

A GRAND  
HISTORY  
ON  
CURIOUS SUBJECTS,  
BOTH  
ENTERTAINING *and* PLEASANT,  
NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

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By a CRAFTSMAN in this TOWN,  
in NOVEMBER 1793.

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## THE WEAVER AND THE LAIRD.

FOR, by shuttle and my loom,  
 I intend my bread to won,  
 If Providence a blessing send,  
 If not, I am undone.

But I would rather be a laird,  
 And wear a better coat,  
 And have a guinea in my purse,  
 When I have but a groat,

The lairds they do get on to ride,  
 When I maun trudge and gang;  
 So I must take shanks naggie for't,  
 Altho' my joutney's lang.

The lairds to kirk and market ride,  
 With boots and spurs also,  
 When I must run upon my shanks  
 Whatever place I go.

But with my lot I'll be content,  
 Altho' of money scant,  
 I've reason to be thankful still  
 I never needs to want.

So

So here I may as happy be,  
 As kings that's high in state,  
 The thought's the place of happiness,  
 And there it hath its seat.

Then let me work a piece of stuff,  
 To keep us from the cold,  
 Yet every day that I do rise,  
 mortality I'm told.

My clothes they wear and do grow thin,  
 Unfit me, warm to keep,  
 My body tires, I must have rest,  
 To bed, I maun have rest.

And other lessons which I hear  
 Continually abounds,  
 Of death and trouble every where,  
 In village or in towns.

For to attain some yellow dust  
 man's mind and body racks,  
 But all that they will get of earth,  
 Is the breadth of their backs.

*A Crack between two Young Men.*

COME here young man a wee an  
rest,

Tell me some news that is the best,  
Gin ye be gain to get a wife.  
Or gi'e's a'niffer of your knife ;  
For knives of them I've nane ava,  
The lasses they are flyin' braw,  
With side coats, ruffles, and drest head  
Enough to be a purse's dead :  
The auld and rev'rend folks do say,  
When they were youthful, brisk, & gay  
Wore plaiden hote and a grey coat,  
But now thread stockings and what not  
The servant lads and lasses gangs  
With glancin' buckles, we had whangs.  
I do believe its very true,  
What auld folks says to me and you,  
For pride of heart we cannot say,  
Its great in garb at this same day ;  
Now fare-ye-well I cannot stay,  
We's hae a crack some other day.

*A Letter to a Young Man.*

A Acquaintance here I do write,  
The following lines' to you I drite.

In verses also as you shall hear,  
 As afterwards it shall appear ;  
 I know you are a roving blade,  
 You walk at night with kent and plade  
 To see the lasses then you go,  
 It is your full intention so,  
 But still and on see you do right,  
 When to the barn you go at night,  
 And see you do yourself behaue,  
 In case you chance to play the knave,  
 You love the lasses very dear,  
 Of kissing you're not very swier,  
 But whether they be black or fair,  
 Kifs them well, but do no mair ;  
 When to the lasses then you go,  
 See that you take day light also,  
 For when you walk then in the night  
 There ghosts and bogles may you fright  
 Or folk that does not know you well,  
 May think that you are come to steal  
 You may the folk give muckle grief,  
 When round their town thus goes a thie  
 There they may shoot you with a gun  
 And then your days they will be done  
 Indeed you are come there to steal,  
 But not the people's oats or meal,  
 It is the women then you want,  
 Altho' at home they are not scant ;

The

Then in the dark some ill set loon,  
 With a oak stick will break your crown,  
 Or some may put you in a ditch,  
 The midden hole, byre grupe, or such,  
 Like places will you fore besmeer,  
 And fright you then from coming here,  
 Such evils then attend the night,  
 You advise to take day light.  
 And now my verses here I'll end,  
 And just shall stop and wipe my pen ;  
 Now fare you well I must away,  
 Again I'll see you on the fair day.  
 This is all from your well wisher, J. B.

*The Auld Wives Crack.*

**T**HE auld wives spinning at the rock,  
 The'bacco pipe they fast do smoke,  
 Then they will be so canty a'  
 And tell thei- crack so very braw,  
 When they do meet into a house,  
 They have such talk as comes in course,  
 And such a one has play'd the loon,  
 Another gôt a new braw gown,  
 And some they'll say has spent their gear,  
 And some great lies then ye may hear ;  
 Another man has kiss'd his wife,  
 She is wi' bairn I'll lay my life,  
 Another

Another lass she is with child,  
 I've been of her so far beguil'd,  
 I thought she was a sober lass,  
 But she is chang'd from what she  
 was,

Another got a braw new coat,  
 And in his purse is scarce a groat,  
 Another ta'en a piece of land,  
 Has neither gear nor stock on hand,  
 Another got a braw new watch,  
 His neighbour of him has ta'en a cat,  
 She is so much the over dear,  
 His folks advice he ne'er did spier;  
 And some they say does won the cash,  
 By cheating, lying, on they clash,  
 And many a thing they then will tell,  
 "Fruth or lies they know not well,  
 Some lad he is for such a lass,  
 I'm sure he is a stupid ass;  
 Some tells a story e'en right true,  
 And some does fill the cutty fu'  
 To get another smoke also,  
 Before that they do part and go.  
 The tedious hours do softly run,  
 While they smoke at their cutty gun,  
 Insensibly they spend away  
 An afternoon or half a day,

The



They better take a smoke at hame,  
 Than turn and teaze their neighbour's  
 name,  
 And spin a thread on rock or wheel,  
 Than clash and lie, and serve the de'il.

*Custom of Country Fairs.*

**T**O country fairs in summer time,  
 The lads and lasses go,  
 With powder and pomatum drest,  
 They make a gallant show.

When they get on their braw new clothes,  
 So buckish then they be,  
 Each lad goes there to see his lass,  
 Each lass her lad to see.

Thus Jock goes there to see his Meg,  
 And Will to see his Kate,  
 And Maggys's there to see her Tom,  
 And Jenny to see Pate.

Both black and fair yo u will see there,  
 The yellow and the blue,  
 The beautiful are there likewise,  
 And those of tawny huc :

The

The decent lads are also there,  
 The foppish beaux also ;  
 The decent girls and glaikit runts,  
 All in a crowd they go.

This I have seen at diff'rent times,  
 Eys-witnefs I was there ;  
 The lassies conduct thus I've seen,  
 And just at Carnwath fair.

At four or five in afternoon,  
 They merrily begin,  
 And every lad that wants a lass,  
 Takes one and calls't no fin.

One comrade to another says,  
 We'll in and have some punch ;  
 With all my heart he does reply,  
 Likewise we'll have a wench.

Away in haste they all do go,  
 Some punch does ready make,  
 And then in haste away they run,  
 A lass they mean to take.

Then looks about that they may see  
 The bonniest, as they think,

Says

Says, bonny lads will ye go in  
With us and get a drink :

But some of them are very sweet,  
And backward they will draw,  
Altho' their Inclination gangs,  
They're dour to come awa' :

At length away they both do come,  
Sits down and takes a seat,  
And then they are so canty both,  
All's right as they would hae't.

Another sort's of dancing keen,  
The beaux all of the age ;  
They shake their feet, and wag their tails,  
Like fools upon a stage.

Promiscuous dancing's what we ca't,  
The women and the men,  
Together dance in company,  
On last-floor or in barn.

A gingerbread wife comes in at length,  
Or may be two or three,  
Gars many a lads her fairing get  
That ne'er a bit would see.

Come,

ome, fy, lads buy your lafs her fair,  
 The sweet meat wives does fay,  
 They gar a simple chiel look blunt,  
 Thinks shame to fay them nay.

For preffing work I do not like,  
 'Tis best when will is there,  
 The lad that likes his lassie well,  
 For twopence will not spare.

Some lassies they do get a lad,  
 And some they do get twa,  
 And some they do get many a one,  
 And some gets nane ava.

And when the night is coming on,  
 And some does homeward go,  
 And some does tipple at the drink,  
 How long I do not know ;

Some swears by de'il, and meikle mair,  
 They'll have another gill,  
 Altho their purse is but light,  
 They'll tarry at the ale.

And some does stagger like to fa'  
 And measures ay the road,

And

And some does not win hame that night,  
Unto their ain abode.

Some has a lass when they go home,  
She walketh by his side,  
And some that's of a higher rank,  
They take her on to ride.

And now their conduct I have view'd  
My verses I will close ;  
will go home unto my bed,  
And take the night's repose.

*On the troublesomeness of Beards Shaving.*

**B**LEST is the man who wants a beard,  
Tho he should never be a laird,  
His chin is always smooth and short,  
No filthy razor needs be bought ;  
His face is always a-la-mode,  
May ay be seen among the crowd ;  
No greasy soap besmears his face,  
It constant shines with nature's grace,  
Unrub'd with brush, unscrap't with ra-  
its nature hue is white with azure ; (zor,  
It still continues brisk and gay,  
And constant shines so every day.

To

To want a beard makes man look young,  
 Apollo's praise has oft been sung,  
 Who unshorn his hair upon his beard,  
 He was as bluff as a Fife laird.  
 A beard is but a hedge-hog's skin,  
 A haunt for vermin to lodge in ;  
 A source of many woes and troubles,  
 A hold for snuff, a haunt for bubbles,  
 A meadow water'd by the nose,  
 Where snotters in meanders flows ;  
 A beard makes man look like a goat,  
 If give him but a white kelt coat :  
 So now a beard costs very dear,  
 It costs two hundred pence a year ;  
 There's no religion in a beard,  
 More than is in a moulder'd t—rd ;  
 Three beards 'tis true will make a *quorum*,  
 Of old they grac'd *philosophorum*.  
 It ill becomes a modern beau,  
 Thro' musty beard his smiles to shew ;  
 He who does praise a beard, does scoff,  
 The barber's paid to cut it off ;  
 A beard no manly face adorns,  
 Nor son of man a cuckold's horns.  
 A bristley beard produceth horns,  
 A lady hates a beard of thorns ;

A beard's a brush to wear the cravat,  
Such ornament befits a cat.

Man's honour is to be like women,  
Their chins should both be smooth in  
common.

Why have not women beards you'll say,  
Why is not midnight turn'd to day ?

A beard would overcast their charms,  
The moon is hid among the storms ;

If women, either old or ydung,

Till shaven, could they hold their tongue.

Nature deny'd them beard and horn,

Gave those the masc'line head t'adorn :

Deliver me from horn and beard,

I yield them glad to lord or laird ;

A beard will cause the women hate,

And horns will make me claw my pate.

A beard is brush-wood on the face,

A crop luxuriant of disgrace :

A downy beard betokens youth,

A grey one age, such is the truth ;

To be too young or yet too old,

I fear would make my Missie cold ;

I am freed from my beard you'll say,

That we ne'er meet again, I pray.

• *Between*

*Between a Bee and Butterfly.*

**O**NCE on a warm and sunshine day  
 No matter when or where,  
 A foppish gaudy butterfly  
 Sat busking on a flow'r,

Chear'd by the solar genial ray,  
 He thus indulg'd his song :  
 Let misers hoard their usefess wealth,  
 For gold their cares prolong;

Let other folks with anxious care,  
 Such as the ant and bee,  
 Spend all their time providing for  
 The days they ne'er may see.

For me among those beauteous flow'rs  
 Myself as fair as they,  
 Devoid of care I'll spend each day,  
 In dancing, song, and play.

A busy bee that rode that way,  
 To gather liquid sweet,  
 With nimble wing and humming drone  
 The butterfly did meet.

With



With rustic clownish impudence,  
 He shov'd the bee aside,  
 By wing and sting he ply'd him hard,  
 And ruff'd all his pride :

The powd' red beau upon the ground,  
 Lay flutt'ring with his wings,  
 Was robb'd of all his songs,  
 And all his pleasant things.

Base scoundrel, from the ground he cry'd  
 Base dun-pipe drunken robber,  
 You'd drink the sea and spue't again,  
 For you are never sober.

You steal from every laird on earth,  
 To cram up thus your hive,  
 You sponge the fairest of our flow'rs  
 To keep your soul alive.

But I will be reveng'd on you,  
 And strip you of your all,  
 With brimstone candles smoke your hive  
 While into pit you fall.

Beau, not so fast, the bee reply'd,  
 For I remewber well,

In

In August last you was a worm  
Crawling on the green kale.

And then before December next,  
Will be a beau no more ;  
Your brimstone candles I despise,  
Nor do your wrath deplore.

Thus I have seen a beggar's son,  
Grow up into a beau,  
And flutter in the public streets,  
With gaudy dress and show.

Thus I have seen a porter's head  
Run full against this beau,  
And lay his beauthip on the ground,  
A spectacle of woe.

*The Shepherd and his Flock.*

**U**PON yon heather hill so high,  
The shepherd's flock doth go,  
Both night and day they there do stay,  
Thro winter's frost and snow.

The shepherd rises from his bed,  
Himself doth ready make,

Gets

Gets on his shoes and snow-boots both,  
His journey for to take.

Away in haste the shepherd goes,  
With courage stout and bold,  
With dog, his plaid, and kent also,  
He fears no frost nor cold.

The shepherd goes to view his flock,  
To see if they be right ;  
Gin no devouring beast hath come,  
Upon them in the night.

For to disturb his flock's repose  
When they were left alone,  
Just in the dead time of the night,  
When he to bed was gone.

Some times the ravening wolf doth come  
And catches some also,  
Or windy storms may drive astray,  
Or cover them with snow.

He gathers all his flock also,  
Just with his special care,  
For fear that any one be lost,  
No toil or pains doth spare.

Then

Then all the stormy winter day  
 His flock he doth attend,  
 With chearful heart and willing mind,  
 The tedious hours doth spend.

The stormy winter doth pass o'er,  
 The spring-time it doth come,  
 April it is the month also,  
 Ewes brings forth their young.

He rises early with the sun,  
 While doth the small birds sing,  
 For to attend his ewes and lambs,  
 Till Phœbus evening bring.

Such pleasant music fills his ear,  
 The bleating lambs also,  
 The ewes doth answer them again,  
 By bleating as they go.

When ev'ry brae's with verdure clad  
 Of pleasant flowr's that spring,  
 He sits him down to take a rest,  
 A pleasant song to sing.

Altho' of gold and money scant,  
 He's cheerful and content,

For to attend his flock each day,  
With dog his plaid and kent.

While as the summer doth pass on,  
He doth his flock thus shear,  
And every time his sheep is shorn,  
Their coat hath worn a year.

He spanes his sucking lambs also,  
When the set time doth come,  
Altho' he still lets some suck on,  
While yet they are but young.

They then prepare a bught of fleck,  
To milk his ewes also ;  
The charming maids come out to milk,  
Thus singing as they go :

A pleasant life the shepherd hath,  
He loves the lasses dear,  
And when that he comes home at night,  
Of kissing he's not sweer

He rises early by the sun,  
To bught his ewes also,  
The maids again doth rise with him,  
Into the bught they go :

Then

Then all the pleasant summer day ,  
 The herd his flock doth keep,  
 And while that others toil and drudge,  
 The shepherd feeds his sheep.

And when the heathers in the bloom,  
 All round about him steers,  
 The busy bees with humming drone,  
 In sun-shine days he hears.

The shepherd may employ his hand,  
 Or yet his mind employ,  
 Contemplating his Maker's works,  
 Or books he may enjoy.

And when the year is crowned full,  
 Then winter doth draw near,  
 He doth prepare himself also,  
 With tar his flock to smear.

To kill the keds and vermin-then,  
 And keep them warm also,  
 Thro' cold and frosty winter nights  
 When stormy winds do blow.

A short hint of the shepherd here,  
 A hearty lad is he,  
 Of all the wight and supple lads  
 The shepherd bears the gree.

*The Taylör and the Laird.*

**N**OW by my needle, sheers, and a'  
 I mean my bread to won,  
 With thimble and my lawboard both,  
 Until my days be done.

But I wad rather be a laird,  
 And have a piece of land,  
 With wealth of cash into my purse,  
 My cane into my hand.

Such braw fine clothes the lairds do wear,  
 Made of the wool so fine,  
 With ruffles wagging at their sleeves,  
 When I have rags at mine.

A set of liverymen they have,  
 Attends them every day,  
 The lairds they have a canny life,  
 To spend their time away.

But I have sheers and needles both,  
 And laboard a' the three,  
 My goose is not a-wanting then,  
 They servants are to me,

So

So here I can as canty be,  
 As any laird in Fife,  
 To earn my crooked pence each day,  
 And come hame to my wife.

There many a dark and rainy night,  
 And many a morning soon,  
 I have to gang thro' dirty roads,  
 And whiles I have the moon.

When lairds bide in a sclated house,  
 Within a plaister'd room,  
 And warm their shoes and read the news  
 And never fash their thumb.

Altho' the hardships many are,  
 That do attend my trade,  
 I seldom get a scanty meal,  
 But whiles a rheeffy bed.

I'll bring my mind unto my lot,  
 And then I'll happy be.  
 They are not come of Adam's feed,  
 That are of hardships free.

F I N I S.