

Two Songs.



THE

Flowers of the Forest :

Composed on the

BATTLE OF FLOWDEN FIELD,

Fought 5th September, 1543.

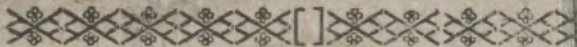
To which is added,

Johnny Cope's Defeat at the
Battle of Prestonpans.



KILMARNOCK :

Printed for the Booksellers



THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

FROM Spey to the border,
Was peace and good order ;
The sway of our Monarch was mild as the M
Peace he adored,
Which South'rons abhorred ;
Our marches they plunder, our wardens they sla

'Gainst Louis, our ally,
Their Henry did sally,
Tho' James, but in vain, did his heralds advanc
Renouncing alliance,
Denouncing defiance,
To South'rons if langer abiding in France.

Many were the ontens,
Our ruin was coming,
E'er the flower of the nation was call'd to array
Our King at devotion,
St. Andrew gave him caution,
And sigh'd as with sorrow he to him did say,—

Sir, in this expedition,
You must have ambition ;
From the company of women you must keep away
When the spectre thus declared,
It quickly disappeared,
But where it retired no man could espy.

The flowers of the natiou,
Were call'd to their station,

With valiant inclination their banners to display ;
 To Burrow-Muir resorting,
 Their right for supporting,
 And there rendezvousing encamped did lay.

But another bad omen,
 That vengeance was coming ;
 At midnight, in Edinburgh, a voice loud did cry,
 As heralds, in their station,
 With loud proclamation,
 Did name all the Barons in England to die.

These words the Demon spoke,
 At the throne of Plotcock ;
 Charg'd their appearing, appointing the day :
 The Provost in its hearing,
 The summons greatly fearing,
 Appeal'd to his Maker, the same did deny.

At this were many grieved,
 As many misbelieved ;
 But forward they marched to their destiny ;
 From thence to the border,
 They march'd in good order,
 The Mersemen and Forest they join'd the array.

England's invasion,
 It was their persuasion,
 To make restitution for their cruelty ;
 But O fatal Flowden !
 There came the woe down,
 And our royal nation was brought to decay.

After spoiling and burning,
 Many hameward returning.

With our King still the Nobles and Vassals abide
 To Surry's proud vaunting,
 He answers but daunting ;
 The King would await him whatever betide.

The English advanced
 To where they were stanced,
 Half intrenched by nature, the field it so lay :
 To fight the English fearing,
 And sham'd their retiring ;
 But alas ! unperceiv'd was their subtilty.

Our Highland battalion,
 So forward and valliant,
 They broke from their ranks, and rush'd on to sla
 With hacking and slashing,
 And broad swords a dashing,
 Thro' the front of the English they cut a full way

But, alas ! to their ruin,
 An ambush pursuing,
 They were surrounded with numbers too high.
 The Mersemen and Forest,
 They suffered the sorest,
 Upon the left wing were inclos'd the same way

Our men into parties,
 The battle in three quarters,
 Upon our main body the marksmen did play :
 The spearmen were surrounded,
 And all were confounded,
 The fatal devastation of that fatal day !

Our nobles all ensnared,
 Our King he was not spared ;

For of that fate he shared and would no longer stay
The whole was intercepted,
That very few escaped
The dreadful conflagration of that woeful day.

This set the whole nation
In grief and vexation :
The widows did weep, and the maidens did say,
Why tarries my lover ?
The battle's surely over ;
Is there none left to tell us the fate of the day ?

I have heard a liltin',
At our ewes-milkin',
Lasses a-liltin' before the break of day :
But now there's a moaning
On ilka green loanin',
Since our bra' Foresters are a' wed away.

At bught i' the morning,
Nae blythe iads are scorning ;
The lasses are lonely, dowie, and wae ;
Nae daffin, nae gabbin,
But sighin' and sabbin',
Ilk ane lifts her leglen, and hies her away.

At e'en, in the gloamin',
Nae swankeys are roaming
'Mang stacks, wi' the lasses at bogle to play,
But ilk ane sits dreary,
Lamentin' her deary,
The Flowers of the Forest that are wed away.

In har'st at the shearin',
Nae younkers are jeerin' ;

The bansters are lyart, runkled and grey
 At fairs nor at preaching,
 Nae wooing, nae fleeching,
 Since our bra' Foresters are a' wed away.

O dool for the order,
 Sent our lads to the border!
 The English for anes, by guile got the day:
 The Flowers of the Forest,
 That ay shone the foremost,
 The prime of our lads lie cold in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair liting,
 At our ewes milking:
 The women and bairns are dowie and wae,
 Sighing and moaning,
 On ilka green loaning,
 Since our br'a Foresters are a' wed away.

I have seen the smiling
 Of fortune beguiling;
 I have felt all her favours, and found her decay;
 Sweet is her blessing,
 And kind her caressing;
 But now it is fled, it is fled far away.

I have seen the forest,
 Adorned the foremost,
 With flowers of the fairest, both pleasant and gay;
 Sae bonny was their blooming,
 Their scent the air perfuming,
 But now they are withered, and all gene away.

I have seen the morning,
 With gold the hills adorning,

And loud tempest storming before the middle day,
 I've seen Fweed's silver streams,
 Shining in the sunny beams,
 Grow drumly and dark as it roiled away.

O fickle fortune!

Why thus cruel spoiling?

Why thus perplexing poor sons of a day?

Thy frowns cannot fear me,

Nor smiles cannot chear me.

Since the Flowers of the Forest are a' wed away.

JOHNNY COPE.

COPE sent a letter 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 Johnny Cope are ye waking yet,
 Or are your drums-a-beating yet,
 If ye were waking I would wait,
 To gang to the coals i' the morning.

When Charlie look'd the letter upon,
 He drew his sword the scabbard from,
 Saying, Follow me my merry merry-men,
 An' we'll meet Johnny Cope i' the morning,
 Hey Johnny Cope, &c.

Now Johnny be as good as your word,
 Come let us try both fire and sword,
 And dinna rin awa like a frightened bird,
 That's chac'd frae its nest i' the morning.
 Hey Johnny Cope, &c.

When Johnny Cope he heard of this,
 He thought it wadna be amiss,
 To ha'e a horse in readiness
 To flee awa' i' the morning.

Hey Johnny Cope, &c.

By now Johnny get up an' rin,
 The Highland bag-pipes make a din,
 It's best to sleep in a hale skin,
 For 'twill be a bludie morning.

Hey Johnny Cope, &c.

When Johnny Cope to Dunbar came,
 They spear'd at him whare's a' your men?
 The never a bit do I ken,
 For I left them a' i' the morning.

Hey Johnny Cope, &c.

Now, Johnny, troth ye was nae blate,
 To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat,
 And leave your ain men in sic a strait,
 So early i' the morning.

Hey Johnny Cope, &c.

Alas! quoth Johnny, I got a fleg,
 Wi' their claymores and philabegs,
 If I face them again I'll break my legs;
 So I wish you a good morning.

Hey Johnny Cope, &c.

FINIS.