

The Duke
OF
Gordon's Daughters ;
To which is added,
The Challenge.



STIRLING:

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But I'll cause him put off the scarlet,
And put on the single livery.

Now word came to Captain Ogilvie,
In the chamber where he lay,
To strip off the gold-lace and scarlet,
And put on the single livery.

If this be for bonny Jeanie Gordon,
This pennance I'll take wi';
If this be for my true love Jeanie,
All this and more I'll dree.

Lady Jean had not been married,
A year but only three,
Till she had a babe in every arm,
And another upon her knee.

O but I'm weary wandering,
O but my fortune is bad;
Sets not the Duke of Gordon's daughter,
To follow a soldier lad.

O hold thy tongue, bonny Jeanie Gordon,
O hold thy tongue, my lamb;
For once I was a noble Captain,
Now for thy sake a single man.

O high were the hills and mountains,
Cold was the frost and snow,

Lady Jean's shoes they were all torn,
No further could she go.

O if I were in the glens of Foudlen,
Where hunting I have been,
I could go to bonny castle Gordon,
Without either stockings or sheen.

O hold your tongue bonny Jeanie Gordon,
O hold your tongue my dow,
I have but one half crown in the world,
And I'll buy hose and shoon to you.

When she came to bonny Castle Gordon,
And coming over the green,
The Porter call'd out very loudly,
O yonder comes our Lady Jean.

O you are welcome, bonny Jeanie Gordon,
Her father he did say ;
Thou art welcome, dear Jeanie Gordon,
But away with your Ogilvie.

Now over the seas went the Captain,
As a soldier under command ;
But a messenger soon follow'd after,
Which caused a countermand.

Come home now, brave Captain Ogilvie,
To enjoy your brother's land,

O come home, gallant Captain Ogilvie,
Your the heir of Northumberland.

What does this mean, says the Captain,
Where's my brother's children three?
O they are all dead and buried,
The lands they are ready for thee.

Then hoist up your sails, brave Captain,
And let us be jovial and free,
I'll go home and have my estate,
And then my dear Jeanie I'll see.

He soon came to bonny Castle Gordon,
And then at the gate stood he:
The Porter cry'd with a loud voice,
O here comes Captain Ogilvie.

O you're welcome now Captain Ogilvie,
Your fortune's advanced I hear,
No stranger can come within my gates,
That I do love so dear.

Sir, the last time I was at your gate,
You would not let me in,
Now I'm come for my wife and children,
No friendship else I claim.

Then Jean came tripping down the stair,
With the salt tear in her eye,

One babe she had at every foot,
And one in her arms did ly.

The Captain took her straight in his arms,
O a happy man was he,
Saying Welcome bonny Jeanie Gordon,
Countess of Northumberland to be.

The Captain came off with his Lady,
And his lovely babies three,
Saying, I'm as good blood by descent,
Though the great Duke of Gordon you be.

THE CHALLENGE.

You Gallie Gasconaders,
Your boats of war prepare,
And prove yourselves invaders,
Of Britain—if you dare.
All eager, arm'd, and steady,
On shore, and on the seas,
Her gallant sons are ready,
To meet you when you please.

September's reign is ended,
Her harvest safely home,
Then why, if you intend it,
Do you delay to come.

The nights are long and dark enough,
 Your passage to secure ;
 But lest the weather should be rough,
 Your fleets of boats insure.

Britannia, though a small land,
 Possesses wondrous wealth ;
 Old Italy and Holand,
 And all you gain'd by stealth ;
 And all you got by downright force,
 With it cannot compare,
 There you may fill each empty purse,
 And feast on princely fare.

But mark, in this same spot of earth,
 A native plant is found,
 Which from the day that gave it birth,
 Has bloom'd all seasons round ;
 'Tis deadly poison to the touch,
 Of tyrants and of slaves,
 And sure as fate ye French and Dutch,
 Will send you to your graves.

Then come you Gasconaders,
 With all your boats of war,
 And prove yourselves invaders,
 Of Britain—if you dare :
 All eager arm'd, and steady,
 On shore and on the seas,
 Her gallant sons are ready,
 To meet you when you please.

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