

# THE LOSS OF ONE HERO.

Printed and Sold by R. Walker, near the Duke  
Palace, Norwich.

Come all ye lovers true and constant,  
Attention to my mournful song,  
Come and pity my situation,  
For in this world I can't live long;  
All for the loss of my sweet William,  
He is the lad I do adore;  
For in the wars as he got wounded,  
Never alive I'll see him more.

When first my true love enlisted,  
He went on board to cross the main,  
And like a Briton fought most boldly,  
He fought through Portugal, France,  
and Spain,  
And to the last decisive battle  
There was struck his fatal blow,  
And there my William got mortally wounded  
On the plains of Waterloo.

My William wrote to me a letter,  
As he lay bleeding in his gore,  
Fare you well my charming creature,  
Never alive to see you more,  
I know that you did love me dearly,  
Though unconstant I have been,  
Had I live to see it over,  
Married to you I should have been,

Fare you well my charming creature,  
My mortal breath is 'most resign'd,  
I know that you did love me dearly,  
But do not now for me repine;  
Farewell, this world I'll give to you,  
And to all my joys I'll bid adieu,  
For here my shattered bones lay mould'ring  
All on the plains of Waterloo.

My William he is tall and handsome,  
I speak no lies but tell the truth;  
Near six feet, and in proportion,  
Indeed he was a clever youth.  
Now Nancy lays then broken hearted,  
Full of sorrow, grief, and wee,  
All for the loss of her sweet William,  
Who fell on the plains of Waterloo.



*Lord Marlborough.*

YOU generals and champions bold that take delight in field,  
That knock down palaces and walls but now to death must  
yield,  
I must go and face my daring foe with sword and shield,  
I always fought with my merry men but now to death must  
yield.

I am an Englishman by birth and Marlborough is my name,  
In Devonshire I first drew my breath that place of noble fame,  
I was beloved by all my men, king, and princes likewise,  
I never fail'd in any thing but won great victories.

It's good Queen Anne did send us abroad to Flanders we  
go,  
To leave the banks of Newfoundland to face our daring foe,  
We climb'd lofty hills so high and Gunstone broke likewise,  
That all these towns we took to all the world's surpris.

King Charles the second I did serve to face our foes in  
France,  
And at the battle of Romilies we boldly did advance,  
The sun was down, the earth did shake, I so loud did cry,  
Fight on my boys for England's sake we'll gain the field or  
die.

Now we have gained the victory and bravely kept the field,  
Prisoners we have took great numbers, forced our foes to  
yield,  
That day my horse was shot all by a cannon ball,  
As I was mounting up again, my aid-de-camp did fall.

Now on a bed of sickness I am resign'd to die,  
You generals and champions stand true as well as I,  
Take you no bribes, but stand true to your men,  
And fight with courage bold, for England again.



# LOVE AND GLORY.

Printed and sold by J. Jennings, 18, Water-lane,  
Fleet-street, London.

YOUNG Henry was brave a youth,  
As ever grac'd a martial story,  
And Jane was fair as lovely truth;  
She lov'd him for his valour and his glory,  
She lov'd him, &c.

With her his faith he meant to plight,  
And told her many a gallant story,  
Till war, their honest joys to blight,  
Call'd him away from love to glory,  
Call'd him, &c.

Brave Henry met the foe with pride;  
Jane follow'd—fought—ah! hapless story.  
In man's attire, by Henry's side,  
She died for love and he for glory.

# The Keepsake.

Feb. 1828

## The Wolf.

At the pale of night,  
Every sense & every paw,  
Fetter'd his foot, when slow  
They cur'd him when we  
Woke, while the wolf was howling,  
Bays the moon with hoarse  
Gates are barr'd with res-  
Femalis shrill, & the res-  
Silence, or you shall hear  
Your keys, your bows, and  
Locks, bolts, & bars, com-  
Then to rife, rife, & plun-



## The Keel Row.

As I came through the  
Oh, woe! in the keel row.  
The ship in my bowen in  
My dear to wear a bonnet,  
And a single in his ebin,  
Wee may, &c.  
Charlie then my darling,  
My love has youth of roses,  
With a smile of bliss is  
To roll a lassie in.

## WILL WATCH THE BOLD SINGLER.

Twas one more what the wind from the northward blew, Will watch the bold singler,  
wants of the main, A bold singler, Will watch the bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
bold, and to some height, Will watch the bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
trip, if will, and so, Will watch the bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
He stand the bold singler, then se- rare-ly took

He is a bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
He is a bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
He is a bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
He is a bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
He is a bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
He is a bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
He is a bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
He is a bold singler, then se- rare-ly took

### With a Helmet on his brow.

With a helmet on his brow,  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took

### Birks of Invermay.

Birks of Invermay,  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took

### When a Man's a Little Bit Pooty.

When a man's a little bit pooty,  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took

### Low down in the Brown.

Low down in the brown,  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took

### My mouth with a smile.

My mouth with a smile,  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took

### The Gay Gaiter.

The gay gaiter,  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took

### Pluck'd the fairest flower.

Pluck'd the fairest flower,  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took

### Richmond Hill.

Richmond Hill there  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took

### Love and Glory.

Love and glory,  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took

### Young Henry was us.

Young Henry was us,  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took

### Hope told a flatterer.

Hope told a flatterer,  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took

### My dear to wear a bonnet.

My dear to wear a bonnet,  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took

### With her his faith he meant to plight.

With her his faith he meant to plight,  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took

### Jane to lov'd-fought.

Jane to lov'd-fought,  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took

### Life, alas! can charm no more.

Life, alas! can charm no more,  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took  
The bold singler, then se- rare-ly took

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# LOVE

## Among the Roses.

Evans, printer, Long-lane, London.

*114*  
YOUNG Love flew to the Paphian bower.

And gather'd sweets from many a flower.

From roses and sweet jessamine,  
The lily and the eglantine;  
The Graces there were culling poses,  
And found young Love among the roses.

Young love, &c.

2

Oh, happy day, oh, joyous hour,  
Compose a wreath of every flower,  
Let's bind him to us, ne'er to sever,  
Young Love shall dwell with us for ever.

Eternal spring the woods shall be,  
Content to live among the trees.



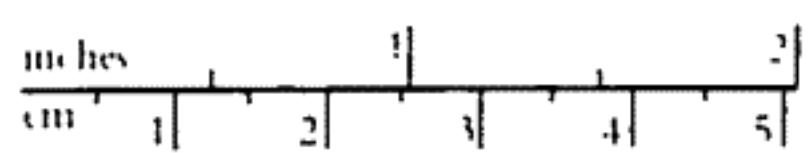
# LOVE

## AND GLORY

YOUNG Love and Glory  
And that the fair of youth with  
The light of youth and the  
The light of youth and the

With the light of youth and the  
The light of youth and the  
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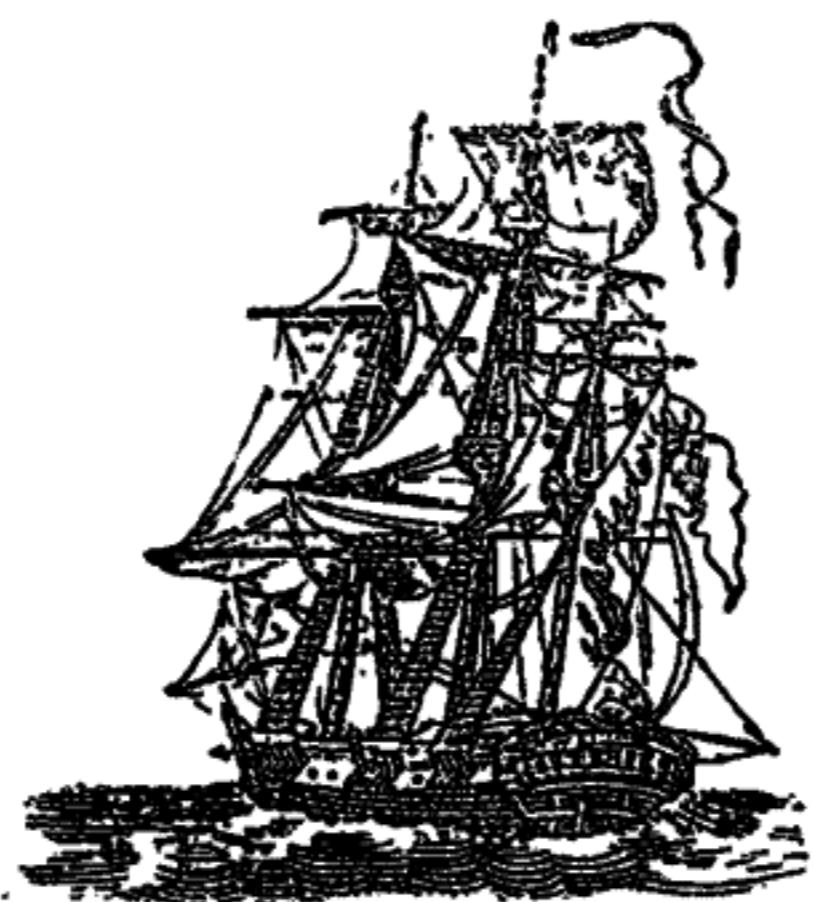
Eternal spring the woods shall be,  
Content to live among the trees.



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THE  
**BARCAROLE.**

J. PANNELL, PRINTER, 24, BYROM STREET,  
LIVERPOOL.

Behold, how brightly breaks the morning,  
Tho' bleak our lot, our hearts are warm ;  
To toil inured, all danger scorning,  
We'll hail the breeze and brave the storm.

CHORUS.

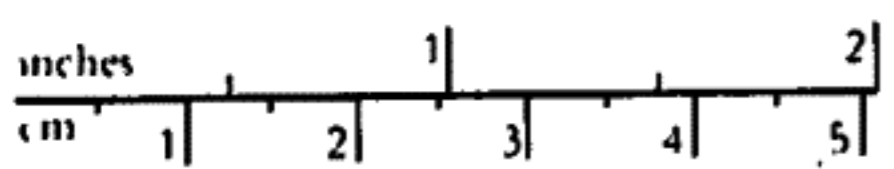
Put off, put off, our course we know,  
Take heed, whisper low :  
Look out and spread your nets with care,  
Take heed, whisper low,  
The prey we seek, we'll soon ensnare.  
Away, no cloud is low'ring o'er us,  
Freely now we'll stem the wave ;  
Hoist! Hoist! all sail while full before us,  
Hope's beacon shines to cheer the brave.  
Put off, put off, &c.

**Oh! Lady Fair.**

Oh lady fair! where art thou roaming?  
The sun has sunk, the night is coming,  
Stranger, I go o'er moor and mountain,  
To tell my beads at Agnes' fountain.  
And who is the man with his white locks flowing?  
O, lady fair! where is he going?  
A wand'ring pilgrim weak I falter,  
To tell my beads at Agnes' altar.  
Chill falls the rain, night winds are blowing,  
Dreary and dark's the way we're going.  
Fair lady, rest, till morning blushes,  
I'll strew for thee a bed of rushes.  
Oh, stranger when my beads I'm counting,  
I'll bless thy name at Agnes' fountain.  
Thou, pilgrim, turn, and rest thy sorrow,  
Thou'lt go to Agnes' shrine to-morrow.  
Good stranger, when my beads I'm telling,  
My Saints shall bless thy leafy dwelling.  
Strew then, oh strew our bed of rushes,  
Here we shall rest till morning blushes.

LOVE AND  
**GLORY.**

Young Henry was as brave a youth  
As ever grac'd a martial story,  
And Jane was fair as lovely truth ;  
She sigh'd for love, and he for glory.  
With her his faith he meant to plight,  
And told her many a gallant story ;  
Till war, their honest joys to blight,  
Call'd him away from love to glory.  
Brave Henry met the foe with pride,  
Jane follow'd—fought—ah, hapless story!  
In man's attire, by Henry's side,  
She died for love, and he for glory.





THE WIVES IN WICK-FIELD.

LOVE AND GLORY.

Young Henry was as brave a youth  
As ever graced a martial story;  
And his wife's fair as lovely truth,  
She sought for love, and he for glory.

With her his faith he meant to plight  
And told her wondrous gallant story  
Till war their honest joys to blight,  
Call'd him away from love to glory.

Brave Henry met the foe with pride  
Jaws follow'd, fought a hapless story  
In man's attire by Henry's side,  
She died for love and he for glory.

Rosson, Printer, Middlewich.

Y O U know, how dare you thus presume about your wife and I.

And rail: not scandalize me in such a mannerous way,  
You know I'm fast in Ludo and cannot you't.

But in a better time, my boy you shall shall report  
With shovel, tongs, and frying pan, pot, and broom,  
I'll make you squeak, & grin, & leap up and down the room.

You say that I get tipsy while you are hard at work,  
And that I scold and bang you worse than any hen, or cock;  
When a woman beats her husband and her maid, that's common,  
The world will laugh, and say, 'tis no hard thing to do't again.

When you come home at dinner time you say I'm drunk in bed,  
When you perhaps have had me with a broken head,  
And if now and then I take a little glass, what is to be said,  
May not I at times take a drop as well as you, you brave.

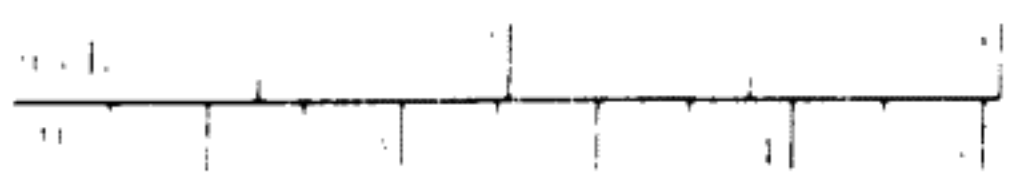
Must I sit like a fool at home, nor dare to say a word,  
While you're recreating day and night as spruce as any lord,  
You talk as if you ne'er did wrong, 'tis truly is a shame,  
That when a husband does amiss his wife is always blamed.

When a woman once submits to let a man have all his way,  
Like a tool beneath a hammer she'll be trampled on all day,  
But never a man that's ever been born of me shall impose,  
For while I can yield a shovel, I'll maintain my rights with blows.

Now for a month's confinement I would not care a pin,  
If I were allowed to have a little drop of gin,  
But I'll have vengeance bye-and-bye, and make you sore repent,  
The day that to Magistrate with such a tale you went.

I'll soon be out again, old boy, prepare to meet your doom,  
For the shovel it shall go to work up and down the room,  
In vain you think to shun me, in vain you think to fly,  
For I swear that with the shovel you shall catch it, hip and thigh.

Now I do advise each ill us'd wife who hears this ditty sung  
To take a shovel in her hand, and do as I have done,  
And if any has not got one, because their means are small,  
I'll freely give her six-pence to buy one.---THIS IS ALL.



British Library

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# THE ROYAL SONGSTER.

Printed by T. BIRT, No. 10, Great St. Andrew Street, Seven Dials, London, (wholesale and retail,) Country Orders punctually attended to.—Every description of Printing on the most reasonable terms.

## God Save the King!

**G**OD save great George our King!  
Long live our noble King!  
God save the King,  
Send him victorious,  
Happy and glorious,  
Long to reign over us,  
God save the King!

Lord our God arise,  
Scatter his enemies,  
And make them fall,  
Confound their politics,  
Frustrate their knavish tricks,  
On thee our hopes are fix'd,  
God save us all!

Thy choicest gifts in store,  
Oh, George ye pleased to pour,  
Long may he reign;  
May he defend our laws,  
And ever give us cause,  
To sing with heart and voice,  
God save the King!

## The Parson's Clerk!

**N**EAR Moorfields is a house of prayer  
Which every chapel-goer knows,  
Pious folks they do go there.

To sport their Sunday clothes,  
The Parson fill'd with gospel grace,  
Could shew good living in his face,  
And fruits of the spirit you might trace  
In the dark!

Just beneath him did appear,  
A man who sung so sweet and clear  
The hymns for—twenty pounds a year.  
The Parson's Clerk!

Mr. Joseph Joshua Twilight,  
Always dress'd as if in print,  
His eyes were beautifully bright,  
Though they had a little squint,  
He gave out a hymn, his head he shook,  
One eye was fix'd upon the book,  
T'other would round the chapel look,  
Only mark.

Like others, he could not resist,  
Singing with a beautiful usual twist,  
The while he beat time with his fist,  
The Parson's Clerk!

By fate's decree a rich man died,  
Whose widow with much grief & pain  
On Sunday to the chapel hied,  
In hopes to wed again.  
The flesh did the spirit sore assail,  
She pray'd that her prayers might prevail  
And sung as sweet as a nightingale,  
Or a lark.

She look'd as harmless as a dove,  
Thought love feasts were feasts of love,  
Turn'd her eyes on heaven above,  
And the Parson's Clerk!

Master Twilight tho' his eyes were bad,  
A nose so keen and sharp had got,  
Is less than no time at all ag'd,  
He smelt out what was what.  
And soon gave her to understand,  
By pious talking of widdow's band,  
Sigh'd and groan'd, & squeez'd her hand  
In the dark!

A month from the time her husband died  
At living alone so much she sigh'd,  
She went to Church, and was fairly tied  
To the Parson's Clerk!

Ere the honey-moon had flown,  
His manner somehow seem'd so strange  
He dress'd so spruce—left her alone  
Astonish'd at the change.  
From righteous paths he turn'd astray,  
And even on the Sabbath day,  
Dropt himself in a one-horse chaise,  
In the Park.

And all the week I don't know how,  
At singing gless he made a row,  
"Glorious Apollo!"  
And got as drunk as David's cow,  
The Parson's Clerk!

Only a short time after that,  
These revels turn'd to grief and care,  
He was took by a man with a large cock'd  
Petooe the great Lord Mayor; (hat,  
Charges against him not a few,  
For being in love, and being untrue,  
And children sworn—a dozen or two, o  
Fair and dark.

And when at the truth they did arrive,  
To show what a rare game he did drive,  
He had three wives beside—and all alive,  
The Parson's Clerk!

Committed to Newgate's deary cell,  
Proof of guilt beyond all doubt,  
He serv'd three years in Clerkenwell,  
And then—quite fresh—came out.  
His wives were gone—he knew not where  
And what was more—he did not care,  
He wanted a trade—the wind was fair,  
To embark.  
For gospel grace his bowels yearn'd,  
He had a call—it was not spurn'd—  
And now he's a Methodist Parson, turn'd  
The Parson's Clerk!

## Fanny in the Grove.

**F**ANNY was in the grove,  
And Lubin her boy was nigh,  
Her eyes were warm with love,  
And her soul was as warm as her eye.  
O! if Lubin now would sue,  
What would poor Fanny do.

Fanny was made for bliss,  
But she was young and shy,  
And when he had stolen a kiss,  
She blush'd, and said with a sigh—  
Oh! Lubin, ah! tell me true:  
Oh! what are you going to do?

Sweetly along the grove,  
The birds sang all the while,  
And Fanny now said to her love,  
With a frown that was half a smile  
Why did Lubin sue—O why did Lubin sue  
Love and Glory.

**Y**OUNG Henry was as brave a youth,  
As ever grac'd a martial story,  
And Jane was fair as lovely truth,  
She sigh'd for love and he for glory.  
She sigh'd, &c.

With her his faith he meant to plight,  
And told her many a gallant story,  
Till war their honest joy to blight,  
Call'd him away from love to glory.  
Call'd him, &c.

Brave Henry met the foe with pride,  
Jane follow'd—fought—ah! hapless  
story.  
In man's attire, by Henry's side,  
She died for love and he for glory.  
She died, &c.

## Rule Britannia.

**W**HEN Britain first, at heaven's command,  
Arose out of the azure main,  
This was the charter of our land,  
And guardian angels sang this strain.  
CHORUS.  
Rule Britannia, Britannia's great  
For Britons never will be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee,  
Must in their turn to tyrants fall,  
Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free,  
The dread and envy of them all.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,  
More dreadful from each foreign stroke,  
As the loud blasts that tear the skies  
Serve but to root thy native oak.

The haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame,  
All their attempts to bend thee down,  
Will but arouse thy generous flame,  
But work their woe and thy renown.

To thee belongs the rural plain,  
Thy circles shall with commerce shine,  
And thine shall be the subject main,  
And every shore it circles, thine.

The seas, still with freedom's sound,  
Shall to thy happy coast repair,  
Blest isle with matchless beauty crown'd,  
And manly hearts to guard the fair.

## Donald of Dundee.

**Y**OUNG Donald is the blishest lad  
That e'er made love to me;  
Whenever he's by, my heart is glad,  
He seems so gay and free.  
Then on his pipe he plays so sweet;  
And in his plaid he looks so neat;  
It cheers my heart at eve to meet  
Young Donald of Dundee.

Whenever I gang to yonder grove,  
Young Sandy follows me,  
And saith he wants to be my love,  
But ah! it canna be.  
Though wither frets, both soon and late,  
For me to wed this youth I hate;  
There's nae need hope to gain young Kate  
But Donald of Dundee.

When last we rang'd the banks of Tay,  
The ring he show'd to me,  
And bade me name the bridal day,  
Then happy would he be.  
I ken the youth will aye prove kind,  
Nae mair my wither will I mind,  
Nae John to me shall quickly bind  
Young Donald of Dundee.

## The Beautiful Maid.

**W**HEN absent from her my soul holds  
most dear,  
What a medley of passions invade,  
In this bosom what anguish, what hope,  
and what fear,  
I endure for my beautiful maid.

In vain I seek pleasure to lighten my grief  
Or quit the gay throng for the shade,  
Nor retirement, nor solitude yield me relief  
When away from my beautiful maid.



# THE ROYAL SONGSTER.

Printed by T. BIRT, No. 10, Great St. Andrew-Street, Seven Dials, London, (wholesale and retail.)—Country  
Orders punctually attended to.—Every description of Printing on the most reasonable terms.

## God Save the King!

**G**OD save great George our King!  
Long live our noble King!  
God save the King.  
Send him victorious,  
Happy and glorious,  
Long to reign over us,  
God save the King!

O Lord our God arise,  
Scatter his enemies,  
And make them fall,  
Confound their politics,  
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Fanny was made for bliss,  
But she was young and shy,  
And when he had stole a kiss,  
She blush'd, and said with a sigh—  
Oh! Lubin, ah! tell me true,  
Oh! what are you going to do?

Sweetly along the grove,  
The birds sung all the while,  
And Fanny now said to her love,  
With a frown that was half a smile  
O why did Lubin sue—O why did Lubin sue.

## Love and Glory.

**Y**OUNG Henry was as brave a youth,  
As ever grac'd a martial story,  
And Jane was fair as lovely truth,  
She sigh'd for love and he for glory,  
She sigh'd, &c.

With her his faith he meant to plight,  
And told her many a gallant story,  
Till war their honest joys to blight,  
Call'd him away from love to glory,  
Call'd him, &c.

'Brave Henry met the foe with pride,  
Jane follow'd—fought—ah! hapless story,  
In man's attire by Henry's side,  
She died for love and he for glory,  
She died, &c.

## Rule Britannia.

**W**HEN Britain first, at heaven's command  
Arose out of the azure main,  
This was the charter of our land,  
And guardian angels sang the strain.

CHORUS.  
Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves  
For Britain never shall be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee,  
Must in their turn to tyrants fall,  
Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free,  
The dread and envy of them all.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,  
More dreadful from each foreign stroke,  
As the loud blasts that tear the skies  
Serve but to root thy native oak.

The haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame  
All their attempts to bend thee down,  
Will but arouse thy gentle flame  
And work their woe and thy renown.

To thee belongs the rural plain,  
Thy circles shall with commerce shine,  
And thine shall be the subject main,  
And every shore it circles, thine.

The muses, still with freedom's sound,  
Shall to thy happy coast repair,  
Blest ile with matchless beauty crown'd,  
And manly hearts to guard the fair.

## Donald of Dundee.

**Y**OUNG Donald is the blythest lad  
That e'er made love to me,  
When'er he's by, my heart is glad,  
He seems so gay and free.  
Then on his pipe he plays so sweet;  
And in his plaid he looks so neat;  
It cheers my heart at eve to meet  
Young Donald of Dundee.

When'er I gang to yonder grove,  
Young Sandy follows me,  
And fain he wants to be my love,  
But ah! it canna be.  
Though mither frets, both night and day,  
For me to wed this youth I hate,  
There's none need hope to gain young Kate  
But Donald of Dundee.

When last we rang'd the banks of Tay,  
The ring he show'd to me,  
And bade me name the bridal day,  
Then happy would he be.  
I ken the youth will aye prove kind,  
Nae mair my mither will I mind,  
Nae John to me shall quickly bind  
Young Donald of Dundee.

## The Beautiful Maid.

**W**HEN absent from her my soul held  
most dear,  
What a medley of passions invade,  
In this bosom what anguish, what hope, and  
what fear,  
I endure for my beautiful maid.

In vain I seek pleasure to lighten my grief  
Or quit the gay throng for the shade,  
Nor retirement, nor solitude yield me relief  
When away from my beautiful maid.