

# MOLLY O'RIGGE.

Sit ye awhile and tippie a bit.

The Delights of Wine.

*Caledonia! Native Land!*

The Warriour Bard.

Beadle of the Parish.



Glasgow — Printed for the Booksellers.



MOLLY O'RIGGE, AND TOM TREACLE.

At Cork lived Miss Molly O'Rigge,  
With a nose like the snout of a pig,  
Long carrotty locks,  
And ten pounds in the stocks,  
Was the fortune of Molly O'Rigge,  
What a beautiful Molly O'Rigge.

Tom Treacle lov'd Moll O'Rigge,  
A pert little tea-dealing prig,  
Says he, Molly my dove,  
My heart is brim full of love.  
Says she, Grocer, I don't care a fig,  
What a hard hearted Molly O'Rigge.

I hate men, quoth Molly O'Rigge.  
In love they're a mere whirligig :  
But Cornelius O'Whack,  
Gave her heart such a smack,  
That to church they both caper'd a jig,  
What a false-hearted Molly O'Rigge.

Says the tea-dealer, Molly O'Rigge,  
My heart is with jealousy big,

Says she, hoid your clack,  
 I'm now Mrs O'Whack  
 I'm no longer Molly O'Rigge,  
 Good bye, Mistress Molly O'Rigge.

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SIT YE AWHILE AND TIPPLE A BIT.

We're gaily yet, and we're gaily yet,  
 And we're no very fou but we're gaily yet,  
 Then sit ye awhile and tippie a bit,  
 For we're no very fou but we're gaily yet.

There was a lad, and they ca'd him Dick,  
 He gae me a kiss, and I bit his lip,  
 And down in the garden he shew'd me a trick  
 And we're no very fou, but we're gaily yet.  
 And we're gaily yet, &c.

There were three lads, and they were clad,  
 There were three lasses, and them they had,  
 Three trees in the orchard are newly sprung,  
 And we's a get geer enough, we're but young.  
 And we're gaily yet, &c.

Then up wi't Ailey, Ailey,  
 Up wi't Aily now,  
 Then up wi't Ailey, quo' kimmer,  
 We's a get roaring fou.

One was kiss'd in the barn,  
 Another was kiss'd on the green,  
 And the t'other behind the pease-stack,  
 Till the mow flew up in her e'en.

Then up wi't Ailey, &c.

Now sye John Thomson, rin,  
 Gin ever ye ran in your life,  
 De'il get ye, but hye, my dear Jock,  
 There's a man got to bed with your wife.

Then up wi't Ailey &c.

Then sway John Thomson ran,  
 And I true he ran with speed,  
 But, before he had run his length,  
 The false loon had done the deed.

Then up wi't Ailey, &c.

We're gaily yet, and we're gaily yet,  
 And we're no very fou but we're gaily yet  
 'Then sit ye a-while and tipples a bit,  
 For we're no very fu' but we're gaily yet.

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THE DELIGHTS OF WINE.

Let's be merry with jest and song,  
 Time as he swiftly flies, my boys,  
 Will not a second our bliss prolong,  
 But with his scythe mow down our joys;

Then seize him by the forelock, Mirth,  
 Pleasure drown him in the bowl—  
 We'll toast each laughter-loving soul.

O the delights which wine can give,  
 It every gen'rous bosom fires,  
 Can make the sad again to live,  
 And adds to Venus' fond desires.  
 Sly Cupid sips the potent draft,  
 The little archin drinks to love,  
 While mortals of the heavy heart,  
 Own it celestial from above.

Sorrow but comes too soon my boys,  
 Fill your glasses to each beauty bright,  
 Talk not to us of flames or darts,  
 We'll drink all day, and love all night.  
 Care,—be thou banish'd from our board,  
 Memus,—assist with all thy crew:  
 Come,—Humour,—ape thy merry board.  
 And—Wit,—assist thy chosen few.

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CALEDONIA! NATIVE LAND!

Native land! I'll love thee ever,  
 Let me raise the welcome strain;  
 Mine were banish'd feet, that never  
 Hop'd to press thy turf again,

Now these eyes illum'd with gladness,  
 As they scan'd thy beauties o'er,  
 Ne'er again shall melt in sadness,  
 Parting to return no more,  
 Caledonia, native land,  
 Native land, I'll love the ever.

Native land, tho' fate may banish,  
 And command me far to part,  
 Never can thy mem'ry vanish,  
 From this glowing, gratef' heart,  
 Let an Indian solstice burn me,  
 Or the snows of Norway chill,  
 Higher still, my heart, I turn thee,  
 Here, my country, thou art still,  
 Caledonia, native land,  
 Native land, I'll love thee ever.

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THE WARRIOR BARD.

The Minstrel Boy to the war is gone,  
 In the ranks of death you'll find him,  
 His father's sword he has girded on,  
 And his wild harp slung behind him.—  
 "Land of song!" said the warrior-bard,  
 "Tho' all the world betrays thee,  
 "One sword, at least thy rights shall guard,  
 "One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain  
 Could not bring his proud soul under,  
 The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again,  
 For he tore its cords asunder;  
 And said, "No chains shall sully thee,  
 "Thou soul of love and bravery!  
 "Thy songs we're made for the pure and free  
 "They shall never sound in slavery."

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BEADLE OF THE PARISH.

I'm a very knowing prig,  
 With my laced coat and wig,  
 Though they say I am surly and bearish  
 Sure I look a might man,  
 When I flourish my rattan,  
 To fright the little boys,  
 Who in church-time make a noise,  
 Because I'm beadle of the Parish.  
 Here and there,—every where?  
 Hollo now,—What's the row?  
 Fine to do,—Who are you?  
 Why, zounds, I'm the Beadle of the Parish.

Whenever I come nigh,  
 How I make the beggars fly,  
 My looks are so angry and scarish,  
 Like other city folks,  
 I do business in the stocks.

That whate'er is lost I tell,  
 For you know I bear the bell,  
 Because I'm the Beadle of the Parish,  
 Noise and clatter,—What's the matter?  
 Holla, fellow—You are mellow,  
 Fine to do,—don't you see,  
 Why, zounds—I'm the Beadle of the Parish.

I'm an officer, don't laugh,  
 But indeed I'm on the staff,  
 And all sax I do pretty fairish;  
 On a Sunday strut about,  
 And I keep the rabble out,—  
 The Church-wardens march before,  
 Just to open the pew door,  
 Because I am Beadle of the Parish,  
 Puff away,—merry day,  
 Drink about,—See it out,  
 There will be—snacks for me,  
 Because I'm the Beadle of the Parish.

FINIS.