

V. BACCHANALIAN AND SOCIAL

No. 226. *The deil cam fiddlin thro' the town.*Tune: *The Hemp-dresser.* Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 399.*Merrily*

The deil cam fidd - lin thro' the town, And danc'd a - wa
 wi' the Excise-man, And il - ka wife cries: 'Auld Ma - houn, I
 CHORUS.
 wish you luck o' the prize, man! *The deil's a - wa, the deil's*
a - wa, The deil's a - wa wi' the Exciseman! He's danc'd a -
wa, he's danc'd a - wa, He's danc'd a - wa wi' the Excise-man!

THE deil cam fiddlin thro' the town,
 And danc'd awa wi' the Exciseman,
 And ilka wife cries:—'Auld Mahoun,
 I wish you luck o' the prize, man!

CHORUS. *The deil's awa, the deil's awa,*
The deil's awa wi' the Exciseman!
He's danc'd awa, he's danc'd awa,
He's danc'd awa wi' the Exciseman!

'We'll mak our maut, and we'll brew our drink,
 We'll laugh, sing, and rejoice, man,
 And monie braw thanks to the meikle black deil,
 That danc'd awa wi' the Exciseman.

'There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,
 There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man,
 But the ae best dance e'er cam to the land,
 Was *The deil's awa wi' the Exciseman!*'

No. 227. *Landlady, count the lawin.*Tune: *Hey tutti, taiti.* Scots Musical Museum, 1788, No. 170.

Lively

Land-la-dy, count the law-in, The day is near the daw-in; Ye're a'

CHORUS.

blind drunk, boys, And I'm but jol-ly fou. *Hey tut-ti, tai-ti,*

tr
How tut-ti, tai-ti, Hey tut-ti, tai-ti, Wha's fou now?

LANDLADY, count the lawin,
The day is near the dawin;
Ye're a' blind drunk, boys,
And I'm but jolly fou.

CHORUS. *Hey tutti, taiti,*
How tutti, taiti,
Hey tutti, taiti,
Wha's fou now?

Cog, and ye were ay fou,
Cog, and ye were ay fou,
I wad sit and sing to you,
If ye were ay fou!

Weel may we a' be!
Ill may we never see!
God bless the king
And the companie!

No. 228. *A' the lads o' Thornie-bank.*Tune: *Ruffian's rant* (see No. 239).

A' THE lads o' Thornie-bank,
When they gae to the shore o' Bucky,
They'll step in an' tak a pint
Wi' Lady Onlie, honest lucky.

CHORUS. *Lady Onlie, honest lucky,*
Brews guid ale at shore o' Bucky;
I wish her sale for her guid ale,
The best on a' the shore o' Bucky.

Her house sae bien, her curch sae clean—
I wat she is a dainty chuckie,
And cheery blinks the ingle-gleede
O' Lady Onlie, honest lucky!

No. 229. *I sing of a whistle.*Tune: *The Whistle.* Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 314.

I sing of a whistle, a whistle of worth, I sing of a whistle,
 the pride of the North, Was brought to the court of our good Scotch
 king, And long with this whistle all Scotland shall ring. *Fal de*
ral lal lal lay, And long with this whistle all Scotland shall ring.

I SING of a whistle, a whistle of worth,
 I sing of a whistle, the pride of the North,
 Was brought to the court of our good Scottish king,
 And long with this whistle all Scotland shall ring.

CHORUS. *Fal de ral lal lal lay*
And long with this whistle all Scotland shall ring.

Old Loda, still rueing the arm of Fingal,
 The god of the bottle sends down from his hall—
 'This whistle's your challenge, to Scotland get o'er,
 And drink them to hell, sir, or ne'er see me more!'

Old poets have sung, and old chronicles tell,
 What champions ventur'd, what champions fell;
 The son of great Loda was conqueror still,
 And blew on the whistle their requiem shrill.

Till Robert, the lord of the Cairn and the Scaur,
 Unmatch'd at the bottle, unconquer'd in war,
 He drank his poor god-ship as deep as the sea:
 No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he.

Thus Robert, victorious, the trophy has gain'd ;
Which now in his house has for ages remain'd ;
Till three noble chieftains, and all of his blood,
The jovial contest again have renew'd.

Three joyous good fellows, with hearts clear of flaw ;
Craigdarroch, so famous for wit, worth, and law ;
And trusty Glenriddel, so skill'd in old coins ;
And gallant Sir Robert, deep-read in old wines.

Craigdarroch began, with a tongue smooth as oil,
Desiring Glenriddel to yield up the spoil ;
Or else he would muster the heads of the clan,
And once more, in claret, try which was the man.

'By the gods of the ancients!' Glenriddel replies,
'Before I surrender so glorious a prize,
I'll conjure the ghost of the great Roric More,
And bumper his horn with him twenty times o'er.'

Sir Robert, a soldier, no speech would pretend,
But he ne'er turn'd his back on his foe, or his friend ;
Said, 'Toss down the whistle, the prize of the field,'
And, knee-deep in claret, he'd die ere he'd yield.

To the board of Glenriddel our heroes repair,
So noted for drowning of sorrow and care ;
But for wine and for welcome not more known to fame,
Than the sense, wit, and taste of a sweet lovely dame.

A Bard was selected to witness the fray,
And tell future ages the feats of the day ;
A Bard who detested all sadness and spleen,
And wish'd that Parnassus a vineyard had been.

The dinner being over, the claret they ply,
And ev'ry new cork is a new spring of joy ;
In the bands of old friendship and kindred so set,
And the bands grew the tighter the more they were wet.

Gay Pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er ;
Bright Phœbus ne'er witness'd so joyous a core,
And vow'd that to leave them he was quite forlorn,
Till Cynthia hinted he'd see them next morn.

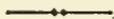
Six bottles apiece had well wore out the night,
When gallant Sir Robert, to finish the fight,
Turn'd o'er in one bumper a bottle of red,
And swore 'twas the way that their ancestor did.

Then worthy Glenriddel, so cautious and sage,
 No longer the warfare ungodly would wage;
 A high ruling-elder to wallow in wine!
 He left the foul business to folks less divine.

The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end;
 But who can with Fate and quart-bumpers contend?
 Though Fate said, 'A hero should perish in light:'
 So up rose bright Phœbus—and down fell the knight.

Next up rose our Bard, like a prophet in drink:—
 'Craigdarroch, thou'll soar when creation shall sink;
 But if thou would flourish immortal in rhyme,
 Come—one bottle more—and have at the sublime!

'Thy line, that have struggled for Freedom with Bruce,
 Shall heroes and patriots ever produce:
 So thine be the laurel, and mine be the bay;
 The field thou hast won, by yon bright god of day!'



No. 230. *Ye sons of old Killie.*

Tune: *Over the water to Charlie* (see *infra*).

YE sons of old Killie, assembled by Willie
 To follow the noble vocation,
 Your thrifty old mother has scarce such another
 To sit in that honorèd station.
 I've little to say, but only to pray,—
 As praying's the *ton* of your fashion—
 A prayer from the Muse you well may excuse—
 'Tis seldom her favourite passion:—

'Ye powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide,
 Who markèd each element's border,
 Who formèd this frame with beneficent aim,
 Whose sovereign statute is order:—
 Within this dear mansion may wayward Contention
 Or witherèd Envy ne'er enter;
 May secrecy round be the mystical bound
 And brotherly Love be the centre!'

No. 231. *It's now the day is dawin.*Tune: *Three gude fellows ayont the glen.* Scots Mus. Museum, 1796, No. 442.*Lively*CHORUS. *There's three true gude fellows, There's three true gude fel-lows,**There's three true gude fel - lows, Down a - yont yon glen!*

It's now the day is daw - in, But or night do fa' in,



Whase cock's best at craw - in, Wil - lie, thou sall ken!

CHORUS. *There's three true gude fellows,
There's three true gude fellows,
There's three true gude fellows,
Down ayont yon glen!*

It's now the day is dawin,
But or night do fa' in,
Whase cock's best at crawin,
Willie, thou sall ken!

No. 232. *Deluded swain, the pleasure.*Tune: *The Collier's bonie lassie* (see No. 44).

DELUDED SWAIN, the pleasure
The fickle fair can give thee
Is but a fairy treasure—
Thy hopes will soon deceive thee:

The billows on the ocean,
The breezes idly roaming,
The clouds' uncertain motion—
They are but types of woman.

Oh! art thou not ashamèd
To doat upon a feature?
If man thou wouldst be namèd,
Despise the silly creature!

Go, find an honest fellow;
Good claret set before thee.
Hold on till thou art mellow,
And then to bed in glory!

No. 233. *Should auld acquaintance be forgot?*

(Now first printed from a holograph of Burns in the *Interleaved Museum*, who states:—'The original and by much the best set of the words of this song is as follows.')

(Auld Lang Syne.)

Tune: *Auld lang syne.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 413.

Moderate time.

Should auld ac-quaint-ance be for-got, and nev-er brought to
mind? Should auld ac-quaint-ance be for-got, And days o' lang syne?
CHORUS.
And for auld lang syne, my jo, For auld lang syne, We'll
tak a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?

CHORUS. *And for auld lang syne, my jo,*
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp!
And surely I'll be mine!
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pou'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
Sin auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl'd i' the burn,
Frac mornin sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin auld lang syne.

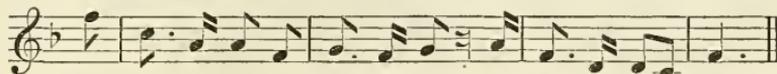
And there's a hand my trusty fiere!
And gie's a hand o' thine!
And we'll tak a right gude-willy waught,
For auld lang syne.

No. 234. *Should auld acquaintance be forgot.*

(THOMSON'S COPY.)

Tune: *Auld lang syne.* Thomson's *Scottish Airs*, 1799, No. 68.*Cheerily*

Should auld ac- quaint-ance be for-got, And nev-er brought to mind?



Should auld ac- quaint-ance be for-got, And days o' lang syne?

CHORUS.

*For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne,**We'll tak a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.*

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,

And never brought to mind?

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,

And days o' lang syne?

CHORUS. *For auld lang syne, my dear,**For auld lang syne,**We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,**For auld lang syne.*

We twa ha'e run about the braes,

And pu'd the gowans fine;

But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,

Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e paidlet i' the burn,

Frae morning sun 'till dine:

But seas between us braid ha'e roar'd

Sin' auld lang syne.

And there's a hand, my trusty feire,

And gie's a hand o' thine;

And we'll tak a right gude-willie waught,

For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,

And surely I'll be mine;

And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,

For auld lang syne.

No. 235. *O, Willie brew'd a peck o' maut.*Tune: *Willie brew'd a peck o' maut.* Scots Musical Museum, 1790, No. 291.

Blythely

O, Wil - lie brew'd a peck o' maut, And Rob and
 Al - lan cam to see; Three bly - ther hearts that
 lee - lang night Ye wad - na found in Chris -
 CHORUS.
 - - ten - die. We are na fou, we're nae that
 fou, But just a drap - pie in our
 e'e; The cock may craw, the day may
 daw, And ay we'll taste the bar - ley bree.

O, WILLIE brew'd a peck o' maut,
 And Rob and Allan cam to see;
 Three blyther hearts that lee-lang night
 Ye wadna found in Christendie.

CHORUS. *We are na fou, we're nae that fou,
 But just a drappie in our e'e;
 The cock may craw, the day may daw,
 And ay we'll taste the barley bree.*

Here are we met three merry boys,
 Three merry boys I trow are we;
 And monie a night we've merry been,
 And monie mae we hope to be!

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
 That's blinkin in the lift sae hie :
 She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
 But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee !

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
 A cuckold, coward loun is he !
 Wha first beside his chair shall fa',
 He is the king amang us three !



No. 236. *No churchman am I for to rail
 and to write.*

Tune : *Come let us prepare* (see infra).

No churchman am I for to rail and to write,
 No statesman nor soldier to plot or to fight,
 No sly man of business contriving a snare,
 For a big-belly'd bottle's the whole of my care.
 The peer I don't envy, I give him his bow ;
 I scorn not the peasant, tho' ever so low ;
 But a club of good fellows, like those that are here,
 And a bottle like this, are my glory and care.
 Here passes the squire on his brother—his horse,
 There centum per centum, the cit with his purse,
 But see you *The Crown*, how it waves in the air ?
 There a big-belly'd bottle still eases my care.
 The wife of my bosom, alas ! she did die ;
 For sweet consolation to church I did fly ;
 I found that old Solomon provèd it fair,
 That a big-belly'd bottle's a cure for all care.
 I once was persuaded a venture to make ;
 A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck ;
 But the pury old landlord just waddlèd upstairs
 With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.
 ' Life's cares they are comforts'—a maxim laid down
 By the bard, what d'ye call him ? that wore the black gown ;
 And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair ;
 For a big-belly'd bottle's a heav'n of a care.

A STANZA ADDED IN A MASON LODGE.

Then fill up a bumper and make it o'erflow,
 And honours masonic prepare for to throw ;
 May every true brother of the compass and square
 Have a big-belly'd bottle, when harass'd with care !

No. 237. *O, rattlin, roarin Willie.*Tune: *Rattlin, roarin Willie.* Scots Musical Museum, 1788, No. 194.

Lively

O, ratt - lin, roar - in Wil - lie, O, he held to the fair,
 An' for to sell his fid - dle And buy some oth - er ware; But
 part - ing wi' his fid - dle, The saut tear blin't his e'e— And,
 ratt - lin, roar - in Wil - lie, Ye're wel - come hame to me!

[O, RATTLIN, roarin Willie,
 O, he held to the fair,
 An' for to sell his fiddle
 And buy some other ware;
 But parting wi' his fiddle,
 The saut tear blin't his e'e—
 And, rattlin, roarin Willie,
 Ye're welcome hame to me!

'O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
 O, sell your fiddle sae fine;
 O Willie come sell your fiddle
 And buy a pint o' wine!'

'If I should sell my fiddle,
 The warl' would think I was mad;
 For mony a rantin day
 My fiddle and I hae had.')

As I cam by Crochallan,
 I cannily keekit ben,
 Rattlin, roarin Willie
 Was sitting at yon boord-en';
 Sitting at yon boord-en',
 And amang guid companie;
 Rattlin, roarin Willie,
 Ye're welcome hame to me.

No. 238. *Here's a bottle and an honest friend.*

(Tune unknown.)

*There's nane that's blest of human kind
 But the cheerful and the gay, man.*

HERE'S a bottle and an honest friend!
 What wad you wish for mair, man!
 Wha kens, before his life may end,
 What his share may be o' care, man!

Then catch the moments as they fly,
 And use them as ye ought, man!
 Believe me, happiness is shy,
 And comes not aye when sought, man!

No. 239. *In comin by the brig o' Dye.*

Tune : *Ruffian's rant.* Scots Musical Museum, 1788, No. 156.

Sprightly



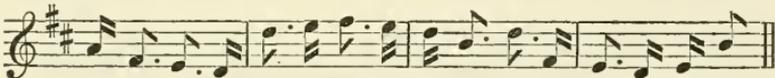
In com-in by the brig o' Dye, At Dar-let we a blink did tar-ry;



As day was dawin in the sky, We drank a health to bon-ie Ma-ry.



CHORUS. *Theniel Menzies' bon - ie Ma - ry, Theniel Menzies' bon - ie Ma - ry,*



Charlie Grigor tint his plaidie, Kissin Theniel's bon - ie Ma - ry.

IN comin by the brig o' Dye,
 At Darlet we a blink did tarry;
 As day was dawin in the sky,
 We drank a health to bonie Mary.

CHORUS. *Theniel Menzies' bonie Mary,
 Theniel Menzies' bonie Mary,
 Charlie Grigor tint his plaidie,
 Kissin Theniel's bonie Mary.*

Her een sae bright, her brow sae white,
 Her haffet locks as brown 's a berry;
 And ay they dimpl't wi' a smile,
 The rosy cheeks o' bonie Mary.

We lap and danc'd the lee-lang day,
 Till piper lads were wae and weary;
 But Charlie gat the spring to pay,
 For kissin Theniel's bonie Mary.

No. 240. *Adieu! a heart-warm, fond adieu.*Tune: *Good night and joy be wi' you a'.* Scots Mus. Museum, 1803, No. 600.

Lively

A - dieu! a heart-warm, fond a - dieu; Dear bro - thers
of the *mystic tye*, Ye fa - vour - ed *en - ligh - ten'd*
few, Com - pa - nions of my so - cial joy! Tho' I
to for - eign lands must hie; Pur - su - ing For -
tune's slid - d'ry ba'; With melt - ing heart and brim -
ful eye, I'll mind you still, tho' far a - wa.

ADIEU! a heart-warm, fond adieu;
Dear brothers of the *mystic tye*,
Ye favoured, *enlighten'd* few,
Companions of my social joy!
Tho' I to foreign lands must hie,
Pursuing Fortune's *slidd'ry ba'*;
With melting heart and brimful eye,
I'll mind you still, tho' far awa.

Oft have I met your social band,
And spent the chearful, festive night;
Oft, honour'd with supreme command,
Presided o'er the *sons of light*:
And by that *hieroglyphic* bright,
Which none but *craftsmen* ever saw!
Strong Mem'ry on my heart shall write
Those happy scenes, when far awa!

May Freedom, Harmony, and Love,
 Unite you in the *grand design*,
 Beneath th' Omniscient eye above—
 The glorious ARCHITECT Divine—
 That you may keep th' *unerring line*,
 Still rising by the *plummel's law*,
 Till *Order* bright, completely shine,
 Shall be my pray'r when far awa.

And *you*, farewell! whose merits claim
 Justly that *highest badge* to wear :
 Heav'n bless your honour'd, noble name,
 To MASONRY and SCOTIA dear!
 A last request permit me here,—
 When yearly ye assemble a',
 One *round*, I ask it with a *tear*,
 To him, *the Bard that's far awa*.

No. 241. *Up wi' the carls o' Dysart.*

Tune: *Hey ca' thro'*. Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 392.

With spirit



Up wi' the carls o' Dy-sart And the lads o' Buckhaven, And the kimmers



o' Lar-go And the las-ses o' Leven. *Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro', For we hae*



mei-kle a-do; Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro', For we hae mei-kle a-do!

Up wi' the carls o' Dysart
 And the lads o' Buckhaven,
 And the kimmers o' Largo
 And the lasses o' Leven.

CHORUS. *Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro',
 For we hae meikle ado;
 Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro',
 For we hae meikle ado!*

We hae tales to tell,
 And we hae sangs to sing ;
 We hae pennies to spend,
 And we hae pints to bring.

We'll live a' our days,
 And them that comes behin',
 Let them do the like,
 And spend the gear they win.

No. 242. *Gane is the day.*Tune : *Gudewife, count the lawin.* Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 313.*Brightly*

Gane is the day, and mirk's the night, But we'll ne'er stray for faut o' light, For ale and bran-dy's stars and moon, And blude-red wine's the

CHORUS.

ry-sin sun. Then, gudewife, count the law-in, The law-in, the law-in; Then, gudewife, count the law-in, And bring a cog-gie mair.

GANE is the day, and mirk's the night,
But we'll ne'er stray for faut o' light,
For ale and brandy's stars and moon,
And blude-red wine's the rysin sun.

CHORUS. *Then, gudewife, count the lawin,
The lawin, the lawin;
Then, gudewife, count the lawin,
And bring a coggie mair.*

There's wealth and ease for gentlemen,
And simple folk maun fecht and fen';
But here we're a' in ae accord,
For ilka man that's drunk's a lord.

My coggie is a haly pool,
That heals the wounds o' care and dool,
And pleasure is a wanton trout:
And ye drink it a', ye'll find him out!

No. 243. *Come, bumpers high! express your joy!*Tune : *Ye're welcome Charlie Stewart* (see No. 26).

CHORUS. *You're welcome, Willie Stewart!
You're welcome, Willie Stewart!
There's ne'er a flow'r that blooms in May,
That's half sae welcome's thou art!*

COME, bumpers high! express your joy!
 The bowl we maun renew it—
 The tappet-hen, gae bring her ben,
 To welcome Willie Stewart!
 May foes be strang, and friends be slack!
 Ilk action may he rue it;
 May woman on him turn her back,
 That wrangs thee, Willie Stewart!

No. 244. *Contented wi' little and canty wi' mair.*

Tune: *Lumps of Pudding.*

Durfey's *Pills*, 1720, vi. p. 300.

Cheerily

Con - tent - ed wi' lit - tle and can - tie wi' mair,
 When - e'er I for - gath - er wi' sor - row and care, I
 gie them a skelp as they're creep - in a - lang, Wi' a
 cog o' guid swats and an auld Scot - tish sang.

CONTENTED wi' little and cantie wi' mair,
 Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care,
 I gie them a skelp as they're creepin alang,
 Wi' a cog o' guid swats and an auld Scottish sang.

I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought;
 But man is a soger, and life is a faught;
 My mirth and guid humour are coin in my pouch,
 And my freedom's my lairdship nae monarch daur touch.

A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',
 A night o' guid fellowship sowthers it a':
 When at the blythe end o' our journey at last,
 Wha the deil ever thinks o' the road he has past!

Blind Chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way,
 Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae!
 Come ease or come travail, come pleasure or pain,
 My warst word is:—'Welcome, and welcome again!'

No. 245. *I had sax owsen in a pleugh.*Tune: *The bottom of the punch bowl.* Scots Musical Museum, 1803, No. 542.

CHORUS. *O gude ale comes, and gude ale goes, Gude ale gars me*
sell my hose, Sell my hose and pawn my shoon—Gude ale keeps
my heart a-boon! *Fine.* *I had sax ow-sen in a*
pleugh, And they drew a' weel e-neugh: I sell'd them a'
just ane by ane— Gude ale keeps the heart a-boon. *D.C.*

CHORUS. *O gude ale comes, and gude ale goes,*
Gude ale gars me sell my hose,
Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon—
Gude ale keeps my heart aboon!

I HAD SAX OWSEN in a pleugh,
 And they drew a' weel enough:
 I sell'd them a' just ane by ane—
 Gude ale keeps the heart aboon.

Gude ale hauds me bare and busy,
 Gars me moop wi' the servant hizzie,
 Stand i' the stool when I hae dune—
 Gude ale keeps the heart aboon.

