

THE
Flowers of the Forest;

COMPOSED ON THE
BATTLE OF FLOWDEN FIELD,

Fought 5th Sept. 1513.

To which is added,

AULD ROB MORRIS.



GREENOCK:

Printed by WILLIAM SCOTT



THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

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FROM Spey to the border,
Was peace and good order;
The sway of our Monarch was mild as the May;
Peace he adored,
Which South'rons abhorred;
Our marches they plunder, our wardens they slay,
'Gainst LOUIS, our ally,
Their HENRY did sally,
Tho' JAMES, but in vain, did his heralds advance,
Renouncing alliance,
Denouncing defiance,
To South'rons if langer abiding in France.

Many were the omens,
Our ruin was coming,
E'er the flower of the nation were call'd to array:
Our King at devotion,
St. Andrew gave him caution,
And sigh'd as with sorrow he to him did say,—
Sir, in this expedition,
You must have ambition;
From the company of women you must keep away

When the spectre this declared,
 It quickly disappeared,
 But where it retired no man could espy.

The flowers of the nation,
 Were call'd to their station,
 With valiant inclination their banners to display;
 To Burrow-Muir resorting,
 Their right for supporting,
 And there rendezousing encamped did lay.

But another bad omen,
 That vengeance was coming;
 At midnight, in Edinburgh, a voice loud did cry,
 As heralds, in their station,
 With loud proclamation,
 Did name all the Barons in England to die.

These words the Demon spoke,
 At the throne of Plotcock,
 It charg'd their appearing, appointing the day:
 The Provost in its hearing,
 The summons greatly fearing,
 Appeal'd to his Maker, the same did deny.

At this were many grieved,
 As many misbelieved;
 But forward they marched to their destiny;
 From thence to the border,
 They march'd in good order,
 The Mersemen and Forest they join'd the array.

England's invasion,
 It was their persuasion,

To make restitution for their cruelty ;
 But O fatal Flowden !
 There came the woe down,
 And our royal nation was brought to decay.

After spoiling and burning,
 Many homeward returning,
 With our King still the Nobles and Vassals abide :
 To SURRY's proud vaunting,
 He answers but daunting ;
 The King would await him whatever betide.

The English advanced,
 To where they were stanced,
 Half intrenched by nature, the field it so lay :
 To fight the English fearing,
 And sham'd their retiring ;
 But alas ! unperceiv'd was their subtily.

Our Highland battalion,
 So forward and valiant,
 They broke from their ranks, and rush'd on to slay :
 With hacking and slashing,
 And broad swords a dashing,
 Thro' the front of the English they cut a full way.

But, alas ! to their ruin,
 An ambush pursuing,
 They were surrounded with numbers too high :
 The Mersemen and Forest,
 They suffered the sorest,
 Upon the left wing were inclos'd the same way.

Our men into parties,
The battle in three quarters,

Upon our main body the marksmen did play :

The spearmen were surrounded,
And all were confounded,

The fatal devastation of that fatal day !

Our Nobles all ensnared,
Our King he was not spared ;

For of that fate he shared, and would no longer stay :

The whole was intercepted,
That very-few escaped

The fatal conflagration of that woeful day.

This set the whole nation
Into grief and vexation :

The widows did weep, and the maidens did say,
Why tarries my lover ?

The battle's surely over ;

Is there none left to tell us the fate of the day ?

I have heard a liting,
At our ewes milking,

Lasses a-liting afore the break of day :

But now there's a moaning

On ilka green loaning,

Since our bra' Foresters are a wed away,

At bought i' the morning,

Nae blythe lads are scorning ;

The lasses are lonely, dowie, and wae ;

Nae daffin, nae gabbin,

But sighing and sabbing,

Ilk ane lifts her leglen, and hies her away.

At e'en, in the gloamin,
 Nae swankeys are roaming
 'Mang stacks, wi' the lasses at bogle to play;
 But ilk ane sits dreary,
 Lamenting her deary,
 The Flowers of the Forest that are wed away.

In ha' st at the shearing,
 Nae younkens are jeering;
 The bansters are lyart, runkled, and grey:
 At fairs nor at preaching,
 Nae wooing, nae fleeching,
 Since our bra' Foresters are a' wed away.

O dool for the order,
 Sent our lads to the border!
 The English for anes by guile got the day:
 The Flowers of the Forest,
 That ay shone the foremost,
 The prime of our Lads ly cold in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair liltin,
 At our ewes milkin:
 The women and bairns are dowie and wae,
 Sighin and moanin,
 On ilka green loanin,
 Since our bra' Foresters are a' wed away.

I have seen the smiling
 Of fortune beguiling;
 I have felt all her favours, and found her decay:

Sweet are her blessing,
 And kind her caressing;
 But now it is fled, it is fled far away.

I have seen the forest,
 Adorned the foremost,
 With flowers of the fairest both pleasant and gay;
 Sae bonny was their blooming,
 Their scent the air perfuming;
 But now they are withered, and all gone away.

I have seen the morning,
 With gold the hills adorning,
 And loud tempest storming before the middle day:
 I've seen Tweed's silver streams,
 Shining in the sunny beams,
 Grow drumly and dark as it roll'd on the way.

O fickle fortune!
 Why this cruel spoiling?
 Why thus perplexing poor sons of a day?
 Thy frowns cannot fear me,
 Nor smiles cannot cheer me,
 Since the Flowers of the Forest are a' wed away.

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AULD ROB MORRIS.

MITHER.

AULD Rob Morris that wins in yon glen,
 He's the king o' good fellows, and wale o' auld
 men,

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Has fourscore o' black sheep, and fourscore too;
Auld Rob Morris is the man you maun lo'e.

DOUGHTER.

Haud your tongue, mither, and let that abee,
For his ield and my ield will never agree;
'They'll never agree, and that will be seen,
For he's fourscore, and I'm but fifteen.

MITHER.

Haud your tongue, daughter, and lay by your pride,
For he's be the bridegroom, and ye's be the bride;
He shall ly by your side, and kiss ye too;
Auld Rob Morris is the man you maun lo'e.

DOUGHTER.

Auld Rob Morris I ken him sa' weel,
His arse it sticks out like ony peet-ercel;
He's out-shin'd, in-knee'd, and ringle-ey'd too;
Auld Rob Morris is the man I'll ne'er lo'e.

MITHER.

Tho' auld Rob Morris be an elderly man,
Yet his auld brass it will buy a new pan:
Then, Doughter, ye shoudna be sae ill to shoe,
For Auld Rob Morris is the man you maun lo'e.

DOUGHTER.-

But Auld Rob Morris I never will hae,
His back is grown stiff, and his beard is grown grey,
I had rather die than live with him a year;
Sae mair of Rob Morris I never will hear.

F I N I S.