



















*R. Seton of Hiltly.*



# New Songs.

V I Z.

The Athol HIGHLANDERS.

O that the Wars were all Over.

1. The Maidens Health.

. For the Lack of Gold, &c.

Advice to Maidens.

1. The Jovial Huntsmen.



K I R K :

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## The Athol Highlanders.

**T**HE twenty-seventh of January,  
Seventeen hundred & eighty three,  
The Highland boys would not agree,  
To ship for Colonel G——n.

### CHORUS.

Charley are you waking yet,  
Or are you sleeping I would wot?  
The Highland drums to arms do beat,  
Will you go on board this morning.

To the East-Indies we were sold,  
By M——y for a bag of gold,  
But listen a while, and I will unfold,  
How we did blast his glory.

At Portsmouth we were shipt to be,  
To serve the East-India Company,  
But the Highland lads would not agree,  
To go aboard that morning.

Were it to fight 'gainst France or Spain,  
We would with pleasure cross the main;  
Like bullocks to be sold for gain,  
Our Highland blood abhors it.

Charley appear'd upon the plain,  
And thus he did address his men,  
The first that refuses shall be slain,  
To go on board this morning.

The Highland boys did him deny,  
Said we will fight until we die,  
Both you and M——y we defy,  
We'll comb your hair this morning.

To the East-Indies we went go,  
To join Eyre Coote's or Hick Munro,  
Our time is out, and home we'll go,  
In spite of all your noses.

The name of M——y I do suppose,  
Should stink into a Scotchman's nose,  
To king and country they were rogues,  
As witness traitor Geordie.

Your father commanded in forty-five,  
The young Pretender could not thrive,  
As witness many men alive,  
How treacherously he sold them.

Our fathers you sold at Coloden-Field,  
The Isle of Man you up did yield,  
But the 77th have hearts of steel,  
To ask it of Colonel G——n.

As witness bears his bloody head,  
I would not wish the poor wretch dead;  
But while thy grinders can chew bread,  
The M——y's I'll abhor them.

If writing keeps his memory,  
His deeds shall not forgotten be,  
It makes my very blood to freeze,  
To think of M——y's roguery,

*may*  
*sure*  
*should be the*

Upon the Earth short may he dwell,  
 But like all traitors go to hell,  
 Who thought the 77th to sell,  
 But God detect his roguery,

Then General Smith came to the plain,  
 He ask'd of him where was his men,  
 The pox on me if I can tell,  
 They comb'd my hair this-morning.

Our Major like a soldier bold,  
 He said my lads you shan't be sold,  
 For of your hands I'll take a hold,  
 And bring you off this morning.

Sir Robert Stuart of birth and fame,  
 And long may he maintain the same,  
 To be an honour to the name,  
 May all that's good come o'er him.

Messrs. Viner and Maitland too,  
 To them our hearty thanks are due,  
 Our cause they stood both firm and true,  
 In spite of M——y's roguery.

When the news to London went,  
 Lord George Lenox down was sent,  
 To look into the men's complaints,  
 How they were us'd that morning.

Lord George, Lenox, a soldier brave,  
 How generously he did behave,  
 His word of honour to us gave,  
 We should not be sent over.

Ld George Gordon should not be forgot,  
 Who is a true and trusty Scot,  
 But may damnation be their lot,  
 Who approves of M——y's roguery.

Now to conclude and make an end,  
 Of these few lines which I have pen'd,  
 May peace and plenty be the end,  
 God bless our own King Geordie.

## Wars are all Over.

**D**own in yon meadow where violets grow,  
 I saw pretty Nancy milking her cow,  
 And the song she sung made vallies to ring,  
 Saying my Billy is gone to serve the king,  
 Crying, O that the Wars were all over!

I listen'd a while to hear what might be,  
 That made the birds whistle on every tree;  
 Her voice did exceed the nightingale's notes,  
 Or lark's, or linnet's warbling throats.

I said my dear Nancy can you fancy me,  
 I'll make you as happy as happy can be?  
 No, no, Sir, said she, that can never be;  
 For I ne'er can be easy till Billy I see.  
 Crying, O that the Wars were all over!

## General Toast.

HERE's to the Maiden of bashful fifteen,  
 likewise to the Widow of fifty;  
 Here's to the bold and extravagant Queen,  
 and here's to the house-wife that's thrifty.

Here's to the Maiden who's dimples we prize  
 likewise to her that has none, Sir,  
 Here's to the Maid with a pair of black eyes,  
 and here is to her that's but one, Sir.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,  
 and to her that's as brown as a berry;  
 Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,  
 and here's to the girl that is merry.

## The Lack of Gold.

FOR the lack of gold she's left me,  
 And of all that's dear bereft me:  
 For Athol's Duke she me forsook,  
 And to endless woes she's left me.

A Star and Garter have more art,  
 Than youth, a true and faithful heart;  
 For empty titles we must part:  
 And for glitt'ring toys she's left me,



No cruel fair shall e'er more move  
 My injur'd heart again to love;  
 Through distant climates I must rove,  
 Since my Jeany she has left me.

Ye Pow'rs above, I to your care,  
 Give up my charming lovely fair;  
 Your choicest blessings be her share,  
 Though she's for ever left me.

## Advice to Maidens.

**M**Aidens, let your lovers languish,  
 If you'd have them constant prove;  
 Doubts, and fears, and sighs, and anguish,  
 Are the chains that fasten love.  
 Maidens, let your lovers, &c.

Jocky wood, and I consented,  
 Soon as e'er I heard his tale;  
 He, with conquest quite contented,  
 Boasting, rov'd around the vale.  
 Maidens, let your lovers, &c.

Now he doats on scornful Molly,  
 Who rejects him with disdain;  
 Love's a strange bewitching folly,  
 Never pleas'd without some pain.  
 Maidens, let your lovers, &c.



















