

TAM GLEN.

YOUNG DUNOIS.

Merrily Oh!

The Soldier's Dream.

Go where Glory waits thee.



GLASGOW:

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TAM GLEN.

My heart is a-breaking, dear Tittie,
Some counsel unto me come len';
To anger them a' is a pity—
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?
I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fallow,
In poortith I might mak a fen';
What care I in riches to wallow,
If I maunna marry Tam Glen.

There's Lowrie the laird o' Drummeller,
'Gude day to ye,' brute! he comes
He brags an' he blaws o' his siller; (hen;
But whan will he dance like Tam Glen?
My mimmie does constantly deave me,
And bids me beware o' young men;
They flatter, she says, to deceive me,—
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'll gie me gude-hunder-marks ten;
But if it's ordain'd I maun tak him,
O wha will I get but Tam Glen?
Yestreen at the valentines' dealin',
My heart to my mou gied a sten;

For thrice I drew ane without failin',
 And thrice it was written 'Tam Glen!'

The last Hallowe'en I was waukin'

My drookit sark-sleeve, as ye ken,
 His likeness cam up the house staukin,

An' the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen!
 Come counsel, dear Tittie, dont tafry;

I'll gie you my bonnie black hen,
 Gif ye will advise me to marry

The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

YOUNG DUNOIS.

It was Dunois, the young and brave, was
 bound for Palestine,

But first he made his orisons before
 Saint Mary's shrine:

'And grant, immortal Queen of Heav-
 en, I was still the soldier's prayer,

'That I may prove the bravest knight,
 and love the fairest fair.'

His oath of honour on the shrine he
 graved it with his sword,

And follow'd to the Holy Land the ban-
 ner of his Lord;

Where, faithful to his noble vow, his
war-cry fill'd the air,—

‘Be honour’d aye the bravest knight;
belov’d the fairest fair!’

They owed the conquest to his arm, and
then his liege lord said,

‘The heart that has for honor beat, by
bliss must be repaid;

My daughter, Isabel and thou shall be a
wedded pair,

For thou art bravest of the brave, she
fairest of the fair.’

And then they bound the holy knot be-
fore Saint Mary’s shrine,

That makes a paradise on earth if hearts
and hands combine;

And every lord and lady bright that
were in chapel there,

Cried, Honor’d be the bravest knight,
belov’d the fairest fair!

MERRILY OH!

Merrily every bosom boundeth,

Merrily oh! merrily oh!

Where the song of freedom soundeth,
 Merrily oh! merrily oh!
 There the warrior's arms
 Shed more splendour,
 There the maiden's chains
 Shine more tender,
 Every joy the land surroundeth,
 Merrily oh! merrily oh!

Wearily every bosom pineth,
 Wearily oh! wearily oh!
 Where the bond of slavery twineth,
 Wearily oh! wearily oh!
 There the warrior's dart
 Hath no fleetness,
 There the maiden's heart
 Hath no sweetness,
 Every flower of life declineth,
 Wearily oh! wearily oh!

Cheerily then from hill and valley,
 Cheerily oh! cheerily oh!
 From your native mountains sally,
 Cheerily oh! cheerily oh!
 If a glorious death
 Won by bravery,
 Sweeter be than breath
 Sigh'd in slavery,

Round the flag of freedom rally,
Cheerily oh! cheerily oh!

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud
had lower'd, (sky;
And the sentinel-stars set their watch in the
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 that guarded 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 ar-
ray,

Far far I had roam'd on a desolate tract,
'Till nature and sunshine disclos'd the sweet
way, (back.

To the house of my father, who welcom'd me
I flew to the pleasant field, track'd so oft;
In life's morning watch, when my bosom
was young:

I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-
reapers sung.

Then pledg'd we the wine-cup, — and fondly I
swore, (ver to part;

From my home and my weeping friends ne-
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud in the fullness 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.

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS
THEE.

Go where glory waits thee,
But while fame blates thee,
Oh! still remember me.

When the praise thou meetest,
To thine ear 'is sweetest,
Oh! then remember me.

Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee,
All the joys that bless thee,
Sweet in far may be;

But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dearest,
Oh! then remember me.

When at eve thou rovest,
 By the star thou lovest,
 Oh! then remember me.
 Think when home returning,
 Bright we've seen it burning,
 Oh! then remember me.
 Oft as summer closes,
 When thine eye reposes
 On its ling'ring roses,
 Once so lov'd by thee:
 Think on her who wove them,
 Her who made thee love them,
 Oh! then remember me.

When around the dying,
 Autumn leaves are lying,
 Oh! then remember me.
 And at night, when gazing
 On the gay hearth blazing,
 Oh! then remember me.
 Then should music stealing
 All the soul of feeling,
 To thy heart appealing,
 Draw one tear from thee;
 Then let memory bring thee,
 Strains I us'd to sing thee,
 Oh! then remember me.

FINIS.