

FIFTY YEARS SHEPHERD,

AND

FIFTY A KING.

THE KING AND WEST COUNTRYMAN.

THE BUNDLE OF WANTS.



GLASGOW:

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

SONGS.

THE JUBILEE.

Frae the Grampian hills will the Royal ear hear it,
An' listen to Norman the Shepherd's plain tale,
The north wind is blawing, and gently will bear it
Unvarnish'd and honest, o'er hill and o'er dale ;
When London it reaches, at court sure receive it,
Like a tale you may read it, or like a sang sing,
Poor Norman is easy, but you may believe it,
I m fifty years Shepherd, you're fifty a King.

Your Jubilee now wi' my ain I will mingle,
For you and mysel' twa fat lambkins I'll slay ;
Fresh turf I will lay in a heap on my ingle,
An wi' my auld neebors I'll rant out the day.
My pipes that I play'd on lang syne, I will blaw them,
The chanter I'll teach to lilt over each spring,
My drones to the tune I'll round an' round thraw them,
I'm fifty years Shepherd, you're fifty a King.

The flocks o' Great Britain ye've lang weel attended,
The flocks o' Great Britain demanded your care,
Frae the tod an' the wolf they've been snugly defended,
And let to fresh pastures, fresh water and air ;

My flocks I have led day by day o'er the heather,
 At night they around me ha'e danc'd in a ring,
 I've been their protector thro' foul and fair weather,
 I'm fifty years Shepherd, you're fifty a King.

Their fleeces I've shorn, frae the cauld to protect me,
 Their fleeces they gave when a burden they grew ;
 When leas'd frae the sheeting their looks did respect me,
 So the flocks o' Great Britain still look upon you ;
 They grudge not their monarch a mite o' their riches,
 Their active industry is ay on the wing ;
 Then you and me, Sire, I think are twa matches,
 I'm fifty years Shepherd, you're fifty a King.

Me wi' my sheep, Sire, and you wi' your subjects,
 On that festive day we'll both gladly rejoice ;
 Our twa hoary heads will be fu' o' new projects,
 To please the leal vassals that made us their choice !
 Wi' sweet rips o' hay I will treat a' my wethers,
 The juice o' the vine to your lords you will bring,
 The respect they ha'e for us is better than brother's,
 I'm fifty years Shepherd, you're fifty a King.

My crook I will dress in the relies o' summer,
 My faithfu' auld Colly shall hail that blithe morn,
 And to my wee cabin I'll welcome each comer,
 The friend that hath plenty, and stranger forlorn ;
 You'll sure do the same tho' nobody broach it,
 You've plenty of beef, butter, lobsters, and ling,
 And rowth o' Musicians to strike up the crotchet,
 I'm fifty years Shepherd, you're fifty a King.

I live in the cottage, where Norval was bred in,
 You live in the palace your ancestors rear'd,
 Nae guests uninvited dare come to our weddin',
 Nor ruthless invader pluck us by the beard;
 Then thanks to the island we live in, where shipping
 Skim round us abreast, or like geese in a string,
 Then safe I can say, as my brose I am sipping,
 I'm fifty years Shepherd, you're fifty a King,

But ah! Royal George, and ah! humble Norman,
 Life to us baith draws near to a close;
 The year's far awa that was our natal hour, man,
 Tho time's at our elbow that brings us repose;
 But e'en let it come, sirs, if conscience acquit us,
 A sigh frae our bosom death never shall wring,
 An' may the next Jubilee, amang angels meet us,
 So hail the auld Shopherd, and worthy auld King.

BUNDLE OF WANTS.

Come, Gentlemen, sit you all merry,
 I'll sing you a song of want;
 I'll make you as merry as can be,
 Now my money begins to grow scant.

A woman without ever a tongue,
 She never can scold very loud;
 It's just such another sad want,
 When a fiddler wants his crowd.

A ship without ever a sail,
May be driven the Lord knows whither,
It's just such another sad want,
As a shoemaker wanting his leather.

A man that has got but one leg,
Will make but a very bad runner;
And he that's no eyes in his head,
Will make but a sorrowful gunner.

A bell without ever a clapper,
Will make but a sorrowful sound;
And he that's no land of his own,
Must work on another man's ground.

A woman without e'er a fault,
She bright as a star will appear;
But a brewer without any malt,
Will brew us but pitiful beer.

A soldier without any pay,
To fight will be terrible lazy;
And a bed well stocked with fleas,
Will make a man wonderful busy.

A miller without a pair of stones,
He is but a sorrowful soul;
And if he has no corn to grind,
He need not stand taking toll.

A man that has got a bad stomach,
 Will make but a pitiful dinner;
 And he that's no victuals to eat,
 His jaws will grow thinner and thinner.

You know that a dish of good meat
 Is the comfort and joy of man's life;
 But he that's no victuals to eat,
 Has no need to draw out his knife.

A ploughman without e'er a plough,
 I think he may live at his ease;
 And a dairy without e'er a cow,
 Will make but bad butter and cheese.

A man that is pitiful poor,
 Has little or nothing to lose;
 And he that has got ne'er a foot,
 It saves him the buying of shoes.

A woman that never bore children,
 Is barren, and so much the worse;
 And he that is quite out of money,
 Can have no need of a purse.

I hope there's no one in this place,
 Displeas'd any way with my song;
 Come, buy up my ballads apace,
 And I'll pack up my awls, and begone.

THE KING AND WEST COUNTRYMAN.

There was an old chap in the west country,
 A flaw in his lease the lawyers had found;
 It were all about a-felling some oak trees,
 And building some houses upon his own ground.

Ri tooral, &c.

Now this old chap to Lunnun did go,
 To tell the King a part of his woe,
 Likewise to tell him a part of his grief,
 In hopes King George would give him relief.

Ri tooral, &c.

Now this old chap to Lunnun did go,
 But found the King to Windsor had gone;
 But if he had known he'd not been at home,
 He domm'd his buttons if ever he'd come.

Ri tooral, &c.

Now this old chap to Windsor did go,
 But the gates were barred, and all secure;
 He bumped and thumped with his oaken clump,
 There's room within for I, to be sure.

Ri tooral, &c.

Pray, Mr Noble, shew I the King—
 What's that the King that I see there?
 I seed a chap at Bartlemy Fair,
 Much liker a King than that chap there.

Ri tooral, &c.

Pray, Mr. King, how do you do?

I'ze gotten for yon a bit on a jobb'n,
And if you're so kind, to make you amends,
I'ze gotten a summat in my fobb'n.

Ri tooral, &c.

The King he took the lease in hand,
And to sign it he was likewise willing;
And the farmer, to make him a little amends
He lugged out his bag, and gi'd him a shilling.

Ri tooral, &c.

The King, to carry on the joke,
He ordered ten pounds to be paid down,
For year and year after, and evermore,
Likewise ten shillings and half-a-crown.

Ri tooral, &c.

The farmer he stared, and looked very funny,
To take up the cash he was likewise willing;
But if he had known he'd so much money,
He domm'd his wig if he'd gave him the shilling.

Ri tooral, &c.

Ri tooral, &c.