

BONNY
Gilderoy.

Plato's Advice,
AND
Gen. Wolfe's Victory.



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G I L D E R O Y.

GILDEROY was a bonny boy,
 had roses in his shoon,
 His stockings were of silken foy,
 wi' garters hanging down:
 It was, I ween, a comely sight,
 to see sae trim a boy!
 He was my joy, and heart's delight,
 my hanf me Gilderoy.

Oh! sic two charming een he had,
 a breath as sweet as rose!
 He never wore a Highland plaid,
 but costly silken cl' thes:
 He gain'd the love o' ladies gay,
 nane e'er to him was coy;
 Ah! wae is me! I mourn the day,
 for my dear Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy and I were born
 baith in one town together,
 We scant were seven years before
 we 'gan to luv' each other:
 Our daddies and our mammies they
 were fill'd wi' meikle joy,

To think upon the bridal day
 'twixt me and Gilderoy.

For Gilderoy that lave of mine,
 gude faith, I freely bought,
 A wedding-sark of holland fine,
 wi' silken flow'rs wrought;
 And he gied me a wedding ring,
 which I receiv'd with joy;
 Nae lad nor lassie e'er could sing
 like me and Gilderoy.

Wi' meikle joy we spent our prime,
 till we were baith sixteen,
 And aft we past the langsome time
 among the leaves sae green:
 Aft on the banks we'd sit us there,
 and sweetly kifs and toy;
 Wi' garlands gay he'd deck my hair,
 my handsome Gilderoy.

Oh! that he still had been content
 wi' me to lead a life;
 But, ah! his manfu' heart was bent
 to stir in fates of strife:
 And he in many a vent'rous deed,
 his courage bauld wad try;

And now this gars my heart to bleed
for my dear Gilderoy.

And when of me his leave he took,
the tears they wat mine ee;
I gave tull him a parting lock,
" My bennison gang wi' thee!
Gud-speed thee weel, mine ain dear heart,
for gane is ail my joy;
My heart is rent sith we maun part,
my handsome Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy, baith far and near,
was fear'd in ev'ry town,
And bauldly bare awa' the gear
of many a lawland lonn;
Nane e'er durst meet him man to man,
he was sae brave a boy;
At length wi' numbers he was tane,
my winsome Gilderoy.

The Queen of Scots possessed nought
that my love let me want;
For cow and ewe he brought to me,
and e'en when they were scant:
All these did honestly possess,
he never did annoy,

Who never fail'd to pay their ceis
to my love Gilderoy.

Waworth the loun that made the laws,
to hang a man for gear;
To reave of life for ox or afs,
for sheep, or horse, or mare:
Had not their laws been made sae strick
I ne'er had lost my joy;
Wi' sorrow near had wat my cheek
for my dear Gilderoy.

Giff Gilderoy had done amifs,
he might hae banish'd been;
Ah! what fair cruelty is this,
to hang sic handsome men!
To hang the flow'r o' Scottish land,
sae sweet and fair a boy;
Nae lady had sae white a hand
as thee, my Gilderoy.

Of Gilderoy sae 'fraid they were,
they bound bim very strong;
Tull Edinburgh they led him there,
and on a gallows hung;
They hung him high aboon the rest,
he was sae trim a boy;

There dy'd the youth whom I lo'ed best,
my handsome Gilderoy.

Thus having yielded up his breath,
I bare his corpse away ;
Wi' tears that trickled for his death,
I washt his comely clay ;
And sicker in a grave sae deep
I laid the dear-lo'ed boy :
And now for ever maun I weep,
my winesome Gilderoy.

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PLATO'S ADVICE.

SAYS Plato, Why should man be vain,
since bounteous Heav'n has made him
great ?

Why look with insolent disdain
on those undeck'd with wealth or state ?
Can costly robes, or beds of down,
or all the gems that deck the fair,
Can all the glories of a crwn
give health, or ease the brow of care ?

The scepter'd King, the burden'd slave,
 the humble and the haughty die;
 The rich, the poor, the base, the brave,
 in dust, without distinction, lye!
 Go search the tombs where monarchs rest,
 who once the greatest titles wore,
 Of wealth and glory they're bereft,
 and all their honours are no more.

So flies the meteor thro' the skies,
 and spreads along a gilded train;
 When fast, 'tis gone! its beauty dies!
 dissolves to common air again!
 So 'tis with us, my loving friends,
 Let friendship reign, while here we stay:
 Let's crown our joy with virtuous deeds,
 when call'd to die, we must obey.

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GEN. WOLFE VICTORY.

BRITONS, loyal and bold,
 What could never be controll'd
 By the French.--See the bravest of his sex,
 British Wolfe, stout and good,
 Made the rivers run with blood,
 At the glorious conquest of Quebec.

Brave Wolfe was our commander,
 Montcalm was their defender,
 Their numbers did us sorely dismay :
 But brave Wolfe, stout and bold,
 He would never be controll'd,
 And his last dying words were, Huzza!

Contented now I die,
 Since we've gain'd the victory,
 As you tell me the battle is our own ;
 Let my foul depart in peace,
 And the wars for ever cease,
 Since my life for fair Britain is gone.

The Highlanders in hot blood ! -
 And the Sailors, stout and rude,
 Like mad-men did clash them away :
 When the French began to run,
 We advanced on their ground ;
 But our grief was for Wolfe - O that day !

Then the city it surrender'd,
 The gates straight we enter'd,
 Our ships in the harbour lay thick :
 We thanked the Most High,
 For this signal victory,
 At the glorious conquest of Quebec.

F I N I S.