

THE  
HIGHLAND PIPER'S  
A D V I C E.

*to drinkers.*                      *to which are added*  
*Home, sweet sweet home*              *Wallace's Lament.*  
*Connell and Flora.*                      *Here is the glen.*  
*Oh hey Johny lad,*                      *and Charlie is my*  
**D A R L I N G .**



**AIRDRIE.**

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*The piper's advice.*

Now my pra' ponnie lads I wul' just tell you what,  
whene'er that you'l toon by the stoup-whisky sat.  
In hearty goot freenships, your whistles pe' wat,  
just tuek the goot trams but no fill yoursels fou'  
For oich! pe' sin fu' pe shame fu' an' a'  
to fill yoursels fu' as pe haud pe the wa',  
Or toon in the tirty hole gutters pe fa',  
an' wallow the mire like the muikle plack sow.

She's sure gin you juist tak the troubles pe look,  
the place I'm forgot in the pra' bible puek,  
Pe tell you that you ta' wi' trapies mocht tuek,  
for goot o' ta' pody no fill yoursell fu'.  
You mocht tuekit ae' glass you mocht tuekit twa,  
yon mocht tuekit sax for pe help him awa'  
But oich dinna tuek him to gar yoursels fa',  
for that wad play tamn an' hellnations wi' you

The whiskys pe goot when ta' pelly pe sore,  
pe goot when shone heelanman traws'ums claymore,  
For t'en he'l perform ta' great wonders galyore,  
Sae lang as ta' dirk or ta' skean stood true,  
Pe goot for ta' peoples in all sort o' station,  
if they wul pe use her in due poderation,  
But when they'll pe puse her wi' toxification,  
far petter pe fuicht wi' ta' muikle plack teil.

The whiskys pread joy an' ta' whiskys pread woe,  
 the whiskys pe freen' an' ta' whiskys pe foe,  
 An' shust as you'll treat him he'll shust use you so,  
 hims goods an' hims nevils shust pend upon you.  
 An' now my pra' lads this goot vice I will gie,  
 whene'er that you'll meet wi' the shone parley pres',  
 Shust tuek your goot glass's ane twa nor thres,  
 put oich tuekit care no pe piper bitch fou',

HOME, SWEET HOME.

*Sea to mnsic by Bishop.*

Mid pleasures, and palaces, tho' 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 elsewhere.

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 thatch'd cottage again;  
 The birds singing gaily that came at my call,  
 Give me them, with thy peace of mind, dearer  
 than all.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,

There's no place like home—there's no place  
 like home.

## WALLACE'S LAMENT.

TUNE. — *Maids of Arochar,*

Thou dark-winding Carron once pleas-  
 ing to see, (ure again;  
 To me thou canst never give pleas-  
 My brave Caledonians lie low on the lee  
 And thy streams are deep-ting'd with  
 the blood of the slain.

Ah! base-hearted treach'ry has doom'd  
 our un-doing, (can I do!  
 My poor bleeding country what more  
 E'en valour looks pale o'er the red field  
 of ruin, (ors laid low.  
 And freedom beholds her best warri-  
 Farewell, ye dear partners of peril, fare-  
 well; (bloody grave,  
 Though burried ye lie in one wide  
 Your deeds shall ennoble the place  
 where you fell,  
 And your names be enrol'd with the  
 sons of the brave!

But I, a poor outcast, in exile must  
 wander, (die?  
 Perhaps like a traitor ignobly must  
 On thy wrongs, O! my country, in-  
 dignant I ponder;  
 Ah! woe to the hour when thy Wallace  
 must fly!

## CONNEL AND FLORA.

*Set to Music by Smith.*

Dark lowers the night o'er the wide  
 stormy main, (again,  
 Till mild rosy morning rise cheerful  
 Alas! morn returns to revisit the shore,  
 But Connel returns to his Flora no more

For see on yon mountain the dark cloud  
 of death, (the heath,  
 O'er Connel's lone cottage lies low on  
 While bloody and pale, on a far distant  
 shore,  
 He lies, to return to his Flora no more.

Ye light fleeting spirits that glide o'er  
 yon steep, (wide deep!  
 O would you but waft me across the  
 There fearless I'd mix in the battle's  
 loud roar— (no more.  
 I'd die with my connel and leave him

Here is the glen.

Here is the glen, and here the bower,  
 All underneath the birchen shade;  
 The village bell had tol'd the hour,  
 O what can stay my lovley maid!

'Tis not Maria's whispering call:—  
 'Tis but the balmy breathing gale,  
 Mixt with some warbler's dying fall,  
 The dewy star of eve to hail.

It is Maria's voice I hear,  
 So calls the wood-lark in the grove,  
 His little faithfull mate to cheer,  
 At once 'tis music—and 'tis love.

And art thou come, and art thou true?  
 O welcome dear to love and me;  
 And let us all our vows renew,  
 Along the flowery banks of Cree.

Och hey, Johney iad.

Oeh hey Jonny lad!  
 Ye'er no sae kind's ye soud, hae been;  
 Och hey, Johnny lad!  
 Ye didna keep your tryst yestreen;  
 I waited lang beside the wood,  
 Sae wae an' weary a my lane;  
 Och hey, Johnny lad!  
 It was a waefu nght yestreen.

I looked by the whinny knowe,  
 I looked by the firs sae green

I looked o'er the spunkie howe,  
 An, ay I thought ye wad ha'e been,  
 The ne'er a supper crost my craig,  
 The ne'er a sleep his clos't my een,  
 Och hey, Johnny lad!  
 Ye're no sae kind's ye sould hae been.

"Gin ye war waitin by the wood,  
 Its I was waitin by the thorn;  
 I thought it was the place we set,  
 An, waited maist till dawning morn  
 But be au vext, my bonnie lass,  
 Let my waitiug stan, for thine;  
 We'll awa to Birkton shaw,  
 And seek the joys we tint yestreen."

March to the Battle field.

March to the battle field,  
 The foe is now before us;  
 Each heart is freedom's shield;  
 And heaven is smiling o'er us

The woes and pains, the galling chains,  
 Which kept our spirits nuder,  
 In proud disdain we've broke again,  
 And tore each link asunder'  
 March to the battle field, &c

Who for his country brave,  
 Would fly from her invader?

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Who, his base life to save,  
Would traitor-like degrade her?  
our hallowed cause, our home and laws,  
Gainst tyrant power sustaining,  
We'll gain a crown of bright renown,  
Or die our rights maintaining.  
March to the battle field, &c.

Charlie is my Darling.

Charlie is my darling,  
my darling, my darling,  
O, Charlie is my darling,  
the young Chevalier.  
'Twas on a monday morning,  
right early in the year,  
When Charlie came to our town,  
the young Chevalier.  
As he came marching up the street  
the pipes play'd loud and clear;  
And a' the folk came running out  
to meet the Chevalier.  
O, Charlie is my darling, &c.  
Wi' Highland bonnets on their heads,  
and claymores bright and clar;  
They came to fight for Scotland's right,  
and the young Chevalier.  
They've left their bonny Highland hill,  
their wives and bairnies dear;  
To draw the sword for Scotland's lord,  
the young Chevalier.  
O, Charlie is my darling, &c.