

## JOHN AND JEAN

I've to kick and to paik till I'm clean out o'  
breath,

Eer I get him to cry out "Ohone!"

Oh! what a deevil, &c.

On pay-nights he'll come hame as white as a  
clout,

Wi' his hat a' bashed in, an' his pouch inside  
out;

An' afore I can ask him what he's been about,  
He fa's down as flat as a scone.

Oh! what a deevil, &c.

Just last Sunday morning—O sic a disgrace!—

The very policeman that took him up, says,

That he never saw, in the coorse o' his days,

Sic a shamefu' exposure as yon.

Oh! what a deevil, &c.

# THE BANKS O' THE DEE

AIR—"Days o' lang syne."

**I**MET wi' a man on the banks o' the Dee,  
An' a merrier body I never did see;  
Though Time had bedrizzled his haffits  
wi' snaw,  
An' Fortune had stown his luckpenny awa',  
Yet never a mortal mair happy could be  
Than the man that I met on the banks o' the  
Dee.

When young, he had plenty o' owsen an' kye,  
A wide wavin' mailin an' siller forbye;  
But cauld wash his hear there his youdith was o'er,  
An' he dived on the lands he had laired be-  
fore;  
Yet though beggared his ha' an' deserted his  
lea,  
Contented he roamed on the banks o' the Dee.

'Twas heartsome to see the auld body sae gay,  
As he toddled adown by the gowany brae,  
Sae canty, sae crouse, an sae pruif against care;  
Yet it wasna through riches, it wasna through  
lear;  
But I fand out the cause ere I left the sweet  
Dee—  
The man was as drunk as a mortal could be!

# THE PROCESS OF WAKENIN'

AIR—"Peggie is over ye Sic wi' ye Souldier."—SKENE MS.

**J**ENNY! puir Jenny! the flow'r o' the  
lea—  
The blythesome, the winsome, the  
gentle an' free—  
The joy and the pride  
O' the haill kintra side—  
She dee'd of a process o' Wakenin'.\*

Though her skin was sae smooth, an' her fingers  
sae sma',  
She won through the hoopin'-cough, measles  
an' a'—  
She never took ill  
Frae fever or chill—  
Yet she dee'd of a process o' Wakenin'.

The case fell asleep when her Grandfather  
dee'd,  
And few folk remembered it e'er had been  
plea'd.  
She never heard tell  
O' the matter hersel',  
Till they sent her the summons o' Wakenin'.

\* When a suit in Court remains for a year, without procedure taking place, it is technically said to fall asleep. It may be resuscitated by raising a summons or suit of "wakening."

## PROCESS OF WAKENIN'

Jenny! puir Jenny!—though courted by a',  
Only ane touched her heart—an' he bore it  
awa'.

It had just been arranged  
That her state should be changed,  
When they sent her the summons o' Wakenin'.

She had plighted her troth—they had fixed on  
the day—

A' arrangements completed—nae chance o'  
delay;

She was thinkin' on this,  
And entrancèd wi' bliss,  
When they sent her the summons o' Wakenin'.

Her friends were sae kindly—her true-love sae  
prized,

Surrounded by them, an' by him idolised;

She had just passed the night

In a dream o' delight,

When they sent her the summons o' Wakenin'.

She fee'd the best counsel—what could she dae  
mair?

She read through the papers wi' sorrow an' care,

But she could only mak' out,

That beyond ony doubt,

'Twas a wearifu' process o' Wakenin'.

## PROCESS OF WAKENIN'

An'her friends that she thought wad be constant  
for aye,  
Of course they grew scarce, an' kept out o' her  
way;  
For naebody ken'd  
How the matter wad end,  
When they heard o' the process o' Wakenin'.

An'her true-love for whom she wad gladly gien  
a',  
Slid cauld frae her grasp like a handfu' o'  
snaw;—  
Sae she gied up the case,  
An' gied up the ghaist,  
An' dee'd o' a process o' Wakenin'.

# CESSIO BONORUM\*

AIR—" *Tullochgorum.*"

COME ben ta house, an' steek ta  
door,  
An' bring her usquebaugh galore,  
An' piper pla' wi' a' your pow'r  
Ta reel o' Tullochgorum.

For we'se be croose an' canty yet—

Croose an' canty,

Croose an' canty—

We'se be croose an' canty yet,

Around a Hieland jorum.

We'se be croose an' canty yet,

For better luck she never met—

She's gotten out an' paid her debt

Wi' a Cessio Ponorum!

Huch! turrum, turrum, &c.

She meant ta pargain to dispute,

An' pay ta price, she wadna do't,

But on a Bill her mark she put,

An' hoped to hear no more o'm.

\* By the law of Scotland, a debtor imprisoned for debt, or in certain equivalent circumstances, since imprisonment for debt was abolished, may institute a suit of *cessio bonorum*. Under it, the Court, if satisfied of the debtor's honesty and inability to pay, may grant him protection against claims for debts then existing, upon his making a conveyance of all his means to a trustee for his creditor's behoof, and might grant him liberation, if in prison.

## CESSIO BONORUM

Blythe an' merry was she then—

Blythe an' merry,

Blythe an' merry—

Blythe an' merry was she then

She thought she had come ower 'm.

Blythe an' merry was she then—

But unco little did she ken

O' Shirra's laws, an' Shirra's men,

Or Cessio Ponorum!

Huch! tirrorum, tirrorum, &c.

Cot tamn!—but it was pad indeed!

They took her up wi' meikle speed—

To jail they bore her—feet an' head—

An' flung her on ta floor o'm.

Wae an' weary has she been—

Wae an' weary,

Wae an' weary—

Wae an' weary has she been

Amang ta Debitorum.

Wae an' weary has she been,

An' most uncivil people seen—

She's much peholden to her frien'

Ta Cessio Ponorum!

Huch! tirrorum, tirrorum, &c.

She took an oath she couldna hear—

'Twas something about goods an' gear—

## CESSIO BONORUM

She thought it proper no to speer  
Afore ta Dominorum.

She kent an' caredna if 'twas true—  
Kent an' caredna,  
Kent an' caredna—

Kent an' caredna if 'twas true,  
But easily she swore 'm.

She kent an' caredna if 'twas true,  
But scrap't her foot, an' made her poo,  
Then, oich!—as to ta door she flew  
Wi' her Cessio Ponorum!  
Huch! tirrorum, tirrorum, &c.

She owed some bits o' odds an' ends,  
An' twa three debts to twa three friends—

She kent fu' weel her dividends  
Could paid anither score o'm.

Ta fees an' charges were but sma'—  
Fees an' charges,  
Fees an' charges—

Ta fees an' charges were but sma',  
Huch! tat for fifty more o'm!

Ta fees an' charges were but sma'—  
But little kent she o' the law.

Tamn!—if she hasn't paid them a'  
Wi' her Cessio Ponorum!  
Huch! tirrorum, tirrorum, &c.



## CESSIO BONORUM

But, just let that cursed loon come here  
That took her Bill!—she winna swear,—  
But, ooghh!—if she could catch him near  
    Ta craigs o' Cairngorum!  
If belt an' buckle can keep fast—  
    Belt an' buckle,  
    Belt an' buckle—  
If belt an' buckle can keep fast,  
    She'd mak' him a' Terrorem.  
If belt an' buckle can keep fast,  
Her caption would be like to last,  
Py Cot!—but she would poot him past  
    A Cessio Ponorum!  
        Huch! tirrum, tirrum, &c.