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See p. 37

"The Sultan's Joy"



THE  
LOYAL ALBANY MUSEUM;  
OR THE  
CALEDONIAN ST ANDREWS MAGAZINE.

---

THIRD EDITION.

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CONTAINING  
ORIGINAL SONGS AND OTHER PIECES,  
IN PROSE AND VERSE.

---

To each *true* Briton of BRITANNIA'S nation,  
Deign to *accept* a Sailor's Dedication;  
Particularly to Admiral CLARENCE royal,  
I fought with thee in war's hot hour of trial:  
Led by bold RODNEY, and with ROSS the brave,  
When DIGBY taught thee, PRINCE, to rule the wave,  
In the Montreal with DOUGLAS of renown,  
And SHREWSBURY, by veteran ROBERTSON.

My high Parnassus caps the *main* steep shrouds,  
My *study* the main top that split the clouds,  
When fighting for my Country courage keen,  
The shower refreshing springs my Hypocreen,  
When studying Nature; then 'twixt decks I stoop,  
And for refinement, the commanding poop;  
Thus, verse *wild*, as the surge spontaneous flow,  
'Twixt the stern gallery, and sea-dashing prow.

---

By GEORGE GALLOWAY,

AN OLD BRITISH TAR,

*Author of the Tragedy of Crichton, Elcgies on the Duke of  
Buccleuch, Sir William Forbes, &c.*

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EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY THE AUTHOR,  
AND THE BOOKSELLERS OF LONDON AND EDINBURGH,  
BY THOMAS TURNBULL.

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1817.

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*ENTERED IN STATIONERS HALL.*

---





Caledonians, join with glee,  
Bannockburn's Jubilee ;

Joy to infuse.

Where despots power did bring  
Warriors on wars wild wing,  
To dethrone *Scotland's King*,  
*Robert the Bruce*.

Vain Edward's confidence,  
*Rais'd* England, Wales, and France,  
Ireland let loose.

Chains were forg'd for to bind ;  
Tortures plan'd new refin'd ;  
'*Lone* Caledon to grind,  
And royal *Bruce*.

Bahon, a bold champion,  
Aim'd brave Bruce to dethrone,  
Barnish'd in mail.

Try'd *Bruce*, he was not slow  
With a left handed blow  
*Laid* the proud warrior low,  
Split his thick skull.

Long doubtful the battle stood,  
Bannock's banks dyed in blood,  
Woeful the sight ;

Wives arm'd valour full,  
Boys march'd from Gillie's hill,  
Maids ready their blood to spill,  
Keen in the fight.

Their flags flouting in the air,  
Stung Saxon pride with fear,  
Cowardly low.

When *paultron* Edward found,  
Bruce was victorious crown'd,  
*Fled* with the fatal wound,  
*England's* o'erthrow.



## ELEGY,

*On the late Dr SOMMERVILLE, Senior Minister of  
Stirling, who died January 24, 1817.*

---

COME, Elegy, with solemn pace,  
And slowly note the strain of woe,  
On Sommerville, the man of grace,  
Who taught the ways of heaven, to know  
Ourselves, too much neglecting far,  
He pointed to the heavenly star,  
Where he's just gone ! for treasures high,  
That wait the righteous 'bove the sky ;  
Where earthly cares, and sorrows end,  
Yes ; where celestial joys extend.

He pious, he persuading, (could excel),  
All to prepare for death with saints to dwell.

Hark ! mourners whisper gloomy bound,  
In ancient Stirling's charming walk ;  
Or o'er the kirk-yards dreary ground,  
The rich and poor renew their talk.  
Say, was it of bright Sommerville ?  
Who cheer'd the righteous cause to smile ;  
That youth, and beauty, lo, must fall,  
Obey the cold grim teacher's call ;  
The tyrant base, the pest of earth,  
Must sink, nor claim a second birth :

Low as the worm the kirk-yards carnal spoil,  
Sad truths, so often taught by pious Sommerville.

He practised well in charity,  
With open heart, with ready hand,  
The poor to raise, their wants supply,  
What Christ did order and command.

To do to others as ourselves,  
 Not like *mean* sordid, selfish, elves,  
 Whose hearts are *fixt* on Mammon's store ;  
 Whose god is gold, a *wasteful* ore ;  
 Who fix their eye on trifles gay,  
 That scarce *last out* a winter's day !  
 While the choice of the just is rais'd to smile,  
 Exalted up to heav'n, *like* godly Sommerville.

Long shall his mem'ry be rever'd  
 On the fair winding banks of Forth ;  
 Long will his praises sweet be heard,  
 For tenderness, and powerful preaching worth.

O'er lofty Ochills and the dale,  
 O'er Stirling's renown'd spacious vale,  
 Nymph's, with the shepherds, *loud* will praise  
 Him who made *glad* the orphan's days,  
 Laud him who *pled* the widow's cause,  
 While all mankind *join* in applause.  
 So, gentle reader, you and I mean while,  
 Shall *record* bright the deed of Sommerville,  
 Clear in Fame's temple *truth's* most holy stile.

---

## P L A N,

*For Building a Wooden Bridge, at the Abbey of  
 Cambuskenneth, Stirling, with other Improvements.*

(AN INTERESTING SUBJECT TO ALL CONCERNED.)

WHILE improvement has made a rapid progress  
 over Europe since the art of printing, and Scotland,  
 to the eye of one that has been absent from it 30 years,

seems to be another country; this has been the happy effects of the union with England, even when separate kingdoms. The English always introduced something new. Dr Johnston boasted, that Cromwell's soldiers taught here the art of shoe-making;—he might have gone farther:—the revenue here was not sufficient to pay his troops; 20, sometimes 30,000 pounds was remitted from England.—Scotland, by consequence, was enriched, and instructed. Edward III., brother-in-law to King David Bruce, built the present stone bridge at Stirling, about the year 1340. Modern improvement has reared another at the Drip, and why not one at the Abbey? One built on the Chinese plan is much wanted. The abbey boat may justly be accounted a public curse! A boat full of nobility was sunk, about the year 1560; and various others in the kingdom have sunk by negligence, and inattention: in particular at Dornach, 110 sunk, only 12 saved. Every Sabbath afternoon 40 or 50, sometimes 60, hurry down the abbey boat. How life is sported with!

The boat 'tis full, so *nigh* is life to slip,  
 'The water *scarce* two inches from the lip;  
 All standing! lad and lass, fair face to face,  
 Mair fu' o' *love*, than they are fu' o' *grace*.  
 Refin'd Seceder, and Kirkbowkail sinner,  
 Threaten to dive the deep for a fish dinner;  
 Death, with his scythe, *each Sunday* round them  
 hover,  
 To heave them in the deep, *snug under cover*.

The abbey boat, even in its wretched state, is capable of some improvement; two lamps, one at each peer. I was nigh drowned one night; so dark, I could neither discover boat, river, or peer. I have seen wooden bridges in Spain, Portugal, and England, often. Over the Danube at Vienna, in Germany, a

river four times larger than the Forth, are all mostly of wood. The improvements at Stirling are all praise worthy, but in general yield nothing to the good of the town. The work of Ballangioch took more money than would have built a wooden bridge on boats at the Abbey, instead of 25 pounds for a dangerous boat, a bridge would draw 300 pounds and upwards; for every foot passenger would pay with all kinds of carriages. Stirling ought to take more advantage of her river: it is the Thames *makes* London; the Clyde, Glasgow; the Tay, Perth and Dundee; the Abbey to Stirling, may be what Leith is now to Edinburgh. The tide of the Forth runs further up in the heart of Scotland, than all her rivers put together; and what would tend to render the Abbey respectable, (besides an Inn, and new Village,) would be to raise a tomb or monument, to King James the III. interred with his Queen in the Abbey. He came to the crown when a boy seven years of age, he was the *first* that was on our copper coin called *king baby*; the appellation bawbee, comes from baby. He was the first that suggested a navy, that could not be manned without trade; an encourager of masonry, as witness the stately parliament house in the castle. O! Scotland, how deep in disgrace art thou in the negligence to the tombs of the patriotic Kings! *King Robert Bruce* lies neglected in Dunfermline, whom, if the English had it in possession, they would honour with a monument, although he was their greatest scourge. We are told often that we have not money, but as an ironic English commoner said to a Scots member,—“we have plenty O’ Siller to build Kirks, for there was more Kirks in Glasgow and Edinburgh, than there was in Rome or Paris.”

O miserable Scotland—lo! a minion,  
 To that base whemish imp! Vile drunk opinion;  
 A fellow starts up, (if he’s cled in black,)  
 Roars loud—he’ll ha’e some thousands at his back,

Auld light and New light, soon brings forth anither,  
 Sax dozen o' kirks will be a' built the gither ;  
 Although his doctrine be as paganism,  
 The fleech'd flock—hundereds as a stipen' gi'es him.  
 So nane need say that want roves in our tiller,  
 For fool fanatic Scotland clear has routh o' siller.

If that the English, or Dutch, had Stirling, a bridge, and improvements at the Abbey would be *carried on with rapidity*. I am not hinting that the rulers of Stirling are unpatriotic: so far from it, they are none better in the land. They light, clean, and free the inhabitants from police money; and no poor's rates, but optional. The back walk and new steeple, &c. does them great honour. This is only *meant* as a spur to patriotism in general. The bridge would defray its own charge in three or four years, as hundreds are out of work. This work would give 300 men employ, at a cheap rate. If that the plan of a monument should succeed, a small house, like the trade's house, be built; first, in form of a chape, the light to proceed from the top. If this was not done, the monument would be destroyed by boys, before it could be finished. The plan of the monument:—The king ought not to be done as a *man*, but as a *boy*; standing in a posture similar to Shakespeare, in Westminster Abbey, leaning on a pedestal; the crown at his right elbow; a star on his left breast; a bawbee betwixt his right finger and thumb; the left fore finger pointing to the bawbee; the bonnet under his left arm; a tartan plaid over his right shoulder, and in tartan trowse; a ship, an *emblem* of trade, on the right; and the parliament house on the left. A polite intelligent person, man, or woman, to describe it. We shall conclude with the following simple lines.

## SONG.

## KING JAMIE THE THREE.

Tune—*There ne'er will be peace till King Jamie come  
hame.*

I sing o' a prince, aye, a king o' renown,  
Nane better e'er yet wore Britannia's crown,  
The first wha did shine on a bonny bawbee,  
A king, tho' a callan, was Jamie the Three.

He rear'd a grand navy to rule o'er the flood;  
His admiral was brave Sir Andrew Wood,  
Wha grat unco sair when King Jamie did dee;  
In the Abbey he lies, worthy Jamie the Three.

When Jamie did rule fair traffic did shine,  
On Forth, Tay, and Thames, wi' the Liffey an' Rhine;  
Then want fled the land, and tears frae ilk e'e;  
The merchant and trader lov'd Jamie the Three.

Gude send that we had sic like days back again,  
And fair peace and plenty in triumph to reign;  
Sae while I can keek on a bonny bawbee,  
I'll the thistle aye praise, an' King Jamie the Three.



Of an hundred of our Princes and upwards, only one monument in Paisley is kept in repair—King Robert the Third. People are so ignorant they call him *King Blee-dee*—this was Robert II.'s father. The keeper of the monument makes money by letting people see it for a trifle, &c. So of the monument in the Abbey, and improvement in St Giles, see p. 14.

THE

## CALTON HILL ;

*Humbly Dedicated to the Right Honourable the Lord  
Provost, Magistrates, Town Council, and City of  
Edinburgh.*

---

How blest the land with airy mountains crown'd  
'Midst fertile fields in arts and arms renown'd ;  
Not like flat Flanders, that invites the foe,  
Or timid, boggy, hapless Holland low.  
Hail, Scotland, hail ! thy cloud cap'd mountains high,  
The kingdom's strength that neighb'ring states envy ;  
So of the Andes, Alps, and Pyrennese,  
And Grampians high, that tow'ring dares the breeze,  
Gives vigour to th' inhabitants there born,  
When honour calls to sound the warlike horn.  
And, chief O Masonry, just term'd divine,  
That culls the massy stone from the dark mine ;  
Just by the rule, and never-fading plume,  
Makes fair Edina rival mighty Rome,  
Thy beauties vast, our admiration fill,  
Sublime aspiring from the CALTON HILL.  
Enchanting Leith Port—Firth, the lawn, and grove,  
Calls us round Nelson's Monument to improve,  
To plan the street, square, pillar, and the arch,  
Whereon to ride, to run, to walk, or march ;  
Whereon to flourish, long a weary waste,  
Inspired masonry, stupenduous vast,  
In form, in height, in wide dimension grand,  
T' adorn the mount, an honour to command.  
The east of Princes' Street to pave the way,  
To polish'd man, the veteran, grave, or gay ;

To give employ to the industrious poor,  
 Yes, labour's sons, that guards the state secure.  
 To form the hill trim fashion'd to the rule  
 Of Vulcan's anvil, and the mason's trule;  
 Plumb, line, and compas, from the secret lodge;  
 The mell and chissel busy bold to budge,  
 Where Bridewell stands, good in amending stile,  
 Points out by it to build an airy jail.

Let the projector true by plumbing-square,  
 Plan Calton-town neat, natural, and fair.  
 Let Wellesley be honoured with a space;  
 'To Wellington let every one give place,  
 Nelson excepted, in a spacious street,  
 And to the south in splendor shine complete.  
 Build Emperor Sandy's looking o'er the Forth,  
 Majestic eyeing the wild stormy north;  
 And as the hill in building's fast advances,  
 Name some fair square, the worthy *Emperor Francis*.  
 Be Platoff not forgot, in lane or wynd;  
 And Kutuzoff the Herculian hero shined.  
 Mark him, tho' last, not least, in honour's gildings,  
 Sure term some row, heroic Ewart's buildings.  
*Kilmarnock* well may boast, tho' its nae ferlie,  
 The eagle dropt her wing to Ayrshire Charlie;  
 And, to crown all, with a bright splendid edge,  
 The arches grand, be term'd the *Regent's Bridge*.  
 And while improvement does the Muse keen call,  
 Industry for to sing, and the Canal.  
 The Patriot's plan, that claims of affluence aid,  
 The life and soul of sure internal trade,  
 So much neglected, when the liquid stream  
 Links round the city, want will fly with shame.  
 Water, so much a dearth, flows our desire,  
 Fair trade to raise, and quench destructive fire,  
 For cleanliness—so what the house require. }



Come then thou noble blood of Allan Bank,  
 Supported by our patriots of rank ;  
 M'Duff, the noble mason chief of Fife ;  
 And Majorbanks \* that brought the work to life ;  
 Bids Vulcan's bellows vigorous to blow,  
 The hidden quarries beauteous to show,  
 Trade to inspire congenial to the soil,  
 No manure like the sweetening brow of toil.  
 Thus Rome and Lisbon shines on several hills,  
 Like Constantinople that our wonder fills ;  
 So Edinburgh be the Athens of the hour,  
 In learning, and in genius blooms her power ;  
 The masons shine in spacious buildings skill,  
 Health, wealth, to adorn the aspiring Calton Hill.

---

ON THE

IMPROVEMENT OF THE PAVEMENT, &c.

*Inscribed to ROBERT J——, Esq. Dean of Guild.*

'Tis all the gibble-gabble daily talk,  
 In those droll times fo'k scarce ken how to walk ;  
 To heed such falsehood, such erroneous stuff,  
 'Twad boil even Milton's muse in a great huff.  
 Health to our way-preserving Dean of Guild,  
 So patriotic in *improvement* skill'd ;  
 No more must man to brute beasts now give place,  
 The pavement smooth invites all with a grace.  
 J—— has said the word, and it is done,  
 Where that the lord or laird might walk upon ;  
 The Grass-market it dares grand to compete,  
 Wi' spacious George's, or fair Princes' street.  
 The Pleasances' folk they grolled in dismal cases,  
 No breakneck falls, they pace in pleasant places.

\* The plan of this was sent four years ago to the Magistrates, and was well received.

Man moves erect, so like his maker great,  
 And claims aright thro' life to walk in state ;  
 Nor be rid down by coachman drunk—or gig  
 That often nick the existence in a twig.  
 Now happiness attend our worthy Dean,  
 Who bids the busy walker not complean ;  
 That Edinburgh city, spreading far and wide,  
 Will outvie proud Palmall, or vain Cheapside,  
 For spacious pavement, and streets rising wide.

---

### ST GILES' GHOST.

CONDEMN'D with rascals, and 'mongst jades a host,  
 I saw by the kirk-wall, St Giles's ghost ;  
 I bent my noddle to the injur'd Saint,  
 With dreeping tears he utter'd sad complaint :—  
 “ How horrid vagabonds defiled his stiles ;  
 “ How rogues polluted holy auld St Giles ;  
 “ Let Scotland ken o' my vile hellish wrangs ;  
 “ And on the guilty thunderer satire's tangs.”

Shall the voice of truth be silent ? No, the wrongs  
 of the just departed shall speak, and try if there be  
 any shame in the land, any justice to be pronounced.  
 How many an innocent lies a felon without a hearing,  
 condemned without a jury, by them who seems to have  
 been trained in the infernal regions. The industrious  
 citizen who supports them, doomed to bleed, to groan,  
 unassisted, unrelieved, by those who have not the feel-  
 ings of demons ; who utter the most infernal oaths  
 while the Assembly sits.—O shame ! O scandal !

Black Serjeant M'———ie, hot Satan and Co.  
 Are jury and judge, wi' deel Donald Monro.

When a Caledonian of taste recalls to mind, the  
 beauties of Westminster Abbey, with what solemn  
 awe it strikes the mind. Kings, heroes, statesmen,

philosophers, poets, historians, concentered in one point of view. We are as far behind them in sculpture, as the savage African is behind a Caledonian in learning. How we glow to view the patriot President Forbes in the parliament-house. We hear of Burns's monument erected in the furtherest corner of the kingdom; they ought to be all collected in one spot.—The auld Kirk few resort it; and the north part ought to be joined in one: as in the old Kirk where the great Montrose, and Regent Murray now lies, and properly fitted up like Westminster Abbey, a thoroughfare during the time the Session sits; a P—ce Office might be planned west-end of Luckenbooths, or near Provost Creech's old shop—any where else, but not in the house of God.

So St Giles' spirit spake 'gainst vile pollution,  
 That aims to bring her stile to dissolution;  
 Fam'd Knox, had he seen such in auld St Giles,  
 He wad denounc'd them to black h-ll for spoils;  
 The P—ce court, truth says it ought to be,  
 In its ain birth-right—'neath the g—s tree.  
 She'd rather see her grand in sculpture dress'd,  
 Than by such horrid crew of knaves disgrac'd.  
 See famed Buchanan, Napier, Ramsay, Home,  
 Belhaven, Blair, the honour of her doom.  
 King David First, and Alexander Third,  
 Heroic Bruce, and James the royal bard;  
 Fam'd James the Fifth for justice reared fifteen;  
 And royal Mary, Scotland's bonny Queen.  
 A Fletcher, statesman; Abercromby brave,  
 A Wood, a Barton, Duncan of the wave.  
 Melville, whose eloquence made him a Lord;  
 And youthful Fergusson have fame's reward.  
 St George in sculpture, famed without dispute,  
 Encourage him, he's next to life acute.  
 In short, I only speak true to my post,  
 'The godly wish of auld St Giles' ghost;  
 So glad to find me not wi' a *mim* mouth,  
 Estranged from falsehood—glowing to tell truth.

## HOPETOUN HOUSE.

*Dedicated to the Right Honourable the EARL of  
HOPETOUN.*

---

WHERE Fortha's ceaseless tide flows and retires,  
'Twixt fertile Fife, and lovely Lithgowshires ;  
There Hopetoun house, a noble dome does stand,  
Stupenduous pile, the pride of all our land.  
A rapturing view inviting o'er the cast,  
Fleets sailing busy to the trading west ;  
The hills, the sea, the landscape charm the eye,  
All busy scenes of life quick passing by.

Dunfermline fails where Bruce and Margrate laid,  
And royal Lithgows fail'd and sad decay'd.  
Now Hopetoun house fair deigns to raise a smile,  
So spacious rear'd sublime in Grecian stile ;  
Not Hiram's boast in fair masonic pride,  
Nor Solomon his temple proud array'd.  
Plumb, line, and level, all conspire conduce,  
Centers their beauties in fair Hopetoun house.

May masonry in all its glory rise,  
And vulgar means give way unto the wise ;  
Nor Babel building, nor high pyramids  
So useless,—but fair cities rear their heads ;  
And thriving towns and villas of more use,  
With noble domes so like to Hopetoun house.

TO

JOHN GRAHAM, Esq. of Gasture.

HAIL noble *Graham* of ancient fair *Monteath* ;  
*Graham* for our state did oft the sword unsheath ;  
 So often did the invading foe down strike,  
 Since their ancestors triumph'd at *Graham's* dike.  
 Allied to the illustrious line of *Bruce*,  
 And *Erskines* of the loyal *Cardross* House,  
 Who gave defate to the invading foes,  
 Exemplified in the brave *Montrose*.

---

SONG.

GREAT MONTROSE.

Tune—*Chevy Chace*.

SOME praise our glens, some rouse our braces,  
 Some laud our lochs and streams ;  
 Bald I sing him wha bang our faes,  
 The chief of *Gallant* *Grahams*.

A chief he was in honour's cause,  
 Like *Wallace* wight arose ;  
 His name congenial to applause,  
 The gallant great *Montrose*.

He made fanatics tremble all ;  
 Coward hypocrites to fly ;  
 And heavenly did install,  
 To bliss our northern sky.

Ev'n Cromwell he did hesitate  
 T' invade the land o' brose,  
 To face the hero bald elate,  
 The veteran Montrose.

But fortune in successful flight,  
 So fickle 'tis to keep,  
 Maul'd all his hopes in sable night,  
 Made loyalty to weep.

For villian Assent did betray  
 The hero to his foes,  
 That darken'd sad his latter day ;  
 Unfortunate Montrose.

Cromwell will triumph in the war,  
 When cold's my mortal part,  
 And master all by north Dunbar,  
 While blood streams from each heart.

Now do your worst, ye-gallows wights ;  
 God bless my friends and foes :  
 My soul is wrap'd in heaven's delights ;  
 So died the great Montrose.

---

SONG.

*Kilmarnock and Balmerino's farewell.*

Tune—*M'Pherson's farewell.*

Balmerino daring left the Tower,  
 King Richard's bloody den ;  
 Where he two princes did devour,  
 And loyal noblemen.

So valiantly, triumphantly,  
 Lord Arthur felt the blow ;  
 Courageously he dar'd to die,  
 The bald Balmerino.

Kilmarnock came to the block,  
 With penitence sae meek ;  
 Balmerino defied the stroke,  
 No tear bestain'd his cheek.  
 Kilmarnock cried, God bless George,  
 Both now and when I'm gone ;  
 Balmerino said, God bless King James,  
 Likewise his worthy son.

You sought your life to please your wife,  
 Not so Balmerino ;  
 Our hearts must break most cruel like  
 M'Donald's at Glenco.  
 Kilmarnock cried out alas !  
 I shudder at the scene ;  
 Balmerino said, we'll meet in bliss ;  
 Prepare your mind serene.

I wish my Lord Kilmarnock,  
 You pardon found this day ;  
 Undaunted I would feel the stroke,  
 Death's double debt to pay.  
 Here crowns my head my tartan cap,  
 Sae like my bonnet blue ;  
 As Wallace died, as Montrose cried,  
 I die a Scotchman true.

Farewell to courtly crowns false glare,  
 Ambition's fatal rock ;  
 Farewell hope, joy, and earthly care,  
 Glad I embrace the block.

## SONG.

*General Moore, who died January 16, 1809.*

*Inscribed to the Magistrates and City of Glasgow.*

*Tune—Humours of Glen.*

Hail! Glasgow the birth spot of Moore, brave commander,

Whom bold Abercrombie rear'd chief in his train;  
 Taught him in Toulon and the Indies to dander,  
 For glory, not indolent honours to gain.

Caught fame at Gibraltar, well try'd at the Helder,  
 Gave proofs of his valour in Egypt the brave,  
 Through Denmark, o'er Europe, his actions extoll'd  
 are,  
 His creed was triumph, or a glorious grave:

Moore like a great Wallace through trials must wander,  
 With intrepid Briton, to save tott'ring Spain,  
 And Baird with an army of Brucian gender,  
 To shield Madrid and Lisbon, from Bonaparte's  
 chain.

Too num'rous the French rov'd around Salamanca,  
 Their ten to our one, ah! must needs overpower;  
 Retreat was the order to hapless Corunna,  
 Where valiant Baird bled, and alas! fell brave  
 Moore.

Sing sweet his acts gallant, ye Britons undaunted,  
 The heroes grand model th' example—prize pure,  
 The courage of Alfred, his deeds has implanted,  
 The martial exploits of courageous Moore.



We've heroes on heroes, so fame's trump' has chanted,  
 Baird, Wellesley, Ferguson, Hope, veterans sure,  
 More Wallaces, Douglasses, Bruces, (if wanted,)  
 To spring from his ashes courageous Moore.

---

THE following lines require some explanation. The late Dutchess of Gordon requested a commission for a certain gentleman. Mr Pitt boasted, that having been so long acquainted with Lord Melvile, the Dutchess could not repeat a Scotch phrase he could not understand; and a wager having been made between him and the Dutchess, that the commission was to be granted her, in the event of his not explaining what she would repeat. The Dutchess repeated the following words, "*Come hither, canty callan, draw close your creepie, and pree my mou.*"—

---

## SONG.

### PREMIER WILLIE.

Tune—*Soldier Laddie.*

Attend to my song 'bout a premier billy,  
 Famed batchelor Pitt, noted *Minister Willie*;  
 A wager he laid, a wager to rue,  
 On, "draw near your creepie, an' pree my mou."

Fair Dutchess Jean, she pled on commission,  
 For a young hero to war o'er the ocean;  
 Hast here canty callan, commission's my due,  
 "Draw hither your creepie, and pree my mou."

The statesman he vov'd, he wad ken ilka word,  
 As clear as to give a young hero a sword ;  
 But he, ignoramus, he look'd black and blue,  
 Hearing, " draw near your creepie, and pree my  
 mou."

A Norlan' sometimes can a Southern outwit :  
 Aye, this was the state of *mim* batchelor Pitt ;  
 For the ladies he never did hearty pursue,  
 'T'o " draw near his creepie, and pree a sweet mou."



## SONG.

### THE HIDE.

Tune—*Kind Robin Loe's me.*

(*Inscribed to all concerned.*)

COME dip the flesher's whisky in,  
 But not so fu' as cut the skin,  
 Or snabs will raise a horrid din,  
 And the wild barking tanner.

The butcher is chief man o' wark,  
 As aff the cow he strips its sark,  
 So handy to the man o' bark,  
 In limming it for leather.

O leather is a worthy thing,  
 To boot the noble or the king ;  
 Proud dutchess, or bonny queen,  
 Or maid amang the heather.

How many thousands it gie's bread ;  
 The butchers sure must tak the lead ;  
 Tanner or currier's a' their trade,  
 So perfect trims its leather.

King Crispin with his crown and star,  
 Makes boots and shoon to bang the glar,  
 The human race fits ne'er and far,  
 Wi' tip-toe boots o' leather.

The British Fleet, Britannia's pride,  
 The storm it cudna well abide,  
 But when it's well lined wi' hide,  
 It bangs the boisterous weather.

The coach with leather's bound fu' strong,  
 The lordly great it bears along ;  
 Gives work to the braw saddler throng,  
 Smiths, wrights, and a' thegither.

And now my song is near hand done,  
 We'll not forget the horned spoon,  
 That hauds the kail, keeps life aboon,  
 Far stronger than a teather.

---

## PROLOGUE

*To the Tragedy of Crichton.*

THIS Play was acted with great applause in Edinburgh, November 16, 1812; And the battle of Luncarty in the North; but nothing lucrative to the unfortunate Author.

WHEN Gothic darkness dastardly retir'd,  
 And knowledge fair her votaries inspir'd,  
 Crichton, a north star brilliantly appear'd,  
 And learning's standard from oblivion rear'd ;  
 Truth blest the day, and hail'd her favourite child,  
 Whilst cheer'd Apollo's nine, applauding, smil'd.  
 Grim ignorance sore felt the fatal shock,  
 When wondering mankind to his school did flock :  
 But ah ! as lightning sprung a cruel gust,  
 And laid fame's darling sudden in the dust ;  
 Sudden, alas ! dropp'd Scotia's genial flow'r,  
 While Europe's eyes gush'd filial tears a show'r.  
 Thus probability the muse shall steer,  
 To warm the heart, and draw the tender tear,  
 To purge the passions, rooting noxious weeds,  
 To plant humanity, source of glorious deeds ;  
 Th' imagination nobly to inflame,  
 The tragic muse's care, and author's aim.  
 To sting the bard no critic sure will pride,  
 When thus strong fortified on virtue's side.  
 Thus arm'd with truth, and nature ever wise,  
 He's proof 'gainst the basilisk of critic's eyes !  
 Then grant your native bard a safe escort,  
 Since Crichton's name props this his first effort ;  
 From Britons he protection claims, his due,  
 For as a British tar, he's shelter'd you,  
 Bold brav'd the storm, for king and country true.

---

SONG.

THE ORPHAN BOY.

'Tune—*Greenwich Pensioners.*

My name is Sandy Wilson,  
 My dad and mammy gone,

A weary world to toil in  
 An orphan all alone.  
 I serv'd bold Captain Jerry Hard,  
 Where I picked up some joy ;  
 Sure merit will have some reward,  
 Even in an orphan boy.

I serv'd on board the Walsingham,  
 A daring seaman bold,  
 Where I got education,  
 That more precious is than gold.  
 Five times by press-gangs I was caught,  
 Five times left them with joy ;  
 Bold, being with true courage fraught,  
 The happy orphan boy.

Here's to lovely Lalland Nelly,  
 Whose heart pants after me,  
 I'll toast her in a gillie,  
 By land or on the sea.  
 I'll wipe the saut tear from her eyes,  
 Her grief I shall destroy ;  
 And as my mate she shall arise,  
 Blest with the orphan boy.

---

## CONTENTMENT.

THE actionless, they never know content,  
 The mind inactive's strong to evil bent ;  
 Mix in the bustle of the world keen,  
 So happy then, you seldom will complain ;  
 This makes the poor man happier than the proud,  
 For most content is found amongst the crowd.

## STIRLING'S ADDRESS,

*To the Most Illustrious Prince Nicholas of Russia.*



ILLUSTRIOUS Prince of Russia, welcome hail,  
 To ancient Stirling 'midst her spacious vale,  
 Her tow'ring fort, a castle long renown'd,  
 Where Scotia's princes were triumphant crown'd.  
 Of old she could most regal honours boast,  
 That now, alas! have fled her warlike coast,  
 Yet still can shew some emblems worth applause,  
 Since her bold sons have often bled in honour's cause.

Go where you will, majestic scenes are few,  
 Can please the sight with such a splendid view ;  
 Yet winter's stormy clouds may dim defy  
 The rapture that in summer charms the eye.  
 Yet much may here be guessed, you may discern  
 Round snowy hill and dale by Forth to learn ;  
 A scene so varied as the varying wind,  
 For those to curiosity inclin'd.

Farewell, most noble Prince, may history tell,  
 That you, like Alexander, bright excell.  
 May every bless the good that heaven bestows,  
 Attendant be your guest, while here below.  
 May all that's happy in your aims engage,  
 Till time triumphant crowns you with old age ;  
 And when the Almighty hoary years has given,  
 May you arrive safe at the port of heaven.

## HUMANITY.

FRIENDSHIP and humanity are not confined to any particular spot, colour of inhabitants, climate, &c.—A few lines have been inserted in the travels of Mungo Park, when in great distress, sung by the Negro girls over him when asleep; but they not being adapted to music, and too short for a song, we have put it in proper measure, and added sufficient, we hope, to have rendered it acceptable, to all that have tenderness to feel, for the hardships of the unfortunate.

## NEGRO GIRLS' SONG.

Tune—*Logan Water.*

I sing what may make grandeur blush,  
 What all the humane well they wish,  
 'Tis sweet humanity's the theme,  
 Praise of the savage Afric dame.  
 " Loud roar'd the wind, while sheets of rain,  
 " Descending deluge fill the plain,  
 " Lash'd hills and vallies, bleak and bare,  
 " And towns and cities shake with fear.

When faint and weary with the storm,  
 Exhausted Park threw his sad form  
 Beneath the tree inviting shade,  
 While sadly sung the Negro maid :  
 " Unhappy man, how hard his lot,  
 " Far from his friends, perhaps forgot ;"

As thus dejected pale he pines,  
And to his forlorn fate resigns.

He boasts no mother to prepare  
The fresh drawn milk with tender care,  
Sweetheart or sister aiding kind,  
Or loving wife his corn to grind.  
Let him forget his woes in sleep,  
Sweet balm, that cares at distance keep,  
Let's form round him a friendly ring,  
To shield him from the serpent's sting.

Let not our different colours stop,  
Nor stem the balm of pity's drop;  
Perhaps our friends who far off roam,  
From his white nation finds a home.

~~~~~

## E P I S T L E.

*Shakespeare Square, March 28, 1917.*

Wi' specks stridelegs aboon my nose,  
I read thy poems, plays, and prose,  
An' far back facts ye keen disclose,  
                                          'Bout Hay and Crichton ;  
Wi' Mary Stuart's tragic woes,  
                                          Ye're truly bright on.

Were I but laird of fruitful Errol,  
Thy amrie ne'er should want a farrel,  
And in your cellar a big barrel  
                                          O' Stirling ale ;  
To keep thee that thou ne'er wad quarrel,  
                                          For brose or kail.

For weel you've sung the ploughman victor,  
At Luncarty the Scots protector,



When Kenneth stood as pales a spector,  
 And friends bore down;  
 What signified his crown or sceptre,  
 But Hay's renown.

Thy swimming poem I admire,  
 It weel becomes a seaman's lyre,  
 And hearts it manly will inspire  
 To dive and swim;  
 While paddocks teach them their desire,  
 In loch or stream.

Let critic's venom spite and rage,  
 They've done the like in ilka age;  
 See Ramsay how he's graced the stage,  
 Wi' pleasant wonder;  
 His Mause and Bauldy brings at large  
 Encores like thunder.

Just sae will yours when ye are rotten,  
 Thy plays will never be forgotten,  
 Tho' that M'——ll wad spit a blot on,  
 Thy weel won bays;  
 Yet friendly bards henceforth will note on,  
 And charm thy praise.

Wha e'er has seen that funny fray,  
 At Lon'on, on St Andrews' day,  
 Maun surely gie thy muse fair play,  
 And oun ye've pen'd it,  
 I'm sure she has na gane astray,  
 For weel I've kend it.

Adieu, auld canty bard o' Stirling,  
 In thy sweet notes there's nae blot skirling;  
 Lang may thy pouch be fill'd for birling,  
 To bouse sublime;  
 And strains to stand the test as sterling,  
 Yours, *Johnny Graham.*

THE  
 BONNY BANKS OF TAY.

Tune—*Jean of Tyrone.*

*Inscribed to the Magistrates and Town of Perth.*



I SING of Scotland's mountains, her rivers, lochs, and  
 fountains,  
 Her weddings, fairs, and rantings, where love bears  
 sovereign sway ;  
 In Perth where lives my flowerie, by the bonny Carse  
 o' Gowrie,  
 Where love and friendship tarry, on the bonny banks  
 o' Tay.

I fly frae fools and dunces, yet like to walk Perth  
 Inches,  
 Like better far the wenches that o'er my heart  
 bears sway ;  
 To see the bonny whiggies wash their alabaster  
 leggies,  
 O! the angel-killing Maggies on the bonny banks  
 o' Tay.

To see the Highland laddies leave their mammies and  
 their daddies,  
 To bussel all their trade is, in war's wild bloody  
 way ;  
 But I pity fighting cases, while I've view of sweeter  
 blisses,  
 To dine on sweetest kisses on the bonny banks o'  
 Tay.

Now fareweel batcheleering, wild whisky, and strong  
 beering,  
 And midnight wild careering, that repentance brings  
 an' pay ;  
 Now I clasp my dearest Lizie, a Perth Inch strapping  
 hizzie,  
 That wi' rapture dings me dizzy on the bonny banks  
 o' Tay.

---

SONG.

*Allan Ramsay's Study.*

Tune—*Wat ye what I met yestreen.*

I fled auld Reekie's din an smell,  
 Soon found sweet freedom in fresh air,  
 The Castle hill's inviting gale,  
 Did cheer my heart oppress'd wi' care.

Ay ! there how happy was I there,  
 When *Ramsay's Study* shone in view ;  
*Allan* wha's fame sounds far an near,  
 His sang is ever ever new.

Ay—he sly strap 'ur'd lad and lass,  
 Our mammie's an our daddie's hearts ;  
 An made the hours enchanting pass,  
 A charm peculiar to his parts.

The Gentle Shepherd manly Pat,  
 An simple Roger's hamely lay ;  
 Sweet Peggy, an sly Jenny neat,  
 Gars winter nights seem hours o' May.

What's a the din o' Homer's strains,  
 An Virgil wi' their heathen gods ;  
 The Gentle Shepherd justly claims,  
 Truth, sense, an' reason's best applauds.

The mair we read, the mair we like,  
 The mair his beauties we admire,  
 How cunning Pate lap o'er the dike,  
 An Peggy came at love's desire.

Rab Fergusson, the manly boy,  
 An Rabie Burns wha dings us a' ;  
 'Twas Ramsay bid them pens employ,  
 Wi' vigour Scotland's praise to blaw.

Gin ye want cancard care to kill,  
 Ha'e Ramsay's Study in your view ;  
 Parnassus north the Castle hill,  
 Inspire the saul wi' life anew.



## SONG.

### *The Batchelor's Resolutions.*

Tune—*Humours of Glen.*

WHAT plagues haunts the swain that is doom'd to  
 breath single ?

How flat, how insipid runs her stream o' life ?  
 Tho' he brags routh o' cash by a clear blazing ingle,  
 Insipid enjoyment without a good wife.

I've rang'd o'er the globe a young batchelor wanting,  
 But happiness, ah ! yet I never cou'd gain ;

Cold batchelor's woes round my heart ever haunting,  
I'll banish an' ha'e a sweet rib o' my ain.

'Tis said true of marriage, if ills come they may come,  
But batchelor's trials are certain an sure.  
Heav'n hints me a gude thought, sweet marriage I'll  
welcome,  
The wild storms o' life far mair bald to endure.

There's Lilly the lovely to the kirk wi' her Bible,  
I ne'er shall repose till proclaim'd she's my bride ;  
Then folks cannot jest that through life I've been idle,  
When I clasp my chief bliss that adorn my fire-side.

~~~~~  
SONG.

*Louis the Eighteenth, and the DUKE OF CLARENCE.*

(Humbly Dedicated to all concerned.)

Tune—*All in the Downs.*

HAIL Peace ! Thou ever welcome are,  
To all the good, to all the wise ;  
So *Britain* was the leading star,  
When *Bourbon* saw propitious skies.  
*Clarence* from *Dover* stear'd King *Louis* o'er,  
From *Briton's* friendly, from *Briton's* friendly,  
To his native shore.

When royal *Louis* step'd aboard,  
(Not then his sad fate to bewail,)  
The winds with favour they were stor'd,  
A spacious spread each swelling sail.



His worth shall claim our chief respect,  
His youthfu' strains shall sound in fame.

Let schoolmen plod in Latin lore,  
Hunt fame in the dark Grecian line ;  
His fame shall sound round Scotia's shore,  
'Bove the Roman bard, or Greek divine.

His Embro' beau, and simily,  
Shall resound wi' his Hallowfair ;  
Leith races we'll rehearse wi' glee,  
Sweet as his Cauler Oysters rare.

While Cauler Waters frae the sky,  
While Scotia's rivers fall or rise,  
His fame shall more approv'd soar high,  
A bright star in our northern skies.



## SONG.

*Prince Charles Stuart, and the Castle.*

*Tune—By an auld Castle Wa.*

WHEN *Charlie* came in by the ford o' the frew,  
Wi' his braw tartan plaid, an his bonnet sae blue,  
He spied Stirling Castle sae lofty an fair,  
An cri'd, waes my heart, ance my daddie liv'd there.

The guns they may flash, an the cannon may fire,  
But courage nor prudence don't bid me retire,  
For my braw Highland clans are my guardians rare,  
An ilka ane kens I'm the righteous heir.

There's valiant Lochail, an the brave Duke o' Perth,  
 They've sworn my hard hap for to share o'er the  
 earth ;  
 Then with such noble friendship how can I despair,  
 While Providence shields me kind under his care.

An tho' I should never wear Britain's braw crown,  
 I'll sound Stirling's praise in the rolls o' renown,  
 Till fame echo back her bright qualities rare,  
 For Kings my gran'daddies liv'd happily there.



### SONG.

*The Castle of Edinburgh to the Old Jail.*

*Tune—Welcome welcome Brother Debtor.*

COME down, come down, ye hoary traitor,  
 Ye are sae big wi' black disgrace ;  
 I canna bide your hangman feature,  
 Sae gallows like ye're in the face.

The spacious High Street ye encumber,  
 Ye are a victim of decay ;  
 In faith ! ye are infernal lumber,  
 You needs must own ye've had your day.

The Tolbooth answer'd very surly,  
 I ha'e been usefu' in my time ;  
 I serv'd the king an state right brawly,  
 An held the parliament sublime.

I served justice, an due order,  
 I humbled villany, for sooth !  
 An truth has, said I maun stand guard here,  
 'Midst Loudin's pride, the Auld Tolbooth.



Says the high castle, (still chastising),  
 On Calton Hill's a spacious Jail,  
 A needfu' ornament arising,  
 As rubbish you must fa' mean while.  
 Improvements blooming o'er the nation,  
 Since you are old and useless grown;  
 Your lumber cries for desolation,  
 On oblivion's bag ye must be thrown.

---

SONG.

*The Felon's Joy, or the Happiness of Transportation.*

Tune—*By an auld Castle Wa'.*

COME, Britons, be happy, transported for once  
 From the wars of beef England, and frog fighting  
 France;  
 Where fair peace and plenty bloom ever like May,  
 No winter of hunger—in Botany Bay.  
 Rare! Botany Bay, by the heav'nly powers;  
 It's Eden's own garden, the garden of flowers;  
 Where no Speaker's warrant, or horse-guards say,  
 To the Tower! to the Tower—when in Botany Bay.

Where no L—— B—— dare dun you for tythes,  
 Or F—— G—— tax you to raise him supplies;  
 Where no press gangs, or dreel serjeant dare flog you  
 their way,  
 When hugging your doxy in Botany Bay.  
 Where English beef gluttons may eat what they  
 please,  
 Or Pat with potatoes bouse milk at his ease,

And Sandy sup kail, while his bagpipes they play ;  
No Scotland to me like fair Botany Bay.

How happy are they, when condemn'd, by their peers,  
Transported for life, or for fourteen short years ;  
From lawyers, excisemen, and oppression's sway,  
And income tax devils, to Botany Bay.  
Now farewell my country, my friends, nay, my wife,  
In transport I only begin to breathe life ;  
Where no scold dare thunder in hell's squeaking fray,  
When in my scraglio, happy Botany Bay.



## SONG.

### THE SHAMROCK.

*For St Patrick's day, March 17.*

Inscribed to the Irish Nation.

Tune—*The Wounded Hussar.*

'Tis of the green Shamrock, I chauntingly whistle,  
In a strain jovial easy,—mirth merry jocose ;  
The Hibernian cronie of the Scottish thistle,  
And good brother Bull, and his fair blooming rose.  
The seventeenth of March, Zounds ! proud day of  
their meeting,  
On potat's, beef, and whisky, you well may suppose ;  
For the weal of the empire, 'tis all their debating,  
To trample French lilies, and guard England's  
rose.

Hail, Wellington brave, and the thundering shillio,  
That won the prize fair with the bonnet sae blue ;  
That made Boney run, with a thundering bellow,  
From the Allies who triumph'd at red Waterloo.

Those poultroons, those tyrants, that plunder'd the  
nations,

O'er-run with those robbers, a vile h--ish crew ;  
Now every state keeps their limited stations,  
By Wellington's efforts, at fam'd Waterloo.

Hibernian ! hail ! ah thou dear loving honey !

'Tis friendship you doat on St Patrick's day ;  
Strike, tune the sweet harp, cheer brave Bull, canny  
Johnny ;

Charm harmonies sons, from the Thames to the  
Tay.

May faction be banish'd, may Ireland aye flourish,  
From the point of Cape Clear, north to Belfast's fair  
bay ;

May the sweet joy of heaven, in spirit kind nourish,  
Dear fellowship's rule, on St Patrick's day !



## ABERDEEN CROSS.

HAIL, ancient honny Aberdeen,  
So splendid on the roaring main ;  
Far o'er the north thou bloom a gloss,  
By thy aspiring pretty cross.  
The royal James's bauldly crown'd,  
Shine aboon cities high renown'd ;  
A very splendid ornament,  
To please the antiquarian gent ;  
While other cities did pull down,  
Crosses once rear'd to high renown ;  
Thou keep'st thy cross so neat and fair,  
So claims of high applause a share.

Long may thou flourish, Aberdeen,  
 And ancient honours cause sustain ;  
 While I sing o'er a glass jocose,  
 I'll praise thy tow'ring bonny cross.

---

## PETERHEAD.

Is there e'er a port that shines on the billow !  
 Like aspiring, inviting, airy fair Peterhead,  
 Where the raging waves nigh ance drown'd a young  
 fellow,  
 Till two happy boys sav'd him from the dead.  
 Heaven pity in need, ne'er left one to wallow,  
 But inspires the bystanders to aid you with speed ;  
 To drag out the victim to land, or a shallow,  
 'Mongst the sons of the living, to rear up his head.  
 May plenty ay flourish on this happy country,  
 When the needy traveller claims aid when forlorn ;  
 Be restored for ever by generous gentry,  
 Nor ever be shun'd, by fair plenty in scorn.  
 May the port be resorted by fleets loaded plenty,  
 And numerous visitors both there in need ;  
 When health it has flown may it ay bloom dainty,  
 And happiness triumph in fair Peterhead.

---

## SPlice THE MAIN BRACE.

Tune—*Wolfe's Lament.*

COMe splice the main brace,  
 'Twill rouse your spirits up, brave boys,  
 Come splice the main brace,  
 Its courage dares the seas,  
 Even in a long carouse ;

No storm can e'er assuage our joys ;  
 For when strong grog we bouse,  
     The enemy we souse,  
     Quite lifeless tars would be  
 But prop'd splicing the main brace.  
 At taking the gallons,  
 When we engaged off Teneriff,  
 In proof we show some wounds,  
 But splicing gives us sure relief,  
     In gold our view abounds,  
     When splicing of the old main brace,  
     For two three thousand pounds,  
 May well cure all our wounds,  
 When splicing of the old main brace,  
     In Plymouth Sounds.



## AFFECTATION ;

OR,

### *FUDDY THE SHAVER.*

SINCE first he rode his master's mare,  
 It's raised him fifty pounds a year ;  
 So let the world laugh or applaud,  
 He is immortal shaver Fudd.  
 He saw a servant have two horse,  
 So strap accosted him of course—  
 Inform me what's your master's name ?  
 He swore by Jove he knew the same.  
 Let me for once his stirrup fill,  
 I'll pay Kinghorn passage bill :  
 From Leith he mounted high again,  
 And played the gentleman amain.

He gave the servant sly the slip,  
 Yet whip found out the Barber's shop,  
 And made him stare like ony fool,  
 So pay Kinghorn passage bill.  
 M'——n, nature made to shave,  
 Must needs to ape an officer brave;  
 With sash and sword he bold essayed,  
 'To parr the major on parade.  
 O, said the major, wou'd-be-sir,  
 You're fitter far to dress my hair.  
 He took his seat once in a box  
 In the play-house, 'mongst gentle folks;  
 Snuff it did pass, likewise the joke,  
 'The ladies eyed him quite a beau,  
 Squire, to be sure, from top to toe.  
 Next conversation must ensue,  
 A lady said, "From whence come you?"  
 He said, sure none is here of worth more,  
 I'm Graham—I'm laird of gallant Gratmore.  
 Then they invited him with glee,  
 Next evening to a cup of tea;  
 A gentleman than made him stare,  
 M'——n often dressed his hair.  
 He's been a lord, and eek a duke,  
 Him who the shaving steel does crook;  
 He's esquire, pimp, or any thing,  
 'The tip-top regent, or the king.



## ANCIENT LITHGOW.

*(Inscribed to the Magistrates, &c.)*

ALAS! for fair Lithgow, so pale, and decayed,  
 Like to an old veteran, unpentioned, dismayed,  
 In vision I think on the royal, the wise,  
 Ruled in thy high turrets, great Mary of Guise.

Methinks on her daughter in cradle alone,  
 The fair Queen of France, hers auld Scotland's throne;  
 Yet for all mishap, fair Nature excels,  
 In thy beautiful daughters, and clear crystal wells.

O fate, capricious, puts grandeur to route,  
 St James's the royal is burnt to the boot;  
 So the high towering oak feels the weight of the  
 storm;  
 As man, haughty pride, must sink with the worm.

Still Lithgow, the noble in her caller springs,  
 Inspirits the muse in just sentiment sings,  
 For no town in the island but sing thou excels,  
 So great in decay, yet supreme in thy wells.



*R——l Family Wrangles.*

Alas, how short the honey moon,  
 The r——l game a puff undone,  
 The sun its up beclouded soon,  
 At whistling o'er the lave o't.

Says G——ie to his C——ne,  
 Ah! thro' our love their's run the swine,  
 Affection, faith, on the decline,  
 At whistling o'er the lave o't:

Says C——ne the deil-ya-care,  
 Tho' we should never houther mair,  
 My fame o'er you will aye bloom fair,  
 And ye'll be doom'd the knave o't.

See to your mam an royal dad,  
 A better pair ne'er blest a bed,

That proves ye're but a logger-head,  
At whistling o'er the lave o't.

And when my lassie rules the lan'  
Reforming things o' plenty's plan,  
She'll ding Queen Lizzie, and Queen Anne,  
At rule, and a' the lave o't.

Mind, cousin, that the world's wide,  
O'er it I must need tak a ride,  
And heavenly truth may maul your pride,  
Sae naething will ye save be't.



## SONG.

### THE RIVER OF FORTH'S LAMENT.

Tune—*Sherra-Moor*.

How dull the Forth, how flat the day,  
Few salmon sport in June or May,  
No gravel bank their spawn to lay,  
Auld Stirling's boast, her salmon.  
Ah, how unlike the days langsyne,  
When wi' the net, the hook, or line,  
I yielded thirty, ten, and nine,  
Of fat Scots hearty salmon.

Swift to the Highlands a' they span  
In the pure stream, to swim's their plan,  
Bought by the owre rich Englishman,  
Auld Stirling's pride, her salmon.  
Curs'd be the hour, the day, and date,  
When Blair sail'd down his first black peat,  
What's marked me wi' misfortunes gait,  
'Tis spitfu', vile B——ir D——d.



The soger ance wi' his twa joes,  
 O'er the penny cut they smacked jocose,  
 And wi' great Wallace bang'd our foes,  
 By strength o' Stirling salmon.

Heaven blaw to h-ll them kilns o' lime,  
 Distilleries beastly black wi' crime,  
 Drown Blair in brimstone in gude time,  
 Gi'e us Nature's gift—gude salmon.

## BONNY DUNDEE.

THE raven perched high on the top of the tower,  
 Just as Monk began his bloody decree,  
 No quarters he gave to the town in his power,  
 Ah, woes my heart it was bonny Dundee.

Humanity over the town 'gan to glowre,  
 As he walked in blood, oh, maist up to the knee,  
 Seeing a babe suck its dead mam, he lost his base  
 power ;  
 So love, peace, and union, blest bonny Dundee.

His sogers they wedded her maidens sae canny,  
 And Hymen bid wedlock bear aff a' the gree ;  
 Trade flourished, and made the town aye since sae  
 bonny,  
 Enlarged on the 'Tay on a masonic key.

May traffic triumph on the banks of fair Angus ;  
 May Scotland still blossom in prosperity ;  
 O may never a wrangle, a Monk make amang us,  
 But fair trade ay triumph in bonny Dundee.

## AULD ARBROATH.

'Twas ance King Will the Lion bald,  
 Made fair Arbroath a royal fauld,  
 An gave her rights for ay to hald,

An be a noble harbour.

But Knox in madness knock'd it down,  
 The Abbey, glory o' the town,  
 That lang for ages bright had shone,

Sae bonny an well fard here.

May faction ever wicked strick,  
 Sink in the trap het h-lls ain nick,  
 Never to rise, but ay be sick,

Oblivion dark its order.

Heaven happy shelter auld Arbroath,  
 Be ay freee from vile venom's tooth,  
 Prosperity fill its trade sae smooth,

The lions right to guard here.



## STONEHAVEN.

THE sun o'er Stonehaven did shine in June splendor,  
 But hark ! in a twinkling sky blasted a storm ;  
 I thought on the wretched, made by the pretender,  
 And ships the wild ocean the sea wad deform.  
 So passing by ruin'd once splendid Dunotter,  
 I mus'd on the Keiths, and the Marshalls all fled ;  
 I said to my lassie, ('twas hear blyth I met her,)  
 Ah ! woe for Stonehaven it lakes its great head.  
 I said my dear lassie what ills attend grandeur,  
 Tho' ill may harrass us, we've little to loose ;

Why snug in a hut we'll hae cheer and contentment,  
 The boon of high heaven, I heartily choose.  
 So let us now haste to the priest and be wedded,  
 The happy proposal it cheer'd her alive ;  
 So that very night we got coupel'd and bedded,  
 Not two then so happy in bonny Stonehive.

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## MONTROSE.

Just e'er the sun his e'e did close,  
 I came to trading fair Montrose,  
 I faund her bairns a' jocose,  
     Sae merry as the month o' May.  
 I met a captain o' a ship,  
 Wha proffer'd me a can o' flip ;  
 He ask'd me for to tak a trip,  
     To steer wi' him an' firm belay.  
 Refuse wi' me did never haunt,  
 We drank in co, right well acquaint,  
 An took fu' blythe a sailor's jaunt,  
     Ay, 'twas as far's Hunder's bay.  
 My voyage done and landed home,  
 Met Montrose Kate, a pretty dame ;  
 Kiss ! love an wed was all the theme,  
     Say songster was not this fair play ?

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## MAR'S WARK.

HAIL Erskine of illustrious line,  
 That reared Mar's wark, masonic fine ;  
 Ah, woe ! it seeks oblivion dark,  
 The ancient fabric of Mar's wark.

Ye votries of titled pride,  
 Let prudence ever be your guide ;  
 Insult not low inferior note,  
 Your haughty tone may go to pot.  
 O cast your eyes on famed Mar's wark,  
 'That seeks the fate of Noah's Ark,  
 So humbling to noble pride,  
 Let gentle caution be your guide.  
 Let Touch, Polmain, and ancient Keir,  
 Look to Mar's wark, and drop a tear ;  
 And every other passing by,  
 To cast their view up to the sky.  
 Fair Stirling, to religion prone,  
 Sweet penitence be all your own ;  
 And I the victim of decay,  
 Heaven shield me in the latter day.  
 Too oft the slave of folly bent,  
 Alas ! we act but to repent.  
 But heaven is good ; and goodness still  
 Is passive o'er each human ill ;  
 Them who his high commands fulfill.  
 For soon we'll yield the vital spark,  
 Be buried in oblivion dark,  
 The certain fate of boastful now  
     Decayed Mar's wark.

## SONG.

ON THE

SIXTH REGIMENT OF HORSE,

*Commonly called Carabineers.*

*Humbly dedicated to the Right Honourable the EARL  
of CARHAMPTON, and the rest of the Officers and  
Regiment.*

*Tune—The Sprig of Shillala.*

HAIL Carabineers, of martial renown,  
The Horse Guards of city, the country, and town,  
With a pretty black horse, or lively bay,  
How happy are they when drinking down care,  
Or when at parade, how daring when there,  
At market or wedding with the lovely fair,  
Love and social friendship so pliant to spare,  
Their country's honour by night or by day.

Obedience is prompt where *Lutlural* commands,  
CARHAMPTON, the noble, on eminence stands,  
French, Irvine, and Hartwell, bold majors stedfast,  
To eye the parade, roll-call, or review,  
All spirit, all lively, engaging, brave too;  
When peace fair returning their friendships renew,  
In England, and Ireland, with Scotland so true,  
To guard all the fair, and protect the opprest.

Detachments from them have often been sent,  
When Bonaparte butcher'd on the Continent,  
By Officers led of valour and birth.  
French eagles they soar'd, both saucy and high,  
But Britons led on by a Wellington's eye,  
That crop'd Boney's pride, low in dust mean to lie,

And forc'd haughty Gaul for quarters to cry,  
From Carabineers of bold British worth.

Ay bright Buonas Ayres can testify well,  
The Carabineers can martial excel,  
Accoutred as heroes, on horse bold to charge:  
They're true blades of honour for glory they pant,  
To make love, and sing with their sweethearts to jaunt,  
And caper at times, "Cameronian Rant,"  
Nor grumble tho' quickly a weeks pay be spent,  
In rapture, from griefs' cutting thoughts to emerge.

How many a fair one has got a green gown?  
The link that allures them to love a dragoon;  
'To follow them, Zounds! they will run round the  
earth.

In war hard a' marching they deem it no toil,  
When conquest is made, they take care of the spoil,  
Thus life runs with pleasure, to love on the soil,  
To yield us a young sweet dragoon the mean while,  
Thus mirth, bread, and cheese, comes prompt at  
the birth.

Oh! tell me what boys can our troopers withstand,  
So dashingly, charging, on high or low laid,  
Trim each on a charger, so charmingly clean.  
They're the prim mounted guardian of the British  
crown,  
To punish proud Gaul, or a Boney knock down,  
Respected in city, in country, or town,  
When they gallop to fame, and glitt'ring renown,  
With a long dashing sword, so warlike and keen.

## MANAGER IN DISTRESS.

*Dedicated to the Most Noble the MARQUIS OF  
HERTFORD.*

To thee his *Majesty's* Lord Chamberlain,  
Oh ! lend an ear, nor negligent decline ;  
'Tis of a mortal neither more nor less,  
Than once an acting manager—in distress.  
A Siddons, and his patent knock me down,  
And left me nought but hunger and renown ;  
How comes it that the mighty thinks it fit  
To lay such burdens on the man of wit.  
A dunce, a fellow with small leaden'd brains,  
Rolls in his silken rob, and claims the reigns ;  
To rule and crub real genius, thus devour,  
'Till real merit sinks 'neath tyger power :  
Ah ! Siddons, what is he ?—low in the dust !  
Whose horrid treatment I did feel unjust ;  
I do not say you knew of this my Lord,  
That I from righteous justice was debar'd.  
Yet hopes your tenderness to duty bent,  
Will give the manager, some *cent per cent*.  
Give what is just, what nature most requires,  
What honest honour claims, where truth aspires.  
Do this while in existence, to make known,  
The generous hand be in yours, and right our own. \*

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 IMPROVEMENT.

THERE seems to be a perpetual war in nature, the elements, the passions—land and water are ever in hostile broil. Swift has said, “ that him who makes

\* Liberty to act my Plays.

one ear of corn to grow, where there was none, deserves more thanks of mankind, than all the courtiers that ever lived." How far this may be allowed we leave the reader to judge; but one thing certain there is, land and water are ever at war. Alas! how many acres has been washed away, nay, whole parishes are swept by the devouring element. Betwixt Leith and Newhaven, not even a foot path is left. How shocking to see so many seamen and others, cannot get employment. London, Glasgow, and Edinburgh swarm with them; and yet no notice is taken of the policy of Holland. Their wisdom is a pattern to all the human race. Hundreds of acres, within these hundred years by gone, are in a manner no more. If this country cannot invade the sea, similar to the Dutch, we ought to try to save what we have. Betwixt Leith Battery, and the coast west to Crammon, whole acres have been swallowed up. It would give a great many employment, to raise large stones piled in a descending form, similar to Leith Peir. This ought to be a national object; one acre at home, is worth ten abroad. Gibraltar and St Helena, coast more expence than all the improvements ever done by government at home.

While Dutchmen takes from sea what land they choose,  
 We look indifferent on our land we loose;  
 The Goodwin sands was once a beauteous plain,  
 Deep now the bottom of the raging main.  
 The Norfolk coast, its fixture cannot keep,  
 Each storm it sweeps an acre in the deep;  
 And rocky Scotland is not proof 'gainst storms,  
 The tempest bold invades, our land deforms.

FINIS.











