

# Massacre of Glencoe;

To which are added,

**Welcome Royal Charlie.**

**Kenmure's on and awa.**

**The Lily of St. Leonards.**



**W. MACNIE,**  
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THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.

O TELL me, Harper, wherefore flow,  
The wayward notes of wail and woe  
Far down the desert of Glencoe,

Where none may list their melody?

Say harp st thou to the mists that fly,  
Or to the dun deer glancing by,  
Or to the eagle that from high  
Screams chorus to thy minstrelsy.

"No, not to these, for they have rest—  
The mist-wreath has the mountain crest,  
The stag his lair, the erne her nest,  
Abode of lone security.

But those for whom I pour the lay,  
Not wild wood deep, nor mountain gray,  
Not this deep dell that shrouds from day,  
Could screen from treacherous cruelty.

"Their flag was fur'd, and mute their drum,  
The very household dogs were dumb,  
Unwont to bay of guests that come  
In guise of hospitality.

His blithest notes the piper plied,  
 Her gayest snood the maiden tied,  
 The dame her distaff flung aside,  
 To tend her kind'y housewif'ry.

"The hand that mingled in the meal,  
 At midnight drew the felon steel.

And gave the host's kind breast to feel  
 Meed for his hospitality.

The friendly hearth which warm'd that hand,  
 At midnig't arm'd it with the brand,  
 That bade destruction's flames expand,  
 Their red and fearful blazonry.

"Then woman's shriek was heard in vain,  
 Nor infancy's unpitied plain,  
 More than the warrior's groan could gain,  
 Respite from ruthless butchery!

The winter wind that whistled shril,  
 The snows that night that cloak'd the hill,  
 Though wild and pitiless, had still  
 Far more than southron clemency.

"Long has my harp's best notes been gone,  
 Few are its strings, and faint their tone,  
 They can but sound in desert lone,  
 Their grey-hair'd master's misery.

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Were each grey hair a minstrel string,  
Each cord should imprecations sing,  
Till startled Scotland loud should ring,  
"Revenge for blood and treachery."

### WELCOME ROYAL CHARLIE.

**AROUSE!** arouse! ilk kilted clan,  
Let Highland hearts lead on the van,  
Forward wi' her durk in hand,  
To fight for royal Charlie.

Welcome Charlie, owre the main,  
The Highland hills are a' your ain,  
Welcome to your ain again,  
Welcome royal Charlie.

Auld Scotia's sons 'mang Highland hills,  
Can nobly brave the face o' ills;  
For kindred fire ilk bosom fills,  
At sight of royal Charlie.  
Welcome Charlie, &c.

Her ancient Thistle wags her pow,  
And proudly waves o'er dale and knowe,

To hear the oath and sacred vow—

“We'll live or die wi' Charlie!”

Welcome, Charlie, &c.

Rejoiced to think nae foreign weed,  
Shall trample on her hardy seed,  
For weel she kens her sons will bleed,

Or fix his throne right fairly.

Welcome, Charlie, &c.

Among the wilds o' Caledon,

Breathes there a base degenerate son,

Wha would not to his standard run,

And rally round Prince Charlie.

Welcome, Charlie, &c.

Then let the flowing quairch go round,

And boldly bid the pibroch sound,

Till every glen and rock resound

The name o' royal Charlie.

Welcome, Charlie, &c.

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**KENMURE'S ON AND AWA, WILLIE.**

- KENMURE'S on and awa, Willie,
- Kenmure's on and awa ;

An' Kenmure's lord's the bravest lord  
That ever Galioway saw.

Success to Kenmure's band, Willie,

Success to Kenmure's band;

There's no a heart that fears a whig,

That rides by Kenmure's hand.

Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie,

Here's Kenmure's health in wine;

There ne'er was a coward of Kenmure's blade

Nor yet of Gordon's line.

O Kenmure's lads are men, Willie,

O Kenmure's lads are men;

Their hearts are swords o' metal true,

And that their faes shall ken.

They'll live or die wi' fame, Willie,

They'll live or die wi' fame;

But soon wi' sounding' victorie

May Kenmure's lord some hame.

Here's him that's far awa, Willie,

Here's him that's far awa;

And here's the flower that I lo'e best,

The rose that's like the snaw.

THE LILY OF ST LEONARDS.

HAVE you seen in yonder glen?  
 Far frae the haunts or tracts of men,  
 Have you seen its fairest gem—  
 The Lily of St Leonards?  
 Lovely, sporting, young and gay,  
 How she trips her rugged way,  
 Glinting like the sunshine ray,  
 O'er meadows and o'er crags.  
 Have you seen her sylph-like form,  
 Like the rainbow in the storm,  
 Or the gilding of the morn,  
 On hill or mountain brow?  
 Have you seen her artless dance,  
 Like the sparkling moonlight glance,  
 That twitters in a fairy trance  
 O'er fields thick clad wi' snow?  
 Have you heard her morning sang  
 Echoing woods and caves amang,  
 Or answer'd by the dashing dang  
 Of spouts and water driven?  
 Have you heard her evening prayer,

When every thing was calm and fair,  
 Breathing purer than the air  
 That wafted it to heaven?

Have you tried her angel mind,  
 What, oh what there could you find:  
 But generous passions strong and kind,  
 And simple purity?  
 Simple, alas! untaught of ill,  
 She yielded to a lover's will,  
 He pluck'd the lily from the rill,  
 To wither and to die.

Forgive ye whom our errors fin',  
 She knew not what it was to sin,  
 Her graces all were made to win,  
 But none for to deny.  
 Forgive, for she has been forgiven,—  
 She's paid the debt she owed to heaven,  
 And does not malice 'gainst the livin'  
 Turn mercy when they die?

FINIS.