

The Bonny Lads  
OF  
CALDER BRAES,

To which are added,

The Snug Little Island,  
Jenny's Bawbee,

AND

Q Mary of Scotland's  
Farewel to Calais.



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THE  
BONNY LASS OF CALDER BRAES.

[TUNE—*Logan Water.*]

WHEN cares were few, and life was young,  
On Calder-braes I danc'd and sung,  
Unpain'd by keen remorse's dart,  
Joy flow'd spontaneous from my heart;  
To crown the happy mundane scene,  
I lov'd—nor did I love in vain;  
The theme of all my artless lays  
Was my dear lass of Calder-braes.

Thrice happy days, your loss I mourn,  
You're gone—ah! never to return:  
Ambition's *ignis fatu's* glare  
Transform'd my bliss to black despair!  
The pomp of war, and pride of arms;  
Appear'd with such resistless charms,  
I left to face my country's foes)  
My weeping maid on Calder-braes.

In martial conflict first I shone,  
In climes below the burning zone;  
Beneath Seringapatam's wall  
I saw the tyrant Sultan's fall;  
Amidst the carnage of the day,  
Where dead and dying round me lay,  
'Midst cannons' roar, and lightning's blaze,  
I thought on peaceful Calder-braes.

With laurels crown'd, with wealth array'd,  
 Again I fought my native shade,  
 In hopes my long-lost love to meet,  
 To lay my laurels at her feet;  
 Alas! I never saw her more!  
 My sanguine dreams of bliss are o'er:  
 My only pleasure's now to gaze  
 On her lov'd grave on Calder-braes:



### THE SNUG LITTLE ISLAND.

DADDY Neptune one day to Freedom did say,  
 If ever I liv'd upon dry land,  
 The spot I should live on, would be little Britain.  
 Says Freedom, Why, that's my own island.

O what a snug little Island!  
 A right little, tight little island:  
 All the globe round, none can be found  
 So happy as this little island.

Julius Cæsar, the Roman, who yielded to  
 no man,  
 Came by water, he could'nt come by land;  
 And Dane, Piet. and Saxon, their homes turn'd  
 their backs on,  
 And all for the sake of our island.

O what a snug little Island!  
 They'd all have a touch at the Island;  
 Some were shot dead, some of them fled,  
 And some stay'd to live in the Island.

Then a very great war-man, call'd Billy,  
 the Norman,  
 Cry'd, Damn it, I never liked my land;  
 It would be much more handy to leave  
 this Normandy,  
 And live on yon beautiful Island.

Says he, 'Tis a snug little Island;  
 Shan't us go visit the Island?  
 Hop, skip and jump, there he was plump,  
 And he kick'd up a dust in the Island.

Yet party deceit help'd the Normans to beat,  
 Of traitors they manag'd to buy land;  
 By Dane, Saxon, or Pict, we ne'er had been lick'd  
 Had they stuck to the King of the Island.

Poor Harold, the King of the Island,  
 He lost both his life and his Island;  
 That's very true—what could he do?  
 Like a Briton he died for his Island.

Then the Spanish Armada set out to invade a,  
 Quite sure, if they ever came nigh land,  
 The cou'dn't do no less than tuck up  
 Queen Bess,  
 And take their full swing in the Island:

O the poor Queen of the Island!  
 The Dons came to plunder the Island;  
 But, snug in her hive, the Queen was alive,  
 And buz was the word at the Island.

These proud puff'd-up cakes, thought to make  
 ducks a drakes  
 Of our wealth, but they scarcely could  
 spy land,  
 Ere our Drake had the luck to make their  
 pride duck,  
 And stoop to the lads of the Island.

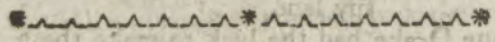
Huzza, for the lads of the Island!  
 The good wooden walls of the Island!  
 Devil or Don, let 'em come on,  
 But how would they come off at the Island?

I don't wonder much, that the French and  
 the Dutch,  
 Have since been oft tempted to try land:  
 I wonder much less they have met no success,  
 For why should we give up our Island?

O 'tis a wonderful Island!  
 All of 'em long for the Island:  
 Hold a bit there—let 'em take fire and air,  
 But we'll have the sea and the Island.

Then since Fræedom and Neptune have hit  
 therto kept tune,  
 In each taying, This shall be my lands;

Should the army of England, or all they could  
 bring, land,  
 We'd shew 'em some play for the Island.  
 We'd fight for our right to the Island,  
 We'd give 'em enough of the Island;  
 Frenchmen should just—bite at our dust,  
 But not a bit more of the Island.



JENNY'S BAWBEE.

I met four chaps yon birks amang,  
 Wi' hanging lugs and faces lang,  
 I speer'd at niebour Baldy Strang,  
 What are they these we see?  
 Quoth he Ilk cream-fac'd pawky chiel,  
 Thinks himsell cunning as the de'il,  
 And here they cam awa to steal  
 Jenny's bawbee.

The first, a Captain to his trade,  
 Wi' ill lin'd scull, and back well clad,  
 March'd roun' the barn, and bye the shed,  
 And papped on his knee:  
 Quoth he. My bonny nymph and queen,  
 Your beauty's dazl'd baith my een:  
 But feint a beauty he had seen  
 But Jenny's bawbee.

A norlan' Laird neist trotted up,  
 Wi' bassen'd nag, and filter whip,  
 Cry'd. Here's my beast lad, had the grip,  
 Or tie him to a tree;  
 What's goud to me, I've wealth o' lan'  
 Bestow on ane o' worth your han'.  
 He thought to pay what he was awn  
 Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

A lawyer neist wi' blatherin' gab,  
 Wi' speeches o'we like ony web;  
 In ilk anes corn he took a dab,  
 An' a' for a fee:

Accounts he ow'd thro' a' the town,  
 And tradesmen's tongues nae nair cou'd drow;  
 But now he thought to clout his gown  
 Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

Quite spruce, just frae the washing tubs,  
 A fool came neist, but life has rubs,  
 Foul were the roads, and fu' the dubs,  
 And fair besmear'd was he;  
 He danc'd up, squintin' thro' a glafs,  
 And grinn'd— I faith, a bonny las;  
 He thought to win wi' front o' brifs,  
 And Jenny's bawbee.

She bade the laird gae kaim his wig,  
 The soldier not to strut sae big,  
 The lawyer not to be a prig,  
 The fool he cry'd, Tee-hee:

I ken'd that I cou'd never fail;  
 But she prin'd the dish-clout to his tail,  
 And cool'd him wi' a water-pail,  
 And kept her bawbee.

Then Johnny cam', a lad o' sense,  
 Altho' he had na mony pence,  
 He took young Jenny to the spence,  
 Wi' her to crack a wee:

Now Johnny was a clever chiel,  
 And here his suit he press'd sae weel,  
 That Jenny's heart grew fast as jeel,  
 And she birl'd her bawbee.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTLAND'S

FAREWEL to CALAIS.

FAREWELL sweet seat of innocence & mirth,  
 Where first my breast to youthful joys  
 beat true:

France! thou dearest region of the earth,  
 And you, my early blissful days, adieu!

The bark that seems to bear me thus away,  
 Yet bears of me, poor exile, but a part;  
 In thy lov'd haunts, where I was wont to stray,  
 I've left the prime affections of my heart.

These still are thine, nor am I quite bereft,  
 If but with these thy fostering smiles agree;  
 For still recurring to its pledges left,  
 My sympathizing soul shall tend to thee.

F I N I S.