

CARE

A Song.

OLD Daddy Care, I pray forbear,
And let poor bodies be;
Gae kame your wig, or dance a jig,
Or go to France, for me.
When you are by, I groan and sigh,
Life's nae worth much to me;
Your weary load my footsteps goad,
I'd almost like to dee.

When you are gone I'm free to sing
Or laugh, or hae a crack,
But when your gruesome face appears,
Oh! then I'm on the rack.
When gay and happy hearts rejoice,
How can you e'er propose
To thwart Dame Nature's honest work
By poking in your nose?

You've got yon miser in your grip,
Poor de'il, I'm wae to see;
But health and ease of mind is mair
Than money bags to me.
So Father Care, it's true, I swear,
I'll no more partner be;
Go pack your traps and funeral wraps,
And fly away frae me!