

x Culloden - Day,

AN OLD SONG.

To which are added,

Scots wha hae wi'
Wallace bled.

Neil Gow's Farewel
to Whisky.

Scotia's Sons.

Native Highland Home.

Farewel to Eliza.



Falkirk, Printed in the Year 1821.

CULLODEN-DAY.

The heath-cock craw'd o'er muir and dale ;
 Red raise the sun o'er distant vale ;
 Our Northern Clans, wi' din some yell,
 Around their Chiefs were gathering.

O Duncan are ye ready yet,
 M'Donald are ye ready yet,
 O Frazer are ye ready yet
 To join the Clans in the morning?

On yonder hills our Clans appear,
 The sun back frae their spears shine clear ;
 The Southren trumps falls on my ear ;
 'Twill be an a'fu' morning!
 O Duncan are ye ready yet? &c.

The Prince is come to claim his ain,
 A stem o' Stewart's glorious name ;
 What Highlander his sword wad hain
 For Charlie's cause this morning?
 O Duncan are ye ready yet? &c.

Nae mair we'll chase the fleet, fleet roe,
 O'er downie glen, on m'untain brow,
 But rush like tempest on the foe.
 Wi' sword and targe this morning!
 O Duncan are ye ready yet? &c.

The contest lasted fair and lang,
 The pipers blew, the echoes rang,
 The cannon roar'd the Clans amang,
 Culloden's awfu' morning!

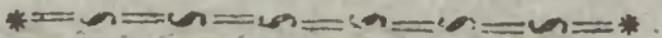
Duncan now nae mair seems keeu,
 He's lo't his dirk an' tartan sheen;
 His bannet stain'd, that ance was clean;
 Foul fa' that awfu' morning.

But Scotland lang shall rue the day,
 She saw her flag lae fiercely flee:
 Culloden-hills were hills o' wae,
 It was an awfu' morning!

Duncan now nae mair seems keen, &c.

Fair Flora's gane her love to seek,
 The midnight dew fa's on her cheek;
 What Scottish heart that will not weep
 For Charlie's fate that morning?

Duncan now nae mair seems keen, &c.



SCOTS, WHA HAE W' WALLACE
 BLED.

SCOTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
 Scots, wham Bruce has often led,
 We come to your gory bed,
 Or to glorious victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour!
 See the front of battle lour!
 See approach proud Edward's pow'r!—
 Edward, chains, an' slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave?
 Wha sae bairn as be a slave?

Traitor, coward, turn and flee.
 Wha for Scotland's King and Law,
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw;
 Freemen stand, or freemen fa':
 Caledonians on wi me.

By oppression's woes and pains,
 By your sons in servile chains,
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be, shall be free.
 Lay the proud usurpers low;
 Tyrants fall in ev'ry foe;
 Liberty's in every blow!
 Forward—let us do or die!

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Neil Gow's Fareweel to Whisky.

You've surely heard o' famous Neil,
 The man that play'd the fiddle weel,
 I wat he was a canty chiel,
 And dearly lo'ed the whisky O.

And ay since he ware tartan trews,
 He dearly lo'ed the Athole-brose,
 And wae he was, you may suppose,
 To play fareweel to Whisky O.

Alake! quoth Neil, I'm frail and auld,
 And find my bluid grows unco-cauld;
 I think 'twad mak me blythe and bauld,
 A wee drap Highland Whisky O.
 Yet the doctors they do at agree,
 That Whisky's nae the thing for me;
 Saul, quoth Neil, 'twill spoil my glee,
 Should they part me and Whisky O.

Tho' I can get baith wine and ale,
 And find my head and fingers hale,
 I'll be content tho' legs shuld fail,
 To play fareweel to Whisky O.
 But still I think on auld langtyme,
 When Paradise our friends did tyne,
 Because something ran in their mind,
 Forbid like Highland Whisky O.

Come a' ye powers o' music come!
 I find my heart grows unco glum;
 My fiddle-strings will no play bum,
 To say fareweel to Whisky O.
 Yet I'll tak my fiddle in my hand,
 And screw the strings up while they'll stand,
 To mak a lamentation grand,
 On gude auld Highland Whisky O.

SCOTIA'S SONS.

BLITHE, blithe aroun' the nappy,
 let us join in social glee;
 While we're here we'll hae a drappy,
 Scotia's sons hae aye been free.

Our auld forbears, when owre their yill,
 and cantie bickers roun' did ca',
 Forsooth, they cried, anither gill,
 for sweert we are to gang awa'.
 Blithe blithe, &c.

Some hearty cock wad then hae sang
 an auld Scotch sonnet aff wi' glee;
 Syne pledg'd his cog—the chorus rang,
 Auld Scotia and her sons are free.
 Blithe blithe, &c.

Thus cracks, and jokes, and sargs gaed roun',
 till morn' the screens o' light did draw;
 Yet drisch to rise, the carls roun'
 cry'd, *Deoch an' dorais*—then awa'.
 Blithe, blithe, &c.

The landlord then the nappy brings,
 and toasts fu' happy a' may be;
 Syne tooms the cog—the chorus rings,
 Auld Scotia's sons shall aye be free.
 Blithe, blithe, &c.

Then like our dads, o' auld langsyne,
 let social glee unite us a',
 Ave blithe to meet, our maits, to weet,
 but ay as sweet, to gang awa'.

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My Native Highland Home.

My Highland home, where tempests blow,
 and cold thy wintry locks,
 Thy mountains crown'd with driven snow,
 and ice-bound are thy brooks;
 But colder far, the Briton's heart,
 however far he roam,
 To whom these words no joy impart,
 "My native Highland home!"

Then gang wi' me to Scotland, dear,
 we ne'er again will roam,
 And with thy smiles, so bonny, cheer
 my native Highland home.
 When summer comes, the heather bell
 shall tempt thy feet to rove;
 The cushet-dove within the dell,
 invite to peace and love!

For blithsome is the breath of May,
 and sweet the bonny broom,
 And pure the dimpling rills that play
 around my Highland home.

Then gang wi' me to Scotland, dear,
 we ne'er again will roam;
 And with thy smiles, so bonny, cheer
 my native Highland home.

FAREWEL TO ELIZA.

From thee, Eliza, I must go,
 and from my native shore;
 The cruel fates between us throw
 a boundless ocean's roar!
 But boundless oceans roaring wide,
 between my love and me,
 They never, never can divide
 my heart and soul from thee.

Farewel, farewell Eliza dear,
 the maid that I adore!
 A boding voice is in mine ear,
 we part to meet no more!
 But the last thro' that leaves my heart,
 while death stands victor by,
 That thro' b, Eliza, is thy part,
 and thine that latest sigh!

F I N I S .

Falkirk—T. Johnston, Printer.