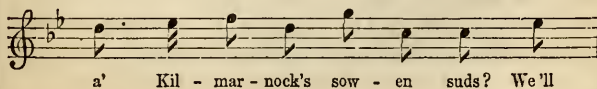
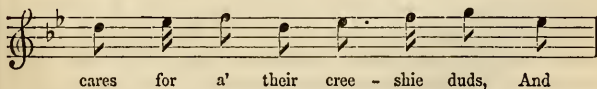
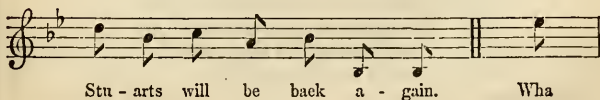
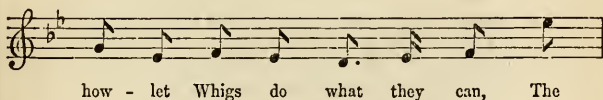
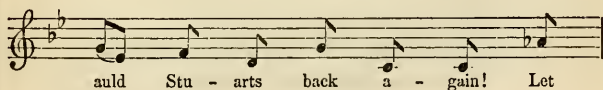
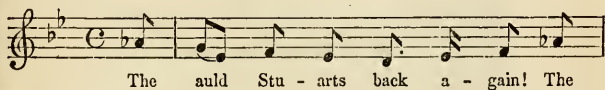


THE AULD STUARTS BACK AGAIN.

This song, remarkable for its intense bitterness towards the Whig party, appears to have been composed at a moment of high hope among the friends of the Stuarts, when the principal chiefs were understood to be assembling in Braemar, as for a Highland hunting, but in reality to arrange for an insurrection of the clans.



wauk their hides, and fyle their fuds, And
bring the Stu-arts back a - gain.

The auld Stuarts back again !
 The auld Stuarts back again !
 Let howlet Whigs do what they can,
 The Stuarts will be back again.
 Wha cares for a' their creeshie duds,
 And a' Kilmarnock's sowen suds ?
 We'll wauk their hides, and fyle their fuds,
 And bring the Stuarts back again.

There's Ayr, and Irvine, wi' the rest,
 And a' the cronies o' the west ;
 Lord ! sic a scaw'd and scabbit nest,
 And *they'll* set up their crack again !
 But wad they come, or daur they come,
 Afore the bagpipe and the drum,
 We'll either gar them a' sing dumb,
 Or 'Auld Stuarts back again.'

Give ear unto this loyal sang,
 A' ye that ken the richt frae wrang,
 And a' that look, and think it lang,
 For auld Stuarts back again :
 Were ye wi' me to chase the rae,
 Out ower the hills and far away,
 And saw the lords come there that day,
 To bring the Stuarts back again :

There ye might see the noble Marr,
Wi' Athole, Huntly, and Traquair,
Seaforth, Kilsyth, and Auldublair,
 And mony mae, what reck, again.
Then what are a' their westlin' crews?
We'll gar the tailors tack again:
Can they forstand the tartan trews,
 And 'Auld Stuarts back again?'