

THE
Battle of Roslin.

FOUGHT ON THE
Plains of Roslin, 1303.

AND
John Highlandman's Remarks
ON GLASGOW.



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THE BATTLE OF ROSLIN.

LEAVE off your tittle tattle,
And I'll tell you of a Iattle,
Where claymore and targe did rattle,
At Roslin on the Lee.
Yen thousand Scottish laddies,
Drest in their tartan plaidies,
With blue bonnets and cockadies,
A pleasant sight 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 bumming
Stand firm my hearts of gold.

Ten thousand English advancing,
See how their arms are glancing,
We'll 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 rush'd into the battle,
Made sword and targe to rattle,

hich 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 cried for quarter,

And in confusion flee.

Our general says, dont 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 cried out with bravery,
 We disdain their English knavery,
 We'll ne'er be brought to slavery,
 '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 cried, chase them do not spare,
 Quick as the hound does chase the hare
 And many one ta'en prisoner,
 That day upon the fight

The Douglas, Campbells, and the Hays,
 And Gordons from the river 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 ground,
And fought with bravery.

Sound, sound the music, sound it,
Let hills and dales resound it,
Fill up the glass end 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.

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 be tere,
Was theckit wi' blue stanes:
And a stane ladder o gang up,
No fa' to break her banes.

I gang upon a stany road,
A street they do him ca',
And when me 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 see a dead man, adt adgnord you
 Was riding on his horse, w idgnord hu

And O ! he be a poor man, edt hu or hu
 And no hae mopy clac, esch hu all hu
 Te brogues be worn aff his feet, hu hu hu
 And me see a' his taes, hu hu hu

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

He had a staff into his hand,
 To fight me an he coud,
 But hersel be rin awa' frae him,
 His horse be unco proud,

But I be rin a round about,
 And stand about the guard,
 Where I see the deil chap the horns,
 Tan me grow unco fear'd.

Oho ! Oho ! her nainsel said,
 And whate 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 weaps,
 Aside te Broomielaw,

An' O she pe a lang tедden,
 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 you weel you saucy fellow,
 I fain your skin would pay,
 I cam to your town the morn, but
 An' I'll gang out yesterday

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

O tere wis got a shapin' ale,
 An' ten me got a supper,
 A filthy choud o' chappet meat,
 Boil'd amang a butter

It was a filthy dirt o' beef,
 His banes was like te horn,
 She was a calf wanting the skin,
 Before that we was born.

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

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And tere I saw a bonny mattam,
Wi' feathers on her weim,
I wonder an she be gawn to flee,
Or what be in her myn.

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

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

She pe sae fou of vanity,
As no gang on the grun,
But twa pöör mans pe carry her,
In a arrow covert abune.

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

FINIS.