

Duncan Gray.

Can ye play me Duncan Gray,
Ha, ha, the girdin' o't;
O'er the hills and far away,
Ha, ha, ha, the girdin' o't,
Duncan cam our Meg to woo,
Meg was nice and wadna do,
But like an ither puff'd an' blew
At offer o' the girdin' o't.

Duncan he cam here again,
Ha, ha, the girdin' o't,
A' was out, an' Meg her lane,
Ha, ha, ha, the girdin' o't;
He kiss'd her butt, he kiss'd her ben,
He bang'd a thing against her wame;
Rut, troth, I now forget its name,
At, I trow, she gat the girdin' o't.

She took him to the cellar then,
Ha, ha, the girdin' o't,
To see if he could do't again,
Ha, ha, ha, the girdin' o't;
He kiss'd her ance, he kiss'd her twice,
An' by the bye he kiss'd her thrice
Till deil a mair the thing wad rise
To gie her the long girdin' o't.

But Duncan took her to his wife,
Ha, ha, the girdin' o't,
To be the comfort o' his life,
Ha, ha, ha, the girdin' o't;
An' now she scauls baith night an' day,
Except when Duncan's at the play;
An' that's as seldom as he may,
He's weary o' the girdin' o't.

(girdin - driving; ither - adder; scauls - scolds).

My Girl She's Airy, She's Buxom and Gay.
(Tune:- Black Joke).

My girl she's airy, she's buxom and gay,
Her breath is as sweet as the blossoms in May;
A touch of her lips it ravishes quite;
She's always good natur'd, good humor'd and free;
She dances, she glances, she smiles with a glee,
Her eyes are the lightnings of joy and delight;
Her slender neck, her handsome waist
Her hair well buckl'd, her stays well lac'd,
Her taper white leg, with an et, and a, c,
For her a, b, e, d, and her c, u, n, t,
And Oh for the joys of a long winter night!!!

Ye Jovial Boys Who Love the Joy
(The Fornicator. Tune:- Clout the

Ye jovial boys who love the joys,
The blissful joys of lovers,
Yet dare avow with dauntless brow,
When the bony lass discovers,
I pray draw near; and lend an ear,
And welcome in a Frater,
For I've lately been on quarantine,
A proven Fornicator.

Before the Congregation wide,
I passed the muster fairly,
My handsome Betsy by my side,
We gat our ditty rarely;
But my downcast eye did chance to spy
What made my lips to water,
Those limbs so clean where I between
Commenc'd a Fornicator.

With rueful face and signs of grace
I pay'd the buttock-hire,
But the night was dark and thro' the par
I could not but convoy her;
A parting kiss I could not less,
My vows began to scatter,
My Betsy fell - lal d dal lal lal,
I am a Fornicator.