Bess the Gawkie.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

Again the Wish'd for Festive Hour,

I'M WEEL SAIR'D WI' SPUNK.

Cherry-Cheek Patty,

Captain Wattle and Miss Roe,

DEAR IS MY NATIVE VALE.

GLASGOW;
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BESS THE GAWKIE.

Blythe young Bess to Jean did say,
Will ye gang to yon sunny brae,
Where flocks do feed and herds do stray,
And sport a while wi' Jamie.
Ah, na! lass, I'll no gang there,
Nor about Jamie tak a care,
Nor about Jamie tak a care,
For he's ta'en up wi' Maggie,

For hark, and I will tell you, lass,
Did I not see young Jamie pass,
Wi' meikle blytheness in his face,
Out o'er the muir to Maggie:
I wat he gae her mony a kiss,
And Maggie took them nae amiss;
'Tween ilka smack pleas'd her wi' this—
That Bess was but a gawkie.

For when a civil kiss I seek,
She turns her head, and thraws her cheek,
And for an hour she'll hardly speak;
Wha'd no ca' her a gawkie?
But sure my Maggie has mair sense,
She'll gie a score without offence;
Now gie me ane into the mense,
And ye shall be my dawtie.

O Jamie, ye hae mony ta'en,
But I will never stand for ane,

Or twa, when we do meet again,
So ne'er think me a gawkie.
Ah, na! lass, that canna be,
Sic thoughts as these are far from me,
Or ony that sweet face that see,
E'er to think thee a gawkie.

But, whisht! nae mair o' this we'll speak,
For yonder Jamie does us meet;
Instead of Meg, he kiss'd sae sweet,
I trow, he likes the gawkie.
O dear Bess, I hardly knew,
When I came by, your gown sae new;
I think you've got it wet wi' dew:
Quoth she, that's like a gawkie.

It's wet wi' dew: and 'twill get rain,
And I'll get gowns when it is gane;
Sae ye may gang the gate ye came,
And tell it to your dawtie.
The guilt appear'd in Jamie's cheek;
He cried, O cruel maid, but sweet,
If I should gang another gate,
I ne'er should see my dawtie.

The lasses fast frae him they flew,
And left poor Jamie sair to rue,
That ever Maggie's face he knew,
Or e'er ca'd Bess a gawkie.
As they gaed o'er the muir they sang,
The hills and dales with echo rang,
The hills and dales with echo rang,
"Gang o'er the muir to Maggie.

AGAIN THE WISH'D-FOR FESTIVE HOUR.

Again the wish'd-for festive hour,
Revolving time returns;
Again our tribute out we pour,
Unto the name of Burns.
Then as we quaff the cheering glass,
In bumpers flowing high,
His deathless fame let us proclaim,
And drain the goblet dry.

Each manly virtue which alone,
The human breast adorns,
Combin'd with b aming lu-tre shone,
Within the breast of Burns.
Then as we quaff, &c.

The man to bend at Fortune's shrine,
For Fortune's favour scorns,
While Independence rules his mind,
A brother had in Burns.
Then as we quaff, &c.

To act the selfish hireling's end,
His free-born bosom spurn'd;
The patriot true, his country's friend,
Reveres the name of Burns.
Then as we quaff, &c.

And he, who with a heart sincere,
A brother's sorrow mourns,
Will drop a sympathetic tear,
Upon the grave of Burns.
Then let us quaff, &c.

So while auld Nature's laws prevail,
The earth on her axis turns,
May Scotia's sons with rapture hail,
The natal day of Burns.
Then let us quaff, &c.

I'M WEEL SAIR'D WI' SPUNK.

I'm weel sair'd wi' spunk, and I'm braid, and I'm brawny,
I'll dare the warst blast that roars over yon law,
And I hope to see gray hairs to set me down cannY,
And crack o'er my summer, and winter, and a'.
Leeze me on eild! it's sae canty and hearty,
To see the auld cairls wi' bonnets sae gran';
How they'll joke wi' the daftest, and laugh wi' the loudest,
While the fire lights their eyes, like a flash in the pan.

There's Mungo M'Farlane, the laird o' Drumgarlin,
A birsy auld hero o' fourscore and five,
But he'll wield his lang arm, and he'll knock down his story,
And keep his ain grun' wi' the gleggest alive.
There's Michael the fodger, wha fought wi' the rebels
And lost his best leg just a wee or they ran;
But he has ane o' wud, and he gars it play thud,
And whare there's a stour Michael's aye in the van.

There's auld Davie Currie, and Laurie his cousin,
They have seen better days, and had siller and lear;
But they're aff-hand and jolly, and wisdom and honour,
Fu' nobly are trac'd on their foreheads sae bare.

Here's t'ye M'Farlane! here's t'ye my heroes,
The wale o' the kintra weel wardie a' can;
Ye're the relics and proofs o' our auld Scottish nation;
O! the crony o' cronies, a cracky auld man;

CHERRY-CHEEK PATTY

Down in yon village I live so snug,
They call me Giles the plowman's boy;
Throughwoods and o'er stiles, as I trudge many miles,
I whistle, I whistle, and whoop, gee woo, Jerry.
My work being done to the lawn there I fly,
Where the lads at the lasses all look very sly;
And I'ze deeply in love with a girl it is true,
And I know what I know, but I mauna tell you:
But I'll whistle, I'll whistle, for of all the girls I ever did see,
O cherry cheek Patty for me.

Though the squire so great, so happy mayn't be,
As poor simple Giles the plowman's boy;
No matters of state ever addle my pate,
But I'll whistle, I'll whistle, and whoop gee woo, Jerry,
Now cherry-cheek Patty she lives in a vale,
Whom I help'd o'er the stile, with her milking pail:
And Patty has a like notion of me it is true,
And I know what I know, but I mauna tell you;
But I'll whistle, &c.

I'se able and strong, and willing to work,
And when the lark rises off trudges I;
The cows up I call, and harness old Ball,
I whistle, I whistle, and whoop, gee woo, Jerry.

Then I'se fifty good shillings my luck has been such,
And a lad's not to be grinn'd at, that's gotten so much
And when that I'm married to Patty, so true,
I know what I know, but I mauna tell you.
But I'll whistle, &c.

CAPTAIN WATTLE AND MISS ROE.

Did you ever hear of Captain Wattle,
He was all for love and a little for the bottle,
We know not, though pains we have ta'en to inquire,
If gunpowder he invented, or the Thames set on fire,
If to him was the centre of gravity known,
The longitude, or the philosopher's stone,
Or whether he studied from Bacon or Boyle,
Copernicus, Locke, Katerfelto, or Hoyle;
But this we have learnt with great labour and pain.
That he lov'd Miss Roe, and she lov'd him again.

Than sweet Miss Roe none e'er look'd fiercer;
She had but one eye, but that was a piercer,
We know not, for certainty her education,
If she wrote, mended stockings, or settled the nation,
At cards if she liked whist, and swabbers or voles,
Or at dinner lov'd pig, or a steak on the coals,
Whether most of the Sappho she was or Thalestris,
Or if dancing was taught her by Hopkins, or Vestris,
But for your satisfaction, this good news we obtain,
That she lov'd Captain Wattle, and he lov'd her again.

When wedded, he became lord and master depend on't
He had but one leg, but he'd a foot at the end on't.
Which of government when she would fain hold the bridle,
He took special caution should never lie idle.

So, like most married folks, 'twas my plague and my
chicken,
And sometimes a kissing, and sometimes a kicking:
Then for comfort a cordial she'd now and then try,
Alternately bunging or piping her eye;
And these facts of this couple the history contain,
For when he kick'd Miss Roe, she kick'd him again.

DEAR IS MY NATIVE VALE.

Dear is my little native vale,
The ring-dove builds and warbles there;
Close by my cot she tells her tale,
To ev'ry passing villager:
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange-groves, or myrtle bow'rs,
That breath a gale of fragrance round,
I charm the fairy-footed hours,
With my lov'd lute's romantic sound:
Or crowns of living laurels weave,
For those who win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
The ballet danc'd in twilight glade,
The canzonet and roundelay,
Sung in the silent green-wood shade:
These simple joys that never fail,
Shall bind me to my native vale,

FINIS.