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THE
HIGHLAND PIPER'S
A D V I C E.

to drinkers. *to which are added*
Home, sweet sweet home *Wallace's Lament.*
Connell and Flora. *Here is the glen.*
Oh hey Johnny lad, *and Charlie is my*
D A R L I N G ,



AIRDRIE.

Printed by J & J Neil. Bookbinders, and
Printers, No 21 High Street. where may be had
a variety of song Toy and School Books. Cards &c.

The pipci's advice.

Now my pra' ponnie lads I wul' just tell you what,
whene'er that you'll'toon by the stoup-whisky sat.
In hearty goot freenships, your whistles pe' wat,
just tuck the goot trams but no fill yourselfs fou'
For oich! pe' sin fu' pe' shame fu' an' a'
to fill yourselfs fu' as pe' haud pe' the wa',
Or toon in the tirty hole gutters pe' fa',
an' wallow the mire like the muckle plack sow.

She's sure gin you juist tak the troubles pe' look;
the place I'm-forgot in the pra' bible puek,
Pe' tell you that you ta' wi' trapies mocht tuck,
for goot o' ta' pody no fill yourselfs fu'.
You mocht tuckit ae' glass you mocht tuckit twa,
yon mocht tuckit sax for pe' help him awa'
But oich dinna tuck him to gar yourselfs fa',
for that wad play tamn an' hellnations wi' you

The whiskys pe' goot when ta' pelly pe' sore,
pe' goot when shone heclanman traws' uine claymore,
For t'en he'l perform ta' great wonders galyore,
Sae lang as ta' dirk or ta' skean stood true,
Pe' goot for ta' peoples in all sort o' station,
if they wal pe' use her in due poderation,
But when they'll pe' puse her wi' toxification,
far petter pe' fuicht wi' ta' muckle plack-teil.

The whiskys pread joy an' ta' whiskys pread woe,
 the whiskys pe freen' an' ta' whiskys pe foe,
 An' shust as you'll treat him he'll shust use you so,
 hims goods an' hims nevils shust pend upon you.
 An' now my pra' lads this goot vice I will gie,
 whene'er that you'll meet wi' the shone parley pree',
 Shust tuek your goot glass's ene twa nor threes,
 put oich tuekit care no pe piper bitch fea',

HOME, SWEET HOME.

Sea to music by Bishop.

Mid pleasures, and palaces, tho' we may roam,
 Be it ever so humble there's no place like home,
 A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
 Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met
 with elsewhere.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home.

There's no place like home—there's no place
 like home.

An exile from home, splendour dazzles in vain,
 O give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again;
 The birds singing gaily that came at my call,
 Give me them, with thy peace of mind, dearer
 than all.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,

There's no place like home—there's no place
 like home.

WALLACE'S LAMENT.

TUNE. — *Maid of Arochar,*

Thou dark-winding Carron once pleas-
 ing to see, (ure again;
 To me thou canst never give pleas-
 My brave Caledonians lie low on the lee
 And thy streams are deep-ting'd with
 the blood of the slain.

Ah! base-hearted treach'ry has doom'd
 our un-doing, (can I do!
 My poor bleeding country what more
 E'en valour looks pale o'er the red field
 of ruin, (ors laid low.
 And freedom beholds her best warri-
 Farewell, ye dear partners of peril, fare-
 well; (bloody grave.
 Though hurried ye lie in one wide
 Your deeds shall ennoble the place
 where you fell,
 And your names be enrol'd with the
 sons of the brave!

But I, a poor outcast, in exile must
 wander, (die?
 Perhaps like a traitor ignobly must
 On thy wrongs, O! my country, in-
 dignant I ponder;
 Ah! woe to the hour when thy Wallace
 must fly!

CONNEL AND FLORA.

Set to Music by Smith.

Dark lowers the night o'er the wide
 stormy main, (again,
 Till mild rosy morning rise cheerful
 Alas! morn returns to revisit the shore,
 But Connel returns to his Flora no more

For see on yon mountain the dark cloud
 of death, (the heath,
 O'er Connel's lone cottage lies low on
 While bloody and pale, on a far distant
 shore,
 He lies, to return to his Flora no more.

Ye light fleeting spirits that glide o'er
 yon steep, (wide deep!
 O would you but waft me across the
 There fearless I'd mix in the battle's
 loud roar— (no more.
 I'd die with my connel and leave him

Here is the glen.

Here is the glen, and here the bower,
 All underneath the birchen shade;
 The village bell had tol'd the hour,
 O what can stay my lovley maid!

'Tis not Maria's whispering call:—
 'Tis but the balmy breathing gale,
 Mixt with some warbler's dying fall,
 The dewy star of eve to hail.

It is Maria's voice I hear,
 So calls the wood-lark in the grove,
 His little faithfull mate to cheer,
 At once 'tis music—and 'tis love.

And art thou come, and art thou true?
 O welcome dear to love and me;
 And let us all our vows renew,
 Along the flowery banks of Cree.

Och hey, Johnney iad.

Oeh hey Jonny lad!
 Ye'er no sae kind's ye soud, hae been;
 Och hey, Johnny lad!
 Ye didna keep your tryst yestreen;
 I waited lang beside the wood,
 Sae wae an' weary a my lane;
 Och hey, Johnny lad!
 It was a waefu nglit yestreen.

I looked by the whinny knowe,
 I looked by the firs sae green

I looked o'er the spunkie howe,
 An, ay I thought ye wad ha'e been,
 The ne'er a supper crost my craig,
 The ne'er a sleep his clos't my een,
 Och hey, Johnny lad!
 Ye're no sae kind's ye sould hae been.

"Gin ye war waitin by the wood,
 Its I was waitin by the thorn;
 I thought it was the place we set,
 An, waited inaist till dawning morn
 But be au vext, my bonnie lass,
 Let my waiting stan, for thine;
 We'll awa to Birkton shaw,
 And seek the joys we tint yestreen."

March to the Battle field.

March to the battle field,
 The foe is now before us;
 Each heart is freedom's shield;
 And heaven is smiling o'er us

The woes and pains, the galling chains,
 Which kept our spirits under,
 In proud disdain we've broke again,
 And tore each link asunder'
 March to the battle field, &c

Who for his country brave,
 Would fly from her invader?

Who, his base life to save,
 Would traitor-like degrade her?
 our hallowed cause, our home and laws,
 'Gainst tyrant power sustaining,
 We'll gain a crown of bright renown,
 Or die our rights maintaining.
 March to the battle field, &c.

Charlie is my Darling.

Charlie is my darling,
 my darling, my darling,
 O, Charlie is my darling,
 the young Chevalier.
 'Twas on a monday morning,
 right early in the year,
 When Charlie came to our town,
 the young Chevalier.
 As he came marching up the street
 the pipes play'd loud and clear;
 And a' the folk came running out
 to meet the Chevalier.
 O, Charlie is my darling, &c.
 Wi' Highland bonnets on their heads,
 and claymores bright and clar;
 They came to fight for Scotland's right,
 and the young Chevalier.
 They've left their bonny Highland hill,
 their wives and bairnies dear;
 To draw the sword for Scotland's lord,
 the young Chevalier.
 O, Charlie is my darling, &c.

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