

The battle of Prestonpans;

To which is added,

WALY, WALY.



STIRLING:

PRINTED BY W. MACNIE.

1825.

THE BATTLE OF PRESTONPANS.

The Chevalier being void of fear,
did march up Brislie brae man ;
And through Tranent 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 proclaim'd the cock,
we heard anither crow man.

The brave Lochiel as I heard tell,
led Camerons on in clouds man,
The morning fair did clear the air,
they loosed with devlish thuds man.
Down guns they threw and swords they drew,
and soon did chace them aff man ;
On Seaton crafis they built their chafts,
and gart them rin like daft man.

The bluff dragoons swore blood and 'oons,
they'd make the rebels run man ;
And yet they flee when them they see,
and wianna 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,
 and some for fear did fa' man.

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

Monteath the great, when hersel' shot,
 un'wares did ding him o'er man,
 Yet wad nae stand to bear a hand,
 but aff did flæ like stour man ;
 O'er Soutra-hill o'er he stood still,
 before he tasted meat man ;
 Troth he may brag of his sweet nag,
 that bare him aff sae sleet man.

And Seatra keen to clear the een,
 of rebels far in wrang man ;
 Did never strive wi' pistols five,
 but gallop'd with the thrang man :

He turned his back and in a crack,
 was cleanly out of sight man ;
 And though it best, it was nae jest,
 wi' Highlanders to fight man.

'Mong a' the gang nane bade the bing,
 but twa aud ane was tane man ;
 For Campbell rade, but Morie staid,
 and sair he paid the kain man,
 Fell skelps he got was waur than shot,
 frae the sharp-edged claymore man,
 Frae mony a spout came running 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 despised 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 would not be gainsaid man.

He made such haste, sae spurr'd his beast
 'twas little there he saw, man ;
 To Berwick rade, and falsely said,
 the Scots are rebels a' man :
 But let that end for well 'tis kend,
 his use and wont to lie man ;
 The league is nought, he never sought,
 when he had room to flee man.

But 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 riag man)
 On's-back lying flat he waved his hat;
 and cried, God save the king man.

Some Highland rogues 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',
 was ne'er sae pra' pefore msn.

At the thorn tree, which you may see,
 bewest the Meadow-mill man,
 There mony slain lay on the plain,
 the clans pursuing still man,
 Sic unco' backs and deadly whaks,
 I never saw the like man.
 Lost hands and heads cost them their deeds,
 that fell at Preston-Dyke man:

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

WALY, WALY.

O WALY, waly up yon bank
 And waly, waly, down yon brae,

And waly by yon river side,
 Where I and my love went to gae,
 O waly, waly, love is bonnie,
 A little while when it is new :
 But when its auld it waxes cauld,
 And wears awa' like morning dew.

I leant my back unto an aik,
 I thought it was a trusty tree ;
 But first be bow'd, and then it brake,
 And sae did my fause love to me.
 When cockle-shells turn silver bells,
 And mussels grow on ev'ry tree,
 When frost and snaw shall warm us a',
 Then shall my love prove true by me.

Now Arthur's seat shall be my bed,
 The sheets shall ne'er be fyl'd by me ;
 St Anthon's well shall be my drink,
 Since my fause love's forsaken me.
 O Mart'mas wind when wilt thou blaw,
 And shake the green leaves aff the tree ;
 O gantle Death, when wilt thou come,
 And tak a life that wearies me.

It's not the frost that freezes fell,
 Nor blawing snaw's inclemency ;

It's not the cauld that makes me cry,
 But my love's heart grown cauld to me,
 When we came in by Glasgow town,
 We were a comely sight to see ;
 My love was clad in velvet black,
 And I myself in cramasie.

But had I wist before I kist,
 That love had been sae ill to win,
 I'd lock'd my heart in a case of gold,
 And pin'd it with a silver pin,
 Oh ! oh ! if my young babe were born,
 And set upon the nurse s knee ;
 And I mysel were dead and gane,
 For maid again I ll never be.

FINIS.