

TWO

OLD HISTORICAL

SCOTS POEMS,

GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF THE

BATTLES OF HARLAW,

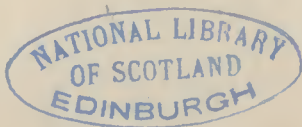
AND THE

REID-SQUAIR.

GLASGOW,

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MDCCLXVIII.



TWO

OF THE

2001

WATERS OF THE

1851

AND

1851

AND

1851

BATTLE OF HARLAW,

oughten upon Friday, July 24. 1411, against
DONALD of the ISLES.

I.

FRae Dunideir as I cam throuch,
doun by the hill of Banochie,
Allangst the lands of Garioch ;
grit pitie was to heir and se
the noys and dulesum hermonie,
That evir that dreiry day did daw,
cryand the Corynoch on hie,
Alas! alas! for the Harlaw.

II.

I marvlit quhat the matter meint,
all folks war in a fiery fairy :
I wist nocht quha was fae or freind ;
zit quietly I did me carrie.
but sen the days of auld King Hairy,
Sic slauchter was not hard nor sene,
,and thair I had nae tyme to tairy,
For biffiness in Aberdene.

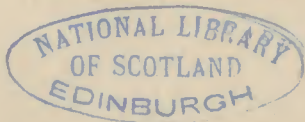
III.

Thus as I walkit on the way,
to Inverury as I went,

*

A

I met



I met a man and bad him stay,
 requeisting him to mak me quaint,
 of the beginning and the event,
 That happenit thair at the Harlaw;
 then he enpreited me tak tent,
 And he the truth sould to me schaw.

IV.

Grit Donald of the Yles did claim,
 unto the lands of Ross sum richt,
 And to the * Governour he came,
 them for to haif gif that he micht :
 quha saw his interest was but slicht;
 And thairfore answerit with disdain;
 he hastit hame baith day and nicht,
 And sent nae bodward back again,

V.

But Donald richt impatient
 of that answer Duke Robert gaif,
 He vovd to GOD omnipotent,
 all the hale lands of Ross to haif,
 Or ells be graithed in his graif.
 he wald not quat his richt for nocht,
 Nor be abusit lyk a slaif,
 that bargin sould be deirly bocht.

* Governor, Robert Duke of Albany, Uncle to King
 James I.

VI.

Then haistyly he did command,
 that all his weir-men should convene,
 Ilk an well harnisit frae hand,
 to meit and heir quhat he did mein ;
 he waxit wrath and vowit tein,
 Weirand he wald surpryse the North,
 subdew the brugh of Aberdene,
 Mearns, Angus, and all Fyfe, to Forth.

VII.

Thus with the weir-men of the Yles,
 quha war ay at his bidding bown,
 With money maid, with foris and wyls,
 richt far and neir baith up and down :
 Throw mount and muir, frae town to town,
 Allangst the land of Ros he roars,
 and all obey'd at his bandown,
 Evin frae the North to Suthren shoars.

VIII.

Then all the countrie men did zield ;
 for nae resistans durst they mak,
 Nor offer battill in the feild,
 be foris of arms to beir him bak ;
 syne they resolvit all and spak,
 That best it was for thair behoif,
 they sould him for thair chiftain tak,
 Believing weil he did them lue.

A 2

Then

IX.

Then he a proclamation maid
 all men to meet at Inverness,
 Throw Murray land to mak a raid,
 frae Arthurfyre unto Spey-ness,
 and further mair, he sent exprefs,
 To schaw his collours and ensenzie,
 to all and findry, mair and less,
 Throchout the boundis of Boyn and Enzie.

X.

And then throw fair Strathbogie land,
 his purpose was for to pursew,
 And quhafoevir durst gainstand,
 that race they should full fairly rew.
 then he bad all his men be trew,
 And him defend by foris and slicht,
 and promist them rewardis anew,
 And mak them men of mekle micht.

XI.

Without resistans as he said,
 throw all these parts he stoutly past,
 Quhair sum war wae, and sum war glaid,
 but Garioch was all agast.
 throw all these feilds he sped him fast,
 For sic a sicht was never sene;
 and then, forsuith, he langd at last
 To se the bruch of Aberdene.

XII.

To hinder this proud enterprife,
 the stout and mighty Erle of MARR *
 With all his men in arms did ryse,
 even frae Curgarf to Craigyvar,
 and down the syde of Don richt far,
 Angus and Mearns did all convene
 to fecht, or DONALD came fae nar
 The ryall bruch of Aberdene.

XIII.

And thus the martial Erle of MARR,
 marcht with his men in richt array,
 Befoir the enemy was aware,
 his banner bauldly did display.
 for weil enewch they kend the way,
 And all their semblance weil they saw,
 without all dangir, or delay,
 Came haiftily to the HARLAW.

XIV.

With him the braif Lord OGILVY,
 of Angus Sherriff principall,
 The Constabill of gude Dundee,
 the vanguard led before them all.
 suppose in number they war small,

* MARR, Alexander Earl of Mar, Son of Alexander
 the Governour's Brother.

Thay first richt baldie did pursew,
 and maid thair faes befor them fall,
 Quha then that race did fairly rew.

XV.

And then the worthy Lord SALTON,
 the strong undoubted Laird of DRUM,
 The stalwart Laird of Lawristone,
 with ilk thair Forces all and sum.
 PANMUIR with all his men did cum,
 The Provost of braif Aberdene,
 with trumpets and with tuick of drum,
 Came schortly in thair armour schene.

XVI.

These with the Erle of MARR came on,
 in the reir-ward richt orderlie,
 Thair enemies to sett upon;
 in awful manner hardily,
 together vowit to live and die,
 Since they had marchit mony mylis
 for to suppress the tyrannie
 Of doubted DONALD of the Yles.

XVII.

But he in number ten to ane,
 right subtilie along did ryde,
 With Malcomtosch and fell Maclean,
 with all thair power at thair fyde,
 presumeand on thair strenth and pryde,

With-

Without all feir or ony aw,
 right bauldhe battill did abyde,
 Hard by the town of fair HARLAW.

XVIII.

The armies met, the trumpet sounds,
 the dandring drums alloud did touk,
 Baith armies byding on the bounds,
 till ane of them the feild' fould bruik.
 nae help was thairfor, nane wald jouk,
 Ferfs was the fecht on ilka syde,
 and on the ground lay mony a bouk
 Of them that thair did battill byd.

XIX.

With doutsum victorie they dealt,
 the bludy battill lastit lang,
 Each man his nibours forfs thair felt ;
 the weakeft aft-tymes gat the wrang :
 thair was nae mowis thair them amang,
 Naithing was hard but heavy knocks,
 that eccho maid a dulefull sang,
 Thairto refounding frae the rocks.

XX.

But Donalds men at last gaif back ;
 for they war all out of array.
 The Erle of MARRIS men throw them brak,
 purfewing shairply in thair way,
 thair enemys to tak or slay,

Be dynt of foris to gar them yield,
 quha war richt blyth to win away,
 And sae for feirdness tint the feild.

XXI.

Then Donald fled, and that full fast,
 to mountains hich for all his micht ;
 For he and his war all agast,
 and ran till they war out of sight ;
 and sae of Rofs he lost his richt,
 Thocht mony men with him he brocht,
 towards the Yles fled day and nicht,
 And all he wan was deirly bocht.

XXII.

This is, (quod he)-the richt report
 of all that I did heir and know,
 Thocht my discourse be sumthing schort,
 tak this to be a richt suthesaw :
 contrairie God and the Kings law,
 Thair was spilt mekle Christian blude,
 into the battil of Harlaw ;
 This is the sum, sae I conclude.

XXIII.

But zit a bony quhile abyde,
 and I fall mak thee cleirly ken
 Quhat slaughter was on ilkay syde;
 of Lowland and of Highland men,
 quha for thair awin haif evir bene :

These

These lazie lowns nicht weil be spaird,
 Chessit lyke Deirs into thair dens,
 And gat thair waiges for reward.

XXIV.

Malcomtosh of the clan heid chief,
 Macklean with his grit haughty heid,
 With all thair succour and relief,
 war dulefully dung to the deid ;
 And now we are freid of thair feid,
 They will not lang to cum again ;
 thousands with them without remeid,
 On Donald's fyd that day war slain.

XXV.

And on the uther syde war lost,
 into the feild that dismal day,
 Chief men of worth (of mekle cost)
 to be lamentit fair for ay.
 the Lord Saltoun of Rothemay,
 A man of micht and mekle main ;
 grit dolour was for his decay,
 That fae unhappylie was slain.

XXVI.

Of the best men amang them was,
 the gracious gude Lord Ogilvy,
 The Sheriff-Princpal of Angus ;
 renownit for truth and equitie,
 for faith and magnanimitie ;

B

He

He had few fallows in the field,
 zit fell by fatal destinie,
 Fbr he nae ways wad grant to zield.

XXVII.

Sir James Scrimgeor of Duddap, Knicht,
 grit Constabill of fair Dundee,
 Unto the dulefull deith was dicht,
 the Kingis cheif Banner-man was he,
 a valziant man of chevalrie,
 Quhais predecessors wan that place
 At Spey, with gude King William frie,
 Gainst Murray and Macduncans race.

XXVIII.

Gude Sir Allexander Irving,
 the much renownit Laird of Drum,
 Nane in his days was bettir sene,
 quhen they war semblit all and sum;
 to praise him we sould not be dumm,
 For valour, wit and worthyness,
 to end his days he ther did cum,
 Quhois ransom is remeidylefs.

XXIX.

And thair the Knicht of Lawriston
 was slain into his armour schene,
 And gude Sir Robert Davidson,
 quha provest was of Aberdene,
 the knicht of Panmure, as was sene,

A mortall man in armour bricht,
 Sir Thomas Murray stout and kene,
 Left to the world thair last gude nicht.

XXX.

Thair was not sen King Keneths days
 sic strange intestine crewel stryf
 In Scotland sene, as ilk man says,
 quhair mony liklie lost thair lyfe;
 quhilk maid divorce twene man and wyfe,
 And mony childrene fatherless,
 quhilk in this Realme has bene full ryfe;
 LORD help these lands, our wrangs redress.

XXXI.

In July, on Saint James his even,
 that four and twenty dismall day,
 Twelve hundred, ten score and eleven
 of zeirs sen CHRYSY, the suth to say:
 men will remember as they may,
 Quben thus the veritie they knaw,
 and mony a ane may murn for ay,
 The brim battill of the Harlaw.

T H E
 BALLAT of the REID-SQUAIR,
 Fought on July 7th, 1576.

I.

ON July seventh, the suth to sav:
 at the Reid-Squair the tryft was set,
 Our wardens they affixt the day,
 and as they promist, sae they met:
 allace! that day I'll neir forzet,
 Was sure sae feird, and then sae fain,
 they came ther justice for to get,
 Will never grein to cum again.

II.

Carmichaell was our warden then,
 he causit the Country to convene,
 And the Laird Watt, that worthy man,
 brocht in his surname weil be sene:
 the Armstrangs to that ay haif bene
 A hardy house, but not a hail;
 the Eliots honours to mentain,
 Brocht in the laif of Liddisdail.

III.

Then Twidail came to with speid,
 the Scherif brocht the Douglas doun,

With

With Cranstane, Gladstane, gude at neid,
 baith Rewls-Watter and Hawick-toun.
 Beangedert bauldly maid him boun,
 With all the Trumbulls strang and stout ;
 the Ruthertuirds, with grit renoun,
 Convoyit the toun of Jedbruch out.

IV.

With uther Clanns I can nocht tell,
 because our wairning was nocht wyde,
 Be this our folk hes tane the fell,
 And plantit pallions thair to byde :
 we lukit doun the uther syde,
 And saw cum breisting owre the brae,
 and Sr George Foster was thair gyde,
 With systene hundrid men and mae.

V.

It greivt him fair that day I trow,
 with Sr John Hinrome of Schipsydehouse,
 Because we wer not men enow,
 he counted us not worth a soufe ;
 Sr George was gentill, meik and doufe,
 But he was hail, and het as fyre ;
 but zit, for all his cracking croufe,
 He rewd the raid of the Reid-squyre.

VI.

To deil with proud men is but pain,
 for ether ze maun ficht or flie,

Or

Or els nae answer mak again,
 but play the beist, and let him be:
 it was nae wondir tho he was hie,
 Had Tyndall, Redsaile at his hand,
 with Cucksaile, Gladsaile on the lie,
 Auld Hebsfrime and Northumberland.

VII.

Zit was our meiting meik enough,
 begun with mirrines and mows,
 And at the brae abune the heugh
 the clerk fat down to call the rows,
 and sun for ky and sun for ewis,
 Callit in of Dandrie, Hob and Jock,
 I saw cum merching owre the knows,
 Fyve hundred Fennicks in a flock.

VIII.

With jack and speir, and bowis all bent,
 and warlike weaponis at thair will;
 Howbeit we wer nor weil content,
 zit be my trowth we feird nae ill:
 sun zeid to drink, and sun stude still,
 And sun to cairds and dyce them sped,
 Quhyle on ane farstein they fyld a bill,
 And he was fugitive that fled.

IX.

Carmichaell bad them speik out plainly,
 and cloke nae cause for ill nor gude,

The uther answering him full vainly,
 begouth to reckon kin and blude,
 he raise and raxd him quhair he stude,
 And bad him match him with his marrows :
 then Tyndall hard these resouns rude,
 And they lute aff a flicht of arrows.

X.

Then was ther nocht but bow and speir,
 and ilka man pullit out ane brand,
 A Schaften and a Fennick their,
 gude Symmington was slain frae hand.
 the Scotifmen cryd on uther to stand,
 Frae tyme they saw John Robson slain :
 quhat suld they cry ! the Kings command
 Culd cause nae cowards turn again.

XI.

Up raise the laird to red the cumber,
 quhilk wald not be for all his boist,
 Quhat suld we do with sic a number,
 fyve thousand men into ane hoist ?
 then Henrie Purdie proud hes cost,
 And verie narrowlie had mischiefd him,
 and ther we had our Warden lost,
 Wart not the grift God he releiyd him.

XII.

Ane uther throw the breiks him bair,
 quhyle flatlines to the ground he fell :

Then

Then thocht I, we had lost him thair,
 into my heart it struk a knell;
 zit up he raise, the truth to tell,
 And laid about him dunts full dour,
 his horsemen they faucht stout and snell,
 And stude about him in the flour.

XIII.

Then raisd the slogan with ane schout,
 fy, Tyndall to it, Jedbrugh heir:
 I trow he was not half fae stout,
 but anes his stomak was a steir,
 with gun and genzie, bow and speir,
 He nicht se mony a crackit crown,
 but up amang the merchant geir
 The buffie wer as we were down.

XIV.

The Swallow-tail frae teckles flew,
 fyve hundred slain into the flicht,
 But we had pestellets anew,
 and schot among them as we nicht.
 with help of God the game gade richt,
 Frae tyme the foremost of them fell;
 hynd owre the know, without gude-nicht,
 They ran with mony a schout and zell.

XV.

And after they had turned backs,
 zit Tyndall men they turnd again,

And had not bene the Merchant packs,
 there had bene mae of Scotland slain :
 but JESU gif the folk was fain
 To put the buffing on thair theis,
 and sae they fled with all thair main,
 Doun owre the brae lyke clogged beis.

XVI.

Gr Francis Russell tane was thair,
 and hurt, as we heir men reherse ;
 Proud Wallingtoun was woundit fair,
 albeit he was a Fennick ferfs.
 but gif ze wald a souldier ferche
 Among them all was tane that nicht,
 was nane sae wordie of our verse
 As Colingwood that courteous knicht.

XVII.

Zung Henrie skapit hame, is hurt,
 a souldier schot him with a bow.
 Scotland has cause to mak grit sturt,
 for laiming of the laird of Mow.
 the laird Watt did weil indeid,
 His friends stude stoutly by himsell,
 with litle Gladstane, gude in neid,
 For Gretein kend not gude be ill.

XVIII.

The Scheriff wantit not gude-will,
 howbeit he nicht not ficht sae fast:

Bean-

Beanjeart, Hundlie and Hunthill,
 three, on they laid weil at the last,
 except the horse-men of the gaird ;
 If I could put men to avail,
 nane stoutlier stude out for thair laird,
 Nor did the lads of Liddisdail.

XIX.

But litle harnise had we thair,
 but auld Badrule had on a jack,
 And did richt weil, I zou declair,
 with all the Trumbulls at his back.
 gude Ederstane was not to lack,
 With Kirkton, Newtown, nobill-men ;
 thir is all the specials I haif spak,
 Forby them that I could nocht ken.

XX.

Quha did invent that day of play,
 we neid nocht feir to find him sune,
 For Sr John Foster, I dare weil say,
 maid us that noysome afternune ;
 not that I speik preceisly out,
 That he supposd it wald be perrill,
 but pryde and breaking out, but dout,
 Gart Tyndall lads begin the quarrel.

F I N I S.