

FOUR

POPULAR SONGS; VIZ.

My Mither men't my auld breck's

The toom meal pock.

I beg you would not mention her.

and the

ANGELS WHISPER.



GLASGOW.

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

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My Mither Men't My Auld Breeks.

My mither men't my auld breeks,
 an' wow but they were duddy
 An' sent me to get shod her mare,
 at Robin Tamson's smiddy ;
 The smiddy stands beside the burn
 that wimples thro' the clachan,
 I never yet gae by the door,
 but aye I fa' a laughin'.

For Robin was a warky carle,
 an' had ae bonnie dochter,
 Yet ne'er wad let her tak a man,
 tho mony lads had sought her ;
 But what think ye o' my exploit?
 the time our mare was shoeing,
 I slipet up beside the lass,
 an' briskly tell a wooing.

An' aye she e'd my auld breeks,
 the time that we sat crackin'.
 Quo' I my lass ne'er mind the clous,
 i ve new anes for the makin' ;
 But gin ye'll just come home wi' me
 an' lea the carle your faither
 Ye'se get my breeks to keep in trim,
 mysel' an' a thegither.

Deed lad quo she your offers fair,
 I really think I ll tak' it,
 Sae gang awa' get out the mare,
 we'll baith sl p on the back o t ;
 For gin I wait my father's time,
 I ll wait till I be fifty
 But na ; I ll marry in my prime,
 an' mak a wife fu' thrifty.

Auld Robin girmed an' sheuk his pow,
 guid sooth quo' he you're merry
 But I'll just tak ye at your word
 an' end this herry burry ;

So Robin an' our auld gudewife,
 agreed to creep thegither :
 Now I hae Robin Tamson's pet
 An' Robin has my mither.

The Toom Meal Pock.

Preserve us a what shall we do
 thir dark nballow d-times ?
 We re surely dreeing penance now,
 for some most awfu' crimes
 Seditioun daurna now appear,
 in reality or joke.
 Put iika chiel maun mourn wi' me,
 o' a hinging toom meal pock.
 And sing Oh waes me.

When lasses braw gade out at e'en
 for sport and pastime free,
 I seemed like ane in paradise.
 the moments quick did flee ;
 Like Venuses they a' appeared,
 weel pouthered was their locks,
 'Twas easy dune when at their hame,
 wi' the shaking o' their pocks.
 And sing Oh waes me.

How happy past my former days,
 wi' merry heartsome g'ee,
 When smiling fortune held the cup,
 and peace sat on my knee
 Nae wants had I but were supplied
 my heart wi' joy did knock,
 When in the neuk I smiling saw
 a gauc'e weel fill'd pock.
 And sing, Oh, waes me

Speak nae word about reform,
 nor petition Parliameat,
 A wiser scheme I'll now propone,
 I'm sure you'll gie consent—
 Send up a chiel or twa like me
 as a sample o' the flock,
 Whas hollow cheeks will be sure proof
 o' a hinging toom meal pock.
 And sing Oh waes me

And shou'd a sicht sae ghastly like
 wi' rags and banes and skin,
 Hae nae impression on you folks
 but tell ye'll stand abin
 O what a contrast will ye shaw,
 to the glowerin Lunnun fo'k,
 When in St. James' ye tak your stand,
 wi' a hinging toom meal pock.
 And sing Oh waes me,

Then rear your hand and glower and stare,
 before you hills o' beef

Tell them ye are frae Scotland come,
 for Scotia's relief ;
 Tell them ye are the vera best
 wal'd frae the fattest flock,
 Then raise your arms and oh display
 a hinging toom meal pock.
 And sing Oh waes me !

Tell them ye're wearied o' the chain
 that hauds the state thegither
 For Scotland wishes just to tak
 gude night wi' ane anither
 We canna tho'e—we canna b'le,
 this hard unwieldy yoke,
 For wark and want but ill agree,
 wi' a hinging toom meal pock.
 And sing Oh waes me !

The Angels Whisper.

A baby was sleeping its mother was weeping,
 for her husband was far on the wild raging sea
 And the tempest was swelling round the fisher-
 man's dwelling
 and she cried, Dermot darling oh come back
 to me.

Her beads while she number'd the baby still
 slumber'd,
 and smil'd in her face as she bended her knee

Oh bless'd be that warning my child thy sleep
 adorning
 for I know that the angels are whispering with
 thee.

And while they are keeping bright watch o'er
 thy sleeping
 oh pray to them softly my baby with me,
 And say thou would'st rather they'd watch o'er
 thy father,
 for I know that the angels are whispering with
 thee.

The dawn of the morning saw Dermot returning
 and the wife wept with joy her babe's father
 to see,
 And closely caressing her child with a blessing,
 said I knew that the angels were whispering
 with thee.

I beg you would not mention her:

I beg you would not mention her
 it's really quite absurd ;
 My ears are now for ever stunned
 with that confounded word,
 Then do not tease and worry me
 and put me in a pet.
 Though fate from her has set me free
 think not that I forget

You say that in some distant scene
 her charms now others see,
 But were she at the antipodes
 she'd be too near to me
 Tis true I may behold no more
 her one bright eye of jet.
 I do not see her gothic form
 yet how can I forget

For oh, there are a thousand things
 recall her still to me :
 The roaring of the ruthless wind,
 The raging of the sea :
 The misty cloud that dims the sky,
 when winter suns have set,
 And all that we least love to see,
 forbid me to forget.

They te'l me she has money now,
 and freely makes it fly ;
 They hint that she has lovers too,
 but that is all my eye
 Tis nothing but a trick of theirs
 to catch me in the net ;
 But I have known her once good lord
 and never can forget,