

BAILIE NICOL JARVIE'S

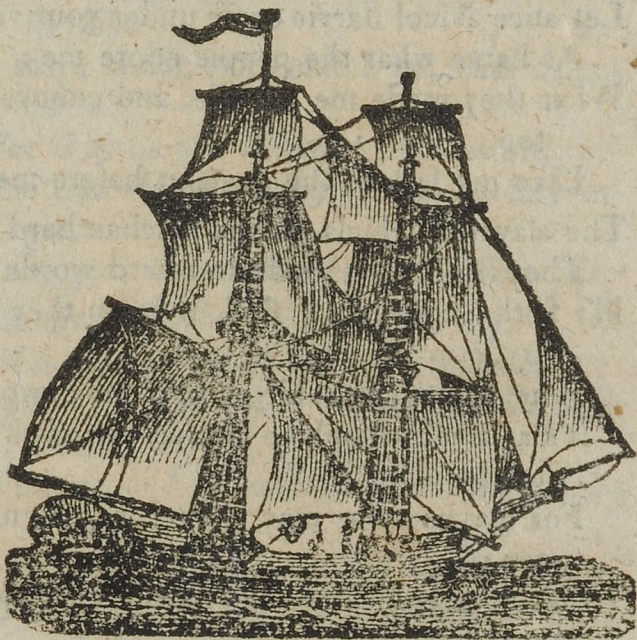
JOURNEY TO ABERFOIL.

To which are added,

ST. PATRICK WAS A  
GENTLEMAN.

AND

THE AULD SARK SLEEVE,



GLASGOW:

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BAILIE NICOL JARVIE'S JOURNEY TO  
ABERFOIL.

AIR—*Quaker's Wife.*

You may talk o' your Wallace, and talk o'  
your Bruce,

And talk o' your fechtin' Red Reiver ;  
But whar will you find a great man o' sic use  
As a thorough-bred Saut-Market weaver?

Let ance Nicol Jarvie come under your view,  
At hame whar the people adore me ;  
Whar they made me a bailie, and counsellor  
too,

Like my father, the deacon, before me.

The claverin' chiefs, in the clachan hard by,  
They'll no gie a body but hard words ;  
My faith ! they shall find, if again they wih  
try,

A het poker's as guide as their braid swords.  
" It's as weel though to let that flee stick fast  
to the wa' ;"

For mayhap the may chance to claymore  
me ;

To let " sleepin' dogs lie" is the best thing  
ava',

Said my father, the deacon, before me.

My poor cousin Rab, an' hfs terrible wife,  
Was sae proud that she chose to disown  
me ;



Feint a bodle cared she for a magistrate's life;  
 My conscience! she was just gaun to  
 drown me.

If again in her clutches I ever should pop,  
 Poor Matty may live to deplore me;  
 But were I at Glasgow, I'd stick by my shop,  
 Like my father; the deacon, before me.

Now to think o' them hanging a bailie so  
 high,

To be picked at by corbies and burdies;  
 Had I them at Glasgow, my conscience! I'd  
 try

How their craigs stood the weight o' their  
 hurdies.

But stop, Nicol, stop, man! na, that maun-  
 na be

For if some ane to hame wad restore ye,  
 In the Saut-Market safe, ye'd forget and for-  
 gie,

Like your father, the deacon, before ye.

In favour o' Matty a word let me say,

Of Lunnun queans she's worth a dozen;  
 Through the foul paths o' darkness she leads  
 me the way,

Though of Limmerfield she's the Laird's  
 cousin.

To match wi' my Matty I'm no that aboon,  
 And young Nicol I shall adore him,  
 If he to his friends but as gratefu' do prove  
 As his father, the bailie, before him.



## ST. PATRICK WAS A GENTLEMAN.

St Patrick was a gentleman, and came o' decent people.

He built a church in Dublin town, and upon it put a steeple :

His mother was a Callaghan, his father was a Brady,

His sister was an O'Huolihan, and his brother an O'Grady.

Then success to bold Saint Patrick's fist,  
He was a saint so clever,  
He gave the frogs and toads a twist,  
And banished them for ever.

There's not a mile on Ireland's isle, where  
the dirty varment musters,  
Where'er he put his dear forefoot, he murdered them in clusters :

The frogs went hop, the toads went plop,  
slapdash into the water,  
The bastes committed suicide to save themselves from slaughter.

Then success, &c.

Nine hundered thousand vipers blue, he charmed with sweet discourses,  
And dined on them at Killaloo in soups and second courses ;

The blind worm crawling through the grass,  
disgusted all the nation, —

He gave them a rise, and he opened their eyes to the sense of their sin.

Then success, &c.



The Wicklow hills are very high, and so's  
the hill o' Howth, Sir ;

But there's a hill that's higher still, yes higher  
then them both, Sir :—

'Twas on the top of this high hill St. Pat-  
rick preached the sarment

That drove the frogs into the bogs, and bod-  
dered all the varment.

Then success, &c.

No wonder that we Irish boys should be so  
gay and frisky,

St. Patrick first taught us the joys of tippling  
the whisky.

'Twas he that brewed the best o' malt, and  
understood distilling,

For his mother kept a sheeban shop in the  
town of Inniskillen.

Then success, &c.

Then should I be so fortunate as to go back  
to Munster,

Och ! I'll be bound that from that ground  
again I ne'er would once stir

'Twas there St. Patrick planted turf, and  
plenty of the praties,

With pigs galore, a grah m'estore, and but-  
ter-milk, and ladies.

Then success, &c.



## THE AULD SARK SLEEVE.

*(Comic Recitation.)*

A Reverend and esteemed divine,  
 Upon a Sabbath-day short syne,  
 While studious, a drawer unlocket,  
 To get a napkin for his pocket ;  
 But, by mistak', didna perceive  
 He whippet in't an Auld Sark Sleeve !

Straight to the kirk he took his way,  
 The pu'pit speel'd—sang psalms—did pray.  
 When preachin', in a little space  
 He wished to wipe his sonsy face ;  
 But mony a ane could scarce behave,  
 When he brought forth the Auld Sark Sleeve.

Its ragged edges he ne'er heeded,  
 But gart it do the turn he needed :  
 Bauldly the people he addressed,  
 An' earnest hame the matter pressed—  
 Meanwhile exposing in his neive  
 The dirty, ragged, Auld Sark Sleeve !

But on a kittle point he landed,  
 Which chosen scripture proofs demanded  
 He then the Bible grippet quickly,  
 To trace the puzzlin' topic strictly—  
 While he wi' looks composed an' grave,  
 Did lay aside the Auld Sark Sleeve !

Upon the pu'pit edge he laid it,  
 Till through the Bible he pervadet,  
 Explaining that dark critic point  
 Some heretic put out o' joint.



This dune—railed at the erroneous knave  
 An' caught again the Auld Sark Sleeve.  
 Ance mair he held it up to view,  
 An' wakened on the points anew—  
 Zealous and warmly he extended,  
 Till the discourse he fully ended :  
 So when the subject he did leave,  
 He, lastly,—pouched the Auld Sark Sleeve !

*Additional Verses.*

The hin'most prayer an' grace weel said,  
 He left the kirk an' hameward gade,  
 To tak a chack an' drap, to tune  
 His heart for labour afternoon.  
 His wife that morn stay'd in wi' leave,  
 So kendna' o' the Auld Sark Sleeve.  
 But now they, arm in arm, proceeded,  
 'Mang wheens o' danderin' bodies heeded,  
 Wha cracked o' faith, election, grace,  
 An' scrape't an' bowed as they did pass :  
 Some smirk'd at Mess John's queer behave,  
 But nane spak o' the Auld Sark Sleeve.  
 Again within the rostrum seated,—  
 The prayer re-con'd, the psalm re-bleated—  
 He read this text :—“ Wash me, and so  
 I shall be whiter than the snow.”  
 Still clutchin' in his waully neive  
 The snuffy duddy Auld Sark Sleeve.  
 He preached o' sprinklin' an' o' pourin',  
 O' dippin', scrubbin', an' o' scourin',  
 An' aye the rag, in illustration,  
 He showed as needin' great purgation :



But when his nose he wad relieve,  
His thumbs gade thro' the Auld Sark Sleeve.

'Twas then laid doon whar 'twas before,  
But by mischance 'twas soon ca'd o'er.  
Meantime the sage precentor keepit  
His haffit on his hand an' sleepit :—  
When o'er his wig and face sae grave  
Fell flaffin' doon, the Auld Sark Sleeve.

A titter an' a laugh began,  
Whilk o'er the congregation ran.  
The worthy priest's gudewife surveyed  
Wi' rage, the sport the young anes made,  
An' fry'd an' wus'd the deil might have  
The giggers, an' the Auld Sark Sleeve.

But by his sermon sare impressed,  
He didna mind what round him past :  
His dreepin' nose rubbed on his laif,  
An' on his coat tails dight it aff ;  
While some, frae sport, began to grieve,  
To see him miss his Auld Sark Sleeve.

A crone sat near, wha pity thought  
The man o' God should want for ough ;  
She scrambled on her stool fu' big,  
An' trailed the clout aff Bangor's wig,  
An' on her pike-staff made to wave,  
Like tatter'd flag, the Auld Sark Sleeve.

Then rax'd it heegh aboon the pu'pit,  
To gar the earnest preacher note it.  
The folk nae langer could refrain,  
But burst out in a roarin' vein.  
The gude divine, like a' the laive,  
Observed it now—An Auld Sark Sleeve !