

St. Andrew's Day,

A Favorite Masonic Song.

X Stirling Tower,

Composed on the Death of Col. GARDNER,
1745.

The Ayrshire Laddie,

AND

The Lovers' Dispute.



Edinburgh, Printed in the Year 1820.

St. ANDREW'S DAY.

And hail to the day that suspicious returns,
our country's bleak regions to cheer!
Tho' Nature the winter's wild ravages mourns,
let joy shed its influence here:
Far hence be the frowns and the murmurs of care,
let each breast catch the patriot flame!
What soul but aspires in our ventures to share,
when Scotia and Freedom's the theme,

When Scotia and Freedom's, &c.

Tho' cold are our hills, and tho' barren our plains,
our climate tho' rude and severe
Yet health, & soft health strings the nerves of our swains,
and smiles on the cheeks of our fair,
And Freedom, blest Freedom, that takes off our load,
fr'm regions more fertile exil'd,
'Mid our woods and our wilds had of old her abode,
and our clime of its rigours beguil'd. And, &c.

In hostile array when Rome's legions appear'd,
her voice sounded long o'er the heath;
On our hills her proud standard exulting she rear'd,
and her motto was "Conquest, or Death!"
Our ancestors heard, and re-echoed the sounds,
"To conquer or die be our doom!"
Unmov'd as their mountains, 'twas theirs to set bounds
to the power and ambition of Rome. To, &c.

Their laurels bequeath'd from the sire to the son,
 thro' ages unfading have bloom'd;
 The rays of their glory unclouded have shone,
 and their country's bleak shores have illum'd.
 What heroes unnumber'd have clouded the scene,
 well Europe's proud annals can tell!
 For Freedom, regardless of danger and pain,
 how they fought, how they bled, how they fell,
 How they fought, &c.

And now that the tempest of war o'er the land,
 no more spreads its kindling alarms,
 In the soft eates of peace let us join hand in hand,
 and arms be as great as in arms to arms,
 Supported by Freedom may Commerce encrease,
 and our shores her rich treasures increase,
 May Science, extending the blessings of Peace,
 diffuse the bright beams of her light.

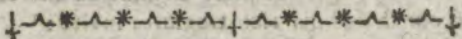
Diffuse the bright beams, &c.

And lo! what a wreath of unfading renown
 for St. Andrew the Virtues entwine;
 Those virtues, protected by him that have grown,
 round his head shedding lustre divine,
 O'er the pale cheek of poverty long beauteous
 again to shed health's rosy bloom;
 And the eye that the torrent of misery pours,
 with joy and with hope to resume. With, &c.

Among nations the first, as in Freedom and worth,
 may Caledon still be proclaim'd;
 Her daughters as bright as the morn of the North,
 and her sons as her forefathers fam'd.

Let the tools of a faction, the minions of pow'r,
 court the smiles of ambition and wealth:
 Her favours — slaves partial Fortune may show'r,
 be ours independence and health. Be ours, &c.

Nor let the cold wish by a Briton be breath'd,
 which from selfish affection has birth;
 Those blessings to us by our fathers bequeath'd,
 may they cheer all the nations on earth.
 May Fame's loudest Trump to each region proclaim,
 that the reign of the Despot shall cease; or on
 And mankind shall welcome, with joyful acclaim,
 the era of Freedom and peace! The era, &c.



STIRLING TOWER.

Composed on the Death of COLONEL GARDENER, 1745.

'Twas at the solemn midnight hour,
 before the first cock's crowing,
 That westlin winds shook Stirling Tower,
 with hollow murmurs blowing;
 When Fanny fair, all woe-begone,
 sad on her bed was lying,
 Tho' thro' the mournful tower she heard
 the boding screech-owl crying.
 O dismal night! she said, and wept;
 O night presaging sorrow!
 O dismal night! she said, and wept;
 but more I dread to-morrow;

For now the bloody hour draws nigh
 each host to battle bending;
 At morn shall sons their fathers slay,
 with deadly hate contending.

Even now, in visions of the night,
 I saw fell death wide sweeping;
 And all the matrons of the land,
 and all the virgins, weeping.
 And now she heard the massy gates
 harsh on their hinges turning!
 And now thro' all the castle heard
 the woeful voice of mourning!

Aghast she started from her bed,
 the sad tidings dreading;
 O speak! she cried, my father's slain!
 I see, I see him bleeding!
 A pale corpse on the sullen shore,
 at morn, fair maid, I left him!
 Even at the threshold of his gate
 the foe, of life bereft him!

Dold in the battle's front he fell,
 with many a wound deformed!
 A braver knight, or better man,
 this fair isle ne'er adorned.
 While thus he spake, the grief-struck maid
 a deadly swoon invaded!
 Lost was the lustre of her eyes,
 and all her beauty faded.

THE AYRSHIRE LADDIE.

My Jamie is a bonnie lad,
 he often comes a-courting. O;
 The sight of him, aye maks me glad,
 but. Oh, when we were sporting, O!
 My louping breast to his he press'd,
 he row'd me in his plaidy, O;
 He held me there till I confess'd
 I dearly lov'd the laddie, O.
 He says, I kill'd him with my ee,
 his tale is ever ready, O;
 He swears by all the stars aboon,
 that Nell shall be his lady, O.
 Every lass is thrang engag'd
 wi' some weel-saur'd callan, O;
 Bly neighbour Jess and Jean are pledg'd,
 to marry Rab and Allan, O.
 The English purl are fond of John,
 the Irish maids for Paddy, O;
 Jamie, give me, or give me none,
 My bonny Ayrshire laddie, O.
 Once I cross'd the raging sea,
 from Leith o'er to Kirkcaldy, O;
 But ne'er a lad yet catch'd my ee,
 like my dear Ayrshire laddie, O.
 At gloamin' he went down yestreen,
 to ask my ma and daddy, O;
 And their consent was freely gi'en,
 they knew my lad was steady, O.

(7)
There may be many a richer pair,
and many mae more gaudy. O;
Of lasses there's few has such a share,
as Nell, and her Ayrshire laddie, O.

THE LOVERS' DISPUTE.

A fair dispute, of late, there was,
Between a young lad and a lass:
He treated her with compliments,
The sweetest humours of content,
Till with those words he did her treat;
You're welcome unto me my sweet;
And if you be my friend or foe,
Or if you love me, tell me so.

I'll give thee gold, I'll give thee pearl,
If thou would but fancy me my girl;
I'll give to thee fine clothes to wear,
If thou'lt consent to be my dear.
I'll give thee houses, I'll give thee lands,
I'll give thee filler in thy hands,
And all that's mine, love, shall be thine,
If thou'lt consent for to be mine.

It's not your gold will me entice,
Nor turn my virtue into vice
Nor yet these flattering lips of thine,
Shall change this settled heart of mine.
Now Cupid with his piercing dart,
Ne'er yet could wound my settled heart;
My heart's my own, and shall be so,
I cannot love thee, O, no, no.

For altho' you would my life demand,
 With a naked sword into your hand,
 I would rather chuse to lose my life,
 Than be to thee a wedded wife:
 For Cupid with his piercing dart,
 Ye ne'er could wound this settled heart;
 A maid I am resolv'd to die,
 I cannot love thee, O not I.

Then get thee gone, thou saucy dame,
 If thou'lt be shy I'll be the same;
 Since ye have been so shy to me,
 I'll ever prove the same to thee.
 I have no doubt but I will find
 As fair a female to my mind.
 So fare you well my own kind foe,
 You shall never need to say me no.

Come back young man, be not so fast,
 Ye seem as ye were in a haste;
 Come back and take another kiss,
 In token of a true love's bliss.
 I have no doubt but you may find,
 As fair a female to your mind;
 My heart is thine, and shall be so,
 I never more will say thee no.

Now my winter storm is past,
 And summer-pleasure's come at last;
 No more again the tempests blow,
 For back again the tide doth flow.
 Since Fortune's tied the lover's knot,
 It ne'er again shall be forgot:
 She is my own, and shall be so,
 She ne'er again will say me no.

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