

FOUR EXCELLENT

NEW SONGS,

Duke of Argyll's Court-
ship.

Battle of Prestonpans.

Oh the Moment was Sad.

Lochaber no More.



Edinburgh, printed by J. Morren,

The Duke of Argyle's Courtship to an English
Lady.

DID you ne'er hear of a loyal Scot,
Who ne'er was concern'd in any plot,
I wish it might fall in my lot,
To marry thee my deary O.

I wish I had the in Kintyre,
There your beauty I should admire,
Then would I have my hearts desire,
And marry you my deary O

You shall have servants stout and stark,
Both in and out to work your wark,
And I will kiss you in the dark,
And marry you my deary O.

You shall have barely hannocks store,
With goose and gassing at your door,
And a good chaff bed upon the floor,
If you marry me my deary O.

You shall have plenty good Scots kail,
With a good fat haggies at every meal,
And after that Scots ekes and ale,
If you'll marry me my deary O.

Begone you proud and saucy Scot,
Your haggies shall ne'er be in my pot.
You are but a proud and prating set,
You shall never be my deary O.

I'll clout your hose and sky your shoon,
And if you chance to have a son,
I'll make him lord when all is done,
If you will marry me my deary O.

Your clouted hose I cannot wear,
 And your mended shoon I can't endure,
 As for your lordship it is not sure,
 And you shall never be my deary O,

I am a lord of high renown,
 Great argyle when I come to town,
 Since my blue bonnet has fallen down,
 You shall never be my deary O,

De'd pick out your twa black een,
 I wish your face I had never seen,
 You are but proud and a saucy queen,
 And you shall never be my deary O.

Our highland hose you cannot wear,
 Our highland cheer you cannot endure,
 Yet hats and bonnets I'll not compare,
 Nor you shall never be my deary O.

O pardon, pardon, argyle allow,
 For what I've done in saying so,
 To the highland hills with you I'll go,
 and I long to be your deary O

There's not a whore in all London town,
 Shall ever set a foot on Campbell's ground,
 I am something related to the crow,
 and you shall never be my deary O.

I am a noble lord of high renown,
 I am great argyle when I come to town,
 White drums do beat and trumpets sound,
 and you shall never be my deary O

I wish I had thee in Lancashire,
 To follow me through dub and mire,
 Hats from bonnets may yet retire,
 and you shall never be my deary O;

The Battle of Prestonpass

THE Chevallier being void of fear,
 did march up Brisley bree man;
 and through Traene, t' e'er he did stent
 as fast as he cou'd gae, man
 While General Cope did taunt and mock,
 wi' mony a loud buzza, mar,
 But e'er next morn proclaim'd the cock,
 we heard a another crow. man,
 The brave Lochiel, as I heard tell,
 led Camerons on in clouds man,
 The morning fair did clear the air,
 they loog'd with hev'lish thuds' man,
 Down guns they threw and swords they drew
 and soon did cha'e them aff man
 On Seaton cratts they buft their c'asts,
 and gart them run like dast man:
 The bluff dragoons swore blood and 'oons,
 they'd make the rebels run, man,
 And yet they flee when them they see,
 and winna fire a gun, man,
 They turn'd their back the foot they brake,
 such terror seized them a' man,
 Some wet their cheeks some fi'd their brecks
 and some fore fear did fa', man,
 The volunteers pick'd up their ears,
 and vow gin they were crouse, man,
 But when the balls saw't turn to earn'ft,
 they were not worth a louse, man;
 Maist seek gade hame; O fy for shame.
 they'd better staid awa', man,
 Than wi' cockade to make parade,
 and do nae good at a, man,
 Montrose the great, when hersel sh—,
 un'wares did ding him o'er, mar,

Yet wad nae stand to bear a hand,
 but aif fu' fast did scour, man,
 O'er scoura-hill e'er he flood kill,
 before he tasted meat, man;
 Tooth he may brag of his sweet nag,
 that brae him aif fae fleet man.
 And beaten keen to clear the een,
 of rebles far in warn, man,
 Did never strive with pistols five,
 but galiop'd with the thrang, man,
 He turn'd his back, and in a crack,
 was cleanly out of sight, man,
 And thought it best; it waz nae jest,
 wi' Highlanders to fight man,
 Moug a' the gang nae bade the bang,
 out twa and ane were tane, man,
 For Campbell rade bnt Murray staid,
 and fair he paid the kain, man.
 Fell skelps he got, was war than shot,
 frae the sharp-edg'd claymore man.
 Frae mency a spout came running out,
 his reeking red hot gore, man.
 But Grad'ner brave did still behave,
 likè to a hero bright man;
 His courage true, like him were few;
 that still despised flight, man,
 For king and laws and courage fled,
 in honour's bed he lay, man;
 His life, but not his courage fled,
 while he had breath to draw, man,
 And Major Boyle that worthy soul,
 was brought down to the ground, man,
 His horse being, shot it was his lot,
 for to get many a wound, man,
 Lieutenant Smith-of Irish birth
 frae whom he call'd for aid, man,
 Being fall of dlead, lap o'er his head,

and wadna be gain(said), man,
 He made such haste, sae spur'd his beast
 'twas little there he saw, man,
 To Berwick rade and falsely said,
 the Scots are rebek: a' man,
 Euf let that end, for well 'tis kend,
 his use and wont to lie, man,
 The Teague is naught, he never fought,
 when he had room to flee, man,
 But Gallant Roger like a soldier,
 stood and bravely fought, man,
 I'm wae to tell, at last he fell,
 but mae down him brohght, man.
 At point of death, wi' his last breath,
 (some standing round in ring, man.)
 On's bank lying flat, he wav'd his hat,
 and cry'd God save the King—man.
 Some Highland Rogues like hungry dogs,
 neglecting to pursue, man,
 About they fac'd and in great haste,
 upon the booty flew man;
 And they as gain, for a their pain
 are deck'd wi' spoils of war, man;
 Euf bauld can tell how her nainfel,
 was ne'er sae pra' before, man,
 At the Thorn-tree, which you may see,
 bewest the Meadow-mill, man,
 There many slain lay on the plain,
 the clans pursuing still man,
 Sic unco' hacks, and deadly whaks,
 I never saw the like man,
 Last hands and legs, cost them them their heads:
 that fell near Preilton-dyke, man,
 That afternoon when a' was done,
 I gaed to see the fray, man,
 But had I wist what after past,
 I'd better staid awa' man;

On Seton-sands, wi' nimble hands,
 they pick'd my pockets bare, man,
 But I wish ne'er to drie sic fear,
 for a' the sum and mair, man.

Oh! the Moment was Sad.

OH! the moment was sad when me and my lo^{ve}
 Savourna deligh shighan oh! (parted,
 As I kiss'd off her tears I was nigh broken hearted
 Savourna deligh shighan oh!
 Wan was her cheek which hang on my shoulder,
 Damp was her hand no marble was colder;
 I felt that I never again would behold her,
 Savourna deligh shighan oh:

When the word of command put our men into
 Savourna, &c (motion,
 knapsack to cross the wide ocean

oops all roaring like thunder,
 pleas'd with the voyage impatient for plunder,
 dy bosom with grief was almost torn alunder,
 Savourna, &c.

ong I fought for my country, far, far from my
 Savourna &c. (parted)
 All my pay and my botty I board'd for you love
 peace was proclaim'd, escap'd from the slaughter
 landed at home my sweet girl I sought her,
 at tomorrow, alas: to her cold grave had brough
 Savourna, &c. (her

LOCHABER NO MORE

Farewell to Lochaber, and farewell my Jean,
 Where heartsome with the I've many day been
 For Lochaber no more Lochaber no more,
 We'll may be return to Lochaber no more.
 Those tears that I shed they are a' for my dear
 And no for the dangers attending on weir;
 Tho' bore on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
 May be to return to Lochaber no more.

Tho' hurricanes rise and raise ev'ry wind,
 They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind
 Tho' loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,
 That's naething like leaving my love on the shore
 To leave the behind me, my heart is fare pain'
 By ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd
 And beauty and love's the reward of the brave
 And I maun deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory Jeany maun plead my excuse:
 Since honour commands me, how can I refuse
 Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
 And without thy favour I'd better not be
 I gar then my lass to win honour and fame,
 And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,
 I'll bring a heart to the with love running o'er
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no mo'