

5
FOUR EXCELLENT NEW

Songs:

Viz.—The Maid of Lodi.

Is there a heart.

Came ye o'er frae France.

Falkirk Muir,



Printed in the year 1825.

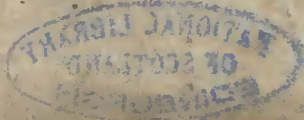


THE MAID OF LODI.

I sing the maid of Lodi,
 Who sweetly sung to me,
 Whose brows were never eloudy,
 Nor e'er distort with glee.
 She values not the wealthy,
 Unless they're great and good,
 For she is strong and healthy,
 And by labour earns her food.

And when her day's work's over,
 Around a peaceful fire,
 She sings or rests contented;
 What more can men desire?
 Let those who squander millions
 Reveiw her happy lot,
 They'll find their proud pavilions
 Far inferior to her cot.

Between the Po and Parma
 Some villians seized my coach,
 Add dragg'd me to a cavern
 Most dreadful to approach;
 By which the maid of Lodi
 Came trotting from the fair,
 She paused to hear my wailings
 And see me tear my hair.



Then to her market basket
 She tied her poney's rein,
 I thus by female courage
 Was dragged to life again,
 She led me to her dwelling,
 She cheered my heart with wine.
 And then she decked a table,
 At which the gods might dine.

A mong the mild Madonas
 Her features you may find,
 But not the famed Corregios
 Could ever paint her mind.
 Then sing the maid of Lodi,
 Who sweetly sung to me;
 And when this maid is married,
 Still happier may she be.

IS THERE A HEART.

Is there a heart that never lov'd,
 Nor felt soft woman's sigh?
 Is there a man can mark unmoved
 Dear woman's tearfu' eye?

Oh! bear him to some distant shore,
 Or solitary cell,

4
Where nought but savage monster roar,
Where love ne'er deign'd to dwell.

For there's a charm in womans eye,
A language in her tear,
A spell in every sacred sigh
To man—to virtue dear.

And he who can resist her smiles,
With brutes alone should live;
Nor taste that joy which care beguiles;
That joy her virtue gives.

—XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX—

Came ye o'er frae France.

Came ye o'er frae France?
Came ye down by Lunnon?
Saw ye Geordie Whelps,
And his bonny woman?
Were ye at the place
Ca'd the Kittle Housie?
Saw ye Geordie's grace
Riding on a goosie?

Geordie he's a man,
 There is little doubt o't ;
 He's done a' he can,
 Wha can do without it ?
 Down there came a blade,
 Linkin like my lordie ;
 He wad drive a trade,
 At the loom o' Geordie.

Though the claith were bad,
 Blithely may we niffer,
 Gin we get a wab,
 It makes little differ,
 We ha'e tint our plaid,
 Bannet, beit, and swordie,
 Ha's and mailens braid,
 But we ha'e a Geordie,

Jockey's gane to France,
 And Montgomery's lady;
 There the'll learn to dance,
 Madam are you ready?

They'll be back belye,
 Belted, brisk and lordly;
 Brawly may they thrive,
 To dance a jig wi' Geordie!

Hey for Sandy Don!
 Hey for Cockolorum!
 Hey for bobbing John,
 And his highland quorum!
 Mony a sword and lance,
 Swings at highland hurdie,
 How they'll skip and dance,
 O'er the bum o' Geordie!

FALKIRK MUIR.

The Highlandmen came down the hill,
 And owre the knowe wi' right gude will;
 Now Geordie's men may brag their fill;
 For wow but they were braw man.
 They had three generals o' the best,
 Wi' lairds and lords and a' the rest;

Chieft that were bred to stand the test!
And couldna rin ava man.

The Highlandmen are savage loons,
Wi' barkit houghs and burly crowns;
They canna stand the thunder-sounds?

Of heroes bred wi care man—
Of men that are their country's stay,
These Whiggish braggarts of a day,
The Highlandmen came down the brae,
The heroes were not there man.

Says brave Lochiel, Pray, have we won,
I see no troop I hear no gun,
Says Drummond, Faith, the battle's won,
I know not why nor how man.

But, my good lords this thing I crave.
Have we defeat these heroes brave?

Says Murray, I believe we have:
If not, we're here to try man.

But tried they up or tried they down,
There was no foe in Fa'kirk town,
Nor yet in a' the country round,
To break a sword at a man.

They were see hauld at break o' day,
When tow'rd the west they took their way,
But the Highlandmen came down the brae,
And made the dogs to blaw man,

A tike is but a tike at best,
A coward ne'er will stand the test,
And Whigs at morn wha cocked the crest,
Or e'en hae got a fa' man.
O wae befa' these northern lads,
Wi' their braid-swords and white cockades,
They lend sic hard and heavy blads,
Our Whigs nae mair can craw man.

FALKIRK,

PRINTED BY R. TAYLOR.