



# A DREAM OF NAPOLEON

One night sad and languid I went to my bed,  
And scarce had reclined on my pillow,  
When a vision surprising came into my head,  
Methought I was crossing the billow.  
Methought as my vessel dash'd over the deep,  
I beheld a rude rock that grows craggy and steep,  
Ah! what a rock where the willow is now seen to weep,

O'er the grave of the once fam'd Napoleon.

I dream'd as my vessel she near'd to the land,  
I beheld clad in green his bold figure;  
The trumpet of fame he clasp'd firm in his hand,  
On his brow their sat valour and rigour;  
"Ah, stranger," he cried, has thou ventur'd to me,  
From the land of thy fathers who boast they are free?

If so a true story I'll tell unto thee,  
Concerning the once fam'd Napoleon.

"Remember that year so immortal," he cried,  
When I cross'd the rude Alps, fam'd in story,  
With the legions of France, for her sons were my pride,  
And I led them to honour and glory!  
On the plains of Marengo I tyranny hurled;  
And whenever my banner the eagle unfurled,  
Thus the standard of freedom all over the world,  
The signal of fame—cried Napoleon.

As a soldier I've borne both the heat and the cold,  
I've march'd to the trumpet and slymbal;  
By dark deeds of treachery I have been sold,  
Though monarchs before me did tremble;  
Now rulers and princes their stations demean,  
d like scorpions spit forth their venom and spleen  
Liberty soon o'er the world shall be seen,  
woke from my dream, cried Napoleon.



# DUNCAN CAMPBELL

—Shops and Hawkers supplied.

My name's Duncan Campbell from the shire of Argyle  
I travelled this country for many a mile,  
I have travelled thro' England and Ireland and a',  
And the name I go under's bold Erin-go-Bragh

One night in Auld Reeky, as I walked down the street  
A saucy policeman I chanc'd for to meet,  
He glower'd in my face and gave me some jaw,  
Saying, when came you over from Erin-go-Bragh

I am not a paddy, though Ireland I've seen,  
Nor am I paddy, tho' in Ireland I've been,  
But tho' I were a paddy, that's nothing awa,  
There's many a brave hero from Erin-go-Bragh

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

Well tho' I were a paddy, and you knew it to be true,  
But were I the Devil, pray what's that to you;  
If it were not that baton you hold in your paw,  
I'd show you a game play'd in Erin-go-Bragh.

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

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

But I come to a wee boat that sails on the Firth,  
I pack'd up, my all and sail'd to the North;  
Farewell to Auld Reeky, the police and a',  
May the Devil go with them says Erin-go-Bragh.

Come all you brave fellows that hear of this song,  
I don't care a farthing to where you belong;  
For I'm from Argyleshire in the Highland's so braw,  
But I ne'er took it ill when called Erin-go-Bragh.

