

[1] No. 1. The Return to Ulster

Once again, but how chang'd since my wanderings began
 I have heard the deep voice of the Lagan and Bann,
 And the pines of Clanbrasil resound to the roar
 That wearies the echoes of fair Tullamore.
 Alas! My poor bosom, and why shouldst thou burn!
 With the scenes of my youth can its raptures return?
 Can I live the dear life of delusion again,
 That flow'd when these echoes first mix'd with my strain?
 It was then that around me, though poor and unknown,
 High spells of mysterious enchantment were thrown;
 The streams were of silver, of diamond the dew,
 The land was an Eden, for fancy was new.
 I had heard of our bards, and my soul was on fire
 At the rush of their verse, and the sweep of their lyre:
 To me 'twas not legend, nor tale to the ear,
 But a vision of noontide, distinguish'd and clear.
 Ultonia's old heroes awoke at the call;
 And renew'd the wild pomp of the chace and the hall;
 And the standard of Fion flash'd fierce from on high,
 Like a burst of the sun when the tempest is nigh.
 It seem'd that the harp of green Erin once more
 Could renew all the glories she boasted of yore.
 Yet why at remembrance, fond heart, shouldst thou burn?
 They were days of delusion, and can not return.

Sir Walter Scott, 1771–1832

[2] No. 2. Sweet Power of Song

Sweet power of Song! That canst impart,
 To lowland swain or mountaineers,
 A gladness thrilling through the heart,
 A joy so tender and so dear:
 Sweet Power! That on a foreign strand
 Canst the rough soldier's bosom move,
 With feelings of his native land,
 As gentle as infant's love.
 Sweet Power! That makes youthful heads
 With thistle, leek, or shamrock crown'd,
 Nod proudly as the carol sheds
 Its spirit through the social round.
 Sweet Power! That cheer's the daily toil
 Of cottage maid, or beldame poor,
 The ploughman on the furrow'd soil,
 Or herdboy on the lonely moor.
 Or he, by bards the shepherd hight,
 Who mourns his maiden's broken tye,
 'Till the sweet plaint, in woe's despite,
 Hath made a bliss of agony.
 Sweet power of Song!
 Thanks flow to thee
 From every kind and gentle breast!
 Let Erin's Cambria's minstrels be
 With Burn's tuneful spirit blest!

Joanna Baillie, 1762–1851

[3] No. 3. Once more I hail thee

Once more I hail thee, thou gloomy December!
 Thy visage so dark, and thy tempest's dread roar;
 Sad was the parting thou mak'st me remember,
 My parting with Nancy, ah! Ne'er to meet more!
 Fond lovers parting is sweet painful pleasure,
 When hope mildly beams on the soft parting hour;
 But the dire feeling, "O farewell for ever",
 Is anguish unmingled and agony pure.
 Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,

Until the last leaf of the summer is flown,
Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom,
Since hope is departed and comfort is gone.

Robert Burns, 1759–1796

[4] No. 4. The morning air plays on my face

The morning air plays on my face,
And through the grey mist peering,
The soften'd silv'ry sun I trace,
Wood wild, and mountain cheering.
Larks aloft are singing,
Hares from covert springing,
And o'er the fen the wild duck's brood
Their early way are winging.
Bright ev'ry dewy hawthorn shines,
Sweet ev'ry herb is growing,
To him whose willing heart inclines
The way that he is going.
Fancy shews to me, now,
What will shortly be now,
I'm patting at her door, poor Tray,
Who fawns and welcomes me now.
How slowly moves the rising latch!
How quick my heart is beating.
That worldly dame is on the watch
To frown upon our meeting.
Fly! Why should I mind her,
See, who stands behind her,
Whose eye doth on her trav'ler look
The sweeter and the kinder.

Joanna Baillie

[5] No. 5. On the Massacre of Glencoe (2nd version, Hess 192)

Oh! Tell me, Harper, wherefore flow
Thy wayward notes of wail and woe
Far down the desert of Glencoe,
Where non may list their melody?
Say, harp'st thou to the mist that fly,
Or to the dun deer glancing by,
Or to the eagle, that from hig
Screams chorus to thy minstrelsy?
No, not to these, for they have rest,
The mistwreath has the mountain crest,
The stag his lair, the erne her nest,
Abode of lone security.
But those for whom I pour the lay,
Not wild wood deep, nor mountain grey,
Not this deep dell that shrouds from day
Could screen from treach'rous cruelty.
The hand that mingled in the meal,
At midnight drew the felon steel,
And gave the host's kind breast to feel,
Meed for his hospitality.
The friendly heart which warm'd that hand,
At midnight arm'd it with a brand
That bade destruction's flames expand
Their red and fearful blazonry.
Long have my harp's best notes been gone,
Few are its strings, and faint their tone,
They can but sound in desert lone
Their greyhair'd master's misery.
Were each grey hair a minstrel string,
Each chord should imprecations fling,
'Till startled Scotland loud should ring,
'Revenge for blood and treachery!'

Sir Walter Scott

[6] No. 6. What shall I do

What shall I do to shew how much I love her?
 Thoughts that oppress me, O how can I tell?
 Will my soft passion be able to move her?
 Language is wanting, when loving so well.
 Can sighs and tears, in the silence, betoken
 Half the distress this fond bosom must know?
 Or will she melt when a true heart is broken,
 Weeping, too late, o'er her lost lover's woe.
 Is there a grace comes not playful before her?
 Is there a virtue, and not in her train?
 Is there a swain but delights to adore her?
 Pains she a heart, but it boasts of her chain?
 Could I believe she'd prevent my undoing,
 Life's gayest fancies the hope should renew;
 Or could I think she'd be pleas'd with my ruin,
 Death should persuade her my sorrows are true!

Traditional

[7] No. 7. His boat comes on the sunny tide

His boat comes on the sunny tide,
 And brightly gleams the flashing oar;
 The boatmen carol by his side,
 And blithely near the welcome shore,
 How softly Shannon's currents flow!
 His shadow in the stream I see;
 The very waters seem to know
 Dear is the freight they bear to me.
 His eager bound, his hasty tread,
 His well-known voice I'll shortly hear;
 And oh, those arms so kindly spread!
 That greetings smile! That manly tear!
 In other lands, when far away,
 My love with hope did never twain;
 It saw him thus, both night and day,
 To Shannon's banks return'd again.

Joanna Baillie

[8] No. 8. Come draw we round

Come draw we round a cheerful ring
 And broach the foaming ale,
 And let the merry maiden sing,
 The beldame tell her tale:
 And let the sightless harper sit
 The blazing faggot by;
 And let the jester vent his wit,
 His tricks the urchin try.
 Who shakes the door with angry din;
 And would admitted be?
 No, Gossip Winter, snug within,
 We have no room for thee.
 Go, scud it o'er Killarney's lake,
 And shake the willows bare;
 The water-elf his sport doth take,
 Thou'lt find a comrade there.
 Will o' the Wisp skips in the dell,
 The owl hoots on the tree,
 They hold their nightly vigil well,
 And so the while will we.
 Then strike we up the rousing glee,
 And pass the beaker round,
 While ev'ry head right merrily
 Is moving to the sound.

Joanna Baillie

[9] No. 9. The Soldier's Dream

Our bugles sung truce, for the nightcloud had low'r'd,

And the centinel stars set their watch in the sky,
 And thousands had sunk on the ground, overpow'r'd,
 The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.
 When reposing that night om my pallet of straw,
 By the wolfscairing faggot that guarded the slain,
 At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
 And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.
 Methought from the battlefield's dreadful array,
 Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track;
 'Twas autumn, and sunshine arose on the way
 To the home of my fathers, that welcom'd me back.
 I flew to the pleasant fields travers'd so oft
 In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
 I heard my own mountain goats bleating aloft,
 And knew the sweet strain the cornreapers sung.
 Then pledg'd we the wineæcup, and fondly I swore.
 From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
 My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
 And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fullness of heart.
 Stay, stay with us, rest, thou art weary and worn;
 And fain was their warbroken soldier to stay;
 But sorrow return'd with the drawing of morn,
 And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

Thomas Campbell, 1777–1844

[10] No. 10. The Deserter

If sadly thinking and spirits sinking
 Could more than drinking my cares compose;
 A cure for sorrow from sighs I'd borrow,
 And hope tomorrow might end my woes.
 But since in wailing there's nought availing,
 And Fate unfailing must strike the blow:
 Then for that reason and for a season,
 We will be merry before we go.
 A wayworn ranger to joy a stranger,
 Through every danger my course I've run;
 Now hope all ending, and death befriending,
 His last aid sending, my cares are done,
 No more a rover, or hapless lover,
 My griefs are over, and my glass runs low.
 Then for that reason and for a season,
 We will be merry before we go.

John Philpot Curran, 1750–1817

[11] No. 11. Thou emblem of faith

Thou emblem of faith, thou sweet pledge of a passion,
 That heav'n has ordain'd for an happier than me;
 On the hand of the fair go resume thy lov'd station
 And bask in the beam that is lavish'd on thee.
 And when some past scene thy remembrance recalling,
 Her bosom shall rise to the tear that is falling,
 With the transport of love may no anguish combine,
 But the bliss be all hers, and the suff'ring all mine.
 But ah! Had the ringlest thou lov'st to surround,
 Had it e'er kiss'd the rose on the cheek of my dear,
 What ransom to buy thee could ever be found?
 Or what force from my heart thy possession could tear?
 A mourner, a suff'rer, a wand'rer, a stranger,
 In sickness, in sadness, in pain, or in danger,
 Next that heart would I wear thee till its last pang was o'er,
 Then together we'd sink, and I'd part thee no more.

John Philpot Curran

[12] No. 12. English Bulls

Och! I have you not heard, Pat, of many a joke
 That's made by the wits 'gainst your own country folk;
 They may talk of our bulls, but it must be confest,

That, of all the bullmakers, John Bull is the best.
 I'm just come from London, their capital town,
 A fine place it is, faith, I'm sorry to own;
 For there you can't shew your sweet face in the street,
 But a Bull is the very first man that you meet.
 Now, I went to Saint Paul's, 'twas just after my landing.
 A great house they've built, that has scarce room to stand in;
 And there, gramachree! Won't you think it a joke,
 The lower I whisper'd, the louder I spoke!
 Then I went to the Tower to see the wild beasts,
 Thinking out of my wits to be frighten'd at least;
 But these wild beasts I found standing tame on a shelf,
 Not one of the kit half so wild as myself.
 Next I made for the Bank, Sir, for there, I was told,
 Were oceans of silver and mountains of gold;
 But I soon found this talk was mere bluster and vapour
 For the gold and the silver were all made of paper.
 A friend took me into the Parliament house,
 And there sat the Speaker as mum as a mouse,
 For in spite of his name, won't you think this a joke tho',
 The speaker he whom they all of them spoke to.
 Of all the strange places I ever was in,
 Wasn't that now the place for a hubbub and din.
 While some made a bother to keep others quiet,
 And the rest call'd for "Order" meaning just, make a riot.
 Then should you hereafter be told of some joke,
 By the Englishmen made 'gainst your own country folk,
 Tell this tale, my dear honey, and stoutly protest,
 That of all the bullmakers, John Bull is the best.

Traditional

[13] No. 13. Musing on the roaring ocean

Musing on the roaring ocean
 Which divides my love and me;
 Wearying Heaven in warm devotion,
 For his weal where'er he be;
 Hope and fear's alternate billow
 Yielding late to nature's law;
 Whispering spirits round my pillow
 Talk of him that's far awa.
 Ye whom sorrow never wounded,
 Ye who never shed a tear,
 Careuntroubled, joyasurrounded,
 Gaudy day to you is dear.
 Gentle night, do thou befriend me;
 Downy sleep, the curtain draw;
 Spirits kind, again attend me,
 Talk of him that's far away!

Robert Burns

[14] No. 14. Dermot and Shelah

O who sits so sadly, and heaves the fond sigh?
 Alas! Cried young Dermot, 'tis only poor I,
 All under the willow, the willow so green.
 My fair one has left me in sorrow to moan,
 So here am I come, just to die alone;
 No longer fond love shall my bosom enslave,
 I'm wearing a garland to hang o'er my grave,
 All under the willow, the willow so green.
 The fair one you love is, you tell me, untrue,
 And here stands poor Shelah, forsaken, like you,
 All under the willow, the willow so green.
 O take me in sadness to sit by your side,
 Your anguish to share, and your sorrow divide;
 I'll answer each sigh, and I'll echo each groan,
 And 'tis dismal, you know, to be dying alone,
 All under the willow, the willow so green.
 Then close to each other they sat down to sigh,
 Resolving in anguish together to die,

All under the willow, the willow so green,
But he was so comely, and she was so fair,
They somehow forgot all their sorrow and care;
And, thinking it better a while to delay,
They put off their dying, to toy and to play,
All under the willow, the willow so green.

T. Toms, dates unknown

[15] No. 15. Let brain-spinning swains

Let brain-spinning swains, in effusions fantastic,
Sing meetings by moonlight in harbour or grove;
But Patrick O'Donnelly's taste is more plastic,
All times and all seasons are fitted for love:
At Cork or Killarny, Killala or Blarney,
At fair, wake, or wedding, my passion must glow:
Fair maid, will you but trust to me,
Fondly I'll love you wherever I go.
When driving the cows of old father O'Leary,
An angel, yourself, I had still in my eye;
When digging potatoes, mud-spatter'd and weary.
O what did I think on, but you, with a sigh!
At plough, or haymaking, I'm in an odd tucking,
My bosom heaves high, though my spirits be low:
Fair maid, will you but trust to me,
Fondly I'll love you wherever I go.
When first I 'spied your sweet face, I remember,
That hot summer day, how I shiver'd for shame!
You smil'd when I met you again in December,
And then, by the Pow'rs, I was all in a flame!
Come summer, come winter, in you my thoughts center,
I doat on you, Judy, from top to the toe:
Fair maid, will you but trust to me
Fondly I'll love you wherever I go.

Sir Alexander Boswell, 1775–1822

[16] No. 16. Hide not thy anguish

Hide not thy anguish
Thou must not deceive me,
Thy fortunes have frown'd,
And the struggle is o'er;
Come then the ruin!
For nothing shall grieve me,
If thou art but left me,
I ask for no more.
Hard is the world,
It will rudely reprove thee;
Thy friends will retire,
When the tempest is near;
Now is my season,
And now will I love thee,
And cheer thee when none
But thy Mary will cheer.
Come to my arms,
Thou art dearer than ever!
But breathe not a whisper
Of sorrow for me:
Fear shall not reach me,
Nor misery sever,
Thy Mary is worthy
Of love and of thee.

William Smyth, 1765–1849

[17] No. 17. In vain to this desert

In vain to this desert my fate I deplore,
For dark is the wildwood, and bleak is the shore;
The rude blasts I hear, and the white waves I see,
But nought that gives shelter or comfort to me.

O love! Thou hast pleasures, and deep have I lov'd,
I love! Thou hast sorrows, and sore Have I prov'd:
But this bruised heart that now bleeds in my breast,
I can feel, by its throbbing, will soon be at rest.
When clos'd are those eyes, that but open to weep,
With my woes and my wrongs I shall peacefully sleep;
But the thorn thy in kindness first plac'd in my heart,
Transplanted to thine, shall new anguish impart.

Anne Grant, 1755–1838

Note: the second verse is by Burns

[18] No. 18. They bid me slight my Dermot dear

They bid me slight my Dermot dear,
For he's of low degree,
While I my lady's maid am here,
And of the quality.
But if my mother would not grieve,
And if the truth were known,
Well pleas'd would I this castle leave,
And live for him alone.
Oh, never slight thy Dermot dear,
Tho' he's of low degree,
For thou thy lady's maid art here,
And of the quality.
For tho' thy mother haply grieve
When first the truth were known,
She'll bid thee not thy Dermot leave,
But live for him alone.
There's now like thee, – the kind of all,
At funeral, and at fair;
My lord's fine man, hat's in the hall,
Can ne'er with thee compare.
Thy heart is true, thy heart is warm;
And so is mine to thee;
And would my Lord but give the farm,
How happy should we be!

William Smyth

[19] No. 19. Wife, children and friends

When the black-lettr'd list to the gods was presented,
The list of what Fate to each mortal intends,
At the long string of ills a kind Goddess relented
And slipt in three blessing: wife, children and friends.
In vain surly Pluto maintain'd he was cheated;
For justice divine could not compass its ends:
The scheme of man's penance he swore was defeated
For earth becomes heaven with wife, children and friends.

William Robert Spencer, 1769–1834

[20] No. 20. Farewell bliss

Farewell bliss and farewell Nancy,
Farewell fleeting joys of fancy;
Hopes and fears and sights that languish
Now give place to cureless anguish.
Why did I so fondly love thee?
Why to wearing sorrow bring thee?
Why let causeless slander sting thee?
Gazing on my precious treasure,
Lost in reckless dreams of pleasure,
Thy unspotted heart possessing,
Grasping at the promis'd blessing,
Pouring out my soul before thee,
Living only to adore thee,
Could I see the tempest brewing?
Could I dread the blast of ruin?
Had we never lov'd so kindly;
Had we never lov'd so blindly,
Never met, or never parted,

We had ne'er been broken hearted.
Fare thee well, thou first and fairest,
Fare thee well, thou best and dearest;
One fond kiss, and then we sever,
One farewell, alas! For ever.

Anne Grant

[21] No. 21. Morning a cruel turmoiler is

Morning a cruel turmoiler is,
Banishing ease and repose;
Noonday a roaster and broiler is
How we pant under 'is nose!
Ev'ning for lover's soft measures,
Sighing and begging a boon;
But the blithe season for pleasures,
Laughing lies under the moon.

REFRAIN:

Och! Then you rogue Pat O'Flannaghan,
Kegs of the whiskey we'll tilt,
Murtoch, replenish our can again,
Up with your heart cheering liit!
Myrtles and vines some may prate about,
Bawling in heathenish glee,
Stuff I won't bother my pate about,
Shamrock and whiskey for me!
Faith, but I own I feel tender;
Judy, you jill, how I burn!
If she won't smile, devil mend her!
Both sides of chops have their turn.

REFRAIN

Fill all your cups till they foam again,
Bubbles must float on the brim;
He that steals first sneaking home again,
Daylight is too good for him!
While we have goblets to handle,
While we have liquor to fill,
Mirth, and one spare inch of candle,
Planets may wink as they will.

REFRAIN

Sir Alexander Boswell

[22]-[23] No. 22a. From Garyone, my happy home

From Garyone, my happy home,
Full many a weary mile I've come,
To sound of fife and beat of drum,
And more shall see it never.
'Twas there I turn'd my wheel so gay,
Could laugh, and dance, and sing, and play,
And wear the circling hours away
In mirth or peace for ever.
But Harry came, a blithesome boy,
He told me I was all his joy,
That love was sweet, and ne'er could cloy,
And he would leave me never:
His coat way scarlet tipp'd with blue,
With gay cockade and feather too,
A comely lad he was to view;
And won my heart for ever.
My mother cried, dear Rosa, stay,
Ah! Do not from your parents stray;
My father sigh'd, and nought would say,
For he could chide me never:
Yet cruel, I farewell could take,
I left them for my sweetheart's sake,
And came, 'twas near my heart to break
From Garyone for ever.

But poverty is hard to bear,
And love is but a summer's wear,
And men deceive us when they swear
They'll love and leave us never:
Now sad I wander through the day,
No more I laugh, or dance, or play,
But mourn the hour I came away
From Garyone for ever.

[24] No. 23. The Wand'ring Gypsy

Ach! mir schallt's dorten so lieblich hervor:
Furchte Gott, furchte Gott!
Ruft mir die Wachtel ins Ohr.
Sitzend im Gruhen, von Halmen umhüllt,
Mahnt sie dem Horcher am Saatengefeld:
Liebe Gott, liebe Gott!
Er ist so guttig, so mild.
Wieder bedeutet ihr hupfender Schlag:
Lobe Gott, lobe Gott!
Der dich zu loben vermag.
Siehst du die herrlichen Früchte im Feld?
Nimm es zu Herzen, Bewohner der Welt:
Danke Gott, danke Gott!
Der dich ernahrt und erhalt.
Schreckt dich im Wetter der Herz der Natur:
Bitte Gott, bitte Gott!
Ruft sie, er schonet die Flur.
Machen Gefahren der Krieger dir bang:
Traue Gott, traue Gott!
Sieh', er verziehet nicht lang.

John Wolcot, 1738–1819

[25] No. 24. The Traugh Welcome

Shall a son of O'Donnel be cheerless and cold,
While Mackenna's wide heart has a faggot to spare;
While O'Donnel is poor shall Mackenna have gold,
Or be cloth'd, while a limb of O'Donnel is bare?
While sickness and hunger the sinews assail,
Shall Mackenna, unmov'd, quaff his madder of mead;
On the haunch of a deer shall Mackenna regale,
While a chief of Tyrconnell is fainting for bread?
No, enter my dwelling, my feast thou shalt share,
On my pillow of rushes thy head shall recline:
And bold is the heart and the hand that will dare
To harm but one hair of a ringlet of thine.
Then come to my home, 'tis the house of a friend,
In the green woods of Traugh thou art safe from thy foes;
Six sons of Mackenna thy steps shall attend,
And their six sheathless skeans shall protect thy repose.

Traditional

[26]–[27] No. 25. Oh harp of Erin

O harp of Erin thou art now laid low,
For he the last of all his race is gone:
And now no more the minstrel's verse shall flow,
That sweetly mingled with thy dulcet tone:
The hand is cold that with a poet's fire
Could sweep in magic change thy sounding wire.
How lonely were the minstrel's latter days,
How of thy string with strains indignant rung;
To desert wilds he pour'd his ancient lays,
Or to a shepherd boy his legend sung:
The purple heath of ev'ning was his bed,
His shelter from the storm a peasant's shed!
The gale that round his urn its odour flings,
And waves the flow'rs that o'er it wildly wreathe,
Shall thrill along thy few remaining strings,
And with a mournful chord his requiem breathe.

The shepherd boy that paus'd his song to hear,
Shall chant it o'er his grave, and drop a tear.

David Thomson, 1770?–1815

[28] No. 26. When eve's last rays

When eve's last rays in twilight die
And stars are seen along the sky,
On Liffy's banks I stray;
And there with fond I regret I gaze,
Where oft I've pass'd the fleeting days
With her that's far away.
When she would sing some lovely strain,
How sweet the echoes gave again
In fainter notes the lay;
Tho' mute the echoes of the grove,
In fancy still I hear my love.
Though now she's far away,
Her from the stream reflected clear,
And still it seem'd, when she was near,
To move with fond delay;
But though its wave no trace retains,
Her image in my heart remains,
Tho' now she's far away.

David Thomson

[29] No. 27. No riches from his scanty store

No riches from his scanty store
My lover could impart;
He gave a boon I valued more
He gave me all his heart!
His soul sincere, his gen'rous worth,
Might well this bosom move;
And when I ask'd for bliss on earth,
I only meant his love.
But now for me, in search of gain,
From shore to shore he flies:
Why wander, riches to obtain,
When love is all I prize!
The frugal meal, the lowly cot,
If blest my love with thee!
That simple fare, that humble lot,
Were more than wealth to me.
While he the dang'rous ocean braves,
My tears but vainly flow:
Is pity in the faithless waves
To which I pour my woe?
The night is dark, the waters deep;
Yes, soft the billows roll:
Alas! At every breeze I weep;
The storm is in my soul.

Helen Maria Williams, 1761–1827

[30] No. 28. The British Light Dragoons

'Twas a Marechal of France,
and he fain would honour gain,
And he long'd to take a passing glance
at Portugal from Spain,
With his flying guns this gallant gay,
And boasted corps d'armée,
O he fear'd not our dragoons with
their long swords boldly riding.
Whack fal de ral la la la la la la,
And Whack fal de ral la la la la la la.
To Campo Mayor come,
he had quietly sat down,
Just a fricassee to pick,
while his soldiers sack'd the town,

When 'twas peste! Morbleu! Mon General,
Hear th' English bugle call!
And behold the light dragoons with
their long swords boldly riding.
Whack fal de ral la la la la la la,
And Whack fal de ral la la la la la la.
Three hundred British lads
they made three thousand reel,
Their hearts were made of English Oak,
their swords of Sheffield steel,
Their horses were in Yorkshire bred,
And Beresford them led;
So huzza for brave dragoons with their
long swords boldly riding.
Whack fal de ral la la la la la la,
And Whack fal de ral la la la la la la.
There here's a health to Wellington,
to Beresford, to Long,
And a single word of Bonaparte
before I close my song:
The eagles that to fight he brings
Should serve his men with wings,
When they meet the brave dragoons
with their long swords boldly riding.
Whack fal de ral la la la la la la,
And Whack fal de ral la la la la la la.

Sir Walter Scott

[31] No. 29. Since greybeards inform us

Since greybeards inform us that youth will decay,
And pleasure's soft transports glide swiftly away:
The song, and the dance, and the vine, and the fair,
Shall banish all sorrow and shield us from care.
Away with your proverbs, your morals, and rules,
Your proctors, and doctors, and pedants, and schools:
Let's seize the bright moments while yet in our prime,
And fast by the forelock catch old father Time.
Tho' spring's lovely blossoms delight us no more,
Tho' summer forsake us, and autumn be o'er;
To cheer us in winter, remembrance can bring
The pleasures of autumn, and summer, and spring:
So when fleeting seasons bring life's latest stage,
To speak of youth's frolic shall gladden our age:
Then seize the bright moments while yet in our prime,
And fast by the forelock catch old father Time.

T. Toms