

THE
JOLLY BEGGAR.

Neil Gow's Fareweel.

MY KIMMER AND I.

ROB. MORRIS.



GLASGOW:

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THE JOLLY BEGGAR.

There was a jolly beggar, and a beg-
ging; he was bound,
And he took up his quarters into a lan'-
art town,
Fa la, la, &c.

He wad neither ly in barn, nor yet wad
he in byre,
But in ahint the ha' door, or else afore
the fire.

The beggar's bed was made at e'en wi'
good clean strae and hay,
And in ahint the ha' door, and there
the beggar lay.

Up raise the good man's dochter, and
for to bar the door,
And there she saw the beggar standing
i' the floor.

He took the lassie in his arms, and to
the bed he ran,

O hooly, hooly wi' me, Sir, ye'll waken
our good man.

The beggar was a cunning loon and ne'er
a word he spak.

Until he got his turn done, syne he be-
gan to crack.

Is there ony dogs into this town? mai-
den, tell me true.

And what wad ye do wi' them, my hin-
ny and my dow?

They'll rive a' my meal pocks, and do
me meikle wrang,

O dool for the doing o't, are ye the poor
man?

Then she took up the meal pocks and
flang them o'er the wa',

The deil gae wi' your meal pocks, my
maidenhead's awa.

I took ye for some gentleman, at least
the Laird o' Brodie;

O dool for the doing o't, are ye the
poor bodie?

O, ye'll lead the whisky.

He took the lassie in his arms, and gae
her kisses three,

And four and twenty hunder mark to
pay the nurice-fee.

He took a horn frae his side, and blew
baith loud and shrill,

And four and twenty belted knights
came skipping o'er the hill.

And he took out his little knife, loot a'
his duddies fa',

And he stood the brawest gentleman
that was amang them a'.

The beggar was a clever loon, and he
lap shouther height,

O ay for sicken quarters as I gat yester-
night,

Fa la la, &c.

NEIL GOW'S FAREWELL.

You've surely heard o' famous Neil,
The man that play'd the fiddle weel,
I wat he was a canty chiel,
And dearly lo'ed the whisky, O.

And ay) since he wore tartan hose,
 He dearly lo'ed the Athol brose,
 And wae he was, you may suppose,
 To play fareweel to whisky, O.

Alake, quoth Neil, I'm frail and auld,
 I find my bluid growing unco cauld,
 I think 'twad mak me blythe and bauld;
 A wee drap Highland whisky, O.

And yet the doctors a' agree,
 That whisky's no the thing for me;
 Saul! quoth Neil, they'll spoil my glee,
 Should they part me and whisky, O.

Tho' I can get baith wine and ale,
 And find my head and fingers hale,
 I'll be content, tho' legs should fail,
 To play fareweel to whisky, O.

But still I think on auld langsyne,
 When Paradise our friends did tyne,
 Because something ran in their min',
 Forbid, like Highland whisky, O.

Come a' ye pow'rs o' Music, come,
 I find my heart grows unco glum,
 My fiddle strings will no play bum,
 To say fareweel to whisky, O.

I'll tak my fiddle in my hand, (stand,
 And screw the strings up while they
 To mak a lamentation grand,
 On gude auld Highland whisky, O:

MY KIMMER AND I.

'When 'Kimmer and I were groom and
 bride,

We had twa pint stoups at our bed-side;
 Sax times fu' and sax times dry,
 And raise for drouth, my kimmer and I.

My Kimmer and I gade to the fair,
 Wi' twal pund Scots in sarking to ware;
 But we drank the guid brown hawkie

dry,
 And sarkless hame cam Kimmer and I.

My Kimmer and I gade to the town,
 For wedding breeks and a wedding gown
 But the sleekit auld priest he wat our eye
 In saekcloth gowns—my Kimmer and I.

My Kimmer and I maun tak the Benk,
 Wi' a twal pint stoup in our peat neuk,
 Ere the psalm be done, the dish is dry,
 And drouthelie pray my Kimmer an' I.

My Kimmer and I are scant o' claes,
 Wi' soups o' drink and soups o' brose;
 But late we rise and soon gae lye,
 And cantilie live—my Kimmer an' I.

My Kimmer is auld, my Kimmer is bent,
 And I'm gaun louting owre a kent;
 The well o' life is dribbling dry,
 An' drouthie drouthie's Kimmer and I.

AULD ROB MORRIS.

There's auld Rob Morris that wons in
 yon glen,
 He's the king o' gude fellows and wale
 o' auld men;
 He has gowd in his coffers, he has owsen
 and kine, (mine.
 And ae bonny lassie, his darling and
 She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in
 May; (hay;
 She's sweet as the e'ning among the new
 As blithe and as artless as the lamb on
 the lea, (my ee.
 And dear to my heart as the light to

But O she's an heiress, auld Robin's a
 laird,
 And my daddie has nought but a cot-
 house and yard;
 A wooer like mauna hope to come spee-
 The wounds I must hide that will soon
 be my dead.
 The day comes to me, but delight brings
 me nane; (is gane;
 The night comes to me, but my rest it
 I wander my lane like a night-troubled
 ghaist, (my breast.
 And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in
 O, had she but been of lower degree,
 I then might hae hop'd she wad smile
 upon me!
 O: hoy past describing had then been
 my bliss, [press.
 As now my distraction no words can ex-
 FINIS.