DAINTY DAVIE.

Sic a Wife as Willie had.

THE BLUE-EYED LASSIE.

The Rantin Dog the Daddie o't.

A plague on all musty old fubbers.

O my love is like the red red rose.

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DAINTY DAVIE.

Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
To deck her gay green spreading bow'rs
And now comes in my happy hours,
To wander wi' my Davie.

Meet me on the warlock knowe,
Dainty Davie, dainty Davie;
There I'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain kind-hearted Davie.

The crystal waters round us fa',
The merry birds are lovers a',
The scented breezes round us blaw,
A-wand'ring wi' my Davie.

Meet me, &c.

When purple morning starts the hare,
To steal upon her early fare,
Then thro' the dews I will repair,
To meet my faithfu' Davie.

Meet me, &c.

When day, expiring in the west,
The curtain draws o' nature's rest,

I'll to his arms that I lo'e best,
And that's my ain dear Davie.
Meet me, &c.

SIC A WIFE AS WILLIE HAD.

Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed,
The spot they ca'd it Linkumdoddie,
Willie was a wabster guid,
Could stown a clue wi' ony bodie;
He had a wife was dour and din,
Tinkler Maggie was her mither;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wadna gie a button for her.

She has an e'e, she has but ane,
The cat has twa the very colour;
Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,
A clapper tongue wad deave a miller;
A whiskin beard about her mou,
Her nose and chin they threaten ither;
Sic a wife, &c.

She's bow-hough'd, she's hein-shinn'd,
Ae limpin leg a hand-breed shorter;
She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
To balance fair in ilka quarter:

She has a hump upon her breast,
The twin o' that upon her shouther;
Sic a wife, &c.

Auld baudrons by the ingle sits,
And wi' her loof her face a-washin;
But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,
She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion;
Her walie nieves like midden creels,
Her face wad fyle the Logan water;
Sic a wife, &c.

THE BLUE-EYED LASSIE.

I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen,
A gate I fear I'll dearly rue;
I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
Twa lovely een o' bonny blue.
'Twas not her golden ringlets bright,
Her lips like roses wat wi' dew,
Her heaving bosom lily white;—
It was her een sae bonny blue.

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wyl'd
She charm'd my saul I wist na how;
And ay the stound, the deadly wound,
Cam frae her een sae bonnie blue.

But spare to speak, and spare to speed,
She'll aiblins listen to my vow:
Should she refuse I'll lay my dead
To her twa een sae bonnie blue.

THE RANTIN DOG THE DADDIE O'T.

O wha my babbie clouts will buy?
Wha will tent me when I cry?
Wha will kiss me whar I lie?
The rantin dog the daddie o't.—

Wha will own he did the fau't?
Wha will buy my groanin maut?
Wha will tell me how to ca't?
The rantin dog the daddie o't.—

When I mount the creepie chair,
Wha will sit beside me there?
Gie me Rob, I seek nae mair,
The rantin dog the daddie o't.

Wha will crack to me my lane?
Wha will mak me fidgin fain?
Wha will kiss me owre again?
The rantin dog the daddie o't.—

NOTHING LIKE GROG.

A plague on those musty old lubbers
Who tell us to fast and to think,
And patiently bear with life's rubbers,
With nothing but water to drink;
A can of good stuff had they swigg'd it,
Would soon ay have set them agog;
In spite of the rules
Of the schools,
The old fools
Would have constantly swigg'd it,
And sworn there was nothing like grog

My father, when last I from Guinea
Return'd with abundance of wealth,
Cry'd, Jack, never be such a ninny
As to drink; says I, Father your health;
So I tipp'd him the stuff and he twigg'd
it,
And it soon set th' old codger agog;
So he swigg'd, and mother,
And sister and brother,
And all of us swigg'd it,
And we swore there was nothing like
grog.

T'other day when the chaplain was
preaching,
Behind him I curiously slunk,
And while he us our duty was teaching
As how we should never get drunk,
I tipp'd him a can and he twigg'd it,
And it soon set his rev'rence agog;
So he swigg'd and Dick swigg'd,
And Ben swigg'd and I swigg'd,
And all of us swigg'd it,
And we swore there was nothing like
grog.

Then trust me there's nothing like
drinking,
So pleasant on this side the grave,
It keeps the unhappy from thinking,
And makes e'en more valiant the brave
As for me, since the moment I swigg'd
it,
The good stuff has so set me agog,
That sick or well, late or early,
Wind foully or fairly,
I've constantly swigg'd it,
And dem'me there's nothing like grog.

THE RED RED ROSE.

O my luve is like a red red rose,
That's newly sprung in June;
O my luve is like the melodie
That's sweetly play'd in tune.
As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in love am I;
And I will love thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And rocks melt i' the sun,
And I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life do run.
And fare thee weel, my only luve,
And fare thee weel a while!
And I will come again, my luve,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

FINIS.