

*The weary pund o' Tow.*

To which are added.

*The Gallant Seamen.*

*The Heaving of the Lead.*

**DULL CARE.**

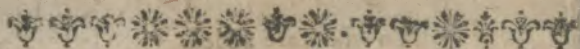
*The Drunken Wife of Gallo-  
way.*

*The Lass of Richmond*

**HILL.**



Stirling, Printed and Sold by C. J. Randall.



*The weary pund o' Tow*

Chas. Macpherson 1782

THE weary pund, the weary pund,  
The weary pund o' tow:  
I think my wife will end her life,  
Before she spin her tow:  
I bought my wife a stane o' lint,  
As good as e'er did grow;  
And a' that she has made o' that,  
Is ae poor pund o' tow.

The weary pund, the weary pund,  
The weary pund o' tow;  
I think my wife will end her life,  
Before she spin her tow.

There sat a bottle in the bole,  
Beyond the ingle low,  
An' ay she took the tither souk,  
To drouk the stourie tow.

The weary pund, &c

Quoth I, "I for shame, ye dirty dame  
Gae spin your tap o' tow."  
She took the rock, and wi' a knock  
She brack it o'er my pow.

The weary pund, &c

At last her feet, I sang to see't,  
Caed I foremost o'er the knowe,

And e'er I'll wed anither jade,  
 I'll wallop in a tow.  
 The weary pund, &c



*The Gallant Seamen*

YE gentlemen of of England,  
 that live at home at ease,  
 Ah! little do you think upon  
 the dangers of the seas:  
 Give ear unto the mariners,  
 and they will plainly show  
 All the cares and the fears  
 when the stormy winds do blow,  
 when the stormy, &c

If enemies oppose us,  
 when England is at war  
 With any foreign nation,  
 we fear no wound nor scar;  
 Our roaring guns shall teach 'em  
 our valor for to know,  
 Whilst they reel on the kneel,  
 and the stormy winds do blow,  
 and the stormy, &c

Then courage all brave mariners,  
 and never be dismay'd,  
 Whilst we have bold adventurers,  
 we'll never want a trade.

Our merchants will employ us,  
 to fetch them wealth, we know:  
 Then be bold, work for gold,  
 when the stormy winds do blow,  
 when the stormy, &c

Then here's a health to Nelson,  
 and to his gallant tars;  
 Long may these British heroes bold,  
 despise both wounds and scars,  
 Make France, and Spain, and Holland,  
 and all their foes to know,  
 Britain reigns o'er the main,  
 while the stormy winds do blow,  
 while the stormy, &c



*The Heaving of the Lead*

FOR England, when, with fav'ring gale,  
 Our gallant ship up channel steer'd—  
 And, scudding under easy sail,  
 The high blue western land appear'd;  
 To heave the lead, the seamen sprung,  
 And to the Pilot cheerly sung,  
 "By the deep—Nine!"

And, bearing up—to gain gain the port,  
 Some well-known object kept in view;  
 An Abbey-tow'r, an Harbour-fort,  
 or Beacon, to the vessel true;

While oft the lead the seaman sung,  
 And to the pilot cheerly sung,  
 "By the mark—Seven!"

And as the much lov'd shore we near—  
 With transport we behold the roof,  
 Where dwelt a friend or partner dear,  
 Of faith and love a matchless proof!  
 The lead once more the seamen sung,  
 And to the watchful Pilot sung,  
 "Quarter less—Five!"

Now to her birth the ship draws nigh,  
 We take in sail—she feels the tide;  
 "Stand clear the cable,"—is the cry,  
 The anchor's gone, we safely ride.  
 The watch is set, and thro' the the night,  
 We hear the seamen with delight,  
 Proclaim—"All's well!"



*Dull Care*

BEGONE, dull care, I prithee begone from me,  
 Begone, dull care, you and I can never agree,  
 Long time thou hast been tarrying here, and fain thou  
 would'st me kill;  
 But in faith, dull care, thou never shalt have thy will.

Too much care will make a young man grey,  
 And too much care will turn an old man to clay;

My wife will dance and I will sing, so merrily pass the  
 day,  
 For I hold it one of the wisest things, to drive dull  
 care away.



*The drunken Wife of Galoway*

Down in yon meadow a couple did tarry,  
 The wife she drank naething but wine and canary,  
 To her friends he complain'd of her right early,  
 Oh! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly,

She's drunken her stockings, sae has she her shoon,  
 And she has drunken her bonny new gown,  
 She's drunken her fark, that cover'd her early,  
 Oh gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

First she drank crummie, and then she drank garic,  
 Syne she has drunken my bonny grey marie,  
 That carried me thro' the dub and the larie,  
 Oh gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

Wad she drink but her ain things I wadna much care  
 But she drinks my claiths that I canna weel spare,  
 When I'm w. my gossos it angers me fairly,  
 Oh gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

My Sunday's coat she has laid a wad,  
 And the best blue bonnet e'er was on my head,  
 At kirk or at market I'm cover'd but barely,  
 Oh gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly,

The very grey mittens that gaird in my hands,  
 To our neighbour wife she has lend them in pawes,  
 And my bare-headed staff that I lov'd fae dearly,  
 Oh gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly,

When there's ony siller, she maun keep the purse,  
 Gif I feek but ae ba'ber, she'll scold and the h. curse,  
 She lives like a queen I scrimpet and barely,  
 Oh gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

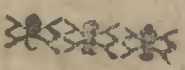
I ne'er was inclin'd to wrangling and strife,  
 Nor wad I refuse what's needfu' for life:  
 Ere we come to war, I'm ay for a parley,  
 Oh gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

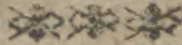
A pint wi' her kimmers I wad her allow,  
 But when she sits down she drinks till she's fou,  
 And when she is fou she's unco contrarie,  
 Oh gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

When she gaes to the causey she roars and she rants,  
 Has no dread of her neighbours, nor minds the h. use  
 wants:

hear up some foolish lilt, like up thy heart Charlie,  
 Oh gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

and when she comes hame, she lays on the lads,  
 and ca's the lassies baith limmers and jades,  
 and mysel nought but an auld cuckold carlie,  
 Oh gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.





*The Lass of Richmond Hill*

ON Richmond Hill there lives a lass,  
 more blythe than May day morn,  
 Whose charms all other maids surpass,  
 a rose without a thorn.

The lass so neat with smiles so sweet,  
 Has won my right good will,  
 I'd crowns resign to call thee mine,  
 sweet lass of Richmond Hill.

Ye zephyrs gay that fan the air,  
 and wanton thro' the grove,  
 Oh! whisper to my charming fair,  
 I die for her and love.

How happy will the shepherd be,  
 who calls this nymph her own,  
 Oh! may her choice be fix'd on me,  
 mine's fix'd on her alone.

FINIS.