

Thinks I to myself thinks I;

To which are added,

The Battle of Prestonpans,

Parody on the
Rose-Bud of Summer.



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THINKS I TO MYSELF THINKS I.

Thinks I to myself, thinks I

I see no reason why,

The devil should pause

To sharpen his claws.

Thinks I to myself thinks I.

Thinks I to myself, thinks I,

Those parsons are dev'lish sly,

To shun him, they preach,

While they suck like a leach,

Thinks I to myself thinks I.

Thinks I to myself, thinks I,

Let knaves my song descry ;

I'll keep from the paw,

Of physic and law,

Thinks I to myself, thinks I.

Thinks I to myself, thinks I,

Let none their aid deny,

Nor leave their own work,

For a devil or Turk,

Thinks I to myself thinks I.

Thinks I to myself, thinks I,
 State jugglers now, good bye ;
 No longer will slave,
 Be govern'd by knaves,
 Thinks I to myself thinks I.

THE BATTLE OF PRES TONPANS.

The Chevalier being void of fear,
 did march up brislie brae man ;
 And through Franent e'er he did stent,
 as fast as he could gae man.
 While general Cope did taunt and mock,
 wi' mony a loud huzza man ;
 But e'er next morn proclaim'd the cock,
 we heard anther crow man.

The brave Lochiel as I heard tell,
 led Camerons on in clouds man,
 The morning fair did clear the air,
 they loosed with devlish thuds man.
 Down guns they threw and swords they drew,
 and soon did chace them aff man ;
 On Seaton crasts they built their chafis,
 and gart them rin like daft man.

The bluff dragoons swore blood and 'oons,
 they'd make the rebel run man;
 And yet they flee when they see,
 and winna fire a gun man.
 They turn'd their back, the foot they brake,
 such terror seiz'd them a' man.
 Some wet their cheeks some fy'd their breeks,
 and some for fear did fa' man.

The volunteers prick'd up their ears,
 and vow but they were crouse man:
 But when the bairns they saw t' turn to earnat,
 they were not worth a louse man.
 Maist feck gaed name O fy for shame,
 they'd better staid awa man.
 Then wi' cockade to make parade,
 and do nae good at a' man.

Monteath the great, when hersel' shot,
 un'wards did ding him o'er man,
 Yet wad nae stand to bear a hand,
 but aff did flee like stour man.
 O'er Soutra-hill e'er he stood still,
 before he tasted meat man;
 Troth he may brag of his sweet nag,
 that bare him off sae sleet man.

And Seaton keen to clear the ees,
 of rebels far in wrang man ;
 Did never strive wi' pistols ve,
 but gallop'd with the thrang man :
 He turned his back and in a crack,
 was cleanly out of sight man ;
 And thought it best, it was nae jest,
 wi' Highlanders to fight man.

'Mong a'the gang nane bade the bang,
 but twa and ane was tane man ;
 For Campbell rade, but Morie staid,
 and sair he paid the kain man,
 Fell skelps he got was waur than shot,
 frae the sharp-edged claymore man,
 Frae meny spout came running out
 his reeking red hot gore man.

But Gard'ner brave did still behave,
 like to a hero bright man,
 His courage true like him were few,
 that still despised flight man :
 For king and laws and country's cause,
 in honour's bed he lay man,
 His life but not his courage fled.
 while he had breath to draw man.

And Major Boyle that worthy soul,
 'was brought down to the ground man,
 His horse being shot it was his lot,
 for to get many a wound man :
 Lieutenant Smith of Irish birth,
 frae whom he call'd for ain man,
 Being full of dread lap o'er his head,
 and would not be gainsaid man.

He made such haste, sae spurr'd his beast,
 'twas little there he saw man ;
 To Berwick rade, and falsely said,
 the Scots are rebels a' man :
 But let that end for, well 'tis kend,
 his use and wont to lie man ;
 The league is nought he never fought,
 when he had room to flee man.

But gallant Rodger, like a sodger,
 stood and bravely fought man :
 I'm wae to tell at last he fell,
 but mae down wi' him brought man :
 At point of death, wi' his last breath,
 (some standing round in ring man)
 On's back lying flat, he waved his hat,
 and cried, God save the king man.

Some Highland regues like hungry dogs,
 neglecting to pursue man,
 About they fac'd an' in great haits,
 upon the booty fl-w man.
 And they as gain for all their pair,
 are deck'd wi' spoils o' war man;
 Fu' bauld can tell how her nainsel,
 was ne'er sas pra' pefore man.

At the thorn tree, which you may see,
 bewest the Meadow mill man,
 There monv sh-in lay on the plain,
 the clans pursuing still man
 Sic unco' bacas and d' adly whaks,
 I never saw the like man,
 Lost hands and heads cost them their deeds,
 that fell at Preston-Dyke man.

That afternoon when a' was done,
 I gaed to see the fray man;
 But I had wint-what after past,
 I'd better staid awa man
 On Seaton sands, wi' nimble hands,
 they pick'd my pockets bare man;
 But I wish ne'er to prie sic fear,
 for a' the sun and mair man.

PARODY ON THE ROSE-BUD OF SUMMER.

WHEN gooseberries grow on the stem of a daisy,
And plum-puddings roll on the tide to the shore,
And jalap is made from the curls of a jazy,
Oh ! then Molidusta, I'll love thee no more]

When steam boats no more on the Thames shall
be going,
And a cast-iron bridge reach Vauxhall from the
Nore,
And the Grand Junction Water-works cease to be
flowing,
Oh ! then Molidusta, I'll love thee no more.

FINIS.