

CORN RIGGS.

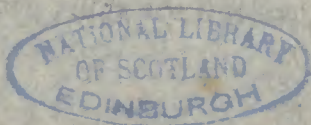
No more by Sorrow Chas'd.

The Young Chevalier.

The Soldier's Return.



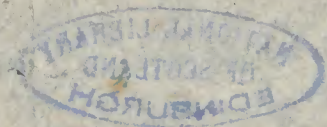
Edinburgh, Printed for the Booksellers.



MARCH TO THE BATTLE FIELD.

March to the battle field,
The foe is now before us;
Each heart is Freedom's shield,
And heaven is smiling o'er us
The woes and pains,
The galling chains,
That kept our spirits under,
In proud disdain
We've broke again,
And burst each link asunder.

Who for his country brave,
Would fly from her invader?
Who, his base life to save,
Would traitor-like degrade her?
Our hallow'd cause,
Our home and laws,
Gainst tyrant power sustaining,
We'll gain a crown
Of bright renown,
Or die—our rights maintaining.



CORN RIGGS.

My Patie is a lover gay,
 His mind is never muddy,
 His breath is sweeter than new hay,
 His face is fair and ruddy.
 His shape is handsome, middle size;
 He's stately in his walking;
 The shining of his een surprise;
 'Tis heaven to hear him talking.

Last night I met him on a bank,
 Where yellow corn was growing,
 There mony a kindly word he spak,
 That set my heart a-glowing.
 He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
 And loo'd me best of ony;
 That gars me like to sing sinsyne,
 O corn riggs are bonny.

Let maidens of a silly mind
 Refuse what maist they're wanting,
 Since we for yielding are design'd
 We chastely should be granting;
 Then I'll comply and marry Pate,
 And syne my cockermony
 He's free to tuzle air or date,
 Where corn riggs are bonny.

THE POLACCA.

No more by sorrow chas'd my heart
Shall yield to fell despair;
Now joys repel the envenom'd dart,
And conquers ev'ry care.

So in our woods the hunted boar,
On native strength relies;
The forest echoes with his roar,
In turn the hunter flies.

CHARLIE HE'S MY DARLING.

'Twas on a Monday morning
Right early in the year,
That Charlie cam. to our town,
The young Chevalier.
And Charlie he's my darling,
My darling, my darling,
Charlie he's my darling,
The young Chevalier.

As he was walking up the street,
The city for to view,
O there he spied a bonny lass,
The window looking through,
And Charlie, &c.

Sae light's he jumped up the stair,
 And tirl'd at the pin ;
 And wha sae ready as hersel
 To let the laddie in,
 And Charlie, &c.

He set his J. ny on his knee,
 All in the Highland dress,
 For brawly weel he kent the way
 To please a bonny lass.
 And Charlie, &c.

It's up yon heathery mountain,
 And down yon seroggy glen,
 We darna gang a milking,
 For Charlie and his men.
 And Charlie, &c.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

When wild war's deadly blast was blayn
 And gentle peace returning,
 And eyes again with pleasure beam'd,
 That had been bleard wi' mourning,
 I left the lines and tented fields,
 Whar lang I'd been a lodger,

A humble knapsack on my back,
A poor but honest sodger.

A leal, light heart was in my breast,
My hand unstain'd wi' plunder;
And for fair Scotia, hame again,
I cheery on did wander.
I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy
I thought upon the witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonny glen,
Where early life I sported;
I pass'd the mill and trysting thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted;
When spied I but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling!
I turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, sweet lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,
O! happy, happy may he be,
That's dearest to thy bosom!
My purse is light, I've far to gang,
And fain would be thy lodger;

I've serv'd my king and country lang—
Take pity on a sodger!

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
And lovelier grew than ever;
Quo' she, a sodger ance I lo'ed,
Forget him shall I never;
Our humble cot and homely fare,
Ye freely shall partake it;
That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
Ye're welcome for the sake o't.

She gaz'd—she redden'd like a rose—
Syn'e pale like ony lily,
She sank within my arms and cried,
Art thou my ain dear Willie?
By Him who made yon sun and sky—
By whom true love's regarded,
I am the man; and thus may still
True lovers be rewarded!

The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
And fiad thee still true-hearted!
Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,
And mair we'se ne'er be parted.
Quo' she, my grandsire left me gowd,
A mailen plenish'd fairly,

And come my faithful sodger, lad,
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly.

For gold the merchant ploughs the ma
The farmer ploughs the manor;
But glory is the sodger's prize,
The sodger's wealth is honour.
The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger,
Remember he's his country's stay,
In day and hour of danger.

---saoa a otill b'nebbor she---b'xag se
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---saoa a otill b'nebbor she---b'xag se

and come m' lad, and I'm come home,
And find thee still true-hearted!
The poor in gear, we're rich in love,
And man we see ne'er parted.
O, she, my grandaunt's self and bow,
A maiden bright and fair.