

Home, Sweet Home,
*Look forward with Hope for
To-Morrow,*

AULD ROB MORRIS,
THE HARP THAT ONCE,

AND
DONALD MACDONALD.



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HOME, SWEET HOME.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though 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 through the world, is ne'er met with else-
where.

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;
O give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
The birds singing gaily, that came at my call,
Give me them, with the peace of mind, dearer than all
Home, home, &c.

The fond mother's son, when he leaves his loved shore
He thinks on that home he will never see more;
Amidst all his travels, whilst abroad he does roam,
He sighs and exclaims, there's no place like home.
Home, home, &c.

The sailor, likewise, sails where billows do foam,
Amidst different wonders he still thinks on home;
He thinks on those days that are long past and gone
And with watery eyes, drops tears for his home.
Home, home, &c.

The rich and the poor after pleasure do groan,
 And after long journies, finds no mansion like home.
 Let's go where we will, to new 'prospects' still prone,
 We still look and long for our dear native home.

Home, home, &c.

LOOK FORWARD WITH HOPE FOR TO-MORROW.

IN the downhill of life, when I find I'm declining,
 May my fate no less fortunate be,
 Than a snug elbow chair can afford for reclining,
 And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea
 With an ambling pad poney, to pace o'er the lawn,
 While I carol away idle sorrow ;
 And blithe as the lark, that each day hails the dawn,
 Look forward with hope for to-morrow.

With a porch at my door, both for shelter and shade
 too,
 As the sunshine or rain may prevail ;
 A small spot of ground for the use of the spade too,
 And a barn for the use of the flail.
 A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,
 And a purse when a friend wants to borrow ;
 I'll envy no Nabob his riches or fame,
 Nor what honour awaits him to-morrow.

From the bleak northern blast may my cot be completely

Secured by a neighbouring hill;
 At night, may repose steal upon me more sweetly,
 By the side of a murmuring rill;
 And, while peace and plenty I find at my board,
 With a heart free from sickness and sorrow,
 With my friends will I share what to-day may afford,
 And let them spread the table to-morrow.

But when I at last must throw off this frail covering,

Which I've worn for threescore years and ten,
 On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep hovering,

Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again;
 But my face in a glass I'll serenely survey,
 And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow,
 As this old worn-out stuff which is thread-bare to-day,
 May become everlasting to-morrow.

then: AULD ROB MORRIS.

There's auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen,
 He's the king o' good fellows and wale o' auld men;
 He has goud in his coffers, he has owsen and kine
 And ae bonny lassie, his darling and mine.

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May;
 She's sweet as the ev'ning amang the new hay,

As blythe and as artless as lambs on the lea,
And dear to my heart as the light to my ee,

But oh, she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird,
My daddie has nought but a cot-house and yard;
A wooer like me manna hope to come speed,
The wounds I maun hide that will soon be my dead.

The day comes to me, but delight I have nane,
The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane,
I wander my lane like a night troubled ghaist,
And I sigh as my heart is wad burst in my breast.

O had she but been of lower degree,
I then might hae hope she wad smile upou me!
O how past describing wad then be my bless,
As now my distraction no words can express.

THE HARP THAT ONCE.

THE Harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute as Para's walls
As if that soul was fled:—
So sleep's the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er;
And hearts that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
 The harp of Para-swells ;
 The chord, alone, that breaks at night,
 It's tale of ruin tells :
 Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
 The only thro' she gives,
 Is when some heart indignant breaks,
 To show that still she lives.

DONALD M'DONALD.

My name it is Donald M'Donald,
 I live in the Highlands sae grand ;
 I've followed our banners, and will do,
 Wherever my maker has land.
 Whan rankit amang the blue bannets,
 Nae danger can fear me ava ;
 I ken that my brethren around me
 Are either to conquer or fa'.
 Brogues and brochen, and a',
 Brochen and brogues, and a',
 And is na she very weel aff,
 Wha' has brogues and 'brochen, and a'.

Last year we were wonderfu' canty,
 Our friends and our country to see ;
 But since the proud Corsican's vauntie,
 We'll meet him by land or by sea.
 Whenever a plan is disloyal,
 Wha'ever our king has a foe,

He'll quickly see Donald M'Donald,
 Wi' his Highlandmen a' in a row.
 Guns and pistols, and a',
 Pistols and guns, and a',
 He'll quickly see Donald M'Donald,
 Wi' guns and pistols; and a'.

What tho' we befriedit young Charlie,
 To tell it I dinna think shame,
 Poor lad, he came to us but barely,
 And reckoned our mountains his hame.
 Its true that our reason forbade us;
 But tenderness carried the day:
 Had Geordie come friendless amang us,
 Wi' him we had a' gane awa'.
 Sword and buckler, and a';
 Buckler and sword, and a';
 For George we'll encounter the devil,
 Wi' sword and buckler, and a'.

And oh! I would earnestly press him,
 The keys o' the East to retain;
 For should he gie up the possession,
 We'd soon hae to force them again;
 Than yield up ae inch wi' dishonour,
 Tho' it were my finishing blow,
 When he may depend on M'Donald,
 Wi' his Highlandmen a' in a row,
 Knees and elbows, and a';
 Elbows and knees, and a';
 Depend upon Donald M'Donald,
 Wi's knees and elbows, and a'.

If Buonaparte land at Fört William,
 Auld Europe nae langer sall grane.
 I laugh when I think how we'll gall him;
 Wi' bullet, wi' steel, and wi' stane.
 Wi' rocks o' the Nevis and Gairy,
 We'll rattle him aff frae our shore.
 Or lull him asleep 'neath a carniey,
 And sing him Lochaber no more.
 Stanes and bullets, and a',
 Bullets and stanes, and a';
 We'll finish the Corsican callan,
 Wi' stanes and bullets, and a',

The Gordon is gude in a hurry,
 The Campbell is steel, to the bane,
 And Grant, and M'Kenzie, and Murray,
 And Cameron will hurkle to nane.
 The Stuart is sturdy and wannel,
 And sae is M'Leod and M'Kay,
 And I, their gudebrother, M'Donald,
 Shall ne'er be the last in the fray,
 Brogues and brochen, and a',
 Brochen and brogues, and a',
 Sae up' wi' the bonny blue bannet,
 The kilt and the feather, and a',

FINIS.