

THE
LAST SPEECH

Of the Farmer's Colly,

ALSO

The Farmer's Lament.

AND

The Rochester Lass.



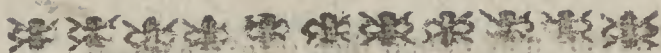
Stirling, Printed in the Year, 1806.

THE COLLY'S LAST SPEECH.

DRAW near each true and trusty cur,
And hear what I'm convicted for,
Though I'm condemned by dint o' law,
Devised by men I never saw,
Yet I declare the truth to you,
The crime is what I never knew,
My days I spent them kind and free,
And now has nought to do but die.
Draw near my honest neighbour tikes,
With whom I swiftly loup't the dykes,
And rant'd money a merry day,
Yet parted a' in game and play;
Monie's the night we met on guard,
To watch the poultry and the yard;
And in invasion did appear,
We set the garrison a'teer;
When the first lenthin did discharg'd a bark,
Our muster'd guards though ever so dark
Would rally forth their warlike lore,
An set the town in an uproar;
But now we frae either we must part,
Or else full dearly pay the smart.
For though we're o' the meaner sort
Our names were lately call'd in court,
When we were tried by courle o' law,

And sentence pass'd upon us a'.
 My kind y friend's that now looks wra
 And greets me on this doleful day;
 Though I m the first that gets the cast,
 Ye need na think I'll be the last;
 There's monie more their lives will lack,
 In virtue of the new male act,
 In honour, & the list commence,
 Submits to face without defence,
 And tamely yields to time my breath,
 A victim to proud statesman's wrath.
 Who aft thinks fit to make so free,
 As take the thing they never could gi'e,
 Poor simple Dogs 'tis time to dread,
 There's now a price set on your head,
 And few has had the luck to miss,
 Was brand wi' sick o mark as this,
 Oh' a' the tricks in world's trash,
 The highest triumph's the ready cash.
 And though the trifle is but sma',
 It adds to bulk when gather'd a'.
 And some would tell on you and me,
 For shillings less than twa or three;
 Yet I hae something mair to say,
 And tell the proud eit m—— h o' the day,
 That I was form'd by the same man,
 Which made the k—g o' every land,
 And that by nature I am free,
 And fill'd my place as well as he
 For I remain'd as I was made,

And natur e's law had still obey'd,
 Till man by guilt was forst to flee,
 And brought the curse to light on me.
 Farew l to thee my master dear,
 Although my execution ;
 Ne er fret at what behappens me,
 Most freely I do thee forgie,
 And rather gie thee great applause,
 Since it fulfils the nation s laws
 Ne'er stap though folk should thee defame
 And ca' thee monie a filthy name,
 For if you live you'll shortly see
 They'll mair put to thier han' than thee,
 Now I have little more to add,
 Although my fortune it is bad;
 I ne'er intend for to repine
 But freely does my life resign,
 A victim to that new made law,
 By which the same is ta'en awa',
 My honest friends that's firm and true,
 I bid y u all a fond adieu ;
 In hopes y u ll raise my memory
 Above the slave of mean degree ;
 Who's heart would shrink the truth to tell
 For fear of danger to their sel ;
 As free I lived so free I'll die.
 The nation's purse may starve for me.



THE FARMER'S LAMENT.

POOR Trusty was the best of dogs,
 And faithful still was he
 But now he's gone and hang'd 'tis true
 Upon a fatal tree:

O woful day that him I lost,
 And woful will it be.
 For all my sheep will wander off,
 And stolen will they be.

My curse attend them every one,
 They'll have it you will see.
 For I have lost my best of dogs,
 His like I ne'er did see.

He kept my cattle from the corn,
 And rats would all retire,
 How happy I could sit and sing,
 Before my pleasing fire.

But now alas! from me he's gone,
 They have forced him away,
 Which makes me grieve and very sad,
 Oh! woful was that day,

My neighbours all I pray attend,
 And listen to what I say,
 Your trusty Curs you now must pay,
 Or else for them must pay,

The hare may bound then thro' the woods,
 Or in a cave retire.
 For Behu sleeps in shades of death,
 He on a tree expir'd

All thro' the means of knavish tricks;
 Play'd by a pamper'd crew,
 Of Dogs more wicked in their kind,
 Than any e'er I knew.

O Lord what will become of me,
 and other Husbandmen,
 When they have taken our best guard,
 And hanged our trusty friend,

Sure we no rest nor peace can have,
 For all is darkned o'er,
 Since Trust and Watch from us is gone,
 We now must loole our store,

O take me to some peaceful shore,
 Where that I may enjoy,
 A life of Peace and sweet content,
 That never e'er will cloy,

And where my best and trusty friend,
 May in my house remain,
 Secure from all such hellish Dogs,
 As cause me to complain,

ROCHESTER LASS.

IN Rochester city, a young dumsel did dwell,
 For wit, and for beauty none could ber excel,
 Admired she was and had many a suiter,
 But one young youth and he loved her well.
 This charming young youth he was a brisk
 sailer.

Long time he had ploughed the watery main,
 The enemy insulted the British flag royal,
 He was summoned to go and meet them again.

This jolly young sailer, if true as reported,
 Had been but a very few weeks on the shore,
 As he and his true-love were walking,
 Then by a large press-gang he from her was
 tore

They cried we perceive you are a young
 sailer,

That is fit for to fight for your country and
 king,

And as we want sailers you must plough the
 ocean,

No excuse we will have.

You must face these bold en'mies once more
 again.

It was early one morning as day it was daw-
 ning,

This beautiful fair one a letter received,

It was to inform her the ship had weigh'd
 anchor,

With grief and vexation this fair one griev'd,

she cried oh! the waves they do prove so cruel,
 They have robb'd me of him I esteem'd so dear,
 My mind it is tortur'd with grief and vexation,
 While from her bright eyes fell may a tear.

It was wrote in these lines my love, don't
 be surpris'd,
 Once more I am compelled for to plough the
 rough sea,
 But nevertheless, my dear girl don't be
 griev'd,
 To you and to you only true and constant I'll
 Though many a fair one I shall see. (ve
 There is no doubt on it when our ship is in
 port,
 Or harbour she lies no one shall induce me,
 To think of another, while I am away.

And I hope in return you will do so by me,
 So adieu my dear Sally till the next time I see
 you

Our ship's bound to India all with a fresh gale,
 Early to morrow the day is appointed
 So heaven protect you until the next meeting,
 Which I hope will be soon now the wars are
 all o'er

And when my dear Sally we will be united,
 In sweet harmony and lead our lives happy,
 While secure on the shore.

FINIS