

THE KING'S MUSTER,  
To which is added,  
NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE,  
AND  
UP IN THE MORNING EARLY,  
AND  
BAULDY BAIRD,



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## THE KING'S MUSTER.

TUNE—The Auld Wife ayont the fire.

Little wat ye wha's coming,  
Little wat he wha's coming,  
Little wat ye wha's coming,  
Now the King himsel's coming.

There's coaches coming, steam-boats lumming,  
Targets coming, turtles scumming,  
Bow Street, and Lochaber's coming,  
Wi' pipes to make a braw bumming.

Little ken ye wha's coming,  
Clans and clowns and a's coming.

Gurtis and his cook's coming,  
Ghengarry and his tail's coming,  
Duke and Dungwaessell's coming,  
And walth o' gaucie bailies coming.

Little wat ye wha's coming,  
Now the King himsel's coming.

Tartan's coming, muslin's coming,  
Gregarich's coming, Greenock's coming.  
Here's the holly badge o' Drummond,  
And there's a Celt, that's but a rum one.

Little ken ye wha's coming,  
Cat and Capperfae's coming.

Breadalbane's breekless kernes are coming,  
Paisley's weaving barns are coming,  
Dirks are coming, treddles coming,  
Provost Jarvie's coach is coming.

Little wat ye wha's coming,  
Now the King himsel's coming.

There's plaides enow, and mauds coming,  
Bonnie border lads coming,  
How you stare, ye jade, woman,  
To see the braw cockades coming.

Little wat ye wha's coming,  
Young Buccleuch and a's coming.

The great Macallummore's coming,  
The thane and the Strathmore's coming.  
A body canna snore, woman,  
A' their piprochs squeeling, bumming.

Little wat ye wha's coming,  
World and wife, and a's coming.

Auld Reekie's turn'd a daft woman,  
There's carze in every carft, woman;  
And, troth, it's a' but weel-becoming,  
Now the King himsel's coming.

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Little ken ye wha's coming,  
King and kilt, and a's coming.!

### NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

And are ye sure the news are true!  
And are ye sure he's weel!  
Is this a time to ta'k o' wark,  
Mak' hast set by your wheel.  
Is this a time to ta'k o' wark,  
When Collin's at the door,  
Gi'e me my cloak, I'll to the Quey  
And see him come ashore.

For there's nae luck about the house,  
There's nae luck ava;  
There's little pleasure in the house,  
When our gudeman's awa.

Rise up and mak' a clean fireside,  
Put on the muckle Pat,  
Gi'e little Kate her cotton gown,  
And Jock his Sunday's coat;  
And mak' their shoon as black as slaen,  
Their hose as white as snaw,  
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,  
For he's been lang awa.  
For there's nae luck, &c.

There's twa fat hens upon the bank,  
'S been fed this month and mair,

Mak' hast and thraw their necks about,  
 That Collin weel may fare;  
 And spread the table neat and clean,  
 Gar ilka thing look braw,  
 It's a' for love o' my gudeman,  
 For he's been lang awa.  
 For there's nae luck, &c.

O gi'e me down my biggonets,  
 My Bishop satin gown,  
 For I maun tell the Bailie's wife,  
 That Collin's come to town.  
 My Sunday's shoon they maun gae on,  
 My hose o' pearl blue,  
 It's a' to please my ain gudeman,  
 For ee's baith leal and true.  
 For there's nae luck, &c.

Sae true's his words, sae smooth's his speech,  
 His breath like caller air,  
 His very foot has music in't  
 When he comes up the stair.  
 And will I see his face again,  
 And will I hear him speak,  
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,  
 In troth I'm like to greet.  
 For there's nae luck, &c.

### UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

SAULD blows the win' frae north to south,  
 And drift is driving sairly;

The sheep are couring i' the heugh,  
 O sirs! it's winter fairly.  
 Now up in the morning's no for me,  
 Up in the morning early;  
 I'd rather gang supperless to my bed,  
 Than rise in the morning early.

Rude rairs the blast amang the woods,  
 The branches tirlin barely;  
 Amang the chimley taps it thuds,  
 And frost is nippen sairly.  
 Now up in the morning's no for me,  
 Up in the morning early;  
 To sit a' night I'd rather agree,  
 Than rise in the morning early.

The sun peeps o'er yon southlan' hill,  
 Like onie timorous carlie;  
 Just blinks a wee, then sinks again,  
 And that we find severely.  
 Now up in the morning's no for me,  
 Up in the morning early;  
 When snaw blaws into the chimley cheek,  
 Wha'd rise in the morning early.

Na linties lilt on hedge or bush,  
 Poor things they suffer sairly;  
 In cauldrie quarters a' the night,  
 A' day they feed but sparely.  
 Now up in the morning's no for me,  
 Up in the morning early;

What fate can be waur, in winter time,  
Than rise in the morning early.

A cosey house, and a cantie wife,  
Keeps aye a body cheery:  
And pantry stow'd wi' meal and maut,  
It answers unco rarely.  
But up in the morning na, na na,  
Up in the morning early;  
The gowans maun glint on bank an' brae  
Ere I rise in the morning early.

### BAULDY BAIRD.

Bauldy Baird's come again,  
Bauldy Baird's come again;  
Tell the news through burgh and glen,  
Bauldy Baird's come again!

O Bauldy Baird can buy and sell  
Barrels o' herring, lades o' meal;  
Cheat till the good man be poor,  
And putch till the good wife look sour;  
Laugh and clatter, curse and ban,  
Tell a lie wi' onie man.  
Tell the news to a' ye ken,  
That Bauldy Baird's come again.

Bauldy Baird can drink, I trow,  
Till a' the bodies roun' be ru';  
Ilka ane that shares his bicker,  
Kens how Bauldy pays his liquor.

When ye're fu', he's on the catch,  
 He'll buy your blankets, corn, or watch.  
 Ye sharpers a', though London reared,  
 Are a' but cuiffs to Bauldy Baird.

Bauldy Baird can brag o' gambles,  
 Kens the airts o' dark dissembling.  
 Bauldy Baird can make a fen,  
 To cut the Jack at Catch-the-Pen.  
 Farmer bodies! watch your pease,  
 Hide your butter, eggs, and cheese;  
 For whether ripe, or in the braird,  
 It's a' ane to Bauldy baird.

O! close that slap there, lock that yate,  
 Else some stooks will tak' the gate;  
 For Bauldy's poney likes your grain,  
 Just as weel as 'twere his ain:  
 Stooks o' corn, and shaves o' pease;  
 Whiles your hens, and whiles your geese:  
 For, faith, he's no so easy scared,  
 It's a' ane to Bauldy Baird.

On Bauldy Baird the law was vile,  
 To draw him on a cart to jail;  
 But Bauldy Baird, the pauky deevil,  
 Slipt the loop, and left the beagle;  
 O'er the dike and through the fie'ls,  
 Bauldy ran wi' mettle heels.  
 Watch the corn stack, Robin Law,  
 For Bauldy Baird's run awa',  
 O rin, and let the bailie ken,  
 That Bauldy Baird's come again!

FINIS.

J. B. M.  
 Burns  
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