

✕ THE MASSACRE OF  
*GLENCOE,*

Whistle o'er the lave o't,

A NEW SONG,

*Sally Roy,*

AND

NOBODY COMING TO MARRY ME.

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SOLD WHOLESALE BY J. FRASER & CO.

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## THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.

TUNE,—‘ Scots wha ha’e,’ &c.

BROAD set the sun o’er wild Glencoe,  
Red gleam’d the heights of drifted snow,  
And loud and hoarse the torrent’s flow  
Dash’d thro’ the drear domain,  
Bright shines the hearth’s domestic blaze,  
The dancers bound in wanton maze,  
And merry minstrels tune their lays  
Blythe o’er the mountain reign.

Yon level sun sinks down in blood,  
Low’ring o’er dark ingratitude;  
It warns the guileless and the good,  
Glencoe’s wo-fated clan.  
Each smiling host salutes his guest,  
‘ Good night,’—that hand so kindly prest  
Shall plunge the dagger in thy breast,  
Long ere the orient dawn.

All’s still!—but hark! from height to height,  
Come’s rushing on the breeze of night,  
The startling shriek of wild affright,  
The hoarse assassin yell

Is there no arm on high to save  
 From foulest death the trustful brave!  
 Each by his threshold found a grave,  
 Or where he slumber'd fell!

Red rose the sun o'er lone Glencoe;  
 What eye shall mark that crimson'd snow,  
 What ear shall list the torrent's flow,  
 Dashing the dreary wild.  
 Round sheal and hamlet's shelt'ring rocks  
 High soars destruction's volum'd smoke,  
 But hush'd the shriek which maddening broke  
 From mother, maiden, child.

All's still!—save round yon mountain's head,  
 Where men of blood the snow-path tread,  
 Startling lest voices from the dead  
 A deed of hell proclaim.  
 Wo for thy clan, thou wild Glencoe!  
 Whose blood dyes deep the mountain snow  
 But deadlier bale, and deeper wo,  
 Glenorchy, on thy name.

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### M A G G I E.

FIRST when Maggy was my care,  
 Heav'n, I thought, was in her air;  
 Now we're married—speir na mair—  
 Whistle o'er the lave o't,

Meg was meek, and Meg was mild,  
 Bonnie Meg was nature's child,  
 —Wiser men than me's beguil'd;  
 Whistle o'er the lave o't.

How we live, my Meg and me,  
 How we love, and how we gree,  
 I care na by how few may see;  
 Whistle o'er the lave o't.  
 Wha I wish were maggot's meat,  
 Dish'd up in her winding sheet,  
 I could write—but Meg maun see't—  
 Whistle o'er the lave o't.

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### NEW SONG:

DRAW near, Sons of Erin, I'll sing you a Song,  
 The Shilelah's my theme, and I will not be long:  
 And if with attention you'll honour the tune,  
 To the words you're as welcome as the roses in  
 June.

#### CHORUS.

Then let us be frisky, and tippie the whisky,  
 Success to the land of true friendship and joys,  
 No country whatever is able to sever  
 The Shamrock, the Rose, and the Thistle, my  
 boys.

To the land of potatoes I mean no offence,  
 Where Shilelah first sprouted, its pride and defence

By friendship 'twas planted, it flourish'd and grew,  
And the fame of the sapling is known the world  
thro'.

Then let us, &c.

The Shilelah's an Irishman's joy and delight,  
His companion by day, his protection by night;  
And though rough in appearance, you all must allow  
Tis mighty engaging when seen in a row.

Then let us, &c.

That thief of the world, Bonaparte, declares  
He'd fain be at the head, Sir, of Irish affairs;  
But 'bout righting our wrongs, should a foreigner  
prate,

We'll let our Shilelah's come pap on his pate.

Then let us, &c.

The French gasconaders have oft made a boast,  
They would England invade by the tight Irish coast,  
Should they dare from your shamrock to rifle one  
sprig,

Then shew the blackguards you can handle the twig

Then let us, &c.

Let a bumper, ye Sons of Hibernia, go round,  
And the toast I propose, in your hearts will be  
found—



Here's the land of Shilelah, and long may the sod  
 By the firm foot of true loyal friendship be trod.  
 Then let us, &c.

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### SALLY ROY.

FAIR SALLY, once the village pride,  
 Lies cold and wan in yonder valley;  
 She lost her lover, and she died:  
 Grief broke the heart of gentle Sally.  
 Young Valiant was the hero's name,  
 For early valour fir'd the boy,  
 Who barter'd all his love for fame,  
 And kill'd the hopes of Sally Roy.

Swift from the arms of weeping love,  
 As rag'd the war in yonder valley,  
 He rush'd, his martial power to prove,  
 While faint with fear sunk lovely Sally.  
 At noon she saw the youth depart,  
 At eve she lost her darling joy;  
 Ere night the last thro' of her heart,  
 Declar'd the fate of Sally Roy.

The virgin train in tears are seen,  
 When yellow midnight fills the valley,  
 Slow stealing o'er the dewy green,  
 Towards the grave of gentle Sally.  
 And while remembrance wakes the sigh,  
 Which weans each feeling heart from  
 The mournful dirge ascending high,  
 Bewails the fate of Sally Roy.

# A' BODY'S LIKE TO GET MARRIED BUT ME.

As Jenny sat down wi' her wheel by the fire,  
And thought of the time that was fast fleein' by,  
She said to hersel', wi' a heavy heigh hee,  
Oh! a' body's like to get married but me!

She said, &c.

My youthfu' companions are a' worn awa,  
And tho' I've had wooers mysel', ane or twa,  
Yet a lad to my mind I ne'er yet could see:  
Oh! a' body's like to get married but me!

Yet a lad, &c.

There's Lowrie, the lawyer, wad hae me fu' fain,  
Who has baith a house and a yard o' his ain;  
But before I'd gang to it, I rather wad die;  
A wee stumpin' body!—he'll never get me!

But before, &c.

There's Dickie, my cousin, frae Lunon come  
down,

Wi fine yellow buckskins that dazzled the town;  
But, poor deevil, he got ne'er a blink o' my ee  
Oh! a' body's like to get married but me!

But, poor deevil, &c.

But I saw a lad by yon saughy-burn side,  
 Wha weel wad deserve onie queen for his bride:  
 Gin I had my will, soon his ain I wad be:  
 O, a' body's like to get married but me!

Gin I had, &c.

I gied him a look, as a kind lassie shou'd;  
 My friends, if they kend it, wad surely run wud;  
 For tho' bonnie and good, he's no worth a baw-  
 bee,

Oh! a' body's like to get married but me.

For tho' bonnie, &c.

'Tis hard to take shelter behint a laigh dike;  
 'Tis hard for to take ane we never can like;  
 'Tis hard for to leave ane we fain would be wi',  
 Yet 'tis harder that a' should get married but me.

'Tis hard for, &c.

FINIS.