***The Jolly Beggars***

***Recitativo - Dark blue text is narrated verse            Air : Red text is sung***

***Recitativo***

***When lyart leaves bestrow the yird,***

***Or wavering like the bauckie-bird,***

***Bedim cauld Boreas' blast;***

***When hailstanes drive wi' bitter skyte,***

***And infant frosts begin to bite,***

***In hoary cranreuch drest;***

***Ae night at e'en a merry core***

***O' randie, gangrel bodies,***

***In Poosie-Nansie's held the splore,***

***To drink their orra duddies;***

***Wi' quaffing an' laughing,***

***They ranted an' they sang,***

***Wi' jumping an' thumping,***

***The vera girdle rang,***

***First, neist the fire, in auld red rags,***

***Ane sat, weel brac'd wi' mealy bags,***

***And knapsack a' in order;***

***His doxy lay within his arm;***

***Wi' usquebae an' blankets warm***

***She blinkit on her sodger;***

***An' aye he gies the tozie drab***

***The tither skelpin' kiss,***

***While she held up her greedy gab,***

***Just like an aumous dish;***

***Ilk smack still, did crack still,***

***Just like a cadger's whip;***

***Then staggering an' swaggering***

***He roar'd this ditty up-***

***Air : Tune-"Soldier's Joy."***

***I am a son of Mars who have been in many wars,***

***And show my cuts and scars wherever I come;***

***This here was for a wench, and that other in a trench,***

***When welcoming the French at the sound of the drum.***

***Lal de daudle, &c.***

***My 'prenticeship I past where my leader breath'd his last,***

***When the bloody die was cast on the heights of Abram:***

***and I served out my trade when the gallant game was play'd,***

***And the Morro low was laid at the sound of the drum.***

***I lastly was with Curtis among the floating batt'ries,***

***And there I left for witness an arm and a limb;***

***Yet let my country need me, with Elliot to head me,***

***I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of a drum.***

***And now tho' I must beg, with a wooden arm and leg,***

***And many a tatter'd rag hanging over my bum,***

***I'm as happy with my wallet, my bottle, and my callet,***

***As when I used in scarlet to follow a drum.***

***What tho' with hoary locks, I must stand the winter shocks,***

***Beneath the woods and rocks oftentimes for a home,***

***When the t'other bag I sell, and the t'other bottle tell,***

***I could meet a troop of hell, at the sound of a drum.***

***Recitativo***

***He ended; and the kebars sheuk,***

***Aboon the chorus roar;***

***While frighted rattons backward leuk,***

***An' seek the benmost bore:***

***A fairy fiddler frae the neuk,***

***He skirl'd out, encore!***

***But up arose the martial chuck,***

***An' laid the loud uproar.***

***Air : Tune-"Sodger Laddie."***

***I once was a maid, tho' I cannot tell when,***

***And still my delight is in proper young men;***

***Some one of a troop of dragoons was my daddie,***

***No wonder I'm fond of a sodger laddie,***

***Sing, lal de lal, &c.***

***The first of my loves was a swaggering blade,***

***To rattle the thundering drum was his trade;***

***His leg was so tight, and his cheek was so ruddy,***

***Transported I was with my sodger laddie.***

***But the godly old chaplain left him in the lurch;***

***The sword I forsook for the sake of the church:***

***He ventur'd the soul, and I risked the body,***

***'Twas then I proved false to my sodger laddie.***

***Full soon I grew sick of my sanctified sot,***

***The regiment at large for a husband I got;***

***From the gilded spontoon to the fife I was ready,***

***I asked no more but a sodger laddie.***

***But the peace it reduc'd me to beg in despair,***

***Till I met old boy in a Cunningham fair,***

***His rags regimental, they flutter'd so gaudy,***

***My heart it rejoic'd at a sodger laddie.***

***And now I have liv'd-I know not how long,***

***And still I can join in a cup and a song;***

***But whilst with both hands I can hold the glass steady,***

***Here's to thee, my hero, my sodger laddie.***

***Recitativo***

***Poor Merry-Andrew, in the neuk,***

***Sat guzzling wi' a tinkler-hizzie;***

***They mind't na wha the chorus teuk,***

***Between themselves they were sae busy:***

***At length, wi' drink an' courting dizzy,***

***He stoiter'd up an' made a face;***

***Then turn'd an' laid a smack on Grizzie,***

***Syne tun'd his pipes wi' grave grimace.***

***Air : Tune-"Auld Sir Symon."***

***Sir Wisdom's a fool when he's fou;***

***Sir Knave is a fool in a session;***

***He's there but a 'prentice I trow,***

***But I am a fool by profession.***

***My grannie she bought me a beuk,***

***An' I held awa to the school;***

***I fear I my talent misteuk,***

***But what will ye hae of a fool?***

***For drink I would venture my neck;***

***A hizzie's the half of my craft;***

***But what could ye other expect***

***Of ane that's avowedly daft?***

***I ance was tied up like a stirk,***

***For civilly swearing and quaffin;***

***I ance was abus'd i' the kirk,***

***For towsing a lass i' my daffin.***

***Poor Andrew that tumbles for sport,***

***Let naebody name wi' a jeer;***

***There's even, I'm tauld, i' the Court***

***A tumbler ca'd the Premier.***

***Observ'd ye yon reverend lad***

***Mak faces to tickle the mob;***

***He rails at our mountebank squad, -***

***It's rivalship just i' the job.***

***And now my conclusion I'll tell,***

***For faith I'm confoundedly dry;***

***The chiel that's a fool for himsel',***

***Guid Lord! he's far dafter than I.***

***Recitativo***

***Then niest outspak a raucle carlin,***

***Wha kent fu' weel to cleek the sterlin;***

***For mony a pursie she had hooked,***

***An' had in mony a well been douked;***

***Her love had been a Highland laddie,***

***But weary fa' the waefu' woodie!***

***Wi' sighs an' sobs she thus began***

***To wail her braw John Highlandman.***

***Air : Tune-"O, an ye were dead, Guidman."***

***A Highland lad my love was born,***

***The Lalland laws he held in scorn;***

***But he still was faithfu' to his clan,***

***My gallant, braw John Highlandman.***

***Chorus***

***Sing hey my braw John Highlandman!***

***Sing ho my braw John Highlandman!***

***There's not a lad in a' the lan'***

***Was match for my John Highlandman.***

***With his philibeg an' tartan plaid,***

***An' guid claymore down by his side,***

***The ladies' hearts he did trepan,***

***My gallant, braw John Highlandman.***

***Sing hey, &c.***

***We ranged a' from Tweed to Spey,***

***An' liv'd like lords an' ladies gay;***

***For a Lalland face he feared none, -***

***My gallant, braw John Highlandman.***

***Sing hey, &c.***

***They banish'd him beyond the sea.***

***But ere the bud was on the tree,***

***Adown my cheeks the pearls ran,***

***Embracing my John Highlandman.***

***Sing hey, &c.***

***But, och! they catch'd him at the last,***

***And bound him in a dungeon fast:***

***My curse upon them every one,***

***They've hang'd my braw John Highlandman!***

***Sing hey, &c.***

***And now a widow, I must mourn***

***The pleasures that will ne'er return:***

***The comfort but a hearty can,***

***When I think on John Highlandman.***

***Sing hey, &c.***

***Recitativo***

***A pigmy scraper wi' his fiddle,***

***Wha us'd at trystes an' fairs to driddle.***

***Her strappin limb and gausy middle***

***(He reach'd nae higher)***

***Had hol'd his heartie like a riddle,***

***An' blawn't on fire.***

***Wi' hand on hainch, and upward e'e,***

***He croon'd his gamut, one, two, three,***

***Then in an arioso key,***

***The wee Apoll***

***Set off wi' allegretto glee***

***His giga solo.***

***Air : Tune-"Whistle owre the lave o't."***

***Let me ryke up to dight that tear,***

***An' go wi' me an' be my dear;***

***An' then your every care an' fear***

***May whistle owre the lave o't.***

***Chorus***

***I am a fiddler to my trade,***

***An' a' the tunes that e'er I played,***

***The sweetest still to wife or maid,***

***Was whistle owre the lave o't.***

***At kirns an' weddins we'se be there,***

***An' O sae nicely's we will fare!***

***We'll bowse about till Daddie Care***

***Sing whistle owre the lave o't.***

***I am, &c.***

***Sae merrily's the banes we'll pyke,***

***An' sun oursel's about the dyke;***

***An' at our leisure, when ye like,***

***We'll whistle owre the lave o't.***

***I am, &c.***

***But bless me wi' your heav'n o' charms,***

***An' while I kittle hair on thairms,***

***Hunger, cauld, an' a' sic harms,***

***May whistle owre the lave o't.***

***I am, &c.***

***Recitativo***

***Her charms had struck a sturdy caird,***

***As weel as poor gut-scraper;***

***He taks the fiddler by the beard,***

***An' draws a roosty rapier-***

***He swoor, by a' was swearing worth,***

***To speet him like a pliver,***

***Unless he would from that time forth***

***Relinquish her for ever.***

***Wi' ghastly e'e poor tweedle-dee***

***Upon his hunkers bended,***

***An' pray'd for grace wi' ruefu' face,***

***An' so the quarrel ended.***

***But tho' his little heart did grieve***

***When round the tinkler prest her,***

***He feign'd to snirtle in his sleeve,***

***When thus the caird address'd her:***

***Air : Tune-"Clout the Cauldron."***

***My bonie lass, I work in brass,***

***A tinkler is my station:***

***I've travell'd round all Christian ground***

***In this my occupation;***

***I've taen the gold, an' been enrolled***

***In many a noble squadron;***

***But vain they search'd when off I march'd***

***To go an' clout the cauldron.***

***I've taen the gold, &c.***

***Despise that shrimp, that wither'd imp,***

***With a' his noise an' cap'rin;***

***An' take a share with those that bear***

***The budget and the apron!***

***And by that stowp! my faith an' houp,***

***And by that dear Kilbaigie,^2***

***If e'er ye want, or meet wi' scant,***

***May I ne'er weet my craigie.***

***And by that stowp, &c.***

***Recitativo***

***The caird prevail'd-th' unblushing fair***

***In his embraces sunk;***

***Partly wi' love o'ercome sae sair,***

***An' partly she was drunk:***

***Sir Violino, with an air***

***That show'd a man o' spunk,***

***Wish'd unison between the pair,***

***An' made the bottle clunk***

***To their health that night.***

***But hurchin Cupid shot a shaft,***

***That play'd a dame a shavie-***

***The fiddler rak'd her, fore and aft,***

***Behint the chicken cavie.***

***Her lord, a wight of Homer's craft,^3***

***Tho' limpin wi' the spavie,***

***He hirpl'd up, an' lap like daft,***

***An' shor'd them Dainty Davie.***

***O' boot that night.***

***He was a care-defying blade***

***As ever Bacchus listed!***

***Tho' Fortune sair upon him laid,***

***His heart, she ever miss'd it.***

***He had no wish but-to be glad,***

***Nor want but-when he thirsted;***

***He hated nought but-to be sad,***

***An' thus the muse suggested***

***His sang that night.***

***Air : Tune-"For a' that, an' a' that."***

***I am a Bard of no regard,***

***Wi' gentle folks an' a' that;***

***But Homer-like, the glowrin byke,***

***Frae town to town I draw that.***

***Chorus***

***For a' that, an' a' that,***

***An' twice as muckle's a' that;***

***I've lost but ane, I've twa behin',***

***I've wife eneugh for a' that.***

***I never drank the Muses' stank,***

***Castalia's burn, an' a' that;***

***But there it streams an' richly reams,***

***My Helicon I ca' that.***

***For a' that, &c.***

***Great love Idbear to a' the fair,***

***Their humble slave an' a' that;***

***But lordly will, I hold it still***

***A mortal sin to thraw that.***

***For a' that, &c.***

***In raptures sweet, this hour we meet,***

***Wi' mutual love an' a' that;***

***But for how lang the flie may stang,***

***Let inclination law that.***

***For a' that, &c.***

***Their tricks an' craft hae put me daft,***

***They've taen me in, an' a' that;***

***But clear your decks, and here's-"The Sex!"***

***I like the jads for a' that.***

***Chorus***

***For a' that, an' a' that,***

***An' twice as muckle's a' that;***

***My dearest bluid, to do them guid,***

***They're welcome till't for a' that.***

***Recitativo***

***So sang the bard - and Nansie's wa's***

***Shook with a thunder of applause,***

***Re-echo'd from each mouth!***

***They toom'd their pocks, they pawn'd their duds,***

***They scarcely left to co'er their fuds,***

***To quench their lowin drouth:***

***Then owre again, the jovial thrang***

***The poet did request***

***To lowse his pack an' wale a sang,***

***A ballad o' the best;***

***He rising, rejoicing,***

***Between his twa Deborahs,***

***Looks round him, an' found them***

***Impatient for the chorus.***

***Air : Tune-"Jolly Mortals, fill your Glasses."***

***See the smoking bowl before us,***

***Mark our jovial ragged ring!***

***Round and round take up the chorus,***

***And in raptures let us sing-***

***Chorus***

***A fig for those by law protected!***

***Liberty's a glorious feast!***

***Courts for cowards were erected,***

***Churches built to please the priest.***

***What is title, what is treasure,***

***What is reputation's care?***

***If we lead a life of pleasure,***

***'Tis no matter how or where!***

***A fig for, &c.***

***With the ready trick and fable,***

***Round we wander all the day;***

***And at night in barn or stable,***

***Hug our doxies on the hay.***

***A fig for, &c.***

***Does the train-attended carriage***

***Thro' the country lighter rove?***

***Does the sober bed of marriage***

***Witness brighter scenes of love?***

***A fig for, &c.***

***Life is al a variorum,***

***We regard not how it goes;***

***Let them cant about decorum,***

***Who have character to lose.***

***A fig for, &c.***

***Here's to budgets, bags and wallets!***

***Here's to all the wandering train.***

***Here's our ragged brats and callets,***

***One and all cry out, Amen!***

***Chorus***

***A fig for those by law protected!***

***Liberty's a glorious feast!***

***Courts for cowards were erected,***

***Churches built to please the priest.***