

6 CAPTAIN · 90
MULLIGAN.


MISS BAILEY'S GHOST.

AND 10

John Highlandman's
REMARKS on GLASGOW.



Stirling:—Printed and Sold by H. Randall.



Captain Mullegan.

O Love is a plague by night and by day,
once that post you run your skull again,
Love it was for Kitty O'Shea,
that bother'd the heart of Captain Mul-
ligan,

Brisk and merrily, light and gay,
Stout and steadily, smart and readily,
Soft and funnily, blyth and bonnily,
Quite an Adonis was Captain Mulligan.
He was willing, she was killing,
soft she cried to brave O'Mulligan,
O you jewel, cruel jewel,
willing, killing Captain Mulligan.

Shoulders rising over his ears,
face just like the moon in full again,
Legs in shape of a tailor's sheers
you ne'er saw the fello's of Captain Mul-
legan.

Limping, waddling Miss O'Shea,
Glances twitching him, quite bewitching
him,

Ogling bonnily—squinting funnily,
 She was a Venus to Captain Mullegan.
 O sweet Kitty!—you're so witty,
 softly cried brave Captain Mullegan,
 O sweet Kitty!—pretty, witty Kitty;
 pity poor Captain Mullegan.

When married, how they alter'd their tune,
 love once so fierce faith soon grows cool
 again,

When that they had pass'd the sweet honey
 moon

she blacken'd the eyes of Captain Mulle-
 gan,

Whiskey tipping night and day,

Scolding, fighting him—horus affrighting
 him,

Oh, be easy now! troth you're crazy now,
 the devil be with you, then, Mrs. Mul-
 legan.

Faith I knew it—I would rue it

sadly cried brave Captain Mullegan,

You're my g'uel—cruel jewel,

killing, milling Mrs. Mullegan.

Miss Bailey's Ghost.

A CAPTAIN bold, in Halifax,

Who dwelt in country quarters,

Seduc'd a maid, who hang'd herself

One morning in her garters :
 His wicked conscience smited him ;
 He lost his stomach daily ;
 He took to drinking ratifia
 And thought upon Miss Bailey.
 Oh, Miss Bailey,
 Unfortunate Miss Bailey !

One night, betimes he went robed,
 For he had caught a fever,
 Says he I am a handsome man,
 But I'm a gay deceiver.
 His candle, just at twelve o'clock,
 Began to burn quite palely ;
 A ghost stepp'd up to his bedside,
 And said Behold Miss Bailey, &c.

Avant, Miss Bailey, then he cry'd,
 Your face looks white and mealy ;
 Dear Captain Smith the ghost reply'd,
 You've us'd me ungentely ;
 The corner's guest goes hard with me,
 Because I've acted frailly ;
 And parson Biggs won't bury me,
 Though I am dead Miss Bailey, &c.

Poor ghost, says he, since you and I
 Accounts must once and all close,
 I have got a one pound note
 In my regimental small clothes,
 Will give the sexton for your grave.
 The ghost then vanish'd gaily,
 Crying, Bless you, wicked Captain Smith,
 Remember poor Miss Bailey, &c.

*John Highlandman's remarks
on Glasgow.*

Her nainfel into Glasgow went,
an errand there to see't.

And she never saw a bonnier town,
standing on her feet.

For a' the houses that be there,
were cheeket wi' blue stanes,
And a stane ladder to gang up,
no fa' to break her banes.

I gang upon a stony road,
a street they do him ca',
And when me seek the chapman's house,
his name be on the wa'.

I gang to buy a smith tamber,
and standing at the crose,
And there I see a dead man,
was riding on his horse.

And O he be a poer man,
and no hae mony clats,
Te brogs be worn aff his feet,
and me see a' his taes.

Te horse had up his muckle fit,
for to gie me a snap,
And gaping wi' his great mooth,
to grip me by the tap.

He had a staff into his hand,
 to fight me an he could,
 But herself be ran awa' frae him,
 his horse be unco proud.

But I be rin a round about,
 and stand about the Guard,
 Where I see the deil chap the hours,
 tan me grow unco fear'd,

Ohen, ohen, her nainfel said;
 and whar will me go rin?
 For yonder be the black man,
 that burns the fouk for sin.

I'll no be stay nae langer here,
 but fast me rin awa'
 And see te man thrawing te reaps
 aside the Broomy law;

And O she be a lang tedder,
 I spier'd what they'll do wi't?
 He said to hang the Highlandmen,
 for stealing of their meat.

Hout, herself an honest facutleman,
 I never yet did steal,
 But when I meet a muckle purse,
 I like it unco well.

Tan fare you well you faucy fellow,
 I fein your skin would pay;
 I came to your town the morn, but,
 an I'll gang out yeasterday.

Fan I gang to my quarter-house,
 the door was unco braw,
 For here they had a cow's husband,
 was pricked ou the wa.

O tere me got a shappin ale,
 and ten me got a supper,
 A filthy choud of chappet meat,
 boi'd amanga butter,

It was a filthy dirt o' beef,
 his banes was like te horn,
 She was a calf wantine de skin,
 before that we was born.

I gang awa into te kirk,
 to hear a lawland preach,
 And mony a bonny sang they sing,
 tere books they did them teach.

And tere I saw a bonny mattam,
 wi' feathers on her weim;
 I wonder an she be gan to flee,
 or what be in her myn.

Another mattams fellow her,
 wha's arle was round like cogs,
 And clitter clatter cries her feet,
 she had on iron breg.

And tere I saw an ather mattam,
 into a tarry sock,
 And twa cats se carry her,
 wi' rapes about hims neck.

She pe sic fou o' vanity,
 as no gang en the grun,
 But twa poor mans be carry her,
 in a barrow cover'd abune.

Some had a fish tail to their mouth,
 and some pe had a pennet,
 But my Janet and Donald's wife
 wad rathet hae a bannock.

F N S