

# WISHES

(OF A MISANTHROPE)

AIR—"O doubt me not" (*Moore's Melodies*).

I WISH I was a *Woman!*  
Wi' nought to do but dance an' dress,  
An' think mysel' sae bloomin',  
An' kaim my hair afore the glass;  
To greet when my feet  
Werena just sae sma' as I wad like,  
An' ne'er feel a care  
Though the cobbler should nae discount strike;  
I'd spend my days in wearin' claes,  
An' my gudeman should pay the bill;  
An' if he raised an unco fraise,  
I'd greet an' say I wasna weel!

I wish I was a *Hero!*  
To spend my life in fire an' din,  
An' murder like King Nero,  
An' never think it was a sin:  
I'd soon tak a toon,  
An' wi' the spoil I wad mak free,  
An' style it in a bulletin  
A great an' glorious victory!  
I'd write how brave my men behaved,  
An' how the field was won by me;  
An' to my king and country leave  
To say what my reward should be.

## WISHES

I wish I was a *Lawyer!*  
To ken what conscience ought to be,  
An' no remember a' year  
My friends reduced to poverty;  
To be glad instead o' sad  
When mithers weep, an' sons look pale,  
An' say grace o'er a case,  
As honest men do o'er their kail.  
"Go to the court o' last resort  
For the sake o' your poor family."  
"The Lords sustain!" My client's gane—  
He's ruined—but I've got my fee!

I wish I was a *Brute Beast!*  
To live in some sequestered vale.  
Frae friends and loves remote placed,  
An' ne'er see man, an' wag my tail  
To chow on a knowe  
A' the herbs, an' flowers, an' grassy blades,  
An' tread ower the head  
O' gowans never touched wi' spades:  
I'd never see a friendly face,  
Sae nae friend wad prove fause to me;  
I'd never ken the human race,  
Nor ever curse humanity!

I wish I was a *Bottle!*  
O' brandy, rum, or what you please,

## WISHES

In some frequented hôtel,  
Where gude souls tak their bread an' cheese;  
    To fill out a gill  
For some puir chield that wants a trade—  
    Or pass o'er the hass  
O' some blythe, rantin, roarin' blade;  
    An' while unscrewed, I'd sit an' brood,  
    An' think mysel' weel blessed to ken  
That when I dee'd I'd spend my bluid  
    To purchase joy for honest men!

## THE FACULTY ROLL

**I**N regard to this and the other lyrics which may be classed as "Legal," it may be interesting to non-professional readers to know something of the gentlemen of the Scottish Bar who are referred to, and to have explanations of the technical terms which occur. These are given in the notes appended.

The Faculty of Advocates is a very ancient body, not formally incorporated, but having most of the qualities and privileges of a corporation. Its members have the right of pleading causes in the Court of Session and High Court of Justiciary, and the other Scottish Courts, and they have, generally, the same position and duties as Barristers have in the Supreme Courts of England. The Faculty is presided over by a Dean and a Vice-Dean, the offices of both being honorary. Its members form an important branch of the Scottish "College of Justice," which was instituted in May 1532, in the reign of King James V. The Judges of the Court of Session which was established in the same year are members of the College, having the title of "Senators"; and the members of the incorporation of Writers to the Signet, and of the Solicitors before the Supreme Courts, who act