THREE EXCELLENT
NEW SONS.
Young Doctor Stafford
The Unco Bit Want,
With the Answer,
DOCTOR STAFFORD.

ONE ev'ning as I walked,  
down by the rocks of Moile,  
I having all things ready,  
just going to see a friend;  
It's there I spied a young man,  
of wit and beauty bright,  
And to my sad misfortune,  
he's proved my heart's delight.

I cannot blame this young man,  
because he does not know;  
I'm afraid the want of money,  
will be my overthrow:  
I'm afraid the want of money,  
will my sad ruin prove;  
One look from his sweet glances,  
would cure the pain of love.

We'll send for doctor Richelson,  
It's being a man of skill,  
To see the weaver's daughter,  
whose lying very ill:  
To see the weaver's daughter,  
on sick-bed where she lay.  
All for the doctor's prentice,  
who stole her heart away.
I in came doctor Richeson,
likewise his brother John,
Likewise the doctor's prentice,
for they all came in:
They stood before her bed,
they stood all in a row,
But when she saw young Stafford,
her colour pale did grow.

She lifted up her head from,
the pillow where she lay,
She said young doctor Stafford,
love, use me tenderly;
He handed her a drink,
and not one word did say,
Tears came rolling down his cheeks,
on the pillow where she lay.

She lifted up her head,
with a heavy sigh said she,
I pray young doctor Stafford,
love, use me tenderly;
For I'm sick and very bad,
and in a deep decay,
He said my dear if you be spar'd,
it's marry'd we will be,

He flipped off his shoes,
and softly went behind,
And for three weeks and better,  
he did her close attend,  
The last words that she spoke,  
her voice was slow but clear:  
All goodness be my darling's guide,  
he's the boy that I love dear.

I am a sporting young man,  
scarce 18 years of age,  
And many a pretty girl,  
did with me engage;  
Many a pretty girl has,  
fallen in love with me;  
But the weaver's daughter lov'd me best  
she died for love of me.

One evening as I walked,  
down by her father's land,  
A Waft came o'er my shoulder,  
which put me to a stand,  
The neighbours they do say,  
that her spirit it haunts me,  
But I am sure they're wrong,  
she left no blame on me.

It's straightway in bedlam,  
this young man was confin'd,  
Quite bereft of senses,  
and in iron chains bound,
Her spirit came unto him, 
saying young man revive, 
For I ne'er was ordain'd 
to be your wedded wife:

THE UNCO BIT WANT.

I AM a young Lass in my prime, 
My age it is just twenty-one; 
I think it a very fit time, 
To buckle myself to a man, 
I've baith bread and kitchen nae scant, 
I gang i' the fashion fu' braw; 
Yet still I've an unco bit want, 
That fashes me mair than them a'

CHORUS. 
For I'm ripe, an' ready an' a', 
Ready, an' ripe an' a', 
I wish I may get a bit man, 
Before that my beauty gae wa'.

A' day as I spin wi' my mither, 
An' lits o'er to mysel, a bit sang. 
How Lasses an' Lads gang the gither, 
'O firs but it gars me think lang, 
In bed I am like to gang crazy; 
I dram, I row, an' I gaunt,
WHERE I MIGHT BE LYING FU’ EASY,
Weren’t no for this unco bit want,
For I’m ripe, &c.

Young Andrew comes whilsts in the glomin,
An’ draws in a stool by my side,
But he’s ay sae fleed for a woman,
That after his face he maun hide,
I feer up my temper-string gayly,
An’ whilsts a verse I will rant,
Young women you ken maun be wyiiie
To make up that unco bit want.
For a’ni ripe, &c.

I’m thinkin’ sometime when he’s rising,
To make a bit stap to the door,
An’ raise a wee crack that’s enticing,
Parhaps that he kent nae afore.
An’ O if the Laddie wad tak me,
An’ raise a bit canty wee rant, (me,
There’s naething mair pleasure wad gi’
For that’s just my unco bit want,
For I’m ripe, &c.

ANDREW’S REPLY.

Sweet Lads, I approve o’your plan,
I think that you’er wise fer to kint
An' buckle yourfe'1' to a man,
For kissing it's now you are fit.
What tho' you've filks for to dree's you,
An' plenty o' baith roost an' raw,
Yet you want a bit man for to kiss you,
An' keep your cauldback fraethe wa,
We'll kiss, an' cuddle, an' a',
Cuddle, an' kiss, an' a',
An' ance we were buckl'd the gither
Our joys they sha' nae be sma'1.

To hear how that ither's get marri'd,
An' ye sit an' rive at your tow,
I'm sure it's of life, you are weary'd,
With wheel an' it a' in a low!
The pain ye endure thro' the night,
It makes you to tumble an' gaunt,
But young Andrew is blyth an' able,
An' weel can supply your bit want.
We'll kiss, &c:

At e'en when ye come wi' your stock-
ing,
You thought I was wond'rous slack,
Tho' aften ay jeering an' jocking,
An' whiles your bit niou' I did smack
As on the green grass we did tumble,
O how thy bit heart did pain.
Thou ne'er gie'd a peep nor a grum'le,
While I did supply your bit want.
We'll kiss, &c.

At e'en when I rise to gang hame,
Were ye to give me a convoy,
As sure as young Andrew's my name,
In love we'll each other enjoy,
Then Laske I'll ay be thy ain,
Of me you may loftily vaunt;
I'll ease thee o' thy grief an' pain,
An' always supply thy bit want.
We'll kiss, &c.

Wi' joy it's she bang'd out her han',
Your offer, dearl ove, I accept;
I vow that young Andrew's the man.
I always will daut like a pet.
Then joys of joys I'll taste,
For which I've gien mony a gaunt;
By young Andrew it's how I'm embrac'd
An' weel he supplies my bit want.
We'll kiss &c.

FINIS.