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THE GLEN COLLECTION
OF SCOTTISH MUSIC

Presented by Lady Dorothea Ruggles-
Brise to the National Library of Scotland,
in memory of her brother, Major Lord
George Stewart Murray, Black Watch,
killed in action in France in 1914.

28th January 1927.



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THE WAES OF SCOTLAND.

I wander a'night among the lands I own'd
 When a' folk are asleep.
 And I lie o'er my father and mither's grave,
 An hour or twa to weep.

EDINBURGH.

THE SCOTTS BY WHOLE AND RETAIL.

JAN 1823.

x Glen 3.

JACOBITE
MELODIES:

A

COLLECTION OF THE MOST POPULAR

Legends, Ballads, and Songs

OF THE

ADHERENTS TO THE HOUSE OF STUART,

FROM 1640,

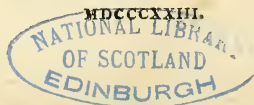
TILL THE TERMINATION OF THE REBELLION
IN 1746.

With Historical and Explanatory Notes.

EDINBURGH :

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NATIONAL MELODIES.

SONG I.

YOUNG AIRLY.*

“O KEN ye aught o’ gude Lochiel,
Or ken ye aught o’ Airly?”
“They’ve buckled on their harnessing,
And aff and awa wi’ Charlie.”
“Bring here to me,” quo’ the hie Argyle,
“My bands i’ the morning early:
We’ll raise a lowe sall glent to heav’n
I’ the dwelling o’ young Lord Airly.”

* In 1640, James, Earl of Airly, left Scotland, to avoid being compelled to subscribe the covenant. The estates of parliament being informed of his departure, ordered the earls of Montrose and Kinghorn to take possession of his house. On their coming to Airly castle, in June that year, they summoned Lord Ogilvy to surrender it, being a place of very great natural strength, well manned, with all sorts of ammunition. Lady Ogilvy answered, that her husband was absent, and had left no orders with her to give up the house to any subject, and that she would defend the same to the utmost of her power. After interchanging some shots, the assailants desisted from the attack. The estates of parliament then ordered the Marquis of Argyle to proceed against it; he accordingly raised 5000 men for that purpose: but when Lord Ogilvy heard of his coming with such irresistible force, he wisely left Airly castle with all his men. Airly and Ferther, his two principal seats, were destroyed, and the tenants plundered of all their goods, corn, and cattle. Argyle was, after the restoration, condemned, and beheaded May 27, 1661. When he was on the scaffold, he took out of his pocket a little ruler and measured the block. Having perceived that it did not lie even, he pointed out the defect to a carpenter, had it rectified, and calmly submitted to his fate.

"What lowe is yon," quo' the gude Lochiel,
 "Whilk rises wi' the sun sae early?
 "By the God o' my kin," quo' the young Ogilvie,
 "It's my ain bonny hame o' Airly!"
 "Put up your sword," quo' the gude Lochiel,
 And "Put it up," quo' Charlie:
 "We'll raise sic a lowe round the fause Argyle,
 And light it wi' a spunk frae Airly."

"It's nae my ha', nor my lands a' reft,
 That reddens my cheek sae sairly;
 But the mither and sweet babies I left,
 To smoor i' the reek o' Airly."
 O dule to thee, thou fause Argyle!
 For this it rues me sairly:
 Thou'st been thy king and country's foe,
 From Lochy's day to Airly.

SONG II.

YOUNG AIRLY.---*Another Set.*

It was upon a day, and a bonny simmer day,
 When the flowers were blooming rarely,
 That there fell out a great dispute
 Between Argyle and Airly.
 Argyle has rais'd an hundred men,
 An hundred men and mairly,
 And he's away down by the back o' Dunkel',
 To plunder the bonny house o' Airly.

The lady look'd o'er her window,
 And O but she sigh'd sairly,
 When she espied the great Argyle
 Come to plunder the bonny house o' Airly!
 "Come down, come down now, Lady Ogilvie,
 Come down and kiss me fairly."
 "No, I winna kiss thee, fause Argyle,
 Tho' ye sudena leave a stannin stane o' Airly."

He took her by the middle sae sma',

“ Lady, where is your dowry ?”

“ It's up and down by the bonny burn side,
Amang the plantings o' Airly.”

They sought it up, they sought it down,

They sought it late and early,

And they fand it under the bonny palm tree

That stands i' the bowling-green o' Airly.

“ A favour I ask of thee, Argyle,

If ye will grant it fairly ;

O dinna turn me wi' my face

To see the destruction o' Airly.”

He has ta'en her by the left shouther,

And thrust her down afore him,

Syne set her on a bonny green bank,

Till he plunder'd the house o' Airly.

“ Haste, bring to me a cup o' gude wine,

As red as ony cherry :

I'll tak the cup and sip it up ;

Here's a health to bonny Prince Charlie !

O I hae born me eleven braw sons,

The youngest ne'er saw his daddie,

And if I had to bear them again,

They a' should gang wi' Charlie.

“ But if my gude Lord were here this night,

As he's awa wi' Charlie,

The great Argyle and a' his men

Durstna plunder the bonny house o' Airly.

Were my gude Lord but here this day,

As he's awa wi' Charlie,

The dearest blood o' a' thy kin

Wad sloken the lowe o' Airly.”

SONG III.

LESLEY'S MARCH TO LONGMASTON MOOR.*

MARCH!—march!—why the deil do ye na march?
 Stand to your arms, my lads, fight in good order;
 March!—march!—why the diel do ye na march?
 Stand to your arms, my lads, fight in good order;
 Front about, front about, ye musketeers all,
 Till ye come to the English border.
 Stand till't, and fight like men,
 True gospel to maintain;
 The parliament's blyth to see us a-coming.

When to the kirk we come,
 We'll purge it ilka room,
 Frae popish relics, and a' sic innovation,
 That all the world may see,
 There's nane i' the right but we,
 Of the sons of the auld Scottish nation.

Jenny shall wear the hood,
 Jocky the sark of God,
 And the kist fu' o' whistles, that mak sic a cloiro,
 Our pipers braw shall hae them a',
 Busk up your plaids, my lads,
 Cock up your bonnets.

SONG IV.

LESLEY'S MARCH TO SCOTLAND.

MARCH!—march!—pinks of election!
 Why the devil don't you march onward in order?

* Alexander Lesley (created Earl of Leven in 1641) invaded England at the head of the Scottish rebel army in 1640, defeated a party of the king's troops, and took possession of Newcastle. He afterward commanded the army sent by the covenanters to the assistance of the parliament, and contributed greatly to the defeat of the royalists at Marston (here meant by Longmaston) Moor in Yorkshire, 3d July, 1644.

March!—march!—dogs of redemption!

Ere the blue bonnets come over the Border.

You shall preach, you shall pray.

You shall teach night and day,

You shall prevail o'er the kirk gone a-whoring;

Dance in blood to the knees,

Blood of God's enemies!

The daughters of Scotland shall sing you to snoring.

March!—march!—dregs of all wickedness!

Glory that lower you can't be debas'd!

March!—march!—dunghills of blessedness!

March and rejoice, for you shall be raised,

Not to board, not to rope,

But to faith and to hope;

Scotland's athirst for the truth to be taught her;

Her chosen virgin race,

How they will grow in grace,

Round as a neep, like calves for the slaughter.

March!—march!—scourges of heresy!

Down with the kirk and its whilliebaleery!

March!—march!—down with supremacy,

And the kist fu' o' whistles, that mak sic a cleary;

Fife-men and pipers braw,

Merry diels, tak them a',

Gown, lace, and livery—lickpot and ladle;

Jocky shall wear the hood,

Jenny the sark of God,

For shirt and for petticoat, dishclout and daidle.

March!—march!—blest ragamuffins!

Sing, as ye go, the hymns of rejoicing!

March!—march!—justified ruffians!

Chosen of Heaven! to glory you're rising.

Ragged and treacherous,

Lousy and lecherous,

Objects of misery, scorning and laughter;

Never, O happy race,

Magnified so was grace:

Host of the righteous, rush to the slaughter!

SONG V.

THE HAUGHS OF CROMDALE.*

As I came in by Achendown,
 A little wee bit frae the town,
 When to the Highlands I was bown,
 To view the haughs of Cromdale,
 I met a man in tartan trews,
 I spier'd at him what was the news;
 Quoth he, the Highland army rues
 That e'er we came to Cromdale.

We were in bed, sir, every man,
 When the English host upon us came;
 A bloody battle then began,
 Upon the haughs of Cromdale.
 The English horse they were sae rude,
 They bath'd their hoofs in Highland blood,
 But our brave clans they boldly stood,
 Upon the haughs of Cromdale.

But alas we could no longer stay,
 For o'er the hills we came away,
 And sore we do lament the day
 That e'er we came to Cromdale. X

* No notice is taken of this engagement in the "History of Montrose's Wars;" neither was there any battle fought at Cromdale in his time. The song itself, which connects two battles, must have been written at different periods, and by persons of opposite political principles. The first 20 lines accurately describe the victory gained by Sir Thomas Livingston *over* the clans at Cromdale, in Strathspey, on 1st May, 1690, when Colonels Cannon and Buchan, with 1500 Highlanders under their command, were surprised in bed, and completely defeated. The remaining verses of the song, although more modern, refer to an action which took place 45 years previous to the affair at Cromdale, namely, the battle of Aldearn, gained by Montrose and the clans over Cromwell's army, on 4th May, 1645. J

Thus the great Montrose did say,
 Can you direct the nearest way?
 For I will o'er the hills this day,
 And view the haughs of Cromdale.

Alas, my Lord, you're not so strong,
 You scarcely have two thousand men,
 And there's twenty thousand on the plain,
 Stand rank and file on Cromdale.
 Thus the great Montrose did say,
 I say, direct the nearest way,
 For I will o'er the hills this day,
 And see the haughs of Cromdale.

They were at dinner, every man,
 When great Montrose upon them came,
 A second battle then began,
 Upon the haughs of Cromdale.
 The Grants, Mackenzies, and Mackays,
 Soon as Montrose they did espy,
 O then they fought most vehemently,
 Upon the haughs of Cromdale.

The M'Donalds they return'd again,
 The Camerons did their standard join,
 M'Intosh play'd a bonny game,
 Upon the haughs of Cromdale.
 The M'Gregors fought like lions bold,
 M'Phersons none could them controul,
 M'Lauchlins fought like loyal souls,
 Upon the haughs of Cromdale.

M'Leans, M'Dougals, and M'Neals,
 So boldly as they took the field,
 And made their enemies to yield,
 Upon the haughs of Cromdale.
 The Gordons boldly did advance,
 The Frazers fought with sword and lance,
 The Grahams they made their heads to dance,
 Upon the haughs of Cromdale.

The loyal Stewarts, with Montrose,
 So boldly set upon their foes,
 And brought them down with Highland blows,
 Upon the haughs of Cromdale.
 Of twenty thousand Cromwell's men,
 Five hundred went to Aberdeen,
 The rest of them lies on the plain,
 Upon the haughs of Cromdale.

SONG VI.

THE RESTORATION.

To curb usurpation, by th' assistance of France,
 With love to his country, see Charlie advance!
 He's welcome to grace and distinguish this day,
 The sun brighter shines, and all nature looks gay.
 Your glasses charge high, 'tis in great Charles' praise,
 In praise, in praise, 'tis in great Charles' praise;
 To's success your voices and instruments raise,
 To his success your voices and instruments raise.

Approach, glorious Charles, to this desolate land,
 And drive out thy foes with thy mighty hand;
 The nations shall rise, and join as one man,
 To crown the brave Charles, the Chief of the Clan.
 Your glasses, &c.

In his train see sweet Peace, fairest queen of the sky,
 Ev'ry bliss in her look, ev'ry charm in her eye,
 Whilst oppression, corruption, vile slav'ry, and fear,
 At his wish'd-for return never more shall appear.
 Your glasses, &c.

Whilst in pleasure's soft arms millions now court repose,
 Our hero flies forth, though surrounded with foes;
 To free us from tyrants ev'ry danger defies,
 And in liberty's cause, he conquers or dies!
 Your glasses, &c.

How hateful's the tyrant who lives by false fame,
 To satiate his pride sets our country in flame,
 How glorious the prince, whose great generous mind,
 Makes true valour consist in relieving mankind!
 Your glasses, &c.

Ye brave clans, on whom we just honour bestow,
 O think on the source whence our dire evils flow!
 Commanded by Charles, advance to Whitehall,
 And fix them in chains who would Britons enthrall.
 Your glasses, &c.

SONG VII.

THE ROYAL OAK TREE.*

YE true sons of Scotia, together unite,
 And yield all your senses to joy and delight;
 Give mirth its full scope, that the nations may see
 We honour our standard, the royal oak tree.
 All shall yield to the royal oak tree;
 Bend to thee, majestic tree!
 Honour'd was he who sat on thee,
 And thou, like him, thrice honour'd shalt be.

When our great sovereign, Charles, was driv'n from his
 throne,
 And dared scarce call kingdom or subjects his own,
 Old Pendril the miller, at the risk of his blood,
 Hid the King of our isle in the king of the wood.
 All shall yield, &c.

In summer, in winter, in peace, and in war,
 'Tis known to ourselves, and to nations afar,
 That the oak of our isle can best screen us from harm,
 Best keep out the foe, and best ride out the storm.
 All shall yield, &c.

* Written by a member of the Royal Oak Society, instituted at
 Edinburgh, 17th February, 1772.

Let gard'ners and florists of foreign plants boast,
And cull the poor trifles of each distant coast ;
There's none of them all, from a shrub to a tree,
Can ever compare, great royal oak, with thee.
All shall yield, &c.

SONG VIII.

THE REBEL CAPTIVE.†

THREE bonny lads were Sandy, Claud Hamilton,
And Andrew Grier, the captain that led them on:
Then for the lads it prov'd a fatal day,
Argyle was ta'en, and a' his men ran away.

When Douglas jived him,
Rived him,
Drived him,
And of all hopes his stars deprived him ;
Rounted him, flouted him,
The diel bigotted him,
And now the states a rope have allotted him.

On June the fifteenth, oh! 'twas a fatal day,
Archibald fled, and a' the rogues ran away.
In a disguise the loon thought to shun his fate;
Three bonny boys stopped him on the gate,
In a blue bonnet;

On it
One hit
Such a braid gash as made him till own it.
O spare me, disarm me,
And do no more harm me,
For I am Argyle, the head o' th' Whig army!

† The Earl of Argyle (son of the Marquis, beheaded in 1661) was twice condemned for *leasing-making*, but made his escape into Holland. In 1685, in concert with the Duke of Monmouth, he made a fatal attempt to restore the liberties of his country, but failed in the design, and was beheaded on a former sentence.

Quarter! oh, quarter! I yield myself prisoner:
 Here, take my sword too, that useless tool of war.
 Footmen and horses, now I all give you o'er;
 Dumbarton's forces no man can stand before;
 But they will fight him,
 Right him,
 Fright him,
 The proudest foe will put to the flight him;
 Thunder him, plunder him,
 Dash all asunder him,
 And make Argyle himself truckle under him.

Thus having yielded up baith his sword and durk,
 These bonny boys convey'd him to Edinburgh;
 Where with a train he enters the Watergate,
 The hangman walking before him in muckle state,
 With a hemp garter,
 The martyr
 To quarter,
 And by the lugs to cut the loon shorter.
 The same fate ever wait
 To crown the rebel's pate,
 And all such traitors as dare oppose the state.

SONG IX.

YOU'RE WELCOME, WHIGS, FROM BOTHWELL
 BRIGS.

You're welcome, Whigs, from Bothwell Brig,
 Your malice is but zeal, boys;
 Most holy sprites, the hypocrites,
 'Tis sack ye drink, not ale, boys;
 I must aver, ye cannot err,
 In breaking God's commands, boys;
 If ye infringe bishops or kings,
 You've heaven in your hands, boys.

Suppose ye cheat, disturb the state,
 And steep the land with blood, boys;

If secretly your treachery
 Be acted, it is good, boys.
 The fiend himsel', in midst of hell,
 The pope, with his intrigues, boys,
 You'll equalize in forgeries ;
 Fair fa' you, pious Whigs, boys.

You'll God beseech, in homely speech,
 To his coat-tail you'll claim, boys ;
 Seek lippies of grace frae his gawcie face,
 And bless and not blaspheme, boys.
 Your teachers they can kiss and pray,
 In zealous ladies' closets ;
 Your wits convert by Venus' art ;
 Your kirk has holy roset.

Which death will tie promiscuously,
 Her members on the vail, boys,
 For horned beasts the truth attest,
 That live in Annandale, boys.
 But if one drink, or shrewdly think
 A bishop ere was saved,
 No charity from presbytrye,
 For that need once be craved.

You lie, you lust, you break your trust,
 And act all kinds of evil,
 Your covenant makes you a saint,
 Although you live a devil.
 From murders, too, as soldiers true,
 You are advanced well, boys ;
 You fought like devils, your only rivals,
 When you were at Dunkeld, boys.

Your wondrous things great slaughter brings,
 You kill'd more than you saw, boys ;
 At Pentland hills ye got your fills,
 And now you seem to crawl, boys.
 Let Websters preach, and laddies teach
 The art of cuckoldry, boys,

When cruel zeal comes in their tail,
Then welcome presbytrye, boys.

King William's hands, with lovely bands,
You're decking with good speed, boys;
If you get leave, you'll reach his sleeve,
And then have at his head, boys.
You're welcome, Jack, we'll join a plack,
To drink your last confusion,
That grace and truth we may possess
Once more without delusion.

SONG X.

CAKES O' CROUDY.*

CHINNIE the deddy, and Rethy the monkey;
Leven the hero, and little Pitcunkie;
O where shall ye see such, or find such a soudy?
Bannocks of bear meal, cakes of croudy.

Deddy on politics dings all the nation,
As well as Lord Huffie does for his discretion;
And Crawford comes next, with his Archie of Levy,
Wilkie, and Webster, and Cherrytrees Davy.

* This song was written in 1688 by Lord Newbottle, eldest son to William, first Marquis of Lothian. The following are some of the heroes mentioned in this song --- *Chinnie*; Lord Melville, called Chinnie from the length of his features. --- *Rethy*; Lord Raith. --- *Little Pitcunkie*; Melville's third son. --- *Leven the hero*; who whipt Lady Mortonhall with his whip. He is the Lord Huffie of Dr Pitcairn's "Assembly," where he is introduced beating fiddlers and horse-hirers --- *Cherrytrees Davie*; Mr D. Williamson, who did lie with Lord Burke's daughter. --- *Greenock, Dickson, Houston*; taxmen of the customs. They were, Sir J. Hall, Sir J. Dickson, and Mr R. Young --- *Borlana*; this is Captain Drummond, a great turn-coat rogue, who kept the stores in the castle. --- *Grave Burnet*; old Gribo --- *Mary, Willie*, and *Annie*; prince and princess of Orange, and princess of Denmark. --- *Argyle*; he was killed (received his death's wound, at least) in a brotnel near Newcastle.

There's Greenock, there's Dickson, Houston of that ilkie,
 For statesmen, for taxmen, for soldiers, what think ye?
 Where shall ye see such, or find such a soudy?
 Bannocks of bear meal, cakes of croudy.

There's honest Mass Thomas, and sweet Geordie Brodie,
 Weel kend Mr Wm Veitch, and Mass John Goudy,
 For preaching, for drinking, for playing at noudy—
 Bannocks of bear meal, cakes of croudy.

There's Semple for pressing the grace on young lassies,
 There's Hervey and Williamson, two sleeky asses,
 They preach well, and eat well, and play well at noudy—
 Bannocks of bear meal, cakes of croudy.

Bluff Mackay for lying, lean Lawrence for griping,
 Grave Bernard for stories, Dalgliesh for his piping,
 Old Ainslie the prophet for leading a dancie,
 And Borland for cheating the tyrant of Francie.

There's Menie the daughter, and Willie the cheater,
 There's Geordie the drinker, and Annie the eater,
 Where shall ye see such, or find such a soudy?
 Bannocks of bear meal, cakes of croudy.

Next comes our statesmen, these blessed reformers,
 For lying, for drinking, for swearing enormous,
 Argyle and brave Morton, and Willie my Lordie—
 Bannocks of bear meal, cakes of croudy.

My curse on the grain of this hale reformation,
 The reproach of mankind, and disgrace of our nation;
 Diel hash them, deil smash them, and make them a soudy,
 Knead them like bannocks, and steer them like croudy.

SONG XI.

KILLICRANKIE.*

CLAVERS and his Highlandmen,
 Came down upon the raw, man,
 Who, being stout, gave mony a clout,
 The lads began to claw, then.
 With sword and terge into their hand,
 Wi' which they were nae slaw, man,
 Wi' mony a fearful heavy sigh,
 The lads began to claw, then.

O'er bush, o'er bank, o'er ditch, o'er stank,
 She flang amang them a', man ;
 The Butter-box got mony knocks,
 Their riggings paid for a' then.
 They got their paiks, wi' sudden straiks,
 Which to their grief they saw, man ;
 Wi' clinkum clankum o'er their crowns,
 The lads began to fa' then.

* The battle of Killicrankie was fought, at the pass so called, near Athol, in Perthshire, on the 27th of July 1689, between the Highland clans, under the command of James (Graham of Claverhouse) Viscount Dundee, and a Dutch-English army commanded by General Mackay. The latter were almost instantaneously defeated, with a very inconsiderable loss on the other side, if we except that of their leader, (Clavers,) who received a mortal wound under his arm, elevated in the act of encouraging his men to the pursuit. There are various and contradictory accounts of the cause of his death. One is, that he was shot by a gentleman attached to his lady and whom she shortly afterwards married. James Hogg *believes*---that Claverhouse was shot by a Covenanter, whose whole kin he had murdered on account of their religious tenets. This man, having sworn to revenge their death, got enrolled among the followers of Claverhouse as a volunteer or groom, and for many months watched his opportunity without effect, till the heat of the battle of Killicrankie, when he shot him with a *silver button*, Claverhouse being supposed invulnerable to lead --- Others say that Dundee was killed while shaking the hand of a gentleman of the name of Macdonald, who was lying on the ground mortally wounded. Mackay, on his retreat, was convinced of the death of Dundee, and eulogised his memory by observing, "If Dundee was alive, my retreat would not be thus uninterrupted."

Hur skipt about, hur leapt about,
 And flang amang them a', man;
 The English blades got broken heads,
 Their crowns were cleav'd in twa then.
 The durk and door made their last hour,
 And prov'd their final fa', man;
 They thought the devil had been there,
 That play'd them sic a paw then.

The solemn league and covenant,
 Cam whigging up the hills, man,
 Thought Highland trews durst not refuse
 For to subscribe their bills then:
 In Willie's* name they thought nae ane
 Durst stop their course at a', man,
 But hur nane-sell, wi' mony a knock,
 Cried, " Furich-whigs, awa', man."

Sir Evan Du†, and his men true,
 Came linking up the brink, man;
 The Hogan Dutch they feared such,
 They bred a horrid stink then.
 The true Maclean, and his fierce men,
 Came in amang them a', man;
 Nane durst withstand his heavy hand,
 All fled and ran awa' then.

Oh on a ri, oh on a ri,
 Why should she lose King Shames, man?
Oh rig in di, oh rig in di,
 She shall break a' her banes then;
 With *furichinish*, an' stay a while,
 And speak a word or twa, man,
 She's gi' a straike out o'er the neck,
 Before ye win awa' then.

* The Prince of Orange.

† Sir Evan Cameron of Lochiel.

O fy for shame, ye're three for ane,
 Hur nane-sell's won the day, man ;
 King Shames' red-coats ‡ should be hung up,
 Because they ran awa' then :
 Had bent their brows, like Highland trows,
 And made as lang a stay, man,
 They'd sav'd their king, that sacred thing,
 And Willie'd run away then.

SONG XII.

KILLICRANKIE.—*Second Set.*

WHARE hae ye been sae braw, lad ?
 Whare hae ye been sae brankie, O ?
 Whare hae ye been sae braw, lad ?
 Came ye by Killicrankie ?
 An ye had been whare I hae been,
 Ye wadna been sae cantie, O ;
 An ye had seen what I hae seen,
 I' the braes o' Killicrankie, O.

I faught at land, I faught at sea,
 At hame I faught my auntie, O ;
 But I met the devil and Dundee
 On the braes o' Killicrankie, O.
 An ye had been, &c.

The bauld Pitcur fell in a furr,
 And Clavers gat a clankie, O,
 Or I had fed an Athol gled
 On the braes o' Killicrankie, O.
 An ye had been, &c.

O fie Mackay, what gart ye lie
 I' the bush ayont the brankie, O ?

‡ Irish recruits sent by King James to the assistance of Claverhouse.

Ye'd better kiss'd King Willie's loof,
 Than come to Killicrankie, O.
 It's nae shame, it's nae shame,
 It's nae shame to shank ye, O;
 There's sour slaes on Athol braes,
 And deils at Killicrankie, O.

SONG XIII.

KING WILLIAM'S MARCH.*

O WILLIE, Willie Wanbeard,
 He's awa' frae hame,
 Wi' a budget on his back,
 An' a wallet at his wame:
 But some will sit on his seat,
 Some will eat his meat,
 Some will stand i' his shoon,
 Or he come again.

O Willie, Willie Wanbeard,
 He's awa' to ride,
 Wi' a bullet in his bortree,
 And a shabble by his side;
 But some will white wi' Willie's knife,
 Some will kiss Willie's wife,
 Some will wear his bonnet
 Or he come again.

O Willie, Willie Wanbeard,
 He's awa to sail,
 Wi' water in his waygate,
 An' wind in his tail,
 Wi' his back boonermost,
 An' his kyte downermost,
 An' his flype hindermost,
 Fighting wi' his kail.

* A satire on King William's departure to join his army in Ireland, previous to the battle of the Boyne.

O Willie, Willie Wanbeard,
 He's awa' to fight;
 But fight dog, fight bane,
 Willie will be right:
 An' he'll do, what weel he may,
 An' has done for mony a day,
 Wheel about, an' rin away,
 Like a wally wight.

O saw ye Willie Wanbeard
 Riding through the rye?
 O saw ye Daddy Duncan
 Praying like to cry?
 That howe in a 'tato fur
 There may Willie lie,
 Wi' his neb boonermost
 An' his doup downermost,
 An' his flype hindermost,
 Like a Pesse pie.

Play, piper, play, piper,
 Play a bonny spring,
 For there's an auld harper
 Harping to the king,
 Wi' his sword by his side,
 An' his sign on his reade,
 An' his crown on his head,
 Like a true king.

SONG XIV.

IT WAS A' FOR OUR RIGHTFU' KING.

It was a' for our rightfu' king
 We left fair Scotland's strand!
 It was a' for our rightfu' king
 We e'er saw Irish land, my dear,
 We e'er saw Irish land.

Now a' is done that men can do,
 An' a' is done in vain :
 My love an' native land, fareweel,
 For I maun cross the main, my dear,
 For I maun cross the main.

He turn'd him right an' round about,
 Upon the Irish shore,
 An' ga'e his bridle-reins a shake,
 With, Adieu for evermore, my dear,
 With, Adieu for evermore.

The sodger frae the wars returns,
 The sailor frae the main ;
 But I hae parted frae my love,
 Never to meet again, my dear,
 Never to meet again.

When day is gane, an' night is come,
 An' a' folk bound to sleep,
 I think on him that's far awa,
 The lee-lang night an' weep, my dear,
 The lee-lang night an' weep.

SONG XV.

WILLIE THE WAG.

O, I HAD a wee bit mailin,
 And I had a good gray mare,
 And I had a braw bit dwalling,
 Till Willie the wag came here.
 He waggit me out o' my mailin,
 He waggit me out o' my gear,
 And out o' my bonny good gowny,
 That ne'er was the waur o' the wear.

He fawn'd and he waggit his tail,
 Till he poison'd the true well-e'e ;

And wi' the wagging o' his fause tongue,
 He gart the brave Monmouth die.*
 He waggit us out o' our rights,
 And he waggit us out o' our law,
 And he waggit us out o' our king,
 That grieves me warst of a'.

The tod rules o'er the lion,
 The midden's aboon the moon,
 And Scotland maun cower and cringe
 To a fause and a foreign loon.
 O walyfu' fa' the piper
 That sells his wind sae dear!
 And walyfu' fa' the time
 Whan Willie the wag came here!

SONG XVI.

CARLE AN THE KING COME.

CARLE, an the king come,
 Carle, an' the king come,
 Thou shalt dance, and I will sing,
 Carle, an' the king come.
 An somebody were come again,
 Then somebody maun cross the main,
 And ev'ry man shall hae his ain,
 Carle, an the king come.

I trow we swapp'd for the worse,
 We ga'e the boot and better horse,
 And that we'll tell them at the cross,
 Carle, an the king come.

* William was charged by the Jacobites with secretly aiding Monmouth in his rebellion against James II.; and after that nobleman's defeat at Sedgemoor, and subsequent imprisonment in the Tower, he is alleged to have exerted his influence, through the medium of his ambassador, to hurry on Monmouth's death, lest he should make discoveries implicating him in these transactions.

When yellow corn grows on the rigs,
 And a gibbet's built to hang the Whigs,
 O then we will dance Scottish jigs,
 Carle an the king come.

Nae mair wi' pinch and truth we'll dine,
 As we ha'e done—a dog's propine,
 But quaff our waughts o' bouzy wine,
 Carle, an the king come.
 Cogie, an the king come,
 Cogie, an the king come,
 I'se be fou, and thouse be toom,
 Cogie, an the king come.

SONG XVII.

WILLIE WINKIE'S TESTAMENT.

O TEEL, me, Father Dennison,*
 Do you tink dat my life be done?
 So be, den do I leave vit you
 My parshments and my trunks at Loo;

* This is a misnomer, and alludes to Dr Thomas *Tennison*, Archbishop of Canterbury, a celebrated polemic writer against popery, who attended King William during his last illness --- "Darien and Macdonell," mentioned in the third verse, evidently alludes to the Scots settlement at Darien, and the massacre of the Macdonalds at Glenco, which are here made to hang heavy on the mind of William. His character is thus described by Mr Smollet: "The distinguishing criterion of his character was ambition To this he sacrificed the punctilios of honour and decorum, in deposing his own father-in-law and uncle; and this he gratified at the expense of the nation that raised him to sovereign authority. He aspired to the honour of acting as umpire in all the contests of Europe; and the second object of his attention was the prosperity of that country to which he owed his birth and extraction. Whether he really thought the interests of the Continent and Great Britain were inseparable, or sought only to drag England into the confederacy as a convenient ally, certain it is, he involved these kingdoms in foreign connexions, which, in all probability, will be productive of their ruin. In order to establish this favourite point, he scrupled not to employ all the engines of corruption, by which

Von cup, von cloak, von coverlid,
 Von press, von black book, and von red;
 Dere you vill find direction give,
 Vat mans shall die, and vat inust live.

Dere you vill find it in my vill,
 Vat kings must keep deir kingdoms still,
 And, if dey please, who dem must quit;
 Mine good vench Anne must look to it.
 Voe's me, dat I did ever sat
 On trone!—But now no more of dat.
 Take you, moreover, Dennison,
 De cursed horse dat broke dis bone.†

Take you, beside, dis ragged coat,
 And all de curses of de Scot,
 Dat dey did give me vonder vell,
 For Darien and dat Macdonell.
 Dese are de tings I fain vould give,
 Now dat I have not time to live:
 O take dem off mine hands, I pray!
 I'll go de lighter on my vay.

I leave unto dat poor vench Anne,
 Von cap vould better fit von man,
 And vit it all de firebrands red,
 Dat in dat cap have scorch'd mine head.

the morals of the nation were totally debauched. He procured a parliamentary sanction for a standing army, which now seems to be interwoven in the constitution. He introduced the pernicious practice of borrowing upon remote funds; an expedient that necessarily hatched a brood of usurers, brokers, contractors, and stock-jobbers, to prey upon the vitals of their country. He entailed upon the nation a growing debt, and a system of politics big with misery, despair, and destruction. To sum up his character in a few words, William was a fatalist in religion, indefatigable in war, enterprising in politics, dead to all the warm and generous emotions of the human heart; a cold relation, an indifferent husband, a disagreeable man, an ungracious prince, and an imperious sovereign."

† King William's death was occasioned by his horse stumbling on a mole hillock. "*The little gentleman in black velvet*," was afterwards a favourite toast with the Jacobites of that day, in allusion to the mole which was the cause of his death.

All dis I hereby do bequeath,
 Before I shake de hand vit death.
 It is de ting could not do good,
 It came vit much ungratitude.

And tell her, Dennison, vrom me,
 To lock it by most carefully,
 And keep de Scot beyond de Tweed,
 Else I shall see dem ven I'm dead.
 I have von hope, I have but von,
 'Tis veak, but better vit dan none ;
 Me viss it prove not von intrigue—
De prayer of de selfish Whig.

SONG XVIII.

ON THE ACT OF SUCCESSION (1703).†

I'LL sing you a song, my brave boys,
 The like you ne'er heard of before,
 Old Scotland at last is grown wise,
 And England shall bully no more.

Succession, the trap for our slavery,
 A true Presbyterian plot,
 Advanc'd by by-ends and knavery,
 Is now kicked out by a vote.

The Lutheran dame ‡ may be gone,
 Our foes shall address us no more,
 If the treaty § should never go on,
 She for ever is kick'd out of door.

† The Earl of Marchmont having one day presented an act for settling the succession in the house of Hanover, it was treated with such contempt, that some proposed it might be burnt, and others that he might be sent to the castle, and was at last thrown out of the house by a plurality of fifty-seven voices.—*Lochart's Memoirs*, p. 60.

‡ Sophia, electress-dowager of Hanover, mother of George I.

§ For the union of the two kingdoms,

To bondage we now bid adieu,
 The English shall no more oppress us
 There's something in every man's view
 That in due time we hope shall redress us.

This hundred years past we have been
 Dull slaves, and ne'er strove to mend ;
 It came by an old barren queen,
 And now we resolve it shall end.

But grant the old woman should come,
 And England with treaties should woo us,
 We'll clog her before she comes home,
 That she ne'er shall have power to undo us.

Then let us go on and be great,
 From parties and quarrels abstain ;
 Let us English councils defeat,
 And Hanover ne'er mention again.

Let grievances now be redres'd,
 Consider, the power is our own ;
 Let Scotland no more be oppress'd,
 Nor England lay claim to our crown.

Let us think with what blood and what care
 Our ancestors kept themselves free ;
 What Bruce, and what Wallace could dare ;
 If they did so much, why not we ?

Let Montrose and Dundee be brought in
 As latter examples before you ;
 And hold out but as you begin,
 Like them, the next age will adore you.

Here's a health, my brave lads, to the duke† then,
 Who has the great labour begun,

† James, Duke of Hamilton ; able, spirited, and unsteady. He was killed 15th Nov. 1712, in a duel with Lord Mohun, and, as was

He shall flourish, whilst those who forsook him
To Holland for shelter shall run.

Here's a health to those that stood by him,
To Fletcher,‡ and all honest men ;
Ne'er trust the damn'd rogues that belie 'em,
Since all our rights they maintain.

Once more to great Hamilton's health,
The hero that still keeps his ground ;
To him we must own all our wealth :—
Let the Christian liquor go round.

Let all the sham tricks of the court,
That so often have foil'd us before,
Be now made the country's sport,
And England shall fool us no more.

SONG XIX.

OVER THE SEAS AND FAR AWA.

COME, all fast friends, let's jointly pray,
And pledge our vows on this great day ;
And of no man we'll stand in awe,
But drink his health that's far awa.
He's o'er the seas and far awa,
He's o'er the seas and far awa ;
Yet of no man we'll stand in awe,
But drink his health that's far awa.

Though he was banish'd from his throne,
By parasites who now are gone

thought, by General Macartney, that nobleman's second ; he himself falling at the same time.

‡ Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun, Esquire ; a warm and strenuous advocate for republican government, and the natural rights of mankind. He has left a volume of excellent political discourses.

To view the shades which are below,
 We'll drink his health that's far awa.
 He's o'er the seas, &c.

Ye Presbyterians, where ye lie,
 Go home and keep your sheep and kye;
 For it were fitting for you a'
 To drink his health that's far awa.
 He's o'er the seas, &c.

But I hope he shortly will be home,
 And in good time will mount the throne;
 And then we'll curse and ban the law
 That keepit our king sae lang awa.
 He's o'er the seas, &c.

Disloyal Whigs, dispatch, and go
 To visit Noll† and Will‡ below:
 'Tis fit you at their coal should blaw,
 Whilst we drink their health that's far awa.
 He's o'er the seas, &c.

SONG XX.

WHEN THE KING COMES O'ER THE WATER.

I MAY sit in my wee croo house,
 At the rock and the reel to toil fu' dreary;
 I may think on the day that's gane,
 And sigh and sab till I grow weary.
 I ne'er could brook, I ne'er could brook,
 A foreign loon to own or flatter;
 But I will sing a ranting sang,
 That day our king comes o'er the water.

O gin I live to see the day,
 That I ha'e begged, and begged frae Heaven,
 I'll fling my rock and reel away,
 And dance and sing frae morn till even:

† *Noll*.---Oliver Cromwell.

‡ *Will*.---King William.

For there is ane I winna name,
 That comes the beigin bike to scatter;
 And I'll put on my bridal gown,
 That day our king comes o'er the water.

I ha'e seen the gude auld day,
 The day o' pride and chieftain glory,
 When royal Stuarts bare the sway,
 And ne'er heard tell o' Whig nor Tory:
 Though lyart be my locks and grey,
 And eild has crook'd me down—what matter;
 I'll dance and sing ae ither day,
 That day our king comes o'er the water.

A curse on dull and drawling Whig,
 The whining, ranting, low deceiver,
 Wi' heart sae black, and look sae big,
 And canting tongue o' clishmaclaver!
 My father was a good lord's son,
 My mother was an earl's daughter,
 And I'll be Lady Keith† again,
 That day our king comes o'er the water.

SONG XXI.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEM THAT'S AWAY.

HERE's a health to them that's away,
 Here's a health to them that's away,
 Here's a health to him that was here yestreen,
 But durstna bide till day.
 O wha winna drink it dry?
 O wha winna drink it dry?
 Wha winna drink to the lad that's gane,
 Is nane o' our company.

† The heroine of this beautiful melody was Lady Mary Drummond, daughter to the Earl of Perth, and married to Keith, Earl Mareshal.

Let him be swung on a tree,
 Let him be swung on a tree;
 Wha winna drink to the lad that's gane,
 Can ne'er be the man for me.
 It's good to be merry and wise.
 It's good to be honest and true,
 It's good to be aff wi' the auld king,
 Afore we be on wi' the new.

SONG XXII.

O WHAT'S THE RHYME TO PORRINGER?

O WHAT's the rhyme to porringer?
 Ken ye the rhyme to porringer?
 King James the Seventh had ae dochter,
 And he ga'e her to an Oranger.
 Ken ye how he requited him?
 Ken ye how he requited him?
 The lad has into England come,
 And ta'en the crown in spite o' him.

The dog he sanna keep it lang,
 To flinch we'll make him fain again;
 We'll hing him hie upon a tree,
 And James shall hae his ain again.
 Ken ye the rhyme to grasshopper?
 Ken ye the rhyme to grasshopper?
 A hempen rein, and a horse o' tree,
 A psalm-book and a presbyter.

SONG XXIII.

I HAE NAE KITH, I HAE NAE KIN.

I HAE nae kith, I hae nae kin,
 Nor ane that's dear to me,
 For the bonny lad that I loe best,
 He's far ayont the sea.

He's gane wi' ane that was our ain,
 And we may rue the day,
 When our king's ae daughter came here,
 To play sic foul play.

O gin I were a bonny bird,
 Wi' wings that I might flee,
 Then I wad travel o'er the main,
 My ae true love to see;
 Then I wad tell a joyfu' tale
 To ane that's dear to me,
 And sit upon a king's window,
 And sing my melody.

The adder lies i' the corbie's nest,
 Aneath the corbie's wame,
 And the blast that reaves the corbie's brood
 Shall blaw our good king hame.
 Then blaw ye east, or blaw ye west,
 Or blaw ye o'er the faem,
 O bring the lad that I lo'e best,
 And ane I darena name!

SONG XXIV.

MY LOVE HE WAS A HIGHLAND LAD.

MY love he was a Highland lad,
 And come of noble pedigree,
 And nane could bear a truer heart,
 Or wield a better brand than he.
 And O, he was a bonny lad,
 The bravest lad that e'er I saw!
 May ill betide the heartless wight
 That banish'd him and his awa.

But had our good king kept the field,
 When traitors tarrow'd at the law,
 There hadna been this waefu' wark,
 The weariest time we ever saw.

My love he stood for his true king,
 Till standing it could do nae mair :
 The day is lost, and sae are we ;
 Nae wonder mony a heart is sair.

But I wad rather see him roam
 An outcast on a foreign strand,
 And wi' his master beg his bread,
 Nae mair to see his native land,
 Than bow a hair o' his brave head
 To base usurper's tyrannye ;
 Than cringe for mercy to a knave
 That ne'er was own'd by him nor me.

But there's a bud in fair Scotland,
 A bud weel kend in glamourye ;
 And in that bud there is a bloom,
 That yet shall flower o'er kingdoms three ;
 And in that bloom there is a brier,
 Shall pierce the heart of tyrannye,
 Or there is neither faith nor truth,
 Nor honour left in our countrie.

SONG XXV.

THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE TILL JAMIE COMES
 HAME.

By yon castle wa', at the close o' the day,
 I heard a man sing, though his head it was grey ;
 And as he was singing, the tears down came,
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.
 The church is in ruins, the state is in jars,
 Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars ;
 We darena weel say't, but we ken wha's to blame ;
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
 And now I greet round their green beds in the yird ;

It brak the sweet heart o' my faithfu' auld dame :
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.
 Now life is a burden that bows me down,
 Sin' I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown ;
 But till my last moments my words are the same,
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

SONG XXVI.

THIS IS NO MY AIN HOUSE.

O THIS is no my ain house,
 I ken by the biggin o't ;
 For bow-kail thrave at my door cheek,
 And thistles on the riggin o't.
 A carle came wi' lack o' grace,
 Wi' unco gear and unco face ;
 And sin' he claim'd my daddy place,
 I downa bide the triggin o't.

Wi' routh o' kin, and routh o' reek,
 My daddy's door it wadna steek ;
 But bread and cheese were his door-cheek,
 And girdle cakes the riggin o't.
 O this is no my ain house, &c.

My daddy bag his housie weel,
 By dint o' head and dint o' heel,
 By dint o' arm and dint o' steel,
 And muckle weary prigginn o't.
 O this is no my ain house, &c.

Then was it dink, or was it douce,
 For ony cringing foreign goose
 To claucht my daddie's wee bit house,
 And spoil the hamely triggin o't ?
 O this is no my ain house, &c.

Say, was it foul, or was it fair,
 To come a hunder mile and mair,

For to ding out my daddy's heir,
 And dash him wi' the whiggin o't?
 O this is no my ain house, &c.

SONG XXVII.

THE UNION.

Now fy let us a' to the treaty,
 For there will be wonders there,
 For Scotland is to be a bride, sir,
 And wed to the Earl of Stair.
 There's Queensberry, Seafield, and Mar, sir,†
 And Morton comes in by the bye;
 There's Loudon, and Leven, and Weems, sir,
 And Sutherland, frequently dry.

There's Roseberry, Glasgow, and Duplin,
 And Lord Archibald Campbell, and Ross;
 The president, Francis Montgomery,
 Wha ambles like ony paced horse.

† *Queensberry* (patron of Gay the poet) was son to William, Marquis of Queensberry, a favourite both of Charles II. and James II. by whom he was created a duke. The son, however, not conceiving gratitude to be an hereditary virtue, was among the first to desert his father's benefactors, and support the interests of the Prince of Orange. He took the lead in the measures adopted to promote the union.

Seafield, son to the the Earl of Findlater; was bred a lawyer, and at the convention 1689, supported the cause of King James, but was afterwards brought over by the Duke of Hamilton to the interest of William, and in 1696 was made one of his secretaries of state. He was selfish, mean, and proud; and when the treaty of union, which terminated the independence of Scotland as a kingdom, was carried, he is said to have exclaimed, "There is the end o' an auld sang." This wanton insult to his country was not overlooked. His brother, Captain Ogilvie, who was a considerable farmer and cattle dealer, being reproved by him for engaging in a profession so mean, is said to have retorted, "True, brother, I dinna flee sae high as you, but we maun baith do as we dow---I only sell *nout*, but ye sell *nations*."

The other characters mentioned in this song are sufficiently known by their names; but of the part some of them took in bringing about that event, no notice is taken by any of the annalists of that period.

There's Johnstoun, Dan Campbell, and Ross, lad,
 Whom the court hath had still on their hench;
 There's solid Pitmedden and Forglan,
 Wha design'd jumping on to the bench.

There's Ormistoun and Tillicoultrie,
 And Smollett for the town of Dumbarton;
 There's Arniston, too, and Carnwathie,
 Put in by his uncle, L. Wharton;
 There's Grant, and young Pennicook, sir,
 Hugh Montgomery, and Davy Dalrymple;
 There's one who will surely bear bouk, sir,
 Prestongrange, who indeed is not simple.

Now the Lord bless the jimp one-and-thirty,
 If they prove not traitors in fact,
 But see that their bride be well drest, sir,
 Or the devil take all the pack.
 May the devil take all the hale pack, sir,
 Away on his back with a bang;
 Then well may our new-buskit bridie
 For her ain first wooer think lang.

SONG XXVIII.

THE ROSE AND THISTLE.

It was in old times, when trees compos'd rhymes,
 And flowers did with elegy flow;
 It was in a field, that various did yield,
 A rose and a thistle did grow.
 In a sun-shiny day, the rose chanc'd to say,
 " Friend thistle, I'll be with you plain;
 And if you would be but united to me,
 You would ne'er be a thistle again."

Says the thistle, " My spears shield mortals from fears,
 Whilst thou dost unguarded remain;
 And I do suppose, though I were a rose,
 I'd wish to turn thistle again."

“ O my friend,” says the rose, “ you falsely suppose,
 Bear witness, ye flowers of the plain !
 You would take so much pleasure in beauty’s vast treasure,
 You would ne’er be a thistle again.”

The thistle at length, preferring the rose
 To all the gay flowers of the plain,
 Throws off all her points, herself she anoints,
 And now are united the twain.
 But one cold stormy day, while helpless she lay,
 Nor longer could sorrow refrain,
 She fetch’d a deep groan, with many Ohon !
 “ O were I a thistle again !

For then I did stand on yon heath-cover’d land,
 Admir’d by each nymph and each swain ;
 And free as the air I flourished there,
 The terror and pride of the plain.
 But now I’m the mock of Flora’s fair flock,
 Nor dare I presume to complain ;
 Then remember that I do ruefully cry,
 O were I a thistle again !”

SONG XXIX.

SUCH A PARCEL OF ROGUES IN A NATION.

FAREWHEEL to a’ our Scottish fame,
 Fareweel our ancient glory ;
 Fareweel even to the Scottish name,
 Sae fam’d in martial story.
 Now Sark rins o’er the Solway sands,
 And Tweed rins to the ocean,
 To mark where England’s province stands :
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation !

What force or guile could not subdue,
 Through many warlike ages,
 Is wrought now by a coward few,
 For hireling traitors’ wages.

The English steel we could disdain,
 Secure in valour's station,
 But English gold has been our bane :
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation !

O would, or I had seen the day
 That treason thus could sell us,
 My auld gray head had lain in clay,
 Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace !
 But pith and power, till my last hour
 I'll make this declaration,
 We're bought and sold for English gold :
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation !

SONG XXX.

THE AWKWARD SQUAD:†

SHAME fa' my een,
 If e'er I have seen
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation !
 The Campbell and the Graham
 Are equally to blame,
 Seduc'd by strong infatuation.
 The Squadronie‡ and Whig
 Are uppish and look big,
 And mean for to rule at their pleasure ;
 To lead us by the nose
 Is what they now propose,
 And enhance to themselves all our treasure.

The Dalrymples come in play,
 Though they sold us all away,
 And basely betrayed this poor nation ;

† This song is chiefly celebrated as containing a list of those Whigs who most violently opposed the Stuarts, and promoted the measures for the union.

‡ The Marquis of Tweeddale and his party were called the *squadron volante*.

On justice lay no stress,
 For our country they oppress,
 Having no sort of commiseration.
 No nation ever had
 A set of men so bad,
 That feed on its vitals like vultures :
 Bargeny, and Glenco,
 And the Union, do show
 To their country and crown they are traitors.

Lord Annandale must rule,
 Though at best a very tool,
 Hath deceiv'd every man that did trust him ;
 To promise he'll not stick,
 To break will be as quick ;
 Give him money, ye cannot disgust him.
 It happen'd on a day,
 " Us cavaliers," he'd say,
 And drink all their healths in a brimmer ;
 But now he's chang'd his note,
 And again has turn'd his coat,
 And acted the part of a limmer.

Little Rothes now may huff,
 And all the ladies cuff ;
 Couilly Black† must resolve to knock under ;
 Belhaven hath of late
 Found his father was a cheat,
 And his speech on the Union a blunder ;
 Haddington, that saint,
 May roar, blaspheme, and rant,
 He's a prop to the kirk in his station ;
 And Ormiston may hang
 The Tories all, and bang
 Every man that's against reformation.

† A caddie with whom the Earl of Rothes quarrelled on the streets, because he wore the livery of the Whigs in derision. Rothes is said to have fallen in the affray.

Can any find a flaw
 To Sir James Stuart's skill in law,
 Or doubt of his deep penetration?
 His charming eloquence
 Is as obvious as his sense;
 His knowledge comes by generation.
 Though there's some pretend to say
 He is but a lump of clay,
 Yet these are malignants and Tories,
 Who to tell us are not shy,
 That he's much inclin'd to lie,
 And famous for coining of stories.

Mr Cockburn, with fresh airs,
 Most gloriously appears,
 Directing his poor fellow-creatures;
 And who would not admire
 A youth of so much fire,
 So much sense, and such beautiful features?
 Lord Polworth need not grudge
 The confinement of a judge,
 But give way to his lusts and his passion,
 Burn his linens every day,
 And his creditors ne'er pay,
 And practise all the vices in fashion.

Mr Bailey's surly sense,
 And Roxburgh's eloquence,
 Must find out a design'd assassination;
 If their plots are not well laid,
 Mr Johnstoun will them aid,
 He's expert at that nice occupation.
 Though David Bailey's dead,
Honest Kersland's in his stead,*
 His Grace can make use of such creatures;

* David Bailey, and after his death, Ker of Kersland was employed by the Duke of Queensberry and the court party, to obtain information of the measures in agitation at the Court of St Germain, which they did by acting a double part to the leading Jacobites, from whom they extracted their secret proceedings, and afterwards reported them to the Whig ministry.

Can teach them how to steer,
 'Gainst whom and where to swear,
 And prove those he hates to be traitors.

Lord Sutherland may roar,
 And drink as heretofore,
 For he's the bravo of the party;
 Was ready to command
 Jeanie Man's trusty band,
 In concert with the traitor M'Kertney.*
 Had not Loudon got a flaw,
 And been lying on the straw,
 He'd been of great use in his station:
 Though he's much decay'd in grace,
 His son succeeds his place,
 A youth of great application.

In naming of this set,
 We by no means must forget
 That man of renown, Captain Monro;
 Though he looks indeed asquint,
 His head's as hard as flint,
 And he well may be reckon'd a hero.
 Zealous Harry Cunninghame
 Hath acquir'd a lasting fame
 By the service he's done to the godly:
 A regiment of horse
 Hath been given away much worse
 Than to him who did serve them so boldly.

The Lord Ross's daily food
 Was on martyrs' flesh and blood,
 And he did disturb much devotion:
 Although he did design
 To o'erturn King Willie's reign,
 Yet he must not want due promotion.

* General Macartney, was Lord Mohun's second in a duel between that nobleman and the Duke of Hamilton. The parties both fell; and while Colonel John Hamilton, the Duke's second, was supporting his Grace in his arms, Macartney *traitorously* stabbed him in the back.---See note to page 25.

Like a saint sincere and true,
 He discover'd all he knew,
 And for more there was then no occasion.
 Since he made this godly turn,
 His breast with zeal doth burn
 For the king and a pure reformation.

The Lady Lauderdale,
 And Forfar's mighty zeal,
 Brought their sons very soon into favour :
 With grace they did abound,
 The sweet of which they found,
 When they for their offspring did labour.
 There's Tweeddale and his club,
 Who have given many a rub
 To their honour, their prince, and this nation;
 Next to that heavy drone,
 Poor silly Skipness John,
 Have establish'd the best reputation.

In making of this list,
 Lord Ilay should be first,
 A man most upright in spirit ;
 He's sincere in all he says,
 A double part ne'er plays,
 His word he'll not break, you may swear it.
 Drummond, Warrender, and Smith,
 Have serv'd with all their pith,
 And claim some small consideration.
 Give Hyndford his dragoons,
 He'll chastise the Tory loons,
 And reform ev'ry part of the nation.

Did ever any prince
 His favours thus dispense
 On men of no merit nor candour ?
 Would any king confide
 In men that so deride
 All notions of conscience and honour ?

Hath any been untold,
 How these our country sold,
 And would sell it again for more treasure?
 Yet, alas! these very men
 Are in favour now again,
 And do rule us and ride us at pleasure.

SONG XXXI.

QUEEN ANNE; OR, THE AULD GRAY MARE.†

YOU'RE right, Queen Anne, Queen Anne,
 You're right, Queen Anne, Queen Anne,
 You've tow'd us into your hand,
 Let them tow out w'ha can
 You're right, Queen Anne, Queen Anne,
 You're right, Queen Anne, my dow;
 You've curried the auld mare's hide,
 She'll funk nae mair at you.
 I'll tell you a tale, Queen Anne,
 A tale of truth ye'se hear;
 It is of a wise auld man,
 That had a good gray mare.

He'd twa mares on the hill,
 And ane into the sta',
 But this auld thrawart jade,
 She was the warst of a'.

† The allegory of this poem is very obvious. By the "*twa mares on the hill*," England and Wales are meant, and Scotland by "*the ane into the sta'*." The "Farrier stout" and his Smiths, are the Duke of Queensberry and the hirelings employed by him to effect the Union between Scotland and England, and are particularly alluded to in songs 27 and 30. The general import of this song is to represent to Queen Anne the danger of forcing an union between the two kingdoms, lest

"The auld yaud should 'scape awa
 "Frae 'mang the deadly stoure,
 "And chap awa hame to *him*
 "That aught her ance before."

This auld mare's head was stiff,
 But nane sae weel could pu';
 Yet she had a will o' her ain,
 Was unco ill to bow.
 Whene'er he touch'd her flank,
 Then she begoud to glowr;
 And she'd pu' up her foot,
 And ding the auld man owre.

And when he graith'd the yaud,
 Or curried her hide fu' clean,
 Then she wad fidge and wince,
 And shaw twa glancing een.
 Whene'er her tail play'd whisk,
 Or when her look grew skeigh,
 It's then the wise auld man
 Was blyth to stand abeigh.
 "The deil tak that auld brute,"
 Quo' he, "and me to boot,
 But I sall hae amends,
 Though I should dearly rue't."

He hired a farrier stout,
 Frae out the west countrie,
 A crafty selfish loon,
 That lo'ed the white moneye:
 That lo'ed the white moneye,
 The white but and the red;
 And he has ta'en an aith
 That he wad do the deed.
 And he brought a' the smiths,
 I wat he paid them weel,
 And they hae seiz'd the yaud,
 And tied her head and heel.

They tow'd her to a bauk,
 On pulleys gart her swing,
 Until the good auld yaud
 Could nowther funk nor fling.

Ane rippet her wi' a spur,
 Ane daudit her wi' a flail,
 Ane proddit her in the lisk,
 Anither aneath the tail.
 The auld wise man he leugh,
 And wow but he was fain!
 And bade them prod eneugh,
 And skelp her owre again.

The mare was hard bested,
 And graned and routed sair;
 And aye her tail play'd whisk,
 When she dought do nae mair.
 And aye they bor'd her ribs,
 And ga'e her the tither switch:
 "We'll learn ye to be douce,
 Ye auld wansonsy b——h."
 The mare right piteous stood,
 And bore it patiently;
 She deem'd it a' for good,
 Some good she couldna see.

But desperation's force
 Will drive a wise man mad;
 And desperation's force
 Has rous'd the good auld yaud.
 And whan ane desperate grows,
 I tell ye true, Queen Anne,
 Nane kens what they will do,
 Be it a beast or man.
 And first she shook her lugs,
 And then she ga'e a snore,
 And then she ga'e a reirde,
 Made a' the smiths to glowr.

The auld wise man grew baugh,
 And turn'd to shank away:
 "If that auld deil get loose,"
 Quo' he, "we'll rue the day."

The thought was hardly thought,
 The word was hardly sped,
 When down came a' the house,
 Aboon the auld man's head :
 For the yaud she made a broost,
 Wi' ten yauds' strength and mair,
 Made a' the kipples to crash,
 And a' the smiths to rair.

The smiths were smoor'd ilk ane,
 The wise auld man was slain ;
 The last word e'er he said,
 Was, wi' a waefu' mane,
 " O wae be to the yaud,
 And a' her hale countrye !
 I wish I had letten her rin,
 As wild as wild could be."
 The yaud she 'scap'd away
 Frae mang the deadly stoure,
 And chap'd awa hame to him
 That aught her ance afore.

*Take heed, Queen Anne, Queen Anne,
 Take heed, Queen Anne, my dow ;
 The auld gray mare's oursel',
 The wise auld man is you.*

SONG XXXII.

BISHOP BURNET'S DESCENT INTO HELL.†

THE Devils were brawling at Burnet's descending,
 But, at his arrival, they left off contending ;

† Bishop Burnet was born at Edinburgh in 1643, and educated at Aberdeen. In 1664, he went to Holland ; and on his return was presented to the living of Saitoun. He was afterwards appointed divinity professor in Glasgow, and was employed in writing *Memoirs of the Dukes of Hamilton*. At the accession of James II. he went abroad, and settled in Holland. James applied to the States to give him up ; but Burnet having married a *Dutch lady*,

Old Lucifer ran, his dear bishop to meet,
 And thus the Archdevil th' apostate did greet:
 " My dear Bishop Burnet, I'm glad beyond measure,
 This visit, unlook'd for, gives infinite pleasure;
 And O, my dear Sarum, how go things above?
 Does George hate the Tories, and Whigs only love?"

" Was your Highness *in propria persona* to reign,
 You could not more justly your empire maintain."
 " And how does Ben. Hoadley*?" " Oh, he's very well,
 A truer blue Whig you have not in hell."
 " Hugh Peters† is making a sneaker within
 For Luther, Buchanan, John Knox, and Calvin;
 And, when they have toss'd off a brace of full bowls,
 You'll swear you ne'er met with honester souls.

was considered a citizen, and the demand refused. He accompanied the Prince of Orange to England, and was made Bishop of Salisbury, where he continued till his death in 1715. There are many other poetical philippics against him extant, of which the song here given may be deemed a sufficient specimen.

* *Benjamin Hoadley* was born in Kent in 1678. On the accession of George I. he was created Bishop of Bangor, which See he never visited, but continued in London preaching and publishing party sermons. From Bangor he removed to Hereford, and after the death of Bishop Burnet succeeded him in the See of Salisbury and Sarum; which he relinquished for the bishopric of Winchester. In 1735, he made an attack on the Orthodox faith in his "*Plain Account of the Lord's Supper*," which he treated as a matter of mere indifference. He died in 1761. His eldest son was, in 1742, appointed physician to the king's household, and to that of the Prince of Wales, in 1745. He was the Author of "*Lectures on the Organ of Respiration*," "*Observations on a series of Electrical Experiments*." The Comedy of "*The Suspicious Husband*." &c.

† *Hugh Peters* was born at Fowey, in Cornwall, in 1599, and was educated at St John's College, Cambridge, from whence he was expelled for irregular behaviour. He afterwards went on the Stage, where he acquired that buffoonery which subsequently distinguished him in the Pulpit. He was appointed lecturer of St Sepulchre's, London; but having an intrigue with a married woman, fled to Rotterdam, where he joined the Independents. On the breaking out of the rebellion he returned to London, and became a zealous preacher in the cause of parliament. For his activity in the rebellion, especially at the murder of Charles I., he was hung and quartered after the Restoration in 1660.

This night we'll carouse, in spite of all pain :
 Go, Cromwell, you dog ! King William unchain ;
 And tell him his *Gilly* is lately come down,
 Who's just left his mitre as he left his crown.
 Whose lives, till they died, in our service were spent,
 They only come hither who never repent ;
 Let heralds aloud, then, our victories tell ;
 Let George reign for ever !"—Amen ! cried all hell.

SONG XXXIII.

THE WEE, WEE GERMAN LAIRDIE.

WHA the deil hae we gotten for a king,
 But a wee, wee German lairdie !
 An' when we gaed to bring him hame,
 He was delving in his kail-yardie :
 Sheughing kail, and laying leeks,
But† the hose and *but* the breeks ;
 Up his beggar duds he cleeks,
 The wee, wee German lairdie !

And he's clapt down in our gudeman's chair,
 The wee, wee German lairdie !
 And he's brought fouth o' foreign trash,
 And dibbled them in his yardie :
 He's pu'd the rose o' English loons,
 And brake the harp o' Irish clowns,
 But our Scots thistle will jag his thumbs,
 The wee, wee German lairdie.

Come up amang our Highland hills,
 Thou wee, wee German lairdie,
 And see how the Stuarts' lang-kail thrive,
 They dibbled in our yardie :

† "*But*"---except, without.

And if a stock ye dare to pu',
 Or haud the yoking of a plow,
 We'll break your sceptre o'er your mou',
 Thou wee bit German lairdie !

Our hills are steep, our glens are deep,
 No fitting for a yardie ;
 And our northern thistles winna pu',
 Thou wee, wee German lairdie !
 And we've the trenching blades of weir,
 Wad glib ye o' your German gear,
 And pass ye 'neath the claymore's sheer,
 Thou feckless German lairdie !

[*Additional Verse*]

He'll ride nae mair on strae sonks,
 For ga'ing his German hurdies ;
 But he sits on our gude king's throne,
 Amang the English lairdies.
 Auld Scotland ! thou'rt owre cauld a hole
 For nursing siccan vermin ;
 But the very dogs o' England's court
 Can bark and howl in German !

SONG XXXIV.

THE RIDING MARE.[†]

My daddy had a riding mare,
 And she was ill to sit,
 And by there came an unco loon,
 And slippit in his fit.

[†] This song is written as if emanating from the Chevalier de St George, son to James II. and likens the throne and government to "a riding mare," King William being the "unco loon" who "slippit in his fit."

"The thief he fell and brain'd himsel',
 "And up gat counthy Annie,"
 alludes to the death of William, occasioned by a fall from his horse, (see note to page 23,) and accession of Queen Anne, James' second daughter.

He set his fit into the st'rup,
 And gripped sickerly;
 And aye sinsyne, my dainty mare,
 She flings and glooms at me.

This thief he fell and brain'd himsel',
 And up gat couthy Anne;
 She gripped the mare, the riding gear,
 And halter in her hand:
 And on she rade, and fast she rade,
 O'er necks o' nations three;
 Fient that she ride the aiver stiff,
 Sin' she has geck'd at me!

The Whigs they ga'e my *Auntie* draps
 That hasten'd her away,
 And then they took a cursed oath,
 And drank it up like whey:
 Then they sent for a bastard race,
 Whilk I may sairly rue,
 And for a horse they've got an ass,
 And on it set a sow.*

Then hey the ass, the dainty ass,
 That cocks aboon them a'!
 And hey the sow, the dainty sow,
 That soon will get a fa'!

* George I. imported two favourite mistresses with him from Hanover; Madam Schulemberg, afterwards Duchess of Kendal, and Madam Kilmansegge, whom he created Countess of Darlington. Both were extremely disgusting. The former being very spare and haggard in her appearance, and the latter, an over-swoln female Falstaff, who receives in this, and many other songs of the period, the *elegant* appellation of *Sow*. These *beauties* afforded great scope for the sarcasms of the Jacobites, which, in many instances, were very biting and gross. One of them being insulted by a mob, cried out of her coach, in the best English she could, "Coot people, why do you wrong us! We be come for your coots." "Yes," cried one of the crowd, "and for *all our chattels* too, I think.—See *Lord Orford's Reminiscences*.

The graith was ne'er in order yet,
 The bridle wasna worth a doit ;
 And mony ane will get a bite,
 Or cuddy gangs awa.

SONG XXXV.

AWA, WHIGS, AWA.

Awa, Whigs, awa,
 Awa, Whigs, awa,
 Ye're but a pack o' traitor loons,
 Ye'll ne'er do good at a'.
 Our thistles flourish'd fresh and fair,
 And bonny bloom'd our roses ;
 But Whigs came like a frost in June,
 And wither'd a' our posies.
 Awa, Whigs, &c.

Our ancient crown's fa'n in the dust,
 Deil blind them wi' the stoure o't ;
 And write his name in his black beuk,
 Wha ga'e the Whigs the power o't.
 Awa, Whigs, &c.

Our sad decay in church and state
 Surpasses my describing ;
 The Whigs cam o'er us for a curse,
 And we ha'e done wi' thriving.
 Awa, Whigs, &c.

Grim vengeance lang has ta'en a nap,
 But we may see him wauken :
 Gude help the day, when royal heads
 Are hunted like a maukin !
 Awa, Whigs, &c.

[*Additional Verses.*]

A foreign Whiggish loon brought seeds
 In Scottish yird to cover,

But we'll pu' a' his dibbled leeks,
 And pack him to Hanover.
 Awa, Whigs, &c.

The deil he heard the stoure o' tongues,
 And ramping cam among us ;
 But he pitied us sae curs'd wi' Whigs,
 He turn'd and wadna wrang us.
 Awa, Whigs, &c.

The deil sat grim amang the reek,
 Thrang bundling brunstane matches ;
 And croon'd 'mang the beuk-taking Whigs,
 Scraps of auld Calvin's catches.
 Awa, Whigs, awa,
 Awa, Whigs, awa,
 Ye'll run me out o' wun spunks,
 Awa, Whigs, awa.

SONG XXXVI.

THE RINGING O'T.

Tune---The Spinning o't.

THE Whigs they hae chosen a Geordie for king
 And he wad gae try the ringing o't ;
 Wha, when he began, made the best of us swing,
 And that was an ill beginning o't.
 He headed, he hang'd, he banish'd, he slew,
 And made mony ane look baith black and blue,
 Which makes us fu' sair on the creature to rue,
 That e'er we had hand in the bringing o't.

We might hae weel kend he wad never do good,
 He was ay sae fond o' the knuckling o't ;
 At hame, in Hanover, he kill'd in cold blood,
 A pretty young Swede,† for the cuckling o't.

† George I while electoral prince, married his cousin Dorothea, only child of the Duke of Zell. She was very beautiful, but her

He's witless, he's worthless, he's cruel, he's proud,
 He's aye the best pleas'd when he does the least good.
 O wae worth the time that ever we should
 Hae had the tid o' the ringing o't!

Since we've been sae mad as to choose sic a thing,
 It's time to be wise, and get ridding o't;
 We'll send him a-packing, the silly bit king;
 Alack, for the weary striddling o't!
 Let's clout him and kick him quite out o' the throne,
 Wi' a' his base fry, to the dub that's his own,
 And bring hame the lad that's our sov'reign alone:
 Then hey for a blink at the bleeding o't!

SONG XXXVII.

CAME YE O'ER FRAE FRANCE?

Tune---Bobbing John.

CAME ye o'er frae France?
 Came ye down by Lunnon?
 Saw ye Geordie Whelps,*
 And his bonny woman?
 Were ye at the place
 Ca'd the Kittle Housie?†
 Saw ye Geordie's grace
 Riding on a goosie?

husband treated her with neglect, and had several mistresses. This usage seems to have disposed her to retaliate, by indulging in some degree of coquetry. The celebrated Swedish Count Koningsmark being at that period at Hanover, became the unfortunate object of her gallantry; and, although no criminal intercourse is supposed to have existed between them, he was privately assassinated, and Dorothea immured in a tower during the remainder of her life. When George II. first visited Hanover, he ordered some alterations in the palace, and while repairing the dressing-room which belonged to his late mother, the Princess Dorothea, the body of Koningsmark was discovered under the pavement, where he is supposed to have been strangled and buried.

* A vulgarism peculiar to the Jacobites for *Guelph*, the family name of the house of Hanover.

† Both houses of Parliament.

Geordie he's a man,
 There is little doubt o't;
 He's done a' he can,
 Wha can do without it?
 Down there came a blade,*
 Linkin like my lordie;
 He wad drive a trade
 At the loom o' Geordie.

Though the claith were bad,
 Blythly may we niffer;
 Gin we get a wab,
 It makes little differ.
 We hae tint our plaid,
 Bannet, belt, and swordie,
 Ha's and mailins braid—
 But we hae a Geordie!

Jocky's gane to France,
 And Montgomery's lady;
 There they'll learn to dance:
 Madam, are ye ready?
 They'll be back belyve,
 Belted, brisk, and lordly;
 Brawly may they thrive
 To dance a jig wi' Geordie!

Hey for Sandy Don!
 Hey for Cockolorum!
 Hey for Bobbing John,†
 And his Highland quorum!
 Mony a sword and lance
 Swings at Highland hurdie:
 How they'll skip and dance
 O'er the bum o' Geordie!

* Count Koningsmark.

† John, Earl of Mar, who, about this time, was raising forces to aid the cause of the Chevalier. *Sandy Don* and *Cockolorum* allude to some of the other chieftains engaged in the same interest.

SONG XXXVIII.

THE SOW'S TAIL TO GEORDIE.‡

It's Geordie's now come hereabout,
 O wae light on his sulky snout!
 A pawky sow has found him out,
 And turn'd her tail to Geordie.
 The sow's tail is till him yet,
 A sow's birse will kill him yet,
 The sow's tail is till him yet,
 The sow's tail to Geordie!

It's Geordie he came up the town,
 Wi' a bunch o' turnips on his crown;
 "Aha!" quo' she, "I'll pull them down,
 And turn my tail to Geordie."
 The sow's tail, &c.

It's Geordie he gat up to dance,
 And wi' the sow to take a prance,
 And aye she gart her hurdies flaunce,
 And turn'd her tail to Geordie.
 The sow's tail, &c.

It's Geordie he gaed out to hang,
 The sow came round him wi' a bang:
 "Aha!" quo' she, "there's something wrang;
 I'll turn my tail to Geordie."
 The sow's tail, &c.

The sow and Geordie ran a race,
 But Geordie fell and brake his face:
 "Aha! quo' she, "I've won the race,
 And turn my tail to Geordie."
 The sow's tail, &c.

‡ See note to pages 48.

It's Geordie he sat down to dine,
 And wha came in but Madam Swine?
 " Grumph! Grumph!" quo' she, " I'm come in time;
 I'll sit and dine wi' Geordie."
 The sow tail, &c.

It's Geordie he lay down to die;
 The sow was there as well as he:
 " Umph! Umph!" quo' she, " he's no for me,"
 And turn'd her tail on Geordie.
 The sow's tail, &c.

It's Geordie he gat up to pray,
 She mumpit round and ran away:
 " Umph! Umph!" quo' she, " he's done for aye,"
 And turn'd her tail to Geordie.
 The sow's tail &c.

SONG XXXIX.

KIRN-MILK GEORDIE.

It's James and George they war twa lords,
 And they've coosten out about the kirn;
 But Geordie he prov'd the strangest loon,
 And he's gart Jamie stand a'hin.
 And hey now, Geordie, Geordie, Geordie,
 Ply the cutty as lang as ye can;
 For Donald the piper* will win the butter,
 And nought but kirn-milk for ye than.

And aye he suppit, and aye he swat,
 And aye he ga'e the tither a girn,
 And aye he fykit, and aye he grat,
 When Donald the piper ca'd round the kirn.
 And up wi' Geordie, kirn-milk Geordie,
 He is the king-thief o' them a';

* Donald the piper, i. e. the Highlanders.

He steal'd the key, and hautit the kirn,
And siccan a feast he never saw.

He kicked the butler, hanged the groom,
And turn'd the true men out o' the ha';
And Jockie and Sawney* were like to greet,
To see their backs set at the wa'.
And up wi' Geordie, kirn-milk Geordie,
He has drucken the maltman's ale;
But he'll be nickit ahint the wicket,
And tuggit ahint his gray mare's tail.

Young Jamie has rais'd the aumry cook,
And Jockie has sworn by lippie and law,
Douce Sawney the herd has drawn the sword,
And Donald the piper, the warst of a'.
And down wi' Geordie, kirn-milk Geordie;
He maun hame but stocking or shoe,
To nump his neeps, his sybows, and leeks,
And a wee bit bacon to help his broo.

The cat has clomb to the eagle's nest,
And suckit the eggs, and scar'd the dame;
The lordly lair is daubed wi' hair;
But the thief maun strap, and the hawk come hame,
Then up wi' Geordie, kirn-milk Geordie,
Up wi' Geordie high in a tow:
At the last kick of a foreign foot,
We'se a' be ranting roaring fou,

SONG XL.

THE PILFERING BROOD.

WHAT a cursed crew have we got now,
From a country call'd Hanover!
A wretched race, the land's disgrace,
Which we too late discover.

* *Jockie*, John Bull, or England. *Sawney*, the Lowland Scots.

Drive them hence, drive them hence,
 Quickly quickly drive them hence.
 Here's a health, here's a health,
 Here's a health to our lawful prince.

Had you seen their public entry,
 When first they grac'd the city,
 Each did appear in his best gear,
 Like pilfering poor banditti.
 Drive them hence, &c.

Now they have gotten all our gear,
 And our estates are carving;
 If they stay here another year,
 We'll have no shift but starving.
 Drive them hence, &c.

The only way relief to bring,
 And save both church and steeple,
 Is to bring in our lawful king,
 The father of his people.
 Let him come, let him come,
 Quickly, quickly let him come.
 Here's his health, here's his health,
 Here's his health and safe return.

Ne'er can another fill his place,
 O'er rights divine and civil;
 But for the horny cuckold's face,
 Let's drive him to the devil.
 Drive him hence, &c.

SONG XLI.

PLAIN TRUTH.*

THE Whigs they may brag, but when all's said and done,
 They're as blind as an owl in the face of the sun;

* This is a satire on the collusion formed between George I. and some of the continental powers against the King of Sweden,

Their dandilly Dutch and their Austrians combine
To support a base king, of a Protestant line.

And it's fich away, fie away, well may we sing,
It's fich away, fie away, well may we sing,
It's fich away, fie away, well may we sing,
O lackaday, well a day, hey, such a king!

In debt and in danger, and left in the lurch,
No spark of religion, though mad for the church;
While a merciless mob, that in ignorance grope,
Go straight to the devil for fear of the pope.

And it's fich away, &c.

From their cursed tenets good witness they bring,
Their prince to deny, and to banish their king:
'Twixt their politics false, and their principles foul,
They'll ruin their country, and damn their own soul.

And its fich away, &c.

Our citizens fret, and our countrymen foam;
We're half kill'd abroad, and half murder'd at home.
By fatal experience, in time we'll grow wise,
And when we're all ruin'd we'll open our eyes.

And it's fich away, &c.

Religion has prov'd our disgrace and our fall;
We have either too much, or else none at all.
'Tis the cant and pretext of these politic fiends,
To save their own bacon, and plunder their friends.

And it's fich away, &c.

who had acknowledged James, and was making preparations to assist him in recovering the throne of Britain, which he would probably have effected, had he not died before his plans were completed.

SONG XLII.

DESCRIPTION OF A WHIG.

Tune---If the heart of a man, &c.

WOULD you know what a Whig is, and always was?
 I'll shew you his life as it were in a glass:
 He's a rebel by nature, with a villainous face;
 A saint by profession, who never had grace!
 Cheating and lying are puny things;
 Rapine and plunder but venial sins:
 His dear occupation is ruin of nations,
 Subverting of crowns, and murdering kings.

To shew that he came from a wight of worth:
 'Twas Lucifer's pride that bore the elf;
 'Twas bloody barbarity gave him birth;
 Ambition the midwife that brought him forth;
 Judas his tutor was, till he grew big:
 Hypocrisy taught him to care not a fig
 For all that was sacred: so thus was created,
 And brought into the world, what you call a Whig!

Spew'd up among mortals from hellish jaws,
 He suddenly strikes at religion and laws;
 With civil dissensions, and bloody inventions,
 And all for to push on the good old cause!
 Still cheating and lying he plays his game,
 Always dissembling, but still the same,
 Till he fills the creation with crimes of damnation,
 Then goes to the devil, from whence he came!

SONG XLIII.

THE REBELLIOUS CREW.

YE Whigs are a rebellious crew,
 The plague of this poor nation;

Ye give not heaven nor Cæsar due ;
 Ye smell of reprobation.
 Ye are a stubborn perverse pack,
 Conceiv'd and nurs'd by treason ;
 Your practices are foul and black,
 Your principles 'gainst reason.

Your Hogan Mogan foreign things,
 Were given in displeasure ;
 Ye brought them o'er, and call'd them kings ;
 They've drain'd our blood and treasure.
 Can ye compare your king to mine,
 Your Geordie and your Willie ?
 Comparisons are odious,
 A toadstool to a lily.

Our Darien can witness bear,
 And so can our Glenco, sir ;
 Our South Sea it can make appear,
 What to your kings we owe, sir.
 We have been murder'd, starv'd, and robb'd,
 By those your kings and knav'ry,
 And all our treasure is stock-jobb'd,
 While we groan under slav'ry.]

Did e'er the rightful Stuarts' race
 (Declare it, if you can, sir,)
 Reduce you to so bad a case ?
 Hold up your face, and answer.
 Did he whom ye expell'd the throne,
 Your islands e'er harass so,
 As these whom ye have plac'd thereon,
 Your Brunswick and your Nassau ?

By strangers we are robb'd and sham'd,
 This you must plainly grant, sir,
 Whose coffers with our wealth are cramm'd,
 While we must starve for want, sir.
 Can ye compare your kings to mine,
 Your Geordie and your Willie ?

Comparisons are odious,
A bramble to a lily.

Your prince's mother did amiss,
This ye have ne'er denied, sir,
Or why liv'd she without a kiss,
Confin'd until she died, sir?
Can ye compare your queen to mine?
I know ye're not so silly :
Comparisons are odious,
A dockan to a lily.

Her son is a poor matchless sot,
His own papa ne'er lov'd him ;
And Feckie* is an idiot,
As they can swear who prov'd him.
Can ye compare your prince to mine,
A thing so dull and silly?
Comparisons are odious,
A mushroom to a lily.

SONG XLIV.

THE CURSES.

SCOTLAND and England must be now
United in a nation,
And we must all perjure and vow,
And take the abjuration.
The Stuarts' ancient freeborn race,
Now we must all give over ;
And we must take into their place
The bastards of Hanover†.

Curs'd be the papists, who withdrew
The king to their persuasion.

* Frederic, Prince of Wales, father of George III.

† This is a severe allusion to the *faux pas* of Dorothea, wife to George I.

Curs'd be that covenanting crew,
 Who gave the first occasion.
 Curs'd be the wretch who seiz'd the throne,
 And marr'd our constitution ;
 And curs'd be they who helped on
 That wicked revolution.

Curs'd be those traiterous traitors who
 By their perfidious knavery,
 Have brought our nation now into
 An everlasting slavery.
 Curs'd be the parliament, that day,
 Who gave their confirmation ;
 And curs'd be every whining Whig,
 For they have damn'd the nation.

SONG XLV.

THE CUCKOO.

THE cuckoo's a bonny bird, when he comes home,
 The cuckoo's a bonny bird, when he comes home,
 He'll fley away the wild birds that hank about the throne,
 My bonny cuckoo, when he comes home.
 The cuckoo's the bonny bird, and he'll hae the day ;
 The cuckoo's the royal bird, whatever they may say :
 Wi' the whistle o' his mou', and the blink o' his e'e,
 He'll scare a' the unco birds away frae me.

The cuckoo's a bonny bird, when he comes home,
 The cuckoo's a bonny bird, when he comes home,
 He'll fley away the wild birds that hank about the throne,
 My bonny cuckoo, when he comes home.
 The cuckoo's a bonny bird, but far frae his hame ;
 I ken him by the feathers that grow upon his kame ;
 And round that double kame yet a crown I hope to see,
 For my bonny cuckoo he is dear to me.

SONG XLVI.

THE BONNY MOORHEN.

My bonny moorhen, my bonny moorhen,
 Up in the gray hill, down in the glen;
 It's when ye gang butt the house, when ye gang den,
 Aye drink a health to my bonny moorhen.
 My bonny moorhen's gane over the main,
 And it will be simmer ere she come again;
 But when she comes back again, some folk will ken:
 Joy be wi' thee, my bonny moorhen!

My bonny moorhen has feathers anew,
 She's a' fine colours, but nane o' them blue;
 She's red, and she's white, and she's green, and she's gray,
 My bonny moorhen, come hither away:
 Come up by Glenduich, and down by Glendee,
 And round by Kinclaven, and hither to me;
 For Ronald and Donald are out on the fen,
 To break the wing o' my bonny moorhen.

SONG XLVII.

BRITONS, NOW RETRIEVE YOUR GLORY.

BRITONS, now retrieve your glory,
 And your ancient rights maintain;
 Drive th' usurping race before you,
 And restore a Stuart's reign.
 Load the Brunswick prancer double,
 Heap on all your care and trouble,
 Drive him hence, with all his rabble,
 Never to return again.

Call your injur'd king to save you,
 Ere you farther are oppressed;

He's so good, he will forgive you,
 And receive you to his breast.
 Think on all the wrongs you've done him,
 Bow your rebel necks, and own him.
 Quickly make amends, and crown him,
 Or you never can be blest.

SONG XLVIII.

JAMIE THE ROVER.

Of all the days that's in the year,
 The tenth of June* I love most dear,
 When our white roses all appear,
 For sake of Jamie the Rover.
 In tartans braw our lads are drest,
 With roses glancing on their breast;
 For amang them a' we love him best,
 Young Jamie they call the Rover.

As I came in by Auchindown,
 The drums did beat, and trumpets sound,
 And aye the burden o' the tune
 Was, Up wi' Jamie the Rover!
 There's some wha say he's no the thing,
 And some wha say he's no our king;
 But to their teeth we'll rant and sing,
 Success to Jamie the Rover!

In London there's a huge black bull,
 That would devour us at his will;
 We'll twist his horns out of his skull,
 And drive the old rogue to Hanover.
 And hey as he'll rout, and hey as he'll roar.
 And hey as he'll gloom, as heretofore!
 But we'll repay our auld black score,
 When we get Jamie the Rover.

* The Chevalier de St George's birth-day.

O wae's my heart for Nature's change,
 And ane abroad that's forc'd to range!
 God bless the lad, where'er he remains,
 And send him safely over!
 It's J. and S., I must confess,
 Stands for his name that I do bless:
 O may he soon his own possess,
 Young Jamie they call the Rover!

SONG XLIX.

AT AUCHINDOWN.

At Auchindown, the tenth of June*,
 Sae merry, blythe, and gay, sir,
 Each lad and lass did fill a glass,
 And drink a health that day, sir.
 We drank a health, and nae by stealth,
 'Mang kimmers bright and lordly:
 "King James the Eighth! for him we'll fight,
 And down wi' cuckold Geordie!"

We took a spring, and danc'd a fling,
 A wow but we were vogie!
 We didna fear, though we lay near
 The Campbells, in Stra'bogie:
 Nor yet the loons, the black dragoons,
 At Fochabers a-raising:
 If they durst come, we'd pack them home,
 And send them to their grazing.

* It would appear from this, as well as the preceding Song, that the Chevalier's birth-day had been celebrated by the Northern Jacobites, at Auchindown, 10th June, 1714; and that, during the festival, they swore fealty to the house of Stuart. Auchindown, noticed in so many of our Jacobite Songs, from the "*Haughs o' Cromdale*," downwards, is now a ruin. It was not *properly* a "town" as stated in Song V., but a romantic castle situated in the wilds of Glen Fiddich, in Banffshire. This festival is also alluded to in Song LI.

We fear'd no harm, and no alarm,
 No word was spoke of dangers;
 We join'd the dance, and kiss'd the lance,
 And swore us foes to strangers,
 To ilka name that dar'd disclaim
 Our Jamie and his Charlie.
 "King James the Eighth! for him we'll fight,
 "And down the cuckold carlie!"

SONG L.

THE AULD STUARTS BACK AGAIN.

THE auld Stuarts back again,
 The auld Stuarts back again;
 Let howlet Whigs do what they can,
 The Stuarts will be back again.
 Wha cares for a' their creeshy duds,
 And a' Kilmarnock sown suds?
 We'll wauk their hydes and fyle their fuds,
 And bring the Stuarts back again.

There's Ayr and Irvine, wi' the rest,
 And a' the cronies i' the west,
 Lord! sic a scaw'd and scabbit nest,
 How they'll set up their crack again!
 But wad they come, or dare they come,
 Afore the bagpipe and the drum,
 We'll either gar them a' sing dumb,
 Or "Auld Stuarts back again."

Give ear unto my loyal sang,
 A' ye that ken the right frae wrang,
 And a' that look and think it lang
 For auld Stuarts back again.
 Were ye wi' me to chace the rae,
 Out-owre the hills and far away,
 And saw the Lords were there that day,
 To bring the Stuarts back again.

There ye might see the noble Mar,
 Wi' Athol, Huntly, and Traquair,
 Seaforth, Kilsyth, and Auldubair,
 And mony mae, whatreck, again.
 Then what are a' their westland crews?
 We'll gar the tailors teck again :
 Can they forestand the tartan trews,
 And auld Stuarts back again ?

SONG LI.

THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

LET Whigs remember the fifth of November,*
 And singe the pope and the devil that day,
 While we burn our bonnets, and sing loyal sonnets,
 In praise of the twenty-ninth of May ;†
 And wish, ere many more days are run,
 The same may bring in the tenth of June,
 That Jamie, now loyalists all are grown,
 May safely come over,
 In spite of Hanover,
 And sit on his royal father's throne.

'Tis absolute folly to talk of our holy
 Religion, till once we give Cæsar his due ;
 To injure true princes, and gloss o'er offences,
 Is serving God worse than a Turk or a Jew.
 Then what we so foully have taken away,
 O, let us return on our reckoning day,
 Or else we as wicked as demons are grown ;
 And though to the skies
 We turn up our eyes,
 Dishonour the church and the land we own.

* William landed at Torbay 5th Nov. 1688.

† This alludes to the restoration of Charles II., who entered London in triumph upon his birth-day, May 29, 1660, amidst an immense concourse of people, who lined the way wherever he passed, rending the air with their acclamations.

SONG LII.

LOCHMABEN GATE.‡

As I came by Lochmaben gate,
 It's there I saw the Johnstons riding;
 Away they go, and the fear'd no foe,
 With their drums a-beating, colours flying.
 All the lads of Annandale
 Came there, their gallant chief to follow;
 Brave Burleigh, Ford, and Ramerscale,
 With Winton and the gallant Rollo.

I ask'd a man what meant the fray?
 "Good sir," said he, "you seem a stranger:
 This is the twenty-ninth of May;
 Far better had you shun the danger.
 These are rebels to the throne,
 Reason have we all to know it;
 Popish knaves and dogs each one.
 Pray pass on, or you shall rue it."

I look'd the traitor in the face,
 Drew out my brand and ettled at him:
 "Deil send a' the whiggish race
 Downward to the dad that gat 'em!"
 Right sair he gloom'd, but naething said,
 While my heart was like to scunner.
 Cowards are they born and bred,
 Ilka whinging, praying sinner.

‡ This song records a celebrated riding match held by the Border Jacobites upon 29th May, 1714, the anniversary of the Restoration, at Lochmaben in Dumfries-shire. The object of this meeting was, under the pretext of horse-racing, to assemble all the adherents of the *Chevalier de St George* in that country, ascertain their strength, and arrange matters so as to act in concert with the Earl of Mar, and the northern chiefs who were at this time busily engaged in the same interest. The persons mentioned in this song were, Robert Johnston of Wamphray, the Master of Burleigh, Robert Carruthers of Ramerscales, &c.

My bonnet on my sword I bare,
 And fast I spurr'd by knight and lady,
 And thrice I wav'd it in the air,
 Where a' our lads stood rank'd and ready.
 "Long live King James!" aloud I cried,
 "Our nation's king, our nation's glory!"
 "Long live King James!" they all replied,
 "Welcome, welcome, gallant Tory!"

There I shook hands wi' lord and knight,
 And mony a braw and buskin'd lady:
 But lang I'll mind Lochmaben gate,
 And a' our lads for battle ready.
 And when I gang by Locher Brigs,
 And o'er the moor at e'en or morrow,
 I'll lend a curse unto the Whigs,
 That wrought us a' this dool and sorrow.

SONG LIII.

THE WAES OF SCOTLAND.

Tune.---"*The Siller Crown.*"

WHEN I left thee, bonny Scotland,
 O thou wert fair to see!
 Fresh as a bonny bride in the morn,
 When she maun wedded be.
 When I came back to thee Scotland,
 Upon a May morn fair,
 A bonny lass sat at our town end,
 Kaming her yellow hair.

"Oh hey! oh hey!" sung the bonny lass,
 Oh hey! and wae is me!
 There siccan sorrow in Scotland,
 As een did never see.
 Oh hey, oh hey, for my father auld!
 Oh hey, for my mither dear!
 And my heart will burst for the bonny lad
 Wha left me lanesome here."

I had gane in my ain Scotland
 Mae miles than twa or three,
 When I saw the head o' my ain father
 Coming up the gate to me.
 "A traitor's head!" and "a traitor's head!"
 Loud bawl'd a bloody loon;
 But I drew frae the sheath my glaive o' weir,
 And strack the reaver down.

I hied me hame to my father's ha',
 My dear auld mither to see;
 But she lay^g'mang the black eizels,
 Wi' the death-tear in her ee.
 "O wha has wrought this bloody wark?
 Had I the reaver here,
 I'd wash his sark in his ain heart's blood,
 And gie't to his dame to wear."

I hadna gane frae my ain dear hame
 But twa short miles and three,
 Till up came a captain o' the Whigs,
 Says, "Traitor, bide ye me!"
 I grippit him by the belt sae braid,
 It birsted i' my hand,
 But I threw him frae his weir-saddle,
 And drew my burly brand.

"Shaw mercy on me!" quo' the loon,
 And low he knelt on knee:
 But by his thigh was my father's glaive
 Whilk gude King Bruce did gie;
 And buckled round him was the broider'd belt
 Whilk my mither's hands did weave.
 My tears they mingled wi' his heart's blood,
 And reek'd upon my glaive.

I wander a' night 'mang the lands I own'd,
 When a' folk are asleep,
 And I lie o'er my father and mither's grave
 An hour or twa to weep.

O, fatherless and mitherless,
 Without a ha' or hame,
 I maun wander through dear Scotland,
 And bide a traitor's blame.

SONG LIV.

THE KING SHALL ENJOY HIS OWN.†

IN a summer's day, when all was gay,
 The lads and lasses met
 In a flowery mead, when each lovely maid
 Was by her true love set.
 Dick took the glass, drank to his lass,
 And Jamie's health around did pass.
 Huzza they cried; Huzza, they all replied,
 God bless our noble king.

"To the queen," quoth Will. "Drink it off," says Nell;
 "They say she's wondrous pretty."
 "And the prince," says Hugh. "That's right," says Sue,
 "God send him home," says Katy;
 "May the powers above this tribe remove,
 And send us back the man we love."
 Huzza, they cried, &c.

The liquor spent, they to dancing went;
 Each youngster took his mate:
 Ralph bow'd to Moll, and Hodge to Doll;
 Hal took out black-eyed Kate.
 "Name your dance," quoth John. "Bid him," says Anne,
 "Play, The king shall enjoy his own again."
 Huzza, they cried, &c.

* This Song is evidently of English composition, and is stated by an old authority to have been written by my Lord ----- for circulation among the country people, to encourage their loyalty and attachment to legitimacy.

SONG LV.

OVER THE SEAS AND FAR AWA.

WHEN we think on the days of auld,
 When our Scots lads were true as bauld,
 O weel may we weep for our foul fa',
 And grieve for the lad that's far awa!
 Over the seas, and far awa,
 Over the seas, and far awa,
 O weel may we maen for the day that's gane
 And the lad that's banish'd far awa.

Some traitor lairds, for love o' gain,
 They drove our true king owre the main,
 In spite o' right, and rule, and law,
 And the friends o' him that's far awa.
 Over the seas, &c.

A bloody rook frae Brunswick flew,
 And gatherit devil's birds anew;
 Wi' kingsmen's blude they gorge their maw;
 O dule to the louns sent Jamie awa'!
 Over the seas, &c.

And cruel England, leal men's dread,
 Doth hunt and cry for Scottish bleid,
 To hack, and head, and hang, and draw,
 And a' for the lad that's far awa.
 Over the seas, &c.

There's a reade in heaven, I read it true,
 There's vengeance for us on a' that crew,
 There's blude for blude to ane and a',
 That sent our bonnie lad far awa.
 Over the seas, and far awa,
 Over the seas, and far awa,
 He'll soon be hear, that I loe dear,
 And he's welcome hame frae far awa!

SONG LVI.

OVER THE SEAS, AND FAR AWAY.

MODERN.

THERE's some shall shift their cap and coat,
 There's some shall sit where they wot not,
 There's some maun here nae langer stay,
 When ane comes hame that's far away.

Over the seas, and far away,

Over the seas, and far away,

There's a nest on the tree that maunna be,
 When he comes hame that's far away.

There's lint i' the heckle, and meal i' the mill,
 There's somebody coming owre the hill,
 And somebody else will be here or day,
 That will tell us o' ane that's far away.

Over the seas, &c.

There's some crack crouse that'll soon get a claw,
 There's ane sits high that'll soon get a fa',
 And some has that he maunna hae,
 When ane comes hame that's far away.

Over the seas, &c.

The clans are coming in mony a raw,
 Wi' braidsword and wi' targe sae braw;
 There's riding and running owre muir and brae,
 And a' for the laddie that's far away.

Over the seas, &c.

I wear a badge I ne'er shall tine,
 You have a sword, and here is mine;
 We'll bear us out as best we may,
 And drink to him that's far away.

Over the seas, and far away,

Over the seas, and far away.

A health I'll gie wi' three times three,
 To ane ye ken, that's far away.

SONG LVII.

OH ONO CHRIO.*

OH, was not I weary wight?

Oh ono chri oh! oh ono chri oh!

Maid, wife, and widow in one night!

Oh ono chri oh! &c.

When in my soft and yielding arms,

Oh ono chri oh! &c.

When most I thought him free from harms,

Oh ono chri oh! &c.

* This song, according to chronological order, ought to have been inserted in an earlier part of the work, but was unfortunately overlooked. It relates to an incident connected with the massacre of the Macdonalds of Glenco, in 1691. This diabolical transaction arose out of the following circumstances :---King William, by proclamation, offered an indemnity to all those who had been in arms against him, and who would submit and swear allegiance by a certain day, but that all who held out after the end of December, would be subjected to military execution. Macdonald of Glenco, alarmed by this declaration, set out on the very last day of December for Fort William, but Colonel Hill, the governor, not being vested with the powers of a civil magistrate, refused to administer the oath. Time pressed hard, and although in the dead of winter, and the country covered with snow, Macdonald braved all the dangers of this alpine district, and arrived at Inverary, the county town of Argyle, the very day after the term prescribed by the proclamation, had expired. Sir John Campbell, sheriff for the county, in consideration of his disappointment at Fort William, administered the oaths to him and his adherents, and they returned to Glenco, relying on the protection of that government to which they had so solemnly submitted. But the Earl of Breadalbane, between whom and Macdonald there existed a feud, represented him at court as an incorrigible rebel and ruffian, inured to bloodshed and rapine, and who would never be obedient to his Sovereign or the laws. He also stated, that he had paid no attention to the proclamation, and recommended, that, to preserve the quiet of the kingdom, he, his family and dependants should be extirpated. His advice was supported by other Scottish ministers; and the king, whose chief virtue was not humanity, signed a warrant for the destruction of those unhappy people, though it does not appear that he knew of Macdonald's submission. An order for this barbarous execution, signed and countersigned by his Majesty's own hand, being trans-

Even at the dead time of the night,
 Oh ono chri oh ! &c.
 They broke my bower, and slew my knight,
 Oh ono chri oh ! &c.
 With ae lock of his jet black hair,
 Oh ono chri oh ! &c.
 I'll tye my heart for ever mair ;
 Oh ono chri oh ! &c.

mitted to the master of Stair, secretary for Scotland. Captain Campbell of Glenlyon, marched into the valley of Glenco, in the month of February, with a company of soldiers belonging to Argyll's regiment, on pretence of levying the arrears of the land-tax and hearth-money. When Macdonald demanded whether they came as friends or enemies, he answered as friends, and promised, upon his honour, that neither he nor his people should sustain the least injury. In consequence of this declaration, he and his men were received with the most cordial hospitality, and lived fifteen days with the men of the valley, in all the appearance of the most unreserved friendship. At length the fatal period approached. Macdonald and Campbell having passed the day together, parted about seven in the evening, with mutual professions of the warmest affection. The younger Macdonald, perceiving the guards doubled, began to suspect some treachery, and communicated his suspicions to his brother ; but neither he nor the father would harbour the least doubt of Campbell's sincerity : nevertheless, the two young men went forth privately, to make further observations. They overheard the common soldiers say they liked not the work ; that though they would have willingly fought the Macdonalds of the Glen fairly in the fields, they held it base to murder them in cool blood ; but that their officers were answerable for the treachery. When the youths hasted back to apprise their father of the impending danger, they saw the house already surrounded : they heard the discharge of the muskets, the shrieks of women and children, and being destitute of arms, secured their lives by immediate flight. The savage ministers of vengeance had entered the old man's chamber, and shot him through the head. He fell down dead in the arms of his wife, who died next day, distracted by the horror of her husband's fate. The Laird of Auchintrinken, Macdonald's guest, who had three months before this period submitted to the government, and at this very time had a protection in his pocket, was put to death without question. A boy of eight years, who fell at Campbell's feet, imploring mercy, and offering to serve him for life, was stabbed to the heart by one Drummond, a subaltern officer. Eight-and-thirty persons suffered in this manner, the greater part of whom were surprised in their beds, and hurried into eternity before they had time to implore the divine mercy. The design was to butcher all the males under seventy, that lived in the valley, the number of whom

Nae sly-tongued youth, or flattering swain,
 Oh ono chri oh ! &c.
 Shall e'er untye this knot again :
 Oh ono chri oh ! &c.
 Thine, still, dear youth, that heart shall be,
 Oh ono chri oh ! &c.
 Nor pant for aught save heaven and thee.
 Oh ono chri oh ! &c.

SONG LVIII.

WHAT AILS THEE, POOR SHEPHERD?

“ WHAT ails thee, poor shepherd, why look'st thou so wan?
 So ghastly thy visage, so meagre thy mein?
 Has any distemper affected thy sheep?
 Or does lovely Phillis disturb thy sweet sleep?

That thou should'st sit here by the shades and complain?
 What is't that perplexes and troubles thy brain?”
 It was close by an elm where his pipe and crook lay,
 But his heart was so griev'd, not one tune could he play.

amounted to two hundred; but some of the detachments did not arrive soon enough to secure the passes; so that one hundred and sixty escaped. Campbell, having perpetrated this brutal massacre, ordered all the houses to be burned, made a prey of all the cattle and effects that were found in the valley, and left the helpless women and children, whose fathers and husbands he had murdered, naked and forlorn, without covering, food, or shelter, in the midst of the snow that covered the whole face of the country, at the distance of six long miles from any inhabited place. Distracted with grief and horror, surrounded with the shades of night, shivering with cold, and appalled with the apprehensions of immediate death from the swords of those who had sacrificed their friends and kinsmen, they could not endure such a complication of calamities, but generally perished in the waste, before they could receive the least comfort or assistance. This barbarous massacre, performed under the sanction of King William's authority, answered the immediate purpose of the court, by striking terror into the hearts of the Jacobite Highlanders: but at the same time excited the horror of all those who had not renounced every sentiment of humanity, and produced such an aversion to the government, as all the arts of a ministry could never totally surmount.

“ Alas !” quoth the shepherd, “ the theme of my song
Is, since our old landlord is o’er the seas gone,
Hogan Mogan has seiz’d and kept all for his own,
And from plenty to want our country is grown.

Our rents they have rais’d, and our taxes increase,
And all is because we have ta’en a new lease.
So dull are my notes, on my pipe I can’t play
The tune I was wont, since my landlord’s away.

Heaven bless our great master, and send him again,
Ere famine and poverty kill the poor swain ;
For the Dutch and the Germans our lands they do keep,
They fleece this poor nation as I fleece my s

“ Cheer up, honest shepherd, and calm thy griev’d heart ;
Gird thy sword by thy side, act a true British part ;
Gird thy sword by thy side, throw thy sheephook away,
For our landlord is coming, we’ll clear him the way.

See the glass how it sparkles with true British corn :
Here’s his health, honest shepherd, and speedy return ;
And when he comes o’er, he shall have all his own,
And with disgrace Hanover must yield up the crown.”

SONG LIX.

LET OUR GREAT JAMES COME OVER.

LET our great James come over,
And baffle Prince Hanover,
With hearts and hands, in loyal bands,
We’ll welcome him at Dover.
Of royal birth and breeding,
In ev’ry grace exceeding,
Our hearts will mourn till his return,
O’er lands that lie a-bleeding.

Let each man, in his station,
Fight bravely for the nation ;

Then may our king long live and reign,
 In spite of abjuration*.
 He only can relieve us
 From every thing that grieves us :
 Our church is rent, our treasure spent ;
 He only can reprieve us.

Too long he's been excluded,
 Too long we've been deluded :
 Let's with one voice sing and rejoice ;
 The peace is now concluded.
 The Dutch are disappointed,
 Their whiggish plots disjointed ;
 The sun displays his glorious rays,
 To crown the Lord's anointed.

Away with Prince Hanover !
 We'll have no Prince Hanover !
 King James the Eighth has the true right,
 And he is coming over.
 Since royal James is coming,
 Then let us all be moving,
 With heart and hand at his command,
 To set the Whigs a-running.

Let not the abjuration
 Impose upon our nation,
 Restrict our hands, whilst he commands,
 Through false imagination :
 For oaths which are imposed
 Can never be supposed
 To bind a man, say what they can,
 When justice is opposed.

* The Act of Abjuration here referred to, was passed by the parliament of King William, in 1701. By this Act all persons holding situations in church or state were compelled by oath to abjure the pretended Prince of Wales (James II.'s son) to recognise William as their "right and lawful King, and his heirs, according to the Act of Settlement ;" they also became bound to maintain the Established Church of England, at the same time tolerating dissenters.

The parliament's gone over,
 The parliament's gone over,
 And all the Whigs have run their rigs,
 And brought home Prince Hanover.
 And now that he's come over,
 O what will ye discover,
 When in a rope we'll hang him up,
 And so farewell, Hanover.

But whom will ye have over ?
 But whom will ye have over ?
 King James the Eighth, with all our might,
 And land him in our border.
 And when that he's come over,
 O what will ye discover,
 But Whigs in ropes high hanging up,
 For siding with Hanover ?

SONG LX.

COME, LET US DRINK A HEALTH, BOYS.

[This song seems to have been written after the death of the Princess Sophia, Electress Dowager of Hanover, grand-daughter of James VI. and mother of George I, in 1714. The Jacobites calculated largely on this event, as loosening the connection between the house of Hanover and the British throne.]

COME, let us drink a health, boys,
 A health unto our king ;
 We'll drink no more by stealth, boys,
 Come let our glasses ring.
 For England must surrender
 To him they call Pretender :
 God save our faith's defender,
 And our true lawful king.

The royal youth deserveth
 To fill the sacred place ;
 'Tis he alone preserveth
 The Stuarts' ancient race.
 Since 'tis our inclination
 To call him to the nation,

Let each man, in his station,
Receive his king in peace.

With heart and hand we'll join, boys,
To set him on his throne;
We'll all combine as one, boys,
Till this great work be done.
We'll pull down usurpation,
And, spite of abjuration,
And force of stubborn nation,
Great James's title own.

We'll no more, by delusion,
With Hogan Mogan* join;
Nor will we, with profusion,
Waste both our blood and coin:
But for our king we'll fight, then;
Who is our heart's delight, then,
Like Scots, in armour bright, then,
We'll all cross o'er the Tyne.

Sophia's dead and gone, boys,
Who thought to have been queen;
The like befall her son, boys,
Who thinks o'er us to reign.
We'll root out usurpation
Entirely from the nation,
And cause the restoration
Of James, our lawful king.

But let the Duke of Brunswick
Sit still upon his bum;
He's but a perfect dunseke,
If e'er he meant to come.
The rogues who brought him over,
They plainly may discover,
'Twere better for Hanover
He'd stay'd and drunk his mum.

* *Hogan Mogan*, so often employed in songs referring to King William, is a corruption of *Hough Mogedige*, the Dutch words for "High and Mighty;" a title of the States of the United Provinces of the Netherlands.

Ungrateful Prince Hanover,
 Go home now to thy own!
 Thou act'st not like a brother
 To him who owns the crown.
 There's thirty of that race, man,
 Before that thou take place, man;
 It were a great disgrace, man,
 Thy title yet to own.

Let our brave loyal clans, then,
 Their ancient Stuart race
 Restore, with sword in hand, then,
 And all their foes displace.
 All unions we'll o'erturn, boys,
 Which caus'd our nation mourn, boys;
 Like Bruce at Bannockburn, boys,
 The English home we'll chase.

Our king they do despise, boys,
 Because of Scottish blood;
 But for all their oaths and lies, boys,
 His title still is good,
 Ere Brunswick sceptre wield, boys,
 We'll all die in the field, boys;
 For we will never yield, boys,
 To serve a foreign brood.

SONG LXI.

MY LADDIE.

My laddie can fight, my laddie can sing,
 He's fierce as the north wind, and soft as the spring,
 His soul was design'd for no less than a king,
 Such greatness shines in my dear laddie.
 With soft down of thistles I'll make him a bed,
 With lilies and roses I'll pillow his head,
 And with my tun'd harp I will gently lead
 To sweet and soft slumbers my laddie.

Let thunderbolts rattle on mountains of snow,
 And hurricanes over cold Caucasus blow ;
 Let Care be confin'd to the regions below,
 Since I have got home my dear laddie.
 Let Sol curb his coursers, and stretch out the day,
 That time may not hinder carousing and play ;
 And whilst we are hearty, be every thing gay
 Upon the birth-day of my laddie.

He from the fair forest has driven the deer,
 And broke the curs'd antler the creature did wear,
 That tore up the bonniest flowers of the year,
 That bloom'd on the hills of my laddie.
 Unlock all my cellars, and deal out my wine,
 Let brave Britons toast it till their noses shine,
 And a curse on each face that would seem to decline
 To drink a good health to my laddie.

SONG LXII.

FRAE THE FRIENDS AND LAND I LOVE

Tune—Carron Side.

Frae the friends and land I love,
 Driven by fortune's felly spite ;
 Frae my best belov'd I rove,
 Never mair to taste delight :
 Never mair maun hope to find
 Ease frae toil, relief frae care.
 When remembrance racks the mind,
 Pleasure but unveils despair.

Brightest climes shall mirk appear,
 Desert ilka blooming shore,
 Till the fates, nae mair severe,
 Friendship, love, and peace restore ;
 Till revenge, wi' laurell'd head,
 Bring our banish'd hame again,
 And ilk loyal bonny lad
 Cross the seas and win his ain.

SONG LXIII.

PERFIDIOUS BRITAIN.

PERFIDIOUS Britain, plung'd in guilt,
 Rebellious sons of loyal race,
 How long, how long will ye insult
 Your banish'd monarch suing peace?
 What floods of native blood are spilt!
 What sewers of treason drain our land!
 How many scourges have we felt
 In the late aspiring tyrant's hand!

An age is past, the age is come,
 When we from bondage must be freed;
 Hundreds have met an unjust doom,
 And right or slav'ry must succeed.
 Ye powers omnipotent, declare
 Your justice—guard the British throne—
 Protect the good, the righteous heir;
 And to no stranger give the crown.*

The heavens their vengeance now begin;
 The thunder's dart shall havock bring:
 Repent, repent that hell-born sin!
 Call home, call home your injur'd king!

* Hogg, in his "Jacobite Relics," Vol. I. gives the following set of the 2d verse of this song, which he received from Sir W. Scott, and after some insinuations against that gentleman's amanuensis, who, he says, transcribed it, professes his ignorance of many parts of the song, the verse following we confess we understand as little as Mr H., but have given it, lest we should be blamed for withholding what may be a treat to our more erudite readers.

"An age is past, an age to come,
 In which our bondage is decreed;
 Millions of millions fix the doom,
 Till poverty and shame succeed
 Contending power. Ye Gods, declare,
 If hurl their dismal threatening down;
 Would yet set by the righteous heir,
 And on a stranger plant the crown?"

His great progenitors have sway'd
 Your sceptre near the half of time,
 And his lov'd race will be obey'd,
 Till time its latest ages claim.

O think, ye daring Scots, what right
 This long succession does entail;
 Think how your gallant fathers fought,
 That Fergus' line might never fail.
 Let England's worthies blush to own,
 How they their only prince withstood
 Who now remains to grace the throne
 Of their Edwards' and their Henrys' blood.

But glorious James, of royal stem,
 Your God's vicegerent and your king,
 Your peace, your all combin'd in him,
 Haste, Britons, home your monarch bring;
 James, Heaven's darling and its care,
 The brightest youth of mortal frame,
 For virtue, beauty, form, and air:
 Call home your rightful king, for shame!

SONG LXIV.

WEEL MAY WE A' BE.

WEEL may we a' be,
 Ill may we never see,
 Here's to the king,
 And this good company!
 Fill fill your glasses high,
 We'll drain our barrels dry;
 Out upon them, fie! fie!
 That winna do't again.

Here's to the king, boys!
 Ye ken wha I mean, boys!

And every honest man, boys,
 That will do't again!
 Fill fill your glasses high, &c.

Here's to a' the chieftains
 Of the gallant Scottish clans,
 They hae done it mair than ance,
 And they'll do't again.
 Fill fill your glasses high, &c.

When the pipes began to strum
 Tuttie tattie to the drum,
 Out claymore, and down the gun,
 And to the knaves again.
 Fill fill your glasses high, &c.

Here's to the king o' Swedes,*
 Fresh laurels crown his head!
 Pox on every sneaking blade
 That winna do't again!
 Fill fill your glasses high, &c.

But to make a' things right now,
 He that drinks maun fight too,
 To shew his heart's upright too,
 And that he'll do't again.
 Fill fill your glasses high, &c.

SONG LXV.

BOTH SIDES THE TWEED.

Tune---*Tweedside.*

WHAT's the spring-breathing jess'mine and rose,
 What's the summer with all its gay train,
 Or the plenty of autumn to those
 Who've barter'd their freedom for gain?

* Charles XII. of Sweden, already noticed in note to Song XLI.

Let the love of our king's sacred right,
 To the love of our country succeed ;
 Let friendship and honour unite,
 And flourish on both sides the Tweed.

No sweetness the senses can cheer,
 Which corruption and bribery blind ;
 No brightness that gloom e'er can clear,
 For honour's the sun of the mind.
 Let the love, &c.

Let virtue distinguish the brave,
 Place riches in lowest degree ;
 Think him poorest who can be a slave,
 Him richest who dares to be free.
 Let the love, &c.

Let us think how our ancestors rose,
 Let us think how our ancestors fell,
 The rights they defended, and those
 They bought with their blood we'll ne'er sell.
 Let the love, &c.

SONG LXVI.

TRUE BLUE.

I HOPE there's no soul
 Met over this bowl,
 But means honest ends to pursue :
 With the voice and the heart
 Let us never depart
 From the faith of an honest true blue, true blue,
 From the faith of an honest true blue.

For our country and friends
 Let us damn private ends,
 And keep our old virtue in view ;

Stand clear of the tribe
That address with a bribe,
For honesty's ever true blue, &c.

Of the politic knave,
Who strives to enslave,
Whose schemes the whole nation may rue;
Of pension and place,
That curse and disgrace,
Stand clear, and be ever true blue, &c.

As with hound and with horn
We rise in the morn,
With vigour the chace to pursue;
Corruption's our cry,
Which we'll hunt till we die;
'Tis worthy a British true blue, &c.

Here's a health to all those
Who slavery oppose,
And wish our old rights to renew;
To each honest voice
That concurs in the choice
And support of an honest true blue, true blue,
And support of an honest true blue.

SONG LXVII.

PETTICOATS LOOSE.

It's Hanover, Hanover, fast as you can over,
Hey gudeman, away gudeman;
It's Hanover, Hanover, fast as you can over,
Bide na here till day gudeman.
For there is a harper down i' the north,
Has play'd a spring on the banks o' Forth,
And aye the owre-word o' the tune
Is, Away gudeman, away gudeman.
It's Hanover, Hanover, &c.

It's Feddy* maun strap, and Robin† maun string,
 And Killy‡ may wince, and fidge, and fling,
 For Kenny§ has loos'd her petticoat string,
 Gae tie 't again, gae tie 't again.
 It's Hanover, Hanover, &c.

O Kenny my kitten, come draw your mitten,
 And dinna be lang, and dinna be lang;
 For petticoat's loose, and barrie is slitten,
 And a's gane wrang, and a's gane wrang.
 It's Hanover, Hanover, &c.

SONG LXVIII.

O WHAT'S THE MATTER WI' THE WHIGS?

O WHAT's the matter wi' the Whigs?
 I think they're all gone mad, sir;
 By dancing one-and-forty jigs,
 Our dancing may be bad, sir.

The revolution principles
 Have set their heads in bees, then;
 They've fallen out among themselves,
 Shame fa' the first that grees them!

Did ye not swear, in Anna's reign,
 And vow, too and protest, sir,
 If Hanover were once come o'er,
 Then we should all be blest, sir?

Since you got leave to rule the roast,
 Impeachments throve a while, sir:
 Our lords must steer to other coasts,
 Our lairds may leave the isle, sir.

* Prince Frederick.

‡ Madame Kilmansegge.

† Sir Robert Walpole.

‡ Duchess of Kendal.

Now Britain may rejoice and sing,
 'Tis once a happy nation,
 Governed by a German thing,
 Our sovereign by creation.

And whensoever this sovereign fails,
 And pops into the dark, sir,
 O then we have a prince of Wales,
 The brat of Konigsmark, sir.

Our king he has a cuckold's luck,
 His praises we will sing, sir,
 For from a petty German duke,
 He's now become a king, sir.

He was brought o'er to rule the greese,
 But, faith, the truth I'll tell, sir;
 When he takes on his good dame's gees,
 He canna' rule himsel, sir.

And was there ever such a king
 As our brave German prince, sir?
 Our wealth supplies him every thing,
 Save that he wants—good sense, sir.

Whilst foreigners traverse our isle,
 And drag our peers to slaughter,
 This makes our gracious king to smile,
 Our prince bursts out in laughter.

Our jails with British subjects cramm'd,
 Our scaffolds reek with blood, sir;
 And all but Whigs and Dutch are damn'd
 By the fanatic crowd, sir.

Come, let us sing our monarch's praise,
 And drink his health in wine, sir;
 For now we have braw happy days,
 Like those of forty-nine,* sir.

* Charles I. was beheaded, 30th January, 1649, in the 49th year of his age, and 24th of his reign.

SONG LXIX.

THE BONNY GRAY-EYED MORNIN'.

O, BEAUTIFUL Britannia, where is thy church now gone?
 Upon thy bench sits Calvin, and Luther on thy throne:
 Sure thou art now grown mad, thus for to play the jade;
 In Askelon or Gath, fie! let it not be said.

Learn from your judgments sore, the crime now to abhor;
 Pull down, pull down the calf, and your rightful king
 restore.

O, beautiful Britannia, pray once yet think upon
 The blythesome days of old, when a Stuart held the
 throne.

Then hadst thou riches, peace, content in every face;
 But now, alas! alas! all's gone to thy disgrace:
 Thy riches they are spent, thy constitution's rent,
 By rakes and Whigs, these for thy ruin bent.
 Thy sons, into a car, to Tyburn dragged are,
 Or else, alas! alas! from home removed far.

O, beautiful Britannia, if thou wouldst think upon
 The blythesome days of yore, the days of sixty-one.*

Thou wouldst not fondly doat upon a German sot;
 A sow, a sow, a sow more suits his lot;
 Nor would his madcap son ever possess thy throne,
 Nor would again be play'd the game of forty-one:†
 But all, with one consent, for restoration bent,
 Might soon call home the king, relieve the innocent.
 The bonny gray-eyed mornin' begins for to peep;
 O, beautiful Britannia, I pray no longer sleep;

* Anno 1661, the year after the Restoration, when Charles II. enjoyed his highest popularity.

† In the year 1641, the parliament of Charles I. opposed his measures, and commenced the rebellion which terminated in the decapitation of that monarch, and the establishment of the Commonwealth under Oliver Cromwell.

But from the Gallic shore call royal Jamie o'er,
 Resist, resist, resist him no more ;
 And let no cuckold be still ruler over thee,
 Nor any German bastard, begot in poverty.
 And let no Whig command, discharge them off thy land ;
 Discard, discard, discard that lawless band.
 The bonny gray-eyed mornin', since it begins to dawn,
 O, beautiful Britannia, to cloud it be not drawn
 By shameless whiggish pride, but ope thy arms wide,
 Embrace, embrace, embrace the son, thou art the bride ;
 Then would no blood be spilt, nor would'st thou spend
 thy guilt.
 Pray hasten, O Britannia, thy marriage to complete.

SONG LXX.

DONALD MACGILLAVRY.*

DONALD's gane up the hill hard and hungry ;
 Donald comes down the hill wild and angry ;
 Donald will clear the gouk's nest cleverly.
 Here's to the king and Donald Macgillavry.
 Come like a weigh-bauk, Donald Macgillavry,
 Come like a weigh-bauk, Donald Macgillavry ;
 Balance them fair, and balance them cleverly :
 Off wi' the counterfeit, Donald Macgillavry.

Donald's run o'er the hill but his tether, man,
 As he were wud, or stung wi' an ether, man ;

* It is uncertain who was intended as the hero of this song, several of the name occurring in the Jacobite ballads, both of 1715 and 1745. There was a Captain John Macgillavry, serving under Brigadier M'Intosh, who was executed at Preston in Lancashire, after Lord Derwentwater and the Rebel army in England surrendered to the troops of George I. at that place. It is more probable, however, that the person here alluded to, was Macgillavry of Drunglass, whose name appears in the *Chevalier's Muster Roll*, and was attached to the army of the Earl of Mar, then in the Highlands. Others think, and with great propriety, that the allusion is to the Highland clans in general, and not to any particular individual.

When he comes back, there are some will look merrily :
 Here's to King James, and Donald Macgillavry.
 Come like a weaver, Donald Macgillavry,
 Come like a weaver, Donald Macgillavry,
 Pack on your back, and elwand sae cleverly ;
 Gie him full measure, my Donald Macgillavry.

Donald has foughten wi' rief and roguery ;
 Donald has dinner'd wi' banes and beggary :
 Better it were for Whigs and Whiggery
 Meeting the devil than Donald Macgillavry.
 Come like a tailor, Donald Macgillavry,
 Come like a tailor, Donald Macgillavry ;
 Push about, in and out, thimble them cleverly.
 Here's to King James, and Donald Macgillavry !

Donald's the callan that brooks nae tangleness ;
 Whigging, and prigging, and a' newfangleness,
 They maun be gane : he winna be baukit, man ;
 He maun hae justice, or faith he'll tak' it, man.
 Come like a cobbler, Donald Macgillavry,
 Come like a cobbler, Donald Macgillavry ;
 Beat them, and bore them, and lingel them cleverly.
 Up wi' King James, and Donald Macgillavry !

Donald was mumpit wi' mirds and mockery ;
 Donald was blinded wi' blads o' property ;
 Arles ran high, but makings were naething, man :
 Lord, how Donald is flyting and fretting, man !
 Come like the devil, Donald Macgillavry,
 Come like the devil, Donald Macgillavry ;
 Skelp them and scaud them that prov'd sae unbritherly.
 Up wi' King James, and Donald Macgillavry !

SONG LXXI.

THE CHEVALIER'S MUSTER ROLL.

[A great proportion of the Scottish nobility and gentry were discontented with the union, many from being cut off, by this measure, from a share in the direction of the affairs of the state, and some, who had been persecuted for adhering to principles of religion which their fathers had taught them to respect, viewed the expulsion of the Stuart family as a sacrifice at the shrine of their faith, and were ready to risk their lives and fortunes in its restoration. On the accession of George I. in 1714, the dismissal of the Tory Ministry, and the rancour with which its members were prosecuted, greatly increased the number of the disaffected. The Earl of Mar, who had held the office of Secretary of State during the late administration, finding himself neglected by the government, threw himself into the arms of the Jacobites, and being a nobleman of talent and ability, soon became the head of that faction. On his arrival at his seat at Kildrummy in Aberdeenshire, in August, 1715, a number of the noblemen and gentlemen of that party repaired thither, among whom were the Marquises of Huntly and Tullibardin; the Earls of Marishall, Nithsdale, Traquair, Errol, Southesk, Carnwath, Seaforth, and Linlithgow; the Viscounts Kilsyth, Kenmure, Kingston, and Stormont; the Lords Rollo, Duffus, and Drummond; and many gentlemen of great interest, whose names are enumerated in the poem. They there resolved on setting up the Chevalier's standard, and in supporting his claims to the crown, with all their vassals; and, accordingly, early in September, proclaimed him in all the principal towns between Perth and Inverness, establishing their head-quarters at the former place.---*Gilchrist's Scottish Ballads.*]

LITTLE wat ye wha's coming,
 Little wat ye wha's coming,
 Little wat ye wha's coming,
 Jock an' Tam an' a's coming.

Duncan's coming, Donald's coming,
 Colin's coming, Ronald's coming,
 Dougal's coming, Lauchlan's coming,
 Alaster an' a's coming.

Little wat ye wha's coming,
 Jock an' Tam an' a's coming,

Borland an' his men's coming,
 The Camerons an' M'Leans' coming,

The Gordons an' M'Gregors' coming,
 A' the Dunywastles* coming.
 Little wat ye wha's coming,
 M'Gil'vry of Drumglass is coming.

Wigton's coming, Nithsdale's coming,
 Carnwarth's coming, Kenmure's coming,
 Derwentwater† an' Foster's‡ coming,
 Withrington§ an' Nairn's|| coming.
 Little wat ye wha's coming,
 Blyth Cowhill an' a's coming.

The Laird of M'Intosh is coming,
 M'Crabie an' M'Donald's coming,
 The M'Kenzies an' M'Phersons' coming,
 A' the wild M'Craws' coming.
 Little wat ye wha's coming.
 Donald Gun and a's coming.

They gloom, they glowr, they look sae big,
 At ilka stroke they'll fell a Whig :
 They'll fright the fuds o' the Pockpuds,¶
 For mony a buttock bare's coming.
 Little wat ye wha's coming,
 Jock an' Tam an' a's coming.

* *Dhain uailse*, i. e. Highland lairds or gentlemen.

† Earl of Derwentwater, a nobleman universally esteemed. He was taken prisoner at Preston, tried, and beheaded on Tower-hill, along with Viscount Kenmure.

‡ Thomas Forster junior, of Etherston, Member of Parliament for Northumberland, was commander of the rebel English army. He was taken prisoner at Preston, but made his escape to the continent.

§ The Earl of Widdrington.

|| The Lord Nairn, brother to the Duke of Athole. He was also taken prisoner at Preston, tried, and condemned, but afterwards liberated by virtue of the act of indemnity in 1717.

¶ A name of derision given to the English, from their attachment to the bag-pudding.

SONG LXXII.

THE BATTLE OF SHERIFF-MUIR.

[The Earl of Mar having been joined by the northern clans under the Earl of Seaforth, and by General Gordon with a body of men from the west, prepared to carry the war into the south of Scotland: accordingly, on the 10th November, he marched from Perth to Auchterarder, where he reviewed his army, amounting to about nine thousand men; he continued there on the 11th, and resumed his march on the 12th towards Stirling. The Duke of Argyle, with the royal army, which did not exceed three thousand five hundred men, hearing of the approach of the enemy, quitted Stirling on the 12th, and encamped the same night, with his left at Dumblain, and his right towards Sheriff-moor. The rebels approached that night within two miles of his Grace's army, drew up in order of battle, and remained under arms till day-break. Both armies prepared for battle in the morning. The Duke of Argyle placed himself on the right, at the head of the cavalry; General Whitham commanded the left, and Major-General Wightman the centre. The Earl of Mar led on the clans under the Captain of Clanronald, Glengary, Sir John M'Lean, and Campbell of Glenlyon, who made such a furious charge on the left wing of the royal army, "that in seven or eight minutes," says an account of the engagement, published shortly after at Perth, under the authority of the Earl of Mar, "we could neither perceive the form of a battalion or squadron of the enemy before us." The Highlanders on the left were not so successful. The Duke of Argyle charged them with such vigour at the head of the cavalry, that they were obliged to retire, which they did in the greatest order, rallying ten times in the space of two miles. Having, however, succeeded in pushing them across the water of Allen, he returned to the field, where, being joined by General Wightman with three battalions of foot, he took possession of some mud-walls and inclosures to cover himself from the threatened attack of the enemy's right wing, which, on hearing of the defeat of their left, stopt the pursuit, and came up to its support; but either through jealousy that the left had not done its duty, or awed by the imposing front which Argyle's troops presented, the Highlanders did not renew the action. Both armies fronted each other till the evening, when the Duke retired to Dumblain, and the Earl of Mar to Ardoch. The carnage on both sides was nearly equal; about eight hundred of the rebels were killed and wounded, while the loss of the royal army was upwards of six hundred. The victory was claimed by both parties, from the circumstance of the right wing of each army being victorious; but all the advantages remained with the Duke of Argyle, who not only returned to the field next day and carried off the wounded to Stirling, but by this action arrested the progress of the enemy to the southward, and destroyed their hopes of success by the delay which it occasioned.—*Gilchrist's Scottish Ballads.*]

THERE's some say that we wan,
 Some say that they wan,
 Some say that nane wan at a', man;

But one thing I'm sure,
That at Sheriff-muir,
A battle there was, which I saw, man ;
And we ran, and they ran, and they ran, and
we ran, and we ran, and they ran awa', man.

Brave Argyle and Belhaven,
Not like frightened Leven,
Which Rothes and Haddington* saw man ;
For they all, with Wightman,
Advanc'd on the right, man,
While others took flight, being raw, man :
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Lord Roxburgh was there,
In order to share
With Douglas, who stood not in awe, man.
Volunteerly to ramble
With Lord Loudoun Campbell,
Brave Ilay† did suffer for a', man :
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Sir John Schaw, that great knight,
With broad-sword most bright,
On horseback he briskly did charge, man ;
An hero that's bold,
None could him with-hold,
He stoutly encounter'd the targemen :
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

* " The troop of horse volunteers, which consisted of noblemen and gentlemen of distinction, shewed their quality by the gallantry of their behaviour; in a particular manner the Duke of Roxburgh, the Lords Rothes, Haddington, Lauderdale, Loudon, Belhaven, and Sir John Shaw."—*Colonel Harrison's Account of the Battle.*

† The Earl of Ilay, brother to the Duke of Argyle. He joined the army a few hours before the battle, and was dangerously wounded.

For the cowardly Whittam,†
 For fear they should cut him,
 Seeing glittering broad-swords with a pa', man,
 And that in such thrang,
 Made Baird edicang,
 And from the brave clans ran awa', man :
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

The great Colonel Dow
 Gade foremost, I trow,
 When Whittam's dragoons ran awa', man :
 Except Sandy Baird,
 And Naughtan the laird,
 Their horse shaw'd their heels to them a', man :
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Brave Mar and Panmure
 Were firm, I am sure,
 The latter was kidnapt awa', man,
 With brisk men about,
 Brave Harry retook
 His brother,‡ and laught at them a', man :
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Grave Marshall and Lithgow,
 And Glengary's pith too,
 Assisted by brave Loggia-man,
 And Gordons the bright,
 So boldly did fight,
 The red-coats took flight and awa', man :
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

† Major-General Whitham who commanded the left wing of the royal army.

‡ "The few prisoners taken by the enemy on our left were most of them stript and wounded after taken. The Earl of Panmure being the first of the prisoners wounded after taken. They having refused his parole, he was left in a village, and by the hasty retreat of the enemy, upon the approach of our army, was rescued by his brother and his servants."—*Earl of Mar's Account of the Engagement.*

Strathmore and Clanronald,†
 Cry'd still, "Advance Donald,"
 Till both of these heroes did fa', man ;
 For there was such hashing,
 And broad-swords a clashing,
 Brave Forfar‡ himself got a cla', man ;
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Lord Perth stood the storm,
 Seaforth but lukewarm,
 Kilsyth and Strathallan not sla', man ;
 And Hamilton pled,
 The man were not bred,
 For he had no fancy to fa', man :
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Brave generous Southesk,
 Tullibardine was brisk,
 Whose father indeed would not dra', man,
 Into the same yoke,
 Which serv'd for a cloak,
 To keep the estate 'twixt them twa, man :
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Lord Rollo not fear'd,
 Kintore and his beard,
 Pitsligo and Ogilvie a', man,
 And brothers Balfours,
 They stood the first show'rs,
 Clackmannan and Burleigh did cla', man :
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

† "At the first fire, the Captain of Clanronald who led them (the clans) on in chief was killed, which had like to have struck a damp upon the rebels, as they had a respect for that gentleman that fell little short of adoration. But Glengary, who succeeded him, starting from the lines, waved his bonnet, and cried, three or four times, *Revenge!* which so animated the men, that they followed him like furies close up to the muzzles of the muskets, pushed by the bayonets with their targets, and with their broad-swords spread nothing but death and terror wherever they came." —*Campbell's Life of John Duke of Argyle.*

‡ The Earl of Forfar received seventeen wounds, of which he died at Stirling on the 8th December.

But Cleppan acted pretty,
 And Strowan† the witty,
 A poet that pleases us a', man ;
 For mine is but rhyme,
 In respect of what's fine,
 Or what he is able to dra', man,
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

For Huntly and Sinclair,
 They both play'd the tinkler,
 With consciences black like a cra', man ;
 Some Angus and Fifemen,
 They ran for their life, man,
 And ne'er a Lot's wife there at a' man,
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Then Laurie the traitor,
 Who betray'd his master,‡
 His king and his country and a', man,
 Pretending Mar might
 Give order to fight,
 To the right of the army awa', man :
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

† Alexander Robertson, Esq. of Struan.

‡ " There was at this time a report prevailed that one Drummond went to Perth under the notion of a deserter from the Duke of Argyle, but in reality acted the part of a spy, and gave his Grace intelligence of all the motions of the enemy. This man was employed the day of the action, as aid-de-camp to the Lord Drummond, and in that quality, attended the Earl of Mar to receive his orders ; the Earl when he found his right was like to break the Duke's left, sent this Drummond with orders to General Hamilton, who commanded on the rebels' left, to attack the enemy briskly, for that he was like to get the better on the right. But Drummond, as they pretend, gave contrary orders and intelligence to General Hamilton, acquainting him that the Earl's right was broke, and desiring the General to retire with all the expedition possible, and in the best order he could. Upon which General Hamilton gave orders to slacken the attack, which was obeyed. Then the Duke's right approaching, the most of them gave way without striking a stroke, and those who stood were mostly gentlemen and officers, who were severely galled by the Duke ; and they pretend that Drummond, after performing this treacherous part, went over to the Duke."—*Campbell's Life of John Duke of Argyle.*

Then Laurie for fear,
 Of what he might hear,
 Took Drummond's best horse and awa', man,
 Instead of going to Perth,
 He crossed the Firth,
 Alongst Stirling bridge and awa', man :
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

To London he press'd,
 And there he address'd,
 That he behav'd best of them a', man ;
 And there, without strife,
 Got settled for life,
 An hundred a-year to his fa', man :
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

In Borrowstouness
 He resides with disgrace,
 Till his neck stands in need of a dra', man,
 And then, in a tether,
 He'll swing from a ladder,
 Go off the stage with a pa', man :
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Rob Roy* stood watch
 On a hill, for to catch
 The booty for ought that I sa', man,

* Rob Roy was a younger son of Lieutenant-Colonel Donald M'Gregor by a daughter of Campbell of Glenlyon. His original employment, like that of persons of some rank in the Highlands, was a grazier and cattle-dealer, but misfortunes and oppression compelled him to those lawless courses, in which he afterwards became so distinguished. "While occupied as a grazier," says the author of the *Highland Rogue*, a pamphlet published in London while Rob was alive, "he gained the love of all who knew him, for he had good natural parts, was obliging to every body, and a very diverting pleasant fellow in conversation ; he kept good company, and regarded his word with the greatest strictness imaginable." But his prospects were soon blasted by the treachery of a person whom he had admitted as a partner into his extensive business, and who absconded with a large sum of money, the property of M'Gregor. This disaster, and the unsuccessful issue of a law-suit against the Duke of Montrose, involved him in beggary

For he ne'er advanc'd,
 From the place he was stanc'd,
 Till no more to do there at a', man :
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

and ruin. Seeing no possibility of retrieving his losses, or avoiding the persecution of his enemies, he first retired from the storm with a few of his followers, and lived in seclusion at Craigrostan, a fastness belonging to him on the banks of Lochlomond. As the very name of M'Gregor had been denounced and proscribed, he adopted that of Campbell out of respect to John, 2d Duke of Argyle, who continued to befriend him. But to a person of M'Gregor's unsettled habits, accustomed to active exertion, and the leader of a savage but powerful clan, retirement only gave an opportunity of brooding over his wrongs, and nursed those resentments and heart-burnings against his aggressors, which at last burst forth in predatory incursions upon their cattle and property. It is at this period of his history that we have so many instances of his romantic generosity, and retributive exactions.

Being denounced by government as a suspected person at the very commencement of the Rebellion, he joined the Earl of Mar, and in the absence of his brother, who was chief of the M'Gregors, took the command of that clan at the battle of Sheriff-muir. His conduct on this occasion, contrasted with that rude magnanimity for which he was characterised, has excited general surprise. He is charged in the verse to which we refer, with an unprincipled disregard to the cause in which he affected to embark, and a love of the plunder, and not of the glory to be derived from the enterprise. His apologists state a different motive for his conduct. Being patronised by the Duke of Argyle, who commanded the Royal Army, Rob could neither embark in a cause of which he did not approve, nor openly resist a patron whom he durst not offend. But his conduct, and that of his followers, immediately after the battle, affords too much room for the opinion, that plunder was the chief object they had for assembling. They retired to Falkland, and on pretence of levying contributions for the King's friends, gratified their own rapacity, and then retired to the mountains. Rob and the whole clan were afterwards specially excepted from the act of indemnity, passed at the close of the rebellion. The following anecdote is recorded of M'Gregor when on his death-bed:—being urged by the priest in attendance to forgive his enemies, Rob demurred; but the request being again pressed and enforced by the appropriate quotation from our Lord's prayer, Rob answered, "Ay, now ye hae gien me baith law and gospel for't. It's a hard law, but I ken it's gospel;" then turning to his son Rob Oig, he said, "my sword and dirk lie there. Never draw them without reason, nor put them up without honour. I forgive my enemies; *but see you to them*, or may——," and he expired. He was buried in the churchyard of Balquhiddier, where a common grave-stone covers his remains without inscription, and no other ornament than a sword *in pale*, rudely executed.

So we all took the flight,
 And Moubray the wright,
 But Lethem the smith was a bra' man,
 For he took the gout,
 Which truly was wit,
 By judging it time to withdra', man :
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

And trumpet M'Lean,
 Whose breeks were not clean,
 Thro' misfortune he happen'd to fa', man,
 By saving his neck
 His trumpet did break,
 Came off without musick at a', man :
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

So there such a race was,
 As ne'er in that place was,
 And ts little chace was at a', man ;
 From other they ran
 Without touk of drum,
 They did not make use of a pa', man :
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Whether we ran, or they ran,
 Or we wan, or they wan,
 Or if there was winning at a', man,
 There no man can tell,
 Save our brave Genarell,
 Who first began running of a', man.
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Wi' the Earl o' Seaforth,
 And the cock o' the north ;
 But Florence ran fastest of a' man,
 Save the laird o' Phinaven,
 Who sware to be even
 Wi' any general or peer o' them a' man.
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.



SONG LXXIII.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN WILL LICK-LADLE AND
TOM CLEAN-COGUE, TWA SHEPHERDS, WHO
WERE FEEDING THEIR FLOCKS ON THE OCHIL-
HILLS ON THE DAY THE BATTLE OF SHERIFF-
MOOR WAS FOUGHT.

W. Pray came you hear the fight to shun ;
Or keep the sheep with me, man ?

Or was you at the Sheriff-moor,

And did the battle see, man ?

Pray tell whilk of the parties won ?

For well I wat I saw them run,

Both south and north, when they begun,

To pell and mell, and kill and fell,

With muskets snell, and pistols knell,

And some to hell

Did flee, man.

T. But, my dear Will, I kenna still,

Whilk o' the twa did lose, man ;

For well I wat they had good skill

To set upo' their foes, man :

The red-coats they are train'd, you see,

The clans always disdain to flee,

Wha then should gain the victory ?

But the Highland race, all in a brace,

With a swift pace, to the Whigs disgrace,

Did put to chace

Their foes, man.—

W. Now how diel, Tam, can this be true ?

I saw the chace gae north, man.

T. But well I wat they did pursue

Them even unto Forth, man.

Frae Dumblain they ran in my own sight,

And got o'er the bridge with all their might,

And those at Stirling took their flight ;

Gif only ye had been wi' me,
 You had seen them flee, of each degree,
 For fear to die

Wi' sloth, man.

W. My sister Kate came o'er the hill,
 Wi' crowdie unto me, man,
 She swore she saw them running still
 Frae Perth unto Dundee, man.

The left wing gen'ral had na skill,
 The Angus lads had no good will
 That day their neighbours blood to spill ;
 For fear by foes, that they should lose,
 Their cogues of brose, all crying woes—
 Yonder them goes,

D'ye see, man ?

T. I see but few like gentlemen
 Amang yon frightened crew, man ;
 I fear my Lord Panmure be slain,
 Or that he's ta'en just now, man :

For though his officers obey,
 His cowardly commons run away,
 For fear the red-coats them should slay ;
 The sodgers hail, make their hearts fail ;
 See how they scale, and turn their tail,
 And rin to flail

And plow, man.

W. But now brave Angus comes again
 Into the second fight, man ;
 They swear they'll either die or gain,
 No foes shall them affright, man :

Argyle's best forces they'll withstand,
 And boldly fight them sword in hand,
 Give them a general to command,
 A man of might, that will but fight,
 And take delight to lead them right,
 And ne'er desire

The flight, man.

But Flandrekins they have no skill
 To lead a Scottish force, man ;
 Their motions do our courage spill,
 And put us to a loss, man.

You'll hear of us far better news,
 When we attack like Highland trews,
 To hash, and slash, and smash and bruise,
 Till the field tho' braid be all o'erspread,
 But coat or plaid, wi' corpse that's dead
 In their cold bed,

That's moss, man.

T. Twa gen'ral's frae the field did run,
 Lords Huntly and Seaforth, man ;
 They cry'd and run grim death to shun,
 Those heroes of the North, man ;
 They're fitter far for book or pen,
 Then under Mars to lead on men,
 Ere they came there they might well ken
 That female hands could ne'er gain lands,
 'Tis Highland brands that countermands
 Argathlean bands

Frae Forth, man.

W. The Camerons scowr'd as they were mad,
 Lifting their neighbours cows, man,
 M'Kenzie and the Stewart fled,
 Without phil'beg or trews, man :
 Had he behav'd like Donald's core,
 And kill'd all those came them before,
 Their king had gone to France no more :
 Then each Whig saint wad soon repent,
 And strait recant his covenant,
 And rent

It at the news, man.

T. M'Gregors they far off did stand,
 Badenoch and Athol too, man ;
 I hear they wanted the command,
 For I believe them true, man.

Perth, Fife, and Angus, wi' their horse,
 Stood motionless, and some did worse,
 For, tho' the red-coats went them cross,
 They did conspire for to admire
 Clans run and fire, left wings retire,
 While rights intire

Pursue man.

W. But Scotland has not much to say,
 For such a fight as this is,
 Where baith did fight, baith run away,
 The devil take the miss is
 That every officer was not slain
 That run that day, and was not ta'en,
 Either flying from or to Dumblain ;
 When Whig and Tory, in their ' fury,'
 Strove for glory, to our sorrow,
 The sad story

Hush is.

SONG LXXIV.

SHERIFF-MUIR, MODERN SET.

W. O CAM ye here the fight to shun,
 Or herd the sheep wi' me, man?
 Or were ye at the Sherramuir,
 Or did the battle see, man?
 T. I saw the battle sair and tough,
 And reeking red ran mony a sheugh :
 My heart for fear ga'e sough for sough,
 To hear the thuds, and see the cluds
 O' clans frae woods, in tartan duds,
 Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three man.

The redcoat lads, wi' black cockades,
 To meet them warna slaw, man ;
 They rush'd, and push'd, and blood out gush'd,
 And mony a bouk did fa', man.

The great Argyle led on his files,
 I wat they glanc'd for twenty miles ;
 They hough'd the clans like ninepin kyles,
 They hack'd and hash'd, while braid swords clash'd,
 And through they dash'd, and hew'd, and smash'd,
 Till fey men died away, man.

But had ye seen the philabegs,
 And skyrin tartan trews, man,
 When in the teeth they dar'd our Whigs,
 And covenant true blues, man ;
 In lines extended lang and large,
 When baigonets o'erpower'd the targe,
 And thousands hasten'd to the charge ;
 Wi' Highland wrath, they frae the sheath
 Drew blades o' death, till, out o' breath,
 They fled like frightened dows, man.

W. O how deil, Tam, can that be true?
 The chace gade frae the north, man ;
 I saw mysel, they did pursue
 The horsemen back to Forth, man,
 And at Dumblane, in my ain sight,
 They took the brig wi' a' their might,
 And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight ;
 But, cursed lot ! the gates were shut,
 And mony a huntit, poor redcoat,
 For fear amaisht did swarf, man.

T. My sister Kate cam up the gate
 Wi' crowdie unto me, man ;
 She swore she saw some rebels run
 To Perth and to Dundee, man.
 Their left hand gen'ral had nae skill,
 The Angus lads had nae gude will,
 That day their neighbours' blude to spill ;
 For fear by foes that they should lose
 Their cogues o' brose, they scar'd at blows,
 And hameward fast did flee, man.

They've lost some gallant gentlemen
 Among the Highland clans, man;
 I fear my Lord Panmure is slain,
 Or in his en'mies' hands, man.
 Now wad ye sing this double flight,
 Some fell for wrang, and some for right,
 And mony bade the warld gude-night,
 Say pell and mell, wi' muskets knell,
 How Tories fell, and Whigs to hell
 Flew aff in frightened bands, man.

SONG LXXV.

JOHN O' INNISTURE.

WILL ye go to Sheriffmuir,
 Bauld John o' Innisture,
 There to see the noble Mar,
 And his Highland laddies;
 A' the true men o' the north,
 Angus, Huntly, and Seaforth,
 Scouring on to cross the Forth,
 Wi' their white cockadies?

There you'll see the banners flare,
 There you'll hear the bagpipes rair,
 And the trumpets deadly blare,
 Wi' the cannons rattle.
 There you'll see the bauld M'Craws,
 Cameron's and Clanronald's raws,
 And a' the clans, wi' loud huzzas,
 Rushing to the battle.

There you'll see the noble Whigs,
 A' the heroes o' the brigs,
 Raw hides and wither'd wigs,
 Riding in array, man.

Ri'en hose and raggit hools,
 Sour milk and girnin gools,
 Psalm-beuks and cutty-stools,
 We'll see never mair, man.

Will ye go to Sheriffmuir,
 Bauld John o' Innisture?
 Sic a day, and sic an hour,
 Ne'er was in the north, man.
 Siccan sights will there be seen;
 And, gin some be nae mista'en,
 Fragrant gales will come bedeen,
 Frae the water o' Forth, man.

SONG LXXV. —

BOGIE SIDE; OR, HUNTLY'S RAIDE.

Tune—There's nae luck about the house.

FROM Bogie side to Bog o' Gight,
 The Gordons did convey, man,
 For battle fight, wi' a' their might,
 Wi' courage stout and keen, man;
 To set their king upon the throne,
 And to protect the church, man;
 But, fie for shame! they soon turn'd hame,
 And left him in the lurch, man.
 And wow as the marquis rade,
 And wow as he ran;
 And hey as the marquis rade,
 A-coming frae Dunblane!

The marquis' horse were first set on,
 Glen-Bucket's men to back them,
 Who swore that great feats they would do,
 If rebels durst attack them.
 Wi' great huzzas to Huntly's praise
 They mov'd Dunfermline green, man;

But fifty Grants, and deil ane mae,
 Turn'd a' their beets to sheen, man.
 And wow, &c.

Out cam the knight o' Gordonston,
 Forth stepping on the green, man :
 He had a wisp in ilka hand,
 To dight the marquis clean, man ;
 For the marquis he befyl'd himsel,
 The Enzie was na clean, man ;
 And wow as the marquis rade,
 A-coming frae Dumblane, man !
 And wow, &c.

Their chief he is a man of fame,
 And doughty deeds has wrought, man,
 Which future ages still shall name,
 And tell how well he fought, man :
 For when the battle was begun,
 Immediately his Grace, man,
 Put spurs to Florence,* and so ran,
 By a' he wan the race, man.
 And wow, &c.

When they went into Sherramuir,
 Wi' courage stout and keen, man,
 Wha wad hae thought the Gordons gay
 That day wad quat the green man ?
 Auchluncart and Machonochie,
 Wi' a' the Gordon tribe, man,
 Like their great marquis, they could not
 The smell o' powder bide, man.
 And wow, &c.

Glen-Bucket cried, " Curse on you a' !"
 For Gordons do nae gude, man ;
 The first o' them that ran awa
 Was o' the Seton blood, man.

* The name of a celebrated horse belonging to the Marquis of Huntly.

Glassturam swore it wasna sae,
 And that he'd make appear, man;
 For he a Seton stood that day,
 When Gordons ran for fear, man.
 And wow, &c.

Sir James of Park he left his horse
 In the middle of a wall, man,
 And wadna stay to take him out,
 For fear a knight should fall, man.
 Magon he let the reird gae out,
 Which shows a panic fear, man;
 Till Craigiehead swore he was shot,
 And curs'd the chance o' weir, man.
 And wow, &c.

Clunie play'd a game at chess,
 As well as ony thing, man,
 But, like the knavish Gordon race,
 Gave check unto the king, man.
 He plainly saw, without a queen,
 The game would not recover,
 So therefore he withdrew his knight,
 And join'd the rock Hanover,
 And wow, &c.

The master, wi' the bully's face,
 And wi' the coward's heart, man.
 Wha never fail'd, to his disgrace,
 To act a coward's part, man,
 He join'd Dunbog, the greatest rogue
 In a' the shire o' Fife, man,
 Wha was the first the cause to leave,
 By counsel o' his wife, man.
 And wow, &c.

A member o' the tricking tribe,
 An Ogilvie by name, man,
 Counsellor was to the Grumbling Club,
 To his eternal shame, man.

Wha wad hae thought, when he went out,
 That ever he would fail, man?
 Or like that he wad eat the cow,
 And worry on the tail, man?
 And wow, &c.

At Poincle Boat great Frank Stewart,
 A valiant hero stood, man,
 In acting of a loyal part,
 'Cause of the loyal blood, man :
 But when he fand, at Sherramuir,
 That battling wadna do it,
 He, brother-like, did quit the ground,
 But ne'er came back unto it.
 And wow, &c.

Brimestone swore it wasna fear
 That made him stay behin', man,
 But that he had resolv'd that day
 To sleep in a hale skin, man.
 The gout, he said, made him take bed,
 When first the fray began, man ;
 But when he heard the marquis fled,
 He took to's heels and ran, man,
 And wow, &c.

Methven Smith, at Sherramuir,
 Made them believe he fought, man,
 But weel I wat it wasna sae,
 For a' he did was nought, man :
 For towards night, when Mar drew off,
 Smith was put in the rear, man ;
 He curs'd, he swore, he bullied off,
 And durstna stay for fear, man.
 And wow, &c.

At the first he did appear
 A man of good renown, man ;
 But lang ere a' the play was play'd,
 He prov'd an arrant loon, man.

For Mar against a loyal war,
 A letter he did forge, man ;
 Against his prince he wrote nonsense,
 And swore by German George, man.
 And wow, &c.

The Gordons they are kittle flaws,
 They fight wi' courage keen, man,
 When they meet in Strathbogie's ha's
 On Thursday's afterneen, man :
 But when the Grants came down Spey side,
 The Enzie shook for fear, man,
 And a' the lairds ga'e up themsels,
 Their horse and riding gear, man.
 And wow as the marquis rade,
 And wow as he ran,
 And hey as the marquis rade,
 A-coming frae Dumblane !

SONG LXXVII.

AIKENDRUM.

KEN you how a Whig can fight,
 Aikendrum, Aikendrum ?
 Ken ye how a Whig can fight,
 Aikendrum ?
 He can fight, the hero bright,
 With his heels and armour light,
 And his wind of heav'nly might,
 Aikendrum, Aikendrum ;
 Is not Rowley in the right,
 Aikendrum ?

Did you hear of Sutherland,*
 Aikendrum, Aikendrum ?
 Did you hear of Sutherland,
 Aikendrum ?

* Earl of Sutherland, Lieutenant-General of the Royal Army in the North.

That man of high command,
 Who had sworn to clear the land,
 He has vanish'd from our strand,
 Aikendrum, Aikendrum,
 Or the eel has ta'en the sand,
 Aikendrum.

Donald's running round and round,
 Aikendrum, Aikendrum,
 Donald's running round and round,
 Aikendrum;
 But the chief cannot be found,
 And the Dutchmen they are drown'd,
 And King Jamie he is crown'd,
 Aikendrum, Aikendrum:
 But the dogs will get a stound,
 Aikendrum.

Did you hear of Robin Roe,†
 Aikendrum, Aikendrum?
 Did you hear of Robin Roe,
 Aikendrum?
 Some gallants say, that know,
 That he fights but so and so,
 And his wallets hing but low,
 Aikendrum, Aikendrum.
 O, alack for Whiggam-bo,
 Aikendrum!

And the bonny laird of Grant,
 Aikendrum, Aikendrum,
 And the bonny laird of Grant,
 Aikendrum,
 The godly laird of Grant,
 That Cameronian saint,
 For a' his Highland cant,
 Aikendrum, Aikendrum,

† Robin Roe is evidently an abbreviation of "Rob Roy," made for the sake of preserving the rhyme. He was present at the affair of Sheriff-muir.

'Tis reef'd he has a want,
Aikendrum.

Did you hear of Bailey Aire,†
Aikendrum, Aikendrum?

Did you hear of Bailey Aire,
Aikendrum?

We have sought him late and air,
And his thousands buskit rare;

But wherever true men are,
Aikendrum, Aikendrum,

Oh! the hero is not there,
Aikendrum!

We have heard of Whigs galore,
Aikendrum, Aikendrum,

We have heard of Whigs galore,
Aikendrum;

But we've sought the country o'er,
With cannon and claymore,

And still they are before,
Aikendrum, Aikendrum:

We may seek for evermore,
Aikendrum.

O pity Whiggam's plight,
Aikendrum, Aikendrum!

O pity Whiggam's plight,
Aikendrum!

You may see, without your sight,
All mankind wrang outright,

And the Whig is only right,
Aikendrum, Aikendrum;

Of the world he's the light,
Aikendrum.

† *Baitie Aire* seems a contraction of the same description, and for the same purpose as "*Robin Roe*." There was a Provost Aire of Glasgow who undertook to raise a regiment and clothe them for the Duke of Argyle, the which engagement he never implemented.

Ken you how to gain a Whig,
 Aikendrum, Aikendrum?
 Ken you how to gain a Whig,
 Aikendrum?
 Look jolly, blythe, and big,
 Take his ain blest side, and prig,
 And the poor worm-eaten Whig,
 Aikendrum, Aikendrum,
 For opposition's sake
 You will win.

SONG LXXVIII.

UP AND WARN A', WILLIE.*

Up and warn a', Willie,
 Warn, warn a';
 To hear my canty Highland sang
 Relate the thing I saw, Willie.

When we gaed to the braes o' Mar,
 And to the weapon-shaw, Willie,
 Wi' true design to serve our king,
 And banish Whigs awa', Willie.

* The Earl of Mar erected the Chevalier's standard at Braemar, on the 6th of September, 1715, and proclaimed him king of Scotland, England, France and Ireland, &c. This standard, supposed to be made by the Earl's lady, was very elegant; the colour was blue, having on the one side the Scottish arms wrought in gold, and on the other the Scottish thistle, with these words beneath, '*No Union*;' and on the top, the ancient motto '*Nemo me impune lacessit*.' It had pendants of white ribbon, one of which had these words written upon it, '*For our wronged king and oppressed country*;' the other ribbon had, '*For our lives and liberties*.' In most sets of this Song, the chorus given, is, 'Up and *waur them a'*, Willie;' but we have preserved the original words, which appear much more appropriate, and in which we are supported by Johnson and several of the older collectors of Scottish Songs. The chorus, with little alteration, is taken from one of the Whig ballads of William the III'ds time.

Up and warn a', Willie,
 Warn, warn a';
 For lords and lairds came there bedeen,
 And wow but they were braw, Willie.

But when the standard was set up,
 Right fierce the wind did blaw, Willie:
 The royal nit upon the tap
 Down to the ground did fa,† Willie.
 Up and warn a', Willie,
 Warn, warn a';
 Then second sighted Sandy said,
 We'd do nae gude at a', Willie.

But when the army join'd at Perth,‡
 The bravest e'er ye saw, Willie,
 We didna doubt the rogues to rout,
 Restore our king an' a', Willie.
 Up and warn a', Willie,
 Warn, warn a';
 The pipers play'd frae right to left,
 O whirry Whigs awa', Willie.

But when we march'd to Sherramuir,
 And there the rebels saw, Willie;
 Brave Argyle attack'd our right,
 Our flank, and front and a', Willie.
 Up and warn a', Willie,
 Warn, warn a';

† "It is reported, that when the standard was first erected, the ornamental ball on the top fell off, which depressed the spirits of the superstitious Highlanders, who deemed it ominous of misfortune in the cause for which they were then appearing."

‡ At setting up the standard of the Chevalier, the Earl of Mar had not above 500 foot and horse; yet, in a few days, his army encreased to between three and four thousand, and was able by a detachment to take possession of Perth, where he pitched his head-quarters. The Earl of Seaforth, having, in the meantime, secured the important pass of Inverness, Mar found himself in a short time at the head of no contemptible army, and in possession of three parts out of four of the country, and no army near to oppose him.

Traitor Huntly soon gave way,
Seaforth, St Clair, and a', Willie.

But brave Glengary, on our right,
The rebels' left did claw, Willie,
He there the greatest slaughter made,
That ever Donald saw, Willie.
Up and warn a', Willie,
Warn, warn a';
And Whittam fyl'd his breeks for fear,
And fast did rin awa, Willie.

For he ca'd us a Highland mob,
And swore he'd slay us a', Willie;
But we chas'd him back to Stirling brig,
Dragoons and foot and a', Willie.
Up and warn a', Willie,
Warn, warn a';
At length we rallied on a hill,
And briskly up did draw, Willie.

But when Argyle did view our line,
And them in order saw, Willie,
He straight gaed to Dumblane again,
And back his left did draw, Willie:
Up and warn a', Willie,
Warn, warn a';
Then we to Auchterarder march'd,
To wait a better fa', Willie.

Now if ye spier wha wan the day,
I've tell'd you what I saw, Willie,
We baith did fight, and baith were beat,
And baith did rin awa', Willie.
Up and warn a', Willie,
Warn, warn a';
For second sighted Sandy said
We'd do nae good at a', Willie.

SONG LXXIX.

O MY KING.*

Tune—Cowdenknowes.

HARD fate, that I should banish'd be,
 And rebel call'd with scorn,
 For serving of the kindest prince
 That ever yet was born.
 O my king, God save my king,
 Whatever me befall!
 I would not be in Huntly's case,
 For honours, lands, and all.

My target and my good claymore
 Must now lie useless by;
 My plaid and trews I heretofore
 Did wear most cheerfully.
 O my king, &c.

So cheerfully our king came o'er,
 Sent Ecklin to the north;
 But treach'rously he was betray'd
 By Huntly and Seaforth.
 O my king, &c.

O the broom, the bonny bonny broom,
 The broom of the Cowdenknowes!
 I wish these lords had staid at hame,
 And milked their minnies' ewes,
 O my king, &c.

* This is the lament of one of the Highland Chieftains who went into exile shortly after the battle of Sherriff-muir. He strongly deprecates the defection of Huntly and Seaforth, who went over to the Brunswick interest, to which Huntly remained firm; but on the landing of James in the neighbourhood of Aberdeen, Lord Seaforth again espoused *his* cause, which he never afterwards deserted.

O wretched Huntly, hide thy head !
 Thy king and country's gone,
 And many a valiant Scot hast thou
 By villany undone.
 O my king, &c.

Farewell, Old Albion, I must take
 A long and last adieu ;
 Or bring me back my king again,
 Or farewell hope and you.
 O my king, &c.

Set our true king upon the throne
 Of his ancestors dear,
 And send the German cuckold home
 To starve with his small gear.
 O my king, &c.

Then happy days in peace we'll see,
 And joy in every face :
 Confounded all the Whigs shall be,
 And honest men in place.
 O my king, God save my king,
 Whatever me befall !
 I would not be in Huntly's case,
 For honours, lands, and all.

INTRODUCTION

To "Kenmure's on and Awa," and the other Songs relative to the branch of the Rebellion in the South, and the surrender of the Jacobite Leaders at Preston in Lancashire.

[About the same time that the Earl Mar had raised the standard of James at Brae-Mar, in Aberdeenshire, a number of the Tory nobility in England and the south of Scotland, driven to extremes by the arbitrary measures of the Whigs, who were then in power, and who had issued warrants for their apprehension, as suspected persons, for their own protection, and encouraged by the proceedings in the north, ran to arms. The noblemen who assembled were, William Lord Viscount Kenmure, James Earl of Derwentwater, William Lord Widderington, William Earl of Nithisdale, George Earl of Wintoun, Robert Earl of Carnwath, and William Lord Nairn. The Earl of Mar being apprised of this diversion in his favour, dispatched Brigadier Mackintosh, with 1500 Highlanders to join the party in the south. Mackintosh crossed the Firth of Forth, in spite of the men of war then lying in the Roads, marched to Edinburgh, in hopes that that capital would have surrendered at his appearance, but being disappointed in this, he returned to Leith and fortified himself in the Citadel. The Duke of Argyle with a few regulars, the militia of Edinburgh and some of the adjacent counties, attempted to dislodge him. Mackintosh was summoned to surrender, but returned a resolute answer, and convinced the Duke that he must not pretend to attack him without cannon. His Grace retired, intending to return next day, with artillery sufficient to effect his purpose. However the old Brigadier knew better things than to stand a bombardment, and effected a soldier-like retreat to Seaton Palace, the seat of the Earl of Wintoun, where he fortified himself till he received Mar's positive orders to join the Lancashire rebels. They were advanced as far as Kelso, when Mackintosh and his party joined them. Here a division arose between the English and Scots; the former were for marching into England, where they said twenty thousand men were ready to join them; and the latter were for marching up in the Duke of Argyle's rear, while Mar attacked him in front; and when they had dispersed his forces, then the whole body was to march into England. This last, though the most rational scheme, was not listened to by the English, and the Scots were for a long time obstinately resolved to adhere to it; and in the long-run, when they were over-persuaded, above five hundred of them returned home. In the mean time, the rest of the body, in number about three thousand, continued their march southward, till they came to the town of Preston, where they were surrounded by the King's troops; and after making a gallant defence, wherein they had the advantage of the royalists, their chiefs agreed to surrender. This body, after they entered England, was commanded by Mr Forster, a man of no military knowledge; but he served to make the surrender at Preston, and with it the lives of many brave

men, whom he and his followers had inveigled into the snare. The leaders were brought to London, led through the streets pinioned and bound, and being impeached by the House of Commons, were tried by their Peers, and found guilty, 9th February, 1715; whilst the common men were confined in Chester and Liverpool. The surrender of this body put an end to the rebellion in England and Scotland;—the Earl of Mar having retired with James and some other of his adherents to France.—See *History of Conspiracies, Trials, &c. of those who suffered on account of the House of Stuart. London, 1747. &c &c.* It is a remarkable coincidence, that, by the Articles of the Union, the Scots were empowered to send sixteen Peers to Parliament; and, in 1715, the same number, (sixteen) of the Scots nobility were attainted for their connection with the rebellion. The names are as follows, viz—The Earls of Mar, Marischal, Nithsdale, Wintoun, Linlithgow, Perth, Seaforth, Southesk, Carnwath, Callender, and Pannure; Viscounts Kenmure, Kingston, and Kilsyth; and the Lords Burleigh and Preston.]

SONG LXXX.

O KENMURE'S ON AND AWA'†

O KENMURE's on and awa, Willie,
 O Kenmure's on and awa;
 And Kenmure's lord's the bravest lord
 That ever Galloway saw.

† This song records the rising of Viscount Kenmure and his followers to join the English Jacobites then assembled on the Borders. He afterwards surrendered with the other lords at Preston, was tried in Westminster Hall, where, being advised to plead guilty, he was condemned, and along with the Earl of Derwentwater, executed on Tower-Hill, 29th February, 1715. The scaffold was no sooner cleaned from the stains of the execution of that unfortunate Earl, than Kenmure was brought out, accompanied by his son and some friends, and attended by two clergymen of the Church of England, in which communion he professed to die. He made no formal speech, but testified his sorrow for pleading guilty at his trial, acknowledged the pretender's title to the crown, and wished he might one day ascend the throne of his ancestors. Being assisted to undress by his friends, he kneeled and laid his head on the block, then raised it, gave the executioner some money, and told him he would give no sign, but when he laid down his head again, he might do his office. After remaining a short time in prayer, he resolutely laid down his head, which at two blows was severed from his body.—After his execution, a letter was found in his pocket addressed to the pretender, by the title of King James, declaring that he died for his faithful services to *his Majesty*, but

Success to Kenmure's band, Willie!
 Success to Kenmure's band!
 There's no a heart that fears a Whig,
 That rides by Kenmure's hand.

His lady's cheek was red, Willie,
 His lady's cheek was red,
 When she saw his steely jupes put on,
 Which smell'd o' deadly feud.
 Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie,
 Here's Kenmure's health in wine;
 There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,
 Nor yet o' Gordon's line.

O Kenmure's lads are men, Willie,
 O Kenmure's lads are men,
 Their hearts and swords are metal true,
 And that their faes shall ken.
 They'll live, or die wi' fame, Willie,
 They'll live, or die wi' fame;
 And soon wi' sound o' victorie
 May Kenmure's lord come hame.

There's a rose in Kenmure's cap, Willie,
 There's a rose in Kenmure's cap,
 He'll steep it red in ruddie heart's blude,
 Afore the battle drap.
 Here's him that's far awa, Willie,
 Here's him that's far awa,
 And here's the flower that I lo'e best,
 The rose that's like the snaw.

SONG LXXXI.

NITHSDALE'S WELCOME.

THE noble Maxwells, and their powers,
 Are coming o'er the border,

hoped the cause would flourish after his death; and as he died for his service, trusted his Majesty would provide for his wife and children.

And they'll gae big Terreagles' towers,*
 And set them a' in order.
 And they declare Terreagles fair,
 For their abode they chuse it;
 There's no a heart in a' the land
 But's lighter at the news o't.

Though stars in skies may disappear,
 And angry tempests gather,
 The happy hour may soon be near,
 That brings us pleasant weather:
 The weary night o' care and grief
 May hae a joyful morrow;
 So dawning day has brought relief,
 Fareweel our night o' sorrow.

SONG LXXXII.

NITHSDALE'S LAMENT.†

MAKE mane, my ain Nithsdale, thy leaf's i' the fa',
 The bravest o' thy bairns are drapping awa;
 The rose i' thy bonnet, whilk flourish'd aye sae braw,
 Is laigh wi' the mools, since Lord Maxwell's awa.
 O wae be 'mang ye Southrons, ye traitor loons a'!
 Ye haud him aye down, wha's back's at the wa:
 I' the eerie field o' Preston your swords ye wadna draw;
 He lies i' cauld iron wha wad swappit ye a'.

O wae be to the hand whilk drew nae the glaive,
 And cowed nae the rose frae the cap o' the brave!
 To haethri'en 'mang the Southrons as Scotsmen aye thrive,
 Or ta'en a bloody nievefu' o' fame to the grave.

* *Terreagles*—The ancient seat of the Maxwells of Nithisdale, now possessed by Constable Maxwell, Esq.—The song is from Johnson's Musical Musuem.

† Written on the imprisonment of the Earl of Nithisdale after his trial for the part he took with the English Jacobites who surrendered at Preston.

The glaive for my country I doughtna then wield,
 Or I'd cock'd up my bonnet wi' the best o' the field;
 The crousest sud been cowpit owre i' death's gory fauld,
 Or the leal heart o' some i' the swaird sud been cauld.

Fu' aughty simmer shoots o' the forest hae I seen,
 To the saddle-laps in blude i' the battle hae I been,
 But I never kend o' dule till I kend it yestreen.
 O that I were laid where the sods are growing green!
 I tint half mysel when my gude lord I did tine:
 A heart half sae brave a braid belt will never bin',
 Nor the grassy sods e'er cover a bosom half sae kin';
 He's a drap o' dearest blude i' this auld heart o' mine.

O merry was the lilting amang our ladies a',
 They danc'd i' the parlour, and sang i' the ha',
 O Jamie he's come o'er, and he'll put the Whigs awa;
 But they canna dight their tears now, sae fast do they fa'.
 Our ladie dow do nought now but wipe aye her een,
 Her heart's like to loup the gowd lace o' her gown!
 She has buskit on her gay cleedin', an's aff for London
 town,
 And has wi' her a' the hearts o' the countrie roun'.

By the bud o' the leaf, by the rising o' the flower,
 'Side the sang o' the birds, where some burn tottles owre,
 I'll wander awa there, and big a wee bit bower,
 For to keep my gray head frae the drap o' the shower:
 And aye I'll sit and mane, till my blude stops wi' eild,
 For Nithsdale's bonny lord, wha was bauldest i' the field.
 O that I were wi' him i' death's gory fauld!
 O had I but the iron on whilk hauds him sae cauld!

SONG LXXXIII.

WHAT NEWS TO ME, CARLIN?

"WHAT news to me, carlin?
 What news to me?"

“ What news ! ” quo’ the carlin,
 “ The best that God can gie.”
 “ Has our true king come hame ?
 Or the duke hang’d himsel ?
 Or ta’en frae his daddie
 The hettest neuk o’ hell ? ”

“ The duke’s hale and fier, carle,
 The duke’s hale and fier,
 And our ain Lord Nithsdale
 Will soon be ’mang us here.”
 “ Brush me my coat, carlin,
 Brush me my shoon ;
 I’ll awa and meet Lord Nithsdale,
 When he comes to our town.”

“ Alake-a-day ! ” quo’ the carlin,
 “ Alake-the-day ! ” quo’ she,
 “ He’s owre in France, at Charlie’s hand,*
 Wi’ only ae pennie.”

* Lord Nithsdale, was sentenced to suffer along with Kenmure and Derwentwater, but effected his escape, the night previous to their execution, through the politic managemment of his lady. The following account of his escape is extracted from the letter of his Countess to her sister Lady Lucy Herbert, abbess of the Augustine Nuns at Burges :—

“ As the motion had passed generally, I thought I could draw some advantage in favour of my design. Accordingly, I immediately left the House of Lords, and hastened to the Tower, where, affecting an air of joy and satisfaction, I told all the guards I passed by, that I came to bring joyful tidings to the prisoners. I desired them to lay aside their fears, for the petition had passed the House in their favour. I then gave them some money to drink to the lords and his majesty, though it was but trifling ; for I thought that if I were too liberal on the occasion, they might suspect my designs, and that giving them something would gain their good humour and services for the next day, which was the eve of the execution. The next morning I could not go to the Tower, having too many things in my hands to put in readiness ; but in the evening when all was ready, I sent for Mrs Mills, with whom I lodged, and acquainted her with my design of attempting my lord’s escape, as there was no prospect of his being pardoned ; and this was the last night before the execution. I told her that I had every thing in readiness, and I trusted she would not refuse to accompany me, that my lord might pass for her. I pressed her to come immediately, as we had no time to lose. At the same time I sent for Mrs Morgan, then usually known by the name of Hilton, to whose acquaintance my dear Evans had introduced me, which I looked upon as a very singular hap-

“ We’ll sell a’ our corn, carlin,
 We’ll sell a’ our bear,
 And we’ll send to Lord Nithsdale
 A’ our settle gear.

piness. I immediately communicated my resolution to her. She was of a tall and slender make ; so I begged her to put under her own riding-hood, one that I had prepared for Mrs Mills, as she was to lend hers to my lord, that in coming out, he might be taken for her. Mrs Mills was then with child ; so that she was not only of the same height, but nearly of the same size as my lord. When we were in the coach, I never ceased talking, that they might have no leisure to reflect. Their surprise and astonishment when I first opened my design to them, had made them consent without ever thinking of the consequences. On our arrival at the Tower, the first I introduced was Mrs Morgan ; for I was only allowed to take in one at a time. She brought in the clothes that were to serve Mrs Mills, when she left her own behind her. When Mrs Morgan had taken off what she had brought for that purpose, I conducted her back to the stair-case ; and in going I begged her to send me in my maid to dress me ; that I was afraid of being too late to present my last petition that night, if she did not come immediately. I despatched her safe, and went partly down stairs to meet Mrs Mills, who had the precaution to hold her handkerchief to her face, as was very natural for a woman to do when she was going to bid her last farewell to a friend on the eve of his execution. I had indeed desired her to do it, that my lord might go out in the same manner. Her eye brows were rather inclined to be sandy, and my lord’s were dark and very thick ; however, I had prepared some paint of the colour of hers to disguise his with. I also brought an artificial head-dress of the same coloured hair as hers ; and I painted his face with white ; and his cheeks with rouge, to hide his long beard, which he had not had time to shave. All this provision I had before left in the Tower. The poor guards, whom my slight liberality the day before had endeared me to, let me go quietly with my company, and were not so strictly on the watch as they usually had been ; and the more so, as they were persuaded, from what I had told them the day before, that the prisoners would obtain their pardon. I made Mrs Mills take off her own hood, and put on that which I had brought for her. I then took her by the hand, and led her out of my lord’s chamber ; and, in passing through the next room, in which there were several people, with all the concern imaginable, I said, ‘ My dear Mrs Catharine, go in all haste, and send me my waiting maid ; she certainly cannot reflect how late it is ; she forgets that I am to present a petition to night ; and, if I let slip this opportunity, I am undone ; for to morrow will be too late. Hasten her as much as possible ; for I shall be on thorns till she comes.’ Every body in the room, who were chiefly the guards’ wives and daughters, seemed to compassionate me exceedingly ; and the centinel officiously opened the door. When I had seen her out, I returned back to my lord, and finished dressing him. I had taken care Mrs Mills did not go out crying as she came in, that my lord might the better pass for the lady who came in crying and affected ; and the more so because he had the same dress she wore. When I had almost finished dressing my lord in all my petticoats, excepting one, I perceived that it was growing dark, and was afraid that the light of the candles might betray us ; so I resolved to set off. I went out leading him by the hand, and he held his handkerchief to his eyes. I spoke to him in the most piteous and afflicted tone of voice, bewailing bitterly the negligence of Evans, who had ruined me by her delay. Then said I, ‘ My dear Mrs Betty, for

Make the piper blaw, carlin,
 Make the piper blaw,
 And make the lads and lasses baith
 The souple legs shaw.

the love of God run quickly and bring her with you. You know my lodging ; and if ever you made despatch in your life, do it at present ; I am almost distracted with this disappointment." The guards opened the doors, and I went down stairs with him, still conjuring him to make all possible despatch. As soon as he had cleared the door, I made him walk before me, for fear the sentinel should take notice of his walk ; but I still continued to press him to make all the despatch he possibly could. At the bottom of the stairs I met my dear Evans, into whose hands I confided him. I had before engaged Mr Mills to be in readiness before the Tower to conduct him to some place of safety, in case we succeeded. He looked upon the affair so very improbable to succeed, that his astonishment when he saw us, threw him into such consternation, that he was almost out of himself ; which Evans perceiving, with the greatest presence of mind, without telling him any thing, lest he should mistrust them, conducted him to some of her own friends, on whom she could rely, and so secured him, without which we should have been undone. When she had conducted him, and left him with them, she returned to find Mr Mills, who by this time had recovered himself from his astonishment. They went home together ; and, having found a place of security, they conducted him to it.

"In the mean while, as I had pretended to have sent the young lady on a message, I was obliged to return up stairs, and go back to my lord's room, in the same feigned anxiety of being too late, so that every body seemed sincerely to sympathise with my distress. When I was in the room, I talked to him as if he had been really present, and answered my own questions, in my lord's voice, as nearly as I could imitate it, I walked up and down as if we were conversing together, till I thought they had time enough thoroughly to clear themselves of the guards. I then thought proper to make off also. I opened the door and stood half in it, that those in the outward chamber might hear what I said ; but held it so close that they could not look in. I bid my lord a formal farewell for the night ; and added, that something more than usual must have happened to make Evans negligent on this important occasion, who had always been so punctual in the smallest trifles ; that I saw no other remedy than to go in person : that, if the Tower were still open when I finished my business, I would return that night ; but that he might be assured I would be with him as early in the morning as I could gain admittance into the Tower ; and I flattered myself I should bring favourable news. Then, before I shut the door, I pulled through the string of the latch, so that it could only be opened on the inside. I then shut it with some degree of force, that I might be sure of its being well shut. I said to the servant as I passed by, who was ignorant of the whole transaction, that he need not carry in candles to his master till my lord sent for them, as he desired to finish some prayers first. I went down stairs and called a coach. As there were several on the stand, I drove home to my lodgings, where poor Mr Mackenzie had been waiting to carry the petition, in case my attempt had failed. I told him there was no need of any petition, as my lord was safe out of the Tower, and out of the hands of his enemies, as I hoped ; but that I did not know where he was. I discharged the coach and sent for a sedan chair, and went to the duchess of Buccleugh, who expected me about that time, as I had begged of her to present

We'll a' be glad, carlin,
 We'll a' be glad,
 And play ' The Stuarts back again,'
 To put the Whigs mad."

the petition for me, having taken my precautions against all events, and asked if she were at home, and they answered that she expected me, and had another duchess with her. I refused to go up stairs, as she had company with her, and I was not in a condition to see any other company. I begged to be shewn into a chamber below stairs, and that they would have the goodness to send her grace's maid to me, having something to say to her. I had discharged the chair, lest I might be pursued and watched. When the maid came in, I desired her to present my most humble respects to her grace, who they told me had company with her, and to acquaint her that this was my only reason for not coming up stairs. I also charged her with my sincerest thanks for her kind offer to accompany me when I went to present my petition. I added, that she might spare herself any farther trouble, as it was now judged more advisable to present one general petition in the name of all: however, that I should never be unmindful of my particular obligations to her grace, which I would return very soon to acknowledge in person. I then desired one of the servants to call a chair, and I went to the duchess of Montrose, who had always borne a part in my distresses. When I arrived, she left her company to deny herself, not being able to see me under the affliction which she judged me to be in. By mistake, however, I was admitted; so there was no remedy. She came to me; and as my heart was in an ecstasy of joy, I expressed it in my countenance as she entered the room. I ran up to her in the transport of my joy. She appeared to be extremely shocked and frightened; and has since confessed to me, that she apprehended my trouble, had thrown me out of myself, till I communicated my happiness to her. She then advised me to retire to some place of security, for that the king was highly displeased, and even enraged at the petition that I had presented to him, and had complained of it severely. I sent for another chair; for I always discharged them immediately, lest I might be pursued. Her grace said that she would go to court, to see how the news of my lord's escape was received. When the news was brought to the king, he flew into an excess of passion, and said he was betrayed; for it could not have been done without some confederacy. He instantly despatched two persons to the Tower, to see that the other prisoners were well secured, lest they should follow the example. Some threw the blame upon one, some upon another; the duchess was the only one at court who knew it.

"When I left the duchess, I went to a house which Evans had found out for me, and where she promised to acquaint me where my lord was. She got thither some few minutes after me, and told me, that, when she had seen him secure, she went in search of Mr Mills, who, by the time, had recovered himself from his astonishment; that he had returned to her house, where she had found him: and that he had removed my lord from the first place, where she had desired him to wait, to the house of a poor woman directly opposite to the guard-house. She had but one small room up one pair of stairs, and a very small bed in it. We threw ourselves upon the bed, that we might not be heard walking up and down. She left us a bottle of wine and some bread, and Mrs Mills brought us some more in her pocket the next day. We subsisted on this provision from Thursday to Saturday night, when Mrs Mills came and conducted my lord to the Venetian ambassador's. We did not communicate the affair to

SONG LXXXIV.

DERWENTWATER.

O DERWENTWATER's a bonny lord,
 He wears gowd in his hair,
 And glenting is his hawking e'e,
 Wi' kind love dwelling there.
 Yestreen he came to our lord's yett,
 And loud loud could he ca',
 "Rise up, rise up for good King James,
 And buckle, and come awa'."

Our ladie held by her gude lord,
 Wi' weel love-locket hands;
 But when young Derwentwater came,
 She loos'd the snawy bands.
 And when young Derwentwater kneel'd,
 "My gentle fair ladie,"
 The tears gave way to the glow o' luve
 In our gude ladie's e'e.

"I will think on this bonny ring,
 And on this snawy hand,

his excellency; but one of his servants concealed him in his own room till Wednesday, on which occasion the ambassador's coach and six was to go down to Dover to meet his brother. My lord put on a livery, and went down in the retinue, without the least suspicion, to Dover, where Mr Mitchell (which was the name of the ambassador's servant) hired a small vessel, and immediately set sail for Calais. The passage was so remarkably short, that the captain threw out this reflection, that the wind could not have served better, if his passengers had been flying for their lives, little thinking it to be really the case. Mr Mitchell might have easily returned without being suspected of having been concerned in my lord's escape; but my lord seemed inclined to have him continue with him, which he did, and has, at present, a good place under our young master.

"This is as exact and as full an account of this affair, and of the persons concerned in it, as I could possibly give you, to the best of my memory, and you may rely on the truth of it. I am, with the strongest attachment, my dear Sister, yours most affectionately,]

WINIFRED NITHISDALE.

*Palais Royal de Rome,
 16th April, 1718.*

When on the helmy ridge o' weir
 Comes down my burly brand.
 And I will think on thae links o' gowd
 Which ring thy bonny blue een,
 When I wipe awa the gore o' weir,
 And owre my braid sword lean."

O never a word our ladie spake,
 As he press'd her snawy hand,
 And never a word our ladie spake,
 As her jimpy waist he spann'd;
 But, "Oh, my Derwentwater!" she sigh'd,
 When his glowing lips she fand.

He has drapp'd frae his hand the tassel o' gowd
 Which knots his good weir-glove,
 And he has drapp'd a spark frae his een,
 Which gars our ladie love.
 "Come down, come down," our gude lord says,
 "Come down, my fair ladie;
 O dinna young Lord Derwent stop,
 The morning sun is hie."

And high high raise the morning sun,
 Wi' front o' ruddie blude:
 "Thy harlot front frae thy white curtain
 Betokens naething gude."
 Our ladie look'd frae the turret top,
 As lang as she could see,
 And every sigh for her gude lord,
 For Derwent there were three.

SONG LXXXV.

DERWENTWATER'S FAREWELL.

FAREWELL to pleasant Ditson Hall, *Ditson*
 My father's ancient seat;

A stranger now must call thee his,
 Which gars my heart to greet.
 Farewell each kindly well-known face,
 My heart has held so dear :
 My tenants now must leave their lands,
 Or hold their lives in fear.

No more along the banks of Tyne,
 I'll rove in autumn gray ;
 No more I'll hear, at early dawn,
 The lav'rocks wake the day:
 Then fare thee well, brave Widderington,
 And Forster ever true.
 Dear Shaftsbury and Errington,
 Receive my last adieu.

And fare thee well, George Collingwood,
 Since fate has put us down,
 If thou and I have lost our lives,
 Our king has lost his crown.
 Farewell, farewell, my lady dear,
 Ill, ill thou counsell'dst me :
 I never more may see the babe
 That smiles upon thy knee.

And fare thee well, my bonny gray steed,
 That carried me aye so free ;
 I wish I had been asleep in my bed,
 The last time I mounted thee.
 The warning bell now bids me cease ;
 My trouble's nearly o'er ;
 Yon sun that rises from the sea,
 Shall rise on me no more.

Albeit that here in London town
 It is my fate to die,*

* Radcliff, Earl of Derwentwater, an elegant and very promising young man, suffered on the same morning with Viscount Kenmare. Previous to his death, he delivered a paper to the Sheriffs, in which he expressed his regret for pleading guilty at

O carry me to Northumberland,
 In my father's grave to lie:
 There chant my solemn requiem
 In Hexham's holy towers,
 And let six maids of fair Tynedale
 Scatter my grave with flowers.

And when the head that wears the crown
 Shall be laid low like mine,
 Some honest hearts may then lament
 For Radcliff's fallen line.
 Farewell to pleasant Ditson Hall,
 My father's ancient seat;
 A stranger now must call thee his,
 Which gars my heart to greet.

SONG LXXXVI.

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG ON THE REBELLION.

MACKINTOSH was a soldier brave,
 And did most gallantly behave,
 When into Northumberland he came,
 With gallant men of his own name.
 Then Derwentwater he did say,
 That five hundred guineas he would lay,
 To beat the militia man to man;
 But they prov'd cowards, and off they ran.

his trial, acknowledged "King James the Third as his lawful and rightful Sovereign," and wished "that the laying down of his life might contribute to the service of *his King* and country, and the re-establishment of the ancient and fundamental constitution of the kingdom, without which no lasting peace or true happiness could attend them," &c. Then turning to the block, he viewed it close, and finding in it a rough place that might offend his neck, he bid the executioner chip it off; then preparing himself for the blow, by pulling off his coat and waistcoat, he laid down to try if the block fitted his head, telling the executioner, that the sign he should give him was, Lord Jesus receive my soul, and at the third time of repeating it he was to do his office; which he did accordingly at one blow."—*See History of Conspiracies, &c.*

Then the Earl of Mar did vow and swear,
 That English ground if he came near,
 Ere the right should starve, and the wrong should stand,
 He'd blow them all to some foreign land.
 Lord Derwentwater he rode away,
 Well mounted on his dapple gray ;
 But soon he wish'd him home with speed,
 Fearing they were all betray'd indeed.

“ Adzounds !” cried Foster, “ never fear,
 For Brunswick’s army is not near ;
 And if they dare come, our valour we’ll show,
 And give them a total overthrow.”
 But Derwentwater soon he found
 That they were all enclos’d around.
 “ Alack !” he cried, “ for this cowardly strife,
 How many brave men shall lose their life !”

Old Mackintosh he shook his head,
 When he saw his Highland lads lie dead ;
 And he wept—not for the loss of those,
 But for the success of their proud foes.
 Then Mackintosh unto Wills* he came,
 Saying, “ I have been a soldier in my time,
 And ere a Scot of mine shall yield,
 We’ll all lie dead upon the field.”

“ Then go your ways,” he made reply ;
 Either surrender, or you shall die,
 Go back to your own men in the town :
 What can you do when left alone ?”
 Mackintosh is a gallant soldier,
 With his musket over his shoulder.
 “ Every true man points his rapier ;
 But, damn you, Foster, you are a traitor !”

Lord Derwentwater to Foster said,
 “ Thou hast ruin’d the cause, and all betray’d ;
 For thou didst vow to stand our friend,
 But has prov’d traitor in the end.

* General Wills, who commanded the Royal Army.

Thou brought us from our own country;
 We left our homes and came with thee;
 But thou art a rogue and a traitor both,
 And hast broke thy honour and thy oath."

Lord Derwentwater to Litchfield did ride,
 With armed men on every side;
 But still he swore by the point of his sword,
 To drink a health to his rightful lord.
 Lord Derwentwater he was condemn'd,
 And led unto his latter end;
 And though his lady did plead full sore,
 They took his life, they could get no more.

Brave Derwentwater he is dead;
 From his fair body they took the head;
 But Mackintosh and his friends are fled,
 And they'll set the hat on another head.
 And whether they are gone beyond the sea,
 Or if they abide in this country,
 Though our king would give ten thousand pound,
 Old Mackintosh will scorn to be found.

SONG LXXXVII.

THE WHITE COCKADE.

My love was born in Aberdeen,
 The bonniest lad that e'er was seen;
 But now he's made our hearts fu' sad,
 He's ta'en the field wi' his white cockade.
 O he's a ranting roving blade!
 O he's a brisk and bonny lad!
 Betide what may, my heart is glad
 To see my lad wi' his white cockade.

O leeze me on the philabeg,
 The hairy hough, and garten'd leg!

But aye the thing that blinds my e'e
Is the white cockade aboon the bree.

O he's a ranting roving blade, &c.

I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my reel,
My rippling-kame, and spinning-wheel,
To buy mysel' a tartan plaid,
To follow the lad wi' the white cockade.

O he's a ranting roving blade, &c.

I'll sell my rokelay and my tow,
My good gray mare and hawkit cow,
That every loyal Scottish lad
May take the field wi' his white cockade.

O he's a ranting roving blade !

O he's a brisk and bonny lad !

Betide what may, I will be wed,

An' follow the lad wi' the white cockade.

SONG LXXXVIII.

THE CHEVALIER'S BIRTH DAY.

Tune.—The King shall enjoy his ain again.

LET ev'ry honest British soul
With cheerful loyalty be gay ;
With James's health we'll crown the bowl,
And celebrate this glorious day.

Let no one care a fig

For the vile rebellious Whig,

That insect of usurpation ;

Fill a bumper every one

To the glorious tenth of June,

And a speedy restoration.

What though the German renegades
With foreign yokes oppress us ?
Though George our property invades,
And Stuart's throne possesses ?

Yet remember Charles' fate,*
 Who roam'd from state to state,
 Kept out by a fanatic nation,
 Till at length came a day
 Call'd the twenty-ninth of May,
 Still renown'd for a true restoration.

Britons, be loyal once again,
 Ye've a precedent before ye ;
 This day, crown'd with a Stuart's reign,
 Shall blaze in future story.
 Be resolute and brave,
 Your country ye may save,
 If once ye dare to be loyal :
 Then at honesty's call
 Let us conquer or fall
 In the cause of our old line royal.

What though th' usurper's cause prevail?
 Renew your constitution,
 Expel that race, the curst entail
 Of Whiggish revolution.
 Be bought and sold no more
 By a sordid German power ;
 Is it like our old proud-hearted nation?
 Let King James then be the toast,
 May he bless our longing coast
 With a speedy and a just restoration.

SONG LXXXIX.

MERRY MAY THE KEEL ROW.

As I came down the Cano'gate,
 The Cano'gate, the Cano'gate,
 As I came down the Cano'gate,
 I heard a lassie sing :

* Charles II.

“ O merry may the keel row,
 The keel row, the keel row,
 Merry may the keel row,
 The ship that my love's in.

My love has breath o' roses,
 O' roses, o' roses,
 Wi' arms o' lily posies,
 To fauld a lassie in.
 O merry, &c.

My love he wears a bonnet,
 A bonnet, a bonnet,
 A snawy rose upon it,
 A dimple on his chin,
 O merry may the keel row,
 The keel row, the keel row,
 Merry may the keel row,
 The ship that my love's in.”

SONG XC.

THE WHIGS O' FIFE.

O WAE to a' the Whigs o' Fife,
 The brosy tykes, the lousy tykes,
 O wae to a' the Whigs o' Fife,
 That e'er they cam frae hell!

There's gentle John, and Jock the slorp,
 And skellied Jock, and bellied Jock,
 And curly Jock, and burly Jock,
 And lying Jock himsel.
 O wae, &c.

Deil claw the traitors wi' a flail,
 That took the midden for their bail.
 And kiss'd the cow ahint the tail,
 That keav'd at kings themsel.
 O wae, &c.

At sic a sty o' stinking crew,
 The very fiends were like to spue;
 They held their nose, and crook'd their mou',
 And doughtna bide the smell.
 O wae, &c.

But gin I saw his face again,
 Thae hunds hae huntit owre the plain,
 Then ilka ane should get his ain,
 And ilka Whig the mell.
 O wae, &c.

O for a bauk as lang as Crail,
 And for a rape o' rapes the wale,
 To hing the tykes up by the tail,
 And hear the beggars yell!
 O wae to a' the Whigs o' Fife,
 The brosy tykes, the lousy tykes,
 O wae to a' the Whigs o' Fife,
 That e'er they came frae hell!

SONG XCI.

THE PIPER O' DUNDEE.

THE piper came to our town,
 To our town, to our town,
 The piper came to our town,
 And he play'd bonnilie.
 He play'd a spring the laird to please,
 A spring brent new frae 'yont the seas;
 And he then gae his bags a wheeze,
 And play'd anither key.

And wasna he a roguy,
 A roguy, a roguy,
 And wasna he a roguy,
 The piper o' Dundee?
 He play'd "The Welcome owre the Main,"
 And "Ye'se be fou and I'se be fain,"

And "Auld Stuarts back again,"
Wi' muckle mirth and glee.

And wasna, &c.
He play'd "The Kirk," he play'd "The Queer,"
"The Mullin Dhu," and "Chevalier,"
And "Lang away, but welcome here,"
Sae sweet, sae bonnilie.

And wasna, &c.
It's some gat swords, and some gat nane,
And some were dancing mad their lane,
And mony a vow o' weir was ta'en
That night at Amulrie.*

And wasna, &c.
There was Tullibardine and Burleigh,
And Struan, Keith, and Ogilvie,
And brave Carnegie, wha but he,
The piper o' Dundee.

SONG XCII.

THE COOPER CUDDIE.†

THERE was a cooper, they ca'd him Cuddie,
He was the best cooper that ever I saw;
He coopit a coggie for our gudewifie,
And, heigho! but he coopit it braw!
O wasna he a gallant young cooper?
And wasna he o' noble degree?
But gin our gudeman had kend o' Cuddie,
He wad hae been hangit out owre a tree.

* Amulrie, or Ambulree, a village in Perthshire.

† This song evidently has a political allusion, although the explanation must now be very difficult. "The Cooper Cuddie" is one of the Drummonds of Logie-Almond, and the song was probably written in reference to some feats performed by him in the cause of the Stuarts.

O wae be to thee, thou silly auld carle,
 And aye an ill dead met ye die !
 Thy house had never stood owre thy head,
 Gin it hadna been for the young Logie.
 But weel befa' our true gudewifie,
 That kend the right side frae the wrang !
 And mony a Drummond shall bless the wifie
 That cheatit her fause and fickle gudeman.

And hey the cooper, the cooper, the cooper !
 He was the best cooper that ever I saw ;
 He coopit a coggie for our gudewifie,
 And, heigho ! but he coopit it braw !
 Young Cuddie the cooper can dance and fiddle,
 Young Cuddie can fight for honour and law,
 Young Cuddie can kiss a sonsy young lassie,
 That our gudewifie lo'es best of a'.

SONG XCIII.

HE WINNA BE GUIDIT BY ME †

O HEAVEN'S, he's ill to be guidit,
 His colleagues and he are dividit,
 Wi' the court of Hanover he's sidit,
 He winna be guidit by me.
 They ca'd him their joy and their darling,
 Till he took their penny of arling ;
 But he'll prove as false as Macfarlane :
 He winna be guidit by me.

He was brought south by a merling,
 Got a hundred and fifty pounds sterling,

† The person alluded to in this song is Carnegie of *Finhaven*, (in the Jacobite Songs *Phinaven*). He was very unsteady and vacillating in his conduct between the two contending interests. Being involved in a broil with the Earl of Strathmore, in which that nobleman fell. Finhaven was tried for the murder, and acquitted, August 1728.—The last verse of the song probably alludes to that circumstance.

Which will make him bestow the auld carlin :
 He winna be guidit by me.
 He's anger'd his goodson and Fintray,
 By selling his king and his country,
 And put a deep stain on the gentry :
 He'll never be guidit by me.

He's join'd the rebellious club, too,
 That endeavours our peace to disturb, too ;
 He's cheated poor Mr John Grub, too,
 And he's guilty of simony.
 He broke his promise before, too,
 To Fintray, Auchterhouse, and Strathmore, too ;
 God send him a heavy glengore, too,
 For that is the death he will die.

SONG XCIV.

HERE'S TO THE VALIANT SWEDE.

HERE's a health to the valiant Swede,
 He's not a king that man hath made ;
 May no oppressors him invade ;
 Then let this health go round.
 A running bumper crown this toast ;
 We'll take it off, whate'er it cost.
 A fig for those that rule the roast !
 We'll ne'er in liquor drown.

Here's a health to the royal seed,
 And to the king that's king indeed ;
 If not ill ta'en, it's not ill said ;
 Then let this toast go round.
 A running bumper, &c.

To all our injur'd friends in need,
 On this side and beyond the Tweed ;
 May each man have his own with speed :
 Then let this health go round.
 A running bumper, &c.

Here's a health to the mysterious Czar ;
 I hope he'll send us help from far,
 To end the work begun by Mar :
 Then let this health go round.
 A running bumper, &c.

May our affairs abroad succeed,
 And may the king return in speed ;
 May each usurper shake for dread :
 Let all these healths go round.
 A running bumper, &c.

SONG XCV.

THE WHIGS' GLORY.

ILK loyal subject fill his glass,
 And keep the toast in mind, man,
 " Confusion to the whining Whigs,
 The dregs of a' mankind, man."
 You loyal subjects a' rejoice,
 And fill a flowing can, man,
 To drink confusion to the Whigs,
 Frae Highland ranks that ran, man.

Wha ever saw the Whiggish louns
 At ought come better speed, man?
 Their shanks were o' the very best,
 And stood them in gude stead, man.
 The Highlandmen awhile pursued,
 But turn'd at last, and swore, man,
 " Hersel has peated mony a race,
 But ne'er was peat pefore, man."†

When they could such offence avoid,
 To fight they thought it sin, man ;

† This is a shrewd allusion to the Whigs, who retreated so fast, that the Highlanders were not able to gain upon them.

And none can say that they did wrang,
 In saving of their skin, man.
 Then all you noble sons of war,
 Let this your maxim be, man,
 No man should ever stand and fight,
 When he has room to flee, man.

'Tis fit you vaunt most manfully,
 Of daring deeds of skaith, man ;
 But if your en'mies be so mad
 As run the risk of death, man,
 Be sure that you prove wiser men,
 And live while yet you may, man,
 For he that falls is not so safe
 As he that runs away, man.

SONG XCVI.

LET MISERS TREMBLE O'ER THEIR WEALTH.

LET misers tremble o'er their wealth,
 And starve amidst their riches ;
 Let statesmen in deceit grow old,
 And pine with envious wishes.
 But we whom no vain passion sways,
 Our mirth from wine arising,
 Our nobler passions will obey,
 Both knaves and fools despising.

Let them lament who have betrayed
 Their king and bleeding nation :
 The rich they always are afraid,
 However high their station.
 But we will chant, and we will sing,
 And toast our bonny lasses :
 To all we wish, and all we want,
 We'll circulate our glasses.

Fill up once more the sparkling bowl,
 The brave feel no disaster,

No bold informer dare contro;
 Here's a health to our lawful master;
 Our loyalty we will maintain,
 And drink a health to all true hearts;
 We'll ever honour and obey
 The royal race of Stuarts.

SONG XCVII.

SOMEBODY.

My heart is sair, I daurna tell,
 My heart is sair for somebody;
 I will walk a winter's night,
 For a sight o' somebody.
 O hon for somebody!
 O hey for somebody!
 I wad do—what wad I not,
 For the sake o' somebody?

If somebody were come again,
 Then somebody maun cross the main,
 And ilka ane will get his ain,
 And I will see my somebody.
 O hon, &c.

What need I kame my tresses bright;
 Or why should coal or candle-light
 E'er shine in my bower day or night;
 Since gane is my dear somebody?
 O hon, &c.

Oh! I hae grutten mony a day
 For ane that's banish'd far away:
 I canna sing, and maunna say,
 How sair I grieve for somebody.
 O hon, &c.

The following are in "Jacobite Ministry" - 1849.

- Along 3. These 92 songs are among the most valuable
4 in the whole collection - but unfortunately
8 many of them almost too coarse for
36. publication -
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