

The Taxes;

To which is added,

The Excellent Old Song of

The Greenwich Lady.



PETERHEAD;

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THE TAXES.

The tither night I set me down,
consulting what was best man,
I sidg'd aboot an claw'd my crown,
an gae my limbs to rest man;
I took a wee bit bukie down,
prefering what was guid man,
It happened to be Tammie Thum,
I gravely tried to read man.

But scarce had I been seated right,
till something frae abeen man,
Steed in atween me an the-light,
an glamour'd oer my een man;
To gie my blintin peepins ease,
I took a wee relax man,
Cries Meg the name o' this disease,
they ca it window tax man.

A well says I, bring me a light,
what better could be done man,
To lock the sun up frae our sight,
the like was never seen man!
A farthing light I bade them bring;
that I might see mair clear man.
So in they brought a wee bit thing
jist like a wheelin wire man!

Our Meg she had some clouts to wash,
 an made an unco steer man,
 The saip its naething now bat trash,
 an grown sae waefu dear man;
 Sic dirten times was never seen,
 says I, I was so vext man,
 We canna get our hippens clean,
 without them bein tax'd man!

I hae a wee bit cantie nag,
 I bought to ease my sel man,
 But now the taid begins to fag,
 he kicks an cocks his tail man.
 O weary fa their taxes a,
 coud onie-thing be worse man,
 Whan we are loaded like to fa,
 then they maun load the horse man!

In mornnins whan I raise wi speed,
 to work and thrash my flail man,
 my meg brought out a cake o bread,
 besides a cog o ale man.
 But now its grown so vicious sma,
 wi that mischievous tax man,
 Its guid for naething maist ava,
 bat rottia o' my guts man!

I brak my pipe an tint my mul,
 an roun the house did reel man,
 I stump about like ane gane wil,
 and blinter like a fiel man.
 My Meg she darna taste the tea,
 she says her wame it taxes,
 She flabbers at her ain kail bree,
 an curses at the taxes.

She traiks her wallops out an in,
 an looks fac wondrous feart man,
 She herra the potage ay so thin,
 an mair them wanto laut man:
 She felyges about wi barfit feet,
 an unto clouted claus man,
 The leather tax it gars her greet,
 an braken o her taes man.

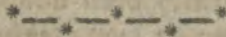
Atho' my wame were ne'er so fair
 an I wert like to spue man,
 I couldna get to ease my care,
 a drappy o the blue man.
 My whisky pot they gze a coup,
 an coonacht a my bree man,
 I wifs my n^e war i' their doup,
 Tho' I should tane my shoe man.

My doggie ay that was my fric,
 an toddled in an out man,
 He darna bark now at the meen,
 nor shaw his we bit snout man.
 He drill'd the maukins o'er the hill,
 an flayd awa the foxes,
 But now the creature maun ly still,
 he darna bouff for taxes.

My wee bit eat they hinna cess'd,
 they've fearly been mistaen man,
 There's scarce a livin creature miss'd,
 that crawls beneath the meen man.
 Bat we hae rottins i' the wa,
 that unco fair perplex us,
 They fanka want them ane an a,
 to keep us free o' taxes.

We wonner what sic taxin means,
 an what maks a our cares man,
 Had this come on us a at ance.
 we had gane mad like hares man.
 But after ane anither steals,
 an so they wear awa man,
 it gars us marvel just like fiels,
 what way we live awa man!

I think before they tax my coach,
 I'll rather wauk about man,
 And ere my chammer pot they touch,
 I'll rather dect thereout man.
 But I'm so vext I winna stay,
 so here I'll lat it fa man,
 There's mony ane gane hafins say,
 bade sorra tax them a man.



The GREENWICH LADY.

A lady of great birth and fame
 to Greenwich town for pleasure came
 Where there a sailor she did behold,
 whose courage was both stout and bold

She viewed him with her lovely eyes,
 which filled her hear with great surpris
 He being proper tall and trim,
 This lady fell in love with him.

happened once upon a day,
this lady unto him did say,
understand sir you want a wife
how can you live a single life?

the sailer then he thus replied,
scarce for myself I can provide:
I had got a wife and family,
perhaps their wants I could not supply.

and if I chance for to leave the shore
or should I go where cannons roar;
mischance should happen me,
I have none at home to mourn for me.

What needs you make so much complaint,
the greatest joy and sweet content-
to be found in a married state,
the like is not found in mortal fate.

would have you wed sir if you be wise,
perhaps you may to riches rise;
and stay at home and take your ease,
and cross no more the raging seas.

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I thank your ladyship said he,
so pleasantly to jest with me:
No, I am in earnest she replied,
a match for you I can provide.

Matches enough theres to be had,
theres many a one that would be glad
Of such a brisk young youth as you,
you will wed and bid the seas adieu.

I know a lady of great estate,
that hath got riches to make you great;
With men and maidens at her call,
and marriage makes you lord of all.

She is like myself in every degree;
I wish it were the same said he:
You have got your wish, take your love,
and I will endue you as above.

Twelve thousand pounds, myself besides,
If you will quit the ocean wide:
Now this couple to church they went,
and married were with sweet content;
And now they live in love as one,
I hear they live in Greenwich town.

FINIS.