

An Excellent New
Smuggling
SONG,

CALLED,
The Smugglers and
the Gaugers.

To which are added,
Farewel to Coalsnaugh-
ton.

AND THE
Smuggler's Escape.



FALKEIRK; Printed by T. JONESTON.

THE
SMUGGLERS AND GAUGERS.

AIR—*Bonnets sae Blue.*

COME all my brave fellows, and listen a while,
I'll tell you the way that they did us beguile;
The King's Lyon-Herald from Edinburgh did come,
And straight to Coalshaughton the rascals did run.

They came to my mothers, and guarded all-round,
They thought we would run; but the contrar' they
found;

So straight down to Alloa we came all away,
To Ramsay's in the Tontine, and made no delay.

Being innocent all, no harm we thought on;
But came down to Alloa, before Mr. Horn,
The same who is Agent for the Excise-Law,
We made no delay, so we all came awa'.

But had we but known what Warrant they had,
We would not gone with them, but given them
the bag;

But since Fortune has said it, then let it be so,
From the Tontine to Stirling in coaches we'll go.

The seventeenth of April our trial we did stand,
Before Lords and Jury, that honourable band;
But for all the false oaths that were going that day,
I would have come off, had I gotten fair play.

But D—n, the rascal, he forward did come;
 And gave in two letters, to get us undone;
 Before the Lords they were laid, and shown most rare,
 That we fished for salmon, and shot at the hare.

There's D—n and R—t. and J—s. as you see,
 They perjur'd themselves for the ruin of me;
 But the day it is coming when judged they'll be;
 And it will be shown them they swore to a lie.

D—n was examin'd, and he did declare,
 That the Still and the malt in the Store up-laid were;
 But Peter the gardener, that very same day,
 Did carry the Still to Muircoat straight away.

But it's needless for me to say what I could tell,
 If they don't get repentance, the worse for themself.
 So I'd have them to pray, wherever they be,
 For the unfounded falsehoods they swore against me.

But praying, I think, is what they wont do,
 And therefore I wish for ill trade to the crew;
 But may Heaven, with pity, look down on the three,
 And grant them repentance, and grace that is free.

And now, my dear friends, I bid you farewell,
 My cause's grown to weary no more will she tell;
 But the story I have told you, I'm sure it is true,
 And I'll come back and see you when time will allow.

FAREWEL TO COALSNOTON.

Air—*Watty Graham.*

FAREWEL to Coalsnaughton, and old comrads adieu,
 Altho' I am sorry for parting with you;
 It's nothing but informers that drives me from thee,
 For to make a drap Whisky in the Southcountry.

For when I had labour'd, and had made a house,
 The informers came on me, as cunning's a mouse;
 Then straight to the Gaugers they foreward did flee,
 But they will not do so in the Southcountry.

Oh! when I was brewing in Cornilus' pit;
 The hard-hearted Gaughers got me in their grip;
 They said, To our King we have always been true,
 So give us the Whisky that is beside you.

I said, My good fellows, now don't be so vile,
 I have made my Whisky by labour and toil;
 And for such oppression I don't know a law.
 So I'll leave the Northcountry for fair Gallowa'.

My friends they look down, but it's not with disdain,
 That e'er I should offer to go back again;
 But how can I stay amongst tyrants so rude,
 Who would first take my Whisky, and then shed
 my blood?

When my confinement is done at home, I will

As I have a good offer, I will go away:
Heaven pity poor Britons under the Corn-Law,
For I hope I'll be free from't, when in Gallowa'.

My brothers have fought for their country's weal,
With undaunted courage, and hearts true as steel;
Tho' William was wounded, they never did fa',
So I'll drink a health to them, when in Gallowa'.

Altho' that the mountains between us be high,
Where nothing but mairfowls and plovers do flie,
I'll still pity Scotland under the Corn-Law,
When I'm making Whisky in fair Gallowa'.

Farewel aged mother, and brothers adieu,
If Providence spares me, I'll come and see you:
So do not be grieved tho' I gang' awa',
To enjoy my freedom in fair Gallowa'.

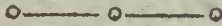
But as for you James, dear brother to me,
We oft het the kettle, where none did us see;
And I hope for to do it, when I am awa',
On the fine heather mountains into Gallowa'.

Likewise for my deary, my heart is in grief,
And nothing will comfort or bring me relief,
Until I get another, when I am awa',
And safely arrived in fair Gallowa'.

Tho' at present, dear comrads, in jail I'm confin'd,
 Yet to go to the south I am fully design'd;
 I wont mind my lasses nor sweethearts ava,
 That would stop from going to fair Gallowa'.

But alas for poor Smugglers, their spirits are broke,
 And I have got wearied in bearing the yoke;
 But I hope to live happy, as happy can be,
 And make a drap Whisky in the south countrie.

Farewel my sweet comrads, I bid you adieu!
 Your hearts they are soft, and they always were kind,
 But as for informers I don't care a flea:
 So I wish a safe landing in the south countrie.



THE SMUGGLERS' ESCAPE FROM THE JAIL.

AIR—*Miller o' Dron.*

Come all you prisoners in this jail,
 rejoice both late and airly,
 Since Duncan he has gi'en the bag
 to a' the jailors fairly.
 They brought him up from room to room,
 to number three, by chance;
 But Providence to him was kind,
 and brought him down at once.

(17)

CHORUS.

Wi' his hizie tie, soft and easy,
 in spite of a' the crew,
 He cut their stanchers wi' a saw,
 and bade them a' adieu.

How could he stand the cruel band;
 the Bailies and his foes?

Their bread and water he's exchang'd
 for good old Scotch brase.

They thought they had him firm and fast,
 which cheer'd them ane and a' ;

But how their faple it did hing,
 when Duncan was awa' !

Wi' his hizie, &c.

Contented he could never be,
 their usage was so rude,

It ray'd his spirits all at once,
 an' fir'd his highland blood,

To think that he for fourteen years
 was to be sent away ;

But by a rope he down did drop,
 an' bade them a good day.

Unsatisfy'd with his hard fate,
 he always ea did maurn ;

But now he's fairly out of this,
 I hope he'll ne'er return.

Tho' Stirling bagles range about,
 an' strive to bring him back,
 If e'er they chancer to meet with him,
 their crowns, I hope, he'll crack.

What famous fun it was to me,
 to see him on the street,
 And how he skipt and lap about,
 when he gat to his feet!
 With hat in hand he did not stand,
 till he the guard was past;
 He came from liberty at first,
 he's lauded there at last.

Five months they kept him in this hole;
 but now they daily mourn,
 Excuse he's ta'en a flight from them,
 and never will return.
 The people flock'd to see the hole,
 which made the *Billies* rage!
 A Smith was brought immediately,
 to mend the iron cage.

F I N I S

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Falkirk.—T. Johnston, Printer.