

Arthur M'Bride.

To which are added,

The Bard's Legacy,

FAIR FA' THE LASSES,

Ca' the Ewes to the Knowes,

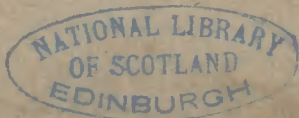
AND

Second Thoughts are best.



GLASGOW:

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Arthur M^cBride.

O I had a cousin call'd Arthur M^cBride,
 And we were a walking down by the sea side,
 Whatever might pass, or whatever betide,
 While bright Phoebus' rays were adorning.
 For our recreation we were on a tramp,
 We met Sergeant Napier and Corporal Pamp,
 And the little drummer that attended the camp;
 This happen'd on Christmas morning.

God bless you, good fellows, the Sergeant did say,
 And you, too, kind gentlemen, we did reply,
 Without any more, we pass'd them by,
 The morning being pleasant and charming.
 Now come, my gay fellows, if you will insist,
 Five guineas of gold we will give in your fist,
 And a crown to the bargain, we'll soon raise a dust,
 And drink the King's health in the morning.

Come back to the change house & we'll have a quart,
 And if you engage, no money will us part,
 For I love the boy that is lively and smart,
 And that would take advance in the morning.
 If we were so foolish as to take the advance,
 You'd think it no scruple to send us to France,
 Where of every danger we be to run chance,
 And perhaps lose our heads in a morning.

You need not be talking more about clothes,
 You have but the loan of them, as we suppose,
 You dare not them change, and offer your nose,
 Or you would be flogg'd in a morning.

Come, come, my brave fellows, no more of your chat,
 Eor I'll not be teas'd by any cock's-muir brat,
 Though on Irish fare he grow plump and fat;
 So my brave lads take this warning.

And, my gay fellows, no more of your jaw,
 Or in one moment my sword I will draw,
 And run through your body while strength I can
 show,

To make you look sharp in the morning.
 But Arthur and I we soon took the odds,
 We gave them no time to draw out their blades,
 Our trusty shilelahs came over their heads,
 Which made them look sharp in the morning.

As for the little drummer, we flatten'd his pow,
 And made a foot-ball of his row de dow,
 Kick'd it in the tide, for to rock and to row,
 And wish'd it a tedious returning.
 For the rusty weapons that hung by their side,
 We threw them as far as we could in the tide,
 Saying, take them now Devil, from Arthur M'Bride,
 And temper their edge in the morning.

The Bard's Legacy.

When in death I shall calm recline,
 Oh! bear my heart to my mistress dear,
 Tell her it lived on smiles and wine
 Of the brightest hue, whilst it linger'd here;

Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow,
 To sully a heart so brilliant and light,
 But balmy drops of the red grape borrow,
 To bathe the relic from morn till night.

When the light of my song is o'er,
 Oh! take my Harp to your ancient hall,
 Hang it up at some friendly door,
 Where weary travellers love to call;
 Then if some Bard who roams forsaken,
 Revives its soft notes while passing along,
 Oh! let the thoughts of its master waken
 Your warmest smiles for the child of song.
 Keep this Cup, which is now o'erflowing,
 To grace your revels when I'm at rest,
 Never, Oh! never, its balm bestowing,
 On lips that beauty has seldom bless'd;
 But when some warm devoted lover
 To her he adores shall bathe its brim,
 Oh! then my spirit around shall hover,
 And hallow each drop that foams within.

Fair fa' the Lasses.

Tune—"Green Grow the Rushes, O."

Fair fa' the lasses, O!

Fair fa' the lasses, O!

And dool and care still be his share,
 Wha does na lo'e the lasses, O!

Pale poverty an' girnin' care,
 How lang will ye harass us, O?
 Yet light's the load we hae t^e bear,
 If lessen'd by the lasses, O!
 Fair fa', &c.

The rich may sneer as they gae by,
 Or scornfully may pass us, O!
 Their better lot let's ne'er envy,
 But live and love the lasses, O!
 Fair fa', &c.

Why should we ever sigh for wealth?
 Sic thoughts shou'd never fash us, O;
 A fig for pelf, when blest wi' health,
 Content, an' bonnie lasses, O!
 Fair fa, &c.

The ancient Bards, to shaw their skill,
 Plac'd Muses on Parnassus, O;
 But let them fable as they will,
 My Muses are the lasses, O!
 Fair fa', &c.

The drunkard cries, the joys o' wine
 A' ither mirth surpasses, O,
 But he ne'er kent the blis divine,
 That I hae wi' the lasses, o!
 Fair fa', &c.

When I am wi' the chosen few,
 The time fu' quickly pass'es, o,
 But days are hours, an' less, I trow,
 When I am wi' the lass'es, o.
 Fair fa', &c.

When joys abound, then let a round
 of overflowing glass'es, o,
 Gae brisk about, an' clean drink out;
 The toast be—"Bonnie Lass'es," o!
 Fair fa' the lass'es, o!
 Fair fa' the lass'es, o!
 And dool and care still be his share,
 Wha winna toast the lass'es, o!

Ca' the Ewes to the Knowes.

Ca' the ewes to the knowes,
 Ca' them whare the heather grows,
 Ca' them whare the burnie rows,
 My bonnie dearie.

As I gaed down the water side,
 There I met my shepherd lad,
 He row'd me sweetly in his plaid,
 And ca'd me his dearie.
 Ca' the ewes, &c.

Will you gang down the water side,
 And see the waves fae sweetly glide

Beneath the hazels spreading wide,
 The moon it shines fu' clearly.
 Ca' the ewes, &c.

I was bred up at nae sic school,
 My shepherd lad, to play the fool;
 And a' the day to fit in dool,
 And nae body to fee-me.
 Ca' the ewes, &c.

Ye shall get gowns and ribbons meet,
 Cauf leather shoon upon your feet;
 And in my arms ye'se lie and sleep,
 And ye shall be my dearie.
 Ca' the ewes, &c.

If ye'll but stand to what ye've said,
 I'se gang wi' you, my shepherd lad;
 And ye may row me in your plaid,
 And I shall be your dearie.
 Ca' the ewes, &c.

While waters wimple to the sea,
 While day blinks in the lift sae hie;
 Till cauld death shall blin' my ee,
 Ye shall be my dearie.
 Ca' the ewes, &c.

Second Thoughts are best.

I'll tell you how I serv'd a lad,
 Who paid his court to me;
 Indeed I thought him craz'd or mad,
 He was so bold and free.
 For though I told him o'er and o'er,
 It was in vain he press'd,
 The creature only cried the more,
 That second thoughts are best.

“ You may (says I) say what you please,
 My mind is still the same,
 Nor, though you beg it on your knees,
 I ne'er will change my name.”

“ You won't?” says he—“ I won't, (said I)
 So set your thoughts at rest.”

“ Poo, poo, (he cried) you'll find, rely,
 That second thoughts are best.”

“ I tell you once for all (said I)
 I'll never be your wife.”

“ Why then, (cried he) if so, good bye,
 I'll take young Jane for life.”

“ Take Jane! (says I) you shan't I vow,
 Why, I was but in jest;
 Besides I clearly see it now,
 That second thoughts are best.”

F I N I S.