

Hearts of Oak,  
OR, THE  
**Jolly Tars**  
Of Great Britain.

ALSO,  
The Poor Exile of Erin,  
AND THE  
Breadalbane Lads.



FALKIRK — T. JOHNSTON, PRINTER.

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'll still make them run, and we'll still  
 make them sweat,  
 spite of their boasting and Brussels' Gazette.  
 cheer up, my lads, with one heart  
 let us sing,  
 our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen,  
 and king.

Hearts of oak, &c.

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## THE EXILE OF ERIN.

HERE came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,  
 The dew on his robe it was heavy and chill,  
 for his country he sigh'd, when at twilight  
 repairing  
 To wander along by the wind-beaten hill;  
 at the day-star attracted his eye'. sad  
 devotion,  
 for it rose on his own native Isle of the ocean,  
 Where once in the flow of his youthful emotion  
 He sung the bold anthem of Erin-go-Bragh.

Oh sad is my fate, said the heart-broken stranger,  
 The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee;  
 but I have no refuge from famine and danger,  
 And home and a country remain not for me.  
 Ah! never again in the green shady bowers,

Where my forefathers liv'd, shall I spend  
the sweet hours,

O, cover my harp with the wild woven flowers,  
And strike the sweet numbers of Erin-go  
Bragh.

Oh, Erin, my countey, tho' sad and forsaken,  
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore!

But, alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,  
And sigh for the friends who can meet me  
no more! (me

Ah! thou, cruel Fate, wilt thou never replace  
In a mansion of peace, where no peril can  
chace me?

Ah! never again shall my brothers embrace me,  
They died to defend me, or live to deplore.

Where now is my cabin-door, so fast by the  
wild wood?

Sisters and sire did weep for its fall!  
Where is the mother that look'd on my  
childhood?

And where is my bosom-friend, dearer  
than all?

Ah, my sad soul! long abandon'd by pleasure,  
Why did it doat on a fast fading treasure?

Tears, like the rain, may fall without measure,  
But rapture and beauty they cannot recal.

But yet all its fond recollections suppressing,  
One dying wish my fond bosom shall draw,

Erin, an exile, bequeaths thee his blessing,  
 Land of forefathers—Erin-go-Bragh.  
 Buried and cold when my heart stills it motion,  
 Green be thy fields, sweetest isle in the ocean,  
 And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with  
 devotion,  
 Erin ma vourneen, sweet Erin-go-Bragh.

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ALLAN CAMPBELL'S GARLAND:

OR,

*The Falkirk Losses' Praise of the*

BREADALBANE FENCIBLES.

BREADALBANE'S men make a fine show,  
 In each town where-e'er they go!  
 I'd travel far, both night and day,  
 With brave Breadalbane's men to stray:

Breadalbane did this Regiment raise,  
 I'll sing this song unto his praise;  
 For the smartest lads that I do ken,  
 Are with Breadalbane's Highlandmen.

They were embodied in Perth Town;  
 By Duudee they march'd to Aberdeen:  
 Then to Glasgow they came merrily;  
 And now in Falkirk they do ly.

Their armour is both pure and clean,  
 Most neat and handsome to be seen;  
 Their swords so sharp, would pierce the heart,  
 And thro' their foes' breasts quickly dart.

- O! for to see them in the field,  
 To all they joy and pleasure yield;  
 To see them at their exercise,  
 Each one must view them with surprise.

Colonel M'Lean is a brave man,  
 The match of him is seldom seen;  
 To train his men he takes delight,  
 And make them fit their foes to fight.

Major M'Lean, that man so rare,  
 He of the privates takes great care;  
 He always likes to see them well,  
 And seldom keeps them long at drill.

The Campbells brave, and Drummonds true,  
 Their soldiers' good they keep in view;  
 Brave Stewart he does head the line,  
 And at Open-order gives the sign.

The Honourable Captain Gray,  
 This truth of him I'll dare to say,  
 He makes the Light Bobs for to shine,  
 And brings them to the field in time.

Adjutant M'Lean so bold doth stand,  
 Now that he's got a Captain's Command;

He in his men takes great delight,  
And loves to see them clean and tight.

There's Mr. Rose, with his fine Band,  
On the Parade doth nobly stand;  
And when the signal's given to play,  
The Lassies great attention pay.

The Bass-drum like the Kirk-bell tolls,  
While Tamburine Jack his fingers rolls;  
They stand and look so much amaz'd,  
For with his thumps their thoughts are rais'd.

Drum-Major Short his Drums doth beat  
The Troop, Roast-beef, and the Retreat;  
He makes the Lassies hearts to rise,  
All men with breeches they despise.

This Regiment is so lately rais'd,  
It's surely right that they be prais'd;  
They're all so quiet, and do no harm:  
But Lassies' hearts they sweetly charm.

Thro' Falkirk-town the Lassies rove,  
Some two, some three, four in a drove;  
When at a distance the men they see,  
They wink and laugh most chearfully.

At Callander Riggs, and Dorater-Green,  
There's many a braw Lass to be seen;  
The Soldiers they do give them smiles,  
As they do pass them all in files.

O! how shall those men leave the town,  
The Lassies they will tear and frown;  
They'll shriek and howl as they were mad,  
For want of the Lads wi' the Highland Plaid

Cheer up your hearts my Lassies brave,  
You sha'n't have long to toil and slave;  
More kilts are coming to the Town,  
And you may use them as your own.

A health unto Breadalbane's men;  
May peace and plenty them attend:  
And may they always Lassies find,  
That will bring Falkirk to their mind.

F I N I S .

