

JENNYS Bawbee.

To which are added,

17

THE CALEDONIAN LADDIE.

The Tippling Old Cobbler.

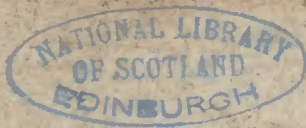
13



HADDINGTON.

Printed by G. Miller:—at whose Shop may be had a variety of
Pamphlets, Ballads, Childrens' Books, Pictures, Catechisms, &c.

WHOLESALE and RETAIL.





Jenny's Bawbee.

I MET four chaps yon birks amang,
 Wi' hanging lugs and faces lang,
 I speer'd at nei'bour Bauldy Strang
 What are they these we see ?
 Quoth he, " Ilk cream fac'd pauky cheil,
 " Thinks himself cunning as the deil,
 ' And here they come awa' to steal
 Jenny's Bawbee."

The first, a Captain to his trade,
 Wi' ill-lined scull, and back weel clad,
 March'd round the barn and by the shed,
 And papped on his knee ;
 Quoth he, " my goddeffs, nymph, and queen,
 " Your beauty's dazzl'd baith my een ;"
 But deil a beauty he had seen,
 But Jenny's Bawbee.

A Norlan' Laird neist trotted up,
 Wi' bassen'd nag and filler whip,

(3)

Cry'd, "here's my beast, lad, had the grip,
"Or tie him to a tree:

'What's goud to me, I've wealth o' lan'
'Bestow on ane o' worth your han'
He thought to pay what he was awn,
Wi' Jenny's Bawbee.

A Lawyer neist wi' blatherin gab,
Wi' speeches wove like ony web;
In ilk anes corn he took a dab,
And a' for a fee;
Accounts he owed through a' the town,
And trademen's tongues nae mair could
drown;
But now he thought to clout his gown,
Wi' Jenny's Bawbee.

Quite spruce, just frae the washing tubs,
A fool came neist, but life has rubs,
Foul were the roads, and flit the dubs,
And fair besmear'd was he;
He danc'd up squinting thro' a glais,
And grinn'd, "I faith a bonny lass;"
He thought to win wi' front o' brass,
Jenny's Bawbee.

She bade the Laird gae kaim his wig,
 The Soldier not to strut sae big,
 The Lawyer not to be a prig,
 The fool he cry'd : " tee-hee.
 " I ken'd that I could never fail ;
 But she prinn'd the dish-clout to his tail,
 And cool'd him wi' a water-pail.
 And kept her Bawbee.

Then Johnny cam' a lad o' sense,
 Altho' he had na mony pence,
 He took young Jenny to the spence,
 Wi' her to crack a wee ;
 Now, Johnny was a clever chiel,
 And here his suit he prefs'd sae weel
 That Jenny's heart grew fast as jeel
 And she birl'd her Bawbee.



The Caledonian Laddie.

BLYTHE Sandy is a bonny boy,
 And always is a wooing,
 Nor is he e'er too bold or coy,
 Although he is a-loeing ;

Last night he press'd me to his breast,
 And vow'd he'd ask my daddy, O!
 O dear, to wed me he confess'd—

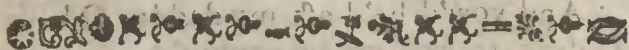
The Caledonian Laddie, O.
 O my bonny, bonny Highland boy!
 O my bonny, bonny Highland boy!
 My bonny, bonny, bonny Highland boy,
 The Caledonian laddie, O.

The maidens try both far and near,
 To gain young Sandy over;
 But a' their arts I dinna' fear,
 He winna prove a rover:

For sure he told me frank and free,
 Unknown to mam or daddy, O
 He'd marry none (ah no!) but me—
 The Caledonian laddie, O.

The other day, from Dundee fair,
 He brought me home a bonnet;
 A cap, and ribbons for my hair;

But mark what soon came on it,
 As late at kirk we somehow stood,
 In spite of mam or daddy, O,
 He married me do all I could,
 The Caledonian laddie, O.



The Tippling Old Cobbler.

A TIPPLING old cobbler in London
did dwell,

In a snug little house nigh the sign of
the bell,

And he had a daughter, whose name it was
Nanny,

So soft and so lazy she cou'd'nt work any.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

She oft went to service but never could stay,
Her eye took the head-ach; this did her
dismay;

Till at last a Tambourer, as you may remark,
Gave employment to her, and she dress'd
for a spark.

At this trade it is said she did very well,
And few at such handy work could her
excel;

But at scullion, or scodgy, she never could
settle,

Being too servile trades for a la's of such
mettle.

Now since I've describ'd the Cobler's daughter
Whose conduct, no doubt, will create some
laughter ;

'll give you a sketch of the tippler's own life,
And the end of my song will tell of his wife.

At three or four in the afternoon he goes to
bed,

Thus he suffers himself by drink to be led ;
At one in the morning, he rises again,
And then to get at his work is very fain.

He works till his daughter and wife do arise,
To work after that, is what he doth de-
pise ;

Out he goes after breakfast, and gives a
wink,

Then sets to the ale-house all day for to drink

He tipples the morning and all the forenoon,
When daughter and wife's in bed he
mends his shoon ;

In the afternoon drunk he goes to repose,

As I told you before to take a bit dose.

An accident now I will unto you tell,
 That to his wife Joan lately befel ;
 As she look'd o'er the window one day at a
 gig,
 He gave her a push o'er, and laid her for
 dead.

But it happ'ned she only had broken her
 leg,
 For that the old fool cared not a fig ;
 And soon it fell out, that her leg grew hale,
 And she goes about now as it did not her
 fail.

Ye good people all who read this ditty o'er,
 From drinking refrain, while his fate you
 T deplore,
 For the cobbler we're told having drunk too
 much,
 Tumbled heads over heels and was choak-
 A ed in a ditch.

FINIS.

B