

Two Songs.

THE

Flowers of the Forest, ~~X~~

COMPOSED ON THE

BATTLE OF FLOWDEN FIELD,

Fought 5th September, 1513.

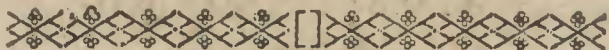
To which is added,

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 May ;
 Peace he adored,
 Which South'rons abhorred ;
 Our marches they plunder, our wardens they slay.

'Gainst LOUIS, our ally,
 Their HENRY did sally,
 Tho' JAMES, but in vain, did his heralds advance,
 Renouncing alliance,
 Denouncing defiance,
 To South'rons if langer abiding in France.

Many were the omens,
 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 nation,
 Were call'd to their station,

With valiant inclination their banners to display ;
 To Burrow-Muir resorting,
 Their right for supporting,
 And there rendezousing 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,
 It 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 SURREY'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 valiant,
 They broke from their ranks, and rush'd on to slay:
 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
 Into 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 milking,
 Lassies a-liltin' afore the break of day :
 But now there's a moaning
 On ilka green loaning,
 Since our bra' Forresters are a wed away.

At bught i' the morning,
 Nae blythe lads are scorning ;
 The lasses are lonely, dowie, and wae ;
 Nae daffin, nae gabbin,
 But sighing and sabbing,
 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 ilka ane sits dreary,
 Lamenting her deary,
 The Flowers of the Forest that are wed away.

In har'st at the shearing,
 Nae younkers are jeering ;

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

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

We'll hear nae mair liltin',
 At our ewes miiking :
 The women and bairns are dowie and wae,
 Sighing and moaning,
 On ilka green loaning,
 Since our bra' Forresters are a wed away.

I have seen the smiling
 Of fortune beguiling ;
 I have felt all her favours, and found her decay
 Sweet are 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 gone away.

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

and loud tempest storming before the middle day;

I've seen Tweed's silver streams,

Shining in the sunny beams,

now drumly and dark as it rolled away.

O fickle fortune!

Why thus cruel spoiling?

Why thus perplexing poor sons of a day?

Thy frowns cannot fear me,

Nor smiles cannot cheer 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 wou'd wait,

To gang to the coals i' the morning:

When Charlie look'd the letter upon,

He drew his sword the scabard from,

Come 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.

Fy 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 bluidie 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.