

T H E

Battle of Rosline

FOUGHT ON THE

Plains of Rosline, 1303.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

JACK IN HIS ELEMENT:

VIRTUE and WIT, the Preservatives
of LOVE and BEAUTY.

THE LOVER'S SUMMONS.



G L A S G O W,

Printed by J. & M. Robertson, Saltmarket.



The famous Battle of Rosline, fought on the plains of Rosline. Anno Dom. 1303. about five miles south of Edinburgh where 10,000 Scots, led by Sir John Cummin, and Sir Simon Frazer, defeat in three battles, in one day, 30,000 of their enemies.

L E A V E off your tittle tattle,
 And I'll tell you of a battle,
 Where claymore and targe did rattle,
 At Rosline on the Lee.

Ten thousand Scottish laddies,
 Dress'd in their tartan plaidies,
 With blue bonnets and cockadies,
 A pleasant fight to see.

Commanded by Sir Simon Frazer,
 Who was as bold as Cæsar,
 Great Alexander never

Could exceed that Hero bold.
 And by brave Sir John Cummin,
 When he saw the foes a coming,
 Set the bag-pipes a bunning,
 Stand firm my hearts of gold.

Ten thousand English advancing,
 See how their arms are glancing,
 We'll set them all a dancing,
 At Rosline on the Lee.

Like furies our brave Highlandmen,
 Most boldly they engaged them,
 On field they durst no longer stand,
 They soon began to flee.

They rush'd 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 braying,
 Their generals are saying,
 We'll soon put them to flight.

But our bowmen gave a volley,
 Made them repent their folly,
 They soon turn'd melancholy,
 And stagger'd to and fro.
 Our spearmen then engaged
 Their rage they soon asswaged,
 Like lions our Heroes raged,
 Dealt death at every blow.

For one hour and a quarter,
 There was a bloody slaughter,

Till the enemies cry'd 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 your enemies.

Then thinking for to cross us,
They rallying all their forces;
Both of foot and horses,
To make the last attempt.

The Scots cry'd out with brav'ry,
We disdain their English knav'ry,
We'll ne'er be brought in slav'ry,
'Till our last blood is spent.

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

The third battle it was very sore,
Thousands lay reeking in their gore,
The like was never done before.

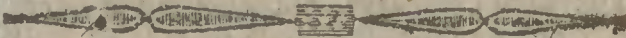
The fields did swim with blood.

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 cry'd, Chace them, do not spare,
Quick as the hound does chase the hare,
And many one ta'en prisoner,
That day upon the flight.

The Douglas, Campbells and the Hay,
 And Gordons from the water Spey,
 So boldly as they fought that day,
 With the brave Montgomerie.
 The Kers and Murrays of renown,
 The Keiths, Boyds and Hamilton,
 They brought their foes down to the groun',
 And fought with braverie.

Sound, sound the music, sound it,
 Let hills and dales rebound it,
 Fill up the glafs and round we'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 days of old.



JACK IN HIS ELEMENT.

BOLD Jack the Sailor, here I come,
 pray how do you like my nib,
 My trowsers wide, and trampers rum,
 my nab and flowing jib;
 I sail the seas from end to end,
 and lead a roving life,
 At every mess we find a friend,
 at every port a wife.

I have heard them talk of constancy,
 of grief and such like fun,

I have constant been to ten, cry'd I,
 but never griev'd for one.
 The flowing sails we tars unbend,
 to lead a roving life,
 At every mess we find a friend,
 at every port a wife.

I have a spanking wife at Portsmouth gates,
 a Pigmy at Goree ;
 An Orange Tawny up the Straits,
 a Black at St. Lucie :
 Thus whatsoever course we bend,
 we lead a jovial life,
 At every mess we find a friend,
 at every port a wife.

Will Gaffe by Death was ta'en aback,
 I came to bring the news,
 Poll whimper'd sore, but what did Jack ?
 why stood in William's shoes !
 She cut, I chas'd, and in the end
 she lov'd me as her life,
 So she has got a loving friend,
 and I a loving wife.

Come all you Sailors that do go
 the unfortunate seas to rub,
 You must work, love, and fight your foes,
 and drink your generous bub ;
 Storms that our masts in splinters tear,
 can take our joyous life,
 In every want we find a friend,
 and every port a wife.

VIR TUE and WIT, the Preservatives
of LOVE and BEAUTY.

TUNE—KILLICRANKY.

Confess thy love, fair blushing maid,
for since thine eye's consenting,
Thy faster thoughts are a' betray'd,
and na-says no worth tenting.

Why aims thou to oppose thy mind,
with words thy with denying;
since Nature made thee to be kind,
reason allows complying.

Nature and Reason's joint consent,
make love a sacred blessing,
Then happily that time is spent,
that's war'd on kind caressing.

Come then my Katie to my arms,
I'll be nae mair a rover;
But find out heav'n in a' thy charms,
and prove a faithful lover.

(SHE.) What you design, by Nature's law,
is fleeting inclination,
Then Willy-Wisp. beguiles us a'
by its infatuation

When that goes out, caresses tire,
and love's nae mair in season,
yne weakly we blow up the fire,
with all our boasted reason.

HE.) The beauties of inferior cast
 may start this just reflection;
 But charms, like thine, must always last,
 where Wit has the protection.

Virtue and Wit, like April rays,
 make Beauty rise the sweeter;
 The langer then on thee I gaze,
 my Love will grow completer.

THE LOVER'S SUMMONS.

ARISE thou mistress of my heart,
 and do not me disdain:
 Come now and quickly take the part
 of me your constant swain.

To you alone I am a slave,
 there's none on earth can cure,
 The flame that in my breast I have,
 for you I do endure.

Come now dear nymph, and ease the smart,
 of me your yielding swain;
 My love for you now in my heart,
 does constantly remain.

Now we in Hymen's bands will wed,
 our hearts united be therefore,
 In love we live without any dread,
 in joys for evermore.

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