

FOUR Excellent Songs.

THE LAIRD OF COCKPEN.

THE LASS OF ARRANTEENIE.

MIRREN GIBB'S PUBLIC HOUSE.

JACK'S THE LAD.



GLASGOW:
PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.
62.

SONGS

THE LAIRD OF COCKPEN.

The Laird o' Cockpen he's proud an' he's great,
His mind is ta'en up wi' the things o' the state,
He wanted a wife his braw house to keep,
But favour wi' wooin' was fashious to seek.

Down by the dyke-side a lady did dwell ;
At his table-head he thocht she'd look well ;
M'Clish's ae dochter o' Claverseha' Lee ;
A pennyless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel-powder'd, as guid as when new,
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue,
He put on a ring, a sword and cock'd hat,
And wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that.

He took the grey mare, and rade cannily,
An' rapped at the yett o' Claverseha' Lee,
Gae tell Mistress Jean to como speedily ben,
She's wanted to speak to the Laird o' Cockpen.

Mistress Jean was making tho elder-flower wine,—
And what brings the Laird at sic a like time,

She put aff her apron, an' on her silk gown,
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, and ran awa down.

An' when she came down, she bowed fu' low,
An' what was his errand he soon let her know,
Amaz'd was the Laird when the lady said—na ;
And wi' a laigh courtesy she turn'd awa.

Dumfounder'd he was—he nae sigh did gie ;
He mounted his mare and rade cannily ;
An' aften he thocht as he gaed through the glen,
She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.

Near to the house amang the lang trees,
There he did meet sweet Jeanie Greenlees ;
At his table she sits like a white-tappit hen,
And mickle thinks she o' the Laird o' Cockpen.

THE LASS OF ARRANTEENIE.

Far lone amang the Highland hills,
'Midst Nature's wildest grandeur,
By rocky dens and woody glens
With weary steps I wander.
The langsome way, the darksome day,
The mountain mist sae rainy,
Are nought to me, when gaun to thee—
Sweet lass of Arranteenie.

You mossy rose-bnd down the howe,
 Just op'ning fresh and bonnie,
 Blinks sweetly 'neath the hazel bough,
 And's searcely seen by ony.
 Sae sweet amidst her native hills,
 Obscurely blooms my Jeanie,
 Mair fair and gay than rosy May—
 The flower of Arránteenie.

Now from the mountain's lofty brow
 I view the distant ocean,
 There av'rice guides the bounding prow,
 Ambition courts promotion.
 Let fortune pour her golden store,
 Her lanrel'd favours many,
 Give me but this, my soul's first wish,
 The lass of Arranteenie.

MIRREN GIBB'S PUBLIC HOUSE.

Last Monday night at sax o'clock,
 To Mirren Gibb's I went, man,
 To meet wi' some anld cronies there,
 It was my hale intent, man.
 So down we sat and pried the yill,
 Syne I pu'd ont my sneeshin' mill,
 An' took a pinch wi' right good-will,
 O' beggar's brown, the best in town,
 Then sent it roun' about the room,
 To gie ilka ane a scent, man.

The sneeshin' mill—the cap gaed round,
 The joke, the crack an' a', man,
 'Bout markets, trade, and politics,
 To wear the time awa, man.
 Ye never saw a blither set
 O' queer auld-fashion'd bodies met,
 Fer fient a grain o' pride ner pet,
 Nor eating care get foeting there ;
 But friendship rare, aye found sincere,
 And hearts without a flaw, man.

To cringing courtiers kings may blaw
 How rich they are and great, man.
 But we outstrip their kingships far
 Wi' a' their regal state, man.
 For Lucky's swats sae brisk and fell,
 An' T——'s snuff sae sharp and snell,
 Garr'd ilk ane quite forget himsel' ;
 Made yeung the auld, inflam'd the cauld,
 And fir'd the saul with projects bauld,
 That dar'd the pewer o' fate, man.

But what are a' sic mighty schemes
 When ance the spell is broke, man,
 A set o' maut-inspired whims
 That end in perfect smoke, man.
 An' what like some disaster keen
 Can chase the glameur frae our een,
 And bring us to eürsel's again ;
 As was the fate o' this auld pate,
 When that night late I took the gate
 As creuse as ony cock, man.

For sad misluck, without my hat,
 I doiting cam' awa, man ;
 An' when I down the Drygate cam,
 The win' began to blaw, man.
 When I cam to the Drygate Brig,
 It whipt awa my good brown wig,
 That whirl'd like ony whirligig,
 As up it flew out o' my view,
 While I stood glowring, waefu' blue,
 Wi' wide-extended jaw, man.

When I began to grape for't syne,
 Thrang pontering wi' my staff, man,
 I coupet owre a mucklo stane,
 And skail'd my pickle snuff, man.
 My staff out o' my hand did jump,
 And hit my snout a dreadfu' thump,
 Which rais'd a most confoundet lump ;
 But whaur it flew I never knew ;
 Yet sair I rue tho mark sao blue,
 It looks sae fleesome wauf, man.

Now wad ye profit by my loss,
 Then tak' advice frae me, man.
 And ne'er let common sense tak' wing
 On fumes o' barley bree, man.
 For drink can heeze a man sae high,
 As gar his head maist touch the sky,
 But down he tumbles by and bye,
 Wi' sic a thud 'mang stanes and mud,
 That aft it's good if dirt and blood
 Be a' he has to dree, man.

JACK S THE LAD.

Our ship's a-port, so here I be,
 With heart as light as cork, d'ye see ;
 'Pon larboard quarter P'oll is jigging,
 Dress'd all in her Sunday rigging—

Wench and fiddle always make a sailor glad ;
 Old Nipperkin, tho landlord, keeps the grog afloat,
 Kindly is the liquor handed down each other throat ;
 For if ever sailor took delight in
 Swigging, kissing, dancing, fighting,

Dam'me ! I make bold to say that Jack's the lad.
 With my tol de rol, &c.

Cheerly, my lads, ye know Jack Spry,
 So full of romps and rigs that I—
 D'ye hear the merry fiddlo going ?
 Sblood ! it sets me off a-toeing.

That's he—Catgut, College Hornpipe, brisk old
 dad !

Now for a reel—Sir David Hunter Blair—that's
 Scotch ;

Or Langolee, or anything but French or Dutch ;
 For if ever fellow took delight in
 Swigging, kissing, dancing, fighting,

Dam'me ! I make bold to say that Jack's tho lad.
 With my tol de rol, &c.

My locker's rich—the devil's mite !
 Why, here's a pretty rig !—Yes—I'm right ;
 An old friend, like a blubbering ninny
 Look'd distress'd like—got my guinea.

Can't help sniv'ling, somehow, when I see folk
sad ;

But howsoever, should I've luck to fall once more
Longside a Mounseer, homeward bound, he'll pay the
score ;

For if ever fellow took delight in
Swigging, kissing, dancing, fighting,

Dam'me ! I make bold to say that Jack's the lad.
With my tol de rol, &c.

Huzza !—a gun !—the signal's made ;
All hands on board—the anchor's weigh'd ;
Lord ! how the girls in scores are flying
Fore and aft, all sobbing, crying ;

Thoughts of parting makes them all run roarin'
mad ;

But honour bids her gallant sons to glory go,
So off again we scud to lick the saucy foe ;

For if ever fellow took delight in
Swigging, kissing, dancing, fighting,

Dam'me ! I make bold to say that Jack's the lad.
With my tol de rol, &c.