

T H E

Haughs of Crumdel,

A

Memorable Battle fought by the great
MONTROSE and the CLANS against
OLIVER CROMWEL.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

I'D THINK ON THEE MY LOVE.

MUTUAL LOVE.

THE FUMBLER'S RANT.



G L A S G O W,

PRINTED BY J and M. ROBERTSON,

Saltmarket, 1802.



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,

C H O R U S.

Sing tanteradel, tanteradel, tanteradel,
 Unto the Highlands I was bound,
 To view the Haughs of Crumdel.

I met a man in tartan trews,
 I speer'd at him what was the news?
 Says he, The Highland army rues
 That e'er they came to Crumdel. &c.

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

The English Gen'ral he did say,
 We'll give the Highland lads fair play,
 We'll sound our trumpets, and give huzzza,
 And awaken them at Crumdel. &c.

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

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

But our noble Clans they could not stay,
 Out o'er the hills they ran away,
 And sore they do lament the day,
 That e'er they came to Crumdel. &c.

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

Aias! 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. &c.

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

They were at dinner every man,
 When great Montrose upon them came,
 And a second battle soon began
 Upon the Haughs of Crumdel. &c.

The Grants, M'Kenzie's, and M'Kay,
 As Ion Montrose they did espy,
 They stood and fought most manfully,
 Upon the Haughs of Crumdel. Sing, &c.

The M'Donald's they return'd again,
 The Cam'rous did their standard join,
 M'Intoshes pay'd a bonny game,
 Upon the Haughs of Crumdel. &c.

The M'Pherfons fought like lions bold,
 M'Gregors none could them controul,
 M'Lauchlans fought like valiant souls.
 Upon the Haughs of Crumdel. &c.

M'Leans, M'Douglass, and M'Neils,
 So boldly as they took the field,
 And made their enemies to yield,
 Upon the Haughs of Crumdel. &c.

The Gordons boldly did advance,
 The Frazers fought with sword and lance,
 The Grahams made their heads to dance,
 Upon the Haughs of Crumdel. &c.

The royal Stewarts and Monroes,
 So boldly as they fac'd their foes,
 And brought them down by handy blows,
 Upon the Haughs of Crumdel. &c.

Out of twenty thousand Englishmen,
 Five hundred fled to Aberdeen,
 The rest of them they all lay slain,
 Upon the Haughs of Crumdel. Sing, &c.

I'D THINK ON THEE MY LOVE.

IN clouds when storms obscure the sky,
 And thunders roll, and light'nings fly,
 In midst of all th' dire alarms,
 I think, my Sally, on thy charms,

The troubled main, the wind and rain,
 My ardent passion prove;

Lash'd to the helm, should seas o'erwhelm,

I'd think on thee, my love,

I'd think on thee, my love,

I'd think on thee, my love:

Lash'd to the helm, should seas o'erwhelm,

I'd think on thee, my love.

When rocks appear on every side,
 And art is vain the ship to guide,
 In varied shapes when death appears,
 The thoughts of thee my bosom cheers,
 The troubled main, the wind and rain,
 My ardent passion prove,
 Lash'd to the helm, should seas o'erwhelm,
 I'd think on thee, my love, &c.

It shou'd the gracious Pow'rs be kind,

To peel the gloom and still the wind,

And waft me to thy arms once more,

So to my long-lost native shore;

No more the main, I'd tempt again,

But tender joys improve;

Then with thee, shou'd I happy be,

And think on nought but love, &c.

M U T U A L L O V E.

W Hene'er I meet my Celia's eyes,
 Sweet raptures in my bosom rise;
 My feet forget to move :
 She too declines her lovely head,
 Soft blushes o'er her cheeks are spread,
 Sure this is mutual love.

My beating heart is wrapt in bliss,
 Whene'er I steal a tender kiss,
 Beneath a silent grove ;
 She strives to frown and puts me by,
 Yet anger dwells not in her eye ;
 Sure this is mutual love.

And once, O once, the dearest maid,
 As on her breast, my head was laid,
 Some secret impulse drove :
 Me, me, her gentle arms caress'd,
 And to her bosom closely press'd :
 Sure this is mutual love !

Transported with her blooming charms,
 A soft desire my bosom warms,
 Forbidden joys to prove :
 Trembling for fear she should comply,
 She from my arms prepares to fly,
 Tho' arm'd with mutual love.

O stay I cry'd—Let Hymen's band,
 This moment tie our willing hand,
 And all my fears remove :

She blush'd consent; her fears suppress'd;
 And now we live, supremely bless'd
 A life of mutual love.

THE FUMLER'S RANT.

C O M E can's a' of fumlers ha',
 and I will tell you of our fate,
 Since we have married wives that's braw,
 and cannot please them when 'tis late.

A pint we'll tak our hearts to cheer;
 what faults we have, our wives can tell;
 Gar bring us in baith ale and beer,
 the auldest bairn we hae's our sell.

Christ'ning of weans we are rid of,
 the parish Priest 'tis he can tell,
 We aw him nought but a gray groat,
 the off'ring for the house we dwell.

Our bairns tocher is a' paid,
 we're masters of the gear our sell;
 Let either well or wae betide,
 here's a health to a' the wives that's yell.

Our neighbour's auld son and the lass,
 into the barn amang the strae,
 He grips her in the dark beguess,
 and after that comes meikle wae.

Repentance ay comes afterhin',
 it cost the carl baith corn and hay;

We're quat of that with little din,
 he craves haunt ne'er you nor I.

Now merry, merry may we be,
 when we think on our neighbour Robie,
 The way the carl does, we fee,
 wi' his auld-son and his daughter Maggy:

Boots he mair hae, pistols, why not;
 the huffy man hie corkit thoon:
 We are not lae; gar fill the pot
 we'll drink till a' the hours at e'en.

Here's a health to John Mackay we'll drink,
 to Maggie, Andrew, Rob and Tam:
 We'll sit and drink, we'll nod and wink,
 it is o'er soon for us to gang.

Foul fa' the cock, he's spilt the play,
 and I do trow he's but a fool,
 We'll sit a while, 'tis lang to day,
 for a' the cocks they rive at Yool.

Since we have met, we'll merry be
 the foremost name shall bear the mell;
 I'll set me down, lest I be fee,
 for fear that I shou'd bear't my fell.

And I, quoth Rob, and down sat he,
 the gear shall never me out-ride,
 But we'll take a towp of the barley-bree,
 and drink unto our yell fire-side.

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