

Five Songs.



The Wounded Hussar.

Lucy's Flittin'.

Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled

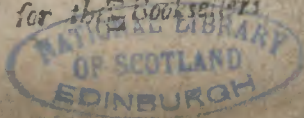
Robert and Nell.

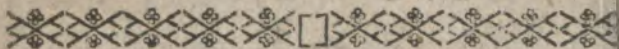
The Wandering Sailor.



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THE WOUNDED HUSSAR.

ALONE to the banks of the dark rolling
 Danube,
 Fair Adelaide hied when the battle was o'er;
 O whither, she cry'd, hast thou wander'd, my
 true love,
 Or here dost thou welter and bleed on the shore?
 What voice did I hear? 'twas my Henry that
 sigh'd,
 All mournful she hasten'd, nor wander'd she
 far,
 When, bleeding, and low on the heath, she des-
 cry'd,
 By the light of the moon, her poor wounded
 Hussar.

From his bosom that heav'd, the last torrent was
 streaming,
 And pale was his visage, deep mark'd with a
 scar;
 And dim was that eye, once expressively beaming,
 That melted in love, and that kindled in war.
 How smit was poor Adelaide's heart at the sight!
 How bitter she wept o'er the victim of war!
 'Hast thou come, my fond love, this last sorrow-
 ful night,
 'To cheer the lone heart of your wounded
 Hussar?'

‘Thou shalt live! (she reply’d) Heaven’s mercy
relieving,

‘Each languishing wound shall forbid me to
mourn.’

‘Ah, no! the last pang in my bosom is heaving,

‘No light of the morn shall to Henry return.

‘Thou charmer of life, ever tender and true,

‘Ye babes of my love that await me afar’—

His fault’ring tongue scarce could murmur adieu!

When he sunk in her arms, the poor wounded
Hussar.

LUCY’S FLITTIN’.

‘T WAS when the wan leaf frae the birk tree was
fa’in,

An’ Martinmas dowie had wind up the year,

That Lucy row’d up her wee kist, wi’ her a’ in’t,

An’ left her auld master, and neighbours sae dear.

For Lucy had serv’d i’ the glen a’ the simmer;

She cam there afore the flower bloom’d on the
pea;

An’ orphan was she, an’ they had been gude till her,

Sure that was the thing brought the tear in
her e’e.

She gaed by the stable, where Jamie was stannin’,

Right sair war his kind heart the flittin’ to see;

“Fare ye weel, Lucy,” quo’ Jamie, an’ ran in,

—The gatherin’ tears trickled fast to her knee,

As down the burn-side she gaed slaw wi’ her
flittin’.

“Fare ye weel, Lucy,” was ilka bird’s sang;
She heard the crow saying’t, high on the tree sit-
tin’,

An’ Robin was chirpin’t the brown leave
amang.

“O what is’t that pits my puir heart in a flutter

An’ what gars the tear come sae fast to my e’e
If I wasna ettled to be ony better,

Then what gars me wish ony better to be?
I’m just like a lammie that losses its mitber;

Nae mither nor frien’ the poor lammie can see
I fear I hae left my bit heart a’ thegither,

Nae wonder the tear fa’s sae fast frae my e’e

Wi’ the rest o’ my claes I hae row’d up the rib-
bon,

The bonny blue ribbon that Jamie gae me:
Yestreen when he gae me’t, an’ saw I was sabbinn

I’ll never forget the wae blink o’ his e’e.

Tho’ now he said naithing but “Fare ye weel
Lucy,”

It made me I neither could speak, hear, nor see
He coudna sae mair, but just “Fare ye weel

Lucy;”

Yet that I will mind to the day that I die.

The lamb likes the gowan wi’ dew when
droukit;

The hare likes the brake, an’ the the braird
the lee;

But Lucy likes Jamie:—she turn’d an’ she lnoke

She thought the dear place she wad never
see.

Ah! weel may young Jamie gang dowie and
cheerless!

An' weel may he greet on the bank o' the burn!
His bonny sweet Lucy, sae gentle and peerless,
Lies cauld in her grave, an' will never return.

SCOTS WHA HAE WI' WALLACE BLED.

SCOTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled;
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led:
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victorie!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front of battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Edward! chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Traitor! coward! turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Caledonian, on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be—shall be free.

Lay the proud usurpers low,
 Tyrants fall in every foe;
 Liberty's in every blow,
 Forward! let us do, or die!

O THAT I NE'ER HAD BEEN MARRIED.

I am a bachelor just in my prime,
 Who has a good mind to be married,
 It happened once on a Saturday's night,
 When late in an ale-house I tarried;
 And as coming home I heard a great noise,
 I stood to listen to hear what it was,
 A woman cries out, O is there no laws,
 O that I cannot be unmarried.

You rogue, I brought a portion you know,
 And for thus to be served by a villain,
 You work all the week, and on Saturday's night,
 Brings me nothing home but one shilling,
 A shilling, I have three children to feed,
 Which is not enough to find them in bread,
 She up with the piss-pot and threw't at his head,
 Saying, O that I ne'er had been married.

She sat herself down for to rest her a while,
 And thus she began to prattle,
 A lecture she gave him again I declare,
 Which made his poor head for to rattle:
 Begone to your whores, I solemnly swear,
 If you stay any longer I'll cut off your ears,
 And I'll certainly spoil all the rest of your wares,
 Saying, O that I ne'er had been married.

You impudent jade to rail against whores,

Pray where is your gallant the taylor?

By him you had a bastard you know,

The mean-time that I was a sailor.

You rifled my riches, you plunder'd my store,

I father'd your bastard when I came on shore,

You audacious jade, to rail against whores,

Saying, O that I ne'er had been married.

'The reason of this the woman did say,

All reason that I had this failing,

He only supplied your place when away,

The mean-time when you was a-sailing.

For seven long years that you was from home,

Why should I ly sighing and tumbling alone,

While you got a Moll in each port you did come,

Saying, O that I ne'er had been married.

Before that you rogue, you disgraced me so,

I passed for an honest woman;

But now you have let the neighbours to know,

That I to the Taylor was common.

For disgracing me so, you're the son of a whore,

She off with her cap, and at him once more,

'Then presently they did roll on the floor,

Saying, O that I ne'er had been married.

'The children did squall, the dishes did fly,

The pipkins did rattle like thunder,

By this time the neighbours broke open the door,

And strove for to part them asunder;

But she like a scold did make this reply,

Go hang you, you rogue, I'll fight till I die,

She up with her hand and gave him a black eye,

Saying, Blast you; you rogue, I'll be master.

THE WANDERING SAILOR.

I.

THE wand'ring sailor ploughs the main,
 A competence in life to gain,
 Undaunted braves the stormy seas,
 To find, at least, content and ease;
 In hopes, when toil and danger's o'er,
 To anchor on his native shore.

II.

When winds blow hard, and mountains roll,
 And thunders shake from pole to pole;
 Tho' dreadful waves surrounding foam,
 Still flatt'ring fancy wafts him home;
 In hopes, when toil and danger's o'er,
 To anchor on his native shore.

III.

When round the bowl the jovial crew
 The early scenes of youth renew,
 Tho' each his fav'rite fair will boast,
 This is the universal toast—
 May we, when toil and danger's o'er,
 Cast anchor on our native shore.

FINIS.