

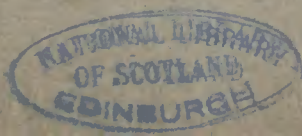
THE
BATTLE of ROSLIN,
FOUGHT ON THE
Plains of Roslin, 1303,

AND
John Highlandman's
REMARKS
ON GLASGOW.



GLASGOW;
Printed for the Booksellers.

1823.



THE BATTLE OF ROSLIN.

LEAVE off your tittle tattle,
And I'll tell you of a battle,
Where claymore and targe did rattle,
At Roslin on the Lee.
Ten thousand Scottish laddies,
Drest in their tartan plaidies,
With blue bonnets and cockadies,
A pleasant sight to see.

Commanded by Sir Simon Frazer,
Who was as bold as Cæsar,
Great Alexander never
Could exceed that hero bold.
And by brave Sir John Cummin,
When he saw the foes a coming,
Set the bagpipes a bumming,
Stand firm my hearts of gold.

Ten thousand English advancing,
Sec how their arms are glancing,
We'll set them all a dancing
At Roslin on the Lee,
Like furies our brave Highlandmen,
Most nobly they engaged them,
On field they durst no longer stand,
They soon began to flee.

They rushed into the battle,
Made sword and targe to rattle,

Which made their foes to startle,
 They fell dead on the ground.
 Our army gave a loud huzza,
 Our Highland lads have won the day,
 On field they durst no longer stay,
 See how the cowards run.

This battle was no sooner over,
 Than ten thousand of the other,
 Came marching in good order,
 Most boldly for to fight.
 Their colours were displaying,
 Their horse foaming and braying,
 Their Generals are saying
 We'll soon put them to flight.

But our bowmen gave a volley,
 Made them repent their folly,
 They soon turned melancholy,
 And staggered to and fro.
 Our spearmen then engaged,
 Their rage they soon assuaged,
 Like lions our heroes raged,
 Dealt death at every blow.

For one hour and a quarter,
 There was a bloody slaughter,
 Till the enemies cried for quarter,
 And in confusion flee.
 Our general says, don't pursue,
 Ten thousand more are come in view,
 Take courage lads, our hearts are true,
 And beat your enemies.

Then thinking for to cross us,
 They rallying all their forces,
 Both of foot and horses,
 To make the last attempt.
 The Scots cried out with bravery,
 We disdain their English knavery,
 We'll ne'er be brought to slavery
 Till our last blood be spent.

With fresh courage they did engage,
 And manfully made for the charge,
 With their broad swords and their targe,
 Most boldly then they stood.
 The third battle it was very sore,
 Thousands lay reeking in their gore,
 The like was never done before,
 The fields did swim with blood.

The English could no longer stay,
 In great confusion fled away,
 And sore they do lament the day,
 That they came there to fight.
 Cummin cried, chase them, do not spare,
 Quick as the hound does chase the hare,
 And many one ta'en prisoner,
 That day upon the flight.

The Douglas, Campbells, and the Hays,
 And Gordons from the river Spey,
 So boldly as they fought that day,
 With the brave Montgomerie,
 The Kers and Murrays of renown,
 The Kiths, Boyds, and Hamilton,

They brought their foes down to the ground
And fought with bravery.

Sound, sound the music, sound it,
Let hills and dales resound it,
Fill up the glass and round wi't,
In praise of our heroes bold.

If Scotsmen were always true,
We'd make our enemies to rue,
But alas! we're not all true blue,
As we were in days of old.

JOHN HIGHLANDMAN'S REMARKS ON GLASGOW.

Her nainsel into Glasgow went,
An errand there to see't,
And she never saw a bonnier town
Standing on her feet.

For a' the houses that be tere
Was theeikit wi' blue stane,
And a stane ladder to gang up,
No fa' to break her banes.

I gang upon a stany road,
A street they do him ca'
And when me seek the chapman's house,
His name be on the wa'.

I gang to buy a snish tamback,
And standing at the corse,

And tere I see a dead man,
Was riding on his horse.

And O! he be a poor man,
And no hae mony claes,
Te brogues be worn aff his feet,
And me see a' his taes.

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

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

But I be rin around about,
And stand about the guard,
Where I see the deil chap the hours,
Tan me grew unco feared.

Ohon! Ohon! her nainsel said,
And whare will me go rin?
For yonder be the black man
That burns the fouk for sin.

I'll no pe stay nae langer tere,
But fast me rin awa,
And see the man thrawin te rapes
Aside te Broomielaw.

An' O she pe a lang tedder,
I spier't what they'll do wi't,
He said to hang the Highlandmen
For stealing o' their meat.

Hout, hersel's an honest shentleman,
I never yet did steal,
But when I meet a muckle purse,
I like it unco weel.

Tan fare ye weel ye saucy fellow,
I fain your skin wad pay;
I cam to your town the morn but,
An' I'll gang out yesterday.

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

O tere me got a shapin ale,
An' ten me got a supper,
A filthy choud o' chappit meat
Boiled amang a butter.

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

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

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

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

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

She pe sac fou o' vanity,
 As no gang on the grun,
 But twa poor mans pe carry her
 In a barrow covert aboon.

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

FINIS.