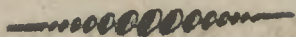


No. 13.




Four Excellent
S O N G S.

Home, sweet Home.
Up and warn a' Willie.
Royal Charlie.
The piper o' Dundee.



NEWTON-STEWART.
Printed and Sold, Wholesale and
Retail, by J. M'NAIRN:



HOME ! SWEET HOME.

'Mid pleasures and palaces tho' we may
roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like
home ;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow
us there,
Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met
with elsewhere.

Home, home ! sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home ! there's no
place like home.

An exile from home, splendour dazzles in
vain,
Oh ! give me my lowly thatch'd cottage
again,
The birds singing gaily, they came at my
call
Give me them with the peace of mind
dearer than all.

Home, home ! sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like heme ! there's no
place like home.

 UP AND WARN A', WILLIE.

Up and warn a' Wille,
 Warn, warn a' ;
 To hear my canty Highland sang
 Relate the thing I saw, Wille.

When we gae'd to the braes o' Mar,
 And to the weapon-shaw, Willie,
 Wi' true design to serve our king
 And banish Whigs awa', Willie.

Up and warn a', Willie.

Warn, warn a' ;

For lord's and laird's cam here bedeen,
 And wow but they were braw, Willie.

But when the standard was set up,
 Right fierce the wind did blaw, Willie ;

The royal nit upon the tap
 Down to the ground did fa', Willie,

Up and warn a' Willie,

Warn, warn a' :

When second sighted Sandy said,
 We'd do nae gude at a', Willie.

But when the army joined at Perth,
 The bravest e'er ye saw, Willie,
 We did na doubt the rogues to rout,
 Restore our king and a', Willie,
 Up and warn a' Willie,
 Warn, warn a' ;
 The pipers play'd frae right to left,
 O whirry Whigs awa', Willie.

But when we marched to Sherramuir,
 And there the rebels saw, Willie ;
 Brave Argyle attacked our right,
 Our flank, and front and a', Willie.
 Up and warn a', Willie,
 Warn, warn a' ;
 Traitor Huntly soon gave way,
 Seaforth, St Clair and a', Willie.

But brave Glengary on our right,
 The rebel's left did claw. Willie,
 He their the greatest slaughter made,
 That ever Donald saw, Willie.
 Up and warn a' Willie,
 Warn, warn a' ;
 And Whittam fyl'd his breeks for fear,
 And fast did rin awa, Willie.

For he called us a Highland mob,
 And swore he'd slay us a' Willie ;
 But we chass'd him back to Stirling brig,
 Dragoons and foot and a' Willie.

Up and warn a' Willie,

Warn, warn a' ;

At length we rallied on a hill,
 And briskly up did draw, Willie.

But when Argyle did view our line,
 And them in order saw, Willie,
 He straight gaed to Dumblane again,
 And back his left did draw, Willie.

Up and warn a' Willie,

Warn, warn a' ;

Then we to Auchterarder march'd,
 To wait a better fa', willie.

Now if ye speir wha wan the day,
 I've tell'd ye what I saw, willie,
 We baith did fight and baith were beat,
 And baith did rin awa, willie.

Up and warn a' willie,

Warn, warn a' ;

For second sighted Sandy said
 We'd do nae good at a', willie.

 ROYAL CHARLIE.

When France had her assistance lent,
 Our darling prince to us she sent,
 Towards the north his course he bent,
 His name was Royal Charlie.

But O, he was lang o' coming,
 O, he was lang o' coming,
 O, he was lang o' coming ;—
 Welcome Royal Charlie.

When he upon the shore did stand,
 The friends he had within the land
 Came down and shook him by the hand,
 And welcomed Royal Charlie.

O, ye've ben lang o' coming, &c.

The dress that our Prince Charlie had
 Was bonnet blue and tartan plaid ;
 And O he was a handsome lad !

Few could compare w' Charlie.

But O, he was lang o' coming, &c.

THE PIPER O' DUNDEE.

The piper came to our town,
 To our town, to our town,
 The piper came to our town,
 And he play'd bounilie.
 He play'd a spring the laird to please,
 A spring brent new frae yont the seas ;
 And then he gae his bags a wheeze,
 And play'd anither key.

And wasna he a roguy,
 A roguy, a roguy,
 And wasna he a roguy,
 The piper o' Dundee ?
 He play'd "The welcome o'er the Main,"
 And "Ye'se be fu' and I'se be fain,"
 And "Auld Stuarts back again,"
 Wi' muckle mirth and glee.

And wasna, &c.
 He play'd "The Kirk" he play'd "The
 Queer,"
 "The Mullin dhu," and "Chevalier,"

And "Lang away, but welcome here,"
Sae sweet, sae bonnilie.

And wasna, &c.

It's some gat swords, and some gat nane,
And some were dancing mad their lane,
And mony a vow o' weir was taen
That night at Amulrie.

And wasna, &c.

There was Tullibardine and Burleigh,
And Struan, Keith and Ogilvie,
And brave Carnegie, wha but he,
The piper o' Dundee?

FINIS.