

## VI. THE JOLLY BEGGARS.

—♦—  
*A Cantata.*  
 —♦—

[No. 246.]

RECITATIVO.

WHEN Iyart leaves bestrow the yird,  
 Or, wavering like the bauckie-bird,  
     Bedim cauld Boreas' blast ;  
 When hailstanes drive wi' bitter skyte,  
 And infant frosts begin to bite,  
     In hoary cranreuch drest ;  
 Ae night at e'en a merry core  
     O' randie, gangrel bodies  
 In Poosie Nansie's held the splore,  
     To drink their orra duddies :  
     Wi' quaffing and laughing  
     They ranted an' they sang,  
     Wi' jumping an' thumping,  
     The vera girdle rang.

First, niest the fire, in auld red rags  
 Ane sat ; weel braced wi' mealy bags  
     And knapsack a' in order ;  
 His doxy lay within his arm,  
 Wi' usquebae and blankets warm  
     She blinket on her sodger :  
 An' ay he gies the tozie drab  
     The tither skelpin kiss,  
 While she held up her greedy gab  
     Just like an aumous dish :  
     Ilk smack still, did crack still,  
     Just like a cadger's whip,  
 Then staggering an' swaggering  
     He roar'd this ditty up :—

AIR.

Tune : *Soldier's joy*. [M<sup>c</sup>Glashan's *Scots Measures*, 1781, p. 32.]

*Boldly*



I am a son of Mars, who have been in ma - ny wars,  
And show my cuts and scars wherever I come; This here  
was for a wench, and that oth - er in a trench When wel-  
com-ing the French at the sound of the drum. *Lal de dau* .  
*dle, &c.*

I AM a son of Mars, who have been in many wars,  
And show my cuts and scars wherever I come ;  
This here was for a wench, and that other in a trench  
When welcoming the French at the sound of the drum.

CHORUS. *Lal de daudle, &c.*

My prenticeship I past, where my leader breath'd his last,  
When the bloody die was cast on the heights of Abram :  
And I servèd out my trade, when the gallant game was play'd,  
And the Moro low was laid at the sound of the drum.

I lastly was with Curtis, among the floating batt'ries,  
And there I left for witness an arm and a limb ;  
Yet let my country need me, with Elliot to head me,  
I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of a drum.

And now, tho' I must beg with a wooden arm and leg,  
And many a tatter'd rag hanging over my bum,  
I'm as happy with my wallet, my bottle, and my callet,  
As when I us'd in scarlet to follow a drum.

What tho' with hoary locks I must stand the winter stocks,  
 Beneath the woods and rocks oftentimes for a home!  
 When the t'other bag I sell, and the t'other bottle tell,  
 I could meet a troop of hell at the sound of a drum.

[No. 247.]

RECITATIVO.

He ended; and the kebars sheuk  
 Aboon the chorus roar;  
 While frighted rattons backward leuk,  
 An' seek the benmost bore:  
 A fairy fiddler frae the neuk,  
 He skirl'd out, 'Encore!'  
 But up arose the martial chuck,  
 An' laid the loud uproar:—

AIR.

Tune: *Sodger laddie*. [Orpheus Caledonius, 1733, No. 27.]*Moderate*

I once was a maid tho' I can - not tell when, And  
 still my de - light is in pro - per young men; Some one of  
 a troop of dra - goons was my dad - ie; No won - der

CHORUS.  
 I'm fond of a sodg - er lad - die. *Sing, lah de*  
*lah, &c.*

I ONCE was a maid tho' I cannot tell when,  
 And still my delight is in proper young men ;  
 Some one of a troop of dragoons was my dadie ;  
 No wonder I'm fond of a sodger laddie.

CHORUS. *Sing, Lal de lal, &c.*

The first of my loves was a swaggering blade ;  
 To rattle the thundering drum was his trade ;  
 His leg was so tight and his cheek was so ruddy,  
 Transported I was with my sodger laddie.

But the godly old chaplain left him in the lurch ;  
 The sword I forsook for the sake of the church ;  
 He ventur'd the soul, and I riskèd the body ;  
 'Twas then I proved false to my sodger laddie.

Full soon I grew sick of my sanctified sot ;  
 The regiment at large for a husband I got ;  
 From the gilded spontoon to the fife I was ready ;  
 I askèd no more but a sodger laddie.

But the peace it reduc'd me to beg in despair,  
 Till I met my old boy in a Cunningham fair ;  
 His rags regimental they flutter'd so gaudy ;  
 My heart it rejoic'd at a sodger laddie.

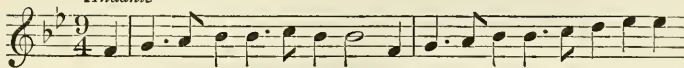
And now I have lived—I know not how long !  
 And still I can join in a cup and a song ;  
 But whilst with both hands I can hold the glass steady,  
 Here 's to thee, my hero, my sodger laddie.

[No. 248.]

RECITATIVO.

POOR Merry Andrew, in the neuk  
 Sat guzzling wi' a tinkler-hizzie ;  
 They mind't na wha the chorus teuk,  
 Between themsels they were sae busy :  
 At length wi' drink an' courting dizzy,  
 He stoiter'd up an' made a face ;  
 Then turn'd an' laid a smack on Grizzie,  
 Syne tun'd his pipes wi' grave grimace:—

## AIR.

Tune: *Auld Sir Symon.* [*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1719, iii. p. 143.]*Andante*

Sir Wisdom's a fool when he's fou; Sir Knave is a fool in a ses-sion,



He's there but a prentice I trow, But I am a fool by pro-fes-sion.

SIR Wisdom's a fool when he's fou;  
 Sir Knave is a fool in a session,  
 He's there but a prentice I trow,  
 But I am a fool by profession.

My grannie she bought me a beuk,  
 An' I held awa to the school;  
 I fear I my talent misteuk,  
 But what will ye hae of a fool?

For drink I would venture my neck;  
 A hizzie's the half of my craft;  
 But what could ye other expect  
 Of one that's avowedly daft?

I ance was tied up like a stirk  
 For civilly swearing and quaffing;  
 I ance was abus'd i' the kirk  
 For towsing a lass i' my daffin.

Poor Andrew that tumbles for sport  
 Let naebody name wi' a jeer:  
 There's even, I'm tauld, i' the Court  
 A tumbler ca'd the Premier.

Observ'd ye yon reverend lad  
 Mak faces to tickle the mob;  
 He rails at our mountebank squad,—  
 It's rivalship just i' the job!

And now my conclusion I'll tell,  
 For faith! I'm confoundedly dry;  
 The chiel that's a fool for himsel,  
 Gude Lord! he's far dafter than I.

[No. 249.]

## RECITATIVO.

THEN niest outspak a rauclè carlin,  
 Wha kent fu' weel to cleek the sterlin;  
 For mony a pursie she had hookèd,  
 An' had in mony a well been doukèd.  
 Her love had been a Highland laddie,  
 But weary fa' the waefu' woodie!  
 Wi' sighs an' sobs she thus began  
 To wail her braw John Highlandman:—

## AIR.

Tune : *O, an ye were dead, Guidman.* [*Cal. Pocket Companion*, 1752, iv. p. 24.]

*Cheerily* *tr*

A high-land lad my love was born, The lal-land laws he held in  
scorn, But he still was faith-fu' to his clan, My gal-lant, braw

CHORUS.

John High-land-man. *Sing hey my braw John High-land-man!*  
*Sing ho my braw John Highlandman! There's not a lad*  
*in a' the lan' Was match for my John High-land-man!*

A HIGHLAND lad my love was born,  
The lalland laws he held in scorn,  
But he still was faithfu' to his clan,  
My gallant, braw John Highlandman.

CHORUS. *Sing hey my braw John Highlandman!*  
*Sing ho my braw John Highlandman!*  
*There's not a lad in a' the lan'*  
*Was match for my John Highlandman!*

With his philabeg an' tartan plaid,  
An' guid claymore down by his side,  
The ladies' hearts he did trepan,  
My gallant, braw John Highlandman.

We rangèd a' from Tweed to Spey,  
An' liv'd like lords an' ladies gay ;  
For a lalland face he fearèd none,—  
My gallant, braw John Highland-  
man.

They banish'd him beyond the sea,  
But ere the bud was on the tree,

Adown my cheeks the pearls ran,  
Embracing my John Highlandman.

But, och ! they catch'd him at the last,  
And bound him in a dungeon fast ;  
My curse upon them every one—  
They've hang'd my braw John High-  
landman !

And now a widow I must mourn  
The pleasures that will ne'er return ;  
No comfort but a hearty can,  
When I think on John Highlandman.

[No. 250.]

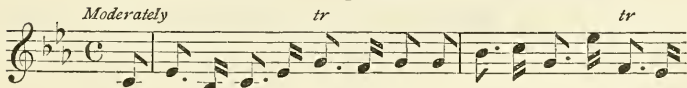
RECITATIVO.

A PIGMY scraper wi' his fiddle,  
 Wha us'd to trystes an' fairs to driddle,  
 Her strappan limb an' gausy middle  
 (He reach'd nae higher)  
 Had hol'd his heartie like a riddle,  
 An' blawn't on fire.

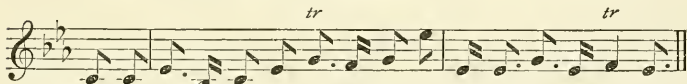
Wi' hand on hainch, and upward e'e,  
 He croon'd his gamut, one, two, three,  
 Then in an *arioso* key

The wee Apollo,  
 Set off wi' *allegretto* glee  
 His *giga* solo :—

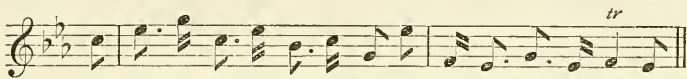
AIR.

Tune : *Whistle owre the lave o't.* [Bremner's *Scots Reels*, 1759, p. 56.]

Let me ryke up to dight that tear, An' go wi' me an' be my



dear, An' then your ev - ry care an' fear May whis-tle owre the lave o't.

CHORUS. *I am a fid-dler to my trade, An' a' the tunes that e'er I play'd,**The sweet-est still to wife or maid Was—Whistle owre the lave o't.*

LET me ryke up to dight that tear,  
 An' go wi' me an' be my dear,  
 An' then your every care an' fear  
 May whistle owre the lave o't.

CHORUS.

*I am a fiddler to my trade,  
 An' a' the tunes that e'er I play'd,  
 The sweetest still to wife or maid  
 Was—Whistle owre the lave o't.*

At kirns an' weddins we'se be there,  
 An' O, sae nicely's we will fare!

We'll bowse about till Dadie Care  
 Sing, *Whistle owre the lave o't.*

Sae merrily's the banes we'll pyke,  
 An' sun oursels about the dyke;  
 An' at our leisure, when ye like  
 We'll whistle owre the lave o't.

But bless me wi' your heav'n o'  
 charms,  
 An' while I kittle hair on thairms,  
 Hunger, cauld, an' a' sic harms  
 May whistle owre the lave o't.



[No. 251.]

RECITATIVO.

HER charms had struck a sturdy caird  
 As weel as poor gut-scraper;  
 He taks the fiddler by the beard,  
 An' draws a roosty rapier—  
 He 'swoor by a' was swearing worth  
 To speet him like a pliver,  
 Unless he would from that time forth  
 Relinquish her for ever.

Wi' ghastly e'e, poor Tweedle dee  
 Upon his hunkers bended,  
 An' pray'd for grace wi' ruefu' face,  
 An' so the quarrel ended.  
 But tho' his little heart did grieve  
 When round the tinkler prest her,  
 He feign'd to snirtle in his sleeve  
 When thus the caird address'd her:—

AIR.

Tune : *Clout the caudron.* [Scots Musical Museum, 1787, No. 23.]

*Lively*

My bon - ie lass, I work in brass, A tink - ler is my sta - tion; I've  
 tra - vell'd round all Christian ground In this my oc - cu - pa - tion; I've  
 ta'en the gold, an' been en-roll'd In many a no - ble squadron: But vain  
 they search'd, when off I march'd To go an' clout the caudron.

MY bonie lass, I work in brass,  
 A tinkler is my station;  
 I've travell'd round all Christian ground  
 In this my occupation;  
 I've ta'en the gold, an' been enroll'd  
 In many a noble squadron:  
 But vain they search'd, when off I march'd  
 To go an' clout the caudron.  
 I've ta'en the gold, &c.



Despise that shrimp, that wither'd imp,  
 With a' his noise an' cap'rin,  
 An' take a share with those that bear  
 The budget and the apron :  
 And *by* that stowp, my faith and houpe,  
 And *by* that dear Kilbaigie,  
 If e'er ye want, or meet with scant,  
 May I ne'er weet my craigie !  
 And by that stowp, &c.

[No. 252.]

RECITATIVO.

THE caird prevail'd—th' unblushing fair  
 In his embraces sunk,  
 Partly wi' love, o'ercome sae sair,  
 An' partly she was drunk.  
 Sir Violino, with an air  
 That show'd a man o' spunk,  
 Wish'd unison between the pair,  
 An' made the bottle clunk  
 To their health that night.

But hurchin Cupid shot a shaft  
 That play'd a dame a shavie ;  
 The fiddler rak'd her fore and aft,  
 Behint the chicken cavie.  
 Her lord, a wight of Homer's\* craft,  
 Tho' limpan wi' the spavie,  
 He hirpl'd up, and lap like daft,  
 And shor'd them *Dainty Davie*  
 O' boot that night.

He was a care-defying blade  
 As ever Bacchus listed !  
 Tho' Fortune sair upon him laid,  
 His heart, she ever miss'd it.  
 He had no wish but—to be glad,  
 Nor want but—when he thirsted ;  
 He hated nought but—to be sad ;  
 An' thus the Muse suggested  
 His sang that night :—

\* Homer is allowed to be the eldest ballad singer on record.—BURNS.

## AIR.

Tune:—*For a' that, an' a' that.* [Bremner's *Scots Reels*, 1759, p. 52.]

*Andante*

I am a bard, of no re-gard Wi' gen-tle folks an' a' that ;  
 But Homer-like, the glow-ran byke, Frae town to town I draw that.  
 CHORUS. *For a' that, an' a' that, An' twice as muckle's a' that ;  
 I've lost but ane, I've twa be-hin', I've wife e-neugh for a' that.*

I AM a bard, of no regard  
 Wi' gentle folks an' a' that ;  
 But Homer-like, the glowran byke,  
 Frae town to town I draw that.

## CHORUS.

*For a' that, an' a' that,  
 An' twice as muckle's a' that ;  
 I've lost but ane, I've twa behin',  
 I've wife enough for a' that.*

I never drank the Muses' stank,  
 Castalia's burn, an' a' that ;  
 But there it streams, an' richly reams,  
 My Helicon I ca' that.

Great love I bear to all the fair,  
 Their humble slave an' a' that ;

But lordly will, I hold it still  
 A mortal sin to thraw that.

In raptures sweet, this hour we meet,  
 Wi' mutual love an' a' that :  
 But for how lang the flie may stang,  
 Let inclination law that.

Their tricks an' craft hae put me daft,  
 They've taen me in, an' a' that ;  
 But clear your decks, an' here's 'the  
 Sex !'

I like the jads for a' that.

*For a' that, an' a' that,  
 An' twice as muckle's a' that ;  
 My dearest bluid, to do them guid,  
 They're welcome till't for a' that.*

## [No. 253.]

## RECITATIVO.

So sung the bard—and Nansie's  
 wa's  
 Shook with a thunder of applause  
 Re-echoed from each mouth !  
 They toom'd their pocks, they pawn'd  
 their duds,  
 They scarcely left to coor their fuds  
 To quench their lowan drouth :

Then owre again, the jovial thrang,  
 The poet did request  
 To lowse his pack and wale a sang,  
 A ballad o' the best ;  
 He rising, rejoicing,  
 Between his twa Debòrahs,  
 Looks round him, an' found them  
 Impatient for the chorus :—

## AIR.

Tune: *Jolly Mortals, fill your glasses.* [Ritson's *English Songs*, 1783.]

See the smok - ing bowl be - fore us, Mark our  
jo - vial, rag - ged ring! Round and round take  
up the chor - us, And in rap - tures let us sing,—

SEE the smoking bowl before us,  
Mark our jovial, ragged ring!  
Round and round take up the chorus,  
And in raptures let us sing,—

CHORUS. *A fig for those by law protected!*  
*Liberty's a glorious feast!*  
*Courts for cowards were erected,*  
*Churches built to please the priest!*

What is title, what is treasure,  
What is reputation's care?  
If we lead a life of pleasure,  
'Tis no matter how or where!

With the ready trick and fable  
Round we wander all the day;  
And at night, in barn or stable  
Hug our doxies on the hay.

Does the train-attended carriage  
Thro' the country lighter rove?  
Does the sober bed of marriage  
Witness brighter scenes of love?

Life is all a variorum,  
We regard not how it goes;  
Let them cant about decorum,  
Who have character to lose.

Here's to budgets, bags, and wallets!  
Here's to all the wandering train!  
Here's our ragged brats and callets!  
One and all, cry out,—'Amen'!

*A fig for those by law protected!*  
*Liberty's a glorious feast!*  
*Courts for cowards were erected,*  
*Churches built to please the priest!*

