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No. XXVIII.

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## The bonny House of Airly.

It fell on a day, and a bonny summer day,  
When the corn grew green and yellow,  
That there fell out a great dispute  
Between Argyle and Airly.

Argyle has raised a hundred men,  
A hundred men and mairly,  
And he has gone to the back of Dunkeld,  
To plunder the bonny house of Airly.

The lady look'd over her window,  
And oh! but she look'd weary,  
And she espy'd the great Argyle  
Coming to plunder the bonny house of Airly.

Come down, come down, Madam, he says,  
Come down and kiss me fairly;  
I will not kiss thee, great Argyle,  
If ye should not leave a standing stone in Airly.

He has ta'en her by the middle so small,  
Says, Lady, where is your dowry;  
It is up and down the bonny burn-side,  
Among the plantings of Airly.

They sought it up, they sought it down,  
They sought it late and airly,  
And found it in the bonny palm tree,  
That shimes on the bowling green of Airly.

He has ta'en her by the left shoulder,  
And O but she look'd weary,

And laid her down on the green bank,  
Till he plunder'd the bonny house of Airy.

O! if my good Lord was at home,  
As this night he is wi' Charlie.  
Great Argyle and all his men  
Durst not plunder the bonny house of Airly.

Tis ten bonny sons I have born,  
And the eleventh ne'er saw his daddie ;  
And if I had a hundred more,  
I w ould give them all to Charlie.

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### The Woodpecker.

knew by the smoke, that so gracefully curl'd  
Above the green elms, that a cottagè was near ;  
nd I said, if there's peace to be found in the world,  
A heart that is humble might hope for it here.

The heart that is humble, &c.  
v'ry leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound,  
at the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech tree.

nd here in this lone little wood, I exclaim'd,  
With a maid who was lovely to soul, and to eye,  
ho would blush when I prais'd her, and weep if  
I blam'd,  
How blest could I live, and yow calm could I die!  
How blest could I live, &c.  
v'ry leaf was at rest, &c.

4  
By the shade of yon summach, whose red berry dips  
In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to recline,  
And to know that I sigh'd upon innocent lips,  
Which ne'er had been sigh'd on by any but me,  
Which ne'er had, &c.  
Evr'y leaf was at rest, &c.

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## The Bloody Plains of Waterloo.

Come all you valiant heroes bold,  
I pray you lend an ear,  
There was not such a battle fought,  
No not this many a year.  
All on the plains of Waterloo,  
On the 18th day of June,  
Against the proud sons of France,  
We pull'd their emperor down.

### CHORUS.

As on the plains of Waterloo,  
It was a bloody fray,  
And ages yet unborn shall read  
The glories of that day.

'Twas on the 16th day of June,  
The battle it began,  
With courage bold each hero fought,  
With valour every man.  
And at the hour of twelve o'clock,  
Began the bloody fight,

And the battle was not ended,  
Till it dropt the veil of night.

'Twas on the 17th day of June,  
About the hour of nine,  
The British and the Prussians,  
Their armies did combine.  
The Duke of Wellington came up,  
All with a warlike band;  
Come, come my boys, we'll beat them down,  
While we have power to stand.

When the Prussian cavalry came up,  
They fought like lions bold,  
Led on by General Blucher,  
Of eighty-three years old.  
Like lions bold undaunted then  
We forced them to fly.  
Come, come, cries General Blucher,  
We'll conquer them or die.

But when the dreadful morn came in,  
The 18th day of June,  
And near the hour of twelve o'clock,  
Ten thousand were cut down.  
Then cried the Duke of Wellington,  
Come on my warlike men,  
'This is the day they'll conquer us,  
Or we will conquer them.

They closed full fast on either side,  
No slackness could be found,

And many a thousand heroes bold,  
 Lay dead upon the ground,  
 Ready was Duke Wellington,  
 To lay the Frenchmen's pride,  
 The fields were stain'd with crimson blood,  
 Death rag'd on every side.

Great guns did roar like thunder,  
 The battle rag'd amain,  
 And in this gallant action,  
 Many thousands there were slain.  
 One hundred and twenty cannons,  
 From them we took away,  
 Six eagles fine we took from them,  
 All on that glorious day.

We hope this glorious action,  
 Will bring peace for evermore,  
 All nations shall united be,  
 Through every distant shore.  
 Success unto Duke Wellington,  
 Who gained this glorious day,  
 Likewise unto General Blucher,  
 That always fought his way.

### The Lass of Woodhouselee.

Young Annic was the sweetest lass,  
 That e'er pu'd slaes by Woodhouselee,

In beauty none can her surpass,  
 For she is all in all to me;  
 A gayer never graced the morn,  
 A blither never trode the lea,  
 Nor one more happy ever born,  
 Than bonnie Anne of Woodhouselee.

The lark may hail the morn wi' joy,  
 The blackbird sing the day to rest;  
 But Annie ever shall employ,  
 The dear effusions of my breast.  
 I'll deck a bower in yonder grove,  
 And weave it off the woodbine tree,  
 And there enjoy my Annie's love,  
 The bonny lass of Woodhouselee.

Sweet spring may paint the flowery braes,  
 And summer scent them with perfume,  
 Where Annie spends the happy days,  
 Among the bowers of yellow broom,  
 Where blossom gay adorns the bush,  
 And little warblers wanton flee;  
 But sweeter is the harmless blush,  
 Of bonny Annie of Woodhouselee.

Her cheeks are like the new blown rose,  
 And in her eyes sweet joy is seen,  
 Her hair in waving ringlets flows,  
 As she steps ower the dewy green.  
 Were I a bird I'd pipe a note,  
 From yonder lofty spreading tree,

That grows before the happy cot, (lee.  
Where dwells sweet Annie of Woodhouse-

I'd rise up wi' the early morn,  
And hail her with my sweetest lays,  
When she gangs barefoot to the burn,  
'To spread abroad her mother's claes.  
The heather blooms on Pentland hills,  
The rising sun blinks o'er the sea,  
While Annie breathes the fragrant gales,  
On yon burnside by Woodhouselee.

Come gentle peace, thou heavenly friend,  
And soother of terrestrial woe;  
Do thou thy olive branch extend,  
Whenever love does find a foe;  
'Till joy and harmony unite,  
And Annie's love wi' mine agree,  
Then I'll enclasp my heart's delight,  
The bonny lass of Woodhouselee.

*F I N I S.*