THE MERRY MUSES
Not for Maids, Ministers, or Striplings

THE MERRY MUSES

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF

FAVORITE SONGS GATHERED FROM MANY SOURCES

BY

ROBERT BURNS

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

TWO OF HIS LETTERS AND A POEM, NEVER BEFORE PRINTED.

Say, Puritan, can it be wrong
To dress plain Truth in witty song?
What honest Nature says we should do,
What every lady does...or would do!

VERBATIM REPRINT OF THE MDCCCXXVII EDITION, FOR MYSELF AND MY FRIENDS
PREFACE.

The history of this book is as follows:—

Robert Burns, fascinated by the simplicity, beauty, and pathetic tenderness of the songs and ballads of the peasantry floating around him, set himself to gather them up for preservation. How he accomplished his task, his imperishable works amply show. His researches made him acquainted with many strange, outspoken ditties, for gentlemen of antiquarian tastes need not be told that many of the songs and rhymes then unprinted were, as Sir Walter Scot says. 'rather high kilted,' or, as Burns styles them, 'not quite ladies' reading.' It is the glory of Burns, however, that he improved every song that passed through his hands: purifying it from its licentiousness, and steeping it in the undying hues of his genius. While collecting these old songs he came across others whose humor was more broad, and language and meaning decidedly free. His antiquarian instinct and strong sense of the ludicrous tempted him also to preserve them in MS. form. In time, what he thus collected, he was led in a few instances to imitate, for no other object than to amuse a few of his merry companions in their moments of conviviality.

Accordingly, we find him in December, 1793, writing to John McMurdo, Esq., Chamberlain to the Duke of Queensberry: 'I think I once mentioned something of a collection of Scots songs I have for some years been making. I send you a perusal of what I have got
together. I could not conveniently spare them above five or six days, and five or six glances of them will probably suffice you. A very few of them are my own. When you are tired of them please leave them with Mr. Clint, of the King's Arms. There is not another copy of the collection in the world, and I should be sorry that any unfortunate negligence should deprive me of what has cost me a good deal of pains.

R. B.

This collection, including his own performances, originated in nothing worse than Burns' strong sense of the ludicrous, and altho he permitted an intimate crony an occasional peep at the volume, he was very careful of it, and during his lifetime it was seen and known only by a trusted few. After his death, the MS. having got into careless hands, some miserable fellow surreptitiously transcribed it and, to the lasting grief of all friends of poor Burns, had it printed.

This note is written therefore to point out Burns' share in this Collection of Merry Songs—a share which was chiefly that of collector, and not that of author; besides, to request of the limited number of antiquarian admirers into whose hands the volume will find its way, that they will be careful of it, and keep it out of the way of maids, ministers, and striplings. To gratify the aforesaid antiquaries, two letters of the Great Poet's are now given for the first time, and also an unpublished poem from the original MS. in Burns' writing.

It is to be hoped that the reader—he be he puritan or impuritan—will not be too hard on Burns. The age he lived in was different from yours, and if a free-spoken ditty of the old school now and then oozed out, remember that humor in connection with the sexual affections flourished in Greece and Rome ages ago, and it is not yet extinct in your own country, nor in your own bosom. One of your own poets but a short time ago bore his share, along with a rhyming brother, in the following jeu d'esprit which we are tempted to
PREFACE.

give:

Poet No. 1 sang—

Tom went out as a Mission-ary,
Unto the fields of Timbuctoo;
There he met a Casso-wary,
Who ate him, and his Hymnbook-two.

Thus capped by Poet No. 2—

Tom and Tim on mischief bent,
Went to the plains of Timbuctoo;
They saw three Maidens in a tent,
Tom bucked one, and Tim-bucked-two!

The songs which can undoubtedly be assigned to Burns—as well as those of which great doubts exist respecting his connection with them—are placed first in the volume. With those that follow, the reader is assured Burns had nothing whatever to do, though being expressed in the Scottish language, inexperienced persons may therefore attribute them to him.

A very few copies have been printed; they are exclusively for antiquaries, and not for sale.
SCOTTISH

THE RANTING DOG THE DADDY O'T.

TUNE—East Neuk o' Fife.

O wha my baby clouts will buy?
O wha will tent me when I cry?
O wha will kiss me where I lie?
But the ranting dog the daddy o't.

O wha will own he did the faut?
O wha will buy the groaning maut?
O wha will tell me what to ca't?
But the ranting dog the daddy o't.

When I mount the creepy chair,
Wha will sit beside me there?
Give me Rab, I'll ask nae mair,
The ranting dog the daddy o't.

Wha will crack to me my lane?
Wha will make me fidging fain?
Wha will kiss me o'er again?
But the ranting dog the daddy o't!

BURNS.

ANNA.

TUNE—The Banks of Bonna.

Yestre'en I got a pot o' wine,
A place where body saw na,
Yestre'en lay on this breast of mine,
The gowden locks o' Anna.
The hungry Jew in wilderness,
Rejoicing o'er his manna,
Had naething like my honey bliss,
Upon the lips of Anna.
Ye Monarchs take the East and West,  
Frae Indus to Savannah;  
Gie me within my straining grasp,  
The melting form o' Anna.  
Then I'll despise imperial charms,  
An Empress or Sultanna,  
While dying raptures in her arms,  
I'll gie and take wi' Anna.

Awa', thou flaunting god o' day,  
Awa', thou pale Diana!  
Ilk star gae hide thy twinkling ray,  
When I'm to meet my Anna.  
Come in thy raven plunage, night!  
Sun, moon, and stars withdrawn a',  
And bring an angel pen to write  
My raptures wi' my Anna.

The Kirk and State may join and tell  
To do sic thing I mauna;  
The Kirk and State may go to hell,  
And I'll gae to my Anna.  
She is the sunshine o' my e'e,  
To love but her I canna;  
Had I on earth but wishes three,  
The first should be my Anna.

BURNS.

THE COOPER O' CUDDY.

TUNE—Bob at the Bowster.

'The Cooper o' Cuddy cam here awa',  
He ca'd the girrs out o'er us a'  
An' our guidwife has gotten a fa',  
That angered the silly guidman, O.

We'll hide the cooper behind the door,  
Behind the door, behind the door;  
We'll hide the cooper behind the door,  
And cover him up with mawn O.
He sought them out, he sought them in,
Wi' diel hae her and diel hae him,
But the body he was sae doited and blin',
He wist na where he was gaun, O.

They cooper'd at e'en, they cooper'd at morn,
Till our guidman had gotten the scorn;
On ilka brow she's planted a horn,
And swears that they shall stan', O.

BURNS.

POOR BODIES DO NAETHING BUT MOW.

TUNE—The Campbells are coming.

When princes and prelates,
And hot-headed zealots,
A' Europe had set in a low, low, low,
The poor man lies down,
Nor envies a crown,
But contents himself wi' a mow, mow. mow.

And why shouldna poor bodies mow, mow, mow,
And why shouldna poor bodies mow?
The rich they hae siller and houses and land,
Poor bodies hae naething but mow.

When Brunswick's great Prince
Gaed a crushing to France,
Republican Billies to cow, cow, cow;
Great Brunswick's strange Prince,
Would have shown better sense,
At hame wi' his Princess to mow, mow, mow.

The Emperor swore
By sea and by shore,
At Paris to kick up a row, row, row;
But Paris aye ready,
Just laughed at the laddie,
And bid him gae hame, and gae mow, mow, mow.
BURNS' MERRY MUSES

When the brave Duke of York
The Rhine first did pass,
Republican armies to cow, cow, cow;
They bade him gae hame
To his fine Prussian dame,
And gie her a kiss and a mow, mow, mow.

Out o'er the Rhine,
Proud Prussia did shine,
To spend his blade he did vow, vow, vow;
But Fred'rick had better
Ne'er forded the water,
But spent as he ought at a mow, mow, mow.

When Kate laid her claws
On poor Stanilaus,
And his pittle was bent like a bow, bow, bow;
May the diel in her arse
Ram a big rigid tarse.
And send her to hell wi' a mow, mow, mow.

Then fill up your glasses,
Ye sons of Parnassus,
This toast I'm sure you'll allow—low—low;
Here's to Geordie our King,
And Charlotte his Queen,
And lang may they live for a mow, mow, mow.

THE FORNICATOR.

TUNE—Clout the Cauldron.

You jovial boys who know the joys,
The blissful joys of lovers,
And dare avow't wi' dauntless brow,
Whate'er the lass discovers;
I pray draw near, and you shall hear,
And welcome in a frater,
I've lately been in quarantine,
A proven fornicator.
Before the congregation wide
    I passed the muster fairly,
My handsome Betty by my side,
    We gat our ditty rarely.
My downcast eye by chance did spy,
    What made my mouth to water.
Those limbs so clean, where I between,
    Commenced a fornicator.

Wi' rueful face and signs o' grace,
    I gaid the buttock hire;
The night was dark, and through the park,
    I could not but convoy her.
A parting kiss, what could I less?
    My vows began to scatter,
Sweet Betsy fell, fal ral de ral,
    And I'm the fornicator.

But by the sun and moon I swear,
    And I'll fulfil each hair o'it,
That while I own a single crown,
    She's welcome to a share o'it.
My roguish boy, his mother's joy,
    And darling of his pater,
I for his sake, the name will take,
    A hardened fornicator.

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THE PATRIARCH.

TUNE—The Auld Cripple Dow.

As honest Jacob on a night,
    With his beloved beauty,
Was duly laid on wedlock's bed,
    And nodding at his duty.

How lang—she cried—ye fumbling wretch,
    Will ye be pushing at it?
My auldest bairn will die of age,
    Before that ye get at it.
Ye pegh and grunt and goazle there,  
And make an unco splutter,  
And I maun lie and thole you there,  
And fient a hair the better.

Then he wrathly put up hts graith—  
The devil's in the hizzie!  
I mow you as I mow the lave,  
And night and day am busy.

I've bairned the servants, gilpies bath,  
Forbye your titty Leah;  
Ye barren jade, ye make me mad,  
What mair can I do wi’ you?

There's ne'er a mow I give the lave,  
But I give you a dizen;  
But diel a mow you'll get again,  
Although your c... should gizzen.

Then Rachel calm as any lamb,  
She claps him on the waulies—  
Jacob, ne'er fash a woman's clash,  
In troth you mow me brawlies.

My dear, 'tis true, for many a mow  
I am your grateful debtor;  
But try again, I dinna ken,  
Next time you'll do it better.

The honest man wi' little wark,  
He soon forgot his ire;  
The Patriarch cast off his sark,  
And up and till't like fire.

BURNS.

ANDREW AND HIS CUTTY GUN.

When a' the lave gaed to their bed,  
And I sat up to clean the shoon;  
O wha think ye came jumping ben,  
But Andrew and his cutty gun.
BURNS’ MERRY MUSES

Blythe, blythe, blythe was she,
Blythe was she but and ben;
And weel she loved it in her neeve,
But better when it slippit in.
Or e’er I wist, he laid me back,
And up my gamon to my chin;
And ne’er a word to me he spak,
But lilit out his cutty gun.
The bawsent bitch she left her whelps,
And hunted round us at the fun,
As Andrew dougled wi’ his doup,
And fired at me his cutty gun.
O some delight in cutty-stoup,
And some delight in cutty-mum;
But my delight’s an e—elins coup,
Wi’ Andrew and his cutty gun.

BURNS?

ACT OF SEDERUNT OF THE COURT OF SESSION.

In Enbro’ town they’ve made a law,
In Enbro’ at the Court o’ Session;
That standin’ ...... are fautors a’,
And guilty of high transgression.
    Decreet o’ the Court o’ Session,
    Act Sederunt o’ the Session,
    That standin’ ...... are fautors a’,
    And guilty of high transgression.

And they’ve provided dungeons deep,
Ilk lass has ane in her possession;
Until the fautors wail and weep,
There they shall lie for their transgression.
    Decreet o’ the Court o’ Session,
    Act Sederunt of the Session,
The rogues in pouring tears shall weep,
By Act Sederunt of the Session!
I'll tell you a tale of a wife,
   And she was a Whig and a saunt,
She lived a most sanctified life,
   But whiles she was fashed wi' her c...

Poor woman she gaed to the priest,
   And to him she made her complaint,
There's nothing that troubles my breast,
   Sae sair as the sins of my ...?

He bade her clear up her brow,
   And not be discouraged upon't,
For holy good women enow,
   Are mony times waured wi' their ...?

It's nocht but Beelzebub's art,
   And that's the mair sign of a saunt,
He kens that ye're pure at the heart,
   So levels his dart at your ...?

O ye that are called and free,
   Elected and chosen a saunt,
Won't break the eternal decree,
   Whatever you do wi' your ...?

And now with a sanctified kiss,
   Let's kneel and renew the cov'nant,
It's this—and it's this—and it's this,
   That settles the pride of your ...?

Devotion flew up like a flame,
   No words can do justice upon't,
The honest auld woman gaed hame,
   Rejoicing and clawing her ...!

O GAT YE ME WI' NAETHING.

'O gat ye me, O gat ye me,
   And gat ye me wi' naething;
A rock, a reel, a spinning-wheel,
   A guid black jock was ae thing.
BURNS' MERRY MUSES

A tochter fine, o'er muckle far,
    When sic a scallion gat it—
Indeed o'er muckle far, guidwive,
    For that was aye the faut o't.

But hau'd your tongue now, Luckie Laing,
    O hau'd your tongue and jander;
I held the gate till you I met,
    Syne I began to wander.

I tint my whistle and my sang,
    I tint my peace and pleasure;
But your green grave now, Luckie Laing,
    Wad airt me to my treasure.

BURNS?

THERE'S HAIR ON'T.

Twas but yestre'en I stented graith.
    And labored lang and sair on't;
But fient work, nor work wad it,
    There's sic a crop o' hair on't.

There's hair on't, hair on't,
    There's thretty threave and mair on't;
But gin I live another year,
    I'll tether my grey nags on't.

And up the glen there was a knowe,
    Below the knowe a lair on't;
I maist had perished, horse and fit,
    I couldna see for hair on't.

But I'll plant a stake into the flow,
    That plowmen may take ware on't;
And lay twa stepping stones below,
    And syne I'll cow the hair on't.
WH'A'LL KISS ME NOW?

TUNE—*Coming through the Rye*.

O wha'll kiss me now, my jo,
And wha'll kiss me now?
A sodger with his bandoliers
Has banged my belly fou.

O I hae tint my rosy cheek,
Likewise my waist sae sma’;
O wae gae wi' the sodger loon,
The sodger did it a’.

For I maun thole the scornfu' sneer,
O’ mony a saucy quean;
When, curse upon her godly face,
Her whim’s as merry’s mine.

Our dame holds up her wanton tail,
As oft as she down lies;
And yet misca’s a young thing,
The trade if she but tries.

Our dame has aye her ain guidman,
And mows for glutton greed:
And yet misca’s a poor thing,
That wantons for its bread.

Alack, sae sweet a tree as love
Sae bitter fruit should bare!
Alas, that e’er a merry staff
Should draw so mony a tear!

But devil tak’ the lousy loon,
Denies the bairn he got,
Or leaves the merry lass he loved,
To wear a ragged coat.
None of the following songs are by Burns. Some of them were in print before he was born, in the chapbooks which formed the popular literature of the times; others had been sung at country fairs and the free-and-easies of the period.

O SAW YE MY MAGGY?

O saw ye my Maggy,
O saw ye my Maggy,
O saw ye my Maggy,
    Coming over the lea?

What mark has your Maggy,
What mark has your Maggy,
What mark has your Maggy,
    That ane may ken her by?

My Maggy has a mark,
You'll find it in 'the dark,
It's underneath her sark,
    A little aboon her knee.

What wealth has your Maggy,
What wealth has your Maggy,
What wealth has your Maggy,
    In tocher, gowd, or fee?

My Maggy has a treasure,
A hidden mine o' pleasure,
I dig it at my leisure,
    It's all alane for me.

How love ye your Maggy,
How love ye your Maggy,
How love ye your Maggy,
    And love nane but she?

Heavenly joys before me,
Rapture thrilling o'er me,
Maggy, I adore tthee,
    On my bended knee.
THE REELS O’ BOGIE.

Ye lads and lasses all that dwell,
   In the town of Strathbogie,
Whene’er you meet a pretty lass,
   Be sure you tip her cogie.
The lads and the lasses toy and kiss,
   The lads ne’er think it is amiss,
To bang the holes whereout they piss,
   And that’s the reels o’ Bogie.

There’s Kent, and Keen, and Aberdeen,
   And the town of Strathbogie,
Where every lad may have his lass,
   Now that I’ve got my cogie.
The lasses like to cause surprise,
   They’ll spread awide their snow-white thighs,
And when they see your pintle rise,
   They’ll dance the reels o’ Bogie.

A trooper going o’er the lea,
   He swore that he would steer me,
And long before the break of day,
   He giggle-goggled near me.
He put a stiff thing in my hand,
   I could not bear the banging o’it,
But long before he went away,
   I supplied both the ends o’it.

His pintle was of largest size,
   Indeed it was a banger,
He fought a prize between my thighs,
   Till it became a hanger.
Had you but seen the wee bit skin,
   He had to put his pintle in,
You’d swore it was a chitterling,
   Dancing the reels o’ Bogie.
He turned about to fire again,
   And give me t'other sally,
And as he fired I ne'er retired,
   But received him in my alley.
His pebbles they went thumpy thump
   Against my little wanton rump,
But soon I left him with the stump,
   To dance the reels o' Bogie.

Said I, young man, more ye can't do,
   I think I've granted your desire,
By bobbing on my wanton clue,
   You see, your pintle's all on fire!
When on my back I work like steel,
   And bar the door with my left heel,
And the more you mow the less I feel,
   And that's the reels o' Bogie.

THE MOUDIWARk.

TUNE—O for anE and twenty, Tom!

The moudiwork has done me ill,
And below my apron has beegit a hill,
I maun consult some learned clark,
About this wanton moudiwork.

   And O the wanton moudiwork,
   The weary wanton moudiwork,
   I maun consult some learned clark,
   About this wanton moudiwork.

O first it got between my taes,
Out o'er my garter next it gaes,
At length it crept below my sark,
The weary wanton moudiwork.

This moudiwork, though it be blind,
If once the nose of it you let in,
Then to the hiits, wi' what a crack,
The weary wanton moudiwork.
When Marjorie was made a bride,
And Willie lay down by her side,
Syne nought was heard when it was dark,
But kicking at the moudiwick.

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

As I came o'er the Cairney Mount,
Down amang the blooming heather,
The Highland laddie drew his durk,
And sheathed it in my wanton leather.

O my bonnie Highland laddie,
My handsome charming Highland laddie,
When I am sick and like to die,
He'll roll me in his Highland pladdie.

With me he played his warlike pranks,
And on me boldly did adventure,
He did attack on both the flanks,
And pushed on fiercely in the centre.

A furious fecht he did maintain,
Wi' equal courage and desire,
Altho he charged me three to ane,
I stood my ground and took his fire.

SUPPER IS NOT READY.

Roseberry to his lady says—
My hinnie and my succor,
O shall we do the thing you ken,
Or shall we take our supper?

Wi' modest face, sae full of grace,
Replied his bonny lady—
My noble Lord, do as you please,
But supper is not ready!
PARODY ON THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

The Lowland whores think they are fine
But oh, the bitches they are gaudy,
How much unlike a girl of mine,
With whom each night I do the bawdy.

O my pretty Highland harlot,
My handsome simp'ring Highland harlot;
For your regard, I'll in reward,
Go purchase you a cloak of scarlet.

Were I at will, and free to choose,
To mow the greatest Lowland lady
That e'er was stretched in courtly stews,
I'd sooner mow my Peggy Brady.

The gayest girl in burrows town,
With paint and gaudy clothes made ready,
Can't knock a prick so sweetly down,
As bonny, buxom Peggy Brady.

O'er benty hills I'll with you run,
And take you from your Highland daddy,
And mow you thrice e'er set of sun—
How like you that, my Peggy Brady?

A painted room and silken bed
May please a great man and his lady;
But I can mow and be as glad,
Behind a bush with Peggy Brady.

Few compliments between us pass,
For I call her my Peggy Brady;
And, when I lay her on the grass,
She cries—My Jemmy are you ready?

No greater joy does she pretend,
Than that my prick prove strong and ready,
To squirt with her when she does spend,
That's all the wish of Peggy Brady.
THE PLOWMAN.

The plowman he's a bonny lad.
His heart is very true, jo,
His garters knit below his knee,
His bonnet it is blue, jo.

Then up wi't a', my plowman lad,
And hey my merry plowman;
Of all the trades that I do ken,
Commend me to the plowman's.

As walking forth upon a day,
I met a jolly plowman;
I told him I had lands to plow,
If he would prove a true man.

He said—My dear, take you no fear,
I'll fit you to a hair, jo;
I'll cleave it up and hit it down,
And water furrow't fair, jo.

I hae three owsen in my plow,
Three better ne'er plowed ground, jo;
The foremost ox is lang and sma',
And twa are plump and round, jo.

Then he wi' speed did yoke his plow,
Which by a gaurd was droven, jo;
And when he was between the stilts,
I thought I was in heaven, jo.

But the foremost ox fell in the fur,
The tither twa did flounder, jo;
The plowman lad he breathless grew,
In troth it was no wonder, jo.

But sic a risk below a hill,
The plow she took a stane, jo;
Which gart the fire flee frae the stock,
The plowman gaed a grane, jo.
BURNS' MERRY MUSES

I hae plowed east, I hae plowed west,
In weather fair and foul, jo;
But the fairest plowing e'er I plowed,
Was plowing among hair, jo.

Sing up wi' it a', and in wi' it a',
And hey my merry plowman;
O' a' the trades and crafts I ken,
Commend me to the plowman's!

THE COOPER O' DUNDEE.

Tune—Bonnie Dundee.

Ye cooper's and hoopers attend to my ditty,
I sing of a cooper wha dwelt in Dundee;
This young man he was baith am'rous and witty,
He pleased the fair maids with the blik of his e'e.

He wasna a cooper, a common tub-hooper,
The maist of his trade lay in pleasing the fair;
He hooped them, he coopèd them, he bored them, he
plugged them,
And a' sent for Sandy when oot o' repair.

For twelvemonth or so this youth was respected,
And he was as busy as weel he could be;
But business increased sae that some were neglected,
Which ruined his trade in the town o' Dundee.

A bailie's fair daughter had wanted a coopin'.
And Sandy was sent for, as often was he;
He yerked her sae hard that she sprang an end
hoopin',
Which banished poor Sandy from bonny Dundee.

YON, YON, YON LASSIE.

I never saw a silken gown,
But I wad kiss the sleeve o't;
I never saw a maidenhead,
But I wad speir the leave o't.
O yon, yon, yon lassie,
   Yon, yon, yon;
I never met a bonnie lass,
   But wad play at yon.

Tell na me o' Meg, my wife,
   Her crowdie has na savor;
But gie to me a bonnie lass,
   And let me steal the favor.

Gie me her I kissed yestreen,
   I vow but she was handsome;
For ilka hair upon her jock,
   Was worth a royal ransom.

MY ANGEL, I WILL MARRY THEE.

TUNE—Green grow the rushes O.

My angel, I will marry thee,
My angel, I will marry thee,
   And thrice a night,
   I'll f... you tight,
Or else the devil carry me.

Pray, where are you plucking me?
Sir, whither are you pulling me?
   Why to the bed.
   For strike me dead,
But I must have a yerk at thee.

What are you now adoing O?
What are you now adoing O?
   O fie, O fie,
   I'll call mamma,
I fear you'll prove my ruin O.

You've made me of a lather O,
You've made me of a lather O,
   And stopped my breath,
   You'll be my death,
Indeed I'll tell my father O.
BURNS' MERRY MUSES

You mustn't draw your sponge yet O,
Another stroke, my dearie O;
If this is love's fire,
Let me expire,
How can you now get weary O.

DAINTY DAVY.

A loving couple met one day
Kate and Davy, dainty Davy.
Twas in the merry month of May,
That Kitty met her Davy.
And, as they did together play,
If you will credit what I say,
To pass the pleasant time away,
He slipped in little Davy.

She stroked him on the curly poll,
O my Davy, dainty Davy!
You are, she said, my life and soul,
So well I love my Davy.
Stay with me until afternoon,
You cannot leave me thus so soon,
Play on my fiddle another tune,
And slip in little Davy.

He took her to the water side,
Dainty Davy, dainty Davy;
And then he stretched her quarters wide,
Because he was her Davy.
Soon as her thighs were opened wide,
Her lovely pleasure-boat he spied,
Then in he got to have a ride,
And whipped in little Davy.

He led her to her father's land,
Winsome Davy, funny Davy,
And put a stiff thing in her hand,
He called his little Davy.
Then he laid her upon the sand,
She guided it at his command,
And made it run while it could stand,
Then distanced little Davy.
He kissed her in her father's eye,  
Dainty Davy, dainty Davy,  
But little thought that she would cry,  
For slipping in his Davy.  
But soon, alas! she cursed his rump,  
A boy began to kick and thump,  
And quickly she brought forth a lump,  
And called it little Davy.

She then was forced to swear the child,  
To her Davy, naughty Davy,  
Which almost made her father wild,  
He cursed and swore at Davy.  
But soon he eased their ev'ry pain,  
He married her with might and main,  
He's busy now both morn and e'en,  
Slipping in little Davy!

WAD YE DO THAT?

Gudewife, when your gudeman's frae hame,  
Might I be sae bauld,  
As to come into your bed-chamber,  
When winter nights are cold?  
As come into your bed-chamber,  
When nights are cauld and wet,  
And lie down in your gudeman's stead,  
Gudewife, wad ye do that?

Young man, if ye should be so kind,  
When my gudeman's frae hame,  
As come into my bed-chamber,  
Where I am laid my lane,  
And lie down in my gudeman's stead,  
Young man, I'll tell you what,  
He mowed me five times ilka night,  
Young man, wad ye do that?
O Errock stane, may ne'er a maid
A maiden by thee gae;
Nor e'er a chiel wi' standing graith,
Gae standing down the brae.

For tilling Errock brae, young man,
And tilling Errock brae,
Needs an open fur and standing graith,
To till the Errock brae.

As I sat by the Errock stane,
Surveying far and near,
Up came a Cameronian,
Wi' a' his preaching gear.

He flung the Bible o'er the brae,
Amang the rashy grass,
But the Solemn League and Covenant,
He laid below my a...!

A Prelate he loops up in front,
A Catholic gets on behind,
But gie me a Cameronian,
He bobs me till I'm blind,

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FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT.

Put butter in my Donald's brose,
For weel does Donald fa' that;
I lo'e my Donald's tartan hose,
His naked bum, and a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,
And twice as mickle's a' that,
The lassie got a skelpit doup,
But won the day for a' that.

For Donald swore a solemn oath,
By his first hairy gravat,
That he would fecht the battle there,
And steer the lass and a' that.
His hairy cõds, both side and wide,
Hung like a beggar's wallet;
His staff stood like a rolling pin,
She nichered when she saw it.

Then she turned up her cutty sark,
And she bade Donald claw that;
The devil's dizzen Donald drew,
And Donald gaed her a' that,

THE-MOUSE'S TAIL.

Jack and his master a wager laid,
Of threescore guineas and ten;
Which of them had the longest tarse,
The wager was to win.

'They measured the length, and eke the breadth,
They measured them round about,
But Jack he did his master beat,
By four inch and the snout.

The maid she went behind the door,
For which she was to blame,
And when she saw the wager won,
She went and told her dame.

The old dame went behind the door,
To do as she was wont,
And, stooping down to piss a wee,
A mouse jumped in her —!

The old woman cried out to her goodman,
As loud as she could cry—
A mouse has run up my poor whimwam,
And without your help I'll die.

The old man then laid her on a sack,
As oft he'd done before,
But he couldn't reach the mouse's tail,
By quite four inch or more.
BURNS' MERRY MUSES

The old man cried out to his man Jack,
   As loud as he could cry—
A mouse has run up my wife's whimwam,
   And without your help she'll die.

Without you double my wages—said Jack,
   Without you double my price,
Although I've got the longest spear,
   My spear shall hunt no mice.

I'll double your wages—said the old man—
   And give thee a hat and coat;
And if you f... the mouse out there,
   My dame shall give thee a groat.

The old man stood on the barn floor,
   With long broom in his hand,
To knock the mouse all on the head,
   As soon as it should land.

Ride on, ride on, my bonny Jack,
   I think I feel your prick!
Drive on, drive on, don't stop for breath,
   The short strokes 'll do the trick!

Jack gave a grunt, a terrible thrust,
   In hopes the groat to win—
Goodwife, you've got an awful c..., 
   And that mouse is very far in.

The prize cock failed, no mouse came out,
   The dame still felt her pain,
The goodman, refreshed, went on again,
   And rode with might and main.

He rode and rode till he fell off,
   The dame still cried for more,
So Jack got up and bored again,
   Until he grew quite sore.

The woman was a cunning dame,
   As well you may believe,
For when those two could mow her no more,
   She let the mouse out of her sleeve!
BURNS' MERRY MUSES

BEWARE OF THE RIPPLES.

I rede you beware of the ripples, young man,
I rede you beware of the ripples, young man,
Though the saddle be saft, ye needne ride aft,
For fear that the girdin' beguile you, young man.

I rede you beware of the ripples, young man,
I rede you beware of the ripples, young man,
Though music be pleasure, take it in measure,
Or you may want wind in your whistle, young man.

I rede you beware of the ripples, young man,
I rede you beware of the ripples, young man,
Whate'er you bestow, do less than you dow,
The mair will be thought of your kindness, young man.

I rede you beware of the ripples, young man,
I rede you beware of the ripples, young man,
If you would be strang and live very lang,
Dance less wi' your arse to the kipples, young man.

THE LASS O' LIVISTON.

The bonnie lass o' Liviston,
Her name ye ken, her name ye ken,
And aye the welcomer you'll be,
The farther ben, the farther ben.
And she has written in her contract,
To lie her lane, to lie her lane,
And I have written in my contract,
To claw her wame, to claw her wame.

The bonnie lass o' Liviston,
She's berry brown, she's berry brown,
And ye winna trow her raven locks,
Gae farther down, gae farther down;
She has a black and rolling e'e,
And a dimpled chin, a dimpled chin,
And no to pree her bonnie mou',
Wad he a sin, wad be a sin.
The bonnie lass o' Liviston,
   Came in to me, came in to me,
I wat to baith ends o' the busk,
   I made her free, I made her free;
I laid her feet to my bedstock,
   Her head to the wa', unto the wa',
And I geed her wee coat in her teeth,
   Her sark and a', her sark and a'.

HE TILL'T AND SHE TILL'T.

He till't and she till't,
   And a' to mak a lad again;
But the auld fumbling carl
   Soon began to nod again.

And he dang, and she flang,
   And a' to mak a lassie on't;
And he bored, and she roared,
   But they couldn'a mak a lassie ou't.

DAVID AND BATHSHEBA.

'Twas in the merry month of May,
   As good King David on a day
   Was walking on a terrace,
There he espied fair Bethsheba,
   A washing of her bare arse.

The more he looked, the more he liked,
At length his tarse stood quite upright,
   A fain he would be doing;
Ye gods—said he—what's that I see?
   And straight began a wooing.

Fair Bathsheba, if you'll be mine,
   I'll make you Queen of Palestine,
And guard you from the Hittite;
So spread your legs, you nymph divine,
   For fear that I should split quite!
Fair Bathsheba replied and said—
My dearest love, be not afraid,
My legs shan’t lie together;
You need not fear my — will tear,
’Tis made of stretching leather.

King David then he steered her once,
And fain he would have steered her twice,
But his cock would stand no longer;
By Jove—said she—what’s this I see,
My Lord the King’s a fumbler!

Had ever woman such ill-luck,
I could have had a better f...
From my old man, Uriah!
Oh, sure—says she—this can’t be he
That slew the great Goliath.

Says David—Thousands of my foes
Have dealt me great and mighty blows,
But never could disarm me;
But you, Jove’s curse, are ten times worse,
Than the whole of the Philistine army!

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YE HAE LAIN WRANG LASSIE.

Your rosie cheeks are turned sae wan,
You’re greener than the grass,
Your coatie’s shorter by a span,
Yet deil an inch the less.

Ye hae lain wrang, lassie,
Ye hae lain a’ wrang;
Ye’ve lain in some unco bed,
And wi’ some unco man.

You’ve let the pownie o’er the dyke,
And he’s been in the corn;
For aye the brose ye sup at e’en,
Ye bock them a’ the morn.
For lightly lap ye o'er the knowe,
And through the wood ye sang;
But, hurrying o'er the foggy dyke,
I fear ye've got a stang.

BROSE AND BUTTER.

Jenny sits up in the loft,
Jock would fain be at her,
But there cam a wind from the west,
Made a’ the winnocks clatter.

O gie my love brose, brose,
O gie my love brose and butter;
For nane in Garrick but him,
Can please a lassie better.

The lavrock loves the grass,
The pairtick loves the stibble;
And hey for the gardener’s lad,
To gully away wi’ his dibble.

My dad sent me to the hill,
To pull my lassie some heather;
And drive it in your fill,
Ye’re welcome to the leather.

The mouse is a merry wee beast,
The moudiwark wants the e’en,
And O for a touch of the thing,
I had in my nieve yestreen.

We a’ were fou yestreen,
This night shall be its brither;
And hey for a merry pin,
To nail twa wames together.
COMING O'ER THE HILLS O' COUPAR.

TUNE—Ruffian's Rant.

Donald Brodie met a lass,
    Coming o'er the Hills o' Coupar;
Donald wi' his Highland wand,
    Sounded a' the bits about her.

    Coming o'er the Hills o' Coupar,
    Coming o'er the Hills o' Coupar,
Donald in a sudden wrath,
    Ran his Highland dirk into her.

Weel I wat she was a quean,
    Wad make a body's mouth to water;
Our mess, John, wi's auld grey pow,
    His holy lips wad lick it at her.

Up she started in a fright,
    And o'er the braes what she could bicker;
Let her gang—said Donald now—
    For in her wame my shot is sicker.

CAND YE NOT LET ME BE?

There lived a wife in Whistle Cockpen,
    Will ye no, can ye no, let me be?
She brewed good ale for gentlemen,
    And aye she waggit it wantonly.

The night blew sair wi' wind and weet,
    Will ye &c.
She showed the traveler ben to sleep,
    And aye &c.

She saw a sight below the sark,
    Will ye &c.
She wishad she had it for a merk,
    And aye &c.
She saw a sight aboon his knee,
Will ye &c.
She wouldn't have missed such a sight to see
And aye &c.
O where live ye, and what's your trade?
Will ye &c.
I am a thresher gude, he said,
And aye &c.
And that's my flail and working graith,
Will ye &c.
And noble tools, quoth she, my faith!
And aye &c.
I would gie ye a browst, the best I hae,
Will ye &c.
For a gude night's work with tools like they,
And aye &c.
I would sell the hair frae off my tail,
Will ye &c.
To buy our Andrew sic a flail,
And aye &c.

OUR BRIDE FLAT, AND OUR BRIDE FLANG.

Our bride flat, and our bride flang,
But lang before the lavrock sang,
She paid him twice for every bang,
And grippet at the girstest o't.
Our bride turned her to the wa',
But lang before the cock did craw,
She took him by the stock and a',
And grippet at the girstest o't.

A HOLE TO HIDE IT IN.

O will ye speak at our own,
As ye come frae the fair?
And ye'se got a hole to hide it in,
Will haud it a' and mair.
O haud awa your hand, sir,
Ye gar me aye think shame;
And ye' se got a hole to hide it in,
And think yoursel' at hame.

O will ye let me be, sir,
Toots, now ye've reft my sark;
And ye' se got a hole to hide it in,
Where ye may wark your wark.

O haud awa your hand, sir,
Ye're like to make me daft;
And ye' se got a hole to hide it in,
To keep it warm and saft.

O haud it in your hand, sir,
Till I get up my claes;
Now mow me as ye'd mow for life,
I hope your stock will please.

DUNCAN MACLEERIE.

Duncan Macleerie and Janet his wife,
They gaed to Kilmarnock to buy a new knife,
But instead of a knife they coft but a bleerie,
We're very well saired, Janet, quoth Duncan Macleerie.

Duncan Macleerie has got a new fiddle,
It's all strung wi' hair, and a hole in the middle,
And aye when he plays on't his wife looks sae cheerie,
Weel done, my Duncan, quoth Janet Macleerie.

Duncan he played till his bow it was greasy,
Janet grew fretfull and unco uneasy,
Hoot! quoth Duncan, ye're unco soon weary,
Play us a pibroch, quoth Janet Macleerie.

Duncan Macleerie he played on the harp,
Janet Macleerie she danced in her sark,
Her sark it was short, her jock it was hairy,
Very weel danced, Janet, quoth Duncan Macleerie.
THEY TOOK ME TO THE HOLY BAND.

They took me to the Holy Band,
   For playing wi' my wife, sir;
And lang and sair they lectured me,
   For leading sic a life, sir.
I answered in not many words,
   What diel needs a' this clatter?
As long as she could keep the grig,
   I aye was playing at her.

DUNCAN DAVIDSON.

There was a lass, they ca'ed her Meg,
   And she gaed o'er the muir to spin,
She fee'd a lad to lift her leg,
   They ca'ed him Duncan Davidson.
Meg had a muff, and it was rough,
   Twas black without and red within,
And Duncan, 'cause he'd got a cold,
   He slipt his Highland pintle in.
Meg had a muff, and it was rough,
   And Duncan stuck twa nievefu' in,
Meg clapped her heels about his waist,
   I thank you Duncan, yerk it in,
Duncan made her hurdies dreep,
   Brise yont, my lad, then Meg did say,
O gang he east or gang he west,
   My wame will not be dry the day.

CAN YE LABOR LEA?

I fee'd a man at Martinmas,
   Wi' arle pennies three,
But a' the faut I had to him,
   He couldna labor lea.
O can ye labor lea, young man,
   O can ye labor lea?
Gae back the road ye came again,
   Ye never shall scorn me.
A stibble rig is easy plowed,
And fallow land is free,
But what a silly coof is he
That couldn'a labor lea.

The bonny bush and benty knowe,
The plowman points his sock in,
He sheds his roughness, lays it by,
And baudly plows his yoking,

OUR JOCK'S BRACK YESTREEN.

Twa neighbors' wives sat in the sun,
A twining at their rocks,
And they an argument began,
And all the plea was cocks.

Twas whether they were sinews strong,
Or whether they were bane,
And how they rowed about your thumb,
And how they stood their lane,

First, Rachel gied her rock a tug,
And syne she clawed her tail—
When our old Tam draws on his breek,
It waggles like a flail.

Says Bess—They're bane, I will maintain,
And proof in point I'll gie;
For our Jock's cock it brack yestreen,
And I found it on my thigh.

GIE THE LASS HER FAIRING.

O gie the lass her fairing, lad,
O gie the lass her fairing,
And something else she'll gie to you,
That's wallow worth the wairing.
Syne coop her o'er amang the creels,
When ye hae ta'en your brandy,
The mair you bang, the less she squeals,
So hey for hougmagandie.
Then gie the lass her fairing, lad,
    O gie the lass her fairing,
And she'll gie you a hairy thing,
    And of it be not sparing.
Lay her o'er amang the creels,
    And bar the door wi' baith your heels,
The mair she gets, the less she squeals,
    So hey for hougmagandie.

THE SUMMER MORN,

When maukin bucks, at ear'y f'ss,
    In dewy glens are seen, sir,
When birds on boughs take off their mows,
    Amang the leaves sae green, sir;
Latona's son looks lickerish on
    Dame Nature's grand impetus,
Till his staff rise, then westward flies,
    To steer old Madam Thetis,

Yon wandering rill that marks the hill,
    And glances o'er the brae, sir,
Sides by a bower, where mony a flower
    Sheds fragrance on the day, sir;
There Damon lay with Silvia gay,
    To love, they thought no crime, sir,
The wild birds sang, the echoes rang,
    While Damon's tarse beat time, sir.

First wi' the thrush, he thrust and pushed,
    His pintle large and strong, sir,
The blackbird next, his tunefu' text,
    Made him both bold and strong, sir;
The linnet's lay then came in play,
    And the lark's that soared aboon, sir,
Till Damon fierce, mistimed his arse,
    And spent quite out of time, sir.
The bonniest lass that you meet niest,
Gie her a kiss and a’ that,
In spite o’ ilka parish priest,
Repenting stool, and a’ that.

For a’ that, and a’ that,
Their min-mou’d sangs, and a’ that,
In time and place convenient,
They’ll do’t themselves for a’ that.

Your patriarchs in days of yore,
Had their handmaids and a’ that,
O’ bastard gets some had a score,
And some had mair than a’ that.

For a’ that, and a’ that,
Your lang syne saunts and a’ that,
Were fonder of a bonny lass,
Than you or I for a’ that.

King David when he waxed auld,
And bluid ran thin, and a’ that,
And found his bluid was growing cauld,
Could not refrain for a’ that.

For a’ that, and a’ that,
To keep him warm and a’ that,
The daughters of Jerusalem
Were waled from him and a’ that.

Wha wouldn’a pity the sweet dames
He fumbled with and a’ that?
And raised their bluid up into flames
He couldn’a drown for a’ that.

For a’ that, and a’ that,
He wanted pith and a’ that,
But as to what we shall not name,
What could he do—but claw that?
Then will I swear a clever chiel,  
    Should kiss his lass and a’ that,  
Though priests consign him to the deil,  
    As reprobate and a’ that.

    For a’ that, and a’ that,  
Their canting stuff and a’ that,  
    They ken nae mair what’s reprobate,  
Than you or I, for a’ that.

PARODY ON ‘CORN RIGGS’.

My Patie is a lover gay,  
    He’s always very funny,  
And when we meet to sport and play,  
    He takes me by the cunny.
He claps his tarse between my thighs,  
    My wame he’s almost rending,  
His tool’s so stiff, and such a size,  
    But it’s Heaven when we’re spending.

Let maidens of a fickle mind.  
    Refuse what most they’re wanting,  
Since we for mowing were designed,  
    We surely should be granting;
So when your lover feels your prize,  
    Do not be sly or grieve him,  
But open wide your dainty thighs,  
    And you’ll think you’re at last in Heaven,
THE PLENIPOTENTIARY,

The Dey of Algiers, when afraid of his ears,
A messenger sent to the Court, sir,
As he knew in our state the women had weight,
He chose one well hung for the sport, sir.
He searched the Divan till he found out a man,
Whose ballocks were heavy and hairy,
And he lately came o'er from the Barbary shore,
As the great Plenipotentiary.

When to England he came, with his torch all aflame,
He showed it his hostess on landing,
Who spread its renown thru all parts of the town,
As a pintle past all understanding.
So much there was said of its snout and its head,
That they called it the great Janissary,
Not a lady could sleep till she got a sly peep,
At the great Plenipotentiary.

As he rode in the coach, how the whores did approach,
And stared as if stretched on a tenter;
He drew every eye of the dames who passed by,
Like the sun to its wonderful center;
As he passed thru the town, not a window was down,
And the maids hurried out to the area,
The children cried—Look! there's the man with the crook,
That's the great Plenipotentiary.

When he came to the Court, oh, what giggle and sport,
Such squinting and squeezing to view him,
What envy and spleen in the women were seen,
All happy and pleased to get at him.
They vowed from their hearts, if men of such parts,
Were found on the coast of Barbary,
Tis a shame not to bring a whole guard for the King,
Like the great Plenipotentiary.
The dames of intrigue formed themselves in a league,
To take him in turns like good folk, sir;
The young misses' plan was to catch as catch can,
And all were resolved on a stroke, sir.
The cards to invite flew by thousands each night,
With bribes to the old secretary,
And the famous Eclipse was not let for more leaps,
Than the great Plenipotentiary.

When his name was announced, how the women all bounced,
And their blood hurried up to their faces;
He made them all itch from navel to breech,
And their bobbles burst out from their laces.
There was such damned work to be effed by the Turk.
That nothing their passion could vary,
All the ladies fell sick for the Barbary prick,
Of the great Plenipotentiary.

A duchess whose duke made her ready to puke,
With fumbling and friggling all night, sir,
Being first for the prize, was so pleased with its size,
That she begged for to stroke its big snout, sir.
My stars!—cried her grace—its head's like a mace,
Tis as high as the Corsican fairy,
I'll make up, please the pigs, for dry-bobs and frigs.
With the great Plenipotentiary.

And now to be bored with this Ottoman Lord,
Came a virgin far gone on the wane, sir;
She resolved for to try, though her c... was so dry,
That she knew it must split like a cane, sir.
True it was as she spoke, it gave way it each stroke,
But oh, what a woeful quandary,
With one terrible thrust, her old bladder burst,
On the great Plenipotentiary.

The next for a ride was an alderman's bride,
With a gap that would swallow a turtle,
She had horned the dull brows of her lawful spouse
Till they sprouted like Venus's myrtle.
Thru thick and thru thin, bowel-deep he dashed in, 
Till they both frothed like cream in a dairy, 
Then she told by loud farts, she was strained in all parts 
By the great Plenipotentiary.

The next to be kissed on the Plenipo’s list, 
Was a delicate maiden of honor; 
She screamed at the sight of his prick, in a fright, 
Though she’d had the whole palace upon her. 
O Lord—she said—what a gift for a maid! 
Do, pray, come and look at it, Cary! 
But I’ll have one drive, though I’m ripped up alive, 
With this great Plenipotentiary.

Two sisters next came, Peg and Molly by name, 
Two ladies of very high breeding, 
Resolved one should try while the other stood by, 
And watch the amusing proceeding. 
Peg swore by the gods that the musselman’s cods, 
Were as big as both buttocks of Mary; 
Mary cried with a grunt—He has ruined my c...! 
With his great Plenipotentiary.

The next for this plan was an old harridan, 
Who had swallowed huge stocks from each nation; 
With overmuch use she had broken the sluice 
Twixt her — and its lower relation, 
But he stuck her so full, that she roared like a bull, 
Crying out she was bursting and weary, 
So tight was she stuck with this wonderful — 
Of the great Plenipotentiary.

All heads were bewitched and longed to be stitched, 
Even babies would languish and linger, 
And the boarding-school Miss, as she sat down to piss, 
Drew a Turk on the floor with her finger. 
For fancied delight, they all clubbed one night, 
To frig in the school necessary, 
And the teachers from France effed a la distance, 
With the great Plenipotentiary.
Then of love's sweet reward, measured out by the yard,
The Turk was most blest of mankind, sir;
For his powerful dart went right home to the heart,
Whether stuck in before or behind, sir.
But no pencil can draw this great-pintled bashaw,
Then let each loving contemporary,
As a cock of the game, now drink to the name,
Of the great Plenipotentiary.

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UNA'S LOCK.

Twas on a sweet May morning,
When violets were a-springing,
The dew the meads adorning,
The larks melodious singing,
The rose trees, by each breeze,
Were gently wafted up and down,
And the primrose that then blows,
Bespangled nature's verdant gown.
The purling rill, the murmuring stream,
Stole gently through the lofty grove.
Such was the time when Darby stole
Out to meet his barefoot love.

Sweet Una was the tightest,
Genteelest of the village dames;
Her eyes they were the brightest,
That e'er set heart in flames.
Her lover, to move her,
By every art in vain essayed,
In ditty, for pity,
This lovely maid he often prayed.
But she, perverse, his suit denied,
Sly Darby, being enraged at this,
Resolved, when next they met, to seize
The lock that scatters Una's piss.

Beneath a lofty spreading oak,
She sat with cow and milking pail;
From lily hands, at each stroke,
   In flowing streams the milk did steal.
With peeping and creeping,
   Sly Darby now comes on apace.
In raptures, the youth sees
   The blooming beauties of her face.
Fired with her charms, he now resolved
   No longer to delay his bliss,
But instantly to catch the lock
   That scatters pretty Una's piss.

Upon her back he laid her,
   Turned up her smock so lily-white,
With joy the youth surveyed her,
   Then gazed with wonder and delight.
Her thighs they were so snowy fair,
   And just between appeared a crack,
The lips red and overspread
   With curling hairs of jetty black.
Transported, Darby now beholds
   The sum of all his promised bliss.
And instantly he caught the lock
   That scatters pretty Una's piss.

Within his arms he seized her,
   And pressed her to his panting breast;
What more could have appeased her,
   But oaths which Darby meant in jest?
He swore he'd adore but her,
   And to her ever constant prove.
He'd wed her, he'd bed her,
   And none on earth but her he'd love.
With vows like those he won her o'er,
   And hoped she'd take it not amiss,
If he presumed to catch the lock
   That scatters pretty Una's piss.
His cock it stood erected,
   His breeches down about his heels,
And what he long expected,
   He now with boundless rapture feels.
Now entered and concentrated,
   The Beauteous maid lay in a trance;
His ballocks went like elbows
   Of fiddlers at a country dance,
The melting Una, now she cries—
   I'd part with life for joy like this!
With showers of bliss they jointly oiled
   The lock that scatters Una's piss.

DARBY'S KEY TO UNA'S LOCK.

Cold, pinching raw the night was,
   Each purling stream in crystal bound,
All nature quite a sight was,
   Both lifeless, leafless all around.
The bird's throats had no noise,
   They nestled close to keep them warm.
The peasants done, were trudging home,
   With labor tired from the farm.
Night's ebon cloak wrapped nature up,
   When Una made a rousing fire,
Prepared the cup, the hearth swept up,
   To cheer her love, her heart's desire.
To love's appointment true he came,
   His fingers aching with the cold,
With joy he pledged his little dame,
   The village news to her he told.
In straw chair he placed her,
   And on a stool before her sat,
And nigher to the fire
   Were placed the little dog and cat.
His breeches twixt the thighs were broke,
   And as he sat nigh on the ground,
Something with his shirt slipped out,
   You'd swear he'd got an awful wound.
The fire's bright heat soon made it stir,
The kitten looked, lifted us its paw,
She twirled her tail, began to purr,
And jumping up, this thing did claw.
Darby bounced and Una flounced,
That a thing twelve inches long was seen.
One part lay like a sheep's heart,
The other like a rolling-pin.
O Lord—said she—what's this I see,
That doth my delicacy shock?
Be soothed—said he—my pretty maid,
Tis Darby's key to Una's lock!

This key, dear Una, view it.
Its powers are wondrous great.
Folks of all ranks go to it,
Both maids of low and high estate.
The little maid oft pants for this,
Whose cunny's like a needle's eye,
And the bouncing dame with lecherous flame,
Whose ... would a horse collar vie.
Tis nature's powerful master-key.
That keeps alive creation's stock.
I'll show my pretty maid the way,
To turn this key within her lock.

All raging with his keen desire,
He Una cross the table laid,
And with a rod stark mad with fine,
He strove to perforate the maid.
It being large, at the first charge,
He burnt the priming in the pan,
Which oiled the stock of Una's lock,
And at her again he then began.
She wriggled her bum, threw up her legs,
And cried—Keep on, tho I'm undone!
O Darby dear—she said— don't fear,
But I'll disjoint your jiggling-bone!
BURNS' MERRY MUSES

THE GOLDFINCH'S NEST.

Fair Phillida long jolly Roger had pressed,
To get her by some means a goldfinch's nest;
Had she but a young one, she often would say,
She'd kiss it and nurse it all night and all day.
Says Roger to Phillida—Now is the time,
The evening serene is, the spring is in prime.
To yon myrtle grove we'll together repair,
And a goldfinch I'll have, if a goldfinch be there.

They went into the wood, but no nest could they find,
When weary with search, on a bank they reclined;
Then Roger with warmth fair Phillida pressed,
And soon laid his hand on a goldfinch's nest.
I've found it! I've found it!--in raptures he cried—
And in it a young one whose mouth opens wide,
It's always a-gaping—sly Phillida said—
All night and all day the poor thing should be fed.

The youth took the hint and he fed the poor bird,
The maiden all hushed was and said not a word;
He fed it and crammed it, the mischievous knave,
Till, poor little thing, it gave back what he gave.
Dear Roger—said she—too much have you given,
And tho twas in jest, I shall with you be even,
So now pray take notice, as sure as you're born,
Again and again you must feed it ere morn.

LUCY'S AND KITTY'S BLACK JOCKS.

Who has e'er been at Hereford must needs know the Bell,
Where Lucy and Kitty, two sisters do dwell,
With their black jocks and bellies so white.
None ever saw Lucy but wished to have kissed her,
Yet her charms were eclipsed by those of her sister,
So easy, so gay, so genteel, on my life!
That either was fit for an emperor's wife,
With their black jocks &c...
With romping fatigued and the heat of the weather,
   One day on the bed they both lay down together,
       With their black jocks &c...
They sighed and they talked of they didn’t know what,
   At length a sound sleep put an end to their chat.
I forgot to premise they were stripped to the smock,
   And the treacherous chamber-door wanted a lock,
       To their black jocks &c...

Young Cupid, who’s always alert at his post,
   And thought the occasion too good to be lost,
       To a black jock &c...
So he slyly retired, and returned in a trice,
   With a cock of the game, a true heart without price.
Says he—Now’s your time, while they’re both asleep,
   Creep in to them softly and have a good peep,
       At their black jocks &c...

Then silent and cautious he lifted the latch,
   Resolved the critical moment to catch,
       At their black jocks &c...
But oh, how he stared when he came to the bed,
   In their faces how blended the white and the red,
Such bubbies, such arms, such legs, such thighs!
   But the thing of all things which attracted the eyes,
       Was their black jocks &c...

Lucy’s posture he found was the most opportune,
   So, her smock being up, he got in very soon,
       To her black jock &c...
As matters went forward, the closer he crept,
   The faster he hugged her, the faster she slept,
As long as he could he remained in his seat,
   But at length was obliged to beat a retreat,
       From her black jock &c...

Next Kitty he saw, and his mouth ’gan to water,
   Fresh vigor returned, and he swore he’d be at her
Black jock &c...
But here he had reckoned without his host,
He could not get in, her legs were so crossed,
He tried every way to make matters fit,
But all was in vain, for he never could hit
Her black jock &c...

Raged at being balked, his scissors he took,
And out of revenge he cut off every lock
   From her black jock &c...
Then soft as he entered away he did creep,
As fast as he found them he left them asleep,
Kitty, waking soon after, her hand laid across
The spot, and directly discovered the loss
   From her black jock &c...

Her sister she waked in the utmost despair,
Lucy—says she—I've lost all the hair
   Of my black jock &c...
What shall I do, or where shall I go?
A bald jock is not worth a farthing, you know,
This cruel disgrace I can never withstand,
Look here, it's as bare as the palm of my hand!
   My poor black jock &c...

While I was asleep, as I hope to be saved,
Some villain got into the room and has shaved
   My black jock &c...
Lucy laughed in her sleeve, but soon forcing a frown,
In a counterfeit fright clapped her hand on her own,
Says she—If we'd slept on, we'd have suffered together,
For see how the rascal has spread all his lather
   On my black jock and belly so white.
CUPID'S FROLIC.

What words can paint the pleasure
That springs from love's soft powers,
When nature's tufted treasure
Pours sweet in spermy showers.

O Cupid, all creation
Enjoys the lustful time,
Of charming copulation
As nature's gift sublime.

The crimson fluid glowing,
Each pore perspiring love,
Each eye with joy o'erflowing,
The muscles lewdly move.

In amorous pomp appearing,
Amazed, the maiden eyes
Love's rudder, Cupid steering,
To harbour 'tween her thighs.

Now lewdly, soft caressing,
The pliant limbs entwine,
To velvet velvet pressing,
Then springs the maiden mine.

At length, the lewd infusion
O'erflows its mossy bounds,
Her atoms dance confusion,
She cries in moving sounds.

A SENTIMENTAL SPRIG.

My honest hearts that love to sing,
And hate the wretch that's boasting,
Come, let us make the chamber ring
With sentimental toasting.
The sacred love of liberty,
And liberty of loving,
In this fond wish we all agree,
However prone to roving.
The mouth that often has two beards,
   And swallows without chewing;
The one who neither snorts nor girds,
   But loves to bill when cooing.
Life's luscious dish, a brace of cocks,
   With the sweet sauce of kisses,
Unlocking well the lock of locks,
   With key of mortal blisses.

The grave that does cast up the dead,
   And buries well the living;
Love's baby rocked in nature's bed,
   The girl who takes when giving.
The key that slips the maiden out,
   And lets the lover enter;
The bird within, the bush without,
   Attractions lovely center.

May good men ever pleasure taste,
   And taste have in their pleasure;
The maid that spends, and will not taste
   One atom of her treasure.
The tapping with the spiggot
   That gives the lass a tumor;
The balls, that beauteous women beat,
   Into a pleasant humor.

The lines that mutual passion paints,
   Success to young beginners!
Here's to the mother of all saints,
   And the maker of all sinners!
The human bump when ta'en in hand,
   With Cupid's cover on it,
The nick that makes the tail to stand,
   And bud-rue's scarlet bonnet.

The little pilot, though he's blind,
   Who steers into love's harbour;
The lass who lathers us when kind,
   The handsome female barber.
The mouth that spews up all mankind,
    The tune of tunes in farces
Is that duet with parts combined,
    In the opera of arses.
The middle finger's favorite ring,
    That friction sets on fire;
The tuneful bells that always ring
    When maidenheads expire.
The small thatched house beneath the hill,
    The fountain in Hair Court, sirs;
May sportsmen have of game their fill,
    And huntsmen have good sport, sirs.

THE HAPPY BUNTER.

How happy a state does the bunter possess,
Who'd ne'er be greater and ne'er can be less.
On her face and her — she depends for support,
As well as do some of the madams at court.
What though she may often in coarse linen go,
Nor boast of fine lace to make a great show;
A girl in a plain dress may be juicier far
Than a lady who's swived by a garter and star.

Though her hands are red and her bubbies are coarse,
    Her — for all that may be nothing the worse;
A court demirep with less vigor may play,
And her passions in motions less charming display.
What though a young stallion she sometimes may lack,
When warm with desire and stretched on her back,
In this, too, examples great ladies afford,
Who oft put a footman in place of a lord.

Or should she endeavor to heap an estate,
In this, too, she mimics the punks of the state,
Whose aims are but slyly to get a good stroke,
As all her concern's to supply her black jock.
At night when sport's over, with drinking made dry,
Unsated with swiving, she snoring does lie,
Then rises next morning for shagging most keen,
If thus served like a bunter, then who'd be a queen?
I am a sporting amorous maid,
    That ranged this nation up and down,
In every place my fame's displayed,
    In Cupid's wars I've gained renown.
Amongst them all, both great and small,
    With vast applause I've borne the bell,
I've a little fort, twas built for sport,
    And by some it's called the Citadel.

Thru it runs a purling stream,
    Whose force would turn a little mill,
It's in a forest, sweetly hid,
    And sheltered by a little hill.
Such curious art in every part,
    It's architect none can excel,
That workman rare, with wondrous care,
    Had fortified my Citadel.

A captain brave, his skill to try,
    Resolved for to besiege my fort;
I did this son of Mars defy,
    And straight blocked up my sally-port.
For its defence, with cautious care,
    Each avenue I guarded well,
For the attack he did prepare,
    And swore he'd storm my Citadel.

Just in front, upon a plain,
    His battery opened to my view;
Being fully bent the tower to gain,
    Still nearer to the gate he drew.
Nor art nor means I left untried,
    This fierce assailant to repel;
A bastion flanked upon each side
    The entrance to my Citadel.

When he the covered way had gained,
    He on the breastwork made a halt;
His vanguard being well sustained,
    He now prepared for the assault.
With furious rage he did assail,
  The town he entered in pell-mell;
His metal flew about like hail,
  In the center of my Citadel.

By him oppressed and sore distressed,
  My outworks all were beaten down,
One effort I resolved to try,
  In hopes to drive him from the town.
I opened straight my water-gate,
  Such a swift torrent on him fell,
As quickly forced him to retreat,
  And quite forsake my Citadel.

The hero being mad with rage,
  Resolved for to attack again;
I was unwilling to engage,
  But found resistance was in vain.
My fountain dry, no succor nigh,
  By which I might the foe repel;
I was afraid, beat the chamade,
  And surrendered up my Citadel.

When he entered I humbly craved,
  That he would not the works destroy;
Like a man of honor he behaved,
  And only fired a feu de joie.
He marched away, but now I find
  I've a sad story for to tell,
That to my grief he left behind
  Some wildfire in my Citadel.

If any young man now should dare
  Invade my Citadel again,
To enter it, let him beware,
  For if he does he'll suffer pain.
Should any form this bold design,
  The truth to him I'll plainly tell.
On him I'll quickly spring a mine,
  Twill scorch him in my Citadel.
BOTANY BAY.

Britannia, fair guardian of this favored land,
To a scheme gave her sanction, by the Ministry plan-
ned.
For transporting her sons who from honor should
stray.
To a sweet spot terrestrial, called Botany Bay.

Now this Bay, by some blockheads, we've sagely
been told,
Was unknown to the famed navigators of old;
But this I deny in terms homely and blunt.
For Botany Bay is the place we call !!!!.

Our ancestor Adam, 'tis past any doubt,
Was the famous Columbus that found the spot out;
He braved every billow, rock, quicksand, and shore,
To steer thru the passage none e'er steered thru before.

Kind Nature, ere Adam had put off to sea,
Bid him be of good cheer, for his pilot she'd be;
Then his cables he slipt, and stood straight for the Bay,
But was stopped in his passage about midway.

Though shook by the stroke, Adam's mast stood
upright,
His ballast was steady, his tackling was tight;
Then, a breeze springing up, down the Red Straits he
run,
And, o'erjoyed at his voyage, he fired his great gun.

A vast!—Adam cried—I'm dismayed, I doubt,
If I don't tack the head of my vessel about—
Take courage—cried Nature—leave it to me,
It's only the entrance into the Red Sea.

High from the mashead, by the help of one eye,
The heart of the Bay did old Adam espy;
And, alarmed at some noise, to him Nature did say—
That's only a trade wind, which blows always one way.
So transported was Adam with Botany Bay,
He Dame Nature implored to spend night and day;
And, curious, he tried the Bay’s bottom to sound,
But his line was too short by a yard from the ground.

The time being out, Nature’s sentence had passed,
Adam humbly a favor of her bounty asked;
That when stocked with provisions and everything sound,
To Botany Bay he again might be bound.

Nature granted the boon both to him and his race,
And said—Oft I’ll transport you to that charming place;
And never—she cried—as you honor my word,
Set sail with a clap, pox, or famine on board!

Then this Botany Bay, or !!!!, much the same,
I have proved is the spot whence all of us came;
May we there be transported with pleasure and speed,
And nourish its soil with sowing our seed.

THE BUMPER TOAST.

I can’t for my life guess the cause of the fuss,
Why you drink the health of each high-titled bel dame;
What’s a queen or a princess or a duchess to us?
We never have spoke to, and see them but seldom.
Fill a bumper, my host, and I’ll give you a toast,
We all have conversed with and everyone knows;
Fill it up to the top, and drink every drop,
Here’s a c... in a bumper wherever she goes.

Your high-sounding titles that kings can create,
Derive all their luster and weight from the donor;
But——can despise all the mockery of state,
For she’s in herself the true fountain of honor.
She fixes for life the title of wife,
In her does the husband his honor repose;
Her titles are bright, all in her own right,
Here’s a——in a bumper wherever she goes.
In rags or brocades she is equally great,
   Her fountain gives rapture to all that bathe in it;
On a rush-bottom chair or a down bed of state,
   To bliss we’re transported in less than a minute.
She’s banished all care, is a foe to despair;
   She’s the loveliest Lethe to soften our woes;
Nothing Nature can boast can rival the toast,
   Of — in a bumper wherever she goes.

Your wiseacre critics are puzzling their brains,
   How crowns and coronets first came into fashion;
But a peep at her would have saved them the pains,
   For — wore a coronet since the creation.
A title so old, never bartered for gold,
   The whole British peerage would vainly oppose;
Then let Mother Eve due homage receive,
   Here’s a — in a bumper wherever she goes.

That peers on the trial of peers are to sit,
   Is their highest distinction beyond all denial;
But —, though untitled by patent or writ,
   Can bring, sui jure, even kings to a trial.
Condemned to wear horns, poor G——r scorns,
   The judgment he passes on impotent beaux;
So justly severe may she ever appear,
   Here’s a — in a bumper wherever she goes.

That nobles are born the advisers of kings,
   Is a maxim established in every free nation;
Then sure a just claim to that title she brings,
   Whose rhetoric effected the great reformation.
Tho Charles lent his ears to his periwig,
   Her — was the counsellor under the rose,
She whispered her mind, the Commons grew kind,
   Here’s a — in a bumper wherever she goes.

That nobles are sentenced to die by the axe,
   For breach of allegiance, we all must have read it;
Thus — when the bond of decorum she cracks,
   Like a queen or a princess, is always beheaded.
The king without fees, will execute these,
While none but the hangman will meddle with those;
Then since from the throne such deference is shown,
Here's — in a bumper wherever she goes.

Your stars and your garters and ribbons profuse,
And white coat of arms that a beggar might quarter;
How faint are their splendor, how trifling their use,
Compared with the star that shines over the garter.
The star in the front is the emblem of —,
In a lovely field argent, crown, sable she glows,
And two rampant p—s as supporters we fix.
Here's — in a bumper wherever she goes.

THE BROWN P—S OF OLD ENGLAND.

When mighty brown ...... were the Englishman's taste,
With strong curled hair that could tie round the waist,
Our offspring were stout, and our wives were all chaste,
Oh! the brown ...... of old England,
And oh! the old English brown ......!

Out fathers of old were stout, robust and strong,
And had ......, report says, full twelve inches long,
Which made their plump dames rejoice in this song,
Oh! &c.

But now we're dwindled to—I'll tell you what,
A sneaking poor race of small hunters, most hot,
And a ...... of nine inches is hard to be got,
Oh! &c.

King Edward the Third for his ...... was renouned,
He'd a ...... thirteen inches before he was crowned,
He — all the ladies and never lost ground,
Oh! &c.

King Henry the Eighth, as recorded of old,
Had swinging big cods, as you've often been told,
And his royal ...... was a sight to behold,
Oh! &c.
There lived a wife on top of yon hill,
    Green leaves on the green, oh!
She sells good ale to gentlemen,
    And you know very well what I mean, oh!

There were sailors riding by,
    Green leaves &c.
They called for some ale because they were dry,
    And you know &c.

After one bottle they called for another,
    Green leaves &c.
The one for the daughter, the other the mother,
    And you know &c.

The daughter soon grew sick and faint,
    Green leaves &c.
She said she’d lie down, ’twould ease her complaint,
    And you know &c.

Jack Tar he also grow queer and sick,
    Green leaves &c.
His trouble it was a standing stick,
    And you know &c.

They put them both in bed together,
    Green leaves &c.
To see if the one would cure the other,
    And you know &c.

She put her right hand over his thigh,
    Green leaves &c.
And found a stiff thing standing by,
    And you know &c.

What is this, my dear?—she says—
    Green leaves &c.
It’s Bill, my nag, my dear—says he,
    And you know &c.
He put his hand right over her thigh,
   Green leaves &c.
And found a thing like a pigeon-pie,
   And you know &c.

What is this, my dear?—he says—
   Green leaves &c.
It's my green meadow, my dear—she says,
   And you know &c.

And in my meadow there springs a well,
   Green leaves &c.
And Billy, your nag, may drink his fill,
   And you know &c.

If Billy, my nag, should chance to fall in,
   Green leaves &c.
He must hold by the bush which grows on the brim,
   And you know &c.

What if the bush should chance to be rotten?
   Green leaves &c.
He must move about till he comes to the bottom,
   And you know &c.

THE RIDE IN LONDON.

As I went through London city,
   'Twas at twelve o'clock at night,
There I saw a damsel pretty,
   Washing her jock by candlelight.

When she washed it, then she dried it,
   The hair was black as coal upon't;
In all my life I never saw,
   A girl that had so fine a ....

My dear—said I—what shall I give you
   For a go...at you know what?
Half-a-crown, if you are willing,
   Two shillings, or you shall not.
Eighteen pence, my dear, I'll give you—
   Twenty pence, or not at all—
With all my heart! it is a bargain—
   So up, she mounts a cobbler's stall.

My dear, said I, how shall I ride you,
   The gallop, amble, or the trot?
The amble is the easiest pace, sir—
   With all my heart, so up I got.

The envious cobbler heard our parley,
   And through a hole he thrust his awl,
Which pricked my girl right in her bottom,
   And threw the rider from the stall.

LULLABY.

Nancy, on a sofa lying,
   Caught by chance my raptured eye;
Twixt her lily thighs I gently,
   Sighing placed my lullaby.
      Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby, lullaby,
   Sighing, placed my lullaby.

Quickly waking with the motion,
   Thus the lovely maid did cry—
Woman's fears, they're all a notion.
   How I'm soothed by lullaby!

Seven times in transporting blisses,
   Each did with the other vie,
Still her hand fresh vigor courting,
   Asked again for lullaby.

Tell me, dearest youth, if heaven
   Be like this, then let me die!
Every night repeat the anthem,
   Kill me with your Lullaby.
Kitty, dearer than the Muses,
    Fairer far than anything,
Tho I did, when at Peg Hughes's,
    From your —— imbibe a sting;
While my p—— enraptured traces,
    All your parts for joy designed,
All the corners, all the mazes,
    I in vain do strive to find.

Love and joy and admiration,
    Cause my —— at once to rise;
Words can never paint my passion
    When your ——'s before my eyes.
Lavish Nature you adoring,
    O'er your thighs and smock has spread
Flowers that might shame the morning,
    Shining like the Tyrian red.'

But, alas! too weak my will is,
    Where strong hairs in knots combine,
Whoring Jove, or stout Achilles,
    May have p——s for c——s like thine;
Could my cods in best condition,
    Give your —— its utmost due,
Lovely Kitty, their ambition
    Would be to beslobber you.

———

THE WISHES.

I wish, my dear Nelly, thou wert an oat cake,
    Then on thee like butter I'd spread;
Or wert thou a floweret most sweet, for thy sake,
    Like a bee would I suck till I'm dead.

Or wert thou a negus. with acid best pleased,
    A lemon I'd instantly prove,
And give myself up to be tickled and squeezed,
    Into the lips of my love.
And wert thou converted to punch in a bowl,
How gladly thy ladle I’d be;
To stir up the treasure and joy of my soul,
To fill thee out, frolic and free.

Or wert thou a garden all covered with weeds.
Unplanted with flower and tree;
In thee I would set all my fruit and my seed,
And day and night dig into thee.

Or wert thou a hogshead of sparkling wine,
Kept safe in a vault under lock,
I’d taste thee and tap thee, while potent and fine,
And put in thy body my cock.

Or wert thou a mortar for pounding strong spice,
A pestle I’d be as your slave;
For there I would bustle and stir in a trice,
What more would Nelly then have?

Or wert thou transmuted into a milk churn,
I’d then be thy staff and thy beam;
My milk I would yield, lovely maid in my turn,
And give for your butter my cream.

_________________________

ROGER AND MOLLY.

Beneath a weeping willow’s shade,
Melting with love, fair Molly laid,
Her cows were feeding by.
By turns she knit, by turns she sung,
While ever flowed from Molly’s tongue—
How deep in love am I!

Young Roger chanced to stroll along,
And hearing Molly’s amorous song,
And now and then a sigh.
Straight o’er the hedge he made his way,
And joined with Molly in her lay—
How deep in love am I!
The quick surprise made Molly blush;
How rude—she cried—now pray be hush!
But showed a yielding eye;
My needle's bent, my worsted's broke—
Roger I only meant in joke—
How deep in love am I!

You're rude... get out... I won't be kissed—
Pray don't... yes do... begone... persist—
Roger, I vow I'll cry.
What are you at, you roguish swain?
He answered in a dying strain—
How deep in love am I!

---

THE VIGOROUS COURTEZAN.

Come hither, my boy, and down by me lie,
My smock it is clean, and behold my white thigh,
Survey my soft belly, that's both soft and plump,
And besides, I'm all hair from my —— to my rump.

The lips of my —— red as cherries you see,
And its cockles as juicy as juicy can be,
But stroke it, and pat it, and —— it apace,
And the juice that is in it will fly in your face.

Come lay your leg over and be not so coy,
You son of a whore, you —— like a boy!
You have put it in double, I feel it run blunt,
It's a shame such a pinte should enter my ——!

But since it is in, pray wriggle your arse,
I'll lather your ballocks and empty your tarse,
I'll spoil you for shagging these ten days or more,
And call you a hook-pintled son of a whore.

As, stung with reproaches, the amorous youth
Lay panting with passion, he told her the truth;
Says he—my dear Molly—in haste I let fly
On the thatch of your ——, and beslobbered your thigh.
BURNS' MERRY MUSES

But, raised by your hand, put it in to the hilt,
My buttocks shall wag, and I'll double your milt,
I'll give you such thrusts as you ne'er had before,
Or call me a poor fumbling son of a whore.

Then pray put that pillow plump under my arse,
And with a good push, ram home your stiff tarse,
I'll straight raise your mettle and tickle your cuds,
Till in mowing you rival the king of the gods.

THE BOTTLE.

Whate'er may squeamish lovers say,
A mistress I’ve found to my mind,
I enjoy her by night and by day,
Yet she still grows more lovely and kind.

Of her beauties I never am cloyed,
Tho I constantly sit by her side,
Nor despair her because she’s enjoyed,
By a legion of lovers besides.

For tho thousands may broach her,
May broach her, may broach her,
By Jove, I shall feel
Neither envy nor spleen;
Nor jealous can prove
Of the mistress I love,
For a bottle, a bottle,
A bottle’s the mistress I mean.

Should I try to describe all her merit,
With her praises I ne'er should have done;
She’s brimful of sweetness and spirit,
And sparkles with freedom and fun.
Her nature’s majestic and tall,
And taper her bosom and waist;
Her neck long, her mouth round and small,
And her lips how delicious to taste.
You may grasp her with ease in the middle,
    To be opened how vast her delight!
And yet her whole sex is a riddle,
    You can never stop her too tight.
When your engine you once introduce,
    To her circle, her magical bower,
Pop! away from within flies the juice,
    And your senses are drowned in a shower.

But the sweetest of raptures that flow
    From the delicate charmer I prize,
Is sure when her head is laid low,
    And her bottom turned up to the skies.
Stick to her, and fear not to win her,
    She'll never prove peevish or coy,
And the farther and deeper you're in her,
    The fuller she'll fill you with joy.

Thus naked and clasped in my arms,
    With her my soft moments I'd spend,
And revel the more in her charms,
    To share the delight with a friend.
To divinity, physic, or law,
    Her favors I never shall grudge,
Tho each night she may make a faux pas,
    With a bishop, a doctor, or judge.

THE LITTLE TENEMENT.

O, I've a tenement to let,
    I hope 'twill please you all,
And if you'd know the name of it,
    I've called it Sportsman's Hall.
This tenement I wish to let
    To one who can it fill,
It's seated in a pleasant grove,
    Beneath a rising hill.
There's round about a pleasant wood,
   To shade it from the sun;
And underneath a water spring,
   That pleasantly doth run.
It is a well-contrived spring,
   Not little nor too great,
Where if you're hot you may be cool,
   If cool, you will find heat.

This place is very dark by night,
   And so it is by day,
But once you've fairly entered it,
   You cannot lose your way.
When once you're in, go boldly on,
   As fast as e'er you can,
And, if you reach to the housetop,
   You'll be where ne'er was man.

On two tall pillars stands this house,
   Yet, tho so high the door,
You can't get fairly in unless
   You creep upon all four.
Yet let not this discourage you,
   For ere you long are there,
Altho your furniture be large,
   You'll find you've room to spare.

I want a tenant very much,
   To occupy my bower;
And if he is of the right sort,
   He may have it for an hour.
He must be young and goodly hung,
   And comely to the sight,
But, above all, the tenant must
   In one thing be upright!
Sometimes I am a weaver,
    I weave both coarse and fine;
And for to please my customers,
    It is my whole design.

In there came a pretty girl,
    All for to weave her web;
I threw her across the treadle-hole,
    Where all my tackles wag.

Sometimes I am a shoemaker,
    I work with Venus bones;
And for to keep my leather fresh,
    I've got a pair of stones.

Sometimes I am a baker,
    I bake both white and brown;
And I carry the best rolling-pin
    That is in all the town.

Sometimes I am a barber,
    To dress the ladies fair;
I lather with my barber's pole,
    None with me can compare.

With my curling-tongs so hot, sir,
    So well as you may see;
And really well I can dress up
    A lady's low toppie.

Sometimes I am a barn's-man,
    I carry a good flail;
Two supples and a hand-staff,
    Well buckled to a tail.

And whene'er I meet a bonny lass,
    I lay her on the floor;
I put my hand-staff in her ——,
    And my supple bars the door.
FANNY'S BLACK JOCK.

As Fanny one evening I met in a grove,
Every look, every gesture, inclining to love,
    With a black jock and belly so white.
With amorous intention I quickly drew near,
Dear Fanny, I whispered, your lover is here;
The birds tell no tales, and there's nobody by,
And you know that this long time I've had my eye
    On your black jock &c.

She seemed quite displeased, and pretended a fright,
And in passion declared I should ne'er get a sight
    Of her black jock &c.
Dear Fanny, I answered, pray be not so coy,
While June is in blossom, Love's impulse enjoy,
No counterfeit frown shall restrain my desire,
For an Irishman never was known to retire
    From a black jock &c.

Love's impulse with pleasure she seemed to obey,
For she handled my stiff thing and led it the way
    To her black jock &c.
And who can describe the soft transports we felt,
When in Love's glowing flanes every limb seemed
to melt,
At one moment she died, and the next she survived,
When in oceans of pleasure transported I dived
    In her black jock &c.

At length, a soft sigh and a satisfied kiss
Announced the sweet end of my banquet of bliss
    In her black jock &c.
All thrilling and panting awhile we remained,
In fetters ecstatic our limbs were enshrined,
Till, roused from her transport, she bade me adieu,
And we then only parted our joys to renew
    In her black jock and belly so white.
Ere the world was yet troubled with dry-drinking elves,
And —s, unconfined, ran about by themselves,
In a frolicsome humor Old Merry Nick,
Once dressed himself up in the shape of a ——!

With red flaming looks, so important and big,
With his hair frizzled out like an alderman's wig,
With one eye that squinted both dreadful and queer,
He set out determined all mankind to cheer.

His arms and his tackling he hung by his side,
Peradventure lest ill on his journey betide;
And, quoth he (for something he's thought of a wag),
Like David I'll carry my stones in a bag!

Thus equipped he set out, as lecherous as Jove,
To see how things went on in the regions above,
But he hadn't got more than a mile on the land,
When a naughty black hang-gallows jock bid him stand.

So I do (cried Old Nick), and he cocked his one eye,
But take this as a lesson betwixt you and I;
If you don't get away, I shall damnamibly scrat you;
But all jockey replied was—Old Pintle have at you!

So to work they both went, yet would neither give o'er,
He pushed and she pulled, he sweat and she swore,
Till at length he cried out—Pray desist from your blows
For look you, says Pintle, how I bleed at the nose.

Thus ended at length this most terrible fray,
When Satan went cursing and limping away,
And swore that for jocks he no longer would roam,
But contented would stay and —— furies at home:
THE GREY JOCK.

As lately around Dublin Basin I walked,
I met a young bunter and to her thus talked
   Of her grey jock and belly so white.
Your ——, you young hussy, is as grey as a cat—
Why, you dirty-faced thief, and what signifies that?
If it's sable without, it is scarlet within;
Come, lug out your drumstick, and slip it well in
   To my grey jock &c.

I laid her down gently upon a green spot,
My pistol I cocked with a brace of ball shot
   At her grey jock &c.
What, only one shot, why I laugh at your folly;
Says she, here's a quim can stand a whole volley;
And tho you can —— as well as a Turk,
A peck of such —— will not do half the work
   Of my grey jock &c.

Drive gently, she cried, for my ——'s very sore,
Lie easy, my darling, or I'll bodder the more
   At your grey jock &c.
Then she cried—I shall surely spend till I am dead!
Oh, bravo, my girl, that's very well said,
For your harbor of hope now lathers like soap,
And the hairs of your —— bind me fast like a rope
   To your grey jock &c.

While thus I was speaking she gave a great sigh,
Spent a deluge and turned up the white of her eye,
   And her black jock &c.
Dear Paddy, she cried, you do the thing right,
Six times in three hours you have filled me so tight;
For she lathered behind, and I flowed freely before,
No quim in the nation could pleasure me more
   Than her black jock and belly so white.
My name is McBrawn, from the heart of Hibernia,
   I traveled by land a long way o'er the sea,
And left all the girls round the Lakes of Killarnia,
   In tears for the loss of my dear Langolee.
Langolee, how he charmed and delighted them!
   Oh, how their virginity melted at sight of him!
And how he entered their province in spite of them;
   Bathing in nectar from dear Langolee.

Ye ladies of London, don't let your mouths water,
   But quickly for remedy hasten to me;
I cure both the longings of mother and daughter,
   And cram your dumb mouths with my Langolee.
Langolee, oh, if you had cut a lunch off him!
   Oh, you would be a-mumbling and munching him!
And in your pits over head and ears drenching him!
   In the deep fountain of Langolee.

Tho sometimes he droops like a rose in bad weather,
   The sight of a lass makes him brisk as a bee;
Then he shifts his red head from ond side to the other,
   And stands up to please you, does good Langolee.
Langolee, Langolee, so rampant and stout he is!
   A good dozen inches from root to the snout he is!
Just the boy to please the girls without doubt he is!
   Oh, who can resist such a Langolee?

Take all the three kingdoms and put them together,
   'Tis Ireland, dear creatures, that keeps you in glee;
Arrah! what signify Britons as brothers?
   They all must fall short of my Langolee.
Langolee, all your wives teased with fumbling!
   Your lasses who always lay tossing and tumbling!
One dose of my cordial will make you leave grumbling!
   And dance to the tune of my Langolee.
The Irish Root.

Ye botanists all, I've discovered a root,
Adapted to females of every degree;
How sovereign its virtues, balsamic its fruit,
I hope you believe when you hear it from me.
Langolee is the Irish name of it!
Great in this nation already's the fame of it!
Make but one trial, and quickly you'll see,
There's nought to compare with Langolee.

When winter's keen blast is corrected by spring,
The lads and the lasses of every town
Dance round the maypole, for maypole's the thing,
Expressive of Lango's high fame and renown.
Langolee, wonderful medicine!
Sensitive plant, and beggar's best benison!
How happy the island productive of thee,
Thou root of all roots, thou Langolee!

Ye matrons afflicted with colic or wind,
Hysterics or what you may call it for me,
Restorative Lango, a medicine you'll find,
'Twill liven your spirits most wondrously.
Langolee, sweet is the juice of it!
Gently compress it, and gently make use of it!
In city or country, wherever it be,
The sweets are the same of my Langolee!

Ye girls in the city with nervous disorders,
If from declensions ye'd wish to be free;
Ye dear little gentles, pray take what I order,
The Hibernian coltsfoot called Langolee.
Langolee, to prevent imposition,
You'll get from none but the Irish physician!
Made up in triangular rods for admission,
The pectoral nostrum of Langolee!
Cupid's pin-cushion.
The key that lets the man in and the maid out.
The grave that buries the living and casts up the dead.
May the ladies suc-ceed in their under-takings.
The bird in the hand and then in the bush.
The bird in the bush and not in the hand.
The bird in the bush and two stones hard by.
The female arithmetician who multiplies by subtraction.
Love's picklock.
The ruling passion, be what it will,
   The ruling passion governs nature still.
The linen manufacture of Ireland.
The cock in cover.
The staff of life.
May we have in our arms whom we love in our hearts.
The star above the garter.
No part of woman, but the whole of her.
The sportsman's gap.
A union of parts and a flow of spirits.
May everything stand before us but our bottle and glass.
The eye that weeps most when best pleased.
Long nights and merry tales.
The liberty of the press, and a book in sheets.
The sportsman's wish—a rough stubble and a merry pointer.
The road to a christening.
Cupid's ring on the middle finger.
The two friends that weep on parting.
*The Whole Duty of Man* in sheets.
The rough road of love to the sweet waterfall.
The first game ever played at.
The cruel cobbler who ran his awl in his wife's belly,
   knocked out his foreman's brains, and hung his apprentices at the door.
The female surgeon who extracts the marrow without hurting the bone.
The agreeable rubs of life.
Here's of it, and to it, and them that can do it;
And those that can't—may they never came to it.
The magic monosyllable.
Success to our ejectments in Love Lane.
May the horns of a buck never disgrace the brows of
 a sportsman.
Ths hen pheasant that cocks her feathers when she
feels the shot.
The beagle that runs by nose, and not by sight.

The foregoing completes the MERRY MUSES as or-
ginally collected by Burns. What follows is—first, the
original song, 'John Anderson my jo,' as it existed
prior to Burns' day, and second, the lovely and canty
lyric he substituted for it. Then follow two letters and
a poem of the Bard's, not hitherto pr!nted.
JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

John Anderson my jo, John,
I wonder what you mean,
To rise so soon in the morning,
And sit up so late at e'en.
You'll blear out all your eyes, John,
And why will ye do so?
Come sooner to your bed at e'en,
John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
When first ye did begin,
You had as good a tail-tree
As ony ither man.
But now tis waxen auld, John,
And it waggles to and fro;
And it never stands it's lane now,
John Anderson my jo.

John Adderson my jo, John,
You can —— whene'er you please;
Either in our warm bed,
Or else aboon the claise.
Or you shall have the horns, John,
Upon your head to grow;
That is the cuckold's malison,
John Anderson my jo!

So when you want to ——, John,
See that you do your best,
When you begin to steer me,
See that you grip me fast.
See that you grip me fast, John,
Until that I cry, oh!
Your back shall crack, ere I go slack,
John Anderson my jo.
Oh! but it is a fine thing
To keek out o'er the dyke,
But tis a muckle finer thing
When I see your hurdle's fyke;
When I see your hurdle's fyke, John,
And wriggle to add fro,
Tis then I like your chaunder-pipe,
John Anderson my jo.

I'm backit like a salmon,
I'm breasted like a swan;
My wame it is a down cod,
My middle you may span.
From my crown until my tae, John.
I'm like the new-fa'n snow,
And tis a' for your conveniency,
John Anderson my jo.

Now follows the same poem as rewritten by Burns.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

John Anderson my jo, John, when we were first acquaintance,
Your locks were like the raven, your bonny brow was brent,
But now your brow is bald, John, your locks are like the snow,
Yet blessings on your frosty pow, John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John, we clamb the hill taegether,
And mony a canty day, jo, we've had wi' and anither;
Now we maun totter down, John, but hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep taegether at the foot, John Anderson my jo.

It is well that the reader, after looking at the olden form of 'John Anderson my jo.' should read the above
beautiful song—gold, pure and unalloyed—which Burns has substituted for grossness. Where in the English language, is there so pure and loveable a picture of happy wedded life? Reader, now that you know out of what mire the poet had to pick up many of his best and sweetest lyrics, bless his memory that the legacy he left to the world was so rich, pure, and precious.

LETTERS OF ROBERT BURNS, NEVER BEFORE PRINTED.

To Mr. Robert Ainslie, W. S., Edinburgh.
Mauchline, March 3rd, 1788.

My dear Friend:

I am just returned from Mr. Miller's farm. My old friend whom I took with me was highly pleased with the bargain and advised me to accept it. He is the most intelligent, sensible farmer in the county, and his advice has staggered me a good deal. I have the two plans before me. I shall endeavor to balance them to the best of my ability, and fix on the most eligible. On the whole, if I find Mr. Miller in the same favorable disposition as when I saw him last, I shall in all probability turn farmer.

I have been thru sore tribulation and under much buffeting of the Evil One since I came to this country. Jean I found banished like a martyr—forlorn, destitute and friendless. All for the good old cause. I have reconciled her to her mother. I have taken her a room. I have taken her in my arms. I have given her a mahogany bed. I have given her a guinea, and I have f—d her till she rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory. But, as I always am on every occasion, I have been prudent and cautious to an astonishing degree. I swore her privately and solemnly never to attempt any claim on me as a husband, even tho any-
body should persuade her she had such a claim (which she had not), neither during my life nor after my death. She did all this like a good girl, and I took the opportunity of some dry horse litter, and gave her such a thundering scalade that electrified the very marrow of her bones. Oh, what a peacemaker is a guid weel-willy pintle! It is the mediator, the guarantee, the umpire, the bond of union, the solemn league and covenant, the plenipotentiary, the Aaron’s rod, the Jacob’s staff, Elisha’s pot of oil, the sword of mercy, the horn of plenty, the tree of life between man and woman.

I shall be in Edinburgh the middle of next week. I got a letter from Clarinda yesterday, and she tells me she has got no letter of mine but one. Tell her that I wrote to her from Glasgow, from Kilmarnock, from Mauchline, and yesterday from Cumnoch, as I returned from Dumfries. Indeed she is the only person in Edinburgh I have written to till to-day. How are soul and body putting up? A little like man and wife, I suppose.

Your faithful friend,

R. B.

To Mr. James Johnson, Publisher of the Scot’s Musical Museum, Edinburgh.

Mauchline, 25th May, 1788.

My dear Sir:

I am really uneasy about that money which Mr. Creech owes me per note in your hand. and which I want very much as I am engaging in business pretty deeply, both for myself and my brother. A hundred guineas can be but a trifling affair to him, and ’tis a matter of most serious importance to me. To-morrow I begin my operations as a farmer, and God speed the plow!
I am so enamored of a certain girl's prolific twin-bearing merit that I have given her a legal title to the best blood in my body, and so farewell Rakery! To be serious, my worthy friend, I found I had a long and much loved fellow-creature's happiness or misery on my hands, and tho' pride and seeming justice were murderous King's advocates on the one side, yet humanity, generosity, and forgiveness were such powerful, such irresistible counsel on the other side, that a jury of old endearments and new attachments brought in a unanimous verdict of NOT GUILTY. And the panel: Be it known unto all whom it concerns—is installed and instated into all the rights, privileges, immunities, and paraphernalia that at present do or in any time coming may belong to the name, title, and designation (remainder torn off). Present my best compliments to —, and please let me hear by return of carrier.

I am, my dear Sir, yours sincerely,

Robt. Burns.

———

LIBEL 'SUMMONS.

In truth and honor's name—Amen.
Know all men by these Presents plain,
This Fourth o' June, at Mauchline given,
The years 'tween eigthy-five and seven,
We fornicators by profession,
As per extractum from each session,
In way and manner here narrated,
Pro bona armor congregated,
And by our brethren constituted,
A court of equity deputed,
With special authorized directions,
To take beneath our strict protection,
The stays-outbursting quondam maiden,
With growing life and anguish laden,
Who by the rascal is deny'd,
That led her thoughtless steps aside,
He who disowns the ruined Fair one,
And for her wants and woes does care none,
The wretch that can refuse subsistence,
To those whom he has given existence.
He who when at a lassie's by-job,
Defrauds her wi' a frig or dry-bob,
The coof that stands on clishmaclavers,
When women hoflins offer favors,
All who in any way or manner,
Disdain the fornicator's honor,
We take cognisance thereanent,
The proper judges competent.
First Poet Burns, he takes the chair,
Allowed by all, his title's fair,
And passed *nem. con.* without discussion,
He has a duplicate pretension.
Next, Marchant Smith, our worthy Fiscal,
To cow each pertinacious rascal,
In this, as every other state,
His merit is conspicuous great.
Richmond, the third, our trusty clerk,
The minutes regular to mark,
And sit dispenser of the law,
In absence of the former twa.
The fourth, our Messenger at arms,
When failing all the milder terms.
Hunter, a hearty, willing brother,
Well skilled in dead and living leather,
Without preamble less or more said,
We, body politic aforesaid,
With legal dues, whereas and wherefore,
We are appointed here to care for
The interests of our constituents,
And punish contravening truants.
Keeping a proper regulation,
Within the lists of fornication.
Whereas our Fiscal, by petition,
Informs us there is strong suspicion,
You coachman Dow, and clockie Brown,
Baith residenters in this town,
In other words, you Jock, and Sandy,
Hae been at work at houghmagandie;
And now when facts are come to light,
The matter ye deny outright.
First you, John Brown, there's witness borne,
And affidavits made and sworn,
That ye hae bred a hurly-burly,
'Bout Jeany Mitchell's tirly-wirly,
And bloostered at her regulator,
Till a' her wheels go clutter-clatter;
And, further still, ye cruel vandal,
A tale might even in hell be scandal,
That ye hae made repeated trials,
Wi' drugs and draps in doctors' phials,
Mixt, as ye thought, wi' fell infusion,
Your ain-begotten wean to poison.
And yet ye are sae scant o' grace,
Ye dare to lift your brazen face,
And offer to take any aith,
You never lifted Jeany's clath.
But tho ye should yourself man-swear,
Laird Wilson's sckates can witness bear,
Ane evening of a Mauchline fair,
That Jeany's masts they saw them bare,
For ye had furled up her sails;
And was at play—at heads and tails.
Next, Sandy Dow, you here indicted,
To have, as publicly you're wyted,
Been clandestinely upward whirlin',
The petticoats o' Maggy Borelan,
And gi'en her connister a rattle,
That months to come it winna settle;
And yet ye offer your protest,
Ye never harried Maggy's nest!
Tho its weel kenned that at her gyvel,
Ye hae gi'en mony a kytch and kyvel.
Then Brown and Dow before designed,
For clags and clauses there subjoined,
We, court aforesaid, cite and summon,
That on the fifth o' July comin',
The hour o' cause in our court ha',
At Whiteford’s Arms ye answer Law;
This, marked before the date and place is,
Sigillum est, per

BURNS, the Preses.

This summons and the signet mark,
Extractum est, per

RICHMOND, Clerk.

At Mauchline, idem date of June,
Tween six and seven the afternoon,
You twa in propria personæ,
Within designed Sandy and Johnny,
This summons legally have got,
As vide witness underwrote,
Within the house of John Dow, Vinter,
Nunc facio hoc,

GUilleMUS WINTER.

FINIS.
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