

SONGS.

THE THISTLE.

AIR—“*The Hills of Glenorchy.*”

JOHN BULL, if he likes, may get smothered in roses,—
The odour of leek give to Cambrian noses,—
Let Pat praise the grace which the Shamrock discloses,—
 The bonnie blue Thistle of Scotland for me !
Its stern “*Nemo me impune lacessit*”
Has just the right ring for the race who caress it ;
They aye come to grief who too rudely would press it :
 The bonnie blue Thistle of Scotland for me !

Fierce kings from far Lochlin, to break or to bend it,
Oft tried all their might—vow'd by Odin to end it ;
Let Loncarty—Largs—show what luck them attended :
 The bonnie blue Thistle of Scotland for me !
The Saxon next tried with the Rose to supplant it,
But found a reception ne'er dreamed of or wanted ;
Retreat, or a grave, was just all he was granted !
 The bonnie blue Thistle of Scotland for me.

Our emblem, true blue as the Heaven above it—
 What bard worth the name would not proudly sing of it?
 What patriot heart would not bless it and love it?
 The bonnie blue Thistle of Scotland for me!
 Well, well may the sons of St. Andrew revere it,
 All Scotsmen delight in their bonnets to wear it,
 And proudly defy any symbol to peer it:
 The bonnie blue Thistle of Scotland for me!

UPPER-TENDOM.

AIR—“*Behave Yoursel' Before Folk.*”

'Tis fit that humbler folk should show
 Due reverence for the great High-low;
 Hats off for Snooks! Why, don't you know
 He's of our Upper-tendom!

CHORUS—Sing hey for Upper-tendom!
 Good luck to all who cherish it!
 Though vulgar folk its claims may mock,
 Still great is Upper-tendom!

What though the mother of Fitzfluke
 Once *was* where now she *has* a cook,
 Let's all do homage to the—puke.
 He goes for Upper-tendom!
 Sing hey, &c.

Poor Peg-tops nothing now can see
 Without an eyeglass! Ten to three
 Peg purchased with a borrowed V
 That mark of Upper-tendom!
 Sing hey, &c.

Sir Snipp may well plain people slight —
His sire was of *The Goose* a knight ;
He now has got a double right
To top our Upper-tendom.
Sing hey, &c.

Who doubts the Dowds from kings have sprung
Had better, near them, guard his tongue ;
Folk just as lately from the dung
Are of our Upper-tendom ;
Sing hey, &c.

The Smiths, as through our streets they go,
Now never own their father Joe ;
What right has he, poor man, to know
The SMYTHES of Upper-tendom !
Sing hey, &c.

Commend me always to the Coys
For grubs transformed to butterflies,
And making food for mirth likewise
To all save Upper-tendom !
Sing hey, &c.

Well may plain people laugh to see
Such barber-block gentility,
And pray for grace to aye keep free
Of aping Upper-tendom !
Sing hey, &c.

EIGHT IN ONE ARE WE.

(Words for a Canadian March. Written to the tune of an old Highland lilt beginning "*Dhamsadh-mid, ruidhle-mid,*" etc.)

Ho for that land never
Matched for lake and river !
Canada for ever,

Boys, for you and me !
Living land so choice in,
Who would not, rejoicing,
Join us, proudly voicing,
" Eight in one are we ! "

CHORUS—Comrades true, ready to
Do or die united,
Here we go, proud to show
Eight in one are we !

Though content to stay, boys,
'Neath the old Flag aye, boys,
Yet, should come a day, boys,
This no more may be,
On we'd march, nought caring,
A new banner airing,
Its device declaring
" Eight in one are we ! "
Comrades true, etc.

By our prairies flowering,
By our mountains towering,
By the woods embowering
Our loved homesteads free,

Swear we to abide, boys,
Ever side by side, boys,
Counting it our pride boys,
Eight in one to be.
Comrades true, etc.

Let Ambition's story
Tell of conquests gory,—
Peaceful triumphs more we
In our path would see :
Still 'gainst wrong contending,
Still the right defending,—
Might with meekness blending,
Reach we empire free.
Comrades true, etc.

THE BONNET, KILT AND FEATHER.

AIR—“ *Wha'll be King but Charlie !* ”

WHEN time was young, and Adam strung
His leafy garb together,
Then first were planned in fashion grand
The bonnet, kilt and feather.

CHORUS—O ! dear to me as life can be
The land where blooms the heather,
And doubly dear the lads who wear
The bonnet, kilt and feather.

Your dandy vaunts his skin-tight pants,
Just fit such things to tether,
But give to me, all flowing free,
The bonnet, kilt and feather.
O ! dear to me, etc.

For lordly hall, or courtly ball,
Where all that's grand foregather,
There's nothing seen to match the sheen
Of bonnet, kilt and feather.
O ! dear to me, &c.

The gorgeousness of Solomon's dress
Put Sheba's queen throu'-ither, —
A proof to me his Majesty
Dressed in the kilt and feather !
O ! dear to me, &c.

Let despots all, both great and small,
Who wish to "save their leather,"
Beware how they come in the way
Of bonnet, kilt and feather !
O ! dear to me, &c.

Let Rome's proud ranks, on Carthon's banks
Quick-scattered hither-thither,
Tell how, of old, their own could hold
The bonnet, kilt and feather.
O ! dear to me, etc.

Of Edward's turn at Bannockburn
Just think, and answer whether
There's aught to fear for Freedom near
The bonnet, kilt and feather ?
O ! dear to me, &c.

If e'er in mood awe-stricken stood
The Corsican blood-shedder,
It was to scan in battle's van
The bonnet, kilt and feather.
O ! dear to me, &c.

On Egypt's sands they taught his bands
To rue they e'er went thither ;
At Waterloo, immortal grew
The bonnet, kilt and feather !
O ! dear to me, &c.

O garb renowned the whole world round !
What mortal man would swither
To toast with me—now three times three
“ The bonnet, kilt and feather ! ”
O ! dear to me, &c.

THE DAY AN' A' WHA HONOUR IT.

(The following lyric, as well as the four songs immediately succeeding it, appeared originally among the "bard's" quota of rhyme, contributed over a series of years to the St. Andrew's Night festivities customary with the Kingstonian Scots.)

WHAT though we Scotsmen may agree
 To differ somewhat now and then,—
 Each in his own opinion free
 Unflinching as a Grampian Ben,—
 No Kirks or creeds divide us here ;—
 Alike Conservative and Grit
 As one rejoice to toast and cheer
 "The Day an' a' wha honour it!"

"The Day an' a' wha honour it"—
 What magic in that simple phrase !
 It fires my blood to fever heat,
 It minds me of far broomy braes :
 Fair Scotia's Forths and Clydes and Speys
 Seem gliding at my very feet :
 A patriot-ring exultant has
 "The Day an' a' wha honour it!"

It wafts me back to days long gone
 When grasped the Bruce his Carrick spear,
 And deeds eclipsing Marathon
 Made him to fame and freedom dear ;
 I see the flash of broadswords bare,
 And Scotland's foes in full retreat ;—
 Hurrah then for our slogan rare,
 "The Day an' a' wha honour it!"

St. Patrick—terror of the snakes—
 Old Erin's sons may well hold dear ;
 They got him from the Land of Cakes,
 And thus *we* too his name revere :
 St. George loved less the Cross than Spear,—
 Why *sainted*, puzzles quite my wit :
 Here's to St. Andrew's memory rare,
 "The day an' a' wha honour it !"

Let niggard bodies count our joy
 A pleasure bought at too much cost,—
 The patriot flame to fan, say I,
 Is never love or labour lost.
 Then of our Day let's make the most ;—
 Time never travels half so fleet
 As when together Scotsmen toast
 "The Day an' a' wha honour it !"

THE LAND EVER DEAREST TO ME.

AIR—" *Cogadh no Sith*," or, " *Air Faillirinn, Illirinn* "

Who loves not the land of the plaid and *piob-mhor*,
 The gowan-gemmed carse and the heath-mantled moor,—
 The mother of heroes who ne'er met a foe
 Save to make them submit or in death be laid low !

CHORUS—

Then here's to the land of the Bens and the Braes !
 What bard would not proud be to sing in her praise ?
 The Scot's fatherland, so far-famous and free,—
 Oh, who would not toast it with honours thrice three !

What patriot, striking for freedom and right,
 Can match with such heroes as Ellerslie's Knight,
 The Randolph, the Douglas, the Bruce and the Græme ?
 The bare thought of their deeds sets my blood in a flare !
 Then here's to the land, etc.

Who knows not how stontly, when Truth did require,
 Her Camerons and Knoxes faced faggot and fire,—
 Bequeathing to us the rich freedom of Mind,
 Spite prelacy, priestcraft and devil combined !
 Then here's to the land, etc.

Just think of her minstrels—a glorious throng !
 What strains so sublime as in Selma were sung ?
 Who lists not enraptured to Coila's sweet lyre,
 Whose lays will enchant till this earth shall expire !
 Then here's to the land, etc.

Alas for the foeman who hastes not to yield
 When "shoulder to shoulder" the Clans take the field !
 When duty demands them their might to display,
 The Titans might envy their deeds in the fray.
 Then here's to the land, etc.

O Albyn ! my country so brave and so blest,
 'Tis on thy dear bosom I'd take my last rest ;
 Oh, living or dying, give, give me to dwell
 'Mid the music of streams, in some green Highland dell !
 Then here's to the land, etc.

THE LAND OF THE GREEN MAPLE LEAF.

AIR—" *Tam Glen.*"

Of all the fair lands under heaven
The fittest to rank as the chief
Is surely this one that we live in—
The Land of the Green Maple Leaf !
A patriot land well may be, boys,
That land of bright annals, though brief :
Whoever would feel truly free, boys,
Should live 'neath the Green Maple Leaf.

To praises of moorlands and mountains
They well may grow readily deaf
Who dwell by the lakes and the fountains
Fair-fringed by the Green Maple Leaf.
'Tis there that the woodman's axe bringeth
The lords of the forest to grief,
Till up to paradise springeth
His home by the Green Maple Leaf.

He here who a bachelor liveth
May well be set down for a "cuif,"
Well shunned by each darling who giveth
Love's kiss 'neath the Green Maple Leaf.
The heart that is proof to such graces
As theirs, must be hard as a reef;—
Let's hope that such desperate cases
Are rare 'neath the Green Maple Leaf.

In Lords and their lackeys dependent
 'Tis well that our list is but brief ;
 The homage on tinsel attendant
 They'd miss 'neath the Green Maple Leaf.
 Where Autumn the toils of the ploughman
 Rewards with a forty-fold sheaf,
 The true lords of the soil are our yeomen,
 Who guard well the Green Maple Leaf !

Sam Slick more than once, in full feather,
 To grab it tried hard—the foul thief !
 For his pains we well riddled his leather,
 And our own kept the Green Maple Leaf ;
 And our own—ours alone—it shall be, boys,
 Despite all who'd work it mischief :
 We love it too we'll e'er to see, boys,
 Aught harming the Green Maple Leaf.

CHIEFTAIN MACLEAN.

AIR—"Come o'er the Stream, Charlie."

WHEN Noah turned seaman, most people agree, man,
 MacLean of that day had "a bout o' his ain ;"
 A clansman less famous, though ev'ry inch game, is
 Our own gallant Chieftain—the *other* MacLean.*

CHORUS—

Up, bonnet and feather ! Up, thistle and heather !
 St. Andrew's good advent is on us again :
 What Scotsman, revering its mem'ries endearing,
 Would not make a night o't with Chieftain MacLean !

Away with your grumblers whom nothing but tumblers
 Of punch and a haggis can tempt to fall in !
 The fair happy faces that here fill their places
 More proud of by far must be Chieftain MacLean.
 Up, bonnet and feather, etc.

Old Scotland's grand story, so pregnant of glory,
 The ballads that cheered her in days that have been,
 Her songs so heart-touching, all hearers bewitching,
 O, who would not feast on with Chieftain MacLean !
 Up, bonnet and feather, etc.

From Ossian and Selma to Lucknow and Alma,
 Such triumphs are linked to the war-pipes' proud strain
 That fellows who'd hear it, its music to sneer at,
 Had best shun the sight of our Chieftain MacLean !
 Up, bonnet and feather, etc.

Let pinks of perfection, themselves vainly vexing,
 A good Scottish reel call a pastime profane ;
 The worst I wish for them would be "Tullochgorum"
 To dance till they sweated with Chieftain MacLean !
 Up, bonnet and feather, etc.

O, Scotland, dear Scotland ! alas that there's *not* land
 Enough in thy bounds all thy sons to contain !
 Else not this far west one, but thy own dear breast on,
 Our joys would be perfect with Chieftain MacLean.
 Up, bonnet and feather, etc.

* The "Chieftain" here referred to—Professor Donald MacLean, of Ann Arbor College, Michigan—is of the Lochbuy branch of the Clan MacLean. He was, at the time these verses were penned, President of the Kingston St. Andrew's Society, and as such presided at the Festival for which they were composed.

MINE OWN DEAR ROMANTIC COUNTRIE.

THOUGH its climate be cold, and its sands hide no gold,
 Yet the Land of the heather for me!
 Since, despite its bleak air, Freedom's footsteps are there;
 Her loved home, bonnie Scotland, is thee!

CHORUS—

Then hey for the Old Land! that stern, sturdy, bold land,
 Whose sons 'tis our glory to be!
 O, who would not love thee, and proudly sing of thee,
 Mine own dear, romantic countrie!

Not without tug and toil, Albyn dear, on thy soil
 Our bold sires planted Liberty's tree;
 And we swear that no foe shall e'er touch stem or bough
 While we've hands to defend it and thee.
 Then hey for the Old Land, etc.

From the homes of their birth, to the ends of the earth
 Let thy sons wander ever so free,
 As to magnet the steel, so, in woe or in weal,
 Turn their hearts ever fondly to thee.
 Then hey for the Old Land, etc.

Land of heroes high-famed—land by foe never tamed,
 Sorely tried though thou sometimes might be,—
 Bards are aye most inspired—hearts heroic best fired,
 When they think, bonnie Scotland of thee.
 Then hey for the Old Land, etc.

MY MORAG.

AIR—" *The Haughs of Cromdale.*"

I WOULD not, if I could, declare
How all-surpassing sweet and fair
Art thou, my fond heart's only care,
 My bonnie, blithesome Morag !
I'd rather play the miser, dear,
And hide thee as he hides his gear ;
Small chance for me, did all but hear
 How lovely is my Morag !

Yet wert thou only once mine own,
How would I praise my treasure won—
Of all earth's daughters counting none
 So charming as my Morag !
How would my song in joyful flow
Proclaim thee queen of hearts below,
And immortality bestow
 On dear, delightful Morag !

AVICH'S FAIRY BOWER.

The following song was suggested by an old favourite fairy "luinneag," the chorus of which runs thus:

"Am bun a chruidh cha chaidil mi,
Am bun a chruidh cha bhi mi;
Am bun a chruidh cha chaidil mi,
'S mo leabaidh anns an t-sithean."

The *luinneag* in question had its origin in a superstition not yet entirely dead in the Scottish Highlands, where for a pretty mortal maiden to be wooed by a "*leannan-siùh*" was, up to the beginning of the present century, quite a popular belief among a large portion of the people. A no unfrequent consequence of such intercourse was, that the damsel thus wooed allowed herself to be charmed away by her elfin lover into some near-by abode of the "good people," never again to revisit her own home!

IN vain to me shews Beltane fair
Its wealth of song and flower,—
The elves have wiled my Annie dear
To Avich's fairy bower!

CHORUS — Ochoin a righ for Annie O,
Sweet Annie of Glendower!
Woe's me to think of Annie O
Within yon fairy bower!

They met her in the gloaming grey
Near Dovan's warlock tower,
Syne witched her with their music gay
To yonder fairy bower.
Ochoin a righ, etc.

Where oft together herding kye
I in my plaid did row her,
Alone I now may sing or sigh,
Sad-thinking on yon bower.
Ochoin a righ, etc.

To tempt her stay, the fay folk may
A queenly state allow her,
And yet, withal, her heart be wae ;—
The sorrow take yon bower !
Ochoin a righ, etc.

With endless youth and beauty both,
'Tis said they can endow her ;
Small joy to me, who thinks she'd be
More happy in Glengower.
Ochoin a righ, etc.

O that some wizard magic key
At my good service *now* were !
Then would this night her latest be
In Avich's fairy bower.
Ochoin a righ, etc.

PEGGIE BHAN OF DRIMALEE.

AIR—“ *Mo run Mairi mhin, mhoāhail,
Mo run Mairi mho dhail, mhin.*”

CHORUS—OH ! how I love yon maiden,
Peggie bhan* of Drimalee !
Fairer far than any Eden
Is her moorland home to me !

As a river resting never
On its pathway to the sea,
So my thoughts go ever, ever
To the lass of Drimalee.
Oh ! how, etc.

Blithesome, airy as a fairy
Dancing 'neath the moon is she ;
Yet as solemn as a priestess,
When she likes, the lass can be.
Oh ! how, etc.

Tell me not of laughing Hebe,
Venus, or the Graces three ;
All that mortal beauty may be
In my Peggie bhan I see.
Oh ! how, etc.

Peggie bhan has woers plenty
At her feet ; but, faith, they'll see
Shira's river rolling upward
Ere she breaks her troth to me !
Oh ! how, etc.

* Fair Peggie.

THE HERO OF KARS.

AIR—" *When the kye come hame.*"

WHEN mad Muscovite ambition
Challenged Britain to the fight,
And the bravest of the brave went forth
To battle for the Right,
There is none that you can name me
Of those soldiers stout and tars
Who more nobly did his duty
Than the Hero of Kars.

The born Hero of Kars !
The stern Hero of Kars !
Never was a chief more gallant
Than the Hero of Kars !

Think of yon beleaguered city
Where, like lion bold at bay,
The more dread the odds against him,
The more fierce he fronts the fray ;
Where, beside the hostile Cossack,
He with pest and famine wars,
Till, in yielding, still a victor
Seemed the Hero of Kars.

The born Hero of Kars !
The stern Hero of Kars !
Never was a chief more gallant
Than the Hero of Kars !

Well may Nova Scotia proudly
 Boast the prowess of her son ;
 Long may chief so justly famous
 Wear the laurels he has won.
 Never did a grateful country
 Deck a truer knight with stars ;
 Never knight did more to win them
 Than the Hero of Kars.

The born Hero of Kars !
 The stern Hero of Kars !
 Never lived a chief more gallant
 Than the Hero of Kars !

MAGGIE MARTIN.

AIR—" *Nora Crina.*"

Your flirting belle may look as gay
 As silks and satins well can make her,
 And, in her own coquettish way,
 Of fools be quite a brisk heart-breaker ;—
 A fickle thing, all sham and show—
 None such will e'er *my* hand or heart win ;
 You would not wonder did you know
 That woodland fairy, Maggie Martin.
 Sweetly-smiling Maggie Martin !
 Winning, wiling Maggie Martin !
 Fond and free, and fair is she ;
 The girl for me is Maggie Martin !

In her combined, how sweet to find
 The charms of mind and form and feature !
 No praise she courts, yet wins all hearts
 By the mere force of sweet good nature.
 Let others task their wits to bask
 In fame or fortune's smiles uncertain,
 More happy far I'd count my star
 If mine were darling Maggie Martin.
 Sweetly-smiling Maggie Martin !
 Winning, wiling Maggie Martin !
 This life would be no life for me
 If wanting thee, sweet Maggie Martin !

ETHEL TYE.

LET others in the wine cup seek
 The way to lift their spirits high ;
 Give me for care a cure more rare—
 The presence dear of Ethel Tye !

Girls not a few of beauty rich
 Have charmed me much in days gone by,
 But my fond heart to quite bewitch
 Was left to thee, sweet Ethel Tye.

Whoe'er would feel from head to heel
 A thrilling sense of perfect joy,
 Should hasten straight to win a sight
 Of bonnie, blithesome Ethel Tye.

Had Beauty's queen *thy* beauty seen
 It well might cause her pride a sigh,—
 With all her grace a second place
 She'd have to take near Ethel Tye.

Could I but win this jewel rare,
 How would I all my life employ
 To make her weal my one great care!
 So dearly love I Ethel Tye.

TELL NOT TO ME OF SPRING'S RETURN.

AIR—"Mary's Dream."

TELL not to me of spring's return,
 Ye songsters of the leafy grove,
 While here I wander, all forlorn,
 Sad-thinking of the maid I love!
 Woe to the laird who drove her kin
 To seek a home far o'er yon sea,
 And make the glen she once lived in
 A very wilderness to me!

Vain for me now the skylark gay
 Has in her song the old-time ring;
 Vain all the wild-flow'rs in my way
 Their sweetest odours round me fling;
 Vain all things else, or fair or bright,
 That speak of their own springtime glee,—
 With Jessie lost to my fond sight,
 'Tis winter, winter still to me!

THE HEIRESS.

Thus counselled dame Jones her vain daughter one day :
" Since 'tis time ye were wedded and frae us away,
I've a plan in my mind which I think wad weel pay,—
 'Tis to hint of your being an heiress."

" A legacy good from some ane of our kin
Just dead o'er the seas, is a card that might win ;
A big crock of gowd found concealed 'neath some stane
 Wad dae also right weel for an heiress."

" There is Bess of the Glen, who, without ae baubee,
Gat the name of the clink—a sly hissie was she,—
Noo she's wed to a laird, as I doubtna may ye,
 Ance that folk come to think ye an heiress."

Alas for dame Jones and her daughter as well !
Their plot was well laid, yet it somehow befel
That people saw through it, and thus no love tale
 Has as yet reached the ears of our heiress.

Poor lads would not have her—what could they do wi'
One whose dreams were of carriages, courts, pedigree ?
So they thought it as well to just let her abee
 And as long as she liked play the heiress.

The lairds that she looked for were just as unkind,
The hook baited for them no nibble could find,—
A warning to all silly girls thus inclined
 To avoid ever acting the heiress !

ETHEL.

AIR—" *The Lass o' Gowrie.*"

'Tis said that angels in disguise
Are sometimes found beneath the skies ;
And, looking into thy dear eyes,
I cannot doubt it, Ethel.
The one thing sure is, that thy face
So full is of angelic grace
That all I once could love give place
To thee, delightful Ethel !

That swain thrice happy must be owned
Who with thy virgin love is crowned ;
If I that chosen one were found,
How would I bless thee, Ethel !
Though living in a desert waste,
I'd feel as if in Eden placed,
Could I but there to my fond breast
Enfold thee, lovely Ethel.

May thine, dear girl, thy whole life through,
Be earth's best gifts, and with them too
The loving care that seems thy due
From all good angels, Ethel.
Soon must I cease thy face to see,
Vain-thinking of what cannot be,
Yet ever shall fond thoughts of thee
Dwell with me, darling Ethel !

JEANIE GREY.

COME, busk thee up, darling, and hey for Glen-fyne !
Though fair thy own home be, still fairer is mine ;
They who would detain thee may yet come to see
'Twas well their dispraise found no favor with thee :
As our hearts, so our home should be one, therefore say
Thou wilt come to the Highlands, beloved Jeanie Grey.

As never was bride so enchantingly fair,
So ne'er was such welcome as thine shall be there ;
With a *ciad mile fuilte* the hills shall resound,
The song and the dance and the feast shall abound ;
Oh, nought shall be wanting to make thy heart gay,—
Then hey for the Highlands, beloved Jeanie Grey !

Our walks shall be often by wood-skirted leas,
Where the myrtle and birch fill with fragrance the breeze,
Where the music of song-birds makes vocal the air,
And the fleet-footed roe finds his eventide lair :
'Tis mid scenes such as these true love knows no decay,—
Come, then, come to the Highlands, beloved Jeanie Grey.