FOUR EXCELLENT ROLL

Songs:

Andrew and his Cutty Gun The Voice of her I Love.

Mutton Chops, or Dripping Pan Lovers.

The Sow's Tail to Geordie.



Falkirk-Printed in the year 1826,

ANDREWIANDATES CUTTY GUN.

Blytist blythe, blythe was she.

Elytne was she butt and ben.

And weel she loe'd it in her neive

But better when it slippit in.

Blythe, blythe, &c.

When a' the lave gaed to their bed, And I sat up to clean the shoon, who think ye can jumping ben? But Andrew and his cuttic gua-Blythe, blythe, &c.

Or ex. 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 hunted 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 cutsic-mun,

Liberte Printed in the year 150%

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The fromns 1 to ! Below bear.

But my delight's in n-line coup, lasta ? Wi' Andrew and his cathe grint sall

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

PAN LOVERS

THE VOICE OF HERA LOVE, AND HE

How sweet, at close of eve,

The harp's responsive sound, roller of P
How sweet the vows that ne'er deceiv

And deeds by virtue crown'd, roll or A

In some delightful grove, her ab tob for But ah! more soit, more sweet to me
The voice of her I love: her of the saw?

Whene'er she goins the village trainged; b. A.
To hail the new board day; Andre de W.
Melliflaous notes compose each stra
Which Zephyrs wait away.

The frowns of fate I calmly bear,
In humble sphere I move,
Content and bleat whene er I hear, as hear
The voice of her I loves worker in

Blytze, leytho hivino, vins nic. Plythe was sto, here it doesn

MUTTON CHOPS; OR DESIPPING
PAN LOVERS.

A soldier and a sailor once,

By cupid were bitrayed;

Both fell in love to dire this chance,

With the same blac-eyed maid.

The sailor by meannen shot, signed only was of a log bereft.

And from that time it was his lot, to have but one leg left.

To have but one leg left.

Tol, lol de rel de rel, dol lol tel de rel, to have but one leg left.

Twas Molly Cook their love possess'd,

For she plump and round,

And then such nico roust beef she drest;

With chickens have and torque lied of

with chickens have and torque lied of

Oh then enchanting Molly cook,
Tou levely sharding fair. no - h parall
Who on thy bill of days could look, the f

Apply get to love forbear, as a real to a

and a - hours on not

One day the sailor he came there,
Rigg d out, in clothes uniternew, rank his trowsers of stripchastroniwere night
His jucket hid true-blad his norman full

"Oh charming Molly cook." he cried,
"My love!" there midde a stop will all
"What would you have?" Molly replied,
Quoth he, "A mutton chop." and built

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

Says she, "thew will you have them drest"
My here of the navy?"
Quoth he, "dean Moll. like'em best,
Fried—and full of gravy."

To cookiem straight she did begin. I san O And o'er the muitton sight; were ware to When lo! the sandier had marched in Just as the chaps were fried, and a did not a said the sandier had been said.

the state of the sea Welly, cook. Envag'd - queth her "I treasen smell. Your precious limb I'll lop. " 15

"My eyes," says Jack, "what lies von tell. You only smell-a chop. arries on med in me the col and s

A wmart engagement did ensue hall Between these men-of-war, a carried and But mutton did the rage subdue? of size Of soldier and of tar.

On Molly's chops these warlike men, Fell foul like heroes bold, along today What happen'd else-before or then, Why-Molly never told. Expected sector FOOT Molland was were

THE SOW'S TAIL TO GEORDIE.

Sin Mint

And Shaping to bak

Tune - Auld wife about the fire. Addition

It's Geordie's new come hereabout, O wae light on his on his sulky snout, 1 IA A pawky sow has found him out, or party And turn'd her tail to Geordio. in tent The sow's tail till him wet, The sows tail will him yet,

The cown tell is till bins yet,

CO11.21.

It's Geordie he cains up the town,
Wi' a barch o' turnips on his crown;
"Aha!" quo she i'll pa' them down,
And turn my tail to Geordie.

The sows tail is till him yet.

It's Geordio he gat up to dance, And wi' the sow to tak' a prance, And aye she gart her burdies flyunce, And turned her tail to Geordie.

The sows tail &c.

It's Goordie, he gaed out to hang,
The sow came round him wi' bang,
"Aha" quo sho "there's something wing,
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 Georde". The sews tail &c.

It's Geordie he sat down to dine, And wha came in but madam swife, "Grumphi Geomphil' que she l'in com in time,

I'll sit and sine wil Geordie." The sows tail be.

Its Georgie be lap down to die, beef.
The .ow was there as well as hell
Umph Umph, quo sie he's done for me,
And turned hentaril to Georgie.
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 201, &c.

The tara my tallete Conder.

secon a ast of the Chara woo and

FINIS.

it's Ceordie he gat flows to dine.

. To the Court has the Court but