

Sawney and Donnel's x

Exploits at Waterloo.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

My Country & my Lads,

THE

Broadsword of Scotland †

AND

WE'VE Aye Been PROVIDED For.



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1817.

THE ADVENTURES OF SAWNEY  
AND DONNEL at WATERLOO.

AIR—*Thurrots Defeat.*

WHEN crafty wee Bona brak out o' his prison,  
The warld was wonderin' after his tail;  
Wi' twa-three auld worthies he thought  
invasion,

Then aff, neck or naething, the boddie set sail;  
His gowd ammunition defy'd opposition,  
Wi' places an' pensions he scatter'd the shore;  
While mony a hunner cam' runnin' for honour,  
And ca'd him a name he was proud o' before.

Then aff in procession for Paris they ventur'd,  
While Bona courageously led up the van;  
But Louis gat word ere the plunderer enter'd,  
And made up his pack, and awa' wi't he ran.  
Then wha was sae hearty as wee Bonaparte,  
To see his auld frien's an acquaintance again?  
But liars and robbers are aye kittle neighbours,  
An' he maun be master o' mair than his ain.

Quoth Sawney t' Donnel, the boddy's no canny,  
It makes na tho' we shou'd gae owre twa-  
three days;

Tak' ye a when Highlanders, hardy an' han'y,  
An' I'll be at han' wi' the Royal Scotch Greys.

They march'd aff thegither, without e'er  
a swither;

Their braid swords, their guns, an' their  
bonnets sae blue:

They a' were fu' merry while crossin' the ferry,  
An' met Bonaparte just at Waterloo.

Then Bona advanc'd wi' his troops in a furry,

An' yocket our birkies wi' four to their ane;

Tak' time man, quoth Donnel, what d—l's  
a' your hurry,

Ye'll soon get your fill o't, an' that ye shall see.

He met sic resistance, he took to a distance,

A gun-shot an' mair out the gate o' nainfell;

For f—h he had min' o' the fields o' Corunna,

An' Egypt, where a' his Invincibles fell.

Yet thousand's on thousand's he sent to the battle,

Artillery, cavalry, marksmen an' a';

Their drums an' their cannons did awfully rattle

When Sawney came up wi' his Greys in a raw:

Their braid swords a' glancin', their horses  
were prancin',

Sae warlike their form, an' sae rapid their pace,

The yird it was shakin', the French were  
a' quakin',

While Bona cried out, O these terrible Greys!

His bold cuirassiers they drove to distraction,

Thro' columns of infantry cut up their way,

When firm, in the red reekin' gush o' the action,

A favourite Eagle was ta'en by a Grey.

Sic shootin' an' stickin', sic cuffin an' kickin',  
 The like was na' seen sin' the world began!  
 The French cou'dna bide it, they were fae  
     ill guided,  
 Sae a' that were able took leg for't an' ran.

They sent little Bona to Isle St. Helena,  
 I wonder they were na' for knockin' him down;  
 Ho! Louis may thrive about Paris I kenna,  
 But there he's possessin' his seat and his crown.  
 We'll chant owre the story to auld Scotlan's  
     glory,  
 -An' fill up a horn o' her whisky fae blue;  
 To Sawney an' Donnel, wha smartly did han'le  
 The errand that led them to see Waterloo.

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### MY COUNTRY, MY KING, AND MY LASS.

'Twas at Portsmouth I first saw my Nancy,  
 Her dad kept the sign of the Ship,  
 When finding she suited my fancy,  
 I soon set love's anchor a-trip;  
 So I lay-to, and hail'd her one morning,  
 On courtship d'ye mind me, agog,  
 And sailor-like, flattery scorning,  
 Talk'd of love as she serv'd out the grog.

For a Sailor's delight, boys, at home or at sea,  
 Is, whatever foul weather may pass,  
 A snug man of war, and good sea room, d'ye see,  
 His country, his king, and his lass.  
 Yeo, ho, &c.

Three more sail were in chace of my frigate;  
 A French valet, Dutch skipper, and Don:  
 Oh, said I boys, I'll soon make you jig it,  
 Or my name, d'ye mind me, an't John.  
 So no sooner Mounsieur tipt his lingo,  
 Than this fit, d—mee, settl'd his jaw;  
 Then I capsiz'd the Don, sirs, by jingo;  
 And the Dutchman learnt how to fore-staw.  
 But a Sailor's delight, boys &c.

But avast now, in Brazil I'm landed,  
 Of the past 'tis a tolly to prate,  
 Where, altho' I was very near stranded,  
 I had near got a copper-skin'd mate;  
 But this vessel belongs to my Nancy,  
 For her sake I'll go look for a prize,  
 Tho' no diamond can shine to my fancy,  
 Half so bright, d'ye mind, as her eyes.

Then true to the compass, at home or at sea,  
 Let whatever foul weather may pass,  
 A Sailor's sheet anchor is still, d'ye see,  
 His country, his king, and his lass.

THE  
BROAD SWORDS OF SCOTLAND.

WHEN our valiant ancestors did land in this isle,  
Brave Fergus commanded, and vict'ry did smile;  
With their broad swords in hand they well  
cleared the foil.

O the broad swords of Old Scotland!  
And O the Old Scottish broad swords.

The Romans, the Picts, and the Old Britons too,  
Us, by fraud, and by guile, did attempt to subdue;  
But their schemes prov'd abortive, while we  
did prove true.

O the broad swords, &c.

((end,

Tho' some factious Nobles, to serve their own  
Would join with the English, themselves to  
befriend,  
And we lost at first, they did lose in the end.

O the broad swords, &c.

Remember brave Wallace, who boldly did play;  
Bruce at Bannockburn—what a glorious day!  
The flowers of Old England our heroes did slay.

O the broad swords, &c.

See Edward their king take his heels in a fright!  
 Nor e'er look behind, till in Berwick alight;  
 In an old fishing boat he bade Scotland good-night.

O the broad swords, &c.

Our Scottish ancestors were valiant and bold,  
 In learning ne'er beat, nor in battle controul'd:  
 And now join'd with England, we're still grown  
 more bold!

O the broad swords of Old Scotland!  
 And O the Old Scottish broad swords!



### WE'VE AY BEEN PROVIDED FOR.

Come sit down my Cronie, an' gi'e me your crack,  
 Let the win' tak the care o' this life on its back;  
 Our hearts to despondency we ne'er will submit,  
 For we've aye been provided for, an' sae will  
 we yet.

Let the Miser delight in his hoarding o' pelf,  
 Since he has not the faul to enjoy it himself:  
 The bounty of Providence is new ev'ry day,  
 As we journey thro' life, let us live by the way.  
 Let us live, &c.

Then bring us a tankard of nappy brown ale,  
 For to comfort our hearts, and enliven the tale;  
 We'll ay be the merrier the langer we sit,  
 For we've drank th'gither mony a time, and  
 sae will we yet.

Come han' me your mill, an' my nose I will  
prime ;

Wi' mirth an' sweet innocence we'll pass away  
the time :

For quar'ring and fighting we never will admit,  
We've parted aye in unity, an' fae will we yet.  
An' fae will, &c.

Success to the Parmer, an' prosper his plow,  
Rewarding his eident toils a' the year thro' ;  
Our seed-time an' harvest we ever will get,  
For we've lipen'd aye to Providence, an' fae  
will we yet.

Long live the King, an' happy may he be ;  
An' success to his forces by lan' an' by sea :  
His en'mies to triumph we ne'er will permit,  
Britons oft have been victorious, an' fae will  
they yet.

Let the glass keep its course, an' go merrily roun  
For the Sun has to rin, tho' the Moon she go  
down ;

Till the house be rinnin roun about 'tis time  
enough to flit ;

When we fell we aye got up again, an' fae will  
we yet.

*F I N I S.*

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