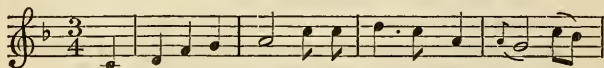
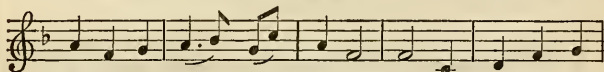


THE ROCK AND THE WEE PICKLE TOW.

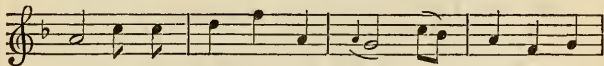
This song, in a somewhat larger form, was written by Alexander Ross, schoolmaster of Lochlee, Forfarshire, author of a dramatic poem, entitled *The Fortunate Shepherdess*, which has not yet been consigned to oblivion. It was published in Herd's Collection. It may be remarked that the air is evidently the basis of a modern Irish melody, entitled *The Land of the West*.



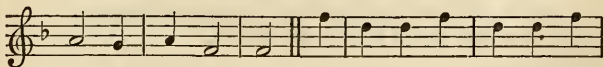
There was an auld wife had a wee pic - kle tow, And



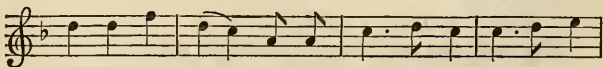
she wad gae try the spinnin' o't; She lout-ed her



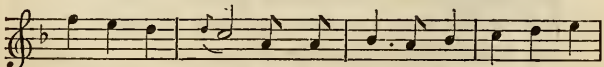
doun, and her rock took a - low, And that was a



bad be - gin - nin' o't. She sat and she grat, and she



flat and she flang, And she threw and she blew, and she



wriggled and wrang, And she chok - it and boak - it, and

cried like to mang, A - las, for the drea - ry be-

gin - nin' o't!

There was an auld wife had a wee pickle tow,
 And she wad gae try the spinnin' o't ;
 She louted her down, and her rock took a-low,
 And that was a bad beginnin' o't.
 She sat and she grat, and she flat and she flang,
 And she threw and she blew, and she wriggled and wrang,
 And she chokit and boakit, and cried like to mang,
 Alas, for the dreary beginnin' o't !

I've wanted a sark for these aught-years-and-ten,
 And this was to be the beginnin' o't ;
 But I vow I shall want it for as lang again,
 Or ever I try the spinnin' o't.
 For never since ever they ca'd as they ca' me,
 Did sic a mishap and mischanter befa' me ;
 But ye shall hae leave baith to hang and to draw me,
 The neist time I try the spinnin' o't.

I hae keepit my house now these threescore o' years,
 And aye I kept frae the spinnin' o't ;
 But how I was sarkit, foul fa' them that speirs,
 For it minds me upo' the beginnin' o't.
 But our women are now-a-days a' grown sae braw,
 That ilk ane maun hae a sark, and some hae twa—
 The warlds were better where ne'er ane ava
 Had a rag, but ane at the beginnin' o't.

In the days they ca' yore, gin auld fouks [could but get]
To a surcoat, hough-syde,¹ for the winnin' o't,
Of coat-raips weel cut by the cast o' their [shape],
They never socht mair o' the spinnin' o't.
A pair o' gray hoggers weil cluikit benew,
Of nae other lit but the hue of the ewe,
With a pair o' rough mullions to scuff through the dew,
Was the fee they socht at the beginnin' o't.

But we maun hae linen, and that maun hae we,
And how get we that but by spinnin' o't?
How can we hae face for to seek a great fee,
Except we can help at the winnin' o't?
And we maun hae pearlins, and mabbies, and cocks,²
And some other things that the ladies ca' smocks;
And how get we that, gin we tak na our rocks,
And pu' what we can at the spinnin' o't?

'Tis needless for us to mak our remarks,
Frae our mither's miscookin' the spinnin' o't.
She never kenn'd ocht o' the gued o' the sarks,
Frae this aback to the beginnin' o't.
Twa-three ell o' plaiden was a' that was socht
By our auld-warld bodies, and that bude be bought;
For in ilka town siccan things wasna wrocht—
Sae little they kenn'd o' the spinnin' o't!
