

The Battle of Sheriff Muir.

To, which are added,

Scotia's Sons,

Lilies of the Valley,

The Woodpecker,

Young Allan.



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THE BATTLE OF SHERRIFF MUIR.

“● cam you here the fight to shun,
“ Or herd the sheep wi’ me man,
“ Or was you at the Sherra-muir,
“ And did the battle see man?”

I saw the battle sair and tough,
And reekin-red ran mony a sheugh,
My heart for fear gae sough for sough,
To hear the thuds, and see the cluds,
O’ clans frae woods, in taitan’ duds,
Wha glau’d at kingdoms three, man.

The red-coat lads wi’ black cockades,
To meet them were na sla man,
They rush’d and push’d an’ blude out-gush’d,
An’ mony a bouk did fa’ man;
The great Argyll led on his files,
I wat they glanced twenty miles;
They hack’d and hash’d while broad swords clash’d
And through they dash’d and haw’d and smash’d
Till fey man died away, man.

But had you seen the philabegs,

And skyrin tartan trews, man,
 Men in the teeth they dar'd our whigs,
 And covenant true blues, man;
 Lines extended lang and large,
 New bayonets oppos'd the targe,
 And thousands hasten'd to the charge,
 'Highland wrath they frae the charge,
 New blades o' death, till out o' breath,
 They fled like frighted doos, man.

Now, deil Tam, can that be true?
 The chace gaed frae the north, man;
 Saw myself they did pursue
 The horsemen back to Forth man;
 And at Dunblae in my ain sight
 They took the brig wi' a' their might,
 And straught to Stirling winged their flight;
 A cursed lot! the gates were shut;
 And mony a huntit poor red coat,
 "For fear awaist did swarf, man,"

Sister Kate cam up the gate,
 Wi' crowdie unto me, man;
 She swore she saw some rebels run,
 Frae Perth unto Dundee, man:
 Her left-hand general had nae skill,
 And Angus lads had nae good-will,

That day their neighbour's blood to spill,
 For fear, by foes, that they should lose
 Their coas o' brose, all crying, woes
 And so it goes you see, man.

They've lost some gallant chentlemen,
 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 ;
 The ye may tell how pell and mell,
 By red clay-stores and musket knell,
 Wi' dying yell, the torics fell,
 And whigs to hell did flee, man.

SCOTIA'S SONS.

BLYTHE blythe around the nappy ;
 Let us join in social glee ;
 While we're here we'll hae a drappy
 Scotia's son's hae aye been free.

Our auld forbears when owre their yill,
 And cantie bickers round did ca',
 Forsooth, they cried, anither gill,
 For sweet't we are to gang awa.
 Blythe, blythe, &c.

Some heartie cock wad then hae sang,
 An auld Scotch sonnet aff wi' glee,
 Syna pledged his cog—the chorus rang,
 Auld Scotia and her sons are free.

Blythe, blythe, &c

Thus cracks and jokes and sangs wae'd round,
 Till morn the scene o' light did draw,
 Yet driech't to rise the carls round,
 Cry'd oco an chorus then awa.

Blythe, blythe, &c

The landlord then the nappy brings,
 And toasts fu' happy a' may be,
 Syne tooms the cog—the chorus rings,
 Auld Scotia's son's shall ay be free;

Blythe, blythe, &c.

Then like our dads o' auld langsyhe,
 Let social glee unite us a',
 Ay blythe to meet our mou's to weet,
 But ay as sweet't to gang awa.

Blythe, blythe, &c.

LILIES OF THE VALLEY.

O'er barren hills and flowery dales,
 O'er seas and distant shores,

With merry songs and jocund tales,
 I've pass'd some pleasant hours
 Tho' wandering thus, I ne'er could find
 A girl like blithesome Sally,
 Who picks and culls, and cries aloud,
 "Sweet lilies of the valley."

From whistling o'er the harrowed turf,
 From nestling of each tree,
 I chose a soldier's life to wed,
 So social, gay, and free;
 Yet tho' the lasses love me well,
 And often try to rally,
 None pleases me like her who cries,
 "Sweet lilies of the valley."

I'm now return'd, of late discharged,
 And free from warlike toil;
 From fighting in my country's cause,
 To plough my native soil;
 I care not which, with either pleased,
 So to possess my Sally,
 That little merry nymph who cries,
 "Sweet lilies of the valley!"

 THE WOODPECKER.

I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curl'd,
 Around the green elm that a cottage was near,
 And I said if there's peace to be found in this
 world,

The heart that is humble might hope for it here,
 Every leaf was at rest and I heard not a sound,
 But the Woodpecker tapping the hollow beech
 tree.

By the side of yon grove where the green willow
 dips

In the gush of yon fountain how sweet to recline,
 And to know that I sigh'd upon innocent lips,
 That ne'er had been sigh'd on by any but mine.
 Every leaf was at rest, &c.

And here in this lone little cot, I exclaim'd,
 With a maid that was lovely to soul and to eye,
 Who would blush when I prais'd her, and weep if
 I blam'd.

How blest could I live, and how calm could I die.
 Every leaf was at rest, &c.

 YOUNG ALLAN.

The sun in the west fa's to rest in the e'ening,
 Ilk morn blinks cheerfu' upon the green lea;
 But ah! on the pillow of sorrow aye leaning.

Nae morning, nae e'ening brings pleasure to me.
 O! waefu' the parting, when smiling at danger,
 Young Allan left Scotia to meet wi' the fae;
 Cauld could now he lies in a land among strangers
 Frae friends and frae Helen for ever away.

As the aik on the mountain resists the blast rai'in',
 Sae did he the brunt of the battle sustain,
 Till treachery arrested his courage sae darin',
 And laid him pale, lifeless, upon the drear plain.
 Cauld winter the flower divests o' it's cleadin',
 In simmer again it blooms bonny to see;
 But naething ails! can e'er heal my heart bleedin',
 Drear winter remaining for ever wi' me.

FINIS.