

AN EXCELLENT

# NEW SONG,

CALLED,

*The Sprig of Shilale, &c.*

To which are added,

*The Soldier's Dream.*

*The Girl of my Heart.*

*The Bay of Biscay, O!*

*Tam Glen.*



Stirling, Printed in this present year.



THE SPRIG OF SHILALE AND SHAMROCK  
SO GREEN.

O Love is the fault of a neat Irishman,  
He loves all the lovely, loves all that he can,  
With his Sprig of Shilale and Shamrock so green.  
His heart in good humour 'tis honest and sound,  
No malice or hatred is there to be found,  
He courts and he marries, he drinks and he fights,  
'Tis love all for love for in that he delights,  
With his Sprig of Shilale and Shamrock so green.

Who has e'er had the luck to see Denny-brook fair  
An Irishman all in his glory is there,  
With his Sprig &c  
With clothes spic and span new without e're a spec,  
A neat Barcelona tie round his neat neck,  
He goes to a tent and he spends half a Crown,  
He meets with his friend and for love knockshamdown  
With his Shrig, &c.

At evening returning as homeward he goes,  
His heart soft with whisky his head soft with blows,  
From a Sprig, &c.

He meets with his Shila who blushing a smile,  
 Cries get you gone Pat yet consents all the while,  
 To a Priest soon they go, and nine months after that  
 A fine baby cries how d'ye do father Pat,  
 With your Sprig, &c.

Bless the country says I, that gave Patrick his birth,  
 Bless the land of the oak and its neighbouring earth  
 Where grows the Shilale, &c.

May the sons of the Thames the Tweed and the  
 Shannon,  
 Drub the foes who dare plant in our confines a cannon  
 United and happy and loyalty shine,  
 May the Rose and the Whistle long flourish and twine  
 Round the Sprig of Shilale and Shamrock so green



### THE SOLDIER'S DREAM

**O**UR bugles had sung, for the night-cloud had  
 lower'd,  
 And the centinel stars set the watch in the sky,  
 And thousands had sunk on the ground overpow-  
 er'd,  
 The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,  
 By the wolf-scaring faggot, and guarded the slain,  
 At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,  
 And twice ere the cock crew, I dreamt it again.

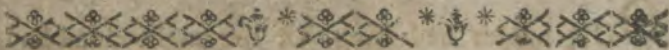
Methought from the battle-field dreadful array,  
 For, if I had roam'd on a desolate track,  
 Till nature and sunshine' disclos'd the sweet way  
 To the house of my father, that welcom'd me back.

I flew to the pleafant fields, travell'd fo oft,  
 In life's morning march, when my bosom was young,  
 I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft  
 And well knew the strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledg'd we the wine cup, and fondly we swore  
 From my house and my weeping friends never to  
 part :

My little ones kiss'd me a hundred times o'er,  
 And my wife sobb'd aloud in the fulness of heart,

Stay ! stay with us ! rest ! thou art weary and worn  
 And fain was the war broken soldier to stay ;  
 But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,  
 And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

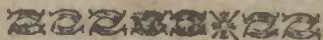


### THE GIRL OF MY HEART.

I Have parks, I have grounds,  
 I have deers, I have hounds,  
 And for sporting a neat little cottage ;  
 I have youth, I have wealth :  
 I have strength. I have health,  
 Yet I mope like a beau in his dotage.

What can I want?—'Tis the girl of my heart,  
 To share those treasures with me :  
 For had I the wealth which the Indies impart,  
 No pleasure would it give to me,  
 Without the lovely girl of my heart  
 The sweet lovely girl of my heart.

My domain far extends, and sustains social friends,  
 Who make music divinely enchanting ;  
 We have balls, we have plays, we have routes, public  
 days,  
 And yet still I find something a-wanting.  
 What should it be! out the girl of my heart,  
 To share those treasures with me ;  
 And had I the wealth which the Indies impart,  
 No pleasure would it give me ,  
 Without the lovely girl of my heart,  
 The sweet lovely girl of my heart  
 For what is the wealth which the Indies impart  
 Compar'd to the girl of my heart ?  
 Then give me the girl of my heart,



### THE BAY OF BISCAY, O.

**L**OUND roar'd the dreadful thunder ;  
 The rain a deluge show'rs !  
 The clouds were rent asunder,  
 By lightning's vivid pow'rs!

The night both drear and dark,  
 Our poor devoted bark  
     Till next day,  
     There she lay,  
         In the Bay of Biscay, O!

Now dash'd upon the billow,  
 Our op'ning timbers creak;  
 Each fears a wat'ry pillow,  
 None stop the dreadful leak!  
     To cling to slipp'ry shrouds,  
     Each breathless teamen crowds,  
         As she lay,  
         Till the day,  
             In the Bay of Biscay, O!

At length the wish'd-for morrow  
 Broke thro' the hazy sky;  
 Absorb'd in silent sorrow  
 Each heav'd the bitter sigh:  
     The dismal wreck to view,  
     Struck horror to the crew,  
         As she lay,  
         On that day,  
             In the Bay of Biscay, O!

Her yielding timbers sever,  
 Her pitchy seams are rent;  
 When heav'n, all-bounteous ever,  
 Its boundless mercy sent!  
     A sail in sight appears,

We hail her with three cheers!  
 Now we sail  
 With the gale,  
 From the Bay of Biscay, O!

TAM GLEN.

MY heart is a-breaking, dearattie;  
 Some counsel unto me  
 To anger them a' is a  
 But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?  
 I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fallow,  
 In poortith I might mak a fen;  
 What care I in riches to wallow,  
 If I manna marry Tam Glen?  
 What care I, &c.

There's Lowrie, the laird of Drum Miller,  
 Gude day to you, brute, he comes ben,  
 He brags and he blaws o' his filler,  
 But whan will he dance like Tam Glen?  
 My minnie does constantly deave me  
 An' bids me beware o' young men;  
 They flatter, she says, to deceive me,  
 But wha can think sac o' Tam Glen?  
 They flatter, &c.

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,  
 He'll gie me gude hunder marks ten;  
 But if its ordain'd I maun take him.

O wha will I get but Tam Glen?  
 Yestreen at the valertines dealin',  
 My heart to my mou' gied a stén',  
 For thrice I drew ahe without failin',  
 And thrice it was written, Tam Glen.  
 For thrice, &c.

The last halloween I was waukin'  
 My bukkit fark sleeve, as ye ken;  
 His likeness cam up the house staukin';  
 An' the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen  
 Come counsel, dear ty, don't tarry;  
 I'll gi'e you my bonny black hen,  
 Gin ye will advise me to  
 The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.  
 Gin ye will, &c.

FINIS.