

YOUNG EDWARD THE *Gallant Hussar.*



A Damsel possess'd of great beauty,
She stood by her own father's gate,
The gallant Hussars were on duty,
To view them this maiden did wait.

Their horses were capering and prancing,
Their accoutrements shone like a star,
From the plains they were nearer advancing,
She espied her young gallant Hussar.

Their pelisses were slung o'er their shoulders,
So careless they seem'd for to ride;
So warlike appeared those young soldiers,
With glittering swords by their side.

To the barracks next morning so early,
This damsel she went in her car;
Because that she loved him sincerely—
Young Edward the gallant Hussar.

It was there she conversed with her soldier,
These words they were heard for to say—
Said Jane, 'I've heard none more bolder,
To follow my laddie away.

O fie! said young Edward, 'be steady,
And think of the dangers of war;
When the trumpet sounds I must be ready,
So wed not your gallant Hussar.'

'For twelve months on bread and cold water,
My parents confined me for you,
O! hard-hearted friends to their daughter,
Whose heart is so loyal and true.

Unless they confine me for ever
Or banish me from you afar,
I will follow my soldier so clever,
To wed with my gallant Hussar.'

Said Edward, 'your friends you must mind them
Or else you are for ever undone,
They will leave you no portion behind them,
So pray do my company shun.'

She said, 'if you be true-hearted,
I have gold of my uncle's in store,
From this time no more, we'll be parted,
I will wed with my gallant Hussar.'

As he gazed on each beautiful feature,
The tears they did fall, from each eye,
'I will wed with this beautiful creature,
To forsake cruel war,' he did cry.

So now they're united together,
Friends think of them now they're afar,
Crying heaven bless them now and for ever,
Young Jane and her gallant Hussar.'



BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE.



CAM' ye by Athol braes lad wi' the philabeg,
Down by the Tumel or banks o' the Gairy
Saw ye the lad wi' his bonnet and white cockade,
Leaving his mountains to follow Prince Charlie.

Follow thee, follow thee, wha wadna follow thee,
Lang hast thou loved and trusted us fairly,
Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow thee,
King o' the Highland hearts,
Bonny Prince Charlie.

I hae but ae son, my brave young Donald
But if I had ten they wad follow Glengarie,
Health to Clan Ronald and gallant MacDonald,
For they are the lads that wad dee for their Charlie.
Follow thee, follow thee, &c.

Saw ye the brithers twin born in Dornock,
Twa bonny young lasses, wha loved them dearly,
Their hame and their mithers, their hills & their vallies
All they have left to follow Prince Charlie,
Follow thee, follow thee, &c.

I'll to Lochiel an Appin and kneel to them;
Down by Lord Murray and Roy of Kildarlie;
Brave Mackintosh he shall fly to the field with them;
They are the lads I can trust wi' my Charlie,
Follow thee, follow thee, &c.

Down through the Lowlands, down with the wigamore
Loyal true Highlanders, down with it rarely
Ronald and Donald drive on with the braid claymore,
Over the necks of the foes of Prince Charlie.
Follow thee, follow thee, &c.

