



MARCH OF INTELLECT.

The barber takes you by the nose,
 And talks about *Noseology*,
 And Thames street warehousemen disclose
 Their art in *Craneology* ;
 Last dying speeches beggars sell,
 And prate about *bugography*,
 While journeymen take walks, and well
 Improve them in *toepography*.
 Tol lol, &c.

Mendicants and paupers still
 Consistent in their actions,
Break stones upon the road, their skill
 To shew in *vulgar fractions*.
 The milkman who turns *PAIL* each day,
 While studying *astronomy*,
 Calls *poring on the milky whey*,
Political economy !

Tol lol, &c.

Our waggoners that up hill go,
 Can tell you of *highdrawlicks*,
 They taste the luxury of ' *Woh* !'
 And drag through lectures prolix.
 Now gardeners *extract their roots*
 By science, till they've not any,
 And costermongers' taste the fruits
 (While selling greens) of *botany*.

Tol lol, &c.

Inkeepers double-entry learn,
 And wisely calculate ;
 While carpenter's those sawyers spurn,
 That *logarithms* hate.
 The ' *March of Intellect* ' all love,
 All wish to have a hand in,
 E'en cobblers labour to improve
 The *human understanding* !

Tol lol, &c.

Such is the general thirst of knowledge,
 So little is its scarcity,
 Soon Tooley street will have its college,
 St Giles' its university ;
 Now, Mr. Cobbet, all our fellows,
 Delights to make *grammatical*—
 And cats'-meat sellers, from their cellars,
 Answer most *dogmatical* !

Tol lol, &c.

ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Wat she how she cheated me,
 As I came o'er the braes of Balloch.

She vowed, she swore she wad be mine,
 She said she lo'ed me best of ony ;
 But ah ! the fickle, faithless quean,
 She's ta'en the carle, and left her Johnny.
 Roy's wife, &c.

Her hair sae fair, her een sae clear,
 Her wee bit mou, sae sweet and bonnie,
 To me she ever will be dear,
 Though she's for ever left her Johnny.
 Roy's wife, &c.

But, oh ! she was a canty quean,
 And weel could dance the Highland walloch ;
 How happy I, had she been mine,
 Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch.
 Roy's wife, &c.

THE MIDGES DANCE ABOON THE BURN.

The midges dance aboon the burn,
 The dewes begin to fa'
 The pairicks, down the rushy holm,
 Set up their e'ening ca.'
 Now loud and clear the blackbird's sang
 Rings through the briery shaw,
 While, fitting gay, the swallows play
 Around the castle wa'.

Beneath the gowden gloaming sky,
 The mavis mends her lay,
 The redbreast pours his sweetest strains
 To charm the ling'ring day ;
 While weary yeldrins seem to wail
 Their little nestlings torn,
 The merry wren, frae den to den,
 Gaes jinking through the thorn.

The roses fauld their silken leaves,
 The foxglove shuts his bell,
 The honeysuckle, and the birk,
 Spread fragrance through the dell.
 Let others crowd the giddy court
 Of mirth and revelry,
 The simple sweets that nature metes,
 Far dearer are to me.



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