

THE
BATTLE OF HARLAW;

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

WILLIE'S DROWNED IN GAMRIE

AND

BOGIE-SIDE.



FINTRAY:

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THE BATTLE O' HARLAW.

As I cam in by Garioch land,
And down by Netherha',
There was fifty thousand Hielandmen,
A' marching to Harlaw.

As I cam on, and further on,
And down, and by Balquhain,
O there I met Sir James the Rose,
Wi' him Sir John the Græme.

"O cam ye frae the Highlands, man?
O cam ye a' the way?
Saw ye MacDonnell and his men,
As they cam frae the Skye?"

"Yes, we cam' frae the Highlands, man,
 And we cam' a' the way;
 And we saw MacDonnell and his men,
 As they cam' in frae Skye."

"O was ye near MacDonnell's men?
 Did ye their numbers see?
 Come, tell to me, John Hielandman,
 What might their numbers be?"

"Yes, we was near, and near enough,
 And we their numbers saw;
 There was fifty thousand Hielandmen,
 A' marching to Harlaw."

"Gin that be true," said James the Rose,
 "We'll no come meikle speed;
 We'll cry upon our merry men,
 And turn our horses' head."

"O na, O na!" says John the Græme,
 "That thing maun never be;
 The gallant Græmes were never beat,
 We'll try what we can dee."

As I cam on, and further on,
 And down and by Harlaw,
 They fell fu' close on ilka side,
 Sic straiks ye never saw.

They fell fu' close on ilka side,
 Sic straiks ye never saw;
 For ilka sword gaed clash for clash.
 At the Battle o' Harlaw!

The Hielandmen wi' their lang swords,
 They laid on us fu' sair;
 And they drave back our merry men,
 Three acres breadth and mair.

Brave Forbes to his brother did say,
 "O brother, dinna ye see,
 They beat us back on every side,
 And we'll be forced to flee!"

"O na, O na! my brother dear,
 O na, that maunna be!
 You'll take your gude sword in your hand,
 And ye'll gang in wi' me."

Then back to back the brothers brave,
 Gaed in amang the thrang,
 And they swept down the Hielandmen,
 Wi' swords both sharp and lang.

The first ae straik that Forbes strack,
 He gar'd MacDonnell reel;
 And the neist ae straik that Forbes strack,
 The brave MacDonnell fell.

And siccan a pitlarichie,
 I'm sure ye never saw,
 As was amang the Hielandmen,
 When they saw MacDonnell fa'.

And when they saw that he was dead,
 They turn'd and ran awa';
 And they buried him in Legate's Den,
 A lang mile frae Harlaw.

Some rade, some ran, and some did gang,
 They were o' sma' record,
 But Forbes and his merry men,
 They slew them a' the road.

On Mononday at morning,
 The battle it began;
 On Saturday at gloamin',
 Ye'd scarce ken'd wha had wan.

And sic a weary buryin',
 I'm sure ye never saw,
 As was the Sunday after that,
 On the muirs ancath Harlaw.

Gin onybody speer at ye,
 For them we took awa',
 Ye may tell them plain, and plain eneuch,
 They're sleeping at Harlaw!

WILLIE'S DROWNED IN GAMRIE.

Where Pennan's craigy headlands rise,
 An' Troup stan's fair aside the sea,
 There bonny Annie sighs an' sings,
 An' aye the o'ercomes Gamerie.

An' aye she croons her waefu' sang,
 While fast the tears fa' fae her e'e,
 Alake! alake! my heart maun brake,
 For Willie's droon'd in Gamerie.

The sun shone fair when he left my side,
 It was to buy a ring to marry me;
 But the tempest rair'd within the hour,
 An' now he lies 'neath yon stormy sea.

He kissed my cheek when he left the shore,
 Oh! little thought I what would betide him;
 Now he lies 'neath yon stormy wave,
 An' oh! that I were lying aside him.

My auntie bids me braid my hair,
 An' aye she frooms and flytes on me,
 She says that greetin' pales my cheek,
 An' dims the lustre o' my e'e.

She tells me I maun busk me braw,
 An' smile as I was wont to dee,
 For Willie's love I maun forget,
 An' anither lad will marry me.

But I am now a widowed bride,
 For nae ither hae I love to gie;
 My bridal robes my winding sheet,
 The auld kirkyard my bed 'ill be.

Now mither dear oh lift my head,
 For ae last look o' yon blue sea,
 For Death's caul' han' lies on my heart
 An' his shadow darkens o'er my e'e.

My Annie dinna mourn sae sair,
 An' that dark forbodin' o' lat be—
 For there's better lads in Gamrie yet,
 That fair would wile my pet fae me.

My mither say nae that again,
 For oh! ye ken it canna be;
 But kiss ance mair my faded cheek,
 An' bless your lassie ere she dee.

She laid her han' on Annie's brow,
 She kissed her cheek an' closed her e'e,
 An' there she lay like saint asleep—
 The fairest flower in Gameric.

BOGIE-SIDE.

Assist me all ye Muses,
 My downcast spirits raise,
 And join me in full chorus
 To sing brave Huntly's praise;
 For I leave the girl behind me
 Whose charms are all my pride,
 And take farewell of Huntly,
 And adieu to Bogie-side.

Down the road to Huntly Lodge,
 With pleasant steps I've roved,
 Almost inspired with rapture
 For the sweet girl I loved,
 Who joined me in my rambles,
 And chose me for her guide,
 To walk upon sweet Deveron's banks,
 Or on sweet Bogie-side.

Farewell ye lads of Huntly,
 Still happy may ye be,
 And in your cheerful rambles
 Oh! sometimes think of me—
 Till my heart forbears to beat
 And death does me divide,
 I say farewell to Huntly
 And adieu to Bogie-side.

Farewell ye pleasant plantains,
 Of you I'll often talk,
 Likewise ye hawthorn bushes
 That grace the gravel walk.
 The sky was clear and bonnie,
 When on an evening tide,
 I set me down to rest awhile
 Upon sweet Bogie-side.

Companions of my heart, farewell.
 I bid you all adieu,
 The pleasures of an evening walk
 I'll have no more with you.
 Though we must now be parted,
 Since Fate must us divide,
 My heart remains in Huntly,
 Down by sweet Bogie-side.

May the powers above protect the girl
 To whom I send these lines,
 And keep her from all danger
 Who has this heart of mine;
 Keep her with contentment,
 And keep her free from pride,
 Till I return to Huntly Lodge
 And back to Bogie-side.