

THE
Haugh of Crumdel.

THE CHARMING WIDOW.

I'VE DREAMT THAT THOU ART FADING.

LOVE, AND OUR OCEAN HOME.

YOU'LL FIND NO CHANGE IN ME.



GLASGOW:
PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.
17.

SONGS.

THE HAUGHS OF CRUMDEL.

As I came in by Auchendown,
A very wee bit frae tho town,
Unto the Highlands I was bound;
To view the Haughs of Crumdel.

CHORUS.

Sing tanteradel, tanteradel,
Unto the Highlands I was bound,
To view the Haughs of Crumdel.

I met a man in tartan trews,
I spier'd at him what was the news,
Says he, the Highland army rues
That e'er they came to Crumdel.
Sing, &c.

Lord Livingston rode from Inverness,
Our Highland lads for to distress;
And has put us a' in a sad mess,
Upon the Haughs of Crumdel.
Sing, &c.

The English General he did say,
 We'll give the Highland lads fair play ;
 We'll sound our trumpets, and give huzza,
 And waken them at Crumdel.

Sing, &c.

Says Livingston, I hold it best
 To catch them lurking in their nest ;
 The Highlaud lads we will distress,
 And hough them down at Crumdel.

Sing, &c.

So they were in their beds, sir, every one,
 When the English army on them came,
 And a bloody battle soon began,
 Upon the Haughs of Crumdel.

Sing, &c.

The English horse they were so rude,
 They bath'd their hoofs in Highland blood,
 Our noble clans they firmly stood,
 Upon the Haughs of Crumdel.

Sing, &c.

But our noble clans they could not stay,
 Out over the hills they ran away,
 And sore they do lament the day
 That ever they came to Crumdel.

Sing, &c.

Says great Montrose, I must not stay,
 Wilt thou direct the nearest way,
 Over the hills I'll go this day,
 And see the Haughs of Crumdel.

Sing, &c.

Alas my lord, you are not strong,
 You have scarcely got two thousand men,
 There's twenty thousand on the plain,
 Lies rank and file in Crumdel.
 Sing, &c.

Says great Montrose, I will not stay,
 So direct me to the nearest way,
 For over the hills I'll go this day,
 And see the Haughs of Crumdel.
 Sing, &c.

They were at dinner every man,
 When great Montrose upon them came,
 And a second battle soon began
 Upon the Haughs of Crumdel.
 Sing, &c.

The Grants, M'Kenzies, and M'Kay,
 As soon as Montrose they did espy,
 They stood and fought most manfully,
 Upon the Haughs of Crumdel
 Sing, &c.

The M'Donalds they return'd again,
 The Camerons did their standard join,
 M'Intoshes play'd a bonny game
 Upon the Haughs of Crumdel.
 Sing, &c.

The M'Phersons fought like lions bold,
 M'Gregors none could them control,
 M'Laughlans fought like valiant souls
 Upon the Haughs of Crumdel.
 Sing, &c.

M'Leans, M'Dougels, and M'Neil,
 So boldly as they took the field,
 And made their enemies to yield
 Upon the Haughs of Crumdel.
 Sing, &c.

The Gordons boldly did advance,
 The Frazers fought with sword and lance,
 The Grahams made their heads to dance
 Upon the Haughs of Crumdel.
 Sing, &c.

The royal Stewarts and Munroes,
 So boldly as they faced their foes,
 And brought them down by hand and blows,
 Upon the Haughs of Crumdel.
 Sing, &c.

Out of twenty thousand Englishmen,
 Five hundred fled to Aberdeen,
 The rest of them they all lay slain
 Upon the Haughs of Crumdel.
 Sing, &c.

YOU'LL FIND NO CHANGE IN ME.

O, when I was a younker,
 A maid would marry me,
 And often-times I drunk her,
 In toasts of three times three.

She said, were I extravagant,
 She never could agree ;
 Do you take me for a vagabond ?
 You'll find no change in me,
 You'll find no change in me.

So quickly we got married,
 As many mad folks do ;
 And the priest swore we were only one,
 Though I swore we were two.
 He talk'd about living happily,
 And then he ask'd his fee ;
 Kind man, said I, be not absurd,
 You'll find no change in me ;
 You'll find no change in me.

A month had scarcely wander'd past,
 When my poor Sue did die,
 And no one ever wept so fast,
 Or sadly as did I.
 The Undertaker did the rest,
 With him I did agree ;
 And he and all have since confess'd,
 They found no change in me ;
 They found no change in me.

THE CHARMING WIDOW.

I'm a charming widow now,
 In age just twenty-two,
 And being rid of my former vow,
 New lovers come here to woo.

There's many a one with flattering tongue,
 Of high and of low degree ;
 But he that is both merry and young
 Is the brisk young man for me.
 There's, &c.

Last time I wed a husband old,
 About fourscore or more ;
 But then his purse was lin'd with gold,
 Which woman-kind adore.
 He's dead and gone to his narrow home,
 So then let him quiet be ;
 And now my heart is free to roam,
 So a brisk young man for me.
 There's, &c.

I'VE DREAMT THAT THOU ART FADING.

I've dreamt that thou art fading,
 If thou'rt fading, love, for me—
 O resume thy early beauty,
 For I am not false to thee.
 The feelings that pervade thee,
 May have touch'd this heart as sore ;
 Yet thy charms have ever bade me
 Behold thee, and adore.

I've mov'd among the many
 Who were beautiful and gay,
 And since last mine eyes beheld thee,
 I have wander'd far away.

Yet among each joyous cirele,
 O my heart return'd to thee—
 All was cheerless, all was sunless,
 For thou wert not there with me.

LOVE, AND OUR OCEAN HOME.

Our home is amid the sea,
 Where the billows roll proudly and dark :
 Our course and our thoughts are free, are free
 As the breezes that waft our bark ;
 And while, with the best of the brave,
 On our pathless domain we roam,
 The song that swells far on the wave,
 Is " Love, and our ocean home."

'Tis night in our sea-girt isle,
 And gaily the goblet goes round,
 But soon merry morn shall smile, shall smile,
 And away to battle we bound.
 And when from the deeds of our fame
 We dance o'er the crested foam,
 Our fondest song, and our proudest theme,
 Is " Love, and our ocean home."