

THE

# BATTLE OF ROSLIN.

AND

JOHN HIGHLANDMAN'S

REMARKS ON GLASGOW.



GLASGOW:

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23.

## THE BATTLE OF ROSLIN.

Leave off your tittle tattle,  
And I'll tell you of a battle,  
Where claymore and targe did rattle,  
At Roslin on the lee.  
Ten thousand Scottish laddies,  
Drest in their tartan plaidies,  
With blue bennets and cockadies,  
A pleasant sight to see.

Commanded by Sir Simon Frazer,  
Who was as bold as Cæsar,  
Great Alexander never  
Could excel that hero bold.  
And by brave Sir John Cummin,  
When he saw the foes a-coming,  
Set the bagpipes a-bumming,  
Stand firm my hearts of gold.

Ten thousand English advancing,  
See how their arms are glancing,  
W'ell set them all a-dancing  
At Roslin on the lee.  
Like furies our brave Highlandmen,  
Most nobly they engaged them,  
On field they durst no longer stand,  
They soon began to flee.

They rushed into the battle,  
Made sword and targe to rattle,  
Which made their foes to startle,  
They fell dead on the ground.

Our army gave a loud huzza,  
 Our Highland lads have won the day,  
 On field they durst no longer stay,  
 See how the cowards run.

This battle was no sooner over,  
 Than ten thousand of the other,  
 Came marching in good order,  
 Most boldly for to fight.  
 Their colours were displaying  
 Their horse foaming and praying,  
 Their generals are saying,  
 We'll soon put them to flight.

But our bowmen gave a volley,  
 Made them repent their folly,  
 They soon turned melancholy,  
 And staggered to and fro.  
 Our spearmen then engaged,  
 Their rage they soon assuaged,  
 Like lions our heroes raged,  
 Death dealt at every blow.

For one hour and a quarter,  
 There was a bloody slaughter,  
 Till the enemies cried for quarter,  
 And in confusion flee.  
 Our general says, don't pursue,  
 Ten thousand more are come in view,  
 Take courage lads, our hearts are true,  
 And beat our enemies.

Then thinking for to cross us,  
 They rallying all their forces,  
 Both of foot and horses,

To make their last attempt.

The Scots cried out with bravery,  
 We disdain their English knavery,  
 We'll ne'er be brought to slavery,  
 Till our last blood be spent.

With fresh courage they did engage,  
 And manfully made for the charge,  
 With their broadswords and their targe,  
 Most boldly then they stood.

The third it was very sore,  
 Thousands lay reeking in their gore,  
 The like was never done before,  
 The fields did swim in blood.

The English could no longer stay,  
 In great confusion fled away,  
 And sore they do lament the day  
 That they came there to fight.

Cummin cried, chase them, do not spare,  
 Quick as the hound does chase the hare,  
 And many an one ta'en prisoner,  
 That day upon the fight.

The Douglas, Campbells, and the Hays,  
 The Gordons from the river Spey,  
 So boldly as they fought that day,  
 With the brave Montgomerie.

The Kerrs and Murrays of renown,  
 The Keiths, Boyds and Hamiltons,  
 They brought their foes down to the ground,  
 And fought with bravery.

Sound, sound the music, sound it,  
 Let hills and dales resound it,  
 Fill up the glass and round wi't,  
 In praise of our heroes bold.  
 If Scotsmen were always true,  
 We'd make our enemies to rue,  
 But, alas! we're not all true blue,  
 As we were in the days of old.

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### JOHN HIGHLANDMAN'S REMARKS ON GLASGOW.

Her nainsel into Glasgow went,  
 An errand there to see't,  
 And she never saw a bonnier town  
 Standing on her feet.

For a' the houses that pe tere,  
 Was theekit wi' blue stane,  
 And a stane ladder to gang up,  
 No fa' to break her banes.

I gang upon a stany road,  
 A street they do him ca',  
 And when we seek the chapman's house,  
 His name be on the wa'.

I gang to buy a snish tamback,  
 And standing at the corse,  
 And tere I saw a dead man  
 Was ridin on his horse.

And O! he be a poor man,  
 And no hae mony claes,  
 Te brogues be worn aff his feet,  
 And me see a' his taes.

Te horse had up his muckle fit  
 For to gie me a shap,  
 And gapping wi' his great mouth  
 To grip me by the tap.

He had a staff into his hand,  
 To fight me if he could,  
 But hersel pe'rin awa frao him,  
 His horse be unco proud:

For I be rin around about,  
 And stand about the guard,  
 Where I saw the diel chap the hours,  
 Then me grew unco feared.

Ohon! Ohon! her nainsel said,  
 And whare will me go rin?  
 For yonder be the black man  
 That burns the fouk for sin.

I'll no pe stay nae langer tere,  
 But fast me rin awa,

And see the man thrawin' te rape  
 Aside te Broomielaw.

An' O she pe a lang tedder,  
 I spier't what they'll do wi't,  
 He said, to hang the Highlandmen,  
 For stealing o' their meat.

Hout, hersel's an honest shentleman,  
 I never yet did steal,  
 But when I meet a muckle purse,  
 I like it unco weel.

Tan fare ye weel, ye saucy fellow,  
 I fain your skin would pay,  
 I cam' to your toon the morn,  
 An' I'll gang out yesterday.

Fan I gang to my quarter-house,  
 The door was unco braw,  
 For here they had a cow's husband,  
 Was pricked on the wa'.

O tere me got a choppin' ale,  
 An' ten me got a supper,  
 A filthy clout o' chapsit meat,  
 Boiled amang butter.

I gang awa into the kirk  
 To hear a lawland preach,  
 And mony a bonny sang they sing,  
 Tere books they did them teach.



And tere I saw a bonny mattam,  
 Wi' feathers on her wame,  
 I wonder an' she gaun to flee,  
 Or what be in her min'.

Another mattams follow her,  
 Wha's arse was round like cogs,  
 And clitter clatter cries her feet—  
 She had on iron brogues.

And tere I saw another mattam,  
 Into a tarry seck,  
 And twa mans pe carry her,  
 Wi' rapes about him's neck.

She was fou o' vanity,  
 As no gang on the grun',  
 But twa puir mans pe carry her  
 In a barrow covert aboon.

Some had a fish-tail to their mouth,  
 And some pe had a bonnet,  
 But my Janet and Donald's wife  
 Wad rather hae a bannock.