

THE  
BON-ACCORD SANGSTER:

CONTAINING

BON-ACCORD;

SATURDAY EVE;

LIBERTY, EQUALITY AND FRATERNITY;

THE PIPES;

THE PIPE AND BOWL;

AND

WELCOME TO THE FESTIVAL.



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BON-ACCORD.

TUNE—"For a' that an' a' that."

Again we've waur'd December cauld,  
The New-Year hail'd an' a' that ;  
Now blythe we meet baith young an' auld,  
In friendship's glow, for a' that :  
For a' that an' a' that,  
Be wisely gay an' a' that,  
Nor madly waught the poison'd draught,  
But daur abstain frae a' that.

Nor daiced in brain, nor bruis'd in liub,  
We hail our frien's an' a' that,  
Tho' aft the social eup we brim,  
It leaves nac stang for a' that ;  
For a' that an' a' that,  
Nae faimin' eaup we blaw that,  
The eauler burn aye sairs our turn,  
To sloek our drouth an' a' that.

How can we pray "give us this day  
Our daily *bread*" an' a' that,  
Then frae the plain bear halesome grain,  
An' *poison* mak' o' a' that ?  
For a' that an' a' that,  
Our Statesmen wink at a' that,  
Tho' murder's hand pollutes the land --  
The tax will cover a' that.

The Drunkard wields the tyrant's rod  
O'er wife an' weans, an' a' that,  
Regard to man or fear of God,  
His words an' works ne'er shaw that;  
For a' that an' a' that,  
An equal yoke we draw that,  
An' train our youth to do the truth,  
An' walk in love an' a' that.

The Pauper's fauld, the Felon's hauld,  
The Tipler's howff an' a' that;  
Drink fills the hive wi' drones that thrive  
On labour's fruits for a' that:  
For a' that an' a' that,  
Now Self-defence maun law, that  
The Ship that fails in helm and sails,  
*Permissive* Tug maun draw that.

Then Temp'rance' Sons unfurl your flag,  
Whatever blast may blaw that,  
Till Scotland rise an' crush the cag  
That dribbles death an' a' that.  
For a' that an' a' that,  
Tak' steady aim at a' that,  
And let the word be *BON-ACCORD*,  
That binds our ranks an' a' that.

#### SATURDAY EVE.

TUNE—" *Jeannette et Jeannot.*"

You are going for your pay, for your fortnight's pay, my dear,  
And, lest ye do as many do, my heart is filled with fear;  
'Tis the eve of Saturday, and a Public-house the place,  
And, Oh, how many there have rushed on ruin and disgrace!  
When you raise the poison-cup, and pour out a long tirade,  
Oh, I fear you will forget the solemn promises you've made;

With your passions all inflamed and your reason laid aside,  
You may take some stranger by the hand and fancy her your  
bride.

Or when Bacchus leads the way, will you think amid the noise,  
That the pleasure you are seeking all my happiness destroys ;  
For your frolic and your wit, perhaps, their leader you may  
be—

To me such honour is disgrace—such laughter, misery :

But had *I* a voice of thunder to shake St. Stephen's dome,  
I'd have no brandy from abroad, no whisky made at home ;  
Or if Statesmen license Publicans to vend the "mountain  
dew,"

Let the men who *make* the paupers be compelled to *keep*  
them too!

**"LIBERTY, EQUALITY AND FRATERNITY!"**

TUNE—"Rob Rorison's Bannet."

Commotion, commotion is seen far and near,  
The surges are thund'ring—hearts failing for fear ;  
The sceptres are trembling—crowns nod to their fall,  
And monarchy staggers at anarchy's call.

The Pope, that has war against Freedom long waged,  
Is now like a bird in the Vatican caged,  
Tho' late as the great Liberator revered—  
But he's a wise warlock that kens his ain weird.

As Britons, we Liberty's blessings would crave,  
Tho' none knows in what he is held as a slave—  
Yes ; free to be lazy and get up a strike,  
Then live on our neighbour and do what we like!

Equality, too, is the sum of our song,  
But righted to-day, ere to-morrow we're wrong ;  
For one drops his cash in the Savings' Bank's till,  
While another melts his in the Publican's gill.

Fraternity, too, we are leagued to advance,  
With those who our artizans kick out of France,  
Such brotherly love, sure, the Irishman tried,  
Who placed reciprocity all on one side.

The men who their country's fair character blot,  
And basely degrade the proud name of a Scot,  
The red rampant Lion would tear from our flag,  
And over them flutter the tricolour rag.

But shame to the man that would cover his eyes,  
Nor blessings of Plenty and Liberty prize;  
Nor grateful acknowledge the Peace we enjoy,  
Nor his head nor his hand to defend them employ.

### THE PIPES.

TUNE—"Maggie Lauder."

The blast o' war, on Braes o' Mar,  
Arous'd rebellion's stour, man;  
The bagpipes clear, the clans did cheer,  
To fecht at Sherra-moor, man:  
Then foreign field saw sword an' shield,  
Baith Dons an' Munsics claw, man:  
The pibroch gay, that cleared the way,  
Was *Up and waur them a'*, man.

But bowden bags, an' drones wi' flags  
Gaed out as Peace cam' in, man;  
An' saurless gypes preserv'd the *pipes*,  
That only gya the win', man;  
A light they scratch, and haud the match  
Where they tobacco stuff in;  
Then raise a smoke wad smore a brock,  
While all they scour puff-puffin'!

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**Here** beggars blind, to raise the wind,  
 Their black-mou'd cutty blaw, man;  
**For** what you chuck, they wus you luck,  
 But never miss a draw, man;  
**There** royal Stars, wi' dear cigars,  
 In clouds consume their days, man;  
**When** Dukes hae luck to kill a buck,  
 They sit astride an' blaze, man!  
**Thus** gryte an' sma', in cot an' ha',  
 Inhale this foreign fume, man;  
**An'** sons o' toil in smoking pile,  
 Baith bit an' brat consume, man;  
**Their** wives gang bare, their bairns want lare,  
 An' reek aye maks a sour house;  
**When** limb and lith hae tint their pith,  
 They shochel to the Poorhouse.  
**Then,** Lasses gay, attend my lay,  
 That's lilted for your profit;  
**An'** quickly quench this poison's stench  
 That's only fit for Tophet;  
**Renounce** the race, that fumes your face,  
 Tho' some may ca' you saucy;—  
**Nane** but a gype, for fousome pipe,  
 Would lose a thrifty lassie!

#### THE PIPE AND BOWL.

**TUNE—**"*Wha wadna fecht for Charlie?*"  
**Fill** the Bowl and foam the Bicker,  
 While Mackenzie's eyelids wink;  
**Drink** makes languid hearts beat quicker,  
 Empty heads sublimely think.  
**Drink,** all slavish toil forgetting,  
 Drink can make the clown a king;  
**Drink** till eyes in joy are setting,  
 Drink makes sorrow take the wing!

Parsons preach that drink's demerits  
 Bring us all to Tophet's brink;  
 While their Elders deal in spirits,  
 And their Deacons draw our clink.  
 Templars, decked in Popish tucker,  
 Spread their chaff to gull our class;  
 Templars, leagued the weak to succour,  
 Give the *sign* but *grip* the glass!

Bring the pipe with lengthy stalk in,  
 Well Tobacco Bacchus serves;  
 Smoke promotes enlightened talkin',  
 Wings the fancy—soothes the nerves.  
 Smoke, nor name our lair for sleeping,  
 Fireless hearth and sloppy floor;  
 Smoke till vapours round us creeping  
 Screen from peepers at the door.

Statesmen, like the press of Bramah,  
 Tax from Pipe and Bicker squeeze;  
 Drinking paid the Alabama,  
 Smoking smored the Ashantees;  
 Near Balmoral's banner'd turrets,  
*Lochnagar*\* recruits the cag;  
 And the smoke of "royal" spirits  
 Stains the folds of Britain's flag.

While the Pipe and Bicker cheer us  
 Wondrous scenes enchant our view;  
 Robed in clouds, like Fingal's heroes,  
 Swift we mount—"Police, adieu!"—  
 Drinking, smoking, grandly soaring,  
 Till the floor arrests their head,  
 Leave we safe our heroes snoring  
 Where *Incapables* are spread.

\* A Distillery so called.

## WELCOME TO THE FESTIVAL.

TUNE—"Scots wha hae."

Friends, arrayed at Temp'rance' call,  
 Foes to Drink's degrading thrall,  
 Welcome to our Festival—

To all a gueed New Year.

Wha wad kirk or court reform?

Wha wad lay the social storm?

Let him crush the *fiery worm*

That stung the parted Year.

Stillers proud and Brewers bland,  
 Linked wi' Tapsters' balefu' band,  
 F'our distraction o'er the land,

And blight the budding Year.

Tempters prowl in ilka place,  
 Luring youth to dire disgrace;

*Bon-Accord*, these blots efface,

And launch a purer Year.

What though Plenty crowned the plain,

When the love o' sordid gain

Poison strained from tortured grain,

And spoiled the plenteous Year?

Drunkards, daisied in filthy lair,

Drunkards' wives, forfowden sair,

Drunkards' bairns, mislear'd and bere,

Ne'er blessed the bounteous Year.

Youth, as Vet'rans fade away,

Round our flag your strength array;

Triumph soon will hail the day,

That heralds Freedom's Year.

Patriots, liquor's tide restrain,

Freemen, break the drunkard's chain,

*Light of Truth*, on land an' main,

Oh, beam a brighter Year.