em we've all got our cue,  
 For, the love of our country's our prompter.

*Spoken.*]—A prompter that inspires us to fight, bleed,  
 and die, in so glorious a cause ; let them come  
 over and be dom'd, we'll meet 'em, like Britons,  
 and bang about their ugly mugs to the tune of---  
     Tol de rol, &c.

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### *Not to think of a Man.*

FROM my old maiden aunt this lesson I got,  
 'Bout some things I should do, and some I should  
     not,  
 And that I should make it my favourite plan,  
 Not to speak to, nor look at, nor think of a man.

My aunty I lov'd, so I gave her her way,  
 But time soon convinc'd me, I ne'er could obey ;  
 For the more I attempted to humour her plan,  
 It still made me think that I thought of a man.

B

## *Habakuk.*

HABAKUK's my name, it's well known to my friends,  
That my ditties are made up of queer odds and ends ;  
I can't in fine cadence your hearing assail,  
Nor wind up each close like a rattlesnake's tail.

Plain, frank and free,

My song shall be ;

In vain for fine verses my brain I would thresh,  
For '*What's bred in the bone won't come out of the  
flesh.*'

Our foes on the ocean sent plenty of ships,  
But '*It's not the best carpenter makes the most chips ;*'  
They promis'd to give British sailors a beating,  
Tho' '*The proof of the pudding they found in the eat-  
ing.*'

The sans culottes

In rafts and boats,

They woudn't be quiet, tho' ask'd to be civil,  
'*Set a beggar on horseback he'll ride to the devil.*'

Our island is small, yet it plainly appears,  
That '*Fishes, tho' small, have often great ears :*'  
The French have five Kings, but their threats are  
all froth,

For '*Too many cooks do but ruin good broth.*'

Their Sov'reigns five,

And all their hive,

Are welcome Britannia to catch when they get her,  
For '*Tho' Brag's a good dog, yet Holdfast is a better.*'



For their threats of invasion we ne'er car'd a rush,  
*'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.'*  
 They may think open-mouth'd to devour us like  
 sharks,  
 But *'Till the sky falls we must wait to catch larks.'*  
     My friends, if we  
     Do but agree,  
 Old England her bitterest foes may defy,  
 To attempt to say *'Black is the white of her eye.'*

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### *The Fox and Crow.*

It chanc'd one day, that a crow so black,  
 Down in a meadow so green,  
 Had stol'n a crust from a pedlar's pack,  
 And carry'd it off unseen.  
 Up in an apple tree flew the crow,  
 And ere she the taste of her prize could know,  
 A fox came by and stood below,  
 All in the meadow so green.

Says Reynard—Jove's eagle sure I see,  
 Up in a tree so high :  
 Says the crow to herself, He surely means me,  
 And a very fine bird am I.  
 What eyes, says Reynard, and what an air,  
 That plumage how divinely fair!  
 Never was beauty seen so rare,  
 Up in a tree so high.

'The crow enchanted clap'd her wings,  
 A-lack and a-well-a-day ;  
 Says Reynard, I'm sure that angel sings,  
 Cou'd I but hear the lay.  
 The crow look'd round at what he said,  
 For flatt'ry often turns the head,  
 She open'd her mouth, and she dropp'd her bread,  
 Reynard caught it, and gallopp'd away.

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### *Hearty Tom Brown.*

THE deuce take the cards, for they give me the  
 gripes,  
 Come, landlord, bring more liquor, some tobacco,  
 and some pipes.

Here's to thee Tom Brown, and to you my jovial  
 souls,  
 And to you with all my heart, and with you I'll  
 drink a quart,  
 And with you I'll spend a pot, before that e'er  
 we part.

Here's to thee Tom Brown, &c.

The king will beat the queen, and the queen will  
 beat the knave,  
 And we are all good company, more liquor we will  
 have.

Here's to thee Tom Brown, &c.

The knave will beat the ten, and the ten will beat  
the nine,

And we are all good company, we will drink 'till  
we're stone blind.

Here's to thee Tom Brown, &c.

The nine will beat the eight, and the eight will  
beat the seven,

And we are all good company, we will drink while  
it's eleven.

Here's to thee Tom Brown, &c.

The seven will beat the six, and the six will beat  
the five,

And we are all good company, we will drink while  
we are alive.

Here's to thee Tom Brown, &c.

The five will beat the four, and the four will beat  
the three,

And we are all good company, we will drink till  
break of day.

Here's to thee Tom Brown, &c.

The three will beat the two, and the ace will beat  
them all,

And we are all good company, upon my life and  
soul.

Here's to thee Tom Brown, &c.

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## *Dickey Gossip's the Man.*

WHEN I was a youngster I first was apprentic'd  
 Unto a gay barber, so dapper and airy,  
 I next was a carpenter, then turn'd a dentist,  
 Then a taylor good lord, then an apothecary.

But for this trade or that,  
 They all come as pat  
 As they can ;  
 For shaving and tooth-drawing,  
 Bleeding, cabbaging, and sawing,  
 Dickey Gossip's the man.

Tho' taylors and dentists but awkwardly tether,  
 In both the vocations I still have my savings,  
 And two of my trades couple rarely together,  
 For barber and carpenter both deal in shavings.  
 For this trade or that, &c.

But blunders will happen in callings so various,  
 I fancy they happen to some that are prouder,  
 I once gave a patient, whose life was precarious,  
 A terrible doze of my best shaving powder.  
 For this trade or that, &c.

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## *A Drinking Song.*

WHEN dry first, a droll little creature,  
 They made me sip tea with my mother ;  
     And I thought it a treat,  
     If small beer I could get,  
 To drink with my elder brother.  
Tol de roll, &c.

But my father condemn'd this practice,  
 And so hector'd, and swore, like man.—He  
     Bawl'd out, " Give him ale,  
     For that will ne'er fail,  
 To make him as stout as his daddy."  
Tol de roll, &c.

From beer to good wine I ascended,  
 By a series of just gradation,  
     Till friends did me jog,  
     With, " There's a jolly dog !  
 Shall tope with the best in the nation."  
Tol de roll, &c.

With bold bucks then I got acquainted,  
 At their clubs, too, prov'd wond'rous handy ;  
     I learn'd loud to swear,  
     Like a tall grenadier,  
 And always drank rum or brandy.  
Tol de roll, &c.

But considering all things, earthly,  
 And life, like myself, very short is,  
     'Tis the long odds, I think,  
     In a very short time I drink,  
 Aqua vitæ and aqua fortis, &c.  
                     Tol de roll, &c.

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### *The Yorkshireman.*

My father who always knew what we were at,  
 A cunning and good-natur'd elf;  
 Bid me take care o' this thing, and take care o' that,  
     But, says I, I'll take care of myself.  
 So I ventur'd fra' Yorkshire to better my lot,  
 And since 'twas my fortune to come to this spot,  
 I'm vastly well pleas'd wi' the place I ha' got,  
     Where I sing fal de ral, &c.

Since money, they say, makes the mare for to go,  
 Getting money must be the best plan;  
 And as Yorkshire understood horses, you know,  
     On my hobby I'll keep while I can.  
 This ground is all fair, and I fear not a jot;  
 There'll be no falling off, if I don't spur too hot;  
 And when luck doesn't gallop, she's welcome to trot,  
     While I'm singing fal de ral, &c.

And when I get married, for marry I must,  
 As soon as I find out a lass,

She'll meet wi' a pretty good husband, I trust,  
 And with her I'll ha' plenty of brass.  
 I'm not hard to please when I'm chusing, d'ye see;  
 She mun come o' good kin; and besides, she mun be  
 For beauty, why—just such another as me.  
 While I sing, &c.

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### *The Modern Cesar.*

**MORBLEU!** I'm a Corsican born, blood and ouns!  
 So mildly, I make this globe fear me;  
 In murd'ring its people, and plund'ring dere towns,  
 La Diable in fame can't come near me.  
**C'est vrai**, me respect no religion nor law,  
 My justice cuts close as a razor;  
 Makes widows and orphans avec grand eclat,  
 And where'er I go I'm a *seizer*.

*Spoken.*—I take a de gold, I take a de silver, I  
 take a de dimond, and I take a de snuff.

Vive la fortune, la guerre, ca ira,  
 Wherever I go I'm a *seizer*.

In Holland, Mynheer begg'd I'd just light his pipe;  
 I did so, beyond expectation,  
 Having lit up his country (for my purpose ripe)  
 In one charmont and grand conflagration.  
 Against their wills, happy I made the poor Swiss,  
 Though difficult all are to please there;  
 And, Judas like, Spain I betrayed with a kiss,  
 And whetever I go I'm a *seizer*.

*Spoken.*—I take a de ducats, I take a de tobac,  
and I take a de pipe; den I take a de liberte, de  
tirteen Cannons, and de Spanish dollars.

Vive la fortune, &c.

To Italy's sons I was kinder then all,  
Of de song and la danse they the type are;  
So I taught dem to danse a l'agent carmagnole,  
And de tune was—'Tis ve pay de Piper.  
Of Egypt, parbleu, I have not much to say,  
One Sir Sidney did me not much please there;  
So I just took French leave, all de world knows my  
vay,  
Oui, wherever I go I'm a *seizer*.

*Spoken.*—I take a de sculpture, I take a de por-  
trait, and musique; and at Egypt I take—I take  
away my people's lives.

Vive la fortune, &c.

From de Nile so me stole, and, by dint of good luck,  
(La diable himself was my friend, sure,)  
To France, bon voyage, I swim fast as von duck,  
The Great Nation's troubles to end, sure.  
Me found 'em all slaves, and to keep 'em so plann'd,  
My cut-throats all very well pleas'd vere;  
So of de Grand Nation me seize de command,  
Begar, just to prove I'm a *seizer*.  
Vive la fortune, &c.

Fort bien, me think shortly de whole world to seize,  
And be of dat world grand directeur;  
But first, if my good friend, Jean Bull, it should  
please,  
I'd, like Cromwell, be his Lord Protector;  
But, begar, me know well dat is out of my power,  
And me and my troops in a maze are;



For John proudly swears, if I land on his shore,  
He'll prove that 'tis he is the Cæsar.


*Spoken.*—Ah! pauvre, John Bull! he has no politesse—he no let me take a de guinea, nor de roast beef, dor de plumb-pudding, nor de strong beer, nor de lady; and, begar, vat is worse, he von't let me take away myself—

Vive la fortune, la guerre, ca ira, ca ira.  
Jacky Ketch may of me be de *seizer*.

### *Dick.*

MYSELF I've nick-nam'd Dirty Dick;  
But, believe me, I once a smart beau was;  
Tho' ne'er among black-legs the kick,  
Nor box-loby-blades I the go was.  
Now of dress, like the fair, I think light;  
Outside black; the inside nothing worse is;  
While some folks put on virgin-white,  
To cover hearts black, as a hearse is.  
But tol de rol lol, I and conscience agree,  
So a scrubbing-brush beard, black and all black for  
me.

That I'm miserly, spendthrifts throw out,  
But thus I retort their abuses;  
"When a candle is nearly burnt out,  
A save-all they'll find of great use is."



Like Blue Beard I am, some assert,  
 Worth blue chambers, where ghosts hid so nice  
 are ;  
 My blue chamber's as black as my shirt,  
 And my spectres, half-starv'd rats and mice are !  
 But tol de rol lol, I and conscience agree,  
 So a scrubbing-brush beard, and black mansion for  
 me.

Of my house's dark front folks complain,  
 Which there scarcely remains a whole sash in ;  
 To its windows I ne'er add a pane,  
 Or its character hurt by white-washing.  
 Of gold-dust in bank, I've been told,  
 Our neighbours to coal-dust compare us ;  
 But bring to my black-bank bright gold,  
 And you're welcome to Dick's dirty warehouse.  
 With tol de rol lol, I and conscience agree,  
 So a scrubbing-brush-beard, and rough guinea for  
 me.

*Gude forgie me for lien'.*

AE day a braw wooer cam down the lang glen,  
 An' sair wi' his love he did deave me :  
 But I said there was naething I hated like men !  
 The deuce tak' him to believe me.

A weel stockit mailen, himself for the laird,  
 A bridle aff hand was the proffer,  
 I never loot on that I kent it or car'd,  
 But thought I might get a waur offer.

He spak o' the darts o' my bonny black een,  
 An' how for my love he was diein';  
 I said he might die when he liked for Joan:  
 The gude forgie me for lien'!

But what do ye think, in a fortnight or less,  
 (The diel's in his taste to gae near her)  
 He's down to the castle to black cousin Bess,  
 Guess ye how the jade I could bear her.

Sae a' the neist ouk as I fretted wi' care,  
 I gaed to the tryste o' Dulgarlock;  
 An' wha but my braw fickle wooer was there,  
 Wha glowr'd as if he'd seen a warlock.

Out o'er my left shouther I gied him a blink,  
 Lest neibours should think I was saucy;  
 My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,  
 An' vow'd that I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin, fu' couthie an' sweet,  
 If she had recover'd her hearin'?  
 An' how my auld shoon fitted her shachel'd feet?  
 Gude saf us! how he fell a swearin'.

He begg'd me, for gudesake, that I'd be his wife,  
 Or else I would kill him wi' sorrow;  
 Sae just to preserve the poor body in life,  
 I think I shall wed him to-morrow.

---

*Long life to the Petticoat.*

THERE with fun we the stocking throw,  
Boys all dress'd in their Sunday clothes :  
Girls trimm'd neatly from top to toe,  
Red looks the priest at his comely nose ;  
Round goes the jorum at bedding-time,  
Whack 'gainst the floor goes each leather brogue ;  
Bang go the bells in a merry chime,  
Smack go the lips of each pretty rogue.  
Lilt up the pipes, let the chaunter sound,  
Dearly we doat on the merry note,  
Gig with the whisky goes briskly round,  
Drinking long life to the petticoat ?

Sweet are smiles from the comely bride,  
Eyes at her of all goggle so ;  
Bridegroom stands by her lovely side,  
A goose just nick'd in the noddle tho' :  
Girls chaunt from their merry throats,  
Boys for the whisky are riper now,  
Toasting the souls that wear petticoats,  
All get as drunk as the piper's sow !  
Lilt as up the pipes, &c.

## *When I was a Youth.*

WHEN I was a youth in my prime, Sir,  
 A precious young dog, sure, was I,  
 I made the best use of my time, Sir,  
 'Tis better to laugh than to cry.  
 Oh, the girls they found me so pleasing,  
 When fondly to win them I'd try,  
 Tho' they'd blushing say, I was teasing,  
 I cou'd see by their looks 'twas a lie;  
 For I so touzzled and rouzzled them,  
 Tickled their fancy, d'ye see,  
 So tenderly buss'd, and so mouzzled 'em,  
 They all were at pull-cap for me.

Were I now again in my glory,  
 That's about five and twenty, I mean,  
 I'd whisper them such a neat story,  
 Oh, the devil a one but I'd win!  
 But old age, that cruel assailer,  
 Like a tree when its sap is all gone,  
 But what now will grieving avail, Sir,  
 Since my day I have had, and I have done.

*Spoken.*]—Then a fig for sorrow and grieving, I shall  
 now think with pleasure when I did what I no  
 longer can do, that's when  
 I so mouzzled, &c.

---

*Cooking up an Almanack.*

OH ! father had a jolly knack  
Of cooking up an almanack.  
    He could tell,  
    Very well,  
Of eclipses and wars,  
Of Venus and Mars,  
When plots were prevented,  
Penny Posts were invented,  
Of Rome's dire reproaches,  
And the first hackney coaches.  
And he always foresaw,  
There'd be frost or be thaw,  
Much sun, or much sleet,  
Much rain, or much heat,  
    On the fourth or the seventh,  
    The fifth or eleventh ;  
    The tenth or the fifteenth,  
    The twentieth or sixteenth,  
But, to guard against laughter,  
    He wisely did guess,  
    There'd be more or less,  
Days before, or day after.  
    Oh ! father had a jolly knack, &c.

He could tell,  
Very well,

Of aches, and of pains  
 In the loins and the reins,  
 In the hips and the toes,  
 In the back and the nose,  
 Of a red-letter day,  
 When school-boys might play :  
 When tempest would clatter,  
 When earthquakes would shatter,  
 When comets would run,  
 And the world be undone :  
 But, yet, still there was laughter,  
     For people would cry,  
     Though he says we're to die,  
 It may be to-day, or day after.

    Light and dark,  
     High-water mark,  
     Signs the skies in,  
     Southing—rising,  
     Verse terrific  
     Hieroglyphic,  
     Astronomical,  
     All so comical,  
 Oh ! father had a jolly knack,  
 Of cooking up an almanack.

---

### *Love is very like a Concert of Music.*

I NEVER shall forget the days in which I was a rover ;  
 But soon there was an end to ease, for I became a  
     lover ;  
 The devil take me, I must turn a lover.

The tender passion I abuse, for from it I'm a convert,  
 I beg assistance from my muse to prove it like a  
 concert;

A concert, a concert, I'll prove it like a concert.  
 For when first my pretty maid I saw, I grew sick,  
 And continued, till I had a second view, sick;  
 Then I tried by ev'ry means to make her too, sick;  
 And tho' soon I found that she'd not make a few  
 sick,

She and love were like a concert of music.—

Love is very like a concert of music.

*Spoken.*]—Yes, love is very like a concert of music.

Soothing as the horn,

Sweet as the flute,

Lively as the fiddle,

Tickling as the lute :

And when your passion is refin'd,

Oh, it's like all these instruments combined.

Charming creature !

Every feature

Is so killing,

My bosom thrilling ;

Ah, well-a-day !

Such melody,

Vocal and instrumental !

Before I was of the marriage noose sick,

I thought love like a concert of music.

Oh, Lord ! oh, Lord ! now chang'd the scene !

I sing no more to love's band :

Not happy, save one month, I've been,

Since I became a husband.

The devil take me, I must turn husband.

The marriage state I now abuse,

For I can't be a convert,



The dilletante must excuse  
 My thinking it like a concert ;  
 I'll prove it like a concert.

For when once the honey-moon expir'd, I grew sick,  
 And continued while my wife was e'er in view, sick.  
 Then I tried, by every means, to make her, too, sick,  
 And found wedlock like a concert of music,  
 Yes, matrimony's like a concert of music,  
 And a wife's like a concert of music.

For she's grumbling as the bass,  
 Noisy as the drum,  
 Heavy as the bagpipe,  
 Furious as the trumpet.

And when to quarrel your wife's inclin'd,  
 'Tis like all these instruments combin'd.  
 Shocking creature !  
 Ev'ry feature  
 Is so stupid,  
 Curse on Cupid !  
 Ah! well-a-day !  
 Such melody,  
 Woeful and detrimental !

And now that I'm of the marriage noose sick,  
 Matrimony's like a concert of music. y

---

*Oft I'd wet the t'other Eye.*

WHEN a happy single fellow,  
 Mirth each moment did employ  
 Full of frolic, sportive, mellow ;  
 Oft' I'd wet the t'other eye.

Rosey, cosey,  
 Quaffing, laughing,  
 Friends abounding,  
 Sorrow drowning ;  
 That was life, or may I die,  
 Rattling, ringing,  
 Roaring, singing,  
 Gingling glasses,  
 Toasting lasses,  
 Oh ! what a jolly dog was I.

Foremost at all frisk and funning,  
 Ev'ry beauteous tit would cry,  
 See he looks so spruce and cunning,  
 Devil take his roguish eye.  
 Rosey, cosey, &c.

Now a bride's brisk tittle tattle,  
 Added to my comrades jeers,  
 Is the noisy prittle prattle,  
 Always dunning in my ears.

*Spoken.*]—(Now it's no more) Rosey, cosey, &c.

## *Paddy's Dream.*

My grandmother, Judy, had oft made me wonder  
Such marvellous stories of ghosts she'd relate ;  
How they'd speak, arrah honey, much louder than  
thunder,

'Till, by Jasus, d'ye see, joy, she bodder'd my  
pate ;  
So the Phantasmagoria being much the same thing,  
Sir,

Like a madman, to see it, I strait ran away ;  
Where the spalpeens they got me so snug in a string,  
Sir,

'That they coax'd me, agraph, just two thirteens  
to pay.

Wid my gramachree, dideroo smilliloo huh,  
Musha whack, Ally Crocker, and Sally Mac  
Gee.

Not a thing could I see when I enter'd the plaish, Sir,  
So I look'd with my fist, honey, where I might  
sit ;

'Till a post, unjonteel, run its head in my face, Sir,  
And bodder'd my senses, agraph, for a bit :

But the show once begun beat my grandmother hol-  
low,

They were now small as giants, then big as a span,  
But the Turk, musha gra, wid his damnable swallow,  
Made me think he might eat me, and so off I ran,  
Wid my gramachree, &c.

Got home, I in no time at all went to bed, Sir,  
 But still on these spectres my fancy did keep,  
 And such comical whimsies kick'd up in my head, Sir,  
 That made me get up, and walk out in my sleep.  
 I thought that Outh's hill to a giant had changed,  
 And to wrestle with him did me strongly invite ;  
 In a case now like this, sure, it was'nt strange, Sir,  
 That I chose, joy, much rather to run than to  
 fight.

Wid my gramachree, &c.

He follow'd me down stairs, agrah, in a jiffey,  
 And to catch me he gave a most damnable stride,  
 When finding myself on the banks of the Liffey,  
 I jumped in, and swam till I reach'd t'other side.  
 The chill of the water soon made me awake, Sir,  
 When, fait, a delectable figure I cut,  
 For I'd made, arrah fait, a most curious mistake, Sir,  
 And, instead of the Liffey, jumped into a but.

Wid my gramachree, &c.

### *Teague's trip from Dublin to London.*

My name, sure, is Teague, now in Connaught was  
 born, Sir,  
 'Bout three or four months after mother was wed ;  
 And yet, for all that, such a thing as a horn, Sir,  
 Ne'er popp'd, d'ye mind, in my daddy's wise head.

To be sure he just grumbled, but Judy sa,  
 smiling,  
 (Och, she knew pretty well how the old one to  
 fleece,)

“ When two pull together, joy, like us so loving.  
 In matters like this, ’tis but four months a-piece.”

Wid my phililuh, bodderoo, whack, joy, so frisky,  
 Like kittens they hugg’d, and cried, *coosling ma gree*;  
 Then mugg’d themselves over a jug of good  
 whisky,  
 And sung bodderoo, smalliluh, huh, gramachree.

Grown up, to be sure, I must e’en ape my betters,  
 And travel to London to see foreign parts;  
 When promising dad, joy, a fist full letters,

I pack’d up my tatters, which near broke his heart.  
 Then foddering my brogues I set off full trot, Sir,  
 Och, I left our mud edifice, joy, far behind;  
 And soon I arriv’d at this very same spot, Sir,

Where I saw sights would do a man good that  
 was blind,  
 Wid my phililuh, bodderoo, whack, joy, so frisky,  
 Sure I got jowl’d about by each object I’d meet,  
 When thinking, agrah, they were all drunk with  
 whisky,  
 What a shame ’tis, cried I, they don’t widen the  
 street.

My stomach, poor creature, for hunger did dance, Sir,  
 But devil a morsel of grub met my eye,  
 Till walking along, a soup-cellar, by chance, Sir,  
 In a plaish call’d St. Giles’s, I chanc’d to espy;  
 There was herrings, and murphies, hogs puddings,  
 and swipes, Sir,

With ev’ry thing else that was decent and good;  
 Och, the sight, to be sure, brought a fit of the  
 gripes, Sir,

And I bundled down stairs just as fast I could,

Wid my phililuh, bodderoo, whack, joy, so frisky,  
 My hostess, at night, shew'd me up to a bed,  
 Where a troop of big blackguards o'er run me so  
 briskly,

Fait, I thought they would toss me out heels  
 over head.

The Invisible Girl, the Park, and Great Gun, Sir,  
 Panorama, the Uproar, I set off to view ;  
 Saw the Invasion at Astley's, wid plenty of fun, Sir ;  
 At the Circus, our tars haughty Frenchmen subdue.  
 Then I turn'd home to snooze, nor till morn did I  
 wake, Sir,

When thinking my hostess the reck'ning to pay,  
 Och, I found out, agrah, such a bare-fac'd mistake Sir,  
 Fait, my pocket was pick'd, and the cash run away :  
 Wid my phililuh, bodderoo, gay as a kitten.

To settle the score, sure, I sold her my brogues,  
 Then my stockings pull'd off, of my grandmother's  
 knitting,

And to save them, walk'd bare-foot, along the  
 high-road.

## *A Girl, a Bumper, and a Friend.*

AN Irish lad's a jolly boy,  
 Full of frolic, mirth, and fun ;  
 Wine and women all his joy,  
 And from a foe he'll never run.  
 And whether he is rich or not,  
 He ne'er feels discontent at all,

For when he cash in store has got,  
Ne'er rests till he has spent it all.

Och so frisky,

Fond of whisky,

Joy is never at an end ;

Love his boast,

And this his toast,

A Girl, a Bumper, and a Friend.

“ How free from care's an Irish boy !

“ A foe to all formality,

“ A social life his only joy,

“ His motto—Hospitality.

“ His monarch too he'll dearly love,

“ His measures, 'faith he'll back 'em all ;

“ And as for foes he'll quickly prove

“ How neatly he can whack 'em all.

“ He'll dance and sing,

“ God save the King,

“ Success the noble crown attend ;

“ All cares deride,

“ No wish beside

“ A Girl, a Bumper, and a Friend.”

In me you see an Irish lad,

Content to please, and willing, Och,

Who laughs when comfort's to be had,

And pays while he's a shilling, Och.

Then take my hand, Oh, Fanny, love,

And make no further pothor, Och ;

My heart is your's—Thing's clearly prove

We're made for one another, Och.

We'll sing and play,

No larks more gay,

Our joys shall never have an end ;

No wish beside

Our fireside,

My Wife, a Bumper, and a Friend.

---

*The Wig, the Hat, and the Cane.*

BY the side of a murmuring stream,  
As an elderly gentleman sat,  
On the top of his head was his wig,  
And a' top of his wig was his hat.

The wind it blew high and blew strong,  
As the elderly gentleman sat,  
And bore from his head in a trice,  
And plung'd in the river his hat.

The gentleman then took his cane,  
Which lay by his side as he sat,  
And he dropp'd in the river his wig,  
In attempting to get out his hat.

His breast it grew cold with despair,  
And full in his eye madness sat,  
So he flung in the river his cane,  
To swim with his wig and his hat.

Cool reflection at length came across,  
While this elderly gentleman sat,  
So he thought he would follow the stream,  
And look for his cane, wig, and hat.

His head being thicker than common,  
O'erbalanc'd the rest of his fat,  
And in plumpt this son of a woman,  
To follow his cane, wig, and hat.



## *Fitch of Bacon.*

THE spruce Mr Clark  
 Was a young Essex spark,  
 A farmer uxorious and rich ;  
 He lov'd dearly, as his life,  
 Fried bacon, and his wife ;  
 And, says he, " My duck, we'll claim the fitch."

Mrs Clark ('twas in bed)  
 Lov'd bacon, she said,  
 But she vow'd she'd no more see it spoil'd ;  
 Crying, " Clark, you're quite mistaken,  
 If you think to fry that bacon,  
 I insist that every bit shall be broil'd."

Mr Clark, tho' 'twas night,  
 Jump'd in hed bolt upright,  
 Quite enrag'd at his rib, by his side ;  
 And, says he, " Now, madam, mark !  
 Tho' I love you, Mrs Clark,  
 I'll be d——d if it sha'nt all be fried."

The dispute ran so high,  
 'Twixt a broil and a fry,  
 That Clark, tho' he argued it roundly,  
 Put an end to all turmoiling,  
 As to frying or to broiling,  
 By basting Mrs Clark very soundly.

These turtles, no doubt,  
 Very soon found out  
 That their claim to the flitch must be shaken :  
 They had children blithe as larks,  
 But all the little Clarks  
 Were mark'd with a rasher of bacon !

---

### *The Woodman's Hut.*

To a Woodman's hut there came, one day,  
 A Physician and Dancing-master ;  
 " This fellow's hovel must serve," said they,  
 " For the rain pours faster and faster."  
 Heigho ! fal de ral.

The Physician was proud, and toss'd up his head,  
 And scarce would the woodman mark, Sir ;  
 " But, Doctor, we're equals," the woodman said,  
 " For we both of us deal in Bark, Sir."  
 Heigho ! fal de ral.

The master of Dance was as grand as you please,  
 'Till the woodman cried, " How now, Sir !"  
 " You cut but Capers,—I cut Trees,  
 " And we all know the worth of a bow, Sir."  
 Heigho ! fal de ral.

At last, says the Woodman, "The weather is good,  
 "For the rain only falls from the leaves, now;  
 "So put out your heads, 'twill be carrying wood,  
 "And pray, both, be taking your leaves, now."  
 Heigho! fal de ral.

---

### *The Cobbler.*

LAST week I took a wife,  
 And when I first did woo her,  
 I vow'd to stick through life  
 Like cobbler's wax unto her:  
 But soon we went, by some mishap,  
 To loggerheads together,  
 And when my wife began to strap,  
 Why, I began to leather.

My wife, without her shoes,  
 Is hardly three feet seven;  
 And I to all mens views,  
 Am full five feet eleven.  
 So when to take her down some pegs,  
 I drubb'd her neat and clever;  
 She made a bolt right through my legs,  
 And ran away for ever.

When she was gone, good lack!  
 My hair like hogs hair bristl'd,  
 I thought she'd ne'er come back,  
 So went to work and whistl'd.

Then let her go, I've got my stall,  
 Which may no robber rifle,  
 'Twou'd break my heart to lose my Awl,  
 To lose my wife's a trifle.

---

### *The Lads of the Ocean.*

WHAT matters your ditties, your jokes, and nora-  
 tions,

Of lawyers and doctors still making your game,  
 Wid your gallipots, parchments, and clients, and  
 patients,

And all such cantanherous stuff as that same ?  
 In praise of our admirals, captains, and sailors,  
 I'll sing, and long life to the lads, and all such  
 Who on the salt ocean were never yet failers  
 In banging the Spaniards, the French, and the  
 Dutch.

And sing fillalloo, smallilloo, ditheroo, wheck,  
 Let an enemy come and we'll trundle him back ;  
 While the lads of the ocean shall tell the proud elf,  
 He may go to the Devil and shake himself.

Didn't Frenchmen one June to our lads cry peccavi ?  
 Lord Howe he did pelt them thro' thunder and  
 smoke,

With British hard dumplings without any gravy,  
 'Till Monseer no longer could relish the joke.

And then didn't Jarvis the Spaniards belather?  
 Then Duncan and Nelson completed the job,  
 To shew them we'll beat them all three both together,  
 As fast as each pleases to put up his nod.  
 And sing fillalloo, &c.

Each wave as it washes our shores would soon tell us,  
 If it had but a tongue, and could speak what was  
 just,  
 How it carry'd to glory our brave honest fellows—  
 How oft on its surface our foes bit the dust.  
 And now to be building on land you'd be a'ter  
 Some trophy of honour their actions to grace,  
 While they have built one for themselves on the  
 water,  
 The Devil himself couldn't shove from its place.  
 And sing fillalloo, &c.

### *The Glass-Merchant.*

WITH my goods I can many a subject compare;  
 The ladies, dear creatures, are all brittle ware;  
 For if brittle, I'm certain, much brilliancy boast,  
 I should never blow glasses if they weren't my  
 toast.

Lal lal lal de ral lal, &c.

Some lads take a glass or two, just with a friend;  
 And some take a glass just to hasten their end;

With bumper on bumper, so oft are attack'd,  
Like the bottles they drink, their gay noddles are  
crack'd.

Fal de ral, &c.

My glasses are sound, they all ring like a bell;  
And my ducats I'll ring as my shopeful I sell:  
With my profit then purchase a quite old hack,  
And no longer my glass-house will bear on my back.  
Fal de ral, &c.

To riches I grow; thus, by vending glass-ware,  
Through my coach's glass windows, mayhap I may  
stare;  
And ogle the skin-flint pedestrians that pass,  
In brilliance a lustre, tho' lately flint-glass.  
Fal la la, &c.

### *Paddy O'Blarney.*

It's my country you'd know, I'm an Irishman born,  
And they christen'd me Paddy O'Blarney,  
In hay-making time I stept over one morn,  
All the way from the Lakes of Kilarney;  
Turn'd my hand to just whatever came in the way,  
To be sure when the sun shin'd I did not make  
hay.—

Well then, you know the wives and daughters of  
the farmers wont,—well they wont—

Have plenty of cause to remember the day,  
When first they saw Paddy O'Blarney.

'Then what does I do? the next calling I seeks,  
Ah! the world for the Lakes of Kilarney,  
I cries mackrel alive that were caught for six weeks,  
Ah! let alone Paddy O'Blarney.

'Then fresh-gather'd strawberries so sound and so  
sweet,

With just half a dozen at top fit to eat—

'Ah! madam, you need not examine them, bless  
your too good-looking eyes, they are full to the  
bottom, paper and all.' "Well I'll trust to you—  
I dare say you won't cheat me."

So I coaxes her up, and herself makes the cheat,  
Ah! fait, let alone Paddy O'Blarney.

Next I turn'd to a chairman, and got a good job,  
Ah! the world for the Lakes of Kilarney:

I harangu'd at a famous election the mob,

Ah! let alone Paddy O'Blarney.

Then to see how his honour and I did cajole,  
He knock'd down his flats with words, and I mine  
with my pole—

Then you know when they came to chair him, I  
was no longer, you see, an odd man, for there was  
a pair of chairmen.

And sure such a pair was ne'er seen by my soul,  
As his honour and Paddy O'Blarney.

But this notion of greatness was none of the worst,  
Ah! the world for the Lakes of Kilarney,  
Having play'd second fiddle, I thought I'd play first,  
Can't ye let alone Paddy O'Blarney:

So, swearing to plunder, and never to squeak,  
I my qualification took out and turn'd greek—

Ah ! to be sure we did not make a pretty dove-house of our Pharaoh Bank—Let me see, we pigeoned, aye and pluck'd them completely too—

Four tradesmen and six bankers clerks in one week,  
Will you let alone Paddy O'Blarney.

A big man in all circles so gay and polite,  
Ah ! the world for the Lakes of Kilarney,  
I found one, who larnt grown up jolmen to write,  
Just to finish gay Paddy O'Blarney.  
I first larnt my name, 'till so fond of it grown ;  
I'd don't say I'd better have let it alone—

But by my soul and conscience it had like to have  
finished me in good earnest, for you see, I just  
wrote—

Another jolman's signature 'stead of my own,  
What a devil of a Paddy O'Blarney.

But since fate did not chuse for to noose me that day,  
Ah ! the world for the Lakes of Kilarney,  
With a Venus of ninety I next ran away,  
What a fine dashing Paddy O'Blarney :  
So marriage turn'd out the best noose of the two,  
'The old soul's gone to heaven, I'm as rich as a Jew—

So that if any jolman has an occasion for a friend,  
or a lady for a lover, or, in short, if any body should  
wish to be disencumbered of the uneasiness of a wife,  
or a daughter, or a purse, or any such kind and  
civil sarvice, that can be performed—

By a gentleman at large that has nothing to do,  
Let me recommend Paddy O'Blarney.



---

*The Exciseman.*

THE de'il cam fiddling thro' the town,  
And danc'd awa wi' the Exciseman;  
And ilka auld wife cry'd, ' Auld Mahoun,  
' We wish you luck o' the prize, man.

' We'll mak our maut, and brew our drink,  
' We'll dance and sing and rejoice man;  
' And mony thanks to the muckle black de'il  
' That danc'd awa wi' the Exciseman.

There's threesome reels, and foursome reels,  
' There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man;  
But the ae best dance e'er cam to our lan',  
' Was the de'il's awa wi' the Exciseman.'  
We'll mak our maut, &c.

---

## *Corporal Lump in his Glory.*

PIPING hot from drill, of  
 Knocking Bess about, Sir,  
 Egad I've had my fill, of  
 'Heads up! eyes right! toes out! Sir.'  
 But, John Lump will never flinch,  
 We're up to monsieurs tricks,  
 And come when will the French,  
 By gom! they'll get their licks.  
 Tooral looral loo, &c.

I loves the fife and drum,  
 Soldiering's my notion,  
 Who knows what may come,  
 Now I've got promotion?  
 I'fegs! it came quite jump  
 For I'd spent all my stivers,  
 But now I'm Mr Lump!  
 Hem! Corplar 'mong the Drivers.

And if to camp we trudge,  
 Merrily I'll sing,  
 No toil I'll ever grudge,  
 'Tis all for England's King!  
 At tail of waggon package,  
 Cheerfully I'll stump,  
 And as we're all allow'd our baggage,  
 Ecod! I'll bring—Mrs Lump.

For boys of willing mind,  
 I'll challenge all the nation,  
 Stouter hearts to find,  
 Then drivers in their station;  
 To all but Britain's foes,  
 We're honest, kind and civil,  
 But shou'd Bony shew his nose,  
 We'll Drive him to the Devil.  
 Tooral looral loo, &c.

---

### *The Five Carlins.*

THERE were five carlins in the south,  
 They fell upon a scheme,  
 To send a lad to Lon'on town  
 To bring us tidings hame.

Not only bring us tidings hame,  
 But do our errands there,  
 And aiblins gowd and honour baith  
 Might be that laddy's share.

There was Maggie by the Banks o' Nith,  
 A dame wi' pride enough;  
 And Marjorie o' the Money Loch,  
 A carling auld and teugh.

And blinkin Bess o' Annandale,  
 That dwells near Solway side,  
 And whisky Jean that took her gill,  
 In Galloway so wide.

And auld black Joan frae Creighton peel,  
 O' gipsey kith and kin,  
 Five wightier carlins werena found .  
 The south kintra within.

To send a lad to Lon'on town,  
 They met upon a day,  
 And monie a knight and monie a laird  
 That errand fain wad gae.

O' monie a knight and monie a laird  
 This errand fain wad gae,  
 But nae ane could their fancy please,  
 O' ne'er a ane but twae.

The first ane was a belted knight,  
 Bred o' a border band,  
 An' he wad gae to Lon'on town,  
 Might nae man him withstand.

And he wad do their errands weel,  
 And meikle he wad say,  
 And ilka ane at Lon'on court  
 Wad bid to him guid day.

Then neist came in a sodger youth,  
 And spak wi' modest grace,  
 And he wad gae to Lon'on town,  
 If sae their pleasure was.

He wadna hecht them courtly gift,  
 Nor meikle speech pretend;  
 But he wad hecht an honest heart  
 Wad ne'er desert his friend.

Now, whom to choose and whom refuse,  
 To strife thae carlins fell;

For some had gentle folk to please,  
And some wad please themsel.

Then out spak mim-mou'd Meg o' Nith,  
An' she spak out wi' pride,  
An' she wad send the sodger youth  
Whatever might betide.

For the auld guidman o' Lon'on court  
She didna care a pin,  
But she wad send the sodger youth  
To greet his eldest son.

Then up sprang Bess o' Annandale,  
A deadly aith she's taen,  
That she wad vote the border knight,  
Tho' she should vote her lane.

For far-off fowls hae feathers fair,  
An' fools o' change are fain ;  
But I hae tried the border knight,  
I'll try him yet again.

Says auld black Joan frae Creighton peel,  
A carlin stout and grim,  
The auld guidman or young guidman,  
For me may sink or swim.

For fools may prat o' right and wrang,  
While knaves laugh them to scorn ;  
But the sodger's friends hae blawn the best,  
Sae he shall bear the horn.

Then whisky Jean spak o'er her drink,  
Ye weel ken kimmers a',  
The auld guidman o' Lon'on court,  
His back's been at the wa'.

And monie a friend that kiss'd his caup,  
 Is now a frammit wight ;  
 But it's ne'er sae wi' whisky Jean,  
 We'll send the border knight.

Then slow raise Marjorie o' the Lochs,  
 And wrinkled was her brow ;  
 Her ancient weed was russet gray,  
 Her auld Scots heart was true.

There's some great folks set light by me,  
 I set as light by them ;  
 But I will send to Lon'on town  
 Wha I loe best at hame.

So how this weighty plea will end,  
 Nae mortal wight can tell ;  
 G-d grant the King and ilka man  
 May look weel to himsel.

### *The Drunken Sexton.*

MAT Madge, the sexton of our town,  
 Though oft a little heady,  
 The drink not so his wits could drown,  
 But some excuse was ready.  
 Mat said, the parson lov'd a sup,  
 And, eke, also the clerk ;  
 And then it kept his spirits up,  
 'Mongst spirits in the dark.

Swore 'twas his predecessor's fault,  
 A cursed drunken fellow,  
 The very bells to ring he taught,  
 As if they all were mellow :  
 Hark ! hark ! cried he, in tipsy peel,  
 Like roaring toppers as they reel ;  
 Hark ! what a drunken pother :  
 Another cup and then,  
 Another cup and then,  
 What then ?—another.

For good news, Mat got drunk for joy,  
 If he could beg or borrow ;  
 Did any thing his mind annoy,  
 He drank to drown his sorrow :  
 Thus he'd rejoice or he'd condole,  
 Cried Mat, be't joy or grief ;  
 As the song says, the flowing bowl  
 Still gives the mind relief.  
 'Twas all my predecessor's fault, &c.

Were peace the theme and all its charms,  
 Mat fill'd the sparkling noggin ;  
 If war, he drank, May British arms  
 Still give the foe a flogging ;  
 The parson once took Mat to task,  
 Bid him beware the bowl ;  
 Your pardon I must humbly ask,  
 Cried he, but 'pon my soul,  
 'Twas all my predecessor's fault, &c.

And then no liquor came amiss,  
 Whenever he could forage ;  
 That gave him spirits,—wisdom this,  
 And t'other gave him courage.

Thus was he merry and jocose,  
 If fortune smil'd or frown'd,  
 And when he'd fairly got his doze,  
 And all the things turn'd round,  
 Swore 'twas his predecessor's fault, &c.

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### *Hey for a Lass wi' a Tocher.*

AWA wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms,  
 The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms :  
 O, gie me the lass that has acres o' charms,  
 O, gie me the lass wi' the weel-stockit farms.  
     Then hey, for a lass wi' a tocher ;  
     Then hey, for a lass wi' a tocher,  
     Then hey, for a lass wi' a tocher ;  
     The nice yellow guineas for me.

Your beauty's a flower, in the morning that blows,  
 And withers the faster, the faster it grows ;  
 But the rapturous charm o' the bonny green knowes,  
 Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonny white ewes.  
     Then hey, &c.

And e'en when this beauty your beauty has blest,  
 The brightest o' beauty may cloy when possess ;  
 But the sweet yellow darlings, wi' Geordie imprest,  
 The langer ye hae them—the mair they're carest.  
     Then hey, &c.



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*The Battle of Sherra-Muir.*

O CAM ye here the fight to shun,  
Or herd the sheep wi' me, man,  
Or were ye at the Sherra-muir,  
Or did the battle see, man.  
I saw the battle sair and tough,  
And reekin red ran mony a sheugh,  
My heart for fear gae sough for sough,  
To hear the thuds, and see the cluds  
O' clans frae woods, in tartan duds,  
Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three, man.

The red-coat lads, wi' black cockauds,  
To meet them were na slaw, man;  
They rush'd, and push'd, and blude out gush'd,  
And mony a bouk did fa', man :  
The great Argyle led on his files,  
I wat they glanc'd for twenty miles,  
They hough'd the clans like nine-pin kyles,  
They hack'd and hash'd, while braid-swords clash'd,  
And thro' they dash'd, and hew'd and smash'd,  
Till fey men di'd awa, man.

But had ye seen the philibegs,  
And skyrin tartan trews, man,  
When in the teeth they dar'd our whigs,  
And covenant true-blues, man ;  
In lines extended lang and large,  
When bayonets oppos'd the targe,

And thousands hasten'd to the charge;  
 Wi' Highland wrath they frae the sheath  
 Drew blades o' death, till out o' breath  
 They fled like frightened dows, man.

O how diel, Tam, can that be true?  
 The chace gaed frae the north, man;  
 I saw mysel, they did pursue  
 The horsemen back to Forth, man:  
 And at Dunblane, in my ain sight,  
 They took the brig wi' a' their might,  
 And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight,  
 But, cursed lot! the gates were shut,  
 And mony a huntit, poor red-coat  
 For fear amaist did swarf, man.

My sister Kate cam up the gate  
 Wi' crowdie unto me, man;  
 She swore she saw some rebels run  
 To Perth and to Dundee, man:  
 Their left-hand general had nae skill;  
 The Angus lads had nae gude will,  
 That day their neebour's blood to spill;  
 For fear by foes, that they should lose  
 Their cogs o' brose, they scar'd at blows,  
 And hameward fast did flee, man.

They've lost some gallant gentlemen  
 Among the Highland clans, man;  
 I fear my lord Panmuir is slain,  
 Or in his en'mies hands, man:  
 Now wad ye sing this double flight,  
 Some fell for wrang, and some for right,  
 And mony bade the world gudenight;  
 Sae pell and mell, wi' muskets knell,  
 How tories fell, and Whigs to h-ll  
 Flew off in frightened bands, man.

## *The Four Saints.*

O WHITE are the cliffs which fair Albion enclose,  
 Bonny St George and the Dragon, O!  
 Thy bosom the ocean from which she arose,  
 Bonny St George and the Dragon, O!  
 St George was the hero of all the brave knights  
 She chose as the champion and guard of her rights;  
 He invented life's balsam and golden elixir,  
 And conquer'd a dragon as fierce as old Nick, Sir.  
 From forestallers, that means, he gave Albion relief;  
 First brew'd good October, and roasted fat beef.  
 O bonny St George and the Dragon, O!  
 O bonny St George and the Dragon, O!  
 O bonny St George and the Dragon, O!

O sweetly the harpers of Cambria play,  
 Arr Hydd ý nos;  
 And Taff, look you, tances on Tavid's good day,  
 Arr Hydd ý nos.  
 Taff's plood it is noble, and ancient hur race,  
 And hur pedigree plain as the nose on hur face,  
 And hur pedigree, &c.  
 Arr Hydd ý nos.  
 And St Tavid he taught hur, 'mong other good ha-  
 bits,  
 To make love, and leek porridge, and cheese, and  
 Welch rabbits,

To be prave, and at serving her friend not to wince,  
To love hur good king, and to honour hur prince.

A leek in hur hat wore St Tavid, O!

A leek in hur hat wore St Tavid, O!

A leek in hur hat wore St Tavid, O!

O canty and braw are fam'd Scotia's lads,

Hey for the cross of St Andrew, O!

Wi' their bonnets, their trews, and their braw tar-  
tan plaids,

Hey for the cross of St Andrew, O!

St Andrew, gude troth, was a fine learn'd chie!',

Then he'd lilt, play the pipes, and would dance a  
gude reel;

Wi' his muckle ferrara he gart the foe wheel,

Sing hey for the cross of St Andrew, O!

Wi' his muckle ferrara he gart the foe whistle,

And kept them in awe o' the national thistle.

His precepts to follow, nae Scotsman would lag,

"Ecce signum," proud Gallia's invincible flag.

Hey for the cross of St Andrew, O!

Hey for the cross of St Andrew, O!

Hey for the cross of St Andrew, O!

O green are the fields Erin chose for her part, Sir,

Erin ma vourneen, says Paddy, O!

And green is the shamrock so dear to her heart, Sir,

Erin ma vourneen, says Paddy, O!

St Patrick's the child of her own dearest hopes, Sir,

And bulls he invented, but not like the pope's, Sir,

And green is the shamrock on which her heart doats,

Sir,

Erin ma vourneen, says Paddy, O!

O he lov'd pretty girls, and rich wines, and good  
dinners,

And the saints that do not, must be surely great  
sinners:

Then for fighting, aragh ! he was born thro' a charm,  
With a twig of shellaly tuck'd under his arm.

Erin ma vourneen says Paddy, O !

Erin ma vourneen, says Paddy, O !

Erin ma vourneen, says Paddy, O !

English, Welch, Scotch, and Irish, join hands, and  
all sing,

Like the bundle of sticks in the fable, O !

May the Shamrock, the Cross, and the Leek, and  
the Rose,

And our four saints for emblems that each of them  
chose,

Flourish happy and long, live like sister and brother,  
" Since both all the four have now married each  
other ! "

Our foes find their match when each singly they take,  
But our union's a firm all the world cannot break,

Like the bundle of sticks in the fable, O !

### *Gude'en to you Kimmer.*

Gude'en to you kimmer,

And how do ye do ?

Hiccup, quo' kimmer,

The better that I'm fou.

We're a' noddin,

Nid nid noddin,

We're a' noddin,

At our house at hame.

Kate sits i' the neuk,  
 Suppin hen broo;  
 Deil tak Kate  
 And she be na noddin too!  
 We're a' noddin, &c.

How's a' wi' you, kimmer,  
 And how do ye fare?  
 A pint o' the best o't,  
 And twa pints mair.  
 We're a' noddin, &c.

How's a' wi' you, kimmer,  
 And how do ye thrive?  
 How mony bairns hae ye?  
 Quo' kimmer, I hae five.  
 We're a' noddin, &c.

Are they a' Johnny's?  
 Eh! atweel na!  
 Twa o' them were gotten  
 When Johnny was awa.  
 We're a noddin, &c.

Cats like milk,  
 And dogs like broo,  
 Lads like lasses weel,  
 And lasses lads too,  
 We're a noddin, &c.

## *The Barber's Shop.*

'Twas Saturday night, six went the clock,  
 Spruce was the Barber's shop;  
 Wigs decorated ev'ry block,  
 From scratch to Tyburn top.  
 Mambrino's helmet scowr'd so bright,  
 Smil'd to receive the suds,  
 And labourers flock'd to shave o'er night,  
 To grace their Sunday's duds.

*Spoken.]* And there was Smash, the glazier; and  
 Sink, the plumber; and Light, the tallow-chandler;  
 and Blow, the bellows-maker; and Thrush,  
 the farmer; and Blind, the upholsterer; and Bo-  
 ther, the lawyer; and Bury, the undertaker; and  
 Smother, the dustman; and those labourers of  
 different descriptions,

Who, on Saturday night,  
 To get decent in plight,  
 Get shav'd fit for church on the Sunday:  
 Of their transgressions sore,  
 To pay off the week's score,  
 The better to sin on a Monday.

First come first serv'd; neighbour Eelskin, sit,  
 You're summon'd to the chair.  
 The customers thicken, while round goes the wit,  
 Above board all, and fair.

Well, Joe, and how do the world wag?  
 How's wife? and cats and dogs?  
 Homely, I thank thee, Master Spragg,  
 That's well, and how goes hogs?

*Spoken.]* I say, lawyer, the tonsor here is a keen hand at a razor; he'll shave you as close as you shave your clients, ha, ha, ha; and then he gives one such a twist you see; though nobody affront un, he always takes one by the nose, ha, ha, ha; yes, but the worst on't be, that he sometimes shavesee and bleedsee for the same money, ha, ha, ha. Yaw! yaw! zounds, you have killed me! Killed you! killed you! I almost cut my thumb off through your lantern jaw. Look, look, the butcher do bleed like a pig, ha, ha, ha.

Thus the laugh grows loud,  
 'Mongst the village crowd,  
 Who get shav'd fit for church on Sunday;  
 Of their transgressions sore,  
 To pay off the week's score,  
 The better to sin on a Monday.

Now nothing escapes, the taxmen they rate,  
 They roast and baste the cook,  
 The butcher cut up, the fisherman bait,  
 And the schoolmaster bring to book.

And many a random point they hit  
 To give their sallies birth,  
 And make up what they want in wit,  
 By noise and vacant mirth.

*Spoken.]* And how diddy come on about the election? Why, we brought in the square. A little bribery, I suppose, hey? Oh, no, no, no bribery



at all ; I'll tell you how it were : the squire says to I, and about seventeen more neighbours, I'll bet ev'ry one of you fifty guineas that I be'nt returned for your borough ; so we said done ; so when we come to consider what a foolish job we had made on't, icod we were obligated to bring un in, for fear of losing our money ; ha, ha, ha, don'tee zee, don'tee zee, ha, ha, ha.

Thus the laugh goes round,  
 'Mongst the village crowd,  
 Who get shav'd fit for church on Sunday ;  
 Of their transgressions sore,  
 To pay off the week's score,  
 The better to sin on a Monday.

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### *Kellyburnbraes.*

THERE lived a carl in Kellyburnbraes,  
 Hey and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme ;  
 And he had a wife was the plague o' his days,  
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

Ae day as the carl gaed up the lang glen,  
 Hey, &c.  
 He met wi' the d.v-l, says, how do ye fen ?  
 And, &c.

I've got a bad wife, Sir, that's a' my complaint,  
 Hey, &c.  
 For, saving your presence, to her ye're a saint,  
 And, &c.

It's neither your stot nor your staig I shall crave,  
 Hey, &c.  
 But gie me your wife, man, for her I must have,  
 And, &c.

O, welcome most kindly ! the blithe carl said ;  
 Hey, &c.  
 But if ye can match her—ye're waur than ye're ca'd,  
 And, &c.

The d-v-l has got the auld wife on his back,  
 Hey, &c.  
 And like a poor pedlar he's carried his pack,  
 And, &c.

He's carried her hame to his ain hallan-door,  
 Hey, &c.  
 Syne bade her gae in for a b— and a wh—,  
 And, &c.

Then straight he makes fifty, the pick o' his band,  
 Hey, &c.  
 Turn out on her guard in the clap of a hand,  
 And, &c.

The carlin gaed thro' them like ony wud bear,  
 Hey, &c.  
 Whae'er she gat hands on cam near her nae mair,  
 And, &c.

A reekit wee devil looks over the wa,  
 Hey, &c.

O help, Master, help ! or she'll ruin us a' !  
And, &c.

The devil he swore by the edge o' his knife,  
Hey, &c.  
He pitied the man that was tied to a wife,  
And, &c.

The devil he swore by the kirk and the bell,  
Hey, &c.  
He was not in wedlock, thank Heaven, but in h—,  
And, &c.

Then Satan has travell'd again wi' his pack,  
Hey, &c.  
And to her auld husband he's carried her back,  
And, &c.

I hae been a devil the feck o' my life,  
Hey, &c.  
But ne'er was in h-ll till I met wi' a wife,  
And, &c.

*And sae will we yet.*

SIT ye down here, my cronies, and gie me your  
crack ;  
Let the win' tak' the care o' this life on its back,  
Our hearts to despondency we ne'er will submit,  
For we've ay been provided for, and sae will we  
yet.

And sae will we yet, &c.

Let the miser delight in the hoarding of pelf,  
 Since he has not the saul to enjoy it himself:  
 Since the bounty of Providence is new ev'ry day,  
 As we journey thro' life, let us live by the way.  
 Let us live by the way, &c.

Then bring us a tankard of nappy good ale,  
 For to comfort our hearts, and enliven the tale;  
 We'll ay be the merrier the longer we sit,  
 For we've drank thegither mony a time, and sae  
 will we yet.  
 And sae will we yet, &c.

Success to the farmer, and prosper his plough,  
 Rewarding his eident toils a' the year through;  
 Our seed-time and harvest we ever will get,  
 For we've lippen'd ay to Providence, and sae will  
 we yet.  
 And sae will we yet, &c.

Long live the King, and happy may he be,  
 And success to his forces by land and by sea;  
 His en'mies to triumph we ne'er will permit,  
 Britons have ay been victorious, and sae will they  
 yet.  
 And sae will they yet, &c.

Let the glass keep its course and go merrily round,  
 For the sun has to rise, tho' the moon it goes down,  
 Till the house be rinnin round about, tis time enough  
 to flit,  
 When we fell we ay got up again, and sae will  
 we yet.  
 And sae will we yet, &c.

---

*Robin shure in Hairst.*

ROBIN shure in hairst,  
I shure wi' him,  
Fient a heuk had I,  
Yet I stack by him.  
I gaed up to Dunse,  
To warp a wab o' plaiden,  
At his daddie's yett,  
Wha met me but Robin.

Was na Robin bauld,  
Tho' I was a cotter,  
Play'd me sic a trick  
And me the eller's dochter?  
Robin shure, &c.

Robin promis'd me  
A' my winter vittle;  
Fient haet he had but three  
Goose feathers and a whittle.  
Robin shure, &c.

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*The Knife-Grinder.*

THERE are grinders enough, Sirs, of ev'ry degree,  
From jewel-deck'd great to low poverty ;  
Whatever the station, it sharpens the sense,  
And the wheel it goes round to wind in the pence.  
Master grinders enough at the helm you may find,  
Tho' I'm but a journeyman—Knives to grind.

Whatever the statesman may think of himself,  
He turns fortune's wheel in pursuit of the pelf ;  
He grinds back and edge, Sirs, his ends to obtain,  
And his country may starve, so he pockets the gain.  
Master grinders, &c.

The rich grind the poor, is a saying of old ;  
'The merchant, the tradesman, we need not be told ;  
Whether Pagan, Mahometan, Christian you be,  
There are grinders of all sorts, of ev'ry degree.  
Master grinders, &c.

The patriot, with zeal animated, declares  
The curtain he'll draw, and display the state-play'rs ;  
He is a staunch grinder to some, 'tis well known,  
And they're mightily gall'd by the grit of his stone.  
Master grinders, &c.

I too am a grinder ; what, what, Sirs, of that ?  
 I am but in taste, since I copy the great :  
 To be, Sirs, ingenuous, I'll tell you my mind ;  
 'Tis for what I can get, makes me willing to grind.  
 Master grinders, &c.

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### *The Merry Waiter.*

At the very best of houses, where the best of people dine,  
 And the very best of eatables they cater,  
 Give the very best of spirits, and decant the best of wine,  
 I attend as a very merry waiter.  
 Then a table-cloth can spread, neat decant my white and red,  
 Manage matters with a charm, and with napkin under arm,  
 Can a skinflint, or jolly fellow tell whether they'll come down,  
 Gold, a tissey, or a crown, so treat 'em as I find 'em ill or well.

And when noisy, roaring, drumming, tingling, ringing, I cries, coming, coming, coming, coming, coming, coming, coming, coming; going in, madam, coming up, Sir ; damn the bells, they're all ringing at once.

In their very merry meetings, why I always likes to share,  
 Whole bottles sometimes broke, why then, I snack it ;

In that I'm quite at home, so it travels you know  
where,

Sally chambermaid and I slily crack it.

She a little fortune's made, just by warming a bed,  
So I think it not amiss, now and then to snatch  
a kiss,

For you know I love Sally very well ;

So hob nobbing as we chat, looking loving, and  
all that,

In our ears they're ever ringing such a peel :

Misses, maids, all bawling, drumming,  
Tingling, gingling, I cries coming, &c.

John, devil some biscuits, and take 'em up to the  
Angel.—Tom, you take care of No 21, shall  
take care of No 1 myself.

A snipe there once was order'd, such an article  
we'd not,

Yet to disappoint a customer unwilling ;

A plover was serv'd up, the gemman swore no bill  
t' had got ;

Says I, swallow it, I'll soon bring the bill in.

Thus I jokes and gaily talks, while poor master  
jokes with chalks,

And jingling glasses drink, while I jingle in the  
chink,

Cod ! he breaks, and I buy in, who can tell ;

Sally Missus then is made, up to ev'ry servant's  
trade,

We are certain sure, your honours, to do well ;

Brisk and busy, no hum-drumming,

Tingling, jingling, I cries coming, &c.

James, take care of No 4. and see that Sam Cellar-  
man sends up prick'd bottles ; they're a shabby



set, and we may never see them again. Mrs Napkin, shew my Lord the Star and Garter, and lawyer Lattitat to the Devil. He's going there himself, Sir; he knows the way very well.

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### *The Grand Armada.*

BRAVE Betty was a maiden queen,  
 Bold and clever, bold and clever;  
 King Philip then, a Spaniard keen,  
 To court her did endeavour.  
 Queen Bess she frown'd and strok'd her ruff,  
 And gave the mighty Don a huff,  
 For which he swore her ears he'd cuff,  
 All with his grand Armada.  
 Tol lol de rol, de rol de rol,  
 All with his grand Armada.

Says royal Bess—I'll vengeance take,  
 Blessings on her, blessings on her;  
 But first, I'll eat a nice beef-steak,  
 All with my maids of honour.  
 Then to her admirals she went,  
 Drake, Effingham, and Howard, sent,  
 That soon dish'd Philip's armament,  
 And bang'd his great Armada.  
 Tol lol de rol, &c.

Like lightning rocks the French will fly,  
 To us over, to us over;

And Bonaparte cries—Let us try  
 To build a bridge to Dover.  
 Balloons amongst the clouds may roll,  
 And cross their bridge to take the toll,  
 Our Trollope stands a fighting soul,  
 My jewels—all Armada.  
 Tol lol de rol, &c.

Then bless the King, and bless the Queen,  
 Royal branch too, royal branch too,  
 Let foes come on, it shall be seen,  
 We're loyal, and we're staunch too.  
 Or should Dutch, French, or Spaniard prate,  
 Our Howe, our Vincent, Duncan great,  
 Will sweetly knock about their pate,  
 Just like the fine Armada.  
 Tol lol de rol, &c.

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### *The History of the War.*

'Twas all how and about and concerning the war,  
 And the glory of Britain's bold navy;  
 And all our fine brushes, and what 'twas all for,  
 That the whistle of fame has sung out sea and  
 shore,  
 For when British bull-dogs begin for to roar,  
 The prettiest shall soon cry peccavi.

For the war, how it happened, and what 'twas a bout,

That's nothing to we, tars must do as they're bid ;  
So, all I can tell you, the war once broke out,

They told us to lick 'em, and lick 'em we did.  
As for order and such, you don't get that from me,  
I shall just as they come speak of actions that's  
past,

So they do us but honour as lords of the sea,  
It don't matter a damn, which came first or which  
last :

*Spoken.]* Why now, there was Howe and the glorious first of June : then there was Jarvis, when he beat the Spaniards fifteen to twenty-seven ; Duncan, with his hard blows with the Dutch ; Nelson and the Nile : but, lud, 'tis nonsense to tell you about they grand affairs. For our great grand children will read about it, you know, in almanacs and things, just as people read of the hard frost and fire in London. It is the neat little brushes, that I intends to talk to you about. There was Pellew and the Hampin, don't you remember ? pegging away at that seventy-four, just for all the world like two school-boys licking a great hulking fellow ; then there was Fawkener, who would not have died like Fawkener ? and then there was Cooke, in the East Indies, he fell nobly too : damme, if I would not as soon be Cooke as Fawkener. But avast, avast, there was another brave fellow ; indeed there was plenty of brave fellows, if that was all, but I mean Hood, in the *Mais*, just saw the *Hercules* strike, and died. Hollo, zounds I shall be swabbing my bows, if I go on at this rate ; stay, what was there else ? oh, there was the brush with the *La Pomone* ; and then you know, Sir Sidney, he

did some neat things; and then there was Trollope, in the Glatton; and there was, you know there was, damme if I know what there was, but

As for me, I en't learn'd, for I can't read or write,  
But, what's reading or writing, or any such arts?  
To find their due praise for their country that fight,  
We must read from our memories what's writ  
in our hearts.

Not that heroes e'er brag, or for flattery sue,  
True bravery was never yet known to be vain:  
And the thanks and the honours so nobly their due,  
By deeds, not by words, gallant Britons obtain.

*Spoken.]* Why, what could be so glorious, you know, as Pellew, when he took the Cleopatra, boarded her and struck her colours? then there was Saumarez, off Cherbourg, took the Reunion, killed and wounded a hundred and twenty, without the loss of a British seaman. Both knighted and barrow knighted, that's right; some sense to fight for a country like this. In short, we worked them, we took Neptune, and Fortune, and Victory; but for the matter of that, we had all this on our side before. Then we took Liberty, that was just bringing coals to Newcastle, you know; Glory, ditto repeated; after that, we took Immortality, but they did not care much about that; and then at last, we took their Constitution. That was nonsense, we had a good Constitution of our own. Then we took Resistance, and Freedom, and Fame, and Concord; damme, we took almost every thing from them but parlavær, and that they are welcome to. Well then, we took all the Saints from the Spaniards; and then we

took from the Dutch, I don't know what the devil we took from the Dutch, with their cursed hard names.

As for me, &c.

### *The blithsome Bridal.*

COME, fy, let us a' to the wedding,  
 For there will be lirting there,  
 For Jock's to be married to Maggie,  
 The lass wi' the gowden hair.  
 And there will be lang-kail and castocks,  
 And bannocks o' barley meal,  
 And there will be a good saut herring,  
 To relish a cog o' good ale.

And there will be Sandy the souter,  
 And Will wi' the meikle mou,  
 And there will be Tam the blutter,  
 With Andrew the tinkler 1 trow ;  
 And there will be bow'd-legged Robie,  
 With thumbless Katie's goodman,  
 And there will be blue-cheeked Dobie,  
 And Lawrie the laird of the land.

And there will be sow-libber Patie,  
 And plucky fac'd Wat i' the mill,  
 Capper-nos'd Francie, and Gibbie,  
 That wins in the how o' the hill.

And there will be Alaster Sibby,  
 Wha in wi' black Bessie did moo!,  
 With snivelling Lilly, and Tibby,  
 The lass that stands aft on the stool:

And Madge that was buckl'd to Steenie,  
 And coft him gray breeks to his a—,  
 Wha after was hangit for stealing,  
 Great mercy it happen'd nae warse.  
 And there will be gleeed Geordy Janners,  
 And Kirsh wi' the lily-white leg,  
 Wha gade to the south for manners,  
 And play'd the fool in Mons-meg.

And there will be Judan Maclawrie,  
 And blinkin daft Barbara Macleg,  
 Wi' flea-lugged sharney-fac'd Lawrie,  
 And shangy-mou'd halucket Meg.  
 And there will be happer-a— Nancie,  
 And fairy-fac'd Flowrie by name,  
 Muck Madie, and fat-hippit Girsy,  
 The lass wi' the gowden wame.

And there will be Girn-again Gibby,  
 With his glaikit wife Jeany Bell,  
 And miss'd-shinn'd Mungo Macapie,  
 The lad that was skipper himsel.  
 There lads and lasses in pearlins,  
 Will feast in the heart of the ha',  
 On sybows, and rifarts, and carlings,  
 That are baith sodden and raw.

And there will be fadges and brachan,  
 With fouth o' good gabbocks o' skate,  
 Powsowdie, and drammock, and crowdie,  
 And caller nowt-feet in a plate.

And there will be partans and buckies,  
 And whitens and speldings enew,  
 With singit sheep-heads and a haggis,  
 And scadlips to sup till you spew.

And there will be lapper'd-milk kebbucks,  
 And sowens, and farles, and baps,  
 With swats and weel-scraped paunches,  
 And brandy in stoups and in caps.  
 And there will be meal-kail, and porrage,  
 With skink to sup till ye rive,  
 And roasts to roast on a brander,  
 Of fleuks that were taken alive.

Scrap't haddocks, wilks, dulse, and tangle,  
 And a mill of good snishing to prie,  
 When weary wi' eating and drinking,  
 We'll rise up and dance till we die.  
 Then fy let us a' to the bridal,  
 For there will be lilting there,  
 For Jock's to be married to Maggie,  
 The lass wi' the gowden hair.

---

### *The Old Clothes Man.*

SHOES, hats, and old clothes, hare skin, rabbit skin,  
 Come my pretty maids, old clothes, old clothes,  
 About the squares,  
 I cry my vares,

When to open the findow the maid begin,  
     So den I vait,  
     At de airy gate,  
 And coax um and chuck 'em under the chin.

*Spoken.]* Vat you got for me diss time, mine dear?  
 Ah, vat is tiss? Ah, tiss is de coat, de plack coat,  
 de plack coat is ferry koot coat; but, ven he ket  
 shabby, he ket ferry shabby. Beside, nobody  
 veer de black coat but de parson, and de master  
 parson pye de new coat, and de churneyman par-  
 son can't afford to pye any coat at all. I kiff you  
 tree shilling for te plack coat. Nonsense, ket  
 away, I vant to talk to diss laty bout the chishen  
 stuff: vel, vel, I kiff you fife, but den you mosse  
 kiff me dat shoe, dat handkerchief, dat stocking.  
 Ah, dat is for pretty girl, good morning my lofe,  
 I fish you great luck vid de kishen stofe.

So I trick all de flat again and again,  
 Till by dat time I come to Rosemary-lane,  
 Like a snow-ball, still bigger and bigger I crows,  
 While loudly I cry, shoes, hats, and old clothes,  
     So I tink no sin  
     To take 'em in;  
 Shoe, stocking, every ting make my own,  
     As I trick de flat,  
     One, two, three hat.  
 I look like the pope with my triple-crown.

*Spoken.]* Ah Monsieur le Valet! vat you got tiss  
 morning? Ah, vat is de breeches, de small clothes,  
 de inexpressible? Ah, tis te preeches, de fine  
 dashing fellow stare de laty de face, knock down  
 de fatchman, get his nose pull a little, some time,  
 ferry bad stain in the front; ah, nothing coot put  
 de pocket; ferry coot pocket, coot as new. Never



ket no money to put in um, and so never fare um ote. Stay let me look de faiscoat. Var it tiss? oh, it is de tayler bill; damme so long my arm; tiss is te fay: te young chentleman alfay sell his clothes afore he pay for um. Vel, I give you tree sixpence. Oh, Moses, you must stand my friend, I fant a guinea. A kinny! yes, I got my master fatch, I take to te fatch-maker, I kif you for little pawn, I kot un appointment tiss evening; tam fine girl, Moses. Fell, fell, I take de fatch. Dam fool; vortey, fifty pone, I ket all his kuts out before he come home again; but, pon my soul you ferry great rogue, pawn your master fatch! you must not keep company with man my character.

So I tricks all de flats again, and again,  
Till, by dat time I kets to Rosemary-lane,  
Like a snow-ball still bigger and bigger I crows,  
As loudly I cries, shoes, hats, and old clothes.

For de last ting of all,

On the dasher I call,

Dat tak genteel airing on the highway,

He take in a fright,

I soon set him right,

So of de business secretly we talk afay.

*Spoken.]* Fell, you kot goot booty? Oh fine booty. Ah vat is tiss? Ah, fill you have a sup, Moses? I rop an old maid. I ax her for te vatch, she kif me te pocket pistol; tam good brandy, Moses, haf a sup? Ah, an is tiss all? All? Oh no, I make mistake, and ko into nudder chentilman hose stid my own; make free with a few spoon, waiter, candlestick, all tiss is ferry coot; te silvers he fill melt done, make into ferry fine vite soup. Vat you ax for altogetther; Fife kinny, Moses, Fife kinny! I kiff dirty shilling. Tam your dir-

ty shilling, I font have it. Ferry fell, ferry fell,  
 stay, be sone fone ote; ket hang. Oh te tam  
 shew dog, he fill peach. Vat you say dare, I say,  
 Moses? I belief you mose have it, tam shoe vil-  
 lain. Ah, dat is right, go on and prosper.

So I tricks all de flats, again and again,  
 Till by dat time I kets to Rosemary-lane,  
 Like a snow-ball still bigger and bigger I crows,  
 As loudly I cries, shoes, hats, and old clothes.

### *Fun at Sea.*

WHEN at sea, we slave both far and near,  
 Flip, beer, and brandy, our spirits cheer;  
 And the toast goes round to Poll, Peg, or Sue,  
 And on deck we dance like a merry crew!

Fal de ral, &c.

When old Sam, he jaws of sprites and ghosts,  
 And Tom, he of strength and wenches boasts,  
 And the master brags what knots he can sail,  
 A cracker Dick claps to the chaplain's tail!

Fal de ral, &c.

When poor Jack with grog is running o'er,  
 And tells them a tale oft told before;

By a sly slipt noose the story is marr'd,  
 And away goes Jack up to the top-sail yard !  
 Fal de ral, &c.

Gig and fun, boys, is our life at sea,  
 When storms blow o'er, we from tempests free ;  
 Drink, dance, and sing, and again tempt the main,  
 In hopes to sing, dance, and drink once again !  
 Fal de ral, &c.

### *Song in the Travellers.*

As the snow-drop, fair was my lovely maid,  
 Her hair just like the curling endive play'd ;  
 Oh, her fragrant breath sweet as jessamin,  
 And her pearly teeth like the kidney-bean !  
 Oh, dear, oh !

Her teeth were like the kidney-bean !

Her bright sparkling eyes like daisies in bloom,  
 And her panting breast like the white mushroom ;  
 Her shape like a poplar, straight as a fir,  
 But her heart was cold as a cucumber.

Oh, dear, oh !

Her heart was as cold as a cucumber !

---

### *Lizy Liberty.*

THERE lives a Lassie on the brae  
 O! but she is a bonny-creature ;  
 They ca' her Lizy Liberty,  
 And mony ane's wooing at her.  
     Wooing at her, fain wad hae her,  
     Courting at, but canna get her,  
     Bonny Lizy Liberty,  
     There's o'er mony wooing at her.

Her mither wears a plettit mutch,  
 Her father is an honest dyker ;  
 An' she hersell's a thumping dame,  
 Ye winna shaw me mony like her.  
     Wooing at her, &c.

A pleasant lass she's kent to be,  
 Wi' fouth of sense and smeddum in her,  
 There's no a swanky far or near,  
 But tries wi' a' his might to win her.  
     Wooing at her, &c.

But sweet and pleasant as she is,  
 She winna thole the marriage tether ;  
 But likes to rant and rove about,  
 Like highlan' cout among the heather.  
     Wooing at her, &c.

It's seven years and something mair  
 Sin' Matthew Dutch made courtship till her ;  
 A merchant bluff ayont the burn,  
 Wi' heaps o' breeks and bags o' siller.  
 Wooing at her, &c.

The next to him was Baltic John,  
 Stept up the brae and keekit at her,  
 Syne turn'd as great a fool's he came,  
 And in a day or twa forgat her.  
 Wooing at her, &c.

Now Laurie French has ta'en the whim,  
 To toss his airs, and frisk about her,  
 And Malcolm Fleeming puffs an' swears  
 He disna value life without her.  
 Wooing at her, &c.

They've casten out wi' a' their kin,  
 Thinking that wad gar them get her,  
 Yet after a' the fash they've ta'en,  
 They maybe winna be the better.  
 Wooing at her, &c.

But Donald Scot's the happy lad,  
 Wha seems to be the coshest wi' her ;  
 He never fails to get a kiss,  
 As often as he likes to see her.  
 Wooing at her, &c.

Ye're weel and watsnae, as we say,  
 In getting leave to dwell beside her ;  
 And gin ye had her mair your ain,  
 Ye'd maybe find it waur to guide her.  
 Wooing at her, &c.

Ah! Laurie, ye've debauch'd the lass  
 Wi' vile new-fangl'd tricks ye've play'd her;  
 Deprav'd her morals, like an ass,  
 Ye've courted her, an' syne betray'd her;  
 Wi' hanging of her, burning of her,  
 Cutting, hacking, flashing at her,  
 And bonny Lizy Liberty  
 May ban the day ye ettl'd at her.

---

*O dear, Ladies I have plenty.*

O DEAR, ladies I have plenty, Sir,  
 Dear, dear, from fifteen to twenty, Sir,  
 O dear, ladies I have plenty, Sir,  
 I am the lad for the fair.  
 O dear, &c.

I've a beautiful nymph with her nose rather hook'd,  
 Sir,  
 A tongue like a bell, and her back rather crook'd,  
 Sir,  
 A little awry, but a pretty form'd creature,  
 Tho' just turn'd to twenty I swear.  
 O dear, &c.

O dear, I have another, Sir,  
 Dear, dear, the child of her mother, Sir,  
 Tho' blind of one eye she can see with the other, Sir,  
 Ne'er was the like I declare.  
 O dear, &c.

O dear, I have a maiden, Sir,  
 Dear, dear, a beautiful maiden, Sir,  
 O dear, ne'er was a maiden, Sir,  
     Half so engaging and fair.  
                     O dear, &c.

Then who can match her for romping and spinning,  
 Make a bed, scour the stairs, and make up your  
     fine linen :  
 'Turn her hands unto all work, and make a plumb  
     pudding,  
 And came from the Devil knows where.  
                     O dear, &c.

Her lily white cheeks shame the lily and rose, Sir,  
 Her two sparkling eyes are as black as the sloe, Sir,  
 With her red coral lips, cry aye come and kiss me,  
     And tie up my bonny brown hair.  
                     O dear, &c.

---

### *Epilogue Song to John Bull.*

SINCE Epilogue speaking to me is quite new,  
 Pray allow me the help of a fiddle or two ;  
 I'm as strange to this job as the man in the moon,  
 But I think if I sing, I shall speak to some tune.  
                     Fal, lal, lal, la, &c.

Now touching this comedy, critics may say,  
 'Tis a trumpery, Bartlemy-fair kind of play :  
 It smells, faith, of Smithfield, we all must allow,  
 For 'tis about Bull, and the scene's a Red Cow.

Yet not without moral the author indites,  
 For he points to the blessings of Englishmen's rights ;  
 Let a duke wrong a brazier, the barristers all  
 Know that brass can do wonders at Westminster Hall.

But was ever a tale so improbable told,  
 As Peregrine swimming with huge bags of gold ?  
 Should a man who sinks cash with his cash wish to  
     swim,  
 For a pound to a shilling his cash will sink him.

Let us find some excuse for this strange oversight,  
 Let's suppose that his guineas were most of 'em light ;  
 Nay the guineas for grappling the shore he must  
     thank,  
 'Tis amazing of late how they stick in the Bank.

Now in art, if not nature, Tom Shuffleton's found ;  
 He's one of those puppies who better were drown'd,  
 Of the worst Bond-street litter, such whelps none  
     admire,  
 Chuck 'em all in the Thames they won't set it on fire.

Now I've touch'd on the principal parts of the play,  
 Shall it run a few nights, or to night run away ?  
 Your votes, friends and critics, we now rest upon ;  
 The ayes have it, I think—though it mayn't be *nem*  
     *con.*

Oh ! Mr Dennis Bulgruddery lives with his dear,  
 They're in style, and agree just like thunder and  
     beer ;



An Irishman's blunders are pretty well hack'd,  
But how charmingly, sure, Mister Noble did act !

Then success to John Bull, let his toast be his pride,  
Bless the king of John Bull, and John Bull's fire-side ;  
At John Bull's fire side should a foe dare to frown,  
May John ne'er want a poker to knock the foe down.

---

### *The Turnimspike.*

HERSELL be Highland shentleman,  
Be auld as Pothwel prig, man ;  
And mony alterations seen /  
Amang te Lawland whig, man.  
Fal lal lal, &c.

First when her to the Lawlands came,  
Nainsell was driving cows, man :  
There was nae laws about him's n—,  
About the preeks or trews, man.

Nainsell did wear the philibeg,  
The plaid prickt on her shoulder ;  
The guid claymore hung pe her pelt,  
The pistol sharg'd wi' powder.

But for whereas these cursed preeks,  
Wherewith her n— be lockit,

O hon ! that e'er she saw the day !  
For a' her houghs be prokit.

Every t'ing in te Highlands now  
Pe turn't to alteration ;  
The sodger dwall at out toor-sheek,  
And tat's te great vexation.

Scotland be turn't a Ningland now,  
An' laws pring on te cadger :  
Nainsell wad durk him for her deeds,  
But oh ! she fears te sodger.

Anither law came after that,  
Me never saw te like, man ;  
They mak a lang road on te crund,  
And ca' him Turnimspike, man.

An' wow ! she pe a ponny road,  
Like Louden corn-rigs, man ;  
Where twa carts may gang on her,  
An' no preak ithers legs, man.

They sharge a penny for ilka horse,  
In troth, she'll no pe sheaper,  
For nought put gaen upo' the crund,  
And they gi'e me a paper.

Nae doubts, nainsell maun tra her purse,  
And pay them what hims like, man :  
I'll see a shugement on his toor,  
T'at filthy Turnimspike, man !

But I'll awa' to te Highland hills,  
Where te'il a ane dare turn her,  
And no come near her Turnimspike,  
Unless it pe to purn her.

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### *Bacchanalian Song.*

Of all the words in Lexicon,  
 Not one, to my poor thinking,  
 Can make a man so wise a Don,  
 As those in use for drinking.  
 To say he's drunk, so coarse the sound,  
 That Bacchus ask'd Apollo,  
 To give some terms, in wit profound,  
 And he the phrase would follow.  
 With a fal lal lal lal la, &c.

When ladies drink, why then they're gay,  
 But, to a toping gipsey  
 Of vulgar rank, we sneering say,  
 Upon my soul she's tipsey.  
 When lords are bubb'd they're in the sun,  
 And cits are mighty muddled,  
 But when a husband up is done,  
 The wife cries, "deary's fuddled."  
 With my fal lal, &c.

When Jack is grogg'd, he's shipp'd his beer,  
 He cries, "you're half seas over;"  
 And bosky damon roars, "My dear,  
 "I'm prim'd just for a lover:"

And some are rocky, some are muz'd,  
 And some disguis'd and mellow :  
 But goddesses must now be buss'd,  
 For I'm a merry fellow.

With my fal lal, &c.

---

### *The Turnkey.*

WHAT a mighty fine thing to be vested with powers,  
 Like me, de grand keeper of de seven towers,  
 De Sultan my massa one great man make me ;  
 Me lock up de gates, so am knight of de key ;

With my strut about,

Captives flout,

Irons clang,

Bowstrings twang,

While me rattle my keys, and look big as a king,  
 But my frown's soon dispell'd when de goldfinches  
 sing.

With my chick a ching, chick a chink,  
 chick a ching cherry.

Many great folks come here in one cursa bad hour,  
 Whom me force to lock up, Sir, in one of dem tower:  
 Perhaps dey never come out, but that's nothing to me,  
 'Tis de Sultan's command, so from sin I am free.

With his chick, &c.

You may call mine von school, where all nations  
do jumble,

Yet few, very few of their treatment do grumble :  
Here Jews, Turks, and Christians to manners are bred,  
Since de sabre soon teach dem to lower their head.

With its chick, &c.

A Bashaw with three tails, Sir, one very great man,  
Once ask me to free him—Says I if I can ;

So he slip me one purse, de next morn he was fled,  
And one other captive was kill'd in his stead.

With my chick, &c.

Thus me serva my massa, and helpa myself,  
And where is de harm, Sir, to pocket de pelf ;  
No great man, I'm sure, should you shew him a fee,  
Would think it was wrong to have acted like me.

With de chick, &c.

### *Cupid is a Little Devil.*

COME, here behold each female face,  
And if your thoughts with mine agree,  
From fifteen years to fifty's space,  
Here love in every eye you'll see.

Here Cupid keeps his constant revel,  
Yet Cupid is a little Devil.

With a fal la! la, &c.

Colour and shape, fair limbs and face,  
 Sweetness and wit, in all you'll find;  
 In motion, speech, in voice, in grace,  
 All models here, of woman kind.

'Tis Cupid keeps this pleasant revel,  
 Yet Cupid is a little Devil.

With a fal la la, &c.

If fat, her plenty feeds each heart,  
 If lean, 'tis love that makes her so;  
 If straight, her form is Cupid's dart,  
 But if she's bent she's but his Bow.

Then share with us, love's constant revel,  
 Tho' Cupid is a little Devil.

With a fal la la, c.

### *Burlesque Song.*

WHEN war with horrid din,  
 Flirts, and flings, and vapours,  
 Death's on the broad grin,

To see the blades cut capers;  
 So when prophets roar,

'My bed that I an't safe in!'  
 I think it all a bore,

And crack my side a laughing.  
 Tol, lol, &c.

When tongues in rage declare,  
 That red-hot war we're waging,

I'll take especial care,  
 To bumpers be engaging ;  
 I'll fight—but let that pass,  
 The more I box grow bolder,  
 My second is my glass,  
 Myself the bottle holder.

Tol, lol, &c.

Tho' Alexander—Pshaw !—  
 Be term'd a fighting fellow,  
 He never nabs eclat,  
 'Till boozing's made him mellow ;  
 And if with me the prig  
 Would fight for crown and plunder,  
 Him sucky soon I'd swig,  
 And make the Don knock under.

Tol, lol, &c.

### *More Asses than One.*

SINCE asses are now all the go,  
 I'll make them the theme of my ditty,  
 And the different species I'll shew  
 Which reside both in country and city ;  
 Yes, I'll make it right plainly seen  
 That their number by far, Sir, surpasses  
 The ladies who now on the Steyne  
 Each day are seen riding on asses.

Ri tum, &c.

A counsel who pleads without fee,  
 A husband that keeps to his duty,  
 Or a maid who from envy keeps free,  
 When she's lost all pretensions to beauty,  
 A friend that will stand to his test,  
 Are wonders which all things surpasses,  
 And would be look'd on by the rest  
 Of the world as a parcel of asses.  
Ri tum, &c.

A wife that don't know how to scold,  
 A miser who parts with his pence,  
 A bachelor owning he's old,  
 Or a fop boasting of his good sense,  
 A courtier who flattery hates,  
 An alderman turtle who passes,  
 We'd look on as crack'd in their pates,  
 And regard them as so many asses.  
Ri tum, &c.

Little Boney too makes a great fuss,  
 With his flat-bottom'd boats, Sir, so clever,  
 That if he comes over to us  
 He'll ruin old England for ever !  
 But he reckons his chickens too soon ;  
 For if ever the channel he passes,  
 We'll make him soon alter his tune,  
 And add to our cargo of asses.  
Ri tum, &c.



---

*Song.*

TUNE—"Sir John Malcom."

KEN ye ought o' Captain Grose?

Igo & ago.

If he's amang his friends or foes?

Iram, coram, dago.

Is he South, or is he North?

Igo, & ago.

Or drowned in the river Forth?

Iram, coram, dago.

Is he slain by Highland bodies?

Igo, & ago.

And eaten like a weather-haggis?

Iram, coram, dago.

Is he to Abram's bosom gane?

Igo, & ago.

Or haudin Sarah by the wame?

Iram, coram, dago.

Where'er he be, the Lord be near him?

Igo, & ago.

As for the deil he daurna steer him,

Iram, coram, dago.

But please transmit th' inclosed letter,  
     Igo, & ago.  
 Which will oblige your humble debtor,  
     Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye hae auld stanes in store,  
     Igo, & ago.  
 The very stanes that Adam bore,  
     Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye get in glad possession;  
     Igo, & ago,  
 The coins o' Satan's coronation?  
     Iram, coram, dago.

---

## *Song.*

TUNE—"My Jo Janet."

HUSBAND, husband, cease your strife,  
 Nor longer idly rave, Sir;  
 Tho' I am your wedded wife,  
 Yet I am not your slave, Sir.

"One of two must still obey,  
 "Nancy, Nancy,  
 "Is it man or woman, say,  
 "My spouse Nancy?"

If 'tis still the lordly word,  
 Service and obedience ;  
 I'll desert my sov'reign lord,  
 And so good b'ye allegiance !

“ Sad will I be, so bereft,  
 “ Nancy, Nancy ;  
 “ Yet I'll try to make a shift,  
 “ My spouse Nancy.”

My poor heart then break it must,  
 My last hour I'm near it :  
 When you lay me in the dust,  
 Think, think how you will bear it.

“ I will hope and trust in heaven,  
 “ Nancy, Nancy ;  
 “ Strength to bear it will be given,  
 “ My spouse Nancy.”

Well, Sir, from the silent dead  
 Still I'll try to daunt you ;  
 Ever round your midnight bed  
 Horrid sprites shall haunt you.

“ I'll wed another, like my dear  
 “ Nancy, Nancy ;  
 “ Then all hell will fly for fear,  
 “ My spouse Nancy.”

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*Matthew Muggins.*

SOME say that a bachelor's life won't do,  
Others say that it's merry and mellow;  
Some say it is like an old glove or a shoe,  
Good for nothing—for want of a fellow:  
A bachelor I, to wed not afraid,  
If a partner for life I can gain;  
I'm warm in the pocket, a Chandler by trade,  
Matthew Muggins, of Mincing-lane.

I think I had best advertise for a wife,  
As our general method in trade is;  
“A gentleman wanting a partner for life,  
Gives this gentle hint to the ladies:  
I don't care how pretty she is, if no shrew,  
If good-humour'd, don't mind if she's plain;  
If wearing the small-clothes she'll always leave to  
Matthew Muggins of Mincing-lane.”

If nineteen to the dozen, when kind her tongue goes,  
I could listen all day to her prattle;  
If her clapper runs cross, I need only suppose,  
'Tis the watchman a springing his rattle.  
She may dress as she likes, only dress'd let her go,  
Naked Venuses don't suit my vein;  
Such, such is the wife for the neat little beau  
Matthew Muggins, of Mincing-lane.

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*Mr Mullins and Miss Whack.*

ON Ireland's ground, seat of true hospitality,  
 One Pat Mullins liv'd till he died, poor man,  
 A martyr he fell to his conviviality,  
 And the last thing he grasp'd was a flowing cann;  
     'Tis the spirit, my dear,  
     Of whisky that is here,  
 Then take Paddy Mullins by the hand;  
     Let my own spirit move  
     With the spirit I love,  
 And Mullins is at your command,  
 Mister Death, at your command.  
 Sing Roughinha Stockinha rondelum whack !  
 Sing Roughinha Stockinha rondelum whack !

Poor Pat left behind him to grief's formality—  
 One ugly small boy—and his name it was Jack !  
 And he was in love to all dismality,  
 With an ugly old maid—they call'd Noreen  
     Whack !  
     Och—this pretty brown fair,  
     With her sooty black hair,  
 Took little Jacky Mullins by the hand !  
     But how the folks all star'd,  
     When this couple were pair'd,  
 And old Fogarty stroak'd his band !  
 Mr Mullins touch'd the priest's hand.  
     Sing Roughinha, &c.

Then poor Jackey's eye—for Nature's nigg'rality,  
 Had stinted poor Mullins—and he had but one,  
 Like a gooseberry sparkled, and Nature's liberality  
 Stretch'd his mouth like a horse-shoe—his nose it  
 was long !

But then little Miss Whack,  
 Had a hump on her back,  
 And her joints loop'd together on slings ;  
 For, between you and I,  
 She was like a goose-pie,  
 All giblets, and gizzards, and wings !  
 Miss Whack ! all giblets and wings !  
 Sing Roughinha, &c.

This ugly sweet pair—join'd in connubiality,  
 So neat they agree—like the dog and the cat !  
 Yet their quarrels are manag'd with such mutuality,  
 If she raises her fist—he knocks her down flat !  
 Cups, saucers, joint stools,  
 Pots, pans, working tools,  
 Mrs Mullins whacks at the head of poor Jack !  
 So let them fight it out—  
 Break an arm, bruise a snout—  
 Good night Mr Mullins—and Miss Whack !  
 Mr Mullins good night, and Miss Whack !  
 Sing Roughinha, &c.

---

*Meg o' the Mill.*

O KEN ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten,  
An' ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?  
She has gotten a coof wi' a claute o' siller,  
And broken the heart o' the barley Miller.

The Miller was strappin, the Miller was ruddy;  
A heart like a lord and a hue like a lady:  
The Laird was a widdiefu', bleerit knurl;  
She's left the gude-fellow and ta'en the churl.

The miller he hecht her, a heart leel and loving:  
The Laird did address her wi' matter mair moving,  
A fine pacing-horse wi' a clear chained bridle,  
A whip by her side, and a bonny side-saddle.

O wae on the siller, it is sae prevailing:  
And wae on the love that's fix'd on a mailin!  
A tocher's nae word in a true lover's parle,  
But, gie me my love, and a fig for the warl'.

---

*The great Nation.*

OF our island we've sung  
Till the welkin has rung,  
With no small cause for congregation;  
Now in jingling verse,  
I'll attempt to rehearse,  
A little about the great Nation.  
O, it's a very great Nation!  
Inspiring with such trepidation;  
Our Island they scorn,  
And all folks who are born  
Independent of such a great Nation.

Now the matter is this,  
While the Dutch and the Swiss,  
Have submitted to fraternization,  
And the Pope and old Spain,  
Have contended in vain,  
Against such a very great Nation;  
Yet tho' it's a very fine Nation!  
Whose friendship is all botheration,  
John Bull, like a fool,  
Says he wont go to school  
From home for a French education.

'Their king they destroy'd,  
And all Europe annoy'd,



About freedom and equalization ;  
 Yet the farce was scarce done,  
 When behold they all run,  
 To shew of a new Coronation :  
 It's as true as I hope approbation,  
 They're so fond of each fresh variation,  
 That I'm really perplexed,  
 To think what they'll find next,  
 To humbug a new generation.

Little Boney declares,  
 And he stamps and he stares,  
 And he wishes it told the whole Nation,  
 That he wants some more ships,  
 To take West India trips,  
 And get commerce and colonization.  
 But I think it will give him vexation,  
 When first he receives information,  
 That his fleets, when combin'd,  
 Run, leaving behind  
 Twenty ships for the English Nation.

I must'nt forget,  
 There's some more good news yet,  
 And fresh cause for our just exultation,  
 To ships taken before,  
 Strachan has added four more,  
 To the enemy's mortification.  
 And now as a retaliation,  
 A boat at the nearest French station,  
 May wish joy, *comme il faut*,  
 Of his great overthrow,  
 To the chief of the little great Nation.

Now as to invasion,  
 There's little occasion,

For us to indulge speculation,  
Unless we send over,  
And fetch 'em to Dover,  
We never shall meet the great Nation.  
Then while here we've true civilization,  
And laws which apply to each station,  
We'll stand by our King,  
Heart and hand, and still sing,  
Little England against the great Nation.

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