

THE  
BUCHAN SANGSTER:

CONTAINING

BLOODY DUNDEE;

YOUR AIN FIRESIDE;

THE BLUE PEAT-REEK;

THE LOVE O' BARLEYBREE;

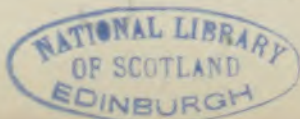
AND

THE HARE AMO' THE CORN.



PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

*by Currier & Ives*  
1871. *Leitric*



## BLOODY DUNDEE.

TUNE—"Bonnie Dundee."

A Monument dazzles in brass at Auld Deer,  
In the chapel where surplice and altar appear,  
To the tool of the tyrant—the foe of the free,  
To Claverhouse Graham—to the bloody Dundee.

Oh, *he* was the Sportsman! Dragoons were his dogs,  
That hunted our fathers o'er mountains and bogs,  
Till the bible and swords of Drumclog made him flee,  
When the speed of his charger saved bloody Dundee.

But, burning with vengeance to Cov'nant and Whig,  
When aided by treach'ry at Bothwell's old Brig,  
He butchered the swordless, no quarter gave he—  
A wolf among sheep was the bloody Dundee.

From the moss to his cottage he dragged godly Brown,  
And scarcely allowed him in prayer to kneel down;  
But growled with an oath that he preached on his knee,—  
So mad a blasphemer was bloody Dundee.

He turned to his "Satans,"—to fire gave command;  
But they drew not a trigger, they raised not a hand;  
For the prayer of the Martyr has blinded each e'e,  
And they heed not the voice of the bloody Dundee.

But Claver'se his pride and his passion restrained,  
While he drew forth a pistol his butcheries had stained,  
And the brains of his victim soon spatter the lea,  
Then away with his "lambs" rode the bloody Dundee.

Now close to their mother her infants have crept,  
*As she bound up the fragments*, then sat down and wept  
Her wings o'er her brood in their terror spread she,  
But Rinrory requited the bloody Dundee!

He tortured poor children until they revealed  
 The holes and the hags that their parents concealed ;  
 The weakness of woman enliven'd his glee,  
 So kind and gallant was the bloody Dundee !

When James, as a Papist, forfaulted the throne,  
 His subjects rejoiced that the Darkness had flown ;  
 The gleam of the Orange illumined the sea  
 And brought freedom in spite of the bloody Dundee.

But Claver'se has summoned the clans from the hills,  
 That the Lowlands may swallow "black Prelacy's pills ;  
 For claymores can teach, and the axe make you sec,  
 That justice and truth ride with bloody Dundee !

Say, wild Killiecrankie, shall Scotland hear mass,  
 And Protestants pine in Dunnottar and Bass ?  
 No ! William approaching makes bigotry flee,  
 And tyranny fall with the bloody Dundee.

Then Monuments garnish with thumbkin and chains,  
 To the Man whom the blood of our Martyrs bestains ;  
 Till Buchan's wide plains, from the hills to the sea,  
 Shall shudder to mouband the bloody Dundee.

## YOUR AIN FIRESIDE.

TUNE—"Kelvin Grove."

Would you banish care and gloom  
 Frae your ain fireside,  
 Oh, let Temperance bud and bloom  
 At your ain fireside ;  
 Then your cauty wife's smile  
 Will the cares of life beguile,  
 And allay the pains of toil  
 At your ain fireside.

Oh, how sweet the artless joys  
 At your ain fireside,  
 While your gleesome girls and boys  
 Cheer your ain fireside ;  
 Or can blyther sight be seen,  
 As they round your board convene,  
 Fresh and fair as olives green  
 By your ain fireside ?

Would you foree the bitter tear  
 At your ain fireside,  
 Frae the heart you vow'd to cheer  
 At your ain fireside ?  
 Could you see the fading cheek  
 Still her smother'd grief bespeak,  
 And afar your pleasure seek,  
 Frae your ain fireside ?

Have you vow'd to train for heaven  
 At your ain fireside,  
 Those sweet flow'ries kindly given  
 To your ain fireside ?  
 Could you see their bloom decline,  
 While in cold and want they pine,  
 Or run wild in heart and min',  
 At your ain fireside ?

Would you dread the serpent's fang  
 At your ain fireside ?  
 Or the deadly adder's stang  
 At your ain fireside ?  
 Frae the drunkard's drink abstain,  
 And your sair-won penny hain ;  
 Then will peace and pleasure reign  
 At your ain fireside.

## THE BLUE PEAT-REEK.

TUNE—"Afton Water."

Again on the mountains, tho' speckled wi' snaw,  
 Mid the whir o' the pertrick an' ptarmigan's craw;  
 The mists o' the morning along their sides streik,  
 An' mingle their locks wi' the blue Peat-reek.

The wind-flower is blushin', the primrose blinks forth,  
 As envious Winter maun creep farther north;  
 The rain frae the hills gies the burn a bit cik,  
 An' it sougns o' the days o' the auld Peat-reek.

When life was a budlet, an' a' thing was new,  
 An' daily our Glen brought its wonders to view;  
 When thro' the wee lozen the sunbeam wad keik,  
 We gazed on the motes, as they reeled in the Reek.

Oh, blythe war the days when we hied to the moss;  
 For, fast as the caster the green peats wad toss,  
 We rowed them awa' in the winraws to beik,  
 That Winter might smile thro' the warm Peat-reek.

Then roun' the kail-bicker we a' wad convene,  
 In the eyes of Affection, like olive-plants green;  
 The chapter was read ere our eyelids wad steik,  
 An' we praised Him that fed us beside the Peat-reek.

When youngsters shot up, an' nae room could be foun'  
 The only resource was the *gun* or the *toun*;  
 Then blessing an' farewell the tongue scarce could speak,  
 An' the last glimpse o' hame was its blue Peat-reek.

The whirl o' the warkshop lang daivert the head,  
 An' the roar o' the causeway wad deave ane to dead;  
 The sulphur-coal smoke clouded day's cauler skreik,  
 An' sair lang'd the heart for the blue Peat-reek.

When Britain commanded her troops to advance,  
 On the mountains o' Spain or the valleys o' France,  
 To quell the oppressor or succour the weak,  
 The plaid o' the foremost smel'd strong o' Peat-reek.

But sadly we wander o'er solitudes wide,  
 Where Scotland ance nourished the sons o' her pride;  
 There roam flocks o' bleaters an' deer fat and sleek,  
 But cauld's the hearth-stane that sent up the Peat-reek.

Oh, when will our Lairds clear the land o' their game,  
 An' a' their deer-forests an' sheep-walks reclaim,  
 Nor force the young peasant his fortune to seek,  
 Sae far frae his hame an' its blue Peat-reek!

### THE LOVE OF BARLEYBREE.

TUNE—"Aiken Drum."

There dwalls a man in our toun,  
 In our toun, in our toun,  
 There dwalls a man in our toun  
 Wha lo'es the barleybree.  
 Whan he gaes to the chainge-house,  
 Wi' neibour chieles to hae a bouse,  
 Oh, vow, but he is wondrous crouse  
 Whan filled wi' barleybree!

But wae's me for his wife and weans,  
 His wife an' weans, his wife an' weans,  
 A broken head an' sair banes  
 They a' maun sairly dree;  
 His elbucks through his sleeves are seen,  
 His taes are glowrin' through his sheen;  
 While bloated cheeks and blawart een  
 Spring frae the barleybree.

An' wae's me for his kail-pat,  
 His kail-pat, his kail-pat,  
 The lythe side anee had blobs o' fat,  
     There's naething now but bree.  
 He's out o' wark, he's out o' claes ;  
 The cauld begins his banes to craze ;  
 His credit's deen in ilka place,  
     Through love o' barleybree.

An' wae's me for his bare house,  
 His bare house, his bare house,  
 There's nae a mealock for a mouse  
     In's kist or almorie.  
 The table, chairs, and steels hae fled ;  
 The claes hae slippit frae the bed ;  
 His raggit weans maun beg their bread  
     Frae cauldriife charitie !

An' wae's me for his life o' sin,  
 His life o' sin, his life o' sin,  
 The drunkard's laugh and swearer's din  
     Come hame wi' barleybree.  
 He wales nae portion frae the Book ;  
 Nae psalm is sung frae ouk to ouk ;  
 A bendit knee, an upward look,  
     His bairnies never see.

Then leave the dubs to deuks and swine,  
 An' tak' the pledge an' boldly sign,  
 That peace and plenty may combine  
     To bless your wife and weans.  
 Then we sall sing, "In our toun,  
 In our toun, in our toun,  
 There's *nae* a man in our toun  
     Wha lo'es the barleybree !"

## THE HARE AMO' THE CORN.

TUNE—"The Brier Bush."

It's braw to view the Simmer fields,  
 In gowan'd robes o' green,  
 An' sweet's the smell the meadow yields,  
 When scythes are sweepin' clean :  
 But corn is better far than girse,  
 An' stooks than colls o' hay ;  
 Yet flocks o' bleaters yearly birze  
 Our bairns frae burn an' brae.

It's braw to see the antler'd deer  
 Aside the cauler wall,  
 Or count them o' the sky-line clear,  
 An' hear their distant call ;  
 But fairer far than hnnters' hut,  
 Are hames o' young an' auld,  
 That welcome caul' an' hunger but,  
 An' rear the fair and bauld.

It's braw to see the hirplin' hare,  
 When dew's begin to fa',  
 Upon her hunkers rise an' stare,  
 As by the corn ye ca' ;  
 She glints wi' gloamin' frae the wood,  
 Her thift by law's nae vice ;  
 But fu should farmers rear her food,  
 An' lairds aye pouch her price ?

It's braw to mark the stalks o' bear  
 Shoot up their awny head,  
 An' blythesome Hope prepare to shear,  
 An' bake her daily bread ;  
 But sweep the land o' lazy drones,  
 Their brew-house and their stills ;  
 Lest weary Labour's halesome scones  
 Be turned to deadly gills.