

The Tragedy of
Sir James
THE ROSE.

To which is added,
Hearts of Oak, &c.
Queen Mary's Lament,
Fair Sufannah.



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1815.

SIR JAMES THE ROSE.

O heard you of Sir James the Rose,
 the young heir o' Buleighan?
 For he has kill'd a gallant 'Squire,
 Whase friends are out to tak htm.
 Now he has gane to the house o' Mar,
 whare nane might feik to find him;
 To see his dear he did repair,
 Weining she would befriend him.

Whar are you gaing Sir James? she said,
 O whar awa' are ye riding?
 I maun be bound to a foreign land,
 and now I'm under hiding.
 Whar fall I gae, whar fall I rin,
 whar fall I rin to lay me?
 For I hae kill'd a gallant 'Squire,
 and his friends seek to slay me.

O gae ye down to yon laigh hōuse,
 I fall pay there your hōwing;
 And as I am your leman trew,
 I'll meet you at the dawing.
 He turn'd him right and rōund about,
 and row'd him in his brechan;

And laid him down to tak a sleep,
in the lowlands o' Buleighan.

He was nae well gane out o' sight,
nor was he past Millstrethen,
Whan four-and-twenty belted Knights
came riding ovr the Leathen.
O hae ye seen Sir James the Rose,
the young heir o' Buleighan?
For he has kill'd a gallant 'Squire,
and we are sent to tak him.

Yea, I hae seen Sir James the Rose,
he past by here on Monday;
Gin the steed be swift that he rides on,
he's past the heights of Lundie.
But as wi' speid they rade awa,
she loudly cry'd behind them,
Gin ye'll gie me a worthy meid,
I'll tell ye whar to find him.

O tell, fair maid, and, on our band,
ye'fe get his purse and brechan.
He's in the bank aboon the mill,
in the lawlands o' Buleighan.
Then out and spak Sir John the Graham,
wha had the charge a-keiping,

It's ne'er be said, my stalwart feres,
we kill'd him when a-sleiping.

They feiz'd his broad-sword and his targe,
and cl' sely him surrounded :

O pardon!—mercy! gentlemen,
he then sn' loudly sounded.

Sic as ye gae, sic ye sall hae,
nae grace we shaw to thee can.

D'nauld, my man, wait till I fa,
and ye sall hae my brechan;

Ye'll get my purse, tho' fu' o' gowd,
to tak me to Loch-Lagan.

Syne they tuke out his bleeding heart,
and set it on a spear;

Then tuke it to the house o' Mar,
and shaw'd it to his dear.

We could nae gie Sir James's purse,
we can nae gie his brechan,

But ve sall hae his bleeding heart,
but and his bleeding tartan.

Sir James the Rose, O for thy sake
my heart is now a-breaking!

Curs'd be the day, I wrought thy wae,
thou brave heir of Buleighan!

Then up she raise, and forth she gaes;
 and, in that hour o' tein,
 She wandered to the dowie glen,
 and never mair was seen.

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HEARTS OF OAK.

Come, cheer up, my lads,
 'tis to glory we steer,
 To add something new
 to this wonderful year;
 To honour we call you,
 don't oppress you, like slaves,
 For who are so free
 as the Sons of the Waves?

Hearts of Oak are our ships,
 Hearts of Oak are our men;
 We always are ready,
 Steady, boys, steady:
 We'll fight, and we'll conquer
 again and again.

We never meet our foes
 but we wish them to stay;

They never meet us,
but they wish us away :
If they run, then we follow,
and run them a-shore,
For if they won't fight us,
we cannot do more.
Hearts of Oak, &c.

They swear they'll invade us,
these terrible foes!
They frighten our women,
our children and beaux :
But should their flat bottoms
in darkness get 'er,
Still Britons they'll find
to receive them on shore.
Hearts of Oak, &c.

We'll still make them run,
And we'll still make them sweat,
In spite of the devil,
and Brussel's Gazette.
Then cheer up, my lads,
with one voice let us sing,
Our soldiers, our sailors,
our Statesmen and King.
Hearts of Oak, &c.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS,
LAMENT.

I sigh and lament me in vain,
these walls do but echo my moan;
Alas! it increases my pain,
when I think on the days that are gone!

Thro' the grate of my prison I see
the birds as they wanton in air;
My heart, how it pants to be free!
my looks they are wild with despair!

Above the opprest by my fate,
I burn with contempt for my foes;
Tho' fortune has alter'd my state,
she ne'er can subdue me to those.

False woman, in ages to come,
thy malice detested shall be;
And when we are cold in the tomb,
some heart still shall sorrow for me.

Ye roofs, where cold damps and dismay,
with silence and solitude dwell,
How comfortless passes the day—
how sad tolls the evening bell!

The owls from the battlements cry,
 hollow winds seem to murmur around,
 O Mary! prepare thee to die!—
 my blood it runs cold at the sound!

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FAIR SUSANNAH.

Ask if yon damask rose be sweet,
 that scents the ambient air;
 Then ask each shepherd that you meet
 if dear Susannah's fair?

Say, will the Vulture quit his prey,
 and warble thro' the grove?
 Bid wanton linnets quit the spray,
 then doubt thy shepherd's love.

The spoils of war let heroes share,
 let pride in splend' r shine!
 Ye bards, unenvy'd laurels wear,
 be fair Susannah mine!

F I N I S.

Falkirk—T. Johnston, Printer.