

BATTLE OF

WATERLOO,

The Bonnet so Blue,

AND

LOVE HAS EYES.



SOLD WHOLESALE BY J. FRASER & CO.

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BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

Scots sodgers true, wi' bonnets blue,
Did never in our days, man,
Frae people a', baith great and sma',
E'er get sae muckle praise, man;
For wi' their b'ose an' tartan hose,
They made the French to rue, man,
The bauld attack which they did mak
On Scots at Waterloo, man.

CHORUS.—Fal lal de ral lal, &c.

A philabeg's the Frenchmen's plague,
The sight they canna bear, man,
An' aff they rin to save their skin,
When Highland pipes they hear, man:
But if they chance for to advance
To fight us ance or twice, man,
Our Highland lads cast aff their plaids
And drive them down like mice, man.

For ten years past a' that did list,
Have been right sair put till't, man,
And moha' a' braw Scotsman did fa'
That wore a tartan kilt, man,
For lang in Spain, wi' might and main,
They fought owre howes & braes, man,

brave lads there did suffer sair
 for want o' meat and claise, man.

at owre to France they had to dance,
 King Louis for to save, man,
 for mony a man back never cam,
 but in it fand his grave, man;
 for bonnets blue, at Waterloo,
 they suffer'd warst ava, man,
 the filthy loons of French dragoons
 did near hand kill them a', man.

form'd her there in hollow square,
 for nainseil to defend, man,
 there she stood 'mang brither's blood,
 until her life did end, man.

cam the Greys wi' trotting pace,
 ahint the Frenchmen's back, man,
 'bluid an' woun's they knapt their crowns,
 an' kill'd them in a crack, man,

for bare-hought boys then cheer'd for joy,
 while on their knees they hurkl'd,
 'loud did praise the Scottish Greys
 wha had their enemies conquer'd;
 'warnna them, they'd a' been slain,
 as sure's they were alive, man;
 'ilka man was o' the clan,
 the French dogs they had five, man.

'Highland rage they did engage,
 an' fast the Frenchmen wounded,

Wha tried to rin, but couldna win,
 They were so well surrounded—
 They hack't an' hasht, an' stick't an' gash't,
 Nae quarters to them gave, man,
 But wi' a curse sent man an' horse
 To quarter in his grave, man.

Then shrill an' heigh the pipes did screigh,
 The Greys their bugles blew, man,
 Which made the heart of Bonaparte
 To sink on Waterloo, man.
 'These pipes,' said he, 'have haunted me
 In every place I've gone, man,
 And here they come again to bum—
 The devil break their drone, man.

'In Egypt's reel, (I mind it weel)
 They play'd a bonny spring, man;
 Up gat their braw blue Forty-twa,
 An' danc'd the Highland fling, man,
 They made me pay their pipes that day,
 And kill'd my Frenchmen brave, man;
 An' made me dance hame o'er to France,
 My ain crown'd head to saye, man.

'So I'm afraid that spring they play'd,
 This day they will renew, man;
 I'll better rin while I can win,
 Afore they come in view, man;
 I wadna fear the Cossacks sair,
 Wi' spears o' pointed steel, man;

But by my fegs, the Scots bare legs
Wad fright the very D—l, man.

So in a pet aff hame he set,
Nae langer wad he bide, man,
The cowardly loon, to Paris town
That very night did ride, man,
An' left his men upon the plain,
Wha kentna what to do, man,
Sae in a bing, their guns did fling,
An' ran frae Waterloo, man.

Now we've got peace, and in that case
We'll hae an interview, man,
Wi' our brave boys, chief o' our joys,
Wha fought at Waterloo, man;
An' Donnel now ance mair will view
His mither's whisky pat, man,
An' dance an' drink, an' never think
Of a' the woun's he gat, man.

Lang may the Scots wear tartan coats,
Which is their country's pride, man,
Wi' Highland plaids baith lang and braid,
To wallop at their side, man,
A highland man's a happy man,
He's hardy ay and frisky,
He fears nae foes gin he gets brose,
An' draps o' Highland whiskey,

Now here's a health to men of wealth,
An' men o' low degree, man;

Here's happy lives to men an' wives,
 And here's to you an' me, man;
 Altho' my sang be very lang,
 A langer sang I've seen, man,
 I'll tak a glass, an' let it pass—
 Huzza! God save the King, man.

ANSWER TO THE BLUE BONNET.

FAREWELL to all sorrows, with joy now I'll sing,
 Since Charles has return'd as free as a king;
 Its long seven years since he bade me adieu,
 But now he has return'd with his bonnet so blue.

He cried out—be constant, that day we did part,
 That word was so heavy it sunk in my heart,
 But like a moving turtle, the campaign stood thro'
 But now he has returned with his bonnet so blue.

Some said he was wounded, some said he was
 slain,
 Which made me lament—and he alive upon the
 plain,
 With joy transported my senses all flew,
 When I saw my dear charmer and his bonnet so
 blue.

I fainted with joy; in his arms I did fall,
 My cheeks they did willow; my lips turned pale;

Then he cried out, Dear lassie, thy senses renew,
For it's I thy dear Charles and his bonnet so blue.

For the war is now over, and alive I remain,
Unto thy sweet arms I am safe back again,
The cannons did thunder, balls and arrows they
flew,
No danger came over me, and my bonnet so blue.

When with danger surrounded, for death I re-
sign'd,
The thoughts of my jewel was still in my mind;
In the midst of hot battles my grief was for you,
When I thought to lie there with my bonnet so
blue.

In sorrow I left thee, why now dost thou faint,
When alive I'm preserv'd, and now to thee sent?
I am chaste, true, and loyal, thy joys to renew,
I'll still wear my plaid and my bonnet so blue.

It's true, my dear lassie, our dangers were great,
We fought for our King, our country and state;
For to keep our plaids, because they are new,
That the Scotch may for ever wear bonnets so
blue.

LOVE HAS EYES.

Love's blind, they say,
O never, nay;
Can words Love's grace impart?
The fancy weak,
The tongue may speak.
But eyes alone the heart.
In one sott look what language lies!
O, yes, believe me, Love has eyes.

Love's wing'd they cry—
O, never I
On pinions love to soar;
Deceivers rove,
But never love,
Attach'd he moves no more:
Can he have wings who never flies?
And yes, believe me, Love has eyes.

FINIS.