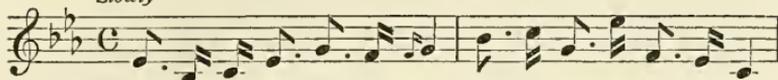


IV. CONNUBIAL

No. 209. *First when Maggie was my care.*Tune : *Whistle o'er the lave o't.* Scots Musical Museum, 1790, No. 249.*Slowly*

First when Mag-gie was my care, Heav'n, I thought, was in her air;



Now we're mar-ried, spier nae mair, But whis-tle o'er the lave o't!



Meg was meek, and Meg was mild, Sweet and harm-less as a child—



Wis-er men than me's be-guiled— Whis-tle o'er the lave o't.

FIRST when Maggie was my care,
 Heav'n, I thought, was in her air;
 Now we're married, spier nae mair,
 But whistle o'er the lave o't!
 Meg was meek, and Meg was mild,
 Sweet and harmless as a child—
 Wiser men than me's beguiled—
 Whistle o'er the lave o't.

How we live, my Meg and me,
 How we love, and how we gree,
 I care na by how few may see—
 Whistle o'er the lave o't!
 Wha I wish were maggots' meat,
 Dish'd up in her winding sheet,
 I could write—but Meg maun see't—
 Whistle o'er the lave o't.

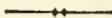
No. 210. *O, some will court and compliment.*Tune: *John, come kiss me now.* Playford's *Skill of Music*, 1674, p. 120.

O John, come kiss me now, now, now; O John, my love,
 come kiss me now! O John, come kiss me by
 and by, For weel ye ken the way to woo!

CHORUS. *O John, come kiss me now, now, now;*
O John, my love, come kiss me now!
O John, come kiss me by and by,
For weel ye ken the way to woo!

O some will court and compliment,
 And ither some will kiss and daut;
 But I will mak o' my gudeman,
 My ain gudeman,—it is nae faute.

O, some will court and compliment,
 And ither some will prye their mou',
 And some will hause in ither's arms,
 And that's the way I like to do!

No. 211. *There was a wife woun'd in Cockpen.*Tune: *Scroggam.* Scots Musical Museum, 1803, No. 539.*Slow*

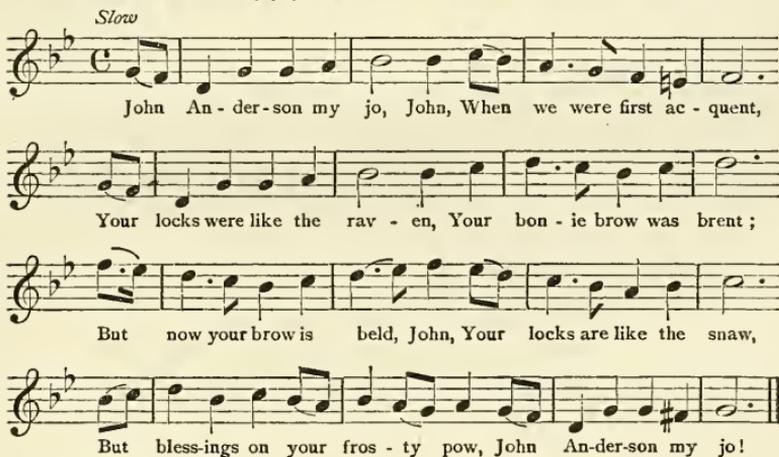
There was a wife woun'd in Cock-pen, Scrog-gam! She
 brew'd gude ale for gen-tle-men: Sing auld Cowl, lay you
 down by me— Scrog-gam, my dear-ie, ruf-fum!

THERE was a wife wonn'd in Cockpen,
 Scroggam!
 She brew'd gude ale for gentlemen:
 Sing auld Cowl, lay you down by me—
 Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum!
 The gudewife's dochter fell in a fever,
 Scroggam!
 The priest o' the parish fell in anither:
 Sing auld Cowl, lay you down by me—
 Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum!
 They laid the twa i' the bed thegither,
 Scroggam!
 That the heat o' the tane might cool the tither:
 Sing auld Cowl, lay you down by me—
 Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum!

No. 212. *John Anderson my jo, John.*

Tune: *John Anderson my jo, John.* Scots Musical Museum, 1790, No. 260.

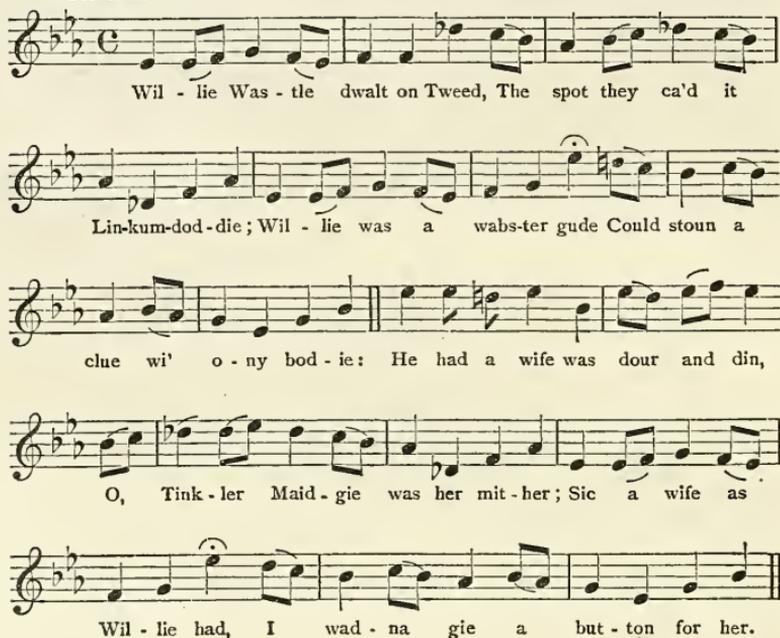
Slow



John An - der - son my jo, John, When we were first ac - quent,
 Your locks were like the rav - en, Your bon - ie brow was brent;
 But now your brow is beld, John, Your locks are like the snaw,
 But bless - ings on your fros - ty pow, John An - der - son my jo!

John Anderson my jo, John,
 When we were first acquent,
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonie brow was brent;
 But now your brow is beld, John,
 Your locks are like the snaw,
 But blessings on your frosty pow,
 John Anderson my jo!

John Anderson my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither;
 And mony a cantie day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither:
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 And hand in hand we'll go,
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson my jo!

No. 213. *Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed.*Tune: *Sic a wife as Willie had.* *Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 376.**Moderate time*


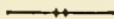
Wil - lie Was - tle dwalt on Tweed, The spot they ca'd it
 Lin-kum-dod-die; Wil - lie was a wabs-ter gude Could stoun a
 clue wi' o - ny bod - ie: He had a wife was dour and din,
 O, Tink - ler Maid - gie was her mit - her; Sic a wife as
 Wil - lie had, I wad - na gie a but - ton for her.

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

She has an e'e—she has but ane,—
 The cat has twa the very colour,
 Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,
 A clapper tongue wad deave a miller;
 A whiskin beard about her mou',
 Her nose and chin they threaten ither:
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wadna gie a button for her.

She's bow-hough'd, she's hem-shinn'd,
 Ae limp in leg a hand-breed shorter;
 She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
 To balance fair in ilka quarter:
 She has a hump upon her breast,
 The twin o' that upon her shouther:
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wadna gie a button for her.

Auld baudrans by the ingle sits,
 An' wi' her loof her face a-washin;
 But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,
 She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion;
 Her walie nieves like midden-creels,
 Her face wad fyle the Logan Water:
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wadna gie a button for her.



No. 214. *There's sax eggs in the pan, gudeman.*

Tune: *O, an ye were dead guidman* (see *infra*).

CHORUS. *O, an ye were dead, gudeman!*
A green turf on your head, gudeman!
I wad bestow my widowhood
Upon a rantin' Highlandman!

THERE's sax eggs in the pan, gudeman,
 There's sax eggs in the pan, gudeman;
 There's ane to you, and twa to me,
 And three to our John Highlandman!

A sheep's head in the pot, gudeman,
 A sheep's head in the pot, gudeman,
 The flesh to him, the broo to me,
 An' the horns become your brow, gudeman!

Sing, round about the fire wi' a rung she ran,
 An' round about the fire wi' a rung she ran:—
 'Your horns shall tie you to the staw,
 An' I shall bang your hide, gudeman!'

No. 215. *I bought my wife a stane o' lint.*Tune: *The weary pund o' tow.* Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 350.*Slow*CHORUS. *The wea-ry pund, the wea-ry pund, The wea-ry pund o' tow!**Fine.**I think my wife will end her life Be-fore she spin her tow.*

I bought my wife a stane o' lint As gude as e'er did grow, And

D. C.

a' that she has made o' that, Is ae poor pund o' tow.

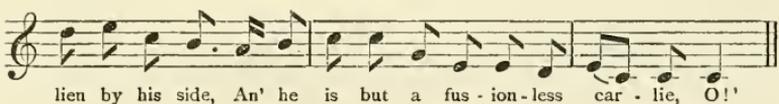
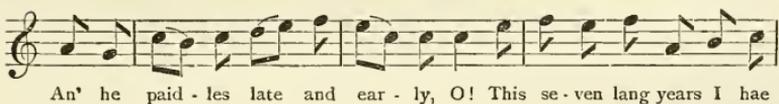
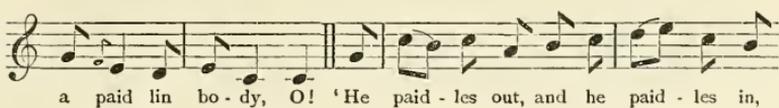
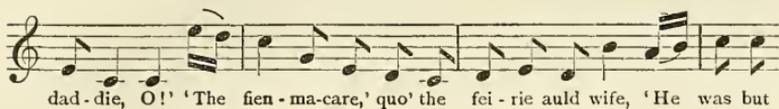
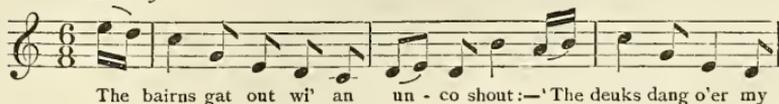
CHORUS. *The weary pund, the weary pund,
The weary pund o' tow!
I think my wife will end her life
Before she spin her tow.*

I BOUGHT my wife a stane o' lint
As gude as e'er did grow,
And a' that she has made o' that
Is ae poor pund o' tow.

There sat a bottle in a bole
Beyond the ingle low;
And ay she took the tither souk
To drouk the stourie tow.

Quoth I: 'For shame, ye dirty dame,
Gae spin your tap o' tow!'
She took the rock, and wi' a knock
She brak it o'er my pow.

At last her feet—I sang to see't!—
Gaed foremost o'er the knowe,
And or I wad anither jad,
I'll wallop in a tow.

No. 216. *The bairns gat out wi' an unco shout.*Tune: *The deuks dang o'er my daddie.* *Scots Mus. Museum*, 1792, No. 396.*Merrily.*

THE bairns gat out wi' an unco shout:—

'The deuks dang o'er my daddie, O!'

'The fien-ma-care,' quo' the feirie auld wife,

'He was but a paidlin body, O!

He paidles out, and he paidles in,

An' he paidles late and early, O!

This seven lang years I hae lien by his side,

An' he is but a fusionless carlie, O!'

'O, haud your tongue, my feirie auld wife,

'O, haud your tongue, now Nansie, O!

I've seen the day, and sae hae ye,

Ye wadna been sae donsie, O!

I've seen the day ye butter'd my brose,

And cuddl'd me late and early, O;

But downa-do's come o'er me now,

And, och, I find it sairly, O!'

No. 217. *Husband, husband, cease your strife.*Tune: *My jo, Janet.* Orpheus Caledonius, 1733, No. 36.*Slow and pointed.*

‘Hus - band, hus - band, cease your strife, Nor long - er id - ly rave, sir!
 Tho' I am your wed - ded wife, Yet I am not your slave, sir!’
 ‘One of two must still o - bey, Nan - cy, Nan - cy;
 Is it man or wo - man, say, My spouse Nan - cy?’

‘HUSBAND, husband, cease your strife, Nor longer idly rave, sir! Tho' I am your wedded wife, Yet I am not your slave, sir!’ ‘One of two must still obey, Nancy, Nancy; Is it man or woman, say, My spouse Nancy?’ ‘If 'tis still the lordly word, Service and obedience, I'll desert my sov'reign lord, And so good-bye, allegiance!’ ‘Sad will I be so bereft, Nancy, Nancy; Yet I'll try to make a shift, My spouse Nancy.’	‘My poor heart, then break it must, My last hour I am near it: When you lay me in the dust, Think, how you will bear it.’ ‘I will hope and trust in Heaven, Nancy, Nancy; Strength to bear it will be given, My spouse Nancy.’ ‘Well, sir; from the silent dead, Still I'll try to daunt you: Ever round your midnight bed Horrid sprites shall haunt you!’ ‘I'll wed another like my dear Nancy, Nancy; Then all hell will fly for fear, My spouse Nancy.’
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No. 218. *I never saw a fairer.*Tune: *My wife's a wanton wee thing* (see No. 220).

CHORUS. *She is a winsome wee thing,
 She is a handsome wee thing,
 She is a lo'esome wee thing,
 This sweet wee wife o' mine!*

I NEVER saw a fairer,
 I never lo'ed a dearer,
 And neist my heart I'll wear her,
 For fear my jewel tine.

The world's wrack, we share o't,
 The warstle and the care o't,
 Wi' her I'll blythely bear it,
 And think my lot divine.

No. 219. *O, that I had ne'er been married.*

Tune: *Crowdie.* Scots Musical Museum, 1803, No. 593.

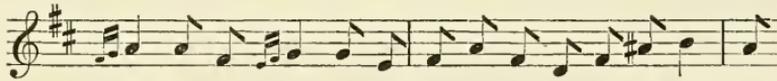
Slowly



O, that I had ne'er been mar-ried, I wad ne - ver had nae care!



Now I've got - ten wife an' weans, An' they cry 'crow - die' ev - er - mair.



CHORUS.—*Ance crow-die, twice crow-die, Three times crow-die in a day; Gin*



ye 'crow-die' on - ie mair, Ye'll crow-die a' my meal a - way.

[O, THAT I had ne'er been married,
 I wad never had nae care;
 Now I've gotten wife an' weans,
 An' they cry 'crowdie' evermair.

CHORUS. *Ance crowdie, twice crowdie,
 Three times crowdie in a day;
 Gin ye 'crowdie' onie mair,
 Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away.]*

Waefu' want and hunger fley me,
 Glow'rin by the hallan en':
 Sair I fecht them at the door,
 But ay I'm eerie they come ben.

No. 220. *She play'd the loon or she was married.*Tune: *My wife's a wanton wee thing.* Stewart's Reels, 1762, p. 30.

CHORUS. *My wife's a wan - ton wee thing, My wife's a wan - ton wee thing, My wife's a wan - ton wee thing, She win - na be guid - ed by me. She play'd the loon or she was mar - ried, She play'd the loon or she was mar - ried, She play'd the loon or she was mar - ried, She'll do it a - gain or she die.*

CHORUS. [*My wife's a wanton wee thing,
My wife's a wanton wee thing,
My wife's a wanton wee thing,
She winna be guided by me.*]

*She play'd the loon or she was married,
She play'd the loon or she was married,
She play'd the loon or she was married,
She'll do it again or she die.]*

*She sell'd her coat and she drank it,
She sell'd her coat and she drank it,
She row'd hersell in a blanket,—
She winna be guided by me.*

*She mind't na when I forbade her,
She mind't na when I forbade her,
I took a rung and I claw'd her,
And a braw gude bairn was she.*

No. 221. *On peace an' rest my mind was bent.*Tune : *My wife she dang me.* Scots Musical Museum, 1803, No. 532.

CHORUS. *O, ay my wife she dang me, An' aft my wife she bang'd me! If ye gie a wo - man a' her will, Gude faith! she'll soon o'er - gang ye.* Fine.

On peace an' rest my mind was bent, And, fool I was! I mar - ri - ed; But nev - er hon - est man's in - tent Sae curs - ed - ly mis - car - ried. D. C.

CHORUS. *O, ay my wife she dang me,
An' aft my wife she bang'd me!
If ye gie a woman a' her will,
Gude faith! she'll soon o'ergang ye.*

*On peace an' rest my mind was bent,
And, fool I was! I married;
But never honest man's intent
Sae cursedly miscarried.*

*Some sairie comfort at the last,
When a' thir days are done, man;
My 'pains o' hell' on earth is past,
I'm sure o' bliss aboon, man.*

No. 222. *I coft a stane o' haslock woo.*Tune: *The cardin o't.* Scots Musical Museum, 1796, No. 437.

I coft a stane o' has - lock woo, To mak a wab
 to John - ie o't; For John - ie is my on -
 ly jo— I lo'e him best of on - ie yet! *CHORUS.* *The*
card - in o't, the spin - nin o't, The warp - in
o't, the win - nin o't; When il - ka ell cost
me a groat, The tai - lor staw the lyn - in o't.

I COFT a stane o' haslock woo,
 To mak a wab to Johnie o't;
 For Johnie is my only jo—
 I lo'e him best of onie yet!

CHORUS. *The cardin o't, the spinnin o't,*
The warpin o't, the winnin o't;
When ilka ell cost me a groat,
The tailor staw the lynin o't.

For tho' his locks be lyart gray,
 And tho' his brow be beld aboon,
 Yet I hae seen him on a day
 The pride of a' the parishen.

No. 223. *The cooper o' Cuddie came here awa.*Tune: *Bab at the bowster.* Scots Musical Museum, 1796, No. 431.CHORUS. *We'll hide the coop-er be - hind the door, Ee - hind the door, be -**- hind the door, We'll hide the coop-er be - hind the door, And**cov-er him un-der a mawn, O! The coop-er o' Cud-die came**here a-wa, He ca'd the girrs out owre us a', Au' our gude -**- wife has got-ten a ca', That's an-ger'd the sil-ly gude-man, O.*

CHORUS. *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 under a mawn, O.*

THE cooper o' Cuddie came here awa,
 He ca'd the girrs out owre us a',
 Au' our gudewife has gotten a ca',
 That's anger'd the silly gudeman, O.

He sought them out, he sought them in,
 Wi', 'Deil hae her!' and, 'Deil hae him!'
 But the body he was sae doited and blin',
 He wistna where he was gaun, O.

They cooper'd at e'en, they cooper'd at morn,
 Till our gudeman has gotten the scorn;
 On ilka brow she's planted a horn,
 And swears that there they sall stan', O!

No. 224. *Guid'e'en to you, kimmer.*Tune: *We're a' noddin.* Scots Musical Museum, 1803, No. 523.

The musical score is written on three staves in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The first staff contains the melody for the first line of the verse. The second staff contains the melody for the chorus, starting with a double bar line and repeat sign. The third staff continues the chorus melody. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

'Guid - e'en to you, kim-mer, And how do you do?' 'Hic-cup,'
 CHORUS.
 quo' kim-mer, 'The bet - ter that I'm fou.' *We're a' nod - din,*
nid, nid, nod - din, We're a' nod - din at our house at hame!

'GUIDE'EN to you, kimmer,
 And how do you do?'
 'Hiccup,' quo' kimmer,
 'The better that I'm fou.'

CHORUS. *We're a' noddin, nid, nid, noddin,*
We're a' noddin at our house at hame!

[Kate sits i' the neuk,
 Suppin hen broo;
 Deil tak Kate,
 An she be na noddin too!]

'How's a' wi' you, kimmer,
 And how do ye fare?'
 'A pint o' the best o't,
 And twa pints mair.'

'How's a' wi' you, kimmer,
 And how do ye thrive?
 How mony bairns hae ye?'
 Quo' kimmer, 'I hae five.'

'Are they a' Johnie's?'
 'Eh! atweel, na:
 Twa o' them were gotten
 When Johnny was awa!'

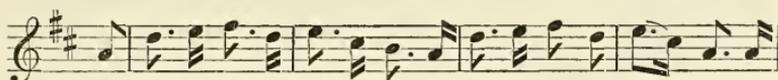
[Cats like milk,
 And dogs like broo;
 Lads like lasses weel,
 And lasses lads too.]

No. 225. *There's cauld kail in Aberdeen.*Tune : *Cauld kail.* Scots Musical Museum, 1788, No. 162.*Lively*

There's cauld kail in A-ber-deen, And cas-tocks in Strath-bo-gie,



When il - ka lad maun hae his lass, Then fye, gie me my Cog-gie.

CHORUS. *My Cog-gie, Sirs, My Cog-gie, Sirs, I can-not want my Cog - gie : I**wad - na gie my three-girr'd cap For e'er a quean on Bog - ie.*

THERE'S cauld kail in Aberdeen,
And castocks in Strathbogie,
When ilka lad maun hae his lass,
Then fye, gie me my coggie.

CHORUS. *My coggie, Sirs, my coggie, Sirs,
I cannot want my coggie :
I wadna gie my three-girr'd cap,
For e'er a quean on Bogie.*

There's Johnie Smith has got a wife
That scrimps him o' his coggie,
If she were mine, upon my life
I wad douk her in a bogie.

