

The Battle of Prestonpans ;

To which are added,

The Minstrel.

Charlie he's my Darling.



STIRLING ;
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THE BATTLE OF PRESNONPAN.

The Chevallier being void of fear,
did march up Brisile brae man;
And through Frazent 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 proclaimed the cock
we heard anither caw man,

The brave Lochiel as I heard tell,
led Camerons on in clouds man,
The morning fair did clear the air,
they looted with devilish thuds man.
Down guns they threw and swords they drew,
and soon did chase them aff man:
On Scotch crafts they built their shafts,
and gart them rin like dist man.

The bluff dragoons swore blood and 'oans
they'd make the rebels fun man:
And yet they flee when them they see,
and wien a fire a gun man.
They turn'd their back the foot they brake,
such terror seized them a' man,

Some wet their cheeks some fyl'd their breeks,
 an' some for fear did fa' man.

The volunteers prick'd up their ears,
 and vow but they were crouse man;
 But when the bairns saw't turn to earn'st,
 they were not worth a louse man.
 Maist feck gae't hame, O fy for shame,
 they'd better staid awa man.
 Than wi' cockade to make parade
 and do nae goo at a' man.

Monteath the great when hersel' shot
 un wares did ding him o'er man,
 yet wa nae stand to bear a hand,
 but aff w'd flee like stour man;
 Per Southwell o'er he stood still,
 but fore he tast'd meat man;
 thro' he may brag of his sweet wag,
 that bare him aff sae sleet man.

And Seaton keen to clear the een,
 of rebels far in wrang man;
 bid never strive wi' pistols five,
 but gallop'd with the thrang man:
 he turn'd his back and in a crack,
 he was cleanly out of sight man:
 had thought it best, it was nae jest,
 wi' Highlanders to fight man.

'Mung a' the gang nane bade the bang,
 but twa and a'e was tan man ;
 For Campbell rade, but Morie staid,
 and sair he paid the skin man,
 Fell skelps he got was waur than shot,
 frae the sharp-edged claymore man,
 Frae mony a spout came ruening out,
 his reeking red hot gore man

But Gard'ner brave did still behave,
 like to a hero bright man,
 His courage true like him were few,
 that still despise 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 Boyle that worthy soul,
 was brought down to the ground man,
 His horse being shot, it was his lot,
 for to get many a wound man :
 Lieutenant Smith of Irish birth,
 frae whom he call'd for ain man
 Being full of dread, lap o'er his head,
 and wou'd not be gainaid man.
 He made such haste, sae spurrd his bed t,
 'twas little there he saw, man ;

To Berwick rade and falsely said,
 the Scots are rebels a' man :
 But let that end for well 'ti kend,
 his use and wont to lie man ;
 The leagu' is nought, he never sought,
 when he had room to flee man.

Brave gallant Rodger, like a sodger,
 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 waved his hat,
 and cried God save the king man.

Some Highland roguer 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 o' war man ;
 Fu' bauld can tell how her nainsel',
 wae ne'er sae pra' pefore man.

At the thorn tree, which you may see,
 bewest the Meadow-mill mae,
 There mony slain lay on the plain,
 the clans pursuing still man ;

Sic unco' backs, and deadly whacks,
 I never saw the like man,
 Lost hanus and heads, cost them their deeds,
 that fell at Preston-Dyke man.

That afternoon when a' was done,
 I gade to see the fray man ;
 But I had wist what after past,
 I'd better staid awa msa :
 On Seaton sands wi' nimble hands,
 they pick'd ay pockets bare man :
 But I wish ne'er to prie sic fear,
 for a' the sum and mair man.

THE MINSTREL.

Keen blows the wind o'er Donnacht-head,
 'he snaw 'rives snellie thro' the dale ;
 The Gaberlunzie girls my speck
 And, shiv'ring, tells his warfu' tale.

Cauld is the night, let me in
 A d'inn-let your minstrel fa',
 And di na let his wining sheet
 Be naething but a wreath o' snaw

Full ninety winters hae seen
 And pip'd whar gor-cocks whirring flew,

And mony a day ye've danc'd I ween,
To iilts which from my drone I blew.

My Eppie wak'd, and soon she cried,
Get up gudeman, and let him in;
For we-l ye ken, the winter night,
Was short when he began his din.

My Eppie's voice, O wow it's sweet,
E'en tho' she bans and scaulds a wee;
But when it's turn'd to sorrow's tale,
O haith it's doubly dear to me.

Come in, auld carl I'll steer my fire,
I'll mak it steer a bonny flame;
Your bluid is this ye've tint your ga'e,
You should na stray sae far frae hame.

Nae hame have I, the minstrel said,
Sae party-strife o'erturn'd my ha';
And weeping, at the eve of life,
I wander through a wreath of snaw.

CHARLIE HE'S MY DARLING.

'Twas on a Monday morn'g,
Right early in the year
That Charlie came to our town,
The young Chevalier.

An Charlie he's my darling,
 My darling, my darling,
 Charlie he's my darling,
 The young Chevalier.

As he was walking up the street,
 The city far to view,
 O there he spied a bonny lass
 The window looking thro'.
 An' Charlie, &c.

Sae light's he jumped up the stair,
 And tirl'd at the pin,
 And wha sae ready as hersel,
 To let the laddie in.
 An' Charlie &c.

He set his Jenny on his knee,
 All in the highland dress;
 For brawlie well he ken'd the way
 To please a bonny lass,
 An' Charlie, &c.

Its up yon heathery mountain,
 And down yon scroggy glen,
 We daur nae gang a milking,
 For Charlie and his men,
 An' Charlie &c.

FINIS