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Bruce's Address;

THE DEIL CAM FIDDLING.

The Flower o' Dumblain.

The Exile of Erin.

Blithe was She.

Tom Bowling.



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Bruce's Address.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
We come to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victory.

Now's the day, an' now's the hour,
See the front of battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's pow'r;
Edward, chains, an' slavery.

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Traitor, coward, turn an' flee.

Wha for Scotland's king an' law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Caledonian, on wi' me.

By oppression's woes and pains;
By your sons in servile chains;
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be, shall be free.

Lay the proud usurpers low,
 Tyrants fall in ev'ry foe;
 Liberty's in every blow,
 Forward—let us do or die.

The Deil cam fiddling, &c.

THE de'il cam fidd'ling thro' the town,
 An' danc'd awa wi' the exciseman;
 An' ilka auld wite cried, ' Au'd Maboun,
 " We wish you luck o' the prize man.

" We'll mak our maut, an' brew our drink,
 " We'll dance and sing an' rejoice man,
 " And mony thanks to the muckle black de'il,
 " That danc'd awa wi the exciseman.

" There's threesome reels, an' foursome reel's,
 " There's hornpipes an' strathspeys man;
 " But the ae best dance e'er cam to the lan',
 " Was the deil's awa wi' the exciseman."

THE FLOWER O' DUMBLAIN.

THE sun had gane down o'er the lofty Benlo-
 mond,
 An' left the red clouds to preside o'er the
 scene,

While lanely I stray'd, in a calm simmer glomin',
To muse on sweet Jessy, the flower o' Dum-
blain.

How sweet is the brier, wi' its saft folding blos-
som,

An' sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle o' greens;
Yet sweeter, an' fairer, an' dear to this bosom,
Is lov-ly young Jessy, the flower o' Dumblain,
Is lovely, &c.

She's modest as ony, and blith as she's bonny,
For guileless simplicity marks her its ain,
An' far be the villian divested o' teeing.

Wad blight in its bloom the sweet flower o'
Dumblain.

Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the
e'ning.

Thou'rt dear to the echoes o' Calderwood glens;
Sae dear to this bosom sae artless and winning,
Is charming young Jessy, the flower o' Dum-
blain.

Is lovely, &c.

How lost were my days, till I met wi' my Jessy,
The sports o' the city seem'd foolish an' vain,
I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,
Till charm'd wi' young Jessy, the flower o'
Dumblain;

Tho' mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
Amidst its profusion I'd languish in vain,
An' reckon as naething the height o' its splendor,
If wanting sweet Jessy, the flower o' Dum-
blain.

If wanting, &c.

The Exile of Erin

THERE came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill,
For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight re-
-paning.

To wander alone by the wind beaten hill,
But the day-tar attracted his eyes sad devotion,
For it rose on his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once in the flower of his youthful emotion,
He sung the bold anthem of Erin go Bragh

O sad is my fate, said the heart-broken stranger,
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee;
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
A home and a country remain not for me;
Ah never again in the green shady bowers,
Where my forefathers liv'd, shall I spend the
-sweet hours,

Or cover my harp with the wild woven flowers,
And strike the sweet numbers of Erin go Bragh.

Oh! Erin my country, tho' sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit the sea-beaten shore;
But alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more.
And thou, cruel Fate, wilt thou never replace me

In a mansion of peace, where no sorrow can chace
me.

Ah, never again shall my brothers embrace me:
They died to defend me, or live to deplore.

Where now is my cabin door so fast by the wild
wood,

Sisters and sire, how ye weep for its fall,
Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood,
And where is my bosom friend, dearer than all
Ah, my sad soul, long abandon'd by pleasure,
Why did it doat on a fast fading treasure?
Tears like the rain, may fall without measure,
But rapture and beauty they cannot recal.

But yet all its fond recollections suppressing,
One dying wish my fond bosom shall draw,
Erin, an exile bequeaths thee his blessing,
Land of my forefathers—Erin go Bragh;
Buried and cold, when my heart stills its motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle in the ocean,
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with de-
votion.

Erin ma vourneen, sweet Erin go Bragh.

Blithe was she.

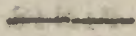
BLITHE blithe and merry was she,
Blithe was she butt and ben,
Blithe by the banks of Ern,
And blithe in Glenturet Glen.

By Oughtertyre grows the aik,
 On Yarrow Banks the birken shaw;
 But Phemie was a bonnier lass,
 Than braes of Yarrow ever saw
 Blithe, &c.

Her looks were like the flow'r in May,
 Her smile was like a summer morn;
 She tripped by the banks of Fern,
 As light's a bird upon a thorn.
 Blithe, &c.

Her bonny face, it was as meek
 As ony lamb upon a lee,
 The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet,
 As was the blink o' Phemie's ee.
 Blithe &c.

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,
 And o'er the Lowlands I hae been,
 But Phemie was the blithest lass,
 That ever trod the dewy green.
 Blithe, &c.



Tom Bowling.

HERE a sheer hulk lies poor Tom Bowling,
 The darling of our crew;
 No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
 For death has brought him too.

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His form was of the manliest beauty;
His heart was kind and soft;
Faithful below he did his duty,
And now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare,
His friends were many and true-hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair,
And then he'd sing so blyth and jolly,
Ah! many's the time and oft,
But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When he, who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.
Thus death, who kings and tars dispatches,
In vain Tom's life has doff'd,
For tho' his body's under hatches,
His soul is gone aloft.

FINIS.