

Britain's Contest.

To which are added,

The Battle of Killcrankie.



STIRLING:

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BRITAINS CONTEST.

THE French say they are comin o'er,
to kill our king an' a' that,
They'll kiss our sweethearts and our wives,
and slay ourselves an' a' that,

And a' that and a' that,
they'll take our gear and a' that,
But gin the come we'll crack their crowns,
—send them hame to claw that.

For Bonaparte by subtile art,
he rules the French and a' that,
He rules the Dutch he rules the swades,
and mony mae than a' that.

And a' that and a' that,
 and Italy and a' that,
 He says he'll rule great Britain too,
 but faith he mauna la that.

For Nelson bold is on the sea,
 Sir Sidney Smith and a' that,
 There's Keith and Cornwallis too,
 and mony mae than a' that.

And a' that and a' that,
 our wooden walls and a' that,
 Our Sailors bold and soldiers brave,
 we'll beat them yet for a' that.

My highland lads cheer up your hearts,
 your bonnets blue and a' that,
 Yout tartan hose an' philabegs,
 and broad claymores an' a' that,

And a' that and a' that,
 invincibles and a' that,
 Tho' Buonaparte be at their head,
 ye'll cut them aff for a' that.

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I've nothing but my penny fee,
to keep myself and a' that,
To claith myself and bairns three,
to pay the tax and a' that,

And a' that and a' that,
and drink and snuff and a' that,
Yet cheerly I'll pay my mite,
for country king and a' that.

We'll pay our taxes cheerfully,
the li maybe wear awa, yet,
When fashions and ambitions men,
are fairly rul'd by law yet.

And a' that and a' that,
and thrice as meikle's a' that,
Shall we be rul'd by Buonapart?
old Scotland never saw that.

In former days our Scottish lads,
their swords did boldly dtaw man
They fought the Romans and the Danes,
and drave them baith awa man.

And a' that and a' that,
 long Edward's men and a' that,
 E're we give up what they did win,
 good faith we'll shake a paw yer.

Now let us join both heart and hand,
 militiamen and a' that,
 Our Yeomanry lads and Volunteers,
 Artillery men and a' that.

And a' that and a' that
 and twice as mony's a' that,
 Will boldly meet them on the field,
 and thresh them yet for a' that.

Now let us pray long live our king,
 our virtuous Quen and a' that;
 The prince of Wales and princess too,
 the Duke of York and a' that.

And a' that and a' that
 our Senators and a' that;
 And I hope we'll drink King George's heath,
 when you upstart's awa yet.

THE BATTLE OF KILLCRANKIE.

CLAVERS and his Highlandmen,
 came down upon the row, man,
 Who being stout, gave mony a shout,
 the lads began to claw then.

Wi' sword and targe into her hand,
 wi' which they were not flaw, man,
 Wi' mony a fearful heavy figh,
 the lads began to claw then.

O'er bush, o'er bank, o'er ditch, o'er flank,
 she sang among them a' man;
 The butter-box got mony knocks,
 their rigging paid for a' then.

They got their paiks wi' sudden fraiks,
 which to their grief they saw man.
 Wi' clinkum — clankum o'er their crowns,
 the lads began to fa' man.

Her skipt about, her leapt about,
 and sang among them a' man:

The English blades got broken heads,
their heads were cleav'd in twa then.

The durk and deur made their last hour,
and prov'd their final fa' man,
They thought the devil had been there,
that play'd them sic a paw man.

The solemn league and covenant,
came whigging up the hill man;
Thought High and trews durst not refuse,
fer to subscribe their bill then.

In Willy's name they thought nae ane,
durst stop their course at a' man;
Bue ber rair fel', wi' mony a knock;
cry'd, Furish-fighs awa' man

Sir Evan Du, and his men true,
came linking up the brak man,
The Hezan Dutch they fear'd fugh,
they bred a horrid stink then.

The true M'Clean, and his fierce men,
came in amang them a' man,
Nane durst withstand his heavy hand,
all fled and ran awa' then.

“ Oh, on a ri! Oh, on a ri!”
 why should we lose king Shames, man!
 “ Oh, rig in di! Oh, rig in di!”
 she shall break a’ her banes then.

Wi’ “ Furichidesh,” an’ stay a while,
 and speak a word or twa’ man,
 She’s gi’ a fraike out o’er her neck,
 before ye win awa’ then.

O fy for shame, ye’re three for ane,
 her nainfell’s won the day man;
 King Shames’ red coats should be hung up,
 becaufe thy ran awa’ then :

Had bent their brows like Highland trows,
 and made as lang a stay man,
 They’d sav’d their King, that sacred thiag,
 and Willie run awa’ then.

FINIS.