

A

PATRIOTIC SONG,
OR
Bonaparte will be here.

Abstracted from the Aberdeen Journal.

Tune, — Tillochgorum.

To which is added,

A New Song, in fa-
vour of our Militia.



A

PATRIOTIC SONG,

*Abstracted from the Aberdeen
Journal.*

Tune, Tillochgorum.

COME a' ye gallant Scottish swains,
Frae town and cottage, hills and plains,
Let every village beat to arms,
and join the warlike quorum.

For Bonaparte he'll be here,
Bonaparte, Bonaparte,
For Bonaparte he'll be here,
The muckle devil smore him,

For Bonaparte he'll be here,
He winna leave us horse nor mare,
He'll take our other gaun gear,
and drive them a' before him.

But let us true and faithful stand,
With heart to heart, and hand to hand,
Then let the rascals try to land,
We shall be there before 'em.

We winna flench nor will we flee,
We winna flench, we winna flee,
We winna flench, we winna flee,
For fifty hundred score o' them.

We winna flench, we winna flee,
Until our vengeance gluttet be,
And parties only live to see,
The gully made to gore 'em.

Why does this base usurper boast,
That he'll invade our British coast,
We'll sha him Sodgers to his cost,
Was born lang before him.

He'll find our Courage still the same,
We'll turn his glory to his shame,
Our auld Claymore we'll try again,
And Highland blood devour him.

He'll find our courage still the same,
He'll find our courage, find our courage,
He'll find our courage still the same,
As when we last rang owr 'em.

Come come brave fellows let us join,
Let us invoke the Powers Divine,
To whet our spears to form the line,
And guard the field before him.

Then we'll protect our King and cause,
Our lives, liberties and laws,
And they that winna join the cause,
Let all the world abhorre 'em.

Come a' brave fellows north about,
Most Noble HUNTLY calls you out,
Come to his Standard, never doubt,
The Noble Youth's before you.

Most Noble Huntly, great in fame,
Noble Huntly, Noble Huntly,
Most Noble Huntly, great in fame,
And great in warlike story.

Most Noble Huntly, great in fame,
May future feats confirm the same,
And various deeds enrol thy name,
In never fading glory.



and the first of the year

A
NEW SONG

In favour of our Militia.

YOUNG men that are stout,
and likewise valiant hearted,
Let them be soldiers,
if that they want to gain:
For in time they will find,
Things contrary to their mind;
And after a pleasure
they will find its a pain.

Oh Jean do not grieve
Although I'm going from you,
Away from your presence
I'm forced for to go,
You're a grief in my mind,
To leave you here behind;
I cannot take you with me
to great hardship and woe.

My dear, I'm drawn
 To the Militia :
 In the Town of Aberdeen
 I must appear this day,
 There are many a valiant man
 Along with me to join ;
 Come let us drink a health
 to Great George our King.

See how we all will fight,
 And its all for Britain's glory :
 Fighting will be our delight,
 either by land or sea,
 We will let the French to know,
 And that to their sad woe,
 The sons of bold Britain
 never conquered shall be.

Come along brave boys,
 See how the wars call on us,
 Hark how our drums do beat,
 and trumpets sweetly blow :

We will never be afraid,
 Nor yet the least dismay'd ;
 Providence will aid us,
 wherever we may go.

See how we'll draw them up
 Like sheep unto the slaughter ;
 Nothing but death will they be
 expecting every hour,
 With our top upon our right
 We'll be ready all to fight ;
 Lo yonder stands our enemy
 as black as a cloud.

Our General will say to the left,
 About, make ready ;
 Open to the right and left,
 and let their horsemen in,
 We'll salute them with ball,
 Until we catch them all ;
 Then we'll fight them sword in
 hand
 brave boys, never fear.

Many a widow will be
 Lamenting for her husband;
 Many a loving mother
 will weep for her son;
 Saying, now they are all gone,
 And left us here to mourn,
 We need not sit and strive
 against Great George our King.

I wish the Disposer
 Of all things unto us
 Would bring this sad war, and
 conclude it to an end,
 That we may return all safely
 home,
 With our friends once more to
 join,
 With love and peace be with us
 all,
 and long live our King.