

Wellington's Address ;

To which are added,

The banks of Clyde.

The wells o' Weary.

Haud awa frae me Donald.



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WELLINGTON'S ADDRESS.

BRITONS bauld, though Britons few,
On the plains o' Waterloo;
Britons, heroes, always true
To rights and liberty.
Fire your blood, my vet'ran boys;
Usurpation's yoke despise;
Slavery fa's and slavery dies
Before brave British play.

See the haughty tyrant comes ;
See his daring warlike sum's ;
Hear the rattling o' his drums,
To tie sweet Freedom's sway.
We'll divert him wi' the charms
O' our swords, and o' our arms ;
In his ear we'll strike our thairms,
That Britons shall be free.

Tho' his guns like thunders roar ;
Fight like lions as before ;
Conquer o'er, or kiss the gore,
That welcomes bravery.

See the lightning's flashing by,
 Dark'ning black the louring sky—
 Traitor turn, and coward fly,
 March, heroes, on wi' me.

Europe's pest, Europe's foe,
 See his lang decisive blow,
 See his deadly overthrow,
 Frae thrones and monarchy.

Sodgers—heroes o' renown,
 Laurels fresh await our crown,
 Liberty is Britain's own,
 Then forward, win her glen.

THE BANKS O' CLYDE.

Awa, awa, my Jamie's gane,
 Out owre the seas, far far frae hame,
 He's gane, and cross'd the ocean wide,
 And left the bonny banks o' Clyde.

Awa he's gane to fight his foe,
 And left me here in grief and woe,
 My love, who left me by his side,
 Along the bonny banks o' Clyde.

On Govan banks, whar Clyde doth flow,
 There ilka laddie arms his joe;
 While lancelly I maun mourn and chide,
 Upon the bonny banks o' Clyde.

O, in the rosy month o' May,
 The lav'rock rais'd its cheerfu' lay,
 The mavis sang, the blackbird vied,
 Around the bonny banks o' Clyde.

The gowana sprang, ilk flower sprang,
 My love as sweet's the day was lang,
 My heart he gain'd to be his bride,
 Whea walklog on the banks o' Clyde.

O woe be to those wars in Spain,
 They've ta'en frae me my darling swain,
 And cross'd him owre the ocean wide,
 Far frae the bonny banks o' Clyde.

O! if the high and heav'ny Pow'r,
 Would shield my love in danger's hour,
 An' i owre the seas him safe'y guide,
 Back to the bonny banks o' Clyde.

Our parting day would ne'er be seen,
 Un il that death struck in between,

Then a' our joys we'll lay aside,
 And leave the bonny banks o' Clyde.

THE WELLS O' WEARY.

Will ye gang through the King's Park,
 My darling young deary O,
 And spend the lee-lang simmer's day,
 Around the Wells o' Weary O.
 There harmless stray sweet tender lambs,
 The emblems o' my deary O.
 There masy twisted, clefted rocks,
 Adorn the Wells o' Weary O.

O softly blows the gentle breeze,
 The lav' rocks sing sa' cheery O,
 A, Nature sprea is unmingled joys,
 Around the Wells o' Weary O.
 See lofty Arthur's flow'ry gems,
 Wi' lustre shining clearly O,
 And crystal fountains deck the scene,
 Around the Wells o' Weary O.

There lovers rove, wi' hand in hand,
 Then gie me thine, my deary O.

And blythe we'll spend the gowden day,
 Around the Wells o' Weary O.
 Then hame again we'll fondly steer,
 To spend the night sae dreary O,
 In pleasant dreams, admiring scenes,
 Around the Wells o' Weary O.

HAD AWA FRAE ME DONALD.

O will you hae ta tartan plaid
 Or will you hae ta ring, mattam?
 Or will you hae ta kiss o' me?
 And dats ta pretty ting mattam.
 Had awa, bide awa,
 Had awa frae me, Donald;
 I'll neither kiss nor hae a ring,
 Nae tartan plaids for me, Donald.

O see you not her poony progues,
 Her sackets, plaid, plew, creen, mattam?
 Her twa short hose, and her twa spig,
 And a shouther-belt apoon, mattam?
 Had awa bide awa,
 Had awa frae me Donald;
 Nae shouther-belts, trinkabouts,
 Nae tartan hose for me Donald.

Hur can peshaw a petter hough

Tan him who wears a crown, mattam;

Hersell a pistol and claymore

Ta fle a lallant lown, mattam.

Had awa bide awa,

Had awa frae me, Donald;

For a' your houghs and warlike arms,

You're no a match for me Donald.

Hursell hae a short coat pi pote,

No trail my feets at rin mattam;

A cutty sark of good hare sheet,

My mither he be spin mattam,

Had awa bide awa,

Has awa frae me Donald;

Gae hame and hap your naked houghs,

And fash nae mair wi' me, Donald.

Ye neir pe pidden work a turn,

at ony kind o' spin mattam,

But shug your leano in a scull,

And tidle highland sing mattam.

Had awa bide awa,

Had awa, frae me Donald;

Your jogging sculls and Eighland sang,

Will round hut harsh wi' me Donald.

In the morning when his rise,
Ye's get fresh whey for tea mattam,
Sweet milk and cream as much you please,
Far cheaper than pohea mattam.
Had awa, bid awa
Had awa frae me, Donald;
I winna quit my marning tea,
Your whey will ne'er agree, Donald.
Fait ye's pe ket a silder protch,
Pe pigger as the moon, mattam:
Ye's ride in curroch, stea o' coach,
An' wow bnt ye'll pe fine mattam,
Had awa, bid awa,
Had awa frae me, Donald;
For a' your highland arities,
You're nat a match for me Donald.
What's tis te way tat ye'll pe kind,
To a pretty man like me, mattam,
Sae long's claymore pe pe my side,
I'll nefer marry tee mattam.
O come awa, in awa,
O come awa wi' me Donald;
I wadna quit my highland man
Frae Lallands set me free, Donald.

FINIS.