

A
S O N G

IN PRAISE OF THE
HIGHLAND LADS,

To the Tune of
JOHNNY COP.

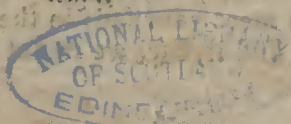
BY JOHN MILNE,
GLENLIVAT.

*Here virtue that guides man thro' life,
Doth raise my muse to sing;
Unto the praise of brave Lord Fife,
And long life to our King.*

ABERDEEN:

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SONG, &c.



1. L. M—B—— an Officer of Excise,
The Highland smugglers did despise,
And got Preventive men to rise,
 To survey their glens in the morning.
2. First when M—B—— the Preventives saw,
He cried my brave lads come awa',
We'll survey their glens, an' ruin a'
 The Glenoghty lads i' the morning.
3. The task to do will be but small,
We'll fleg the lads with powder and ball,
We'll break their stands, and ruin all
 The Glen-noghty lads in the morning.
4. We'll make them submit unto our will,
We'll burn their Bothies in the hill,
We'll seize their Whisky every gill,
 Among Noghty glens in the morning.
5. But when Glenlivat men they came to know,
Of such a fatal overthrow,
They said, My lads we'll join and go,
 For to help our friends in the morning.
6. So they marched to Noghty side,
And at every shot they laid their pride,
And stood on the defensive side,
 Among Noghty glens in the morning.
7. Glen-noghty lads they staid at hame,
For fear that they should get the blame,
But Glenlivat men they thought no shame,
 For to keep their ground in the morning.
8. Glenlivat lads spied bold M—B——
Come marching up with all his train,
He thought the day would be his ain,
 Among Noghty glens in the morning.
9. But they cried M—B——, we're not in fun,
We'll meet you bold with sword and gun,
We'll all obey thy tuck of drum,
 And meet your lads in the morning.
10. You'll find it, Sir, we're not in jest,

- As you have vowed to be our guest,
 We'll have our firelocks a' well creech'd,
 And meet your lads in the morning.
11. So they gave him a dreadful fire,
 Which made his troops almost retire,
 Said he, Their courage I admire,
 Among Noghty glens in the morning.
12. But he said, To shew I'm not a coward,
 We'll hoist a flag upon my sword,
 And we'll betray them wi' my word.
 Among Noghty glens in the morning.
13. Said he, some of them I will know,
 And that will prove their overthrow,
 I'll cheat the lads, and bring them low,
 Among Noghty glens in the morning.
14. Said he, they'll think it is no plot,
 For they will know me by my coat,
 And soon they will forbear their shot,
 Among Noghty glens in the morning.
15. But they paid no respect unto his dress,
 He found their courage none the less,
 Tho' he hois'd the flag just of distress,
 Among Noght glens in the morning.
16. He soon found out just by their shot,
 They bored some holes into his coat,
 So he fled right quickly from the spot,
 Back to his lads in the morning.
17. Said he, my lads, yon is not fun,
 The bullets flew from every gun,
 And near did thro' my body run,
 Among Noghty glens in the mornin.
18. I'm unaccustomed wi' such strife,
 I will go home unto my wife,
 And never more will risk my life,
 Among Noghty glens in the morning.
19. Says the S———r Mr R———,
 We can no longer them oppose,
 They'll bring us down with hardy blows,
 Among Noghty glens in the morning.
20. The Preventive commander said, We'll retire,

- We cannot longer stand their fire,
 Tho' it be sore against my desire,
 To leave their glens in the morning.
21. You are the lads we dare not mock,
 We find them firm like any rock,
 So they ran like a fudgy cock,
 And left their glens in the morning.
22. You are the lads have made us yield.
 We're forc'd to run and seek for field,
 And leave them masters o' the field.
 Among Noghty glens in the morning.
23. So they cried, Come back here bold M—B—
 Your powder and ball do never hain,
 But try the battle for to gain,
 Among Noghty glens in the morning.
24. Come back, M—B—, and hoist your flag:
 And try the highland lads to brag,
 And we'll put wind in our highland bag,
 And play you a spring in the morning.
25. Come hoist your flag, and up the hill,
 We'll meet you Sir, with right good will,
 We'll try your courage and your skill,
 To survey our glens in the morning.
26. You thought you would make us all poor slaves,
 And hurry some of us to our graves,
 And beat our stands just all in staves.
 Among Noghty glens in the morning.
 But you'll find we're highland lads, and young,
 At fighting we were never dung,
 Tho' we had nought but hazel rung,
 To meet your lads in the morning.
28. But I give advice here to M—B—,
 That nearer home he should remain,
 Don't venture, for the sake of gain.
 To survey these hills in the morning.
29. Burn no more Bothies in Mount Sack,
 Case the mist come on, and you win not back,
 But be forced to lodge in some peat stack,
 Among Noghty glens in the morning.

30. Tho' you hoist your flag just of distress,
 You'll find their courage none the less,
 We'll meet you in the highland dress,
 Among Noghty glens in the morning.
31. So may their cattle sell, and country thrive,
 To be as happy men as now alive,
 And may they brew their whisky, two to five.
 Among the Noghty glens in the morning.
32. And if good-hearted men do but pass by,
 They are the lads will not deny,
 To give them a drink, if they be dry,
 Among Noghty glens in the morning.
33. But none need be dry, there are good springs,
 The Lark and Linnet in it sings,
 There's no preventive in it reigns,
 They fled from it in the morning.
34. So when the Preventives from Glen Noghty went,
 To survey Glen Carry they were bent,
 But they wish'd that they had ne'er been sent,
 To survey these glens in the morning.
35. For there convened Glen Carrymen great store,
 Their guns they did like thunder roar,
 And frighted the Preventives sore,
 Away from their glens in the morning.
36. So the Preventives went unto Culblean,
 And thought to ruin the country clean,
 But the country lads they met them keen,
 In the braes of Cromar in the morning.
37. The hardy lads that's in Cromar,
 They let them see the art of war,
 And made them run both fast and far,
 Away from their glens in the morning.
38. The Dee-side lads are valiant men,
 They made them run from hill and glen,
 Just as a fox runs to his den,
 When the hunter pursues in the morning.
39. The Cabraich lads they made them run,
 Tho' at them scarcely fired a gun,
 They let them know it was not fun,
 To survey on the Sunday morning.

- 40. But our Gentlemen surveyed the hills,
And sore destroyed the smuggling stills,
Made their tenants submit unto their wills,
Among Noghty glens in the morning.
- 41. And Brodie was sent just from Lord Fife,
But none against him will raise strife,
Nor ever blame him all their life,
Tho' he came with the Excise in the morning.
- 42. But I hope he'll after stay at hame,
Unless that men do shoot the game,
And then I'm sure they'll no him blame,
Tho' he survey their glens in the morning.
- 43. But I refer it just to men of skill,
He was forc'd to obey his Lordship's will,
Or you would have never seen him in the hill,
Or with the Excise in the morning.
- 44. But may our Scottish Chiefs be always brave,
And like their ancestors well behave,
And send their encmies to their grave,
In times of war in the morning,
- 45. May they to their country still be true,
Just like to the unchanging blue,
And their King's enemies all subdue,
Among Scotland's glens in the morning.
- 46. But tho' highland lads do hate the Excise,
They for their King would quickly rise,
And all his enemies would despise,
Among Scotland's glens in the morning.
The valiant Scots the Romans fought,
The Danes they did reduce to nought,
The English to subjection brought,
Among Scotland's glens in the morning.
- 48. May the valiant Scots their broad swords wield,
And long be masters of the field,
And make their King's enemies to yield,
Among Scotland's glens in the morning.
- 49. May the Hanoverian race the throne long fill,
And find their subjects loyal still,
To be submissive to their will,
Among Scotland's glens in the morning.

- 50. May their Navy long the seas command,
 May Peace abound on every hand,
 And may our enemies never land
 Among Briton's Isles in the morning.
- 51. May GEORGE the IV. the crown long wear,
 May all his enemies disappear,
 And his loyal subjects his heart cheer,
 Among Briton's Isles in the morning.

PART 2.

- 1. But altho' Lord Fife did Brodie send,
 And brought the smuggling near an end,
 On him we freely do depend,
 Among Scotland's glens in the morning.
- 2. For brave Lord Fife is good and kind,
 He oppresses none that are rents behind,
 No Nobleman like him we find,
 Among Scotland's glens in the morning.
- 3. And I am told he has won the law,
 The bravest sight that our country saw!
 For him—we'll rejoice baith an aud-a'
 Among Scotland's glens in the morning.
- 4. We'll have rejoicings at our wills,
 We'll disregard their Licensed Stills,
 We'll kindle bonfires on our hills,
 For brave Lord Fife in the morning.
- 5. He'll flourish now on every hand,
 He's master of all the Trustee land,
 His affairs no more will be at a stand,
 Among Scotland's glens in the morning.
- 6. He's come of M'Duff's brave noble race,
 That long were Earls into this place,
 And oftentimes their foes did face,
 Among Scotland's glens in the morning.
- 7. Long Earls of Fife they did remain,
 And many a battle they did gain,
 They vanquish'd Macbeth, and all his train,
 From Scotland's throne in the morning.
- 8. Before them they made their King to yield,

And had the glory of the field,
 Made him to run and seek for bield,
 To a castle strong in the morning.

9. But the brave Macduff, he was so bold,
 He drew him out of that strong hold,
 And left him dead, as I am told,
 In Lumphanan's glens in the morning.
10. No wonder tho' Macduff did him disown,
 He had kill'd the King upon the throne,
 And swayed the Sceptre as his own,
 Among Scotland's glens in the morning.
11. So none could count Macduff unfair,
 To kill that Tyrant, I declare,
 And place on the throne the righteous heir,
 Among Scotland's glens in the morning.
12. We have yet Generals o' that valiant race,
 Lord Fife and his Brother in this place,
 Who oftentimes their foes did face,
 In times of wars in the morning.
13. This present Lord was long in Spair,
 A General's post he there did gain,
 And possessed of it does yet remain,
 Among Scotland's glens in the morning.
14. A General brave, Lord Fife was found,
 For when he did receive an wound,
 He bravely did maintain his ground,
 On the plains of Spain in the morning.
15. When the other General fled and ran,
 The brave Lord Fife he led the van,
 And made the French look pale and wan,
 When they fled from that field in the morning.
16. And wherever Fife's Earl gives the command,
 May Britain's enemies never stand,
 But flee away, by sea and land,
 From Scotland's glens in the morning.
17. May that valiant race last like the sun,
 That forward in his course doth run,
 May they subdue their foes with sword and gun,
 As Generals braye in the morning.