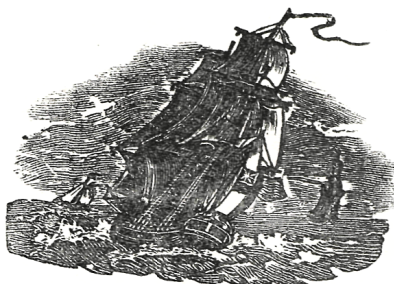




MAGGIE LAUDER.

Wha wadna be in love
 Wi' bonny Maggie Lauder?
 A piper met her gaun to Fife,
 And spier'd wat was't they ca'd her;
 Right scornfully she answer'd him,
 Begone, ye hallanshaker;
 Jog on your gate, you bladderskate,
 My name is Maggie Lauder.
 Maggie, quoth he, and by my bags,
 I'm fidgeting fain to see thee;
 Sit down by me, my bonny bird,
 In troth I winna steer thee;
 For I'm a piper to my trade,
 My name is Rob the Ranter,
 The lasses loup as they were daft,
 When I blaw up my chanter.
 Piper, quoth Meg, hae you your bags,
 Or is your drone in order?
 If you be Rob I've heard of ye,
 Live upo' the border?
 The lasses a', baith far and near,
 Hae heard of Rob the Ranter;
 I'll shake my foot wi' right good will,
 Gif you'll blaw up your chanter.
 Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,
 About the drone he twisted;
 Meg up and wallop'd o'er the green,
 For brawly could she frisk it,
 Weel done quoth he—play up quoth she—
 Well bobb'd, quoth Rob the Ranter;
 'Tis worth my while to play, indeed,
 When I hae sic a dancer.
 Weel hae you played your part, quoth Meg,
 Your checks are like the crimson;
 There's nane in Scotland plays so weel,
 Since we lost Habby Simpson.
 I've lived in Fife, baith maid and wife,
 These ten years and a quarter;
 Gin ye should come to Anster Fair,
 Spier ye for Maggie Lauder.

G. Walker, Printer, Sadler-Street, Durham.



IF ERE THAT DREADFUL HOUR.

If ere that dreadful hour should come—but God avert the day
 When England's glorious flag must bend, and yield old ocean's
 sway;
 When foreign ships shall o'er that deep where she is empress,
 lord;
 When the cross of red, from bowsprit head, is hewn by foreign
 sword;
 When foreign foot, her quarter-deck, with proud stride treads
 along;
 When her peaceful ships, meet haughty check, from hail of
 foreign tongue;
 One prayer, one only prayer is mine, that ere is seen that sight,
 Ere there be warning of that woe, I may be whelm'd in night.
 If ever other prince than ours wield sceptre o'er that main,
 Where Howard, Blake, and Frobisher, the Armada smote of
 Spain:
 Where Blake, in Cromwell's iron sway, swept tempest-like, the
 seas;
 From north to south, from east to west, resistless as the breeze;
 Where Russell beat great Louis' power, which bent before to
 none;
 And crush'd his arm of naval strength, and dimn'd his rising
 sun;
 One prayer, one only prayer is mine, that ere is seen that sight,
 Ere there be warning of that woe, I may be whelm'd in night.
 If ever other keel than ours triumphant ploughs that brine,
 Where Rodney met the Count de Grasse, and broke the French-
 man's line;
 Where Howe, upon the first of June, met the Jacobins in fight,
 And, with Old England's loud huzzas, broke down the godless
 might:
 Where Jervis, at St. Vincent's, fell'd the Spaniards' lofty tiers;
 Where Duncan won at Camperdown, and Exmouth at Algiers;
 One prayer, one only prayer is mine, that ere is seen that sight,
 Ere there be warning of that woe, I may be whelm'd in night,
 But oh! what agony it were, when we should think on thee,
 The flower of all the admirals that ever trod the sea;
 I shall not name thy honour'd name, but if the white cliff'd isle,
 Which rear'd the lion of the deep, the hero of the Nile;
 Him who, 'neath Copenhagen's self, o'erthrew the faithless
 Dane,
 Who died at glorious Trafalgar, o'er vanquish'd France and
 Spain,
 Should yield her power, one prayer is mine, that ere is seen that
 sight,
 Ere there be warning of that woe, I may be whelm'd in night.

