

Duncan Campbell.

My name is Duncan Campbell from the shire of Argyle
I have travell'd this country for many a long mile,
I have travell'd through England and Ireland and a'
And the name I go under is bold Erin-go-Bragh.

The night in auld Reekie, as I walked down the Street,
A saucy policeman I chanced to meet;
He glowered in my face and he gave me some jaw,
Saying, when came you over from Erin-go-Bragh.

I am not a Paddy, though Ireland I have seen,
Nor am I a Paddy, though in Ireland I have been,
But though I were a Paddy, that's nothing ava,
There's many a bold hero from Erin-go-Bragh.

I know you are a Pat by the cut of your hair,
But you all turn Scotchmen as soon as you come here,
You have left your own country for breaking the law,
We are seizing all strangers from Erin-go-Bragh.

Well, though I were a Paddy and I know it to be true,
Or were I the devil, pray what's that to you?
If it was not for that batton you hold in your paw,
I would show you a game played in Erin-go-Bragh.

Then a switch of black thorn I held in my fist,
Across his big body I made it to twist,
And the blood from his napper I quickly did draw,
I paid stock and interest for Erin-go-Bragh.

The people came round me like a flock of wild geese,
Saying, stop that d—d rascal he has kill'd our police;
And for one friend I had, I'm sure he had twa,—
It was very tight times with Erin-go-Bragh.

But I came to a wee boatie that sails on the Forth
I pack'd up my all and steered for the north.
Farewell to auld Reekie, the police and a'—
May the devil be with you, said Erin-go-Bragh.

Come all ye brave fellows that here of this song—
I dont care a farthing to where you belong—
For I'm from my shore, in the Highlands so braw
But I ne'er took it ill when called Erin-go-Bragh.

I cannot mind my Wheel, Mother.

I cannot mind my wheel, mother
I cannot mind my wheel,
You know not what my heart mu'
You know not what I feel.
My thread is idly cast, mother,
My thoughts are o'er the sea;
My hopes are fading fast, mother,
Yet feel you not for me.

I had a dreadful dream, mother,
'Twas of a ship at sea;
I saw a form amidst the storm,
I heard him call on me.
I heard him call on me, mother,
As plain as I now speak;
I thought my brain would burst, mother,
I thought my heart would break.
For me he perils life, mother,
The weary ocean wide;
And yet a word—one word from you—
Had kept him by my side.
My wheel had gaily sped, mother,
My thoughts of home smiled free,
But now my smiles have fled, mother,
My heart is o'er the sea.

Enniskillen Dragoon.

A beautiful damsel of fame and renown,
A gentleman's daughter near Monnikes town;
She rode by the barracks—the beautiful maid—
She stood in her coach to see the dragoons parade.
They were all dressed neat, like gentlemen's sons,
With bright shining swords and carbine guns;
With ever-mounted pistols—she observed them full soon,
Because she loved her Enniskillen dragoon.
You bright sons of Mars who stand on the right,
Your armour does shine like the bright stars by night,
Saying, William dear William, you have listed full soon,
Because she loved her Enniskillen dragoon.
William dear William, never mind what they say,
For children are bound their dear parents to obey;
When we leave old Ireland they'll all change their tone;
The Lord be with you, my Enniskillen dragoon.
Farewell, Enniskillen! farewell for a while!
All round the borders of Erin's green isle.
And when the wars are over you'll return in full bloom,
And you'll be welcome home, Enniskillen dragoon.
Now the wars are over, and William's returned at last,
Our regiment lay in Dublin and William got a cast,
Last Sunday they were married and William was
groom,
And now she enjoys her Enniskillen dragoon.

