

# Carle now the King's come ;

Composed on the occasion of his Majesty,

## KING GEORGE IV.'s

### Visit to Scotland,

*In August, 1822.*

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IN TWO PARTS.

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STIRLING:

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CARLE, NOW THE KING'S COME.

The news has flown frae mouth to meuth,  
The North for aince has bang'd the South:  
The de'il a Scotsman's die of drouth,  
Carle now the King's come!

CHORUS.

Carle, now the King's come,  
Carle, now the King's come,  
Thou shalt dance, and I will sing,  
Carle, now the King's come.

Auld England held him lang and fast;  
Auld Ireland had a joyfu' cast;  
But Scotland's turn has come at last—  
Carle, now the King's come.

Auld Reekie in her rokela gray,  
Thought never to have seen the day;  
He's been a weary time away—  
Carle, now the King's come.

She's kirking frae the Castle Hill;  
The Catline's voice is grown sae shrill,  
Ye hear her at the Canon Mill,  
Carle, now the King's come.

Up, bairns ! she cries, baith grit and sma',  
 And busk ye for the weapon-shaw,  
 Stand by me, and we'll bang them a',  
 Carle, now the King's come.

Come from Newbattle's ancient spires,  
 Bauld Lothian, with your knights and squires,  
 And match the mettle of your sires,  
 Carle, now the King's come.

You're welcome hame, my Montague,  
 And bring in your hand the young Buccleugh;  
 I'm missing some that I may rue,  
 Carle now the King's come.

Come, Haddington, the kind and gay,  
 You've graced my causeway mony a day;  
 I'll weep the cause if you should stay,  
 Carle, now the King's come.

Come, premier Duke, and carry down,  
 Frae yonder Craig, our ancient croun;  
 It's had a lang sleep and a soun'—  
 Carle, now the King's come.

Come, Athole, from the hill and wood,  
 Bring down your clansmen like a cloud;  
 Come, Morton, shew the Douglas' blood,  
 Carle, now the King's come.

Come, Tweeddale, true as sword to sheath ;  
 Come, Hopetoun, fear'd on fields of death ;  
 Come, Clerk, and give your bugle breath ;  
 Carle, now the King's come.

Come, Wemyss, who modest merit aids ;  
 Come, Roseberry, from Dalmeny shades ;  
 Breadalbane, bring your belted plaids ;  
 Carle, now the King's come.

Come, stately Niddrie, auld and true,  
 Girt with the sword that Minden knew ;  
 We have o'er few such lairds as you—  
 Carle, now the King's come.

King Arthur's gown a common crier,  
 He's heard in Fife and far Cantire,—  
 Fie, lads, behold my cresset on fire,  
 Carle, now the King's come.

Saint Abb roars out I see him pass  
 Between Tautallon and the Bass—  
 Calton, get out your kneeking-glass,  
 Carle, now the King's come.

The Carline stopp'd ; and, sure I am,  
 For very glee had ta'en a dram,  
 But Oman help'd her to a dram—  
 Cogic, now the King's come.

Cogie, now the King's come,  
 Cogie, now the King's come,  
 I'se be fou, and ye's be toom,  
 Cogie, now the King come.

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PART SECOND.

She toomed her quaigh of mountain dew,  
 It raised her heart the higher too,  
 Because it came from Waterloo—  
 Carle, now the King's come.

Again I heard her summons swell,  
 For, sic a dirdum and a yell,  
 It drown'd Saint Giles's jowing bell—  
 Carle, now the King's come.

My trusty Provost, tried and tight,  
 Stand forward for the gude Town's right,  
 There's waur than you been made a knight—  
 Carle, now the King's come.

My reverend Clergy, see ye say  
 The best of thanksgiving ye ha'e,  
 And warstle for a sunny day—  
 Carle, now the King's come.

My Doctors look that you agree,  
 Cure a' the town without a fee;  
 My lawyers, dinna pick a plea—  
 Carle, now the King's come.

Come forth each sturdy Burgher's bairn,  
 That dints on wood or clanks on airn,  
 That fires the o'en, or winds the firn—  
 Carle, now the King's come.

Come forward with the Blanket blue,  
 Your sires were loyal men and true,  
 As Scotland's soeman oft might rue—  
 Carle, now the King's come.

Scots downa loup, and rin a rave,  
 We're steady folks, and something grave,  
 We'll keep the causeway firm and brave—  
 Carle, now the King's come.

Sir Thomas thunder from your rock,  
 Fill Pentland dinles wi' the shock.  
 I'll hae a braw neiv enood o' smoke—  
 Carle, now the King's come.

Melvile, bring out your bands of blue,  
 A' Louden lads, baith stout and true,  
 With Elcho, Hope and Coekburn too—  
 Carle, now the King's come.

And you, who, on yon bluidy braes,  
 Compell'd the vanquish'd foeman's praise,  
 Rank out—rank ont—my gallant greys—  
 Carle, now the King's come.]

Cock of the North, my Huntly bra',  
 Where are you with my Forty-twa?  
 Ah! waes-my heart that ye're awa—  
 Carle now the King's come.

But yonder comes my canty Celts,  
 With dark and pistol at their belts,  
 Thank God, we've still some plaids and kilts—  
 Carle, now the King's come.

Come, cock your cap each Archer spark;  
 For you're to guard him light and dark;]  
 Faith, lads, I trow ye've hit the mark—  
 Carle, now the King's come.

Young Errol take the sword of state,  
 The sceptre Paviemorarchate;  
 Knight-Mareschals, see ye clear the gate—  
 Carle, now the King's come.

Kind Cummer, Leith, ye've been mis-set,  
 But dienna be upon the fret—  
 Ye'se get the handsel of him yet,  
 Carle, now the King's come.

My daughters, come with een sae blue,  
 Your garlands weave, your wild flow'rs strew;  
 He ne'er saw fairer flow'rs than you—  
 Carle, now the King's come.

What shall we do for the propine,  
 We used to offer something fine,  
 But de'il a groan's in pouch of mine—  
 Carle, now the King's come.

De'il care—for that I'se never start,  
 We'll welcome him with Higbland heart;  
 Whate'er we have he's get a part—  
 Carle, now the King's come.

I'll show him mason-work this day—  
 Nane of your bricks of Babel clay,  
 But towers shall stand till Time's away—  
 Carle, now the King's come.

And here's Sir John of projects rife,  
 Will win the thanks of an auld wife,  
 And bring her health and length of life—  
 Carle, now the King's come.

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