

The Memorable Battle of Bannockburn, fought on the 25th of June 1314.

The Auld Wife ayont the Fire.

Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane.



PAISLEY:

Printed by J. NEILSON.

1813.

On the Memorable Battle of Bannockburn,  
fought on the 25th of June 1314.

Tune.—In the Garb of Old Gaul, &c.

**F**ROM the ocean emerged bright Phœbus's ray,  
Big with the importance of Bannockburn's day;  
To deck out the pomp of the broad shining field,  
Which now a glitt'ring harvest of dances did yield,  
Resolv'd on a conquest of Scotia's plains,  
To annex them for ever to England's domains,  
Bold Edward, with hugest host e'er England did pro-  
duce,  
With haughty strides advanced to dethrone Robert  
Bruce.

From an army compos'd of an hundred thousand  
men,  
Well serv'd in every article to fight upon the plain:  
Where the whole strength of England collected you  
might see,  
Who could not dream of any thing but certain vic-  
tory  
So confident of success a bard they brought along,  
To celebrate the glory of their actions in a song;  
And in their retinue they brought some waggon  
loads of chains,  
To lead their Scottish captives in triumph o'er the  
plains.

An Asiatic luxury their camp did overspread,  
Up from their meanest sentinel to Edward their  
head;  
Of discipline regardless the despicable few,  
They dreamt the very sight of their numbers would  
subdue:

Whilst English oaths from line to line did like to  
 mildew flee,  
 The little Scottish army was found upon their knee,  
 The aid of heav'n imploring for a distressed land,  
 Then starting to their feet they grasp their weapons  
 in their hand.

Towards Stirling a march the Lord Clifford did  
 steal,  
 But the bold Earl of Murray upon him did wheel ;  
 Their spears made such havock, tho' with foes en-  
 compass'd round,  
 That many a gallant Englishman lay gasping on the  
 ground.  
 The sacred love of liberty did like a god inspire,  
 And made their haughty num'rous foes most pru-  
 dently retire ;  
 Precipitate inglorious flight was all they could attempt,  
 While the hardy Scots harass'd their rear almost to  
 Edward's camp.

King Robert gave his orders in front of the line,  
 Where in refulgent armour he royally did shine,  
 Which pointed him out to a bold English knight,  
 Who from the rest detach'd himself with Robert for  
 to fight ;  
 With ardour on the wings of hope advancing with  
 his spear,  
 But Robert wi' his battle-axe met him in full career,  
 And thro' the temper'd shining helm did cleave his  
 head in two,  
 Till reeling to the earth with a thudd he did go.

Such two successful preludes did raise king Robert's  
 heart,  
 And fir'd each Scottish warrior his courage to exert ;

Then brazen trumpets flourishing with peals of death  
did ring.

Each army join'd in loud huzzas, and cry'd long live  
our king.

The hurricane of doubtful war began on every side,  
And death in ev'ry awful form did o'er the field preside,  
O muse! thy kind assistance lend, to paint the warlike  
scene,

Else Description will be lost in so lofty a theme.

From twanging strings the deadly shafts did fly as  
thick as hail,

The jav'lins, spears; and faulchions, as fiercely did  
prevail,

Each combatant on either side such valour did display,  
As on his single arm had hung the succels of the day.

Renowned chiefs in shining steel bestrew'd the gory  
plain,

Till room was hardly left to fight for mountains of  
the slain;

The limpid stream of Bannockburn, which wont so  
smooth to glide,

Was totally converted to a sanguinary tide,

As a rock in the ocean with fortitude braves

Th' impetuous assault of the proud swelling waves,  
When with formidable efforts they beat the solid  
stone

Which repels the angry surges in white lashing foam.  
Thus the hardy Scots intrepidly their num'rous foes  
repell'd.

On right and left with total rout their boasted courage  
quell'd.

Thus Edward in the centure saw, and grieved at the  
fight,

To find no other safety left but in a speedy flight.

On a hill at little distance unarmed swains beheld  
The huge devastation and carnage of the field;  
Exulting they gave a shout which made the hills re-  
sound,

And the fluctuating enemy did totally confound.  
A gen'ral panic then prevail'd, inglorious flight en-  
su'd,

Lord Douglas with light armed horse, most vigor-  
ously pursu'd,

Till Edward reached to Dunbar, where joyfully he  
saw

A scurvy fishing-boat in which he meanly sneak'd  
awa'.

Thus ended the dread campaign of Edward the  
Great;

Thus vanish'd into smoke every formidable threat;  
While the riches of his camp did repay the victors'  
toil,

Who gloriously expos'd their lives to guard the  
Scottish soil,

The generous love of liberty, our country and our  
laws,

Thus fir'd our noble ancestors to fight in freedom's  
cause;

They boldly fought for liberty, for honour and ap-  
plause,

And defy'd the power of England's king to alter  
their laws.

---

*The Auld Wife ayont the Fire.*

**T**HERE was a wife won'd in a glen;  
And she had daughters nine or ten,  
That fought the house baith but a d' ben,  
To find their mam a sniffing.

The auld wife ayont the fire,  
 The auld wife aniest the fire,  
 The auld wife aboon the fire,  
 She died for lack of snishing.

Her mill into some hole had fawn,  
 Whatrecks, quo' she, let it be gawn,  
 For I maun hae a young goodman  
 Shall furnish me wi' snishing.

The auld wife, &c.

Her eldest dochter said right bauld,  
 Fy, mother, mind that now ye're auld,  
 And if you wi' a yonker wald,  
 He'll waste away your snishing.

The auld wife, &c.

The youngest dochter gae a shout,  
 O mother dear! your teeth's a' out,  
 Besides, ha'f blind, ye hae the gout,  
 Your mill can had nae snishing.

The auld wife, &c.

Ye lie, ye limmers, cries auld mump,  
 For I hae baith a tooth and stump,  
 And will nae langer live in dump,  
 By wanting of my snishing.

The auld wife, &c.

Thole ye, says Peg, that pauky slut,  
 Mother, if you can crack a nut,  
 Then we will a' consent to it,  
 That you shall have a snishing.

The auld wife, &c.

The auld ane did agree to that,  
 And they a pistol bullet-gat;  
 She powerfully began to crack,  
 To win hersel' a snishing.

The auld wife, &c.

Braw sport it was to see her chow't,  
 And 'tween her gums fae squeeze and row't,  
 While frae her jaws the slaver flow'd,  
 And aye she curst poor stumpy.

The auld wife, &c.

At last she gae a desperate squeeze,  
 Which brake the lang tooth by the neeze;  
 And syne poor stumpy was at ease,  
 But she tint hopes of snishing.

The auld wife, &c.

She of the task began to tire,  
 And frae her dochters did retire,  
 Syne lean'd her down ayont the fire,  
 And died for lake of snishing.

The auld wife, &c.

Ye auld wives, notice well this truth,  
 As soon as ye're past mark of mouth,  
 Ne'er do what's only fit for youth,  
 And leave aff thoughts of snishing:

Else, like this wife ayont the fire,  
 Your bairns against you will conspire:  
 Nor will ye get, unless ye hire,  
 A young man with your snishing.

*Jessie, the Flow'r o' Dumblane.*

THE sun has gane down o'er the lofty Benlomond,  
 And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene;  
 While lanely I stray in the calm simmer gloaming,  
 To muse on sweet Jessie the flow'r o' Dumblane.  
 How sweet is the brier, wi' its fast fading blossom,  
 And sweet is the birk wi' its mantle o' green;  
 Yet sweeter, an' rarer, an' dear to this bosom,  
 Is lovely young Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.  
 Is lovely young Jessie, is lovely young Jessie,  
 Is lovely young Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

She's modest as ony, an' blythe as she's bosom,  
 For guileless simplicity marks her its ain;  
 An' far be the villain, divested o' feeling,  
 Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet flower o'  
 Dumblane.

Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'ning,  
 Tho'rt dear to the echoes o' Calderwood glen;  
 Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,  
 Is charming young Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

How lost were my days, 'till I met wi' my Jessie,  
 The sports o' the city seem'd foolish an' vain,  
 I near saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,  
 Till charm'd w' sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dum-  
 blane.

Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,  
 Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain;  
 An' reckon as naething the height o' its splendour,  
 If wanting sweet Jessie the flower o' Dumblane.

F I N I S.