

# Days O' Langfyne.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

The HAPPY STRANGER, New Way.

THE CONTENTED WIFE,  
With the Husband's ANSWER.


THE HAPPY MARRIAGE.

O DEAR! I'M SO PLEAS'D.

A TRIP TO THE FAIR.



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## THE DAYS O' LANGSYNE.

WHEN war had broke in ca the peace o' auld men,  
 An' frae Chelsea to arms they were summon'd again;  
 Twa vet'rans grown gray wi' their muskets, fair sail'd,  
 Wi' a sigh were relating how hard they had toild:  
 The drum it was beating, to fight they incline,  
 But ay they look'd back on the days o' langsyne;  
 The drum it was beating, to fight they incline,  
 But ay they look'd back on the days o' langsyne.

Oh! Davie, man, well thou remembers the time,  
 When twa daft young callens, and just in our prime,  
 The Prince led us, conquer'd, an' show'd us the way,  
 When mony a bra' chiel we turn'd cauld on that day:  
 Still again wou'd I venture this auld trunk o' mine,  
 Cou'd our gen'als but lead, or we fight like langsyne.  
 Still again would I venture, &c.

But garrison duty is a' we can do, (true,  
 Tho' our arms are worn weak, yet our hearts are still  
 We fear'd neither danger by land or by sea,  
 For time is turn'd coward, an' no you an' me,  
 An' though at our fate we may hardly repine,  
 Youth winna return nor the strength of langsyne.  
 An' though at our fate, &c.

When after our conquests, it joys me to mind,  
 How thy Jane carest'd thee, an' my Meg was kind;  
 They shar'd a' our dangers though never so hard,  
 An' we car'd na' for plunder when sic our reward;  
 Ev'n now they're resolv'd baith their hames to resign,  
 An' to share the hard fate they were us'd to langsyne.  
 Ev'n now they're resolv'd baith their hames to resign,  
 An' to share the hard fate they were us'd to langsyne.

## THE HAPPY STRANGER, New Way.

AS I was a walking one ev'ning in spring,  
 To hear the birds whistle & nightingale sing,  
 I heard a fair maid was making great moan,  
 Saying, I am a poor stranger and far from my own.

I stept up unto her, I made a low gee,  
 Asking her pardon for making so free,  
 I'm afraid sir, you'll undoe me in this desert alone,  
 As I am a poor stranger, and far from my own.

He said my pretty fair maid, you need never fear,  
 I'll do you no harm, there's no body near,  
 For if you believe me, and hear what I say,  
 In this lonely desert you shan't go astray.

The boys of this country are stout roving blades,  
 They take great delight in courting fair maids,  
 They kiss them & clap them & call them their own,  
 And perhaps their own darling lies bleeding at home.

He says my pretty fair maid if you'll go with me,  
 To yonder strange country diversion to see,  
 No more you'll return to your friends back again,  
 For ever I'll adore you my amorous dame.

O no my dear jewel, such things cannot be,  
 Till further acquainted your parents will be,  
 You first must go home and acquaint your dedda,  
 And at your return I'll acquaint my mamma.

I'll build you a castle on yonder green hill,  
 Where neither Duke nor Earl dare it down-pull,  
 And if any one ask you what you do here alone,  
 Tell them you're a stranger & far from your own.

He says my pretty fair maid if you'll go with me,  
 Away to the Parson and marry'd we'll be,  
 We will go to him and get these words said,  
 And you ne'er shall return to your mammy a maid.

THE CONTENTED WIFE.

I Have been a wife this dozen of long years,  
 And blifs'd be the time I did marry,  
 I never fell out with my love in my life,  
 If he at the ale-house did tarry;

I light up my candle and go to my bed,  
 He comes when he pleases, no more is said,  
 He sleeps till he's sober and settles his head,  
 Girls mind this when you do marry

I rise in the morning before he's awake,  
 And then I do make him a fire;

For breakfast I get him some chocolate hot,  
 Or any thing else he desires;

He gives me a kiss, and to work he does go,  
 I never say, Husband, Why do you do so?

We live like two turtles, no sorrow we know,  
 Girls mind this when you do marry.

If on Saturday's night his money fall short,  
 We make the less serve us on Sunday,  
 He cries my dear, I'll do better next week,  
 And go to work early on Monday.

Our children obey with submission and fear;  
 We have no words but my love and my dear,  
 We've been married these dozen of long years,  
 Girls mind this when you do marry.

If you have bad husbands it's in vain to scold,  
 Ill words will ne'er make them better,  
 But keep yourselves free from contention & strife,  
 Let your neighbours not know the matter.  
 And be but contented though never so poor,  
 And GOD, will daily increase your store,  
 So that you may drive the wolve from the door,  
 Girls mind this when you do marry.

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 THE HUSBAND'S ANSWER.

**M**Y wife is a notable girl I must own,  
 And now I do love her most dearly,  
 She never did scold when that I came home,  
 Was I ever so late or so early.  
 I stagger'd to bed, where all night I did ly,  
 Snoring fast by her side like a pig in a sty; (reply,  
 I sometimes call'd her names but she ne'er would  
 No man e'er was happier married.

Her goodness at length did my wildness reclaim,  
 That I should abuse such good nature;  
 I thought with myself I was much to blame,  
 And therefore resolve to grow better.  
 I've left off my drinking and reveling quite,  
 My kind wife and children is all my delight,  
 My health I preserve, and my money stood by me,  
 No man was e'er happier married.

She is a good wife and a house-wife besides,  
 Although I have been such a villain,  
 She will make a groat go further indeed,  
 Than many one will make a shilling.  
 She's none of those wives that drinks coffee or tea,  
 Or gossips about with her neighbours all day,  
 Or e'er goes abroad unless it's with me,  
 No man e'er was happier married.

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## THE HAPPY MARRIAGE.

**A**S I was a walking one morning so fair,  
 So Green was the fields, and cool was the air,  
 There did I discover  
 Pretty Nancy my lover,  
 And I for to woo her was pleas'd for to say,

O fairest of creatures that ever was seen,  
 You're the pride of my heart, the flow'r of the green,  
 With garlands made of roses,  
 And sweet pretty posies,  
 What nature composes I'll crown you my Queen.

To these words I spoke she answered and said,  
 O how can you flatter a poor harmless maid,  
 For your tongue it runs so nimble,  
 It makes my heart to tremble,  
 And I fear you disemble my poor heart to break.

Of all my sweethearts I have had nine or ten,  
 Yet never a one can I fancy of them,  
 But if I should believe you,  
 And you should deceive me,  
 And scornfully leave me, Oh! where am I then?

These words I speak is by the Powers above,  
 The rocks and the mountains shall sooner remove,  
 And the sea shall flame on fire,  
 If from my love I do retire,  
 And there's nothing I desire, but innocent love.

If innocent love is all your request,  
 And you are in earnest, I thought you were in jest,  
 I'll adore you with pleasure,  
 With kisses out of measure,  
 With joy, peace and pleasure, we both shall be blest.

This couple they're married and live very happy,  
 Enjoying one another with pleasures so canty,  
 The rocks they shall melt,  
 And the mountains shall move,  
 If ever I prove false to the woman I love.


O DEAR! I'M SO PLEAS'D.

WHEN Strephon appears, how my heart pit a pat,  
 shews the tender emotion with which it is seiz'd,

To the shepherd's bewitching gay innocent chat,  
I could listen for ever, O dear! I'm so pleas'd.

My grandmother frowns, & protests I'm too young,  
with the lesson of Cupid so soon to be teaz'd,  
But so sweet is the honey that falls from his tongue,  
I laugh at my grandmam, O dear! I'm so pleas'd.

Should he ask me to wed, as he hinted to-dzy,  
when my hand he so soft & so tenderly squeez'd,  
He's so pretty a swain that I can't say him nay,  
I'm resolv'd to be marry'd, O dear! I'm so pleas'd.



### A TRIP TO THE FAIR.

**A**LL you young people, wherever you be,  
Give your attention, and listen to me;  
In the song that I sing, all the truth you shall hear,  
Of the drolls and diversions of fam'd——fair.  
To my fal de ral, these are the humours of, etc.

With great preparation the fair is begun,  
For most of young people they like to see fun;  
Some on horse, some on foot, some in chaises repair,  
Some crowded on waggons they ride to the fair.  
To my fal de ral, these are the, etc.

Wheelwrights and blacksmiths, carpenters too,  
Wives, children, & sweethearts, believe me 'tistrue,  
Farmers and servants, journeymen from their jobs,  
Taylors and barbers, and millers and snobs.  
To my fal de ral, these are the, etc.

Apprentices too who made a bold venture,  
And trespass'd a little beyond their indenture,  
You might see them a treating their mistress's maid,  
For letting them in when their master's in bed.  
To my fal de ral, these are the, etc.

They'll tipple like fishes, and prattle like parrots,  
 And gobble down cakes as a sow will do carrots;  
 Some with the salmon they there do regale,  
 But give me beef and ham, and a pot of good ale.  
 To my fal de ral, these are the, etc.

There's oranges, gingerbread, ribbons and toys,  
 Here's dolls for your girls, & drums for your boys;  
 Roast pork, beef and ham, they can cut very nice,  
 If you can find money you must not mind price.  
 To my fal de ral, these are the, etc.

The ale-houses crowded, you scarce can get in,  
 Some calling for beer, for cyder and gin,  
 The landlord laughs in's sleeve, his shoulders he shrugs  
 He can sell off his bad beer, in's short measur'd mugs.  
 To my fal de ral, these are the, etc.

Here's the big and the little, the lusty and tall,  
 Some with plenty of money, and some none at all;  
 Some diverting of others with abundance of rigs,  
 Some dance to the fiddles like squeaking pigs.  
 To my fal de ral, these are the, etc.

When the fair is o'er then homewards they throng,  
 The lads and the lasses they frisk it along,  
 Men, women, and children, as home they repair,  
 They read the new songs they bought at the fair.  
 To my fal de ral, these are the, etc.

So now I'll conclude this diversion and fun,  
 Which may be reviv'd when next—fair comes:  
 Some, I doubt, will repent they took no better care,  
 For perhaps in 9 months they'll remember the fair.  
 To my fal de ral, these are the, etc.

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G L A S G O W,

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