

THE

*Athole Highlanders.*

To which is added,

CUPID'S ADVENTURE.



Printed for the Booksellers.

The Athole Highlanders.

The twenty-seventh of January,  
The year 17 hundred and 88,  
The Highland boys would not agree.  
To ship, for colonel G——n.

CHORUS.

Charley are ye waking yet?  
Or are ye sleeping? I would wot;  
The Highland drums to arms to beat,  
Will you go on board this morning?  
To the East Indies we were were sold  
By M——y, for a bag of gold;  
But listen a while and I will unfold,  
How we did blast his glory.  
At Portsmouth we were shipped to be,  
To serve the East India Company;  
But the Highland lads would not agree,  
To go abroad that morning.  
Were it to fight 'gainst France or Spain,  
We would with pleasure cross the main,  
But like bullocks to be sold for gain.  
Our highland blood abhors it.  
Charley appeared upon the plain,  
And thus he did address his men:  
The first that refuses shall be slain,  
To go on board this morning.  
The Higland boys did him deny,  
Said, we will fight untill we die;

Both you and M——y we defy:  
 We'll comb your hair this morning.  
 To the East Indies we wont go,  
 To join Byre Coote, or Hect. Monro;  
 Our time is out, and home we'll go,  
 In spite of all your noses.  
 The name of M——y I do suppose,  
 Should stink unto a Scotsman's nose,  
 To king and country they were rogues,  
 As witness traitor Geordy:  
 Your father commanded in forty-five,  
 The young Pretender could not thrive,  
 As witness many man alive,  
 How treacherously he sold them.  
 Our fathers you sold at Culloden field;  
 The Isle of Man you did up yield;  
 But the 77th have hearts of steel,  
 Go ask it of Colonel G——n.  
 As witness bears his bloody head,  
 I would not wish the poor wretch dead,  
 Bnt while my grinders can chew bread,  
 The M——y's I'll abhor them.  
 If writings keep his memory,  
 His deeds shall not forgotten be;  
 It makes my blood run chill in me,  
 To think of M——y's roguery.  
 Upon the earth short may he dwell.  
 But like all traitors go to hell, a disgrace,  
 And his place,

Who thought the 77th to sell,  
 But God detected his roguery.  
 Then gen. Smith came to the plain,  
 And ask'd of him where were his men?  
 The pox on me if I do ken,  
 They comb'd my hair this morning.  
 Our Major, like a soldier bold,  
 He said my lads you shan't be sold,  
 For of your hands I'll take a hold,  
 And bring you off this morning.  
 Sir Robert Stewart of birth and fame,  
 And long may he maintain the same,  
 To be an honour to the name,  
 May all that's good come o'er him.  
 Messrs. Viner and Maitland too,  
 To them our hearty thanks is due:  
 Our cause they stood both firm and true  
 In spite of M——y's roguery.  
 When the news to London went,  
 Lord George Lennox down was sent,  
 To look into the men's complaint,  
 How they were used that morning.  
 Lord George Lennox a soldier brave,  
 How generously he did behave,  
 His word of honour to us gave,  
 We should not be sent over.  
 The G. Gordon shouldn't be forgot,  
 Said, we are and a trusty scot,

But may d——on be their lot,  
 Who approves of M——y's roguery.  
 Now to conclude and make an end:  
 Of these few lines that I have penned,  
 May peace and plenty be the end,  
 God bless our own king Geordy.  
 The India captains they did cry,  
 Where is your men that we did buy,  
 Then M---y said, If they should die,  
 They'll go on board this morning.  
 The price was made at a high rate,  
 The bargain struck without debate,  
 That men to India be sent,  
 To stop yon Hyder Ali.  
 May Sir Eyre Coote and brave Munro,  
 Make that savage villain know,  
 That Britons are his mortal foe,  
 And let them twist him fairly.  
 We Athole men go home to rest,  
 For sure we are we've done our best,  
 But her nainsell has been opprest  
 By M——y, who sold us fairly.  
 There has been traitors you may see,  
 In forty five and eighty three;  
 But let M——y still branded be,  
 And all good men abhor him.  
 Thy father M——y died in disgrace,  
 And thou his son has filled his place,

Judas and M——y got yon place,  
 For gold cannot restore them.  
 Now, dad and son, I am to end,  
 This new song that I have penn'd ;  
 May all the traitors high be hanged,  
 For Athole men abhors them.

### CUPID'S ADVEFTURE.

As Cupid was a rambling,  
 the day all along,  
 And when he had done rambling,  
 the night coming on :  
 He knocked at the door,  
 she awoke with surprize,  
 Saying, who is there that calleth,  
 Saying, &c.  
 my rest for to destroy.

The Archer he answered,  
 so meek ond so mild,  
 Said he. I am a little  
 unfortunate child ;  
 It's a cold rainy night,  
 and I am wet to the skin,  
 And I have lost my way,  
 And, &c.  
 so pray let me in.

The maid took compassion,  
and struck up a light,  
She open'd the door,  
and the boy stood in sight,  
He had wings on his shoulders,  
all drooping with wet,  
His bow and his arrows,  
His bow, &c  
between them was set.

She stirred up the fire,  
sat down by his side,  
She took a clean napkin,  
the wet from him dry'd.  
And choffed him all over,  
to keep out the cold air,  
And from with her hand she wrung,  
And with &c.  
the wet out of his hair,

Then out of his quiver,  
an arrow he drew,  
He touched the string,  
and so twang went the bow,  
It went into her bosom,  
therefore to present her,  
A sting of a Hornet,

A sting, &c.

no sharper could enter,

Then up jumps the Archer,

as brisk as a bee,

I wish you much joy

my fair one, said he;

My bow is not damaged,

neither is my dart,

But you may find some trouble,

But &c.

in bearing of the smart.

FINIS.