

THE OLD TRUE BLUE

AN HISTORICAL BALLAD*

AIR—" *Captain Glen.*"

COME, Buff and Blue chaps,
here's my claw,
You're good souls in your way;
But ere you compare your man of
Law

To old Admiral Milne, belay your jaw,
And hear what I've to say,
Brave boys!
And hear what I've to say.

'Tis forty years and more this day
(Short time it seems to me!)
Off Guadaloupe our frigate lay,
The Frenchman skulked in Mahout Bay,
Beneath the battery,
Brave boys!
Beneath the battery.

We cruised about from place to place,
And swept the ocean free;

* Written on the occasion of a parliamentary election contest for the Leith burghs, between the late Admiral Milne and the then Lord Advocate, John Archibald Murray, and sung through the streets by a disabled sailor.

THE OLD TRUE BLUE

At last, ashamed of the disgrace,
Mounseer put on his fighting face,
And ventured out to sea,
Brave boys!
And ventured out to sea.

He trusted to his metal's weight,
And to his crowded crew;
We cheered him as he hove in sight,
For though our numbers were not great
Our men were all true blue,
Brave boys!
Our men were all true blue.

We fought him on that glorious day,
While we could man a gun;
Each mast and spar was shot away,
But though a shattered hulk we lay,
Our colours ne'er went down,
Brave boys!
Our colours ne'er went down.

We fought him on that glorious day,
Till our decks were drenched in gore;
But hot and hotter grew the fray,
Till at length the Frenchman's heart gave
way,

THE OLD TRUE BLUE

And he doused the tricolor,
 Brave boys!
And he doused the tricolor.

We lay likę logs upon the tide,
 Not a boat or oar had we;
I stood by our youthful leader's side—
 "Come, follow me, my lads!" he cried,
 And plunged into the sea,
 Brave boys!
 And plunged into the sea.

He swam aboard of the noble wreck,
 We followed with a will:
I stood at his side on the Frenchman's
 deck—
I stood by him then, and, come what like,
 I'll stand by Admiral Milne,
 Brave boys!
 I'll stand by Admiral Milne.

I've seen his glory grow since then,
 With his increasing years;
His faithful shipmate still I've been,
Till a splinter cost me my larboard fin
 At the taking of Algiers,
 Brave boys!
 At the taking of Algiers.

THE OLD TRUE BLUE

I'll stand by him now as then I stood,
And I'll trust him now, because
It's like he'll labour to do us good,
Who never scrupled to spill his blood
In aid of his country's cause,
Brave boys!
In aid of his country's cause.

As for that bumboat lawyer craft
That you have got in tow,
A seaman would rather trust to a raft
Than a hulk that looms so large abaft,
If a gale should come to blow,
Brave boys!
If a gale should come to blow.

Belike with speeches fair he'll try
To *gammon** me and you:
Come! off, ye swab! if you wish to shy;
But here stands one that would rather die
Than shrink from the Old True Blue,
My boys!
Than shrink from the Old True Blue.

* A *canard* had been got up that his lordship had joined in a game at backgammon in the steamer, between London and Leith, on a stormy Sunday.

THE SAUMON

AIR—“*The Angel's Whisper.*”

BY Tweedside a-standin',
Wi' lang rods our hands in,
In great hopes o'landin' a Saumon
were we;
I took up my station,
Wi' much exultation,
While Morton* fell a-fishin' farther doun upon
the lea.

Across the stream flowin'
My line I fell a-throwin',
Wi' a sou'-wester blowin' right into my e'e;
I jumpt when my hook on
I felt something pookin';
But upon farther lookin' it proved to be a tree.

But deep, deep the stream in,
I saw his sides a-gleamin',
The king o' the Saumon, sae pleasantly lay he;
I thought he was sleepin',
But on further peepin',
I saw by his teeth he was lauchin' at me.

* Charles Morton, W.S., a school and lifelong friend of
Outram.

THE SAUMON

The flask frae my pocket
I poured into the socket,
For I was provokit unto the last degree;
And to my way o' thinkin',
There's naething for't like drinkin',
Whena Saumon lies winkin' and lauchin' at ye.

There's a bend in the Tweed, ere
It mingles with the Leader—
If you go you will see there a wide o'er-
spreadin' tree;
That's a part o' the river
That I'll revisit never—
'Twas there that scaly buffer lay lauchin' at me.

THE PROCESS OF AUGMENTATION

SOON after the Reformation, the Judges of the Court of Session were appointed commissioners, with jurisdiction as a Court, in questions of teinds or tithes. A certain portion of the teinds had by the Scottish Parliament been set apart in each parish as the stipend of the clergyman holding the charge—the remainder of the teinds remaining in possession of the different heritors or proprietors of the lands from which teind is legally exigible, or of the Crown, or a donee of the Crown called “the Titular,” as in right of the estates of the Romish Church. When a clergyman considers his stipend too small, he may institute a suit in the Court of Teinds for having it increased; and the amount of stipend which may be fixed in that suit, remains as the stipend for a period of twenty years; after which, if circumstances warrant it, a further increase may be sought from the Court of Teinds.

The stipend is paid by the heritors or proprietors of lands in the proportions fixed by the Court in what is termed a “scheme of locality.” The suit is termed one of “augmentation, modification, and locality,” and the heritors or pro-

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prietors in the parish and the Crown or Titular are cited as defendants in it, as they hold the teinds subject to payment of the stipend, and to any augmentations of it which the Teind Court may from time to time see cause to grant.

THE PROCESS OF AUGMENTATION

*The Minister states his case to a tune of his own composing
(for which see p. 82).*

WHOEVER shall oppose my claim for augment-
ation,

I'll hold amongst my foes—

Whoever shall oppose;

I'll deem him one of those who seek their own
damnation,

Whoever shall oppose my claim for augment-
ation.

Though some may hold their lands *cum decimis
inclusis*,¹

Secure from my demands—

Though some may hold their lands;

Enough's in other's hands, who have no such
excuses—

Though some may hold their lands *cum decimis
inclusis*.

'Tis fully twenty years since my stipend was
augmented,—

A time of want and fears!

'Tis fully twenty years;

In silence and in tears my griefs I have lament-
ed;

AUGMENTATION

'Tis fully twenty years since my stipend was augmented.

'Tis partly paid in Bear, and partly paid in Barley;²

Though few such crops now rear,

'Tis partly paid in Bear;

Though Wheat and Oats elsewhere are now grown regularly,

'Tis partly paid in Bear, and partly paid in Barley.

My glebe is small and poor, and my parish is prodigious.

How long shall I endure!

My glebe is small and poor.

No error, I am sure, was ever more egregious.

My glebe is small and poor, and my parish is prodigious.

I have no means but those. A small mortification

Just keeps my wife in clothes.³

I have no means but those.

If I might be jocose, I'd say on this occasion

I have no means but those—a *great* mortification.

THE PROCESS OF

Then whoever shall oppose my claim for augmentation,

I'll hold amongst my foes—

Whoever shall oppose;

I'll deem him one of those who seek their own damnation.

Whoever shall oppose my claim for augmentation.

*The Heritors defend themselves to the tune of
"Fudy Callaghan."*

FIRST HERITOR

And hang me if I don't

Oppose your augmentation!

My Lords, you surely won't

Condemn me to starvation.

I couldn't give a rap

To purchase immortality,

More than that fat old chap

Draws under the last locality.

Chorus of Heritors—Uh! uh! uh!

Nae wonder we're in sic a rage—

He wants the hale o' the teind,

Parsonage and Vicarage.⁴

AUGMENTATION

SECOND HERITOR

She'd readily pay her merk
 Upon ony just occasion;
But she lives ten miles frae the kirk—
 An she's of another persuasion.
He ought to scrutineese
 The errors that have perverted her—
An' she'll pay him whatever ye please
 As soon as he has converted her.
 Chorus—Uh! uh! uh! &c.

THIRD HERITOR

My father mortified
 A field of about ten acre—
But he scarce had signed the deed
 When his spirit was aff to his Maker.
Had the minister shown less greed,
 I didna mean to object to it—
But now I hope to see't
 Reduced *ex capite lecti* yet.
 Chorus—Uh! uh! uh! &c.

FOURTH HERITOR

He says, that frae the teinds
 He is but puirly pensioned;
But he's ither ways an' means,
 Though he'd rather they werena mentioned.

THE PROCESS OF

He kens the ways o' a'
The wives in his vicinity,
An' weel can whilly-wha
A rich, auld, sour virginity.
Chorus—Uh! uh! uh! &c.

FIFTH HERITOR

He'll croon to ane on death,
Until her een are bleerit—
An' lecture anither on faith,
Till she's like to gang deleerit.
An' thus he mak's a spoil
O' fatuous facility,
An' works into the Will
O' dottrified senility.
Chorus—Uh! uh! uh! &c.

SIXTH HERITOR

Every time (an' that's ance a-year)
That his wife's in the hands o' the howdie,
He sets the hale parish a'steer
For things to flavour her crowdie.
An' this ane sends jelly an' wine,
An' that ane sends puddin's an' pastries,
Till she—like a muckle swine—
Just wallows in walth an' wasteries.
Chorus—Uh! uh! uh! &c.

AUGMENTATION

SEVENTH HERITOR

He warns us to beware,—
For if we're caught in transgression,
It's his duty to notice't in prayer,
Or bring us afore the Session;
But a turkey, or a guse,
Or some sic temporalities,
Can mak' a braw excuse
For a' our wee carnalities.

Chorus—Uh! uh! uh! &c.

EIGHTH HERITOR

The time he fixes for
Parochial visitation,
Is aye our dinner-hour—
An' he's sure to improve the occasion.
An' siccan a stamack he has!
You'd think he'd ne'er get to the grund o' it;
An' he tells us that flesh is grass—
Just after he's swallowed a pund o' it.

Chorus—Uh! uh! uh! &c.

ALL THE HERITORS TOGETHER

Then, oh, my Lords, don't grant
The smallest augmentation!
His pleading's nought but cant,
Perversion and evasion.

THE PROCESS OF

Don't give a single rap
('Twere worse than prodigality)
More than that fat old chap
Draws under the last locality.
Chorus—Uh! uh! uh! &c.

THE LORDS MODIFY

JUDICIAL MADRIGAL.—Air: "*Now is the Month of Maying.*"

The Court on this occasion
Of solemn consultation,
Fol lol de rol, &c. —
With deep sense of their high
Responsibility,
Thus modify:⁵
Fol de rol, &c.

We'll first allow him yearly
Ten pecks of Meal,—as clearly
Equivalent
To the full extent
Of stipend paid in Bear;
Though, lest he that deny,
We'll add, for certainty,
A boll of Rye.
Fol de rol, &c.

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One chalder, in addition,
Of Oats, would seem sufficient;
 And an increment
 To that extent

 We therefore modify,
With Barley as before.

Lord C.—“Oh! half a chalder more.”

 Ho! ho! hi!—(*Judicial laughter.*)

The process now must tarry
Till the Junior Ordinary
 Proceed to prepare,
 With his usual care,
 A scheme of locality.⁶
And, having done its turn,
The Court will now adjourn
 Instantly.

 Fol de rol, &c.

 (*The Lords adjourn.*)

THE HERITORS REJOICE

Hurrah for the Court o' Teinds!
 Hurrah for the Tithe Commission!
We couldna done better if friends
 Had taen up the case on submission.
His teeth he now may gnash
 O'er his matters alimentary;

THE PROCESS OF

The Lords have settled his hash
For anither fifth part of a century!
Ha! ha! ha!
They've done for his venality!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
For the rectified locality!

Had he an offer fair,
Or rational propounded,
For twa three chalders mair
We'd gladly hae compounded.—
A boll o' Meal a-year
We'd readily hae sent it him—
Forbye his pickle Bear,
If that could hae contented him.
Ha! ha! ha!
The clod o' cauld legality
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
For the rectified locality!

But he wad tak' nae course,
Except to raise an action,
In order to enforce
The most extreme exaction.
He's now got his decree—
An' muckle he's the better o't!
But we'll tak' care that he

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Shall keep within the letter o't.

Ha! ha! ha!

The mass o' fat formality!

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

For the rectified locality.

For not a single Ait,

Nor yet a spike o' Barley,

Nor nip o' Meal, he's get

Again irregularly.

His wife, neist time, may grane

As friendless as the Pelican;

While he may dine his lane

Forenent her empty jelly-can.

Ha! ha! ha!

The lump o' sensuality!

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

For the rectified locality!

(Exeunt Heritors.)

THE MINISTER CONSOLES HIMSELF

Though I have been beset by roaring Bulls of
Bashan,

There is some comfort yet,

Though I have been beset.

THE PROCESS OF

'Tis well that I'm to get a little augmentation,
Though I have been beset by roaring Bulls of
Bashan.

I've many other cares that press on my atten-
tion.

My Manse requires repairs—⁷

I've many other cares,—

Nay! common sense declares it needeth an ex-
tension.

I've many other cares that press on my atten-
tion.

The rooms are far too small, and fewer than
beseemeth,

Should sickness e'er befall,

The rooms are far too small,

We can't have beds for all when next my help-
meet teemeth.

The rooms are far too small, and fewer than
beseemeth.

A wing on either side, of decent elevation—

Proportionably wide—

A wing on either side—

Would suitably provide for our accommod-
ation—

A wing on either side, of decent elevation.

AUGMENTATION

My byre requires new walls—my milk-house
a new gable.

To stand the wintry squalls,
My byre requires new walls.

New mangers and new stalls are needed for my
stable.

My byre requires new walls—my milk-house
a new gable.

If all this be not done unto my satisfaction,
Before a year has run,—
If all this be not done,—

All compromise I'll shun, and raise another
action—

If all this be not done unto my satisfaction.

And whoever did oppose, &c.

(Exit muttering.)

DISTANT CHORUS OF HERITORS

Ha! —ha! —ha!

Curs —mean —scality!

—rah! —rah! —rah!

Rec —fied —cality!

AUGMENTATION

THE MINISTER'S TUNE

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a 2/4 time signature. It begins with a quarter rest, followed by a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, a quarter note C5, a quarter note B4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note G4, and a quarter note F4. The lower staff is in bass clef and starts with a whole note chord of G2, B1, and D2, followed by a whole note chord of G2, B1, and D2, and a whole note chord of G2, B1, and D2.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melody from the first system, starting with a quarter note E4, a quarter note D4, a quarter note C4, a quarter note B3, a quarter note A3, a quarter note G3, and a quarter note F3. The lower staff continues with a whole note chord of G2, B1, and D2, followed by a whole note chord of G2, B1, and D2, and a whole note chord of G2, B1, and D2.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melody, starting with a quarter note E4, a quarter note D4, a quarter note C4, a quarter note B3, a quarter note A3, a quarter note G3, and a quarter note F3. The lower staff continues with a whole note chord of G2, B1, and D2, followed by a whole note chord of G2, B1, and D2, and a whole note chord of G2, B1, and D2.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melody, starting with a quarter note E4, a quarter note D4, a quarter note C4, a quarter note B3, a quarter note A3, a quarter note G3, and a quarter note F3. The lower staff continues with a whole note chord of G2, B1, and D2, followed by a whole note chord of G2, B1, and D2, and a whole note chord of G2, B1, and D2.

THE LAW OF MARRIAGE

THOUGHTS AT SEA

O MARRIAGE!—tell me if you
truly are
A Deity, as poets represent ye!
Or are you, as the Institutes
declare,

Nothing but a *consensus de presenti*?
No matter!—I espoused a maid of twenty
By promise, and a process *subsequente*.¹

We married without contract; but our rights
Were all defined within the year and day.
A youngster came, one o' the cold spring
nights—

I hardly had expected him till May.
My wife did well—in fact as well as could be;
The baby squeaked, and all was as it should be.

The darling's eyes were dark and deeply set—
My wife's and mine were light and round
and full;

His hair was thick and coarse and black as jet,
While ours was thin and fair and soft as wool;
I knew 'twas vain to play the rude remonstrant,
For *Pater est quem nuptiæ demonstrant*.

THE LAW OF MARRIAGE

The am'rous youth may fervidly maintain
That marriage is a cure for every trouble;
The feudalist may learnedly explain
When its avail is single and when double:²
Its sole avail to me, I grieve to say it,
Was debt—without the wherewithal to pay it.

And debt brings duns. My dun was of a sort
That never can desist from persecution.
He brought my case before the Sheriff Court—
My debt, they told him, needed constitution.
'T was false! He knew—I knew it to my curse—
It had the constitution of a horse.

But the decree went out, and I went in—
And in the jail lived *more debitorum*;
Yet though I lost my flesh I saved my skin,
By suing for a Cessio Bonorum.
I got out, naked as an unfurred rabbit.
The Lords dispensed, they told me, with the
habit.³

I went to seek my wife, but she had fled,
And had not left a single paraphernal;
But matrimonial law, upon my head
Seemed destined still to pour its curse
eternal.

THE LAW OF MARRIAGE

I had indeed obtained a separation
From bed and board—no prospect but
starvation!

But bed and board are things worth striving
for,
So I bethought me of the pea and thimble:
But people had grown wiser than of yore,
And all in vain I plied my fingers nimble.
I then attempted Vitious Intromission,⁴
And was immediately conveyed to prison.

And here again I lay upon my oars;
A Hermit keeps his cell—my cell kept me.
No letters came to me of Open Doors;
Criminal letters, though, came postage free,
The air I breathed just added to my cares,
Reminding me of coming Justice Ayres.⁵

And come they did! And therefore am I now
Upon thy wave, old Ocean—Sydney bound!
And here the partner of my youthful vow,
Among the fourteen-yearers have I found;
Here are we (though not just as when we
courted)
Again united and again transported.

THE REFORM BILL

AIR—"Merrily danced the Quaker."

OH! weary fa' Reform an' Whigs!
That ever they were invented!
An' wae's me for my auld gude-
man,
He's fairly gane demented:
He grunts and growls frae morn to night
About pensions an' taxation:
He's ruined wi' meetin's got up for the gude
O' the workin' population.

The ne'er a turn o' wark he'll do
To save us frae starvation;
He leaves his horse to sort the coo,
For he maun sort the nation.
The fient he'll do but read the news—
An' he reads wi' sic attention,
That his breeks are a' worn out in a place
Which I'm ashamed to mention.

He gangs to publics ilka night,
An' ilka groat he'll spend it,
An' how he gets hame in siccan a plight
I canna comprehend it.
An' then my sons, like three wee Hams,
Laugh at their drucken daddie,

THE REFORM BILL

As doun on the floor wi' a clout he slams.
Wi' een like a Monday's haddie.*

Afore the Whigs began their rigs,
He was anither creature;
His een were bright as stars at night,
An' plump was every feature.
His brow was like the lily white,
His cheek as red as roses;
He had a back like Wallace wight,
An' a thicker beard than Moses.

But now he's lost his comely look,
An' lost his stalwart figure;
His een are sinkin' into his head,
An' his nose is growin' bigger.
His houghs are gane, an' when nicht sets in,
He's fusionless as a wether;
His back sticks out, an' his wame's fan in—
An' he's a' reformed thegither!

Oh! dinna ye mind, my auld gudeman,
When first we cam' thegither,
How cheerily our wark gaed on,
How pleased we were wi' ither?

* The Monday's haddock must have been caught at least on the Saturday, and hence the condition of its eyes.

THE REFORM BILL

Our lives passed away like a Sabbath-day
When the distant bells are ringin';
An' your breath was sweet as the new-mawn
hay,
An' no like a rotten ingan.

Oh! think what was't ye wanted then,
An' see what now ye're brocht to!
Ye're far waur aff than ever you were
Before Reform was thocht o':
For then, when you wanted a sark to your
wame,
Ye made an unco wark, man:
But what's to be done wi' you now,
when you want
A wame to pit in your sark, man?

Oh! gin ye wad but mind your pleugh,
An' mind your empty pockets,
'Twere wiser-like than drink an' read
Your een out o' their sockets.
Leave them that kens to mak' the laws—
An' while your breeks will mend, man,
Just leave the nation to look to itsel',
An' look you to your hinner end, man!