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Gow's Fareweel
TO WHISKEY.

To which are Added,
PADDY ABDALLAH'S LEGACY.

JOHN BULL IS HIS NAME.

A N N A.


HARVEST HOME.

AND

JOHN ANDLERSON, MY JO.



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GOW'S FAREWHEEL TO WHISKY.

YOU'VE surely heard o' famous Neil
The man that play'd the fiddle weel,
I wat he was a canty chiel',

And dearly lo'ed the Whisky, O.
And ay since he wore tartan trews,
He dearly lo'ed the Athole brose ;
And wae he was, you may suppose,
'To play fareweel to Whisky, O.

Alake, quoth Neil, I'm frail and auld,
And find my bluid grows unco-cauld,
I think 'twad make me the and bauld,

A wee drap Highland Whisky, O.
Yet the doctors they do a' agree,
That whisky's nae the drink for me ;
Saul ! quoth Neil, 'twill spoil my glee,
Should they part me and Whisky.

Tho' I can get baith wine and ale,
And find my head and fingers hale,

I'll be content, tho' legs should fail,
 To play fareweel to Whisky, O.
 But still I think on auld langsyne,
 When Paradise our friends did tyne,
 Because something ran in their mind,
 Forbid, like Highland Whisky, O.

Come a' ye powers of music, come !
 I find my heart grows unco glum,
 My fiddle-strings will no play bum,
 To say farewell to Whisky, O.
 Yet I'll tak my fiddle in my hand,
 And screw the strings up while they'll stand
 To mak' a lamentation grand,
 On gude auld Highland Whisky, O.

PADDY ABDALLAH'S LEGACY.

My father he left me a snug little cot,
 Which by one trifling accident I never got ;
 For dying without his will having been made
 Not a legacy in it ever was paid !

Foorallallo, O hone ! gramachree, whack

'Twas a neat little cot, built with weather-boa
 stout,
 Which kept every thing else but the weat
 clean out ;

Had a pig-sty for poultry without any door,
It was two stories high, and both on the ground
floor.

Foorallaloo, &c.

A beautiful garden with weeds overrun,
And an elegant fish-pond dried up by the sun ;
Then the house stood convenient enough, you
may say.

Next door to the whiskey-shop over the way.

Foorallaloo, &c.

'Twas a freehold estate, heir-at-law was myself,
So to law went about it, of course with an elf,
Gain'd the cause, but to try it so long time re-
quir'd,

The freehold I lost, 'cause the lease had expir'd.

Foorallaloo, &c.

JOHN BULL IS HIS NAME.

WHILST some of the ancients are lavish in
praise,

And boast what great characters brighten'd
days,

I'll sing you a man not unnotic'd by fame.

That shall rival them all, and John Bull is his
name,

His pasture, brave fellow, is liberty's field,
Fenc'd round by religion, impregnable shield !
Of conscience and rights he's so fully aware,
That his motto must strike you, 'tis ' touch
them who dare !

Constitution his collar, just laws his gold chain
Which, by magic elastic, extends o'er the main,
Where, in grand amphitheatres of wood, his
dread roar,
Spreads terror or stillness, on every shore.

His patience and power have often been try'd,
The first does him honor, the last is his pride ;
Yet so gen'rous his nature, all in'ry he scorns,
But woe to the man that dares play with his
horns.

Shou'd Boney once venture to come within
reach
Of John, as he rambles along the green beach,
I'd lay a round wager, one hundred to ten,
That he'll never say, ' parlez vous Francois'
again.

So now brother Britons, let's cheerfully sing,
Long life to John Bull, and his Keeper the King,
Nor forget the good lady, Old England, their
mother,
For sure the whole world can't produce such
another.

ANNA.

YES GREEN I had a pint o' wine,
 A place where body saw na;
 Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine
 The raven locks of Anna.

The hungry Jew, in Wilderness,
 Rejoicing o'er his manna
 Was naething to my honey bliss
 Upon the lips of Anna.

Ye monarchs, take the east and west,
 Frae Indus to Savannah,
 Gie me within my straining grasp
 The melting form of Anna.

Then I'll despise imperial charms,
 An Empress or Sultana;
 While dying raptures, in her arms,
 I give and take with Anna.

Awa, thou flaunting god of day!
 Awa thou pale Diana!
 Ilk star gae hide thy twinkling ray,
 When I'm to meet my Anna.

Come in thy raven-plumage, Night!
 Sun, moon, and stars, withdrawn a',
 And bring an angel-pen to write
 My transports wi' my Anna.

HARVEST HOME.

HAIL! hail to the merry harvest home,
 To sport, and song, and nappy ale;
 Let ev'ry friend and neighbour come,
 No proud distinction here prevail.

Hail, &c.

The master and the humble hind,
 Here pass the jest with equal glee.
 The wife is as the master kind,
 And all is hospitality.

Hail &c.

How rustic Robin sings of love,
 And gigling Jane approves the lay,
 When the merry dancers move,
 While gaily glide the hours away.

Hail &c.

United each tongue, unlock'd each heart,
 Good humour uncorrupted flows:
 No grief till day-light bids them part,
 Such joys the harvest home bestows.

Hail, &c.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

John Anderson my jo, John,
 When we were first acquaint,
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonny brow was brent ;
 But now your brow is bald. John,
 Your locks are like the snaw :
 But blessings on your frosty pow,
 John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither,
 And mony a canty day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither ;
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand in hand we'll go,
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson my jo.

F I N I S.