

MAGGY LAUTHER.

AND,

Lord Duncan's

VICTORY

Over the Dutch Fleet,

Octr. 12th, 1797.



STIRLING;

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MAGGY LAUTHER.

WHA wouldna' be in love
 wi' bonny Maggy Lauther;
 A piper met her gaun thro' Fife,
 he spier'd what was't they ca'd her?
 Right scornfully she answer'd him,
 begone you hallan-shaker,
 Job on your gate you blather-skate,
 my name is Maggy Lauther.

Maggy, quo' he, now by my bags,
 I'm fidgin' fain to see thee,
 Sit down by me, my bonny bird,
 in faith I winna steer thee;
 For I'm a piper to my trade,
 my name is Rob the Ranter;
 The lasses loup as they were daft,
 when I blaw up my chanter.

Piper, quo' Meg' ha'e ye your bags?
 or is your drone in order?
 Gif ye be Rob, we've heard o' you,
 live ye upo' the border?
 The kintry a' baith far and near,
 hae heard o' Rob the Ranter;
 I'll shake my foot wi' right gude will,
 gif ye'll blaw up your chanter.

Then to his bags he flew with speed,
 and round the drone he twisted ;
 Meg up and wallop'd o'er the green,
 for brawly could she frisk it ;
 Well done ! quo' he, play up, quo' she,
 well bobb'd quo Rob the Rant'er,
 'Tis worth my while to play, quo' he,
 when I get sic a danc'er

Weel hae ye play'd your part, quo' Meg,
 your cheeks are like the crimson ;
 There's nane in Scotland plays like you,
 since we lost Habby Simson.
 I've liv'd in Fife baith maid and wife,
 these ten years and a quarter,
 When ye come there to Auster fair,
 spier ye for Maggy Lauther.

Then Rob he rous'd and took the road,
 and round a' Fife he ranted,
 And play'd a spring thro' Siller-dykes,
 as merry Meg he wanted :
 And as he enter'd Aust'er town,
 his drone it sounded louder,
 His bags he blew till the chanter flew,
 no pipes was ever prouder.

Then Meg came giglin' to the door,
 and saw her bairn father;
 O mind not ye danc'd wi' me
 your bonny Maggy Lauther,
 Which makes me rue that day sin' syne,
 that e'er I heard your chanter;
 But now I hope you'll marry me,
 my bonny Rob the Ranter.

For when I danc'd, then you' advanc'd,
 an' promis'd not to steer me;
 Wae to the day I heard you play,
 it mak's the kintry jeer me.
 But since that ye will comfort gi'e,
 I'm glad ye've come to see me,
 And from the scandal of the jig,
 in really you will free me.

Fidler's wives and gamester's drink,
 is free to a' that choose them;
 But if you'll be a piper's wife,
 I'll guard you in my bosom.
 And while I live to blaw a blast,
 you'se never be a wanter,
 Since you're so free to marry me,
 your bonny Rob the Ranter.

Lord Duncan's Victory over the Dutch Fleet.

“Dread ye a foe: Dismiss that idle dread;
 'Tis death with hostile steps these shores to tread,
 Safe in the love of Heaven, an ocean flows
 Around our realm, a barrier from the foes.”

HOM. OD. B. 9.

Tune—*Fy*, let us a' to the bridal.

NAE mair need we sigh when we reckon,
 An' think on the days o' langsyne,
 When bauld Scottish heroes sae doughty,
 Wi' laurels o' valour did shine:
 For DUNCAN, a true Scottish callan,
 Wha lang had been thirsting for fame,
 Has yerkit his faes in a toolie,
 And prov'd himself wordy the name.

CHORUS.

While Britons prove true to each other,
 They're victors by land and by sea;
 For Britain was never yet conquer'd,
 And we trust that she never will be.

The Frenchmen thae ill-deedy bodies,
 Wha never war' sound at the bane,
 Wi' hearts maist as black as a kettle,
 An' o' their auld trick unca fain ;
 Wi' fleechin' an' Hornie's assistance,
 Gart heavy-a—'d Dutchmen agree,
 Their ships a' wi' haste to untether,
 An' meet Edie Duncan at sea :—
 While Britons, &c.

But folk little ken, whan they travel,
 What luckless mishaps may befa',
 Or the Dutchmen wad ne'er been sae doitet
 As ventur'd frae Holland ava' ;
 For Duncan sae wylie an' cunnin',
 Lay watchin' the time to begin,
 Then bellyflaught bang'd in upon them,
 An' gied them a weel licket skin.
 While Britons, &c.

Wi' legs snappet aff—broken noddles—
 (my fegs 'twas a sad revel'd pirn) !
 The Dutchmen endeavour'd to rin for't,
 But fand themsel'es snib'd in a girn !
 They lookit like grysies new sticket,
 Whan siccan mishanters they saw,

An' heartily dam'd the French vermin,
 Wha' o' them had made a cat's paw.
 While Britons, &c.

Yet Frenchmen [wha'll ne'er be tongue-
 tacket],

Blaw awa' at an unca degree;
 Again 'bout invasion they blether,
 An' swear they'll be here in a wee;
 But e'en let them yammer an' ettle,
 Britannia laughs at their scheme;
 She has tars wha' are kings o' the ocean,
 An' Volunteer birkies at hame.
 While Britons, &c.

Whan SCOTIA'S shield o'er her mountains
 Sae terribly sounds the alarm,
 Her Sons, looking forward to glory,
 Rush bravely to guard her frae harm.
 'Mang the lave o' her trusty defenders,
 Whase praise weel deserve to be sung,
 There's Campbells, a race lang respeckit,
 Frae Dermid. great warrior! sprung.
 While Britons, &c.

Eke Ferguson, Dewar, and Frazer,
 Buchannan, wha seek SCOTIA'S weel,

M'Dougal (the fam'd Lord o' Lorn),
 M'Nab an' M'Kenzie sae leel;
 Wi' Gordon, M'Leod, an' M'Donald,
 Wha'll stand, but will ne'er turn awa'
 An' bauldly to lead us to honour,
 See Murray the chief o' us a'!
 While Britons, &c.

Yes! we ha'e our bauld Highland laddies,
 Wi' bonnets set briskly a-jeer,
 Wha's love for their country's sae hef it,
 Before they'll forsake her they'll die.
 Look round here, in ilka Scotch bosom,
 A flame for auld SCOTIA does burn;
 A flame which nae dastardly traitor,
 Nor danger nor death can o'erturn!
 While Britons, &c.

FINIS.