

## JOHNNY GRAHAM.



AIR—"My Daddie is a Cankered Carl."

The fisher a' the summer day, wi' wily art does try,  
 To tempt the trout frae out the burn, wi' worm or gaudy fly,  
 But he may fish the lee lang day, and what d'ye think, care I,  
 Oh! its all the same to Johnny Graham,—I've other fish to fry.  
     I've other fish to fry, aye, aye,  
     I've other fish to fry,  
 Oh! its all the same to Johnny Graham,  
     I've other fish to fry.

The sportsman toils thro' muirs and woods and fields baith wet and dry,  
 In search o' pheasants, hare or grouse, his brow new gun to try,  
 But he may bleeze the lee lang day, and what d'ye think, care I,  
 Oh! its all the same to Johnny Graham,—I've other game to fly.  
     I've other game to fly, aye, aye,  
     I've other game to fly,  
 Oh! its all the same to Johnny Graham,  
     I've other game to fly.

The gambler w<sup>it</sup> his cheating cards, his cunning trade does ply,  
 And tries the green ones to decoy, as a spider does a fly,  
 But he may play the lee lang day, and what dy'e think, care I,  
 Oh! its all the same to Johnny Graham,—I've another card to try.  
     I've another card to try, aye, aye,  
     Another card to try,  
 Oh! its all the same to Johnny Graham,  
     I've another card to try.

For there is my own Mary Jane, with smile so sweet and sly,  
 Oh! she's the fish, the game, the card, that I mean now to try,  
 I think o' her the lee lang day, and a' the night forbye,  
 And as sure's my name is Johnny Graham, to make her mine I'll try  
     To make her mine I'll try, aye, aye,  
     To make her mine I'll try,  
 For as sure's my name is Johnny Graham  
     Fond love beams in her eye.





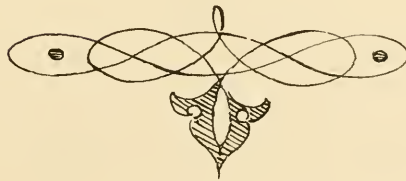
Rocking herself on her chair,  
 With her hands clasped over her knee,  
 A childless mother, with vacant eye,  
 Sees her little children three.  
     Her little children three,  
     As happy they used to be,  
         In the days, long, long gone by.

In the days, long, long gone by,  
     For forty years and more  
 Have passed away, since she heard last  
 Their footsteps on the floor.  
     Their footsteps on the floor,  
     Pattering now no more,  
         As in days, long, long gone past.

Rocking herself on her chair,  
 With her hands clasped over her heart,  
 The childless mother, with love lit eye,  
 Dreams she has again to part.  
     Dreams she has again to part,  
     And the same chill 's over her heart,  
     As in days, long, long gone by.

As in days, long, long gone by,  
 And she feels that stifling air  
 She felt when her youngest and last  
 Lay in its cradle there.  
     Lay in its cradle there,  
     While she watched in the same old chair.  
     In the days, long, long gone past.

In the days gone by and past,  
 Till rising up slow from her chair  
 She brings from her only treasured store,  
 Three golden locks of hair.  
     Three locks of golden hair,  
     Hair from three angels fair,  
     Fair as in days of yore.



*THE YACHTSMAN.*



AIR—“*The days we went a Gipsying.*”

Oh, I love the sailor's life, my boys, so boundless and so free,  
 For like a wild duck on the wing, we plough the dark blue sea ;  
 And when across the raging deep the stormy zephyrs blow,  
 We “hoist the capstan on the deck,” and “launch the starboard bow.”  
 We “hoist the capstan on the deck,” and “launch the starboard bow.”



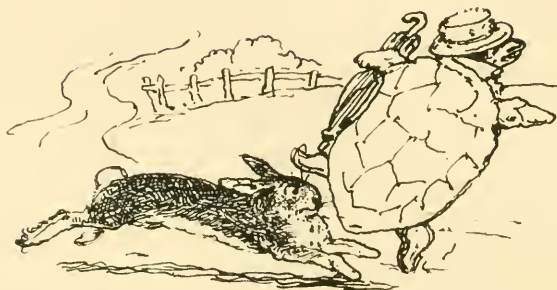
Oh, I love the sailor's life, my boys, for when it blows a breeze,  
 We “haul the taffrail hard a port,” and “slack the main cross-trees ;”  
 And when the “swelling shrouds” are filled, we scud across the sea,  
 And leave the “breakers” far behind, the “scuppers on our lee.”  
 And leave the “breakers” far behind, the “scuppers on our lee.”

Yes, I love the sailor's life, my boys, for when it blows a gale,  
 We "splice the main-sheet" to the "jib," and then "the rudder brail;"  
 And if a foeman dare to tread, before our gallant mast,  
 We "nail the bo'swain" to the "gaff," and cry, "hold hard, avast."  
 We "nail the bo'swain" to the "gaff," and cry, hold hard, avast.



The harbour's reached, in safety now, we're anchored to the pier,  
 So let all hands be piped aloft, the "binnacles" to steer;  
 And then we'll toast each bounding craft, that skips upon the sea,  
 For I love the sailor's life, my boys, so jovial and so free.  
 For I love the sailor's life, my boys, so jovial and so free.



*YE HARE AND YE TORTOISE—ANE FABLE.*

A Tortoise one day for an airing went out,  
 And jolly well pleased looked his face,  
 As he whistled a snatch of a merry old song,  
 Jogging on, at his usual pace.  
 Now this Tortoise was fat, and had grown very rich,  
 And he always wore gaiters and shoes ;  
 Yet respected he was, if people might judge,  
 By the nods and "how d'ye do's."

Well, it happened that day, that young Mr Hare,  
 Who was reckoned a bit of a spark ;  
 With two or three rabbits, young cousins of his,  
 Went out on the spree for a lark.  
 And as the old Tortoise came trudging along,  
 They thought he'd make capital game,  
 So young Hare, with a wink, cried out, "my old boy,  
 "Just pull up and tell us your name."

"Please don't, as you look in such very great haste,"  
 Shouted all the young rabbits in chorus ;  
 "But we'll bet ten to one, or whatever you'll take,  
 "You won't reach the village before us."  
 As he wished to get quit of such bothering coves,  
 And didn't care much for the tin,  
 He accepted the bet with each one of them there,  
 And took ten to one he would win.

So away they went off, kicked their heels in the air,  
 Such laughing, such joking, such fun,  
 When they thought that the Tortoise was so very green,  
 And had been so easily done.  
 But they hadn't gone far, when they came to an inn,  
 Says one, "What's the need of such haste,  
 "The old boy is slow, and I feel very dry,  
 "Who'll come in with me, just to taste."

So each one went in, and called for a pipe,  
 And a pint of their best bitter ale,  
 And they sat and they sang, and they smoked and they laughed,  
 And each told a wonderful tale.  
 They completely forgot they were running a race,  
 But at last they remembered the bet,  
 Each jumped to his feet, and sprang to the door,  
 As perchance he might win even yet.




But it proved though the ale they'd been drinking was weak,  
They'd been coming it pretty strong,  
For each felt when they measured their length on the road,  
They'd reckoned the distance all wrong.  
And they found, as the Tortoise walked over the course,  
That of course the wager he'd won,  
So they thought as they shelled out the money to him,  
They had paid pretty salt for their fun.



## OH HOW I'VE LONGED FOR THEE.

AIR—"The Lone Vale."



Oh how I've thought of thee, longed for thee, dearest,  
 Pined to be near thee, beside thee once more ;  
 Oh how I've wearied, thine eye to see, dearest,  
 Beaming with joy as in bright days of yore,  
     When by the mountain rills,  
     When o'er the heathery hills  
 Roaming, we wandered, while no one was nigh,  
 When in the wildwood oft  
 (Dream of my childhood oft)  
 Love told a tale, in thy dark glancing eye.

Oh how I've longed for thee, waiting and weary,  
 Yearned from the depths of my sad breaking heart,  
 Oh how I've pined for thee, life has been dreary,  
 Sad, sad and lonely since e'er we did part.  
     Oh to be near thee now,  
     Kindly to cheer thee now,  
 Lest aught of danger to thee should come nigh,  
 Happy defending thee,  
 Guarding and tending thee,  
 Loving I'd live for thee, loving I'd die.

*"THE STANDARD OF BRITAIN."*



High in the heavens our standard is flying,  
 Upraised by the arms of the free and the brave ;  
 Ever triumphant, the wide world defying,  
 The standard of Britain, still proudly shall wave.  
 Gay in prosperity's breeze it has fluttered,  
 Unmoved it has weathered adversity's blast,  
 For deep is the oath each Briton has uttered,  
 "The flag of our country, we've nailed to the mast."

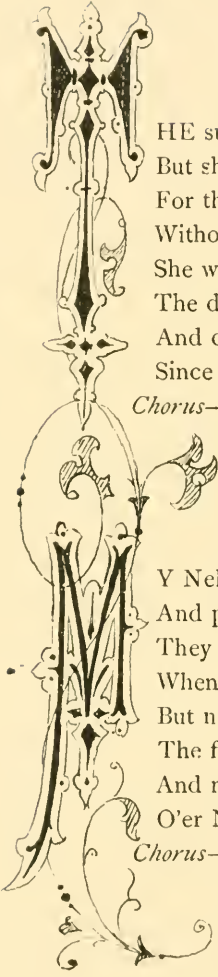
Bravely our fathers have won us our station,  
 A station the foremost in glories renowned,  
 Raising on high o'er each country and nation  
 'The standard of Britain where e'er it is found.  
 There they have kept it, and there it has fluttered,  
 Despite of our foemen, for centuries past ;  
 For deep is the oath each Briton has uttered,  
 "The flag of our country, we've nailed to the mast."

Keep then as heroes, from heroes descended,  
The greatest of treasures yet left in this world,  
And swear, by the homes our fathers defended,  
The standard of Britain shall never be furled.  
High let it wave then, and long let it flutter,  
Untarnished, unstained, as in ages gone past ;  
For deep is the oath each Briton shall utter,  
“The flag of our country, we'll nail to the mast.”



## NELLY LEIGH.

AIR—"Nelly Leigh."

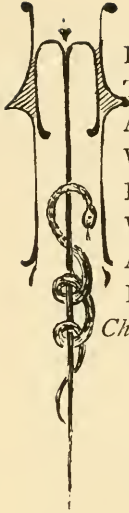


HE sun shines warm on ev'ry one,  
 But shines no more for me,  
 For the brightest day is dark as night,  
 Without my Nelly Leigh.  
 She was my only light and love,  
 The day star of my heart,  
 And dark, dark is the world to me,  
 Since ever we did part.

*Chorus*—Oh, the sun shines warm on ev'ry one,  
 But shines no more for me,  
 For the brightest day is dark as night,  
 Without my Nelly Leigh.

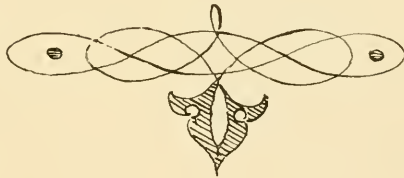
Y Nelly loved the tender flowers,  
 And prettier was than they,  
 They knew that, for they bent their heads,  
 When e'er she pass'd that way.  
 But now where Nelly lies asleep,  
 The flowers beside her wave,  
 And night and day their watch they keep  
 O'er Nelly's lonely grave.

*Chorus*—Oh, the sun shines warm on ev'ry one,  
 But shines no more for me,  
 For the brightest day is dark as night,  
 Without my Nelly Leigh.



HE moon is now upon the wane,  
 The stars begin to fade,  
 And cast a farewell o'er the dell,  
 Where my dear Nelly's laid.  
 But e'er the morning light has shone,  
 With her again I'll be,  
 And never, never more shall part  
 From my own Nelly Leigh.

*Chorus*—Oh, the sun shines warm on ev'ry one,  
 But shines no more for me,  
 For the brightest day is dark as night,  
 Without my Nelly Leigh.



*I CANNA LEAVE MY MITHER YET.*

AIR—"I'm o'er young to marry yet."

Oh Lizzie, lass, I've loed ye lang,  
 And constant I hae been to thee,  
 Sae tell me, lassie, will ye gang  
 Amang the heathery hills o' Dee.  
 I canna gang, I winna gang,  
 I manna leave my mither yet,  
 For nane can loe her like mysel,  
 My ain kindhearted mither yet.

I'll hap ye in my Hieland plaid,  
 And keep the wintry cauld frae thee,  
 Nae ill can harm thee, dearest maid,  
 Among the heathery hills o' Dee.  
 I canna gang, I winna gang, etc.

Ye'll wander o'er the ferny knowes,  
 And herd the wee bit lambs wi' me,  
 And pu' the blae that hidden grows  
 Among the heathery hills o' Dee.  
 I canna gang, I winna gang, etc.

Noo, Lizzie, dry your fa'in' tears,  
 Your mither kind will gang wi' thee,  
 We baith will tend her fadin' years,  
 Among the heathery hills o' Dee.  
 Gin I maun gang, I e'en maun gang,  
 An' we shall live thegither yet,  
 For nane can loe her like myself,  
 My auld kindhearted mither yet.





## DE HAN'SOME NIGGERS.

AIR—"De Han'some Niggers."

Dis am de han'some nigger,  
 And 'sidered quite de swell,  
 De gals dey all in lub wid him,  
 Him knows dat bery well.

*Cho-* *rus*—Yes, it am Sam,

No, it am Joe,

No, it am Jim,

No, it am Cæsar,

Dat am de han'some nigger,

Dat am de han'some nigger,

Dat am de han'some nigger.

And 'sidered quite de swell.



Dis am de han'some nigger,  
 Hab wool so bery fine,  
 Dat from de wing ob de ole crow

Him take out all de shine.

*Chorus*—No, it am Sam,

Yes, it am Joe,

No, it am Jim,

No, it am Cæsar,

Dat am de han'some nigger,

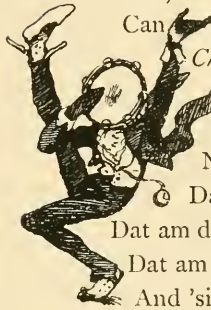
Dat am de han'some nigger,

Dat am de han'some nigger,

And 'sidered quite de swell.



Dis am de han'some nigger,  
 Hab bery tender heart,  
 Dat neber, till new lub him got,  
 Can't wid the ole one part.



*Chorus*—No, it am Sam,

No, it am Joe,

Yes, it am Jim,

No, it am Cæsar,

Dat am de han'some nigger,

Dat am de han'some nigger,

Dat am de han'some nigger,

And 'sidered quite de swell.

Dis am de han'some nigger,  
 Him true bred in de stock,  
 And hab a voice so bery sweet,  
 Like de female turkey cock.



*Chorus*—No, it am Sam,

No, it am Joe,

No, it am Jim,

Yes, it am Cæsar,

Dat am de han'some nigger,

Dat am de han'some nigger,

Dat am de han'some nigger,

And 'sidered quite de swell.

*Grand Chorus*—We all de han'some niggers, etc.



## MY FIRST MATCH.

AIR—"The Laird o' Cockpen."

The morn it is bricht, the sky it is clear,  
 The frost's sure to haud, the thaw is na' here,  
 Come awa wi' your brooms, your crampits and stanes,  
 "Haud fair and foot sure," else tak' care o' your banes.

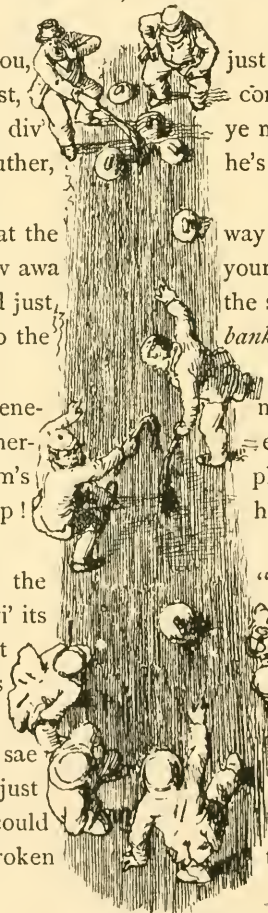
Now lads, I maun tell you, just dae as you're bid,  
 Sae Tam, as you're first, come gie's a *pat lid*,  
 Na! na! dinna soop, for div' ye no see,  
 He's ower muckle pouther, he's far past the *tee*.

Now Tam, ye maun look at the way your shot's gane,  
 And be sure no to throw awa your next stane,  
 Gude guid us! he's played just, the same as afore,  
 He's awa past the tee to the *bank wi' a roar*.

Now "Laird," here's the ene- my's stane on the *tee*,  
 I'd like you to count wher- ever ye be,  
 Be sure no to play as Tam's played afore,  
 Soop him up! soop him up! he's no ower the *score*.

Next, afore I could gie the "Laird" an advice,  
 He threw up his stane, wi' its side on the ice;  
 Tak' care o' your legs, let us see where he'll lie,  
 Od, Laird! man that's gude, you're nearly *tee high*.

Now Jock, ye can play, sae we've naething to fear,  
 I'd like ye to lay me just down a guard here.  
 Hoot's! as plain 's I could speak, I tell't ye to guard,  
 But losh, man! ye've broken the back o' the "Laird."

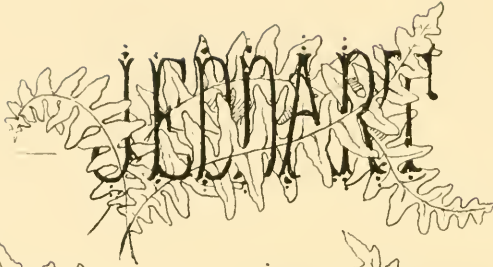


Now tak' ye tent man, when ye next play again,  
 I'd like ye to tak' the inwick o' this stane ;  
 Faith, "man ye are like," but the *bias* I doubt,  
 Leads ye aff, sae ye've taen no the *in* but the *out*.

My turn cam' the next, I determined to win,  
 We cared na for muckle, we just wanted ane,  
 My stane struck my *cute* (altho' I was skip),  
 I fell on the ice, and disloket my hip.

I was awfu' dumfounder'd, and man I was sick,  
 The doctor attended me mony a week,  
 I aft wished the stanes and the broom to the deil,  
 And me, gin I tried another *bonspeil*.






JOCKY




M

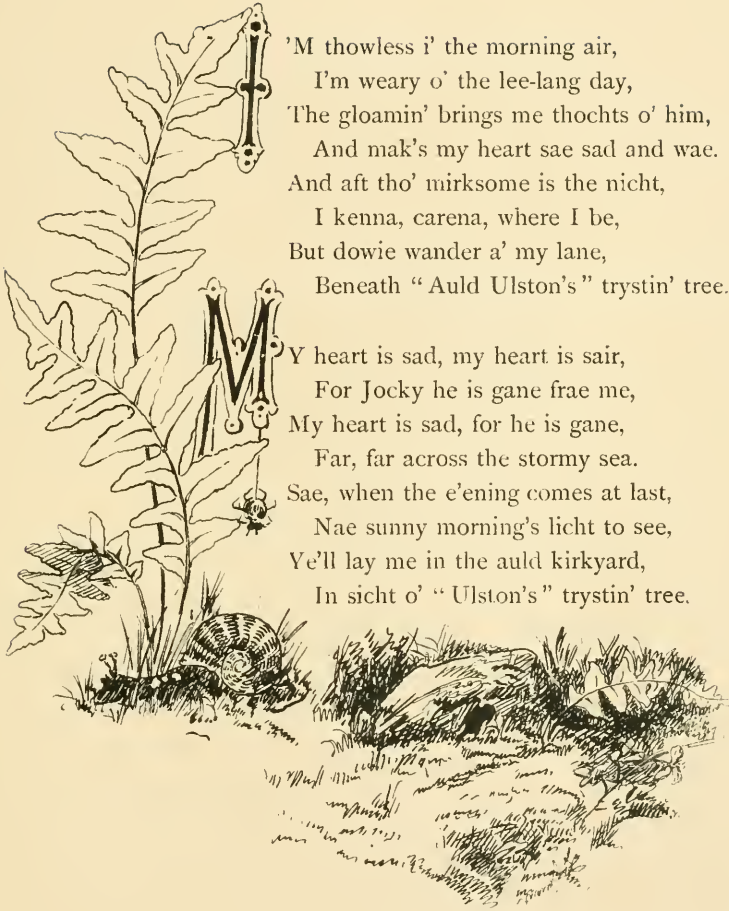
A BORDER BALLAD.



Y heart is sad, my heart is sair,  
 For Jocky he has gane frae me,  
 My heart is sad, for he has gane,  
 Far, far across the stormy sea.  
 Yet I can never once forget  
 The words he spake sae kind to me,  
 When in the gloamin' last we met,  
 Beneath "Auld Ulston's" trystin' tree.



Y faither and my mither baith  
 Forget their young and happy days,  
 When, tho' forbidden, aft they met,  
 On bonny "Hartrigg's" ferny braes.  
 And blame me sair for a' the love,  
 That fondly trusting I did gie,  
 But sacred aye I'll keep my troth,  
 Beneath "Auld Ulston's" trystin' tree.



'M thowless i' the morning air,  
 I'm weary o' the lee-lang day,  
 The gloamin' brings me thochts o' him,  
 And mak's my heart sae sad and wae.  
 And aft tho' mirksome is the nicht,  
 I kenna, carena, where I be,  
 But dowie wander a' my lane,  
 Beneath "Auld Ulston's" trystin' tree.

My heart is sad, my heart is sair,  
 For Jocky he is gane frae me,  
 My heart is sad, for he is gane,  
 Far, far across the stormy sea.  
 Sae, when the e'ening comes at last,  
 Nae sunny morning's licht to see,  
 Ye'll lay me in the auld kirkyard,  
 In sicht o' "Ulston's" trystin' tree.

## WHISKY OH!



AIR—"Neil Gow's Farewell."

'Thae folk wha speak in praise o' wine,  
 Say that it is a drink divine,  
 But, losh man! its no half as fine  
 As gude auld Hielant whisky oh!

*Chorus*—Whisky oh! whisky oh!  
 Gude auld Hielant whisky oh!  
 I dinna think, there is a drink,  
 Can match wi' Hielant whisky oh!

And thae wha speak in praise o' beer,  
 Say it's the thing the soul to cheer,  
 But, by my troth, it is the mer-  
 est trash, compared wi' whisky oh!

*Chorus*—Whisky oh! whisky oh!  
 Gude auld Hielant whisky oh!  
 I dinna think, there is a drink,  
 Can match wi' Hielant whisky oh!

Noo, ither drinks are praised by some—  
 There's brandy, gin, auld Tam, and rum,  
 But fient a ane's worth the crack o' my thumb,  
 Compared wi' Hielant whisky oh !

*Chorus*—Whisky oh ! whisky oh !

Gude auld Hielant whisky oh !  
 I dinna think, there is a drink,  
 Can match wi' Hielant whisky oh !

For naething, lads, the time can pass,  
 Like a cosie crack wi' a cheerie lass ;  
 A weel gaun pipe, forbye a glass  
 Or twa o' Hielant whisky oh !

*Chorus*—Whisky oh ! whisky oh !

Gude auld Hielant whisky oh !  
 I dinna think, there is a drink,  
 Can beat auld Hielant whisky oh !





*TA MICMACINTOSHACH.*



AIR—" *The wee wee Man.*"

Ta great MicMacIntoshach stoot,  
 Wanst at his cast-ell toor, O,  
 And there he sawt a sicht he viewt,  
 He never sawt afore, O.

He, he, he, ha, ha, ha, ha.

MicMacIntoshach got a fricht,  
 And nearly rant and flewt, O,  
 To saw pefore him on that nicht,  
 Six feet of Cam-ell pluid, O.

He, he, he, ha, ha, ha, ha.

MicMacIntoshach swore "Gow mach,  
 Or else your head, I'll proke, O,"  
 'Ta Cam-ell man said, wi' a lauch,  
 "And did your nainsell spoke, O."  
 He, he, he, ha, ha, ha, ha.

MicMacIntoshach cried out, "Drew  
 You big large Cam-ell dog, O,"  
 Syne pull-it out his skean dhu,  
 And givt him a awful prog, 'O.  
 He, he, he, ha, ha, ha, ha.

'Ta Cam-ell man he'll fällt down dead.  
 And then he'll givt a groan, O,  
 He'll never spokt, and all he'll said,  
 Was "ach, ech, ich, och hone, O."  
 He, he, he, ha, ha, ha, ha.

MicMacIntoshach teuk a sneesh,  
 And drawt it up his nose, O,  
 Syne teuk a next, and cried, "Och meish,  
 So parish all my foes, O."  
 He, he, he, ha, ha, ha, ha.

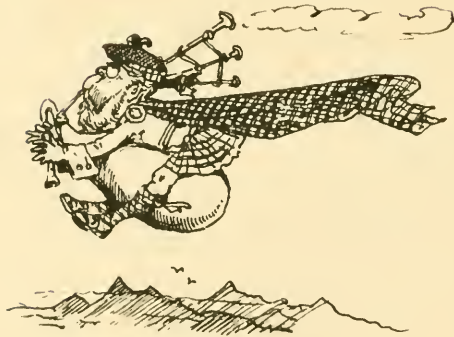
MicMacIntoshach pipers sawt,  
 'Ta carnage from ta first, O,  
 Wi' joy sae loud ta pipes did blawt,  
 Themselfs and bags was burst, O.  
 He, he, he, ha, ha, ha, ha.

'Ta great MicMacIntoshach bold,  
In rage at large did swore, O,  
Syne teuk a drink of water cold,  
And fallt dead on the floor, O.

He, he, he, ha, ha, ha, ha.

MORAL.

MicMacIntoshach's story shews,  
A man should stick galore, O,  
Ta whisky and ta Athol prose,  
And drink water never more, O.



## JOCK TAMSON.



AIR—*John Grumlie.*

John Tamson was a souter gude  
 As ever waxed an end ;  
 And folk frae a' the country side  
 Brought him their shoon to mend  
 For John he was a canty carle  
 That worked frae break o' day,  
 And liked fu' weel to hae a crack.  
 Syne bored and chapt away.  
 Singing, fal de ral al, etc.

Ae day the curlin' keen began,  
 He thocht he'd like to gang ;  
 "Gude wife," quo John, "rax me my broom,  
 " I'll nò be very lang."  
 But John he wasna hame till nicht,  
 Sae keen was he on play ;  
 "Gude wife," quo John, " its awfu' fine,  
 " I'll gang the morn tae."  
 Singing, fal de ral al, etc.

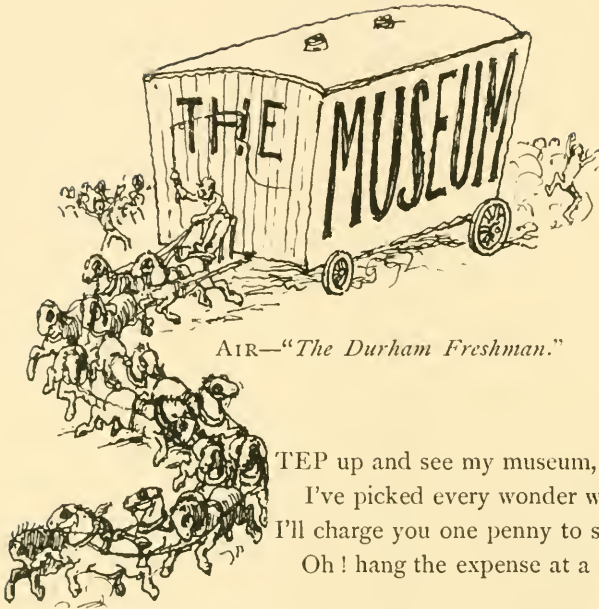
Now John, next morning, kept his word,  
 The first time in his life,  
 And sune forgot his trysted wark,  
 His bairnies and his wife.  
 And aye he played and better played  
 Ilk day for mony a week,  
 And a' the while ne'er chapt a nail,  
 Nor yet put in a steek.  
 Singing, fal de ral al, etc.

Ae day he rose up early  
 And played frae morning licht,  
 And neither bite nor sup he took  
 Till he cam hame at nicht.  
 Sae John he looket in the pat,  
 For a hungry man was he,  
 "What kind o' kale are thae," quo John,  
 "They're unca thin i' the bree."  
 Singing, fal de ral al, etc.

“Nae doubt,” quo Jean, “the kale are thin,  
 “There’s neither beef nor banes ;  
 “And ye can sup as best ye can  
 “On bree frae Curlin’ stanes,  
 “And ye may learn that while ye play  
 “Your bread ye dinna win ;  
 “For tho’ there’s plenty ga’in out,  
 “There’s naething coming in.”  
 Singing, fal de ral al, etc.

John stood amazed, syne loudly swore,  
 For an angry man was he ;  
 “Gude wife,” quo John, “as sure as death  
 “This day you’ll dearly dree ;”  
 But better thochts cam’ in his head,  
 As supperless he lay,  
 Sae he rose up and took his wark,  
 Syne bored and chapt away.  
 Singing, fal de ral al, etc.





AIR—"The Durham Freshman."

TEP up and see my museum,  
 I've pick'd every wonder with care,  
 I'll charge you one penny to see 'em ;  
 Oh ! hang the expense at a fair.

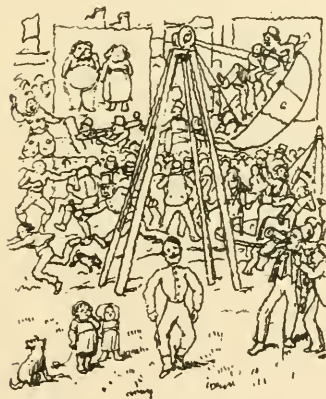
From *Russia* it was the *steps* came, sir ;  
 The *tiles* from an *old Hatter's stall* ;  
 The *stones* from the *Temple of Fame*, sir,  
 The *bricks* from the *Hole i' the wall*.

On the *hinges of Friendship* the *doors*, sir,  
 Without any jarring hang well ;  
 And the *locks* from *canals* by the *scores*, sir,  
 Fly back at the sound of a *bell*.

A *cove* fresh from *Cork* just imported,  
 As you enter, will take all the *tin* ;  
 And a *swell* on the *ocean* that's sported  
 The *tickets of leave* to get in.

The *quick march of Intellect's* played, sir,  
 On the *Trumpets of Fame* as you hear ;  
 And the *singers* in chorus have made, sir,  
 A *stave* from a *barrel of beer*.

And now look behind and before, sir,  
 Overhead, to the left and the right ;  
 There are things from the roof to the floor, sir,  
 But I can't show you many to-night.



Here the *Horns of Dilemma* I've placed, sir,  
 With *Pictures of Grief* round the Hall ;  
 And the *Models of Fashion and Grace*, sir,  
 In niches are set in the wall.

There is *hair* from the *head* of a fountain,  
 From the *head* of a barrel and stick ;  
 There's a *corn* from the *foot* of a mountain,  
 'Twould take you a twelvemonth to pick.



There are *teeth* from the *mouth* of a river,  
 And also of *Crabb's tales* a part ;  
 But although I haven't the *liver*,  
 From a tree there's a bit of the *heart*.

There's the *cloak* that *Hypocrisy's* worn, sir,  
 And a *tissue* of *falsehoods* all right ;  
 There's the *fabric* of *truth* rather torn, sir,  
 And an oid *sable mantle* of night.



There's the *hands* of *old Time* and his feet, sir,  
 From the *finger* of *scorn* there's a claw ;  
 There's likewise the *heart* of *deceit*, sir,  
 And a *toe* from a *limb* of the *law*.

From the *Garden* of *Beauty* a chair, sir,  
 From the *Handbook* of *Nature* some *leaves* ;  
 An *egg* from the *nest* of a *mare*, sir,  
 And two from the *nest* of some *thieves*.

There's the tip of the *tongue* of *false Scandal*,  
 And also the *eyes* of *distrust* ;  
 For *screwing up* *courage* the *handle*,  
 And *fetters* that *Love's* often burst.

From an *old laughing stock* there's a *buckle* ;  
 From the *wheel of misfortune* a *dog* ;  
 Here's a *Colt* that its mother can't suckle ;  
 And some *bark* taken fresh from a *dog*.

Lying close to the *balance of power*, sir,  
 The *scales* too of *Justice* you'll find ;  
 And the *seconds* that lengthen the *hour*, sir,  
 Will shew you the *index of mind*.



Now tingle the bell for the waiter,  
 For I see it's refreshment you lack,  
 He'll bring you a *drop of the crater*,  
 And a *drop from "all's well"* in a *crack*.

If you ask him to bring you a *fork*, sir,  
 From a *river* he'll bring it to view ;  
 Don't ask him to pull out that cork, sir,  
 For he may take you for a *screw*.

Of a *headland*, he'll bring you the *neck*, sir,  
 Or *quarter of globe*, but no more,  
 As sometimes a nice *little check*, sir,  
 Is rather too *large* in the *score*.



He has lots of the *cream of good nature*,  
 And some of the *milk* in a can ;  
 And tho' he's been always a *waiter*,  
 He's a regular *go ahead* man.

And now if for *rest* you've a notion,  
 And nice cosey *blankets* would find,  
 You can sleep in the *bed* of the *ocean*,  
 When you have three *sheets* in the wind.

Now I hope you are pleased with the way, sir,  
 I've taken my *steps*, for your *stare* ;  
 And trust that you always will say, sir,  
 My *fare* is quite *fair* at a *fair*.

Just tell me you havn't been cheated,  
 And are all of you charmed at the sight ;  
 And this Programme will soon be repeated,  
 As it seems to have *taken* to-night.



## "L I F E."

The moonbeams brightly glancing,  
 And sparkling o'er the sea,  
 On rippling waves are dancing  
 And smiling as in glee.  
 So childhood in the lightness  
 Of innocence and joy,  
 Sees everything in brightness,  
 Is charmed with every toy.



And now the clouds are shading  
 The bright moon in the sky ;  
 Its beams so softly fading,  
 In dark'ning shadows die.  
 Even so the glow of gladness  
 May pass from out the heart,  
 And hours of pain and sadness  
 A gloom to life impart.

But when the dawn appearing,  
 Gives light where dusk had been ;  
 The morn with bright ray cheering,  
 Enlivens all the scene.  
 So Love with Hope entwining,  
 Will lighten every fear,  
 And Faith like noonday shining,  
 Our Heavenward path will cheer.

"THE JOLLY LOT."



AIR—"Tramp, tramp," etc.

Whene'er a jolly lot,  
 Together may have got,  
 And the hours "ayont the twal," they would prolong,  
 There's nothing that I know,  
 Can make "the pace" to go,  
 Like a glass or two of toddy, and a song.

*Chorus*—So drink, boys, drink, and let's be joyful,  
 Sing, boys, sing, and let's be glad,  
 For he that drinks should sing,  
 So we'll make the rafters ring,

And we'll echo loud the chorus now like mad.

2d *Chorus*—Fal lal al de dal de dal dal, etc.

'Tis then that mirth and fun,  
 And joke and witty pun,  
 In their glory always come it fast and strong,  
 While the merry tale and jest,  
 Ever seem to be the best,  
 O'er a glass or two of toddy, and a song.

*Chorus*—So drink, boys, drink, and let's be joyful, etc.

2d *Chorus*—Fal lal al de dal, etc.

And we find that friendship dear,  
 The Brotherhood sincere  
 Of hearts that never would each other wrong,  
 In closer bonds are knit,  
 When for a night we sit,  
 O'er a glass or two of toddy, and a song.  
*Chorus*—So drink, boys, drink, and let's be joyful, etc.  
 2d *Chorus*—Fal lal al de dal, etc.

So whenever you have met  
 With a jovial, jolly set,  
 And the hours "ayont the twal," you would prolong,  
 You will find it is the case,  
 You can go a slapping pace,  
 With a glass or two of toddy, and a song.  
*Chorus*—So drink, boys, drink, and let's be joyful, etc.  
 2d *Chorus*—Fal lal al de dal, etc.

And now before we part,  
 I would wish with all my heart,  
 That you and all who unto us belong,  
 May always have a friend,  
 Who a jolly night can spend,  
 O'er a glass or two of toddy, and a song.  
*Chorus*—So drink, boys, drink, and let's be joyful, etc.  
 2d *Chorus*—Fal lal al de dal, etc.

## THE GREAT MAY HÆ THEIR PALACES.



**T**HE great may hae their palaces,  
 Their castles fair and lordly ha's,  
 But love and peace can dwell as well  
 Within the lowly cottage wa's.  
 Aye mony an ingle-side shines bricht  
 When lichted wi's love's lowin' flame ;

“IT IS NA AYE Y<sup>e</sup> BIGGEST HOUSE  
 QVHILK EVER HAS Y<sup>e</sup> MAIST O' HAME”



**T**HE rich may deck themsels fu' braw  
 Wi' silks and satins rich and rare ;  
 Yet grandeur often gets a fa'  
 And brings to folk baith dool and care.  
 Aye mony a poor man needna wish  
 To change, and tak' a rich man's part,

“IT IS NA AYE Y<sup>e</sup> RICHEST DRESS  
 QVHILK EVER HIDES Y<sup>e</sup> HAPPIEST HEART”



**B**AE when contented wi' his lot,  
 And kindly love that's a' his ain,  
 Man's far abune a' worldly pelf,  
 And better than wi' worldly gain,  
 For while his heart is free frae care,  
 The ills o' life he doesna fear ;

“IT IS NA AYE YE RICHEST MAN  
 QUHILK EVER HAS YE MAIST O' CARE.”





## THE CURLER'S GRIP.



AIR—"Auld Langsyne."

Losh man ! I'm glad to see yoursel,  
 I'm glad to meet a freen' ;  
 But man, the pleasure's greater still  
 When he's a curler keen.  
     Sae gie's the curler's grip, my freen',  
     Sae gie's the curler's grip,  
 Losh man ! I'm glad to see yoursel,  
     Sae gie's the curler's grip.

We've played thegither mony a time,  
 Around the curlin' tee,  
 I've sooped ye aften up the ice,  
 You've dune the same to me.  
     Sae gie's the curler's grip, my freen',  
     Sae gie's the curler's grip,  
 Losh man ! I'm glad to see yoursel,  
     Sae gie's the curler's grip.

Man ! when I feel a grip like that,  
 I'm unca sweir'd to part ;  
 The blood rins din'lin' up my arm  
 An' warms my very heart.  
     Sae gie's the curler's grip, my freen',  
     Sae gie's the curler's grip,  
     Losh man ! I'm glad to see yoursel,  
     Sae gie's the curler's grip.

But as the nicht is gye weel thro',  
 Let's hae anither "nip,"  
 An' drink success to ilka ane  
 That kens the curler's grip.  
     Sae gie's the curler's grip, my freen',  
     Sae gie's the curler's grip,  
     Losh man ! I'm glad to see yoursel,  
     Sae gie's the curler's grip.



## OUR HIELANDMEN.



AIR—“*A Highland Lad my Love was Born.*”

Whae daurs to say our Hielandmen,  
 Frae haugh and hill, frae strath and glen,  
 Are no as brave as when of yore  
 They fought wi' targe and braid claymore ;  
 Whae daurs to say our Hieland bluid,  
 Is no as pure, is no as gude,  
 As when the clans wi' swòrd and shield,  
 Were foremost in the battle field.

*Chorus*—Sing hech, sing how, our Hielandmen,  
 Our gallant, brave, brow Hielandmen,  
 We'll mak' them welcome hame again,  
 Sir Colin and his Hielandmen.

'Twas nae degen'rate bluid I ween  
 That first on Alma's bank was seen,  
 When Colin wi' his men in front,  
 Sae bravely bore the battle's brunt.  
 Nae braver deed was dune that day,  
 At Balaclava's bluidy fray,  
 Than when the Russian horse did feel,  
 The "thin red line that's tipt wi' steel."

*Chorus*—Sing hech, sing how, our Hielandmen,  
 Our gallant, brave, braw Hielandmen,  
 We'll mak' them welcome hame again,  
 Sir Colin and his Hielandmen.

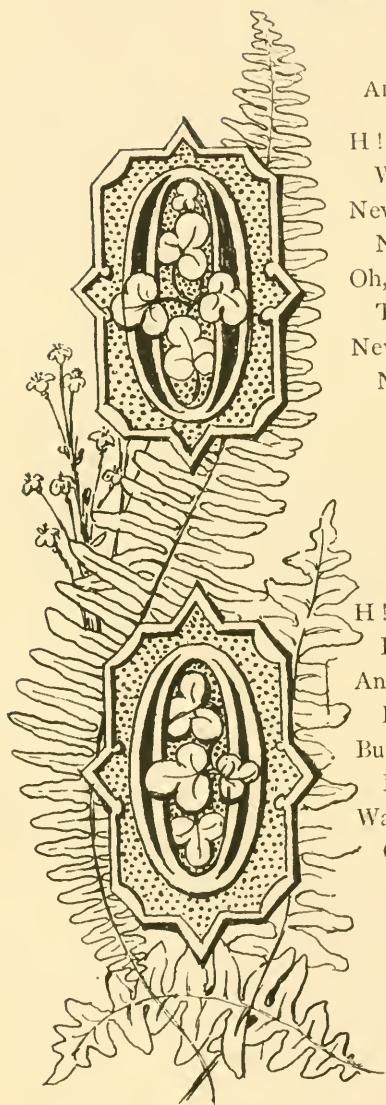
And now, 'neath India's burning sun,  
 Words fail to tell the deeds they've done,  
 Yet in the charge and daring burst,  
 The "Hieland bonnets" are the first.  
 God speed our gallant Hielandmen,  
 Our gallant, kilted Hielandmen,  
 Whae highest in the roll o' fame,  
 Hae raised auld Scotland's honour'd name.

*Chorus*—Sing hech, sing how, our Hielandmen,  
 Our gallant, brave, braw Hielandmen,  
 We'll mak' them welcome hame again,  
*Three cheers for Colin and his men.*



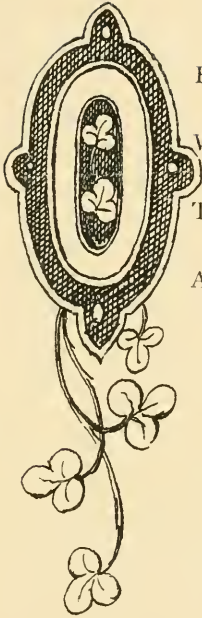
*I'M WEARY, WEARY WAITING.*

AIR—'The wearing of the Green.'

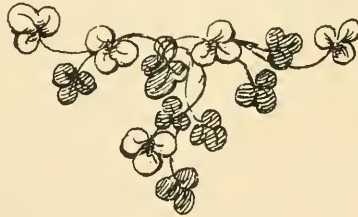


H! I'm weary, weary waiting,  
 Waiting for thee to come home,  
 Never more from me to wander,  
 Never more from me to roam.  
 Oh, to bring thee back in safety  
 To my lonely aching heart,  
 Never more from thee to sever,  
 Never more from thee to part.  
 But I'm weary, weary waiting,  
 Waiting for thee to come home,  
 Never more from me to wander,  
 Never more from me to roam.

H! I'm weary, weary waiting,  
 Days have seemed to me as years;  
 And those years had been a lifetime,  
 Had I doubting thoughts or fears.  
 But my heart is ever hopeful,  
 Hopeful trusting for the best,  
 Watching for thy safe returning,  
 Close to clasp thee to my breast.  
 But I'm weary, weary waiting,  
 Waiting for thee to come home,  
 Never more from me to wander,  
 Never more from me to roam.



H! I'm weary, weary waiting,  
 Waiting for those happy days,  
 When thou'lt be for ever near me,  
 When thou'lt be with me always.  
 Then I'll bid thee love's fond welcome,  
 Love's fond welcome to my heart,  
 And we never more shall sever,  
 Never, never more shall part.  
 But I'm weary, weary waiting,  
 Waiting for thee to come home,  
 Never more from me to wander,  
 Never more from me to roam.



Y<sup>E</sup> FOX AND Y<sup>E</sup> CROW.

AN E FABLE.



ONCE on a time," as old wives say,  
 It happened that a crow  
 For grub had scratched a summer day,  
 But found it was no go.

So coming back quite in the huff,  
 He passed a cottage door,  
 And saw a piece of cheese, enough  
 To serve some three or four.

He thought if stolen bread was good,  
 'Twould be the same with cheese,  
 So stole it ; and as quick's he could  
 He flew among the trees.

Now so it chanced, upon that day,  
 A fox, a cunning dog,  
 Lazy and listless, there he lay  
 Full length upon a log.

And when he saw the crow alight  
 O'er head, upon an oak,  
 He wished so much to have a bite,  
 That cunningly he spoke.

"Why, goodness gracious, mercy me,  
 I really, 'pon my word,  
 Ne'er thought that I should ever see,  
 So beautiful a bird !

With plumage glossy black, and clear,  
 Just like the raven's wing,  
 Oh, I should wish so much to hear,  
 This beauteous creature sing !”

The crow, delighted with this praise,  
 Said, “ Really I don't know  
 A single tune that I could raise,  
 I'm hoarse as any crow.”

“ Well, I'm so sorry,” said the fox,  
 “ It is the case I fear,  
 But in my pocket I've a box  
 Of Locock Wafers here.

They're very good for cough or cold,  
 For asthma, hoarseness too,  
 Excuse me, sir, for being bold,  
 But just try one or two.”

The crow scarce touched one with his claws,  
 Ere he began a song,  
 The cheese fell to the Fox's jaws,  
 But there it wasn't long.

For o'er his throat it quickly went,  
 Without e'er saying grace,  
 Then off he set for home, content-  
 ment beaming in his face.



The crow now having twigged his loss,  
Sat on the twig displeased,  
Then gave his stupid head a toss.  
And said, "I'm fairly cheesed.

Still I've a comfort I can tell,  
And so my mind's at ease,  
I can't have a got a mighty sell,  
When it's just skim milk cheese."

And I will say, the rascal might  
Be punished for the theft,  
For to that cheese he had no right  
Unless it had been left.



## THE ANGEL SAYS "COME."

**S**HE sat by the side of her loved one then lying  
 On his death-bed dying,  
 Still keeping unwearied,  
 Her love watches dreary,  
 When she *heard* in low whispers his voice softly sighing,  
 "The angel says, come."

**S**HE saw that the smile o'er his thin lips then straying,  
 For the last time was playing,  
 Yet no useless regretting,  
 No chiding, no fretting,  
 Dimmed the love in her eyes that still bid him be staying,  
 For the angel said, "come."

**S**HE, the love in her eyes from her full heart o'erflowing,  
 Like watchfire was glowing,  
 Yet the mourner, no weeper,  
 Watched o'er the death sleeper,  
 And no dewdrops of grief o'er her wan cheeks were showing,  
 When the angel said, "come."

**F**OR she grudged not the flower, though lone and forsaken,  
 The Giver had taken,  
 Nor lone watchings dreary,  
 Nor dreary nights weary,  
 As she *felt* that her faith in His love was unshaken,  
 Though the angel said, "come."

## OUR AULD PUNCH BOWL.



AIR—"The Bottom o' the Punch Bowl."

Come now my boys, and 'midst our joys  
 Let's sing in praise o' our Punch Bowl,  
 And wi' gude will, our glasses fill,  
 To drink "gude luck" to our Punch Bowl.

Its no sae famed because it's braw,  
 For it's no gowd nor siller gilt,  
 But it's just for we ken fu' weel,  
 There's aye a gude brewst brewed intil't.

*Chorus*—Sae come my boys, and 'midst our joys  
 Let's sing in praise o' our Punch Bowl,  
 And wi' gude will, our glasses fill,  
 To drink "gude luck" to our Punch Bowl.

Ilk brewst is brewed wi' meikle care,  
 Ilk brewst is brewed wi unco skill,  
 There's ne'er a headache intilt' a',  
 Just come and pree it, gin ye will,  
*Chorus*—Sae come my boys, etc.

An' when we meet, we fill it fu',  
 And toom it tae,—at least we try,  
 But aye we mak anither eke,  
 And never see the bottom dry.  
*Chorus*—Sae come my boys, etc.

It joins us a' in friendship's bonds,  
 An' mak's us brithers ane and a',  
 It mak's us tae, wi kindly heart,  
 To think o' them that's far awa.  
*Chorus*—Sae come my boys, etc.

We needna care for jealous looks,  
 Nor yet for envy's scorn or scowl,  
 When freen's sincere, frae far and near,  
 Fu' canty meet round our Punch Bowl.  
*Chorus*—Sae come my boys, and 'midst our joys,  
 Let's drink "gude luck" to our Punch Bowl,  
 To thee and thine, to me and mine,  
 And ilk ane round our auld Punch Bowl.

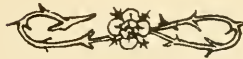


*WHEN SUMMER SUNS ARE DYING.*

AIR—“*When Summer Suns.*”

When summer suns are dying,  
 And fading in the west,  
 When ev'ning winds are sighing,  
 And wooing all to rest ;  
 E'er yet the moonbeams glancing  
 Steal lightly o'er the sea,  
 To kiss the wavelets dancing,  
 And smiling in their glee.  
 When all is still  
 O'er heath and hill,  
 'Tis thus I sing to thee,  
 Oh, rest thee lady, sleep, love,  
 While angels hov'ring near  
 Their guardian watches keep, love,  
 Around thee, lady dear ;  
 Their guardian watches keep, love.  
 Around thee, lady dear.

Yes, when the day is blending,  
And mingling with the night,  
Each fading ray then lending  
Enchantment with its light.  
Ere yet the bright stars shining  
Dispel the 'witching power  
Of ev'ning shades entwining,  
In twilight's lovely hour.  
When all is still  
O'er heath and hill,  
'Tis thus I sing to thee,  
Oh, rest thee lady, sleep, love,  
While angels hov'ring near,  
Their guardian watches keep, love,  
Around thee, lady dear ;  
Their guardian watches keep, love.  
Around thee, lady dear.



*GOOD NIGHT.*

The silent midnight onward creeps, and softly steals away  
Each lingering ray the twilight keeps in memory of the day.  
So sorrow, ever watching near, will dim love's glowing light,  
When heart and soul of friendship dear, must say the word good night.

Good night, good night.

And happy as we may have been with friends we know sincere,  
Yet sadness falls on every scene, as parting time draws near.  
And shades the pleasures of the day, that else seemed clear and bright,  
For while affection bids us stay, we echo back good night.

Good night, good night.



Good night.

