

# TWO FAVOURITE SONGS.

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SHERIFF-MUIR.

THE BONNY BOATMAN.



GLASGOW :  
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29.

## SONGS.

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### SHERIFF-MUIR.

THERE'S some say that we wan,  
Some say that they wan,  
Some say that nane wan at a man ;  
But one thing I'm sure,  
That at Sheriff-muir,  
A battle there was, which I saw, man ;  
And we ran, and they ran, and they ran, and we  
and we ran, and they ran awa, man.

Brave Argyle and Belhaven,  
Not like frighted L——n,  
Which Rothes and Haddington sa, man ;  
For they all with Wightman  
Advanc'd on the right, man,  
While others took flight, being raw, man.  
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Lord Roxburgh was there,  
In order to share  
With Douglas, who stood not in awe, man,  
Volunteerly to ramble  
With Lord Loudoun Campbell,  
Brave Ilay did suffer for a, man.  
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Sir John Schaw, that great knight,  
 With broad-sword most bright,  
 On horseback he strangely did charge, man,  
 An hero that's bold,  
 None could him withhold,  
 He stoutly encountered the targemen.  
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

For the cowardly W——m,  
 For fear they should cut him,  
 Seeing glittering broad-swords with a pa, man,  
 And that in such thrang,  
 Made Baird edicang,  
 And from the bravo clans ran awa, man.  
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Brave Mar and Panmure  
 Were firm and I am sure,  
 The latter was kidnapt awa, man,  
 With brisk men about,  
 Brave Harry retook  
 His brother, and laught at them a, man.  
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Grave Marshal and Lithgow,  
 And Glengary's pith too,  
 Assisted by brave Loggia-man,  
 And Gordons the bright,  
 So boldly did fight,  
 The red-coats took flight and awa, man.  
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Strathmore and Clanronald  
 Cried still, advance Donald,  
 Till both these heroes did fa, man ;  
 For there was such hashing,  
 And broad-swords a clashing,  
 Brave Forfar himself got a claw, man.  
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Lord Perth stood the storm,  
 Scaforth but lukewarm,  
 Kilsyth and Strathallan not slaw, man ;  
 And Hamilton pled,  
 The men were not bred,  
 For he had no fancy to fa, man.  
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Brave generous Southesk,  
 Tilliebairn was brisk,  
 Whose father indeed would not draw, man,  
 Into the same yoke,  
 Which serv'd for a cloak,  
 To keep the estate 'twixt them twa, man.  
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Lord Rollo not fear'd,  
 Kintore and his beard,  
 Pitsligo and Ogilvie a, man,  
 And Brothers Balfours,  
 They stood the first showers,  
 Clackmannan and Burleigh, did claw, man.  
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

But Cleppan acted pretty,  
 And Strowan the witty,  
 A poet that pleases us a, man ;  
 For mine is but rhyme,  
 In respect of what's fine,  
 Or what he is able to draw, man.  
 Though we ran, and they ran, &c.

For Huntly and Sinclair  
 They both play'd the tinclair,  
 With consciences black like a crow's man.  
 Some Angus and Fifemen  
 They ran for their life, man,  
 And ne'er a Lot's wife there at a, man.  
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Then L——e the traitor,  
 Who betray'd his master,  
 His king, and his country, and a, man,  
 Pretending Marr might  
 Give order to fight,  
 To the right of the army awa, man.  
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Then L——e for fear,  
 Of what he might hear,  
 Took Drummond's best horse and awa, man,  
 Instead of going to Perth,  
 He crossed the Firth,  
 Alongst Stirling-bridge and awa, man.  
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

To London he press'd,  
 And there he address'd,  
 That he behav'd best of them a, man ;  
 And there without strife  
 Got settled for life,  
 An hundred a year to his faw, man.  
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

In Borrowstounness  
 He resides with disgrace,  
 Till his neck stands in need of a draw, man,  
 And then in a tether  
 He'll swing from a ladder,  
 Go off the stage with a paw, man.  
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Rob Roy stood watch  
 On a hill for to catch  
 The booty for ought that I saw, man,  
 For he ne'er advanc'd,  
 From tho place he was stanc'd,  
 Till no more to do there at a, man.  
 For we ran, and they ran, &c.

So we all took the flight,  
 And M——y the Wright ;  
 But D——m the Smith was a brow-man,  
 For he took the gout,  
 Which truly was wit,  
 By judging it time to withdraw, man.  
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

And Trumpet M——e,

Whose breeks were not clean,

Thro misfortune he happen'd to fa, man,

By saving his neck

His trumpet did break,

Came off without music at a, man.

And we ran, and they ran, &c.

So there such a race was,

As ne'er in that place was,

And as little chase was at a, man ;

From other they ran,

Without tuck of drum ;

They did not make use of a paw, man.

And we ran, and they ran, and they ran, and we ran,  
and we ran, and they ran awa, man.

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### THE BONNY BOATMAN.

YE gales that gently wave the sea,

And please the canny boatman,

Bear me frae hence, or bring to me

My brave, my bonny Scot—man :

In haly bands

We join'd our hands,

Yet may not this discover,

While parents rate

A large estate,

Before a faithfu' lover.

But I loor chuse in Highland glens

To herd the kid and goat—man,

Ere I cou'd for sic little ends  
 Refuse my bonny Scot—man.  
 Wae worth the man  
 Wha first began  
 The base ungen'rous fashion,  
 Frae greedy views  
 Lovers arts to use,  
 While stranger to its passion.

Frae foreign fields, my lovely youth,  
 Haste to thy longing lassie,  
 Who pants to press thy baumy youth,  
 And in her bosom hause thoe.  
 Love gies the word,  
 Then haste on board,  
 Fair winds and tenty boatmen,  
 Waft o'er, waft o'er,  
 Frae yonder shore,  
 My blyth, my bonny Scot—man.

FINIS.