

# FOUR Scottish Songs.

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The Haughs of Cromdale.

Battle of the Nile.

Déspairing Mary.

I'll aye ca' in by yon town.



FALKIRK:  
PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

FOUR  
SONGS.

*Haughs of Cromdale.*

As I came in by Auchindown,  
A little wee bit frae the town,  
Unto the Highlands I was bound,  
To view the Haughs of Cromdale.

Sing, Dandy didle, faty fidle,  
Heuch an' doodle, fidle fadle,  
Unto the Highlands I was bound,  
To view the Haughs of Cromdale.

I met a man in tartan trews,  
I spiered at him what was the news,  
Said he, the Highland army rues,  
That e'er they came to Cromdale.  
Sing, dandy didle, faty fidle, &c.

They were in bed sure every man,  
When the English host upon them came,  
A bloody blattle soon began  
Upon the Haughs of Cromdale.  
Sing, dandy didle, faty fidle, &c.

The English horse they were so rude,  
They bath'd their hoofs in Highland blood,

For our noble clans they boldly stood,  
 Upon the Haughs of Cromdale.  
 Sing, dandy didle, faty fidle, &c.

Our noble clans they could not stay,  
 Out o'er the hills they ran away,  
 And sore they do lament the day,  
 That e'er they came to Cromdale.  
 Sing, dandy didle, faty fidle, &c.

Says great Montrose, I must not stay,  
 Wilt thou direct the nearest way,  
 Out o'er the hills I'll go this day,  
 And see the Haughs of Cromdale.  
 Sing, dandy didle, faty fidle, &c.

Alas! my Lord, you are not strong,  
 You scarcely have two thousand men,  
 And there's twenty thousand on the plain,  
 Lies rank and file on Cromdale.  
 Sing, dandy didle, faty fidle, &c.

Says great Montrose, I will not stay,  
 So direct me the nearest way  
 Out o'er the hills I'll go this day,  
 And to the Haughs of Cromdale.  
 Sing dandy didle, faty fidle, &c.

They were at dinner every man,  
 When great Montrose upon them cam,  
 A second battle there began,  
 Upon the Haughs of Cromdale.  
 Sing, dandy didle, faty fidle, &c.

The M'Donalds they returned again,  
 The Camerons did their standard join,  
 M'Intoshes play'd a bonny game  
 Upon the Haughs of Cromdale.  
 Sing, dandy didle, faty fiddle, &c.

M'Phersons fought like lions bold,  
 M'Gregors none could them controul,  
 M'Lachlans fought with valiant soul,  
 Upon the Haughs of Cromdale.  
 Sing, dandy didle, faty fiddle,

M-Leans, M'Dougals, and M'Neals,  
 So boldly as they took the field,  
 And made their enemies to yield,  
 Upon the Haughs of Cromdale.  
 Sing, dandy didle, faty fiddle, &c.

The Gordons boldly did advance,  
 The Frazers fought with sword and lance,  
 The Grahams did make their heads to dance  
 Upon the Haughs of Cromdale.  
 Sing, dandy didle, faty fiddle, &c.

The royal Stuarts and Montrose,  
 So boldly did engage their foes,  
 And brought them down by bandy blows,  
 Upon the Haughs of Cromdale.  
 Sing, dandy didle, faty fiddle, &c.

Out of twenty thousand Englishmen,  
 Five hundred fled to Aberdeen;

The rest of them all lay slain,  
 Upon the Haughs of Cromdale.  
 Sing, dandy didle, faty fille, &c.

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*Battle of the Nile.*

'Twas on the forenoon, the first day of August,  
 One thousand seven hundred and ninety-eight,  
 We had a long pursuit after the Toulon fleet,  
 And soon we let them know that we came to  
 fight,  
 We tried their skill, it was sore against their will,  
 They knew not what to think of our fleet for a  
 while,  
 But before the fray began, we resolved to a man,  
 For to conquer or to die at the mouth of the Nile.

When our guns began to play, with many a loud  
 huzza,  
 Resolving to conquer, or die like a man,  
 And when our sails were bending, Old England  
 was depending,  
 Waiting our return from the Mediterranean.  
 Our bull-dogs they did roar, & into them did pour,  
 With rattling broadsides made brave Nelson to  
 smile.  
 Gallant Nelson gave command, although he'd but  
 one hand,  
 British sailor's jump'd for joy at the mouth of the  
 Nile.

Night drew on we formed a plan,  
 To set fire to one hundred and twenty guns,  
 We selected them with skill, and into them drill,  
 We secured all our shipping, and laughed at the  
 fun,

About ten o'clock at night it was a broiling sight,  
 Which caused us to muzzle our bull-dogs for a  
 while,

The L'Orient blew up, and round went the cup,  
 To the glorious memorandum at the mouth of  
 the Nile.

Kind Providence protected us each minute of the  
 night,

It's more than tongue can tell, or yet a pen to  
 write,

For 'mongst the jolly tars, brave Nelson got a scar,  
 But Providence protected him through that cruel  
 fight.

The French may repine, we took nine sail of the  
 line,

Burnt and sunk all but two, which escaped for a  
 while;

Brave Nelson gave command, although he'd but  
 one hand,

British sailors fought like lions at the mouth of  
 the Nile.

But now the battle's o'er, and Toulon fleet's no  
 more,

Great news we shall send unto George our King,  
 All the kingdoms in Europe will join us in chorus,

The bells they shall ring, and bonfires they shall  
blaze,  
Rule Britannia shall be sung through country and  
town,  
While sailors hand in hand round the can doth sing  
Buonaparte got the pledge of Egypt for his wage,  
And he'll ne'er forget bold Nelson at the mouth  
of the Nile.

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*Despairing Mary.*

MARY, why thus waste thy youth time in sor-  
row?

See a' around you the flow'rs sweetly blaw;  
Blythe sets the sun o'er the wild cliffs of Jura,  
Blythe sings the mavis on ilka green shaw.  
"How can this heart ever think mair of pleasure,  
Summer may smile, but delight I ha'e nane:  
Cauld in the grave lies my heart's only treasure,  
Nature seems dead since my Jamie is gane.

"This 'kerchief he gave me, a true lover's token,  
Dear, dear to me was the gift for his sake!  
I wear't near my heart, but this poor heart is bro-  
ken,  
Hope died with Jamie, and left it to break.  
Sighing for him, I lie down in the e'ning,  
Sighing for him, I wake in the morn;  
Spent are my days a' in secret repining,  
Peaco to this bosom can never return.

" Oft have we wander'd in sweetest retirement,  
 Telling our loves, neath the moons silent beam,  
 Sweet were our meetings of tender endearment,  
 But fled are these joys like a fleet-passing dream  
 Cruel remembrance, ah! why wilt thou wreck me,  
 Brooding o'er joys that for ever are flown!  
 Cruel remembrance in pity forsake me,  
 Flee to some bosom where grief is unknown!"

---

*I'll aye ca' in by yon town.*

I'LL ay ca' in by yon town,  
 And by yon garden green again;  
 I'll ay ca' in by yon town,  
 And see my bonny Jean again.

There's nane shall ken, there's nane shall guess,  
 What brings me back the gate again,  
 But she, my fairest faithfu' lass,  
 And stowlins we shall meet again.

She'll wander by the aiken tree,  
 When trystin'-time draws near again;  
 And when her lovely form I see,  
 O haith, she's doubly dear again!

I'll ay ca' in by yon town,  
 And by yon garden green again;  
 I'll ay ca' in by yon town,  
 And see my bonny Jean again.