

TODLEN HAME.

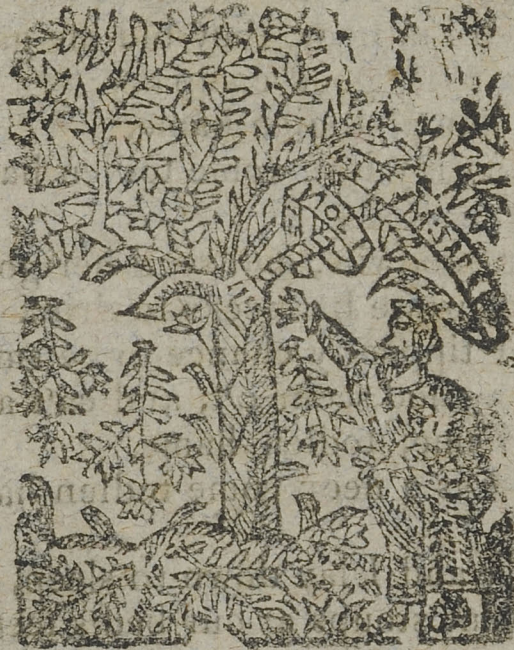
The Bandy-legged Officer,

What have we with day to do.

Hae ye seen in the calm dewy
morning.

It was in and about the Martinmas time.

Deserted by the waning Moon.



Glasgow—Printed for the Booksellers,



TODLEN HAME.

When I have a saxpence under my thumb,
Then I'll get credit in ilka town,
But ay when I'm poor, they bid me gae bye,
O poverty parts good company,
 Todlen hame, todlen hame,
 O cou'dna my love come todlen hame.

Fair fa' the goodwife, and send her good sale,
She gie's us wuite bannocks to drink her ale,
Syne if her tippenny chance to be sma',
We'll tak a good scour o't, and ca't awa'.
 Todlen hame, todlen hame,
 As round as a neep come todlen hame.

My kimmer and I lay down to sleep,
With twa pint stoups at our bed's feet;
And ay when we waken'd, we drank them dry:
Whot think ye of my wee kimmer and I?
 Todlen butt, and todlen ben,
 Sae round as my love comes todlen hame}

Leeze me on liquor, my totlen flow,
 Ye're ay sae good humoured whan weeting
 your mou' ;

When sober, sae sour, ye'll fight with a flee,
 That 'tis a blyth sight for the bairns and me,
 When todlen hame, todlen hame,
 When round as a neep you come todlen
 hame.

THE BANDY-LEGGED OFFICER.

A Landlady in France, lov'd an officer, 'tis
 said,

And the officer he dearly lov'd his brandy O
 Said, she, I love this officer, altho' his nose is
 red,

And his legs are what the regiment call
 bandy O.

When this bandy-legged officer was order'd
 to the coast,

How she tore her lovely locks that look'd
 so sandy O,

Adieu, my love, says she, if you write pray
 the post,

But before we part, let's take a cup of
 brandy O.

She fill'd him up a bumper just before he left
 the town,
 And another for herself so neat and handy O
 So they kept their spirits up by pouring spi-
 rits down,
 For love is like the cholic cur'd by brandy O

Take a bottle o't says she, for you're going
 into camp.

In your tent you know my love, 'twill be
 the dandy O.

You're right says he my life, for a tent is very
 damp,

And 'tis better with my tent to take some
 brandy O.

WHAT HAVE WE WITH DAY TO DO?

By the gaily circling glass,
 We can see how minutes pass.
 By the hollow cask we're told
 How the waning night grows old.
 Soon, too soon, the busy day
 Drives us from our sport away,
 What have we with day to do?
 Sons of care, 'twas made for you!

By the silence of the owl,
 By the chirping on the thorn,
 By the butts thas empty roll,
 We foretel thə approach of morn.
 Fill, then, fill the vacant glass,
 Let no precious moment slip;
 Flout the moralizing ass,
 Joys find entrance by the lip.

HAE YE SEEN IN THE CALM DEWY MORNING.

Hae ye seen in the calm dewy morning,
 The red-breast wiid warbling sae clear
 Or the low dwelling, snow-breasted gowan,
 Sur-charged wi' mild e'ering's soft tear,
 O then ye hae seen my dear lassie,
 The lassie I loe best of a'
 But far frae the hame o' my lassie,
 I'm monie a lang mile awa.

Her hair is she wing o' the blackbird,
 Her eyes is the eye o' the dove,
 Her lips are the red blushing rose-bud,
 Her bosom's the palace of love.
 Tho' green be thy banks O sweet Clutha,
 Thy beauties ne'er charm me awa,
 Forgive me, ye maid of sweet Clutha,
 My heart is wi' her that's awa.

O love thou'rt a dear fleeting pleasure,
The sweetest we mortals here know,
But soon as thy heav'n bright beaming,
O'ercast with the darkness of wo.
As the moon on the oft changing ocean,
Delight's the lone mariner's eye,
Till red rush the storms of the desert,
And dark billows tumble on high.

IT WAS IN AND ABOUT THE MARTINMAS TIME.

It was in and about the Martinmas time,
When the green leaves were a-falling,
That Sir John Graeme in the west countrie,
Fell in love with Barbara Allan.

He sent his man down to the town,
To the place where she was dwelling,
O haste and come to my master dear,
Gin ye be Barbara Allan.

O hooly, hooly rose she up,
To the place where he was lying,
And when she drew the curtain, by,
Young man I think you're dying.

O it's I'm sick, and very very sick.
 And 'tis a' for Barbara Allan,
 O the better for me ye's never be,
 Though your heart's blood were a' spilling.

O dinna ye mind, young man she said,
 When ye was in the tavern a' drinking,
 That ye made the healths go round,
 And slighted Barbara Allan.

He turn'd his face unto the wa',
 For death was wi' him dealing,
 Adieu, adieu, my dear friends a',
 Be kind to Barbara Allan.

Slowly, slowly rose she up,
 And slowly, slowly left him,
 She, sighing said, she could not stay,
 Since death of life bereft him.

She had nae gane a mile out twa,
 When she heard the dead bell ringing,
 And every jowl the dead bell gied,
 It cried woe to Barbara Allan.

O mother, mother mak my bed,
 O mak it saft and narrow,
 Since my love died for me to day,
 I'll die for him to-morrow.

DESERTED BY THE WANING MOON.

Or sailing on the midnight deep,
While weary messmates soundly sleep,
The careful watch patrols the deck,
To guard the ship from foes or wreck ;
And while his thoughts oft homewards bound
Some friendly voice salutes his ear,
What cheer?—Brother—quickly tell?—
Above—below?—good night—all's well.

Deserted by the waning moon,
When skies proclaim night's cheerless doom
On tower, fort, or tented ground,
The sentry walks his lonely round ;—
And should a footstep haply stray,
Where caution marks the guarded way,
Who goes there?—stranger—quickly tell?—
A Friend—the word?—goodnight—all's well

FINIS.