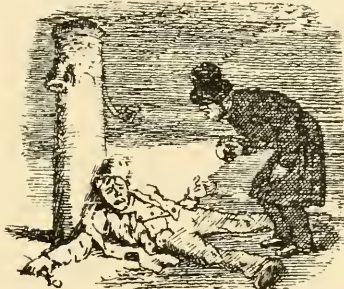


THE RUIN OF THE "TUM."

AIR—"Cheer Boys Cheer."

Drink, boys, drink, and drown here all your sorrow,
 Drink, boys, drink, and think not of to-morrow ;
 What though it be a poison slow you take,
 Drink, boys, drink, if but for company's sake.

What though your money is hardly won and made,
 What though your bills should never once be paid;
 Have you not a right to spend it as you choose ?
 Then drink, boys, drink, and never once refuse.



Chorus—Drink, boys, drink, and drown here, etc.

What though for food your wife and children cry,
 And one after one they dwine away and die ;
 Or should they live in poverty and grief,
 Still *you* by drinking can always get relief.

Chorus—Drink, boys, drink, and drown here, etc.

What though it brings disease, and woe, and crime,
 Surely there's pleasure in drinking at the time ;
 What though grim death should find you unprepared,
 Still there's in drinking, a pleasure to be shared.

Chorus—Then drink, boys, drink, and drown here all, etc.

A fox one day came walking by,
 And casting a look towards the sky,
 He saw the grapes, cried out "My eye,
 "The chips for me."
 He looked around with great delight,
 And saw that no one was in sight,
 And calculated that he might
 Have two or three.

So in imagination sweet
 He almost had begun to eat ,
 He smacked his lips and rubbed his feet,
 Anticipating
 At least that he would take a part ,
 So he ran back to get a start,
 Grew so excited that his heart
 Was palpitating.

After a bit he grew more quiet,
 And as he wished to have a shy at
 Those splendid grapes, so he leapt high at
 A single bunch.
 He missed them by an inch or two,
 And then quite fierce and furious grew,
 He couldn't get them, and he knew
 He'd lost his lunch.

He tried, and tried, and tried again,
 He tried, and tried, with might and main .
 He tried, and tried, 'twas all in vain,

Then gave it up.

So he sat down, said, "By the power,
 I've wasted nearly half an hour
 To get those grapes ; I think they're sour,
 I'll go and sup ;

" But no, as I'm a red-tailed sinner
 I'll see if wife has got the dinner
 Ready ; if not, why then I'll skin her,
 And make her roar ;

" And I'll be savage if those boys
 Are playing there with all their toys ;
 I cannot bear their horrid noise,
 It's such a bore ;

" And now I think those grapes the same
 As yon fat, fair, and forty dame
 Had on her (you know she's lame)
 When she fainted.

" Yes, yes, she had them on her bonnet ;
 Those are the grapes she had upon it ;
 And now, " I'll take my davy " on it,
 They are painted."

So, finding that he thus was balked,
 He turned about and off he walked,
 And muttered to himself and talked
 Of what he'd seen.

When he got home his angry mate
 Scolded him for being late ;
 "The dinner is as cold as slate,
 Where have you been?"

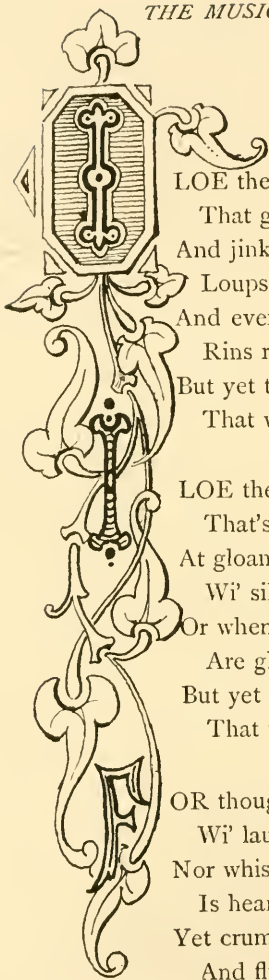
"Been ! I, I, I've been," said Mr Fox,
 "Why, I've been to see the cocks,
 And hens, and chicks ;—O, please don't box
 My ears that way."
 He took a seat and sat him down
 With never a word but many a frown,
 Though all the boys throughout the town
 Were there that day.

MORAL.

If ere a good thing is in view,
 Just take it, if you can, to you ;
 But if you can't, 'twill never do
 To run *it* down.
 And if at home you are not kind,
 And bear your griefs with cheerful mind,
 Though rather late, perhaps you'll find
 They'll run *you* down.

THE MUSIC O' THE CURLING TEE.

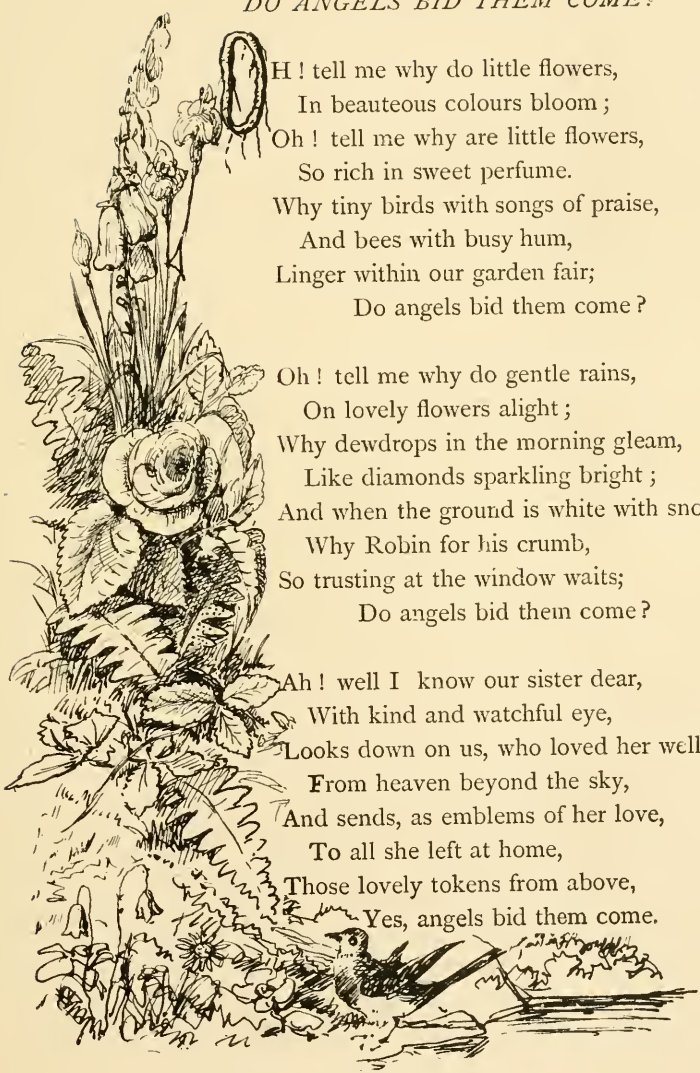
AIR—" *Behind yon hills.*"



LOE the music o' the burn
 That glints like siller in the sun,
 And jinkin' 'neath its mossy banks
 Loups lichtly oot in sport and fun ;
 And ever warblin' limpid strains,
 Rins rowin' onward to the sea,
 But yet there's music sweeter far,
 That winter ever brings to me.

LOE the music o' the word
 That's whisper'd laigh 'mang leafy wuds,
 At gloamin' ere the kythiu' moon
 Wi' siller tips the fleecy cluds ;
 Or when the wee bit starnies bricht
 Are glimm'rin' in the lift sae hie,
 But yet there's music sweeter far,
 That winter ever brings to me.

OR though nae wimplin' burnie rins
 Wi' lauchin' mirth down to the sea,
 Nor whisper'd word o' maiden fair
 Is heard aroun' the leafless tree ;
 Yet crumpin' snaw aneth the feet,
 And flichterin' flakes afore the e'e,
 Tell me the sweetest music is,
 "The music o' the curlin' tee !"

DO ANGELS BID THEM COME?


H! tell me why do little flowers,
 In beauteous colours bloom ;
 Oh ! tell me why are little flowers,
 So rich in sweet perfume.
 Why tiny birds with songs of praise,
 And bees with busy hum,
 Linger within our garden fair;
 Do angels bid them come ?

Oh ! tell me why do gentle rains,
 On lovely flowers alight ;
 Why dewdrops in the morning gleam,
 Like diamonds sparkling bright ;
 And when the ground is white with snow,
 Why Robin for his crumb,
 So trusting at the window waits;
 Do angels bid them come ?

Ah ! well I know our sister dear,
 With kind and watchful eye,
 Looks down on us, who loved her well,
 From heaven beyond the sky,
 And sends, as emblems of her love,
 To all she left at home,
 Those lovely tokens from above,
 Yes, angels bid them come.

"WEE NANNIE."

AIR—" *Woo'd and Married an' a'.*"

aince was in love, dyve ye ken,
 I'll ne'er be again, no never,
 I canna mak' oot how some men
 Are fa'in' in love, aye for ever.
 For I've no been richt o' mysel,
 I'm aye in a kind o' a swither,
 Noo mind, gin the story I tell,
 Ye manna let on to my mither.



first saw the lass at a fair,
 The glance o' her e'e wasna cannie,
 I dinna ken onything mair,
 But folk aye ca'd her "Wee Nannie."
 I ne'er saw the like o' her brow,
 Her hair it was bonnie and curly,
 But losh, when I think o' her mou',
 I feel kind o' a' tirlly-wirly.



I'm no gi'en to gangin' about,
 I'm no gi'en muckle to roamin',
 But I fand mysel', when I gat oot,
 Aye nearer her door at the gloamin' ;
 Syne I gied a bit tirl at the pin,
 A thing that I ne'er did afore,
 But just as I turned for to rin,
 The lassie she opened the door.



Oh mighty ! I got sic a fricht,
 I fand mysel' dozin' and reelin',
 My heart keepit duntin' a' nicht,
 My head a' round about reelin' ;
 I dinna ken how I got placed,
 I dinna weel mind ony mair,
 Till my arm was round her bit waist,
 And her on my knee on a chair.



I canna jist weel bring to min',
 How aften we kissed ane anither ;
 But, losh man ! I thoct it was fine,—
 Now, mind ye, ye'll no tell my mither.
 At last we got on to the crack,
 Says I, " Will ye be my Nannie ? "
 Says she, " When neist ye come back ; "
 " Ye'd best jist speir at my Grannie ? "



Hhe words were scarce oot o' her mou',
 When ben her auld grannie came happin',
 And I, without muckle ado,
 Oot o' the back door sune was stappin',
 Sin' syne I've been feared to gang back,
 At nicht I feel lanely and eerie,
 But I m sure, gin my meat I could tak',
 I'd sune be as sound as a peerie.

S'll ne'er see the lassie again,
 I'll ne'er tak' a look at anither,
 I got sic a gliff wi' the taen,
 My certy, I'll ne'er fash a tither,
 When I think o't, I'm gey short o' breath,
 And feel a' kind o' thro' ither,—
 Noo mind ye, ye said "sure as death"
 Ye wadna let on to my mither.



THE WAYWARD BOY.

Oh mother, do not weep for me,
Your wild, your wayward boy,
Oh mother, do not weep for me
When all seems bright with joy ;
For soon this world I leave for one,
Where none feel grief or pain ;
So mother, mother, do not weep,
In heaven we'll meet again.

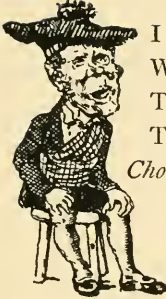
Oh mother dear, forgive me now
For all those pangs of woe,
Thy sorrowing heart I've made to feel,
Thy loving heart to know ;
Oh had I worlds I'd give them all,
To live my boyhood o'er ;
But mother, mother, do not weep,
In heaven we'll part no more.

Oh mother, kiss me ere I go,
And clasp me to thy heart ;
Yes mother, kiss me ere I die,
One fond kiss ere we part.
Oh mother, haste, for angels wait,
To bear me to the sky :
So mother, mother, kiss me now,
One fond kiss ere I die.



AULD SCOTCH TUNES.

AIR—"Green grow the Rashes, oh."

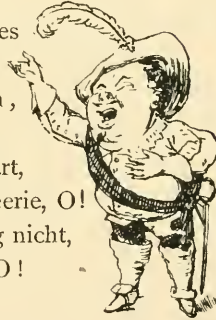


I dinna care for foreign airs,
 Wi' a' their twists and twirlin', O!
 They want *the thing* our ain tunes hae,
 That sets the blood a' dirlin', O!

Chorus—For our tunes gang to the heart,
 They're canty and they're cheerie, O!
 We'll sit and sing the lee lang nicht,
 And no be tired, nor weary, O!

Nae doubt, that twa three foreign anes
 Are what ye may ca' bonnie, O!
 But our auld tunes o' Scottish growth,
 Are better far than ony, O!

Chorus—For our tunes gang to the heart,
 They're canty and they're cheerie, O!
 We'll sit and sing the lee lang nicht,
 And no be tired, nor weary, O!



The folk that praise up foreign airs,
 "Are nought but senseless asses, O!"
 For fient a ane the gree can haud,
 Wi' "green grow the rashes, O!"

Chorus—"Green grow the rashes, O!"
 "Green grow the rashes, O!"
 For fient a ane the gree can haud,
 "Wi' green grow the rashes, O!"

O TEMPORA! O MORES!

1863.



AIR—"Come under my Plaidie."

The good times of old are miscalled now-a-days,
 And we take to ourselves all the credit and praise
 For fine moral feelings, elevation of tone,
 And a sense of propriety scarce before known ;
 But in my opinion, 'midst bluster and talk,
 We have need to tak' care o' our steps as we walk,
 "For there's ower muckle din for the wee pickle woo',
 As the auld deevil said when he clippit the sow."

We sneer at the times, when our fathers cared least
 For the learning they left in the charge o' the priest ,
 For noo education has reached such a state,
 Each bairnie can read, and can write on a slate ,
 And each man tak's a paper, wi' leaders so sage,
 And five or six murders and thefts on each page.
 "Hech ! there's ower muckle din for the wee pickle woo',
 As the auld deevil said when he clippit the sow."

In the good times of old, sir, by hook or by crook,
 Our forefathers rarely could finger a book,
 But noo they're sae plenty they quickly get stale,
 Though authors and publishers keep up the sale;
 Yet whiles at ilk ither they like a bit dab,
 When ilk ane for himsel' a' the profits would grab.
 "Faith, there is ower muckle din for the wee pickle woo',
 As the auld deevil said when he clippit the sow."

We scoff at the times when the churches were rare,
 And the sermons aye lasted some sax hours and mair,
 For noo we're sae gude, we can preach them aff hand,
 And sing hymns by proxy, wi' organ and band;
 And then wi' bazaars and wi' raffles we try
 To pay off the debt on the steeple sae high.
 "Hech! there's ower muckle din for the wee' pickle woo',
 As the auld deevil said when he clippit the sow."

In the good times of old, sir, our forefathers paid
 The tax that the clergy for stipends got made,
 But noo we hae men who, for conscience' sake,
 Will no pay what's due on the house that they take;
 Till their goods they are seized, and the auctioneer pale,
 With a "towering official," attends at each sale.
 "'Troth, there's ower muckle din for the wee pickle woo',
 As the auld deevil said when he clippit the sow."

We jeer at the times when our fathers drank yill,
 And took their bit sup wi' hearty gude will,
 Mair shame to them too, for they often got fou',
 We only get "drunk and incapable" noo;
 But, then, now-a-days little drinking is seen,
 For the law shuts the publics and opes the shebeen.
 "Hech! There's ower muckle din for the wee pickle woo',
 As the auld deevil said when he clippit the sow."

In the good times of old, sir, our fathers did dine
 On gude halesome food, and they thocht it was fine,
 But noo, gin the Provost or Bailies should gie
 A spread o' a dinner to a Prince or to me,
 Then each dish on a card has a Frenchified name,
 Altho' in good Scotch, faith, they taste just the same.
 "Ah, there's ower muckle din for the wee pickle woo',
 As the auld deevil said when he clippit the sow."

In the good times of old which are now much abus'd,
 When people cast out then bad language they used,
 But noo, for example to set to their herds,
 E'en ministers quarrel and fecht wi' "Gude Words,"
 Which may do the parish the gude that it needs,
 And keep their folk frae illegitimate deeds,—
 "But there's ower muckle din for the wee pickle woo',
 As the auld deevil said when he clippit the sow."

The good times of old, ha ! we laugh at them, when
 Committees were held irresponsible then,—
 When judges cut down the poor advocates' fees,
 And Crawley court-martials crawled slow at their ease;
 And when there existed an Act to suppress
 The greatest of humbugs, the Social Congress.
 Troth, they made muckle din, but they baggit some woo',
 Quhilk was mair than the auld deevil did
 When he clippit the sow.

And noo, in conclusion, I've only to say,
 We've nae need to brag about our time o' day,
 For, viewed through a glass o' extraordinar'size,
 I canna weel see where the betterness lies.
 Sae, in my opinion, 'midst bluster and talk,
 We need to tak' care o' our steps as we walk
 "For there's ower muckle din for the wee pickle woo',
 As the auld deevil said when he clippit the sow."



"OH, HEY FOR A CRACK WITH A LASS."



AIR—"The Campbells are coming."

1st part--
 Oh, hey for a crack with a lass, with a lass,
 Oh, hey for a crack with a lass, with a lass,
 I tell you my boys, that the chief of my joys,
 Is a cosie bit crack with my lass, with my lass.

2d part--
 Let topers sing praise in sonnets and lays,
 To their wine
 So divine,
 As the bottle they pass—
 That's nothing my boys, compared with the joys
 Of a cosie bit crack with my lass, with my lass.

Chorus--
repeated. *2d part*
 A cosie bit crack with my lass, with my lass,
 That's nothing my boys, compared with the joys
 Of a cosie bit crack with my lass, with my lass.

Oh, hey for a crack, etc.

Let rich farmer chields, take pride in their fields.

In their sheaves,

And their beeves,

In their crops and their grass—

That's nothing my boys, compared with the joys

Of a cosie bit crack with my lass, with my lass.

Chorus—A cosie bit crack with my lass, etc.

Oh, hey for a crack, etc.

Let soldiers feel proud, and let soldiers talk loud

Of their wars,

And their scars,

With the pride of their class—

That's nothing my boys, compared with the joys

Of a cosie bit crack with my lass, with my lass.

Chorus—A cosie bit crack with my lass, etc.

Oh, hey for a crack, etc.

Let rich misers seek, with pale sunken cheek,

Their pleasure

In treasure,

Of dull senseless brass—

That's nothing my boys, compared with the joys

Of a cosie bit crack with my lass, with my lass.

Chorus—A cosie bit crack with my lass, etc.

Oh, hey for a crack, etc.

So I'll fill up my glass, and the bottle I'll pass,

For I think

I will drink

In a glass, to my lass—

For I tell you my boys, that the chief of my joys

Is a cosie bit crack, with my lass, with my lass.

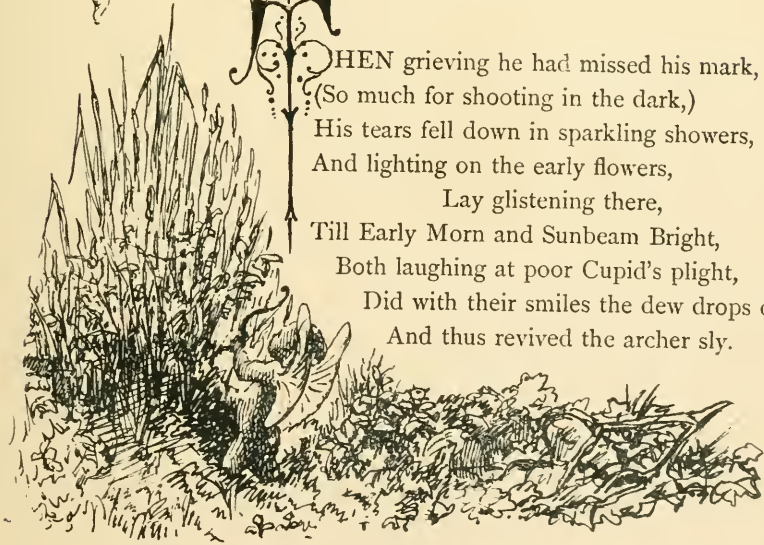
Chorus—A cosie bit crack with my lass.



THE DEWDROP.



THE Sable Midnight rose one day
 To woo the Early Morn,
 But the coy maiden flew away,
 Away, away,
 On light wings gay,
 With laughing glee and scorn ;
 For Cupid closely watching by
 Had quickly let his arrow fly,
 But missed for once
 Ha, ha !



WHEN grieving he had missed his mark,
 (So much for shooting in the dark,)
 His tears fell down in sparkling showers,
 And lighting on the early flowers,
 Lay glistening there,
 Till Early Morn and Sunbeam Bright,
 Both laughing at poor Cupid's plight,
 Did with their smiles the dew drops dry,
 And thus revived the archer sly.

OLD FRIENDS AND TRIED FRIENDS.

Old Friends and tried friends,
 Old friends and true,
 Once more around this board we've met,
 As we were wont to do;
 As we were wont to do of old—
 In happy days gone by,
 When the sunshine of our friendship true,
 Brought brightness to each eye :
 Brought brightness to each eye around,
 While kindly joke and jest,
 Were echoed back in merry laugh,
 By friends we loved the best.
 So let the joys and happiness
 Of former days, once more
 Rejoice our hearts and drive away
 All sorrow from our door.

Chorus—Then pass the wine cup round,
 'Mid mirth and jollity :
 And sing the songs of former days,
 With happiness and glee.
 And we'll swell the chorus loud again,
 Till rafters ring once more,
 With merry sounds we love to hear,
 'As in the days of yore.

Old Friends and tried friends,
 Old friends and true,
 Once more around this board we've met,
 Our friendship to renew ;
 Our friendship to renew, although
 It ne'er decayed has been,
 For memories dear of pleasant times,
 Have kept it ever green.
 Have kept it ever green and fresh,
 In full bloom of its strength ;
 For early ties of friendship's love,
 Grow closer with their length.
 While hearts that once have fondly beat
 Together, tried and true,
 Grow warmer as we grasp the hands
 Of friends both old and new.

Chorus—Then pass the wine cup round,
 'Mid mirth and jollity :
 And sing the songs of former days,
 With happiness and glee.
 And we'll swell the chorus loud again,
 Till rafters ring once more,
 With merry sounds we love to hear,
 As in the days of yore.



'THE RETURN HOME OF THE WANDERER.'

Mother, mother, dearest mother,
Take your dying daughter in,
Now a homeless, helpless outcast,
Borne to earth, by want and sin.
Mother, clasp me in your arms,
Let me in your bosom lie,
Let me kiss you, dearest mother,
Once more see your loving eye.

Mother, mother, do not weep now
 Wipe the teardrop from thine eye,
 Soon we'll meet no more to sever,
 Meet in realms of bliss on high.
 Mother, all the prayers you taught me
 In my heart are deep engraved,
 Angels hovering round me whisper,
 Joy in heaven o'er sinners saved.

Ask mankind to spare my "sisters,"
 Tell them that they little know
 All their trials and temptations,
 All the griefs of sin and woe ;
 Ah ! 'twere well to treat them kindly,
 Erring sisters though they be ;
 One soft word in kindness spoken
 Brought back all my love for thee.

Mother, mother, do not curse him,
 Never harshly of him speak ;—
 As forgiving, so forgiven,—
 Mother, kiss once more my cheek.
 Dearest mother, all is dark now,
 Hark, I hear a tolling bell ;—
 Mother, mother, do not leave me—
 Bless me, mother, fare-thee-well !

THE T, TEETOTALLEER.



AIR—"The Old Irish Gentleman."



Oh, please don't ask me now to sing,
I'm sure I cannot do it,



I've tried one song for many a year,
But never yet got through it,

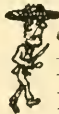


For my voice it is *A natural*,

And if I raise one note
I find that it will never do,

The *B* sticks in my throat ;

And I'm sorry that I cannot come
The operatic style.



One consolation yet I have,

I'll never be at *C* (sea),

I've still a greater, I can get



No nearer to the *D*— ;

But this is bad, enough to make

A fellow take the pet,























Whene'er I try to find *G sharp*,

Why then *A flat* I get ;

And I'm sorry that I cannot come
The operatic style.



 But yet, my friends, I must allow
 It wasn't always so ;
 Just listen for a moment while
 I tell my tale of woe ;
 Yes ! I could sing ! but once, when in
 A state of inebriety,
 A friend of mine got me to join
 A Temperance Society ;
 And I'm sorry that I cannot come
 The operatic style.

 And ever since that horrid night
 When down my name I wrote,
 I've a lithp and thta, thta, thtammer on my tongue
 And a loud burr-r in my throat,
 Tho n-n-now my fr-riendth who w-with to thing,
 And k-keep theirr voitheth clearr,
 Take m-m-my advith, and n-n-ne'err become
 A T-Tee-to-taleerr,
 And th-then, perchanth, y-y-you'll come
 It thtrrong in the o-o-operratic thtyle.



THE GUDE GAUN GAME O' CURLIN'.

AIR—"Maggie Lauder."

Cheer up my lads, for auld John Frost
 His snaw white flag's unfurlin' ;
 And by my troth this year we'll hae
 A gude gaun game o' Curlin'.
 For weel ye ken it's John himsel'
 'That's at your door pins tirlin',
 Sae tak' your brooms, for sune we'll hae
 A gude gaun game o' Curlin'.


When Wintry winds sae cauld and snell
 Blaw down the lang glen swirlin',
 Then Curlers keen begin to think
 Upon the game o' Curlin'.
 For weel they ken they meet wi' freens,
 And no wi' auld wives snirlin' ;
 Sae tak' your brooms, for sune we'll hae
 A gude gaun game o' Curlin'.

Aye, though the winds sae cauld and snell,
 A' ither folk are nirlin',
 Our speerits rise as ithers fa'
 When e'er we think o' Curlin'.
 For naething else can warm our hearts
 Or set our blood a' dirlin' ;
 Sae tak' your brooms, for sune we'll hae
 A gude gaun game o' Curlin'.

Sae cheer my lads, for auld John Frost
His snaw white flag's unfurlin',
And on the roarin' rink we'll sune
Our Channel stanes be hurlin'.
But while around this board we sit
Our cogs and cappies birlin',
We'll drink "Success, and sune to hae
A gude gaun game o' Curlin'!"



"DINAH VHOE."



H! Dinah Vhoe, the time at last
 Has come, when my poor heart
 No longer beats with earnest hopes
 That we might never part ;
 For bells are ringing merrily,
 And every one is glad
 To welcome now thy bridal hour ;
 My heart alone is sad.

Chorus—Then fare-thee-well, and though no more
 Thy fairy form I'll see,
 I'll pray that every blessing may
 For ever rest on thee.

OND love to me once filled thy heart,
 But, oh ! how sadly changed
 Since first we met in yonder dale,
 And through the wild wood ranged ;
 When tiny leaves the secret heard
 Of whispered promise dear ;
 But leaves and vows alike were gone,
 As winter time drew near.

Chorus—Then fare-thee-well, and though no more
 Thy fairy form I'll see
 I'll pray that every blessing may
 For ever rest on thee.



THOUGH far from thee I'll wander now,
 Forsaken and alone ;
 Yet I can ne'er forget the time
 I loved thee as my own ;
 For every bird within the glade,
 Each flower upon the plain,
 Remind me of those happy days,
 Which ne'er can come again.

Chorus—Then fare-thee-well, and though no more,
 Thy fairy form I'll see,
 I'll pray that every blessing may
 For ever rest on thee.



MY AIN WEE BAIRN.

AIR—"Sensation Duet." *Sung as a Solo.*

Oh! I do love my ain wee bairn,
 Wi' mouthy pouthy merry,
 Wi' nose-posey, bosey cosey,
 Cheekie-peekie cherry.
 For it's as good as good can be,
 Like nicey-picey sweetie,
 But here's a big dog toming now,
 To eat my pussie cheetie.
 Bow, wow, wow, bow, wow, wow,
 Bow, wow, wow, wow, wattie,
 Doggie eaty pussie cheetie,
 Killy 'itty cat-ie.

And was it fightened that dhe dog,
 Would eat my wee bit mousie ?
 Go 'way bad dog to bedie-ba,
 And seep in its ain housie.
 And so dhe doggie bitet 'ou,
 And gived my baby pain-ie.
 Oh ! hidey from dhe doggie now,
 For doggie back again-ie.
 Bow, wow, wow, bow, wow, wow,
 Bow, wow, wow, wow, wattie,
 Doggie eaty pussie cheetie,
 Killy 'itty cat-ie.

Oh ! no dhe doggie ditn't bite,
 It only matit fun-ie,
 It wouldn't eaty my wee lamb,
 Nor hurty any one-ie.
 It very fond of 'itty bairns,
 Of 'itty bairns like this-ie,
 So clappy doggie on de head,
 And give it sweetie kiss-ie.
 Bow, wow, wow, bow, wow, wow,
 What d'ye think o' that-ie,
 Wasn't that a nicey song
 To sing to pussie cat-ie.



GOLFING SONG.

AIR—" *The Lass that loves the Sailor.*"

WHEN swift thro' the air the ball I see flying,
 My heart is rejoiced at the sight,
 As away from the tee, whether skimming or skying,
 It speeds like an arrow in flight.
 For 'tis pleasant to know,
 As the ball on doth go,
 That straight to the hole it is spinning;
 But the stroke I love,
 All else above,
 Is the long putt sly
 That steals in by,
 And makes me sure of winning.



AND when thro' the green, 'gainst friend or foe striving,
 With either a long club or short,
 'Tis delightful to see the "Grass Beast" you are driving
 Is one of the good running sort.
 For 'tis pleasant to know,
 As the ball on doth go,
 That straight to the hole it is spinning ;
 But the stroke I love,
 All else above,
 Is the long putt sly
 That steals in by,
 And makes me sure of winning.

AND 'tis pretty to see the ball neatly taken
From out of a bunker or whin ;
And a good quarter stroke, is sure to awaken
Some hopes of our chances to win.
For 'tis pleasant to know,
As the ball on doth go,
That straight to the hole it is spinning ;
But the stroke I love,
All else above,
Is the long putt sly
That steals in by,
And makes me sure of winning.



THE GRINDERPEST.

AIR—"the organ Grinder."

You've asked me now to sing a song, I'll try to do my best,
 Altho' I've got the new disease, Punch calls the Grinderpest,
 And so I claim your *sufferance* now, for the *sufferings* I've endured ;



For I really cannot take more *pains*, until my
aches are cured.

Chorus—For oh what a Guy, I'm sure am I,
 With a bolster for a binder ;
 All twisted and tied about my neck,
 For a nasty aching grinder.

I've had this torture for a month, and suffered night and day ;
 By fasting long, my waist, in short, is wasting fast away ;
 No good have I got from the cures my kind friends do advise ;
 And at those remedies I quake, queer quacks now
 advertise.



Chorus—For oh what a Guy, I'm sure am I,
Spoken—(With one flannel petticoat and) a
 Bolster for a binder ;
 All twisted and tied around my neck,
 For a nasty aching grinder.

Of cures, that mustered by the score, the best was mustard hot,
 And salt has riz a penny the pound from the quantities I bought ;
 No comfort came from camphor, nor from brandy, oil, or salt :
 At last the cures for toothache came too thick, so I'd to halt.

Chorus—For oh what a Guy, I'm sure am I,

Spoken—(With 2 blankets, 1 flannel petticoat and) a



Bolster for a binder ;
 All twisted and tied around my neck,
 For a nasty aching grinder.

Last night I on a dentist called, to learn my fate and doom,
 When with a vice most viciously, he pulled me thro' the room ;
 Three mortal hours he tugged and pulled, when with an awful scrunch,
 The thing came out and in its grip, 12 sound teeth in a bunch.

Chorus—For oh what a Guy, I'm sure I'm I,



Spoken—(With 3 sheets, 2 blankets, 1 flannel
 petticoat, and) a

Bolster for a binder ;
 All twisted and tied around my neck,
 For a nasty aching grinder.

Now when I gently swore at him, to show him my contempt,
 " I think," says he, " its not so bad, just for my first attempt ;"
 So off I went with lots of pain, without my paying at all,
 When the villain hauled my coat tails off, as I rushed from the hall.



Chorus—For oh what a Guy, I am sure am I,

Spoken—(With 4 counterpanes, 3 sheets, 2 blankets,
 1 flannel petticoat, and) a

Bolster for a binder ;
 All twisted and tied around my neck,
 For a nasty aching grinder.

And so good bye, for no good by my stay on land I've found ;
 I've groaned this grand grind now so long, I'd grind it underground,
 So now I'm off to sea, to see if (as my friends are sure),
 I can upon the ocean wide a remedy *secure*.

Chorus—For oh what a Guy, I'm sure am I,



Spoken—(With 5 sets of bed curtains, 4 counter-
 panes, 3 sheets, 2 blankets, 1 flannel
 petticoat, being 15 articles in all, and) a
 Bolster for a binder ;
 All twisted and tied around my neck,
 For a nasty aching grinder.

ENCORE VERSE.

Altho' *aloud* you call on me, such calls are not *allowed*.
 For singers find now that no gains, *accrue* without a *crowd* ;
 And as *encores in course* of time, will be but borne as bores,
 I'll sing *one chorus o'er* as we must not get o'er the scores.

Chorus—For oh what a Guy, I'm sure am I,



Spoken—(With 2 coal scuttles, 3 dozen dessert knives and forks,
 1 mahogany table and chairs to match, 5 sets of bed cur-
 tains, 4 counterpanes, 3 sheets, 2 blankets, 1 flannel
 petticoat, and) a
 Bolster for a binder ;
 All twisted and tied around my head,
 For a nasty aching grinder.



RIGHT OF EXTRACTION RESERVED.

THE AULD FAIL DYKE.

The auld fail dyke that's biggit on
 The bare face o' the brae,
 Crown green wi' age when ither dykes
 Wi' crottle are grown grey.
 In winter's bitter stormy blasts,
 In winter's nippin' cauld,
 Aye gie's its lown side to the wee
 Bit lammies o' the fauld.

The wimplin' burn that rowin' rins
 And glints sae bonnilie,
 In amny glen, as it gangs by,
 Gie's life tae ilka tree.
 The ferny bank, the mossy stane,
 And whiles a buss o' whin,
 Drink deep the jaups the burnie gies
 In lipperin' over the linn.

The silvery saugh, though auld and gell'd,
 Sends oot a flourish green,
 And cosie shiel's the cushie doo
 That croodles late at e'en.
 The wee bit chirmin' burdies tae,
 A bield fin' in the wuds,
 Afore the lift is cussin ower
 Wi' mirk and rain-fraucht cluds.

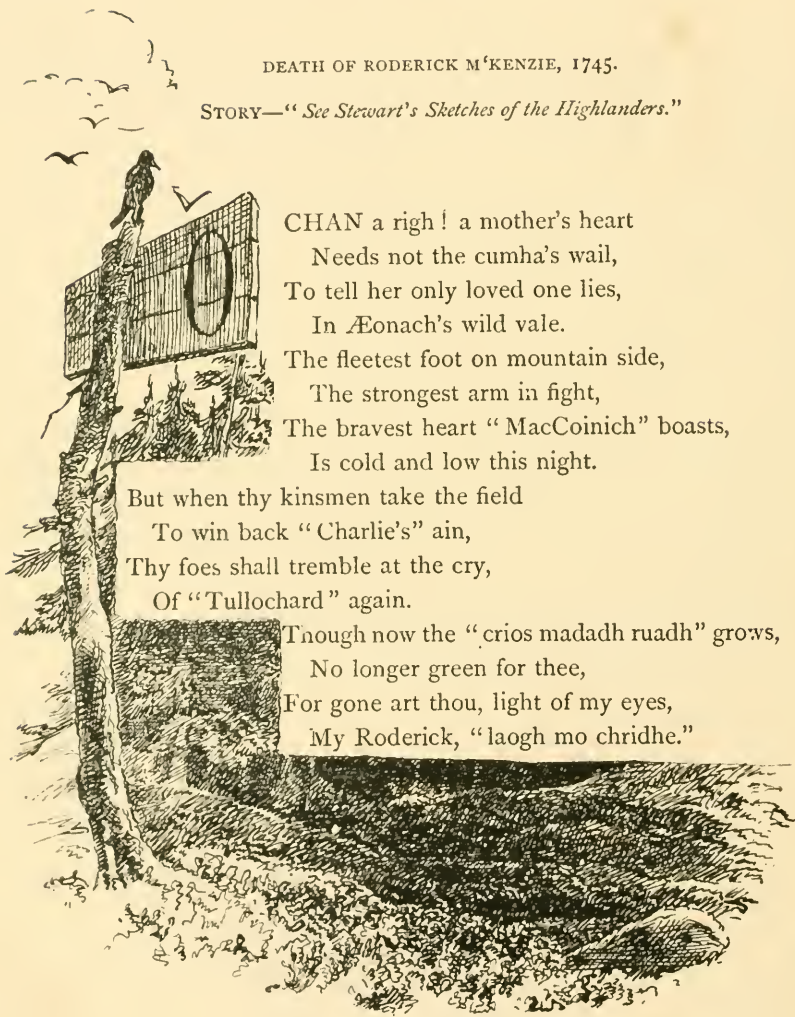
E'en sae though poortith cauld be yours,
 Frae nature tak' the lead,
 And gie to freens and fremit-folk
 A helpin' hand in need.
 For a' your lear and learnin' ne'er
 Can teach ye how to ken
 How far intil the waefu' heart
 A kindly word gangs ben.



A HIGHLAND MOTHER'S LAMENT.

DEATH OF RODERICK M'KENZIE, 1745.

STORY—"See Stewart's Sketches of the Highlanders."



CHAN a righ ! a mother's heart
Needs not the cumha's wail,
To tell her only loved one lies,
In Æonach's wild vale.
The fleetest foot on mountain side,
The strongest arm in fight,
The bravest heart "MacCoinich" boasts,
Is cold and low this night.

But when thy kinsmen take the field
To win back "Charlie's" ain,
Thy foes shall tremble at the cry,
Of "Tullochard" again.

Though now the "crios madadh ruadh" grows,
No longer green for thee,
For gone art thou, light of my eyes,
My Roderick, "laogh mo chridhe."



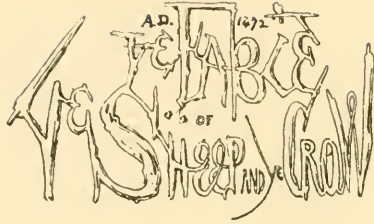
CHAN a righ ! the thistle now
 Hangs low its drooping head,
 The heather and the brechan die,
 In memory of the dead.
 For braver heart ne'er loved them well,
 Nor truer held them dear,
 But silent is the footfall now,
 A mother loved to hear.

Yet Scotland will remember oft,

In after years with pride,
 And tell, how for her rightful King,
 My loved one nobly died.

Though now the "crios madadh ruadh" grows,
 No longer green for thee,
 For gone art thou, light of my eyes,
 My Roderick, "laogh mo chridhe."





Ane crowve and ane scheepe,
 on ze seam grene pasture fede.
 Zeid ze scheepe to ze crowve,
 “ I vvish zou’d scratich mine hede.”
 Zeid ze crowve, “ Govy dick !
 quhy quhat doe zou meane ?”
 “ Gif zou saie zat to me agene,
 quhy I’ll picke oute zour een.”
 “ Oh,” zeies ze scheepe,
 “ ze needna crack lyke zat,
 Myselpe has lettell doubt ze ken,
 quhat is ane big B flatte.”
 Zeies ze crowve vnto ze scheepe,
 “ oh fy ! oh fy ! for schame,”
 “ I vvondere zat to ane gentleman
 zou vvould use sitch a name :”
 “ To schow mine grit countempt for zou,
 I’ll ride vpon zour backe,”
 “ Although I thinke zat for ane scheepe
 zat zou are rather blacke ;”
 “ Oh,” zeies ze scheepe, “ gif ze
 get amang mine vvule
 Zou’ll very sune find oute,
 zou are quhat is called ane fule.”

Ze crovve hee zen iumpt vp,
 and hee lit upon ze maine,
 But hee very sune fand out,
 zat hee coudna get downe againe ;
 Zo ane hirid lad hee did comme vp,
 and hee zeid "Alacke ! alacke !"
 " Quhat art zou deuing zere, zou rogue,
 vpon zat scheepes backe."
 " I heerd zour conversaz-i-on,
 and zou set vp ze chat,"
 " Zo I'll take zou for mine deiner,
 as zou seim very fat."
 Zayes ze crovve unto ze scheepe,
 " oh now I'll zaie mine zaie"
 " For I am zure I neuer will
 zee another daie."

(YE ZAIE.)

" Gif e'er zou're asked to helpe ane freend,
 zen doe it quhile zou can,
 And neuer let ane fause pride,
 doe zou any vvrange."



*CURLING SONG.**"A GUDE GAME YET."*

An auld man sat ayont the fire,
 A' grewsin' wi' the cauld,
 For winter hard had now set in,
 Wi' cheerless blast and bauld.
 "I'm surely donner'd 'turn'd," he said,
 "What gar'd me to forget,
 There's nought like curlin' warms the blood,
 We'll hae a gude game yet."

The auld man rose and took his broom,
 And toddled down the glen,
 Fu' blythly tae, for weel he kent
 He'd meet his friends again.
 And aye he mumbled to himsel,
 "What gar'd me to forget,
 There's nought like curlin' warms the blood,
 We'll hae a gude game yet."

The auld man stappit on the ice,
 He was nae langer auld,
 His hand but touched the curlin' stane,
 He felt nae mair the cauld.
 And as he raised the broom, he cried,
 "What gar'd me to forget,
 There's nought but curlin' warms the blood,
 We'll hae a gude game yet."

The auld man played as aft he'd played,
 In curlin' days of yore ;
 And young men said, "They ne'er had seen
 " Sic bonny play afore."
 And as he *birs't the stane*, he cried,
 "What gar'd me to forget,
 There's nought like curlin' warms the blood,
 We'll hae a gude game yet."

The auld man's now aneath the mools,
 He dwined jist wi' the snaw,
 And sair we miss his weel kent face,
 His kindly heart an a'.
 But aye we'll mind how aft he cried,
 "What gar'd me to forget,
 There's nought like curlin' warms the blood,
 We'll hae a guid game yet."



“THE HERRING FISHER.”

When seabirds home are flying, as daylight softly fails,
 The fisher off to his favourite ground, away from the harbour sails ;
 Then *shooting his nets*, he slowly drifts
 With the tide, where fish like wildfire glow.
 Oh ! his heart is light, and his hopes are bright,
 As he sees the “buoys” are sinking low.



SHOOTING HIS NETS.

At morn, when fresh'ning breezes hasten the fisherman home,
 When dashing waves and billows rough, are crested white with foam ;
 Then whispers of wife and loved ones play
 With the whistling winds in gladsome glee.
 Oh ! his heart is light, and his hopes are bright,
 As his boat *rides over the dark blue sea*.



RIDING ON THE SEA.

At times, amidst his fancies, *his pleasant dreams of home,*
He finds a shade of sadness, a tinge of fear will come ;
But love he knows is keeping there
Her watch with keen and trustful eye.
Oh ! his heart is light, and his hopes are bright,
Though storms loom in the lowering sky.



Then home with a fair wind blowing, with the first bright gleam of day,
The boat, with her treasure laden, speeds onward thro' the spray ;
And the fisherman, safe in his cottage, finds
A *welcome warm* awaits him there.
Oh ! his heart is light, and his hopes are bright,
For he knows love lightens every care.



EAST AND WEST.



AIR—“*Hame Cam' our Gudeman at Een.*”

East and west the auld wife look'd,
 East and west look'd she,
 And there she saw her youngest son
 Come ridin' ower the lea.
 “Oh, hooly, hooly, Sandy, lad,
 And whaur hae ye been,
 And what gars ye ilka nicht
 Bide oot sae late at e'en?”
 “Late!” quo he;
 “Ay, late!” quo she.

“Weel, mither, troth, gin ye speir,
I’ll e’en tell to ye,

It’s jist twa raws o’ pearls white
That ne’er cam’ frae the sea.”

“Pearls!” quo she;

“Ay, pearls!” quo he.

“Oh, lang hae I lived, lad,
And mony a place I’ve been,

But pearls binna frae the sea,

In troth I haena seen.”

East and west the auld wife look’d,

East and west look’d she,

And there she saw her youngest son

Come ridin’ ower the lea.

“Oh, hooly, hooly, Sandy, lad,

And whar hae ye been,

And what gars ye ilka nicht

Bide oot sae late at e’en?”

“Late!” quo he;

“Ay, late!” quo she.

“Weel, mither, troth, gin ye speir,

I’ll e’en tell to ye,

It’s roses red and cherries ripe

That ne’er grew on the tree.”

“Cherries!” quo she;

“Ay, cherries!” quo he.

“Oh, lang hae I lived, lad,

And mony a place I’ve been,

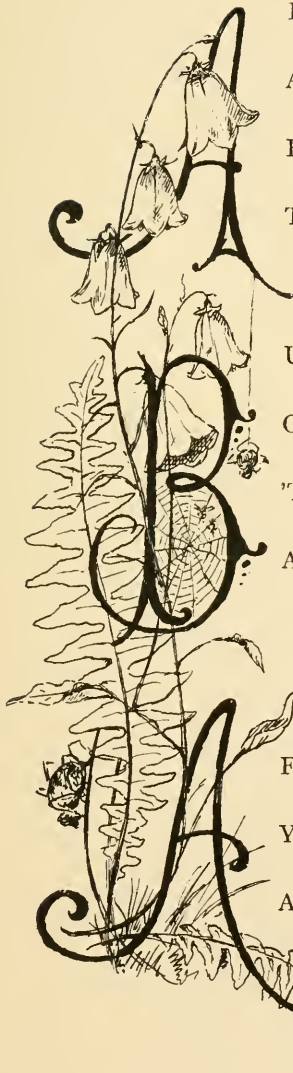
But cherries binna frae the tree,

In troth I haena seen.”

East and west the auld wife look'd,
 East and west look'd she,
 And there she saw her youngest son
 Come ridin' ower the lea.
 "Oh, hooly, hooly, Sandy, lad,
 Ye're unco late this e'en,
 Sae noo jist tell me, aince for a',
 Whar hae ye *been*?"
 "Been!" quo he;
 "Ay, been!" quo she.
 ("Ay, but that's another question ategither!" quo he.)
 "Weel, mither, troth, gin ye speir,
 I'll e'en tell to ye,
 I've *been*, and brought young Jessie hame,
 My wee bit wife to be."
 "Wife!" quo she;
 "Ay," wife! quo he.
 "Oh, lang hae I lived, lad,
 And mony a place I've been,
 But sic a bonny, weel-faured lass,
 In troth, I haena seen,
 And noo I see the rosy blush,
 The bonny pearly store,
 But, Sandy, lad, the cherries ripe.
 I doubt ye've pree'd afore!"



THE LAST FAREWELL.



H ! well I know the pang it costs,
 To say the word adieu !
 Ah ! well I know the grief you feel,
 To bid me go from you.
 For love alone can know love's woes,
 While words can never tell
 The sorrow of the saddened heart,
 That bids you now farewell.
 A long, a last farewell.

UT in this weary path of life,
 Now lone and dark and drear,
 One little star of brightness may
 My drooping heart still cheer.
 'Tis when the thoughts of all your love
 Within my bosom swell,
 And bring me back to days gone by,
 Farewell, dear love, farewell.
 A long, a last farewell.

H ! those were happy, happy times,
 Too happy long to last ;
 For all the brightness of their joys
 Like withered leaves are past.
 Yet on the pleasures of those days
 My heart will fondly dwell,
 Although 'tis sad and joyless now,
 In bidding you farewell.
 A long, a last farewell.