

THE

HUMOURS OF GLASGOW FAIR.

AND

THE COMICAL SONG

AULD JOHN PAUL.



GLASGOW:  
PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

THE HUMOURS OF GLASGOW FAIR.  
SONGS.

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THE HUMOURS OF GLASGOW FAIR.

O, the sun frae the eastward was peeping,  
 And braid through the winnocks did stare,  
 When Willie cried, Tam, are you sleeping,  
 Mak haste, man, and rise to the fair;  
 For the lads and the lasses are thranging,  
 And a' body's now in a steer;  
 Fve, haste ye, and let us be ganging,  
 Or, faith, we'll be langsome, I fear.

Lilt te turan an uran, &c.

Then Tam he got up in a hurry,  
 And wow but he made himself snod,  
 For a pint o' milk brose he did worry,  
 To mak him mair teugh for the road.  
 On his head his blue bonnet he slippet,  
 His whip o'er his shouther he flang,  
 And a clumsy oak cudgel he grippet,  
 On purpose the loons for to bang.

Lilt te turan an uran, &c.

Now Willock had trysted wi' Jenny,  
 For she was a braw canty queen,  
 Word gade she had a gay penny,  
 For whilk Willie fondly did grean.

Now Tam he was blaming the liquor,  
 Yae night he had got himsel' fou,  
 And trysted gleeed Maggy MacVicar,  
 And, faith, he thought shame for to rue.  
 Lilt te turan an uran, &c.

The carles fu' codgie sat cockin'  
 Upon their white nags and their browu,  
 Wi' snuffing, and laughing, and joking,  
 They soon canter'd into the town ;  
 'Twas there was the funning and sporting,  
 Eh ! what a swarm o' braw folk,  
 Rowly powly, wild beasts, wheel o' fortune,  
 Sweety stan's, Master Punch, and Black Jock.  
 Lilt te turan an uran, &c.

Now Willock and Tam, gayan bouzy,  
 By this time had met wi' their joes,  
 Consented wi' Gibbie and Susy  
 To gang awa down to the shows.  
 'Twas there was the fiddling and drumming,  
 Sic a crowd they could scarcely get through,  
 Fiddles, trumpets, and organs a-bumming,  
 O sirs, what a hully baloo.  
 Lilt te turan an uran, &c.

Then hie to the tents at the paling,  
 Weel theekit wi' blankets and mats.  
 And deals seated round like a tap-room  
 Supported on stanes and on pats.

The whisky liko water they're selling,  
 And porter as sma' as their yill,  
 And ay as you're pouring, they're telling,  
 Troth, dear, it's just sixpence the gill.  
 Lilt te turan an uran, &c.

Says Meg, see you beast wi' the taes on't,  
 Wi' tho face o't as black as the soot,  
 Preserve's, it has fingers and taes on't,—  
 Eh, lass, it's an unco like brute.  
 O woman, but ye aro a gomerall,  
 To mak sic a won'er at that,  
 D'ye no ken, daft gouk, that's a mangrel,  
 That's bred 'twixt a dog and a cat.  
 Lilt te turan an uran. &c.

See you supple jade how she's dancing,  
 Wi' the white ruff'd breeks and red shoon,  
 Frae tap to the tae she's a' glancing  
 Wi' gowd, and a feather aboon.  
 My troth, she's a braw decent kimmer  
 As I've yet seen in the fair;  
 Her decent, quo' Meg, she's some limmer,  
 Or faith she would never be there.  
 Lilt te turan an uran, &c.

Before they got out o' the bustle,  
 Poor Tam got his fairing, I trow;  
 For a stick at the ging'bread play'd whistle,  
 And knock'd him down like a cow;

Says Tam, wha did that, de'il confound him,  
 Fair play, let me win at the loon,  
 And he whirl'd his stick round and round him,  
 And swore like a very dragoon,  
 Lilt te turan an uran, &c.

Then next for a house they ga'de glow'ring,  
 Whare they might get wetting their mou',  
 Says Meg—here's a house keeps a pouring,  
 At the sign o' the muckle black cow,  
 A cow, quo' Jenny, ye gawky,  
 Preserve us, but ye've little skill,  
 Ye haveral, did ye e'er see hawky,  
 Like that, look again and ye'll see it's a bull.  
 Lilt te turan an uran, &c.

But just as they darcken'd the entry,  
 Says Willie, we're now far enough,  
 I see it's a house for the gentry,  
 Let's gang to the sign o' the Pleugh,  
 Na, faith, says Gibbie, we'se better  
 Gae dauner to auld Luckie Gunn's,  
 For there I'm to meet wi' my father,  
 And auld uncle Jock o' the whins.  
 Lilt te turan an uran, &c.

Now they a' in Luckie's had landed,  
 Twa rounds at the bicker to try,  
 The whisky and yill round was handed,  
 And baps in great bourocks did lie,

Blind Aleck the fiddler was trysted,  
 And he was to handle the bow,  
 On a big barrel head he was hoisted,  
 To keep himsel' out o' the row.  
 Lilt te turan an uran, &c.

Had ye seen sic a din and gafaang,  
 Sic hooching and dancing was there,  
 Sic rugging, and riving, and drawing,  
 Was ne'er seen before in a fair.  
 For Tam, he wi' Maggy was wheeling,  
 And he gied sie a terrible loup,  
 That his head eam a thump on the ceiling,  
 And he cam down wi' a dump on his doup.  
 Lilt te turan an uran; &c.

Now they ate and they drank till their bellies  
 Were bent like the head of a drum,  
 Syne they raise and they caper'd like fillies,  
 Whene'er that the fiddle play'd bum.  
 Wi' dancing they now were grown weary,  
 And scarcely were able to stan',  
 So they took to the road a' fu' eheery,  
 As day was beginning to dawn.  
 Lilt te turan an uran, &c.

### AULD JOHN PAUL.

Auld John Paul was nae lazy man,  
 An' auld John Paul was nae crazy man;  
 Tho' his haffits were white, and his noddle was baul,  
 Yet a slee, funny joker was auld John Paul.



Auld John Paul had a widower been  
 For towmonds, they said, about twal' or threteen;  
 Yet it lap in his head—tho' I'm now turnin' auld,  
 I may yet get a help-meet, thinks auld John Paul.

Sae he daunert down to Nanse M'Nees,  
 Wha keepit the sign o' the gowd cross-keys;  
 A cantie widow, baith stout an' hale,  
 Wha had sav'd a bit trifle by sellin' ale.  
 Sae he ca'd for a dram, and begoud to crack,  
 An' syne about wedlock a joke he brak',  
 While the kimmer she leugh, an' said, sooth, but ye're  
 baul'.  
 Wad ye yet face the minister, auld John Paul.

The kintra says ye're a douse auld man,  
 But I really think ye're a crouse auld man,  
 Wha yet wad mell wi' anither wife,  
 When ye've sprauchilt sae far up tho hill o' life;  
 Ye hae routh to keep ony wife bien, John Paul,  
 I'm redd yo'se get ane at fifteen, John Paul,  
 To look on your spunk, it's new life to the saul,  
 Your the flower o' the clachan yoursel', John Paul.

Nae glaikit young jillet for me, quo' John,  
 Tho' I hae a billet for thee, quo' John,  
 Gin the smith ye'll discard, wi' his lang sooty beard,  
 Ye'se my siller get ilka bawbee, quo' John;  
 An' nae mair wi' the souter ye'll fash, quo' John,  
 For he's drucken ilk plack o' his cash, quo' John,  
 An' the miller's gane thro' a' his mailin, I trow,  
 And forbye, he's a daft gom'ral hash, quo' John.

But the bodral cam in roarin' fou to Nanse,  
 Sayin', John Paul, what want ye now wi' Nanse?  
 Ye had better gae beek at your ain ingle cheek,  
 For I've offer'd mysel' afore you to Nanse.  
 It's a won'er to look at auld fools, John Paul,  
 Wha maun soon hurkle down 'mang the mools, John  
 Paul,  
 Soon the divots will swaird owre your head in my  
 yaird,  
 Whan I've happit you up wi' my shoos, John Paul.

Confound your ill-breeding, gae out, quo' Nanse,  
 Or the tangs I'll bring owre your lang snout, quo'  
 Nanse,  
 Ye'll come here to scaul', and to kick up a brawl,  
 Will ye e'er be a man like John Paul, quo' Nanse.  
 Sae the bedrel did swagger out raging mad,  
 Misca'in the alewife for a' that was bad,  
 While the neebors assembl'd to witness the brawl,  
 Sayin', wha wad hae thought this o' auld John Paul.

Sae they were cried, an' buckled syne,  
 Tho' weddin' was a special shine,  
 Saxscore o' neebours young and aul',  
 Ate, drank, and danc'd wi' auld John Paul.  
 They ranted and sang till the day did daw',  
 E'er ane o' the guests thought o' gaun awa',  
 An' the fiddler swore nane shook a suppler spaul.  
 On the floor the hale night than did auld John Paul.