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George and Britain Save;

To which are added,

The Plowman's Ditty,

Lay thy loof in Mine, Lassie,

By Logan Streams.



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GEORGE AND BRITAIN SAVE.

While deeds of Hell deface the world,
and Galla's throne in ruins lies,
While round the world revolt is kind,
and Dubord's baneful banner flies,
Loud shall the loyal Briton sing
To arms! to arms! your bucklers bring,
To shield our Country guard our King,
And George and Britain save.

Ne'er shall the desolating woe,
That shales with horror Europe o'er,
To us his hideous image shew
Or deep in blood this happy shore.
Firm as our rock-bound isle we'll stand,
With watchful eye and iron hand,
To wield the might of Britain's land,
And George and Britain save.

While wide threatening frenzy burns,
And prostrate nations mourn in rage,
Steady his eye the Briton turns
To EDWARD'S and to HENRY'S page.

As o'er their conquering Urn he sighs,
 Touch'd by their fame's proud fire he cries,
 "Thus o'er our foes we'll ever rise,
 "And George and Britain save."

Oft Fancy views them on the deep,
 And turning at their squadrons roll,
 Where great Elizabeth's ashes sleep,
 With triumph fills each Briton's soul.
 As Drake and Raleigh catch the glance:
 "Advance: he cries, rash fools advance!
 "The grave of Spain shall open for France,
 "And George and Britain save."

What prompts these restless foes of life
 To dare our dreaded arms again?
 What, but the hope that party strife
 Has broke Britannia's shield in twain?
 But know they not, when France is near,
 The war of tongues' is silent here,
 That all my grasp Britannia's spear,
 And George and Britain save.

Ne'er in the pinch of Britain's Fate,
 Shall Statesmen's rival Feuds be known,
 Or Faction strive, with thwarting hate,
 To break the British Bulwark down:

No! round the Alter of our Land,
 Link'd in one soul, the British Bard,
 Shall firm in sacred Union stand,
 And George and Britain save.

Though Moral Order sink to the ground,
 Though all the Virtues trodden lie
 Though Fury tear the nations round,
 And Blood and Rapine fill each eye;
 Ne'er shall the Storm here turn his flight,
 While British hearts at home unite
 To guide our thought, to guard our right,
 And George and Britain save.

O, happy Isle! wise order'd State;
 Well-temper'd work of Freedom's hand;
 No shock of realms can touch thy Fate
 If Union binds thy Sea-girt Land:
 Vainly the storm shall round thee ring,
 While Britain's Sons in concord sing,
 We'll shield our country guard our King,
 " And George and Britain save."

THE PLOWMAN S DITTY.

Because I'm but poor,
 And splendor my store,

That I've nothing to lose is the cry,
 Let who will declare it,
 I vow I can't bear it,
 I give all such praters the lie.

Tho' my house is but small,
 Yet to have none at all,
 Would sure be a greater distress, Sir,
 Shall my garden, so sweet,
 And my orchard, so neat,
 Be the prize of a foreign oppressor?

On Saturday's night,
 'Tis still my delight,
 With my wages to run home the faster,
 But if Frenchmen rule here,
 I may look far and near,
 But I never shall find a Pay-master.

I've a dear little wife,
 Whom I love as my life,
 To lose her I should not much like,
 And it would make me run wild,
 To see my sweet child,
 With it's head on the point of a pike.

I've my Church too to save,
 And will go to my grave

In defence of a Church that's the best ;
 I've my King, too, God bless him,
 Let no one oppress him
 For none has he ever oppress'd

British Laws for my guard,
 My cottage is barr'd ;
 'Tis safe in the light or the dark,
 If the 'Squire shou'd oppress,
 I get instant redress,
 My Orchard's as safe as his Park.

My Cot is my Throne,
 What I have is my own,
 And what is my own I will keep,
 Should Boni come now,
 'Tis true I may plow,
 But I'm sure that I never shall reap.

Now do but reflect
 What I have to protect ;
 Then doubt if to fight I shall choose,
 King, Church, Babes and Wife,
 Laws, Liberty, Life,
 Now tell me I have nothing to lose.

Then I'll beat my ploughshare
 To a sword or a spear,

And rush on those desperate men :
 Like a lion I'll fight ;
 That my spear, now so bright,
 May soon turn to a ploughshare again !

LAY THY LOOF IN MINE LASS.

O Lay thy loof in mine lass
 In mine lass, in mine lass,
 And swear on thy white hand Lass,
 That thou wilt be my ain.
 A slave to love's unbounded sway,
 He aft has wrought me merrle wae,
 But now he is my deadly fae,
 Unless thou be mine ain,

O lay thy loof in mine Lass,
 In mine Lass in mine Lass, &c.

There's monie a Lass has broke my rest,
 That for a blinz I ha'e for'd best ;
 But :hou art Queen within my breast,
 For'ever to remain.

O lay thy loof in mine Lass,
 In mine Lass in mine Lass,
 And swear on thy white hand, Lass,
 That thou wilt be my ain.

Dear Lad gin we'll be leel and true,
 There's nane I like sae weel as you,
 Sae there's my loof I swear and vow,
 For life to be your ain.
 Now there's m' loof in thine Lad,
 In thine Lad, in thine Lad.
 In hopes you will prove kin' Lad,
 And tak me for your ain.

BY LOGAN STREAMS.

By Logan streams that rins sae deep,
 How aft wi' glee I've herded sheep,
 Herded sheep and gather'd stae,
 Wi' my dear lad on Logan braes.
 But lack-a-nee! these days are gane,
 And I wi' grief may herd my lane.
 While my dear lad maun face his faes,
 Far, far frae me and Logan braes.
 Nae mair at Logan kirk will he
 Atween the preachings meet wi' me;
 Meet wi' me, and when it's mirk,
 Convey me hame frae Logan kirk.
 Weel may I sing the days are gane,
 Frae kirk or fair I come my lane;
 While my dear lad maun face his faes,
 Far, far frae me and Logan brass.

FINIS.