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The Birks of Invermay.

Go where glory waits thee.

Lash'd to the Helm.

Bruce's Address.

THE PECK O' MAUT.



Edinburgh, Printed for the Booksellers.

THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY

The smiling morn, the breathing spring
Invite the tuneful birds to sing,
And while they warble from each spray
Love melts the universal lay,
Let us, Amanda, timely wise,
Like them improve the hour that flies,
And in soft raptures waste the day,
Amang the birks of Invermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear;
At this thy living bloom will fade,
As that will strip the verdant shade;
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
The feather'd songsters are no more;
And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu the birks of Invermay.

Behold the hills and vales around,
With lowing herds and flocks abound,
The wanton kids, and frisking lambs,
Cambol and dance about the dams;
The busy bees, with humming noise,
And all the reptile kind rejoice.

Let us, like them, then sing and play
About the birks of Invermay.

Hark, how the waters, as they fall,
Loudly my love to gladness call,
The wanton waves sport in the beams,
And fishes play throughout the streams;
The circling sun does now advance,
And all the planets round him dance:
Let us as jovial be as they,
Among the birks of Invermay.

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 thi neeye 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 memory bring thee,

Strains I us'd to sing thee,

Oh! then remember me.

LASH'D TO THE HELM.

In storms, when clouds obscure the sky,
 And thunders roll, and lightnings fly,
 In midst of all these dire alarms
 I think, my Sally, on thy charms:

The troubled main,
 The wind and rain,
 My ardent passion prove;
 Lash'd to the helm,
 Should seas o'erwhelm
 I'd think on thee, my love.

When rocks appear on every side,
 And art is vain the ship to guide:
 In varied shapes when death appears,
 The thought of thee my bosom cheers

The troubled main,
 The wind and rain,
 My ardent passion prove;
 Lash'd to the helm,
 Should seas o'erwhelm
 I'd think on thee, my love.

But should the gracious pow'rs be kind,
 Dispel the gloom, and still the wind,
 And waft me to thy arms once more,
 Safe to my long lost native shore

No more the main
I'd tempt again,
But tender joys improve;
I then with thee
Should happy be,
And think on nought but love.

BRUCE'S ADDRESS.

Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory ded,
Or to glorious victory.
Now's the day and now's the hour,
See the front of battle lour,
See approach proud Edward's power,
Edward, chains, and slavery.

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha wad fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Traitor, coward, turn and flee.
Wha for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw;
Freeman stand or freeman fa',
Caledonians, on wi' me.

By oppression's woes and pains,
 By your sons in servile chains,
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be—shall be free
 Lay the proud usurper low,
 Tyrants fall in every foe;
 Liberty's in every blow;
 Forward—let us do or die.

WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT.

O Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,
 And Rab and Allan cam to prie;
 Three blyther iads that lee lang night,
 Ye wdna fand in Christendie.

We are na fou, we're na that fou,
 But just a wee drap in our ee;
 The cock may craw the day may daw
 But ay we'll taste the barley bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
 Three merry boys I trow are we;
 And mony a canty night we've seen,
 And mony mae we hope to see.

We are na fou, &c.

It is the moon I ken her horn,
 That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie;
 She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
 But by my sooth she'll wait a wee
 We are na fou, &c.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
 A cuckold coward loon is he!
 Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
 He shall be king amang us three.
 We are na fou, &c.

FINIS.