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A NEW SONG.  
CALLED  
AULD SCOTIA FREE

to which are added

O Helen thou art my darling

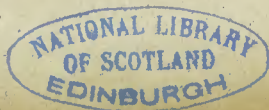
The lovely lass of Allan-down O

Will ye go to the ewe bughts and a Lam-  
entation for the death of the Brave Mc Kay-



AIRDRIE.

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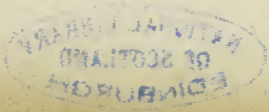


*Auld Scotia Free.*

*—The lassie of the glen'*

Auld Scotia thou'rt my native land,  
Thy snaw clad hills are dear to me,  
Thy rocky glens me better please,  
Then distant lands across the sea.  
Nae foreign land tho' e'er so fine,  
shall ever gain my heart frae thee  
I'll rather roam thro' scotia's shores,  
For scotia thou'rt for ever free.

Thy peaceful shepherds tend their flocks,  
Contented they seek not command.  
The husbandman his labour sees,  
All thriving well beneath is hand.  
Some foreign Empires boast of wealth,  
Of greater pomp and luxury;  
Here health and strength and beauty meet,  
And scotia thou'rt for ever free.



Thy healthfu' breeze is pure and clear,  
 Thy sons are straping stout and braw,  
 Can face the foe and boldly fight,  
 And firmly stand nor flinch a flaw.

Nae slave shall tread thy highland hills,  
 Frae galling bondage thou art free;  
 Nae tyrant e'er shall rule thy shores  
 But scotia thou'lt be ever free.

Tho' foreign monarchs rage and try  
 To conquer and defeat thy fame,  
 Thy sons can boldly rise and will  
 Their laws and libertys maintain.

O let me never share the fate  
 Of exiles banished o'er thy sea,  
 Here let me live and die in peace,  
 Since scotia thou'rt for ever free.

*Lamentation for the death of Mc Kay,*

In Glasgow town, of high renown,  
 This hero once did dwell;  
 M' Kay by name, of birth and fame,  
 The Scotchmen loved him well.

Like his ancestors true with bonnet blue,  
 The ring he entered in.  
 Resolved by power and strength of hand  
 His rights for to maintain.

On the second June, the afternoon,  
 The heroes met that day,  
 Resolved by power and body strength,  
 Their science to display:  
 In the first round Byrne was knocked down  
 Which made them for to cry,  
 The surrounding crowd huzza'd aloud,  
 "Success to bold M'Kay."

They met again, the feight went on.  
 Most pleasing for to see; (gone astray."  
 Byrne said unto M'Kay, "I fear you've  
 But M'Kay he said unto his man,  
 "Be not afraid of me;  
 For I'm resolved on this plain'  
 For death or victory."

Our manly chief, like a hero bold,  
 His man he did knock down,  
 And the skies did echo with the cheers,  
 Were given from the ring.

At the seventh round the Captain cried,

“The game is all our own.”

M'Kay cried out, “although 'tis foul,

I'll have it with renown.

Now to conclude, and make an end.

Of the fate of brave M' Kay,

Who, like a hero boldly fought;

For his country he did die.

Now brave M' Kay is dead and gone,

Far from his native shore.

Ye Caledonians now lament,

M' Kay's sad fate deplore.

*The lovely lass of*

ALLAN-DOWN.

Tune, Banks of Banna.

Yestreen I had a pint o' wine,

a place wher body saw na ;

Yestreen lay on this breast of mine

the raven locks o' Anna.

The hungry Jew in wilderness,

rejoicing o'er his manna,

Was neathing to my hinny bliss

upon the lips o' Anna.

Ye monarchs, tak the east and west  
 frae Indies to Savannah;  
 Gie me within my straining grasp  
 the melting form of Anna.

Then I'll despise imperial charms,  
 an empress or sultana,  
 While dying raptures in her arms,  
 I give and take wi' Anna.

Awa' thou flaunting god of day!  
 awa' thou pale Diana!  
 Ilk starn gae hide thy twinkling ray,  
 when I'm t meet my Anna.

Come in thy raven plumage, night,  
 sun, moon and stars, withdraw a'!  
 And bring an Angels pen to writ  
 my transports wi' my Anna.

The kirk and state may join and tell  
 to do such things I mauna;  
 The kirk and state may say so still,  
 and I'll gae to my Anna.

She is the sunshine o' my ee'  
 to live with her I eanna;  
 Had I on earth but wishes three,  
 the first would be my Anna.

*The true lovers Farewell.*

**TUNE**—Bonnie blackeye'd lassie O.  
 Oh, Helen thou'rt my darling,  
 The golden image of my heart;

How cheerless seems this morning,  
That brings the hour that we must part,

Though doom'd to cross the ocean,  
To face the proud insulting foe;  
Thou art my soul's devotion,  
My heart is thine where'er I go.

O Helen thou'rt my darling,  
My heart is thine where'er I go.

When on the stormy billows,  
Where angry tempests round me blow;  
Let not the drooping willows,  
O'erhang my love, thy lily brow.

But mind the seaman's story,  
Of William and his charming Sue,  
I'll soon return in glory,  
And like sweet William wed with you.  
O Helen &c.

Think on the days of pleasure,  
When rambling by the Caron Shore  
When summer days give pleasure,  
To rave amongst the flowery pride.

Think when your faithfull lover,  
Is far upon the stormy main;  
Think when the wars are over,  
These golden days will come again.  
O Helen &c.

Farewell ye lofty mountains  
Ye flowery pride we went to rave,  
Ye woody glens and fountains,  
Ye wild retreats of youthfull love.

Alass! we now must sever,  
 O, Helen to thy vows be true;  
 My heart is thine for ever,  
 One fond embrace, and then Adieu.  
 O Helen &c.

*Will ye go to the ewe bughts*

Will ye go to the ewe bughts, Marion,  
 and wear in the sloop wi' me?  
 The sun shines sweet, my Marion,  
 but nae half so sweet as thee.  
 O Marion's a bonnie lass,  
 and the blythe blink's in her ee;  
 And fain wad I marry Marion,  
 gin Marion wad marry me.  
 There's goud in your garters, Marion,  
 and silk on your white hause bane;  
 Fu' fain wad I kiss my Marion,  
 at e'en when I come hame.  
 I've nine milk ewes, my Marion,  
 a cow and a brawny quey:  
 I'll gi'e them a' to Marion,  
 just on her bridal day,  
 And ye'se get a greensey apron  
 and waistcoat of london brown,  
 And vow but ye will be vap'ring,  
 when'er ye gang to the town.  
 I'm young and stout, my Marion,  
 nane dances like me on the green;  
 And gin ye forsake me, Marion,  
 I'll e'en draw up wi' Jean.















x

