

King Robert Bruce's

GARLAND.

An Heroic Ballad.

OR A
PRECISE ACCOUNT OF
THE
FAMOUS
BATTLE OF
BANNOCKBURN.

Fought on the 24th June, 1314, by K.
R. BRUCE, with an army of 30,000,
against K. EDWARD II, with an army
of 300,000.



STIRLING:

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149

THE
BATTLE
OF
Bannockburn.

IN days of yore our Scottish bards
did our heroes' acts proclaim,
And among the chief was Robert Bruce
a King of noble fame.
After the death of Wallace wight,
(butcher'd at London town)
The English overpaw'r'd the land,
and claim'd the Scottish crown.
Most of the Forts were in their hands,
Stirling, Bothwel, and Dunbar,
And nothing could redeem the land,
but hot and bloody war.
Our noble King was still defeat,
and to the woods banish'd,
Till fortune's wheel turn'd up her spake,
and s' wonted courage rais'd.
But the desperadoes of the land
unto their king have flown,
And vow'd to die thro' sweet revenge,
than bear the English frown.
The forts and castles they retook,
made many English dree,
Rutherglen's stout Peel they did reduce
and after took Dundee.
Bold Moubray Stirling Castle kept,
(a place of noted fame)
And when the Scots laid siege thereto,
he would not yield the same.

At last a treaty did conclude,
 for twelve months and a day,
 If Edward did not him relieve,
 he then should march away
 Thus peace proclaim'd on ev'ry side,
 both did their freedom use ;
 And Moubray did to London side,
 and told the king the news.
 And is the Scots so mad, he said,
 to give so long a time,
 I trust, e'er half that time o'er,go,
 they shall be slaves of mine.
 England and Ireland, by decree,
 were armed for this deed ;
 Wales, and likewise Normandy
 prepared all with speed.
 Full many an English merchant came
 the captive Scots to buy,
 With waggons full of ropes and chains,
 to bind them fear they'd fly.
 King Robert south from Stirling pitch'd
 his standard fix'd in stone,
 Which yet for a memorial stands
 the same hill-top upon.
 Between St Ninians and Chartersha',
 as on the road you pass,
 Where the royal pavilion stood,
 before the battle was.
 To him there came the men of Bute,
 of Carrick and of Kyle,
 With many gallant Highland chiefs
 collect from isle to isle.
 His chief leaders were Edward Bruce,

Randolph, Earl of Murray,
 Doughty Douglas and Walter Stuart,
 well us'd in such a fray.
 His brother Edward led the right,
 the Earl of Murray the left;
 Brave Douglas and Sir Walter Stuart
 the main body has taught.
 With whom the king in person rode,
 charg'd cowards to retire,
 For none should fight with him that day
 who death at least did fear.
 Between them and their foes they made
 into the boggy ground,
 Ditches and pits, with sharpen'd stakes,
 the Southrons to confound
 With cramp-irons and crow-toes straw'd
 among the grafs so green,
 And rushes floating on the mud,
 deceiv'd the English keen.
 Upon a rising ground they stood,
 view'd how the English came,
 All shining like the rising sun,
 their army seem'd a flame.
 The hills and dales did echo make,
 their trumpets loud did blow,
 Whilst ev'ry blast predicted death,
 and Scotland's overthrow.
 The king by chance looking about
 he, wondering, did espy.
 Eight hundred mounted cap-apee,
 who did on horseback fly
 Below St Ninians, cross the burn,
 in flight for Stirling town.

He called Earl Murray with speed,
 who was charg'd to keep that ground.
 A rose is from your chaplet fallen,
 on yonder ground doth lie,
 Redeem your honor now with grace ;—
 see how the English fly.
 The earl, abash'd at this rebuke,
 in rage he rode away,
 Two hundred warriors, horseman all,
 the bold Clifford to stay.
 He got between them and the town,
 Bewest from Livilands,
 Where two stones as a memorial
 unto this day there stands.
 Now Clifford, as an art in war,
 enclos'd the Scots about,
 While Murray order'd back to back,
 his horse were not so stout.
 The king beheld from a hill-top,
 and thought brave Murray gone,
 Douglas implored him to risk,
 but the king said, Let alone.
 But yet at length he gave consent,
 and e'er he got half thro',
 The English horse in scores came off,
 too n saddles not a few.
 Then Douglas stopt and gave a cheer,
 when Murray turn'd again,
 Who laid bold Clifford on the field,
 with most part of his men.
 But ere they reach'd the king again
 the English van was come
 To view the field on their south front,

led by the fam'd Bohun.
 The king afraid they should perceive
 his crafty trap too soon,
 Across the field in prison rode
 on purpose to be known.
 Then Bohun on a courser bright,
 in furious rage came on ;
 Seeing the king so poorly clad,
 and by himself alone,
 The king perceiving well his aim,
 and check'd his horse aside,
 O then improv'd his battle axe,
 his helmet could not bide,
 But clove him to the very teeth,
 the blood and brains out flew,
 Bohun fell gasping to the ground
 in both the armies' view,
 With prayers and hymns and orisons.
 Scots camp that night did ring,
 While English oaths from side to side
 for sweet revenge did spring.
 Both armies long'd for break of day,
 although the night was short,
 The Scots took solemn sacrament,
 before this bloody sport :
 The first charge on the left began,
 with English horse on flight,
 Where hundreds tumbled in the ditch,
 to Scots a pleasant fight.
 Then Murray fiercely on them set,
 and did no mercy shew,
 While men and horse stuck in the mire,
 and could no further go.

Then came the flow'r of English troops,
 all mounted cap-a-pee,
 Which joined a confused croud,
 and fought promiscuouſly.
 The doughty Scots were near undone,
 they had too much ado,
 Till Murray had his battle done,
 and came to their reſcue.
 The battle now in general was,
 and ſpreading o'er the land,
 Freſh English troops ſtill marching on,
 by their fierce king's command.
 When on the top of Gillies-craig,
 appeared in their fight,
 A crowd like twenty thouſand men,
 which were no men of might.
 But wives and old decripp'd men,
 ſome laſſes and young boys,
 With plaids and ſheets waving on poles,
 did make a warlike noiſe.
 The English ſoon perceiv'd this,
 on all the terror fell,
 And judg'd their ſafety was in flight,
 ſo would no more repel.
 Their king in Stirling would have ſtaid,
 but Moubray told him no,
 For there in haſte you'll be inclin'd,
 and ſind your overthrow;
 Your ſafety's home to England flee,
 and thro' yon carſe to ride,
 Go, while the fighting ſtill goes on,
 I'll with you ſend a guide."
 A little baweft the Saughen ford,

dy'd Gloucester the bold:
 That ground unto this very day
 is call'd the "Fighting Fold."
 The English now were fairly beat,
 and Edward fled away,
 Whom Douglas with two troops of horse
 chac'd forty miles that day.
 So eagerly he was pursued,
 and got to him so near,
 He was on point of being ta'en,
 but got into Dunbar.
 To Berwick in a fishing-boat,
 they sculled him away,
 While to be kept from wrath of Scots
 he earnestly did pray.
 Hereford to Bothwell castie fled,
 and there was soon brought out,
 The only gen'ral left alive
 of all king Edward's rout.
 And ransom'd was for Robert's queen,
 and his sweet daughter dear,
 Who'd captive long in London been,
 fed on mean English cheer.
 The fatal expedition
 which on the Scots was made,
 Where fifty thousand lives were lost,
 of nobles, seven hundred.
 Of Scots that day lay on the field
 four thousand men and more.
 Yet gain'd their fame by sword & shield
 was lost long time before: