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The Battle o' Vittoria;

To which is added,

SCOTCH SANDY'S ADDRESS,

Gloomy winter's now awa'.

JOCKEY'S FAR AWA',

AND

MEG O' THE MILL.



GLASGOW,

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The Battle o' Vittoria.

Sing, all ye bards, with loud acclaim,
Give glory high to gallant Graham,
Heap laurels on our Marshal's fame,
Who conquer'd at Vittoria.

Triumphant freedom smil'd on Spain,
An' rais'd her stately form again,
Where the British lion shook his mane
On the mountains o' Vittoria.

Let blust'ring Suchet crouselly crack,
Let Joseph rin the coward's track,
An' Jourdan wish the baton back,
He left upon Vittoria!

If e'er they meet their worthy king,
Let them dance roun' him in a ring;
And some Scotch piper play the spring,
He blew them at Vittoria!

Gae truth and honour to the Dane,
Gae German's monarch heart and brain;
But aye, in sic a cause as Spain,
Gae Britons' at Vittoria!

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The English Rose was ne'er so red,
The Shamrock wav'd where glory led,
And the Scottish Thistle rais'd its head,
And smil'd upon Vittoria!

Loud was the battle's stormy swell,
Whar' thousands fought and many fell;
But the Glasgow heroes bore the bell,
At the battle o' Vittoria!

The Paris maids may ban them a',
Their lads are maistly wed awa',
An' cauld and pale as wreaths o' snaw,
They lie up on Vittoria.

Peace to the spirits o' the brave,
Let all their trophies for them wave,
An' green be our Cadogan's grave,
Upon the field Vittoria.
Shout on, my boys, your glasses drain,
An' fill a bumper up again;
Pledge to the leading star o' Spain,
The hero o' Vittoria.

Scotch Sandy's Address.

Ha! bonny lad, ye've now run wrang;
Thae nor lan' birkiés, stiff and strang,

I wat, hae gart you change your sang,
The sang of Victory.

Ye little dream'd, that at Moscow
The brave undaunted Kutusow,
Would lay your hard-won honours low,
An' force you back to flee.

Fu' bauld ye vow'd in that fam'd place,
Ye wad to Sandy dictate peace;
Yet hame-ward sneaking in disgrace,
Upon the road are ye:
To it through seas o' blude you strade,
Back through the same you now maun wade,
While mony a daring Cossack's blade,
Like lightning meets your e'e.

I trow ye've led the troops o' France,
Aye, an' yoursel, a bonny dance;
That ye'll get hame—Man for your chance
Ae plack I wadna gie;
For round your ha't-starv'd shiv'ring slaves,
The Russian flag triumphant waves;
Your deeds o' bluid for vengeance craves,
An' vengeance ye maun dree.

But shou'd ye yet frae 'mang them slide,
Ye've met enough to lay your pride;
O'er Europe a' ye thought to ride
When ye began this plea.

Then cease with infamy to brand,
 The brave, wha's stay'd your conqu'ring hand,
 Auld Russia's whack'd you weel on land,
 And Britian on the sea.

Gloomy Winter's now awa'.

Gloomy winter's now awa',
 Saft the wastlin breezes blaw;
 'Mang the birks o' Stanly shaw,
 The Mavis sings fu' cheery O.

Sweet the crow-flow'rs early bell
 Decks Gleniffer's dewy dell;
 Blooming like thy bonny sel',
 My young, my artless dearie O.

Come, my lassie, let us stray,
 O'er Glenkilloch's sunny brae,
 Blythly spend the gowden day,
 'Midst joys that never weary O.

Tow'ring o'er the Newton woods,
 Lav'rocks fan the snaw-white clouds;
 Siller saughs wi' downy buds,
 Adorn the banks sae briery O.

Round the silven fairy nooks,
 Feath'ry brekans fringe the rocks;
 'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,
 And ilka thing is cheery O.

Trees may bud, and birds may sing,
 Flow'rs may bloom, and verdure spring,
 Joy to me they cannot bring,
 Unless wi' thee, my dearie O.

Jockey's far awa'.

Now simmer decks the fields wi' flowers,
 The woods wi' leaves so green,
 An' little burds around their bow'rs
 In harmony convene;
 The cuckow flies frae tree to tree,
 Whilst saft the zephyrs blaw:
 But what are a' thae joys to me,
 When Jockey's far awa'.

When Jockey's far awa' on sea,
 When Jockey's far awa;
 But what are a' thae joys to me,
 When Jockey's far awa'.

Last morning how sweet to see
 The little lamplings play,
 Whilst my dear lad, a-lang wi' me,
 Did kindly walk this way;
 On yon green bank wild flow'rs he pu'd,
 To busk my bosom braw;
 Sweet, sweet he talk'd, and aft' he vow'd,
 But now he's far awa',
 But now, &c.

O gentle peace return again,
 Bring Jockey to my arms,
 Frae dangers on the raging main,
 An' cruel wars alarms.
 Gin e'er we meet, nae mair we'll part,
 While we hae breath to draw;
 Nor will I sing, wi' aching heart,
 My Jockey's far awa'.
 My Jockey's far, &c.

Meg o' the Mill.

ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten,
 n' ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?
 e has gotten a coof wi' a claut o' siller,
 ad broken the heart o' the barley miller.

The miller was strappin', the miller was ruddy:
 A heart like a lord, and a hue like a lady:
 The laird was a widdiewa', bleerit knurl:
 She's left the gude fellow, and ta'en the churl.

The miller he hecht her, a heart leal and loving:
 The laird did address her wi' matter mair moving
 A fine pacing horse, wi' a clear chained bridle,
 A whip by her side, and a bonny side-saddle.

O wae on the siller, it is sae prevailing,
 And wae on the love that is fix'd on a mailen!
 A tocher's nae word in a true lover's parle,
 But, gie me my love, and a fig for the warl'!

FINIS.