

THE IRISH Maniac.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

WELCOME ROYAL CHARLEY.
MARY MORRISON.

AND

De'il's awa' wi' the Exciseman.



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THE IRISH MANIAC.

As I stray'd o'er the common on Corks rugged
border,

While the dew-drops of morn the sweet prim-
rose array'd.

I saw a poor female, whose mental disorder [ed,
Her quick glancing eye and wild aspect betray-
On the sward she reclined, by the green fern sur-
rounded,

At her side speckl'd daises and wild flowers
abounded,

To its inmost recesses h'er heart had been wounded,
Her sighs were unceasing—'twas Mary le More.

Her charms by the keen blast of sorrow were faded
Yet the soft tinge of beauty still play'd on her
cheek ;

Her tresses a wreath of pale primroses braided,
And strings of fresh daises hung loose round her
While with pity I gazed, she exclaimed, [neck,
"O my Mother,

See the blood on that lash! 'tis the blood of my
brother ;

They have torn his poor flesh, and the now strip
another—

'Tis Conner, the friend of poor Mary le More.

"Though his locks were as white as the foam of
the ocean,

Those wretches shall find that my father is
brave.

My father she cried, with the wildest emotion,
"Ah, no! my poor father now sleeps in the
grave.

The have tolled his death' bell, they have laid the
turf o'er him.

His white locks were bloody, no aid could restore
him ;

He is gone! he is gone! and the good will deplore
him,

When the blue waves of Erin hide Mary le
More."

A lark from the gold-blossom'd furze that grew
near her,

Now rose and with energy carol'd his lay,
"Hush hush" she continued, "the trumpet sounds
clearer,

The horsmen approach ! Erin's daughters away !
Ah ! soldiers twas foul while the cabin was burning,
And o'er a pale father a wretch had been mour-
ning,

Go hide with the seamew ye maids and take
warning,

Those ruffians have ruin'd poor Mary le More.

"Away! bring the ointment! O God! see those
gashes!

! my poor brother, come, dry the big tear;

And we'll have vengeance for those dreadful
lashes ;

Already the screech-owl and ravens appear.
By day the green grave that lies under the willow
With wild flowers I'll straw, and by night make
my pillow,
Till the coze and dark sea-weed, beneath we
curl'd billow.

Shall furnish a death-bed for Mary le More."

Thus raved the poor maniac in tones most heart-
rending

Than sanity's voice ever pour'd on my ear,
When lo! on the waste, and their march towards
her bending,

A troop of fierce cavalry chanced to appear.
"Oye fiends!" she exclaimed, and with wild hor-
ror started.

With an overcharged bosom I slowly departed,
And sighed for the wrongs of poor Mary le
More.

WELCOME, ROYAL CHARLIE.

THE man that should our king ha'e been,
He wore the royal red and green ;
A braver lad ye wadna seen,
Than our young royal Charlie,

O ye've been lang o' coming,
 Lang lang lang o' coming,
 O ye've been lang o' coming,
 Welcome royal Charlie.

When Charlie in the Highland shiel,
 Forgatherit wi' the great Lochiel,
 O sic kindness did prevail,
 Atween the chief and Charlie!
 O ye've been, &c.

But at Fa'kirk and Prestonpans,
 Supported by our Highland clans,
 He brake the Hanoverian bands,
 Our brave young royal Charlie.
 O ye've been, &c.

We daurna brew a peck o' maut,
 But Geordie he mun ca't a fau't,
 And to our kail we scarce get saut,
 For want o' royal Charlie.
 O ye've been, &c.

Since our true king was turned awa,
 A doited German rules us a'
 And we are forced against the law,
 for the right belongs to Charlie.
 O ye've been, &c.

Since our true king abroad has gone,
 Ther's naught but Whelps sit on his throne,

And Whelps it is denied by none,
 Are beasts compared to Charlie.
 O ye've been &c.

O an' Charlie he were back,
 We wadna heed the German's crack,
 Wi' a' his thievish hungry pack,
 For the right belongs to Charlie.
 O ye've been, &c.

Then, Charlie come and lead the way,
 And Whelps nae mair shall bear the sway;
 Though every maun dog hee its day,
 The right belongs to Charlie.
 O ye've been, &c.

MARY MORISON;

O Mary at thy window be,
 It is the wish'd the trysted hour!
 Those smiles and glances let me see,
 That make the miser's treasure poor,
 How blithly wad I bide the stoure,
 A weary slave frae sun to sun;
 Could I the rich reward secure,
 The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen when to the traubling string,
The dance gae' thro' the lighted ha'
To the my fancy took its wing.

I sat but neither heard nor saw,
Tho' t' was fair and that was braw,
And you the teast of a' the town,
I sigh'd and said among them a',
"Ye are nae Mary Morison."

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
Whase only faut is loving thee?
If love for love thou wilt na gie,
At least be pity to me shown;
A thought ungentle canna be,
The thought o' Mary Morison.

THE DE'IL'S AWA' WI' THE EXCISEMAN.

Thee deil cam fiddling through the town,
And danced awa wi' the Exciseman;
And ilk auld wife cry'd, "Auld Mahoun,
"We wish you luck o' the prize man,

CHORUS.

We'll mak' our maut, and brew our drink,
We'll dance and sing and rejoice, man,

And mony thanks to the muckle black de'il,
That danced awa' wi' the Exciseman.

There's threesome reels, and foursome reels,
There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man.
But the ae best dance that e'er came to our lan',
Was the de'il's awa' wi' the Exciseman.
We'll brew our maun, &c."

