

FIVE

EXCELLENT SONGS.

THE CONSTANT SHEPHERD.

THE WREATH.

WELCOME SUMMER BACK AGAIN.

THE DAINTY BIT PLAN.

THE BACHELOR.



GLASGOW:

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25.

THE CONSTANT SHEPHERD.

My Patie is a lover gay,
 His mind is never muddy;
 His breath is sweeter than new hay,
 His face is fair and ruddy;
 His shape is handsome, middle size,
 He's comely in his wauking;
 The shining o' his cen surprise;
 It's heaven to hear him tauking.

Yestreen I met him on a bawk,
 Where yellow corn was growing,
 Where mony a kindly word he spak,
 That set my heart a-glowing.
 He kiss'd and vow'd he wad bo mine,
 And lo'ed me best o' ony;
 That gars me like to sing sinsyne,
 O corn riggs are bonny.

Let lasses o' a silly mind
 Refuse what maist they're wanting,
 Since we for yielding were design'd,
 We chastely should be granting.
 Then I'll comply and marry Pate:
 And syne my cockernony
 He's free to touzle ear' or late
 While corn riggs are bonny.

THE WREATH.

Ye shepherds tell me, tell me, have you seen,
 Have you seen my Flora pass this way,
 In shape and feature beauty's queen,
 In pastoral, in pastoral array.

Chorus.

Shepherds tell me, tell me, tell me have you seen,
 Have you seen my Flora pass this way,
 Have you seen, tell me, shepherds, have you seen,
 Tell me have you seen my Flora pass this way.

A wreath around her head, around her head she wore
 Carnation, lily, lily, rose,
 And in her hand a crook she bore,
 And sweets, and sweets her breath compose.
 Shepherds tell me, &c.

The beauteous, the beauteous wreath that decks her
 head,
 Forms her description, her description true,
 Hands lily white, lips crimson red,
 And cheeks, and cheeks of rosy hue.
 Shepherds tell me, &c.

WELCOME SUMMER BACK AGAIN.

In Flora's train the graces wait,
 And chase rude winter from the plain;
 As on she roves, the wild flowers spring,
 And welcome summer back again.

Spring dances o'er the plain,
 Flowering all the woodland scene,
 Then join with me, my lovely May,
 To welcome summer back again.

The budding wild will soon perfume
 The air, when balm'd by April's rain;
 'Mong banks clad o'er wi' waving broom,
 We'll welcome summer back again.
 In yon sequester'd scene,
 The mavis sings his cheerful strain,
 And there we'll meet, my lovely May,
 To welcome summer back again.

When yellow cowslips scent the mead,
 Then gladness o'er the plains will reign;
 And soon, my love, we'll pu' the flowers,
 And welcome summer back again.
 Spring dances o'er the plain,
 Flowering all the woodland scene,
 With blooming garlands in her train,
 To welcome summer back again.

THE DAINY BIT PLAN.

Our May had an e'e to a man,
 Nae less than the newly-placed Preacher:
 And we plotted a dainty bit plan
 For trapping our spiritual teacher,
 O, we were sly, sly! O, we were sly and sleekit!
 But ne'er say a herring is dry until it be reestit and
 smeekit.

We treated young Mr M·Gock,
 We plied him wi' tea and wi' toddy;
 And we praised every word that he spoke,
 Till we put him maist out o' the body.
 O, we were sly, sly! &c.

Frae the kirk we were never awa',
 Except when frae hame he was helping;
 And then May, and often us a',
 Gaed far and near after him skelping.
 O, we were sly, sly! &c.

We said aye, which our neighbours thought droll,
 That to hear him gang through wi' a sermon,
 Was, (though a wee dry on the whole,)
 As refreshing's the dew on Mount Hermon.
 O, we were sly, sly! &c.

But to come to the heart o' the nit—
 The dainty bit plan that we plotted
 Was to get a subscription afit,
 And a watch to the minister voted.
 O, we were sly, sly! &c.

The young women folk o' the kirk,
 By turns lent a hand in collecting;
 But May took the feck o' the wark,
 And the trouble the rest o' directing.
 O, we were sly, sly! &c.

A gran' watch was gotten belyve,
 And May wi' sma' priggings, consentit
 To be ane o' a party o' five
 To gang to the Manse and present it.
 O, we were sly, sly! &c.

We a' gied a word o' advice
 To May in a deep consultation,
 To hae something to say unea nice,
 And to speak for the hale deputation.
 O, we were sly, sly! &c.

Taking present and speech baith in hand,
 May delivered a bonny palaver
 To let Mr M'Gock understand
 How zealous she was in his favour.
 O, we were sly, sly! &c.

She said that the gift was to prove,
 That his female friends valued him highly,
 But it couldna express a' their love;
 And she glintit her e'e at him slyly.
 O, we were sly, sly! &c.

He put the gold watch in his sab,
 And proudly he said he wad wear it;
 And, after some flattering gab,
 Tauld May he was gaun to be marryit.
 O, we were sly, sly! O, were sly and sleekit!
 But Mr M'Gock was nae gowk, wi' our dainty bit pla
 to be cleekit.

May came hame wi' her heart at her mouth,
 And became, frae that hour, a Dissenter,
 And now she's renewing her youth
 Wi' some hopes o' the burgher Precentor.
 O, but she's sly, sly! O, but she's sly and sleekit!
 And cleverly opens ae door as soon as anither is steeki

THE BACHELOR.

My master was an auld Batch,
 Baith crabbed and uncivil:
 Than kiss a lass, (except when fou')
 He'd sooner kiss the d——l.

An' he had gowd and sil'er baith,
 As meikle's fill a barrel;
 A gaudy house, an' grand estate,
 Might serve a duke or earl.

But woman's ways he coudna thole—
 The cause o' a disasters;
 He'd sneer, an' jeer, an' curse the sex,
 And ca' them downright wasters.

But then, again, when he was fu',
 His love was overbearing;
 He'd kiss an' slake about my mou',
 Nae wife nor sil'er fearing.

As I was growing auld mysel',
 And lovers growing scanty,
 I thought upon my master's house,
 His gear an' sil'er plenty.

So I got witnesses ae night,
 When he was reeling rarely,
 To hear his tender promises,
 An' see us bedded fairly.

He sought me to his chamber ha',
 And troth, I didna swither;
 But gave a sweet complying smile,
 An' aff to bed thegither.

But oh! that morn when he awoke!
 Ere he could weel consider,

He drew his arms frae 'bout my neck,
As if he'd touch'd an adder!

“Weel, Bet!” says he, what brings you here
My troth, but you're a trimmer!
Gae, rise, an' mend the kitchen fire,
You lewd lascivious limmer!”

“Na, na, gudeman! do that yoursel'—
I'll rise when I am ready;
I was your servant yesterday,
But now I am your lady!”

But wha could paint his waspish face,
As I the facts were telling!

His miser-moans, his sil'er-shrieks,
Were like a cuddy's yelling!

Wi' rage, he fell upon the floor,
And gi'ed a roar like thun'er;

But matrimony's chains are strong—
There's few they'll not keep un'er.

Now since his single woes are past,

An' he has got a baby,

His looks hae quite anither cast,

His dress is never shabby.

An' aye he blesses Bet his wife,

The night she nail'd him till her,

An' wadna be a Batch again

For a' his lan' an' sil'er.