

Wap your Wealth together.

To which are added,

Murphy Deleany.

I would if I was not so young.

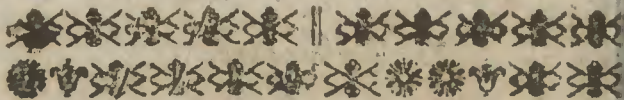
Clean Paternal Seat.

Fair Eliza.

The Constant Swain.



Stirling, Printed by M. Randall.



WAP YOUR WEALTH TOGETHER

O Mither dear, I 'gin to fear,
tho' I'm baith young and bonny,
I winna keep; for in my sleep,
I start and dream o' Johnny,

CHORUS.

Up stairs, down stairs,
timber stairs fear me,
I'm laith to ly a' night my lane,
when Johnny's bed sae near me.

When Johnny then comes down the glen,
to woo me do not hinder;
But with content gi' your consent,
for we twa ne'er can sinder;
Up stairs, &c.

Better to marry than miscarry:
for shame and skaith's the clink o't,
To thole the dole, to meunt the stool,
I downa bide to think o't.
Up stairs, &c.

Sae while 'tis time I'll shun the crime,
that gars poor Epps gae whinging,
With haunches fou, and cen-sae blue,
o' the bedrals binging.

Had Eppy's apron bidden down,
 the kirk wad ne'er a kend it;
 Bat when the word's gane through the town;
 alake how can she mend it!

Up stairs, &c.

Now Tam maun face the minister,
 and she maun mount the pillar;
 And that's the way that they maun gae,
 for poor folk has nae siller.

Up stairs, &c.

Now h'd your tongue, my daughter young,
 reply'd the kindly mither,
 Get Johnny's hand in haly band,
 syne wap your wealth together.

Up stairs, &c.

I'm o' the mind, if he be kind,
 ye'll do your part discreetly;
 And prove a wife, will gar his life,
 and barrel run right sweetly.

I WOULD IF I WAS NOT SO YOUNG.

IN my holyday gown, and my new fashion'd hat,
 last monday I went to the fair,
 I he'd up my head and I'll tell you for what,
 young Roger I guess'd wou'd be there:
 He wop's me to many, whenever we meet,
 there's bonny sure dwells on his tongue,
 He hugs me so close and kiss's so sweet,
 that I wou'd, I wou'd if I was not so young.

Pert Sue I'll assure you, got hold of my Boy,
 the Vixen would fain be his bride ;
 A token she'd have, either ribband or toy,
 and swore that she'd not be deny'd.
 A top-knot he bought me, and garters of green,
 the wench was confounded and stung :
 I hate her so much, that with anger and spleen,
 that I wou'd, I wou'd, &c.

He whisper'd such soft pretty things in my ear,
 he promis'd, he flatter'd, he swore,
 Such trinkets he bought me, such ribbands & geer ;
 that trust me, my pockets run o'er :
 Some ballads he bought me, the best he could find,
 and sweetly the burthen he sang ;
 Faith he's so witty, so handsome and kind,
 that I wou'd, I wou'd, &c.

The sun was just setting, 'twas time to retire,
 our cottage was distant a mile,
 I turn'd to be gone, Roger bow'd like a 'squire,
 and handed me over the stile.
 His arms he threw round me, love laugh'd in his eye,
 he led me the meadow along,
 He hugg'd me close, that I own'd with a sigh,
 that I wou'd, I wou'd, &c.

CLEAN PATERNAL SEAT.

TO hug yourself in perfect ease,
 What would you wish for more than these ?
 A healthy, clean, paternal seat,
 Well shaded from the summer heat.

A light parlour and a stove to hold
 A constant fire, from winter's cold,
 Where you may sit, and think, and sing,
 Far off from court, God bless the King.

Safe from the harpies of the law,
 From party rage, and great men's paw ;
 Have a few choice friends of your own cast ;
 A wife agreeable and chaste.

An open, yet a constant mind,
 Where guilty cares no entrance find ;
 Nor miser's fears, nor envy's spight,
 To break the sabbath of the night.

Plain equipage, and temperate meals,
 Few taylors, and no doctor's bills ;
 Content to take as Heaven shall please,
 A larger or a shorter lease.

The narrow Escape of MURPHY DELANEY:

IT was Murphy Delaney so funny and frisky,
 reel'd into a gin-shop to get his skin full ;
 And popp'd out again pretty well in'd with whisky,
 as fresh as a shamrock, and as blind as a bull.
 When a trifling accident happen'd our Rover,
 who took the water-side for the floor of his shed,
 And the keel of a coal-berge he just tumbled over,
 and thought all the while he was going to bed.

CHORUS.

And sing philin, habbaboo, whack, boderation,
 Ev'ry man in his humour, as League kiss'd the pig.

Some folks passing by pull'd him out of the river,
 and got a horse-doctor his sickness to mend;
 Who swore that poor Murph' was no longer a liver
 but dead as the devil, and there is an end.

Then they sent for the coroner's jury to try him;
 but Murph' not much liking this comical frite,
 Fell a twisting & turring the while they sat by him
 and came when he found it convenient to life,
 And sing phililu hubbahoo, whack, &c.

Says he to the jury,—Your worships an't please ye,
 I don't think I'm dead, so what it is you do?—
 Not dead says the foreman, spalpeen, be easy; (you
 don't you think but the doctor knows better than
 So then they went on with the business further,
 and examin'd the doctor about his belief, (dear
 When they brought poor Delaney in guilty o' murder
 and swore they'd hang him in spite of his teeth.
 And sing phililu, hubbahoo, whack, &c.

Then Murph' laid hold of the clumsy shelala,
 and laid on the doctor as he would do a post;
 Who swore that it cou'dn't be Murph' Delaney,
 but something alive and so must be his ghost.
 Then the jury began, joy, with fear to survey him,
 (whilst he like a fury about him did say,)
 And sent straight out of hand for the clergy to lay him;
 but Murph' laid the clergy and then ran away,
 And sing phililu, hubbahoo, whack, &c.

FAIR FLIZA, BLOOMING MAID.

AT beauty's shrine I long have bow'd,
 At each new face my heart has glow'd,

With something like a passion.
 But dull insipid joys I found,
 The bliss no genuine raptures crown'd,
 The fair but love from fashion.

Inconstant I of course became,
 No care kept up the lambent flame,
 Which thus unheeded died:
 To whim was sacrific'd each grace,
 To vanity each pleasing face,
 And lov'd too oft to pride.

At length I fair Eliza saw,
 Whose beauty fire—whose virtue awe;
 I gaz'd, admir'd, and lov'd
 Her sweet attention soothes each care,
 Nought can our mutual bliss impair;
 Time has our flame improv'd.

THE CONSTANT SWAIN!

WHERE is my constant jewel,
 my joy and heart's delight?
 Why does she prove so cruel,
 as to forsake me quite?

I might have had much treasure,
 had I forsook her charms
 I lov'd her out of measure,
 I wish'd her in my arms

How oft have I beheld her,
 the charming beauty bright,

Her charms were so delighting
she ravished my sight,

Each morning that I view'd her,
her cheeks were lovely red,
With pleasure I review'd her,
as she lay on her bed:

She's tall and she is slender,
and every way complete,
She is handsome for to follow,
and clever for to meet.

Her lips are red as rubies,
her eyes are black as sloes;
Her charms are so delighting,
she wounds where'er she goes.

FINIS.]