

# FOUR POPULAR Songs :

*Viz.*

Oh! waes me for Prince  
CHARLEY.

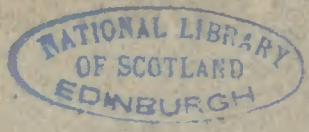
The Highland Laddie.  
TWA-SCORE-AND-TWA.

*Hey Johnny Cope.*

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R, Taylor, Printer, Falkirk.



OH! WAES ME FOR PRINCE CHARLEY.

A wee bird cam' to our ha' door,  
He warbled sweet and clearly;  
And ay the oure come o' his sang  
Was "waes me for Prince Charley."  
Oh! when I heard the bonny bird,  
The tears cam' rappin' rarely,  
I took the bannet aff my head,  
For weel I lo'ed Prince Charley.

Quo I, my bird, my bonnie bonnie bird,  
Is that a sang ye borrow;  
Are thae some words ye've learnt by rote,  
Or a lilt o' dool an' sorrow?  
Ah no! no! no! the wee bird sang,  
I've flown syne mornin' early,  
But sic a day o' win' an' rair!—  
Oh! waes me for Prince Charley.

Dark night cam' on, the tempest roar'd,  
Loud oure the hills an' vallyes,  
An' whare was't that your Prince lay down,  
Whase hame should been a palace?  
He row'd him in a highland plaid,  
That cover'd him but sparely,  
An' lingit 'neath a bush o' broom,—  
Oh! waes me for Prince Charley.

On hills that are by right his ain,  
 He roves a lanely stranger,  
 On ev'ry side, he's prest by want,  
 On ev'ry side is danger.  
 Yestreen, I met him in a glen,  
 My heart maist burstit fairly,  
 For sadiy changed indeed was he—  
 Oh! waes me for Prince Charley.

But now the bird saw some red coats,  
 An' sheuk his wisks wi' anger,  
 Oh! this is no a land for me,  
 I'll tarry here nae langer.  
 He hover'd on the wing a while,  
 E'er he depprted fairly;  
 But weel I min' the farewell strain,  
 Was "Waes me for Prince Charley."



THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

Geordie sits in Charlie's chair,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie;  
 De'il tak' him gin he sit there,  
 My bonny laddie, Highland laddie!  
 Charlie yet shall mount the throne,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie;  
 Weel he kens it is his ain,  
 My bonny laddie, Highland laddie,

Weary fa' the Lawland loon,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
 Wha took frae him the British crown,  
 My bonny laddie Highladd laddie;  
 But weel's me on the kiltit clans,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
 That fouhgt for him at Prestonpans,  
 My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

Ken ye the news I hae to tell,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie?  
 Cumberland's awa to hell,  
 My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.  
 When he came to the Stygian shore,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
 The de'il himself wi' fright did roar,  
 My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

Then Charon grim, came out to him,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
 Ye're welcome here ye devil's limb,  
 My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.  
 They pat on him a philabeg,  
 Bonny laddie Highland laddie,  
 And in his doup they ca'd a peg,  
 My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

How he did skip, and he did roar,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
 The de'il's ne'er saw sic sport before,  
 My bonny laddie Highland laddie,

They took him neist to Satan's ha',  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
 To lilt it wi' his grandpapa,  
 My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

The de'il sat girnin in the neuk,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
 Riving stiks to roast the duke,  
 My bonny laddie, Highland laddie  
 They pat him neist upon a spit,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
 And roasted him baith head and feet,  
 My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

Wi' scalding brimstane and wi' fat,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
 They flamed his carcass weel wi' that!  
 My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.  
 They ate him up baith stoop and reep!  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie;  
 And that's the gate they served the duke!  
 My bonny laddie, Highland laddie,

**TWA-SCORE-AND-TWA.**

*Brave, brave and valiant are they,  
 Brave and valiant every man,  
 There are but few that stands sae true  
 As Highland heroes to their clan.*

The Alies hae been brave o' late,  
 Though Boney took the gree awa;

But now his chosen troops are beat,  
 And slain by our twa-score-and-twa.  
*Brave, brave, &c.*

To Egypt's plain proud Monsieur went,  
 And there awhile fu' crouse did craw,  
 But soon he had to scour the bent  
 When he met our twa-score-and-twa.  
*Brave, brave, &c.*

Their tartan plaids, their bonnets blue,  
 There bleek cockades, sae trig and brow;  
 Quo' he, their Turks, at the first veiw,  
 But found them our twa-score-and-twa.  
*Brave brave, &c.*

At Corunna they met again,  
 Where our brave General Moore did fa',  
 But soon they had to leave the plain,  
 When charged by our twa-score-and-twa.  
*Brave. brave, &c.*

They met again at Waterloo,  
 Ae morn e're day began to daw,  
 And in confusion there they flew,  
 When charg'd by our twa-score-and-twa.  
*Brave, brave, &c.*

So bravely as they took the field,  
 And aye sae fast the French did fa',

That Boney thought the very dell  
Had entered our twa-score-and-twa,  
*Brave, brave, &c.*

His proud evincibles were there,  
Wha' vainly thought to conquer a',  
But soon they fell to rise nae mair,  
Wha' can forstan' our forty-twa.  
*Brave, brave, &c.*

May Scotia ne'er want sons anew,  
Her enemies pows to crack and claw,  
And now we'll drink wi' bumpkers fu',  
Success to our twa-score-and-twa.  
*Brave, brave, &c.*



JOHNNY COPE.

Cope cent a letter frae Dunbar,  
Charlie meet me an ye dare,  
And I'll learn you the art of war  
If you'll meet wi' me in the morning;

Hay Johnny Cope are you waking yet,  
O are your drums a beating yet,  
If ye were a-waking I would wait,  
To gang to the coals i' the morning.

When Charlie look'd the letter upon,  
He drew his sword the scabbar'd from,  
Come follow me my merry men,  
And we'll meet Johnny Cope i' the morain'.

Now Johnnie be as good's your word,  
 Come let us try both fire and sword,  
 And dinna rin awa like a frighted bird,  
 That's chas'd frae its nest i' the mornin', &c.

When Johnny Cope he heard of this,  
 He thought it wedna be amiss,  
 To hae a horse in readiness,  
 To flee awa i' the morning, &c.

By, now Johnny got up and rin,  
 The Highland bag-pipes make a din,  
 'Tis best to sleep in a hale skin,  
 For 'twill be a bloody morning, &c.

When Johnny Cope to Berwick came,  
 They spea'd at him where are your men,  
 The de'il confound me gin I ken,  
 For I left them a' i' the morning, &c.

Now Johnny, troth ye was nae blate,  
 To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat,  
 And leave your men in sic a strait,  
 So early in the morning, &c.

Ah! faith quo' Johnny, I got a fleg,  
 Wi' their claymores and philabegs,  
 If I face them again de'il break my legs.  
 So I wish you all a good morning.  
 Hey Johnny Cope, &c.

FINIS.