

MARGARET

AND THE

MINISTER,

A TRUE TALE.

HEY FOR A LASS WI' A TOCHER.

REST, WARRIOR, REST.

THE BONNIE BARK.



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MARGARET
AND THE
THE COMIC TALE
OF
MARGARET AND THE MINISTER.

A douse, religious, kintry wife,
That liv'd a quiet contented life,
To show respect unto the priest,
Whom she esteem'd within her breast,
Catch'd twa fat hens, baith big an' plump,
And butter she pack'd up a lump;
Which she a present meant to gie him,
And wi' them aff she gaed to see him.

Dress'd in her ain auld kintry fashion,
Wi' brown stuff gown, and braw white bussin,
A dark-blue cloak and hood cover'd a',
Sae lade, sae clad she march'd awa;
Thus trudg'd alang, and hence belyve,
At the manse door she did arrive—
Rapp't, was admitted by the maid;
Ben to the kitchen wi' her gade.—

Syne for the minister inquir'd,
Who soon came butt as she desir'd,
When she to him a curtchie made,
And he to her thus smiling said.

Min. O! my dear Margaret, is this you:
I'm glad to see you, how d'ye do?
How's Tamos, my auld worthy frien'?
How's Jock your son, an' daughter Jean?

Mar. They're gaily, Sir, we're a' meat hale—
Tho' Tamie's e'en but craz'd and frail;
But here's some butter, I present ye,
Which wi' thir hens I compliment ye.

Min. Howt, Margret! this speaks t' expence
But thanks ye'se get for recompence:
Wi' gratefu' heart, I freely tell
Ye're ever kind an' like yoursel'.

Mar. Whisht, Sir! wi' thanks, nae thanks ava;
Ye're worthy mair—the gift's but sma';
But this acknowledgment from us,
Means ye're beloved by me and Tamos.

Min. Sic favours, sure, I ne'er expected;
Yet blythe am I, I'm sae respected;
Fling aff your cloak and follow me;
Come ben, an' rest, an' crack awee:

'Tis no sae aft ye come to see us;
Ye'll wait, and tak' your dinner wi' us—
It's ready, waiting on my comin';
Come ben, then, Margret, honest woman.

Mar. Na, na, Sir! dinna speak o' that,
I'll tak' nae dinner weel I wat;
Wi' gentle manners (ye will grant it)
I've ever yet been unaquantit.

Min. The manners that ye use at hame—
 Use here, an' banish fear an' shame,
 The company's but few, they're wholly
 My wife, a preacher, Jess, and Polly :
 Ye'se tak' your dinner or ye gang,
 Just do like me, ye'll no gae wrang.
 To dine at length she was advised ;
 Gade glowrin' ben like ane surprised ;

Spread wide her gown, her head erected,
 Confus'd and awkwardly she becked :
 While rev'rend Mess John, kind and fair,
 Conducted her unto a chair ;
 An' told them wi' a knacky sentence,
 She was an intimate acquaintance.
 Blate like, aroun' them a' she gaz'd ;
 But at the table was amaz'd,

She ne'er before saw sicken fairlies,
 Sae mony antic turly-whirlies,
 How to behave while she was eating,
 In sic a nicy gentle meeting,
 She had great fears, her heart was beating,
 Her legs did shake, her face was sweating,
 But still she was resolv'd anon,
 To do in a' things like Mess John.

A' ready, sitting face to face,
 His reverence gravely said the grace ;
 Then wi' a frank and open air,
 Bade them fa' on and lib'ral share ;

But he being with the palsy troubl'd,
 In lifting spoonfu's often dribbl'd,
 Sae to prevent the draps o' broth,
 He prin'd to's breast the table cloth.

Now Margret's settl'd resolution
 Was quickly put in execution ;
 For as was already said, she did
 Resolve to do whatever he did ;
 She therefore, also, like the priest,
 Prin'd the cloth firmly to her breast,
 (Wi' a prin twa inches lang at least!)
 Which smiles from them at table drew,
 As far's gude breeding wad allow.

Sae soon as they the kail had supp'd,
 To glancin' knives and forks they grupp'd,
 Wi' them to weel fill'd plates fell keenly,
 Ate—took a drink—and crackit freenly.
 But Margret only was a hearer,
 She was sae blate, nought seem'd to cheer her,
 Sae mony things appearing new,
 Cam' ilka minute in her view ;

And fill'd her mind sae fu' o' dread,
 Cracking was clean out o' her head :
 In course, the pastor, her example,
 Who brought her there to feed her ample,
 She notic'd twa or three times take,
 Out o' a dish, slaik after slaik
 O' MUSTARD, which she judg'd to be,
 Gravy or some delicious brie.

For Margret never did peruse it,
 Kenn'd na its name nor how to use it ;
 But now determin'd to partake it,
 She wi' a tea-spoon took a slaik o't,
 Heedless she supped up the whole,
 Then instantly she looked droll,
 Dung doited in a moment's space,
 She hung her head and threw her face ,
 Threw down her fork displeas'd,
 Syne wi' baith hands her nose she seiz'd,

While it did bite and blind her een,
 The like o't sure was never seen ;
 For, starting up as fast as able,
 The haill gear tumbl'd aff the table.
 The crash o' crockery ware resounded,
 Plates truntlin'—ilka ane confounded ;
 Straight to the door she frantic flew,
 And after her Mess John she drew ;

Which drave the company a' through ither,
 As they were kippl'd baith thegither ;
 But in a crack the prins brak loose,
 And Margret raving left the house.
 Hameward in haste she hobbl'd sweating,
 Tell'd Tamos the disaster greeting ;
 Wrung baith her hands, and solemn sware,
 To dine wi' gentle folks nae mair.

HEY FOR A LASS WI' A TOCHER.

Awa wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms,
 The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms;
 O gie me the lass that has acres o' charms,
 O gie me the lass wi' the weel stockit farms.

Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
 Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher.
 Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
 The nice yellow guineas for me,

Your beauty's a flower in the morning that blows,
 And withers the faster, the faster it grows;
 But their's rapturous charms on the bonny green knowes,
 Ilk spring as they're new deck'd wi' bonny white yowes.
 Then hey, &c.

And e'en when this beauty your bosom has blest,
 The brightest o' beauty may cloy when possest;
 But the sweet yellow darlings, wi' Geordie imprest,
 The langer ye hae them—the mair they're carest.
 Then hey, &c.

REST, WARRIOR, REST.

He comes from the wars, from the red field of fight,
 He comes through the storm and darkness of night;
 For rest and for refuge now fain to implore,
 The warrior bends low at the cottager's door.
 Pale, pale is his cheek, there's a gash on his brow
 His locks o'er his shoulders distractedly flow,
 And the fire of his heart shoots by fits from his eye,
 Like a languishing lamp that just flashes to die.

Rest, warrior, rest!—rest, warrior, rest!

Sunk in silence and sleep on the cottager's bed,
 Oblivion shall visit the war-weary head;
 Perhaps he may dream—but the vision shall tell,
 Of his lady-love's bower, and her latest farewell.
 Illusion and love chase the battle's alarms,
 He shall dream that his mistress lies lock'd in his
 arms ;
 He shall feel on his lips the sweet warmth of her kiss :
 Ah, warrior, wake not! such slumber is bliss.
 Rest, warrior, rest!—rest, warrior, rest!

THE BONNIE BARK.

O! merry goes, O! merry goes,
 The bonnie, bonnie bark,
 'Tis Donald in his plaidy rows,
 I ken his tartan mark ;
 Sae bonnie stripp'd with red and blue,
 With red and blue, with red and blue,
 I'd point it out 'mang all the crew,
 Tho' e'er so far from me.

But see he rows his bonnie bark,
 His bonnie bark sae light,
 To meet me in the moon's pale light,
 A faithful laddie he.
 Then row, row the bonnie bark,
 The bonnie bark, the bonnie bark,
 Row, row the bonnie bark,
 My laddie comes to me.

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