

SEVEN SCOTCH SONGS.

THE GARB OF OLD GAUL.

THE STANDARD ON THE BRAES.

THE LAST BREATHINGS OF NAPOLEON

MARY, I BELIEVED THEE TRUE.

JOCK O' HAZELDEAN.

WHA WADNA FIGHT FOR CHARLIE.

DUMBARTON'S BONNIE DELL.



GLASGOW:

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SCOTTISH SONGS.

THE GARB OF OLD GAUL.

In the garb of old Gaul, wi' the fire of old Rome,
 From the heath-cover'd mountains of Scotia we come,
 Where the Romans endeavour'd our country to gain,
 But our ancestors fought, and they fought not in vain.

CHORUS.

Such our love of liberty—our country and our laws,
 That like our ancestors of old we stand by freedom's
 cause ;
 Wo'll bravely fight, like heroes bold, for honour and
 applause,
 And defy the French, with all their art, to alter our
 laws.

No effeminate customs our sinews unbrace,
 No luxuriate tables enervate our race,
 Our loud-sounding pipe bears the true martial strain,
 So do we the old Scottish valour retain.

Such our love, &c.

As a storm on the ocean when Boreas blows,
 So are we enrag'd when we rush on our foes ;
 We sons of the mountain, tremendous as rocks,
 Dash the force of our foes with our thundering strokes.

Such our love, &c.

Quebec and Cape Breton, the pride of old France,
 In their troops fondly boasted till we did advance;
 But when our claymores they saw us produce,
 Their courage did fail, and they su'd for a truce.
 Such our love, &c.

In our realm may the fury of faction long cease,
 May our councils be wise, and our commerce increase;
 And in Scotia's cold climate may each of us find,
 That our friends still prove true, and our beauties
 prove kind.

CHORUS.

Then we'll defend our liberty, our country, and our
 laws,
 And teach our late posterity to fight in freedom's
 cause;
 That they, like our ancestors bold, for honour and
 applause,
 May defy the French and Spaniards to alter our laws.

WHA WADNA FIGHT FOR CHARLIE.

Wha wadna fight for Charlie?
 Wha wadna draw the sword?
 Wha wadna up and rally
 At the Royal Prince's word?

Think on Scotland's ancient heroes,
 Think on foreign foes repell'd,
 Think on glorious Bruce and Wallace,
 Wha the proud usurper quell'd.
 Then wha wadna fight, &c.

See the northern clans advancing,
 See Glengarry and Lochiel,
 See the brandish'd broadswords glancing,
 Highland hearts are true as steel,
 Now our Prince has rais'd his banner,
 Now triumphant is our cause,
 Now the Scottish Lion rallies,
 Let us strike for Prince and laws:
 Then wha wadna fight, &c.

THE STANDARD ON THE BRAES.

The standard on the braes o' Mar
 Is up and streaming rarely,
 The gathering pipe on Loch-na-gar
 Is sounding lang and sairly ;
 The Highlandmen frae hill and glen,
 In martial hue—in bonnets blue,
 With belted plaids and burnish'd blades,
 Are coming late and early.
 The standard, &c.

Wha wadna join our noble chief—
 The Drummond and Glengarry,
 Macgregor, or Murray, Rolla, Keith,
 Panmure and gallant Harry.
 Macdonald's men, Clan-Ronald's men,
 Mackenzies' men, Macgilvray's men,
 Strathallan's men, the Lowland men
 Of Callender and Airly.
 The standard, &c.

Fy, Donald, up, and let's awa,
 We canna langer parley,
 When Jamie's back is at the wa'—
 The lad we lo'e sae dearly.
 We'll go—we'll go and meet the foe,
 And fling the plaid, and swing the blade,
 And forward dash, and hack, and slash,
 And fleg the German carlie.
 The standard, &c.

DUMBARTON'S BONNIE DELL.

There's ne'er a nook in a' the land
 King William' rules sae well,
 There's naething half sae cānty, grand,
 As blythe Dumbarton's dell;
 And would you spier the reason why,
 The truth I'll fairly tell,
 A winsome lassock lives hard by
 Dumbarton's bonnie dell.

Up by yon glen Loch Lomond laves,
 Where bold Macgregors dwell;
 And bogles dance o'er heroes' graves,
 There lives Dumbarton's belle.
 She's blest with every charm in life,
 And this I know full well—
 I'll ne'er be happy till my wife
 Is blythe Dumbarton's belle.

THE LAST BREATHINGS OF NAPOLEON.

Sequester'd here, afar from fame,
 And hope's enchanting smile,
 I spend in wo, life ebbing slow,
 On this remote, seeluded isle.
 Where all I spy is sea or sky
 Round this horrible steep,
 And nought I hear but howlings drear,
 From off the foaming deep.

O lovely Seine, thy banks so green,
 Alas! no more I'll tread,
 No happy morn, to me forlorn,
 Can bring the happy scenes now fled.
 Thy glades and groves where pleasures rove,
 I bade a last adieu,
 When fortune's star, my doom, by war,
 Resolv'd at Waterloo.

No pleasure brings the blazing sun,
 Tho' in the glow of day,
 Nor solemn night, star-spangl'd bright,
 Can drive my exile-grief away.
 Contention's fato I've seen too late,
 And grandeur's luring glare,
 So here my doom is endless gloom,
 With sullen, grim despair.

No more again on hill or plain
 To me shall ranks appear;
 Nor blazing steel e'er more shall reel,
 In charge of bayonet or spear.

Keen ruin's blast, my fate at last,
 Hath driv'n me far from joy,
 Fate, take my life, but spare my wife,
 And harmless, darling boy.

JOCK O' HAZELDEAN.

"Why weep ye by the tide, lady?

Why weep ye by the tide?

I'll wed ye to my youngest son,

And ye sall be his bride.

And ye sall be his bride, lady,

Sac comely to be seen:"—

But aye she loot the tears down fa'

For Jock o' Hazeldean.

"Now let this wilful grief be done,

And dry that cheek so palo;

Young Frank is chief of Errington,

And lord of Langley dale.

His step is first in peaceful ha',

His sword in battle keen:"—

But aye she loot the tears down fa'

For Jock o' Hazeldean.

"A chain of gold ye sall not lack,

For braid to bind your hair,

Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,

Nor palfrey fresh and fair.

And you the foremost o' them a'

Shall ride, our forest queen:"—

But aye she loot the tears down fa'

For Jock o' Hazeldean.

The kirk was decked at morning tide—
 The tapers glimmer'd fair—
 The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
 And dame and knight are there.
 They sought her both by bower and ha'—
 The lady was not seen :—
 She's o'er the Border and awa'
 Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean.

MARY, I BELIEVED THEE TRUE.

Mary, I believed thee true,
 And I was blest in thus believing ;
 But now I mourn that e'er I knew
 A girl so fair and so deceiving !

Few have ever loved like me,—
 O! I have loved thee too sincerely ;
 And few have e'er deceived like thee,—
 Alas! deceived me too severely!

Fare thee well! yet think a while
 On one whose bosom bleeds to doubt thee ;
 Who now would rather trust that smile,
 And die with thee, than live without thee !

Fare thee well! I'll think of thee—
 Thou leav'st me many a bitter token ;
 For see,—distracting woman! see,
 My peace is gone, my heart is broken—
 Fare thee well!