

WELCOME ROYAL CHARLIE.

On the 25th July, 1745, Charles Edward Stuart, the "Bonnie Prince Charlie" of the Jacobites, and the "Young Pretender" of the Hanoverians, landed at Borodale and began what must now be regarded as one of the most desperate and romantic campaigns in modern history. The more ardent Highland Chiefs at once welcomed him with all the ardour of their nature, but several still advised delay. Charles, however, had virtually thrown away his scabbard, and declined this; and overcoming their scruples, after a few preliminary movements the clans were declared ready, and the standard was raised in the Valley of Glenfinnan. "The spot," says Mr. Chambers, "selected for the rearing of the standard, was a little eminence in the centre of the vale. The Marquis of Tullibardine, whose rank entitled him to the honour, pitched himself on the top of this knoll, supported by two men, on account of his weak state of health. He then flung upon the mountain breeze that flag which, shooting like a streamer from the north, was soon to spread such omens of woe and terror over the peaceful vales of Britain."—*History of the Rebellion of 1745-6*; p. 48, 1869.

WHEN France had her assistance lent,
Our darling prince to us she sent,
Towards the north his course he bent,
His name was Royal Charlie.

But, O, he was lang o' coming,
O, he was lang o' coming,
O, he was lang o' coming;—
Welcome Royal Charlie!

When he upon the shore did stand,
The friends he had within the land
Came down and shook him by the hand,
And welcom'd Royal Charlie.

Wi' "O, ye've been lang o' coming," etc.

The dress that our Prince Charlie had
Was bonnet blue and tartan plaid;
And O he was a handsome lad!

Few could compare wi' Charlie.
But O, he was lang o' coming, etc.

 THE GATHERING OF THE CLANS.

Come along, my brave clans,
There's nae friends sae staunch and true;
Come along, my brave clans,
There's nae lads sae leal as you.
Come along, Clan-Donuil,
Frae 'mang your birks and heather braes;
Come with bold Macalister,
Wilder than his mountain raes,

Gather, gather, gather,
 From Loch Morar to Argyle;
 Come from Castle Tuirim,
 Come from Moidart and the isles.
 Macallan is the hero
 That will lead you to the field;
 Gather, bold Siolallain,
 Sons of them that never yield.

Gather, gather, gather,
 Gather from Lochaber glen:
 Mac-Mic-Rannail calls you;
 Come from Taroph, Roy, and Spean.
 Gather, brave Clan-Donuil,
 Many sons of might you know;
 Lenochan's your brother,
 Aughterechtan and Glencoe.

Gather, gather, gather,
 'Tis your prince that needs your arm:
 Though Macconnel leaves you,
 Dread no danger or alarm.
 Come from field and foray,
 Come from sickle and from plough;
 Come from cairn and correi,
 From deer-wake and driving to.

Gather, bold Clan-Donuil;
 Come with haversack and cord;
 Come not late with meal or cake,
 But come with dirk, and gun, and sword.
 Down into the Lowlands,
 Plenty bides by dale and burn,
 Gather, brave Clan-Donuil,
 Riches wait on your return.

GATHERING OF ATHOL.

WHA will ride wi' gallant Murray?
 Wha will ride wi' Geordie's sel?
 He's the flow'r o' a' Glenisla,
 And the darlin' o' Dunkel'.
 See the white rose in his bonnet!
 See his banner o'er the Tay!
 His gude sword he now has drawn it,
 And has flung the sheath away.
 Every faithful Murray follows;
 First of heroes! best of men!
 Every true and trusty Stewart
 Blythely leaves his native glen.

Athol lads are lads of honour,
 Westland rogues are rebels a';
 When we come within their border,
 We may gar the Campbells claw.

Menzies he's our friend and brother;
 Gask and Strowan are nae slack!
 Noble Perth has ta'en the field,
 And a' the Drummonds at his back.

Let us ride wi' gallant Murray,
 Let us fight for Charlie's crown;
 From the right we'll never sinder,
 Till we bring the tyrants down.

Mackintosh, the gallant soldier,
 Wi' the Grahams and Gordons gay,
 They have ta'en the field of honour,
 Spite of all their chiefs could say.

Bend the musket, point the rapier,
 Shift the brog for Lowland shoe,
 Scour the durk, and face the danger;
 Mackintosh has all to do.

COME YE BY ATHOL.

JAMES HOGG.

COME ye by Athol, lad wi' the philabeg
 Down by the Tummel or banks o' the Garry,
 Saw ye the lads wi' their bonnets and white cockades,
 Leaving their mountains to follow Prince Charlie.

Follow thee! Follow thee! wha wadna follow thee?
 Lang hast thou loved and trusted us fairly!
 Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow thee,
 King o' the Highland hearts, bonnie Prince Charlie.

I ha'e but ae son, my gallant young Donald,
 But if I had ten they should follow Glengarry!
 Health to McDonnell and gallant Clan Ronald,
 For these are the men that will die for their Charlie.

Follow thee! Follow thee! &c.

I'll to Lochiel and Appin, and kneel to them,
 Down by Lord Murray and Roy of Kildarlie;
 Brave McIntosh, he shall fly to the field wi' them;
 These are the lads I can trust wi' my Charlie.

Follow thee! Follow thee! &c.

Down through the Lowlands, down wi' the Whigamore,
 Loyal true Highlanders, down wi' them rarely!
 Ronald and Donald, drive on wi' the broad claymore,
 Over the necks of the foes o' Prince Charlie.

Follow thee! Follow thee! &c.

 WHA'S FOR SCOTLAND AND CHARLIE?

O WHA's for Scotland and Charlie?
 O wha's for Scotland and Charlie?
 He's come o'er the sea
 To his ain countrie;
 Now wha's for Scotland and Charlie?
 Awa', awa', auld carlie,
 Awa', awa', auld carlie,
 Gi'e Charlie his crown,
 And let him sit down,
 Whare ye've been sae lang, auld carlie.

It's up in the morning early,
 It's up in the morning early,
 The bonnie white rose;
 The plaid and the hose,
 Are on for Scotland and Charlie.
 The swords are drawn now fairly,
 The swords are drawn now fairly,
 The swords they are drawn,
 And the pipes they ha'e blawn
 A pibroch for Scotland and Charlie.

The flags are fleein' fu' rarely,
 The flags are fleein' fu' rarely,
 And Charlie's awa'
 To see his ain ha',
 And to bang his faes right sairly.
 Then wha's for Scotland and Charlie?
 O wha's for Scotland and Charlie?
 He's come o'er the sea
 To his ain countrie;
 Then wha's for Scotland and Charlie?

 WHA WADNA FIGHT FOR CHARLIE?

WHA wadna fight for Charlie?
 Wha wadna draw the sword?
 Wha wadna up and rally,
 At their royal prince's word?
 Think on Scotia's ancient heroes,
 Think on foreign foes repell'd
 Think on glorious Bruce and Wallace,
 Wha the proud usurpers quell'd.
 Wha wadna, etc.

Rouse, rouse, ye kilted warriors!
 Rouse, ye heroes of the north!
 Rouse, and join your chieftain's banners,
 'Tis your prince that leads you forth!
 Wha wadna, etc.

Shall we basely crouch to tyrants?
 Shall we own a foreign sway?
 Shall a royal Stuart be banish'd
 While a stranger rules the day?
 Wha wadna, etc.

See the northern clans advancing!
 See Glengarry and Lochiel!
 See the brandish'd broad-swords glancing?
 Highland hearts are true as steel.
 Wha wadna, etc.

Now our prince has rear'd his banner;
 Now triumphant is our cause;
 Now the Scottish lion rallies;
 Let us strike for prince and laws.
 Wha wadna, etc.

WHIA'LL BE KING BUT CHARLIE?

LADY NAIRNE.

THE news frae Moidart cam' yestreen
 Will soon gar mony ferlie;
 That ships o' war hae just come in,
 And landed royal Charlie.
 Come through the heather, around him gather,
 Ye're a' the welcomer early;
 Around him cling, wi' a' your kin,
 For wha'll be king but Charlie?
 Come through the heather, around him gather,
 Come Ronald, come Donald, come a' thegither,
 And crown your rightfu' lawful king,
 For wha'll be king but Charlie?

The Highland clans, wi' sword in hand,
 Frae John o' Groats to Airly,
 Hae to a man declar'd to stand
 Or fa' wi' royal Charlie.
 Come through the heather, etc.

The Lowlands a', baith great and sma',
 Wi' mony a lord and laird, hae
 Declar'd for Scotia's king an' law,
 And spier ye wha but Charlie?
 Come through the heather, etc.

There's ne'er a lass in a' the land
 But vows baith late and early,
 To man she'll ne'er gie heart or hand,
 Wha wadna fecht for Charlie.
 Come through the heather, etc.

Then here's a health to Charlie's cause,
 And be't complete and early ;
 His very name my heart's blood warms
 To arms for royal Charlie !
 Come through the heather, etc.

ROYAL CHARLIE.

THE wind comes frae the land I love,
 It moves the flood fu' rarely ;
 Look for the lily on the lea,
 And look for royal Charlie.

Ten thousand swords shall leave their sheaths,
 And smite fu' sharp and sairly ;
 And Gordon's might, and Erskine's pride,
 Shall live and die wi' Charlie.

The sun shines out—wide smiles the sea,
 The lily blossoms rarely ;
 O yonder comes his gallant ship,
 Thrice welcome, royal Charlie !

“Yes, yon's a good and gallant ship,
 Wi' banners flaunting fairly ;
 But should it meet your darling Prince,
 'Twill feast the fish wi' Charlie.”

Wide rustled she with silks in state,
 And waved her white hand proudlie,
 And drew a bright sword from the sheath,
 And answered high and loudlie :—

“I had three sons and a good lord,
 Wha sold their lives fu' dearlie ;
 And wi' their dust I'd mingle mine,
 For love of gallant Charlie.

“It wad hae made a hail heart sair,
 To see our horsemen flying ;
 And my three bairns, and my good lord,
 Among the dead and dying :

“I snatched a banner—led them back—
 The white rose flourish'd rarely :
 The deed I did for royal James
 I'd do again for Charlie.”

COME BOAT ME O'ER.

COME boat me o'er, come row me o'er,
 Come boat me o'er to Charlie;
 I'll gie John Ross anither bawbee
 To ferry me o'er to Charlie.
 We'll o'er the water, we'll o'er the sea,
 We'll o'er the water to Charlie;
 Come weel, come wo, we'll gather and go,
 And live or die wi' Charlie.

It's weel I lo'e my Charlie's name,
 Though some there be abhor him;
 But O to see Auld Nick gaun hame,
 And Charlie's faes before him!
 We'll o'er the water, etc.

I swear by moon and stars sae bright,
 And sun that glances early,
 If I had twenty thousand lives,
 I'd gie them a' for Charlie.
 We'll o'er the water, etc.

I ance had sons, but now hae nane;
 I bore them toiling sairly;
 And I wad bear them a' again,
 And lose them a' for Charlie;
 We'll o'er the water, we'll o'er the sea,
 We'll o'er the water to Charlie;
 Come weel, come wo, we'll gather and go,
 And live or die wi' Charlie.

 MACLEAN'S WELCOME.

FROM the Gaelic, by James Hogg.

COME o'er the stream, Charlie, dear Charlie, brave Charlie,
 Come o'er the stream, Charlie, and dine with Maclean;
 And though you be weary, we'll make your heart cheery,
 And welcome our Charlie and his loyal train.
 We'll bring down the track deer, we'll bring down the black steer,
 The lamb from the breckan, and doe from the glen:
 The salt sea we'll harry, and bring to our Charlie,
 The cream from the bothy, and curd from the pen.
 Come o'er the stream, Charlie, etc.

And you shall drink freely the dews of Glen-Sheerly,
 That stream in the star-light when kings do not ken,
 And deep be your meed of the wine that is red,
 To drink to your sire, and his friend the Maclean.
 Come o'er the stream, Charlie, etc.

O'er heath-bells shall trace you, the maids to embrace you,
 And deck your blue bonnet with flowers of the brae ;
 And the loveliest Mary in all Glen M'Quarry
 Shall lie in your bosom till break of the day.
 Come o'er the stream, Charlie, etc.

If aught will invite you, or more will delight you,
 'Tis ready, a troop of our bold Highlandmen
 Shall range on the heather with bonnet and feather,
 Strong arms and broad claymores three hundred and ten.
 Come o'er the stream, Charlie, etc.

THE RESTORATION.

To curb usurpation, by th' assistance of France,
 With love to his country, see Charlie advance !
 He's welcome to grace and distinguished this day,
 The sun brighter shines, and all nature looks gay.
 Your glasses charge high, 't is in great Charles' praise !
 To his success your voices and instruments raise.

Approach, glorious Charles, to this desolate land,
 And drive out thy foes with thy mighty hand ;
 The nations shall rise, and join as one man,
 To crown the brave Charles, the Chief of the Clan.
 Your glasses, etc.

In his train see sweet Peace, fairest queen of the sky,
 Ev'ry bliss in her look, ev'ry charm in her eye,
 Whilst oppression, corruption, vile slav'ry and fear,
 At his wish'd-for return never more shall appear.
 Your glasses, etc.

Whilst in Pleasure's soft arms millions now court repose,
 Our hero flies forth, though surrounded with foes ;
 To free us from tyrants ev'ry danger defies,
 And in Liberty's cause he conquers or dies !
 Your glasses, etc.

How hateful's the tyrant who lives by false fame,
 To satiate his pride sets our country in flame,
 How glorious the prince, whose great generous mind,
 Makes true valour consist in relieving mankind !
 Your glasses, etc.

Ye brave clans, on whom we just honour bestow,
 O think on the source whence our dire evils flow !
 Commanded by Charles, advance to Whitehall,
 And fix them in chains who would Britons enthrall.
 Your glasses, etc.

TO DAUNTON ME.

To daunton me an' me sae young,
 An' gude King James's eldest son!
 O that's the thing that ne'er can be,
 For the man's unborn that'll daunton me!
 O set me ance on Scottish land
 An' gie me my braidsword in my hand,
 Wi' my bonnet blue aboon my bree,
 An' shaw me the man that'll daunton me.

It's nae the battle's deadlie stoure,
 Nor friends prived fause that'll gar me cower;
 But the reckless hand o' povertie,
 O! that alane can daunton me.
 High was I born to kingly gear,
 But a cuif came in, my cap to wear,
 But wi' my braidsword I'll let him see
 He's nae the man to daunton me.

O I hae scarce to lay me on,
 Of kingly fields were ance my ain;
 Wi' the moorcock on the mountain-bree,
 But hardship ne'er can daunton me.
 Up came the gallant chief Lochiel,
 An' drew his glaive o' nut-brown steel,
 Says, "Charlie, set your fit to me,
 An' shaw me wha will daunton thee!"

 YOUNG CHARLIE IS A GALLANT LAD.

YOUNG Charlie is a gallant lad,
 As e'er wore sword and belted plaid;
 And lane and friendless though he be,
 He is the lad that shall wanton me.
 At Moidart our young prince did land,
 With seven men at his right hand,
 And a' to conquer nations three:
 That is the lad that shall wanton me.

O wae be to the faithless crew
 That frae our true king took his due,
 And banish'd him across the sea;
 Nae wonder that should daunton me.
 But, Charlie lad, ere it be lang,
 We'll shaw them a' the right frae wrang;
 Argyle and a' our faes shall see
 That nane on earth can daunton thee.

Then raise the banner, raise it high;
 For Charles we'll conquer or we'll die:
 The clans a' leal and true men be,
 And shaw me wha will daunt on thee!
 Our gude King James shall soon come hame,
 And traitors a' be put to shame;
 Auld Scotland shall again be free;
 O that's the thing wad wanton me!

THE PIPER O' DUNDEE.

THE piper came to our town,
 To our town, to our town,
 The piper came to our town,
 And he played bonnilie.
 He played a spring the laird to please,
 A spring brent new frae yont the seas;
 And then he ga'e his bags a wheeze,
 And played anither key.
 And wasna he a roguey,
 A roguey, a roguey,
 And wasna he a roguey,
 The piper o' Dundee?

He played "The welcome ower the main,"
 And "Ye'se be fou and I'se be fain,"
 And "Auld Stuarts back again,"
 Wi' muckle mirth and glee.
 He played "The Kirk," he played "The Quier,"
 "The Mullin Dhu" and "Chevalier,"
 And "Lang awa', but welcome here,"
 Sae sweet, sae bonnilie.

It's some gat swords, and some gat nane,
 And some were dancing mad their lane,
 And mony a vow o' weir was taen
 That night at Amulrie!
 There was Tullibardine and Burleigh,
 And Struan, Keith, and Ogilvie,
 And brave Carnegie, wha but he,
 The piper o' Dundee?

HE'S OWRE THE HILLS.

He's ow're the hills that I lo'e weel;
 He's ow're the hills we darena name,
 He's ow're the hills ayont Dumblane,
 Wha soon will get his welcome hame.

My father's gane to fight for him,
 My brithers winna bide at hame,
 My mither greets and prays for them,
 And 'deed she thinks they're no to blame.

He's ow're the hills, &c.

The Whigs may scoff, the Whigs may jeer,
 But, ah! that luv'e maun be sincere,
 Which still keeps true whate'er betide,
 An' for his sake leaves a' beside.

He's ow're the hills, &c.

His right these hills, his right these plains;
 O'er Highland hearts secure he reigns;
 What lads e'er did, our lads will do:
 Were I a lad, I'd follow him too.

He's ow're the hills, &c.

Sae noble a look, sae princely an air,
 Sae gallant and bold, sae young and sae fair;
 Oh! did you but see him, ye'd do as we've done;
 Hear him but ance, to his standard you'll run.

He's ow're the hills, &c.

JOHNNIE COPE.

On the intelligence of the rising of the clans reaching the government, Sir John Cope, Commander-in-Chief of the forces in Scotland, was instructed to take measures for the public safety, and at once organise the troops under his command and march to meet the rebels. He left Stirling on the 24th August, intending to march to Fort Augustus, and making that his headquarters. He found his march through the Highlands as bad and dangerous as though he were in the middle of an enemy's country. His horses and baggage were stolen at night, and false intelligence was readily given him by the natives. The roads too, were not of the best, and Sir John's army travelled, as became a royal army, with plenty of luxuries. Almost rendered desperate at his increasing troubles, Sir John abandoned his intention of making Fort Augustus his headquarters, and turning aside marched on Inverness, which he reached on the 29th August. The enemy gladly seized the opportunity, and left Sir John to proceed in safety, while they marched quickly and safely upon the lowlands. The Highlanders entered Perth on the 3rd September, where Prince Charles was proclaimed Regent, and on the 18th of the same month, after a slight resistance on the part of the magistrates, the city of Edinburgh was in his hands. The king was proclaimed at the Cross, and the Palace of Holyrood was once more inhabited by a Stuart.

Sir John Cope soon saw the effect of his move on Inverness, and lost no time in trying to repair it. His troops were sent by sea and landed at Dunbar, where, meeting with reinforcements he marched on Edinburgh. The Highland army advanced to meet him, and the two armies met at Preston-pans about seven or eight miles from Edinburgh. It is needless to narrate the *easy* victory gained by the Highlanders, Sir John seems to have headed the retreat of the Royal troops in person, and Scotland was for the moment fairly in the possession of the Stuarts.

SIR JOHN COPE trode the north right far,
 Yet ne'er a rebel he cam naur,
 Until he landed at Dunbar,
 Right early in the morning.

Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye wauking yet?
 Or are ye sleeping, I would wit?
 O haste ye, get up for the drums do beat:
 O fye, Cope, rise in the morning!

He wrote a challenge from Dunbar,
 "Come fight me, Charlie, an ye daur;
 If it be not by the chance of war,
 I'll give you a merry morning."

Hey Johnnie Cope, etc.

When Charlie look'd the letter upon,
 He drew his sword the scabbard from,
 "So heaven restore to me my own,
 I'll meet you, Cope, in the morning."

Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

Cope swore with many a bloody word,
 That he would fight them gun and sword;
 But he fled frae his nest like a weel-scar'd bird,
 And Johnnie he took wing in the morning.

Hey Johnnie Cope, etc.

It was upon an afternoon,
 Sir John march'd into Preston town,
 He says, "My lads, come lean you down,
 And we'll fight the boys in the morning."

Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

But when he saw the Highland lads
 Wi' tartan trews and white cockades,
 Wi' swords and guns, and rungs and gauds,
 O Johnnie took wing in the morning!

Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

On the morrow when he did rise,
 He look'd between him and the skies;
 He saw them wi' their naked thighs,
 Which fear'd him in the morning.

Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

O then he fled into Dunbar,
 Crying for a man-of-war;
 He thought to have pass'd for a rustic tar,
 And gotten awa in the morning.

Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

Sir John then into Berwick rade,
 Just as the deil had been his guide;
 Gi'en him the world, he wadna staid
 T' have foughten the boys in the morning!

Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

Said the Berwickers unto Sir John,
 "O what's become of all your men?"
 "I' faith," says he, "I dinna ken;
 I left them a' this morning."

Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

Says Lord Mark Kerr, "Ye are na blate,
 To bring us the news o' your ain defeat,
 I think you deserve the back o' the gate:
 Get out o' my sight this morning."

Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

JOHNNIE COPE.

THIS version was written by Adam Skirving, a farmer at Garleton, in Haddingtonshire. He was born in 1719, and died in 1803. There are numerous versions of this song, the air being a favourite one, and often sung. Each singer abridges and adapts the words to his own taste.

COPE sent a challenge frae Dunbar,
 "Come, Charlie, meet me an ye dare,
 And I'll teach you the art of war,
 If you'll meet wi' me i' the morning."
 Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye wauking yet?
 Or are your drums a-beating yet?
 If ye were waking I would wait
 To gang to the coals i' the morning.

When Charlie look'd the letter upon,
 He drew his sword the scabbard from,
 "Come follow me, my merry merry men,
 And we'll meet Johnnie Cope i' the morning."
 Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

Now, Johnnie, be as gude's your word,
 Come let us try baith fire and sword,
 And dinna rin awa like a frighted bird,
 That's chased frae it's nest i' the morning.
 Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

When Johnnie Cope he heard of this,
 He thought it wadna be amiss
 To hae a horse in readiness,
 To flee awa i' the morning.

Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

Fy, now, Johnnie, get up and rin ;
 The Highland bagpipes make a din,
 It's best to sleep in a hale skin,
 For 'twill be a bluidie morning.

Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

When Johnnie Cope to Dunbar came,
 They speer'd at him, "Where's a' your men?"
 "The deil confound me gin I ken,
 For I left them a' i' the morning."

Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

Now, Johnnie, troth ye were na blate,
 To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat,
 And leave your men in sic a strait,
 So early in the morning.

Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

"I' faith," quo' Johnnie, "I got a fleg,
 Wi' their claymores and philabegs ;
 If I face them again, deil break my legs !
 So I wish you a very gude morning."

Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

COPE'S TRAVELS.

GENERAL COPE is now come down,
 And all his men in order ;
 For to fight our noble Prince,
 Upon the Highland border.
 But when he to the Highlands came,
 He wearied with the ground, man ;
 And when he heard the Prince was there,
 He took his heels and ran, man.

From Inverness to Lochabers,
 And there he staid a while, man,
 From Lochabers to Turriff went,
 For he was 'fraid to fight, man.
 From Turriff to Old Meldrum,
 And since to Aberdeen, man,
 And staid a while in Aberdeen,
 Encamp'd on Windmill Brae, man.

Syne took shipping, sailed to sea,
 Upon a Sabbath-day, man,
 And at Dunbar was forced to land,
 For there he ran away, man.
 With all his force baith men and horse,
 Went up to Prestonpans, man ;
 There they thought that they were men,
 But they prov'd to be nane, man.

OUR GALLANT PRINCE IS NOW COME HAME.

OUR gallant prince is now come hame
 To Scotland, to proclaim his daddie :
 May Heav'n protect the royal name
 Of Stuart, and the tartan plaidie !
 O my bonnie Highland laddie,
 My handsome, charming Highland laddie !
 May Heaven still guard, and him reward,
 Wi's bonnet blue and tartan plaidie !

When first he landed on our strand,
 The gracefu' looks o' that brave laddie
 Made every Highland heart to warm,
 And lang to wear the tartan plaidie.
 O my bonnie, etc.

When Geordie heard the news belyve,
 That he was come before his daddie,
 He thirty thousand pounds would give,
 To catch him in his tartan plaidie.
 O my bonnie, etc.

But Geordie kend the better way,
 To stay at hame wi' his braw lady,
 Wha canna fight, he needs must pay,
 To ward the glent o' Highland plaidie.
 O my bonnie, etc.

He sent John Cope unto the north,
 Wi' a' his men for battle ready ;
 But Charlie bauldly sallied forth,
 Wi' bonnet blue and belted plaidie.
 O my bonnie, etc.

Cope rade a race to Inverness,
 And fand the prince gane south already,
 Like lion bold, all uncontroll'd
 Wi' belt and brand, and tartan plaidie.
 O my bonnie, etc.

Cope turn'd the chase, and left the place ;
 The Lothians was the next land ready ;
 And then he swore that at Gladsmuir
 He wad disgrace the Highland plaidie.
 O my bonnie, etc.

Says he, " My lads, I tell you true,
 I'm sorry that they're sae unready ;
 Small is the task we have to do,
 To catch this rebel in his plaidie."
 O my bonnie, etc.

The prince he rose by break of day,
 And blythely was he buskit ready :
 " Let's march," said he ; " Cope lang's to see
 The bonnet blue and belted plaidie."
 O my bonnie, etc.

They were na slack, nae finching back ;
 In rank and file they marched steady ;
 For they were bent, with one consent,
 To fight for him that wore the plaidie.
 O my bonnie, etc.

But soon John Cope cried to his men,
 " For gudesake turn, ye dogs, and speed yo,
 And let each man 'scape as he can,
 The deil confound the tartan plaidie !"
 O my bonnie, etc.

Some rade on horse, some ran on foot ;
 Their heels were light, their heads were giddy :
 But late or air, they'll lang nae mair
 To meet the lad wi' the Highland plaidie.
 O my bonnie, etc.

Now where is Cope, wi' a' his brag ?
 Say, is the craven gane already ?
 O leeze me on my bonnie lad,
 His bonnet blue and belted plaidie !
 O my bonnie, etc.

NOW CHARLES ASSERTS HIS FATHER'S RIGHT.

Now Charles asserts his father's right,
 And thus establishes his own,
 Braving the dangers of the fight,
 To cleave a passage to the throne.
 The Scots regain their ancient fame,
 And well their faith and valour show,
 Supporting their young hero's claim
 Against a powerful rebel foe.

The God of battle shakes his arm,
 And makes the doubtful victory shine;
 A panic dread their foes disarm;
 Who can oppose the will divine?
 The rebels shall at length confess
 Th' undoubted justice of the claim,
 When lisping babes shall learn to bless
 The long-forgotten Stuart's name.

CHARLIE HE'S MY DARLING.

THE Highlanders re-entered Edinburgh after the battle amid great rejoicing. Jacobitism, which before was afraid to show its head, was now paraded in every corner. The ladies, especially, took up the cause of the young Chevalier with the utmost enthusiasm, and were loud in their expressions of admiration of his appearance and bravery.

'Twas on a Monday morning,
 Right early in the year,
 That Charlie came to our town,
 The young Chevalier.
 And Charlie he's my darling,
 My darling, my darling,
 And Charlie he's my darling,
 The young Chevalier.

As he was walking up the street,
 The city for to view,
 O there he spied a bonnie lass,
 The window looking through.
 And Charlie he's my darling, etc.

Sae light's he jumped up the stair,
 And tirl'd at the pin;
 And wha sae ready as hersel
 To let the laddie in!
 And Charlie he's my darling, etc.

He set his Jenny on his knee,
 All in his Highland dress;
 For brawly weel he kenn'd the way
 To please a bonnie lass.
 And Charlie he's my darling, etc.

It's up yon heathery mountain,
 And down yon scraggy glen,
 We daurna gang a milking
 For Charlie and his men.
 And Charlie he's my darling, etc.

AS I CAM' DOWN THE CANONGATE.

From Cromek's remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song.

As I cam' down the Canongate,
 The Canongate, the Canongate,
 As I cam' down the Canongate,
 I heard a lassie sing,
 Merry may the keel row,
 The keel row, the keel row,
 Merry may the keel row,
 The ship that my love's in.

My love has breath o' roses,
 O' roses, o' roses,
 Wi' arms o' lily posies,
 To fauld a lassie in.
 O merry etc.

My love he wears a bonnet,
 A bonnet, a bonnet,
 A snawy rose upon it,
 A dimple on his chin,
 O merry, etc.

 THE WHITE COCKADE.

My love was born in Aberdeen,
 The bonniest lad that e'er was seen:
 But now he's made our hearts fu' sad,
 He's taen the field wi' his white cockade.

O he's a ranting roving blade!
 O he's a brisk and bonnie lad!
 Betide what may, my heart is glad
 To see my lad wi' his white cockade.

O leeze me on the philabeg,
 The hairy hough and garten'd leg!
 But aye the thing that blinds my e'e
 Is the white cockade aboon the bree.

O he's a ranting roving blade, etc.

I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my reel,
 My rippling-kame, and spinning-wheel,
 To buy mysel' a tartan plaid,
 A braid sword, durk, and white cockade.

O he's a ranting roving blade, etc.

I'll sell my rokely and my tow,
 My good gray mare and hawkit cow,
 That every loyal Scottish lad
 May take the field wi' his white cockade.

O he's a ranting roving blade!
 O he's a brisk and bonnie lad;
 Betide what may, my heart is glad,
 To see my lad wi' his white cockade.

TO YOUR ARMS.

To your arms, to your arms, my bonnie Highland lads!
 To your arms, to your arms, at the touk of the drum!
 The battle trumpet sounds, put on your white cockades,
 For Charlie, the great prince regent, is come.
 There is not the man in a' our clan,
 That would nuckle to the lad that is five feet ten;
 And the tune that we strike on the tabor and pipe
 Is "The king shall enjoy his own again."

To your arms, to your arms! Charlie yet shall be our king!
 To your arms' all ye lads that are loyal and true!
 To your arms, to your arms! His valour nane can ding,
 And he's on to the south wi' a jovial crew:
 Good luck to the lads that wear the tartan plaids!
 Success to Charlie and a' his train!
 The right and the wrang they a' shall ken ere lang,
 And the king shall enjoy his own again.

The battle of Gladsmuir it was a noble stour,
 And weel do we ken that our young prince wan;
 The gallant Lowland lads, when they saw the tartan plaids,
 Wheel'd round to the right, and away they ran;
 For Master Johnnie Cope, being destitute of hope,
 Took horse for his life, and left his men;
 In their arms he put no trust, for he knew it was just
 That the king should enjoy his own again.

To your arms, to your arms, my bonnie Highland lads!
 We winna brook the rule o' a German thing:
 To your arms, to your arms, wi' your bonnets and your plaids,
 And hey for Charlie and our ain true king!
 Good luck shall be the fa' o' the lad that's awa,
 The lad whose honour never yet knew stain:
 The wrang shall gae down, the king get the crown,
 And ilka honest man his own again.

WI' A HUNDRED PIPERS.

LADY NAIRNE.

Wi' a hundred pipers an' a' an' a',
 Wi' a hundred pipers an' a' an' a',
 We'll up an' gie them a blaw, a blaw,
 Wi' a hundred pipers an' a' an' a'.
 Oh it's owre the Border awa' awa',
 Its owre the Border awa' awa',
 We'll on and march to Carlisle ha';
 Wi' its yetts, its castle an' a' an' a'.

Oh! our sodger lads looked braw, looked braw,
 Wi' their tartans, kilts, an' a' an' a',
 Wi' their bonnets, an' feathers, an' glitterin' gear,
 An' Pibrochs soundin' sweet and clear;
 Will they a' return to their ain dear glen,
 Will they a' return, our Hielan' men,
 Second-sichted Sandy looked fu' wae
 An' mithers grat as they march'd away.

Wi a hundred pipers, etc.

Oh wha is for'most o' a' o' a';
 Oh wha does follow the blaw, the blaw;
 Bonnie Charlie the king o' us a', hurra!
 Wi' his hundred pipers an' a' an' a'.
 His bonnet an' feather he's wavin' high,
 His prancin' steed seems maist to fly,
 The nor' win' plays wi' his curly hair,
 While the pipers blaw in an' unco flare.

Wi' a hundred pipers, etc.

The Esk was swollen sae red an' sae deep,
 But shouther to shouther the brave lads keep,
 Twa thousand swam owre to fell English ground,
 An' danced themsel's dry to the pibroch's sound.
 Dumfounder'd, the English saw, they saw,
 Dumfounder'd, they heard the blaw, the blaw,
 Dumfounder'd they a' ran awa', awa',
 From the hundred pipers an' a' an' a'.

Wi' a hundred pipers, etc.

THERE GROWS A BONNIE BRIER BUSH.

LADY NAIRNE.

THERE grows a bonnie brier bush in our kail yard,
 And white are the blossoms o't in our kail yard,
 Like wee bit cockauds, to deck our hieland lads,
 And the lassies lo'e the bonnie bush in our kail yard.

An' it's hame, an' it's hame, to the north countrie,
 An' it's hame, an' it's hame, to the north countrie,
 Where my bonnie Jean is waiting for me,
 Wi' a heart kind an' true, in my ain countrie.

But were they a' true that were far awa' ?
 O' were they a' true that were far awa' ?
 They drew up wi' glaikit Englishers at Carlisle ha',
 And forgot auld frien's that were far awa.

Ye'll come nae mair, Jamie, where aft ye have been,
 Ye'll come nae mair, Jamie, to Atholl's green,
 O'er weel ye lo'ed the dancin' at Carlisle ha',
 And forgot the hieland hills, that were far awa.

I ne'er lo'ed a dance but on Atholl's green,
 I ne'er lo'ed a lassie, but my dorty Jean,
 Sair, sair against my will, did I bide sae lang awa,
 And my heart was aye in Atholl's green, at Carlisle ha'.

The brier bush was bonnie ance in our kail yard,
 The brier bush was bonnie ance in our kail yard,
 A blast blew ower the hill, that ga'e Atholl's flowers a chill,
 And the bloom's blawn aff the bonnie bush in our kail yard.

FALKIRK MUIR.

On the 31st October, after being largely reinforced, Charles continued his march southwards. The army which left Edinburgh amounted to about 6000 men, 3000 of whom were Highlanders, and 500 cavalry. They passed through Carlisle, Kendal, Lancaster, Preston, Wigan, Manchester, and Macclesfield, and on the 4th December the advanced portion of the army took possession of Derby, followed immediately after by the whole force. The position had now become critical. Three armies were opposed to them; one under the command of the Duke of Cumberland, another under Marshal Wade, while a third was stationed to defend London. The Highland Leaders became alarmed at fighting in an unknown country, and counselled a retreat to the North, there to await the royal forces. This was stoutly opposed by Charles, who almost implored them to continue the advance. A council of war was held on the 5th, at which Lord George Murray expressed the opinion, that they were about to be attacked by three Royal armies, amounting to about 30,000 men, while their own numbers did not now exceed 5000—for the English Jacobites had not joined the Prince's standard with the same enthusiasm as their Northern compatriots; and the retreat, in spite of all Charles' protestations, seems to have been unanimously agreed upon. The retreat was conducted with much secrecy and dispatch; and it was not till they reached Falkirk that they were met by a Royal army under General Hawley, and after a short struggle the Royalists suffered a complete defeat. Hawley, who had been loud in his denunciations of Cope's incapability, and who had openly

wished to show how easily the Highland rabble could be dispersed, received deservedly a good share of the satire of the Rebel rhymsters. Cope's misfortunes may be pitied, but Hawley smacks too much of the bully to merit the smallest show of sympathy.

Up and rin awa, Hawley,
 Up and rin awa, Hawley;
 The philabegs are coming down
 To gie your lugs a claw, Hawley;
 Young Charlie's face at Dunipace,
 Has gien your mou' a thraw, Hawley;
 A blasting sight for bastard wight,
 The warst that e'er he saw, Hawley.
 Up and rin awa, etc.

Gae dight your face, and turn the chase,
 For fierce the wind does blaw, Hawley;
 And Highland Geordie's at your tail,
 Wi' Drummond, Perth, and a', Hawley.
 Had ye but staid wi' lady's maid
 An hour, or maybe twa, Hawley,
 Your bacon bouk and bastard snout,
 Ye might hae sav'd them a', Hawley.
 Up and rin awa, etc.

Whene'er you saw the bonnets blue
 Down frae the Torwood draw, Hawley,
 A wisp in need did you bestead,
 Perhaps you needed twa, Hawley.
 And General Husk, that battle-busk,
 The prince o' warriors a', Hawley,
 With whip and spur he cross'd the furr,
 As fast as he could ca', Hawley.
 Up and rin awa, etc.

I hae but just ae word to say,
 And ye maun hear it a', Hawley;
 We came to charge wi' sword and targe,
 And nae to hunt awa, Hawley.
 When we came down aboon the town,
 And saw nae faes at a', Hawley,
 We couldna, sooth! believe the truth,
 That ye had left us a', Hawley.
 Up and rin awa, etc.

Nae man bedeen believ'd his een,
 Till your brave back he saw, Hawley,
 That bastard brat o' foreign cat
 Had neither pluck nor paw, Hawley,

We didna ken but ye were men
 Wha fight for foreign law, Hawley :
 Gae fill your wame wi' brose at hame,
 It fits you best of a', Hawley.

Up and rin awa, etc.

The very frown o' Highland loon,
 It gart you drap the jaw, Hawley,
 It happ'd the face of a' disgrace,
 And sicken'd Southron maw, Hawley.
 The very gleam o' Highland flame,
 It pat ye in a thaw, Hawley,
 Gae back and kiss your daddie's miss ;
 Ye're nought but cowards a', Hawley.

Up and scour awa, Hawley,
 Up and scour awa, Hawley ;
 The Highland dirk is at your doup,
 And that's the Highland law, Hawley.

THE HIGHLANDMEN CAME DOWN THE HILL.

THE Highlandmen came down the hill,
 And owre the knowe wi' right gude will :
 Now Geordie's men may brag their fill,
 For wow but they were braw, man !
 They had three gen'ral's o' the best,
 Wi' lairds, and lords, and a' the rest,
 Chiels that were bred to stand the test,
 And couldna rin awa, man.

The Highlandmen are savage loons,
 Wi' barkit houghs and burly crowns ;
 They canna stand the thunder-stoun's
 Of heroes bred wi' care, man—
 Of men that are their country's stay,
 These Whiggish braggarts of a day.
 The Highlandmen came down the brae
 The heroes were not there, man !

Says brave Lochiel, "Pray, have we won ?
 I see no troop, I hear no gun."
 Says Drummond, "Faith, the battle's done,
 I know not how nor why, man.
 But, my good lords, this thing I crave,
 Have we defeat these heroes brave ?"
 Says Murray, "I believe we have :
 If not, we're here to try, man."

But tried they up, or tried they down,
 There was no foe in Falkirk town,
 Nor yet in a' the country roun',
 To break a sword at a', man.
 They were sae bauld at break o' day,
 When tow'rd the west they took their way;
 But the Highlandmen came down the brae,
 And made the dogs to blaw, man.
 A tyke is but a tyke at best,
 A coward ne'er will stand the test,
 And Whigs at morn wha cock'd the crest,
 Or e'en had got a fa', man.
 O wac befa' these northerr lads,
 Wi' their braidswords and white cockades!
 They lend sic hard and heavy blads,
 Our Whigs nae mair can craw, man.

CULLODEN.

AFTER the battle of Falkirk, the Highlanders continued their retreat, and on the 18th February, 1746, entered Inverness. On the 25th of February, the Duke of Cumberland's army entered Aberdeen, and both sides engaged in petty skirmishes in their district, till on the 8th April, the Duke marched upon the northern capital. The Highland army advanced to Drummoissie Moor, about five miles to meet him, and on the 16th April, 1746, engaged in the celebrated battle of Culloden, which resulted as is well known in the complete defeat of the Highland army. "The battle of Culloden lasted little more than forty minutes, most of which brief space of time was spent in distant firing, and very little in the active struggle. It was as complete a victory as possible on the part of the Royal army, and any other result would have been very discreditable to the English army. Its numbers and condition for fighting were so superior, their artillery did so much for them, and the plan of the battle was so much in their favour, that to have lost the day would have argued a degree of misbehaviour for which even Preston-pans and Falkirk had not prepared us."—*Chambers's History of the Rebellion*, 1869, p. 301.

FAIR lady, mourn the memory
 Of all our Scottish fame!
 Fair lady, mourn the memory
 Ev'n of the Scottish name!
 How proud were we of our young prince,
 And of his native sway!
 But all our hopes are past and gone,
 Upon Culloden day.
 There was no lack of bravery there,
 No spare of blood or breath,
 For, one to two, our foes we dar'd,
 For freedom or for death.

The bitterness of grief is past,
Of terror and dismay :
The die was risk'd, and foully cast,
Upon Culloden day.

And must thou seek a foreign clime,
In poverty to pine,
No friend or clansman by thy side,
No vassal that is thine ?
Leading thy young son by the hand,
And trembling for his life,
As at the name of Cumberland
He grasps his father's knife.

I cannot see thee, lady fair,
Turn'd out on the world wide ;
I cannot see thee, lady fair,
Weep on the bleak hill side.
Before such noble stem should bend
To tyrant's treachery,
I'll lay thee with thy gallant sire,
Beneath the beechen tree.

I'll hide thee in Clan-Ronald's isles,
Where honour still bears sway ;
I'll watch the traitor's hovering sails,
By islet and by bay :
And ere thy honour shall be stain'd,
This sword avenge shall thee,
And lay thee with thy gallant kin,
Below the beechen tree.

What is there now in thee, Scotland,
To us can pleasure give ?
What is there now in thee, Scotland,
For which we ought to live ?
Since we have stood, and stood in vain,
For all that we held dear,
Still have we left a sacrifice
To offer on our bier.

A foreign and fanatic sway
Our Southron foes may gall ;
The cup is fill'd, they yet shall drink,
And they deserve it all.
But there is nought for us or ours,
In which to hope or trust,
But hide us in our fathers' graves,
Amid our fathers' dust.

CURSES.

SCOTLAND and England must be now
 United in a nation,
 And we must all perjure and vow,
 And take the abjuration.
 The Stuarts' ancient freeborn race,
 Now we must all give over ;
 And we must take into their place
 The bastards of Hanover.

Curs'd be the Papists who withdrew
 The king to their persuasion :
 Curs'd be that covenanting crew,
 Who gave the first occasion.

Curs'd be the wretch who seiz'd the throne,
 And marr'd our constitution ;
 And curs'd be they who helped on
 That wicked revolution.

Curs'd be those traitorous traitors who,
 By their perfidious knavery,
 Have brought our nation now into
 An everlasting slavery.

Curs'd be the Parliament, that day,
 Who gave their confirmation ;
 And curs'd be every whining Whig,
 For they have damn'd the nation.

 BONNIE LADDIE.

THE barbarities inflicted upon the Highlanders after Culloden by the Royal army, were not lost sight of by the Jacobite wits in their distress. Certainly the Duke of Cumberland allowed his army to conduct themselves more like a body of savages than "Christian soldiers," and the poets of the party have revenged themselves by sending him down to posterity with a reputation for cruelty as fixed as the evil character given to Macbeth or Richard III. by Shakspeare.

GEORDIE sits in Charlie's chair,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie ;
 Deil tak' him gin he bide there,
 My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie ;
 Charlie yet shall mount the throne,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie ;
 Weel ye ken it is his own,
 My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

Weary fa' the Lawland loon,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 Wha took frae him the British crown,
 My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,

But leeze me on the kilted clans,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 That fought for him at Preston-pans,
 My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

Ken ye the news I hae to tell,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie?
 Cumberland's awa to hell,
 My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.
 When he came to the Stygian shore,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
 The deil himsel' wi' fright did roar,
 My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

When Charon grim came out to him,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
 "Ye're welcome here, ye devil's limb!"
 My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.
 They pat on him a philabeg,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 And unto him they ca'd a peg,
 My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

How he did skip and he did roar,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie:
 The deils ne'er saw sic sport before,
 My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.
 They took him neist to Satan's ha',
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 To lilt it wi' his grandpapa,
 My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

The deil sat girnin in the neuk,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 Riving sticks to roast the duke,
 My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.
 They pat him neist upon a spit,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 And roasted him baith head and feet,
 My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

Wi' scalding brunstane and wi' fat,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 They flamm'd his carcase weel wi' that,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.
 They ate him up baith stoop and roop,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
 And that's the gate they serv'd the duke,
 My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

THE WAES O' SCOTLAND.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

WHEN I left thee, bonny Scotland,
 O thou wert fair to see!
 Fresh as a bonny bride in the morn,
 When she maun wedded be.
 When I came back to thee, Scotland,
 Upon a May morn fair,
 A bonny lass sat at our town end,
 Kaming her yellow hair.
 "Oh hey! oh hey!" sung the bonny lass,
 "Oh hey! and wae is me!
 There's siccan sorrow in Scotland,
 As een did never see.
 Oh hey! oh hey! for my father auld!
 Oh hey! for my mither dear!
 And my heart will burst for the bonny lad
 Wha left me lanesome here."
 I had gane in my ain Scotland
 Mae miles than twa or three,
 When I saw the head o' my ain father
 Coming up the gate to me.
 "A traitor's head!" and "a traitor's head!"
 Loud bawl'd a bloody loon;
 But I drew frae the sheath my glaive o' weir,
 And strack the reaver down.
 I hied me hame to my father's ha',
 My dear auld mither to see;
 But she lay 'mang the black eizels,
 Wi' the death-tear in her e'e.
 "O wha has wrought this bloody wark?
 Had I the reaver here,
 I'd wash his sark in his ain heart's blood,
 And gie't to his dame to wear."
 I hadna gane frae my ain dear hame
 But twa short miles and three,
 Till up came a captain o' the Whigs
 Says, "Traitor, bide ye me!"
 I grippit him by the belt sae braid,
 It birsted i' my hand,
 But I threw him frae his weir-saddle,
 And drew my burlie brand.
 "Shaw mercy on me!" quo' the loon,
 And low he knelt on knee:
 But by his thigh was my father's glaive
 Whilk gude King Bruce did gie;

And buckled round him was the broider'd belt
 Whilk my mither's hands did weave,
 My tears they mingled wi' his heart's blood,
 And reek'd upon my glaive.

I wander a' night 'mang the lands I own'd,
 When a' folk are asleep,
 And I lie o'er my father and mither's grave
 An hour or twa to weep.
 O, fatherless and mitherless,
 Without a ha' or hame,
 I maun wander througn dear Scotland,
 And bide a traitor's blame.

ON GALLIA'S SHORE.

HAMILTON OF BANGOUR.

ON Gallia's shore we sat and wept,
 When Scotland we thought on,
 Robbed of her bravest sons, and all
 Her ancient spirit gone.

Revenge! the sons of Gallia said,
 Revenge your native land;
 Already your insulting foes
 Crowd the Batavian strand.

How shall the sons of freedom e'er
 For foreign conquest fight;
 For power, how wield the sword unsheath'd,
 For liberty and right?

If thee, oh Scotland, I forget,
 Even with my latest breath,
 May foul dishonour stain my name,
 And bring a coward's death.

May sad remorse of fancied guilt
 My future days employ,
 If all thy sacred rights are not
 Above my chiefest joy.

Remember England's children, Lord,
 Who on Drummosie day,
 Deaf to the voice of kindred love,
 Raze, raze it quite, did say.

And thou, proud Gallia, faithless friend,
 Whose ruin is not far,
 Just Heaven, on thy devoted head,
 Pour all the woes of war.

When thou thy slaughter'd little ones,
 And ravish'd dames shall see,
 Such help, such pity, may'st thou have,
 As Scotland had from thee.

FAREWELL TO GLEN-SHALLOCH.

JAMES HOGG.

TRANSLATED from the Gaelic.

FAREWELL to Glen-Shalloch,
 A farewell for ever !
 Farewell to my wee cot,
 That stands by the river !
 The fall is loud-sounding,
 In voices that vary,
 And the echoes surrounding
 Lament with my Mary.

I saw her last night,
 'Mid the rocks that enclose them,
 With a babe at her knee
 And a babe at her bosom :
 I heard her sweet voice
 In the depth of my slumber,
 And the song that she sung
 Was of sorrow and cumber.

“ Sleep sound, my sweet babe,
 There is nought to alarm thee ;
 The sons of the valley
 No power have to harm thee.
 I'll sing thee to rest
 In the balloch untrodden,
 With a coronach sad
 For the slain of Culloden.

“ The brave were betray'd,
 And the tyrant is daring
 To trample and waste us,
 Unpitying, unsparing.
 Thy mother no voice has,
 No feeling that changes,
 No word, sign, or song,
 But the lesson of vengeance.

“ I'll tell thee, my son,
 How our laurels are withering :
 I'll gird on thy sword
 When the clansmen are gathering ;

I'll bid thee go forth
 In the cause of true honour,
 And never return
 Till thy country hath won her.

“Our tower of devotion
 Is the home of the reaver;
 The pride of the ocean
 Is fallen for ever;
 The pine of the forest,
 That time could not weaken,
 Is trod in the dust,
 And its honours are shaken.

“Rise, spirits of yore,
 Ever dauntless in danger!
 For the land that was yours
 Is the land of the stranger.
 O come from your caverns,
 All bloodless and hoary,
 And these fiends of the valley
 Shall tremble before ye!”

THE FRASERS IN THE CORREI.

“WHERE is your daddy gane, my little May?
 Where has our lady been a' the lang day?
 Saw you the red-coats rank on the hall green?
 Or heard ye the horn on the mountain yestreen?”
 “Ye auld carle graybeard, spier na at me;
 Gae spier at the maiden that sits by the sea.
 The red-coats were here, and it wasna for good,
 And the raven's turn'd hoarse wi' the waughting o' blood.

“O listen, auld carle, how roopit his note!
 The blood of the Fraser's too hot for his throat,
 I trow the black traitor's of Sassenach breed;
 They prey on the living, and he on the dead.
 When I was a baby, we ca'd him in joke,
 The harper of Errick, the priest of the rock;
 But now he's our mountain companion no more,
 The slave of the Saxon, the quaffer of gore.”

“Sweet little maiden, why talk you of death?
 The raven's our friend, and he's croaking in wrath:
 He will not pick up from a bonnetted head,
 Nor mar the brave form by the tartan that's clad.
 But point me the cliff where the Fraser abides,
 Where Foyers, Culduthill, and Gorthaly hides.
 There's danger at hand, I must speak with them soon,
 And seek them alone by the light of the moon.”

"Auld carle graybeard, a friend you should be,
 For the truth's on your lip, and the tear i' your e'e;
 Then seek in the correi that sounds on the brae,
 And sings to the rock when the breeze is away.
 I sought them last night with the haunch of the deer,
 And far in yon cave they were hiding in fear:
 There, at the last crow of the brown heather-cock,
 They pray'd for their prince, kneel'd, and slept on the rock.

"O tell me, auld carle, what will be the fate
 Of those who are killing the gallant and great?
 Who force our brave chiefs to the correi to go,
 And hunt their own prince like the deer or the roe?"
 "My sweet little maiden, beyond yon red sun
 Dwells one who beholds all the deeds that are done:
 Their crimes on the tyrants one day he'll repay,
 And the names of the brave shall not perish for aye."

THE LOVELY LASS O' INVERNESS.

ROBERT BURNS.

THE lovely lass o' Inverness,
 Nae joy nor pleasure she can see;
 For e'en and morn she cries, alas!
 And aye the saut tear blinds her e'e.
 Drummossie moor! Drummossie day,
 A waefu' day it was to me;
 For there I lost my father dear,
 My father dear and brethren three.

Their winding sheet's the bluidy lea,
 Their graves are growing green to see,
 And by them lies the dearest lad
 That ever blest a woman's e'e.
 Now wae to thee thou cruel lord,
 A bluidy man I trow thou be;
 For monie a heart thou hast made sair,
 That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee.

THERE LIVED A LASS IN INVERNESS.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

THERE liv'd a lass in Inverness,
 She was the pride of a' the town;
 Blithe as the lark on gowan tass,
 When frae the nest it's newly flown.

“How sweet in my own native valley to roam,
 Each face was a friend's, and each house was a home
 To drag our live thousands from river to bay,
 Or chase the dun deer o'er the mountains so gray.

“Now forced from my home and my blithe halls away,
 The son of the stranger has made them a prey:
 My family and friends to extremity driven,
 Contending for life both with earth and with heaven.

“My country,” they said—“but they told me a lie,
 Her valleys were barren, inclement her sky;
 Even now in the glens, 'mong her mountains so blue,
 The primrose and daisy are blooming in dew.

“How could she expel from those mountains of heath,
 The clans who maintained them in danger and death;
 Who ever were ready the broadsword to draw,
 In defence of her honour, her freedom, and law.

“We stood by our Stuart, till one fatal blow
 Loosed ruin triumphant, and valour laid low;
 The lords whom we trusted, and lived but to please,
 Then turned us adrift to the storms and the seas.

“O gratitude! where didst thou linger the while?
 What region afar is illumed with thy smile?
 That orb of the sky for a home will I crave,
 When yon sun rises red on the Emigrant's grave!”

HAME, HAME, HAME.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

HAME, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
 O hame, hame, hame to my ain countrie!
 There's an eye that ever weeps, and a fair face will be fain,
 As I pass through Annan Water with my bonnie bands again,
 When the flower is i' the bud and the leaf upon the tree
 The lark shall sing me hame in my ain countrie.

Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
 O hame, hame, hame to my ain countrie!
 The green leaf o' loyalty's beginning for to fa',
 The bonny white rose it is withering an a';
 But I'll water't wi' the blude of usurping tyrannie,
 An' green it will grow in my ain countrie.

Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
 O hame, hame, hame to my ain countrie!
 There's nought now frae ruin my countrie can save,
 But the keys of kind heaven to open the grave,
 That a' the noble martyrs wha died for loyaltie,
 May rise again and fight for their ain countrie.

Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
 O hame, hame, hame to my ain countrie!
 The great now are gane, a' who ventured to save,
 The new grass is growing aboon their bloody grave;
 But the sun through the mirk, blinks blythe in my e'e—
 "I'll shine on ye yet in your ain countrie."

HILL OF LOCHIEL.

JAMES HOGG.

LONG have I pined for thee;
 Land of my infancy,
 Now will I kneel on thee,
 Hill of Lochiel;
 Hill of the sturdy steer,
 Hill of the roe and deer,
 Hill of the streamlet clear,
 I love thee well.

When in my youthful prime,
 Correi and crag to climb,
 Or towering cliff sublime
 Was my delight;
 Scaling the eagle's nest,
 Wounding the raven's breast,
 Skimming the mountain's crest,
 Gladsome and light.

When at the break of morn,
 Proud o'er thy temples borne,
 Rythed the red-deer's horn,
 How my heart beat!
 Then, when with stunned leap,
 Roll'd he adown the steep,
 Never did hero reap
 Conquest so great.

Then rose a bolder game,
 Young Charlie Stuart came,
 Cameron, that loyal name
 Foremost must be:

Hard then our warrior meed,
Glorious our warrior deed,
Still we were doom'd to bleed
By treachery.

Then did the red blood stream,
Then was the broadsword's gleam,
Quench'd in fair freedom's beam,
No more to shine.
Then was the morning's brow,
Red with the fiery glow,
Fell hall and hamlet low,
All that were mine.

Then was our maiden young,
First aye in battle strong,
Fir'd at her prince's wrong,
Forc'd to give way:
Broke was the golden cup,
Gone Caledonia's hope,
Faithful and true men drop,
Fast in the clay.

Fair in a hostile land,
Stretch'd on a foreign strand,
Oft has the tear-drop bland,
Scorch'd as it fell.
Once was I spurn'd from thee,
Long have I mourn'd for thee,
Now I'm return'd to thee,
Hill of Lochiel.
