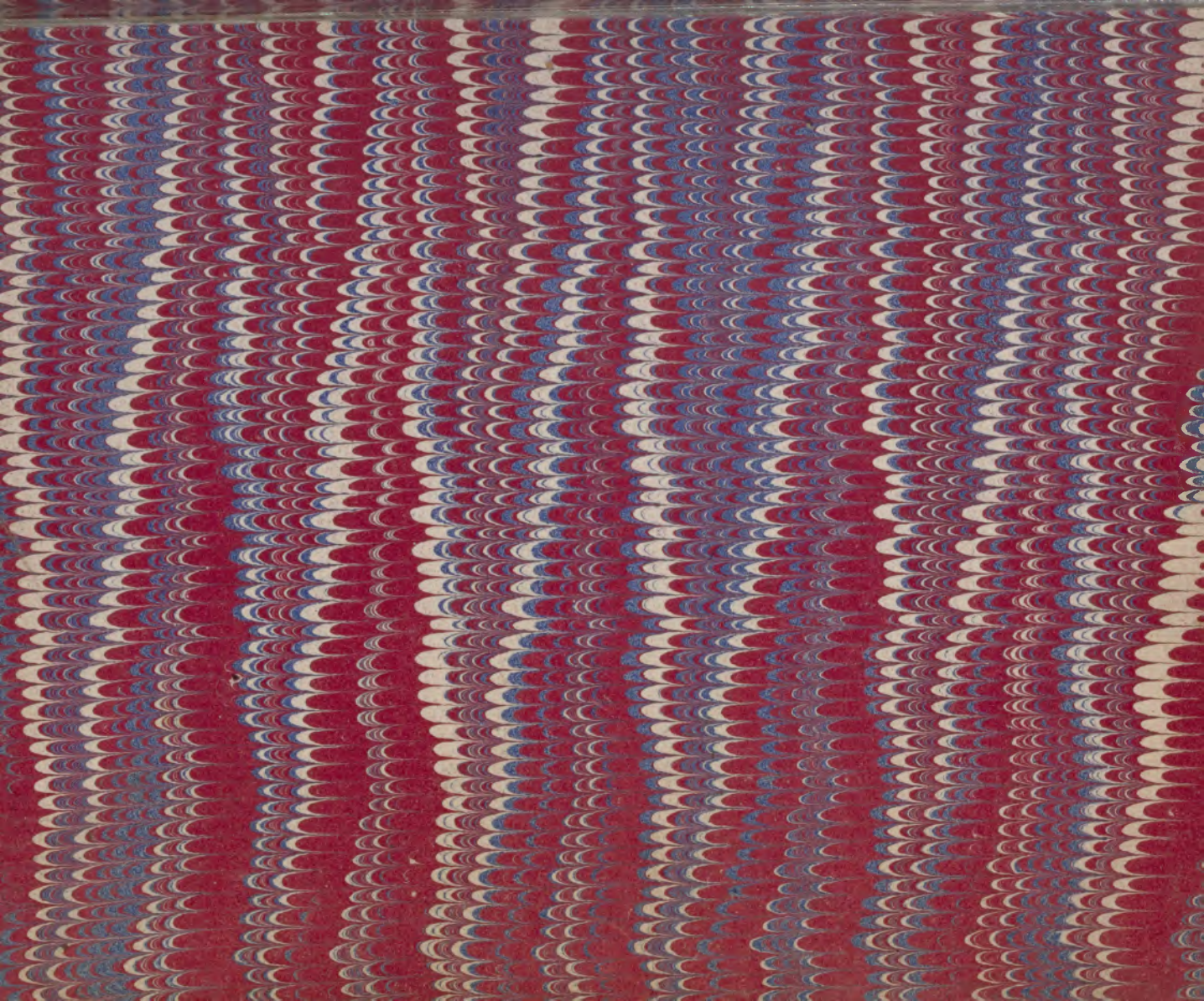


VOLUNTEER
SONGS
-BY
ALEXANDER MACLAGAN

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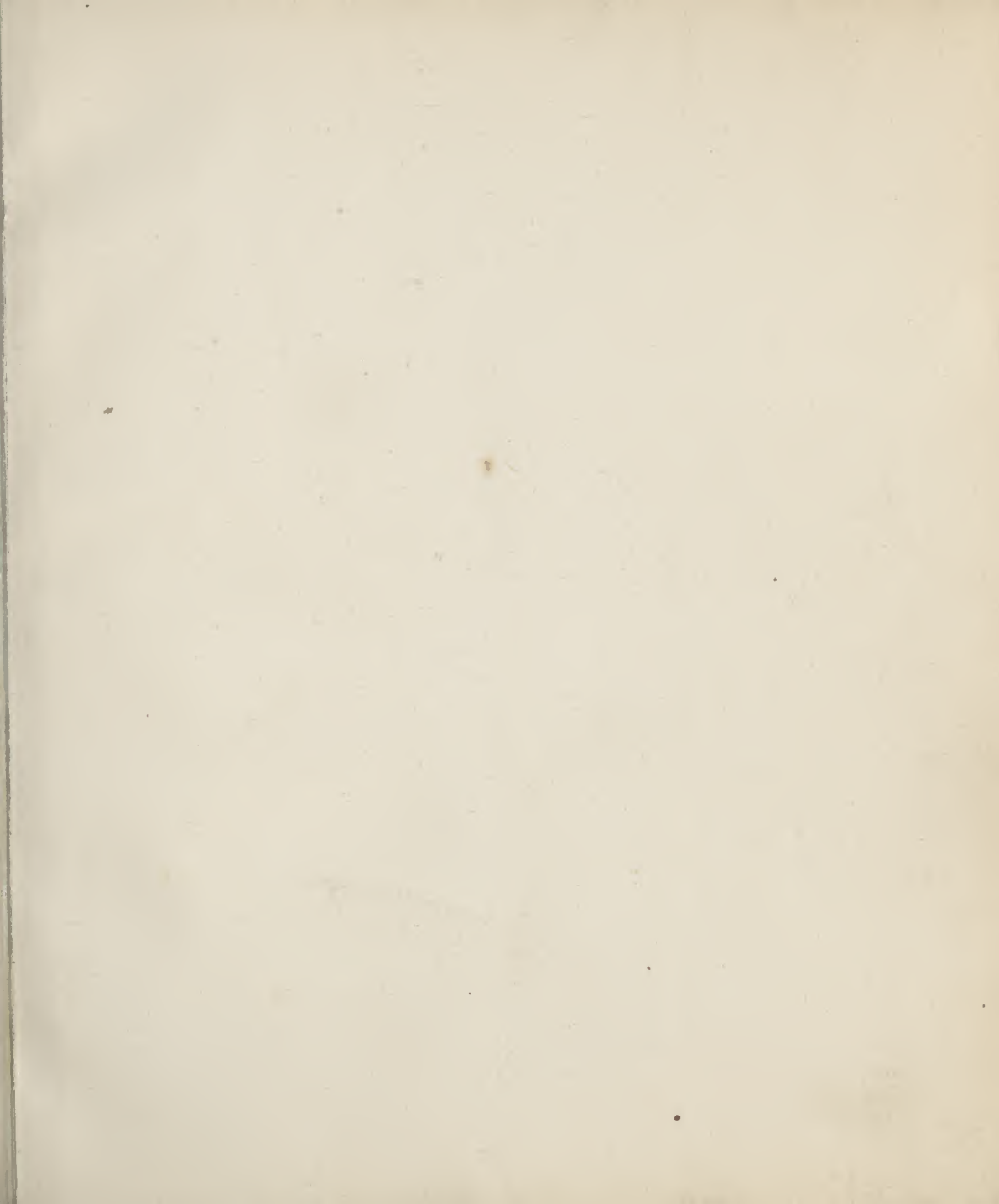


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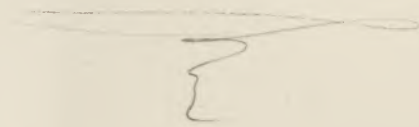


To Captain Robert Cranstoun.

4th Highland Volunteers G. E. R. 15.

With the kindest compliments, and warm regards,
of the Author. — Alexander Macdonald.

May 24th 1877.



VOLUNTEER SONGS

BY

ALEXANDER MACLAGAN,

ENSIGN SECOND CITY E.V.R.,

AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES FROM NATURE, AND OTHER POEMS," "RAGGED SCHOOL RHYMES,"
"SONGS," ETC. ETC.

*Dedicated, by permission, to Field Marshal Lord Clyde,
G.C.B.*



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WARRIOR

EDINBURGH :
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Dedication.

TO

FIELD MARSHAL LORD CLYDE, G.C.B.

MY LORD,

Remembering with gratitude and pride the kind manner in which you eulogized my Crimean War Songs, when I had the honour of being introduced to your Lordship on the occasion of the "Sword of Honour" being presented to you by the Citizens of Glasgow in 1856, I beg respectfully to Dedicate to your Lordship this Collection of Volunteer Songs.

Holding the opinion, with the majority of my countrymen, that every British subject, from the age of fifteen to fifty-five, should enroll themselves as Volunteers, I considered it but my duty to join the first members of this great movement in 1858.

The favours of our Gracious Queen, the countenance and support of her Ministers, and the fact that your Lordship holds a Commission in a Volunteer Corps, promises well for the realization of the highest hopes of the warmest Patriot.

If your humble servant has contributed in any degree, to keep up the enthusiasm of his brother Volunteers, he is fully rewarded and will always consider it an honour to march side by side with them, and, in defence of Native Land, to meet our enemies with the Pen or the Sword—a Ballad or a Bayonet.

I am,

Your Lordship's most obedient Servant,

ALEXANDER MACLAGAN,

ENSIGN SECOND CITY R.R.V.

EXTRACTS OF LETTERS FROM THE CRIMEA.

From JOHN JOINER, *Quartermaster, 93d Highlanders.*

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *24th August 1855.*

Many thanks for Mr. Maclagan's war songs you so kindly sent. "We'll ha'e nane but Highland bonnets here" is excellent, and we never tire singing it in the camp.

From ROBERT SINCLAIR, *No. 2 Company, 93d Highlanders.*

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *4th August 1855.*

DEAR SIR,—“We'll ha'e nane but Highland bonnets here” is highly appreciated in the camp of the 93d Highlanders, and was sung with great enthusiasm both in the tents and in the trenches. I can assure you it will long be a favourite song in our regiment, and the whole Highland Brigade. It was sung by many a poor fellow by the camp fires in the last dreadful winter nights, when one would think that singing was not in their hearts. You cannot think how cheering it is to the soldier fighting for his native land, when singing the songs of dear auld Scotland!

Mr Alexander Maclagan.

VOLUNTEER SONGS.



“OUR QUEEN’S BIRTHDAY.”



UP VOLUNTEERS ! God save the Queen !
Shall be our toast to-day !
With stalwart arms, and dauntless hearts,
We’ll guard her throne for aye !
God save the Queen !—to threat’ning foes
Right boldly we declare—
That her Volunteers are ready,
Let them come if they dare !

Chorus—Her Volunteers are ready !
Her Volunteers are ready !
Her Volunteers are ready !
Let them come if they dare !

We’ll take no taunts from foreign tongues,
Their malice we defy ;
For love, and home, and native land,
We still can do and die !

And of honour, wealth, and glory,
 We shall claim our lion's share!
 For our Volunteers are ready!
 Let them come if they dare!
Chorus—Her Volunteers are ready!

Come let us pledge the gallant Prince! *
 Who spoke out like a man;
 Like Nelson's signal through our ranks,
 His burning challenge ran.
 To Britain's foes—while British cheers
 Like thunder thrilled the air—
 See! our Volunteers are ready,
 Let them come if they dare!
Chorus—Her Volunteers are ready!

Though peace o'er all the world be still
 The spirit we invoke;
 Lightning from Heaven alone can rend
 Our glorious British Oak!
 God save the Queen!—to all her foes
 Right proudly we declare—
 That her Volunteers are ready,
 Let them come if they dare!
Chorus—Her Volunteers are ready!

* The Duke of Cambridge.—See his Speech delivered at the Lord Mayor's Dinner in London, 1860.

THE "RIFLE BRIGADE."

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO ALL BROTHER VOLUNTEERS.

Music arranged by R. B. Stewart, and sung with great applause at Mr. Howard's Concerts.

TUNE—"The Garb of Old Gaul."

SUCCESS, and three cheers to our Rifle Brigade!
 Success, and three cheers to our Rifle Brigade!
 Our foes will think twice ere our land they invade,
 When they see the brave ranks of our Rifle Brigade.
 "Ready, aye ready!" our motto shall be;
 "Ready, aye ready!" by land and by sea.
 Love, honour, and duty shall still have the aid
 And the blood of the brave in the Rifle Brigade.

Chorus—Success, and three cheers to our Rifle Brigade!
 Success, and three cheers to our Rifle Brigade!
 Our foes will think twice ere our land they invade,
 When they see the brave ranks of our Rifle Brigade.

The peer and the peasant have joined heart and hand,
 To defend every inch of our dear native land;
 To shield and to shelter from danger and harm
 The wealth of the palace, the cottage, and farm.

The crown of our Queen, and the love of her law,
 Will nerve every arm when for freedom we draw ;
 By the hearths of our homes, wife, mother, and maid
 Will rejoice in the faith of our Rifle Brigade.

Chorus—Success, and three cheers to our Rifle Brigade !

The young blood of Britain is up in full tide,
 The ring of the rifle is heard far and wide ;
 They are up, son and sire—in the south, in the north ;
 They are up, men of honour, of genius, and worth.
 Let England rejoice in her brave Volunteers !
 Let Scotland be proud of her brave mountaineers !
 When, shoulder to shoulder, their ranks are arrayed,
 And her war-pipe is heard in our Rifle Brigade.

Chorus—Success, and three cheers to our Rifle Brigade !

'Tis not rifle-practice to vapour and boast ;
 But we vow, if our foes set a foot on our coast,
 That their legions will tread on the dust of their graves—
 That Britannia shall still be the Queen of the Waves !
 They will feel in our steel, they will hear in our strains,
 That the blood of our forefathers still swells our veins ;
 When our banners unstained to the sun are displayed,
 'Mid the shouts and the cheers of our Rifle Brigade !

Chorus—Success, and three cheers to our Rifle Brigade !

OUR VOLUNTEER ARTILLERY.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF THE VOLUNTEER
ARTILLERY.

Music by John Smalley, Band Master of 78th Highlanders.

Our Volunteer Artillery !
 We hail with three times three ;
 Defenders of our native land,
 The great, the grand, the free !
 The great, the grand, the free, boys !
 We hail her gallant sons ;
 Their foes will fly like chaff before
 The thunder of their guns !

Chorus—The thunder of their guns, boys !
 The thunder of their guns !
 Their foes will fly like chaff before
 The thunder of their guns !

Our Volunteer Artillery !
 Brave hearts and hands they boast !
 And should a foeman dare to set
 A foot upon our coast,
 A foot upon our coast, boys !
 To stain our native shore,
 So warm will be our welcoming
 That they return no more !

Chorus—That they return no more, boys !
 That they return no more,
 So warm will be our welcoming
 That they return no more !

We hail our brave Artillery !
 We hail each Volunteer !
 Who arms to guard our hearths and homes
 To fame and freedom dear !
 To fame and freedom dear, boys !
 Their honour they'll maintain
 When Queen and country ery "To arms !"
 They never arm in vain !

Chorus—They never arm in vain, boys !
 They never arm in vain !
 When Queen and country ery "To arms !"
 They never arm in vain !

We hail our brave Artillery !
 Our brother banded men !
 Where is the power that dares to beard
 The lion in his den ?
 The lion in his den, boys !
 Who never feared a foe !
 The world in arms shall never lay
 Our glorious laurels low !

Chorus—Our glorious laurels low, boys !
 Our glorious laurels low !
 The world in arms shall never lay
 Our glorious laurels low !

BUGLE SONG.

WRITTEN ON THE OCCASION OF MRS. CAPT. SMITH SLIGO, OF INZIEVAR, PRESENTING A SILVER BUGLE TO THE SECOND HIGHLAND COMPANY, E.R.V.

COME let us sing our Bugle Song !
The pride of Inzievar !
We'll obey its thrilling summons,
Sounding high in peace or war !
Proudly swelling in the festive scene,
Or on the battle plain !
When it calls—to faith and honour,
It will never sound in vain !
Chorus—It will never sound in vain !

With loyal hearts and glowing souls,
We'll tell in martial lay
How much we prize the soldier's gift
That beauty gives to-day !
We swear by our forefathers' fields,
And flag without a stain !
When it calls—to love and duty,
It will never sound in vain !
Chorus—It will never sound in vain !

Lo ! when our Highland Volunteers
Their loyalty would prove,
To guard our country's steadfast throne—
The virtuous Queen we love,
Our Bugle Song will proudly tell
The grandeur of her reign !
When it calls—to Britain's glory,
It will never sound in vain !
Chorus—It will never sound in vain !

And should a proud foe dare invade
Our glorious fatherland,
Our Volunteers, among the first,
Will fight them hand to hand !
Their Bugle in the Highland charge,
Their honour will maintain !
When it calls—to death or victory,
It will never sound in vain !
Chorus—It will never sound in vain !

OUR VOLUNTEER REVIEW!

EDINBURGH, 7TH AUGUST, 1860.

“With her usual punctuality the Queen was on the ground. The booming of cannon announced that the Royal Cortège was approaching the Grand Stand. The signal for the Royal Salute was given, when up go 20,000 Rifles and several hundred swords as by magic, and down they come with the simultaneous ring which tells of steady and painstaking drill. And when the soul-stirring chords of our National Anthem swell upon the breeze, the whole of that mighty host, upright and steady, offer free homage to a beloved and cherished Sovereign.”

LET Scotland's brave and loyal heart
 With rapture hail the day
 That from her glowing history
 Shall never pass away.
 Well may she rear her standard high,
 And wave her bonnet blue,
 To greet our gracious Queen, and hail
 Our Volunteer Review!

Chorus—Our Volunteer Review, hurrah!
 Our Volunteer Review!
 To greet our gracious Queen, and hail
 Our Volunteer Review!

They crowd to Scotland's capital,
 The brave men of the west!

From Maidenkirk to John o'Groat's,
 Her bravest and her best!
 The Southern men come boldly on;
 The Border lads are true!
 The kilted North sends thousands forth
 To our Volunteer Review!

Chorus—Our Volunteer Review, hurrah!
 Our Volunteer Review!
 To greet our gracious Queen, and hail
 Our Volunteer Review!

How beauty's love-lit eyes will shower
 Glad burning beams to-day!
 Lo! twenty thousand gallant men
 March past in proud array!
 With dauntless hearts and stalwart arms—
 And souls to dare and do!
 To guard our hearths and homes from harm,
 At our Volunteer Review!

Chorus—Our Volunteer Review, hurrah!
 Our Volunteer Review!
 To greet our gracious Queen, and hail
 Our Volunteer Review!

How proud must be our Sovereign's heart.
 To look on such a scene!
 To mark the young bold eagle eye
 The firm and martial mein!

To know that high and loyal thoughts
Thrill every bosom through
With patriot fire for all she loves,
At our Volunteer Review,

Chorus—Our Volunteer Review, hurrah !
Our Volunteer Review !
To greet our gracious Queen, and hail
Our Volunteer Review !

A nation sings God save the Queen !
Steadfast her throne shall be !
Heaven-guarded on the glorious rock
Of love and liberty !
Let Scotland rear her standard high,
And wave her bonnet blue !
To greet our gracious Queen, and hail
Our Volunteer Review !

Chorus—Our Volunteer Review, hurrah !
Our Volunteer Review !
To greet our gracious Queen, and hail
Our Volunteer Review !

TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND MORE!

LORD ELCHO AT THE MONTROSE GATHERING.—“He happened to be on the staff at the Edinburgh Review, with some of the old experienced officers of the army, and he heard Lord Rokeby say ‘With these men I could do anything, and go anywhere.’ (Cheers.) They had got 150,000 Volunteers in the country; he wished there were 300,000, and they must not rest till they got them.” (Great cheering.)—*Scotsman*, August 31, 1860.

RISE, Volunteers of Briton—hark!

A brave cry fills the air:

To guard the throne and land we love,

Prepare, and still prepare!

Raise high the standard that your sires

To death or glory bore!

We must not rest till we have got

Two hundred thousand more!

Chorus—Two hundred thousand more, boys!

Two hundred thousand more!

We must not rest till we have got

Two hundred thousand more!

Arise ye hardy sons of toil!

Of science, and of trade;

Brave champions of the scythe and plough,

The anvil, loom, and spade.

Work!—wait not till invading foes
 Come thundering at the door!
 We must not rest till we have got
 Two hundred thousand more!

Chorus—Two hundred thousand more, boys!
 Two hundred thousand more!
 We must not rest till we have got
 Two hundred thousand more!

Let beauty from this hour declare
 She'll give nor heart nor hand
 To him who will not arm and join
 Our royal Rifle-band!
 Ye mothers give the sons you love,
 Altho' they were a score!
 We must not rest till we have got
 Two hundred thousand more!

Chorus—Two hundred thousand more, boys!
 Two hundred thousand more!
 We must not rest till we have got
 Two hundred thousand more!

Let England do her duty still,
 Let Scotland prove her best;
 To British hearts, and British hands,
 We well may trust the rest.
 Hark! to the brave and loyal shout
 That leaps from shore to shore!

We must not rest till we have got
Two hundred thousand more !

Chorus—Two hundred thousand more, boys !
Two hundred thousand more
We must not rest till we have got
Two hundred thousand more !

Arise ye nobles of the land—
Each gallant peasant's son ;
Horse, foot, and brave Artillery !
Each man stand to his gun !
From fresh fifteen to fifty-five,
Crowd to a Rifle corps !
We must not rest till we have got
Two hundred thousand more !

Chorus—Two hundred thousand more, boys !
Two hundred thousand more !
We must not rest till we have got
Two hundred thousand more !

STICK TO YOUR DRILL.

INSCRIBED TO J. M. MACDONALD, MAJOR E.R.V., WHOSE POPULAR WORKS ON
DRILL HAVE BEEN APPRECIATED BY EVERY VOLUNTEER.

You must stick to your drill, boys ! stick to your drill !
Come muster in thousands, and work with good will !
That honour may smile on your courage and skill,
You must stick to your drill, boys ! stick to your drill !

Arise, Volunteers ! with the song of the lark,
Arise ! and away to hill, meadow, and park ;
If you wish at the target's point columns to fill,
You must stick to your drill, boys ! stick to your drill !

When marching in line, or in steel-crested square !
Let your flags bear your motto, " All danger we dare !"
To charge like a storm up the face of a hill,
You must stick to your drill, boys ! stick to your drill !

At sharp bayonet-practice, point high, or point low,
To be well on your guard in the face of a foe ;
To parry, or thrust, with precision and skill,
You must stick to your drill, boys ! stick to your drill !

When the foot of a foe on our landmark we trace,
No standing-at-ease till the stains we efface !
If you would your proud mission with honour fulfil,
You must stiek to your drill, boys ! stiek to your drill !

When we think of our sires, and the fields they have won,
When we think of our sires, and the deeds they have done !
When our country eries arm ! with hand, heart, and will,
You must stiek to your drill, boys ! stiek to your drill !

At peace or at war with the legions of Francee,
Let your bugles sound steadily ever—Advanee !
We offer them friendship and honour, but still—
You must stick to your drill, boys ! stiek to your drill !

THE "SWORD OF HONOUR."

DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION, TO SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON, BART.

Written expressly for the Glasgow Banquet, on the occasion of the Presentation of the Sword of Honour to Sir Colin Campbell, G.C.B.

GIVE the Sword ! and let fame tell its story,
 To Campbell, the dauntless and true !
 May it shine like the star of his glory,
 At the head of his bonnets of blue !
 Give the Sword of our trust, still defending
 Our country, liberty, and law !
 And when right against might is contending,
 Then let Campbell be ready to draw !
Chorus—Then let Campbell be ready to draw !
 Then let Campbell be ready to draw !
 When right against might is contending,
 Then let Campbell be ready to draw !

Let it flash in the face of oppression,
 Like the lightning that smiteth the cloud ;
 When the tempest of blood-stained aggression
 Would cover the earth with a shroud,
 Give the Sword of our trust to his keeping !
 The tyrant will tremble to feel :
 And let Freedom arise from her weeping,
 And rejoice in the flash of its steel !

Chorus—And rejoice in the flash of its steel !
 And rejoice in the flash of its steel !
 And let Freedom arise from her weeping,
 And rejoice in the flash of its steel !

How proudly his clansmen will gather,
 How proud they will be of his name !
 When his feet tread his hills of red heather,
 To reap the rich fruit of his fame !
 Or where Scotland's brave banner is flying,
 Where the clouds of her heroes are seen,
 Rushing onward in triumph, or dying,
 For the land o' the thistle so green !

Chorus—For the land o' the thistle so green !
 For the land o' the thistle so green !
 Rushing onward in triumph, or dying,
 For the land o' the thistle so green !

Give the Sword ! from the beautiful, breathing
 Fond prayers to the Power who can save ;
 Give the Sword ! from the gentle hands, wreathing
 A crown for the brow of the brave !
 Give the Sword ! from the manly hearts beating ;
 Give honour where honour is due !
 Give the Sword ! and three cheers to our meeting
 With our Chief and his bonnets o' blue !

Chorus—With our Chief and his bonnets o' blue !
 With our Chief and his bonnets o' blue !
 Give the Sword ! and three cheers for our meeting
 With our Chief and his bonnets o' blue !

“WE’LL HA’E NANE BUT HIGHLAND BONNETS
HERE.”*

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO SIR COLIN CAMPBELL, G.C.B.

*Sung in “The Battle of the Alma,” as performed at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh,
and at the “Sword of Honour” Banquet, Glasgow, 1856.*

ALMA, field of heroes hail !
Alma, glorious to the Gael !
Glorious to the symbol dear,
Glorious to the mountaineer.
Hark, hark to Campbell’s battle cry !
It led the brave to victory ;
It thundered through the charging cheer,
We’ll ha’e nane but Highland bonnets here !

Chorus—We’ll ha’e nane but Highland bonnets here !
We’ll ha’e nane but Highland bonnets here !
It thundered through the charging cheer,
We’ll ha’e nane but Highland bonnets here !

* At the decisive charge on the heights of Alma, when the Guards were pressing on to share the honour of taking the first guns with the Highlanders, Sir Colin Campbell, cheering on his men, cried aloud : “ We’ll ha’e nane but Highland bonnets here ! ” How these heroic words acted upon his brave followers is well known.

See, see the heights where fight the brave !

See, see the gallant tartans wave !

How wild the work of Highland steel,

When conquered thousands backward reel.

See, see the warriors of the north,

To death or glory rushing forth !

Hark to their shout from front to rear,

We'll ha'e nane but Highland bonnets here !

Chorus—We'll ha'e nane but Highland bonnets here !

Braver field was never won,

Braver deeds were never done ;

Braver blood was never shed,

Braver chieftain never led ;

Braver swords were never wet

With life's red tide when heroes met !

Braver words ne'er thrilled the ear,

We'll ha'e nane but Highland bonnets here !

Chorus—We'll ha'e nane but Highland bonnets here !

Let glory rear her flag of fame,

Brave Seotland eries "This spot I claim !"

Here will Scotland bare her brand,

Here will Scotland's lion stand !

Here will Seotland's banner fly,

Here Seotland's sons will do or die !

Here shout above the "symbol dear,"

We'll ha'e nane but Highland bonnets here !

Chorus—We'll ha'e nane but Highland bonnets here !

LORD PALMERSTON.

LORD PALMERSTON AT FROME.—“We are happily at peace; long may we so continue. It is an old saying—but all old sayings are not invariably true—that in peace men turn their spears into ploughshares. Now, I think that, in order to enable the ploughshares to pursue their avocation with success and safety, it is well there should be the sword in its neighbourhood. We fortunately have iron enough in this country for spears and ploughshares, and we have also sufficient hands to wield both; and I trust both will be wielded, when occasion requires, with great skill and success.”

A SONG, a song, my comrades,
 A bold song flowing free;
 A toast, a toast, my comrades,
 And song and toast shall be:
 Success to gallant Palmerston!
 The generous, good, and great;
 Long may he live to guard and guide
 The vessel of the State!

Chorus—The vessel of the State, boys!
 The vessel of the State!
 Long may he live to guard and guide
 The vessel of the State!

How gallantly he guides the ship
 Through danger, calm, or storm!
 Mark, how his giant genius dares
 A foe in any form!



A hero's heart, a steady arm,
 To hand—to reef—or steer ;
 An eagle eye, that well can mark
 When threat'ning storms are near.

Chorus—When threat'ning storms are near, boys !

Let honour decorate the breast
 That claims a nation's thanks ;
 He breathes his dauntless spirit through
 Our patriotic ranks.

Let wisdom, wit, and eloquence,
 Spread wide and far his praise ;
 And beauty crown his manly brows,
 With ever blooming bays.

Chorus—With ever blooming bays, boys !

Long may he lay his flag and front,
 To every tempest's shock ;
 Dashing assailing tides aside,
 Like sea-foam from a rock.
 May love and duty guard his flag,
 As on through life he steers ;
 Let healthy dew from Heaven renew,
 The honours of his years !

Chorus—The honours of his years, boys !

The honours of his years !
 Let healthy dew from Heaven renew
 The honours of his years !

LORD ELCHO'S CHALLENGE SHIELD!

To be shot for annually by the Volunteer Corps of England and Scotland—The names of the successful competitors to be engraven thereon.

THE hero's prize—"The Challenge Shield!"

We sing as freemen sing ;

When noble deeds, with patriot pride,

Home to their hearts they bring.

The lists are open, welcome, wide !

Then bravely take the field ;

Do battle with the best to win,

Brave Elcho's Challenge Shield !

Chorus—The Challenge Shield we proudly sing !

Then bravely take the field ;

Do battle with the best to win

Brave Elcho's Challenge Shield !

Be ready, Volunteers !—obey !

Where'er your bugles sound ;

Let the earth be rosy England,

Or Scotland's rocky ground.

The honoured wounds of hostile years,
 In wedded love are healed !
 Be rivals still, when marksmen win,
 Brave Elcho's Challenge Shield !
Chorus—The Challenge Shield we proudly sing !

Let merry England do her best,
 As she has ever done !
 Where'er a well fought battle-field,
 Or laurel crown is won !
 Old Scotland vows on her claymore,
 An inch she will not yield,
 Till she engraves her Thistle on
 Brave Elcho's Challenge Shield.

Chorus—The Challenge Shield we proudly sing !

On to the work like heroes,
 To your Butts like gallant men !
 Up with your Long Range Targets,
 On mountain, plain, and glen.
 Let us hear your Rifles ringing,
 Each shot in honour sealed,
 When the Rose and Thistle battle for
 Brave Elcho's Challenge Shield !

Chorus—The Challenge Shield we proudly sing !
 Then bravely take the field ;
 Do battle with the best to win
 Brave Elcho's Challenge Shield !

Let the gallant sons of Barb...
Be rivals still, when marksmen win,
For the honour of our name,
Be true to Elcho's Challenge Shield,
That shall be our glory,
When the Rose and Thistle battle for

Let the gallant sons of Barb...
Be rivals still, when marksmen win,
For the honour of our name,
Be true to Elcho's Challenge Shield,
That shall be our glory,
When the Rose and Thistle battle for

When the Rose and Thistle battle for

OUR HIGHLAND VOLUNTEERS.

[WRITTEN FOR THE FIRST HIGHLAND COMPANY, E.R.V., 1858.]

INSCRIBED TO CAPTAIN SMITH SLIGO, OF INZIEVAR.

Who has presented two Silver Bugles, and done much to stimulate and encourage a patriotic spirit throughout the Highland Corps in Edinburgh.

WHEN despots fill dishonoured thrones,
 When traitors bend the knee,
 When Freedom, crowned with cypress, weeps
 In bonds and slavery,
 'Tis time the brave should arm to save
 The fame of countless years—
 That every man should join the clan
 Of the Highland Volunteers!

Chorus—That every man should join the clan
 Of the Highland Volunteers!
 That every man should join the clan
 Of the Highland Volunteers!

Come, muster on the mountain's crest!
 Come, gather in the glen!
 Arm, arm! brave sons of heroes, arm!
 Ye are still unconquered men!

Let desperate foe their legions show,
Up, up, brave mountaineers !
There's gallant blood to stem the flood
In the Highland Volunteers !

Chorus—There's gallant blood to stem the flood
In our gallant Volunteers !
There's gallant blood to stem the flood
In the Highland Volunteers !

Our Highland hearts are brave and true !
Our Highland hills are high ;
For Scotland's right and Scotland's might
We still can do or die !
With heart and hand for native land
We'll fight like our forbears,
To raise the name and crown with fame
The Highland Volunteers !

Chorus—To raise the name and crown with fame
The Highland Volunteers !
To raise the name and crown with fame
The Highland Volunteers !

THE DEATH OF HAVELOCK.

Sung at the "City Hall Saturday Evening Concerts," by MR. AUGUSTUS BRAHAM.

AIR—*The Death of Nelson.*

RECITATIVE.

As thunder clouds tear-fraught shadows throw
O'er the fair earth, so fell deep shades of woe—
Filling our night with tears—clouding our day,
When our loved hero, Havelock ! passed away.

SONG.

Hark to a nation's cry !
'Mid shouts of victory !
We mourn the dead.
Havelock among the best,
Hath laid him down to rest,
In valour's honoured bed.
But, blending with Britannia's sighs,
A mighty song of praise shall rise ;
His deeds shall perish never.
Brave Havelock's worth ! brave Havelock's name !
Brave Havelock's worth, and glorious fame
Shall honoured be for ever !

Like to the giant rock,
That hurls the ocean's shock
Of tempest, from our shore ;
He braved Rebellion's tide,
And smote their waves of pride,
To rear their crests no more.
And, lo! on Lucknow's towers of fear,
How high Britannia's conquering cheer
Arose for rescued beauty !
Ten battle-fields, of glory tell !
Ten battle-fields, proclaim how well
Brave Havelock did his duty !

Prepare the hero's crown,
Of bright unstained renown,
To crown his Memory.
His warriors o'er his grave
Their glorious flags shall wave
To songs of victory ;
Whilst a great nation's grateful voice
Shall mourn her hero—yet rejoice !
His deeds can perish never !
Brave Havelock's worth ! brave Havelock's name !
Brave Havelock's worth, and glorious fame
Shall honoured be for ever.

SONG OF WELCOME!

WE WELCOME OUR BRAVE HIGHLANDMEN!

(INSCRIBED TO COLONEL EWART AND MEN OF THE 78TH HIGHLANDERS,
WRITTEN FOR THE BANQUET GIVEN TO THEM IN EDINBURGH, 1860.)

TUNE—"A *Highland lad my love was born.*"

We welcome our brave Highlandmen!

We welcome our brave Highlandmen!

They fought their battles one to ten!

We welcome our brave Highlandmen,

Hail dauntless sons of dauntless sires;

Your deeds each patriot bosom fires,

And yours the fame that ne'er expires.

- Then welcome our brave Highlandmen!

Chorus—Then welcome our brave Highlandmen!

Then welcome our brave Highlandmen!

They fought their battles one to ten!

Then welcome our brave Highlandmen!

All beneath an Indian sun,

Mighty works your arms have done!

What glorious fields were fought and won!

By Scotland's gallant Highlandmen!

'Mid flash of steel, and shot, and shell,
 At red Cawnpore your work went well !
 The world rejoiced when Lucknow fell !

Then welcome our brave Highlandmen !

Chorus—Then welcome our brave Highlandmen !

Then welcome our brave Highlandmen !

They fought their battles one to ten !

Then welcome our brave Highlandmen !

Hail ! favoured sons of victory !

Heroes of many a glorious day !

Let honours thicken your toils repay,

We welcome our brave Highlandmen !

A nation's love, a nation's praise,

Will wed you to her proudest lays ;

And crown with bright immortal bays !

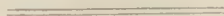
Brave Scotland's gallant Highlandmen !

Chorus—Then welcome our brave Highlandmen !

Then welcome our brave Highlandmen !

They fought their battles one to ten !

Then welcome our brave Highlandmen !



THE RIFLE RECRUITING CALL.

ARM! BROTHERS, ARM!

*Music by Maurice Cobham, as performed by the Band of the 78th Highlanders at
Grand Military Bazaar of Edinburgh.*

ARM! Brothers, arm!
 With willing heart and hand;
 Arm! Brothers, arm!
 For love of native land.
 Arm! Brothers, arm!
 At honour's trumpet call;
 Let your glorious motto be
 All for one and one for all!

Chorus—Then arm! Brothers, arm!
 At honour's glorious call;
 Then arm! Brothers, arm!
 All for one and one for all!

Arm! Brothers, arm!
 To prove the patriot's part;
 To light heroic fires,
 In every British heart.

And that right may be might,
Prepare to stand or fall ;
Let your glorious motto be
All for one and one for all !

Chorus—Then arm ! Brothers, arm !
At honour's glorious call ;
Then arm ! Brothers, arm !
All for one and one for all !

Arm ! Brothers, arm !
With heart, and soul, and will ;
Come like streams dashing forth
From city, glen, and hill ;
And when fame crowns your name,
And mighty deeds recall
Let your glorious motto be
All for one, and one for all !

Chorus—Then arm ! Brothers, arm !
At honour's glorious call ;
Then arm ! Brothers, arm !
All for one and one for all !

THE THISTLE.

Music by J. Turnbull, Glasgow.

HURRAH for the Thistle! the brave Scottish Thistle!
The evergreen Thistle of Scotland for me!
A fig for the flowers, in your lady-built bowers—
The strong-bearded, weel-guarded Thistle for me!
 Then hurrah for the Thistle! the brave Scottish Thistle!
 The evergreen Thistle of Scotland for me!
 A fig for the flowers in your lady-built bowers—
 The strong-bearded, weel-guarded Thistle for me!

'Tis the flower the proud eagle greets in its flight,
When he shadows the stars with the wings of his might;
'Tis the flower that laughs at the storm as it blows,
For the stronger the tempest, the greener it grows!
 Hurrah for the Thistle! the brave Scottish Thistle!
 The evergreen Thistle of Scotland for me!
 A fig for the flowers, in your lady-built bowers—
 The strong-bearded, weel-guarded Thistle for me!

Round the love-lighted hames o' our ain native land—
 On the bonneted brow, on the hilt of the brand—
 On the face o' the shield, 'mid the shouts o' the free,
 May the Thistle be seen where the Thistle should be
 Hurrah for the Thistle ! the brave Scottish Thistle !
 The evergreen Thistle of Scotland for me !
 A fig for the flowers, in your lady-built bowers—
 The strong-bearded, weel-guarded Thistle for me !

Hale hearts we ha'e yet to bleed in its cause ;
 Bold harps we ha'e yet to sound its applause ;
 How, then, can it fade, when sic chieils an' sic cheer,
 And sae mony braw sprouts o' the Thistle are here ?
 Then hurrah for the Thistle ! the brave Scottish Thistle !
 The evergreen Thistle of Scotland for me !
 A fig for the flowers in your lady-built bowers—
 The strong-bearded, weel-guarded Thistle for me !



