

## HEY FOR SOCIAL SCIENCE, O!

A SONG FOR THE SOCIAL SCIENCE MEETING  
AT GLASGOW IN 1860.

AIR—*Green grow the rashes, O!*

A PLEASANT week I lately passed  
In Glasgow town,—no, city, O!  
With men of state and merchants great,  
And sages wise or witty, O!

CHORUS—*Hey for Social Science, O!*  
*Hey for Social Science, O!*  
*When wisdom, wine, and wit combine,*  
*They make a good alliance, O!*

We met to show that all below  
To ruin fast is tending, O!  
That laws and schools and prison rules  
Are much in need of mending, O!

*Hey for Social Science, &c.*

But though, no doubt, 'twas well made out  
 That things are old and wheezy, O!  
 O cursed spite! to set them right  
 Was not so very easy, O!

*Hey for Social Science, &c.*

Yet though the task may patience ask,  
 We're here convened to try it, O!  
 To see if schools will root out fools,  
 Or crime be cured by diet, O!

*Hey for Social Science, &c.*

The blood-red sun had scarce begun  
 To shine out strong and hearty, O!  
 When up we rose and donned our clo'es  
 To join Bell's breakfast-party, O!

*Hey for Social Science, &c.*

Delicious doles of meat and rolls  
 Disposed to mirth and laughter, O!  
 The inspiring tea brought out Macnee,  
 And others followed after, O!

*Hey for Social Science, &c.*

When hunger's rage we thus assuage,  
 Succeeds the thirst for knowledge, O!

Then, horse and foot, we take the *route*,  
And hurry to the College, O!

*Hey for Social Science, &c.*

Here in we press for some Address  
That lasts two hours or longer, O!  
And if a word is seldom heard,  
The applause is all the stronger, O!

*Hey for Social Science, &c.*

The Section Meetings next we try,  
Some worse and others better, O!  
But if the days are somewhat dry,  
The nights will prove the wetter, O!

*Hey for Social Science, &c.*

That sense alone conspicuous shone  
I can't declare in conscience, O!  
But great's the use to introduce  
A safety-valve for nonsense, O!

*Hey for Social Science, &c.*

A few who well their tale could tell  
Did ably fill the rostrums, O!

While many a goose his clack let loose,  
And quacks proclaimed their nostrums, O!

*Hey for Social Science, &c.*

Just ere the welcome hour of six  
We gladly cut our cable, O!  
And in some port of refuge fix,  
Hard by a well-spread table, O!

*Hey for Social Science, &c.*

While all things good in drink and food  
Our weary souls are cheering, O!  
The ills of life, before so rife,  
Seem quickly disappearing, O!

*Hey for Social Science, &c.*

Around us eyes and faces bright  
Our softened hearts are winning, O!  
Fair matrons in meridian light,  
And morning stars beginning, O!

*Hey for Social Science, O!*

*The best of Social Science, O!  
Is when its power, in hall or bower,  
To Beauty we affiance, O!*

With ardour fired, by love inspired,  
I rise and give "The Ladies," O!  
And they who shrink the toast to drink  
May hang and go to Hades, O!

*Hey for Social Science, &c.*

We talk, we quaff, we sing and laugh,  
Then part with tears and sighing, O!  
And when at last the week is past  
We're dead with mirth—or dying, O!

*Hey for Social Science, &c.*

But I ordain that soon again,  
These pleasant hours repeating, O!  
We learn some more of Social lore  
At such an evening meeting, O!

*Hey for Social Science, O!*

*For genuine Social Science, O!*

*A summons here to reappear*

*Would find a quick compliance, O!*