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THE HISTORY

OF

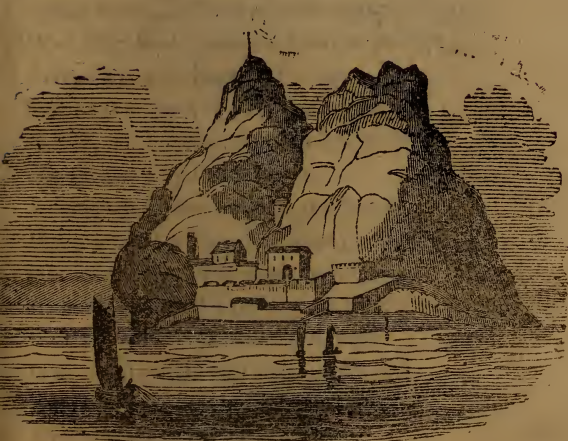
DONALD

AND HIS

DOG.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A COLLECTION OF SONGS.



GLASGOW:
PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS

D O N A L D

AND HIS

DOG.

Atween twa hills that tower'd up to the clouds,
Clad o'er with heather, bent, and wuds;
'Mang rocks, and steeps, and waters falling,
Was Highland Donald's humble dwelling,
Aroun' his hut, beneath his eye,
Fed bout a score o' stirks and key,
Whilk, wi' his wife and family, were
His pleasure and peculiar care:
Amang sic barren heights and howes,
Whar grain for food but scanty grows,
His family were but sparely fed—
Right coarse, and barely were they clad;
For he had wi' the laird for years
Had, 'gainst his will been in arrears
For whilk he had to thole the snarl
And threats o' the tyrannic carl
Till Donald's independent spirit

Nae langer was resolved to bear it,
 And hardships was resolved to scorn—
 As the saying is, ‘to mak’ a spoon or spoil
 horn.’

He shrewd and clever was, I trow ;
 Spak’ Gaelic weel, and Lawlan’s, too ;
 And, as he was an honest chiel,
 By a’ his neighbours liket weel.
 Ae day—contrivin’ what to dae
 To keep himsel’ aboon the brae—
 A plan he modell’d in his head,
 And thus it down before them laid :—
 That twa weeks hence in England, there
 Wad be a great black cattle fair,
 Whar kye as he learnt frae men o’ dealings
 Gied double price gi’en in the Highlands.
 Now if, wi’ what he could himsel
 Spare safely frae his flock to sell,
 They wad mak’ up a drove amang them,
 He pledged his word he wadna wrang them,
 But render, at his comin’ back,
 A just account o’ ilka plack ;
 Allowing him for recompense
 Some sma’ commission and ’s expense,
 On this they quickly greed to gie

Out o' their flocks some twa, some three
 Till a handsome drove colleckit,
 And to the south his way direckit.
 He mounted was upon a pony,
 A dog his servant was, and crony ;
 And by his side, like ony lord,
 There hung a braid sheep-headed sword—
 No as a weaçon o' offence ;
 But, in case o' need, for self-defence ;
 For they wha liket, rich or poor,
 Might wear a sword in days o' yore.
 Baith ear' and late—baith wat and dry—
 The dog and Donald drave the kye ;
 And, after muckle toil and care
 A' safe and sound they reached the fair.
 The kye were sald—the price was paid—
 'Twas down in yellow guineas laid ;
 The guineas in his purse was sneckit—
 The price was mare than he expeckit.
 Whilk raised his heart—and I wat weel
 He thought himsel' a clever chiel.
 Instead o' Donald longin' careless
 About the fair, to keek at fairlies,
 Or bouze wi limmers, or to gamble,
 Or spend his cash in ony ramble,

He wisely mounts his Highland sheltie,
 And took the road on helty skeltie,
 As he rode on and cracked his whup,
 A gentleman came riding up,
 Wha bade ' Good day,' wi' friendly air,
 And spiered ' if he'd been at the fair ?'
 When Donald, without vain parade,
 Returned him thanks, and said ' he had ;'
 And a' his business, tap and tail o't,
 When at the fair, he tauld the hale o't.
 Right crouse they grew wi' ane anither,
 And mony stories tauld to ither,
 Bout kings an' priests an' great commanders,
 The wars in Britain, France, and Flanders.
 When mony mile's they'd rode in league,
 They in a hollow reached a brig
 Across a burn, that ran wi' ease
 Down through a glen adorned wi' trees.
 Now 'twas a bonnie summer's day,
 When a' the fields were clothed and gay,
 They stopped, and dropped there tales and jo-
 kin',
 Their horses' lowing drouth to sloken,
 And greed some little time to pass,
 To let them rest and eat some grass.

Now, as Donald and his comrade sat
 Upon the green, they resumed their chat;
 And Donald's dog before their feet
 Lay stretched, and panting wi' the heat—
 And Donald's sword, which he did carry
 Beneath his hodden-grey havarry,
 The Englishman's attention seized,
 He begged a sight o't, if he pleased
 Whilk Donald drew and frankly gave him,
 In confidence he'd not deceive him.
 The billy thanked him for the sight o't,
 Then praised the size the mak, an weight o't.
 And asked at Donald, on his word,
 If maist he trusted to the dog or sword,
 Supposing the case, that any pad
 Should demand the money that he had?
 'The sword,' quoth Donald, 'I can wield,
 And should sic wretch, by road or field,
 E'er daur demand frae me a shilling,
 I'd plunged with freedom in the villain;
 Yet ne'ertheless, for a' my cracks o't,
 I wadna gie the dog for sax o't.
 Wi' this the fellow, at the word,
 Chapped aff the dog's head with the sword;
 Syne pointed it to Donald's heart,

And swore he with his cash should part,
 Or instantly, with stabs and cuts,
 He'd pierce his heart and rip his guts.
 'O!' says Donald, 'spare my life,
 For sake o' my poor weans and wife!
 Hae, there's the cash; but wi' what shame
 And grief maun I face friends at hame!
 They'll no believe a word o't neither—
 Lord help's, we're ruined a thegither!'
 'Stop,' says the fellow, 'cease your crying;
 Your friends will not suppose you lying;
 They will believe what you say to them,
 By evidence which you shall give them
 From ever man I rob I've credit,
 By giving me his hand I did it;
 My comrades and I together
 This token give to one another;
 So one of your hands must go with me
 So take your choice, which shall it be.
 'My dog is gane and darling purse,
 And now my hand—still worse and worse
 Hae mercy on me "Donald prays,
 I'll be a beggar a' my days.'
 'No mercy for you,' cried the wretch;
 Come, down wi't—I'll make quick dispatch.

‘ Weel then,’ says Donald, ‘ I submit,
 But ae repuest grañt, if it’s fit ;
 That is, since my left hand must go,
 Drive’t aff at ae most desperate blow ;
 No on the saft green, there perhaps
 Ye’ll pine me sair by several chaps,
 But ye’ll at ance mair siccar do’t
 On yonder smooth tree’s spreading root.’
 Puir Donald’s prayer was heard, he then
 Made bare his left hand shackle-bane,
 And on the tree root laid it quaking ;
 The robber now his aim was taking—
 Baith hands raised the vengfu’ whittle,
 And, as he drew with awful ettle,
 Sly Donald slipped his arm a-jee,
 When firm the sword stuck in the tree.
 ‘ Have at ye now, ye cruel wretch,’
 Quoth Donald, ‘ I am now your match !’
 With that he caught him by the collar,
 Gied him a jerk that garred him gollar ;
 Donald’s blood boiled in a passion,
 He gied his face a horrid bashin,
 His cravate Donald squeesed sae tight,
 That faith he strangled him maist outright.
 By this means Donald manned to mak^k

His hands secure ahint his back,
 Syne on the horse he put the billy,
 His feet he tied beneath his belly;
 The dog, whom Donald mourned full sore,
 A frightfu' sight of reeking gore,
 He on ahint the fellow placed
 Across the hurdies of the beast.
 Syne, Donald's triumph to evince,
 He mounts his horse proud as a prince—
 Brandished the sword, and dared the blade
 To move his hands, feet, tongue, or head;
 That if he did, he warned him now
 Up to the hilt he'd run him through.
 Sae on the road they moved alang,
 And Donald crooned a Highland sang;
 They reache'd the town, folks were surpris'd
 The rober soon was recognized;
 The magistrates they brawly kent him,
 For mair nor ance he'd been forment them.
 For mony years his deeds of horror
 Had kept baith far and near in terror,
 For whilk, whae'er wad apprehend him,
 And to the nearest prison send him,
 Wad he entitled to regard,
 And twenty guineas of reward,

Whilk Donald got in word and deed,
 With honours heaped upon his head.
 The rober, too got his reward—
 Stern Justice at him awfu' stared;
 Guilt and remorse his bosom stung,
 Hence he was tried, condemned, and hung.
 Bauld Donald soon arrived at hame,
 Paid aff his laird and ilka claim ;
 Mair o' him ye' d tire to hear me tell,
 But he was soon a laird himsel ,
 Yet ne'er forgot the awfu' shock,
 When his left hand lay on the block.

END OF DONALD AND HIS DOG.

NEGRO AND COMIC SONGSTER.



LUCY LONG.

Twas away down old Virginny,
 A nigger used to dwell,
 She was a handsome yaller girl,
 Dis darkie knew her well.
 O such a lubly creature
 As you shall plainly see,
 Much better than a Wenus,
 And bery much like me.
 O, take your time Miss Lucy,
 Lubly Lucy Long,
 Roe the cradle, Lucy,
 While I sing you anoder song.

Talk about your Taglioni,
 And say she jumps so high,
 Miss Lucy lept a five-barr'd gate,
 Made all de Niggas fly;
 And when eber Lucy trabels
 She always leave de mark
 Ob her footsteps in de grable,
 You can see dem in de dark.—Oh, &c.

Miss Lucy she is handsome,
 All ober she is chaste
 Just five yards round de shoulders
 And six yards round de waist;

Oh, I does like dat nigga well,
 I tink she does like me,
 And if I had her by my side,
 How happy I should be ;
 I like de white one an de black,
 And ebery one ob de rest,
 I like dat one dat does like me,
 But I like myself de best.—Oh, etc.

LUCY NEAL.

AS SUNG BY MR. BARLOW.

I was born in Alabama,
 My massa name was Deal,
 He used to own a yaler gal,
 Her name was Lucy Neal,
 My massa he did sell me,
 Because he thought I'd steal,
 Which caused a separation,
 Ob myself and Lucy Neal.
 Oh ! poor Lucy Neal.
 Oh ! poor Lucy Neal ;
 If I had her by my side,
 How happy I should feel.

One night the nigger gave a ball ;
 Miss Lucy danced a reel
 But none was dare dat could compare
 Wid my sweet Lucy Neal
 She used to go out wid us,
 To pluck cotton in de fiel'
 And dere is where I fell in lub
 Wid my sweet Lucy Neal

Oh poor Lucy Neal &c.
 One day I got a letter
 And jet black was the seal;
 It was de'nouncement ob de death
 Ob my poor Lucy Neal.
 Oh my poor Lucy Neal, &c.

Dey bore her from my bosom,
 But de wound dey cannot heal;
 And my heart, my heart is breaking,
 For I lub'd sweet Lucy Neal.
 Oh, yes, when I am dying,
 And dark visions round me steal,
 De last low murmur ob dis life
 Shall be sweet Lucy Neal.
 Oh, poor Lucy Neal, &c.

OLD DAN TUCKER.

I cum to town de oder night,
 I heard a noise and seed a sight
 De folks were all running roun,
 Crying ole Dan Tucker's come to town.
 Den get out ob de way,
 Get out ob de way,
 Get out ob de way ole Dan Tucker,
 You're too late to come to supper.
 We are de boys from ole Virginni,
 And take de shine from Paganinni,
 Wid our ole banjo and jaw-bone,
 Ve drive all oder music home.
 He war one ob de real ole stock,
 And wid his head could split a hose block.

For de wool dat he shave off his head
 Would make a bery good feather bed ;
 White folk treat de nigger well
 If dey do not cut too great a swell,
 And talk about amalgamation,
 Disgustin' ting to ebery nation.

An Indian hoosier came to town.
 He swalled a molasses hogshead down,
 The hoops flew off and de hogshead bust
 A n'he went up in a thunder gust.

Tucker was a nice ole man,
 He used to ride on a steam engine ;
 One night he laid across de track,
 An de locomotive came and broke his back.

THE OLD JAWBONE.

De jawbone hung ober log-hut fire—
 Jawbone de ting I most admire,
 And when at night my work am done
 Jawbone an I can hab some fun.
 Dance jowbone wid your turkey too,
 Neber mind my looking at you.

I neber make dat jawbone swing,
 But all de bells begin to ring,
 But if I cut a caper or two,
 Jawbone always dances too.

Dance, etc.

Jawbone and Joe will neber part,
 Jawbone always in my heart ;
 For my old fader gabe it me,
 As a genwine jawbone legacy,

Dance, etc.

Once when de flame was burning bright
 O, what a sight I seed that night—
 I fancy the jaw-bone a lubly wraith
 Wid de face ob my Dinnah underneath.
 Dance, &c.

O, how my heart went pit a pee,
 I blushed at her she blushed at me ;
 But de faut was hers I'm certain sure,
 For I know she lub'd dat Nig next door.
 Dance, etc.

THE LASS O' GOWRIE.

Tw as on a simmer's afternoon,
 A wee before the sun gaed down,
 My lassie, wi' a braw new gown,
 Came o'er the hills to Gowrie.

The rose-bud ting'd wi' morning showers,
 Bloom'd fresh within the sunny bowers,
 But Kitty was the fairest flower
 Thal ever bloom'd in Gowrie.

I prais'd her beauty loud and lang,
 Then round her waist my arms I hang,
 And said, " My lassie, will you gang
 To view the Carse o' Gowrie."

I'll take you to my father's ha',
 In you green field beside the shaw,
 And make you lady o' them a',
 The brawest wife in Gowrie.

Saft kisses on her lips I laid,
 The blush upon her cheek soon spread ;
 She whisper'd modestly, and said,
 " I'll gang wi' you to Gowrie."

The auld folk soon gave their consent,
 And to Mess John we quickly went,
 Wha tied us to our heart's content,
 And now she's Lady Gowrie

TAM GIB AND THE SOW.

Quo' Nell, my wife, the ither day,
 Provisions they are cheap, man ;
 And for the trifle it wid tak',
 A sow we weel micht keep, man,
 Indeed, says I, my dearest Nell,
 I've just been thinking sae mysel',
 And since we've on the notion fell,
 I'll just gaug down to Mattie Broon
 This afternoon aud very soon
 Bring hame yin in a rape man.

Sae in my pouch I put the rape
 And down to Mattie's went man,
 Resolved to hae a gude yin wault,
 Reflections to prevent man.
 As soon's as I enterd Mattie's door,
 She blythely met me on the floor,
 And kindly questioned speert a score,
 About mysel, the barns and Nell,
 Nor can I tell what cracks befel,
 Ere my errent it wa kent man.

But when auld stories a' were telt,
 And aiblins something new man,
 I faun 'twas time that I should mak'
 Some mention o' the sow man.
 When I my errant did unfauld,
 I faun the young anes a' were sauld,
 But gin I liked to tak the auld,
 Wi' a' her heart she'd send her cart,
 She weel could spare't, I thanked her for't,
 But out the rape I drew, man.

Sae round dame grumphy's hindsome 'eg
 The rape I soon did tie, man,
 And wi' supple birken twig,
 I drave her out o' the sty man ;
 Wi' Mattie straught I bade gude e'en,
 And briskly to the road we tane ;
 But scarcely fifty yards we'd gane,
 When madam sow impatient grew,
 And soon I trow, made me to rue,
 That her I chanced to buy, man.

For being o' the female breed,
 She proved a stubborn jade, man ;
 Were I to flee the brute alive,
 She'd aye hae her ain road, man.
 I wanted east, but she'd be wast,
 Or any way she liked best,
 And did my brains sae fairly pest ;
 Till in my wraith, wi' mony an aith,
 I vowed her skaith, and kicked her baith,
 And gart her squeak aloud man.

But though pig's flesh it never mair
 Should be my lot to pree, man ;
 I vow and swear anither sow
 Will ne'er be bought by me, man.
 As lang's there heering in Lochfine,
 I'll ne'er want kitchen when I dine,
 And henceforth bid adieu to swine ;
 O' nae sic gear the price I'll speer,
 Nor stan' the sneer and taunting jeer,
 That I frae' neebours dree, man.

THE JOLLY BEGGAR.

There was a jollie beggar, and a bēggin' he was boun',
And he took up his quarters into a landwart town.

And we'll gang nae mair a-rovin',

A-rovin' in the night,

And we'll gang nae mair a-rovin',

Let the moon shine ne'er sae bricht.

He wad neither lie in barn, nor yet wad he in byre,
But in ahint the ha' door, or else afore the fire.

And we'll gang nae mair a-rovin', &c.

The beggar's bed was made at e'en wi' gude clean straw
and hay,

And in ahint the ha' door, and there the beggar lay.

And we'll gang nae mair a-rovin', &c.

Up rose the gude man's dochter, and for to bar the
door;

And there she saw the beggar standin' i' the floor.

And we'll gang nae mair a-rovin', &c.

He took the lassie in his arms, and off with her he ran
O, hoolie, hoolie, wi' me, sir; ye'll wauken our 'gude
man.'

And we'll gang nae mair a-rovin', &c.

The beggar was a cunin' loon, and ne'er a word he spak
Untill the cock began to craw; syne he began to crack.

And we'll gang nae mair a-rovin', &c.

Is there ony dowgs into this town? maiden, tell me true
And what wad ye do wi' them, my hinnie and my dow?

And we'll gang nae mair a-rovin', &c.

They'll ryve a' my meal-pocks and dô me mickle wrang,
Oh, dule for the dooin' o't, are ye the poor man,

And we'll gang nae mair a-rovin', &c.

Then she took up the meal-pocks, and flang them o'er
the wa'

The deil gae wi' the meal pocks an' tak yersel' awa'

And we'll gang nae mair a-rovin', &c.

I took ye for some gentleman, at least the laird o' Brodie
Oh, dule for the doin' o't are ye the puir bodie,

And we'll gang nae mair a-rovin', &c.

He took the lassie in his arms, and gae her kisses three
And four an' twenty hunder merks for havin' made so
free.

And we'll gang nae mair a-rovin', &c.

And he took out his little knife, loot a' his duddies fa',
 And he was the brawest gentleman that was amang
 them a'. And we'll gang nae mair a-rovin', &c.

The beggar was a clever loon, and he lap shouther-
 hicht,

And aye for siccan quarters as I gat yesternight.

And we'll gang nae mair a-rovin', &c.

He took a horn frae his side and blew baith loud and
 shrill,

And four and twenty belted knights came skippin' ower
 the hill. And we'll gang nae mair a-rovin', &c.

SHIVER AND SHAKEY.

All you who're fond, in spite of price,
 Nf pastries, creams, and jellies nice,
 Be cautious how you take an ice,
 Whene'er you're over warm.

A merchant who from India eame,
 And shiver-and-Shakey was his name,
 A pastrycook did once entice,
 To take a cooling, luscious ice.
 The weather hot enough to kill,
 Kept tempting him to eat until
 It gave his corpus such a chill,
 He never again felt warm.

Shiver-and-Shakey, O, O, O,
 Criminy crickey, isn't it cold?

Woo, woo, woo, woo, oo, oo, oo,

Behold the man that couldn't get warm.

Close to a blazing fire he got,
 And took to drinking brandy hot,
 And sent for doctors, such a lot,

The man that couldn't get warm.

We recommended chamois leather,
 Flannel, shoes of India-rubber,
 Mustard, chillis, and cayenne,
 But nothing seem'd to warm the man;
 And when the doctors took their fees,
 It chill'd their blood full twelve degrees,

And really made their fingers freeze—

The man that couldn't get warm.

Shiver-and-Shakery, &c.

His room was hot enough to bake,
And yet he still with cold did ache,
Nay, made the servants shake and quake,

The man that couldn't get warm.

The nursery-maid, the scullion, cook,
E'en John and Coachman shiver'd and shook,
And all kept crying, night and morning,
"Ve really must give master varning."

What's worse, his wife began to pout,
And left his house quite chilled no doubt,
For it even froze his gardener out,

The man that couldn't get warm.

Shiver-and-Shakey, &c.

Then he with grief filled to the brim,
Resolved to go abroad by steam,
But not a ship would move with him,

The man that couldn't get warm.

He went in the engine-room I'm told,
And gave the stoker sudden cold,
Condensed the steam, which stopped the wheels,
And gave the passengers the chills.

The vessel ice-bound seemed, and so
The captain shiv'ring from top to toe,
Affirm'd on shore again must go,

The man that couldn't get warm.

Shivery-and-Shakery, O, O, O,
I say, messmates, isn't it cold?"

Woo, woo, &c.

The morning after he was drowned,
While in a hot bath, and they found
The water frozen all around

The man that couldn't get warm.

A jury proved it in a trice,
He died of undigested ice—

And then the foreman, Patrick Rice,
The verdict gave, with this advice,

"Och, have ice-creams wheue'er you will,

But do not eat them till you're ill,
And always first take off the chill,
And swallow your ices *warm*."

Shiver-and-Shakery, &c.

THE CORK LEG

A Tale I now tell without any flam,
In Holland dwelt Mynheer Von Clam,
Who every morning said I am
The richest merchant in Rotterdam,

Ri too ral, &c.

One day he stuff'd him full as an egg,
When a poor relation came to beg;
But he kick'd him out without broaching a keg
And in kicking him out he broke his right leg.

Ri too ral, &c,

An artist in Rotterdam, 'twould seem,
Had made cork legs his study and theme;
Each joint was as strong as an iron beam
The springs a compound of clockwork and steam.

Ri too ral, &c.

The leg was made and fitted right
Inspection th' artist did invite;
The fine shape gave Minheer great delight,
As he fixed it on and screw'd it tight.

Ri too ral, &c.

He walk'd through squares, and past each shop,
Of speed he went to the very top;
Each step he took with a bound and a hop,
But he found his leg he could not stop,

Ri too ral, &c.

Horror and fright were in his face,
The neighbours thought he was running a race
He clung to a post to stay its pace,
But the leg, remorseless, kept up the chase.

Ri too ral, &c.

Then he call'd to some men with all his might,
"Oh, stop this leg or I'm murdered quite,"
But though they heard him aid invite,
In less than a minute he was out of sight.

Ri too ral, &c.

He ran o'er hill, and dale, and plain,
 To ease his weary bones he fain
 Did throw himself down, but all in vain,
 The leg got up, and was off again.

Ri too ral, &c.

He walk'd of days and nights a score,
 Of Europe he had made the tour;
 He died—but though he was no more,
 The leg walk'd on the same as before.

Ri too ral, &c.

In Holland he sometimes comes to sight.
 A skeleton on a cork leg tight;
 No cash did the artist's skill requite,
 He never was paid and it serv'd him right.

Ri too ral, &c.

My tale I've told, both plain and free,
 Of the richest merchant that could be;
 Who never was buried though dead, we see,
 And I've been singing his L, E, G.

Ri too ral, &c.

LORD LOVEL.

Lord Lovel he stood at his castle gate,
 Combing his milk-white steed,
 When up came Lady Nancy Bell,
 To wish her lover good speed, speed, speed,
 Wishing her lover good speed.

Oh, where are you going, Lord Lovel? she cried
 Oh, where are you going said she,
 I'm going my Lady Nancy Bell,
 Strange countries for to see, see, see, &c.

When will you be back Lord Lovel? she said
 Oh, when will you be back? said she,
 In a year or two or three at most,
 I'll return to my fair Nancy,-cy,-cy, &c.

But he had not been gone a year and a day,
 Strange countries for to see,
 When languishing thoughts come into his head—
 Lady Nancy Bell he would go see, see, see, &c.

So he he rode and he rode on his milk-white horse
 Tell he came to London town;
 And there he heard St. Pancras' bell toll:
 And the people all mourning round, &c.

Oh what is the matter? Lord Lovel he said,
 Oh what is the matter? said he.
 A Lord's lady is dead, the women replied
 And some call her lady Nancy-cy-cy, &c.

So he ordered the grave to be opened wide
 And the shrowd he turned down.
 And there he kissèd her clay cold lips,
 Till the tears came trickling down,

Lady Nancy she died as it might be to-day,
 Lord Lovel he died as to morrow;
 Lady Nancy she died out of pure pure grief,
 Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow, &c.

Lady Nancy was laid in St. Pancras church yard,
 Lord Lovel was laid in the choir,
 And out of her bosom there grew a red rose,
 And out of her lover's a briar-riar, &c.

If grew and it grew to the church steeple top
 And then it could grow no higher,
 So then it entwined in a true lover's knot,
 For all true lovers to admire, rier, rier, &c.

THE END.