

Wellington's Address ;

To which are added,

The banks of Clyde.

The wells o' Weary.

Haud awa frae me Donald.



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1821.

WELLINGTON'S ADDRESS.

BRITONS bauld, though Britons few,
On the plains o' Waterloo;
Britons, heroes, always true

To rights and liberty.

Fire your blood, my vet'ran boys;

Usurpation's yoke despise;

Slavery fa's and slavery dies

Before brave British play.

See the haughty tyrant comes;

See his daring warlike sum's;

Hear the rattling o' his drums,

To tie sweet Freedom's sway.

We'll divert him wi' the charms

O' our swords, and o' our arms;

To his ear we'll strike our thairms,

That Britons shall be free.

Tho' his guns like thunders roar;

Fight like lions as before;

Conquer ever, or kiss the gore,

That welcomes bravery.

See the lightning's flashing by,
 Dark'ning black the louring sky—
 Traitor turn, and coward fly,
 March, heroes, on wi' me.

Europe's pest, Europe's foe,
 See his lang decisive blow,
 See his deadly overthrow,
 Frae thrones and monarchy:
 Sodgers—heroes o' renown,
 Laurels fresh await our crown,
 Liberty is Britain's own,
 Then forward, wi' her plen.

THE BANKS O' CLYDE.

Awa, awa, my Jamie's gane,
 Out owre the seas, far far frae hame,
 He's gane, and cross'd the ocean wide,
 And left the bonny banks o' Clyde.

Awa he's gane to fight his foe,
 And left me here in grief and woe;
 My love, who left me by his side,
 Along the bonny banks o' Clyde:

On Govan banks, whar Clyde doth flow,
 There ilka laddie arm'd his joe;
 While lanely I wain't mourn and chide,
 Upon the bonny banks o' Clyde.

O, in the rosy month o' May,
 The lav'rock rais'd its cheetfu' lay,
 The mavis sang, the blackbird yied,
 Around the bonny banks o' Clyde.

The gow-na spread, ilk flower sprang,
 My love as sweet's the day was lang,
 My heart he gain'd to be his bride,
 When walking on the banks o' Clyde.

O woe be to those wars in Spain,
 They've ta'en frae me my darling swain,
 And cross'd him owre the ocean wide,
 Far frae the bonny banks o' Clyde.

O! if the high and heav'nly Pow'r,
 Would shield my love in danger's hour,
 And owre the seas him safely guide,
 Back to the bonny banks o' Clyde.

Our parting day would ne'er be seen,
 Un il that death struck in between,

Then a' our joys we'll lay aside,
 And leave the bonny banks o' Clyde.

THE WELLS O' WEARY.

Will ye gang through the King's Park,
 My darling young deary O,
 And spend the lee-lang simmer's day,
 Around the Wells o' Weary O.

There harmless stray sweet tender lambs,
 The emblems o' my deary O.
 There, massy twisted, clefted rocks,
 Adorn the Wells o' Weary O.

O softly blows the gentle breeze,
 The lav'rocks sing fu' cheery O,
 A, Nature spreads unmingled joys,
 Around the Wells o' Weary O.

See lofty Arthur's flow'ry gems,
 Wi' lustre shining clearly O,
 And crystal fountains deck the scenes,
 Around the Wells o' Weary O.

There lovers rave, wi' hand in hand,
 Then gie me thine, my deary O.

And blythe we'll spend the gowden day,
 Around the Wells o' Weary O.
 Then hame again we'll fondly steer,
 To spend the night sae dreary O,
 In pleasant dreams, admiring scenes,
 Around the Wells o' Weary O.

HAD AWA FRAE ME DONALD.

O will you hae ta tartan plaid
 Or will you hae ta ring, mattam?
 Or will you hae ta kiss o' me?
 And dats ta pretty ting mattam.
 Had awa, bide awa,
 Had awa frae me, Donald;
 I'll neither kiss nor hae a ring,
 Nae tartan plaids for me, Donald.

O see you nat her poony progues,
 Her feckets, plaid, plew, creen, mattam!
 Her twa short hose, and her twa spiog',
 And a shouther-belt apoon, mattam?
 Had awa bide awa,
 Had awa frae me Donald;
 Nae shouther-belts, trinkabouts,
 Nae tartan hose for me Donald.

Hat can peshaw a petter hough

Tan him who wears a crown, mattam;

Hersell a pistol and claymore

Ta fie a lallant lown, mattam.

Had awa bide awa,

Had awa frae me, Donald;

For a' your houghs and warlike arms,

You're no a match for me Donald.

Hursell hae a short coat pi pote,

No trail my feets at rin mattam,

A cutty sark of good hare sheet,

My mither ke be spin mattam,

Had awa bide awa

Had awa frae me Donald;

Gae hame and hap your naked houghs,

And fash nae mair wi' me, Donald.

Ye neir pe pidden work a turn,

at ony kind o' spin mattam,

But shug your lenno in a scull,

And tidle highland sing mattam.

Had awa bide awa,

Had awa, frae me Donald:

Your jogging sculls and Highland sing,

Will sound hut harsh wi' me Donald.

In ta morning when him rise,
 Ye's get fresh whey for tea mattam,
 Sweet milk and ream as much you please,
 Far cheaper tan pohea mattam.
 Had awa, bid awa

Had awa frae me, Donald ;
 I winna quit my mornaing tea,
 Your whey will ne'er agree, Donald.

Fait ye's pe ket a silder protch,
 Pe pigger as the moon, mattam :

Ye's ride in curroch stea o' coach,
 An' wow bnt ye'll pe fine mattam,
 Had awa, bid awa,

Had awa frae me, Donald ;
 For a' your highland arities,
 You're nct a match for me Donald.

What's t's te way tat ye'll pe kind,
 To a pretty man like me, mattam,

Sae lang's claymore pe pe my side,
 I'll nefer marry tee mattam.

O come awa, ia awa,

O come awa wi' me Donald ;

I wadr'a quit my highland man

Frae Lallands set me free, Donald!

FINIS.