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THE MEMORABLE

Battle of Bannockburn;

To which is added,

THE STAR OF THE EAST. 189



GLASGOW:

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*On the Memorable Battle of Bannockburn,
fought on the 25th of June, 1314.*

TUNE, In the Garb of Old Gaul, &c.

FROM the ocean emerged bright Phœbus's
 ray,
 Big with the importance of Bannockburn's day,
 To deck out the pomp of the broad shining field,
 Which now a glitt'ring harvest of lances did
 yield,
 Resolv'd on a conquest of Scotia's plains,
 To annex them for ever to England's domains,
 Bold Edward, with the hugest host
 e'er England did produce,
 With haughty pride advanced
 to dethrone Robert Bruce.

From an army compos'd of an hundred thousand
 men,
 Well serv'd in ev'ry article to fight upon the
 plain;
 Where the whole strength of England
 collected you might see,
 Who could not dream of any nothing but certain
 victory,

So confident of success, a bard they brought
 along,
 To celebrate the glory of their actions in a song;
 And in their retinue they brought
 some waggon loads of chains,
 To lead their Scottish captives in triumph o'er
 the plains.

An Asiatic luxury their camp did overspread,
 Up from their meanest centinel to Edward their
 head;
 Of discipline regardless, the despicable few
 They dream'd the very sight of their numbers
 would subdue;
 Whilst English oaths from line to line
 did like to mildew flee;
 The little Scottish army was found upon their
 knees,
 The aid of heav'n imploring for a distressed land,
 When starting to their feet, they grasp'd
 their weapons in their hand.

Towards Stirling a march the Lord Clifford
 did steal,
 But the bold Earl of Murray upon him did wheel;
 Their spears made such havock, tho' with foes
 encompass'd round,
 That many gallant Englishmen
 lay gasping on the ground.
 The sacred love of liberty did like a god inspire,
 And made their haughty num'rous foes
 most prudently retire;

Precipitate inglorious flight was all they could
 attempt,
 While the hardy Scots harass'd their rear
 almost to Edward's camp.

King Robert gave his orders in front of the
 line,
 Where in refulgent armour he royally did shine,
 Which pointed him out to a bold English Knight,
 Who from the rest detached himself
 with Robert for to fight,
 With ardour on the wings of hope, advancing
 with his spear;
 But Robert wi' his battle-axe met him in full
 career,
 And thro' the temper'd shining helm
 did cleave his head in two,
 Till reeling to the earth with a thud he did go.

Such two successful preludes did raise King
 Robert's heart,
 And fir'd each Scottish warrior his courage to
 exert;
 Then brazen trumpets flourishing
 with peals of death did ring,
 Each army join'd, in loud huzzas, and cry'd,
 Long live our king.
 The hurricane of doubtful war began on every
 side,
 And death in every awful form did o'er the field
 preside:

O muse! thy kind assistance lend,
 to paint the warlike scene,
 Else description will be lost in so softy a theme.

From twanging strings the deadly shafts
 did fly as thick as hail;
 The jav'lines, spears and faulchions as fiercely
 did prevail:
 Each combatant on either side, such valour did
 display,
 As on his single arm had hung the sun the
 day.
 Renowned chiefs in shining steel
 gory plain,
 Till room was hardly left to fight for mountains
 of the slain;
 The limpid stream of Bannockburn,
 which went so smooth to glide,
 Was totally converted to a sanguinary tide.

As a rock in the ocean with fortitude braves
 Th' impetuous assault of the proud swelling
 waves,
 When with formidable efforts they beat the solid
 stone
 Which repels the angry surges in white lashing
 foam,
 Thus the hardy Scots intrepidly their num'rous
 foes repell'd;
 On right and left with total rout their boasted
 courage quell'd.

This Edward in the centre saw, and grieved at
 the sight,
 To find no other safety left, but in a speedy flight.

On a hill at little distance unarmed swains be-
 held
 The huge devastation and carnage of the field.
 Exulting they gave a shout, which made the hills
 resound,
 And who fructuating enemy did totally confound;
 All withanic then prevail'd, inglorious flight
 With ardour
 with with light armed horse,
 most vigorously pursu'd,
 Tilt Edward reached to Dunbar, where joyfully
 he saw
 A scurvy fishing boat, in which he meanly
 sneak'd awa'.

Thus ended the dread campaign of Edward
 the Great;
 Thus vanish'd into smoke every formidable threat;
 While the riches of his camp did repay the vic-
 tor's toil,
 Who gloriously expos'd their lives to guard the
 Scottish soil:
 The generous love of liberty, our country, and
 our laws;
 Thus fir'd our noble ancestors to fight in Free-
 dom's cause;

They boldly fought for liberty, for honour, and
 applause;
 And defy'd the power of England's king to alter
 their laws.

THE STAR OF THE EAST

OF late you have heard of two lovers
 That lived near yon castle so high;
 To the green woods they oftimes resorted,
 While the owl from the forest did cry.
 When he gaz'd on the blooming young creature,
 Her beauteous enchanting eyes,
 Evinced her heart it was captur'd
 By one that soon did her despise.

They ranged the woods with great pleasure;
 Their weary limbs oft did repose;
 A large spreading oak was their covert,
 'Twas there they their minds did disclose.
 He told her, her worth was so precious,
 That he never could her deceive;
 Enraptur'd with love, she exclaimed,
 If you do, my death on you I'll leave.

The rays of her pleasure shone brighter
 Than the beams from the sun from on high,
 But a dark dismal cloud soon appeared,
 Proclaiming her ruin was nigh.
 A breeze from that ocean of falsehood,
 Did poison her pleasure with woe,

Till the heart of this young blooming creature
 With sorrow was made for to flow.

Unmov'd with the groans that she utter'd,
 He wantonly to her did say,
 For marriage I am not disposed,
 Then homeward he set on his way.
 She cried, remember your promise,
 For you know that to you I'm with child.
 Aspiring for one that was greater,
 The Star of the East he beguill'd.

Distracted she ran thro' the woodlands,
 Her bosom still heaving with pain;
 No answer was made to her sighing,
 But the rocks that re-echoed again.
 Soon death's icy drops hang suspended
 On the brow of this beauty betray'd,
 To those boisterous waves she's now bended,
 In death's robes she now is array'd.

When I visit the tomb of this lassie,
 Some spirit it whispers to me,
 A victim to Love lies here buried,
 Where youth bloom'd in every eye.
 No more by yon castle she wanders,
 To love she is no more a slave,
 Bereaved of all earthly comforts,
 She mouldering now lies in the grave.

FINIS.