

A

HUMOROUS DESCRIPTION

OF THE

*Battle of T\*\*\*\*\*k,*

WHICH WAS FOUGHT ON

APRIL 1st, 1816,

Detailing the whole of the Fray, from its commencement till its conclusion. Also the consequences, which in some respects bear a strong resemblance to the renowned Field of

WATERLOO.

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# BATTLE OF T\*\*\*\*\*

## INTRODUCTION.

WHEN emperors and kings are 'greced,  
And ilk ane gotten his ain seat;  
And soger lads come hame, their feats  
    To tell their friends,  
And daut their faithfu' sonsie wivea,  
    And pet their weansa.

A' things are settled on each side,  
To Britain's glory and her pride,  
And Bony in St. Helena rides,  
    Nane till our profit,  
Which generations yet to come,  
    May laugh and scoff at.

When a' our deadly swords and spears  
Are beaten down to make plough-shares,  
And ilk ane lives and never fears,  
    Below his vine,  
It's strange to see sic cursed wars  
    Begin at hame.

It was on the first day of April,  
That day the gowk flies the first mile,  
And mony a weary wight did toil,  
    At plough and harrow;  
That day for bloodshed Thornliebank  
    Ne'er saw its marrow.

## ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE.

That day a batch o' 'prentice Printers,  
 Wi' drouth and wark turn'd something faintish,  
 Gae'd out to snuff the caller air,  
 And gie an hour's discharge to care;  
 Forgather'd wi' a batch o' Weavers,  
 Whare baith began some cursed havers;  
 But what did pass on ony side,  
 Beyond my power is to describe;  
 But soon it gae'd from words to blows,  
 And some they gat a bloody nose.  
 But soon they stifled up their flame,  
 And little said till they came hame,  
 Then ilk ane ran his friends to tell  
 How a' things happen'd and befel,  
 And how they were sae sair affronted,  
 And got their heads sae sadly scruted,  
 And swore they would na stand sic wark,  
 But wad gae yoke it in the dark.  
 Then ilk ane gat himself prepar'd,  
 Wi' pokers, tangs, or shank of spade,  
 And some did tak' their good kail dibble,  
 And some their parritch stick or ladle,  
 And some had stabs pu'd frae the dyke,  
 And some had bottles by their side.

Being thus prepar'd, without dismay,  
 They set their battle in array,  
 Then in a blink, each true and loyal,  
 On every side was battle royal,

And then there naething could be seen,  
 But broken crowns and blacken'd een,  
 Wi' this the town was a' alarm'd,  
 How a' the youngsters were sae arm'd,  
 And how they a' had left their wark,  
 And killing ither in the dark:  
 Then sic a sight ye ne'er did see,  
 Wi' young and auld o' each degree;  
 The lassies they fu' plump and young,  
 Ran out to save their lovers bums,  
 Likewise each tender-hearted wife  
 Ran out to save their bairns' life;  
 And mony a horrid mournfu' scream  
 Was gi'en by mither, lass, and wean.  
 But by this time some were confounded,  
 And some o' them were deeply wounded,  
 And some lay senseless on the plain,  
 And some o' them were helped hame;  
 Some were for peace wi' a' their metal,  
 And some they up the coal did kittle.

But O, alas! I'm truly sorry,  
 To think on Robin's sweetheart Jenny;  
 As Rab and her were gaun fu' douce,  
 Counting what things wad serve the house,  
 And wha they wad hae at their wadding,  
 And how they should na see the bedding,  
 And what new things they baith were needing,  
 And how sie and sic lass was breeding;  
 And what they wad ca' their first bairn,  
 And how they'd lie in ither's arms;

And wonert if young feuk thought shame  
When to the bridal bed they came.

But twa'r three chaps saw Rab's resort  
Frae field o' Mars to Venus' sport;  
And thought he had been rather bardie,  
By wounding some ane o' their party,  
And thought this was a famous omen,  
When only guarded by a woman:  
Then after him they went with speed,  
And made a league to be his dead,  
And swear that if he was na fell'd  
He might depend on being geld';  
So without any farther swither,  
They founder'd him, o'er Jenny's shouther.  
Och! how poor Jenny's heart was beating,  
To think that Rab wad be a capon,  
And, like Eloise in her letter,  
She curs'd that awfu' bloody weapon:  
But yet they did na him deprive  
Neither o' manhood, nor his life,  
For Rab he cam' na to the grun,  
But wheel'd about and fast did run,  
And still wi' Jenny in his arms,  
Wi' murder cries the rest alarms,  
Wha still were thrang on baith the sides,  
And pelting ane anither's hides.  
By this time them that did Rab fright,  
Had ta'en the road, and out of sight,  
And into some house straight they fled,  
And snugly lay beneath a bed,

Then sic a search and sic a running,  
 But faith the lads were past their fin'ing;  
 Wi' speed they ran frae house to house,  
 Just as a cat would hunt a mouse,  
 And mony windows and good doors,  
 Lay a' in smash upon the floors;  
 But in the midst o' a' this gurie;  
 Great numbers fled hame in a hurry,  
 Some was wi' fighting clean outworn,  
 And some set tryst to meqt the morn;  
 And some that had na tried their han',  
 Set tryst to meet just man to man;  
 But as they could na see to fight,  
 They'd let it stand till they'd get light.

So the next morning wi' the sun,  
 There were ten score upon the grun,  
 On ev'ry side ye'd see them rinning,  
 Wi' buttocks bare just in their linen;  
 For when they got the first alarm,  
 They took their breeks below their arm;  
 And there was ane gaun to his wark  
 Was very near hand made a corp,  
 For twa'r three lads did him attack,  
 And soon they laid him on his back,  
 And wad his life ta'en on the spot,  
 Had not his father ta'en him up.

Then on the green the ring was made,  
 To try wha had the stoutest hide.  
 But there was ane wi' meikle sense,  
 Ran in and clought the fame to quench,

And when he had ae pair admonish'd,  
 He turn'd about and was astonish'd  
 To see some mair there thrang at wark,  
 And laying at it in their sark;  
 So then he thought to waste his time  
 Was casting pearls before swine,  
 And then came off without mair study,  
 Convinc'd that he had done his duty.  
 Wi' this a lad, proud o' his strength,  
 Appear'd upon the field at length,  
 And challeng'd ony single man  
 To come out o'er and try his han';  
 But if his judgment had been sou'n',  
 He wad na come to brag a town:  
 But as nae 'prentice would him stand,  
 He did na need to try his hand,  
 And it was lucky for his hide  
 The journeymen they took nae side,  
 For had they been inclin'd to fight,  
 There wad hae been a horrid sight.  
 Wi' this the bloody hurrie ended,  
 At least for sometime is suspended;  
 Now ev'ry ane may patch their scars,  
 And think upon the face o' wars,  
 And wi' good will shake hands wi' ither,  
 And tak' a glass ane 'gree thegither.