

FOUR SONGS

Wellington's Victories in Spain.

The FROLICSOME WIDOW.
Or, Nine Times a-Night.

The Oxford Lord's Daughter

The Red Heather and Thistle fo
Green.

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Wellington's Victories in Spain.

COME all you valiant heroes and listen unto me
 Who have got an inclination to face your enemy,
 Never be faint hearted, but boldly cross the main.
 Come and join with Lord Wellington, who drubb'd
 French in Spain.

With Wellington we'll go, we'll go, with W
 ington we'll go,
 And we'll cross the main ocean, and face our
 ing foe.

It was on the twelfth of April; and glorious was the
 His Lordship join'd the battle and shewed them Brit
 play,

The French they fought most furiously, till thous
 there were slain,

The German legions followed them, and drove them
 the plain.

With Wellington, &c,

'Twas on the twenty-first the French marched awa
 Across the river Tormas. remarkable was the day,
 His Lordship marched after them with his army
 same night,

Long time he had been watching them, resolving fo
 fight. With Wellington, &

Early on the twenty-second the battle it began,
 With courage bold both armies fought till setting of

own up in line of battle, great guns did low y roar,
like hailstones flew about, men lay bleeding in their
gore.
With Wellington, &c.

On the 23^d, next morning, just at the break of day,
with light troops engaged again, it was a bloody fray
the French they fought most valiantly, refusing for to
yield,
though they had near eight thousand men lying dead
upon the field.
With Wellington, &c.

When the British cavalry came up, they shew'd them
gallant play,
though the French were more in number, they made
them run away,
German legions followed them, fighting all the way,
they cut them down on every side and thousands they
did slay.
With Wellington, &c.

Told the French loss in number, with prisoners that
were ta'en,
amounted to 10,000 who were in battle slain,
standard of colours then we took, which griev'd the
French full sore,
eagles sine, in London shine, with other warlike
store.
With Wellington, &c.

For you that wish to have a peace, from heavy taxes free
for success to Wellington and his army,
he always gain the victory so that the wars may
cease,
trade in Old England would flourish and increase.
With Wellington, &c.

The Frolicsome Widow.

AS a bucksome young spark from London came
down,

To take up his trade in a small country town.
When they ask'd him his name, then he told
them downright,

He belong'd to the family call'd Nine times a-night.

Ye maids, wives, & widows, I'd have you beware,
For Nine times a-night's come to town, I declare,
He says, that he is a young frolicsome blade,
And he wishes to drive on a roving trade.

A buxom young widow that lived hard by,
Resolv'd she was with this Nine times to try :
She says to her maid, now I wish to be wed,
Then in a short time all my sorrows will be fled.

Then she call'd to her house maids, both Be ty
and Nan,

To keep a look-out for this wonderful man;
And when that they saw him, they told her
downright,

And brought her good tidings of Nine times a-
Night.

Then she drew in a chair & bade him sit down,
And she set before him a bottle of rum;
I've gold and I've silver, I've houses and land,
And if that you'll marry me, I'm at your com-
mand,

next day they were married by ringing of bells,
 nine times they went at it. & did it right well;
 now, says the bride, I am satisfied quite,
 that there was something you ment on'd, call'd
 Nine times a-Night.

no, says the bridegroom, you've ta'en the
 joke wrong,
 for it's only the family to which I belong;
 for Nine times a-Night is too much for a man,
 but if I cannot do it, I've a sister that can.

The Oxford Lord's Daughter.

OVERS, to love I would have you forbear,
 And unto this comical song lend an ear:
 In Oxford their liv'd two lords of great fame,
 and one had a daughter, sweet Annie by name.
 Lal de ladle, lalde de.

The other great lord had a steward as we hear,
 and he fell in love with this lady fair.
 But for to court her he ne'er durst pretend,
 for fear of the angering of her noble friends.
 Lal de di, &c.

Till at last, in despair, a letter he wrote,
 and he instantly sent it to this lady bright.
 Dear honoured lady your pardon I crave,
 And pity your lover who is your bound slave.
 Lal de di lal, &c.

She wrote him an answer, with a scornful reply,
 " O impudent fellow, do you think that I
 " Who am a lord's daughter, my father's only heir,
 " Would wed a lord's steward? I would have you
 " forbear." Lal de di lal, &c.

When he read the letter, it so troubled his breast
 That neither night nor day he could take no rest,
 And so pensive he grew, that in a little time,
 His post to another he was forced to resign.

Lal de di, &c.

But it happened on a day that he was at a feast,
 And a comical doctor was one of the guests,
 Who plainly perceiv'd the steward was in love,
 And he call'd him aside, and they walk'd in a grove.

Lal de di, &c.

O Sir, I perceive that your distemper is this,
 That you are in love, or in want of some bliss;
 That you are in love with some lady fair,
 And I pray you discover it now if you are.

Lal de di, &c.

So hearing him say so he stood in surprise,
 Saying how do you know it, O is't in my eyes?
 Oh, it is my distemper, and if you can me-cure,
 Full fifty broad guineas to you I'll procure.

Lal de di, &c.

So he smiled unto him, and thus he did say,
 I know very well she wants a waiting maid,
 And in hiring of her my wife she will employ,
 And the story I'll make known this very same day.

Lal de di, &c.

She having dress'd him in her own body clothes,
 Then straight away to the lady she goes,

Saying 'honoured lady, I know you want a maid,
And here's one I've hir'd for to serve you she said.

Lal de di, &c.

O she has hired him, and this she did say,
You must wait in my chamber both night and day,
For to lye with me, and that is not all,
You must always be ready whenever I do call.

Lal de di, &c.

The doctor he gave him a dose for to take,
And in the middle of the night she wanted a drink,
O she touched him and tumbled him, but no answer
was made,

Which made the lady to be sore afraid.

Lal de di, &c.

She ran down the stairs all in a great fright,
Crying, that her waiting maid had died in the night.
They ran up stairs both maidens and men,
They turn'd down the sheets and behold he was a man

Lal de di, &c.

Her father was angry to see him so bold,
But at length he did laugh till his sides he did hold,
And he gave him his daughter because she was tre-
pan'd;

For it was plainly seen she had lien with a man.

Lal de di, &c.

Red Heather and Thistle so Green.

OLD England may boast of Saint George and the
dragon,

And holy Saint Patrick green Erin may brag on,
With their roses so fair, & their shamrock so green;

But dearer to me are the hills of the north,
 The land of blue mountains, the birth-place of mine
 These mountains where freedom first fix'd her abode,
 These deep winding glens where slaves never rood,
 Where blooms the red heather and thistle so green

Though rich be the vale of the shamrock and rose
 And barren and ragged hills cover'd with snow,
 Where grows the red heather and thistle so green,
 In friendship sincere and loyalty true,
 Undaunted in fighting, no foes can subdue;
 For valour renown'd is our old Scottish swains—
 For beauty and health are our nymphs on the plain
 Of the lands of red heather and thistle so green.

Far fam'd was our sire at the battles of yore,
 And cairn upon cairn shall yet rise on our shore,
 O'er the foes of the thistle, the thistle so sweet.
 For those lands are still free that our forefathers won
 And the fire of the father still lives in the son,
 So let foe come on foe, as wave follow wave,
 We'll give them a welcome, we'll give them a grave
 Beneath the red heather and thistle so green.

Though dear to my soul the best blessings of heav'n
 The freedom we boast of is the land we live in,
 Where blooms the red heather and thistle so green,
 For that country and freedom our ancestors bless'd,
 And we'll swear by the blood that these worthies shed,

That the foot of a foe shall ne'er tread on the grave
 But the thistle shall bloom on the bed of the brave
 The thistle of Scotland, the thistle so green.

F I N I S.