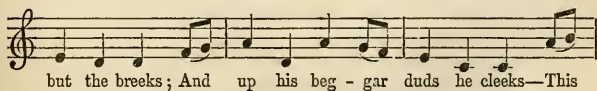
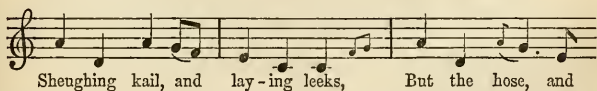
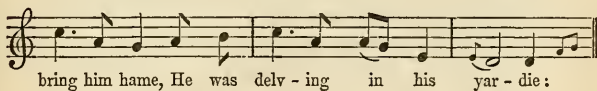
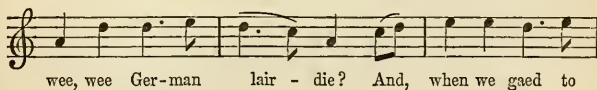
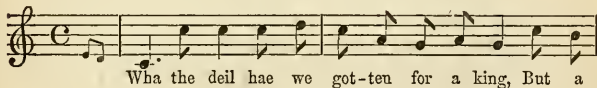


THE WEE, WEE GERMAN LAIRDIE.

The Scottish Jacobites affected to consider the line chosen in the act of succession as one of very poor account among European sovereignties. George, the elector of Hanover, was, in their esteem, but a small squire, in comparison with the old race of monarchs whom he superseded. A song pouring unsparing derision upon him under the name of *The Wee, Wee German*

Lairdie, and couched, it must be admitted, in vigorous poetical language, appeared in Cromek's *Reliques of Nithsdale and Galloway Song*, 1810, with a note stating that it was one version out of several which the editor had heard sung. This was transferred, with some verbal alterations, to Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*, with an additional verse at the end, part of which the editor said was from an older collection. Cromek—the victim of the singular impostures of Allan Cunningham—and James Hogg, are but fallacious authorities to rest upon. No matter. The song has obtained a deserved popularity, and may be here repeated, along with the air supplied by Hogg.



Wha the deil hae we gotten for a king,
 But a wee, wee German lairdie ?
 And, when we gaed to bring him hame,
 He was delving in his yardie :
 Sheughing kail, and laying leeks,
 But¹ the hose, and but the breeks ;
 And up his beggar duds he cleeks—
 This wee, wee German lairdie.

And he's clapt down in our guidman's chair,
 The wee, wee German lairdie ;
 And he's brought fouth o' foreign trash,
 And dibbled them in his yardie.
 He's pu'd the rose o' English loons,
 And broken the harp o' Irish clowns ;
 But our thistle taps will jag his thumbs—
 This wee, wee German lairdie.

Come up amang our Highland hills,
 Thou wee, wee German lairdie,
 And see how the Stuarts' lang-kail thrive
 They dibbled in our yardie :
 And if a stock ye dare to pu',
 Or haud the yoking o' a plough,
 We'll break your sceptre o'er your mou',
 Thou wee bit German lairdie.

Our hills are steep, our glens are deep,
 Nae fitting for a yardie ;
 And our Norland thistles winna pu',
 Thou wee bit German lairdie :
 And we've the trenching blades o' weir,
 Wad prune ye o' your German gear—
 We'll pass ye 'neath the claymore's shear,
 Thou feckless German lairdie !

¹ Without.

Auld Scotland, thou'rt ower cauld a hole
For nursin' siccan vermin ;
But the very dogs o' England's court
They bark and howl in German.
Then keep thy dibble in thy ain hand,
Thy spade but and thy yardie ;
For wha the deil now claims your land,
But a wee, wee German lairdie ?
