

THE

# Battle of Prestonpans ;

CONTAINING

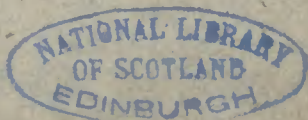
An Account of that bloody battle, which was fought betwixt the Clans under Prince Charles Stuart, and the King's Forces under Sir John Cope ; in which the latter were entirely defeated.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

Of a' the airts the wind can  
blaw.



STIRLING ;  
Printed by W. Macnie.



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## THE BATTLE OF PRESTONPANS.

The Chevalier being void of fear,  
did march up bris'ie brae, man,  
And through Franent 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 proclaimed the cock,  
we heard anither craw, man.

The brave Lochiel as I heard tell,  
led Camerons on in clouds man,  
The morning fair did clear the air,  
they loo'd wi' devlish thuds man  
Down guns they threw and swords they drew,  
and soon did chase them aff man;  
On Seaton crafts 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 winna fire a gun man.

They turn'd their back, the foot they brake,  
 such terror seized them a' man,  
 Some wet their cheeks, some syl'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 hairns saw't turn to earn't,  
 they were not worth a louse man.  
 Maist feck gaed hame, O fy for shame,  
 they'd better staid awa man;  
 Than wi' cockade to make parade,  
 and do nae gu'e ava man.

Monteath the great, when hersel' shot  
 - un'wares did ding him o'er man,  
 Yet wadna stand to bear a hand,  
 but aff did flee like stout man;  
 O'er Soutra-hill e'er he stood still,  
 before he tasted meat man;  
 Troth he may brag of his sweet rag,  
 that bare him aff sae fleet man.

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

He turn'd his back and in a crack,  
 was cleanly out of sight man :  
 And thought it best—it was nae jest,  
 wi' Highlanders to fight man.

'Mong a' the gang nane bade the bang,  
 but twa and 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 edg'd claymore man,  
 Frae mony a spout came rinnin' out,  
 his reeking red hot gore man.

But Gardner 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 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 aid,  
 Being full of dread lap o'er his head,  
 and would not be gainsaid man.

He made such haste, sae spur'd his beast,  
 'twas little there he saw man ;  
 To Berwick rade, falsely said,  
 the Scots are rebels a', man.  
 But let that end for weel '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 :  
 Ifm' wae to tell at last he fell,  
 but mae down wi' him brought man ;  
 At point of death, wi' his last brea.h,  
 some standing round in ring, man.  
 On's back lying flat, he wav'd his hat,  
 and cried God save the king man.

Some Highland rogues, like hungry dogs,  
 neglecting to pursue man,  
 bout they fac'd, and in great haste,  
 upon the booty flew man.

And they as gain, for all their pain,  
 are decked wi' spoils o' war man;  
 Fu' pould can tell fu' her nainsel,  
 was ne'er sae pra' pefore man.

At the thorn tree, which you may see,  
 bewest the Meadow-kill 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 gade to see the fray man;  
 But I had wist what after past,  
 I'd better staid awa man.  
 On Seston sands wi' nimble hands,  
 they pick'd my pockets bare man;  
 But I wish ne'er to prye sic fear,  
 for a' the sum and mair man.

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## OF A' THE AIRS THE WIND CAN BLOW

Of a' the airts the wind can blow,  
 I dearly like the west,  
 For there the bonnie lassie lives,  
 The lass that I lo'e best.

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Tho' wild woods grow, and rivers row,  
Wi' mony a hill between,  
Baith day and night my fancy's flight,  
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flower,  
Sae lovely fresh and fair!  
I hear her voice in ilka bird,  
I hear her charm the air;  
There's not a bonny flow'r that springs,  
By fountain shaw or green:  
Nor yet a bonny bird that sings,  
But minds me o' my Jean.

Upon the banks of flowing Clyde,  
The lasses busk them braw,  
But when their best they hae put on,  
My Jeanie dings them a'  
In hamely weeds she far exceeds,  
The fairest o' the town;  
Baith grave and gay confess it sae,  
Tho' drest in russet gown.

The gamesome lamb that sucks its dam,  
Mair harmless canna be;  
She has nae faut, (if sic we ca't,)  
Except her love for me.  
The sparkling dew, of dearest hue,  
Is like her shining e'en;  
In shape and air, wha can compare,  
Wi' my sweet lovely Jean.

O blaw, ye western winds, blaw saft,  
 Among the leafy trees ;  
 Wi' gentle breath f ae muir and dale,  
 Bring hame the laden bees.  
 An' bring the lassie back to me,  
 That's aye sae neat and clean ;  
 Ae blink o' her wad banish care,  
 Sae lovely is my Jean.

What sighs and vows, among the knowes,  
 Hae past atween us twa ;  
 How fain to meet how wae to part,  
 That day she gaed awa.  
 The powers aboon can only ken,  
 To whom the heart is seen,  
 That none can be sae dear to me,  
 As my sweet lovely Jean.

FINIS.