

THE SWISS PATRIOT,

The Maid of Lodi,

WITH BROKEN WORDS, &c.

Go where Glory waits thee,

THE TOP-SAILS SHIVER, &c.

AND

THE ORPHAN BOY.



SOLD WHOLESALE BY J. FRASER & CO.

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WILLIAM TELL.

WHEN William Tell was doom'd to die,
Or hit the mark upon his infant's head—
The bell toll'd out, the hour was nigh,
And soldiers march'd with grief and dread!
The warrior came, serene and mild,
Gaz'd all around with dauntless look,
Till his fond boy unconscious smil'd;
Then nature and the father spoke.
And, now, each valiant Swiss his grief partakes,
For they sigh,
And wildly cry,
Poor William Tell! once hero of the lakes.

But soon is heard the muffled drum,
And straight the pointed arrow flies,
The trembling boy expects his doom,
All, all shriek out—' he dies! he dies!
When lo! the lofty trumpet sounds!
'The mark is hit! the child is free!
Into his father's arms he bounds,
'Inspir'd by love and liberty!
And now each valiant Swiss their joy partakes,
For mountains ring,
Whilst they sing,
Live William Tell! the hero of the lakes.

 THE MAID OF LODI.

I SING the maid of Lodi,
 Who sweetly sung to me,
 Whose brows were never cloudy,
 Nor e'er distort with glee.
 She values not the wealthy,
 Unless they're great and good,
 For she is strong and healthy,
 And by labour earns her food.

And when her day's work's over;
 Around a cheerful fire,
 She sings, or rests contented;
 What more can man desire?
 Let those who squander millions
 Review her happy lot,
 They'll find their proud pavillions
 Far inferior to her cot.

Between the Po and Parma,
 Some villains seiz'd my coach,
 And dragg'd me to a cavern,
 Most dreadful to approach;
 By which the maid of Lodi
 Came trotting from the fair;
 She paus'd to hear my wailings,
 And see me tear my hair.

Then to her market basket
 She tied her poney's rein;
 I thus by female courage
 Was dragg'd to life again.
 She led me to her dwelling,
 She cheer'd my heart with wine,
 And then she deck'd a table
 At which the gods might dine.

Among the mild Madonas
 Her features you may find;
 But not the fam'd Corregios
 Could ever paint her mind.
 Then sing the maid of Lodi,
 Who sweetly sung to me;
 And when this maid is married,
 Still happier may she be.

Woes my heart that we should sunder.

WITH broken words and downcast eyes,
 Poor Colin spoke his passion tender;
 And, parting with his Lucy, cries,
 Ah! woes my heart that we should sunder.
 To others I am cold as snow,
 But kindle with thine eyes like tinder;
 From thee with pain I'm forc'd to go;
 It breaks my heart that we should sunder.

Chain'd to thy charms, I cannot range;
 No beauty new my love shall hinder;
 Nor time, nor place, shall ever change
 My vows, tho' we're oblig'd to sunder.
 Ye powers, take care of my dear lass,
 That as I leave her I may find her;
 When that bless'd time shall come to pass,
 We'll meet again, and never sunder.

The image of thy graceful air,
 And beauties which invite our wonder;
 Thy lively wit, and prudence rare,
 Shall still be present, tho' we sunder.
 Dear nymph, believe thy swain in this,
 You'll ne'er engage a heart that's kinder;
 Then seal a promise with a kiss,
 Always to love me, tho' we sunder.

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

Go where glory waits thee,
 But while fame elates thee,
 Oh! still remember me:
 When the praise thou meetest,
 To thine ear is sweetest,
 Oh! then remember me:
 Other arms may press thee,
 Dearer friends caress thee,
 All the joys that bless thee,
 Sweeter far may be;

But when friends are nearest,
 And when joys are dearest
 Oh! then remember me.

When at eve thou rovest,
 By the star thou lovest,
 Oh! then remember me:

Think when home returning,
 Bright we've seen it burning,
 Oh! then remember me:

Oft as summer closes,
 When thine eye reposes
 On its ling'ring roses,
 Once so lov'd by thee
 Think on her who wove them,
 Her who made thee love them,
 Oh! then remember me.

When around thee dying,
 Autumn leaves are lying,

Oh! then remember me;
 And at night, when gazing
 On the gay hearth blazing,

Oh! then remember me;
 Then should music stealing
 All the soul of feeling,
 To thy heart appealing,

Draw one tear from thee;
 Then let mem'ry bring thee,
 Strains I us'd to sing thee,
 Oh! then remember me.

 THE SAILOR'S ADIEU.

THE topsails shiver in the wind,
 'The ship she casts to sea;

But yet my heart, my soul, my mind,
 Are, Mary, moor'd with thee:

For though thy sailor's bound afar,
 Still love shall be my leading star.

Should landmen flatter when we're sail'd,
 O doubt their artful tales;

No gallant sailor ever fail'd,
 If Love breath'd constant gales.

Thou art the compass of my soul,
 Which steers my heart from pole to pole.

Sirens in every port we meet,
 More fell than rocks or waves;

But such as grace the British fleet,
 Are lovers, and not slaves.

No foes our courage shall subdue,
 Although we leave our hearts with you.

These are our cares; but if you're kind,

We'll scorn the dashing main,
 The rocks, the billows, and the wind,
 The power of France and Spain.

Now Britain's glory rests with you;
 Our sails are full—sweet girls adieu.

 THE ORPHAN BOY.

No cheering sun-beam's friendly ray,
 Shone on the dark and cloudy day,
 When I, an outcast from my birth,
 Sprung up the humblest flower on earth,
 No parent stalk to prop its form,
 No shelter from the winter's storm—
 Such was the fate, bereft of joy,
 Of Theodore, the orphan boy.

'Twas your dear hand, by pity led,
 First rais'd the lily's drooping head,
 Foster'd the bud bedew'd with tears,
 Then saw it blossom into years :
 And whilst your smiles such pow'r can give,
 Still will it flourish, bloom, and live,
 Ah! do not then the hopes destroy—
 Of Theodore, the orphan boy.

FINIS.