

T H E  
 B A T T L E  
 O F  
 S H E R R I F F - M U I R .

W I T H  
*Hodge of the Mill;*



Entered according to Order

## The BATTLE of SHERRIF-MUIR,

Fairly fought on the thirteenth day of November  
1715.

(To the Tune of the Horsemans Sport.)

**T**Here's some say that we wan, some say that  
they wan,  
Some say that nane wan at a' man :  
But one thing I'm sure that at Sherriff-Muir,  
**A** battle there was which I saw man ;  
And we ran and they ran, and they ran and we  
ran, and we ran, and they ran awa' man.

Brave Argyle an Balheaven not frightened like L—n,  
Which Rothes and Haddington sa man ;  
**F**or they all with Wightman advanc'd on the right  
man,  
**W**hile others took flight being raw man,  
And we ran and they ran, &c.

Lord Roxbrugh was there in order to share  
With Douglafs who stood not in aw man,  
**V**olunteerly to ramble with Lord Loudon Campbell,  
Brave Islay did suffer for a' man,  
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Sir John Shaw that great knight with broad  
sword most bright,  
**O**n horseback briskly did charge man :  
**A**n hero thats bold, none could him withhold,

He stoutly encounter'd the targe man ;  
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

For the cowardly Whittiam for fear they should  
cut him

Seeing glittering broad swords wi' a pa' man,  
And that in great thrang made Baird Edicaing.  
And from the brave Clans ran awa' man,  
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Brave Mar and Panmuir were firm I am sure,  
The latter was kidnapt awa' man,  
With brisk men about brave Harry retook,  
His brother and laught at th' m a' man,  
And we ran and they ran &c.

Brave Marshall and Lithgow, and Glengary's  
pith too,  
Assisted by brave Legiaman,  
And Fourdon the bright so boldly did fight,  
The red coats took flight and awa' man,  
And we ran, and they ran,

Strathmore and Clanronald cry'd still advance  
Donald,  
Till both these brave heroes did fa' man,  
For there was such hashing and broad swords a  
clashing.  
Brave Forfar himsel got a claw man,  
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Lord Perth stood the storm, Seaforth but luke warm  
Kilsyth and Strathallan not fla' man ;

And Hamilton pled the men was not bred,  
 For he had no fancy to fa' man,  
 And we ran, and they ran, &c,

Lord Rollo not fear'd Kintore and his beard,  
 Pitfligo and Oglive a' man,  
 And Brother Balfours they stood the first hours,  
 Clackmannan and Burleigh did claw man,  
 And we ran and they ran, &c.

But Cleppan acted pretty, and Strowan the  
 witty,  
 A poet that pleases us a' man,  
 For mine is but rhyme, in respect of what's fine  
 Or what he is able to draw man,  
 And we ran and they ran, &c.

For Huntly and Sinclair they both plaid the tink-  
 lair,  
 With consciences black like a' craw man,  
 Some Angus and Fife men, the ran for their life  
 man,  
 And ne'er a lot's wife there at a' man,  
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Then Lowrie the traitor, who betrayed his master,  
 His King and his Country, and a' man,  
 Pretended Mar might give over to fight,  
 To the right of the army awa' man,  
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.



Then Lowrie for fear of what he might hear,  
Took Drummond's best horse and awa' man;  
Instead of going to Perth he cross'd the Firth,  
Alongst Stirling-Bridge and awa' man,  
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

To London he prest, and there he adrest,  
That he behav'd best of them a' man,  
And there without strife he got settled for life,  
A hundred a year to his fa' man,  
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

In Berrowstones he resides with disgrace,  
Till his neck stand in need of a draw man,  
And then in a teather he'll dance from a ladder,  
Go of the stage with a fa' man  
And we ran, and the ran, &c.

Rob Roy stood watch on a hill for to catch  
The booty for ought that I fa' man,  
For he never flinch'd from the place he staunch'd  
Till no more was to do there at a' man,  
For they ran, and we ran, &c.

So we all took the flight, and Moubry the wight,  
But Lethem the smith was a bra' man,  
For he took the gout, which truly was wit,  
Judging it time to withdraw man,  
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

And Trumpet Marine, whose breeks were not  
clean,  
Tho' misfortune he happen'd to fa' man

By saving his neck his trumpet he brakes,  
Came off without music at a' man,  
    and we ran, and they ran, &c.

So there was such a race, was ne'er in that place,  
and as little Chase was at a' man;  
From other they ran, without tuck of drum,  
They did not make use of a pa' man  
    and we ran, and they ran, and they ran, and we  
ran, and we ran, and they ran awa' man.

### AN OLD WOMAN CLOTHED IN GREY.

**A**N old woman clothed in grey,  
    had a daughter was charming and young,  
But she was deluded astray,  
    by Roger's false flattering tongue;  
With whom she often had been,  
    abroad in the meadows and fields,  
Her belly grew up to her chin,  
    her spirits sunk down to her heels.

at length she began for to puke;  
    her mother possessed with fear,  
She gave her a gentle rebuke,  
    and cry'd Daughter, a word in your ear;  
I doubt you've been playing the fool,  
    which many call, hey ding a ding,  
Why did you not follow my rule,  
    and tie your two toes in a string.

O mother, your counsel I took,  
 but yet I was never the near;  
 He won my heart with a false look,  
 and his word so enchanted my ear,  
 That your precepts I soon did forget,  
 he on me and would have his scope,  
 It is but a folly to fret,  
 'tis done and for it there's no help.

Then who is the father of it?  
 come tell me without more delay,  
 For now I am just in the fit,  
 to go and hear what he will say;  
 It is Roger the damsel reply'd,  
 he call'd me his dear pretty bird,  
 And said that I should be his bride,  
 but he was not so good as his word.

What! Roger that lives at the mill?  
 yes, verily mother the same,  
 What! Roger that lives at the mill?  
 I'll hop to him though I am lame,  
 Go fetch me my crutches with speed,  
 and bring me my spectacles too,  
 A lecture to him I will read,  
 shall ring in his ears through and through.

With that she went hopping away,  
 and went to young Hodge of the mill,  
 On whom she her crutches did lay,  
 and cry'd you have ruin'd my girl,  
 By getting her dear maidenhead,  
 'tis true, you can no ways deny;

Therefore I advise you to wed,  
and make her as honest as I.

Then what will you give me? quoth Hodge,  
if I take your daughter by hand?

Will you make me the heir of your lodge,  
your houses, your money and land?

With all your barns and ploughs,  
your cattle and money also,

If so I will make her my spouse,  
speak up, are you willing or no?

Then goody took Hodge by the hand,  
let it be for to have and to hold,

I will make you the heir of my land,  
my houses, my silver and gold;

Make her but your honoured wife,  
and you shall be lord of my store,

Whene'er I surrender my life,  
in case it were forty times more.

The bargain was present'y struck,  
they wedded; and this being done,

The old woman wish'd them good luck,  
being proud of her Daughter and Son,

Then hey for a girl or boy.

young Peg look'd as big as a duchess,

The old woman caper'd for joy;  
and danc'd them a jig in her crutches.

F I N I S.