

King George IV.

HIS

Welcome to Scotland.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

Gloomy Winter's now awa'.

Gloomy Winter's come again.

The Emigrants' Farewel to Ayrshire.

The Sailor's Life.



Falkirk, Printed in the Year 1822.

KING GEORGE IVth's

WELCOME TO SCOTLAND.

LANG time we've waited for our King,
 That we might caper, rant and fling,
 And lightly dance, and gladly sing,
 You're welcome Royal Geordie.

CHORUS.

But oh! you are lang a-coming,
 Lang, lang, lang a-coming;
 O dinna be sae lang a-coming,
 Come awa, King Geordie.

Than Glasgow town there is not one,
 In a' your great and glorious lan',
 Who'll turn out a truer ban',
 To guard their Royal Geordie.
 And by the powers aboon we swear,
 If any traitor come you near,
 The fause loon we'll in pieces tear,
 A' for our love to Geordie.

For weel we ken your title's gude,
 And shall maintain it with our blude,
 If any foreign foeman should
 Dispute the right o' Geordie.
 Then hasre ye, Geordie, come awa,
 We'll dress our wives and weans fu' braw,
 They'll rend the lift wi' glad huzza,

To welcome their ain Geordie.
 In Edinbro' too time will pass sweet,
 Fize far and near they'll Geordie greet,

And you shall get braw lodgings, meet
 To house you, Royal Geordie.
 Your Court you'll haud in Holyrood,
 Where aft your ancestors have stood,
 All anxious for the public good,
 As now is Royal Geordie.

The Castle's ancient wa' you'll view,
 The auld Scotch Crown and Sceptre too,
 To wear them nane has right but you,
 So come awa King Geordie. -
 And at Dalkeith with Duke Buccleugh,
 Your people a' will round you bow,
 Wi' hearty love, and fealty true,
 To you their ain kind Geordie.

In Perthshire ye'll get Athol-Brose,
 And muir-fowl frae the great Montrose;
 Wi' us, my lad, ye'll be jocose,
 So haste you here King Geordie.
 And, by my troth, there's not a belle,
 Ev'n 'mangst the rare oncs of Pall-Mall,
 To match the Ladies at Dunkeld,
 Then hie you north King Geordie.

And we shall dance a Highland Reel,
 'Twill please you weel my Royal Chiel,
 On Scotia's heath to shake your heel,
 Wi' some braw lass, King Geordie.
 Then haste, my cock, and come awa,
 We'll welcome you wi' loud thuzza!
 And auld and young shall crouselly craw,
 Long live our ain King Geordie.

GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWAY.

GLOOMY Winter's now awa',
 Saft the westlin breezes blaw,
 'Mang the birks o' Stanlyshaw
 The mavis sings fae cheery O:
 Sweet the crawflow'r's early bell
 Decks Gleniffer's dewy bell,
 Blooming like thy bonnie sel',
 My young, my artless dearie O.

Come, my lassie, let us stray
 O'er Glenkilloch's sunny brae,
 Blythly spend the gouden day
 'Midst joys that never weary O.
 'Tow'ring o'er the *Newton* woods,
 Lavrocks fan the snaw-white clouds,
 Siller faughs wi' downy buds,
 Adorn the banks fae briery O.

Round the *Sylvan* fairy nooks,
 Feath'ry breckans fringe the rocks,
 'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,
 An' ilka thing is cheery O.
 Trees may bud, and birds may sing,
 Flow'rs may bloom, and verdure spring,
 Joy to me they canna bring,
 Unless wi' thee my deary O.

GLOOMY WINTER'S COME AGAIN.

GLOOMY Winter's come again,
 Heavy fa's the fleet and rain ;
 Flecky snaw decks white the plain,
 And ilka thing looks dreary, O!
 Hoary frost o'erspreads each dale,
 Glazing firm each chrystal rill,
 It minds me o' thy fickle sel',
 My fair, but faithless Mary, O.

Lanely I tread each tractless way,
 Where with thee, Mary, I did stray,
 My heart oppres'd with grief and wae,
 Thou'rt false, and a' looks weary, O.
 The high clad hills o'ertap the clouds,
 The hare flees tim'rous the woods,
 The trees forsaken by their buds,
 Emblems of me and Mary, O!

A' around deserted looks !
 Tangles fringe the barren rocks,
 And children by the ingle-neuks
 Tell tales that make them earie, O.
 Storms may rage, and tempells roar,
 Restless billows beat the shore,
 Joy on earth I'll ne'er ha'e more,
 But live and mourn my Mary, O.

THE
EMIGRANT'S FAREWEL
TO AYRSHIRE,



FAREWEL to Ayrshire's gilded streams,
Whar a' the sweets of Nature beams;
Farewel unto my bonny Jean.

For now maun billows roar between;
Farewel thof friends I l'v'd so dear.

Oft did your mirth my bosom cheer,
Farewel to a', ance a' my care,
Farewel ye bonny banks of Ayr.

But now the hour is drawing nigh,
The tear stands twinkling in my eye;
The ship lies hovering in the bay,

To spread her sails, and bear away.
O wretched hour, must then I go,

And leave my Jean, my friends in woe,
Leave all so dear, in black despair,
And bid adieu to banks of Ayr.

Had Commerce flourish'd on thy plains,
With Freedom link'd in peace'ful chains,
I ne'er would leave thy shades ava,
An exile to America.

But, waes me a' is fled and gane,
 And left grim misery alane!
 No shining hope, but false a' air,
 Hangs low'ring o'er the banks of Ayr.

My grief forbids, my waes renew,
 I scarcely now can bid adieu!
 For hazy is the dewy morn,
 Poor victim from thy bosom torn;
 The spirit of a Scotia's son,
 No more on love does boldly run,
 But sink and dies to rise nae mair,
 To smile upon the banks of Ayr.

Yet while I tread the distant shore,
 Upon the beach where billows roar,
 I'll think upon the ancient name,
 Aye kindly, ne'er to meet again!
 It's where my Jean does lonely dwell,
 My bosom shall in rapture swell,
 And love her best in spite of care,
 My Jean upon the banks of Ayr.

So now adieu, for we must part,
 Yet, tho' I go, I leave my heart,
 Hoping all your waes will cease,
 And Commerce flourish in sweet peace.
 Farewel my friends, my Jean, and thee!
 My love shall ever constant be.
 Farewel, again, my heart is fair,
 A long adieu, ye banks of Ayr.

THE SAILOR'S LIFE.

How pleasant a Sailor's life passes,
 who rolls o'er the wat'ry main!
 No treasure he ever amasses,
 but cheerfully spends all his gain.
 We're strangers to party and faction,
 to honour and honesty true,
 And would not commit a base action,
 for power or profit in view.

CHORUS.

Then why should we quarrel for riches,
 or any such glittering toys?
 A light heart and thin pair of breeches
 goes through the world brave boys.

The world is a beautiful garden,
 enrich'd with the blessings of life,
 The toiler with plenty rewarding;
 which plenty too often breeds strife.
 When terrible tempests assail us,
 and mountainous billows affright,
 No grandeur or wealth can avail us,
 but skilful industry steers right.

Then why should, &c.

F I N I S.