

VII. PATRIOTIC AND POLITICAL

No. 254. *Amang the trees, where humming bees.*

Tune: *The king of France he rade a race.* Cal. Pock. Comp., c. 1756, viii. p. 26.

A - mang the trees, where hum - ming bees At buds and flow'rs were
 hing - ing, O, Auld Cal - e - don drew out her drone, And to her
 pipe was sing - ing, O: 'Twas pi-broch, sang, strath - speys, and reels,
 She dirl'd them aff fu' clear - ly, O, When there cam a yell
 o' foreign squeels, That dang her tap - sal - tee - rie, O!

AMANG the trees, where humming bees
 At buds and flow'rs were hinging, O,
 Auld Caledon drew out her drone,
 And to her pipe was singing, O:
 'Twas pibroch, sang, strathspeys, and reels—
 She dirl'd them aff fu' clearly, O,
 When there cam a yell o' foreign squeels,
 That dang her tapsalteerie, O!

Their capon craws and queer 'ha, ha's,'
 They made our lugs grow eerie, O;
 The hungry bike did scrape and fyke,
 Till we were wae and weary, O.
 But a royal ghaist, wha ance was cased
 A prisoner aughteen year awa,
 He fir'd a fiddler in the north,
 That dang them tapsalteerie, O!

No. 255. *Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled.*Tune: *Hey, tutti taitie.* Thomson's *Scottish Airs*, 1801.*Boldly*

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled, Scots, wham Bruce has af - ten led,



Wel - come to your gor - y bed Or to vic - tor - ie!



Now's the day, and now's the hour: See the front o' bat - tle lour,



See approach proud Ed - ward's power— Chains and sla - ver - ie!

SCOTS, wha hae wi' WALLACE bled,
 Scots, wham BRUCE has aften led,
 Welcome to your gory bed
 Or to victorie!

Now's the day, and now's the hour:
 See the front o' battle lour,
 See approach proud Edward's power—
 Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave?
 Wha sae base as be a slave?—
 Let him turn, and flee!

Wha for SCOTLAND's king and law
 FREEDOM's sword will strongly draw,
 Freeman stand or freeman fa',
 Let him follow me!

By Oppression's woes and pains,
 By your sons in servile chains,
 We will drain our dearest veins
 But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
 Tyrants fall in every foe!
 LIBERTY's in every blow!—
 Let us do, or die!

No. 256. *O, wha will to Saint Stephen's house.*Tune : *Killiecrankie.* Scots Musical Museum, 1788, No. 102.*Briskly*

O, wha will to Saint Ste-phen's house, To do our er -
 - rands there, man? O, wha will to Saint Ste-phen's house O'
 th' merry lads of Ayr, man? Or, will ye send a man o'
 law? Or will ye send a sodg-er? Or him wha led o'er
 Scot-land a' The mei-kle Ur-sa Ma-jor?

O, WHA will to Saint Stephen's house,
 To do our errands there, man?
 O, wha will to Saint Stephen's house
 O' th' merry lads of Ayr, man?
 Or will ye send a man o' law?
 Or will ye send a sodger?
 Or him wha led o'er Scotland a'
 The meikle Ursa Major?

Come, will ye court a noble lord,
 Or buy a score o' lairds, man?
 For worth and honour pawn their word,
 Their vote shall be Glencaird's, man?
 Ane gies them coin, ane gies them wine,
 Anither gies them clatter;
 Annbank, wha guessed the ladies' taste,
 He gies a Fête Champêtre.

When Love and Beauty heard the news
The gay greenwoods amang, man ;
Where, gathering flowers and busking bowers,
They heard the blackbird's sang, man ;
A vow, they seal'd it with a kiss,
Sir Politics to fetter ;
As theirs alone, the patent bliss
To hold a Fête Champêtre.

Then mounted Mirth on glesome wing,
O'er hill and dale she flew, man ;
Ilk wimpling burn, ilk crÿstal spring,
Ilk glen and shaw she knew, man :
She summon'd every social sprite,
That sports by wood or water,
On th' bonie banks of Ayr to meet
And keep this Fête Champêtre.

Cauld Borcas wi' his boisterous crew
Were bound to stakes like kye, man ;
And Cynthia's car, o' silver fu',
Clamb up the starry sky, man :
Reflected beams dwell in the streams,
Or down the current shatter ;
The western breeze steals thro' the trees
To view this Fête Champêtre.

How many a robe sae gaily floats,
What sparkling jewels glance, man,
To Harmony's enchanting notes,
As moves the mazy dance, man !
The echoing wood, the winding flood
Like paradise did glitter,
When angels met at Adam's yett
To hold their Fête Champêtre.

When Politics came there to mix
And make his ether-stane, man !
He circled round the magic ground,
But entrance found he nane, man :
He blush'd for shame, he quat his name,
Forswore it every letter,
Wi' humble prayer to join and share
This festive Fête Champêtre.

No. 257. *How can my poor heart be glad?*Tune: *O'er the hills and far away.* Durfey's Pills, 1719, v. p. 316.


How can my poor heart be glad When ab - sent from my
CHORUS. *On the seas and far a - way, On storm - y seas and*



sai - lor lad? How can I the thought forego— He's on the seas to
far a - way; Night - ly dreams and thoughts by day Are ay with him that's
Fine.



meet the foe? Let me wander, Let me rove, Still my heart is with my love:
far a - way.



D. C. for Chorus.
Night - ly dreams and thoughts by day Are with him that's far a - way.

How can my poor heart be glad
When absent from my sailor lad?
How can I the thought forego—
He's on the seas to meet the foe?
Let me wander, let me rove,
Still my heart is with my love:
Nightly dreams and thoughts by day
Are with him that's far away.
On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away;
Nightly dreams and thoughts by day
Are ay with him that's far away.

When in summer noon I faint,
As weary flocks around me pant,
Haply in this scorching sun
My sailor's thund'ring at his gun.
Bullets, spare my only joy!
Bullets, spare my darling boy!
Fate, do with me what you may,
Spare but him that's far away!
On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away—
Fate, do with me what you may,
Spare but him that's far away!

At the starless, midnight hour,
 When winter rules with boundless power,
 As the storms the forest tear,
 And thunders rend the howling air,
 Listening to the doubling roar
 Surging on the rocky shore,
 All I can—I weep and pray
 For his weal that's far away.
 On the seas and far away,
 On stormy seas and far away,
 All I can—I weep and pray
 For his weal that's far away.

Peace, thy olive wand extend
 And bid wild War his ravage end;
 Man with brother Man to meet,
 And as brother kindly greet!
 Then may Heaven with prosperous gales
 Fill my sailor's welcome sails,
 To my arms their charge convey
 My dear lad that's far away.
 On the seas and far away,
 On stormy seas and far away,
 To my arms their charge convey
 My dear lad that's far away!

—♦♦—
 No. 258. *There was on a time.*

Tune: *Caledonian hunt's delight* (see No. 123).

THERE WAS ON A TIME, but old Time was then young,
 That brave Caledonia, the chief of her line,
 From some of your northern deities sprung,
 (Who knows not that brave Caledonia's divine?)
 From Tweed to the Orcades was her domain,
 To hunt, or to pasture, or do what she would:
 Her heav'nly relations there fixèd her reign,
 And pledged her their godheads to warrant it good.
 A lambkin in peace, but a lion in war,
 The pride of her kindred the heroine grew;
 Her grandsire, old Odin, triumphantly swore:—
 'Whoe'er shall provoke thee, th' encounter shall rue!
 With tillage or pasture at times she would sport,
 To feed her fair flocks by her green rustling corn;
 But chiefly the woods were her fav'rite resort,
 Her darling amusement the hounds and the horn.

Long quiet she reign'd, till thitherward steers
 A flight of bold eagles from Adria's strand:
 Repeated, successive, for many long years,
 They darken'd the air, and they plunder'd the land.
 Their pounces were murder, and horror their cry;
 They'd conquer'd and ravag'd a world beside.
 She took to her hills, and her arrows let fly—
 The daring invaders, they fled or they died.

 The fell harpy-raven took wing from the north,
 The scourge of the seas, and the dread of the shore;
 The wild Scandinavian boar issued forth
 To wanton in carnage and wallow in gore:
 O'er countries and kingdoms their fury prevailed,
 No arts could appease them, no arms could repel;
 But brave Caledonia in vain they assail'd,
 As Largs well can witness, and Longcartie tell.

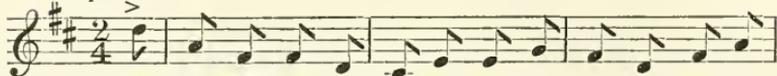
 The Cameleon-savage disturb'd her repose,
 With tumult, disquiet, rebellion, and strife;
 Provok'd beyond bearing, at last she arose,
 And robb'd him at once of his hopes and his life.
 The Anglian lion, the terror of France,
 Oft, prowling, ensanguin'd the Tweed's silver flood,
 But, taught by the bright Caledonian lance,
 He learnèd to fear in his own native wood.

 Thus bold, independent, unconquer'd, and free,
 Her bright course of glory for ever shall run,
 For brave Caledonia immortal must be,
 I'll prove it from Euclid as clear as the sun:—
 Rectangle-triangle, the figure we'll chuse;
 The upright is Chance, and old Time is the base,
 But brave Caledonia's the hypothenuse;
 Then, *ergo*, she'll match them, and match them always!

No. 259. *Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?*

Tune: *Push about the jorum.* Chappell's *Popular Music*, p. 685.

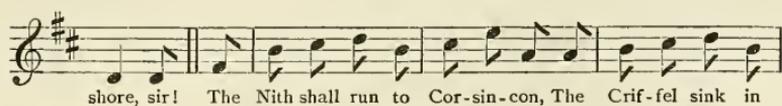
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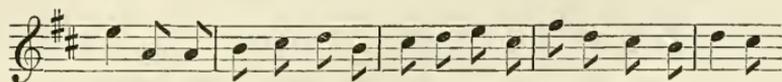
Does haughty Gaul in - va - sion threat? Then let the louns be -



- ware, sir; There's wooden walls up - on our seas, And vo - lun - teers on



shore, sir! The Nith shall run to Cor-sin-con, The Crif-fel sink in



Sol-way, Ere we per-mit a foreign foe On British ground to ral-ly!



We'll ne'er per-mit a foreign foe On British ground to ral-ly!

Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?
 Then let the louns beware, sir;
 There's wooden walls upon our seas,
 And volunteers on shore, sir!
 The Nith shall run to Corsincon,
 The Criffel sink in Solway,
 Ere we permit a foreign foe
 On British ground to rally!
 We'll ne'er permit a foreign foe
 On British ground to rally!

O, let us not, like snarling tykes,
 In wrangling be divided,
 Till, slap! come in an unco loun,
 And wi' a rung decide it!
 Be Britain still to Britain true,
 Amang oursels united!
 For never but by British hands } *bis*
 Maun British wrangs be righted! }

The kettle o' the kirk and state,
 Perhaps a clout may fail in't;
 But deil a foreign tinkler loun
 Shall ever ca' a nail in't!
 Our fathers' blude the kettle bought,
 And wha wad dare to spoil it;
 By heavens! the sacrilegious dog } *bis*
 Shall fuel be to boil it! }

The wretch that would a tyrant own,
 And the wretch, his true-sworn brother,
 Who would set the mob above the throne,
 May they be damn'd together!
 Who will not sing *God save the King*
 Shall hang as high's the steeple;
 But while we sing *God save the King*, } *bis*
 We'll ne'er forget the People! }

No. 260. *As I stood by yon roofless tower.*Tune: *Cumnock Psalms.* Scots Musical Museum, 1796, No. 405.

Recit.



As I stood by yon roof-less tow'r, Where the wa'-flow'r scents the



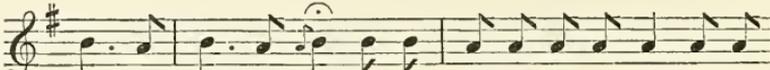
dew - y air, Where the hou - let mourns in her i - vy



bower, And tells the mid-night moon her care; *A las -*



- sie all a - lone was mak - ing her moan, La - ment - ing our



lads be - yond the sea;—'In the bluid-y wars they fa', And our



hon - or's gane an' a', And brok - en heart - ed we maun die.'

As I stood by yon roofless tower,
 Where the wa'-flow'r scents the dewy air,
 Where the houlet mourns in her ivy bower,
 And tells the midnight moon her care:

CHORUS. *A lassie all alone was making her moan,
 Lamenting our lads beyond the sea;—
 'In the bluidy wars they fa',
 And our honor's gane an' a',
 And broken hearted we maun die.'*

The winds were laid, the air was still,
 The stars they shot along the sky,
 The tod was howling on the hill,
 And the distant-echoing glens reply.

The burn, adown its hazelly path,
 Was rushing by the ruin'd wa',
 Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,
 Whase roarings seem'd to rise and fa'.

The cauld blae North was streaming forth
 Her lights, wi' hissins, eerie din:
 Athort the lift they start and shift,
 Like Fortune's favors, tint as win!

Now, looking over firth and fauld,
 Her horn the pale-fac'd Cynthia rear'd,
 When lo! in form of minstrel auld
 A stern and stalwart ghaist appear'd.

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
 Might rous'd the slumb'ring dead to hear,
 But O, it was a tale of woe
 As ever met a Briton's ear!

He sang wi' joy his former day,
 He, weeping, wail'd his latter times:
 But what he said—it was nae play!—
 I winna ventur't in my rhymes.



No. 261. *The laddies by the banks o' Nith.*

Tune: *Up an' waur them a' Willie* (see infra).

CHORUS. *Up and waur them a', Jamie,
 Up and waur them a'!
 The Johnstones hae the guidin o't:
 Ye turncoat Whigs, awa!*

THE laddies by the banks o' Nith
 Wad trust his Grace wi' a', Jamie;
 But he'll sair them as he sair'd the king—
 Turn tail and rin awa, Jamie!

The day he stude his country's friend,
 Or gied her faes a claw, Jamie,
 Or frae puir man a blessin wan,—
 That day the Duke ne'er saw, Jamie.

But wha is he, his country's boast?
 Like him there is na twa, Jamie!
 There's no a callant tents the kye,
 But kens o' Westerha', Jamie.

To end the wark, here's Whistlebirk!
 Lang may his whistle blaw, Jamie!—
 And Maxwell true, o' sterling blue,
 And we'll be Johnstone's a', Jamie.

No. 262. *As I cam down the banks o' Nith.*

(ANOTHER VERSION.)

Tune: *The black watch* (see No. 269).

As I cam down the banks o' Nith
 And by Glenriddell's ha, man,
 There I heard a piper play
Turncoat Whigs awa, man.

Drumlanrig's towers hae tint the powers
 That kept the lands in awe, man:
 The eagle's dead, and in his stead
 We're gotten a hoodie-craw, man.

The turncoat Duke his King forsook,
 When his back was at the wa, man:
 The rattan ran wi' a' his clan
 For fear the house should fa', man.

The lads about the banks o' Nith
 They trust his Grace for a', man:
 But he'll sair them as he sair't his king,
 Turn tail and rin awa', man.

No. 263. *Farewell to the Highlands.*

Tune: *The musket salute.* Scots Musical Museum, 1790, No. 259.



CHORUS. *My heart's in the high-lands, My heart is not here, My*



heart's in the High-lands a - chas-ing the deer; A - chas

ing the wild deer and fol - low - ing the roe— My heart's in

tr

Fine.

the High - lands, wher - ev - er I go. Fare - well to

the High-lands, fare - well to the North, The birth - place

tr

of val - our, the coun - try of worth; Wher - ev -

- er I wan - der, wher - ev - er I rove, The

D. C.

hills of the High - lands for ev - er I love.

CHORUS. *My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer,
A-chasing the wild deer and following the roe—
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.*

FAREWELL to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birthplace of valour, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow,
Farewell to the straths and green vallies below,
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods,
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods!

No. 264. *Fareweel to a' our Scottish fame.*Tune: *A parcel of rogues in a nation.* Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 378.

Andante

Fare - weel to a' our Scot - tish fame, Fare - weel our an - cient
glo - ry; Fare - weel ev - en to the Scot - tish name, Sae fam'd in
mar - tial sto - ry! Now Sark rins ov - er Sol - way
sands, An' Tweed rins to the o - cean, To mark where Eng -
land's pro - vince stands—Such a par - cel of rogues in a na - tion!

FAREWHEEL to a' our Scottish fame,
Fareweel our ancient glory;
Fareweel even to the Scottish name,
Sae fam'd in martial story!
Now Sark rins over Solway sands,
An' Tweed rins to the ocean,
To mark where England's province stands—
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

What force or guile could not subdue
Thro' many warlike ages,
Is wrought now by a coward few
For hireling traitors' wages.
The English steel we could disdain,
Secure in valour's station:
But English gold has been our bane—
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

O, would, or I had seen the day
 That treason thus could sell us,
 My auld grey head had lien in clay
 Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace!
 But pith and power, till my last hour
 I'll mak this declaration :—
 ' We're bought and sold for English gold'—
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation !

No. 265. *The Thames flows proudly to the sea.*

Tune : *Robie donna gorach.* Scots Musical Museum, 1790, No. 257.

Slow

The Thames flows proud - ly to the sea, Where roy -
 - al ci - ties state - ly stand ; But sweet - er flows the
 Nith to me, Where Cum - mins ance had high com - mand.

THE Thames flows proudly to the sea,
 Where royal cities stately stand ;
 But sweeter flows the Nith to me,
 Where Cummins ance had high command.

When shall I see that honour'd land,
 That winding stream I love so dear !
 Must wayward Fortune's adverse hand
 For ever—ever keep me here ?

How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales,
 Where bounding hawthorns gaily bloom,
 And sweetly spread thy sloping dales,
 Where lambkins wanton thro' the broom !

Tho' wandering now must be my doom
 Far from thy bonie banks and braes,
 May there my latest hours consume
 Among the friends of early days !

No. 266. *When wild war's deadly blast was blawn.*Tune: *The mill, mill O.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 242.

When wild war's dead-ly blast was blawn, And gen-tle peace
 re - turn - ing, Wi' monie a sweet babe fa - ther - less And
 monie a wi - dow mourn-ing, I left the lines and tent -
 - ed field, Where lang I'd been a lod - ger, My hum - ble
 knap - sack a' my wealth, A poor and hon - est sod - ger.

WHEN wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
 And gentle peace returning,
 Wi' monie a sweet babe fatherless
 And monie a widow mourning,
 I left the lines and tented field,
 Where lang I'd been a lodger,
 My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
 A poor and honest sodger.

A leal, light heart was in my breast,
 My hand unstain'd wi' plunder;
 And for fair Scotia, hame again,
 I cheery on did wander:
 I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
 I thought upon my Nancy,
 And ay I mind't the witching smile
 That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonie glen,
 Where early life I sported;
 I pass'd the mill and trysting thorn,
 Where Nancy aft I courted.

Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling,
And turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my een was swelling!

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I:—'Sweet lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,
O, happy, happy may he be,
That's dearest to thy bosom!
My purse is light, I've far to gang,
And fain wad be thy lodger;
I've served my king and country lang—
Take pity on a sodger.'

Sae wistfully she gazed on me,
And lovelier was than ever:
Quo' she:—'A sodger ance I lo'ed,
Forget him shall I never:
Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
Ye freely shall partake it;
That gallant badge—the dear cockade—
Ye're welcome for the sake o't.'

She gaz'd, she redden'd like a rose,
Syne, pale like onie lily,
She sank within my arms, and cried:—
'Art thou my ain dear Willie?'
'By Him who made yon sun and sky,
By whom true love's regarded,
I am the man! and thus may still
True lovers be rewarded!

'The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame
And find thee still true-hearted;
Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,
And mair, we'se ne'er be parted.'
Quo' she:—'My grandsire left me gowd,
A mailen plenish'd fairly;
And come, my faithfu' sodger lad,
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly!'

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor;
But glory is the sodger's prize,
The sodger's wealth is honor:
The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger;
Remember he's his country's stay
In day and hour of danger.

No. 267. *There was five carlins in the South.*Tune : *Chey chase.* M^cGibbon's *Scots Tunes*, 1768, iv. p. 108 (adapted).

There was five car - lins in the South, They fell up - on a scheme

To send a lad to Lon-don Town To bring them ti - dings hame.

THERE was five carlins in the South,
They fell upon a scheme
To send a lad to London Town
To bring them tidings hame :

Not only bring them tidings hame,
But do their errands there ;
And aiblins gowd and honor baith
Might be that laddie's share.

There was Maggie by the banks o' Nith,
A dame wi' pride eneugh ;
And Marjory o' the monie Lochs,
A carlin auld and tough :

And Blinkin Bess of Annandale,
That dwelt near Solway-side ;
And Whisky Jean, that took her gill
In Galloway sae wide ;

And Black Joàn frae Crichton Peel,
O' gipsy kith an' kin—
Five wighter carlins were na found
The South countrie within.

To send a lad to London Town
They met upon a day ;
And monie a knight and monie a laird
This errand fain wad gae.

O, monie a knight and monie a laird
This errand fain wad gae ;
But nae ane could their fancy
please,
O, ne'er a ane but twae.

The first ane was a belted knight,
Bred of a Border band ;
And he wad gae to London Town,
Might nae man him withstand ;

And he wad do their errands weel,
And meikle he wad say ;
And ilka ane at London court
Wad bid to him gude-day.

Then neist cam in, a soger boy,
And spak wi' modest grace ;
And he wad gae to London Town,
If sae their pleasure was.

He wadna hecht them courtly gifts,
Nor meikle speech pretend ;
But he wad hecht an honest heart
Wad ne'er desert his friend.

Now, wham to chuse and wham
refuse
At strife thir carlins fell ;
For some had gentlefolks to please,
And some wad please themsel.

Then out spak mim-mou'd Meg o' Nith,
And she spak up wi' pride,
And she wad send the Soger lad,
Whatever might betide.

For the auld gudeman o' London
court
She didna care a pin ;
But she wad send the Soger lad
To greet his eldest son.

Then up sprang Bess o' Annandale,
And a deadly aith she 's ta'en,
That she wad vote the Border knight,
Tho' she should vote her lane.

' For far-off fowls hae feathers fair,
And fools o' change are fain ;
But I hae tried the Border knight,
And I'll try him yet again.

Then Whisky Jean spak owre her
drink :

' Ye weel ken, kimmers a',
The auld gudeman o' London court,
His back 's been at the wa' :

' And monie a friend that kiss'd his
caup
Is now a fremit wight ;
But it 's ne'er be sae wi' Whisky
Jean—
I'll send the Border knight.'

Says Black Joàn frae Crichton Peel,
A carlin stoor and grim :—

' The auld gudeman, or the young
gudeman,
For me may sink or swim ;

' For fools will prate o' right or wrang,
While knaves laugh them to scorn ;
But the Soger's friends hae blawn
the best,
So he shall bear the horn.'

Then slow raise Marjory o' the Lochs,
And wrinkled was her brow,
Her ancient weed was russet grey,
Her auld Scots bluid was true ;—

' There 's some great folk set light
by me,
I set as light by them ;—
But I will send to London Town
Wham I like best at hame.'

Sae how this sturt and strife may end,
Nae mortal wight can tell :
God grant the king, and ilka man,
May look weel to himsel !

No. 268. *You're welcome to despots, Dumourier ?*

Tune : *Robin Adair* (see No. 45).

YOU'RE welcome to despots, Dumourier ;

You're welcome to despots, Dumourier ;

How does Dampiere do ?

Ay, and Bournonville too ?

Why did they not come along with you, Dumourier ?

I will fight France with you, Dumourier ;

I will fight France with you, Dumourier ;

I will fight France with you,

I will take my chance with you,

By my soul, I'll dance with you, Dumourier !

Then let us fight about, Dumourier ;

Then let us fight about, Dumourier ;

Then let us fight about,

Till Freedom's spark be out,

Then we'll be damn'd, no doubt, Dumourier.

No. 269. *When Guilford good our pilot stood.*Tune: *The black watch.* McGlashan's *Strathspey Reels*, 1780, p. 6.

When Guilford good our pi - lot stood, An' did our hel-lim thraw, man, Ae
 night, at tea, be - gan a plea, With - in A - mer - i - ca, man: Then
 up they gat the mask-in-pat, And in the sea did jaw, man; An'
 did nae less, in full Con - gress, Than quite re - fuse our law, man.

WHEN Guilford good our pilot stood,
 An' did our hellim thraw, man,
 Ae night, at tea, began a plea,
 Within America, man:
 Then up they gat the maskin-pat,
 And in the sea did jaw, man;
 An' did nae less, in full Congress,
 Than quite refuse our law, man.

Then thro' the lakes Montgomery takes,
 I wat he wasna slaw, man;
 Down Lowrie's burn he took a turn,
 And Carleton did ca', man:
 But yet, whatreck, he at Quebec,
 Montgomery-like did fa', man:
 Wi' sword in hand, before his band,
 Amang his en'mies, a', man.

Poor Tammy Gage within a cage
 Was kept at Boston-ha', man;
 Till Willie Howe took o'er the knowe
 For Philadelphia, man:
 Wi' sword an' gun he thought a sin
 Guid Christian bluid to draw, man;
 But at New York, wi' knife an' fork,
 Sir-Loin he hackèd sma', man.

Burgoyne gaed up, like spur an' whip,
 Till Fraser brave did fa', man ;
 Then lost his way, ae misty day,
 In Saratoga shaw, man.
 Cornwallis fought as lang's he dought,
 An' did the buckskins claw, man ;
 But Clinton's glaive frae rust to save,
 He hung it to the wa', man.
 Then Montague, and Guilford too,
 Began to fear a fa', man ;
 And Sackville doure, wha stood the stoure,
 The German chief to thraw, man :
 For Paddy Burke, like onie Turk,
 Nae mercy had at a', man ;
 An' Charlie Fox threw by the box,
 An' lows'd his tinkler jaw, man.
 Then Rockingham took up the game,
 Till death did on him ca', man ;
 When Shelburne meek held up his cheek,
 Conform to gospel law, man ;
 Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise,
 They did his measures thraw, man ;
 For North an' Fox united stocks,
 An' bore him to the wa', man.
 Then clubs an' hearts were Charlie's cartes ;
 He swept the stakes awa', man,
 Till the diamond's ace, of Indian race,
 Led him a sair *faux pas*, man ;
 The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads,
 On Chatham's boy did ca', man ;
 An' Scotland drew her pipe an' blew :
 'Up, Willie, waur them a', man !'
 Behind the throne then Granville's gone,
 A secret word or twa, man ;
 While slec Dundas arous'd the class
 Be-north the Roman wa', man :
 And Chatham's wraith, in heav'nly graith
 (Inspirèd bardies saw, man),
 Wi' kindling eyes cried, 'Willie, rise !
 Would I hae fear'd them a', man ?'
 But, word an' blow, North, Fox, and Co.
 Gowff'd Willie like a ba', man,
 Till Suthron raise, an' coost their claes
 Behind him in a raw, man ;
 An' Caledon threw by the drone,
 An' did her whittle draw, man ;
 An' swoor fu' rude, thro' dirt and bluid,
 To make it guid in law, man.
 * * * * *

No. 270. *Fy, let us a' to Kirkcudbright.*Tune: *Fy, let us a' to the bridal.* Orpheus Caledonius, 1725, No. 36.

Briskly

Fy, let us a' to Kirkcudbright, For there will be bick-er-in there; For
 Murray's light horse are to mus-ter, An' O, how the he-ros will swear! And
 there will be Mur-ray, com-man-der, An' Gordon the bat-tle to win; Like
 brothers they'll stan' by each o-ther, Sae knit in al-li-ance and kin.

Fy, let us a' to Kirkcudbright,
 For there will be bickerin there;
 For Murray's light horse are to muster,
 An' O, how the heroes will swear!
 And there will be Murray, commander,
 An' Gordon the battle to win;
 Like brothers they'll stan' by each other,
 Sae knit in alliance and kin.

And there will be black-nebbit Johnie,
 The tongue o' the trump to them a':
 An' he get na Hell for his haddin,
 The deil gets nae justice awa!
 And there will be Kempleton's birkie,
 A boy no sae black at the bane;
 But as to his fine nabob fortune,—
 We'll e'en let the subject alane!

And there will be Wigton's new Sheriff;
 Dame Justice fu' brawly has sped;
 She's gotten the heart of a Bushby,
 But Lord! what's become o' the head?
 And there will be Cardoness, Esquire,
 Sae mighty in Cardoness' eyes;
 A wight that will weather damnation,
 For the devil the prey would despise.

And there will be Douglasses doughty,
 New christening towns far and near;
 Abjuring their democrat doings
 By kissing the doup of a Peer:
 And there will be folk frae Saint Mary's,
 A house o' great merit and note;
 The deil ane but honors them highly—
 The deil ane will gie them his vote!

And there will be Kenmure sae gen'rous
 Whose honor is proof to the storm,
 To save them from stark reprobation,
 He lent them his name in the firm:
 And there will be lads o' the gospel:
 Muirhead, wha's as gude as he's true;
 And there will be Buittle's apostle,
 Wha's mair o' the black than the blue!

And there will be Logan's M^cDowall,—
 Sculdudd'ry an' he will be there,
 An' also the Wild Scot o' Galloway,
 Sogering, gunpowder Blair!
 But we winna mention Redcastle,
 The body—e'en let him escape!
 He'd venture the gallows for siller,
 An 'twere na the cost o' the rape!

But where is the Doggerbank hero,
 That made 'Hogan-Mogan' to Skulk?
 Poor Keith's gane to hell to be fuel,
 The auld rotten wreck of a hulk.
 And where is our King's Lord Lieutenant,
 Sae fam'd for his gratefu' return?
 The birkie is gettin' his Questions
 To say in St. Stephen's the morn!

But mark ye there's trusty Kerroughtree,
 Whose honor was ever his law;
 If the virtues were pack'd in a parcel,
 His worth might be sample for a';
 And strang an' respectfu's his backing,
 The maist o' the lairds wi' him stand;
 Nae gipsy-like nominal barons
 Whase property's paper—not land.

And there frae the Niddisdale borders,
 The Maxwells will gather in droves,
 Tough Jockie, staunch Geordie an' Wattie,
 That girns for the fishes and loaves;

And there will be Heron, the Major
 Wha'll ne'er be forgot in the *Greys* :
 Our flatt'ry we'll keep for some other :
 Him only its justice to praise !

And there will be maiden *Kilkerran*,
 An' also Barskimming's gude Knight ;
 And there will be roarin Birtwhistle,
 Yet luckily roars in the right !

And there'll be Stamp Office Johnnie
 (Tak tent how ye purchase a dram).

And there will be gay Cassencarry
 And there'll be gleg Colonel Tam.

And there'll be wealthy young Richard,
 Dame Fortune should hing by the neck :
 For prodigal, thriftless bestowing—
 His merit had won him respect.

And there will be rich brother Nabobs,
 (Tho' nabobs, yet men not the first),
 And there will be Collieston's whiskers,
 An' Quinton—o' lads no the worst !

Then hey! the chaste interest o' Broughton,
 And hey! for the blessings 'twill bring ;
 It may send Balmaghie to the Commons—
 In Sodom 'twould make him a king ;
 An' hey! for the sanctified Murray,
 Our land wha wi' chapels has stor'd ;
 He founder'd his horse among harlots,
 But gied the auld naig to the Lord !

No. 271. *O Logan, sweetly didst thou glide.*

Tune: *Logan Water.* Orpheus Caledonius, 1733, No. 23.

Slow

O Lo - gan, sweet - ly didst thou glide That day I
 was my Wil - lie's bride, And years sin - syne hae
 o'er us run Like Lo - gan to the sim - mer sun :

But now thy flow - ery banks ap - pear Like drum - lie Win - ter,
 dark and drear, While my dear lad maun face
 his faes Far, far frae me and Lo - gan braes.

O LOGAN, sweetly didst thou glide
 That day I was my Willie's bride,
 And years sinsyne hae o'er us run
 Like Logan to the simmer sun:
 But now thy flowery banks appear
 Like drumlie Winter, dark and drear,
 While my dear lad maun face his faes
 Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Again the merry month of May
 Has made our hills and vallies gay;
 The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
 The bees hum round the breathing flowers;
 Blythe morning lifts his rosy eye,
 And evening's tears are tears o' joy:
 My soul delightless a' surveys,
 While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
 Amang her nestlings sits the thrush;
 Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
 Or wi' his song her cares beguile:
 But I wi' my sweet nurslings here,
 Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
 Pass widow'd nights and joyless days,
 While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

O, wae upon you, Men o' State,
 That brethren rouse in deadly hate!
 As ye make monie a fond heart mourn,
 Sae may it on your heads return!
 Ye mindna 'mid your cruel joys
 The widow's tears, the orphan's cries,
 But soon may peace bring happy days,
 And Willie hame to Logan braes!

No. 272. *Farewell, thou fair day.*Tune: *Oran an aoig.* Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 385.*Very slow*

The musical score is written on six staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is simple and slow. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with some words hyphenated across lines. The score ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

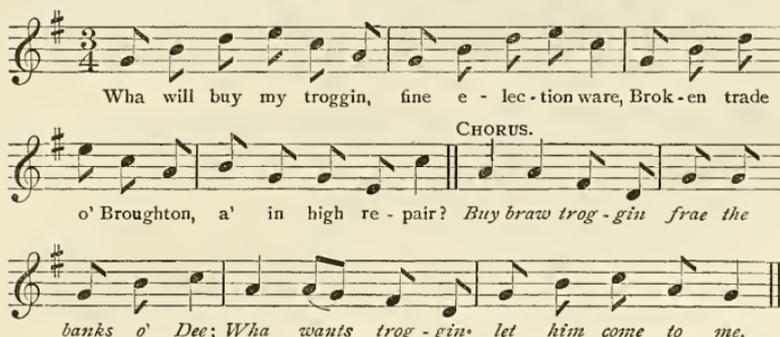
Fare-well, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies, Now gay with
the broad set - ting sun; Fare - well, loves and friend-ships, ye
dear ten - der ties—Our race of ex - ist - ence is run!
Thou grim King of Ter - rors! thou life's gloomy foe, Go, fright - en
the co - ward and slave! Go, teach them to trem - ble, fell
ty - rant! but know, No ter - rors hast thou to the brave!

FAREWELL, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,
Now gay with the broad setting sun;
Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties—
Our race of existence is run!
Thou grim King of Terrors! thou life's gloomy foe,
Go, frighten the coward and slave!
Go, teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! but know,
No terrors hast thou to the brave!

Thou strik'st the dull peasant—he sinks in the dark,
Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name!
Thou strik'st the young hero—a glorious mark;
He falls in the blaze of his fame!
In the field of proud honor—our swords in our hands,
Our king and our country to save,
While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
O, who would not die with the brave!

No. 273. *Wha will buy my troggin?*

(The Trogger.)

Tune: *Buy broom besoms.* Northumbrian Minstrelsy, p. 118.


Wha will buy my troggin, fine e - lec - tion ware, Brok - en trade

o' Broughton, a' in high re - pair? **CHORUS.** Buy braw trog - gin frae the

banks o' Dee; Wha wants trog - gin, let him come to me.

Wha will buy my troggin, fine election ware,
Broken trade o' Broughton, a' in high repair?

CHORUS. Buy braw troggin frae the banks o' Dee;
Wha wants troggin let him come to me.

There's a noble Earl's fame and high renown,
For an auld sang—it's thought the gudes were stown—
Here's the worth o' Broughton in a needle's e'e.
Here's a reputation tint by Balmaghie.

Here's its stuff and lining, Cardoness's head—
Fine for a soger, a' the wale o' lead.

Here's a little wadset,—Buittles scrap o' truth,
Pawn'd in a gin-shop, quenching holy drouth.

Here's an honest conscience might a prince adorn,
Frae the downs o' Tinwald—so was never worn!

Here's armorial bearings frae the manse o' Urr:
The crest, a sour crab-apple rotten at the core.

Here is Satan's picture, like a blizzard gled
Pouncing poor Redcastle, sprawlin like a taed.

Here's the font where Douglas stane and mortar names,
Lately used at Caily christening Murray's crimes.

Here's the worth and wisdom Collieston can boast;
By a thievish midge they had been nearly lost.

Here is Murray's fragments o' the ten commands,
Gifted by black Jock to get them aff his hands.

Saw ye e'er sic troggin? if to buy ye're slack,
Hornie's turnin chapman—he'll buy a' the pack!

But Douglasses o' weight had we: The pair o' lusty lairds, For building cot-houses sae fam'd, And christenin kail-yards. And then Redcastle drew his sword That ne'er was stain'd wi' gore	Save on a wand'rer lame and blind, To drive him frae his door. And last cam creepin Collieston, Was mair in fear than wrath; Ae knave was constant in his mind— To keep that knave frae scaith.
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No. 275. *Wham will we send to London town.*

Tune : *For a' that* (see No. 252).

WHAM will we send to London town,
 To Parliament and a' that?
 Or wha in a' the country round
 The best deserves to fa' that?
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Thro' Galloway and a' that,
 Where is the Laird or belted Knight
 That best deserves to fa' that?

Wha sees Kerroughtree's open yett,
 (And wha is't never saw that?)
 Wha ever wi' Kerroughtree met,
 And has a doubt of a' that?
 For a' that, and a' that!
 Here's Heron yet for a' that!
 The independent patriot,
 The honest man, and a' that!

Tho' wit and worth, in either sex,
 Saint Mary's Isle can shaw that,
 Wi' Dukes and Lords let Selkirk
 mix,
 And weel does Selkirk fa' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Here's Heron yet for a' that!
 The independent commoner
 Shall be the man for a' that.

But why should we to Nobles jouk,
 And is't against the law, that?
 For why, a Lord may be a gowk,
 Wi' ribban, star, and a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Here's Heron yet for a' that!
 A Lord may be a lousy loun
 Wi' ribban, star, and a' that.

A beardless boy comes o'er the hills
 Wi's uncle's purse and a' that;
 But we'll hae ane frae 'mang oursels,
 A man we ken, and a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Here's Heron yet for a' that!
 For we're na to be bought and sold,
 Like naigs, and nowte, and a'
 that.

Then let us drink:—'the Stewartry,
 Kerroughtree's laird, and a' that,
 Our representative to be';
 For weel he's worthy a' that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Here's Heron yet for a' that!
 A House of Commons such as he,
 They wad be blest that saw that.

No. 276. *Dire was the hate at old Harlaw.*Tune: *The Dragon of Wantley.* Durfey's *Pills*, 1719, iii. p. 10.*Spirited*

Dire was the hate at old Har-law, That Scot to Scot did car-ry;
 And dire the dis-cord Langside saw For beauteous, hap-less Ma-ry: But
 Scot to Scot ne'er met so hot, Or were more in fu-ry seen, sir, Than 'twixt
 Hal and Bob for the fa-mous job, Who should be the Faculty's Dean, sir.

DIRE was the hate at old Harlaw,
 That Scot to Scot did carry;
 And dire the discord Langside saw
 For beauteous, hapless Mary:
 But Scot to Scot ne'er met so hot,
 Or were more in fury seen, sir,
 Than 'twixt Hal and Bob for the
 famous job,
 Who should be the Faculty's Dean,
 sir.

This Hal, for genius, wit, and lore,
 Among the first was number'd;
 But pious Bob, 'mid learning's store
 Commandment the tenth remem-
 ber'd:

Yet simple Bob the victory got,
 And won his heart's desire,
 Which shows that Heaven can boil
 the pot,
 Tho' the deil piss in the fire.

Squire Hal, besides, had in this case
 Pretensions rather brassy;
 For talents, to deserve a place,
 Are qualifications saucy.

So their worships of the Faculty,
 Quite sick of merit's rudeness,
 Chose one who should owe it all,
 d'ye see,
 To their gratis grace and goodness.

As once on Pisgah purg'd was the
 sight

Of a son of Circumcision,
 So, may be, on this Pisgah height
 Bob's purblind mental vision;—
 Nay, Bobby's mouth may be open'd yet,
 Till for eloquence you hail him,
 And swear that he has the Angel met
 That met the ass of Balaam.

In your heretic sins may ye live and
 die,

Ye heretic eight-and-thirty!
 But accept, ye sublime majority,
 My congratulations hearty!
 With your honors, as with a certain
 King,

In your servants this is striking,
 The more incapacity they bring,
 The more they're to your liking.

