

## A SONG OF PROVERBS.

AIR—*Push about the jorum.*

I N ancient days, tradition says,  
 When knowledge much was stinted—  
 When few could teach and fewer preach,  
 And books were not yet printed—  
 What wise men thought, by prudence taught,  
 They pithily expounded ;  
 And proverbs sage, from age to age,  
 In every mouth abounded.

*O blessings on the men of yore,  
 Who wisdom thus augmented,  
 And left a store of easy lore  
 For human use invented.*

Two of a trade, 'twas early said,  
 Do very ill agree, sir ;  
 A beggar hates at rich men's gates  
 A beggar's face to see, sir.

Yet trades there are, though rather rare,  
Where men are not so jealous ;  
Two lawyers know the coal to blow,  
Just like a pair of bellows.

*O blessings, &c.*

When tinkers try their trade to ply,  
They make more holes than mend, sir ;  
Set some astride a horse to ride,  
You know their latter end, sir.  
Rogues meet their due when out they fall,  
And each the other blames, sir ;  
The pot should not the kettle call  
Opprobrious sorts of names, sir.

*O blessings, &c.*

The man who would Charybdis shun,  
Must make a cautious movement,  
Or else he'll into Scylla run—  
Which would be no improvement.  
The fish that left the frying-pan,  
On feeling that desire, sir,  
Took little by their change of plan,  
When floundering in the fire, sir.

*O blessings, &c.*

A man of nous from a glass house  
Will not be throwing stones, sir ;  
A mountain may bring forth a mouse,  
With many throes and groans, sir.  
A friend in need's a friend indeed,  
And prized as such should be, sir ;  
But summer friends, when summer ends,  
Are off and o'er the sea, sir.

*O blessings, &c.*

Sour grapes, we cry, of things too high,  
Which gives our pride relief, sir ;  
Between two stools the bones of fools  
Are apt to come to grief, sir.  
Truth, some folks tell, lies in a well,  
Though why I ne'er could see, sir ;  
But some opine 'tis found in wine :  
Which better pleases me, sir.

*O blessings, &c.*

Your toil and pain will all be vain,  
To try to milk the bull, sir ;  
If forth you jog to shear the hog,  
You'll get more cry than wool, sir.  
'Twould task your hand to sow the sand,  
Or shave a chin that's bare, sir ;

*Songs and Verses.*

You cannot strip a Highland hip  
Of what it does not wear, sir.

*O blessings, &c.*

I'm wae to think the Scottish tongue  
Is deein' oot sae fast, man ;  
But some few sayin's may be sung  
Or e'er its day be past, man.  
It's far o'er late the nest to seek,  
When a' the birds are flown, man ;  
Or yet the stable-door to steek,  
When a' the steeds are stown, man.

*O blessings, &c.*

Of proverbs in the common style  
If now you're growing weary,  
I'll try again to raise a smile  
With two by Lord Dundreary.  
You cannot brew good Burgundy  
Out of an old sow's ear, sir ;  
Nor can you make a silken purse  
From very sour small beer, sir.

*O blessings, &c.*

Now he who listens to my song,  
And heeds what I indite, sir,

Will seldom very far go wrong,  
And often will go right, sir.  
But whoso hears with idle ears,  
And is no wiser made, sir,  
A fool is he, and still would be,  
Though in a mortar brayed, sir.  
*O blessings, &c.*

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