

THE TOUN DRUMMER.

Aye drummin' an' ruffin',
 Aye soakin' an' scuffin',
 Aye jokin' an' stuffin',
 Ken ye Tam an' his drum?

I trow he's a stuffy wee cricket,
 Tho' cruikit, wee-buikit, an' stickit,
 He's no very easily lickit,

Stuffy wee Tam an' his drum.

Whaure'er maut or mischief is brewin',
 Whaure'er there is aught to get fou on,
 Whaure'er there is onything new in,

You're sure to meet Tam an' his drum.

A' sleepy new-married folks, scornin'
 To rise up betimes in the mornin',
 Gie Tammie his fee an' his warnin',

He's sure to be there wi' his drum.

The bride in a flusterin' flurry,
 The bridegroom a' foaming wi' fury,
 He bangs on his claes in a hurry,
 An' curses baith Tam an' his drum.

At twalhours, when knee-breekit carles
 Slip in to their whisky an' farles,
 Gin Tammie has gotten his arles,
 He's sure to be there wi' his drum.
 At ilka puir bodie's cross roupin',
 At ilka bit niffer or coupin',
 The moment ye ca' the gill-stoup in,
 You're sure to see Tam an' his drum.

At e'enin' when ten o'clock's chappin',
 An' wark-folks a' hameward are stappin',
 Straught up the High Street he comes pappin',
 An' shuts a' the shops wi' his drum.
 At midnight when bodies get bouzie,
 An' set up in flames their bit housie,
 Wee Tammie, half-naked an' touzie,
 Awaukens the town wi' his drum.

When our Bailies, wi' round chubby faces,
 Are coached down in state to the races,

- A' the horses show off their best paces,
At tuck o' wee Tam an' his drum.
I trow he is merry an' cheery,
Wi' Tammie ye canna weel weary,
But a' wad gang heeliegoleery,
Gin ye wanted wee Tam an' his drum.

WHUP THE CAT.

O WHA'S the loun can clout the claes?
 Canty Davie, dainty Davie;
 Wha the lassock's hearts can raise
 Like little tailor Davie?

Though callants ca' him Whup-the-Cat,
 And men-folk ban his gabbin' chat,
 The lassies they find nae sic faut
 Wi' kindly little Davie.

O blythe is ilka bodie's house,
 Whaur Davie sits and cracks fou crouse,
 Nae post-bag's half sae cramm'd wi' news
 As glib-mou'd tailor Davie.

The weanies round him in a raw,
 He raises sic a loud guffaw,

You'll hear the din a mile awa'
O' them and tailor Davie.

The auld man's roomy waddin' coat,
Wi' age an' moths scarce worth a groat,
Maks breeks to Tam, an' coat to Jock,
An' spats to tailor Davie.

O wha's the loun, &c.

GIE A WEAN HIS PARRITCH.

GI'E a wean his parritch,
 An' dinna spare the sour-douk can,
 An' wi' a bawbee carritch,
 I'll mak your son a man !

In days o' yore when I was young,
 We learn'd to read our mither tongue,
 An' mony raps wi' rape and rung,
 We gat to mind our carritch.

New-fangled schules hae ither laws,
 Wi' mony English hums an' haws,
 But leeze me on a bunch o' taws,
 An' a bawbee carritch.

A rousin' pawmie on the loof
 Will waken up a sleepy coof,
 An' gaur him gie ye scripture proof
 For a' the single carritch.

Your wee toun getts, sae glib an' sma',
They winna stand a yerk ava,
So a' my scholars rin awa'
 Frae my taws an' carritch.

An' guess ye what the deelines did?
They brunt my taws, my wig they hid,
Syne lap upon the bunker lid,
 And danced upon the carritch.

Yet what for need I make my mane,
Sin' thae auld times are lang bygane,
Let's hope the days will come again
 When weans will mind their carritch.

THREE TIMES CROWDIE IN A DAY.

WEE bit bruckit, drunken bodie,
 Drinkin', daidlin' a' the day,
Gin ye winna work for crowdie,
 What can your pair wifie do ?

A' the weans cry crowdie, crowdie,
 Crowdie, mammy, crowdie mae,
Till the wee bit hungry totts
 Hae crowdied a' my meal away.

In comes Jockie frae the schule,
 In comes Davock frae his play ;
The twa twin tottums on my knee
 Are skirlin' for their crowdie too.

The auld blind man cam to the door,
 Wist ye but my heart was wae,

To let him gang without his crowdie,
But my meal was a' away.

Twasome dainty strappin' callants,
Twasome lassock twins we hae,
But gin ye winna work for crowdie,
Ne'er o' me 'll hae ony mae.

A SAILOR'S SONG.

WHO'LL go with me over the sea,
Breasting the billows merrily,
With a tight little ship, and a bright can of flip?
What heart but braves it cheerily?
Winds may blow,
High or low,
Steady! ready! merry! cheery! Jack's the go!

The star of love that beams above,
Shines down all pure and holily;
We'll brave the breeze, we'll sweep the seas,
With bosoms beating jollily:
Winds may blow,
High or low,
Stead! ready! merry! cheery! Jack's the go!

Then, while we're afloat in our island boat,
Let's reef and steer her warily;

And if our foes dare come to blows,
We'll meet them taut and varily :
Winds may blow,
High or low,
Steady ! ready ! merry ! cheery ! Jack's the go !

A SOLDIER'S SONG.

A SOLDIER's life is a merry, merry life,
With his musket over his shoulder,
He marches on through blood and strife,
Bolder still, and bolder ;
'Mid cannon's roar and trumpet's blast,
'Mid bombs and bullets flying,
He tears away like a man to the last,
And dares the foe when dying.

Then oh ! how snug when he's left the trench,
And at home in barracks laying,
He strolls about with his buxom wench,
The never a penny paying ;
He 'lists recruits, gets drunk and fights,
He swaggers, swears, and blusters,
Goes home, and shakes himself to rights,
Then on parade he musters.

Then oh ! how merrily rolls away
The life of a gallant soldier ;
Kill or no kill, he pockets his pay,
And heaves care o'er his shoulder ;
And tho' an eye or limb is lost,
With his pension every quarter,
He quaffs his grog at his country's cost,
And is crown'd his country's martyr.

Then how shall any dare set up,
To cope with a soldier's glory !
A swad with his girl, his gun, and his cup,
Is the star of Briton's story.
And while you've noble Wellington,
With a gallant British army,
No Russian Bear, nor Spanish Don,
Nor the devil himself, shall harm ye.

AS THE AULD COCK CRAWES.

As the auld cock craws, sae the young cock learns :
 Aye tak ye care what ye do afore bairns ;
 Their heads are muckle, though their limbs are wee,
 An' oh ! the wee totts are gleg in the ee :
 Then dinna fricht your laddie wi' the "black boo" man,
 But let him douk his lugs in his wee parritch pan ;
 Lay ye his rosy cheek upon your mou' a wee,
 How the rogue will laugh when his minny's in his ee !

As the auld cock craws, sae the young cock learns :
 Aye tak ye care what ye do afore bairns ;
 Though vice may be muckle, and virtue may be wee,
 Yet a sma' speck o' light will woo the dullest ee :
 Then dinna fricht us a' wi' the muckle black deil,
 But show us mercy's bonnie face, an' teach us to feel ;
 Though we think like men, we should feel like bairns,—
 As the auld cock craws, sae the young cock learns.

THE FATHER'S KNEE.

OH ! happy is the mither o' ilk little pet,
 Who has a happy faither by the ingle set,
 Wi' ae wee tottum sleepin' 'neath its mither's ee,
 Anither tottum creepin' up its faither's knee.

Aye rockin', rockin', aye rockin' ree,
 Pu'ing at his stockin', climbin' up his knee.

Although our wee bit biggin' there be few who ken,
 Beneath our theekit riggin', bien's the but and ben ;
 Although about the creepy bairnies canna gree,
 They cuddle—when they're sleepy, on their faither's knee.

They're aye wink, winkin', wi' the sleepy ee,
 Or aye jink, jinkin', round their faither's knee.

Although the sun o' simmer scarce glints through the bole,
 Oh ! kindly is the glimmer o' our candle coal ;
 And bright the rays o' glory stream frae heaven hie,
 When gude grandsire hoary bends his aged knee ;

Baith the parents kneelin' by their totts sae wee—
 Holy is the feeling offer'd on the knee.

I ferlie gin in palace, or in lordly ha',
 Their hearts are a' as hale, as in our cot sae sma'—
 Gin the Royal Mither can her lassies see,
 Cuddlin' their wee brithers on their faither's knee?—
 What to her kind bosie are her kingdoms three,
 Unless her totts are cosie on their faither's knee?

WE'VE A' TA'EN THE RUE, AN' GROWN CALLANTS
AGAIN.

We've a' ta'en the rue, an' grown callants again ;
We've a' ta'en the rue, an' grown callants again :
Man's honour is folly, his wisdom is vain—
We've ta'en a new thocht, an' grown callants again.

We'll aff to fair Roslin an' sweet Habbie's Howe,
By fairy-led streamlet, and castle-crowned knowe ;
We'll climb the high Pentlands, without pech or grane,—
The green hills will mak us a' callants again.

O, wha wad hae wisdom that comes when ye're auld ?
An' wha wad hae honours that bend ye twa-fauld ?
Man grows till a sage, an' a sage till a wean—
Sae we've ta'en a new lease, an' grown callants again.

Thus man wad be callant, an' callant be man ;
We shouther through life a' as canny's we can ;

The best way ava 's ne'er to mak ony mane,—
But loup, kick the ba', an' grow callants again.

Oh, manhood gains glory, an' age gather's gear,
But bairn-time has joys that the heart aye hauds dear ;
An' wadna the loun be right bauld to complain,
Wha can cast aff his age, an' grow callant again ?

THE GREY HILL PLAID.

Tho' cauld and drear our muirland hame
 Amang the wreaths o' snaw,
 Yet love here lowes wi' purer flame
 Than lights the lordly ha';
 For ilka shepherd's chequer'd plaid
 Has room enough for twa,
 And coshly shields his mountain maid
 Frae a' the blasts that blaw.
 Then hey the plaid! the grey hill plaid,
 That haps the heart sae true;
 Dear, dear to every mountain maid,
 Are plaid an' bonnet blue.

What tho' we're few upon the muir,
 We lo'e each other mair,
 And to the weary wanderin' puir
 We've comfort aye to spare.

The heart that feels for ither's woes
Can ne'er keep love awa' ;
And twa young hearts, when beating close,
Can never lang be twa.

Then hey the plaid ! the grey hill plaid,
That haps the heart sae true ;
Dear, dear to every mountain maid,
Are plaid an' bonnet blue.

ALAS! THAT I CAM OWER THE MUIR.

ALAS! that I cam ower the muir,
 And left my love behind me;
 Alas! that ane sae fair and pure,
 For ever couldna bind me.
 I wander there, I wander here,
 Yet dowie thoughts remind me
 O' her sad look and silent tear,
 When I left her behind me.
 But I'll my truant steps retrace,
 Ance mair I'll see her peerless face,
 Her gentle breast may deign me grace,
 Though I left her behind me.

What though I own a broad domain,
 Ower mony miles extending,
 And her auld sire a humble swain,
 Wha barely maks a fending!
 What low debasing wealth was mine,
 Wi' earth that had entwined me,

And gaured me leave ane a' divine,
Alane to mourn behind me.
But I'll re-cross that eerie plain,
Her virgin heart is still my ain,
I'll own my faut and ne'er again
Will leave my love behind me.

MY FIDDLE AND ME.

O NATURE is bonny an' blythesome to see,
 Wi' the gowd on her brow an' the light in her ee ;
 An' sweet is her summer-sang rollin' in glee,
 As it thrills the heart-strings o' my fiddle an' me.

When the young mornin' blinks through amang the black cluds,
 An' the southland breeze rustles out through the green wuds ;
 The lark in the lift, and the merle on the tree,
 Baith strike the key-note to my fiddle an' me.

When amang the crisp heather upon the hill-side,
 Mine ee fu' o' rapture, my soul fu' o' pride ;
 The wee heather lintie an' wild hinnie-bee
 A' join in the strain wi' my fiddle an' me.

When daunderin' at e'en doun the dark dowie dells,
 To cheer the wee gowans, an' charm the wee bells—
 The sweet purling rill wimples doun to the sea,
 Dancing light to the notes o' my fiddle an' me.

At kirk or at weddin', at tryst or at fair,
 There's nae saul-felt music unless we be there ;
 Wi' a spark in my heart, an' a drap in my ee,
 The vera floor louns to my fiddle an' me.

My fiddle's my life-spring, my fiddle's my a',
 She clings to me close when a' else are awa' ;
 Time may force friends to part, he may wyle faes to gree,
 Death only can part my auld fiddle an' me.

THE WHISTLEWOOD TREE.*

OH! welcome the genial voice o' young May,
 When liting amang the woods cheery and gay,
 While boughs rustle gently and leaves flutter free,
 How sweet is the sough o' the whistlewood tree.

Oh! sweet, &c.

Oh! welcome the saft southland breezes that blaw,
 Awaking the bellflowers in greenwood and shaw,
 While a' the wee birds nestlin' lown on the lee,
 Wi' joy hail the sough o' the whistlewood tree.

Wi' joy, &c.

Sweet simmer's been sigh'd for in valley and plain,
 As I sigh for Sandy, when Sandy is gane;

* The name given in rural districts in Scotland to the saugh or willow, the young branches of which are manufactured by rustic juveniles into homely whistles.

But Sandy an' simmer come linkin' in glee,
Sae welcome the sough o' the whistlewood tree.

Oh ! welcome, &c.

There's music without, when there's feeling within,
The sweet chords o' nature mak a' nature kin ;
The lark's hame is laigh, tho' he sings far on hie,
Frae heaven's the sough o' the whistlewood tree.

Frae heaven, &c.