

MARY

Of Glenkilloch.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

Ye Mariners of Britain,

This no mine ain House,

My Jocky's far awa',

AND

The King's Anthem.



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1817.

Mirk an' rainy is the night,
 ne'er a starn keeks thro' the carry,
 Lightnings gleam athwart the list,
 an' winds drive wi' winter's fury.

Fearfu' soughs the boor-tree bank,
 the rifted wood roars wild an' dreary !
 Loud the iron yate does clank,
 an' cry o' howlets maks me eerie.

Aboon my breath I daurna speak,
 for fear I rouse your waukrife daddy ;
 Canld's the blast upon my cheek,
 O rise, rise my bonny laddy.

She op'd the door, she lot me in,
 I cuist aside my dreepin' plaidie ;
 Blaw your warst ye win's an' rain,
 since Maggie now I'm in aside ye.

Now since ye're wauken Maggie,
 Now since ye're wauken Maggie,
 What care I for howlets cry,
 For boor-tree bank, or warloch craigie.

THE MARINERS OF BRITAIN.

YE Mariners of Britain,
 That guard our natives seas,
 Whose flag has brav'd a thousand years
 the battle and the breeze,
 Your glorious Standard launch again,
 to match another foe,
 And sweep thro' the deep,
 while the stormy tempests blow.
 While the battle rages long and loud,
 And the stormy tempests blow.

The spirit of your fathers
 Shall start from ev'ry wave,
 For the deck it was their field of fame,
 the ocean was their grave;
 Where Blake, the boast of freedom, fought,
 your manly hearts shall glow,
 As ye sweep o'er the deep
 while the stormy tempests blow.
 While the battle rages, &c.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
 no tow'r along the steep;
 Her march is o'er the mountain-wave,
 her home is on the deep:

With thunder from her native oak,
 she quells the floods below,
 Like the roar on the shore,
 when the stormy tempests blow.

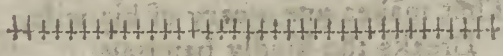
The meteor flag of Britain,
 shall yet terrific burn!

Till danger's troubled night depart,
 and the star of peace return;

Then, then ye ocean-warriors,
 our song and feast shall flow

To the fame of your name,
 when the trumpets cease to blow.

When the fiery light is heard no more,
 and the tempests cease to blow.



THIS IS NO MINE AIN HOUSE.

O this is no mine ain house,
 I ken by the rigging o't;
 Since wi' my love I've chang'd vows,
 I dinna like the bigging o't:
 For now that I'm young Robie's bride,
 And mistress of his fire-side,
 Mine ain house I like to guide,
 And please me wi' the trigging o't.

Then fareweel to my father's house,
 I gang where love invites me;
 The strictest duty this allows,
 when love with honour meets me.
 When Hymen moulds us into ane,
 My Robie's nearer than my kin,
 And to refuse him were a sin,
 Sae lang's he kindly treats me.

When I am in mine ain house,
 true love shall be at hand ay,
 To make me still a prudent spouse,
 and let my man command ay;
 Avoiding ilka cause of strife,
 The common pest of married life,
 That makes ane weary of his wife,
 Breaks the kindly band ay.

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MY JOCKY'S FAR AWA':

Now simmer decks the fields wi' flow'rs,
 the trees wi' leaves sae green,
 And little birds around their bow'rs
 in harmony convene:

The cuckoo flies frae tree to tree,
while saft the zephyrs blaw;

But what are a' thae joys to me
when Jocky's far awa'?

CHORUS.

My Jocky's far awa' on sea,
my Jocky's far awa' ;

But what are a' thae joys to me,
when Jocky's far awa'?

Last May-morning, how sweet to see
the little lambkins play!

Whilst my dear lad alang wi' me
did gently wa'k that way.

On yon greenbank sweet flow'rs he pou'd,
to busk my bosom bra' ;

But what are a' thae joys to me,
for now he's far awa'.

My Jocky's far awa', &c.

O gentle peace return again,
bring Jocky to my arms,

Frae dangers on the raging main,
an' safe frae war's alarms.

If e'er we meet, nae mair we'll part,
while I ha'e breath to draw ;

Nae mair I'll sing wi' aching heart,
My Jocky's far awa', &c.

THE KING'S ANTHEM.

FAME let thy trumpet sound!
 Tell all the world around
 Great GEORGE is King!
 Tell Rome, and France, and Spain,
 Britannia scorns their chain;
 All their vile arts are vain,
 Great GEORGE is King!

We will his life defend,
 And make his power extend
 Wide as his fame.

May choicest blessings shed
 On his exalted head,
 And make his foes to dread
 Great GEORGE our King.

He peace and plenty brings,
 While Rome's deluded kings
 Waste and destroy:

Then let his people sing,
 Long live great GEORGE our King,
 From whom such blessings spring,
 Freedom and joy.