

1785

THE

Haughs of Crumdel;

*giving a full account of that Memorable
Battle fought by the Great Montrose
and the Clans, against Oliver
Cromwell;*

To which are added,

The Broom of Cowdenknowes, The Highland Plaid.



STIRLING:

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THE HAUGHS OF CRUMDEL.

As I came in by Auchendown,
A little wee bit frae the town,
Unto the Highlands I was bound,
 To view the Haughs of Crumdel.
 Sing tanderadel, tanteradel, tanderadel,
 Unto the Highlands I was bound,
 To view the Haughs of Crumdel.

I met a man in tartan trows,
I spier'd at him what was the news?
Says he, the Highland army rues,
 That ere they came to Crumdel.
 Sing, &c.

Lord Livingston rode from Inverness,
Our Highland lads for to distress,
And has brought us a' into disgrace,
 Upon the Haughs of Crumdel.
 Sing, &c.

The English General he did say,
We'll give the Highland lads fair play,
We'll sound our trumpets, and give huzza,
 And waken them at Crumdel.
 Sing, &c.

Says Livingstone I hold it best,
 To catch them lurking in their nest,
 The Highland lads we will distress,
 And hough them down at Crumdel.
 Sing, &c.

So they were in bed, Sir, ev'ry one,
 When the English army on them came,
 And a bloody battle soon began,
 Upon the Haugh of Crumdel.
 Sing, &c.

The English horse they were so rude,
 They bath'd their hoves in Highland blood,
 Our noble clans most firmly stood,
 Upon the Haugh of Crumdel.
 Sing, &c.

But our noble clans they could net stay,
 Out o'er the hill they ran away,
 And sore they do lament the day,
 That e'er they came to Crumdel.
 Sing, &c.

Says great Montrose I must not stay,
 Wilt thou direct the nearest may,
 For o'er the hills I'll go this day,
 And see the haughs of Crumdel.
 Sings, &c.

Alas! my Lord you are not strong,
 You've scarcely got two thousand men,
 There's twenty thousand on the plain,
 Lies rank and file at Crumdel.

Sing, &c.

Says great Montrose I will not stay,
 So direct to me the nearest way,
 For o'er the hill I'll go this day,
 And see the Haugh of Crumdel.

Sing, &c.

They were at dinner ev'ry man,
 When great Montrose upon them came,
 And a second battle soon began
 Upon the haughs of Crumdel.

Sing, &c.

The Grants, M'Kenzies, and M'Kays,
 As soon's Montrose they did espy,
 They stoad and fought full manfully,
 Upon the haughs of Crumdel.

Sing, &c.

The M'Donalds they return'd again,]
 The Camerons did their standards join,
 M'Intoshes play'd a bonny game,
 Upon the haughs of Crumdel.

Sing, &c.

The M'Phersons fought like lions bold,
 M'Gregors none could them controul,
 M'Lachlan's fought with valiant souls,
 Upon the haughs of Crumdel.

Sing, &c.

M'Cleans, M'Dougals, and M Niels,
 So boldly as they took the field,
 And made their enemies to yield,
 Upon the haughs of Crumdel.

Sing, &c.

The Gordens boldy did advanée,
 The Frasers fought with sword and lance,
 The Grahams they made their heads to dance,
 Upon the haughs of Crumdel.

Sing, &c.

The Royal Stewarts and Monroes,
 So boldly as they fac'd their foes,
 And brought them down with handy blows,
 Upon the haughs of Crumdel.]

Sing, &c.

Out of twenty thousand Englishmen,
 Five hundred fled to Aberdeen,
 The rest of them they were all slain,
 Upon the haughs of Crumdel.]

Sing, &c.

THE HIGHLAND PLAID.

Lowland lassie, wilt thou go,
 Where the hills are clad wi' snow;
 Where, beneath the icy steep,
 The hardy shepherd tends his sheep?
 Ill nor wae shall thee betide,
 When row'd within my Highland Plaid.

Soon the voice of cheerie spring,
 Will gar a' our plantins ring;
 Soon our bonnie heather braes,
 Will put on their summer claes;
 On the mountain's sunnie side,
 We'll lean us on my Highland Plaid.

When the summer spreads the flowers,
 Busks the glens in leafy bowers,
 Then we'll seek the cauler shed,
 Lean us on the primrose bed;
 While the burning hours preside,
 I'll screen thee wi' my Highland Plaid.

Then we'll leave the sheep and goat,
 I will launch the bonnie boat,
 Skim the loch in cantie glee,
 Rest the oars to pleasure thee;

When chilly breezes sweep the tide,
I'll hap thee wi' my Highland Plaid.

Lowland lads may dress mair fine,
Woo in words mair saft than mine;
Lowland lads hae mair o' art,
A' my boast's an honest heart,
Whilk shall ever be my pride,—
To row thee in my Highland Plaid.

Bonnie lad, ye've been sae leal,
My heart wad break at our farewell;
Lang your love has made me fain,
Tak me—tak me for your ain!
'Cross the Frith, away they glide,
Young Donald and his Lowland bride.

THE BROOM OF COWDENKNOWES.

How blýthe was I ilk morn to see,
My swain come o'er the hill;
He leap'd the brook, and flew to me,
I met him wi' gude-will.

O the broom the bonny, bonny broom,
The broom of Cowden knowes,
I wish I was with my dear swain,
Wi' his pipe and my ewer.

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,
 While his flock round me lay,
 He gather'd in my sheep at night,
 And cheer'd me all the day.
 O the broom, &c.

He tun'd his pipe and reed sae sweet,
 The birds stood list'ning by;
 The fleecy flock stood still and gaz'd,
 Charm'd wi' his melody.
 O the broom, &c.

While thus we spent our time, by turns,
 Betwixt our flocks and play,
 I envy'd not the fairest dame,
 Though e'er so rich and gay.
 O the broom, &c.

He did oblige me every hour,
 Could I but faithful be,
 He stole my heart, could I refuse,
 What'er he ask'd of me.
 O the broom, &c.

Hard fate that I must banish'd be,
 Gang heavily and mourn,
 Because I lov'd the kindest swain,
 that ever yet was born.
 O the broom, &c.

FINIS.



