

The tired Soldier.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,
MRS. HALL,
AULD LANG SYNE,
BEGONE DULL CARE,
QUEEN MARY'S LAMENTATION,
THE DEATH OF SALLY ROY,
AND
INCONSTANT SUE.



WM. SCOTT, PRINTER, GREENOCK.

Handwritten signature or scribble, possibly 'Wm Scott'.

THE TIRED SOLDIER.

THE tired soldier, bold and brave,
Now rests his wearied feet,
And to the shelter of the grave
Has made a safe retreat.
To him the trumpet's piercing breath,
"To arms" shall call in vain;
Ned's quarter'd in the arms of Death,
He'll never march again.

A boy he left his father's home,
The chance of war to try,
O'er regions yet untrod to roam,
No friend or brother nigh;
Yet still he march'd contented on,
Meets danger, death, and pain;
But now he halts—his toil is done,
He'll never march again:

The sweets of Spring, by beauty's hand,
Lie scatter'd o'er his bier;
His comrades, as they silent stand,
Give honest Ned a cheer;

(3)

And lovely Kate, poor Ned's delight,
 Chief mourner of the train,
 Cried, as she view'd the dreadful sight,
 " He'll never march again !"

MRS. HALL.

YOUNG Verdict was a lawyer gay,
 And of our town surpassed all ;
 He went one evening to the play,
 And fell in love with Mrs. Hall.

But wicked men will oft' betray—
 Attorneys do it worse than all ;
 For when he fix'd the wedding day,
 He ran away from Mrs. Hall.

Therefore, I pray, a warning take,
 You widow ladies, great and small ;
 Lest in the grass you find a snake,
 As was the case with Mrs. Hall.

AULD LANG SYNE.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot
 And never brought to mind ?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And auld lang syne ?

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
And surely I'll be mine,
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pou'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary fitt,
Sin auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

We twa hae paidl'd i' the burn,
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us breid hae roar'd,
Sin auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

And there's a hand my trusty frien',
And gie's a hand o' thine,
And we'll tak a right gude willie-waught,
For auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

(5)

MIDNIGHT BOWL.

CARE, thou cancer of our joys,
 Now the tyrant's reign is o'er;
 Fill the merry bowl, my boys,
 Join in Bacchanalian roar.

O'er the merry midnight bowl,
 O how happy we will be!
 Day was made for vulgar souls,
 Night, my boys, for you and me.

Seize the villain, plunge him in;
 See the hated miscreant dies;
 Mirth will all thy train come in,
 Banish sorrow, tears, and sighs.

BEGONE, DULL CARE.

BEGONE, dull care, I pr'ythee begone from me,
 Begone, dull care, thou and I shall never agree;
 Long time thou hast been tarrying here,
 And fain thou wouldst me kill,
 But I'faith, dull care,
 Thou never shalt have thy will.

Too much care will make a young man grey,
 And too much care will turn an old man to clay;

My wife shall dance and I will sing,
 So merrily pass the day ;
 For I hold it one of the wisest things
 To drive dull care away.

QUEEN MARY'S LAMENTATION.

I Sigh and lament me in vain,
 These walls can but echo my moan,
 Alas ! it encreases my pain,
 When I think of the days that are gone
 Thro' the grate of my prison I see
 The birds as they wanton in air,
 My heart it now pants to be free.
 My looks they are wild with despair.

Above, tho' opprest by my fate,
 I burn with contempt for my foes,
 Tho' fortune has alter'd my state,
 She ne'er can subdue me to those.
 False woman in ages to come,
 Thy malice detested shall be ;
 And when we are cold in the tomb,
 Some heart still with sorrow for me.

Ye roofs, where cold damps and dismay
 With silence and solitude dwell,

How comfortless passes the day!
 How sad tolls the evening bell!
 The owls from the battlements cry,
 Hollow wind seems to murmur around,
 "O Mary prepare thee to die,"
 My blood it runs cold at the sound.

—0—

THE DEATH OF SALLY ROY.

AIR Sally once the village pride
 Lies cold and wan in yonder valley:
 She lost her lover, and she died,
 Grief broke the heart of gentle Sally.
 Young Valient was the hero's name,
 For early valour fir'd the boy,
 Who barter'd all his love for fame,
 And kill'd the hopes of Sally Roy.
 Swift from the arms of weeping love,
 As rag'd the war in yonder valley,
 He rush'd his martial power to prove,
 While faint with fear sunk lovely Sally.
 In noon she saw the youth depart,
 At eve she lost her darling joy;
 The night the last throb of her heart
 Declar'd the fate of sally Roy.
 The virgin train in tears are seen,
 When yellow midnight fills the valley,
 And stealing o'er the dewy green,
 Towards the grave of gentle Sally:

And while remembrance wakes the sigh,
Which weans each fealing heart from joy,
The mournful dirge ascending high,
Bewails the fate of Sally Roy.

INCONSTANT SUE.

SWEET Sue! sweet Sue! was Portsmouth's pride
and boast,

The sailor's theme, the landsman's toast;
All vying who should love her most.

Accomplish'd charming Sue!
On me she cast a winning smile,
I joyful caught the winning wile,
My open heart perceiv'd no-guile
In smiling, lovely Sue.

Dear Sue! dear Sue! her coral lip. her cheek,
Where the musk-rose op'd the dew to suck or seek,
Her eyes, where dancing cherubs speak,

Bewitching, charming Sue!
All were mine, I fondly thought,
Nor deem'd the treasure dearly bought,
Though friends and fame were set at nought
For lovely, lovely Sue?

Ah Sue! ah Sue! could falsehood fill that breast?
Thy sailor true, thy love, oppress'd,
On this sad theme must ever rest,
Inconstant, lovely Sue!

I must upbraid that friend and thee,
Who, while thy true-love plough'd the sea,
Obtain'd that heart betroth'd to me,
Ungrateful, faithless, Sue!

FINIS.

Handwritten signature and date: 1814