

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.

Excellent Songs.

THE LAIRD OF COCKPEN.

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.

Doun 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 come speedily ben,
 She's wanted to speak to the Laird o' Cockpen.

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

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

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 among 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 among 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.

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

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 laurel'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 auld cronies there,
 It was my hale intent, man.
 So down we sat and pried the yill,
 Syne I pu'd out 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,
 For sient a grain o' pride nor pet,
 Nor eating care got footing 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 young the auld, inflam'd the cauld,
 And fir'd the saul with projects bauld,
 That dar'd the power 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 glamour frae our een,
 And bring us to oursel's again;
 As was the fate o' this auld pate,
 When that night late I took the gate
 As crouse 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 glowering, waefu' blue,
 Wi' wide-extended jaw, man.

When I began to grape for't syne,
 Thrang poutering wi' my staff, man,
 I coupet owre a muckle 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 the mark sae 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 Poll is jigging,
 Dress'd all in her Sunday rigging—

Wench and fiddle always make a sailor glad ;
 Old Nipperkin, the 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 fiddle 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 the 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 folks
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 roaring
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.

Rare

PR

975

.F655

S.L.

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