

# SCOTISH SONGS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME THE SECOND.



DICUNT IN TENERO GRAMINE PINGUIUM  
CUSTODES OVIVM CARMINA, FISTULA  
DELECTANTQUE DEUM, CUI PECUS ET NIGRI  
COLLES ARCADIAE PLACENT.

HORACE,

L O N D O N :

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MDCXCIV.





# SCOTISH SONGS.

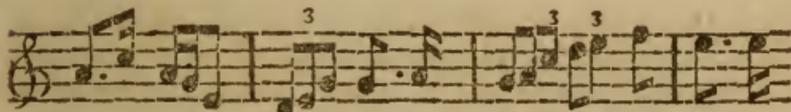
## CLASS THE THIRD.

### SONG I.

FLOWDEN-HILL: OR, FLOWERS OF THE FORRST\*.

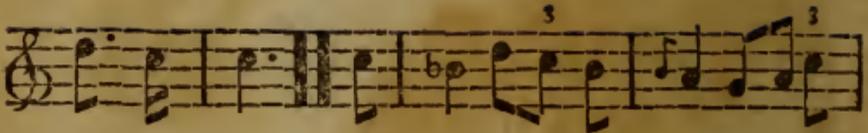


I've heard of a lilt - ing at our ewes



milk-ing, Lass-es a' lilt-ing be-fore the

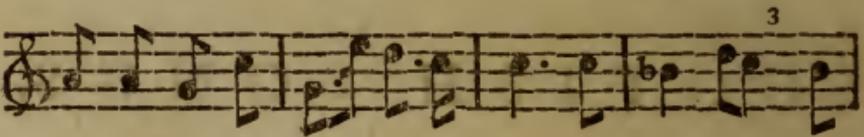
\* The battle of Flodden, or, as the English usually call it, Flodden-field, of which the mournful effects are so pa-



break of day; But now there's a moaning on



ilk - a green loan-ing, That our brow



fo-refters are a' wede a-way: But now there's a



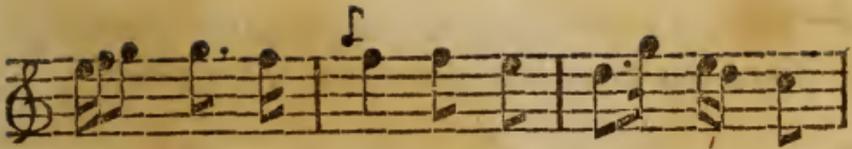
moan-ing on ilk-a green loaning, That our



brow fo-refters are a' wede a-way. At

thetically described in these beautiful stanzas, was fought the 9th day of September, 1513, between James IV. king of Scots and Thomas Howard earl of Surrey: that gallant monarch, with most of his nobility, and the greater part of his army, composed of the flower of the Scottish youth, being left dead on the field.

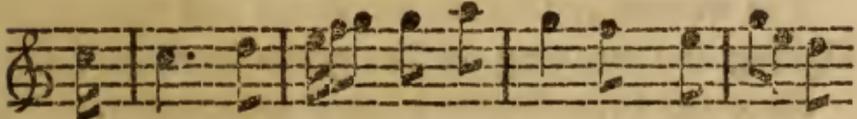
Flodden is a hill or eminence in Northumberland, upon which the Scots encamped previous to the battle: for an account of which, see Buchanan, Lindsay, Drummond, and the common English and Scottish histories.



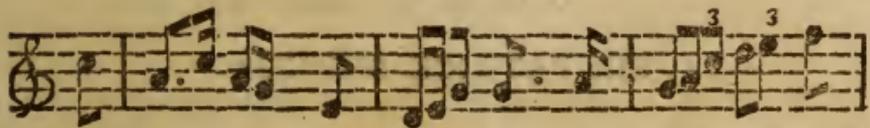
bughts in the morn-ing nae blyth lads are



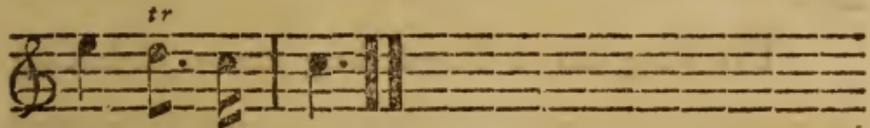
scorning, The lass-es are lone-ly, dow-ie,



and wae ; Nae daff-in, nae gabbin, but fighting



and sabbing, Ilk ane lifts her leg-lin, and



hies her a-way.

At e'en at the gloming nae fwankies are roaming,  
 'Mong stacks with the lassies at bogle to play ;  
 But ilk ane sits dreary, lamenting her deary,  
 The flowers of the forest that are wede away.

At har'ft at the shearing nae younkers are jeering,  
 The bansters are runkled, lyart, and grey :

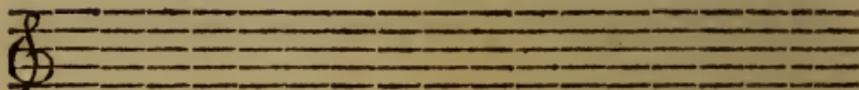
At a fair or a preaching nae wooing, nae fleeching,  
 Since our braw foresters are a' wede away.

O dool for the order sent our lads to the border!  
 The English for ance by guile gat the day;  
 The flower of the forest, that ay shone the foremost,  
 The prime of our land lyes cauld in the clay.

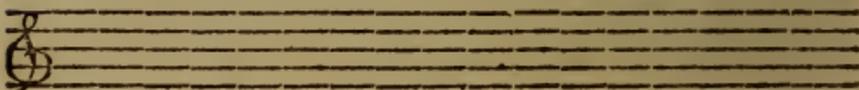
We'll hear nae mair liltin' at our ewes milkin',  
 The women and bairns are dowie and wae,  
 Sighin' and moanin' on ilka green loanin',  
 Since our braw foresters are a' wede away.

## S O N G II.

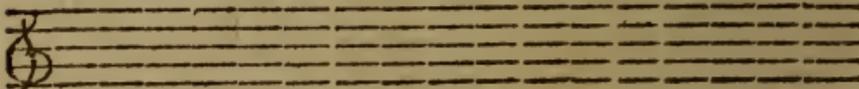
SIR PATRICK SPENCE\*.



The king sits in Dumferling toune, Drinking



the blude-reid wine : O quhar will I get guid



failor, To fail this schip of mine ?

\* No memorial of the subject of this ballad occurs in history ; but it apparently belongs to the present class, and probably to this period.

Up an spak an eldern knicht,  
 Sat at the kings richt kne :  
 Sir Patrick Spence is the best failor  
 That fails upon the fe.

The king has written a braid letter,  
 And fignd it wi' his hand ;  
 And sent it to fir Patrick Spence,  
 Was walking on the sand.

The first line that fir Patrick red,  
 A loud lauch lauched he ;  
 The next line that fir Patrick red,  
 The teir blinded his ee.

O quha is this has don this deid,  
 This ill deid don to me ;  
 To fend me out this time o' the zeir,  
 To fail upon the fe ?

Mak hast, mak haste, my mirry men all,  
 Our guid schip fails the morne.  
 O say na fae, my master deir,  
 For I feir a deadlie storme.

Late late yestreen I saw the new moone  
 Wi' the auld moone in hir arme ;  
 And I feir, I feir, my deir matter,  
 That we will com to harme.

O our Scots nobles wer richt laith  
 To weet their cork-heild schoone;  
 Bot lang owre a' the play wer playd,  
 Thair hats they swam aboone.

O lang, lang, may thair ladies fit  
 Wi' thair fans into thair hand,  
 Or eir they se fir Patrick Spence  
 Cum failing to the land.

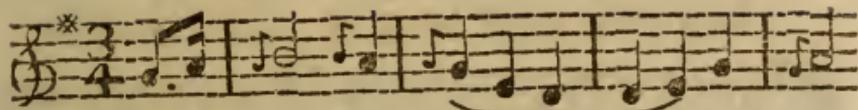
O lang, lang, may the ladies stand,  
 Wi' thair gold kems in thair hair,  
 Waiting for thair ain deir lords,  
 For they'll se thame na mair.

Have owre, have owre to Aberdour\*,  
 It's fiftie fadom deip:  
 And thair lies guid fir Patrick Spence,  
 Wi' the Scots lords at his feit.

\* "A village lying upon the river Forth, the entrance to which is sometimes denominated *De mortuo mari*." PERCY.

## SONG III.

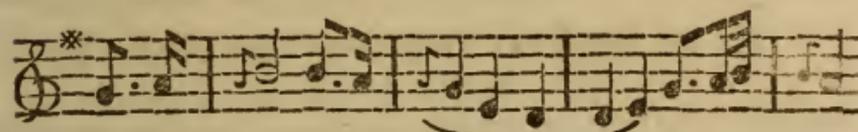
JOHNIE ARMSTRANG\*.



Sum speiks of lords, sum speiks of lairds,



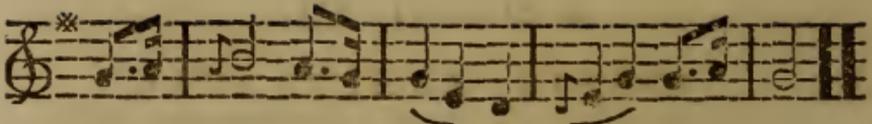
And sic-lyke men of hie de-grie;



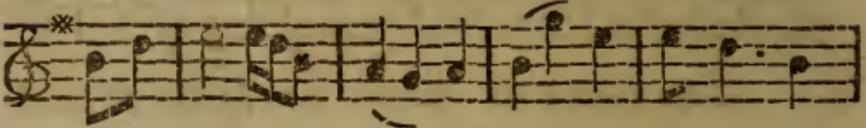
Of a gen-tle-man I sing a fang,

\* "The king [*i. e.* James V. ]...gart set a parliament at Edinburgh, the twenty-eighth day of March, one thousand five hundred and twenty eight years, and ...syne after, made a convention at Edinburgh, with all his whole lords and barons, to consult how he might stanch all theft and reving within his realm, and cause the commons to live in peace, which long time had been perturbed before, for fault of good guiding of an old king. To this effect, the king made proclamations to all lords, barons, gentlemen, landward-men, and freeholders, that they should compear at Edinburgh, with a month's victual, to pass with the king where he pleased, to danton the thieves of Teviotdale, Anan'ale, Liddisdale, and other parts of that country: and also warned all gentlemen that had good dogs, to bring them, that he might hunt in the said country, as he pleased.

"The second day of June the king past out of Edinburgh to the hunting.... After this hunting he hanged JOHN ARMSTRONG laird of Kilknocky, and his complices, to the number of thirty six persons: for the which many Scottish-men heavily lamented; for he was the most redoubted chiftain that had been, for a long time, on the borders, either of Scotland or



Sum-tyme calld laird of Gil - noc - kie.



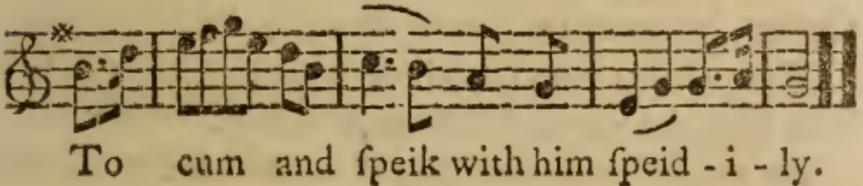
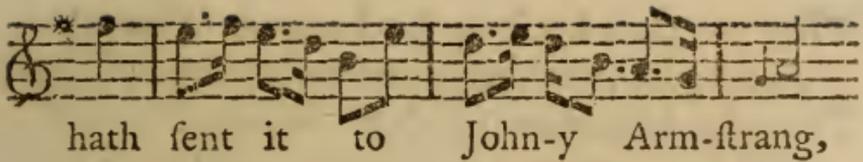
The king he wrytes a luv-ing letter, With



his ain hand fae ten - der - ly, And he

England. He rode ever with twenty-four able gentlemen, well horfed; yet he never molested any Scottish-man. But it is said, that, from the borders to Newcastle, every man, of whatsoever estate, paid him tribute to be free of his trouble. He came before the king, with his foresaid number richly apparelled, trusting that, in respect of his free offer of his person, he should obtain the king's favour. But the king, seeing him and his men so gorgeous in their apparel, with so many brave men under a tyrant's commandment, frowardly turning him about, he bade take the tyrant out of his sight, saying, *What wants that knave that a king should have?* But John Armstrong made great offers to the king, That he should sustain himself with forty gentlemen, ever ready at his service, on their own cost, without wronging any Scottish-man. *Secondly.* That there was not a subject in England, duke, earl, or baron, ont, within a certain day, he should bring him to his majesty, either quick or dead. At length, he seeing no hope of favour, said, very proudly, *It is folly to seek grace at a graceless face: But (said he) had I known this, I should have lived on the borders, in despite of king Hary and you both; for I know king Hary would down-weigh my best horse with gold, to know that I were condemned to die this day.*" *Lindsay of Pitcotties History of Scotland*, p. 145. This execution is also noticed by Buchanan.

Armstrong's death appears to have been much talked of. In a sort of morality by sir David Lindsay, intituled "Ane Satyre



The Eliots and Armstrangs did convene ;  
 They were a gallant company :  
 Weill ryde and meit our lawful king.  
 And bring him safe to Gilnockie.  
 Make kinnen and capon ready then,  
 And venison in great plenty,  
 Weill welcome hame our royal king,  
 I hope heill dyne at Gilnockie.

“of the thrie estaits, &c.” Edin. 1602, 4to. a pardoner, enumerating the different relics in his possession, is made to say,

Heir is ane coird baith great and lang,  
 Quhilk hangit **JOHNE THE ARMISTRANG,**  
 Of gude hemp soft and sound :  
 Gude halie peopill I stand for’d,  
 Quha evir beis hangit with this cord,  
 Neids never to be dround.

This, which Ramsay calls, “the true old ballad, never printed before,” he copyed, he tells us, “from a gentleman’s mouth of the name of *Amstrang*,” who was the sixth generation from the above *Jahn*. The gentleman told him “this was ever esteemd the genuine ballad, the common one, false.”

By “the common one,” it is presumed, the gentleman meant the English song, which the reader may see in the “Select Collection,” vol. ii. p. 112.

They ran their horse on the Langu 'Howm',  
 And brake their speirs with mekle main ;  
 The ladys lukit frae their loft windows :  
 God bring our men weil back again !  
 Quhen Johny came before the king,  
 With all his men fae brave to see,  
 The king he movit his bonnet to him,  
 He weind he was a king as well as he.

May I find grace, my soveraign liege,  
 Grace for my loyal men and me ;  
 For my name it is Johny Armstrang,  
 And subject of zours, my liege, said he.  
 Away, away, thou traytor strang,  
 Out of my ficht thou mayst fune be ;  
 I grantit nevir a traytors lyfe,  
 And now I'll not begin with thee,

Grant me my lyfe, my liege, my king,  
 And a bony gift I will give to thee,  
 Full four and twenty milk whyt steids,  
 Were a foald in a zeir to me.  
 I'll gie thee all these milk whyt steids,  
 That prance and nicher at a speir,  
 With as mekle gude Inglis gilt,  
 As four of their braid backs dow beir.  
 Away, away, thou traytor, &c.

Grant me my lyfe, my liege, my king,  
 And a bony gift I'll gie to thee,

Gude four and twenty ganging mills,  
That gang throw a the zeir to me.  
These four and twenty mills complete,  
Sall gang for thee throw all the zeir,  
And as mekie of gude reid quheit,  
As all thair happers dow to bear.  
Away, away, thou traytor, &c.

Grant me my lyfe, my liege, my king,  
And a great gift I'll gie to thee,  
Bauld four and twenty sifers sons,  
Sall for thee fecht tho all sould flee.  
Away, away, thou traytor, &c.

Grant me my lyfe, my liege, my king,  
And a brave gift I'll gie to thee;  
All betwene heir and Newcastle town  
Sall pay thair zeirly rent to thee.  
Away, away, thou traytor, &c.

Ze leid, ze leid now, king, he fays,  
Althocht a king and prince ze be;  
For I luid naithing in all my lyfe,  
I dare well fayit, but honesty:  
But a fat horse, and a fair woman,  
Twa bony dogs to kill a deir;  
But Ingland suld haif found me meil and malt,  
Gif I had livd this hundred zeir.

Scho fuld have found me meil and malt,  
 And beif and mutton in all plentie ;  
 But neir a Scots wyfe could haif said  
 That eir I skaithd her a pure flie.  
 To feik het water beneath cauld yce,  
 Surely it is a great folie ;  
 I haif asked grace at a graceless face,  
 But there is nane for my men and me.

But had I kend, or I came frae hame,  
 How thou unkynd wadst bene to me,  
 I wad haif kept the border fyde,  
 In spyte of all thy force and thee.  
 Wist Englands king that I was tane,  
 O gin a blyth man wald he be !  
 For anes I flew his sisters son,  
 And on his breist-bane brak a tree.

John wore a girdle about his midle,  
 Imbroiderd owre with burning gold,  
 Bespangled with the same mettle,  
 Maist beautifull was to behold.  
 Ther hang nine targats at Johnys hat,  
 And ilk an worth three hundred pound :  
 What wants that knave that a king fuld haif,  
 But the sword of honour and the crown ?

O quhair gat thou these targats, Johnie,  
 That blink fae brawly abune thy brie ?

I gat them in the field fechting,  
 Quher, cruel king, thou durst not be.  
 Had I my horse and my harness gude,  
 And ryding as I wont to be,  
 It sould haif bene tald this hundred zeir,  
 The meiting of my king and me.

God be withee, Kirsty, my brither,  
 Lang live thou laird of Mangertoun;  
 Lang mayst thou dwell on the border-syde,  
 Or thou se thy brither ryde up and down.  
 And God be withee, Kirsty, my son,  
 Quhair thou sits on thy nurfes knee;  
 But and thou live this hundred zeir,  
 Thy fathers better thoult never be.

Farweil, my bonny Gilnockhall,  
 Quhair on Esk-syde thou standest stout,  
 Gif I had lived but seven zeirs mair,  
 I wald haif gilt thee round about.  
 John murdred was at Carlinrigg,  
 And all his galant companie;  
 But Scotlands heart was never fae wae,  
 To see so many brave men die.

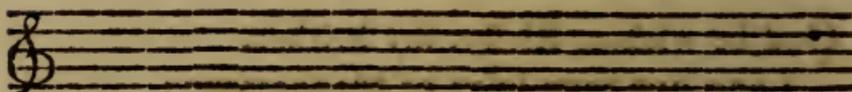
Because they savd their country deir  
 Frae Englishmen; nane were fae bauld,  
 Quhyle Johnie livd on the border-syde,  
 Nane of them durst cum neir his hald.

S O N G IV.

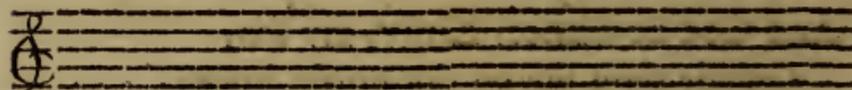
THE BATTLE OF CORICHIE, ON THE HILL OF  
FAIR, FOUGHT Oct. 28, 1562\*.

BY . . . . . FORBES,

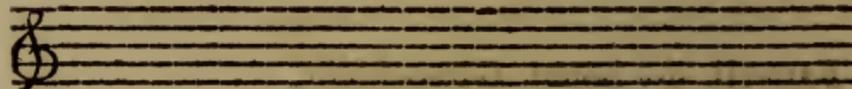
SCHOOL-MASTER AT MARY CULTER, UPON DIESIDE.



Murn ye heighlands, and murn ye leighlands,



I trow ye hae meikle need; For thi bonny



burn of Corichie His run this day wi' bleid ?

Thi hopeful' laird o' Finliter,  
Erle Huntly's gallant son,  
For thi love hi bare our beauteous quine,  
His gart fair Scotland mone.

Hi his braken his ward in Aberdene  
Throu dreid o' thi fause Murry;  
And his gather't the gentle Gordone clan,  
An' his father auld Huntly.

\* For a further account of this battle, see Buchanan, Spotfwood, Hume of Godscroft, and Gordons History of the Gordons.

Fain wad he tak our bonny guide quine,  
 An' beare hir awa' wi' him ;  
 But Murry's flee wyles spoil't a' thi sport,  
 An' reft him o' lyfe and him.

Murry gar't rayse thi tardy Merns men,  
 An' Angis, an' mony ane mair ;  
 Erle Morton, and the Byres lord Lindsay ;  
 An' campit at thi hill o' Fare.

Erle Huntlie came wi' Haddo Gordone,  
 An' countit ane thufan men ;  
 But Murry had abien twal hunder,  
 Wi' fax score horsemen and ten.

They foundit thi bougills an' the trumpits,  
 An' marchit on in brave array ;  
 Till the spiers an' the axis forgatherit,  
 An' than did begin thi fray.

Thi Gordones fae fercelie did fecht it,  
 Withouten terror or dreid,  
 That mony o' Murry's men lay gaspin,  
 An' dyit thi grund wi' their bleid.

Then fause Murry feingit to flee them,  
 An' they purfuit at his backe,  
 Whan thi haf o' thi Gordones desertit,  
 An' turnit wi' Murray in a crack.

Wi' hether i' thir bonnits they turnit,  
The traiter Haddo o' their heid,  
An' flaid their brithers an' their fatheris,  
An' spoilit an' left them for deid.

Than Murry cried to tak thi auld Gordone,  
An' mony ane ran wi' speid ;  
But Stuart o' Inchbraik had him stickit,  
An' out gushit thi fat lurdane's bleid.

Than they tuke his twa fones quick an' hale,  
An' bare them awa' to Aberdene ;  
But fair did our guide quine lament  
Thi waefu' chance that they were tane.

Erle Murry lost mony a gallant stout man,  
Thi hopefu' laird o' Thornitune,  
Pittera's fons, an Egli's far fearit laird,  
An' mair to mi unkend, fell doune.

Erle Huntly mist tenscore o' his bra' men  
Sum o' heigh, an' sum o' leigh degree ;  
Skeenis youngest son, thi pride o' a' the clan,  
Was ther fun' dead, he widna flee.

This bloody fecht wis fercely faucht  
Octobris aught an' twinty day,  
Cryftis fyfteen hundred thrifcore yeir  
An' twa will mark thi deidlie fray.

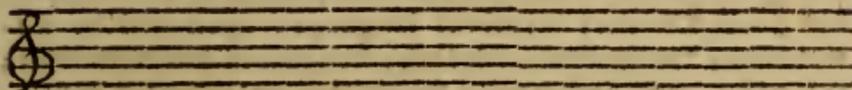
But now the day maist waefu' came,  
 That day the quine did grite her fill,  
 For Huntlys gallant stalwart son,  
 Wis heidit on the heidin hill.

Fyve noble Gordones wi' him hangit were,  
 Upon thi samen fatal playne ;  
 Crule Murry gar't thi waefu' quine luke out,  
 And see hir lover an' liges flayne.

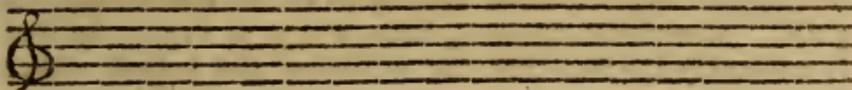
I wis our quine had better frinds,  
 I wis our countrie better peice ;  
 I wis our lords wid na' discord,  
 I wis our weirs at hame may ceife.

## S O N G V.

'ADAM' OF GORDON\*.



It fell about the Martinmas, Quhen the wind



blew schrile and cauld, Said 'Adam' o' Gor.

\* The story of this song is as follows : In the year 1571, sir Adam Gordon of Auchindown, brother to the earl of Huntley, whose deputy he was in the north parts, where,



don to his men, We maun draw to a hauld.

And what an a hauld fall we draw to,  
 My merry men and me ?  
 We will gae to the house of the Rodes,  
 To see that fair ladie.

She had nae sooner busket her fell,  
 Nor putten on her gown,  
 Till 'Adam' o' Gordon and his men  
 Were round about the town.

as archbishop Spotswood relates, "under colour of the queens authority, [he] committed divers oppressions, especially upon the Forbes's," "had sent one Captain Ker, with a party of foot, to summon the castle of Towie [or Tavoy, as Spotswood calls it] in the queens name. The owner, Alexander Forbes, was not then at home, and his lady, confiding too much in her sex, not only refused to surrender, but gave Ker very injurious language; upon which, unreasonably transported with fury, he ordered his men to fire the castle, and barbarously burnt the unfortunate gentlewoman, with her whole family, amounting to 37 persons. Nor was he ever so much as cashiered for this inhuman action, which made Gordon share both in the scandal and the guilt." *Crawfurds Memoirs*, Edin. 1753, p. 213. So that it evidently appears that the writer of this ballad, either through ignorance or design, has made use of Gordons name instead of Kers; and there is some reason to think the transposition intentional. A ballad upon this subject, in the English idiom, and written about the time, which nearly resembles that here printed, so nearly indeed as to make it evident that one of them must be an alteration from the other, is still extant; in which ballad, instead of Adam or Edom o' Gordon, we have "Captaine Care," who is called "the

They had nae sooner fitten down,  
 Nor sooner said the grace,  
 Till 'Adam' o' Gordon and his men  
 Were closed about the place.

The lady ran up to her tower head,  
 As fast as she could drie,  
 To see if by her fair speeches  
 She could with him agree.

As soon as he saw the lady fair,  
 And hir yates all locked fast,  
 He fell into a rage of wrath,  
 And his heart was aghast.

Cum down to me, ze lady fair,  
 Cum down to me, let's see,  
 This night ze's ly by my ain side,  
 The morn my bride fall be.

lord of Easter towne," the castle of Rodes is "the castle of Crecrynbroghe," and the lady's husband is a "lord Hamleton." In other respects they are so much alike that bishop Percy finding, as he says, an (apparently incorrect) fragment of the English ballad in his folio MS. "improved and enlarged" (*i. e.* interpolated and corrupted) the Scottish copy "with several fine stanzas." See the English ballad at length, in a collection of "Ancient English Songs," published by J. Johnson, in St. Paul's Church Yard.

It has been usual to intitle this ballad "Edom o' Gordon;" an error which Sir David Dalrymple, to whom, as bishop Percy says, we are indebted for its publication, might be led into by the local pronunciation of the lady from whose memory he gave it.

I winnae cum down, ye fals Gordon,  
I winnae cum down to thee,  
I winnae forsake my ane dear lord,  
That is fae far frae me.

Gi up your hause, ze fair lady,  
Gi up your hause to me,  
Or I will burn zoursel therein,  
Bot you and zour babies three.

I winna gie up, zou fals Gordon,  
To nae fik traitor as thee,  
Tho zou should burn mysel therein,  
Bot and my babies three.

Set fire to the hause, quoth fals Gordon,  
Sin better may nae bee,  
And I will burn hersel therein,  
Bot and her babies three.

And ein wae worth ze, Jock my man,  
I paid ze weil zour fee ;  
Why pow ze out my ground wa stane,  
Lets in the reek to me ?

And ein wae worth ze, Jock my man,  
For I paid zou weil zour hire ;  
Why pow ze out my ground wa stane,  
To me lets in the fire ?

Ye paid me weil my hire, lady,  
Ye paid me weil my fee ;  
But now I'm 'Adam' of Gordon's man,  
Maun either do or die.

O then bespake her zoungeft son,  
Sat on the nurfes knee,  
Dear mother, gie owre your houfe, he fays,  
For the reek it worries me.

I winnae gie up my houfe, my dear,  
To nae fik traitor as he ;  
Cum well, cum wae, my jewels fair,  
Ye maun tak share wi me.

O then bespake her dochter dear,  
She was baith jimp and fma,  
O row me in a pair o' fhiets,  
And tow me owre the wa.

They rowd her in a pair of fhiets,  
And towd her owre the wa,  
But, on the point of 'Adam's' fpeir,  
She gat a deadly fa.

O bonny, bonny, was hir mouth,  
And chirry were her cheiks,  
And clear, clear was hir zellow hair,  
Whereon the reid bluid dreips.

Then wi his speir he turn'd hir owr,  
O gin hir face was wan !  
He said, zou are the first that eer  
I wift alive again.

He turnd her owr and owr again ;  
O gin hir skin was whyte !  
He said, I might ha spard thy life,  
To been some mans delyte.

Busk and boon, my merry men all,  
For ill dooms I do guefs,  
I cannae luik in that bonny face,  
As it lyes on the grafs.

Them luiks to freits, my master deir,  
Then freits will follow them ;  
Let it neir be said brave 'Adam' o' Gordon  
Was daunted with a dame.

O then he spied hir ain deir lord,  
As he came owr the lee ;  
He saw his castle in a fire,  
As far as he could see.

Put on, put on, my mighty men,  
As fast as ze can drie,  
For he thats hindmost of my men,  
Sall neir get guid o' me.

And some they raid, and some they ran  
Fu fast out ovr the plain,  
But lang, lang, eer he coud get up,  
They were a' deid and slain.

But mony were the mudie men  
Lay gasping on the grien;  
For o' fifty men that 'Adam' brought out  
There were but five ged heme.

And mony were the mudie men  
Lay gasping on the grien,  
And mony were the fair ladys  
Lay lemanles at heme.

And round, and round the waes he went,  
Their ashes for to view;  
At last into the flames he flew,  
And bad the world adieu.

## SONG VI.

## GILDEROY\*.

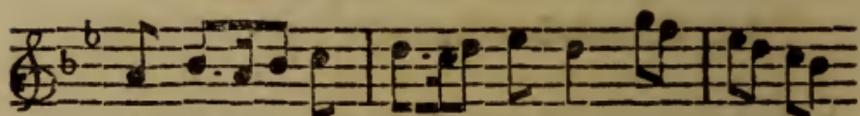
BY SIR ALEXANDER HALKET.



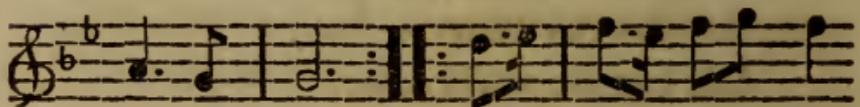
Gil - de - roy was a bon - ny boy,



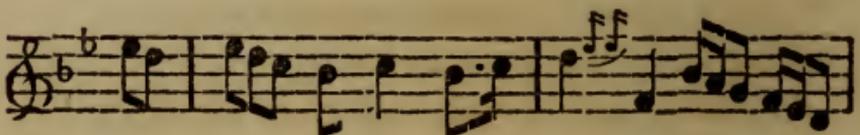
Had ros - es tull his shoone, His stock -



ings were of filk - en foy, Wi' gar - ters



hang - ing doune: It was, I weene,

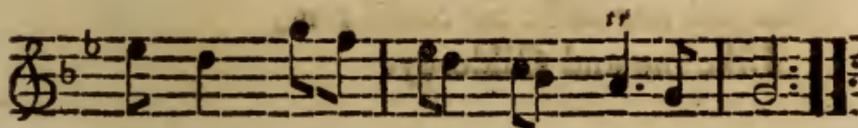


a come - lie fight, 'To see fae trim a

\* A hero of whom this elegant lamentation is the only authentic memorial. He hence appears to have been a celebrated Highland freebooter, and to have been executed at Edinburgh in the time of queen Mary. The authors name is prefixed on the authority of *Johnstons Scots Musical Museum*.



boy; He was my jo and heart's



de-light, My hand-some Gil-de - roy.

Oh ! fik twa charming een he had,  
 A breath as sweet as rosé,  
 He never ware a Highland plaid,  
 But costly filken clothes :  
 He gain'd the luvè of ladies gay,  
 Nane eir tul him was coy :  
 Ah ! wae is me ! I mourn the day,  
 For my dear Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy and I were born  
 Baith in one toun together,  
 We scant were seven years beforn  
 We gan to luvè each other ;  
 Our dadies and our mammies thay  
 Were fill'd wi' mickle joy  
 To think upon the bridal day  
 'Twixt me and Gilderoy.

For Gilderoy that luvè of mine  
 Gude faith I freely bought

A wedding fark of holland fine,  
Wi' filken flowers wrought ;  
And he gied me a wedding ring,  
Which I receiv'd wi' joy :  
Nae lad nor lassie eir could sing,  
Like me and Gilderoy.

Wi' mickle joy we spent our prime,  
Till we were baith sixteen,  
And aft we past the langsome time  
Amang the leaves fae green ;  
Aft on the banks we'd fit us thair,  
And sweetly kifs and toy,  
Wi' garlands gay wad deck my hair  
My handsome Gilderoy.

Oh ! that he still had been content  
Wi' me to lead his life !  
But ah ! his manfu' heart was bent  
To stir in feates of strife ;  
And he in many a venturous deed,  
His courage bauld wad try,  
And now this gars mine heart to bleed  
For my dear Gilderoy.

And whan of me his leave he tuik,  
The tears they wat mine ee,  
I gave tull him a parting luik,  
“ My benifon gang wi' thee !

God speid thee weil, mine ain dear heart,  
 For gane is all my joy ;  
 My heart is rent sith we maun part,  
 My handsome Gilderoy."

My Gilderoy baith far and near  
 Was fear'd in every town,  
 And bauldly bare away the gear  
 Of many a lawland loun :  
 Nane eir durst meet him man to man,  
 He was fae brave a boy,  
 At length wi' numbers he was tane,  
 My winsome Gilderoy.

The Queen of Scots possessed nought  
 That my love let me want ;  
 For cow and ew he 'to me brought,'  
 And een whan they were skant :  
 All these did honestly possess  
 He never did annoy,  
 Who never fail'd to pay their ces  
 To my love Gilderoy.

Wae worth the loun that made the laws  
 To hang a man for gear !  
 To reave of life for ox or afs,  
 For sheep, or horse, or mare !  
 Had not their laws been made fae strick,  
 I neir had lost my joy,

Wi' sorrow neir had wat my cheek  
For my dear Gilderoy.

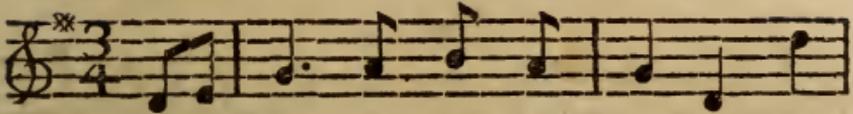
Giff Gilderoy had done amisse,  
He mought hae banisht been,  
Ah! what fair cruelty is this,  
To hang fike handsome men!  
To hang the flower o' Scottish land,  
Sae sweet and fair a boy!  
Nae lady had fae white a hand  
As thee, my Gilderoy.

Of Gilderoy fae 'fraid they were,  
They bound him mickle strong,  
Tull Edenburrow they led him thair,  
And on a gallows hung;  
They hung him high aboon the rest,  
He was fae trim a boy,  
Thair dyed the youth whom I lued best,  
My handsome Gilderoy.

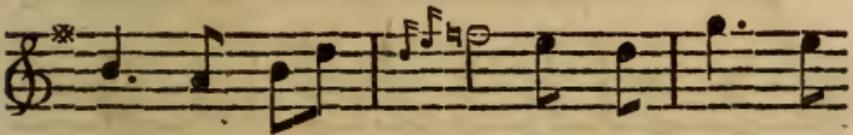
Thus having yielded up his breath,  
I bare his corpse away,  
Wi' tears that trickled for his death  
I washt his comelye clay;  
And fiker in a grave fae deep  
I laid the dear-loed boy;  
And now for evir maun I weep  
My winsome Gilderoy.

## SONG VII.

THE BONNY EARL OF MURRAY\*.



Ye highlands, and ye lawlands, Oh!



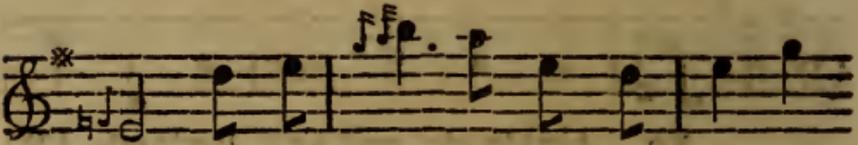
quhair hae ye been? They hae flaine the

\* “ In December 1591, Francis Stewart earl of Bothwell had made an attempt to seize the person of his sovereign James VI. but being disappointed had retired towards the North. The king unadvisedly gave a commission to George Gordon earl of Huntley to pursue Bothwell and his followers with fire and sword. Huntley, under cover of executing that commission, took occasion to revenge a private quarrel he had against James Stewart earl of Murray, a relation of Bothwells. In the night of Feb. 7. 1592, he beset Murrays house, burnt it to the ground, and slew Murray himself; a young nobleman of the most promising virtues, and the very darling of the people.

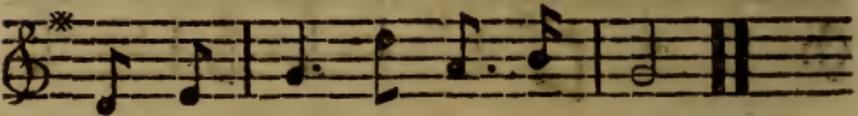
“ The present lord Murray hath now in his possession a picture of his ancestor naked and covered with wounds, which had been carried about, according to the custom of that age, in order to inflame the populace to revenge his death. If this picture did not flatter, he well deserved the name of the BONNY EARL, for he is there represented as a tall and comely personage. It is a tradition in the family, that Gordon of Bucky gave him a wound in the face: Murray half expiring, said, “ You hae spilt a better face than your awin.” Upon this, Bucky pointing his dagger at Huntley’s breast, swore, “ You shall be as deep as I,” and forced him to pierce the poor defenceless body.



earl of Murray, And hae lain him on the



green: They hae slaine the earl of Mur-ray,



And hae lain him on the green.

Now wae be to thee, Huntley !

And quhairfore did you fae ?

I bade you bring him wi' you,

But forbade you him to slay.

He was a braw gallant,

And he rid at the ring ;

And the bonny earl of Murray,

Oh ! he might hae been a king.

He was a braw gallant,

And he playd at the ba' ;

And the bonny earl of Murray

Was the flower among them a'.

“ K. James, who took no care to punish the murtherers, is said by some to have privately countenanced and abetted them, being stimulated by jealousy for some indiscreet praises which his queen had too lavishly bestowed on this unfortunate youth.” **FRASER.**

He was a braw gallant,  
 And he playd at the gluve ;  
 And the bonny earl of Murray,  
 Oh ! he was the queenes luve.

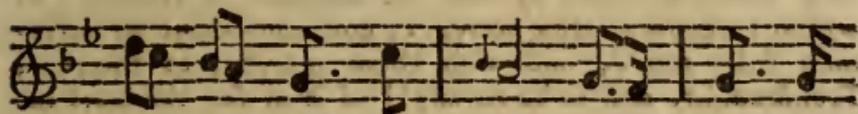
Oh ! lang will his lady  
 Luke owre the castle downe,  
 Ere she see the earl of Murray  
 Cum founding throw the towne.

## S O N G VIII.

## F R E N N E T H A L L \*.



When Frennet castle's i-vied walls, Thro'



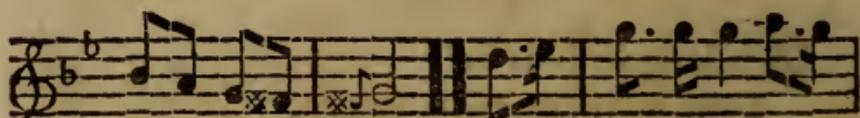
yal-low leaves were seen, When birds for-

\* The subject of this ballad is related by W. Gordon, in his "History of the illustrious family of Gordon," 1726. Vol. ii, p. 135. in the following words :

"Anno 1630, there happened a melancholly accident to the family of Huntly thus. First of January there fell out a discord betwixt the laird of Frenndraught and some of his friends, and William Gordon of Rothemay, and some of his, in which William Gordon was killed, a brave and gallant gentleman. On the other side was slain George Gordon, brother to sir James Gordon of Lefmore, and



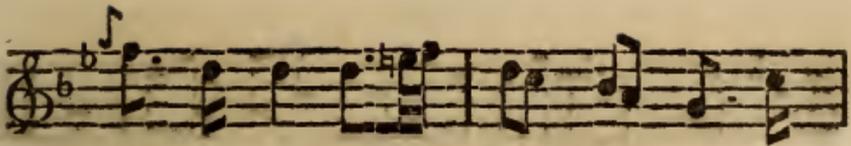
fook the fap-lefs boughs, And bees the



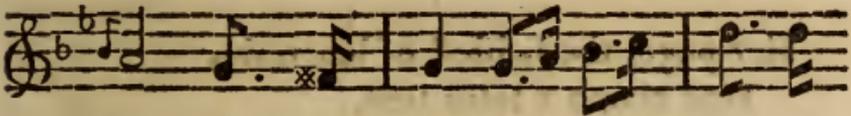
fad - ed green, Then la-dy Frennet,

divers others were wounded on both sides. The marquis of Huntly, and some other well disposed friends made up this quarrel; and Frendraught was appointed to pay to the lady dowager of Rothemay 50,000 merks Scots in compensation of the slaughter, which, as is said, was truly paid...

“ Upon the 27th of September this year, Frendraught having in his company Robert Chrichton of Condlaw, and James Lesly son to the laird of Pitcapple, Chrichton shot Lesly through the arm, who was carried to his fathers house, and Frendraught put Chrichton out of his company. Immediately thereafter he went to visit the earl of Murray; and, in his return, came to the Bog of Gight, now Castle-Gordon, to visit the marquis of Huntly; of which Pitcapple getting notice. . . conveens about 30 horsemen fully arm'd, and with them marches to intercept Frendraught, and to be reveng'd of him for the hurt his son had got. He came to the marquis's house, October 7. Upon which the marquis wisely desired Frendraught to keep company with his lady, and he would discourse Pitcapple, who complained to him grievously of the harm he had done to his son, and vowed he would be revenged of him ere he returned home. The marquis did all he could to excuse Frendraught, and satisfy Pitcapple, but to no purpose; and so he went away in a chaff, still vowing revenge. The marquis communicated all that had passed to Frendraught, and kept him at his house a day or two; and even then would not let him go home alone, but sent his son John Gordon, viscount of Melgum and Aboyne, with some others, as a safe-guard to him, until he should be at home



venge-ful dame, Did wan - der frae the



ha', To the wild fo - rest's dew-ie

(among whom was John Gordon of Rothemay, son to him lately slain) lest Pitcaple should ly in ambush for him.

“ They convoyed him safely home, and after dinner Aboyne pressed earnestly to return; and as earnestly did Fren draught press him to stay, and would by no means part with him that night. He at last condescended to stay, though unwillingly. They were well entertained, supped merrily, and went to bed joyfull. The viscount was laid in a room in the old tower of the hall, standing upon a vault, where there was a round hole under his bed. Robert Gordon and English Will, two of his servants, were laid beside him. The laird of Rothemay, and some servants by him, in an upper room above Aboyne. And above that, in another room, George Chalmers of Noth, and another of the viscount's servants; all of them lodged, in that old tower, and all of them in rooms one above the other. All of them being at rest, about midnight the tower takes fire, in so sudden and furious a manner, that this noble lord, the laird of Rothemay, English Will, Colin Ivat, and other two, being six in number, were cruelly burnt to death, without help or relief offer'd to be made; the laird and lady looking on, without so much as endeavouring to deliver them from the fury of those merciless flames, as was reported.

“ Robert Gordon, who was in Aboyne's chamber, escaped, as ('tis said) Aboyne might have done, if he had not rushed up stairs to awake Rothemay; and while he was about that, the wooden passage, and the lofting of the room took fire, so that none of them could get down stairs. They went to the window that looked into the court, and cried many times help for God's sake, the laird and lady



gloom, A - mong the leaves that fa'.

Her page, the swiftest of her train,  
 Had clumb a lofty tree,  
 Whase branches to the angry blast  
 Were foughing mournfullie :

He turn'd his e'en towards the path  
 That near the castle lay,  
 Where good lord John and Rothemay  
 Were rideing down the brae.

looking on ; but all to no purpose. And finally, seeing there was no help to be made, they recommended themselves to God, clasped in one another's embraces : And thus perished in those merciless flames, the noble lord John Gordon, viscount of Melgum and Aboyne, and John Gordon of Rothemay, a very brave youth. This viscount was a very complete gentleman, both in body and mind, and much lamented by the whole country, but especially by his father, mother and lady, who lived a melancholly and retired life all her time thereafter. And this was all the reward the marquis of Huntley got for his good-will to Frendraught, says my author Spalding, who lived not far from the place, and had the account from eye-witnessees."

This fir James Chrichton, laird of Frendraught, was, in 1642, created viscount Frendraught. His lady was Elizabeth Gordon, daughter of John earl of Sutherland, and near cousin to the marquis of Huntly. In revenge for this treacherous and horrid act, the law not affording any redress, Frendraughts estates were repeatedly ravaged by the Gordons, and his cattle and sheep slaughtered or sold. Gordon adds : " The family of Frendraught was then a very opulent family ; they had a great land-estate and much

Swift darts the eagle from the sky,  
 When prey beneath is seen ;  
 As quickly he forgot his hold,  
 And perch'd upon the green.

O hie thee, hie thee, lady gay,  
 Frae this dark wood awa ;

money ; and after that it soon went to ruin, and was some-time ago extinct."

The present ballad appears to have been suggested by one composed at the time, a few stanzas of which are fortunately remembered by the reverend Mr. Boyd, translator of *Dante*, and were obligingly communicated to the editor, by his very ingenious and valuable friend J. C. Walker esq.

The reek it rose, and the flame it flew,  
 And oh ! the fire augmented high,  
 Until it came to lord Johns chamber-window,  
 And to the bed where lord John lay.

O help me, help me, lady Frennet,  
 I never ettled harm to thee,  
 And if my father slew thy lord,  
 Forget the deed and rescue me.

He looked east, he looked west,  
 To see if any help was nigh ;  
 At length his little page he saw,  
 Who to his lord aloud did cry.

Loup down, loup down, my master dear,  
 What though the window's dreigh and hie,  
 I'll catch you in my arms twa,  
 And never a foot from you I'll flee.

How can I loup, you little page ?  
 How can I leave this window hie ?  
 Do you not see the blazing low,  
 And my twa legs burnt to my knee ?

Some visitors of gallant mein  
Are hastening to the ha'.

Then round she row'd her filken plaid,  
Her feet she did na spare,  
Untill she left the forest skirts  
A lang bow-shot mair.

O where, O where, my good lord John,  
O tell me where you ride?  
Within my castle-wall this night  
I hope you mean to bide.

Kind nobles, will ye but alight,  
In yonder bower to stay,  
Soft ease shall teach you to forget  
The hardness of the way.

Forbear entreaty, gentle dame,  
How can we here remain?  
Full well you ken your husband dear  
Was by our father slain.

“ There are some intermediate particulars,” Mr. Boyd says, “ respecting the lady’s lodging her victims in a turret or flanker, which did not communicate with the castle. This,” adds he, “ I only have from tradition, as I never heard any other stanzas besides the foregoing.” The author of the original, we may perceive, either through ignorance or design, had deviated from the fact in supposing lady Frennets husband to have been slain by lord John’s father; and perhaps also in representing the two youths as brothers. The actual provocation appears to have been the payment of the 50,000 merks, the price of Rothemays blood; which sort of compensation, Gordon has remarked, seems not to prosper, that family being then extinct.

The thoughts of which with fell revenge  
 Your angry bosom swell ;  
 Enraged you've sworn that blood for blood  
 Should this black passion quell.

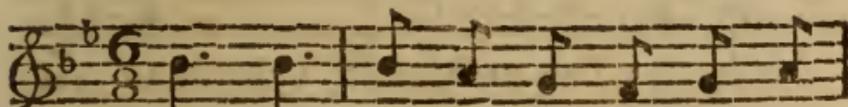
O fear not, fear not, good lord John,  
 That I will you betray,  
 Or sue requittal for a debt  
 Which nature cannot pay.

Bear witness, a' ye powers on high,  
 Ye lights that 'gin to shine,  
 This night shall prove the sacred cord  
 That knits your faith and mine.

The lady flee, with honeyed words,  
 Entic'd thir youths to stay :  
 But morning sun nere shone upon  
 Lord John nor Rothemay.

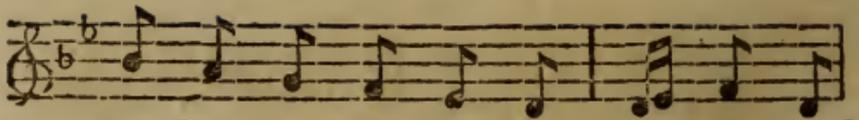
## S O N G IX.

### GENERAL LESLY'S MARCH TO LONGMASTON MOOR\*.



March, march, why the deil do ye na march?

\* Alexander Lesly (created, in 1641, earl of Leven) invaded England at the head of the Scottish rebel army in 1640,



Stand to your arms my lads, Fight in good



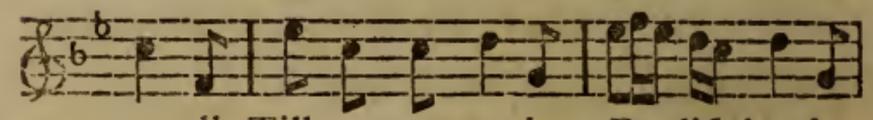
or-der; March, march, why the deil do ye na



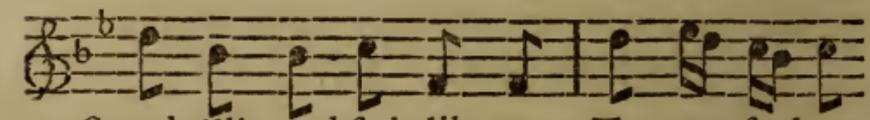
march? Stand to your arms my lads, Fight in good



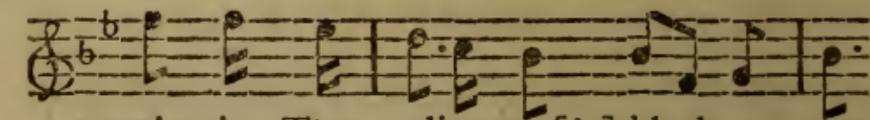
or-der; Front about, front about, ye mus-ke-



teers all, Till ye come to the English border.

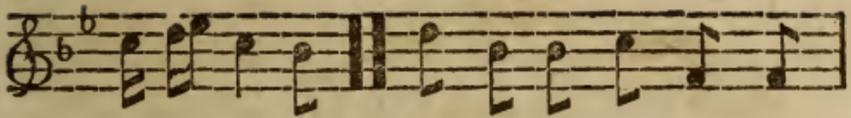


Stand till't, and fightlike men, True go-spel to

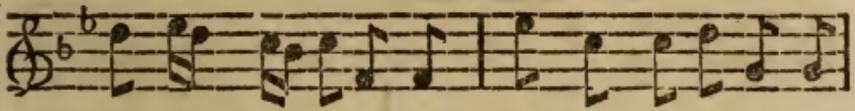


maintain; The parliament[ 's ] blyth to see

defeated a party of the kings troops, and took possession of Newcastle. He afterward commanded the army sent by the covenanters to the assistance of the parliament, and contributed greatly to the defeat of the royalists at Marston (here meant by Longmaiston)-moor in Yorkshire, 3<sup>d</sup> July 1644.



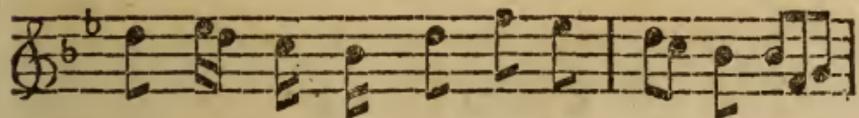
us a coming. When to the kirk we come,



We'll purge it ilka room, Frae popish reliëts, and



a' sic 'innovation,' That all the world may see,



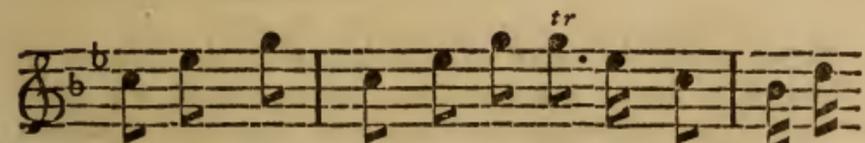
There's nane i' the right but we, Of the auld



Scott-ish nation. Jenny shall wear the hood,



Jocky the fark of God; And the kist fou of



whistles, That make sic a cleiro, Our pipers



braw Shall hae them a', Whate'er come on it.



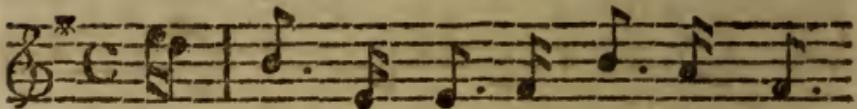
Busk up your plaids, my lads, Cock up your



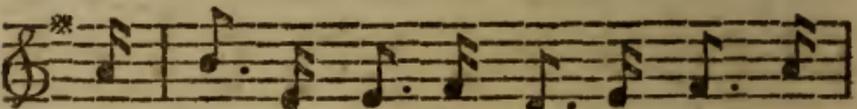
bonnets. *March, march, &c.*

## S O N G X.

### THE HAWS OF CROMDALE\*.

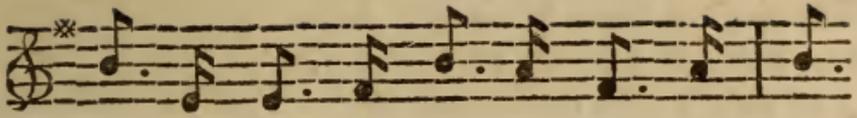


As I came in by A-chen-down,

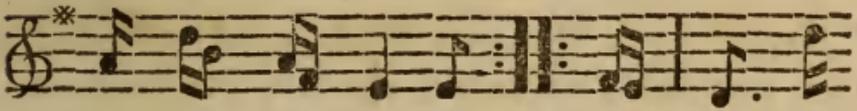


A lit-tle wee bit frae the town, When

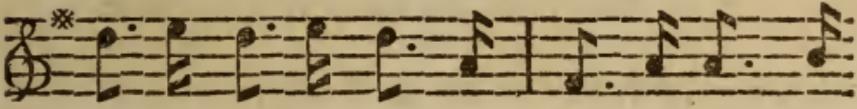
\* No notice is taken of this battle in the history of Montrose's wars, nor does any mention of it elsewhere occur. The only action known to have happened at Cromdale (a village in Invernesshire) was long after Montrose's time.



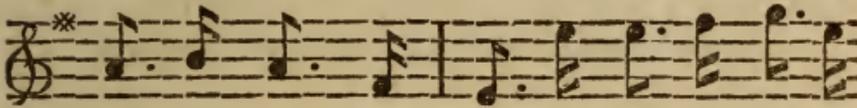
to the highlands I was boun, To view



the haws of Crom-dale, I met a



man in tar-tan trews, I spier'd at him what



was the news; Quoth he, The highland army



rues That e'er we came to Crom-dale.

We were in bed, fir, every man,  
 When the English host upon us came ;  
 A bloody battle then began,  
     Upon the haws of Cromdale.

The English horse they were so rude,  
 They bath'd their hoofs in highland blood,  
 But our brave clans they boldly stood,  
     Upon the haws of Cromdale.

But alas we could no longer stay,  
For o'er the hills we came away,  
And fore we do lament the day  
That e'er we came to Cromdale.

Thus the great Montrose did say,  
Can you direct the nearest way?  
For I will o'er the hills this day,  
And view the haws of Cromdale.

Alas, my lord, you're not so strong,  
You scarcely have two thousand men,  
And there's twenty thousand on the plain,  
Stand rank and file on Cromdale.

Thus the great Montrose did say,  
I say, direct the nearest way,  
For I will o'er the hills this day,  
And see the haws of Cromdale.

They were at dinner, every man,  
When great Montrose upon them came,  
A second battle then began,  
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

The Grants, Mackenzies, and M'kys,  
Soon as Montrose they did espy,  
O then they fought most vehemently,  
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

The M'Donalds they return'd again,  
The Camerons did their standard join,  
M'Intosh play'd a bonny game,  
    Upon the haws of Cromdale.

The M'Gregors faught like lyons bold,  
M'Pherons, none could them controul,  
M'Lauchlins faught like loyal souls,  
    Upon the haws of Cromdale.

[M'Leans, M'Dougals, and M'Neals,  
So boldly as they took the field,  
And made their enemies to yield,  
    Upon the haws of Cromdale.]

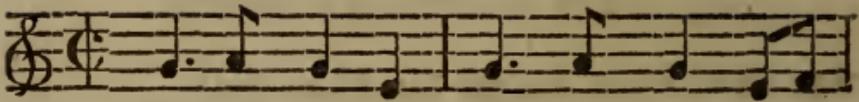
The Gordons boldly did advance,  
The Fraziers [fought] with sword and lance,  
The Grahams they made their heads to dance,  
    Upon the haws of Cromdale.

The loyal Stewarts, with Montrose,  
So boldly fet upon their foes,  
And brought them down with highland blows,  
    Upon the haws of Cromdale.

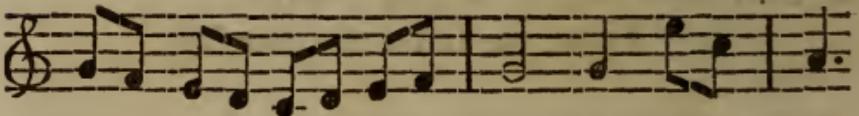
Of twenty thousand Cromwells men,  
Five hundred went to Aberdeen,  
The rest of them lyes on the plain,  
    Upon the haws of Cromdale.

## SONG XI.

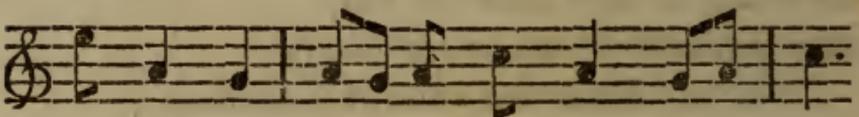
## GILLICRANKIE\*.



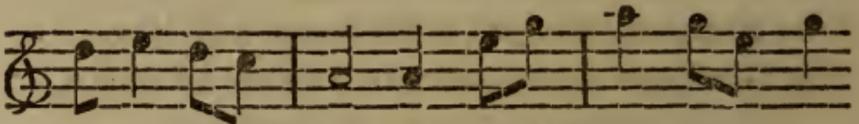
Clavers, and his high-land-men, came



down up - o' the raw, man, Who, be-



ing stout, gave mo - ny a clout, The lads



be-gan to claw then. With sword and terge

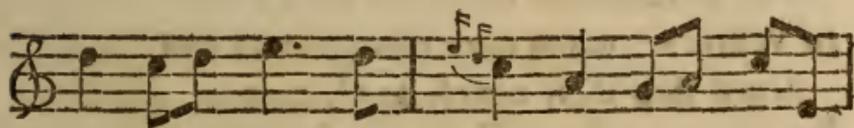


in - to their hand, Wi' which they were

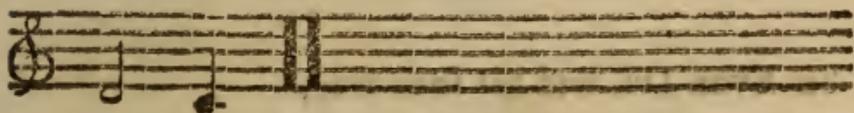
\* The battle of Killikrankie was fought, at the pass so called, on the 27th of July 1689, between the highland clans, under the command of James (Graham of Claverhouse) viscount Dundee, and a Dutch-English army commanded by general Mackay. The latter were almost instantaneously defeated, with a very inconsiderable loss on the other side, if we except that of their gallant leader, who received a mortal wound under his arm, elevated in the act of encouraging his men to the pursuit. King James felt his loss irretrievable.



nae flaw, man, Wi' mony a fear - ful



hea - vy figh, The lads be - gan to



claw then.

O'er bush, o'er bank, o'er ditch, o'er flank,  
 She flang amang them a' man ;  
 The Butter-box got mony knocks,  
 Their riggings paid for a' then.  
 They got their paiks, wi' sudden straiks,  
 Which to their grief they saw man ;  
 Wi' clinkum clankum o'er their crowns,  
 The lads began to fa' then.

Hur skipt about, hur leapt about,  
 And flang amang them a', man ;  
 The English blades got broken heads,  
 Their crowns were cleav'd in twa then.  
 The durk and door made their last hour,  
 And prov'd their final fa', man ;  
 They thought the devil had been there,  
 That play'd them sick a paw then.

The solemn league and covenant  
 Came whigging up the hills, man,  
 Thought highland trews durst not refuse  
 For to subscribe their bills then :  
 In Willie's \* name they thought nae ane  
 Durst stop their course at a', man ;  
 But hur nane fell, wi' mony a knock,  
 Cry'd, Furich-whiggs, awa', man.

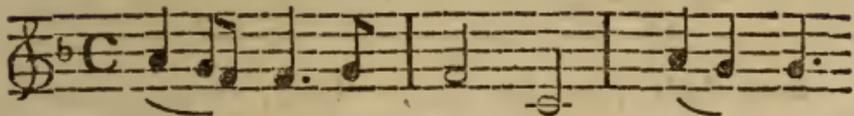
Sir Evan Du, and his men true,  
 Came linking up the brink, man ;  
 The Hogan Dutch they feared such,  
 They bred a horrid stink then.  
 The true Maclean, and his fierce men,  
 Came in amang them a', man ;  
 Nane durst withstand his heavy hand,  
 All fled and ran awa' then.

*Ob' on a ri, ob' on a ri,*  
 Why should she lose king Shames, man ?  
*Ob' rig in di, ob' rig in di,*  
 She shall break a' her banes then ;  
 With *furichinisch*, an' stay a while,  
 And speak a word or twa, man,  
 She's gi' a straike, out o'er the neck,  
 Before ye win awa' then.

\* Prince of Orange.

O fy for shame, ye're three for ane,  
 Hur nane-fell's won the day, man;  
 King Shames' red-coats should be hung up,  
 Because they ran awa' then:  
 Had bent their brows, like highland trows,  
 And made as lang a stay, man,  
 They'd fav'd their king, that sacred thing,  
 And Willie'd ' run' awa' then.

S O N G XII\*.



Carl, an the king come, Carl, an



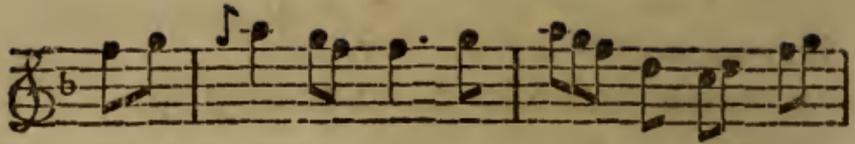
the king come; Thou shalt dance and



I will sing, Carl, an the king come.

\* The exact age of this song has not been ascertained; and perhaps it is here inserted under too early a period. There are probably other words to this air, as the following stanza has been recovered by accident:

When yellow corn grows on the rigs,  
 And a gibbet's made to hang the whigs,  
 O then we will dance Scottish jigs,  
 Carle, an the king come.



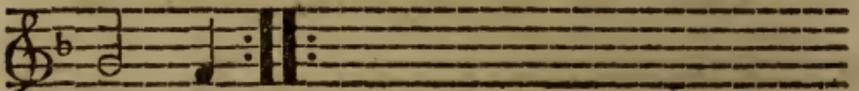
An some - bo - die were come again, Then



some-bo-die maun cros the main, And ev'ry



man shall hae his ain, Carl, an the



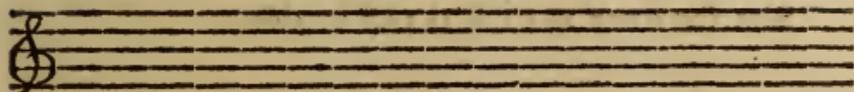
king come.

I trow we swapped for the worfe,  
We gae the boot and better horfe;  
And that we'll tell them at the cros,  
Carl, an the king come.

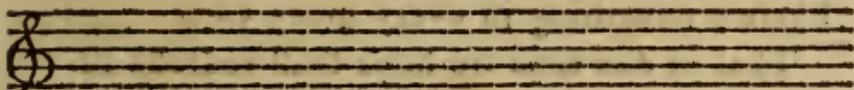
Coggie, an the king come,  
Coggie, an the king come,  
I'fe be fou, and thou'fe be toom,  
Coggie, an the king come.

## SONG XIII.

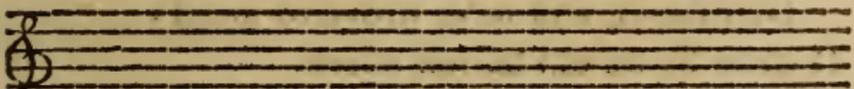
ON THE ACT OF SUCCESSION (1703)\*.



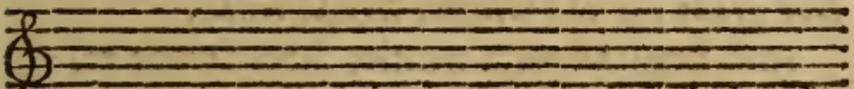
I'll sing you a song, my brave boys, The



like you ne'er heard of before, Old Scotland



at last is grown wise, And England shall bully



no more.

Succession, the trap for our slavery,

A true Presbyterian plot,

Advanc'd by by-ends and knavery,

Is now kickt out by a vote.

\* "The earl of Marchmont having one day presented an act for settling the succession in the house of Hanover, it was treated with such contempt, that some proposed it might be burnt, and others that he might be sent to the castle, and was at last thrown out of the house by a plurality of fifty seven voices." Lockhart's *Memoirs*, p. 60.

The Lutheran dame \* may be gone,  
Our foes shall addresse us no more,  
If the treaty † should never go on,  
She for ever is kick'd out of door.

To bondage we now bid adieu,  
The English shall no more oppresse us,  
'There's something in every mans view  
That in due time we hope shall redresse us.

'This hundred years past we have been  
Dull slaves, and ne'er strove to mend ;  
It came by an old barren queen,  
And now we resolve it shall end.

But grant the old woman should come,  
And England with treaties should wooe us,  
We'l clog her before she comes home,  
That she ne'er shall have power to undoe us.

Then let us goe on and be great,  
From parties and quarrells abstain ;  
Let us English councills defeat,  
And Hanover ne'er mention again.

Let grievances now be redrefs'd,  
Consider, the power is our own ;

\* Sophia electress-dowager of Hanover, mother of George I.

† For the union of the two kingdoms.

Let Scotland no more be oppress'd,  
Nor England lay claim to our crown.

Let us think with what blood and what care  
Our ancestors kept themselves free ;  
What Bruce, and what Wallace could dare ;  
If they did so much, why not we ?

Let Montros and Dundee be brought in  
As latter examples before you ;  
And hold out but as you begin,  
Like them the next age will adore you.

Here's a health, my brave lads, to the duke \* then,  
Who has the great labour begun,  
He shall flourish, whilst those who forsook him  
To Holland for shelter shall run.

Here's a health to those that stood by him,  
To Fletcher †, and all honest men ;  
Ne'er trust the damnd rogues that belie 'em',  
Since all our rights they maintain.

\* James duke of Hamilton ; able, spirited, and unsteady. He was killed 15.th Nov. 1712, in a duel with lord Mohun, and, as was thought, by general Macartney, that nobleman's second ; he himself falling at the same time.

† Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun esquire ; a warm and strenuous advocate for republican government, and the natural rights of mankind. He has left a volume of excellent political discourses.

Once more to great Hamiltons health,  
The hero that still keeps his ground ;  
To him we must own all our wealth :—  
Let the Christian liquor go round.

Let all the sham tricks of the court,  
That so often have foil'd us before,  
Be now made the countries sport,  
And England shall fool us no more.

S O N G   X I V .

T H E   T H I S T L E   A N D   R O S E .

B Y   M R .   W A T T .



It was in old times, when trees compos'd



rhymes, And flowers did with elegy flow, It



was in a field, which various did yield, A Rose



and a Thistle did grow.

In a sun-shining day, the Rose chanced to say,  
Friend Thistle, I'll be with you plain,  
And if you would be united to me,  
You would ne'er be a Thistle again.

Says the Thistle, my spears defends mortals and fears,  
Whilst thou 'rt unguarded on the plain;  
And I do suppose, tho' I were a Rose,  
I would long to be a Thistle again.

O friend, says the Rose, you falsely suppose,  
Bear witness, ye flowers of the plain!  
You would take so much pleasure, in beautys vast  
treasure,  
You would ne'er be a Thistle again.

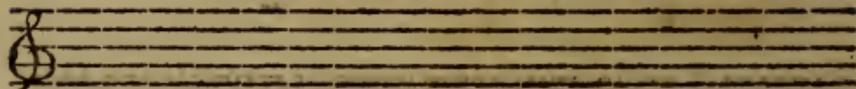
The Thistle at length, admiring the Rose,  
With all the gay flowers of the plain,  
She throws off her points, herself she anoints,  
And now in close Union she's gone.

But in a cold stormy day, while heedless she lay,  
No longer could sorrow refrain,  
She fetched a groan, with many ohon,  
O were I a Thistle again!

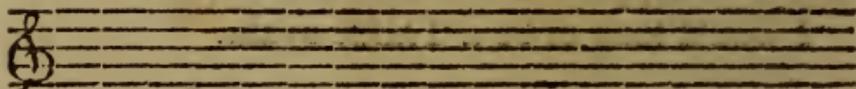
But now I'm the mock of Flora's fair flock,  
Nor dare I presume to complain;  
But remember that I disasterly cry,  
O were I a Thistle again!

SONG XV\*.

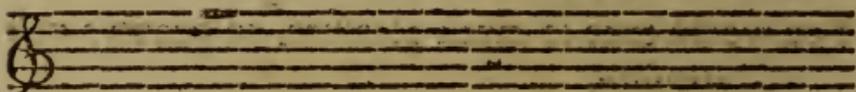
LITTLE WAT YE WHA'S COMING.



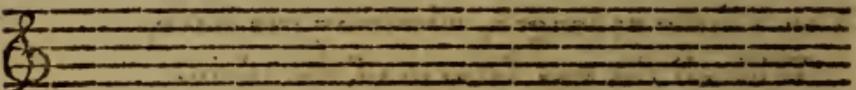
*Little wat ye wha's coming, Little wat ye wha's*



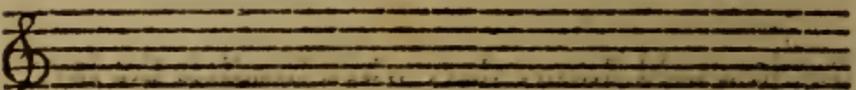
*coming, Little wat ye wha's coming, Fock and*



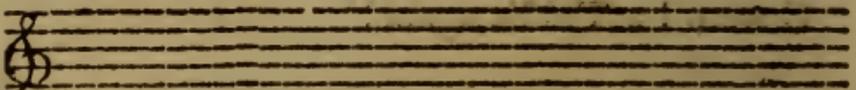
*Tam and a's coming. Duncan's coming,*



*Donald's coming, Colin's coming, Ronald's*



*coming, Dougal's coming, Lauchlan's com-*



*ing, Alaster and a's coming: Little wat ye*

\* The Chevaliers Muster Roll, 1715.



*wha's coming, Jock and Tam and a's coming.*

Borland and his men's coming,  
The Camrons and M'leans' coming  
The Gordons and M'Gregors' coming,  
A' the Dunywastles \* coming :

*Little wat ye wha's coming,  
M'Gilvrey of Drumglafs is coming.*

Wigton's coming, Nithsdale's coming,  
Carnwarth's coming, Kenmure's coming,  
Derwentwater and Foster's coming,  
Withrington and Nairn's coming † :

*Little wat ye wha's coming,  
Blyth Cowhill and a's coming.*

The laird of M'Intosh is coming,  
M'Crabie and M'Donald's coming,

\* *i. e.* Highland lairds or gentlemen ; *Dhuine uasal.*

† These are the earls of Wigton, Nithisdale and Carnwarth, the viscount Kenmure, the earl of Derwentwater, Thomas Foster esquire, member of parliament for Northumberland, and commander in chief of the Chevaliers English army, the earl of Widdrington, and the lord Nairn : the other names are either those of particular clans, or such as are applicable to all.

The M'Kenzies and M'Pherfons' coming,  
A' the wild M'Craws' coming :

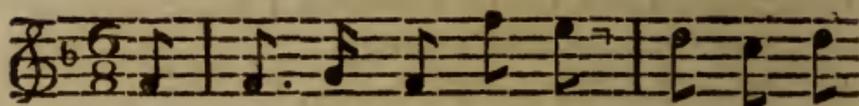
*Little wat ye wha's coming,  
Donald Gun and a's coming.*

They gloom, they glowr, they look fae big,  
At ilka stroke they'll fell a whig ;  
They'll fright the fuds of the pockpuds,  
For mony a buttock bare's coming :

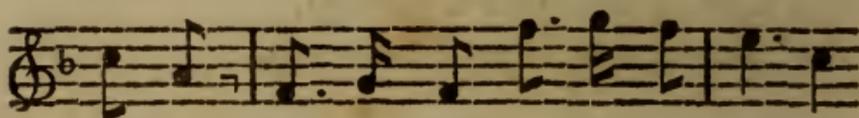
*Little wat ye wha's coming,  
Jock and Tam and a's coming.*

## S O N G X V I.

S H E R I F F - M U I R.\*

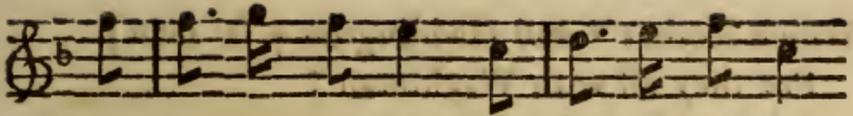


There's some fay that we wan, Some fay that

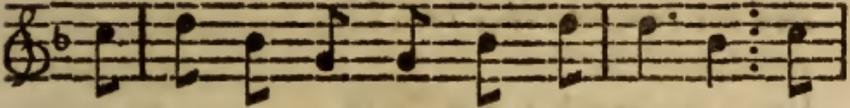


they wan, Some fay that nane wan at a' man ;

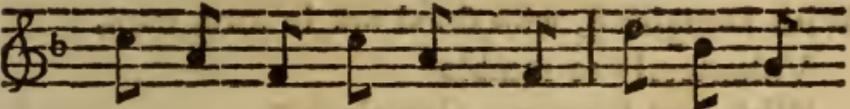
\* The battle of Dumblain or Sheriff-muir was fought the 13th of November 1715, between the earl of Mar, for the Chevalier, and the duke of Argyle for the government. Both sides claimed the victory, the left wing of either army being routed. The capture of Preston, it is very remarkable, happened on the same day.



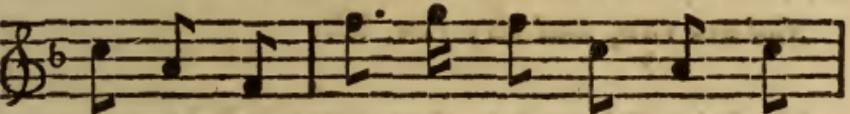
But onething I'm sure, That at She-riff Muir



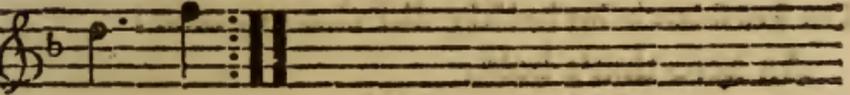
A bat-tle there was, which I saw man: *And*



*we ran and they ran, and they ran, and*



*we ran, and we ran, and they ran, a -*



*wa' man.*

Brave Argyle \* and Belhaven †,  
Not like frightened Leven ‡,

\* John (Campbell) 2d duke of Argyle, commander in chief of the government forces ; a nobleman of great talents and integrity, much respected by all patties : dyed 1743.

† John (Hamilton) lord Belhaven ; served as a volunteer ; and had the command of a troop of horse raised by the county of Haddington : perished at sea, 1721.

‡ David (Lesly) earl of Leven ; for the government.

Which Rothes \* and Haddington † sa' man ;  
 For they all with Wightman ‡  
 Advanced on the right, man,  
 While others took flight, being ra', man.  
*And we ran, and they ran, &c.*

Lord Roxburgh § was there,  
 In order to share  
 With Douglas ||, who stood not in awe, man,  
 Volunteerly to ramble  
 With lord Loudoun Campbell ¶,  
 Brave Ilay \*\* did suffer for a' man.  
*And we ran, and they ran, &c.*

Sir John Schaw ††, that great knight,  
 With broad-sword most bright,  
 On horseback he briskly did charge, man ;  
 An hero that's bold,  
 None could him with-hold,  
 He stoutly encounter'd the targemen.  
*And we ran, and they ran, &c.*

\* John (Lesly) earl of Rothes; for the government.

† Thomas (Hamilton) earl of Haddington; for the government.

‡ Major general Joseph Wightman.

§ John (Ker) first duke of Roxburgh; for the government.

|| Archibald (Douglas) duke of Douglas.

¶ Hugh (Campbell) earl of Loudoun.

\*\* Archibald earl of Ilay, brother to the duke of Argyle. He was dangerously wounded.

†† An officer in the troop of gentlemen volunteers.

For the cowardly Whittam\*,  
 For fear they should cut him,  
 Seeing glittering broad-swords with a pa', man,  
 And that in such thrang,  
 Made Baird edicang†,  
 And from the brave clans ran awa', man.  
*And we ran, and they ran, &c.*

Brave Mar † aud Panmure ||  
 Were firm I am sure,  
 The latter was kidnapt awa' man,  
 With brisk men about,  
 Brave Harry § retook  
 His brother, and laught at them a' man.  
*And we ran, and they ran, &c.*

\* Major-general Thomas Whitham.

† i. e. *aid du camp*.

‡ John (Erskine) earl of Mar, commander in chief of the Chevaliers army; a nobleman of great spirit, honour and abilities. He dyed at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1732.

|| James (Maule) earl of Panmure; dyed at Paris, 1723.

§ Honorable Harry Maule, brother to the earl. The circumstance here alluded to is thus related in the earl of Mars printed account of the engagement: "The prisoners taken by us were very civilly used, and none of them stript. Some were allow'd to return to Sterling upon their parole, &c. . . The few prisoners taken by the enemy on our Left were most of them stript and wounded after taken. The earl of Panmure being first of the prisoners wounded after taken. They having refused his parole, he was left in a village, and by the hasty retreat of the enemy, upon the approach of our army, was rescu'd by his brother and his servants."

Grave Marshall \* and Lithgow †,  
 And Glengarys ‡ pith too,  
 Assisted by brave Loggia-man ||,  
 And Gordons the bright  
 So boldly did fight,  
 The redcoats took flight and awa' man.  
*And we ran, and they ran, &c.*

Strathmore § and Clanronald ¶  
 Cry'd still, Advance, Donald !  
 Till both these heroes did fa', man \*\*;

\* George (Keith) earl Marischall, then a youth at college. He dyed at his government of Neufchatel in 1770. His brother, the celebrated marshall Keith, was with him in this battle.

† James (Livingston) earl of Calendar and Linlithgow : attainted.

‡ Alexander M'Donald of Glengary, laird of a clan ; a brave and spirited chief : attainted.

|| Thomas Drummond of Logie-Almond ; commanded the two battalions of Drummonds. He was wounded.

§ John (Lyon) earl of Strathmore ; " a man of good parts, of a most amiable disposition and character."

¶ Ranald M'Donald, captain of Clan Ranald. *N. B.* The captain of a clan was one who, being next or near in blood to the chief, headed them in his infancy or absence.

\*\* " We have lost to our regret, the earl of Strathmore and the captain of Clan-Ranald." Earl of Mars Letter to the governor of Perth. Again, printed account : " We can't find above 60 of our men in all kill'd, among whom were the earl of Strathmore [and] the captain of Clan-Ranald, both much lamented." The latter, " for his good parts and gentle accomplishments, was look'd upon as the most gallant and generous young gentleman among the clans. . . He was lamented by both parties that knew him."

For there was such hashing,  
 And broad swords a clashing,  
 Brave Forfar \* himself got a cla', man.  
*And we ran, and they ran, &c.*

Lord Perth † stood the storm,  
 eaforth ‡ but lukewarm,  
 Kilsyth || and Strathallan § not fla,' man ;  
 And Hamilton ¶ pled  
 The men were not bred,  
 For he had no fancy to fa' man.  
*And we ran, and they ran, &c.*

His servant who lay on the field watching his dead body, being asked next day who that was, answered, He was a man yesterday. Boswells *Journey to the Hebrides*, p. 359.

\* Archibald (Douglas) earl of Forfar, who commanded a regiment in the dukes army. He is said to have been shot in the knee, and to have had 10 or 12 cuts in his head from the broad swords. He dyed a few days after of his wounds.

† James marquis of Drummond, son of James (Drummond) duke of Perth, was lieutenant general of horse, and "behaved with great gallantry." He was attainted, but escaped to France, where he soon after dyed.

‡ William (Mackenzie) earl of Seaforth. He was attainted, and dyed in 1740.

|| William (Livingston) viscount Kilsyth : attainted.

§ William (Drummond) viscount Strathallan ; whose sense of loyalty could scarcely equal the spirit and activity he manifested in the cause. He was taken prisoner in this battle, which he survived to perish in the still more fatal one of Culloden-muir.

¶ Lieutenant general George Hamilton, commanding under the earl of Mar.

Brave generous Southesk \*,  
 Tilebairn † was brisk,  
 Whose father indeed would not dra', man,  
 Into the same yoke,  
 Which serv'd for a cloak,  
 To keep the estate 'twixt them twa, man.  
*And we ran, and they ran, &c.*

Lord Rollo ‡ not fear'd,  
 Kintore || and his beard,  
 Pitsligo § and Ogilvie ¶ a', man,  
 And brothers Balfours \*\*,  
 They stood the first show'rs,  
 Clackmannan and Burleigh †† did cla', man.  
*And we ran, and they ran, &c.*

\* James (Carnegie) earl of Southesk ; was attainted, and, escaping to France, dyed there in 1729.

† William (Murray) marquis of Tullibardin, eldest son to the duke of Athol. Having been attainted, he was taken at sea in 1746, and dyed soon after, of a flux, in the Tower.

‡ Robert (Rollo) lord Rollo ; “ a man of singular merit and great integrity : ” dyed in 1758.

|| William (Keith) earl of Kintore.

§ Alexander (Forbes) lord Pitsligo ; “ a man of good parts, great honour and spirit, and universally beloved and esteemed.” He was engaged again in the affair of 1745, for which he was attainted, and dyed at an advanced age in 1762.

¶ James lord Ogilvie, eldest son of David (Ogilvie) earl of Airly. He was attainted, but afterward pardoned. His father, *not dra'ing into the same yoke*, saved the estate.

\*\* Some relations it is supposed of the lord Burleigh.

†† Robert (Balfour) lord Burleigh. He was attainted, and dyed in 1757.

But Cleppan \* acted pretty,  
 And Strowan the witty †,  
 A poet that pleases us a', man ;  
 For mine is but rhyme,  
 In respect of what's fine,  
 Or what he is able to dra', man.  
*And we ran, and they ran, &c.*

For Huntly ‡ and Sinclair ||,  
 They both plaid the tinclair,  
 With consciences black like a cra', man.  
 Some Angus and Fifemen  
 They ran for their life, man,  
 And ne'er a Lot's wife there at a' man.  
*And we ran, and they ran, &c.*

Then Laurie the traytor,  
 Who betray'd his master,  
 His king and his countrie and a', man,

\* Major William Clephane, adjutant-general to the marquis of Drummond.

† Alexander Robertson of Struan; who, having experienced every vicissitude of life, with a stoical firmness, dyed in peace 1749. He was an excellent poet, and has left elegies worthy of Tibullus.

‡ Alexander (Gordon) marquis of Huntley, eldest son to the duke of Gordon, who according to the usual policy of his country, (of which we here meet with several other instances) remained neutral. See Humes History, vol. p.

|| John Sinclair esq. commonly called master of Sinclair eldest son of Henry lord Sinclair; was attainted, but afterward pardoned, and dyed in 1750. The estate was preserved of course.

Pretending Mar might  
 Give order to fight,  
 To the right of the army awa', man †.  
*And we ran, and they ran, &c.*

Then Laurie, for fear  
 Of what he might hear,  
 Took Drummonds best horse and awa', man,  
 Instead of going to Perth,  
 He crossed the Firth,  
 Alongst Stirling-bridge and awa' man,  
*And we ran, and they ran, &c.*

\* “ There was at this time a report prevail'd that one *Drummond* went to *Perth* under the notion of a deserter from the duke *Argyle*, but in reality acted the part of a spy, and gave his grace intelligence of all the motions of the enemy. This man was employed the day of the action, as aid de camp, to the lord *Drummond*, and in that quality, attended the earl of *Mar* to receive his orders; the earl when he found his right was like to break the duke's left, sent this *Drummond* with orders to general *Hammilton*, who commanded on the rebels, left to attack the enemy briskly, for that he was like to get the better on the right. But *Drummond*, as they pretend gave contrary orders, and intelligence to general *Hammilton*, acquainting him that the earl's right was broke, and desiring the general to retire with all the expedition possible, and in the best order he could. Upon which general *Hammilton* gave orders to slacken the attack, which was obey'd. Then the dukes right approaching the most of them gave way without striking a stroke, and those who stood were mostly gentlemen and officers, who were severely gall'd by the duke; and they pretend that *Drummond*, after performing this treacherous part, went over to the duke.” *Campbells Life of John Duke of Argyle.* p. 204.

To London he pres'd,  
 And there he address'd,  
 That he behav'd best of them a', man ;  
 And there without strife  
 Got settled for life,  
 An hundred a year to his fa' man.  
*And we ran, and they ran &c.*

In Borrowstounness  
 He resides with diigrace,  
 Till his neck stand in need of a dra', man,  
 And then in a tether  
 He'll swing from a ladder,  
 [And] go off the stage with a pa', man.  
*And we ran, and they ran, &c.*

Rob Roy \* stood watch  
 On a hill for to catch  
 The booty for ought that I sa', man,

\* “ Among other causes of the rebels misfortune in that day they reckon the part *Rob Roy, M. Gregor*, acted to be one ; this *Rob Roy*, or [*Red*] *Robert*, was brother to the laird of *M. Gregor*, and commanded that clan in his brother's absence, but in the day of battle he kept his men together at some distance without allowing them to engage, tho' they show'd all the willingness imaginable, and waited only an opportunity to plunder, which was it seems the chief of his design of coming there. This clan are a hardy rough people, but noted for pilfering, as they lye upon the border of the Highlands, and this *Rob Roy* had exercised their talents that way pretty much in a kind of

For he ne'er advanc'd  
 From the place he was stanc'd,  
 Till no more to do there at a', man.  
*And we ran, and they ran, &c.*

So we all took the flight,  
 And Moubray the wright ;  
 But Letham the smith was a bra' man,  
 For he took the gout,  
 Which truly was wit,  
 By judging it time to withdra', man.  
*And we ran, and they ran, &c.*

And trumpet M'Lean,  
 Whose breeks were not clean,  
 Thro' misfortune he happen'd to fa' man,

thieving war he carried on against the duke of Montrose, who had as he alledged cheated him of a small feudal estate." Campbells *Life of J. D. of Argyle*. p. 205.

The conduct of this gentleman (who, the historian would not tell us, had assumed the surname of *Campbell*, his own being prohibited by act of parliament) was the more surprising as he had ever been remarked for courage and activity. When desired by one of his own officers to go and assist his friends, he is reported to have said, "If they cannot do it without me, they cannot do it with me." It is more than probable however that his interference would have decided the fortune of that day in favour of his own party. "He continued in arms for some years after, and committed great depredations in the shires of Dumbarton, and Lenox, particularly on the duke of Montrose's lands, defeating several detachments sent to reduce him." Boyse's *History of the Rebellion*. He is in the number of those attainted by parliament.

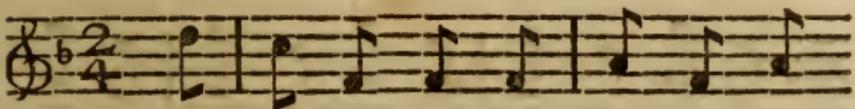
By saving his neck  
 His trumpet did break,  
 Came off without musick at a', man\*.  
*And we ran, and they ran, &c.*

So there such a race was,  
 As ne'er in that place was,  
 And as little chafe was at a', man ;  
 From other they 'run'  
 Without touk of drum ;  
 They did not make use of a pa', man.  
*And we ran, and they ran, and they ran, and we  
 ran, and we ran, and they ran awa' man.*

## S O N G XVII.

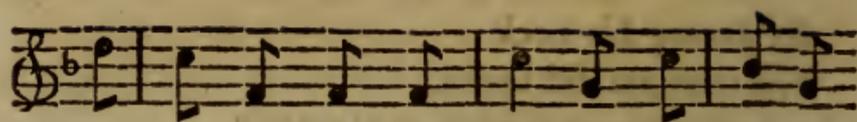
A DIALOGUE BETWEEN WILL LICK-LADLE AND TOM. CLEAN-COGUE, TWA SHEPHERDS WHA WERE FEEDING THEIR FLOCKS ON THE OCHIL-HILLS ON THE DAY THE BATTLE OF SHERIFF-MOOK WAS FOUGHT.

The Chorus to be sung after every verse, to the tune of the Camerons March.

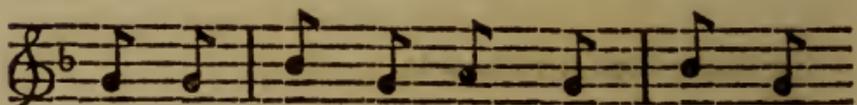


*W.* Pray came you here the fight to shun ;

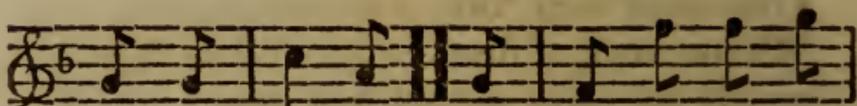
\* The particulars of this anecdote no where appear. The hero is supposed to be the same *John M'Lean, trumpet*, who was sent from lord Mar, then at Perth, with a letter to the duke of Argyle, at Stirling camp, on the 30th of October. Vide *Original letters*, 1730. Two copies, however, printed not long after 1715, read, "And trumpet *Marine*."



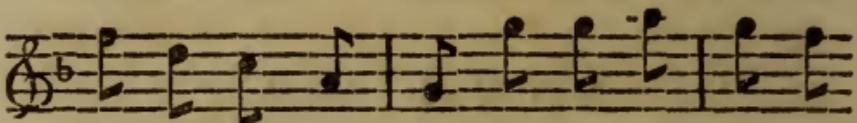
Or keep the sheep with me, man? Or was you



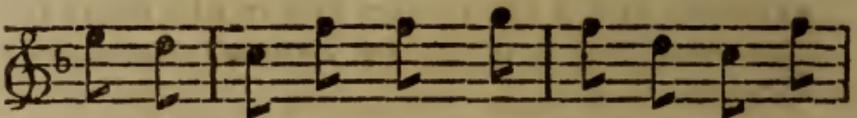
at the She-riff-moor, And did the



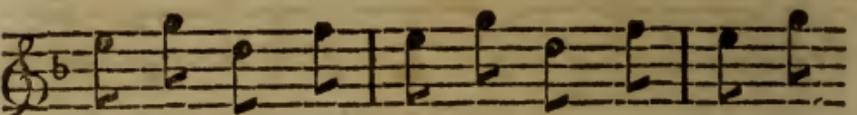
bat - tle see, man? Pray tell whilk of the



parties won? For well I wat I faw them



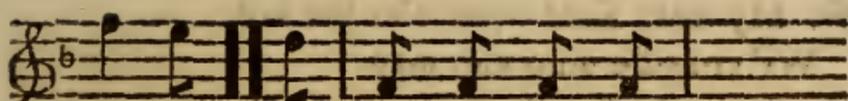
run, Both fouth and north, when they be-gun, To



pell and mell, and kill and fell, with muskets



snell, and pistols knell, And some to hell, Did



flee man. La la la la la, &c.

*T.* But, my dear Will, I kenna still,

Whilk o' the twa did lose, man ;

For well I wat they had good skill

To set upo' their foes, man :

The red-coats they are train'd, you see,

The clans always disdain to flee,

Wha then should gain the victory ?

But the highland race, all in a brace,

With a swift pace, to the whigs disgrace,

Did put to chace

Their foes, man.

*W.* Now how diel, Tam, can this be true ?

I saw the chace gae North, man.

*T.* But well I wat they did pursue

Them even unto Forth, man :

Frae Dumblain they ran in my own fight,

And got o'er the budge with all their might,

And those at Stirling took their flight ;

Gif only ye had been wi' me,

You had seen them flee, of each degree,

For fear to die

Wi' sloth, man.

*W.* My sifter Kate came o'er the hill,  
Wi' crowdie unto me, man,  
She swore she saw them running still  
Frae Perth unto Dundee man.  
The left wing gen'ral had na skill,  
The Angus lads had no good will  
That day their neighbours blood to spill ;  
For fear by foes that they should lose  
Their cogues of brose, all crying woes,  
Yonder them goes,  
D'ye see, man ?

*T.* I see but few like gentlemen  
Amang you frightened crew, man ;  
I fear my lord Panmure be slain,  
Or that he's ta'en just now, man :  
For tho' his officers obey,  
His cowardly commons run away,  
For fear the red-coats them should slay ;  
The sodgers hail make their hearts fail,  
See how they scale, and turn their tail,  
And rin to flail  
And plow, man.

*W.* But now brave Angus comes again,  
Into the second fight, man ;  
They swear they'll either dye or gain,  
No foes shall them affright, man :  
Argyles best forces they'll withstand,  
And boldly fight them sword in hand,  
Give them a general to command,

A man of might, that will but fight,  
And take delight to lead them right,  
And ne'er desire

The flight, man.

But Flandrekins they have no skill

To lead a Scottish force, man ;  
Their motions do our courage spill,  
And put us to a loss, man.

You'll hear of us far better news,  
When we attack like Highland trews,  
To hash, and slash, and smash and bruise,  
Till the field tho' braid be all o'erspread,  
But coat or plaid, wi' corpse that's dead  
In their cold bed,

That's moss man.

7. Twa gen'ral's frae the field did run,  
Lords Huntley and Seaforth, man ;  
They cry'd and run grim death to shun,  
Those heroes of the North, man \*:

They're fitter far for book or pen,  
Than under Mars to lead on men,  
Ere they came there they might well ken

\* " They [*i. e.* the Insurgents] reckon'd likewise that some Noblemen, and Chiefs from the North did not act so honest a part, or at least did not shew so much courage as the zeal they express'd for the cause required." *Campbell's Life of J. D. of Argyle.* p. 205.

That female hands could ne'er gain lands,  
'Tis Highland brands that countermands  
Argathlean bands

Frae Forth, man.

*W.* The Camerons scow'r'd as they were mad,  
Lifting their neighbours cows, man.

M'kenzie and the Stewart fled,

Without phil'beg or trews, man :

Had they behav'd like Donalds core,

And kill'd all those came them before,

Their king had gone to France no more :

Then each whig faint wad soon repent,

And frait recant his covenant,

And rent

It at the news, man.

*T.* M'Gregors they far off did stand,

Badenach and Athol too, man ;

I hear they wanted the command,

For I believe them true, man.

Perth, Fife, and Angus, wi' their horse,

Stood motionless, and some did worse,

For, tho' the red-coats went them cross,

They did conspire for to admire

Clans run and fire, left wings retire,

While rights intire

Pursue, man.

*W.* But Scotland has not much to say,

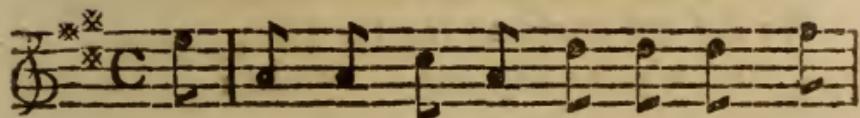
For such a fight as this is,

Where baith did fight, baith run away,  
 The devil take the mifs is  
 That ev'ry officer was not slain  
 That run that day, and was not ta'en,  
 Either flying from or to Dumblain;  
 When Whig and Tory, in their 'fury,'  
 Strove for glory, to our sorrow  
 The sad story

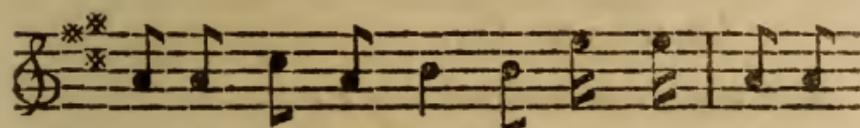
Hush is.

## S O N G XVIII.

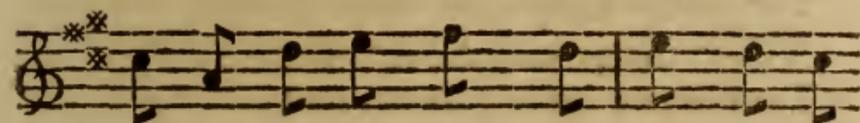
UP AND WAR THEM A', WILLIE.



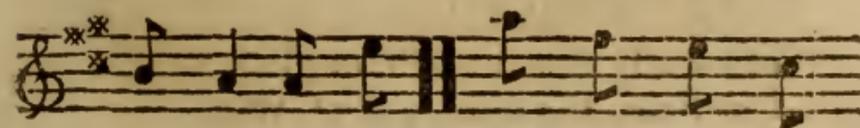
When we went to the field of war, And



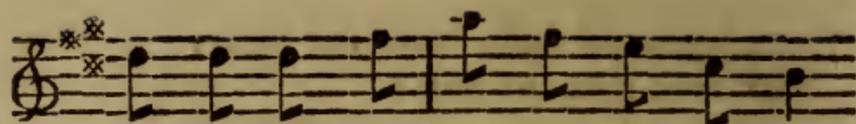
to the wea-pon shaw, Wil-lie, With true de-



sign to stand our ground, And chace our faes



a - wa', Wil - lie, Lairds and lords came



there bedeem, And vow gin they were pra',



Wil - lie: *Up and war 'em a', Wil-lie,*



*War 'em, war 'em, a', Wil - llie.*

And when our army was drawn up,  
 The bravest e'er I saw, Willie,  
 We did not doubt to rax the rout,  
 And win the day and a', Willie:  
 Pipers play'd frae right to left,  
 Fy, fourugh Whigs awa', Willie.  
*Up and war, &c.*

But when our standard was set up,  
 So fierce the wind did bla', Willie,  
 The golden knob down from the top,  
 Unto the ground did fa', Willie:  
 Then second-fighted Sandy said,  
 We'll do nae good at a', Willie.  
*Up and war, &c.*

When bra'ly they attack'd our left,  
 Our front, and flank, and a', Willie,  
 Our bald commander on the green,  
 Our faes their left did ca', Willie,

And there the greatest slaughter made  
 That e'er poor Tonal'd saw, Willie.  
*Up and war, &c.*

First when they saw our Highland mob,  
 They swore they'd slay us a', Willie ;  
 And yet ane fyl'd his breiks for fear,  
 And so did rin awa', Willie :  
 We drave him back to Bonnybrigs,  
 Dragoons, and foot, and a', Willie.  
*Up and war, &c.*

But when their gen'ral view'd our lines,  
 And them in order saw, Willie,  
 He straight did march into the town,  
 And back his left did draw, Willie :  
 Thus we taught them the better gate,  
 To get a better fa', Willie.

And then we rally'd on the hills,  
 And bravely up did draw, Willie :  
 But gin ye spear wha wan the day,  
 I'll tell you what I saw, Willie :  
 We baith did fight, and baith were beat,  
 And baith did rin awa', Willie.  
 So there's my canty Highland sang,  
 About the thing I saw, Willie \*.

\* The copies of this and the preceding song, inserted in Johnsons *Scots Musical Museum*, contain great variations.

## SONG XIX.

TRANENT-MUIR\*.

BY MR. SKIRVIN.

Tune, *Gillicrankie*.

THE Chevalier, being void of fear,  
 Did march up Birsle brae, man,  
 And thro' Tranent, e'er he did stent,  
 As fast as he could gae, man :  
 While general Cope did taunt and mock,  
 Wi' mony a loud huzza, man ;  
 But e'er next morn proclaim'd the cock,  
 We heard another crow, man.

The brave Lochiel†, as I heard tell,  
 Led Camerons on in clouds, man ;

\* A field of battle, better known by the name of Preston-pans, where prince Charles Stewart, commonly called the Young Chevalier, at the head of his Highland army, completely routed the English forces, under the command of sir John Cope, who was afterward tryed by a court-martial for his conduct in this battle, and acquitted. He is said to have left the field in such haste that he never once stopped his horse, nor looked back, till he got to Haddington, which is seven or eight miles off. This action happened Sep. 22d 1745.

† Donald Cameron of Lochiel, chief of the Clan Cameron, a gentleman of great bravery, and of the most amiable disposition. He was wounded at the battle of Culloden, and dyed in France colonel of a regiment, which his grateful master had procured him, as a small reward and compensation for his great services and misfortunes, . . . . .  
 1748.

The morning fair, and clear the air,  
 They loos'd with devilish thuds, man :  
 Down guns they threw, and fwords they drew  
 And soon did chace them aff, man ;  
 On Seaton-Crafts they buft their chafts,  
 And gart them rin like daft, man.

The bluff dragoons swore blood and 'oons,  
 They'd make the rebels run, man ;  
 And yet they flee when them they see,  
 And winna fire a gun, man :  
 They turn'd their back, the foot they brake,  
 Such terror feiz'd them a', man ;  
 Some wet their cheeks, some fyl'd their breeks,  
 And some for fear did fa', man.

The volunteers prick'd up their ears,  
 And vow gin they were crouse, man ;  
 But when the bairns saw't turn to earn'ft,  
 They were not worth a louse man ;  
 Maist feck gade hame ; O fy for shame !  
 They'd better stay'd awa', man,  
 Than wi' cockade to make parade,  
 And do nae good at a', man.

Menteith \* the great, when herfell shrit,  
 Un'wares did ding him o'er man ;

\* The minister of Longformacus, a volunteer ; who, happening, to come, the night before the battle, upon a Highlander easing nature at Preston, threw him over, and carried his gun as a trophy to Copes camp.

Yet wad nae stand to bear a hand,  
 But aff fou fast did scour, man ;  
 O'er Soutra hill, e'er he stood still,  
 Before he tasted meat, man :  
 Troth he may brag of his swift nag,  
 That bare him aff fae fleet, man.

And Simpson \* keen, to clear the een  
 Of rebels far in wrang, man,  
 Did never strive wi' pistols five,  
 But gallop'd with the thrang, man :  
 He turn'd his back, and in a crack  
 Was cleanly out of fight man ;  
 And thought it best ; it was nae jest  
 Wi' Highlanders to fight, man.

'Mangst a' the gang nane bade the bang  
 But twa, and ane was tane, man ;  
 For Campbell rade, but Myrie † staid,  
 And fair he paid the kain, man ;  
 Fell skelps he got, was war than shot  
 Frae the sharp-edg'd claymore, man ;  
 Frae many a spout came running out  
 His reeking-het red gore, man.

\* Another volunteer Presbyterian minister, who said he would convince the rebels of their error by the dint of his pistols ; having, for that purpose, two in his pockets, two in his holsters, and one in his belt.

† Mr. Myrie was a student of physic, from Jamaica ; he entered as a volunteer in Copes army, and was miserably mangled by the broad-sword.

But Gard'ner \* brave did still behave,  
 Like to a hero bright, man ;  
 His courage true, like him were few  
 That still despised flight, man ;  
 For king and laws, and country's cause,  
 In honour's bed he lay, man ;  
 His life, but not his courage, fled,  
 While he had breath to draw, man.

And major Bowle, that worthy soul,  
 Was brought down to the ground, man ;  
 His horse being shot, it was his lot  
 For to get mony a wound, man :  
 Lieutenant Smith, of Irish birth,  
 Frae whom he call'd for aid, man,  
 Being full of dread, lap o'er his head,  
 And wadna be gainfaid, man.

\* James Gardiner, colonel of regiment of horse. This gentlemans conduct, however celebrated, does not seem to have proceeded so much from the generous ardour of a noble and heroic mind, as from a spirit of religious enthusiasm, and a bigoted reliance on the Presbyterian doctrine of predestination, which rendered it a matter of perfect indifference whether he left the field or remained in it. Being deserted by his troop, he was killed by a highlander, with a Lochaber ax.

Colonel Gardiner, having, when a gay young man, at Paris, made an assignation with a lady, was, as he pretended, not only deterred from keeping his appointment, but thoroughly reclaimed from all such thoughts in future, by an apparition. See his Life by Doddridge.

He made sick haste, fae spur'd his beast,  
 'Twas little there he saw, man ;  
 To Berwick rade, and safely said,  
 The Scots were rebels a', man :  
 But let that end, for well 'tis kend  
 His use and wont to lie, man ;  
 The Teague is naught, he never faught,  
 When he had room to flee, man.

And Caddell drest, amang the rest,  
 With gun and good claymore, man,  
 On gelding grey he rode that way,  
 With pistols set before, man ;  
 The cause was good, he'd spend his blood,  
 Before that he would yield, man ;  
 But the night before he left the cor,  
 And never fac'd the field, man.

But gallant Roger, like a foger,  
 Stood and bravely fought, man ;  
 I'm wae to tell, at last he fell,  
 But mae down wi' him brought, man :  
 At point of death, wi' his last breath,  
 (Some standing round in ring, man,)  
 On's back lying flat, he wav'd his hat,  
 And cry'd, God save the king, man.

Some Highland rogues, like hungry dogs,  
 Neglecting to pursue, man,

About they fac'd, and in great haste  
 Upon the booty flew, man ;  
 And they, as gain, for all their pain,  
 Are deck'd wi' spoils of war, man ;  
 Fow bald can tell how her nainfell  
 Was ne'er sae pra before, man.

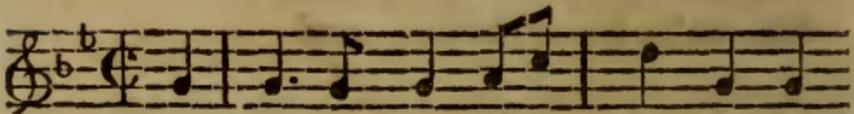
At the thorn-tree, which you may see  
 Bewest the meadow-mill, man,  
 There mony slain lay on the plain,  
 The clans pursuing still, man.  
 Sick unco' hacks, and deadly whacks,  
 I never saw the like, man ;  
 Lost hands and heads cost them their deads,  
 That fell near Preston-dyke man.

That afternoon, when a' was done,  
 I gaed to see the fray, man ;  
 But had I wist what after past,  
 I'd better staid away man :  
 On Seaton sands, wi' nimble hands,  
 They pick'd my pockets bare, man ;  
 But I wish ne'er to drie sick fear,  
 For a' the sum and mair, man.

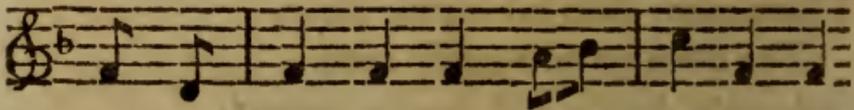
S O N G    X X .

COPE, ARE YOU WAKING YET ?

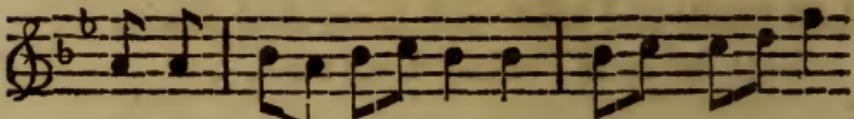
*Tune of, Fy to the hills in the morning.*



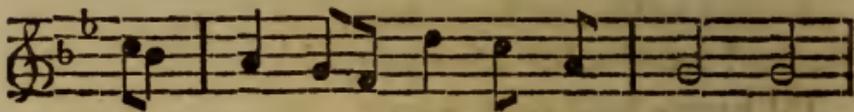
Cope sent a chal-lenge from Dun-bar,



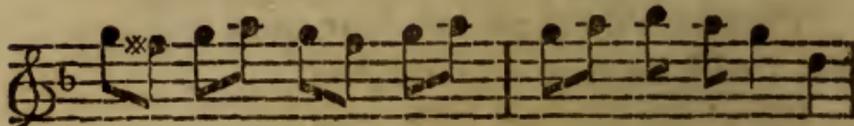
Say-ing, sir, come fight me, if you dare,



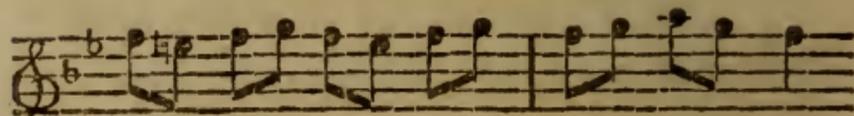
If it be not by the chance of war,



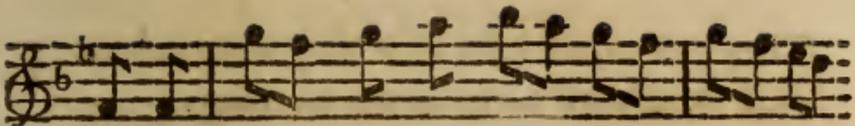
I'll catch you all in the morn-ing.



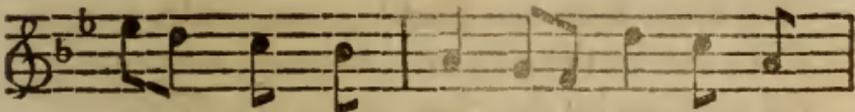
Char-lie look'd the let-ter upon, He



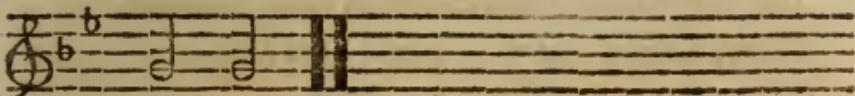
drew his sword his scab-bard from,



Say-ing, Come fol-low me, my mer-ry



men, And we'll vi - fit Cope in the]



morn-ing.

My merry men, come follow me,  
 For now's the time I'll let you see,  
 What a happy nation this will be,  
 And we'll visit Cope in the morning.

'Tis Cope, are you waking yet?  
 Or are you sleeping? I would wit;  
 'Tis a wonder to me when your drums beat,,  
 It does not waken you in the morning.

The Highland-men came down the loan,  
 With sword and target in their hand,  
 They took the dawning by the end,  
 And they visited Cope in the morning.

For all their bombs, and bomb-granades,  
 'Twas when they saw the Highland-lads,

They ran to the hills as if they were calves,  
And scour'd off early in the morning. |

For all your bombs, and your bomb-shells,  
'Tis when they saw the Highland-lads,  
They ran to the hills like frightened wolves,  
All pursued by the clans in the morning.

The Highland knaves, with loud huzzas,  
Cries, Cope, are you quite awa?  
Bide a little, and shake a pa,  
And we'll give you a merry morning.

Cope went along unto Haddington,  
They ask'd him where was all his men;  
The pox on me if I do ken,  
For I left them all this morning \*.

\* V A R I A T I O N .

J O H N Y C O U P .

Coup sent a challenge frae Dunbar,  
Charlie, meet me an ye dare,  
And I'll learn you the art of war,  
If you'll meet wi' me in the morning.  
Hey Johny Coup, are ye wakin yet?  
Or are your drums a beating yet?  
If ye were wakin I wou'd wait  
To gang to the coals i' the morning.

When Charlie look'd the letter upon,  
He drew his sword the scabbard from,

## SONG XXI.

## THE CLANS.

Tune, *The Campbels are coming.*

Here's a health to all brave English



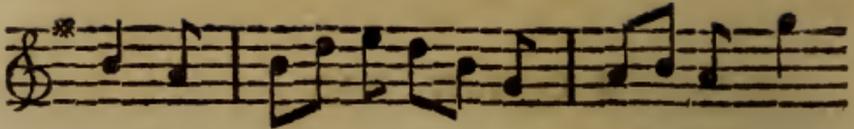
lads, Both lords and squires of high re-

Come follow me, my merrÿ merry men,  
 And we'll meet Jonnie Coup i' the morning.  
 Hey Jonnie Coup are ye waking yet, &c.

Now, Jonnie, be as good as your word,  
 Come let us try both fire and sword,  
 And dinna rin awa' like a frighted bird,  
 That's chas'd frae it's nest in the morning.  
 Hey Jonnie Coup, &c.

When Jonnie Coup he heard of this,  
 He thought it wadna be amiss  
 To hae a horse in readines,  
 To flie awa' i' the morning.  
 Hey Jonnie Coup, &c.

Fy now Jonnie get up and rin,  
 The Highland bagpipes makes a din,  
 It's best to sleep in a hale skin,  
 For 'twill be a bluddie morning.  
 Hey Jonnie Coup, &c.



noun, That will put to their help-ing hand,



To pull the vile u - surp - er down ;



For our brave Scots are all on foot,

When Jonnie Coup to Dunbar came,  
They spear'd at him, where's a' your men ?  
The deil confound me gin I ken,  
For I left them a' i' the morning.

Hey Jonnie Coup, &c.

Now, Jonnie, trowth ye was na blate,  
To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat,  
And leave your men in sic a strait,  
So early in the morning.

Hey Jonnie Coup, &c.

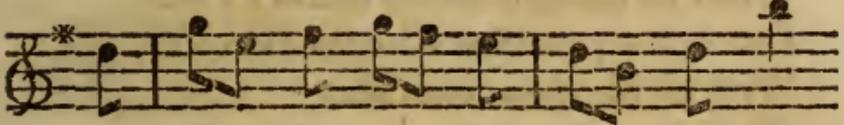
Ah ! faith, co' Jonnie, I got a fleg,  
With their claymores and philabegs,  
If I face them again deil, break my legs,  
So I wish you a good morning.

Hey Jonnie Coup, &c.

In Johnsons "Scots Musical Museum," Edin. 1787, &c. is a copy differing very much from both. One would wish to know the original, which, perhaps, is now impossible.



Pro - claim - ing loud where e'er they go,



With sound of trum-pet, pipe and drum,



The Clans are com-ing, o - ho, o-ho.

To set our king upon the throne,  
 Not church nor state to overthrow,  
 As wicked preachers falsely tell,  
 The clans are coming, oho, oho.  
 Therefore forbear ye canting crew,  
 Your bugbear tales are about for shew ;  
 The want of stipends is your fear,  
 And not the clans, oho, oho.

We will protect both church and state,  
 Tho' they be held our mortal foe ;  
 And when Hanover's to the gait,  
 You'll bless the clans, oho, oho.  
 Corruption, brib'ry, breach of law,  
 This was your cant some time ago,

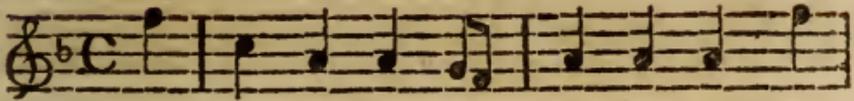
Which did expose both court and king,  
And rais'd our clans, oho, oho.

Rouz'd like a lyon from his den,  
When he thought on his country's woe,  
Our brave protector Charles did come,  
With all his clans, oho, oho.  
These lions for their country's cause,  
And nat'ral prince were never slow ;  
So now they come with their brave prince,  
The clans advance, oho, oho.

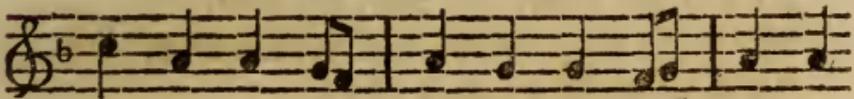
And now the clans have drawn their swords,  
They vow revenge against them a',  
That do lift up th' usurper's arms,  
To fight against our king and law.  
Then God preservè our royal king,  
And his dear sons, the lovely twa,  
And set him on his father's throne,  
And bless his subjects great and sma'.

S O N G   X X I I .

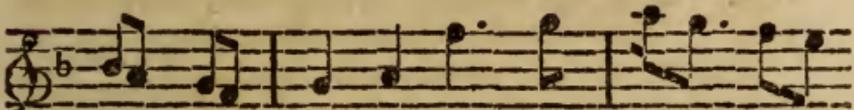
T H E   W H I T E   C O C K A D E .



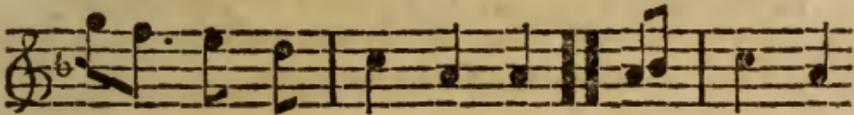
My love was born in    A-berdeen, The



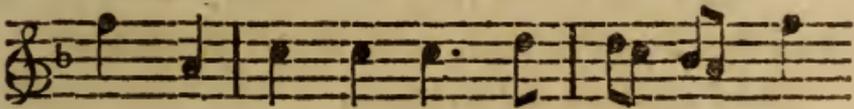
bo-niest land that    e'er was seen, But now he



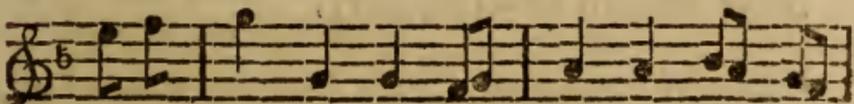
makes our heart fu' fad, He    takes the



field wi' his white cockade.    O he's a



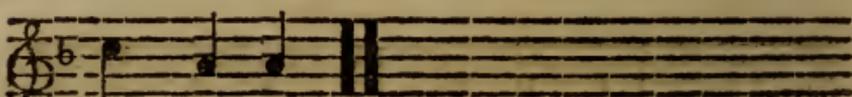
rant - ing, rov - ing lad, He    is a brisk



an' a    bon-ny lad, Be - tide what may, I



will be wed, And fol-low the boy wi' the



white cockade.

I'll sell my rock, my reel, my tow,  
 My gude gray mare, and hawkit cow,  
 To buy mysel a tartan plaid,  
 To follow the boy wi' the white cockade.

*Cho.* O he's a ranting roving lad, &c.

## S O N G XXIII.

IN HONOUR OF THE MAYOR OF CARLISLE\*.

Tune, *Katherine Ogie.*

**Y**E warlike men, with tongue and pen,  
 Who boast such loud bravadoes,  
 And swear you'll tame, with sword and flame,  
 The Highland desperadoes,  
 Attend my verse, whilst I rehearse  
 Your modern deeds of glory,

\* Thomas Pattison esq. This city surrendered to the chevalier the 15th of November, 1745; and was retaken by the duke of Cumberland, on the 31st of December following.—See the tune, vol. i. p. 15.

And tell how Cope, the nations hope,  
Did beat the rebel tory.

With sword and targe, in dreadful rage,  
The mountain-squires descended ;  
They cut and hack,—alack ! alack !—  
The battle soon was ended :  
And happy he who first could flee ;  
Both foldiers and commanders  
Swore in a fright, they'd rather fight  
In Germany or Flanders.

Some lost their wits, some fell in fits,  
Some stuck in bogs and ditches ;  
Sir John, aghast, like light'ning past,  
Discharging in his breeches.  
The blew-cap lads, with belted plaids,  
Syne scamper'd o'er the border,  
And bold Carlisle, in humble stile,  
Obey'd their leaders order.

O Pattison ! ohon ! ohon !  
Thou figure of a mayor !  
Thou bless'd thy lot, thou wert no Scot,  
And bluster'd like a player :  
What hast thou done, with sword or gun,  
To baffle the pretender ?  
Of mouldy cheese and bacon-grease  
Thou much more fit defender.

Of front of brass, and brain of ass,  
 With heart of hare compounded ;  
 How are thy boasts repaid with costs,  
 And all thy pride confounded !  
 Thou need'st not rave lest Scotland crave  
 Thy kindred or thy favour,  
 Thy wretched race can give no grace,  
 No glory thy behaviour.

## S O N G    XXIV.

Tune, *The clans are coming, obo! obo!*\*

**L**ET mournful Britons now deplore  
 The horrors of Drummossie-day ;  
 Our hopes of freedom all are o'er,  
 The clans are all away, away.  
 The clemency so late enjoy'd,  
 Converted to tyrannic sway,  
 Our laws and friends at once destroy'd,  
 And forc'd the clans away, away.

His fate thus doom'd, the Scottish race  
 To tyrants lasting pow'r a prey,  
 Shall all those troubles never cease ?  
 Why went the clans away, away ?  
 Brave sons of Mars, no longer mourn,  
 Your prince abroad will make no stay ;

\* See before, p. 85.

You'll blefs the hour of his return,  
And soon revenge Drummoffie-day.

S O N G   X X V .

BY ALEXANDER ROBERTSON OF STRUAN ESQ.



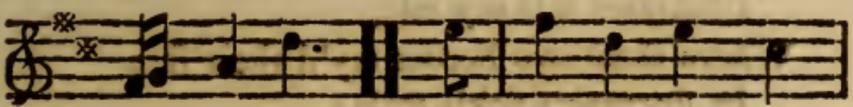
A hoar-yfwain, in - ur'd to care,



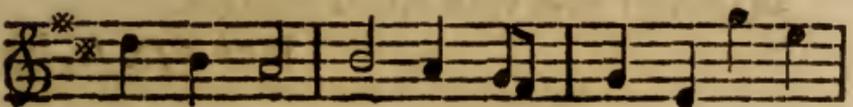
Has toil'd these fix-ty years, Yet ne'er was



haunt-ed with de-spair, Nor sub-ject



much to tears ; What - e - ver Fortune



pleas'd to fend, He al-ways hop'd a joy-ful



end, *With a fa, la, la, la, la, la.*

He sees a champion of renown,  
 Loud in the blast of fame,  
 For safety scouring up and down,  
 Uncertain of his aim ;  
 For all his speed, a ball from gun  
 Could faster fly than he could run.

*With a fa, la, &c.*

Another, labouring to be great,  
 By some is counted brave,  
 His will admits of no debate,  
 Pronounc'd with look so grave ;  
 Yet 'tis believ'd he is found out  
 Not quite so trusty as he's stout.

*With a fa, la, &c.*

An action well contriv'd, of late,  
 Illustrates this my tale,  
 Where these two heroes try'd their fate  
 In Fortune's fickle scale ;  
 Where 'tis surmis'd they wisely fought,  
 In concert with each others thought.

*With a fa, la, &c.*

But first they knew that mountaineers,  
 (As apt to fight as eat)

Who once could climb the hills like deers,  
Now fainted without meat ;  
While English hearts, their hunger stanch,  
Grew valiant as they cramm'd their paunch.

*With a fa, la, &c.*

Thus fortify'd with beef and sleep,  
They waddling fought their foes,  
Who scarce their eyes awake could keep,  
Far less distribute blows ;  
To whom we owe the fruits of this,  
Inspect who will, 'tis not amiss.

*With a fa, la, &c.*

Tho' we be forely now opprest,  
By numbers driv'n from home,  
Yet Fortune's wheel may turn at last,  
And Justice back may come ;  
In providence we'll put our trust,  
Which ne'er abandons quite the just.

*With a fa, la, &c.*

Ev'n let them plunder, kill and burn,  
And on our vitals prey,  
We'll hope for Charles's safe return,  
As justly so we may ;  
The laws of God and man declare  
The son should be the father's heir.

*With a fa, la, &c.*

Let wretches, fluster'd with revenge,  
 Dream they can conquer hearts,  
 The steady mind will never change,  
 'Spite of their cruel arts :

We still have woods, and rocks, and men,  
 What they pull down to raise again.

*With a fa, la, &c.*

And now let's fill the healing cup,  
 Enjoin'd in sacred song,  
 To keep the sinking spirits up,  
 And make the feeble strong ;  
 How can the sprightly flame decline,  
 That always is upheld by wine ?

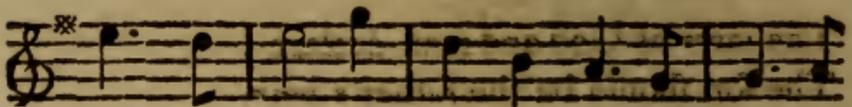
*With a fa, la, la, la, la, la.*

### S O N G XXVI.

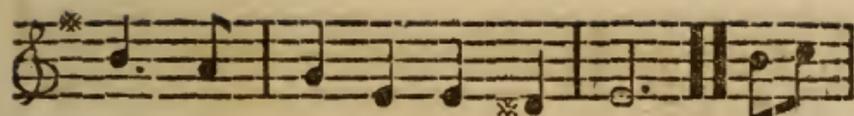
A W A, W H I G S, A W A !



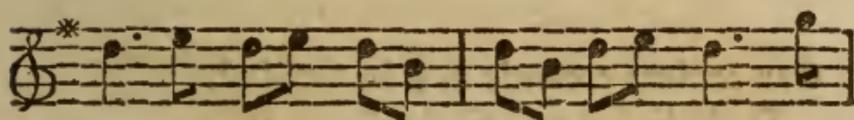
A - wa, whigs, a - wa ! | A - wa,



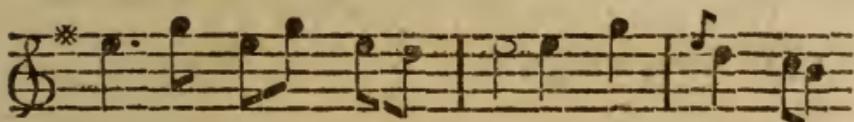
whigs, a - wa ! Ye're but a pack o' trai-tor



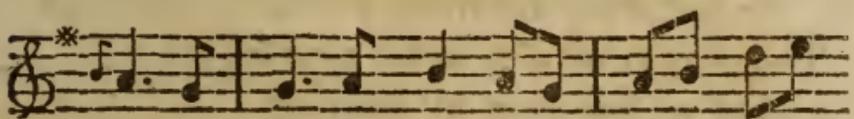
louns, Ye'll do nae gude at a'. Our



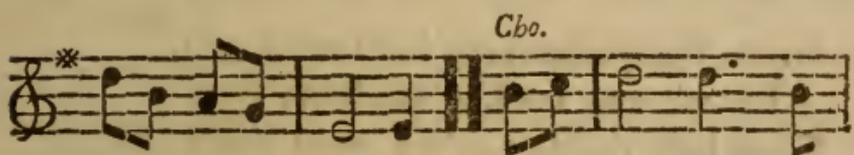
thrifles flou-rish'd fresh and fair, And



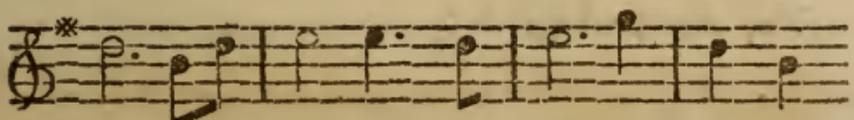
bo-nie bloom'd our rofes, But whigs cam



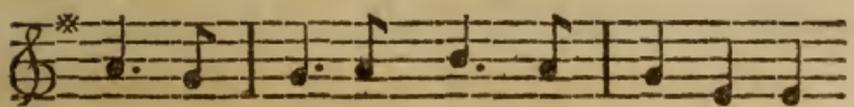
like a froft in June, And wi - ther'd



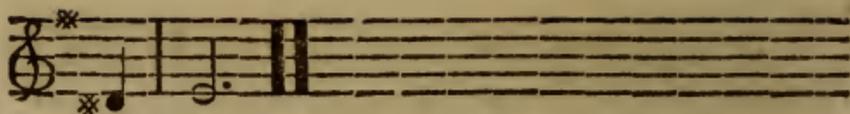
a' our pofies. A - wa, whigs, a -



wa! A - wa, whigs, a - wa! Ye're but a



pack o' trai-tor louns, Ye'll do nae gude



at a'.

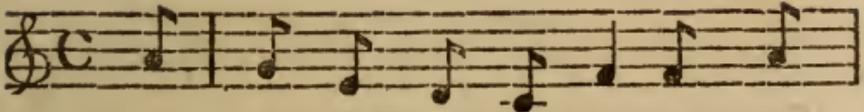
Our ancient crown's fa'n in the dust,  
 Deil blin' them wi' the stoure o't;  
 And write his name in his black beuk  
 Wha gae the whigs the power o't.  
*Cho.* Awa, whigs, &c.

Our sad decay in church and state  
 Surpasses my describing;  
 The whigs cam o'er us for a curse,]  
 And we hae done wi' thriving.  
*Cho.* Awa, whigs, &c.

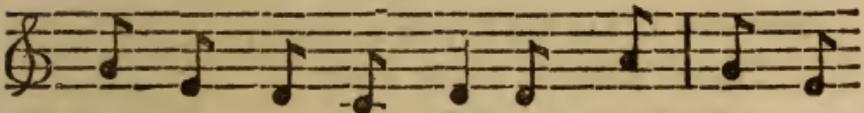
Grim Vengeance lang has taen a nap,  
 But we may see him wauken:  
 Gude help the day, when royal heads  
 Are hunted like a maukin!  
*Cho.* Awa, whigs, &c.

S O N G XXVII

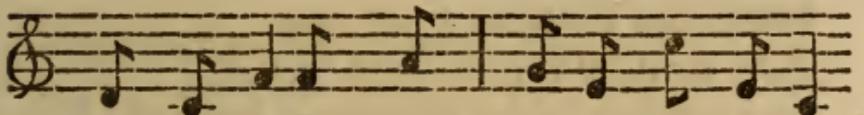
W E L C O M E, C H A R L E Y S T U A R T



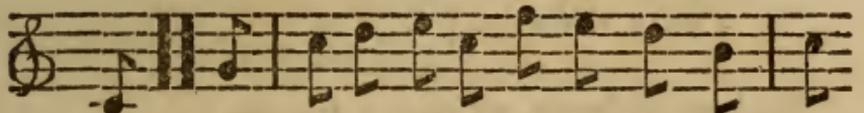
You're welcome, Charley Stuart, You're



welcome, Charley Stu-art, You're welcome,



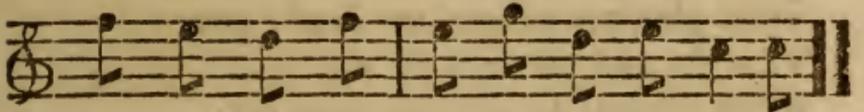
Charley Stuart, There's none so right as thou



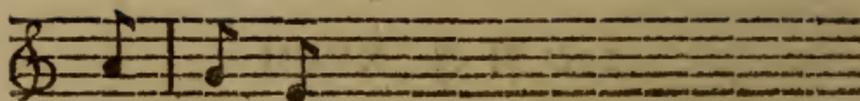
art. Had I the power to my will, I'd make



thee famous by my quill, Thy foes I'd scatter,



take, and kill, From Billingsgate to Du-art.



*You're wel-come, &c.*

Thy sympathizing complaisance  
Made thee believe intriguing France;  
But woe is me for thy mischance,  
Which saddens every heart.

*You're welcome, &c.*

Hadst thou Culloden battle won,  
Poor Scotland had not been undone,  
Nor butcher'd been, with sword and gun,  
By Lockhart and such cowards.

*You're welcome, &c.*

Kind providence, to thee a friend,  
A lovely maid did timely send,  
To save thee from a fearful end,  
Thou charming Charley Stuart.

*You're welcome, &c.*

Great glorious prince, we firmly pray  
That she and we may see the day,  
When Britons all with joy shall say,  
You're welcome Charley Stuart.

*You're welcome, &c.*

Tho' Cumberland, the tyrant proud,  
Doth thirst and hunger after blood,  
Just heaven will preserve the good,  
To fight for Charley Stuart.

*You're welcome, &c.*

'Whene'er', I take a glass of wine,  
I drink confusion to the Swine,\*  
But health to him that will combine  
To fight for Charley Stuart.

*You're welcome, &c.*

The ministry may Scotland maul,  
But our brave hearts they'll ne'er enthrall;  
We'll fight, like Britons, one and all,  
For liberty and Stuart.

*You're welcome, &c.*

Then haste, ye Britons, and set on  
Your lawful king upon the throne;  
To Hanover we'll drive each one  
Who will not fight for Stuart.

*You're welcome, &c.*

\* The duke of Cumberland.

S O N G XXVIII.

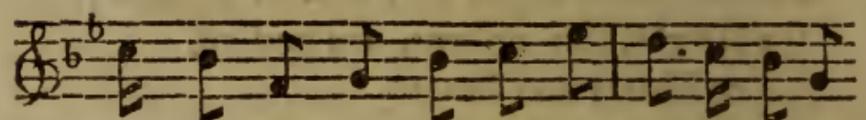
Tune, *For a' that.*



Tho' Geordie reigns in Jamie's stead,



I'm griev'd yet scorn to shaw that; I'll ne'er



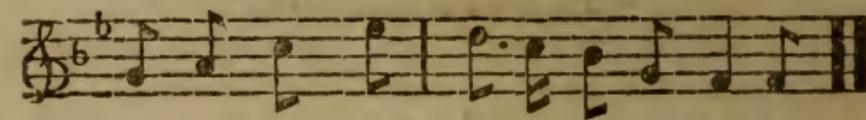
look down nor hang my head On rebel whig for



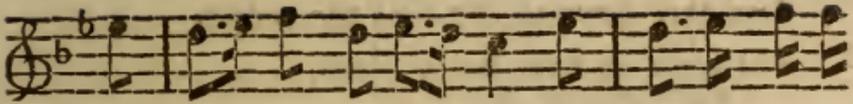
a' that; For still I trust that providence Will us



relieve from a' that; Our roy-al prince is



weal in health, And will be here for a' that.



*For a' that, and a' that, And thrice as muckle*



*as a' that; He's far beyond the seas the night, Yet*



*he'll be here for a' that.*

He's far beyond Dumblain the night,  
Whom I love weel for a' that;  
He wears a pistol by his side,  
'That makes me blyth for a' that;  
The highland coat, the philabeg,  
The tartan hose, and a' that;  
And tho' he's o'er the seas the night,  
He'll soon be here for a' that.

*' For' a' that, &c.*

He wears a broadsword by his side,  
And weell he kens to draw that,  
The target and the highland plaid,  
The shoulder-belt, and a' that;  
A bonnet bound with ribbons blue,  
The white cockade, and a' that;

And tho' beyond the seas the night,  
Yet he'll be here for a' that.

*' For' a' that, &c.*

The whigs think a that weal is won,  
But faith they ma' na' fa' that;  
They think our loyal hearts dung down,  
But we'll be blyth for a' that.\*

*For a' that, &c.*

But O what will the whigs say syne,  
When they're mista'en in a' that,  
When Geordie mun fling by the crown,  
His hat and wig, and a' that?  
The flames will get baith hat and wig,  
As often they 've done a' that; †  
Our highland lad will get the crown,  
And we'll be blyth for a' that.

*' For' a' that, &c.*

\* Half of this stanza seems to be wanting.

† Alluding, perhaps, to a whimsical practice of king George II. which was to kick his hat and wig about the room, whenever he was in a passion.

*Concinet majore poeta pleetro*

———, *quandoque calens furore*

*Gestiet circa thalamum ferire*

*Calce galerum.*

LOVELING.

O! then your bra' militia lads  
Will be rewarded duly,  
When they fling by their black cockades,  
A hellish colour truly :  
As night is banish'd by the day,  
The white shall drive awa that ;  
The sun shall then his beams display,  
And we'll be blyth for a' that.  
*'For' a' that, &c.*

S O N G XXIX.

Tune, *Allo-way-house*.\*

O H! how shall I venture, or dare to reveal,  
Too great for expression, too good to conceal,  
The graces and virtues that illustriously shine  
In the prince that's descended from the Stuart's  
great line !

O! could I extoll, as I love the dear name,  
And suit my low strains to my prince's high fame,  
In verses immortal his glory should live,  
And ages unborn his merit survive.

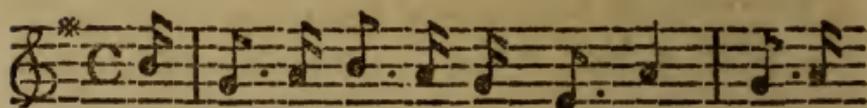
But O! thou great hero, just heir to the crown,  
The world, in amazement, admires thy renown ;  
Thy princely behaviour sets forth thy just praise,  
In trophies more lasting than poets can raise.

\* See Vol. I. p. 79.

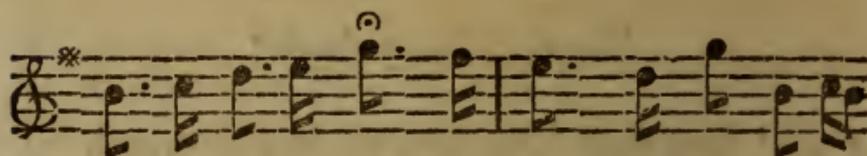
Thy valour in war, thy deportment in peace,  
 Shall be sung and admir'd, when division shall cease;  
 Thy foes in confusion shall yield to thy sway,  
 And those who now rule be compeli'd to obey.

## S O N G - X X X .

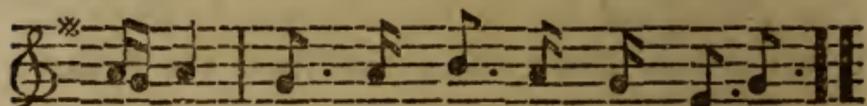
## CHARMING HIGHLANDMAN.\*



Oh! send my Lewis Gordon hame, And the



lad I dare na name; Al-though his back be at



the wa', Here's to him that's far a-wa'.

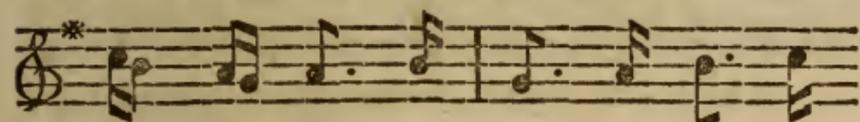


*Hech hey! my high-land-man! My hand-some,*

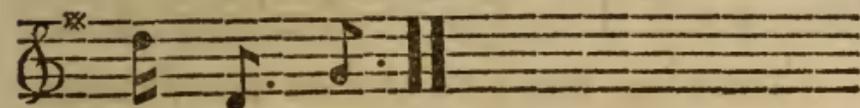
\* This song is sometimes intitled "LEWIS GORDON," and directed to be sung "To the tune of *Tarry woo*;" of which the present is possibly but an alteration. (See Vol. I. p. 283.)—Lord Lewis Gordon, younger brother to the then duke of Gordon, commanded a detachment for the chevalier, and acquitted himself with great gallantry and judgement. He dyed in 1754.



*charm - ing high-land-man! Weel could I my*



*true love ken, A - mang ten thou - sand*



*high-land - men.*

O! to see his tartan trouze,  
Bonnet blue, and laigh-heel'd shoes,  
Philabeg aboon his knee!

That's the lad that I'll gang wi'.

*Hech hey! &c,*

This lovely lad, of whom I sing,  
Is fitted for to be a king;  
And on his breast he wears a star,  
You'd take him for the god of war.

*Hech hey! &c.*

O! to see this princely one  
Seated on his father's throne!  
Our griefs would then a' disapear,  
We'd celebrate the Jub'lee year.

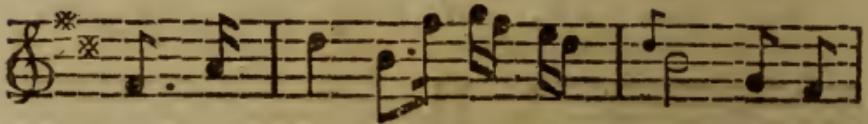
*Hech hey! &c.*

S O N G XXXI.

STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT.\*



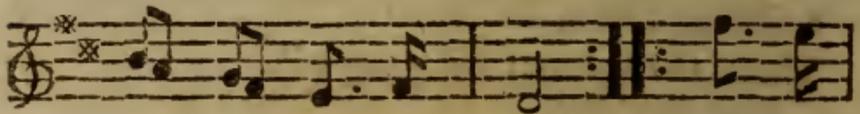
Thick - est night, furround my dwell - ing!



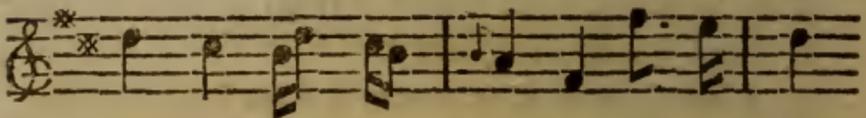
Howl - ing tem - pefts, o'er me rave! Turbid



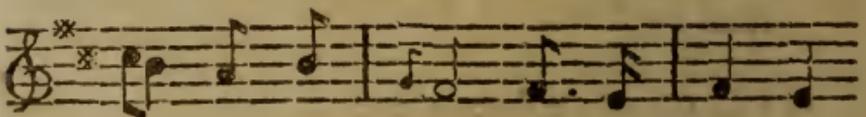
tor - rents, win - try swell - ing, Roar - ing



by my lone - ly cave. Chry - stal



streamlets gen - tly flow - ing, Bu - sy haunts



of base man - kind, West - ern breez - es

\* Supposed to mean James, viscount Strathallan, whose father, viscount William, was killed, as before mentioned, at the battle of Culloden. He escaped to France, and is still living.



soft - ly blowing, Suit not my dif -



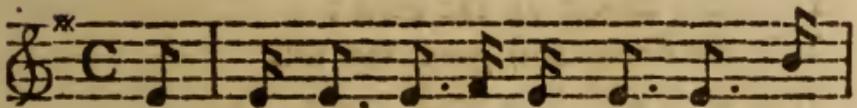
tract-ed mind.

In the cause of right engaged,  
 Wrongs injurious to redress,  
 Honor's war we strongly waged,  
 But the heavens deny'd success:  
 Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,  
 Not a hope that dare attend,  
 The wide world is all before us—  
 But a world without a friend.

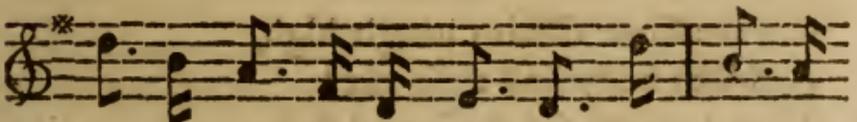
S O N G XXXII.

MY HARRY WAS A GALLANT GAY.

Tune, *Higblander's Lament.*



My Har-ry was a gal-lant gay, Fu'

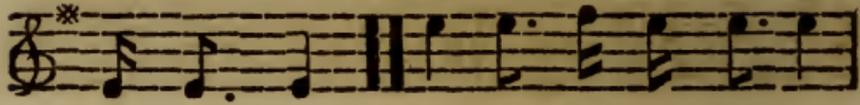


state-ly strade he on the plain, But now he's



banish'd far 'away,' I'll ne-ver see him

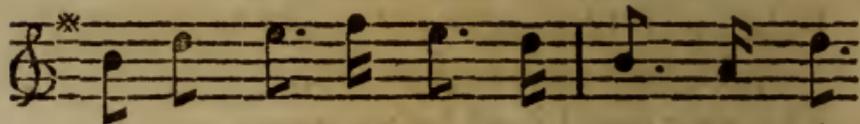
*Chorus.*



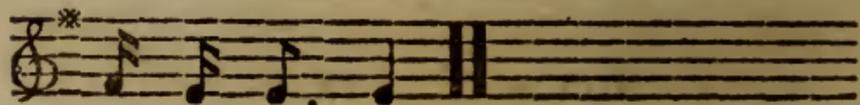
back a - gain. O for him back a-gain!



O for him back a-gain! I wad gie



a'Knockhaf-pie's land For High-land Har-



ry back a - gain.

When a' the lave gae to their bed,  
I wander dowie up the glen ;  
I set me down and greet my fill,  
And ay I wish him back again.

O for him, &c.

O were some villains hangit high,  
And ilka body had their ain !  
Then I might see the joyful fight,  
My Highland Harry back again.

O for him, &c.

## S O N G    X X X I I I .

Tune, *The Flowers of the Forest*\*.

I'VE seen the smiling  
 Of Fortune beguiling,  
 I've felt all its favours, and found its decay ;  
 Sweet was its blessing,  
 Kind its caressing,  
 But now 'tis fled, — fled far away.

I've seen the forest,  
 Adorn'd the foremost,  
 With flowers of the fairest, most pleasant and gay ;  
 Sae bonny was their blooming,  
 Their scent the air perfuming ;  
 But now they are wither'd and weeded away.

I've seen the morning  
 With gold the hills adorning,  
 And loud tempest storming before the mid-day.  
 I've seen Tweed's silver streams  
 Shining in the sunny beams,  
 Grow drumbly and dark as he row'd on his way.

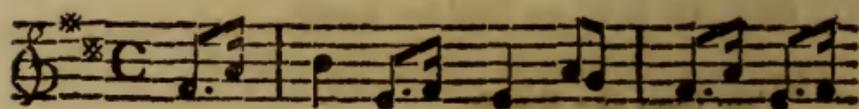
O fickle Fortune !  
 Why this cruel sporting ?

\* See before, p. 1. This song is suspected to allude to the consequences of 1715 or 1745.

O why still perplex us, poor sons of a day ?  
 Nae mair your smiles can chear me,  
 Nae mair your frowns can fear me,  
 For the flowers of the forest are withered away.

S O N G    X X X I V .

[T O   D A U N T O N   M E .]



To daun-ton me, to daun-ton



me, Do you ken the thing that would



daun-ton me? Eighty-eight, and eight - y



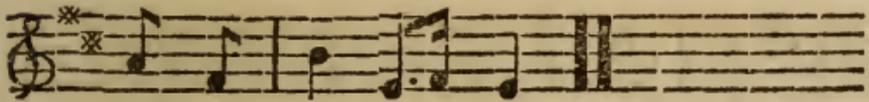
nine, And a' the drear-y years since



fyne, With sels and pres, and pres -



by - try, Good faith, this had li - ken



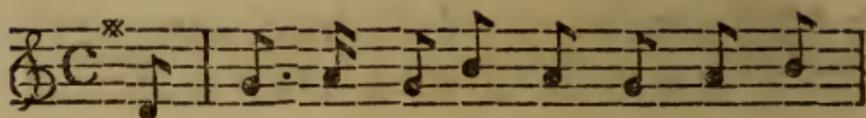
till a daun - ton me.

But to wanton me, but to wanton me,  
Do you ken the thing that would wanton me?  
To see gued corn upon the rigs,  
And banishment to all the whigs,  
And right restor'd where right should be;  
O! these are the things that wa'd wanton me.

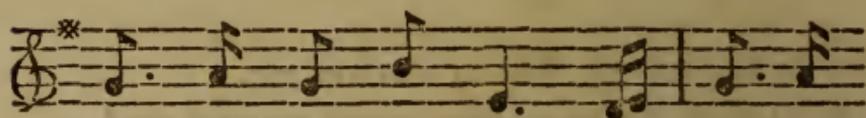
But to wanton me, but to wanton me,  
And ken ye what maist would wanton me?  
To see king James at Edinb'rough cros,  
With fifty thousand foot and horse,  
And the usurper forc'd to flee;  
O! this is what maist would wanton me.

S O N G   X X X V .

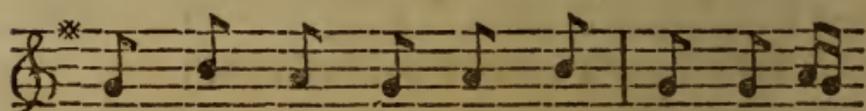
M A C P H E R S O N ' S ' L A M E N T ' . \*



I've spent my time in ri - ot - ing, De -



bauch'd my health and strength; I've pil-lag'd,



plunder'd, mur - der - ed, But now, a - las!



at length, I'm brought to pu - nish-ment

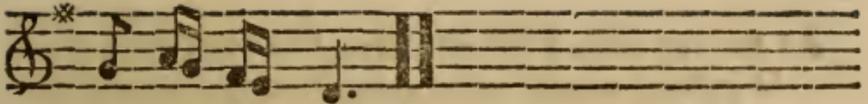


di-rect, Pale Death draws near to me; This



end I ne-ver did project, To hang

\* No information has occurred respecting this personage.



up - on a tree.

To hang upon a tree ! a tree !  
 That curs'd unhappy death !  
 Like to a wolf to worried be,  
 And choaked in the breath.  
 My very heart would surely break,  
 When this I think upon,  
 Did not my courage singular  
 Bid pensive thoughts begone.

No man on earth that draweth breath  
 More courage had than I ;  
 I dar'd my foes unto their face,  
 And would not from them fly :  
 This grandeur stout, I did keep out,  
 Like Hector manfullie ;  
 Then wonder one like me, so stout,  
 Should hang upon a tree.

Th' Egyptian band I did command,  
 With courage more by far  
 Than ever did a general  
 His soldiers in a war :  
 Being fear'd by all, both great and small,  
 I liv'd most joyfullie ;  
 O ! curse upon this fate of mine,  
 To hang upon a tree !

As for my life, I do not care,  
 If justice would take place,  
 And bring my fellow plunderers  
 Unto this same disgrace ;  
 For Peter Brown, that notour loon,  
 Escap'd, and was made free :  
 O ! curse upon this fate of mine,  
 To hang upon a tree !

Both law and justice buried are,  
 And fraud and guile succeed,  
 The guilty pass unpunished,  
 If money interceed :  
 The laird of Grant, that highland faint,  
 His mighty majestie,  
 He pleads the cause of Peter Brown,  
 And lets Macpherfon die.

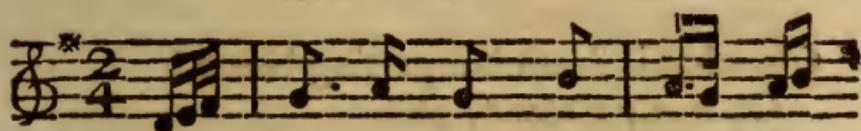
The dest'ny of my life contriv'd  
 By those whom I oblig'd,  
 Rewarded me much ill for good,  
 And left me no refuge :  
 For Braco Duff, in rage enough,  
 He first laid hands on me ;  
 And if that death would not prevent,  
 Avenged wou'd I be.

As for my life, it is but short,  
 When I shall be no more ;

To part with life I am content,  
As any heretofore.  
Therefore, good people all, take heed,  
This warning take by me,  
According to the lives you lead,  
Rewarded you will be.

S O N G    X X X V I .

M A C P H E R S O N ' S F A R E W E L L .



Fare - well, ye dun - geons dark and

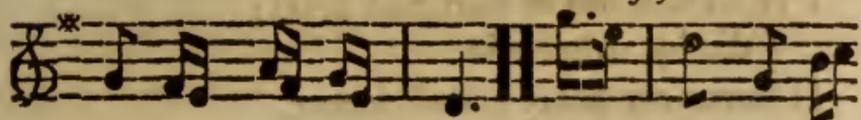


strong, The wretch's def - ti - nie! Mac



Pherson's time will not be long, On

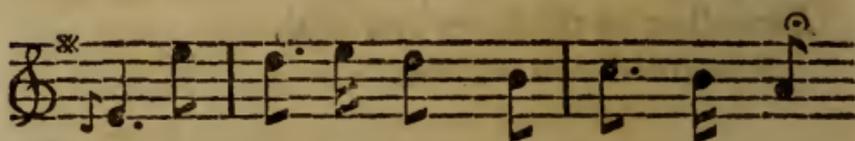
*A little faster*



yon - der gal - lows tree. Sae ranting - ly

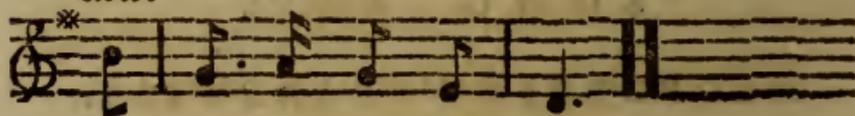


fae wan-ton - ly, Sae daunt-ing-ly gae'd



he, He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round,

*Slow.*



Be - low the gal-lows tree.

Oh, what is death but parting breath!

On mony a bloody plain

I've dar'd his face, and in this place

I scorn him yet again.

Sae rantingly, &c.

Untie these bands from off my hands,

And bring me to my sword ;

And there's no man in all Scotland

But I'll brave at a word.

Sae rantingly, &c.

I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife ;

I die by treacherie :

It burns my heart I must depart,

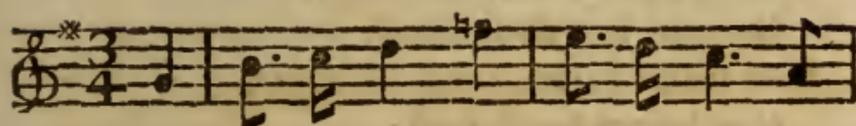
And not avenged be,

Sae rantingly, &c.

Now farewell, light, thou sunshine bright,  
And all beneath the sky !  
May coward shame disdain his name,  
The wretch that dares not die !  
Sae rantingly, &c.

S O N G    XXXVII.

LEADER HAUGHS AND YARROW.



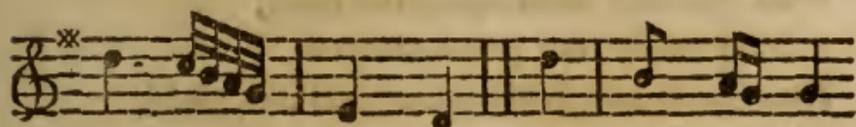
When Phoebus bright the a-zure skies With



golden rays en-lightn-eth, He makes all



Na - ture's beau-ties rife, Herbs, trees, and



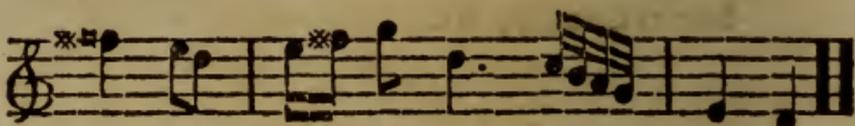
flow'rs he quickneth : A-mongst all those



he makes his choice, And with delight goes



thorow, With radiant beams and fil-ver



streams, Are Leader Haughs and Yar-row.

When Aries the day and night  
In equal length divideth,  
Auld frosty Saturn takes his flight,  
Nae langer he abideth:  
Then Flora queen, with mantle green,  
Casts aff her former sorrow,  
And vows to dwell with Ceres fell,  
In Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

Pan playing on his aiten reed,  
And shepherds him attending,  
Do here resort their flocks to feed,  
The hills and haughs commending;  
With cur and kent upon the bent,  
Sing to the sun good-morrow,  
And swear nae fields mair pleasures yield,  
Than Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

An house there stands on Leader-side,  
Surmounting my describing,

With rooms sae rare, and windows fair,  
 Like Dedalus' contriving ;  
 Men passing by do aften cry,  
 In sooth it hath no marrow ;  
 It stands as sweet on Leader-side,  
 As Newark does on Yarrow.

A mile below wha lifts to ride,  
 They'll hear the Mavis singing ;  
 Into St. Leonard's banks she'll bide,  
 Sweet birks her head o'er hinging :  
 The lintwhite loud and Progne proud,  
 With tuneful throats and narrow,  
 Into St. Leonard's banks they sing,  
 As sweetly as in Yarrow.

The lapwing lilteth o'er the lee,  
 With nimble wing she sporteth ;  
 But vows she's flee far from the tree  
 'Where' Philomel resorteth :  
 By break of day the lark can say  
 I'll bid you a good-morrow,  
 I'll stretch my wing and mounting sing,  
 O'er Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

Park, Wanton-waws, and Wooden-cleugh,  
 The East and Western Mainfes,  
 The wood of Lauder's fair enough,  
 The corns are good in Blainshes ;

Where aits are fine, and fald by kind,  
 That if ye searck all thorough,  
 Mearns, Buchan, Mar, nane better are  
 Than Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

In Burnmill-bog, and Whitflade shaws,  
 The fearful hare she haunteth ;  
 Brig-haugh and Braidwoodsheil she knaws,  
 And Chapel-wood frequenteth :  
 Yet when she irks, to Kaidfly birks  
 She rins, and fighs for sorrow,  
 That she should leave sweet Leader Haughs,  
 And cannot win to Yarrow.

What sweeter musick wad ye hear,  
 Than hounds and beigles crying ?  
 The started hare rins hard with fear,  
 Upon her speed relying :  
 But yet her strength it fails at length,  
 Nae bielding can she borrow,  
 In Sorrel's fields, Cleckman, or Hags,  
 And fighs to be in Yarrow.

For Rockwood, Ringwood, Spoty, Shag,  
 With sight and scent pursue her,  
 Till, ah ! her pith begins to flag,  
 Nae cunning can rescue her :  
 O'er dub and dyke, o'er feugh and fyke,  
 She'll rin the fields all thorow,  
 Till fail'd she fa's in Leader Haughs,  
 And bids farewell to Yarrow.

Sing Erslington and Cowdenknows,  
 Where Homes had anes commanding ;  
 And Drygrange with the milk-white ews,  
 'Twixt Tweed and Leader standing :  
 The bird that flees through Reedpath trees,  
 And Gledswood banks ilk morrow,  
 May chant and sing sweet Leader Haughs,  
 And bonny howms of Yarrow.

But Minstrel-burn cannot assuage  
 His grief while life endureth,  
 To see the changes of this age,  
 That fleeting time procureth :  
 For mony a place stands in hard case,  
 Where blyth fowk kend nae sorrow,  
 With Homes that dwelt on Leader-side,  
 And Scots that dwelt on Yarrow.

### S O N G    XXXVIII.

Tune, *Gillicrankie* \*.

**W**HEN Guilford good our pilot stood,  
 An' did our hellim thraw, man,  
 Ae night, at tea, began a plea,  
 Within America, man :

\* See before, p. 76. The events and allusions which form the subject of this song, are too recent and familiar to need a comment.

Then up they gat the maskin-pat,  
 And in the sea did jaw, man ;  
 An' did nae lefs, in full Congress,  
 Than quite refuse our law, man.

Then thro' the lakes Montgomery takes,  
 I wat he was na flaw, man ;  
 Down Lowrie's burn he took a turn,  
 And Carleton did ca', man :  
 But yet, whatreck, he, at Quebec,  
 Montgomery-like did fa', man,  
 Wi' sword in hand, before his band,  
 Amang his en'mies a', man.

Poor Tammy Gage, within a cage  
 Was kept in Boston-ha', man ;  
 Till Willie Howe took o'er the knowe  
 For Philadelphia, man :  
 Wi' sword an' gun he thought a sin  
 Guid christian bluid to draw, man ;  
 But at New-York, wi' knife an' fork,  
 Sir Loin he hashed sma', man.

Burgoyne gaed up, like spur an' whip,  
 Till Frafer brave did fa', man ;  
 Then lost his way, ae misty day,  
 In Saratoga shaw, man.  
 Cornwallis fought as lang's he dought,  
 An' did the buckskins claw, man ;  
 But Clinton's glaive fra rust to save,  
 He hung it to the wa', man.

Then Montague, an' Guilford too,  
Began to fear a fa', man ;  
And Sackville doure, wha stood the stoure,  
The German chief to thraw, man :  
For paddy Burke, like ony Turk,  
Nae mercy had at a' man ;  
An' Charlie Fox threw by the box,  
An' lows'd his tinkler jaw, man.

Then Rockingham took up the game ;  
Till Death did on him ca', man ;  
When Shelburne meek held up his cheek,  
Conform to gospel law, man :  
Saint Stephen's boys wi' jarring noise,  
They did his measures thraw, man ;  
For North an' Fox united stocks,  
An' bore him to the wa', man.

Then clubs an' hearts were Charlie's cartes,  
He swept the stakes awa', man,  
Till the diamond's ace, of Indian race,  
Led him a fair *faux pas*, man :  
The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads,  
On Chatham's boy did ca', man ;  
An' Scotland drew her pipe an' blew,  
"Up, Willie, waur them a', man !"

Behind the throne then Grenville's gone,  
A secret word or twa, man ;

While flee Dundas' arous'd the clafs  
 Be-north the Roman wa', man :  
 An Chatham's wraith, in heav'nly graith,  
 (Inspired bardies saw, man)  
 Wi' kindling eyes cry'd "Willie, rise !  
 "Would I hae fear'd them a', man !"

But, word an' blow, North, Fox, and Co,  
 Gowff'd Willie like a ba', man,  
 Till Suthron raife, an' coost their claife  
 Behind him in a raw, man :  
 An' Caledon threw by the drone,  
 An' did her whittle draw, man ;  
 An' swoor fu' rude, thro' dirt and blood,  
 To mak it guid in law, man.

## S O N G    X X X I X .

BY JAMES THOMSON, ESQUIRE\*.

Set by Dr. Arne.



When Bri-tain first, at heaven's com -

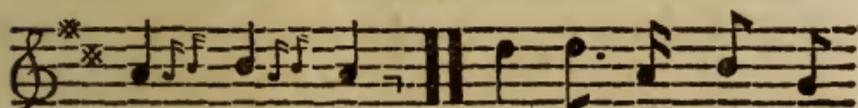


mand, A - rose - - - from out the a -

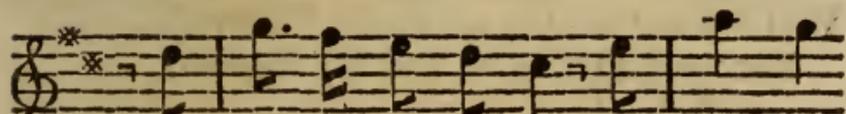
\* In the Masque of Alfred.



zure main; A-rose, a-rose from out the



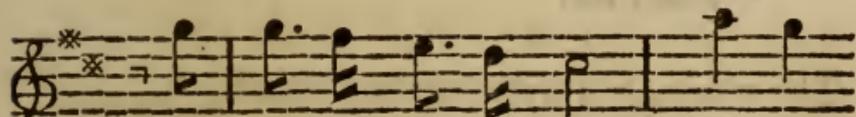
a - zure main; This was the char - ter,



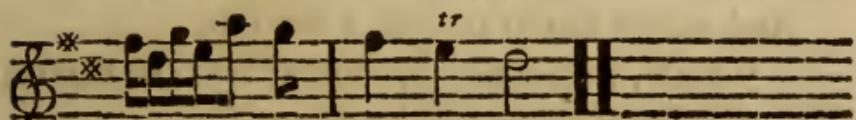
the char - ter of the land, And guar - dian



an - gels sung this strain, "Rule, Britannia,



Bri - tan - nia, rule the waves; " Bri - tons



ne - ver will be slaves."

The nations, not so blest as thee,  
Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall:  
While thou shalt flourish great and free,  
The dread and envy of them all.  
" Rule, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,  
More dreadful, from each foreign stroke :  
As the loud blast that tears the skies,  
Serves but to root thy native oak.  
“ Rule, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame :  
All their attempts to bend thee down,  
Will but arrouse thy generous flame ;  
But work their woe, and thy renown.  
“ Rule, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign ;  
Thy cities shall with commerce shine :  
All thine shall be the subject main,  
And every shore it circles thine.  
“ Rule, &c.

The muses, still with freedom found,  
Shall to thy happy coast repair ;  
Blest isle ! with matchless beauty crown'd,  
And manly hearts to guard the fair.  
“ Rule, Britannia, Britannia, rule the waves ;  
“ Britons never will be slaves.”



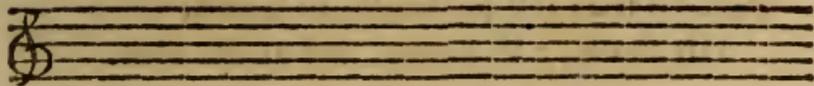
SCOTISH SONGS.

CLASS THE FIFTH,

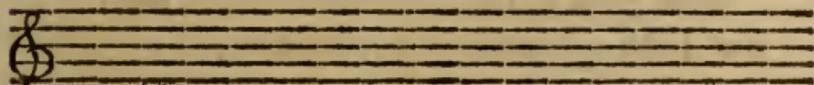
SONG I.

THE HEIR OF LINNE.

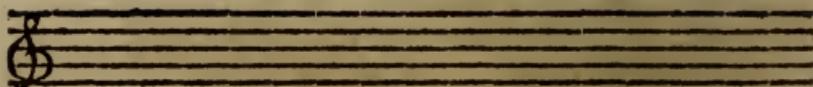
PART THE FIRST.



Lithe and listen, gentlemen, To sing a song



I will beginne : It is of a lord of faire Scot-



land, Which was the unthrifty heire of Linne.

His father was a right good lord,  
His mother a lady of high degree;  
But they, alas! were dead, him froe,  
And he lov'd keeping companie.

To spend the daye with merry cheare,  
To drinke and revell every night,  
To card and dice from eve to morne,  
It was, I ween, his hearts delighte.

To ride, to runne, to rant, to roare,  
To alwaye spend and never spare,  
I wott, an' it were the king him selfe,  
Of gold and fee he mote be bare.

Soe fares the unthrifty lord of Linne,  
Till all his gold is gone and spent;  
And he mun sell his landes so broad,  
His house, and landes, and all his rent.

His father had a keen stewarde,  
And John o' the Scales was called hee:  
But John is become a gentel-man,  
And John has gott both gold and fee.

Sayes, Welcome, welcome, lord of Linne,  
Let nought disturb thy merry cheere,  
If thou wilt sell thy landes soe broad,  
Good store of gold Ile give thee heere.

My gold is gone, my money is spent ;  
My lande now take it unto thee :  
Give me the golde, good John o' the Scales,  
And thine for aye my lande shall bee.

Then John he did him to record draw,  
And John he gave him a gods-pennie ;  
But for every pound that John agreed,  
The land, I wis, was well worth three.

He told him the gold upon the board,  
He was right glad his land to winne :  
The land is mine, the gold is thine,  
And now Ile be the lord of Linne.

Thus he hath sold his land soe broad,  
Both hill and holt, and moore and fenne,  
All but a poore and lonesome lodge,  
That stood far off in a lonely glenne.

For soe he to his father hight :  
My sonne, whenne I am gonne, sayd he,  
Then thou wilt spend thy lande so broad,  
And thou wilt spend thy gold so free :

But sweare me nowe upon the roode,  
That lonesome lodge thou'lt never spend;  
For when all the world doth frown on thee,  
Thou there shalt find a faithful friend.

The heire of Linne is full of golde :  
And come with me, my friends, sayd hee,  
Let's drinke, and rant, and merry make,  
And he that spares, ne'er mote he thee.

They ranted, drank, and merry made,  
Till all his gold it waxed thinne ;  
And then his friendes they slunk away ;  
They left the unthrifty heire of Linne.

He had never a penny left in his purse,  
Never a penny left but three,  
The tone was brass, and the tone was lead,  
And [the] tother it was white money.

Nowe well-away, sayd the heire of Linne,  
Nowe well-away, and woe is mee,  
For when I was the lord of Linne,  
I never wanted gold or fee.

But many a trusty friend have I,  
And why shold I feel dole or care ?  
He borrow of them all by turnes,  
So need I not be never bare.

But one, I wis, was not at home,  
 Another had payd his gold away;  
 Another call'd him thriftless loone,  
 And bade him sharpely wend his way.

Now well-away, sayd the heire of Linne,  
 Now well-away, and woe is me!  
 For when I had my landes so broad,  
 On me they liv'd right merrilee.

To beg my bread from door to door,  
 I wis, it were a brenning shame:  
 To rob and steal it were a sinne:  
 To work my limbs I cannot frame.

Now Ile away to [the] lonesome lodge,  
 For there my father bade me wend:  
 When all the world should frown on me,  
 I there shold find a trusty friend.

PART THE SECOND.

**A**WAY then hyed the heire of Linne  
 O'er hill and holt, and moor and fenne,  
 Untill he came to [the] lonesome lodge,  
 That stood so lowe in a lonely glenne.

He looked up, he looked downe,  
 In hope some comfort for to winne,

But bare and lothly were the walles :  
Here's sorry cheare, quo' the heire of Linne.

The little windowe dim and darke  
Was hung with ivy, brere, and yewe ;  
No shimmering funn here ever shone ;  
No halefome breeze here ever blew.

No chair, ne table he mote spye,  
No chearful hearth, ne welcome bed,  
Nought save a rope with renning noose,  
That dangling hung up o'er his head.

And over it in broad letters,  
These words were written so plain to see :  
“ Ah ! graceless wretch, hast spent thine all,  
“ And brought thyselfe to penurie ?

“ All this my boding mind misgave,  
“ I therefore left this trusty friend :  
“ Let it now sheeld thy foule disgrace,  
“ And all thy shame and sorrows end.”

Sorely shent with this rebuke,  
Sorely shent was the heire of Linne,  
His heart, I wis, was near to brast,  
With guilt and sorrowe, shame and sinne.

Never a word spake the heire of Linne,  
Never a word he spake but three :

“ This is a trusty friend indeed,  
“ And is right welcome unto mee.”

Then round his neck the corde he drewe,  
And sprang aloft with his bodie :  
When lo ! the ceiling burst in twaine,  
And to the ground came tumbling hee.

Astonyed lay the heire of Linne,  
Ne knew if he were live or dead,  
At length he looked, and sawe a bille,  
And in it a key of gold so redd.

He took the bill, and lookt it on,  
Strait good comfort found he there :  
It told him of a hole in the wall,  
In which there stood three chefts in-fere.

Two were full of the beaten golde,  
The third was full of white money ;  
And over them in broad letters  
These words were written so plaine to see.

“ Once more, my sonne, I fette thee cleare,  
“ Amend thy life and follies past ;  
“ For but thou amend thee of thy life,  
“ That rope must be thy end at last.”

And let it bee, sayd the heire of Linne ;  
And let it bee, but if I amend :

For here I will make mine avow,  
This reade shall guide me to the end.

Away then went the heire of Linne,  
Away he went with a merry cheare ;  
I wis, he neither stint ne stayd,  
Till John o' the Scales house he came neare.

And when he came to John o' the Scales,  
Up at the speere then looked hee ;  
There fate three lords at the bordes end,  
Were drinking of the wine so free.

And then bespake the heire of Linne,  
To John o' the Scales then louted hee,  
I pray thee now, good John o' the Scales,  
One forty pence for to lend mee.

Away, away, thou thriftles loone ;  
Away, away, this may not bee :  
For Christs curse on my head, he sayd,  
If ever I trust thee one pennie.

Then bespake the heire of Linne,  
To John o' the Scales wife then spake hee :  
Madame, some almes on me bestowe,  
I pray for sweet faint Charitie.

Away, away, thou thriftles loone,  
I swear thou gettest no almes of mee ;

For if we shold hang any losel heere,  
The first we wold begin with thee.

Then bespake a good fellowe,  
Which sat at John o' the Scales his bord :  
Sayd Turn againe, thou heire of Linne ;  
Some time thou wast a well good lord :

Some time a good fellow thou hast been,  
And sparedst not thy gold and fee,  
Therefore Ile lend thee forty pence,  
And other forty if need bee.

And ever, I pray thee John o' the Scales,  
To let him sit in thy companee :  
For well I wot thou hadst his land,  
And a good bargain it was to thee.

Up then spake him John o' the Scales,  
All wood he answer'd him againe.  
Now Christs curse on my head, he sayd,  
But I did lose by that bargaine.

And here I proffer thee, heire of Linne,  
Before these lords so faire and free,  
Thou shalt have it backe again better cheape,  
By a hundred markes, than I had it of thee.

I drawe you to record, lords, he said.  
With that he gave him a gods-pennee :

Now by my fay, sayd the heire of Linne,  
And here, good John, is thy money.

And he pull'd forth the bagges of gold,  
And layd them down upon the bord:  
All woe begone was John o' the Scales,  
Soe fhent he cold say never a word.

He told him forth the good red gold,  
He told it forth with mickle dinne.  
“The gold is thine the land is mine,  
“And now Ime againe the lord of Linne.”

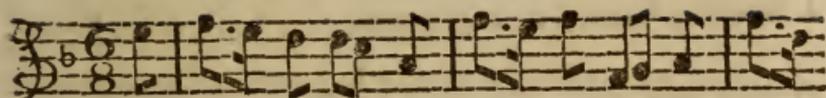
Sayes, Have thou here, thou good fellowe,  
Forty pence thou didst lend mee:  
Now I am againe the lord of Linne,  
And forty pounds I will give thee.

Now welladay! sayth Joan o' the Scales:  
Now well aday! and woe is my life!  
Yesterday I was lady of Linne,  
Now Ime but John o' the Scales his wife.

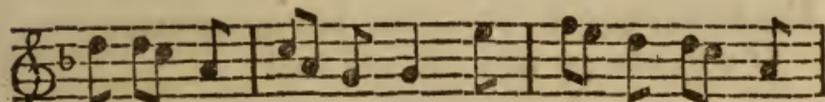
Now fare thee well, sayd the heire of Linne,  
Farewell, good John o' the Scales, said hee:  
When next I want to sell my land,  
Good John o' the Scales, Ile come to thee.

S O N G II.

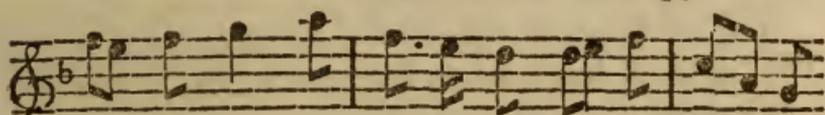
THE WEE WEE MAN.



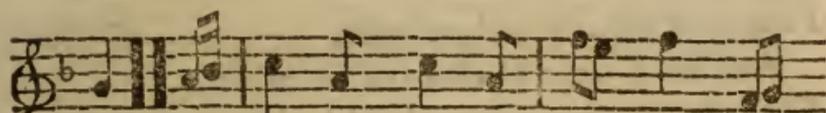
As I was walking all a-lone, Between



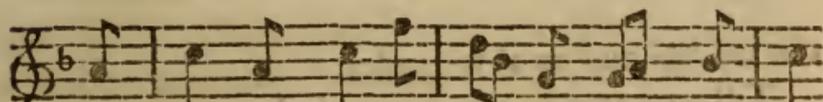
a wa-ter and a wa', And there I spy'd a



wee wee man, And he was the least that ere I



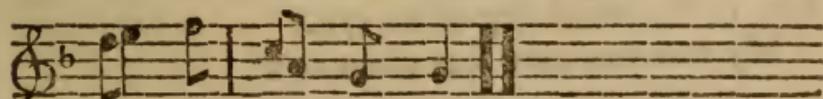
saw. His legs were scarce a shathmont's length,



And thick and thimber was his thighs, Between



his brows there was a span, And be-tween his



shoulders there was three.

He took up a meikle stane,  
And he flang't as far as I could see,  
Though I had been 'as' Wallace wight,  
I coudna listen't to my knee.

O wee wee man, but thou be strong,  
O tell me where thy dwelling be.  
My dwelling's down at yon' bonny bower,  
O will you go with me and see?

On we lap and awa we rade,  
Till we came to yon bonny green;  
We 'lighted down for to bait our horse,  
And out there came a lady fine.

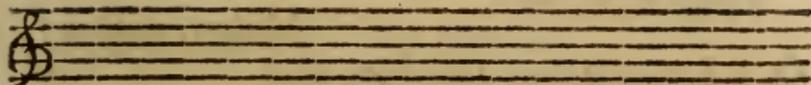
Four-and-twenty at her back,  
And they were a' clad out in green,  
Though the king of Scotland had been there,  
The warst o' them might ha' been his queen.

On we lap and awa' we rade,  
Till we came to yon bonny ha',  
Where the roof was o' the beaten gould,  
And the floor was o' the crystal a'.

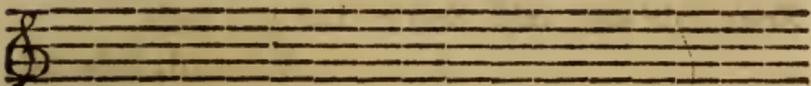
When we came to the stair foot,  
Ladies were dancing jimp and sma';  
But, in the twinkling of an eye,  
My wee wee man was clean awa'.

SONG III.

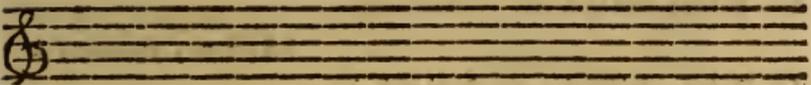
EDWARD, EDWARD.



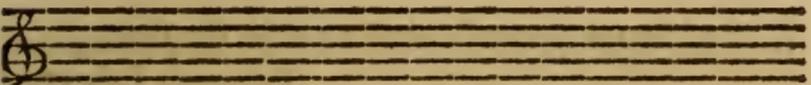
Quhy dois zour brand fae drop wi' bluid,



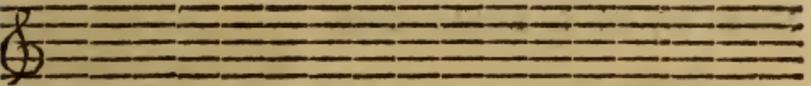
Edward, Edward? Quhy dois zour brand fae



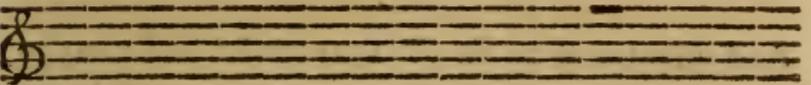
drop wi' bluid? And quhy fae sad gang zee



O? O, I hae killed my hauke fae guid,



Mither, mither: O, I hae killed my hauke



fae guid: And I had nae mair bot hee, O.

Zour haukis bluid was nevir fae reid,  
Edward, Edward :

Zour haukis bluid was nevir fae reid ;  
My deir fon I tell thee, O.

O, I hae killed my reid-roan steid,  
Mither, mither :

O, I hae killed my reid-roan steid,  
That erit was fae fair and free, O.

Zour steid was auld, and ze hae gat mair,  
Edward, Edward :

Zour steid was auld, and ze hae gat mair,  
Sum other dule ze drie, O.

O, I hae killed my fadir deir,  
Mither, mither :

O, I hae killed my fadir deir,  
Alas ! and wae is mee, O !

And quhatten penance wul ze drie for that,  
Edward, Edward ?

And quhatten penance wul ze drie for that ?  
My deir fon, now tell me, O.

Ile fet my feit in zonder boat,  
Mither, mither :

Ile fet my feit in zonder boat,  
And Ile fare ovir the sea, O.

And quhat wul ze do wi' zour towirs and zour ha',  
Edward, Edward ?

And quhat wul ze do wi' zour towirs and zour ha',  
That were fae fair to see, O ?

Ile let thame stand til they doun fa',  
Mither, mither :  
Ile let thame stand till they doun fa',  
For here nevir mair maun I bee, O.

And quhat wul ze leive to zour bairns and zour wife,  
Edward, Edward ?  
And quhat wul ze leive to zour bairns and 'zour'  
wife,  
Quhan ze gang ovir the sea, O ?  
The warldis room, late them beg throw life,  
Mither, mither :  
The warldis room, let them beg throw life,  
For thame nevir mair wul I see, O.

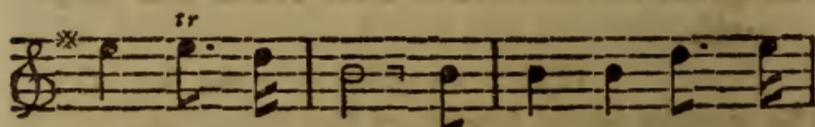
And quhat wul ze leive to zour ain mither deir,  
Edward, Edward ?  
And quhat wul ze leive to zour ain mither deir ?  
My deir fon, now tell me, O.  
The curse of hell frae me fall ze beir,  
Mither, mither :  
The curse of hell frae me fall ze beir,  
Sic counseils ze gave to me, O.

SONG IV.

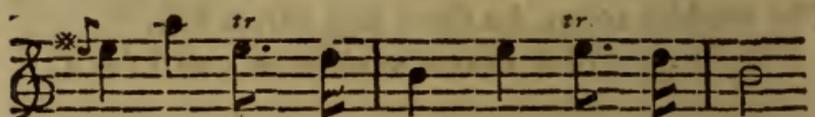
HARDYKNUTE\*.



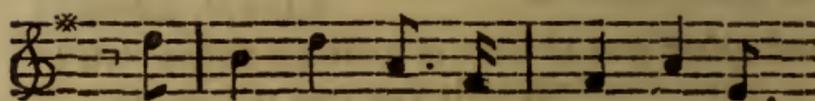
State-ly stept he east the wa, And state-



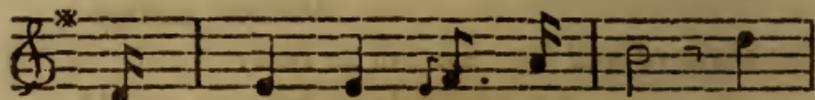
ly stept he west, Full seven-ty zeirs he



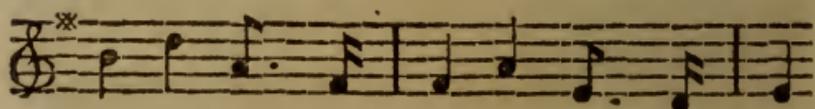
now had sene, With skerfs sevin zeirs of rest.



He livit quhen Bri-tons breach of faith

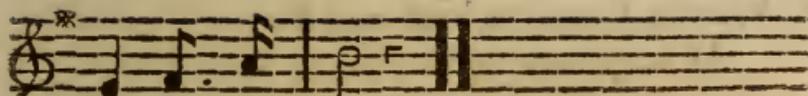


Wroucht Scot-land mei-kle wae: And



ay his sword tauld to their cost, He was

\* "A [pretended] fragment," written in or about 1718. See the "Historical essay."



their deid-ly fae .

Hie on a hill his castle stude,  
 With halls and touris a hicht,  
 And guidly chambers fair to se,  
 Quhair he lodgit mony a knicht.  
 His dame fae peirless anes and fair,  
 For chaff and bewtie deimt,  
 Nae marrow had in all the land,  
 Saif Elenor the quene.

Full thirtein fons to him scho bare,  
 All men of valour stout ;  
 In bluidy ficht with sword in hand  
 Nyne lost their lives bot doubt ;  
 Four zit remain, lang may they live  
 To stand by liege and land :  
 Hie was their fame, hie was their micht,  
 And hie was their command.

Great luvè they bare to Fairly fair,  
 Their sifter fast and deir,  
 Her girdle shawd her middle gimp,  
 And gowden glist her hair.  
 Quhat waefou wae hir beautie bred !  
 Waefou to zung and auld,

Waefou I trow to kyth and kin,  
As story ever tauld.

The king of Norfe in summer tyde,  
Puft up with powir and micht,  
Landed in fair Scotland the yle,  
With mony a hardy knicht :  
The tydings to our gude Scots king  
Came, as he fat at dyne,  
With noble chiefs in braif aray,  
Drinking the blude-reid wyne.

“ To horfe, to horfe, my ryal liege,  
Zour faes ftand on the ftand,  
Full twenty thousand glittering fpears,  
The king of Norfe commands.”  
Bring me my ftedd Mage dapple gray,  
Our gude king raife and cryd,  
A truffier beaft in all the land  
A Scots king never feyd.

Go, little page, tell Hardyknute,  
That lives on hill fo hie,  
To draw his fword, the dreid of faes,  
And hafte and follow me.  
The little page flew fwift as dart  
Flung by his mafters arm,  
“ Cum down, cum down, lord Hardyknute,  
And rid zour king frae harm.”

'Then reid, reid grew his dark-brown cheiks;  
Sae did his dark-brown brow ;  
His luiks grew kene, as they were wont,  
In dangers great to do ;  
He hes tane a horn as grene as glafs,  
And gein five sounds sae shrill,  
That treis in grene wod schuke thereat,  
Sae loud rang ilka hill.

His sons in manly sport and glie,  
Had past that summers morn,  
Quhen, lo, down in a grasly dale,  
They heard their fatheris horn.  
That horn, quod they, neir sounds in peace,  
We haif other sport to byde ;  
And sune they heyd them up the hill,  
And sune were at his fyde,

“ Late late zestrene I weind in peace  
To end my lengthned lyfe,  
My age nicht weil excuse my arm  
Frae manly feats of stryfe ;  
But now that Norse dois proudly boast  
Fair Scotland to intrhall,  
Its neir be said of Hardyknute,  
He feard to ficht or fall.

“ Robin of Rothfay, bend thy bow,  
Thy arrows schute sae leil,

Mony a comely countenance  
They haif turnd to deidly pale :  
Brade Thomas tak ze but zour lance,  
Ze neid nae weapons mair,  
Gif ze ficht weit as ze did anes  
Gainst Westmorlands ferfs heir.

“ Malcom, licht of fute as stag  
That runs in forest wyld,  
Get me my thousands thrie of men  
Well bred to sword and fchild :  
Bring me my horfe and harnifine,  
My blade of mettal cleir.”  
If faes kend but the hand it bare,  
They fune had fled for feir.

“ Fareweil my dame fae peirless gude,”  
And tuke hir by the hand,  
“ Fairer to me in age zou feim,  
Than maids for bewtie famd :  
My zoungeft fon fall here remain  
To guard thefe ftately towirs,  
And shut the filver bolt that keips,  
Sae faft zours painted bowirs.”

And first fcho wet hir comely cheiks,  
And then hir boddice grene,  
Hir filken cords of twirtle twift,  
Weil plett with filver fchene ;  
And apron fet with mony a dice  
Of neidle-wark fae rare,

Wove by nae hand, as ze may gues,
 Saif that of Fairly fair.

And he has ridden owre muir and mofs,  
 Owre hills and mony a glen,  
 Quhen he came to a wounded knicht,  
 Making a heavy mane:  
 "Here maun I lye, here maun I dye,  
 By treacheries false gyles;  
 Witless I was that eir gaif faith  
 To wicked womans smyles."

"Sir knicht, gin ze were in my bowir,  
 To lean on filken feat,  
 My ladyis kyndlie care zoud prove,  
 Quha neir kend deidly hate;  
 Hir self wald watch ze all the day,  
 Hir maids a deid of nicht;  
 And Fairly fair zour heart wald cheir,  
 As scho stands in zour ficht.

"Aryse, zoung knicht, and mount zour steid,  
 Full lowns the schynand day;  
 Cheis frae my menzie quhom ze pleis  
 To lead ze on the way."  
 With smylefs luke and visage wan,  
 The wounded knicht replyd,  
 Kynd chiftain, zour intent pursue,  
 For heir I maun abyde

To me nae after day nor nicht,  
 Can eir be sweit or fair,  
 But sune, beneath sum draping trie,  
 Cauld deith fall end my care.  
 With him nae pleiding nicht prevail,  
 Braif Hardyknute to gain,  
 With fairest words and reason strang,  
 Straif courteously in vain.

Syne he has gane far hynd attowre  
 Lord Chattans land fae wyde,  
 That lord a worthy wicht was ay,  
 Quhen faes his courage seyde:  
 Of Pictish race, by mothers syde,  
 Quhen Picts ruld Caledon,  
 Lord Chattan claimd the princely maid,  
 Quhen he saift Pictish crown.

Now with his ferfs and stalwart train,  
 He reicht a ryding heicht,  
 Quhair braid encampit on the dale,  
 Norfs army lay in sicht.  
 "Zonder, my valziant sons and feris,  
 Our raging revers wait,  
 On the unconquerit Scottish swaird  
 To try with us thair fate.

Mak orifons to him that saift  
 Our fauls upon the roide.

Syne braifly schaw zour veins ar filld  
With Caledonian blude."

Then furth he drew his trusty glaive,  
Quhyle thousands all arround,  
Drawn frae their sheaths glanst in the sun,  
And loud the bougills found.

To join his king adoun the hill  
In hast his merch he made,  
Quhyle, playand pibrochs, minstralls meit  
Afore him stately strade.

"Thryse welcom, valziant stoup of weir,  
Thy nations scheild and pryde ;  
Thy king nae reason has to feir  
Quhen thou art be his fyde."

Quhen bows were bent and darts were thrawn,  
For thrang scarce could they flie,  
The darts clove arrows as they met,  
The arrows dart the trie.

Lang did they rage and ficht full ferfs,  
With little skaith to man,  
But bludy, bludy was the field,  
Or that lang day was done.

The king of Scots that findle bruikd  
The war that luikt lyke play,  
Drew his braid sword, and brake his bow,  
Sen bows feimt but delay :

Quoth noble Rothfay, Myne I'll keip,  
I wate its bleid a skore.  
Haft up my merry men, cryd the king,  
As he rade on before.

The king of Norfe he focht to find,  
With him to mense the faucht,  
But on his forehead there did licht  
A sharp unfonfie shaft ;  
As he his hand put up to find  
The wound an arrow kene,  
O waefou chance ! there pinnd his hand  
In midft betwene his ene.

Revenge, revenge, cryd Rothfays heir,  
Your mail-coat fall nocht byde  
The strength and sharpnefs of my dart ;  
Then sent it throuch his fyde :  
Another arrow weil he markd,  
It perfit his neck in twa,  
His hands then quat the filver reins,  
He law as eard did fa.

“ Sair bleids my leige, fair, fair he bleids.”  
Again with micht he drew  
And gesture dreid his sturdy bow,  
Fast the braid arrow flew :  
Wae to the knicht he ettled at,  
Lament now, quene Elgreid,

Hie, dames, to wail zour darlings fall,  
His zouth and comely meid.

“ Take aff, take aff his costly jupe,”  
(Of gold weil was it twynd,  
Knit lyke the fowlers net, through quhilke  
His steilly harness shynd)  
“ Take Norfe that gift frae me, and bid  
Him venge the blude it beirs ;  
Say, if he face my bended bow,  
He fure nae weapon feirs.”

Proud Norfe, with giant body tall,  
Braid shoulder, and arms strong,  
Cryd, Quhair is Hardyknute fae famd,  
And feird at Britains throne ?  
Tho Britons tremble at his name,  
I fure fall make him wail  
That eir my sword was made fae sharp,  
Sae faft his coat of mail.

That brag his stout heart coud na byde,  
It lent him zouthfou nicht :  
I'm Hardyknute ; this day, he cryd,  
To Scotlands king I hecht  
To lay thee law as horses hufe ;  
My word I mean to keip.  
Syne, with the first strake eir he strake,  
He garrd his body bleid.

Norse ene lyke gray gosehawks staird wyld,  
He ficht with shame and spyte :  
“ Disgracd is now my far famd arm,  
That left thee power to stryke.”  
Then gaif his head a blaw sae fell,  
It made him down to stoup  
As law as he to ladies usit  
In courtly gyse to lout.

Full sune he raif'd his bent body,  
His bow he marvelld fair,  
Sen blaws till then on him but darrd  
As touch of Fairly fair :  
Norse ferliet too as fair as he  
To se his stately luke,  
Sae sune as eir he strake a fae,  
Sae sune his lyfe he tuke.

Quhair, lyke a fyre to hether set,  
Bauld Thomas did advance,  
A sturdy fae, with luke enragd,  
Up towards him did prance ;  
He spurd his steid throw thickest ranks,  
The hardy zouth to quell,  
Quha stude unmufit at his approach,  
His furie to repell.

“ That schort brown shaft, sae meanly trimd,  
Lukis lyke poor Scotlands geir,

But dreidfull feims the rusty poynt !”

And loud he leuch in jeir.

“ Aft Britains blude has dimd its shyne

This poynt cut short their vaunt :”

Syne piercd the boisteris bairded cheik,

Nae tyme he tuke to taunt.

Schort quhyle he in his sadill swang,

His stirrip was nae stay,

Sae feible hang his unbent knee,

Sure taken he was fey :

Swith on the hardened clay he fell,

Richt far was hard the thud,

But Thomas luikt not as he lay

All waltering in his blude.

With cairles gesture mynd unmuvit

On raid he north the plain ;

His feim in thrang of fiercest stryfe,

Quhen winner ay the same :

Nor zit his heart dames dämpelit cheik

Coud meise fast luvè to bruik,

Till vengeful Ann returnd his scorn,

Then languid grew his luke.

In thrawis of death, with wallowit cheik,

All panting on the plain,

The fainting corps of warriors lay,

Neir to aryse again ;

Neir to return to native land,  
Nae mair, with blythsom sounds,  
To boist the glories of the day,  
And schaw thair shyning wounds.

On Norways coast the widowit dame  
May wash the rocks with teirs,  
May lang luke owre the schiples feis  
Before hir mate appeirs.  
Ceife, Emma, ceife to hope in vain,  
Thy lord lyis in the clay,  
The valziant Scots nae revers thole  
To carry lyfe away.

There on a lie, quhair stands a crofs  
Set up for monument,  
Thoufands full fierce that summers day  
Filld kene waris black intent.  
Let Scots, quhyle Scots, praise Hardyknute,  
Let Norfe the name ay dreid,  
Ay how he faucht, aft how he spaird,  
Sall lateft ages reid.

Loud and chill blew [the] westlin wind,  
Sair beat the heavy showir,  
Mirk grew the nicht eir Hardyknute  
Wan neir his stately tower ;  
His towir, that us'd with torches bleise,  
To shyne fae far at nicht,

Seimd now as black as mourning weid,  
Nae marvel fair he sichd.

“Thairs nae licht in my ladys bowir,  
Thairs nae licht in my hall;  
Nae blink thynes round my Fairly fair,  
Nor ward stands on my wall.

Quhat bodes it? Robert, Thomas, say!”  
Nae anwser fits their dreid.

“Stand back, my fons, I’ll be zour gyde.”—  
But by they past with speid.

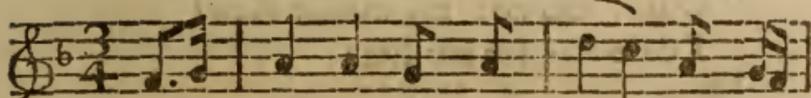
“As fast I haif sped owre Scotlands faes”—  
There ceist his brag of weir,  
Sair schamit to mynd ocht but his dame,  
And maiden Fairly fair.

Black feir he felt, but quhat to feir  
He wist not zit with dreid;

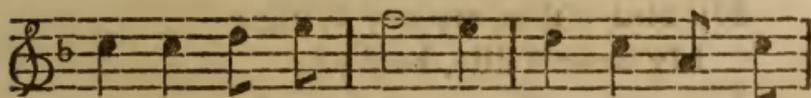
Sair schuke his body, fair his limbs,  
And all the warrior fled.

S O N G V.

G I L M O R R I C E . \*

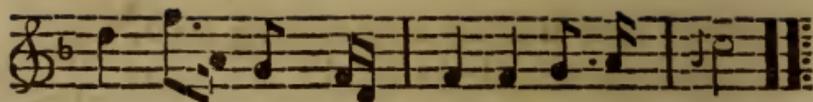


Gil Morrice was an erles son, His



name it wax-ed wide; It was nae for his

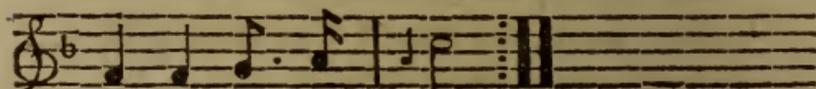
\* See the “Historical Essay.”



great rich-es, Nor zet his mickle pride ;



Bot it was for a la-dy gay, That



livd on Carron side.

“ Quhair fall I get a bonny boy,  
That will win hose and shoen ;  
That will gae to lord Barnards ha,  
And bid his lady cum ?  
And ze maun rin my errand, Willie ;  
And ze may rin wi pride ;  
Quhen other boys gae on their foot,  
On horse-back ze fall ride.’

“ O no ! Oh no ! my master dear !  
I dare nae for my life ;  
I’ll no gae to the bauld barons,  
For to triest furth his wife.”  
My bird Willie, my boy Willie ;  
My dear Willie, he sayd :  
How can ze strive against the stream ?  
For I fall be obeyd.

But, O my master dear ! he cryd,  
In grene wod ze're zour lain ;  
Gi owre sic thochts, I walde ze rede,  
For fear ze should be tain.  
Haste, haste, I say, gae to the ha',  
Bid hir cum here wi' speid :  
If ze refuse my heigh command,  
Ill gar zour body bleid.

“ Gar bid hir take this gay mantel,  
'Tis a' gowd bot the hem,  
Bid hir cum to the gude grene wode,  
And bring nane bot hir lain :  
And there it is, a filken farke,  
Hir ain hand sewd the fleive ;  
And bid hir cum to Gill Morice,  
Speir nae bauld barons leave.”

“ Yes, I will gae zour black errand,  
Though it be to zour cost ;  
Sen ze by me will nae be warn'd,  
In it ze fall find froft.  
The baron he is a man of might,  
He neir could bide to taunt,  
As ze will see before its nicht,  
How sma' ze hae to vaunt.

“ And sen I maun zour errand rin  
Sae fair against my will,

I'fe mak a vow and keip it trow,  
It fall be don for ill."

And quhen he came to broken brigade,  
He bent his bow and swam ;  
And quhen he came to grafs growing,  
Set down his feet and ran.

And quhen he came to Barnards ha',  
Would neither chap nor ca' :  
Bot set his bent bow to his breist,  
And lichtly lap the wa'.  
He wauld nae tell the man his errand,  
Though he stude at the gait ;  
Bot straiht into the ha' he cam,  
Quhair they were fet at meit.

" Hail ! hail ! my gentle fire and dame !  
My message winna waite ;  
Dame, ze maun to the gude grene wod  
Before that it be late.  
Ze're bidden tak this gay mantel,  
'Tis a' gowd bot the hem :  
Zou maun gae to the gude grene wode,  
Ev'n by your sel alane:

And there it is, a filken farke,  
Your ain hand sewd the sleive ;  
Ze maun gae speik to Gill Morice,  
Speir nae bauld barons leave."  
The lady stamped wi' her foot,  
And winked wi' her ee ;

Bot a' that she could say or do,  
Forbidden he wad nae bee.

“ Its surely to my bow'r-woman ;  
It neir could be to me.”

“ I brocht it to lord Barnards lady ;  
I trow that ze be she.”

Then up and spack the wylie nurse,  
(The bairn upon hir knee)  
If it be cum frae Gill Morice,  
It's deir welcum to me.

“ Ze leid, ze leid, ze filthy nurse,  
Sae loud I heird ze lee ;  
I brocht it to lord Barnards lady ;  
I trow ze be nae shee.”

Then up and spack the bauld baron,  
An angry man was hee ;  
He's tain the table wi' his foot,  
Sae has he wi' his knee ;  
Till filler cup and 'mazer' dish  
In flinders he gard flee.

“ Gae bring a robe of your cliding,  
That kings upon the pin ;  
And I'll gae to the gude grene wode,  
And speik wi' zour lemman.”

“ O bide at hame, now lord Barnard,  
I warde ze bide at hame ;

Neir wyte a man for violence,  
That neir wate ze wi' nane."

Gil Morice fate in gude grene wode,  
He whistled and he sang :  
" O what mean a' the folk coming ?  
My mother tarries lang."  
His hair was like the threeds of gold,  
Drawne frae Minervas loome :  
His lipps like roses drapping dew,  
His breath was a' perfume.

His brow was like the mountain snae  
Gilt by the morning beam ;  
His cheeks like living roses glow ;  
His een like azure stream.  
The boy was clad in robes of grene,  
Sweete as the infant spring :  
And like the mavis on the bush,  
He gart the vallies ring.

The baron came to the grene wode,  
Wi' mickle dule and care,  
And there he first spied Gill Morice  
Kameing his zellow hair :  
That sweetly wav'd around his face,  
That face beyond compare :  
He sang sae sweet it might dispel  
A' rage but fell despair.

“ Nae wonder, nae wonder, Gill Morice,  
My lady loed thee weel,  
The fairest part of my bodie  
Is blacker than thy heel.  
Zet neir the lefs now, Gill Morice,  
For a’ thy great beautie,  
Ze’s rew the day ze eir was born,  
That head fall gae wi’ me.”

Now he has drawn his trusty brand,  
And flaited on the strae ;  
And thro’ Gill Morice’ fair body  
He’s ‘gart’ cauld iron gae.  
And he has tain Gill Morice’ head  
And set it on a speir ;  
The meanest man in a’ his train  
Has gotten that head to bear.

And he has tain Gill Morice up,  
Laid him acrofs his steid,  
And brocht him to his painted bowr,  
And laid him on a bed.  
The lady fat on castil wa’,  
Beheld baith dale and down ;  
And there she saw Gill Morice’ head  
Cum trailing to the toun.

“ Far better I loe that bluidy head,  
‘Bot’ and that zellow hair,  
Than lord Barnard, an a’ his lands,  
As they lig here and thair.”

And she has tain her Gill Moricc,  
And kissd baith mouth and chin :  
I was once as fow of Gill Morice,  
As the hip is o' the stean.

“ I got ze in my father's house,  
Wi' mickle sin and shame,  
I brocht thee up in gude grene wode,  
Under the heavy rain ;  
Oft have I by thy cradle fitten,  
And fondly seen thee sleip ;  
But now I gae about thy grave,  
The faut tears for to weip.”

And fyne she kissd his bluidy cheik,  
And fyne his bluidy chin :  
O better I loe my Gill Morice  
Than a' my kith and kin !  
“ Away, away, ze ill woman,  
And an il deith mait ze dee :  
Gin I had kend he'd bin zour son,  
He'd neir bin slain for mee.”

“ Obraid me not, my lord Barnard !  
Obraid me not for shame !  
Wi' that faine speir O pierce my heart !  
And put me cut o' pain.  
Since nothing bot Gill Morice head  
Thy jelous rage could quell,

Let that faim hand now take hir life  
That neir to thee did ill.

“ To me nae after days nor nights  
Will eir be fast and kind ;  
I'll fill the air wich heavy fighs,  
And greet till I am blind.”

“ Enough of blood by me's bin spilt,  
Seek not zour death frae mee;  
I rather lourd it had been my fel  
Than eather him or thee.

“ With waefo wae I hear zour plaint ;  
Sair, fair I rew the deid,  
That eir this cursed hand of mine  
Had gard his body bleid.

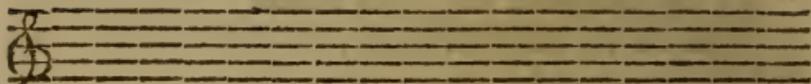
Dry up zour teirs, my winsome dame,  
Ze neir can heal his wound,  
Ze see his head upon the speir,  
His heart's blude on the ground.

“ I curse the hand that did the deid,  
The heart that thocht the ill ;  
The feet that bore me wi' sik speid,  
The comely zouth to kill.

I'll ay lament for Gill Morice,  
As gin he were mine ain ;  
I'll neir forget the dreiry day  
On which the zouth was slain.”

## S O N G VI.

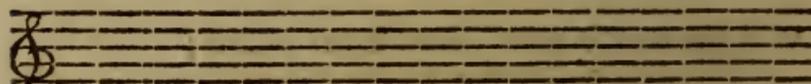
## THE YOUNG LAIRD OF OCHILTRIE.\*



O listen, gude peopell, to my tale, Listen



to quhat I tel to thee; The king has taiken



a poor prifoner, The wanton laird of Ochiltrie.

Quhen news cam to our guidly queen,  
 Sche ficht, and said richt mournfullie,  
 O quhat will cum of lady Margret,  
 Quha beirs sick luvè to Ochiltrie?

Lady Margret tore hir yellow hair,  
 Quhen as the queen tald hir the saim:  
 "I wis that I had neir bin born,  
 Nor neir had knawn Ochiltries naim."

\* It is not easy to discover to whom or what period this ballad alludes. A lord Ochiltrie, in 1631 was sentenced to perpetual imprisonment in Blackness castle, (where he continued twenty years,) for calumniating the marquis of Hamilton. Burnets "Memoirs of James and William dukes of Hamilton," p. 13.

Fie na, quoth the queen, that maunna be,  
Fie na, that maunna be;  
I'll fynd ze out a better way  
To faif the lyfe of Ochiltrie,

The queen sche trippit up the stair,  
And lawly knielt upon hir knie;  
"The first boon quhich I cum to craive  
Is the lyfe of gentel Ochiltrie."

"O iff you had a'kd me castels or towirs,  
I wad hae gin thaim, twa or thrie,  
Bot a' the monie in fair Scotland  
Winna buy the lyfe of Ochiltrie."

The queen sche trippit down the stair,  
And down sche gade richt mournfullie:  
"Its a' the monie in fair Scotland  
Winna buy the lyfe of Ochiltrie."

Lady Margret tore hir yellow hair,  
Quhen as the queen tald hir the faim:  
"I'll tak a knife and end my lyfe,  
And be in the grave a'foon as him."

Ah na, fie na, quoth the queen,  
Fie! na, fie! na, this maunna be;  
I'll fet ze on a better way  
To loofe and fet Ochiltrie frie.

The queen s<sup>c</sup>he slippit up the stair,  
And s<sup>c</sup>he gaid up richt privatlie,  
And s<sup>c</sup>he has stoun the prifon keys,  
And gane and fet Ochiltrie frie.

And s<sup>c</sup>hes gien him a purse of gowd,  
And another of whyt monie,  
Sches gien him twa pistoles by's fide,  
Saying to him, Shute quhen ze win frie.

And quhen he cam to the queens window,  
Quhaten a joyfou shute gae he !  
“ Peace be to our royal queen,  
And peace be in hir companie !”

O quhaten a voyce is that ? quoth the king,  
Quhaten a voyce is that ? quoth he,  
Quhaten a voyce is that ? quoth the king ;  
I think its the voyce of Ochiltrie.

Call to me a' my gaolours,  
Call thaim by thirtie and by thrie ;  
Quhair for the morn at twelve a clock  
Its hangit schall they ilk ane be.

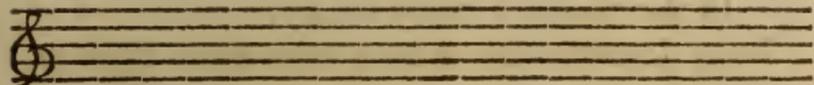
“ O didna ze fend zour keyis to us ?  
Ze sent thaim be thirtie and be thrie ;  
And wi thaim sent a strait command,  
To set at lairge zoung Ochiltrie.”

Ah, na, fie, na, quoth the quèen,  
Fie, my dear luvè, this maunna be :  
And iff ye're gawn to hang thaim a',  
Indeed ze maun begin wi' me.

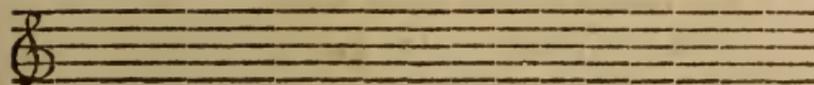
The tane was schippit at the pier of Leith,  
The ither at the Queensferrie ;  
And now the lady has gotten hir luvè,  
The winsom laird of Ochiltrie.

S O N G VII.

THE DUKE OF GORDONS DAUGHTER\*.

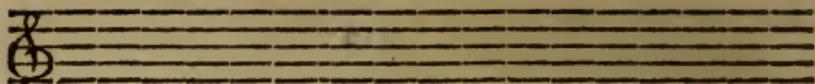


The duke of Gordon has three daughters,

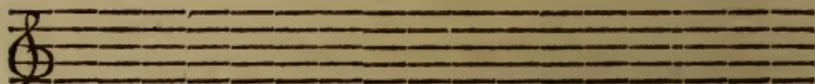


Elizabeth, Margaret, and Jean; They would

\* George (Gordon) fourth earl of Huntley, who succeeded his grandfather, earl Alexander, in 1523, and was killed at the battle of Corichie, in 1563, had actually three daughters: lady ELIZABETH, the eldest, married to John earl of Athole, lady MARGARET, the second, to John lord Forbes; and lady JEAN, the youngest, to the famous James earl of Bothwell, from whom being divorced, anno 1568, she married Alexander earl of Sutherland, who dyed, in 1594, and, surviving him, ALEXANDER OGILVIE OF BOYNE. The duke-



not stay in bonny Castle-Gordon, But they



would go to bonny Aberdeen.

They had not been in Aberdeen  
A twelvemonth and a day,  
Till lady Jean fell in love with capt. Ogilvie,  
And away with him she would gae.

Word came to the duke of Gordon,  
In the chamber where he lay,  
Lady Jean has fell in love with capt. Ogilvie,  
And away with him she would gae.

“ Go saddle me the black horse,  
And you’ll ride on the grey ;  
And I will ride to bonny Aberdeen,  
Where I have been many a day.”

dom of Gordon was not created till the year 1684 ; so that, if the ballad be older, instead of “ the duke of Gordon,” the original reading must have been “ the earl of Huntley.” As for Alexander Ogilvie, he appears to have succeeded his father, sir Walter Ogilvie, in the barony of Boyne, about 1560, and to have dyed in 1606 : this lady Jean being his first wife, by whom he seems to have had no issue. See Gordons History of the Gordons, and Douglas’s Peerage, and Baronage.

They were not a mile from Aberdeen,  
A mile but only three,  
Till he met with his two daughters walking,  
But away was lady Jean.

“ Where is your sifter, maidens ?  
Where is your sifter, now ?  
Where is your sifter, maidens,  
That she is not walking with you ? ”

“ O pardon us, honoured father,  
O pardon us, they did say ;  
Lady Jean is with captain Ogilvie,  
And away with him she will gae. ”

When he came to Aberdeen,  
And down upon the green,  
There did he see captain Ogilvie,  
‘ Training up his men.

“ O wo to you, captain Ogilvie,  
And an ill death thou shalt die ;  
For taking to my daughter,  
Hanged thou shalt be. ”

Duke Gordon has wrote a broad letter,  
And sent it to the king,  
To cause hang captain Ogilvie,  
If ever he hanged a man.

“ I will not hang captain Ogilvie,  
For no lord that I see;  
But I'll cause him to put off the lace and scarlet,  
And put on the sngle livery.”

Word came to captain Ogilvie,  
In the chamber where he lay,  
To cast off the gold lace and scarlet,  
And put on the sngle livery.

“ If this be for bonny Jeany Gordon,  
This pennance I'll take wi' ;  
If this be bonny Jeany Gordon,  
All this I will dree.”

Lady Jean had not been married,  
Not a year but three,  
Till she had a babe in every arm,  
Another upon her knee.

“ O but I'm weary of wandering !  
O but my fortune is bad !  
It fets not the duke of Gordon's daughter  
To follow a soldier lad.

“ O but I'm weary of wandering !  
O but I think lang !  
It fets not the duke of Gordon's daughter  
To follow a sngle man.”

When they came to the Highland hills,  
Cold was the frost and snow ;  
Lady Jean's shoes they were all torn,  
No farther could she go.

“ O! wo to the hills and the mountains !  
Wo to the wind and the rain !  
My feet is fore with going barefoot,  
No further am I able to gang.

“ Wo to the hills and the mountains !  
Wo to the frost and the snow !  
My feet is fore with going barefoot,  
No farther am I able for to go.”

“ O! if I were at the glens of Foudlen,  
Where hunting I have been,  
I would find the way to bonny Castle-Gordon,  
Without either stockings or shoon.”

When she came to Castle-Gordon,  
And down upon the green,  
The porter gave out a loud shout,  
O yonder comes lady Jean:

“ O you are welcome, bonny Jeany Gordon,  
You are dear welcome to me ;  
You are welcome, dear Jeany Gordon,  
But away with your captain Ogilvie.”

Now over seas went the captain,  
As a foldier under command ;  
A message soon followed after,  
To come and heir his brother's land.

“ Come home, you pretty captain Ogilvie,  
And heir your brother's land ;  
Come home, ye pretty captain Ogilvie,  
Be earl of Northumberland.”

O! what does this mean ? says the captain,  
Where's my brother's children three ?

“ They are dead and buried,  
And the lands they are ready for thee.”

“ Then hoist up your fails, brave captain,  
Let's be jovial and free ;  
I'll to Northumberland, and heir my estate,  
Then my dear Jeany I'll see.”

He soon came to Castle-Gordon,  
And down upon the green ;  
The porter gave out with a loud shout,  
Here comes captain Ogilvie.

“ You're welcome, pretty captain Ogilvie,  
Your fortune's advanced I hear ;  
No stranger can come unto my gates,  
That I do love so dear.”

“ Sir, the last time I was at your gates,  
You would not let me in ;  
I’m come for my wife and children,  
No friendship else I claim.”

“ Come in, pretty captain Ogilvie,  
And drink of the beer and the wine ;  
And thou shalt have gold and silver,  
To count till the clock strike nine.”

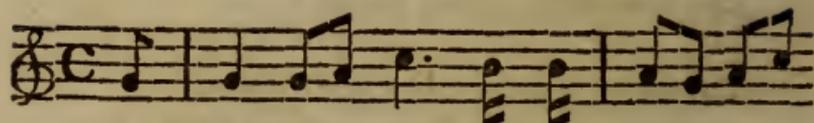
“ I’ll have none of your gold and silver,  
Nor none of your white money ;  
But I’ll have bonny Jeany Gordon,  
And she shall go now with me.”

Then she came tripping down the stair,  
With the tear into her eye ;  
One babe was at her foot,  
Another upon her knee.

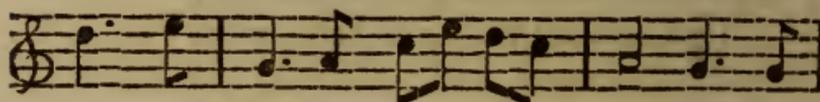
“ You’re welcome, bonny Jeany Gordon,  
With my young family ;  
Mount and go to Northumberland,  
There a countess thou shall be.”

## SONG VIII.

## JOHNY FAA, THE GYPSIE LADDY\*.



The gyp-fies came to our good lord's



gate, And wow but they sang sweetly; They

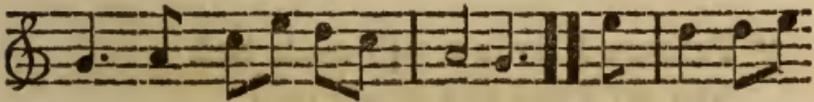
\* A person of this name (John Faw) is said to have been king of the gypsies in the time of James VI. who, about the year 1595, issued a proclamation, ordaining all sheriffs, &c. to assist him in seizing and securing fugitive gypsies, and to lend him their prisons, stocks, fetters, &c. for that purpose: charging his lieges not to molest the said Faw and his company in their lawful business within the realm, or in passing through, remaining in, or going forth of the same, under penalty: and all skippers, masters of ships, and mariners to receive him and his company upon their expences for furthering them to parts beyond sea. See M'Laurin's *Remarkable Cases*, p. 774.

The Faws, Faas, or Falls, were noted thieves in the neighbourhood of Greenlaw, where some persons of that name are said to be still remaining.

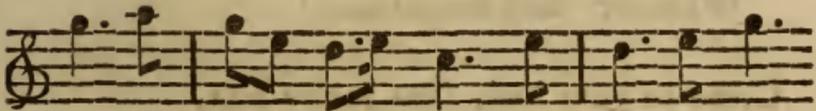
In 1677 there happened a sharp conflict at Romanno in Tweeddale, between the Faws and the Shaws, two clans of gypsies, who, on their march from Haddington fair, to fight two other gangs, the Baillies and the Browns, had quarrelled about the division of the spoil. Several were killed and wounded on each side, and old Shaw and his three sons soon afterwards taken and hanged. See Pennecuik's *Description of the shire of Tweeddale*, 4to. 1715. p. 14.



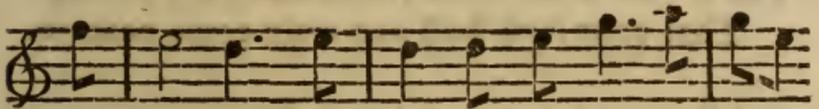
fang fae sweet, and fae ve-ry compleat, that



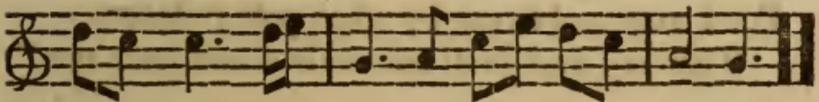
down came the fair la-dy. And she came



tripping down the stair, And a' her maids



be-fore her; As foon as they faw her well



far'd face, They coost the gla-mer o'er her.

No particular information has been obtained as to the hero of this ballad, but a different and more inaccurate copy may possibly furnish us with the rank and title of his mistress.

There was seven gypsies in a gang,  
 And they was brisk and bonny O,  
 And they're to be hanged all on a row,  
 For the EARL of CASTLE'S\* LADY O.

Neighbouring tradition, it is said, strongly vouches for the truth of the story.

\* Caffilis'.

“ Gar tak frae me this gay mantle,  
And bring to me a plaidie ;  
For if kith and kin and a’ had sworn,  
I’ll follow the gypsie laddie.

“ Yestreen I lay in a well-made bed,  
And my good lord beside me ;  
This night I’ll ly in a tenant’s barn,  
Whatever shall betide me.”

Come to your bed, says Johny Faa,  
Oh ! come to your bed, my deary ;  
For I vow and swear by the hilt of my sword,  
That your lord shall nae mair come near ye.

“ I’ll go to bed to my Johny Faa,  
And I’ll go to bed to my deary ;  
For I vow and swear by what past yestreen,  
That my lord shall nae mair come near me.”

“ I’ll mak a hap to my Johny Faa,  
And I’ll mak a hap to my deary ;  
And he’s get a’ the coat gaes round,  
And my lord shall nae mair come near me.”

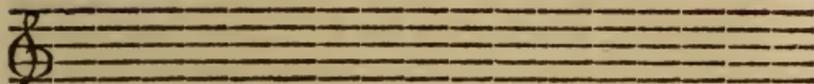
And when our lord came home at e’en,  
And speir’d for his fair lady,  
The tane she cry’d, and the other reply’d,  
She’s away wi’ the gypsie laddie.

“ Gae faddle to me the black, black steed,  
Gae faddle and mak him ready ;  
Before that I either eat or sleep,  
I’ll gae seek my fair lady.”

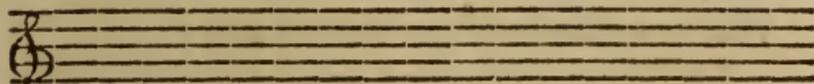
And we were fifteen well-made men,  
Altho’ we were nae bonny ;  
And we were a’ put down for ane,  
A fair young wanton lady.

S O N G IX.

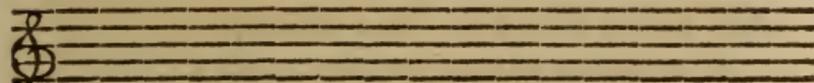
W H A W I L L B A K E , E T C .



“ Wha will bake my bridal bread, And brew



my bridal ale ? And wha will welcome my brisk



bride, That I bring o’er the dale ?”

“ I will bake your bridal bread,  
And brew your bridal ale ;  
And I will welcome your brisk bride,  
That you bring o’er the dale.”

“ But she that welcomes my brisk bride  
Maun gang like maiden fair,  
She maun lace on her robe fae jimp,  
And braid her yellow hair.”

“ But how can I gang maiden-like,  
When maiden I am nane ?  
Have I not born seven sons to thee,  
And am with child agen ?”

She's taen her young son in her arms,  
Another in her hand,  
And she's up to the highest tower,  
To see him come to land.

“ You're welcome to your house, master,  
You're welcome to your land,  
You're welcome with your fair lady,  
That you lead by the hand.”

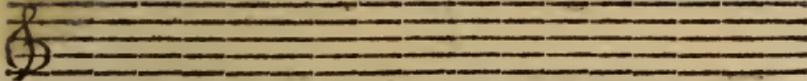
\* \* \* \* \*

And ay she serv'd the lang tables,  
With white bread and with wine ;  
And ay she drank the wan water,  
To had her colour fine.

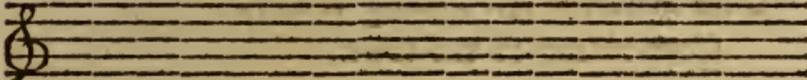
Now he's ta'en down a filk napkin,  
Hung on a silver pin,  
And ay he wipes the tear trickling  
Adown her cheek and chin.

## SONG X.

## YOUNG WATERS. \*



About Zule, quhen the wind blew cule,



And the round tables began, A' ! there is cum

\* Dr. Percy tells us it had been suggested to him, that this ballad covertly alludes to the indiscreet partiality, which queen Anne of Denmark is said to have shewn for the earl of Murray, and which was supposed to have influenced the fate of that nobleman. In support of this conjecture he quotes the following passage (through the medium of the Critical Review) from sir James Balfours MS. annals in the advocates library. "The seventh of Februy, this zeire, 1592, the earle of Murray was cruelly murdered by the earle of Huntley, at his house in Dunibrislel in Fyffeshyre, and with him Dunbar, sheriffe of Murray. It was given out and publickly talkt, that the earle of Huntley was only the instrument of perpetrating this facte, to satisfie the king's jealousie of Murray, quhen the queene, more rashely than wisely, some few days before, had commendit in the king's hearing, with too many epithets of a proper and gallant man. The reasons of these surmises proceedit from a proclamatiōne of the kings, the 13 of Marche following; inhibiteine the zounge earle of Murray to persue the earle of Huntley, for his fathers slaughter, in respect he being wardeit in the castell of Blacknesse for the same murther, was willing to abide a tryall, averring that he had done nothing but by the king's majesties commissiōne; and was neither airt nor part in the murther."



to our king's court Mony a well-favord man.

The queen luikt owre the castle wa,  
Beheld baith dale and down,  
And there she saw Zoung Waters  
Cum riding to the town.

His footmen they did rin before,  
His horsemen rade behinde,  
And mantel of the burning gowd  
Did keep him frae the wind.

Gowden graith'd his horse before,  
And filler shod behind,  
The horse Zoung Waters rade upon  
Was fleeter than the wind.

Out then spack a wylie lord,  
Unto the queen said he,  
O tell me qhua's the fairest face  
Rides in the company.

“ I've sene lord, and I've sene laird,  
And knights of high degree,  
Bot a fairer face than Zoung Waters  
Mine eyne did never see.”

Out then spack the jealous king,  
    ( And an angry man was he )  
O, if he had bin twice as fair,  
    Zou nicht have excepted me.

Zou're neither laird nor lord, she says,  
    Bot the king that wears the crown ;  
There's not a knight in fair Scotland  
    Bot to thee maun bow down.

For a that she coud do or fay,  
    Appeas'd he wad nae bee ;  
Bot for the words which she had said  
    Zoung Waters he maun die.

They hae taen Zoung Waters, and  
    Put fetters to his feet ;  
They hae taen Zoung Waters, and  
    Thrown him in dungeon deep.

Aft I have ridden thro' Stirling town,  
    In the wind bot and the weit ;  
Bot I neir rade thro' Stirling town  
    Wi fetters at my feet.

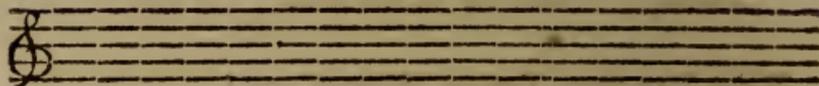
Aft I have ridden thro' Stirling town  
    In the wind bot and the rain ;  
Bot I neir rade thro' Stirling town.  
    Neir to return again.

They hae taen to the heiding-hill  
His zoung fon in his craddle ;  
And they hae taen to the heiding-hill  
His horse bot and his faddle.

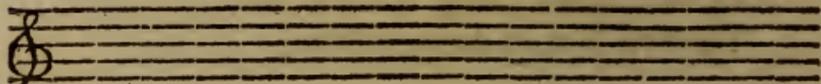
They hae taen to the heiding-hill  
His lady fair to see.  
And for the words the queen had spoke,  
Zoung Waters he did die.

S O N G   X I .

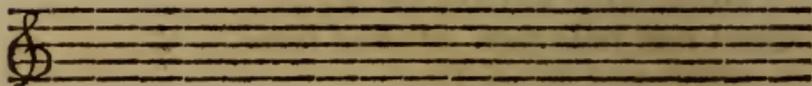
T H E   C R U E L   K N I G H T .



The knight stands in the stable-door, As he



was for to ryde, When out then came his fair



lady, Defiring him to byde.

“ How can I byde, how dare I byde,  
How can I byde with thee ?  
Have I not kill'd thy ae brother ?  
Thou hadst nae mair but he.”

“ If you have kill'd my ae brother,  
Alas ! and woe is me !  
But if I fave your fair body,  
The better you'll like me.”

She's tane him to her secreet bower,  
Pinn'd with a filler pin ;  
And she's up to her highest tower,  
To watch that none come in.

She had na well gane up the stair,  
And entered in her tower,  
When four-and-twenty armed knights  
Came riding to the door.

“ Now, God you fave, my fair lady,  
I pray you tell to me,  
Saw you not a wounded knight,  
Come riding by this way ?”

“ Yes ; bloody, bloody was his sword,  
And bloody were his hands ;  
But if the steed he rides be good,  
He's past fair Scotland's strands.

Light down, light down, then, gentlemen,  
And take some bread and wine ;  
The better you will him pursue,  
When you shall lightly dine.”

“ We thank you for your bread, lady,  
We thank you for your wine ;  
I would gie thrice three thousand pounds  
Your fair body was mine.”

Then she's gane to her secret bower,  
Her husband dear to meet ;  
But out he drew his bloody sword,  
And wounded her ' fae' deep.

“ What aileth thee now, good my lord,  
What aileth thee at me ?  
Have you not got my father's gold,  
But and my mother's fee ?”

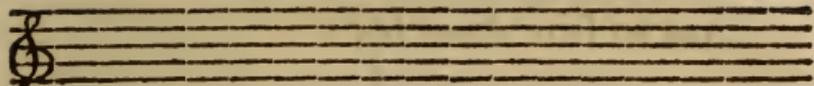
“ Now live, now live, my fair lady,  
O live but half an hour ;  
There's ne'er a leech in fair Scotland,  
But shall be at thy bower.”

“ How can I live, how shall I live,  
How can I live for thee ?  
See you not where my red heart's blood  
Runs trickling down my knee ?”

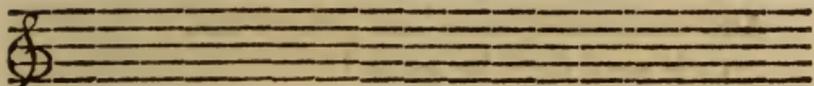
\* \* \* \* \*

S O N G   X I L .

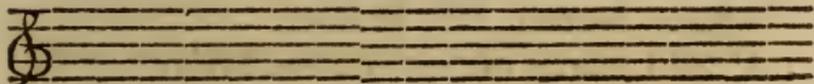
LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET.\*



Lord Thomas and fair Annet Sate a'day on



a hill ; Whan night was cum, and sun was sett,



They had not talkt their fill.

Lord Thomas faid a word in jest,

Fair Annet took it ill :

“ A' ! I will nevir wed a wife

Against my ain friends will.”

“ Gif ye wull nevir wed a wife,

A wife wull neir wed yee.”

Sae he is hame to tell his mither,

And knelt upon his knee :

\* This ballad, it is observed by the editor of the “*Reliques of ancient English poetry*,” seems to be composed (not without improvements) out of two ancient English ones printed in that collection, viz. “*Lord Thomas and fair Ellinor*,” and “*Fair Margaret and Sweet William*.”

O rede, O rede, mither, he says,  
A gude rede gie to mee :  
O fall I tak the nut-browne bride,  
And let faire Annet bee ?

“ The nut-browne bride haes gowd and gear,  
Fair Annet she has gat nane ;  
And the little beauty fair Annet has,  
O it wull foon be gane !”

And he has till his brother gane :  
Now, brother, rede ye mee ;  
A' fall I marrie the nut-browne bride,  
And let fair Annet bee ?

“ The nut-browne bride has oxen, brother,  
The nut-browne bride has kye ;  
I wad hae ye marrie the nut-browne bride,  
And cast fair Annet bye.”

“ Her oxen may dye i' the house, Billie,  
And her kye into the byre ;  
And I fall hae nothing to my fell,  
Bot a fat fadge by the fyre.”

And he has till his sifter gane :  
Now, sifter, rede ye me ;  
O fall I marrie the nut-browne bride,  
And set fair Annet free ?

“ Ife rede ye tak fair Annet, Thomas,  
And let the browne bride alane ;  
Left ye fould figh and fay, Alace !  
What is this we brought hame ?”

“ No, I will tak my mithers counfel,  
And marrie me owt o’ hand ;  
And I will tak the nut-browne bride ;  
Fair Annet may leive the land.”

Up then rose fair Annets father  
Twa hours or it wer day,  
And he is gane into the bower,  
Wherein fair Annet lay.

Rise up, rise up, fair Annet, he says,  
Put on your filken sheene ;  
Let us gae to St. Maries kirke,  
And see that rich weddeen.

“ My maides, gae to my dressing roome,  
And drefs to me my hair,  
Whair-eir yee laid a plait before,  
See yee lay ten times mair.”

My maids, gae to my dressing room,  
And drefs to me my smock ;  
The one half is o’ the holland fine,  
The other o’ needle-work.”

The horse fair Annet rade upon,  
He amblit like the wind,  
Wi' filler he was shod before,  
Wi' burning gowd behind.

Four and twanty filler bells  
Wer a' tyed till his mane,  
And, ' at ae' tift o' the norland wind,  
They tinkled ane by ane.

Four and twanty gay gude knights  
Rade by fair Annets side,  
And four and twanty fair ladies,  
As gin she had bin a bride.

And whan she cam to Maries kirk,  
She fat on Maries stean ;  
The cleading that fair Annet had on  
It skinkled in their een.

And whan she cam into the kirk,  
She shimmer'd like the sun ;  
The belt that was about her waift,  
Was a' wi' pearles bedone.

She fat her by the nut-browne bride,  
And her een they wer fae clear,  
Lord Thomas he clean forgat the bride,  
When fair Annet she drew near.

He had a rose into his hand,  
And he gave it kisses three,  
And, reaching it by the nut-browne bride,  
Laid it on fair Annet's knee.

Up than spak the nut-browne bride,  
She spak wi' meikle spite ;  
And whair gat ye that rose-water,  
That does mak yee fae white ?

“ O I did get ‘ that’ rose-water,  
Whair ye wull neir get nane,  
For I did get that very rose-water,  
Into my mithers wame.”

The bride she drew a long bodkin,  
Frae out her gay head-gear,  
And strake fair Annet unto the heart,  
That word she nevir spak mair.

Lord Thomas he saw fair Annet wex pale,  
And marvelit what mote bee :  
But whan he saw her dear hearts blude,  
A' wood-wroth wexed hee.

He drew his dagger, that was fae sharp,  
That was fae sharp and meet,  
And drave it into the nut-browne bride,  
That fell deid at his feit.

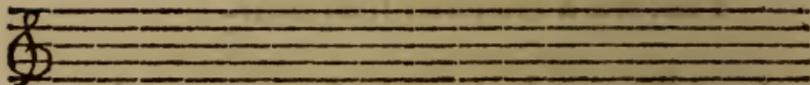
Now stay for me, dear Annet, he sed,  
Now stay, my dear, he cry'd;  
Then strake the dagger untill his heart,  
And fell deid by her side.

Lord Thomas was buried without the kirk-wa',  
Fair Annet within the quiere ;  
And o' the tane thair grew a birk,  
The other a bonny briere.

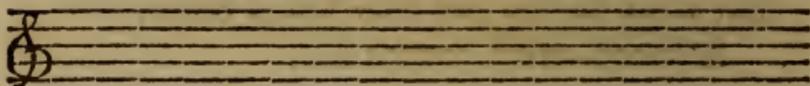
And ay they grew, and ay they threw,  
As they wad faine be neare ;  
And by this ye may ken right weil,  
They were twa lovers deare.

S O N G XIII.

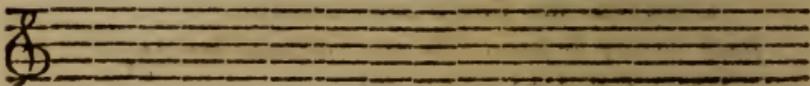
W I L L Y A N D A N N E T .



Liv'd ance twa lovers in yon dale, And they



lov'd ither weel, Frae ev'ning late to morning



aire Of luv'ing lov'd their fill.

And we will fail the sea fae green,  
Unto some far countrie,  
Or we'll fail to some bonnie isle  
Stands lanely midft the sea."

But lang or ere the fchip was built,  
Or deck'd, or rigged out,  
Came sick a pain in Annet's back,  
That down she cou'd na lout.

" Now, Willie, gif ye luvè me weel,  
As fae it seems to me,  
O haste, haste, bring me to my bow'r,  
And my bow'r-maidens three."

He's taen her in his arms twa,  
And kifs'd her cheik and chin ;  
He's brocht her to her ain sweet bow'r,  
But nae bow'r-maid was in.

Now, leave my bower, Willie, she said,  
Now leave me to my lane ;  
Was nevir man in a lady's bower  
When she was travelling.

He's stepped three steps down the stair,  
Upon the marble stane,  
Sae loud's he heard his young son's greet,  
But and his lady's mane !

Now come, now come, Willie, she said,  
Tak your young son frae me,  
And hie him to your mother's bower  
With speed and privacie.

He's taen his young son in his arms,  
He's kifs'd him cheik and chin,  
He's hied him to his mother's bower  
By th' ae light of the moon.

And with him came the bold barone,  
And he spake up wi' pride,  
“ Gar feek, gar feek the bower-maidens,  
Gar busk, gar busk the bryde.”

“ My maidens, eafy with my back,  
And eafy with my fide ;  
O fet my faddle fast, Willie,  
I am a tender bryde.”

When she came to the burrow town,  
They gied her a broach and ring ;  
And when she came to \* \* \* \*  
They had a fair wedding.

O up then spake the Norland lord,  
And blinkit wi' his ee,  
“ I trow this lady's born a bairn ;”  
Then laucht loud laughters three.

And up then spake the brisk bridegroom,  
And he spake up wi' pryde,  
“ Gin I should pawn my wedding-gloves,  
I will dance wi' the bryde.”

Now had your tongue, my lord, she said,  
Wi' dancing let me be ;  
I am fae thin in flesh and blude,  
Sma' dancing will ferve me.

But she's taen Willie be the hand,  
The tear blinded her ee,  
“ But I wad dance wi' my true luv—  
But bursts my heart in three.”

She's taen her bracelet frae her arm,  
Her garter frae her knee,  
“ Gie that, gie that to my young son,  
He'll ne'er his mother see.”

\* \* \* \* \*

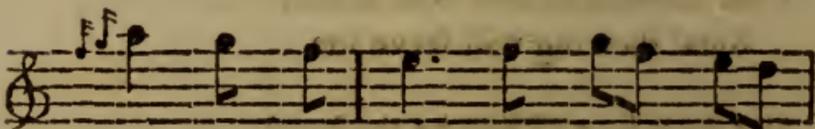
“ Gar deal, gar deal the bread, mother,  
Gar deal, gar deal the wyne ;  
This day hath seen my true luv's death,  
This nicht shall witness myne.”

S O N G   X I V .

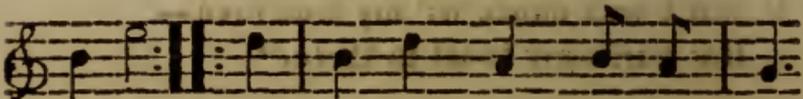
B O N N Y   B A R B A R A   A L L A N .



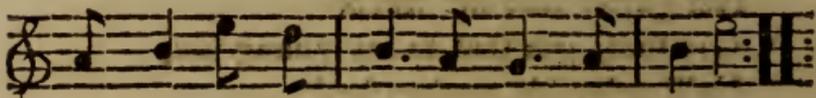
It was in and a-bout the Martinmas



time, When the green leaves were a



fall-ing, That fir John Græme in the west



country Fell in lovewith Barbara Allan.

He fent his man down through the town,  
To the place where she was dwelling:  
“ O haste and come to my master dear,  
Gin ye be Barbara Allan.”

O hooly, hooly rose she up,  
To the place where he was lying ;  
And when she drew the curtain by,  
“ Young man, I think you're dying.”

“ O its I’m sick, and very very sick,  
And ’tis a’ for Barbara Allan.”

“ O the better for me ye’s never be,  
Tho’ your heart’s blood were a spilling.”

O dinna ye mind, young man, said she,  
When ye was in the tavern a drinking,  
That ye made the healths gae round and round,  
And flighted Barbara Allan?

He turn’d his face unto the wall,  
And death was with him dealing :  
“ Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,  
And be kind to Barbara Allan.”

And slowly, slowly raise she up,  
And slowly, slowly left him ;  
And sighing, said, she cou’d not stay,  
Since death of life had reft him.

She had not gane a mile but twa,  
When she heard the dead-bell ringing,  
And every jow that the dead-bed geid,  
It cry’d, Woe to Barbara Allan.

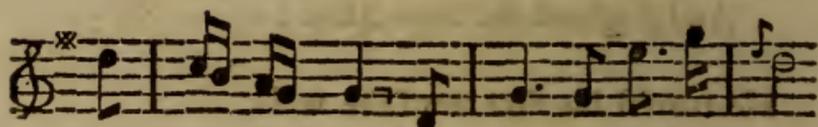
“ O mother, mother, make my bed,  
O make it fast and narrow ;  
Since my love died for me to-day,  
I’ll die for him to-morrow.”

SONG XV.

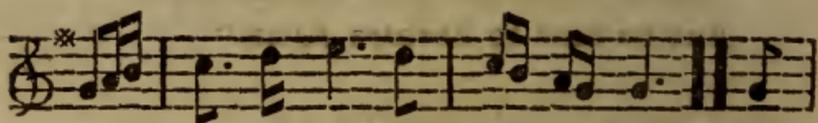
HERO AND LEANDER.



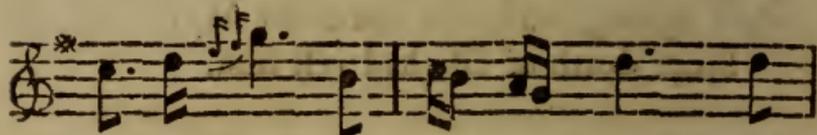
Le - ander on the bay Of Hel-lespont



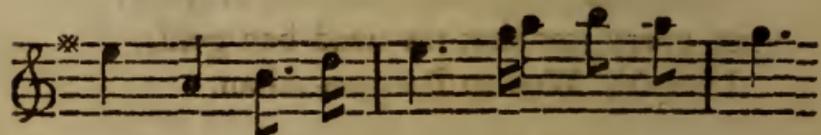
all na-ked flood, Im - patient of de - lay,



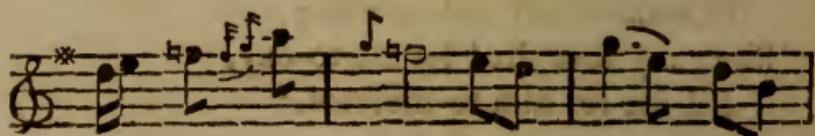
He leapt in - to the fa - tal flood: The



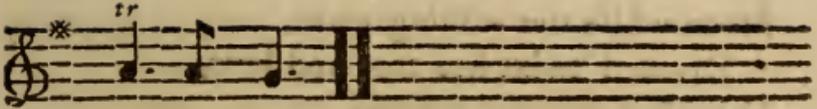
rag - ing seas, Whom none can please, 'Gainst



him their ma - lice show; The heavens lowr'd,



The rain down pour'd, And loud the



winds did blow.

Then casting round his eyes,  
 Thus of his fate he did complain :  
 Ye cruel rocks and skies !  
 Ye stormy winds, and angry main !  
     What 'tis to miss  
     The lover's blifs,  
 Alas ! ye do not know ;  
     Make me your wreck  
     As I come back,  
 But spare me as I go.

Lo ! yonder stands the tower  
 Where my beloved Hero lyes,  
 And this is the appointed hour  
 Which sets to watch her longing eyes.  
     To his fond suit  
     The gods were mute ;  
 The billows answer, No :  
     Up to the skies  
     The surges rise,  
 But sunk the youth as low.

Mean while the wishing maid,  
Divided 'twixt her care and love,  
Now does his stay upbraid,  
Now dreads he shou'd the passage prove :  
O fate ! said she,  
Nor heaven, nor thee,  
Our vows shall e'er divide ;  
I'd leap this wall,  
Could I but fall  
By my Leander's side.

At length the rising sun  
Did to her sight reveal, too late,  
That Hero was undone ;  
Not by Leander's fault, but fate.  
Said she, I'll shew,  
Tho' we are two,  
Our loves were ever one :  
This proof I'll give,  
I will not live,  
Nor shall he die alone.

Down from the wall she leapt  
Into the raging seas to him,  
Courting each wave she met  
To teach her weary'd arms to swim :  
The sea-gods wept,  
Nor longer kept

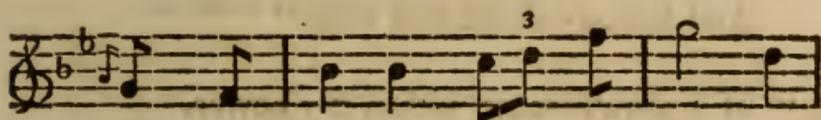
Her from her lover's side ;  
When join'd at last,  
She grasp'd him fast,  
Then sigh'd, embrac'd, and died.

S O N G XVI.

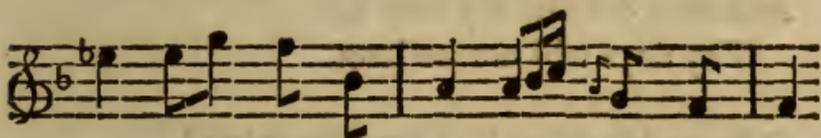
SWEET WILLIAM'S GHOST.



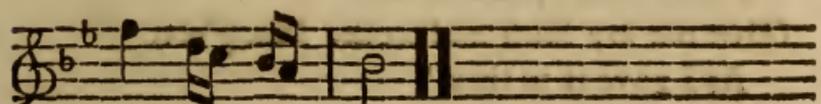
There came a ghost to Mar - g'ret's



door, With many a grievous groan; And



ay he tirl-ed at the pin, But an-



swer made she none.

“ Is that my father Philip ?  
Or is't my brother John ?  
Or is't my true love Willy,  
From Scotland new come home ?”

“ ’Tis not thy father Philip,  
Nor yet thy brother John ;  
But ’tis thy true love Willy,  
From Scotland new come home.

O sweet Marg’ret ! O dear Marg’ret !  
I pray thee speak to me ;  
Give me my faith and troth, Marg’ret,  
As I gave it to thee.”

“ Thy faith and troth thou’s never get,  
Nor yet will I thee lend,  
Till that thou come within my bower,  
And kifs my cheek and chin.”

“ If I shou’d come within thy bower,  
I am no earthly man ;  
And shou’d I kifs thy rosy lips,  
Thy days will not be lang.

O sweet Marg’ret ! O dear Marg’ret !  
I pray thee speak to me ;  
Give me my faith and troth, Marg’ret,  
As I gave it to thee.”

“ Thy faith and troth thou’s never get,  
Nor yet will I thee lend,  
Till you take me to yon kirk-yard,  
And wed me with a ring.”

“ My bones are buried in yon kirk-yard,  
Afar beyond the sea ;  
And it is but my spirit, Marg’ret,  
That’s now speaking to thee.”

She stretch’d out her lilly-white hand,  
And for to do her best,  
“ Hae, there’s your faith and troth, Willy,  
God fend your foul good rest.”

Now she has kilted her robes of green  
A piece below her knee,  
And a’ the live-lang winter night  
The dead corp followed she.

“ Is there any room at your head, Willy ?  
Or any room at your feet ?  
Or any room at your side, Willy,  
Wherein that I may creep ?”

“ There’s no room at my head, Marg’ret,  
There’s no room at my feet ;  
There’s no room at my side, Marg’ret,  
My coffin’s made so meet.

Then up and crew the red red cock,  
And up then crew the gray :  
“ ’Tis time, ’tis time, my dear Marg’ret,  
That you were going away.”

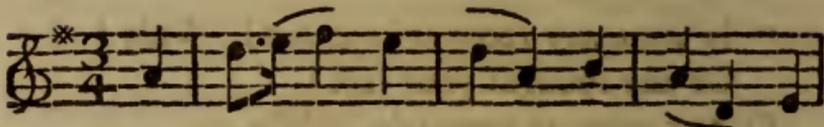
No more the ghof't to Marg'ret faid,  
 But with a grievous groan,  
 Evanifh'd in a cloud of mift,  
 And left her all alone.

O ftay, my only true love, ftay,  
 The constant Marg'ret cry'd ;  
 Wan grew her cheeks, fhe clos'd her een,  
 Stretch'd her foft limbs and dy'd. \*

S O N G XVII.

WILLIAM AND MARGARET. †

BY DAVID MALLET, ESQUIRE.



'Twas at the fi - lent, fo - lemn

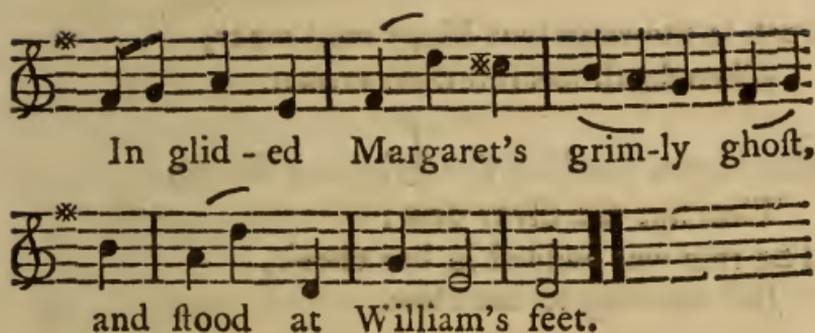


hour, When night and morn - ing meet,

\* The two laft ftanzas were probably added by Ramsay : they are evidently fpurious.

† The following account of this beautiful ballad is given by the author in his Works :

“ N. B. In a comedy of FLETCHER, called *The Knight of the burning peflle*, old MERRY-THOUGHT enters repeating the following verfes :



Her face was like an April-morn,  
Clad in a wintry cloud :  
And clay-cold was her lilly hand,  
That held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear,  
When youth and years are flown :

“ This was, probably, the beginning of some ballad, commonly known, at the time when that author wrote ; and it is all of it, I believe, that is any where to be met with. These lines, naked of ornament and simple as they are, struck my fancy : and, bringing fresh into my mind an unhappy adventure, much talked of formerly, gave birth to the fore going poem ; which was written many years ago.”

The entire ballad of which the above stanza had so fortunate an effect may be found in Dr. Percys *Reliques*, vol. iii. and the *Select collection of English songs*, vol. ii. The “ unhappy adventure,” here alluded to, was the real history of a young lady, whose hand having been scornfully rejected by her insolent seducer, “ the news was brought her when in a weak condition, and cast her into a fever. And in a few days after, I,” says Mr. Mallet, “ saw her and her child laid in one grave together.” See the *Plain Dealer* (a periodical paper, published by Mr. Aaron Hill and Mr. Bond, in 1724, and afterward reprinted in two vols. 8vo.) Nos. 36 and 46.

Such is the robe that kings must wear,  
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,  
That tips the silver dew ;  
The rose was budded in her cheek,  
Just opening to the view.

But Love had, like the canker-worm,  
Consum'd her early prime :  
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek ;  
She dy'd before her time.

Awake ! she cry'd, thy true love calls,  
Come from her midnight-grave ;  
Now let thy pity hear the maid,  
Thy love refus'd to save.

This is the dumb and dreary hour,  
When injur'd ghosts complain ;  
When yauning graves give up their dead,  
To haunt the faithless swain.

Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,  
'Thy pledge and broken oath :  
And give me back my maiden-vow,  
And give me back my troth.

Why did you promise love to me,  
And not that promise keep ?

Why did you swear my eyes were bright,  
Yet leave those eyes to weep ?

How could you say my face was fair,  
And yet that face forsake ?  
How could you win my virgin heart,  
Yet leave that heart to break ?

Why did you say my lip 'was' sweet,  
And made the scarlet pale ?  
Why did I, young witless maid !  
Believe the flattering tale ?

That face, alas ! no more is fair ;  
Those lips no longer red :  
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,  
And every charm is fled.

The hungry worm my sister is ;  
This winding-sheet I wear :  
And cold and weary lasts our night,  
Till that last morn appear.

But hark ! the cock has warn'd me hence ;  
A long and late adieu !  
Come, see, false man, how low she lies,  
Who dy'd for love of you.

The lark sung loud ; the morning smil'd,  
With beams of rosy red :

Pale William quak'd in every limb,  
And raving left his bed.

He hy'd him to the fatal place  
Where Margaret's body lay :  
And stretch'd him on the grass-green turf,  
That wrap'd her breathless clay.

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,  
And thrice he wept full fore :  
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,  
And word spoke never more.



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