

SPRIG OF SHILELAH,

I'll soon hae a Wife o' my ain,

DOCTOR MONRO.

AND,

THE



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The Sprig of Shilela, and Shamrock so green.

O Love is the saul of a neat Irishman,
He loves all the lovely, loves all that he can,
With his Sprig of Shilela and Shamrock so
green.

His heart is good-humour'd 'tis honest and
sound,

No malice or hatred is there to be found:
He courts and he marries, he drinks and he
fights,

'Tis love, all for love, for in that he delights,
With his sprig of Shilela and Shamrock so
green.

Who has e'er had the luck to see Denny-brook
fair,

An Irishman all in his glory is there,
With his Sprig, &c.

With clothes spick and span new, without
e'er a speck,

A neat Barcelona-tied round his neat neck;
He goes to a tent and he spends half a-crown
He meets with his friend, and for love kneels
him down,

With his Sprig, &c.

At evening returning, as homeward he goes,
His heart soft with whisky, his head soft with
blows,

From a Sprig, &c.

He meets with his Shelah, who blushing a smile
Cries get ye gone Pat, yet consents all the while.
To the priest they soon go, and nine months
after that

A fine baby cries, how d'ye do father Pat,
With your Sprig, &c.

Bless the country, say I, that gave Patrick his
birth,

Bless the land of the oak, and its neighbouring
earth,

Where grows the Shilela, &c.

May the sons of the Thames, the Tweed, and
the Shannon,

Drub the foes that dare land in our confines a
cannon,

United and happy at loyalty's shrine,

May the rose and the Thistle long flourish and
twine

Round the sprig of Shilela and Shamrock so
green.

P'LL SOON HAE A WIFE O' MY AIN.

FRAE Clyde to the banks of sweet Earn,
I've travell'd fu' mony lang mile,

But thoughts o' my dearest lass Annie,
 The wearisome hours did beguile.
 The happy, wae night that we parted,
 She vow'd she would constant remain;
 My heart-strings a' dir'd wi' fondness!
 I kiss, and I kiss'd her again.

'Tis no cause her cheeks are like roses,
 Nor yet for her dark rollin' e'e,
 'Tis no for her sweet comely features,
 These charms are naething to me.
 The storms of life may soon blast them,
 Or sickness make them fade away;
 But virtue, when fix'd in the bosom,
 Will flourish, and never decay.

Nae langer I'll spend a' my siller,
 Nae langer I'll now ly my lane;
 Nae langer I'll hunt' after hizzies,
 I'll soon ha'e a wife o' my ain.
 For mony wild foot I ha'e wander'd
 And mony lang night spent in vain,
 Wi' drinkin' and dancin', and courtin',
 But I'll soon ha'e a wife o' my ain.

Her mither's ay flytin', and roarin',
 "I red you tak tent o' that chie;
 He'll no be that canny to live wi'
 He'll ne'er be like douse Geordy Steel.
 He's courted wi' o'er meny lasses;
 To slight them he thinks it gude fun;

He'll mak' but a sober ha'f-marrow,
Ye'll best rue before you be bound."

Tho' Geordy be laird of a house,
And brags o' his kye and his pelf,
Tho' warld's gear I be right scant o',
A fig for't as lang's I've my health:
If ance I were kippi'd wi' Annie,
She'll seldom ha'e cause to complain,
We'll jog on through life ay right canny,
When I get a wife o' my ain.

But if that my Annie prove faithless,
And marry before I return,
I'll no like a cuif greet about her,
Nor yet for ae minute will mourn;
Awa' strait to some ither beauty,
Without loss of time I will hie,
And shew to the lasses I'm careless,
Unless they're as willin' as I.

DOCTOR MONRO.

DEAR Doctor, be clever, and fling off your
beaver, [so slow,
Come bleed me, and blister me, don't be
I'm sick, I'm exhausted, my schemes they are
blasted, [ro.
And all driven heels o'er-head, Doctor Mon-

Be patient, dear fellow, you foster your fever;
Pray what's the misfortune that bothers you
so?

O, Doctor! I'm ruin'd! I'm ruin'd for ever!
My lass has forsaken me, Doctor Monro.

I meant to have married, and tasted the pleasures,
[flow;

The sweets, the enjoyments, in wedlock that
But she's ta'en another, and broken my measures,

And fairly confounded me, Doctor Monro.

I'll bleed and I'll blister you, over and over;

I'll master your malady ere that I go:

But raise up your head from below the bed
cover,

And give some attention to Doctor Monro.

If Chirsty had wed you, she would have misled
you, [some young beau.

And laugh'd at your love with some hand-

Her conduct will prove it; but how would you
love it? [Monro.

"I soon would have lam'd her, dear Doctor

Each year brings a pretty young son, or a
daughter: [know?

Perhaps you're the father, but how shall you

You hugg them—her gallant is bursting with
laughter—

That thought's like to murder me, Doctor
Monro.

The boys cost you many a penny and shilling;
You breed them with pleasure, with trouble,
and woe:

But one turns a rake, and another a villain.—
My heart could not bear it; dear Doctor
Monro.

The lasses are comely, and dear to your bosom;
But virtue and beauty has many a foe!
O think what may happen; just nipt in their
blossom!—

Ah! merciful Heaven! cease, Doctor Monro

Dear Doctor, I'll thank you to hand me my
breeches; [go;
I'm better; I'll drink with you ere that you
I'll never more sicken for women or riches,
But love my relations and Doctor Monro.

I plainly perceive, were I wedded to Christy,
My peace and my pleasures I needs must
forego. [thirsty;
He still lives a bachelor; drinks when he's
And sings like a lark, and loves Doctor
Monro.

THE TEAR

On beds of snow the moon beam slept,
 And chilly was the midnight gloom;
 When by the damp grave Helen wept;
 Sweet maid! it was her Lindor's tomb.

A warm tear gush'd, the wintry air
 Congeal'd it as it flow'd away;
 All night it lay and ice-drop there;
 At morn it glitter'd in the ray.

An angel wandering through his sphere,
 Who saw this bright, this frozen gem;
 To dew-ey'd Pity brought the tear
 And fix'd it on her diadem.

FINIS.