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he Battle of Vittoria;

21

to which are added,

The Hazlewood witch.

The Churlish husband.



STIRLING:
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1864



The English rose wat ne'er so red,
The Shamrock wav'd where glory led,
An' the Scottish thistle rear'd its head,
An' smiled upen Vittoria.

Loud was the battle's stormy swell,
Where thousands fought and mony fell,
But the Glasgow heroes bore the bell,
At the Battle of Vittoria.

The Paris maids may ban them a',
Their lads are maisty weel awa
An' cauld and pale as wreaths o' snaw,
They lie upon Vittoria.

Wi' quakin' heart and trembling knees,
The eagle standard bearer flees,
While the "meteor flag" floats to the breeze,
And wantens on Vittoria.

Brittannia's glory there was shewn,
By the undaunted Wellington,
And the tyrant tumbled on his throne,
When hearin' o' Vittoria.

Peace to the spirits of the brave,
Let a' their trophies round them wave,
And green be our Cadogan's grave,
Upon thy field, Vittoria!

5
Alas! I was reckless and rue sair my roamin',
For I met wi' a witch, wi' twa bonny black een.
I thought o' the stars in a frosty night glancing,
When a' the lift round them is cloudless and blue,
I looked again, and my heart fell a dancing
When I wad hae spoken she glambur'd my mou'.
O wae to her cantrips for dumpish'd I wander,
At kirk or at market there's nought to be seen,
For she dances afore me wherever I dander,
The Hazlewood witch wi' her bonny black e'en.

THE CHURLISH HUSBAND.

'Tis of an ancient farmer,
you'll hear without delay,
How he went unto the plough,
upon a stormy day.
The wind and rain did blow so hard,
he could no longer stay,
But home he ran like one stark mad,
and to his wife did say,
Dear wife you and your children
do live at home at ease,

7
Besides the churn they did dive down,
before he got them out.

● then he got the churn-staff,
and drove out all the pigs ;
Some he hit and some he mist,
and some he broke their legs :
But still he drove them on and swore,
that he should be their doom,
The sow she turned her head about,
And bit him by the thumb.

He went up into the parlour,
for to tie up his hand,
The children they lay squalling,
and crying out for mam ;
Your mammy she has gone to pleugh,
and I am almost dead ;
One child fell out upon the floor,
the other foul'd the bed.

When he had clean'd the child again,
and put it in the bed,
He then fetch'd out the spinning wheel,
for to begin his trade :
But when he washed out a clout,
and hung the same to dry,
His tow took fire and burnt the wheel,
his work went all awry.

This tired him of women's work,
it went with him so cross,

