

THE BATTLE OF THE
SHIRRA MUIR,

Bannocks o' Bear-meal,

THE DEIL AND THE EXCISEMEN,

The Unhappy Couple,

AND,

OCHON, OCHON, OCHRIE.



SOLD WHOLESALE BY J. FRASER & CO.

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SHIRRA-MUIR.

O CAM ye here the fight to shun,
Or herd the sheep wi me, man?
Or were ye at the Sherra-muir,
And did the battle see, man?
I saw the battle, sair and tough,
And reekin-red ran monie a sheugh;
My heart, for fear, gae sough for sough,
To hear the thuds, and see the cluds,
Of clans frae woods, in tartan duds,
Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three, man.

The red-coat lads, wi black cockades,
To meet them were na slaw, man;
'They rush'd and push'd, and blude outgush'd,
And monie a bouk did fa, man:
The great Argyle led on his files,
I wat they glanced twenty miles:
They hack'd and hash'd, while broad-swords
clash'd,
And thro' they dash'd, and hew'd, and smash'd,
Till fey men died awa, man.

But had you seen the philibegs,
And skyrin tartan trews, man,
When in the teeth they dar'd our whigs,
And covenant true blues, man,

lines extended lang and large,
 When bayonets opposed the targe,
 and thousands hastened to the charge,
 Wi' Highland wrath they frae the sheath
 drew blades o' death, till, out o' breath,
 They fled like frightened doos, man.

O how deil Tam can that be true?
 The chase gaed frae the north, man:
 I saw myself, 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 monie a huntit, poor red-coat,
 For fear amaisit did swarf, man.

My sister Kate cam up the gate
 Wi' crowdie unto me, man;
 she swore she saw some rebels run
 Frae Perth unto Dundee, man:
 their left-hand general had nae skill,
 the Angus lads had nae gude will
 that day their neebors' blood to spill;
 for fear, by foes, that they should lose
 their cogs o' brose; all crying woes,
 And so it goes, you see, man:

they've lost some gallant gentlemen
 Among the Highland clans, man:

I fear my Lord Panmure is slain,
 Or fallen in Whiggish hands, man:
 Now wad ye sing this double fight,
 Some fell for wrang and some for right;
 But monie bade the world gude night;
 Then ye may tell, how pell and mell,
 By red claymores, and muskets' knell,
 Wi' dying yell, the tories fell,
 And whigs to hell did flee, man.

BANNOCKS o' BARLEY.

BANNOCKS o' bear-meal, bannocks o' barley,
 Here's to the Highlandman's bannocks of bar-
 ley.

Wha in a brulzie will first cry 'a parley?'—
 Never the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley.

Bannocks of bear-meal, bannocks o' barley,
 Here's to the Highlandman's bannocks o'
 barley.

Wha drew the gude claymore for Charlie?
 Wha cow'd the lowns o' England rarely?
 An' claw'd their backs at Falkirk fairly?
 Wha but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley.

Bannocks, &c.

Wha, when hope was blasted fairly,
 Stood in ruin wi' bonnie Prince Charlie?

An' 'neath the Duke's bloody paws dree'd fu
 sairly?
 Wha but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley.
 Bannocks o' barley, &c.

THE DEIL'S AWA WI' THE EXCISEMAN.

THE deil cam fiddling thro' the town,
 And danc'd awa wi' the Exciseman;
 And ilka wife cry'd, Auld Mahoun,
 We wish you luck o' the prize, man.

We'll mak our maut, and brew our drink,
 We'll dance, and sing, and rejoice, man;
 And monie thanks to the muckle black deil,
 That danc'd awa wi' the Exciseman.

There's threesome reels, and foursome reels,
 There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man:
 But the ae best dance e'er cam to our lan',
 Was—the deil's awa wi' the Exciseman.

THE BAD WIFE.

O, JAMIE, lad, hear my advice,
 And warning tak' o' y me, man,
 For if ye get a wife like me,
 You'll ru't until ye die, man,
 For when that I was in my youth,

Like you I then could quench my drought,
 But now I dare na weet my mouth,
 For Maggy's tongue,—deil drive her south,
 To some place far awa', man.

On Sunday, if I speir for Will,
 She swears I'm seeking drink, man;
 Then o'er my head, with furious rage,
 The tangs aloud will clink man.
 This is the life that I must bear,
 She'll oft haul out my very hair,
 And then she'll rage, and curse, and swear,
 And cry ye dog, I'll gi'e ye mair,
 Tho' for you I should die, man.

And, Jamie, when I got her first,
 I thought myself enrich'd man,
 Her beauty and her bonny claes
 They had me sae bewitch'd man;
 I had na power to see her ill,
 She led me captive at her will,
 Poor simple youth, I had nac skill,
 But thought that she was like mysel',
 For love and unity, man.

But when the fatal knot was tied
 I found I was betray'd, man,
 For she was fill'd wi' nought but strife,
 And foolish empty pride, man;
 I sit as mute as ony sot,
 Wi' no word out o' my throat,

Till o'er my head the chamber pot
 In twenty pieces it is broke,
 And then I'm forc'd to flee, man

Rut, Jamie, when ye wale a wife,
 Lay beauty a' aside, man,
 The pleasures o' a virtuous wife
 Are beyond a bonny bride, man.
 Think on their wild deceitfu' ways,
 Their painted cheeks and bonny claes,
 They're like a stocking fu' o' flaes,
 That will torment ye a' your days,
 Until the day ye die, man.

THE HIGHLAND WIDOW'S LAMENT.

Oh! I am come to the low countrie,
 Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
 Without a penny in my purse,
 To buy a meal to me.

It was nae sae in the Highland hills,
 Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
 Nae woman in the country wide
 Sae happy was as me.

For then I had a score o' kye,
 Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
 Feeding on yon hill sae high,
 And giving milk to me.

And there I had three score o' ewes,
 Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
 Skipping on yon bonnie knowes,
 And casting woo to me.

I was the happiest of a' the clan,
 Sair, sair may I repine,
 For Donald was the bravest man,
 And Donald he was mine.

Till Charlie Stewart cam at last
 Sae far to set us free;
 My Donald's arm was wanted then,
 For Scotland and for me.

Their waefu' fate what need I tell—
 Right to the wrang did yield;
 My Donald and his country fell
 Upon Culloden field!

I hae nocht left me ava,
 Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
 But bonnie orphan lad-weans twa,
 To seek their bread wi' me.

I hae yet a tocher hand,
 Ochon, ochon, ochrie.
 My winsome Donald's durk an' bran',
 Into their hands to gie:

There's only ae blink o' hope left,
 To lighten my auld ee,
 To see my bairns gie bluidie crowns,
 To them gar't Donald die!