

# 4 Songs ;

VIZ.

MAGGIE M'APIE'S LILT,  
A Highland Laddie heard of  
War.

*Donald Caird.*

I'VE NAETHING TO DO. &c.

*My auld maiden Auntie and I !!*

EDIN<sup>R</sup>.—Printed for the Booksellers.

## MAGGIE M'APIE'S LILT.

TUNE—*Toddlin' but and toddlin' ben.*

As Maggie M'Apie sat driving her wheel,  
Blithe Maggie sung cheery, and Maggie, sings  
So sweet.

And thus she gaed on, an' wi' nae little glee—  
Sin' Johnie's turn'd Temp'rate how happy are we,  
He says an' he feels that he is better far,  
Than when he frequented the BULL or the  
STAR,

He's aye hame in time, an' gangs sober to bed  
An' up in the morning aye wi' a hale head.

The strongest he drinks now is Coffee or Tea!  
Sin' Johnie's turn'd Temp'rate how happy are we;

He wasna lang enter'd, an' ere Johnie wist,  
We had ham on the cleck, an' meal in the kist,  
For now he takes care an' brings hame his bau-  
An' we never want a bit butter or cheese. [bees,  
The weans are fu' cauty, an' liker their meal  
We are never fash'd wi' him stoppin' out late;  
Than they w'd to be, when John took his BEAD,  
What then gaed for whisky we now hae in bread.

The strongest he drinks now, &c. "MICK"

The PUBLICAN LOCUSTS they mak up their trash,  
 (For it wastes the body as weel as the Cash,)  
 Sae truly says Johnie, an' weel Johnie kens  
 That it is ruination to enter their DENS,  
 Yes, DENS I will ca' there, an' no the best kind,  
 Gang in an' get tipsy, an' that ye will find,  
 For some try to plunder whae'er they get in,  
 Be't Dandy or Drover they'll fierce to the skin.  
 Avoid them, my friends, an' drink Coffee or Tea,  
 Sia' Johnie, &c.

Baith me an' my bairns were a' fleecin' in rags,  
 While sailin in silks are the Public-House fags,  
 An' at our expense, I will tell'd to their face,  
 But TEMP'RANCE SOCIETIES will alter the case.  
 The Temp'rance Society I'm happy to tell  
 Is makin' my neebours as happy's mysel'  
 There's Girzy's Gudeman he has got a new coat  
 Sin' he lost the road to the Sign i' Steam-Boat.  
 The strongest he drinks now, &c.  
 An' Girzy, puir body's as happy as me.

Now some say to temper themsells the will try,  
 But somehow or ither they aften get dry,  
 At times they may splice just for ae single gill,  
 But then' tis a pity guid Company to spill,

4  
Frae gills to half-mutchkins when ance they're be-  
gun,

Then Toddy, when ance they are fair on the run.  
O! wad they be wise, like our Johnie and me,  
An' drink naething stronger than Coffee or Tea,  
The strongest he drinks now, &c."

### A Highland Laddie heard of War.

A Highland laddie heard of war,  
Which set his heart in motion,  
He heard the distant cannon roar—  
\* He saw the smiling ocean.

Come weal, come woe, to sea he'd go,  
And left, one morning early,  
Lochlomond Ben, and the willow glen,  
And Jenny that loved him dearly.

He wandered east, he wandered south,  
But joy he could not find it,  
But he found out this wholesome truth,  
And had the sense to mind it.

Of a' the earth, the bonny North,  
To cherish late and early;  
Lochlomond Ben, and the willow glen,  
And Jenny that loved him dearly.

## DONALD CAIRD.

Donald Caird's come again ;  
 Donald Caird's some again ;  
 Tell the news in burgh and glen,  
 Donald Caird's come again.

Donald Caird can lilt and sing,  
 Blythely dance the Highland fling  
 Drink till the guidman be blind ;  
 Fleece till the guidwife be kind ;—  
 Hoop a liglin, cloot a pan,  
 Crack a pow wi' ony man :  
 Tell the news in burgh and glen,  
 Donald Caird's come again.

Donald Caird can wire a maukin,  
 Kens the wiles o' dun deer stawkin ;  
 Leisters-kipper ; makes a shift  
 To shoot a moorfowl in the drift.  
 Water bailiffs, rangers, keepers,  
 He can wauk when you are sleepers :  
 Not for bountith or reward  
 Dare you mill, wi' Donald Caird.

Donald Caird can drink a gill  
 Fast as hostile wife can fill ;  
 Ilka ane that sells good liquor  
 Kens how Donald bends a bicker.  
 When he's fou he's stout and saucy  
 Keeps the cantle o' the causey :

Highland chief and Lowland laird,  
Maungie room to Donald Caird.

Steek the amrie lock the kist,  
Else some gear may soon be mist;  
Donald Caird finds orra things,  
Where Allan Gregor fand the tings;  
Dunts o' kebbuc, taitis o' woo,  
Whiles a hen, and whiles a sow;  
Wabs o' duds, frae hedge or yard—  
'Ware the woody, Donald Caird.

On Donald Caird the doom was stern,  
Craig to tether—legs to airn;  
But Donald Caird, wi muckle study,  
Caught the gift to cheat the woody.  
Rings o' airn and bolts o' steel,  
Fel' like ice from haa' an' heel:—  
Watch the sheep in fauld and glen,  
Donald Caird's come again.

Donald Caird's come again;  
Donald Caird's come again;  
Dinna let the Shirra ken,  
Donald Caird's come again.

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### MY AULD MAIDEN AUNTIE.

I've naething to do but to sit and to spin,  
And crack wi' my auld maiden aunty;

Our gossiping neighbours come dribbling in,  
 And aye keep a body fu' eanty, fu' canty,  
 And aye keep a body fu' canty.

But our thoughts like the weather are given to  
 I sigh'd day and night to get married; [change,  
 And I'm sare gif there aught like a man had  
 made love,

His suit wi' me soon he had carried—had car-  
 His suit wi' me soon he had carried [ried—

My aunty's sae peevish, her temper's sae sour,  
 She wearies us a' wi' inspection;  
 She frowns at the mark o' a prin on the floor,  
 Our neighbours a' ca' her Perfection—Perfec-  
 Our neigbous a' ca' her Perfection. [tion—

The hale o' her pleasure is snuff and green tea,  
 And her auld-fashion'd satins to number;  
 Ae day she wad try how her hoops fitted me,  
 And near squeez'd my body asunder—asun-  
 And near squeez'd my body asunder. [der—

She sneers like the fox when I speak about men,  
 I wonder what she makes a wark at—  
 For I'm sare if her mither's examp'le she'd ta'en  
 She never had stood in the market—the mar-  
 She never had stood in the market. [ket—

But wha' birt our neigbours' sou's Johnny's  
 come hame  
 Since the wars were so happily ended?

He tells me my beauty has kindled a flame—  
 My aunt wad gang daft if she kenn'd it,—she  
 kenn'd it—  
 My aunt wad gang daft if she kenn'd it.

Twas only yestreen like a statue I sat,  
 When to hand me the kettle he hurried,  
 He trod on the tail o' my aunt's tabby cat,  
 She raved sae, I wished the brute worried—  
 brute worried—  
 She raved sae I wished the brute worried.

To-morrow she'll scandal the hale o' the sex,  
 And ca' me the vilest o' ony ;  
 For I'll bid her guid day ere the sun's in the east  
 And aff to the Highlands wi' Johnny—wi'  
 Johnny—  
 And aff to the Highlands wi' Johnny.

### Disaster of the Irishman's Wife *At a Scotch Fair.*

“ I was broke down from being a dacent  
 Swatiewife to cry praties, for it was by the  
 hands o' Mikee M'Evoy, my husband that my  
 cap was tore aff my head intil tatters ; throth  
 you might riddle bull-dogs thro it : and my  
 hair-kim was broke intil three halves ! ! !