

# R NEIL AND GLENGYLE,

THE

HIGHLAND CHIEFTAINS;

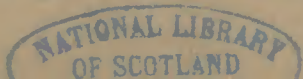
A TRAGICAL BALLAD.

AND THE

# RUNKEN EXCISEMAN.



GLASGOW:  
PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.



## SIR NEIL AND GLENGYLE

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In yonder Isle beyond Argyle,  
Where flocks and herds were plenty,  
Lived a rich Squire, whose sister fair  
Was the flower of all that country.  
A knight, Sir Neil, had wooed her long,  
Expecting soon to marry;  
A young Highland laird his suit preferred,  
Young, handsome, brisk and airy.

Long she respected brave Sir Neil,  
Because he wooed sincerely,  
But as soon as she saw the young Glengyle  
He won her most entirely.  
Till some lies unto her brother came,  
That Neil had boasted proudly,  
Of favours from that lady young,  
Which made him vow thus rudely.

I swear by all our friendship past,  
Before this hour next morning,  
This knight or me shall breathe our last,  
He shall know he's scorning.

To meet on the shore where the loud waves roar,  
 In a challenge he defied him,  
 Ere the sun was up, these young men met,  
 No living creature nigh them.

What ails, what ails my dearest friend?  
 Why want ye to destroy me;  
 I want no flattery, base Sir Neil,  
 But draw your sword and try me.  
 Why should I fight with you, M·Van,  
 You ne'er have me offended;  
 And if I aught to you have done,  
 I'll own my fault, and mend it?

Is this your boasted courage, knave?  
 Who would not now despise thee?  
 Not if thou still refuse to fight,  
 I'll like a dog chastise thee.  
 Forbear, fond fool, tempt not thy fate,  
 Presume not now to strike me,  
 There's not a man in all Scotland  
 Can wield the broad-sword like me.

Combined with guilt thy wond'rous skill  
 From fate shall not defend thee,  
 My sister's wrongs shall brace my arms,  
 This stroke to death shall send thee.  
 Not this, and many a well aimed blow,  
 The generous Baron warded,  
 Being loath to harm so dear a friend;  
 Himself he only guarded.

Till, mad at being sore abused,  
 A furious push he darted,  
 Which pierced the brains of bold M·Van,  
 Who with a groan departed.  
 Curse on my skill!—what have I done?  
 Rash man!—but thou would have it:  
 You have forced a friend to take thy life,  
 Who would have bled to save it.

Why should I mourn for this sad deed,  
 Since now it can't be mended,  
 My happiness that seemed so nigh,  
 By one rash stroke is ended.  
 An exile into some strange land,  
 To fly I know not whither,  
 I must not see my lovely Ann,  
 Since I have slain her brother?

But casting round his mournful eyes,  
 To see if none were nigh them,  
 There he espied the young Glengyle,  
 Who like the wind came flying.  
 I'm come too late to stop the strife,  
 But since thou art victorious,  
 I'll be revenged, or lose my life,  
 My honour bids me do this.

I know your bravery, young Glengyle,  
 Though of life I am now regardless,  
 Why am I forced my friends to kill,  
 See, brave M·Van lies breathless.

Unhappy lad, put up thy blade,  
 Tempt me no more I pray thee;  
 This sword that pierced the Squire so rude,  
 Soon in the dust shall lay thee.

Does it become so brave a knight?  
 Does blood so much affright thee?  
 Glengyle shall ne'er disgrace thy sword,  
 Unsheath it, then, and fight me,  
 Again with young Glengyle he closed,  
 Intending not to harm him,  
 Three times with gentle wounds him pierced,  
 Yet never could disarm him.

Yield up your sword to me, Glengyle,  
 What on is our quarrel grounded?  
 I could have pierced thy dauntless heart,  
 Each time I have thee wounded.  
 But if thou thinkest me to kill,  
 In faith thou art mistaken,  
 So, if thou scorns to yield thy sword,  
 In pieces straight I'll break it.

While talking thus, he quit his guard,  
 Glengyle in haste advanced,  
 And pierced his generous, manly breast,  
 The sword behind him glanced.  
 Then down he fell, and cries, I'm slain!  
 Adieu to all things earthly;  
 Adieu, Glengyle, the day's thy own,  
 But thou hast gained it basely.

When tidings came to Lady Ann,  
 Time after time she fainted,  
 She ran and kissed their clay-cold lips,  
 And thus their fate lamented.  
 Illustrious, brave, but hapless men,  
 This horrid sight does move me,  
 My dearest friends rolled in their blood,  
 The men that best did love me.

O thou the guardian of my youth,  
 My dear and only brother,  
 For this thy most untimely fate,  
 I'll mourn till life is over.  
 And brave Sir Neil, how art thou fall'n,  
 And withered in thy blossom,  
 No more I'll love the treacherous man  
 That pierced my hero's bosom.

A kind and tender heart was thine,  
 Thy friendship was abused ;  
 A braver man ne'er faced a foe,  
 Hadst thou been fairly used.  
 For thee a maid I'll live and die,  
 Glengyle shall ne'er espouse me ;  
 And for the space of seven long years,  
 The dowy black shall clothe me.

THE DRUNKEN EXCISEMAN.

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I know that young folks like to hear a new song,  
 Of something that's funny and not very long,  
 It is of an Exciseman, the truth I will tell,  
 Who thought that one night he was going to hell.

Fal de lal, &c.

One night he went out to look for his prey,  
 He did meet with some smugglers as I heard them say,  
 In tasting the liquors they were going to sell,  
 The Exciseman got drunk, the truth I will tell.

He got so intoxicated, he fell to the ground,  
 And like a fat sow he was forced to lie down,  
 Just nigh to a coal pit the Exciseman did lie,  
 When four or five colliers by chance did come by.

They shouldered him up, and hoised him away,  
 Like a pedlar's pack without any delay,  
 Into the bucket they handed him down,  
 This jolly Exciseman they got under ground.

The Exciseman awakened with terrible fear,  
 Up started a collier, says, what brought you here?  
 Indeed, Mr. Devil, I don't very well know,  
 But I think I am come to the regions below.

Says the collier, what was you in the world above?  
 I was an Exeisman, and few did me love;  
 Indeed, Mr. Devil, the truth I will tell,  
 Since I have got here, I will be what you will.

Since you're an Exeisman, here you must remain,  
 You will never get out of this dark eell again;  
 The gates they are fast, and bind you seure,  
 All this you must suffer for robbing the poor.

Indeed, Mr, Devil, if you'll pity me,  
 No more will I rob the poor you shall see;  
 If you will look over as you've done before,  
 I never will rob the poor any more.

Come, give me your money which now I demand,  
 Before you can get to the christian land;  
 O yes, Mr. Devil, the Exciseman did say,  
 I wish to get back for to see light of day.