

14
14
A Song, on the
GRAND ILLUMINATION
IN GLASGOW.

To which are added

The bush aboon Traquire.
The Prevailing Fashions.
The Patriot Fair.
And, the Rapture.



Stirling, Printed and Sold by M. Randall.



A Song on the Grand Illumination in Glasgow.

Come all you brave heroes now join in my chorus
Who wish to be glorius in fame and renown
And praise that great donor that made us victori-
ous,
With laurels of glory to the British crown.

No more we shall languish in sorrow or anguish
Since Britons have vanquish'd their proud daring-
foes
But firmly stand still united in one,
With the old ancient Thistle the Shamrock and
Rose.

There was John Bull and Sawny Paddy and a
In the year eighteen hundred we all may remem-
ber,

And thirteen makes up the whole number of time
On the ninth of November was held in great
splendor,
That Illumination in Glasgow did shine,

The sight was affecting by light so attracting,
Gave great satisfaction to all was a-round,
Like Phoebus advancing, each window was glan-
And joy bells commencing with musical sound

The sight was amazing with Spectators gazing

And flames brightly bleazing on every side,
 With tar barrels burning and echoes returning,
 To hail the clear morning they plung'd into Clyde

The bright burning flares they enlighten'd the
 air,

While the trump of fame most loudly did blow
 The Salmond and Roach the clear light did ap-
 proach,

And escorted our torches to the Broomilaw.

But to view the whole scene both city and green
 The like has ne'er been I will venture to say,
 Since the sun first did shine right over the Line,
 When the evening and morning became the first
 day,

With soldiers retiring advancing and firing,
 Whilst all was admiring their action with care,
 Like the god of thunder or Vulcans great hammer
 Each shot from the gunner did sound in the air,

Ye sons of Britannia with ancient old grania,
 And have Caledonia united by one;
 Shall pull down the pride of Bonapart's army
 While Paddy and Sawny will fight hand in hand

Led by brave commanders like great Alexander,
 The world did conquer and then he was done
 These heroes I mean unto you all I explain,
 They are the brave Graemes and the fam'd Wel-
 lington.

The BUSH ABOON TRAQUIRE.

HEAR me ye nymphs and every strain,
 I'll tell how Peggy grieves me,
 Though this I languish, this complain,
 alais she never believes me!
 My vows and sighs like silent air,
 unheaded never move her,
 At the bonny bush aboon Traquire,
 'twas there I first did love her,

That day she smil'd and made me glad
 no maid seem'd ever kinder,
 I thought myself the luckiest lad,
 so sweetly there to find her:
 I try'd to soothe my am'rous flame,
 in words that I thought tender,
 I more than pass'd I'm not to blame;
 I meant not to offend her:

Yet now she scornful flees the pain,
 the fields we then frequented
 Where'er she meets she throws disdain,
 she looks as ne'er acquainted
 The bonny bush bloom'd fair in May,
 its sweets I'll ay remember,
 But now her sweets makes it deczy,
 it fades as in December.

Ye rural powers, who hear my strains,
 why thus should Peggy grieve me!
 Oh! make her partner in my pains,
 then 'tether smile & relieve me:
 If not, my love will turn despair,

my passion no more tender;
 'll leave the Bush above Traquire,
 to lonely woods I'll wander.

THE PREVAILING FASHIONS.

Good people all I pray draw near,
 in country and in town Sir,
 The pride is got to such a pitch,
 the world's turn'd upside down Sir:
 They are contriving every day
 their pretty shapes to spoil Sir.
 Since short waisted gowns they all do wear,
 their hump-backs for to hide Sir.
 Chor. So Ladies of the fashion now,
 adhere unto my censures,
 I have short waisted gowns to sell,
 and very pretty spencers.

The servant girls they imitate
 the pride in every place Sir,
 And if they wear a flow'rd gown,
 they'll have it made short waist Sir,
 They'll have it rump'd all behind,
 it hangs just like a wallet
 With a scull-cap on their head,
 just like a Scotchman's bonnet

It was in London you shall hear,
 upon a certain day Sir,
 A lady she was dressed up,
 and going to the play Sir
 The blust'ring winds did blow so hard,
 blew off her cap and wig Sir,
 With muff and tippet round her neck,
 she look'd like a hairy pig.

Those low heel'd slippers they do wear,
 their pouty legs to shew Sir;
 Their petticoats are fringed round,
 they cut a tempting show Sir:
 And when their bosoms you do view,
 the truth I do declare, O.
 A modesty they all must have,
 if us'er a smock they wear, O.

The farmers' daughters every where,
 the truth I do lay down Sir,
 They dress as grand I do declare,
 as Ladies of renown Sir
 A cap and feather they must have,
 and mask all o'er their faces,
 Let's hope their pride it will come down,
 to lislew woolley dresses.

THE PATRIOT FAIR.

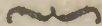
WHEN young and artless as the lamb,
 Which plays about its fondling dam,
 Bisk, luxom pert, and sily;
 I slighted all the manly swains,
 And put my virgin heart in dazins,
 For smiting smooth fac'd Willie.

But when experience came with years,
 Which rais'd my hopes and quell'd my fears,
 My heart was blyth and bonny:
 I turn off every heedless youth.
 So gave my word, and fix'd my truth
 O, honest sturdy Johnny

Next at the wake I saw the 'Squire,
 For love I felt a new desire,
 Fend to outshine my mammy :
 Fight'd for fringes fops, and beaux,
 For pig-tail'd wigs, and powder'd clothes,
 And sicken maker Sammy.

For riches next I set a flame,
 Old G ipus to my cottge came,
 And held an amorous parley,
 For music next I chaz'd to burn,
 And loudly listen'd in my turn,
 To warbling quivering Charley.

So now alike the fools and wit,
 Fops, fiddlers, foreigners and cits,
 All struck me by rotation.
 Come learn of me ye patriots fair,
 Nor make a bogie mas you care,
 But sigh for all the nation.



THE RAPTURE

Come ye party jangling swains,
 Leave your floers and quit the plains,
 Friends to country, or to coort,
 Nothing here shall spoil our sport,

Ever welcome to our feast,
 Welcome every friendly guest.

Sprightly widows come away ;
 Sing and dance and virgins gay ;

Little gaudy fluttering wifles,
Smiling hopes of future blifles. Ever, &c.

All that rip'ning sun can bring,
Beauteous summer, beauteous spring
In one varying scene we show
The green, the ripe, the bud, the blow. Ever, &c.

Be it peace or be it war,
Both, or either, I don't care;
Prither Collin, what have you
Or I with peace or war to do? Ever, &c.

Comus jeering, music charming;
Wine inspiring, beauty worshipping;
Rage and party-malice dies,
Peace returns, and discord flies;

Emblems of the joys above,
All is rapture, all is love.

FINIS.