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Soldier's Dream ;

To which are added,

Hap me with thy Petticoat,

At the Dead of the Night,

Bonny Mally Stewart,

Lochaber no More,

Down the Burn Davie.



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SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our bugles had sung, the night-cloud had lower'd,
And the centinel star set the watch in the sky,
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night, a sweet vision I saw,
And twice ere the cock crew I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track,
Till nature and sunshine disclosed the sweet way,
To the house of my father, that welcom'd me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields, travell'd so oft,
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young,
I hear'd my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And well know the strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledg'd we the wine cup, and fondly we swore,
From my home and my weeping friends never to part,
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud in the fulness of heart.

HAP ME WITH THY PETTICOAT.

O Bell thy looks have kill'd my heart,
 I pass the day in pain ;
 When night returns I feel the smart,
 And wish for thee in vain.
 I'm starving cold, whilst thou art warm,
 Have pity and incline,
 And grant me for a hap that charm-
 ing petticoat of thine.

My ravished fancy in amaze,
 Still wanders o'er thy charms ;
 Delusive dreams ten thousand ways,
 Present thee to my arms.
 Then waking think what I endure,
 While cruel you decline,
 Those pleasures, which can only cure,
 This panting heart of mine.

I faint, I fail, I wildly rove,
 Because you still deny,
 The just reward that's due to love.
 And let true passion die.

Oh ! turn, and let compassion seize,
 That lovely breast of thine :
 Thy petticoat wad give me ease,
 If thou and it were mine.

Sure Heaven has fitted for delight,
 That beauteous form of thine,

And thou'rt too good its laws to slight,
 By hind'ring the design.
 May all the powers of love agree,
 At length to make thee thine;
 Or loose my chains, and set me free,
 From every charm of thine,

AT THE DEAD OF THE NIGHT.

At the dead of the night, when by whisky inspir'd,
 And pretty Katty Flannigan my bosom had fir'd,
 I rapp'd at her window when thus she began,
 Oh, what the devil are you at? begone you naughty man!

I gave her a look, as sly as a thief,
 Or when hungry I'd view a fine sirloin of beef;
 My heart is red hot, (says I) but cold is my skin,
 So pretty Mrs Flannigan, oh, wont you let me in.

She open'd the door, I sat down by the fire,
 And soon was reliev'd from the wet, cold, and mire,
 And I pleas'd her so well, that long e'er 'twas day,
 I stole poor Katty's tender heart, and so tripp'd awa'

BONNY MALLY STEWART.

The cold winter is past and gone,
 And now comes on the spring,
 And I am one of the king's life-guards,
 And I must go fight for my king, my dear,
 And must go fight for my king.

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Now since to the wars you must go,
One thing I pray grant me,
It's I will dress myself in man's attire,
And I'll travel along with thee, my dear,
And I'll travel along with thee.

I would not for ten thousand worlds,
That my love endangered were;
The rattling of drums and shining of swords,
Will cause great sorrow and wo, my dear,
Will cause great sorrow and wo.

I will do the thing for my true love,
That she will not do for me;
It's I'll put cuffs of black on my red coat,
And mourn till the day I die, my dear,
And mourn till the day I die.

I will do more for my true love,
That he will do for me;
I'll cut my hair and roll me bare,
And mourn till the day I die,
And mourn till the day I die.

So farewell my mother and father dear,
I'll bid adieu and farewell,
My sweet and bonny Mally Stewart,
You're the cause of all my wo, my dear,
You're the cause of all my wo.

When we came to bonny Stirling town,
As we lay all in camp,

By the King's orders we were all taken,
 And to Germany we were all sent, my dear,
 And to Germany we were all sent.

So farewell bonny Stirling town,
 And the maids therein also;
 And farewell bonny Mally Stewart,
 You're the cause of all my wo, my dear,
 You're the cause of all my wo.

She took the slippers off her feet,
 And the cockups off her hair;
 And she has ta'en a long journey,
 For seven lang years and mair, my dear,
 For seven lang years and mair.

Sometimes she rade sometimes she gaed,
 Sometimes sat down to mourn,
 And it was aye the o'ercome of her tale,
 Shall I e'er see my bonny laddie come,
 Shall I e'er see my bonny laddie come.

The trooper turned himself round about,
 All on the Irish shore;
 He has gien the bridal reins a shake,
 Saying adieu for evermore, my dear,
 Saying adieu for evermore.

LOCHABER NO MORE.

These lines from your lover, dear Jenny receive,
 At Carlisle confined, will make you to grieve,
 I prisoner was taken on Culloden plain,
 I wish in the battle I there had been slain.

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 ut fate has decreed that it must not be so,
 was wounded and taken, and with them must go,
 ut my fate, dear Jenny, it troubles me sore,
 or thee and Lochaber I ne'er will see more!

often was I told by the chiefs of the clan,
 hat Charlie he was a brave valiant man,
 ut none of his bravery I ever yet did see,
 hey only deceiv'd, and have ruin'd me.

eluded by flattery, I soon did comply,
 with them did fight, and with them must die;
 my fate, my dear Jenny, it troubles me sore,
 or thee and Lochaber I'll never see more.

Defeating of Johnny Coup at Prestonpans,
 n-liven'd our hearts, and encourag'd our Clans;
 eing flush'd with success, we to England did steer,
 ut valiant Duke William put us all in great fear.

le fought us, he beat us, he ruin'd us quite,
 nd now we are all in a sorrowful plight!
 ay Heaven its blessing upon thee, love poor,
 or thee nor Lochaber I ne'er shall see more.

DOWN THE BURN DAVIE.

When trees did bud and fields were green,
 And broom bloom'd fair to see :
 When Mary was complete fifteen,
 And love laugh'd in her ee.
 Blythe Davie's blinks ker heart did move,
 To speak her mind thus free,

Gang down the burn Davie, love,
And I shall follow thee.

Now Davie did each lad surpass,
That dwelt on this burn-side,
And Mary was the bonniest lass,
Just fit to be a bride.

Her cheeks were rosy, red and white,
Her een were bonny blue;
Her looks were like Aurora bright,
Her lips like dropping dew.

As down the burn they took their way,
When tender tales they said!
His cheek to hers he aft did lay,
And with her besom played.
Till baith at last impatient grown,
To be mair fully blest,
In yonder vale they lean'd them down,
She only saw the rest.

What pass'd, I guess was harmless play,
And naething sure unmeet,
For ganging hame I heard them say,
They lik'd a walk sae sweet.
And that they aften should return,
Such pleasure to renew,
Says Mary, love I like the burn,
And ay shall follow you.

FINIS.