

A

# New Song

OF

# Old Sayings.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A TOUCH OF THE TERRIFIC.  
 SAW YE MY WEE THING?  
 BRITONS only CONQUER TO SAVE.  
 CALEDONIA LOOK'D DOWN.  
 AN IRISH DRINKING SONG.  
 THE YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.



L. A. S. G. O. W.

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## A NEW SONG OF OLD SAYINGS.

BONAPARTE, the BULLY, resolves to come over,  
 With flat bottom'd wherries from Calais to Dover,  
 No perils to him in the billows are found,  
*For if born to be hang'd he can never be drown'd.*

From a Corsican dung-hill this fungus did spring,  
 He was soon made a Captain, and would be a King;  
 But the higher he rises, the more he does evil——  
*For a Beggar on horse-back will ride to the Devil.*

To seize all that we have, and then clap us in jail,  
 To devour all our victuals, and drink all our ale,  
 And to grind us to dust, is this Corsican's will,——  
*For they say all is grist that comes to his mill.*

To stay quiet at home the first Consul can't bear,  
 Or mayhap he would have other fish to fry there!  
 So as fish of that sort does not suit his desire,  
*He leaps out of the frying-pan into the fire.*

He builds barges & cock-boats, & craft without end,  
 And numbers the hosts which to England he'll send;  
 But in spite of his craft, and in spite of his boasts,  
*He still reckons, I think, without one of his hosts.*

He rides upon France, and he tramples on Spain,  
 And holds Holland and Italy tight in a chain;  
 These he hazards for more, tho' I can't understand  
*That one bird in the bush is worth four in the hand.*

He trusts that his luck will all danger expel,  
*But the pitcher is broke that goes ope to the well:*  
 And when our brave soldiers this BULLY surround,  
*Tho' he's thought penny-wise, he'll look foolish in pound.*

France can never forget that our fathers of yore,  
 Us'd to pepper and baste her by sea and on shore,  
 And we'll speedily prove to this Mock Alexander,  
*What was sauce for the goose, will be sauce for the gander*

I have heard and have read in a great many books,  
Half the Frenchmen are Taylors, & t'other half Cooks ;  
We've fine trimmings in store for the *Knights of the Cloth*,  
*And the Cooks that come here, will but spoil their own broth.*

It is said that the French are a numerous race,  
And perhaps it is true, for *Ill weeds grow apice* :  
But come when they will, and as many as dare,  
*I suspect they'll arrive the day after the fair.*

To invade us more safely, these warriors boast,  
They'll wait till a storm drive our fleet from their coast ;  
That *'twill be an ill wind* will be soon understood ;  
For a wind that blows Frenchmen—*blows nobody good.*  
They'd treat Britain worse than they've treated *Mynheer*,  
But they'll find *they have a wrong Sow by the Ear*,  
Let them come then in swarms by the *Corfican led*,  
And I warrant *we'll hit the right nail on the head.*

### A TOUCH OF THE TERRIFIC.

**I**T is said that a Cottager once past his life  
In the shade of a forest profound ;  
And content might have been, had he not had a Wife  
Who kept up the clamours of conjugal strife,  
Till death laid her low in the ground.

'Twas midnight ! tho' loudly the tempest did rave,  
Neither rain, wind, nor light ning he fear'd ;  
Every storm from without he could easily brave,  
Since his Wife as he thought, was at peace in her grave,  
When, lo ! at his side she appear'd !

Her green saucer eyes, with terrific grimace,  
She on him most tremendously glanc'd ;  
She hugg'd him close round in a thrilling embrace,  
While her cold livid lips slabber'd over his face :  
She then round him maliciously danc'd.

Then silence thus broke—"How are you, my dear ?

"Why are you thus fill'd with affright ?

"As I thought you'd be dull in this evening so drear.

"A visit I've paid, and, your spirits to cheer,

"Beside you will sit all the night."

Now he trembled all over with terror and rage,  
 And he tore off the hair from his head : (assuage ;  
 ‘ Nought,’ said he, ‘ while you liv’d could your clamour  
 ‘ But why must I for ever your d—n’d tongue engage ?  
 ‘ Z——ds ! why can’t you rest now you’re dead ?’

Thus teaz’d, thus he plung’d, hurry’d on by despair,  
 In a streamlet which willows o’erhang ;  
 And ’tis said dreadful scoldings are heard in the air ;  
 For he’s doom’d, for his crime, never ceasing to hear  
 The noise of the Termagant’s tongue.

When hoots the screech owl on the old cottage walls,  
 When day’s golden glories are fled,  
 Still Knavel Thief ! & Cuckold ! her Husband she calls,  
 When, if she takes breath, he impatiently bawls,  
 ‘ Z——ds ! why can’t you rest now you’re dead !’

### SAW YE MY WEE THING.

**O** Saw ye my wee thing, saw ye my ain thing,  
 Saw ye my true love down on yon lee ?  
 Cross’d she the meadow yetree, at the glooming,  
 Sought she the burnie where flow’rs the haw-tree ?  
 ‘ Her hair is lint-white ! her skin is milk white !  
 ‘ Dark is the blue o’ her fast rolling e’e !  
 ‘ Red red her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses,  
 ‘ Whar could my wee thing wander frae me ?’  
 ‘ I saw na your wee thing, I saw na your ain thing,  
 ‘ Nor saw I your true love down on yon lee ;  
 ‘ But I met my bonny thing, late in the glooming,  
 ‘ Down by the burnie whar flow’rs the haw-tree.  
 ‘ Her hair is lint-white, her skin it is milk-white,  
 ‘ Dark was the blue o’ her fast rolling e’e !  
 ‘ Red war her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses,  
 ‘ Sweet war the kisses that she gae to me !’  
 ‘ It was na my wee thing, it was na my ain thing !  
 ‘ It was na my true love ye met by the tree !  
 ‘ Proud is her leel heart, modest her nature,  
 ‘ She never loo’d ony till ance she loo’d me.

- " Her name it is Mary, she's frae Castle Cary,  
 " Aft has she sat when a bairn on my 'nee!  
 " Fair as your face is, war't fifty times fairer,  
 " Young bragger! she ne'er wad gie kisses to thee!"  
 " It was then your Mary, she's frae Castle Cary,  
 " It was then your true love I met by the tree!  
 " Proud as her heart is, and modelt her nature,  
 " Sweet war the kisses that she gae to me!"  
 Sair gloom'd his dark brow, blood-red his cheeks grew,  
 Wild flash'd the fire from his red-rolling e'e;  
 " Ye's rue fair this morning, your boasts & your scorning,  
 " Defend ye fause traitor, fu' loudly ye lie!"  
 " Awa' wi' beguiling, cried the youth smiling;  
 Aft went the bonnet, the lint-white locks did flee,  
 The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing,  
 Fair stood the lov'd maid wi' the dark rolling e'e.  
 " Is it my wee thing! is it mine ain thing!  
 " Is it my true love here that I see?"  
 " O Jamie forgi'e me, your heart's constant to me;  
 " I'll never mair wander, my true love frae thee!"

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### BRITONS ONLY CONQUER TO SAVE.

WHEN in war, on the ocean we meet the proud foe,  
 Tho' with ardour for conquest our bosoms they glow,  
 Let us see on their vessels Old England's Flag wave,  
 They shall find British Sailors but conquer to save.  
 They shall find British Sailors, etc.

And now their pale Ensigns we view from a-far,  
 With three cheers they're welcom'd by each British Tar,  
 Whilst the Genins of Britain still bids us advance,  
 And our guns hurl in thunder defiance to France.  
 They shall find British Sailors, etc.

But mark our last broadside, she sinks! down she goes,  
 Quickly man all your boats, they no longer are foes,  
 To snatch a brave fellow from a watery grave,  
 Is worthy a Briton who conquers to save.

They shall find British Sailors only conquer to save.

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 CALEDONIA LOOK'D DOWN.

WHEN the moon had retir'd with her last feeble beam,  
 And midnight left lonely and still ;  
 When nothing was heard but the roar of the stream  
 And the howl of the Fox on the hill,

O'er Clutha's blue stream, from a dark thunder cloud,  
 Afloat o'er the low sweeping gale,  
 Caledonia look'd down, and contemplating, view'd  
 Her sons, as they slept in the dale.

- “ Sleep on ! ” thus began the celestial dame,  
 “ And loll at your ease while you may,  
 “ For the blast which shall wither the flow'r of your fame,  
 “ To your shores has directed its way.
- “ The Prince of Ambition, the Agent of Fate,  
 “ Its decrees for a time shall fulfil :  
 “ For Kings he can conquer, and Kingdoms create,  
 “ And plant upon Thrones whom he will.
- “ The proud he can humble, the strong he can shake ;  
 “ And murmurings hush with a frown ;  
 “ And you, O my children ( I grieve for your sake )  
 “ Are doom'd to complete his renown.
- “ For his heart is the seat of unbounded desire,  
 “ Which delights in the blood of the brave,  
 “ Nor can he get rest, he proclaims in his ire,  
 “ Till triumphant he ride on your waves.”
- “ Then he'll never get rest, for it shall not be so,”  
 Each heart in a transport reply'd,  
 “ Begone thou false vision ! thou seem'st not to know,  
 “ The race, that so oft have been tried—
- “ Tho' a blast to our shores has directed its way,  
 “ With the Agent of Fate in its womb,  
 “ Yet our fame shall not sink in the shades of dismay,  
 “ For its flow'r he shall never consume.

“ Let Europe submit to be tied to the stake,  
 “ And Kings to be rank’d as his Slaves,  
 “ Yet he first must our Island a wilderness make,  
 “ Ere triumphant he ride on our waves.”

The Goddess on hearing, exulting reply’d,  
 As slowly she stole from the view,  
 “ I was but in jest, for I know that if try’d  
 “ Your hearts will be found to be true.”

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## AN IRISH DRINKING SONG.

OF the ancients its speaking, my soul you’d be after,  
 That they never got how come you so, (ter ;  
 Would you seriously make the good folks die with laugh-  
 To be sure their dog tricks we don’t know :  
 To be sure their dog tricks we don’t know.  
 With your smalliliow nonsense, and all your queer bod-  
 Since whisky’s a liquor divine : (derns,  
 To be sure the old ancients as well as the moderns,  
 Did not love a fly sup of good wine ;  
 Did not love a fly sup of good wine.

Apicius and Æsop, as authors assure us,  
 Would swig ’till as drunk as a beast,  
 Then what do you think that rogue Epicurus,  
 Was not he a tight hand at a feast. Was, etc.  
 With your smalliliow, etc.

Alexander the Great at his banquets who drank hard,  
 When he no more worlds could subdue,  
 Shed tears to be sure, but ’twas tears of the tankard,  
 To refresh him, and pray would not you, To, etc.  
 With your smalliliow? etc.

Then that t’other old fellow they call’d Aristotle,  
 Such a devil of a tipler was he,  
 That one night having taken so much of his bottle,  
 The Teaf staggard into the sea. The Teaf, etc.  
 With your smalliliow, etc.

Then they made what they call'd of their wine a libation  
 Which, as all authority quotes:  
 They threw on the ground—musha, what boderation,  
 To be sure 'twas not thrown down their throats,  
 To be sure 'twas not thrown down their throats.  
 With your smallishow nonsense, and all your queer bod-  
 Since Whisky's a liquor divine: (drens,  
 To be sure the old ancients as well as the moderns,  
 Did not love a fly sup of good wine;  
 Did not love a fly sup of good wine.

### THE YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.

**I**N April, when primroses paint the sweet plain,  
 And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain;  
 The Yellow-hair'd Laddie would often times go  
 To wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn trees grow.

There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,  
 With freedom he sung his loves ev'ning and morn:  
 He sang with so fast and enchanting a sound,  
 That Sylvens and Fairies unseen danced around.

The shepherd thus sung, Tho' young Maya be fair:  
 Her beauty is dash'd with a scornfu' proud air;  
 But Susie was handsome, and sweetly could sing,  
 Her breath like the breezes perfum'd in the spring.

That Madie in all the gay bloom of her youth,  
 Like the moon was unconstant, and never spoke truth,  
 But Susie was faithful, good-humour'd and free,  
 And fair as the Goddess who sprung from the sea.

That mama's fine daughter with all her great dow'r,  
 Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour:  
 Then, sighing, he wish'd, wou'd parents agree,  
 The witty sweet Susie his mistress might be.

G L A S G O W,  
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