

THE
BORROWFUL HUSBAND.

To which are added,

The Cold House of Clay,

The Hawk,

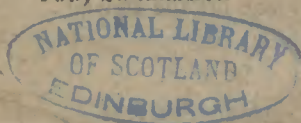
New Paddy Whack,

What can a Young Lassie do wi'
an auld Man?



GLASGOW:

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The Sorrowful Husband.

You bold sons of Mars, who've been jaded in wars,
 And subject to many commanders,
 Who fought at the Nile, and siege of Bellisla,
 Where cannons did rattle in Flanders:
 It is a far better life than be tied to a wife,
 What signifies all these alarms?
 The loss was to me, for I had a long spree,
 And ne'er got a cessation of arms.

CHORUS.

I've been foolish while young, and still in the wrong,
 The tempers of women disturb me;
 The world may wag, for I've got the bag,
 And thousands have got it before me.

I was foolish while young, and took my own will,
 And wisdom to me was a stranger,
 I began for to court, and I married for sport,
 I was not aware of the danger.
 At length, to my woe, I match'd with a doe,
 She early began to the brawling,
 These thirteen long years she has rung in my ears,
 And besides her stiff words a good mauling.

Hard lingo and din they make me look thin,
 And my garments are all out of order:
 My wife she does jibe, and wallops my hide,
 And ten times does make me cry murder!
 I oft heard it spoke there was virtue in oak,
 I tri'd it, but found it a folly,
 She beat me full sore, I was forc'd to give o'er,
 And never more lift the shilelah.

Modesty is dead, and virtue is fled,
 And wisdom's deserted the nation;
 The beautiful sound of honour's call'd down,
 It fill'd my poor heart with vexation.

Now, my brave boys, is the time to be wise,
 And guard against female delusion,
 For the fairest you see they create misery,
 And end with great shame and confusion.

Great Samson was strong, but by women was flung,
 And women made Solomon simple;
 Both Adam with Eve, and Jacob a slave,
 And Troy they have made an example;
 Had I woman's skill, all the French I would kill,
 Or bring them to capitulation,
 And with my broad sword I would end the discord,
 And reconcile every nation.

If my wife she should die, not a word I would cry,
 Nor no one should hear me lamenting,
 But single again, while life would remain,
 Experience would settle my ranting.

Were I age seventeen, and proffer'd a queen,
 And all the riches that adorned Jerusalem,
 The devil a she should ever catch me,
 Tho' I'd live to be as old as Methuselah.

The Cold House of Clay.

Adieu to the village, the best on the plain,
 The laigh glen and green hill I'll ne'er see again;
 Adieu to all sorrows, and adieu to all care,
 My ain and frail folks and the lasses so fair.
 At Church, where I promis'd, in folly, to part,
 The man that injur'd me I leave, without smart,
 But oh! how the Sons of our Lodge can I lea',
 And gang to my long hame, the cauld house of clay.

Since I was a Mason, a sad life I had,
 The auld canting crew everlastingly gnaw'd,
 That I met the d'vil in the Lodge they all said,
 But they'll men' if they miss him e'er all games be
 play'd.

If to Cowan and Craft I am punctual and just,
 (Nae triflers of secrets or babb'ers we trust,)
 My place may be higher than folks who mair pray,
 When rais'd from my lang hame, the cauld house of clay.

Nae farther I'll gang, while on this side of time,
 Yae stap near their light, in the order sublime,
 Where ilka mouth's clos'd, and the door's fastly barr'd,
 To initiate the novice, baith curious and scar'd;
 Nae mair join in chorus, with sweet harmony soft,
 Nae mair toast Kate, Ireland, or Peace to the Craft;
 O, that I were with you, but here I maun stay,
 Till I go to my lang hame, the cauld house of clay.

Move round, sons of fellowship, yearly move round,
 In the long summer day set apart for Saint John;
 Ye Templers of worth, let your tried bosom friends stand,
 And show faith and friendship by waving your hand;
 Be faithful and friendly to folk who want skill,
 The plans you're pursuing be sure to fulfil,
 Live up to your principles, O that you may,
 When I'm in my lang hame, the cauld house of clay.

O bury with honour the poor widow's son,
 While crowds from the auld walls look curiously on;
 Oft times, when you're a' met, I'm lying my lane,
 But you'll give me a round after singing the strain;
 Tho' hid among nettles, you'll find, as you search,
 My stone of remembrance, deep mark'd with an arch;
 I am very low, brethren, await me till day,
 And then take me home to my cauld house of clay.

The Hawk.

ONCE I had a bird, and a very fine bird,
 She came and went at my request,
 And when she was dress'd in her royal apparel,
 She builded her nest in my breast, brave boys,
 And she builded her nest in my breast.

She builded it out and she builded it in,
 This bonny bird was my delight;
 But she's ta'en up her flight and has flown away quite,
 And there's nobody knows where she's gone,
 Brave boys, &c.

Then up the broad meadow and down the broad meadow,
 And through the wide forest I ran,
 And there I espied my wanton wee hawk
 Standing fast by the side of a man, brave boys,
 Tied fast to another man's hand.

She bow'd down her head, and shew'd her white breast,
 She seem'd to me as if she would fly;
 She's proper and tall, and comely withal,
 And the wanton grey shines in her eye,
 Brave boys, &c.

He that has got her, oh long may he keep her,
 And make the best of her he can;
 For I vow and swear, and solemnly declare,
 That I'll hawk with her eye when I can,
 Brave boys, &c.

How can you hawk with another man's hawk?
 Without his consent can ye never:
 I'll be loyal and kind, and cheer up her mind,
 And I'll make her to wear the gold feather,
 Brave Boys, &c.

And when I have got her this feather to wear,
 There's no man alive can me blame,
 For she's caus'd me to walk many a cold winter night,
 Before that I got her to tame,
 Brave Boys, &c.

So here's to him that has got a good wife,
 And here's to him that has none,
 And cursed be he that would go to a whore,
 When he's got a good wife of his own, brave boys,
 When he's got a good wife of his own.

New Paddy Whack.

I set out from Ulster, my own country,
 And with speed I arrived at Donaghadee;
 I call'd for a ship but they gave me a boat,
 She kick'd up her keel, and she sent me afloat.

CHORUS.

With my turant tana, ladlee fold the dola,
 My blessing be with you sweet Eringobragh.

I call'd to the Captain to give me his hand,
 But de'il a one minute this racer would stand;
 I curs'd him to stop and tighten her reins,
 Or against some old bridge she would knock out his
 brains.

But there I was left on the midst of the deep,
 No house for to lodge, nor no bed for to sleep;
 Afraid every moment to tumble down stairs,
 But I kept to the top by the strength of my pray'rs.

I hoist up my staff as a sign of distress,
 A sprig of shelela and one of the best,
 But de'il a one mortal at all could I see,
 It was then I lost sight of sweet Donaghadee.

But as I was plunging and making a noise,
 There came down a ship's crew of brave British boys,
 They threw out a rope unto young Paddy Whack,
 And so like a large whale I play'd slap upon deck.

So there I lay sleeping and weeping a while,
 But when I got up I began for to smile,
 To see London city and suburbs all round,
 And they said, my dear Paddy, you're welcome to town.

But, pray Sir, said I, how do you know my name,
 I am but a stranger, from Ireland I came;
 And this very day I came out of the sea,
 And I waded half over from Donaghadee.

But when I got out of that turbulent tide,
 I was then bound for Paris the war to decide,
 To fight against Boney with all my whole strength,
 But Peace was proclaim'd ere I got the length.

Since Peace is concluded we'll join hands and sing,
 In hopes that our trade will flourish and spring:
 Let thundering canons now cease their loud noise,
 And lasses, in thousands, receive home their Boys.

What can a young Lassie do wi' an auld Man?

WHAT can a young lassie,
 What shall a young lassie,
 What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?
 Bad luck on the penny,
 That tempted my mianie

To sell her poor Jenny for filler an' lan'.

Bad luck, &c.

He's always compleenin',
 Frae morning till e'enin',
 He hoffs and he hirkles the weary day lang;
 He's doyl't and he's dozin,
 His blude it is frozen,
 O! dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man!

He hums and he hankers,
 He frets and he cankers;
 I never can please him, do a' that I can:
 He's peevish and jealous
 Of a' the young fellows:
 O! dool on the day I met wi' an auld man!

My auld auntie Katie
 Upon me taks pity;
 I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan;
 I'll cross him and rack him,
 Until I heart-break him,
 And then his auld brags will buy me a new pan.

FINIS.