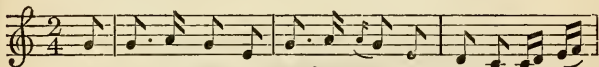


TRANENT MUIR.

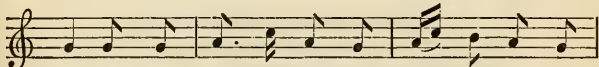
Another clever rustic song was composed on the Battle of Preston, to the tune of *Killiecrankie*, and circulated at the time on a broadside. A certain rough force, both in the description and the wit, has insured its preservation. Its author

¹ Poor Sir John Cope was, perhaps, rather severely judged regarding his Scotch command in 1745. At least we must admit that he was unfortunate in having so many raw dragoons to handle at Preston. It is said that his face brightened in London a few months afterwards, when a second general (Hawley) gave way before the Highland army. Sir John died Knight of the Bath, Colonel of the 7th Dragoons, and a Lieutenant-general, 28th July 1760.

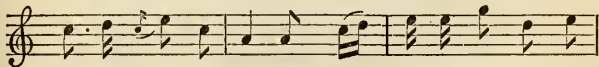
was a farmer who dwelt near the field of battle, and had the misfortune, as he tells us, to be robbed after it by one of the victors. He was Adam Skirving, of the farm of Garleton, between Haddington and Gosford, who died in 1803, at the age of eighty-four, and is buried in the parish fold of Athelstoneford, where the poets Blair and Home were successively ministers. He was noted as a man of sharp and ready wit, but not much addicted to verse-making; a great lover of the sports of curling and golfing; upright in his dealings, a foe to all shams and impostures; generally a favourite. His eldest son Archibald acquired celebrity as a portrait-painter in crayons, and was personally for many a day notable in Edinburgh for a few innocent eccentricities.



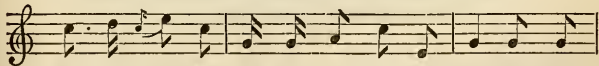
The Che - va - lier, being void of fear, Did march up Bir - slie



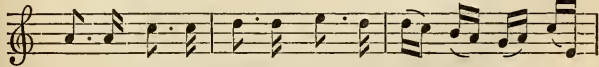
brae, man, And through Tranent, ere he did stent, As



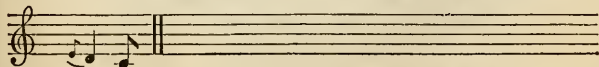
fast as he could gae, man; While Gen - e - ral Cope did



taunt and mock, Wi' mo - ny a loud huz - za, man; But



ere next morn proclaim'd the cock, We heard a - nith - er



craw, man.

The Chevalier, being void of fear,
 Did march up Birslic brae, man,
 And through Tranent, ere he did stent,
 As fast as he could gae, man ;
 While General Cope did taunt and mock,
 Wi' mony a loud huzza, man ;
 But ere next morn proclaim'd the cock,
 We heard anither craw, man.

The brave Lochiel, as I heard tell,
 Led Camerons on in cluds, man ;
 The morning fair, and clear the air,
 They lows'd with devilish thuds, man :
 Down guns they threw, and swords they drew,
 And soon did chase them aff, man ;
 On Seaton Crafts they bufft their chafts,
 And gart them rin like daft, man.

The bluff dragoons swore, Blood and 'oons,
 They'd make the rebels run, man ;
 And yet they flee when them they see,
 And winna fire a gun, man.
 They turned their back, their foot they brak,
 Such terror seized them a', man,
 Some wet their cheeks, some fyled their breeks,
 And some for fear did fa', man.

The volunteers pricked up their ears,
 And wow gin they were croose, man ;
 But when the bairns saw 't turn to earn'st,
 They were not worth a louse, man :
 Maist feck gaed hame—O, fy for shame !
 They'd better stay'd awa', man,
 Than wi' cockade to make parade,
 And do nae good at a', man.

Menteith the great, where Hersell sate,
 Un'wares did ding her ower, man ;
 Yet wadna stand to bear a hand,
 But aff fou fast did scour, man :
 Ower Soutra Hill, ere he stood still,
 Before he tasted meat, man :
 Troth, he may brag of his swift nag,
 That bare him aff sae fleet, man.

And Simson keen, to clear the een
 Of rebels far in wrang, man,
 Did never strive wi' pistols five,
 But gallop'd wi' the thrang, man :
 He turn'd his back, and in a crack
 Was cleanly out of sight, man ;
 And thought it best ; it was nae jest
 Wi' Highlanders to fight, man.

'Mangst a' the gang, nane bade the bang
 But twa, and ane was tane, man ;
 For Campbell rade, but Myrie staid,
 And sair he paid the kain, man :
 Fell skelps he got, was waur than shot,
 Frae the sharp-edged claymore, man ;
 Frae many a spout came running out
 His reeking-het red gore, man.

But Gard'ner brave did still behave
 Like to a hero bright, man ;
 His courage true, like him were few,
 That still despised flight, man :
 For king and laws, and country's cause,
 In honour's bed he lay, man ;
 His life, but not his courage, fled,
 While he had breath to draw, man.

And Major Bowle, that worthy soul,
 Was brought down to the ground, man ;
 His horse being shot, it was his lot
 For to get mony a wound, man.
 Lieutenant Smith, of Irish birth,
 Frae whom he call'd for aid, man,
 Being full of dread, lap ower his head,
 And wadna be gainsaid, man.

He made sic haste, sae spurr'd his beast,
 'Twas little there he saw, man ;
 To Berwick rade, and safely said,
 The Scots were rebels a', man.
 But let that end, for weel 'tis kend
 His use and wont to lie, man ;
 The Teague is naught, he never fought,
 When he had room to flee, man.¹

And Cadell drest, amang the rest,
 With gun and good claymore, man,
 On gelding gray, he rode that way,
 With pistols set before, man :
 The cause was good, he'd spend his blood,
 Before that he would yield, man ;
 But the night before, he left the cor',
 And never took the field, man.

¹ 'It is reported that, after the publication of the ballad, [Lieutenant Smith] sent Mr Skirving a challenge to meet him at Haddington, and answer for his conduct in treating him with such opprobrium. "Gang awa' back," said Mr Skirving to the messenger, "and tell Mr Smith I have nae leisure to gae to Haddington ; but if he likes to come here, I'll tak a look o' him, and if I think I can fecht him, I'll fecht him ; and if no—I'll just do as he did at Preston—I'll rin awa'."—Stenhouse's *Notes to Johnson*.

But gallant Roger, like a soger,
 Stood and bravely fought, man ;
 I'm wae to tell, at last he fell,
 But mae down wi' him brought, man :
 At point of death, wi' his last breath
 (Some standing round in ring, man),
 On's back lying flat, he waved his hat,
 And cry'd, God save the king, man.

Some Highland rogues, like hungry dogs,
 Neglecting to pursue, man,
 About they faced, and in great haste
 Upon the booty flew, man ;
 And they, as gain for all their pain,
 Are deck'd wi' spoils of war, man ;
 Fu' bauld can tell how her nainsell
 Was ne'er sae pra pefore, man.

At the thorn-tree, which you may see
 Bewest the Meadow-mill, man,
 There mony slain lay on the plain,
 The clans pursuing still, man.
 Sic unco hacks, and deadly whacks,
 I never saw the like, man ;
 Lost hands and heads cost them their deads,
 That fell near Preston-dyke, man.

That afternoon, when a' was done,
 I gaed to see the fray, man ;
 But had I wist what after past,
 I'd better staid away, man :
 In Seaton Sands, wi' nimble hands,
 They pick'd my pockets bare, man ;
 But I wish ne'er to drie sic fear,
 For a' the sum and mair, man.