

13
The Garb of Old Gaul.

NEW SONG,

To the Tune of the Lee Rig.

SUMMER WAS SMILING.

AND

Let us range together.



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IN THE GARB OF OLD GAUL.

Tune---The Highland M^arch.

In the garb of old Gaul, with the fire of old
Rome, [come
From the heath-cover'd mountains of Scotia w
Where the Romans endeavour'd our country t
gain, [vain
But our ancestors fought, and they fought not i

Such our love of liberty, our country, and
our laws, [by freedom's cause
That, like our ancestors of old, we'll stand
We'll bravely fight, like heroes bold, for
honour and applause,
And defy the French, with all their art, to
alter our laws.

No effeminate customs our sinews unbrace;
No luxurious tables enervate our race;
Our loud sounding pipes breathe the true mar-
tial strain,
So do we the old Scottish valour retain.
Such our love, &c.

We're tall as the oak on the mount of the vale,
As swift as the roe which the hound doth assail;

As the full moon in autumn our shields do ap-
 pear;
 Minerva would dread to encounter our spear.
 Such our love, &c.

As a storm in the ocean, when Boreas blowing,
 So are we enrag'd when we rush on our foes:
 We sons of the mountains, tremendous as rocks,
 Dash the force of our foes with our thundering
 strokes.
 Such our love, etc.

Quebec and Cape Breton, the pride of old
 France, [advance;
 In their troops fondly boasted till we did
 but when our claymores they saw us produce,
 Their courage did fail and they sued for a truce.
 Such our love, etc.

In the realm may the faction of fury long cease,
 May our councils be wise, and our commerce
 increase,
 And in Scotia's cold climate may each of us find,
 That our friends still prove true, and our beau-
 ties prove kind.
 Then we'll defend our liberty, our country,
 and our laws, [dom's cause;
 And bring up our posterity to fight in free-
 That they, like our ancestors bold, for ho-
 nour and applause,

May defy the French, with all their art, to
alter our laws.

O WILL I COME.

Tune—The Lee Rig.

O will I come, when yont the nowes
The setting sun has hid his ee,
And meet thee whare the Irwin rows,
Sae smoothly through the gowan'd lea!
O will I come, and welcome be!
And wilt thou on my bosom rest;
And, while I own nae joy but thee,
T'ell me I'm dearest to thy breast.

O yes, I'll come and joyfu' meet,
And hear thee say thou'rt a' my ain;
Our meeting moments shall be sweet—
But O how shall we part again!
Yon star that glimmers o'er the main,
Shall set beyond blue Arran's brow,
And, blythe, the lark-renew her strain,
Ere I, reluctant, sigh—adieu.

[SUNG SLOW.]

But if I come, and thou, unkind,
Should'st shaw nae welcome in thy ee,

Then night!—in a' thy sables bend
In awfu' darkness o'er the lea;
And let nae starnie, glintin' hi',
Abate the horror o' thy reign,
But sunk in drearie woe, like me,
Let Nature wrapt in gloom remain.

Perhaps some youth, than me more dear,
Has smooth'd his way by tender art;
Has sigh'd his passion in thy ear,
And found submission to thy heart.
Then a' ye dreams o' joy depart,
For oh, this throbbing heart is sair!
Nae future hour will joy impart—
Nae future scene will ease my care.

[LIVELY.]

But na—she smiles! Maria smiles
As blythe as morning's risin' ray—
Nae happier youth, wi' artfu' wiles,
Has lur'd her maiden heart away.
Then joy resume thy welcome sway,
And ever reign within my breast—
Let fortune send me weel or wae,
I tent na—since wi' Mary blest.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

The summer it was smiling, all nature round
 was gay,
 While Jenny was attending on auld Robin Gray,
 For he was sick at heart, and had nae friend be-
 side, [bride.
 But only me, poor Jenny, who newly was his

Ah! Jenny, I shall die, he cried, as sure as I
 had birth, [earth,
 Then see my poor old bones, I pray, laid into the
 And be a widow for my sake a twelvemonth and
 a day, (Gray.
 And I will leave whate'er belongs to auld Robin

I laid poor Robin in his grave as decent as I
 could, (good;
 And shed a tear upon his grave, for he was very
 I took my rock all in my hand, and in my coat
 I sigh'd, [Robin died.
 O wae is me what shall I do, since poor old

Search ev'ry part throughout the land, there's
 none like me forlorn; (born;
 I'm ready e'en to ban the day that ever I was
 For Jamie, all I lov'd on earth, ah! he is gone
 away, (Robin Gray.
 My father dead, my mother dead, and eke auld

I rose up with the morning sun, and spun till
 setting day, [Robin Gray;
 And one whole year of widowhood I mourn'd for
 I did the duty of a wife, both kind and constant
 too; [pursue.
 Let every one example take, and Jenny's plan

I thought that Jamie he was dead, or he to me
 was lost, [crost,
 And all my fond and youthful love entirely was
 I tried to sing. I tried to laugh, and pass the
 time away, (Robin Gray.

At length the merry bells ran round, I couldna
 guess the cause, (so much applause;
 But Rodney was the man, they said, who gain'd
 I doubted if the tale was true, till Jamie came to
 me, [for thee.
 And shew'd a purse of golden ore, and said it is

Auld Robia Gray I find is dead, and still your
 heart is true, [so too;
 Then take me, Jenny, to your arms, and I will be
 Mess John shall join us at the kirk, and we'll be
 blythe and gay; [Gray.
 I blush'd, consented, and replied, adieu to Robin



TOGETHER LET US RANGE.

Together let us range the fields,
 Impearl'd with the morning dew,
 Or view the fruit the vineyard yields,
 Or the apples clustering bough:

There in close embowered shades,
 Impervious to the noontide ray,
 By tinkling rills—or rosy beds,
 We'll love the sultry hours away.

FINIS.