

FOUR
Popular Songs

viz.

Auld Rob Morris,
The gowden locks of Anna,
What are you going to stand,
AND
The Rush light.



GLASGOW;
PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

SONGS.

Auld Rob Morris.

There's auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen,
He's the king o' gude fellows and wale o'
men;
He has gowd in his coffers he has owsen and
And ae bonny lassie his darling and mine,

She's fresh as the morning the fairest in May,
She's sweet as the e'ning, among the new ha'
As blythe and as artless as the lamb on the lea,
And dear to my heart as the light to my ee,

But O she's an heiress auld Robin's a laird,
And my daddie has nought but a cot-house
yard;
A wooer like me mauna hope to come speed,
The wounds I must hide that will soon be my

The day comes to me but delight brings me nae,
 The night comes to me but my rest it is gane,
 I wander my lane like a night troubled ghaist,
 And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.

O, had she but been of lower degree
 I then might have hoped she would smile upon
 me!

O how past describing had then been my bliss,
 As now my distraction no words can express.

The gowden locks o' Anna.

Yestreen I had a pint o' wine,
 a place where body saw na;
 Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine
 the gowden locks o' Anna.
 The hungry Jew in wilderness
 Rejoicing o'er his manna,
 Was naething to my hinny bliss
 upon the lips o' Anna.

Ye monarchs tak the east and west,
 frae Indus to Savanah!
 Gie me within my straining grasp
 the melting form o' Anna.
 There I'll despise imperial charms,
 an Empress or Sultana,

While dying raptures in her arms

I give and take with Anna.

Awa thou flaunting god a' day,

awa thou pale Dianna,

Ilk star gae hide thy twinkling ray

when I'm to meet my Anna,

Come, in thy raven's plumage night,

Sun moon withdrawn a';

And bring an angel pen to write

my transports wi' my Anna.

What are you going to stand?

Queer scenes now are all the go,

you cannot say I'm wrong;

And there is one I'd have you know,

I've worked into a song

Go where I will—in every street,

I'm shook sirs by the hand.

No matter who it is I meet

what are you going to stand?

One morn I'd been to get some cash

from a swell at the west end;

Resolv'd I was to cat a wash,

when I met with a fiend.

I told him of the errand I'd been,
 when he takes me by the hand,
 I'm glad to hear my boy says he,
 what are you going to stand?

Says I I doesn't mind a drop
 my spirits for to rouse;
 So then we toddles in a shop
 near to Somerset house,
 Inside a lot began to shout,
 as if't had been a plan;
 It is not often we get you out,
 now what are you going to stand?

I spent, sir, ver' near a crow,
 my cash was getting shorter,
 For the liquor I went toddling down,
 as though it had been water.
 A wench began my arm to shake,
 I could her hide have tann'd,
 When she said for old acquaintanoe sake,
 what are you going to stand?

Thinks I, egad this will not do,
 so I bolted from the lot;
 But run against a man I knew,
 ere a hundred yards I got;
 I told him of the crew I met,
 says he I doesn't stand;
 Now you've escap'd from such a lot,
 what are you going to stand?

My song I'll now conclude in this,
 you if all agree I think,
 My friends that this is quite the March
 of Intellect for Drink.
 When the landlord he puts out their light,
 I'll take him by the hand,
 You've had a very good room my boy to-
 night,
 what are you going to stand?

The Rush Light.

Sir Solomons Simons when he was wed,
 Blush'd black as a crow his fair lady did blush
 light,
 The clock struck twelve they were both tuck'd
 in bed,
 In the chimney a rush-light,
 A little farthing rush-light,
 Fal la! la! la.
 A little farthing rush-light.

Sir Solomon gave to his lady a nudge,
 Cries he Lady Simons, there's vastly too much
 light ;
 Then, Sir Solomon says she to get up you can't
 grudge,
 And blow out the rush-light,

The little farthing rush-light,
Fal lal la.

The little farthing rush light.

Sir Solomon then out of bed pops his toes,
And vastly he swore and very much did curse
light.

And off to the chimney Sir Solomon goes,
And puffed at the rush-light,

The little farthing rush-light,

Fal lal la,

The little farthing rush-light.

Lady Simons got out in her night cap so neat,
And over the carpet my lady did brush light,
And there she found Sir Solomon all in a heat,
Puffing at the rush-light.

The little farthing rush-light,

But neither of the two

Could blow out the rush-light,

Sir Solomon and lady their breath quite gone
Rang the bell in a rage, determined to crush
light.

Half asleep in his shirt then up came John,
And puffed at the rush-light,

The little farthing rush-light

But neither of the three

Could blow out the rush-light.

Cock, coachee, men and maids very near all in
buff,

☞ Came, and swore in their lives they never met
with such light

And each of the family by turns had a puff

At the little farthing rush-light,
The curst farthing rush-light,
But none of the family
Could blow out the rush-light,

The watchman at last went by, crying—**one**

Here. watchman, come up, that you we might
on vorse tight.

Then up came the watchman—the business was
done.

For he turned down the rush-light,
The curst farthing rush-light
Fal la! la! la,
So he put out the rush-light,

