

The Chapter of
KINGS,

A
New Royal Song.

To which is added,

Captain Mulligan,

A Favorite Comic Song.

My Love was Lost

IN THE RAMALIE.

Beauties of Carronbraes

AND

Donald of Dundee.



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THE
CHAPTER OF KINGS.

'THE Romans in England once did sway,
'The Saxons they after them led the way,
And they tug'd with the Danes till an over-
throw

They both of them had with the Norman bow
Yet barring all pother, the one or the other
Were all of them Kings in their turn.

Little Willy, the Conqueror, long did reign
'Tho' Billy, his son, by an arrow was slain.
And Harry the first was a scholar bright.
'Tho' Stephy was forc'd for his Crown to fight
Yet barring, &c.

Second Harry Plantagenet's name did bear,
And Cour de Lion was his son and heir;
But Magna Charta we gain'd from John,
Which Harry the third put his seal upon.
Yet barring, &c.

There's Tiddy the first, a lion bold,
'The Second by rebels was bought and sold.
And Eddy the third was his subjects pride
'Tho' his grandson Dickie was poped aside.
Yet barring, &c.

There's Harry the fourth, a warlike wight,
 And Harry the fifth, like a cock won fight;
 And Tiddy the fourth like a chick wou'd pout,
 Tho' his grandson Dickie had kick'd him out.
 Yet barring, &c.

There's Tiddy the fifth was kill'd in bed,
 By butchering Dick, who was knock'd in the
 head.

Then Harry the seventh in fame grew big;
 And Harry the eighth was as fat as a pig.
 Yet barring, &c.

With Tiddy the sixth we had tranquil days,
 Tho' Mary made fire and faggot to blaze!
 And good Queen Bess was a glorious dame!
 And bonny King Jamie from Scotland came.
 Yet barring, &c.

Charlie the first was a Martyr made,
 And Charlie the second was a comical blade;
 And Jamie the second, when hotly spur'd,
 Ran away, do ye see me, from Willy the third.
 Yet barring, &c.

Queen Anne was victorious by land and sea,
 And Geordie the first did with glory sway,
 And since Geordie the second has long been dead,
 Long life to the Geordie we have in his stead;
 And may his sons sons, to the end o' the chapter,
 Come all to be King's in their turn.

CAPTAIN MULLIGAN.

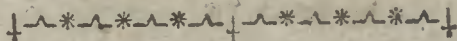
Love is a plague by night and by day,
 When that post you run, you scall again ;
 Love it was for Kitty Osh-a,
 That bother'd the heart of Capt. Mulligan.
 Brisk and merrily, light and gay,
 Stout and steadily, soft and readily,
 Blythe and bounily, smart and funnily,
 Quick as Adonis was Captain Mulligan.

Shoulder rising over his ears,
 Face just like the moon, and full again ;
 Legs in shape of tailors' sheers,
 You ne'er saw the fellow of Capt. Mulligan.
 Simp'ring, waddling Miss Oshea ;
 Glances twi'chling, him quite bewitching,
 Oglins bonnily, squint and funnily,
 She was a Venus for Mr. Mulligan !
 O sweet Kitty ! you're so pretty,
 Pity witty poor Captain Mulligan.

When marry'd, soon they alter'd their tune ;
 Love, once fierce, it soon grew cool again :
 When they had fac'd the sweet honey-moon,
 She black'ned the eyes of Captain Mulligan.
 Whisky tippling night and day ;
 Scolding, fighting, him horns affrighting !
 Oh ! be easy—faith your crazy now ;
 The Devil go with you Mrs. Mulligan.

Nigh Plymouth harbour, where they lay,
 The wind did blow most dismally!
 By a boisterous sea the ship was drove,
 By cruel Fortune I lost my love!

You widows, and you fatherless,
 Come mourn with me in my distress;
 Their mothers to their fathers cries,
 We have lost our sons in the Ramalies!



THE
 BEAUTIES OF CARRON-BRAES.

CARRON-BRAES are steep and green,
 Where flocks and herds are to be seen,
 Ilk farm o'erflows with milk galore,
 From Meikle-Binn to Carron-shore.

As ye come in by Tackmedown,
 Upon the road to Stirling town,
 There Carron-bridge most stately stands,
 Which shows the worth of masons' hands.

Sir John the Graham, of gallant fame,
 In Scotland honour'd is his name,
 His dwelling was on Carron-braes,
 Great honour still unto the place.

Great Wallace, Knight of Elderlie,
 With gallant Graham in company;

From thraldom freed our kingdom thrice,
On Carron-braes did oft rejoice.

But weep, my muse, O weep to tell!
Near Carron-braes the Graham he fell!
Puissant, with his sword and spear,
O'erpower'd by Cummin's treachery there.

Great Bruce, our king, to Edward slave,
Against his country did behave,
Till Wallace, on the Carron-braes,
Told him he was among his faes.

From that time forth, the hero Bruce,
Did throw off English Edward's truce;
Thro' much fatigue he gain'd his crown,
But Douglas clear'd the country roun'.

† Great Dundas, propitious name!
To thee we owe the naval stream;
Thy spade was first the earth to raise,
To join the Clyde to Carron-braes.

But lest my song should gather strength,
And swell with hit'ry into leugh,
I'll sum the whole by singing praise
Unto the chrystal Carron-braes.

† *The late Sir LAURENCE DUNDAS, of West-Kerse, Bart. who lifted the first spadeful of earth, towards digging of the GREAT CANAL between FORTH and CLYDE.—The Spade was preserved, and lies in West-Kerse House, by GRANGEMOUTH.*

DONALD OF DUNDEE.

YOUNG Donald is the blithest lad
 That e'er made love to me!
 Whene'er he's by, my heart is glad,
 He seems so gay and free.
 Then on his pipe he plays so sweet,
 And in his plaid he locks so neat,
 It cheers my heart at eve to meet
 Young Donald of Dundee.

Whene'er I gang to yonder grave,
 Young Sandy follows me,
 And fain he wags to be my love,
 But ah! it canna be;
 Tho' rather frets both soon and late
 For me to wed this youth I hate,
 There's none need hope to gain young Kate,
 But Donald of Dundee.

When last we rang'd the banks of Tay,
 The ring he shew'd to me,
 And bade me name the bridal day,
 Then happy wou'd he be:
 I ken the youth will aye prove kind,
 Nae mair my mither will I mind,
 Meis John to me shall quickly bind
 Young Donald of Dundee.

F I N I S.