

THE

*Sprig of Shilela, &c.*

To which are added,

BONNY JESSIE,

TWEEDSIDE,

TAM GLEN,

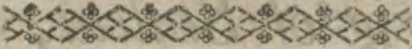
AND

A GOOD EXCUSE FOR DRINKING.



GLASGOW:

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THE SPRIG OF SHILELA AND SHAM-  
ROCK SO GREEN.

O Love is the saul of a neat Irishman,  
He loves all the lovely, loves all that he can,  
With his Sprig of Shilela and Shamrock so green.  
His heart is good-humour'd 'tis honest and sound,  
No malice or hatred is there to be found;  
He courts and he marries, he drinks and he fights,  
'Tis love all for ove for in that he delights,  
With his Sprig of Shilela and Shamrock so green.

Who has e'er had the luck to see Denny-brook  
fair,  
An Irishman all in his glory is there,  
With his Sprig, &c.  
With clothes spick and span new, without e'er a  
speck,  
A neat Barcelona tied round his neat neck;  
He goes to a tent and he spends half-a-crown,  
He meets with his friend, and for love knocks  
him down,  
With his Sprig, &c.

At ev'ning returning, as homeward he goes,  
His heart soft with whisky, his head soft with  
blows,  
From a Sprig, &c.

He meets with his Shilela; who blushing a smile,  
 Cries, get you gone, Pat, yet consents a' the while.  
 To the priest they soon go, and nine months after  
 that,

A fine babby cries, how d'ye do, father Pat,  
 With your Sprig, &c.

Bless the country. says I, that gave Patrick his birth,  
 Bless the land of the oak and its neighbouring earth,  
 Where grows the Shilela, &c.

May the sons of the Thames, the Tweed, and the  
 Shannon,

Drub the foes who dare plant in our confines a  
 cannon,

United and happy at loyalty's shrine,

May the Rose and the Thistle long flourish and  
 twine

Round the Sprig of Shilela and Shamrock so  
 green.

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### BONNY JESSIE.

**N**OW Edinbro' I'm gaun to leave,

And thee, my bonny dear, Jessié,

A while a 'tween us now maun roar,

A tumbling swelling sea lassie.

But when frae thee, my bonny fair,

For dearest love I ha'e, Jessié,

I'll think on thee when far awa,

O then sae bonny gay lassie.

P'll think on those bewitching smiles  
 That won my heart sae dear, Jessie;  
 P'll think upon sweet Hawthorn's den,  
 How blyth hae we been there, lassie?  
 The Edinburgh's bonny walks  
 Along wi' thee did bear, Jessie,  
 And thought mysel' the brawest lad  
 Wi' thee, sae bonny fair lassie.

Its wealth that wears the silk atire,  
 But wha win e'er can me, Jessie;  
 While I ha'e beauty, worth, and love,  
 A' that be dear in thee lassie,  
 I dinna look me at the world,  
 Ev'n a' that it can gi'e Jessie,  
 Its sacred mair what makes me love,  
 And binds my heart to thee lassie.

And haud me now ay as your ain,  
 By a' those vows sae dear Jessie,  
 And nane nor do they ken that love,  
 Alone to thee I bear lassie,  
 Its thine wherever I do be,  
 Divide nae seas can we Jessie;  
 The dearest wish here that I hae,  
 As mine ay wert thou dear lassie.



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TWEED-SIDE.

**W**HAT beauties doth Flora disclose,  
How sweet are her smiles upon  
Tweed;

Yet Mary's still sweeter than those,  
Both nature and fancy exceed.

No daisy nor sweet blushing rose,  
Not all the gay flowers in the field;  
Not Tweed gliding gently thro' those,  
Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,  
The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,  
The black bird and sweet cooing dove,  
With music enchant ev'ry bush.

Come let us go forth to the mead,  
Let's see the Primroses spring;  
We'll lodge in a village on Tweed,  
And love while the feather'd folk sing.

How does my love pass the long day,  
 Does Mary not tend a few sheép,  
 Do they never carelessly stray,  
 While happily she lies asleep.

Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest,  
 Kind nature indulging my bliss,  
 To relieve the soft pains of my breast,  
 I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she doth the Virgins excell,  
 No beauty with her may compare,  
 Love's graces all round her doth dwell,  
 She's fairest where thousands are fair.

Say, charmer, where doth thy flock stray,  
 O tell me at Noon where they feed;  
 Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,  
 Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

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TAM GLEN.

**M**Y heart is a breaking dear tittie,  
 Some counsel unto me come len';  
 To anger them a' is a pity,  
 But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

I'm thinking wi' sic a braw fallow,  
 In portith I might make a fen',  
 What care I in riches to wallow,  
 If I mauna marry Tam Glen?  
 What care I, &c.

There's Lowrie the laird of Drummiller,  
 Guide day to you brute, he comes ben,  
 He brags and he blaws o' his siller:  
 But when will he dance like Tam Glen?  
 My minnie does constantly deave me,  
 An' bids me beware of young men;  
 They flatter, she says, to deceive me,  
 But wha can think sae of Tam Glen?  
 They flatter, &c.

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,  
 He'll gie me guide hundred marks ten:  
 But if its ordain'd I maun take him,  
 O wha will I get but Tam Glen.  
 Yesreen at the valentines dealin'  
 My heart to my mou' gied a sten',  
 For thrice I drew, and without failin',  
 And thrice it was written, Tam Glen.  
 For thrice, &c.

The last hallowe'en I was waukin,  
 My droukit sark sleeve as ye ken;  
 His likeness came up the house staukin',  
 An' the very grey brecks o' Tam Glen.

Come counsel, dear tittv don't tarry;  
 I'll gi'e ye my bonny black hen,  
 Gin ye will advise me to marry  
 The lad I lo'e dearly, I am Glen.  
 Gin ye will, &c.

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*A good Excuse for DRINKING.*

UPBRAID me not, capricious fair,  
 With drinking to excess;  
 I should not want to drown despair,  
 Were your indifference less

Love me, my dear, and you shall find  
 When this excuse is gone,  
 That all my blessing when Chloe's kind,  
 Is fixed on her alone.

The god of wine the victory  
 To beauty yields with joy;  
 For Bacchus only drinks like me,  
 When Ariadne's coy.

F I N I S.