



JOHN OF BADENYON.

WHEN first I came to be a man,
 of twenty years or so,
 I thought myself a handsome youth,
 and fain the world would know,
 In best attire I stept abroad
 with spirits brisk and gay,
 And here and there and every-where,
 was like a morn in May:
 I had no care, nor fear of want,
 but rambled up and down;
 And for a beau I might have pass'd
 in country or in town:
 I still was pleas'd where'er I went,
 and when I was alone,
 I tun'd my pipe and pleas'd myself
 with John of Badenyon,

Now in the days of youthful prime,
 a mistress I must find;
 For love, they say gives one an air,
 and even improves the mind;
 Or Phyllis fair above the rest,
 kind t'rtune fix'd my eyes,
 Her piercing beauty struck my heart,
 and I became her prize;

To Cupid now with hearty pray'r
 I offer'd many a vow;
 And danc'd, and song, and swore,
 as other lovers do:
 But when I came to breathe my flame,
 I found her cold as stone:
 I left the jilt and turn'd my pipe
 to John of Badenyon.

3 When love had thus my heart betray'd,
 with foolish hopes and vain
 To Friendship's port I steer'd my course,
 and laugh'd at lovers' pain:
 A Friend I got, by lucky chance,
 'twas something like divine!
 An honest friend's a precious gift,
 and such a gift was mine:
 And now whatever might betide!
 a happy man was I.
 In any strait, I knew to whom
 I freely might apply:
 A strait soon came I try'd my friend;
 he heard, and spun'd my moan!
 I turn'd away, and pleas'd myself
 with John of Badenyon.

I thought I should be wiser next,
 and would a Patriot turn,

Began to doat on Johnney Wilkes,
 and cry up Parson Horn:
 Their manly courage I admir'd!
 approv'd their noble zeal,
 Who had, with flaming tongue and pen
 maintain'd the public weal:
 But e'er a month or two was past,
 I found myself betray'd,
 'Twas self and party after all,
 for all the stir they made.
 For when I saw the factious knaves
 insult the very throne.
 I curs'd them all and turn'd my pipe
 to John of Badenyoz.

5 What to do next I mus'd a while,
 still hoping to succeed,
 I pitch'd on books for company,
 and gravely try'd to read;
 I bought and borrow'd every-where,
 and studied night and day,
 Ne'er miss what Dean or Doctor wrote,
 that happen'd in my way,
 Philosophy I now esteem'd
 the ornament of youth.
 And carefully, thro' many a page,
 I hunted after truth:

Ten thousand various schemes I tra'd,
 but yet was pleas'd with none
 threw them by, and turn'd my pipe
 to John of Badenyon.

And now ye youngsters every-where,
 who want to make a show,
 Take heed in time, nor vainly hope
 for happiness below:

What you may fancy pleasure here,
 is but an empty name,
 For girls, and friends, and books also,
 you'll find them all the same,
 Then be advis'd and warning take,
 from such a man as me,
 I'm neither Pope nor Cardinal,
 nor one of high degree:
 You'll find displeasure every-where,
 then do as I have done,
 E'en tune your pipe and please yourself
 with John of Badenyon.

TULLICHGORUM.

COME gi'e's fang, Montgomery cry'd,
 And lay our disputes all aside.
 What nonsense is't in folks to chide
 For what was done before them!

Let Whig and Tory all agree,
 - Whig and Tory,
 Whig and Tory,

Let Whig and Tory all agree,
 And drop their whum,—mez-morum
 Let Whig and Tory all agree
 To spend the night with mirth and g
 And chearful sing along with me
 The reel of Tullichgorum.

O Tullichgorum's my delight!
 It makes us all in one unite,
 And any sumph that keeps up spite
 Out of my list I'll score him;
 For Blyth and cheery we's be a',
 Blyth and cheery,
 Blyth and cheery
 Blyth and cheery we's be a',
 And make a hearty quorum:
 For blyth and cheery we's be a',
 As long as we ha'e breath to draw,
 And dance till we be like to fa',
 The reel of Tullichgorum.

What needs there be so great a phr
 Wi' dringing dull Italian lays,
 I would no gi'e our own Strathspeys
 For half a hundred score of them:

They're doff and dowie, at the best,
 Doff and dowie,
 Doff and dowie.

They're doff and dowie at the best
 Tho' thousands should encore them,
 They're doff and dowie at the best,
 Their allegro's and a' the rest,
 They canna please a true Scots taste,
 Compar'd with T'ullichgorum

Let worldly minds themselves oppress
 Wi' fear of want and double cells,
 And fallen sots themselves oppress
 Wi' keeping up decorum;
 Shall we so sour and sulky sit,
 Sour and sulky,
 Sour and sulky,
 Shall we so sour sulky sit,
 Like old Philosopherum!
 Shall we so sour and sulky sit,
 Wi' neither sense, nor mirth nor wit,
 And never try to shake our foot
 To the reel of T'ullichgorum

May choicest blessings still attend
 Each honest-open hearted friend,
 And clam and quiet be his end,

7
And a' that's good come o'er him:
May peace and plenty be his lot,
 peace and plenty,
 peace and plenty,
May peace and plenty be his lot,
 And dainties a great store o' them,
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Unstain'd by any vicious spot,
And may he never want a groat,
 That's sonc of Tullichgorum.

But for your sullen frumpish fool,
That love to be oppression's tool,
May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
 and discontent devour him
May dool and sorrow be his chace,
 Dool and sorrow,
 Dool and sorrow,
Dool and sorrow be his chace,
 And no man to care for him:
May Dool and sorrow be his chace,
With the ills that come from sinne,
Where'er he be that wianna dance
 The reel of Tullichgorum.

F I N I S.