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FOUR EXCELLENT

Songs

vii.

ANDREW AND HIS CUTTY GUN

The Voice of her I Love.

Mutton Chops, or Dripping
Pan Lovers.

The Sow's Tail to Geordie.



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ANDREW AND HIS CUTTY GUN.

Blythe, blythe, blythe waa she,
Blythe was she hatt and ben,
And weel she loe'd it in her neire
Bat better when it slippit in.
Blythe, blythe, &c.

When a' the lave gaed to their bed,
And I sat up to clean the shoon,
O wha think ye can jumping ben
Bat Andrew and his cuttie gun.
Blythe, blythe, &c.

Or e'er I wist he laid me back,
And up my gammon to my chin:
And ne'er a word he spake to me,
But liltit out his cuttie gun.
Blythe, blythe, &c.

The bawsent bitch she left the whalps,
And bunted round us at the fun,
As Andrew dogled wi' his doup,
And fir'd at me his cuttie gun.
Blythe; blythe, &c.

● some delight in cuttie stoup,
And some delight in cuttie-mun,

But my delight's in a—lius coup,
Wi' Andrew and his curlicue guff

Blythe, blythe blythe, was she,
Blythe was she butt and ben,
And weel she lo'ed it in her neive,
But better when it slippit in.

THE VOICE OF HER I LOVE.

How sweet, at close of eve,
The harp's responsive sound,
How sweet the vows that ne'er deceiv'
And deeds by virtue crown'd,
How sweet to sit beneath a tree,
In some delightful grove,
But ah! more soft, more sweet to me
The voice of her I love:
Whene'er she joins the village train,
To hail the new-born day,
Mellifluous notes compose each strain
Which Zephyrs waft away.

The frowns of fate I calmly bear,
 In humble sphere I move,
 Content and blest whene'er I hear,
 The voice of her I love.

MUTTON CHOPS; OR DRIPPING
 PAN LOVERS.

A soldier and a sailor once,
 By cupid were betrayed;
 Both fell in love with dire mischance,
 With the same black-eyed maid.

The sailor by a cannon shot,
 Was of a leg bereft,
 And from that time it was his lot,
 To have but one leg left.

Tol, lol de rol de rol, lol lol tol de rol,
 Dol dol de rol de rol, lol lol.

'Twas Molly Cook their love possess'd,
 For she plump and round,
 And then such nice roast beef she dress'd,
 With chickens, ham and tongue, and

Oh thou enchanting Molly cook,
 Too lovely charming fair,
 Who on thy bill of fare could look,
 And yet to love forbear,

One day the sailor he came there,
 Rigg'd out, in clothes quite new,
 His trowsers of striped cotton were,
 His jacket, old true blue.

"Oh charming Molly cook," he cried,
 "My love!" then made a stop:
 "What would you have?" Molly replied,
 Quoth he, "A mutton chop."

Poor Molly as you all will guess,
 Expected something more,
 And moping went, (how could she less?)
 The ladder to explore.

Says she, "How will you have them dress'd
 My hero of the navy?"
 Quoth he, "Dear Molly like 'em best,
 Fried—and full of gravy."

To cook 'em straight she did begin,
 And o'er the mutton sigh'd,
 When lo! the soldier he march'd in,
 Just as the chops were fried,

Enrag'd—quoth he, "I tressen smell,
Your precious limb I'll lop."
"My eyes," says Jack, "what lies you tell,
You only smell—a chop.

A smart engagement did ensue,
Between these men-of-war,
But mutton did the rage subdue,
Of soldier and of tar.

On Molly's chops these warlike men,
Fell foul like heroes bold,
What happen'd else—before—or then,
Why—Molly never told.

THE SOW'S TAIL TO GEORDIE.

Tune—Auld wife about the fire.

It's Geordie's now come hereabout,
O wae light on his on his sulky snout,
A pawky sow has found him out,
And turn'd her tail to Geordie.
The sow's tail till him yet,
The sow's tail will kill him yet,

The sow's tail is till him yet,

The sow's tail to Geordie,

It's Geordie he came up the town,
Wi' a bunch o' turnips on his crown;

"Aha!" quo she i'll pu' them down,

And turn my tail to Geordie.

The sow's tail is till him yet.

It's Geordie he gat up to dance,

And wi' the sow to tak' a prance,

And aye she gart her hurdies strance,

And turned her tail to Geordie.

The sow's tail &c.

It's Geordie, he gaed out to bang,

The sow came round him wi' bang;

"Aha" quo she "there's something wrang,

I'll turn my tail to Geordie".

The Sows tail, &c.

The sow and Geordie ran a race,

But Geordie fall and brak his face,

"Aha" quo she ive won the race.

And turn'd my tail to Geordie".

The sow's tail &c.

It's Geordie he sat down to dine,

And wha came in but madam swine,

"Gumph! Gumph!" quo she "I'm com in
time,

I'll sit and sing wii' Geordie."

The sows tail &c.

Its Geordie he lay down to die,

The sow was there as well as he.

Umph! Umph!" quo she "he's done for me,"

And turned her tail to Geordie.

The sow's tail &c.

It's Geordie he gat up to pray,

She mumpit round and ran away,

"Umph, Umph!" quo' she, he's done for aye,

And turned her tail to Geordie.

The sows tail, &c.

FINIS.