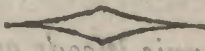


Four Songs.



Loudon's Woods & Braes.

Battle of Waterloo.

Roger the Miller.

The Woodland Maid.

90



KILMARNOCK:

Printed for the Booksellers.

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Loudon's Bonnie Woods and Braes.

L OUDON'S bonnie woods and braes.
I maun lea' them a' lassie,
Wha can thole when Britain's faes
Would gie Britons law, lassie?

Wha would shun the field of danger?
Wha frae fame would live a stranger?
Now when freedom bids avenge her,
Wha would shun her ca' lassie?

Loudon's bonnie woods and braes,
Hae seen our happy bridal days,
And gentle hope shall soothe thy ways,
When I am far awa lassie.

Hark! the swelling bugle sings,
Yielding joy to thee, laddie;
But the dolefu' bugle brings
Wae fu' thoughts to me, laddie.

Lanely I may climb the mountain,
Lanely stray beside the fountain,
Still the weary moments countin',
Far frae love and thee, laddie.

O'er the gory fields of war,
When vengeance drives his crimson car,

Thou'lt may be fa', frae me afar,
An' nane to close thy een, laddie.

O resume thy wonted smile,
O suppress thy fears, lassie,

Glorious honour crowns the toil
That the soldier shares, lassie

Heav'n will shield thy faithful lover,
Till the vengefu' strife is over,

Then we'll meet no more to sever,
Till the day we die, lassie.

'Midst our bonnie woods and braes,
We'll spend our peaceful happy days,

As blythie's yon lightsome lamb that plays
On Loudon's flow'ry lee, lassie

BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

COME all you valiant heroes bold,

I pray you lend an ear,

There was not such a battle fought,
no not this many a year.

All on the plains of Waterloo,
on the 18th day of June,

Against the proud sons of France
we pull'd their Emperor down.

Chor. As on the plains of Waterloo,
it was a bloody fray,

And ages yet unborn,
shall read the glories of that day.

'Twas on the 16th day of June,
 the battle it began,
 With courage bold each hero fought,
 with valour every man.
 And at the hour of 12 o'clock,
 began the bloody fight,
 And the battle was not ended,
 till it dropt the veil of night.

'Twas on the 17th day of June,
 about the hour of nine.
 The British and the Prussians
 their armies did combine,
 The duke of Wellington came up
 all with a warlike band,
 Come come my boys, we'll beat them down,
 while we have power to stand.

When the Prussian cavalry came up,
 they fought like lions bold,
 Led on by General Blucher,
 of 83 years old.
 Like lions bold undaunted then
 We forced them to fly,
 Come come cries General Blucher,
 we'll conquer them or die.

And when the dreadful men came in,
 the 18th day of June,
 And near the hour of 12 o'clock,
 ten thousand were cut down,
 Then cried the duke Wellington,
 come on my warlike men,

This is the day they'll conquer us,
or we will conquer them.

They clos'd full fast on every side,
no slackness could be found,
And many a thousand heroes bold,
lay dead upon the ground.

Resolved was Duke Wellington
to lay the Frenchman's pride,
The fields were stain'd with crimson blood,
that spread on every side.

Great guns did roar like thunder,
the battle rag'd amain,
And in this gallant action,
many thousand there were slain.

One hundred and twenty cannon,
from them we took away,
Six eagles fine we took from them,
all on that glorious day.

We hope this glorious action
will bring peace for evermore,
All nations shall united be,
through every distant shore.

Success to Duke Wellington,
who gain'd the glorious day,
Likewise to General Blucher
that always fought his way.

ROGER THE PLOUGHMAN.

O, DEAR mother, I long to be married,
 If that you will give your consent ;
 I am fifteen years old, as I have been told,
 It was in the midst of last Lent
 I might have been married you know,
 Three winters and summers ago :
 The joys of my lover I soon will discover,
 Young Roger he loves me I know.
 If ever I marry I solemnly vow,
 It will be to Roger that follows the plough

O, dear daughter, what mean you by Roger,
 In a terrible passion she flew,
 A country clown, the scroof of the town,
 When you might be a gentleman's bride.
 It is this I will make to appear,
 To all that live in Yorkshire,
 You have stores out of measure of gold and rich
 treasure,
 To the amount of five hundred a-year.
 Therefore, my dear daughter, consider it now,
 And marry not Roger that follows the plough.

O, dear mother, I am at my disposal,
 Five hundred a-year and above,
 It is a plentiful store, I will ask nothing more,
 Give me but the man that I love.
 Though in a mean habit he goes,
 With patches perhaps in his clothes,
 Believe me, dear mother, whene'er he comes
 near me,

His breath smells as sweet as a rose.

So if ever I marry, &c.

Gold is a glittering metal,

In country, city, or town :

A handful or two it will satisfy you,

And buy you large bushels of corn.

A Farmer wherever he dwells,

His corn he must certainly sell,

A man without money so sweet is one penny,

No one without that can do well ;

Therefore, my dear daughter, consider the plough

is the staff of the nation, and the man that sits

on his throne

Young Willian, the squire, he does court you,

And courts you we very well know ;

He loves you as his life, he will make you his wife,

In jewels and diamonds you will go.

He is proper, genteel, and tall ;

And comely in features and all ;

There you will be always attended and befriended,

And servants to wait on your call.

Therefore, my dear daughter, &c.

A fig for young William the squire,

A girl he can certainly get,

He will raffle and sport, the ladies he'll court,

While I in my chamber do weep :

Young Roger he wont serve me so,

His love from me never will go,

He will always stay by me, and never deny me,

Nor ever prove my sad overthrow.

So if ever I marry, &c.

O, dear daughter, since that is your notion,
 Your notion I do recommend,
 A right honest man will do all he can,
 While a rake will raffle and spend :
 Dear daughter, you are in the right,
 Not to ruin your family quite,
 I will always stay by you, and never deny you
 Since Roger is your so grand delight :
 And when you are married your love shall
 be known,
 I will give him a farm to plough of his own.

THE WOODLAND MAID.

The woodland maid, my beauty's queen!
 In nature's simple charm array'd,
 This heart subdues;—that matchless mein
 Still binds me to the Woodland Maid.

Let others sigh for mines of gold,
 For wide domain, for gay parade;
 I would, unmov'd, such toys behold,
 Possess'd of thee, sweet Woodland Maid.

FINIS.