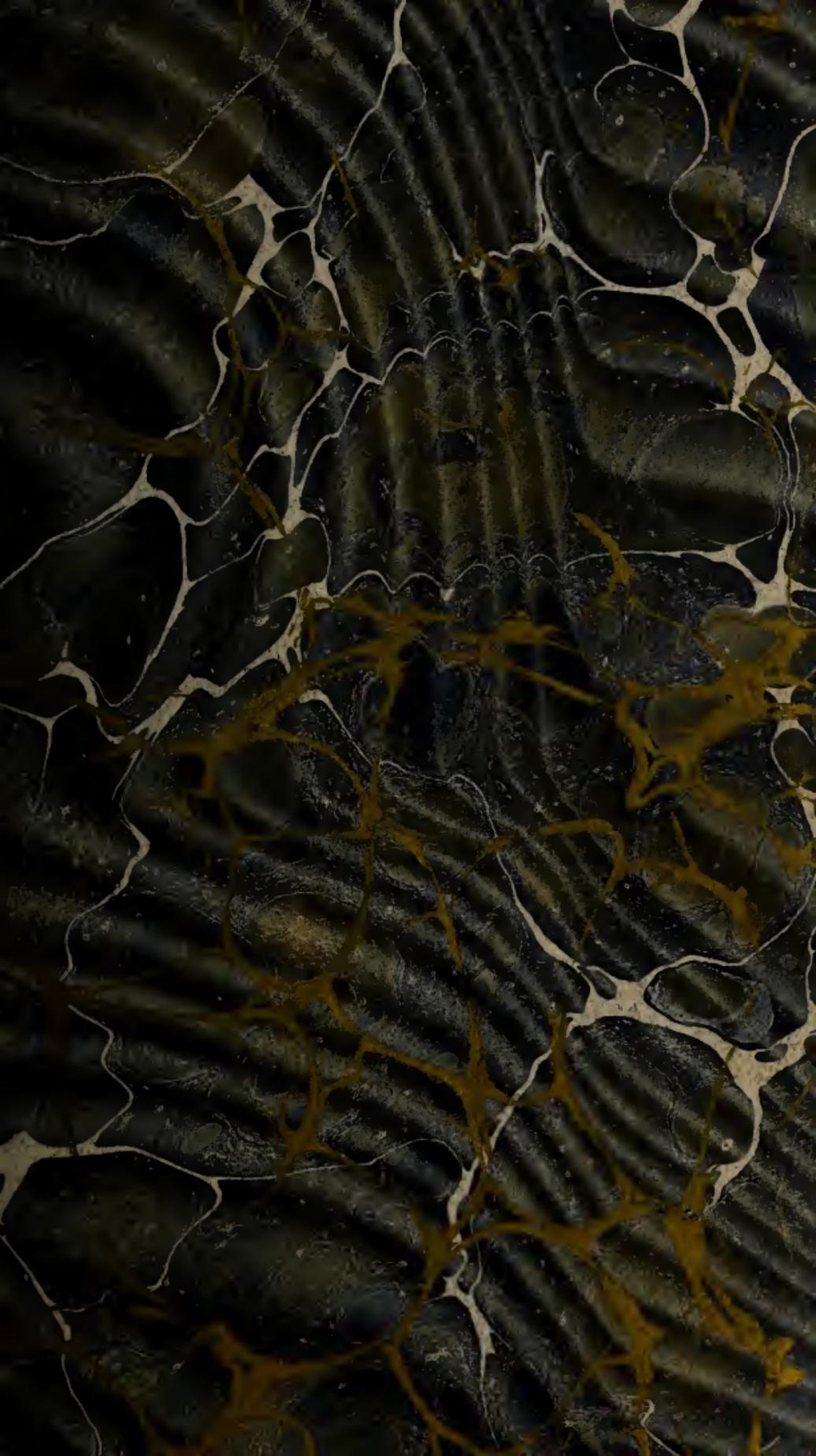




RB75743



Library
of the
University of Toronto



BRUCE'S ADDRESS,

To which is added,

My Love is like a red, red rose,

THE PLOUGHMAN,

ROBIN ADAIR,

Away with this sadness,

HIGHLAND WHISKY.



GLASGOW:

Published and Sold, Wholesale and Retail,
by R. Hutchison, Bookseller,
19. Saltmarket.

1823.

BRUCE'S ADDRESS.

NEAR Bannockburn King Edward lay,
The Scots they were not far away;
Each eye bent on the break of day,
Glimm'ring frae the east.

At last the sun shone o'er the heath,
which lighted up the field of death!
While Bruce, with soul-inspiring breath:
His heroes thus address'd:

“Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled;
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory!

Now's the day, an' now's the hour;
See the front of battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Coward! turn an' flee!

Wha for Scotland's king an' law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw?

Freeman stand or freman fa?
 Caledonian! on wi' 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 ev'ry foe!
 Liberty's in every blow!
 Let us do or die!"

Now fury kindled every eye,
 Forward, forward, was the cry!
 Forward, Scotland do or die!
 And where's the knave shall turn?

At last they all ran to the fray,
 Which gave to Scotland liberty!
 And lang did Edward rue the day
 He cam to Bonnockburn.

MY LOVE IS LIKE A RED, RED ROSE.

O, my love is like a red, red rose,
 That's newly sprung in June:
 O, my love is like the melody,
 That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
 So deep in love am I;
 And I will love the still, my dear,
 Tho' a' the seas gang dry,
 Tho' a' the seas, &c.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
 And the rocks melt wi, the sun;
 And I will love the still, my dear,
 While the sands of life shall run.

But fare the well, my only love!
 And fare the well a-while!
 And I will come again, my love,
 Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile.
 Tho' 'twere, &c.

THE PLOUGHMAN.

THE Ploughman wakes from transient dream,
 And blythe renews his useful toil;
 He sings, to cheer his patient team,
 As they unwearied turn the soil.

His song is answered from yon tree,
 By blackbird's note or mellow thrush;
 And sprightly linnets sing with glee,
 In flow'r'y glen and hawthorn bush.

His health is sound, his heart is gay,
 He neither envies lords nor kings;
 The chearful day glides swift away,
 As thus he labours and he sings.

He snuffs the fragrant gale of morn,
 While Plœbus lifts his fervent eye;
 All nature welcomes his return,
 His brightened blaze illumes the sky.

The Ploughman, happy in his lot,
 Ambition never tempts his view;
 You, who have sweet content forgot,
 Come learn of him that holds the plough.

ROBIN ADAIR.

WHAT'S this dull town to me?

Robin's not near:

What was't I wish'd to see?

What wish'd to hear?

Where's all the joy and mirth,

Made this town a heaven on earth?

Oh! they're all fled with thee,

Robin Adair.

What made the assembly shine?

Robin Adair.

What made the ball so fine?

Robin was there:

What when the play was o'er,
 What made my heart so sore?
 Oh! it was parting with
 Robin Adair.

But now thou'rt cold to me
 Robin Adair,
 But now thou'rt cold to me
 Robin Adair:
 Yet him I lov'd so well,
 Still in my heart shall dwell;
 Oh! I can ne'er forget
 Robin Adair.

AWAY WITH THIS SADNESS

AWAY with this pouting and sadness—
 Sweet girl! will you never give o'er?
 I love you by heaven! to madness,
 And what can I swear to you more?
 Believe not the old women's fable,
 That oaths are as short as a kiss;
 I'll love as long as I'm able,
 And swear for no longer than this.

Then waste not the time with professing
 For not to be bless'd when we can
 Is one of the darkest transgressions,
 That happen 'twixt woman and man
Dictate moralistically by this beginning

Heaven knows that I never lov'd sinning—
 Except little sinning's in love!

If swering, however, will do it,
 Come, bring me the Callender, pray—
 I vow, by that lip, I'll go through it,
 And not miss a saint on my way.
 The angels shall help me to whedle,
 I'll swear upon every one
 That e'er danc'd on the point of a needle,
 Or rode on a beam of the sun!

O! why should! Plantonic control, love,
 Enchain an emotion so free?
 Your soul, though a very sweet soul, love,
 Will ne'er be sufficient for me.
 If you think, by this coldness and scorning,
 To seem more angelic and bright,
 Be an angel, my love, in the morning,
 But, oh! be a woman to-night!

CONVIVIAL SONG.

AIR—Green grow the rashes, O.

Gie me but Highland Whisky, O,
 Gie me but Highland Whisky, O,
 I never fash mysel' wi' care,
 Gin I get routh o' whisky, O.

It cheers the spirit, warms the bluid,
 And maks us skeigh and vauntie, O,
 The very look o't does me guid;
 The thought o't maks me canty, O.

O, for Highland Whisky, O,
 O, for Highland Whisky, O,
 Friends it creates, and southers strife:
 Auld Gilead's Balm was Whisky, O.

This life is but a tiresome road,
 To gang alane is eerie, O;
 What, when we meet in Friendship sweet,
 But Whisky, maks us cheerie, O.

A waught o' Highland Whisky, O,
 A waught o' Highland Whisky, O;
 When ower Life's brae we haud our way
 There's naething cheers like Whisky, O.

And sic its power, it maks ane brave,
 And firm, and bauld, and frisky, O;
 Ae waught gies freedom to the slave,
 And Poortith's drown'd in Whisky, O,

Just routh o' Highland Whisky, O,
 Just routh o' Highland Whisky, O;
 I'd face a hunner Deils or mae,
 Weel prim'd wi' Highland Whisky, O.



