

# THE BAD WIFE,

*Bannocks o' Barley,*

# THE MAID OF LODI,

# GEORGE REILY,

AND

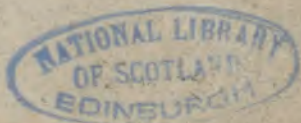
No cheering Sun-beams, &c.

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## THE BAD WIFE.

O, JAMIE, lad, hear my advice,  
And warning tak' by me, man,  
For if ye get a wife like me,  
You'll ru't until ye die, man,  
For when that I was in my youth,  
Like you I then could quench my droucht,  
But now I dare na weet my mouth,  
For Maggy's tongue,—deil drive her south,  
To some place far awa', man.

On Sunday, if I speir for Will,  
She swears I'm seeking drink, man;  
Then o'er my head, with furious rage,  
The tangs aloud will-clink man.  
'This is the life that I must bear,  
She'll oft haul out my very hair,  
And then she'll rage, and curse, and swear  
And cry ye dog, I'll gi'e ye mair,  
Tho' for you I should die, man.

And, Jamie, when I got her first,  
I thought myself enrich'd man,  
Her beauty and her bonny claes  
They had me sae bewitch'd man;  
I had na power to see her ill,  
She led me captive at her will,

Poor simple youth, I had nae skill,  
But thought that she was like mysel',  
For love and unity, man.

But when the fatal knot was tied  
I found I was betray'd, man,  
For she was fill'd wi' nought but strife,  
And foolish empty pride, man;  
I sit as mute as ony sot,  
Wi' no a word out o' my throat,  
Till o'er my head the chamber pot  
In twenty pieces it is broke,  
And then I'm forc'd to flee, man

And if her wants I can't supply,  
She'll ~~flee~~ like fire on me, man;  
And let the pinch be ne'er so great,  
She cries aloud for tea, man:  
And if I bid her gang to work,  
She flies at me just like a Turk,  
Wi' venom she could cut my throat,  
Or shoot me dead upon the spot,  
She's fill'd wi' cruelty man.

But, Jamie, when ye wale a wife,  
Lay beauty a' aside, man,  
The pleasures o' a virtuous wife  
Are beyond a bonny bride, man:  
Think on their wild deceitfu' ways,  
Their painted cheeks and bonny class,

They're like a stocking fu' o' flaes,  
That will torment ye a' your days,  
Until the day ye die, man.

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## BANNOCKS O' BARLEY.

BANNOCKS o' bear-meal, bannocks o' barley,  
Here's to the Highlandman's bannocks of barley.

Wha in a bruizie will first cry 'a parley?'—  
Never the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley.

Bannocks of bear-meal, bannocks o' barley  
Here's to the Highlandman's bannocks  
barley.

Wha drew the gude claymore for Charlie?  
Wha cow'd the lowns o' England rarely?  
An' claw'd their backs at Falkirk fairly?  
Wha but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley.

Bannocks, &c.

Wha, when hope was blasted fairly,  
Stood in ruin wi' bonnie Prince Charlie?  
An' 'neath the Duke's bloody paws drec'd  
sairly?

Wha but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley?  
Bannocks o' barley, &c.

## THE MAID OF LODI.

I SING the maid of Lodi,  
 Who sweetly sung to me,  
 Whose brows were never cloudy,  
 Nor e'er distort with glee.  
 She values not the wealthy,  
 Unless they're great and good,  
 For she is strong and healthy,  
 And by labour earns her food. ;

And when her day's work's over;  
 Around a cheerful fire,  
 She sings, or rests contented;  
 What more can man desire?  
 Let those who squander millions  
 Review her happy lot,  
 They'll find their proud pavillions  
 Far inferior to her cot.

Between the Po and Parma  
 Some villains seiz'd my coach,  
 And dragg'd me to a cavern,  
 Most dreadful to approach;  
 By which the maid of Lodi  
 Came trotting from the fair;  
 She paus'd to hear my wailings,  
 And see me tear my hair.

Then to her market basket  
 She tied her poney's rein;

I thus by female courage  
Was dragg'd to life again.  
Then sing the maid of Lodi,  
Who sweetly sung to me;  
And when this maid is married,  
Still happier may she be.

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AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG,

CALL'D

*G E O R G E R E I L L Y.*

It was on a summer's morning, the weather being fair  
I stroll'd for recreation down by a river clear,  
I overheard a damsel most grievously complain,  
All for her absent lover who plough'd the raging main.

I say, my lovely fair maid, why do you grieve and cry  
The absence of my true love,—the damsel did reply,  
These 5 long years, and better, I've daily for him mourn'd  
And although the wars are ended he never has return'd.

It's really most surprising that he was so unkind,  
To leave so fair a creature lamenting here behind;  
But if you could forget him, and place your love on me  
Until death separate us, to you I'll constant be.

No,—says the lovely fair maid, such things can never be  
My own love I admire, no other man but he;

is the darling of my heart, and him I do adore,  
 take this as your answer, and trouble me no more.

then, says this gallant sailor, what was your true love's  
 name,

with that, and his description, I wish to know the same—  
 GEORGE REILY I do call him, a lad both neat and trim,  
 only in his deportment, there's none can equal him.

Madam, I had a messmate, and REILY was his name,  
 and as you have described him I think he is the same,  
 three years we sail'd together, on board the Old Calflowr,  
 and such a loyal comrade I never had before;

It was in the month of April, nigh to Port Royal, we  
 had a sore engagement—it lasted a whole day—  
 betwixt Rodney and Count de Grax, where many brave  
 did fall,

our love became a victim to a cruel cannon ball;  
 While weltering in his blood your faithful lover lay,  
 With heavy sighs and broken heart, I did hear him to say  
 farewell, my lovely Molly, O, were you standing by,  
 would I gaze my last upon you, contented I would die.

This melancholy story it wounded her full deep,  
 she wrung her hands and tore her hair, most bitterly did  
 weep,

she says—my joys are ended, if all you told be true,  
 to get ad of having pleasure, my sorrows I'll renew.

No longer, now, her faithful love his passion cou-  
 ceal,  
 He flew into her arms, and did his mind reveal;  
 Then, quickly by a marriage they did their love renew  
 Says she—you're welcome to me, all sorrows now

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### THE ORPHAN BOY.

No cheering sun-beam's friendly ray,  
 Shone on the dark and cloudy day,  
 When I, an outcast from my birth,  
 Sprung up the humblest flower on earth,  
 No parent stalk to prop its form,  
 No shelter from the winter's storm—  
 Such was the fate, bereft of joy,  
 Of Theodore, the orphan boy.

'Twas your dear hand, by pity led,  
 First rais'd the lily's drooping head,  
 Foster'd the bud bedew'd with tears,  
 Then saw it blossom into years:  
 And whilst your smiles such pow'r can give,  
 Still will it flourish, bloom, and live;  
 Ah! do not then the hopes destroy  
 Of Theodore, the orphan boy.

FINIS.