

Five Excellent New

S O N G S,

1. The Valiant M'Craw's.
2. The Spendthrift clapt
into Limbo.
3. The Garb of Old Gaul,
4. The North Highland
Volunteers
5. I Cannot LOVE thee
more.



Entered According to Order.

London 1779

A New SONG on the Valiant M^CR^A W^So
 S^EA F^OR^TH's Regiment, who defeated the
 F^RE^NC^H I^NV^AS^IO^N on the Island of
 J^ER^SE^Y, April 1779.

Tune, Arthur's Seat.

AT Arthur's Seat both early and late,
 our camp we secur'd by us a' man,
 And by capitulation for the good of our nation,
 we shipped from Leith, and awa' man.
 With a loud cheer, to the ships we did steer,
 set sail, and to Jersey did run, man,
 we got a salute from the Garrison great,
 by cannons who loudly did roar, man.
 We was welcom'd by all both great and small,
 they wonder'd to see our bold dress, man,
 No breeks on our knee, our tartans so hie,
 and our language they could not express, man.
 But we soon let them know, if ever a foe,
 came near to this Island to plunder, man,
 With her claymore at sea, or on shore,
 she would strike him as dead as a flounder, man.
 Not long was it hence, when Nassau's prince,
 with his fleet and his troops to invade us, man,
 Sail'd from the French shore, our Island to gore,
 they thought it had little defence, man.
 But when they came near, we saw them so clear,
 and gave them to know our pretence, man,
 They took the alarm, but not without harm,
 we stick'd and shot hundreds and more, man,
 We made them to flee from land to the sea,
 the Nassauites loudly did roar, man.
 They damu'd us in French, we curs'd them in Ea
 with our claymores we crack'd their pows, ma

They off in a flight, in dead of the night.
 Their wounded they left on the shore, man,
 The French got such claws by the valiant M^cCraws,
 they thought they were devils indeed. man.
 May our Highland Clans be honour'd with fame,
 wherever their leaders command them,
 and all who won't join in this noble rhyme,
 may infamy ever attend them.

The SPENDTHRIFT clapt into LIMBO.

To its own Tune.

Once who was great, full little am grown,

A mimick of *multum in parvo*,
 am buried alive in a cluster of stone.

Some say, it is what I deserve—O:

What they have said, there is somewhat of truth,
 I have been a wild and extravagant youth,
 One hundred have spent upon Rachel and Ruth,

For which I am clapt up in limbo.

The song that I sing, it is absolute true,

Mark well my open devotion,

As of myself, give the devil his due,

I hope I will make an impression:

On the hard'ned hearts of prodigal beaux.

My friends, let me tell you now, under the rose,

Those who love you best, they'll prove your worst foes,

If ever you get into limbo.

My father he left me five hundred a year,

My mother she left me her jointure;

A little of that from mortgage was clear,

And till I went to the bottle and pinter;

Day after day to the tavern I went,

And land I sold off, all my money I spent.

My heart was so hard'ned it would not relent,
 Till once I was clapt up in limbo,
 I kept me a brace of as delicate jades,
 As ever brought nine pence to nothing;
 I kept them as long as my credit would hold,
 Together with meat, drink, and cloathing;
 My creditors they for their debts would not flay,
 But still haunted after me day after day,
 And now they have cast me into jail, you will say,
 To drink the cold water in limbo.
 I used to rant, as if I could fly,
 And strut like a crow in a gutter;
 Most people did call out, whene'er I past by,
 There goes Master Fopling flutter.
 Like top and top gallant I hoisted my sail,
 With my fringed cravat, with wig and three tails;
 And now I am ready to gnaw my own nails,
 Confin'd in a chamber in limbo
 And as I was lying one day on the straw,
 Bewailing my weoful condition,
 With-hunger, my fingers was reapy to gnaw,
 I sigh'd and brought forth this expression;
 If I could but get the young whores to my hand.
 To argue the case very long I'd not stand,
 To thresh the young bitches as small as the sand,
 I'd teach them to leave me in limbo.
 I had an old uncle who liv'd in the west,
 When he heard of my sad disaster,
 Poor soul, his heart was never at rest,
 His sorrows came faster and fatter:
 He came to the prison to see my sad case,
 No sooner I saw him than I straight knew his face
 And on him stood gazing like one in amaze;
 I wish'd then to be out of limbo.
 Said he, if I set thee once more on thy legs,

And put thee in credit and fashion,
 D'ye think you can leave off Bridget and Peg?
 And can you now bridle your passion?
 Believe me, dear uncle, if ever they come
 To tempt me to sin, as before they have done,
 Odds wounds, I will soundly belabour their bums;
 I'll teach them to leave me in limbo.
 He threw me a purse of five hundred pounds,
 Which was all told me into guineas;
 Receiving the same, return'd him thanks,
 Then I went to see Betty and Jenny;
 I went in my rags, they knew not of my gold,
 They turn'd me out in the rain and the cold;
 You'd laugh to see how the bitches did scold,
 And laugh'd at my lying in limbo.
 I pull'd out my purse of five hundred pounds,
 I pour'd them out on the table;
 This glitt'ring sight they no sooner beheld,
 Than they began to snigle and gigle;
 And turning me round, would sit in my lap,
 And smerking and laughing, my checks they would
 I told them that I would have no more of that, (clap;
 It was it that brought me to limbo.
 They had no sooner got sight of my gold,
 Than my pockets they fell a-picking;
 I beat them so long as my cane would hold,
 And then fell to cuffing and kicking;
 Some call'd out murder, while others did scold,
 But I was not able my hands for to hold,
 I threshed their bodies for the good of their souls,
 And taught them to leave me in limbo.
 Come all you young gallants, take care what I say,
 I'd have you take warning by me, boys,
 That little you have you don't make it away,
 For fear you be serv'd as I was,

They'll kits you and blefs you, with many fine tales;
 So soon as your money begins for to fail,
 They'll be the first that will pack you to jail;
 Take care that you keep out of limbo.

THE GARB OF OLD GAUL.

IN the Garb of old Gaul, and the fire of old Rome,
 From the heath cover'd mountains of Scotia we come:
 From those hills where the Romans attempted to reign,
 But our ancestors fought, and they fought not in vain.
 'Such our love of liberty, our country & our laws;
 'That like our noble ancestors we'll stand by free-
 dom's cause: (applause-
 We'll boldly fight like Heroes bright for honour and
 And defy the FRENCH and SPAINARDS to alter our
 laws.'

No effeminate customs our sinews embrace;
 No luxurious tables unnervate our race:
 Our loud founding Pipe bears the true martial strain,
 So do we the old Scottish valour retain.

'Such our love' &c.

We're tall as the oak from the womb of the vales,
 And swift as the roe when the hound he assails;
 Like the full moon in Autumn our shields do appear,
 Minerva would dread to encounter our spear.

'Such our love' &c.

As a storm in the ocean when Boreas blows,
 Are we when enraged we rush on our foes;
 We sons of the mountains tremendous as rocks,
 Dash the force of our foes with our thundering strokes.

'Such our love' &c.

Quebec and Cape Breton the pride of old France,
 In their troops fondly boasted till we did advance,
 But when our claymores they saw us produce,

Their courage soon failed them they begg'd for a truce.

' Such our love,' &c.

In our land may rebellion and faction long cease,
 May science still flourish and commerce increase,
 And in Scotland's cold climate may each of us find
 Our friends still prove true and our spouses prove kind

' Then we'll defend our Liberty our Country and
 our laws; (cause

' And like our noble ancestors stand fast by freedoms

' We'll bravely fight like Heroes bright for honour
 and applause, (Laws.

' And defy the DEVIL and the FRENCH to alter our

*The North Highland Volunteers. A New Song.
 Tune.—In the Garb of Old Gaul, &c.*

TO humble REBELLION establish the laws,
 To fight in BRITANIA'S, and LIBERTY'S cause.
 Our Country now calls us, our KING gives the word,
 Once more to unsheath the invincible sword.

*And as we're sprung from heroes of great glory and
 renown,*

*Who always were the ornament and support of the
 crown, (cause,*

*Let us like them stand nobly forth in liberty's fair
 And defy the REBEL CONGRESS to alter our laws.*

Our illustrious forefathers who slavery disdain'd,
 The flight of the proud Roman eagles restrain'd;

No nation but ours could their fury oppose,
 Our fathers ne'er turned their backs on their foes.

' And as we're sprung from heroes of great glory
 and renown, &c.

Let us then remember whose blood fills our veins;

(And cursed be he who his ancest'ry stains)

The descendant of heroes, who never would yeild.

Will approve themselves always the first in the field.

' And as we're, &c.

Our leaders the flower and the pride of the North,
Our honoured cheftains now summon us forth,
And when such a King and such Officers call,
The summons must surely be pleasing to all.

' And as we're, &c

Come then let us quick to the standard repair,
And share in the toils and the glories of war :
And when under great FRASER'S command we appear
The proud rebels will soon change their boasting to

' And as we're, &c (fear.

To our noble General a bumper let's fill,
To MACPHERSON, MACLEOD, MACINTOSH,
and LOCHIEL,

And every brave HERO who crosses the main
To conquer AMERICA over again.

' And as we're sprung, &c. D. M.

I cannot LOVE thee less nor more

WHY, lovely charmer, tell me why,
So very kind and yet so shy ;

Why does that cold forbidding air,
Give damp of sorrow and despair,
Or why that smile my soul subdue,
And kindle up my flame in you.

In vain you strive, with all your art,
By turns to freeze and fire my heart ;
When I behold a face so fair,
So sweet a look, so soft an air,
My ravish'd soul is charm'd all o'er
I cannot love the less nor more.

F I N I S.