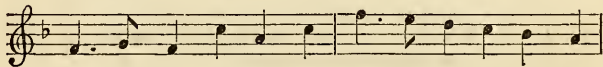


## HOOPLY AND FAIRLY.

Mr Stenhouse has traced this comical production as far back as 1751, when it appeared in Yair's *Charmer*; and he adds that the late Mrs Brown, of Newbattle, had heard the author (name forgotten) sing it, when residing with her friend Captain Mason at Eaglesham, Renfrewshire.



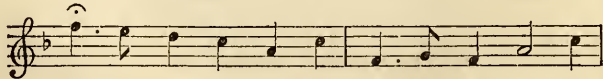
Doun in yon meadow a cou - ple did tar - ry: The guid-



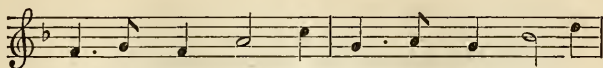
wife she drank nae-thing but sack and can - a - ry; The



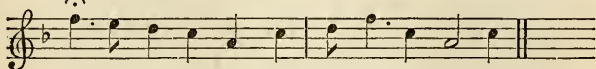
guid - man com - plain'd to her friends richt ear - ly—



Oh, gin my wife wad drink hoo - ly and fair - ly!



Hoo - ly and fair - ly, hoo - ly and fair - ly,



Oh, gin my wife wad drink hoo - ly and fair - ly!

Doun in yon meadow a couple did tarry :  
 The guidwife she drank naething but sack and canary ;  
 The guidman 'complain'd to her friends richt early—  
 Oh, gin my wife wad drink hooly<sup>1</sup> and fairly !  
     Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,  
     Oh, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly !

First she drank Crummie, and syne she drank Gairie,<sup>2</sup>  
 And syne she drank my bonnie gray marie,  
 That carried me through a' the dubs and the lairie—  
 Oh, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly !

She drank her hose, she drank her shoon,  
 And syne she drank her bonnie new gown ;  
 She drank her sark that cover'd her rarely—  
 Oh, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly !

Wad she drink but her ain things, I wadna care,  
 But she drinks my claes that I canna weil spare ;  
 When I'm wi' my gossips it angers me sairly—  
 Oh, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly !

My Sunday's coat she's laid it in wad,  
 And the best blue bonnet e'er was on my head ;  
 At kirk and at mercat I'm cover'd but barely—  
 Oh, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly !

<sup>1</sup> Moderately.

<sup>2</sup> The two cows.

My bonnie white mittens I wore on my hands,  
 Wi' her neighbour's wife she laid them in pawns ;  
 My bane-headed staff that I lo'ed sae dearly—  
 Oh, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly !

I never was for wranglin' nor strife,  
 Nor did I deny her the comforts o' life ;  
 For when there's a war, I'm aye for a parly—  
 Oh, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly !

When there's ony money she maun keep the purse ;  
 If I seek but a bawbee she'll scold and she'll curse ;  
 She lives like a queen—I but scrimpit and sparely—  
 Oh, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly !

A pint wi' her cummers I wad her allow ;  
 But when she sits down, she gets hersel fou,  
 And when she is fou she is unco camstarie—  
 Oh, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly !

When she comes to the street she roars and she rants,  
 Has nae fear o' her neighbours, nor minds the house wants ;  
 She rants up some fule-sang, like, Up your heart, Charlie!—  
 Oh, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly !

When she comes hame she lays on the lads,  
 The lasses she ca's baith [taupies] and jauds,  
 And ca's mysel an auld cuckle-carlie—  
 Oh, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly !

It is perhaps not unworthy of notice, that the two last verses have supplied to Scott the humour of a scene in *Waverley*, where the smith's wife, a tippler and a Jacobite, creates the riot which ends in the arrest of the hero.