

# The Haws of Cromdale,

To which are added,

## Highland Laddie,

O ay my wife she dang me,

Will you go and marry Katie.



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## THE HAWS OF CROMDALE.

As I came in by Achendown,

A little wee bit frae the town,

When to the highlands I was boun',

Upon the haws 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 army on us came,

A blood battle then began,

Upon the haws of Cromdale.

The English horse they were so rude,

They bath'd their hoofs in highland blood,

But our brave clans they boldly stood,

Upon the haws 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.

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

Alas, my Lord, you're not so strong,  
You scarcely have two thousand men,  
And there's twenty thousand men,  
Stand rank and file at Cromdale.

Thus then the great Montrose did say,  
I say, direct the nearest way,  
For I will o'er the hills this day,  
And see the haws of Cromdale.

They were at dinner every man,  
When great Montrose upon them came,  
A second battle soon began,  
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

The Grants, Mackeszie, and Mackays,  
Soon as Montrose they did espy,  
O then they fought most vehemently,  
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

The M'Donalds they return'd again,

The Camerons did their standard join,  
 M'Intoshes play'd a bonny game,  
 Upon the haws of Cromdale.

The M'Gregors fought like Lyons bold,  
 M'Phersons none could them controul,  
 M'Lachlins fought like valiant souls,  
 Upon the haws of Cromdale.

M'Leans, M'Dougals, and M'Neals,  
 So boldly as they took the field,  
 And made their enemies to yield,  
 Upon the haws of Cromdale.

The Gordons boldly did advance,  
 The Frazers fought with sword and lance,  
 The Grahams they made their heads to dance,  
 Upon the haws of Cromdale.

The loyal Stewarts, with Montrose,  
 So boldly set upon their foes,  
 And brought them down with highland blows,  
 Upon the haws of Cromdale.

Of twenty thousand Cromwell's men,  
 Five hundred fled to Aberdeen,  
 The rest of them lyes on the plain,  
 Upon the haws of Cromdale.

## HIGHLAND LADDIE.

The bonniest lad that e'er I saw,

Bonnie laddie, highland laddie,

Wore a plaid, and was fu' braw,

Bonnie Highland laddie.

On his head a bonnet blue,

Bonnie laddie highland laddie,

His loyal heart was firm and true,

Bonnie highland laddie.

Trumpets sound and cannons roar,

Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie,

And a' the hills wi' echoes roar,

Bonnie Lowland lassie.

Glory, honour, now I give.

Bonnie lassie lowland lassie,

For freedom and my King to fight,

Bonnie Lowland lassie.

The sun a backward course shall take,

Bonnie laddie, highland laddie,

Ere eught thy manly courage shake,

Bonnie Highland laddie;

Go, for yourself procure renown,

Bonie laddie, highland laddie,  
 And for your lawful King his crown,  
 Bonie highland laddie.

The

**M' O AY MY WIFE SHE DANG ME.**

O ay my wife she dang me.  
 An' aft my wife she bang'd me;  
 If ye gie a woman a' her will,  
 Gude faith she'll soon o'er gang ye.

On peace and rest my mind was bent,  
 And fool I was I married;  
 But never honest man's intent,  
 Sae cursedly miscarry'd.

Some sairie comfort still at last,  
 When a' thir days are done, man,  
 My pains o' hell on earth is past,  
 I'm sure o' bliss aboon man.  
 O ay my wife she &c.

**WILL YOU GO AND MARRY, KATIE**

WILL ye go and marry Katie,  
 Can ye think to tak a man!

It's a pity ane sae pretty,

Should na do the thing they can.

You, a charming lovely creature,

Wharefore wad ye lie ye'r lane!

Beauty's of a fadiag nature,

Has a season, and is gane.

Therefore, while ye're blooming, Katie,

Listen to a loving swain;

Tak a mark by auntie Betty,

Ance the darling o' the men:

She, wi' coy and fickle nature

Trifled aff till she's grown auld,

Now she's left by ilka creature:

Let na this o' thees be tauld.

But my dear and lovely Katie,

This ae thing I hae to tell,

I could wi' h nse man to get ye,

Save it were my very sel.

Tak, me, Katie, at my offer.

Or be had and I'll tak you:

We's mak nae din about your tocher;

Marry, Katie, then we'll woo.

Mony words are needless, Katie,

Ye're a wanter, sae am I:

If ye wad a man should get ye,  
 Then I can that want supply;  
 Say then, Katie, say ye'll tak me,  
 As the very wale o' men,  
 Never after to forsake me,  
 And the priest shall say, Amen.

Then, O! then my charming Katie,  
 When we're married what comes then?  
 Then nae ither man can get ye,  
 But ye'll be my very ain;  
 Then we'll kiss and clap at leisure,  
 Nor wi' eavy troubled be,  
 If ance I had my lovely treasure,  
 Let the rest admire and die.

FINIS.