

THE
BANKS of the BAN,

To which is added,

The Soldier's Dream,

EDWARD AND MARY,

The Maid of Erin,

AND

PEGGY BAWN.



GLASGOW:

Published and Sold Wholesale and Retail,
by R. Hutchison & Co. 10, Saltmarket.—1816.

THE BANKS OF THE BAN.

On Esebeth harbour, that place call'd Hiltown,
Where the rivers & fountains they did me surround;
I spied a fair female as you soon shall understand,
Was viewing small fishes on the banks of the Ban.

I stepped up to her, and to her did say,
Kind nature has fram'd you all hearts to betray,
But if you will go with me, love, here is my hand
That we will be married on the banks of the Ban.

It's I can't go with you, young man, she did say,
For you are a stranger and would me betray,
And I a chaste virgin might break the command,
Your absence is a cordial on the banks of the Ban.

O at length my persuasions they seem to take place,
I knew from the blushes was seen in her face;
Her feet they did slide on the soft beds of sand;
She fell into my arms on the banks of the Ban.

But she being come to her senses again,
And then being gall'd with a sense of her shame;
She cried, you've undone me, my dear, out of hand,
Come let us be married on the banks of the Ban.

It's I cannot marry you, for I am a prentice bound
To a young weaver nigh Ruffyland town;
But when my trade's learned, love, here is my hand
That we will be married on the banks of the Ban.

It's since you will not marry me, pray tell me your
name;

Or where is your dwelling or from whence you came:

My name's William Englam on the Elegenstan,

My dwelling is near to the banks of the Ban.

Come all you young maidens wherever you be,

That wishes to ponder my sad destiny;

When you go a roving by two or by one

Take care of the angler who roves on the Ban.

XX

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our 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, over-
power'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 guarding 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's dreadful array,

far, far 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:

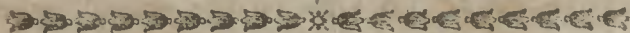
flew to the pleasant fields, travell'd so oft
 in life's morning march, when my bosom was
 young;

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, & fondly we swore,
 from my home 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.



EDWARD AND MARY.

Deep in a vale a cottage stood,
 oft sought by travellers weary;
 And long it prov'd the blest abode
 of Edward and of Mary.

For her he chac'd the mountain goat,
 o'er Alps and glaciers bounding;
 For her the chamois he would shoot,
 dark horrors all surrounding.

But evening come,
 He sought his home;
 And anxious, lovely woman,
 She hail'd the sight,
 And every night
 The cottage rung,
 As they sung,
 Oh, dulce, dulce domum.

But soon, alas! the scene of bliss
 was chang'd to prospect dreary;
 For war and honour rous'd each Swiss,
 and Edward left his Mary,
 To bold St. Gubard's height he rush'd,
 gainst Gallia's foes contending;
 And, by unequal numbers crush'd,
 he died his defending.

The evening come,
 He sought not home;
 Whist she—distracted woman—
 Goes wild with dread,
 Now seeks him dead,
 And hears the knell,
 That bids farewell
 To dulce, dulce domum!

The Maid of Erin.

My thoughts delight to wander
 upon a distant shore,
 Where, lovely, fair, and tender,
 is she whom I adore;
 May Heav'n, its blessings sparing,
 on her bestow them free,
 The lovely Maid of Erin,
 who sweetly sang to me.

Had fortune fix'd my station,
 in some propitious hour,
 The monarch of a nation,
 endow'd with wealth and pow'r;
 That wealth and power sharing,
 my peerless queen should be
 The lovely Maid of Erin,
 who sweetly sang to me.

Altho' the restless ocean
 may long between us roar,
 Yet while my heart has motion,
 she'll lodge within its core;
 For artless and endearing,
 and mild and young is she,
 The lovely Maid of Erin,
 who sweetly sang to me.

When Fate gives intimation,
 that my last hour is nigh,
 With placid resignation
 I'll lay me down and die;
 Fond hope my bosom cheering,
 that I in heav'n shall see
 The lovely Maid of Erin,
 who sweetly sang to me.

XX

PEGGY BAWN.

As I came o'er the Highland hills,
 to a farmer's house I came;
 The night being dark, and something wet,
 I ventur'd into the same,
 Where I was kindly treated,
 and a pretty lass I spied,
 Who ask'd me if I had a wife?
 but marriage I denied.

I courted her the li'e-lang night,
 till near the dawn of day,
 When frankly she to me did say,
 a'lang with you I'll gae;
 For Ireland is a fine country,
 and the Scots to you are kin;
 So I will gang a'lang with you,
 my fortune to begin,

Day being come, and breakfast o'er,
 to the parlour I was ta'en;
 The gudeman kindly asked me,
 if I'd marry his daughter Jane?
 Five hundred merks I'll give her,
 besides a piece of lan';
 But scarcely had he spoke the word,
 till I thought of Peggy Bawn.

“Your offer, Sir, is very good,
 and I thank you too,” said I;
 “But I cannot be your son-in-law,
 and I'll tell you the reason why;
 My business calleth me in haste,
 I am the king's servant bound,
 And I must gang awa' this day,
 straight to Edinburgh town.”

Oh, Peggy Bawy, thou art my own,
 thy heart lies in my breast;
 And though we at a distance are,
 yet I love thee still the best;
 Although we at a distance are,
 and the seas between us roar,
 Yet I'll be constant, Peggy Bawn,
 to thee for evermore.

FINIS.