

## LADY KEITH'S LAMENT.

LADY MARY DRUMMOND, wife of Lord Keith, is supposed to be the heroine and authoress of this song. "She was so strongly attached to the exiled family," says Hogg, "that, on the return of her two sons to Scotland, she would never suffer them to enjoy any rest till they engaged actively in the cause of the Stuarts."—Air, Boyne Water.

I MAY sit in my wee croo house,  
 At the rock and the reel to toil fu' dreary;  
 I may think on the day that's gane,  
 And sigh and sab till I grow weary.  
 I ne'er could brook, I ne'er could brook,  
 A foreign loon to own or flatter;  
 But I will sing a ranting sang,  
 That day our king comes ower the water.

O gin I live to see the day,  
 That I ha'e begg'd, and begg'd frae Heaven,  
 I'll fling my rock and reel away,  
 And dance and sing frae morn till even:  
 For there is ane I winna name,  
 That comes the reigning bike to scatter;  
 And I'll put on my bridal gown,  
 That day our king comes ower the water.

I ha'e seen the gude auld day,  
 The day o' pride and chieftain glory,  
 When royal Stuarts bare the sway,  
 And ne'er heard tell o' Whig nor Tory.  
 Though lyart be my locks and grey,  
 And cild has crook'd me down—what matter?  
 I'll dance and sing ae ither day,  
 That day our king comes ower the water.

A curse on dull and drawling Whig,  
 The whining, ranting, low deceiver,  
 Wi' heart sae black, and look sae big,  
 And canting tongue o' clishmaclaver.  
 My father was a good lord's son,  
 My mother was an earl's daughter,  
 And I'll be Lady Keith again,  
 That day our king comes ower the water.

---

 AWA, WHIGS, AWA.

THE air of this song is very old and very popular. Part of the verses are also as old as the time of Charles I. but it is one of those elastic songs which may be added to or abridged to suit passing events. "There is a tradition that at the battle of Bothwell Bridge, the Piper to Clavers' own troop of horse, stood on the brink of the Clyde playing it with great glee;

but, being struck with a bullet, either by chance or in consequence of an aim taken, as is generally reported, he rolled down the bank in the agonies of death; and always, as he rolled over the bag, so intent was he on this old party tune, that, with determined firmness of fingering, he made the pipes to yell out two or three notes of it, till at last he plunged into the river and was carried peaceably down the stream among a great number of floating whigs." Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*, vol. i., p. 259. The fourth and fifth verses are by Burns.

Awa, Whigs, awa,  
 Awa, Whigs, awa,  
 Ye're but a pack o' traitor loons,  
 Ye'll ne'er do good at a.'  
 Our thistles flourish'd fresh and fair,  
 And bonny bloom'd our roses;  
 But Whigs came like a frost in June,  
 And wither'd a' our posies.  
 Awa, Whigs, etc.

Our sad decay in kirk and state  
 Surpasses my describing;  
 The Whigs cam' o'er us for a curse,  
 And we ha'e done wi' thriving.  
 Awa, Whigs, etc.

A foreign Whiggish loon brought seeds  
 In Scottish yird to cover,  
 But we'll pu' a' his dibbled leeks,  
 And pack him to Hanover.  
 Awa, Whigs, etc.

Our ancient crown's fa'n i' the dust,  
 Deil blind them wi' the stoure o't;  
 And write their names i' his black beuk,  
 Wha ga'e the Whigs the power o't.  
 Awa, Whigs, etc.

Grim vengeance lang has ta'en a nap,  
 But we may see him wauken;  
 Gude help the day when royal heads  
 Are hunted like a maukin!  
 Awa, Whigs, etc.

The deil he heard the stoure o' tongues,  
 And ramping cam' among us;  
 But he pitied us sae curs'd wi' Whigs,  
 He turn'd and wadna wrang us,  
 Awa, Whigs, etc.

The deil sat grim amang the reek,  
 Thrang buddling brunstane matches;  
 And croon'd 'mang the beuk-taking Whigs,  
 Scraps of auld Calvin's catches.

Awa, Whigs, awa,  
 Awa, Whigs, awa,  
 Ye'll run me out o' wun spunks,  
 Awa, Whigs, awa.

---

### THE WEE, WEE GERMAN LAIRDIE.

Hogg's Version of this best of all the Jacobite Satirical Songs. It is based upon that by Allan Cunningham in Cromek's Remains, which in its turn was based upon an older song or probably songs. In Cunningham's Poems and Songs, published in 1847 under the editorship of his Son, it is inserted as one of his productions.

WHA the deil hae we gotten for a king,  
 But a wee, wee German lairdie!  
 An' when we gaed to bring him hame,  
 He was delving in his kail-yairdie:  
 Sheughing kail, and laying leeks,  
 But the hose and but the breeks  
 Up his beggar duds he cleeks,  
 The wee, wee German lairdie!

And he's clapt down in our gudeman's chair,  
 The wee, wee German lairdie!  
 And he's brought fouth o' foreign trash,  
 And dibbled them in his yairdie:  
 He's pu'd the rose o' English loons,  
 And brake the harp o' Irish clowns,  
 But our Scots thistle will jag his thumbs  
 The wee, wee German lairdie.

Come up among the Highland hills,  
 Thou wee, wee German lairdie,  
 And see how Charlie's lang-kail thrives,  
 That he dibbled in his yairdie:  
 And if a stock ye daur to pu',  
 Or haud the yoking of a pleugh,  
 We'll break your sceptre o'er your mou',  
 Thou wee bit German lairdie!

Our hills are steep, our glens are deep,  
 No fitting for a yairdie;  
 And our norlan' thistles winna pu',  
 For a wee, wee German lairdie!

And we've the trenching blades o' weir,  
 Wad lib ye o' your German gear,  
 And pass ye 'neath the claymore's sheer,  
 Thou feckless German lairdie !

Auld Scotland ! thou'rt owre cauld a hole  
 For nursing siccan vermin ;  
 But the very dogs o' England's court  
 Can bark and howl in *German!*  
 Then keep thy dibble in thy ain hand,  
 Thy spade, but and thy yairdie ;  
 For wha the deil now claims our land  
 But a wee, wee German lairdie.

---

### YE WHIGS ARE A REBELLIOUS CREW.

A SATIRE, general and personal, against the Hanoverian Government and King. The two last verses relate to domestic squabbles among the members of the royal family. *Feckie* is Frederick, Prince of Wales.

YE Whigs are a rebellious crew,  
 The plague of this poor nation ;  
 Ye give not God nor Cæsar due ;  
 Ye smell of reprobation.  
 Ye are a stubborn perverse pack,  
 Conceiv'd and nurs'd by treason ;  
 Your practices are foul and black,  
 Your principles 'gainst reason.  
 Your Hogan Mogan foreign things,  
 God gave them in displeasure ;  
 Ye brought them o'er, and call'd them kings ;  
 They've drain'd our blood and treasure.  
 Can ye compare your king to mine,  
 Your Geordie and your Willie ?  
 Comparisons are odious,  
 A toadstool to a lily.  
 Our Darien can witness bear,  
 And so can our Glenco, sir ;  
 Our South Sea it can make appear,  
 What to your kings we owe, sir.  
 We have been murder'd, starv'd, and robb'd,  
 By those your kings and knav'ry,  
 And all our treasure is stock-jobb'd,  
 While we groan under slav'ry.  
 Did e'er the rightful Stuart's race  
 (Declare it, if you can, sir,)  
 Reduce you to so bad a case ?  
 Hold up your face, and answer,

Did he whom ye expell'd the throne,  
 Your islands e'er harass so,  
 As these whom ye have plac'd thereon,  
 Your Brunswick and your Nassau?  
 By strangers we are robb'd and sham'm'd,  
 This you must plainly grant, sir,  
 Whose coffers with our wealth are cramm'd,  
 While we must starve for want, sir.  
 Can ye compare your kings to mine,  
 Your Geordie and your Willie?  
 Comparisons are odious,  
 A bramble to a lily.

Your prince's mother did amiss,  
 This ye have ne'er denied, sir,  
 Or why liv'd she without a kiss,  
 Confin'd until she died, sir?  
 Can ye compare your queen to mine?  
 I know ye're not so silly:  
 Comparisons are odious,  
 A dockan to a lily.

Her son is a poor matchless sot,  
 His own papa ne'er lov'd him;  
 And Feckie is an idiot,  
 As they can swear who prov'd him.  
 Can ye compare your prince to mine,  
 A thing so dull and silly?  
 Comparisons are odious,  
 A mushroom to a lily.

---

### THE SOW'S TAIL TO GEORDIE!

THIS song has always been very popular. The Sow was a name given on account of her enormous figure, to Madam Kilmansegge, Countess of Darlington, one of the favourite mistresses of George I. Full advantage was taken by the Jacobites of the unclean habits of the court, and songs, libels, and every possible manner of abuse, was shouted about the public streets, and often even in hearing of the royal household. The following song will serve as a specimen of those emanating from Scotland.

It's Geordie's now come hereabout,  
 O wae light on his sulky snout!  
 A pawky sow has found him out,  
 And turn'd her tail to Geordie.  
 The sow's tail is till him yet,  
 A sow's birse will kill him yet,  
 The sow's tail is till him yet,  
 The sow's tail to Geordie

It's Geordie he came up the town,  
 Wi' a bunch o' turnips on his crown;  
 "Aha!" quo' she, "I'll pull them down,  
 And turn my tail to Geordie."

The sow's tail is till him yet, etc.

It's Geordie he gat up to dance,  
 And wi' the sow to take a prance,  
 And aye she gart her hurdies flaunee,  
 And turn'd her tail to Geordie.

The sow's tail is till him yet, etc.

It's Geordie he gaed out to hang,  
 The sow came round him wi' a bang:  
 "Aha!" quo' she, "there's something wrang;  
 I'll turn my tail to Geordie."

The sow's tail is till him yet, etc.

The sow and Geordie ran a race,  
 But Geordie fell and brake his face:  
 "Aha!" quo' she, "I've won the race,  
 And turn'd my tail to Geordie."

The sow's tail is till him yet, etc.

It's Geordie he sat down to dine,  
 And wha came in but Madam Swine?  
 "Grumph! Grumph!" quo' she, "I'm come in time,  
 I'll sit and dine wi' Geordie."

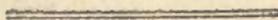
The sow's tail is till him yet, etc.

It's Geordie he lay down to die;  
 The sow was there as weel as he:  
 "Umph! Umph!" quo' she, "he's no for me,"  
 And turn'd her tail to Geordie.

The sow's tail is till him yet, etc.

It's Geordie he gat up to pray,  
 She mumpit round and ran away:  
 "Umph! Umph!" quo' she, "he's done for aye,"  
 And turn'd her tail to Geordie.

The sow's tail is till him yet, etc.



## MY DADDY HAD A RIDING MARE :

THE riding mare represents Great Britain, and the riders are the various sovereigns who occupied the throne after the abdication of James II. The "Unco loon" is King William III. Queen Anne, and her Hanoverian Successors are taken up in order. "The Sow" has been explained in the previous song.

My daddy had a riding mare,  
 And she was ill to sit,  
 And by there came an unco loon,  
 And slippit in his fit.  
 He set his fit into the st'rup,  
 And gripped sickerly;  
 And aye sinsyne, my dainty mare,  
 She flings and glooms at me.

This thief he fell and brain'd himsel',  
 And up gat couthy Anne;  
 She gripp'd the mare, the riding gear  
 And halter in her hand:  
 And on she rade, and fast she rade,  
 O'er necks o' nations three;  
 Feint that she ride the aiver stiff,  
 Sin' she has geck'd at me!

The Whigs they ga'e my *Auntie* draps  
 That hasten'd her away,  
 And then they took a cursed oath,  
 And drank it up like whey:  
 Then they sent for a bastard race,  
 Whilk I may sairly rue,  
 And for a horse they've got an ass,  
 And on it set a sow.

Then hey the ass, the dainty ass,  
 That cocks aboon them a'!  
 And hey the sow, the dainty sow,  
 That soon will get a fa'!  
 The graith was ne'er in order yet,  
 The bridle wasna worth a doit;  
 And mony ane will get a bite,  
 Or cuddy gangs awa.

---

## PETTICOAT'S LOOSE.

It's Hanover, Hanover, fast as you can over,  
 Hey gudeman, away gudeman;  
 It's Hanover, Hanover, fast as you can over,  
 Bide na here till day gudeman.  
 For there is a harper down i' the north,  
 Has play'd a spring on the banks o' Forth,  
 And aye the owre-word o' the tune  
 Is, awa', gudeman, awa', gudeman,  
 It's Hanover, Hanover, etc.

It's Feddy maun strap, and Robin maun string,  
 And Killy may wince, and fidge, and fling,  
 For Kenny has loos'd her petticoat string,  
 Gae tie't again, gae tie't again.  
 It's Hanover, Hanover, etc.

O Kenny my kitten, come draw your mitten,  
 And dinna be lang, and dinna be lang;  
 For petticoat's loose, and barrie is slitten,  
 And a's gane wrang, and a's gane wrang.  
 It's Hanover, Hanover, etc.

---

 THE CUCKOO.

A FINE allegorical Song. The Cuckoo refers to the Chevalier de St. George, though why so designated we have been unable to trace.

THE cuckoo's a bonny bird, when he comes home,  
 The cuckoo's a bonny bird when he comes home,  
 He'll fley away the wild birds that hank about the throne,  
 My bonny cuckoo, when he comes home.  
 The cuckoo's the bonny bird, and he'll hae the day;  
 The cuckoo's the royal bird, whatever they may say;  
 Wi' the whistle o' his mou', and the blink o' his e'e,  
 He'll scare a' the unco birds awa frae me.

The cuckoo's a bonny bird, when he comes home,  
 The cuckoo's a bonny bird, when he comes home,  
 He'll fley away the wild birds that hank about the throne,  
 My bonny cuckoo, when he comes home.  
 The cuckoo's a bonny bird, but far frae his hame;  
 I ken him by the feathers that grow upon his kame;  
 And round that double kame yet a crown I hope to see,  
 For my bonny cuckoo he is dear to me.

## DONALD MACGILLAVRY.

JAMES HOGG.

DONALD's gane up the hill hard and hungry;  
 Donald comes down the hill wild and angry;  
 Donald will clear the gouk's nest cleverly:  
 Here's to the king and Donald Macgillavry.  
 Come like a weigh-bauk, Donald Macgillavry,  
 Come like a weigh-bauk, Donald Macgillavry;  
 Balance them fair, and balance them cleverly:  
 Off wi' the counterfeit, Donald Macgillavry.

Donald's run o'er the hill but his tether, man,  
 As he were wud, or stung wi' an ether, man;  
 When he comes back, there are some will look merrily:  
 Here's to King James, and Donald Macgillavry.  
 Come like a weaver, Donald Macgillavry,  
 Come like a weaver, Donald Macgillavry,  
 Pack on your back, and elwand sae cleverly:  
 Gie him full measure, my Donald Macgillavry.

Donald has foughten wi' reif and roguery;  
 Donald has dinner'd wi' banes and beggary:  
 Better it were for Whigs and Whiggery  
 Meeting the devil than Donald Macgillavry.  
 Come like a tailor, Donald Macgillavry,  
 Come like a tailor, Donald Macgillavry:  
 Push about, in and out, thimble them cleverly,  
 Here's to King James, and Donald Macgillavry!

Donald's the callan that brooks nae tangleness;  
 Whigging, and prigging, and a' newfangleness,  
 They maun be gane: he winna be baukit, man;  
 He maun hae justice, or faith he'll tak' it, man.  
 Come like a cobbler, Donald Macgillavry,  
 Come like a cobbler, Donald Macgillavry,  
 Beat them, and bore them, and lingel them cleverly:  
 Up wi' King James and Donald Macgillavry!

Donald was mumpit wi' mirds and mockery;  
 Donald was blinded wi' blads o' property;  
 Arles ran high, but makings were naething, man:  
 Lord, how Donald is flyting and fretting, man!  
 Come like the devil, Donald Macgillavry,  
 Come like the devil, Donald Macgillavry,  
 Skelp them and scaud them that prov'd sae unbritherly:  
 Up wi' King James, and Donald Macgillavry!

---

**JAMIE THE ROVER.**

THE tenth of June was the birthday of the Chevalier de St. George, here celebrated under the name of Jamie the Rover. "Auchindown," says Hogg, "is neither more nor less than an old ruinous Castle in Glen-Fiddich, in Banffshire, and it would appear that these festivals in honour of the exiled sovereign had been among the last entertainments given there; for about that very time the Castle ceased to be inhabited, and we hear of the Knights of Auchindown no more. The building is extremely ancient, no one knows when it was built, or by whom."

Of all the days that's in the year,  
The tenth of June I love most dear,  
When our white roses will appear,  
For sake of Jamie the Rover.

In tartans braw our lads are drest,  
With roses glancing on their breast;  
For among them a' we love him best,  
Young Jamie they call the Rover.

As I came in by Auchindown,  
The drums did beat, and trumpets sound,  
And aye the burden o' the tune  
Was, Up wi' Jamie the Rover!

There's some wha say he's no the thing,  
And some wha say he's no our king;  
But to their teeth we'll rant and sing,  
Success to Jamie the Rover!

In London there's a huge black bull,  
That would devour us at his will;  
We'll twist his horns out of his skull,  
And drive the old rogue to Hanover.  
And hey as he'll rout, and hey as he'll roar,  
And hey as he'll gloom, as heretofore!  
But we'll repay our auld black score,  
When we get Jamie the Rover.

O wae's my heart for Nature's change,  
And ane abroad that's forced to range!  
God bless the lad, where'er he remains,  
And send him safely over!

It's J. and S., I must confess,  
Stands for his name that I do bless:  
O may he soon his own possess,  
Young Jamie they call the Rover!

---

**LOCHMABEN GATE.**

On the 29th May, 1714, there was a horse race held at Lochmaben, and which drew together a great number of spectators. "After the race the Popish and Jacobite gentry, such as Francis Maxwell of Tinwald, John

Maxwell, his brother; Robert Johnston of Wamphray, Robert Carruthers of Ramerscales, the Master of Burleigh (who was under sentence of death for murder, and had made his escape out of the Tolbooth of Edinburgh a little before he was to have been executed), with several others whom I could name, went to the cross, where in a very solemn manner, before hundreds of witnesses, with drums beating and colours displayed, they did, upon their knees, drink *their king's health!*"—*Rae's History of the Rebellion.*

As I came by Lochmaben gate,  
 It's there I saw the Johnstons riding;  
 Away they go, and they fear'd no foe,  
 With their drums a-beating, colours flying.  
 All the lads of Annandale  
 Came there, their gallant chief to follow;  
 Brave Burleigh, Ford, and Ramerscale,  
 With Winton and the gallant Rollo.

I asked a man what meant the fray?  
 "Good sir," said he, "you seem a stranger:  
 This is the twenty-ninth of May;  
 Far better had you shun the danger.  
 These are rebels to the throne,  
 Reason have we all to know it;  
 Popish knaves and dogs each one,  
 Pray pass on, or you shall rue it."

I look'd the traitor in the face,  
 Drew out my brand and ettled at him:  
 "Deil send a' the whiggish race  
 Downward to the dad that gat 'em!"  
 Right sair he gloom'd, but naething said,  
 While my heart was like to scunner,  
 Cowards are they born and bred,  
 Ilka whinging, praying sinner.

My bonnet on my sword I bare,  
 And fast I spurr'd by knight and lady,  
 And thrice I waved it in the air,  
 Where a' our lads stood rank'd and ready.  
 "Long live King James!" aloud I cried,  
 "Our nation's king, our nation's glory!"  
 "Long live King James!" they all replied,  
 "Welcome, welcome, gallant Tory!"

There I shook hands wi' lord and knight,  
 And mony a braw and buskin'd lady:  
 But lang I'll mind Lochmaben gate,  
 And a' our lads for battle ready.  
 And when I gang by Locher Brigs,  
 And o'er the moor, at een or morrow,  
 I'll lend a curse unto the Whigs,  
 That wrought us a' this dool and sorrow,

## THE AULD STUARTS BACK AGAIN.

PROBABLY written about the time of the outbreak of 1715. Glasgow, Ayr, Irvine, Kilmarnock, and the rest of the Western towns were particularly zealous on behalf of the reigning family, and so fall under the whip of the satirist in the first part of the song. The latter part refers to a meeting of the principal Jacobite Chiefs convened by the Earl of Mar, and held at his Castle of Braemar, August 26, 1715. Among those present at this council were, the Marquis of Huntly (eldest son of the Duke of Gordon), the Marquis of Tullibardine (eldest son of the Duke of Athol), Earls of Nithsdale, Marischal Traquair, Errol, Southesk, Carnwath, Seaforth, Linlithgow; Viscounts Kilsyth, Kenmure, Kingston, and Stormount; Lords Rollo, Duffus, Drummond, Strathallan, Ogilvie, and Nairn; besides a large attendance of Chiefs and Chieftains representing the Clans.

THE auld Stuarts back again,  
 The auld Stuarts back again;  
 Let howlet Whigs do what they can,  
     The Stuarts will be back again.  
 Wha cares for a' their creeshy duds,  
 And a' Kilmarnock's sown suds?  
 We'll whack their hydes and fyle their fuds,  
     And bring the Stuarts back again.

There's Ayr and Irvine, wi' the rest,  
 And a' the cronies i' the west,  
 Lord! sic a scaw'd and scabbit nest,  
     How they'll set up their crack again  
 But wad they come, or dare they come,  
 Afore the bagpipe and the drum,  
 We'll either gar them a' sing dumb,  
     Or "Auld Stuarts back again."

Give ear unto my loyal sang,  
 A' ye that ken the right frae rang,  
 And a' that look and think it lang  
     For auld Stuarts back again.  
 Were ye wi' me to chace the rae,  
 Out owre the hills and far away,  
 And saw the Lords were there that day,  
     To bring the Stuarts back again.

There ye might see the noble Mar,  
 Wi' Athol, Huntly, and Traquair,  
 Seaforth, Kilsyth, and Auldubair,  
     And mony mae, whatreck, again.  
 Then what are a' their westland crews?  
 We'll gar the tailors tack again:  
 Can they forestand the tartan trews,  
     And auld Stuarts back again?

## THE CHEVALIER'S MUSTER ROLL.

"THERE can be little doubt but this song, denominated *The Chevalier's Muster Roll*, has been made and sung about the time when the Earl of Mar raised the standard for King James in the North; but it is so far from being a complete list, that many of the principal chiefs are left out, as Athol, Broadalbine, Ogilvie, Keith, Stuart, &c., &c. It therefore appears evident to me, that it has been adapted for some festive meeting where all the names of those present were introduced, without regard to the others; and I have not the least doubt that every name mentioned in the song applied to some particular person, though it is impossible, at this distance of time, to trace each one with certainty."—*Hogg*.

LITTLE wat ye wha's coming,  
 Little wat ye wha's coming,  
 Little wat ye wha's coming,  
 Jock an' Tam<sup>1</sup> an' a's coming.

Duncan's coming, Donald's coming,  
 Colin's coming, Ronald's coming,  
 Dougal's coming, Lauchlan's coming,  
 Alaster and a's coming.

Little wat ye wha's coming,  
 Jock an' Tam an' a's coming.

Borland<sup>2</sup> and his men's coming,  
 Cameron<sup>3</sup> and M'Lean's<sup>4</sup> coming,  
 Gordon<sup>5</sup> and M'Gregor's coming,  
 Ilka dunywastle's coming,

Little wat ye wha's coming,  
 M'Gillivray<sup>6</sup> and a's coming.

Wigton's coming, Nithsdale's coming,  
 Carnwarth's coming, Kenmure's coming,  
 Derwentwater and Forster's coming,  
 Widdrington and Nairn's coming,

Little wat ye wha's coming,  
 Blithe Cowhill<sup>7</sup> and a's coming.

The Laird of M'Intosh<sup>8</sup> is coming,  
 M'Crabie an' M'Donald's coming,  
 M'Kenzie and M'Pherson's coming,  
 And the wild M'Craw's coming.

Little wat ye wha's coming,  
 Donald Gun and a's coming.

<sup>1</sup> Supposed to mean the Lowlands generally. <sup>2</sup> A Chieftain of the Clan Macintosh.

<sup>3</sup> Of Lochiel. <sup>4</sup> Sir John McLean. <sup>5</sup> Marquis of Huntly.

<sup>6</sup> Supposed to be McGillivray, head of one of the Clan Chattan.

<sup>7</sup> The names in this stanza are those of the Lowland Chiefs.

<sup>8</sup> The Chief of the Clan.

They gloom, they glour, they look sae big,  
 At ilka stroke they'll fell a Whig:  
 They'll fright the fuds o' the Pockpuds,  
 For mony a buttock bare's coming.  
     Little wat ye wha's coming,  
     Jock and Tam an' a's coming.

---

THE STANDARD ON THE BRAES O' MAR.

ALEXANDER LAING, of Brechin.

THE standard on the braes o' Mar,  
 Is up and streaming rarely;  
 The gathering pipe on Loch-na-gar,  
 Is sounding lang and sairly.  
     The Highlandmen  
     Frae hill and glen,  
     In martial hue,  
     With bonnets blue,  
     With belted plaids  
     And burnish'd blades,  
 Are coming late and early.

Wha wadna join our noble chief,  
 The Drummond and Glengarry,  
 Macgregor, Murray, Rollo, Keith,  
 Panmure, and gallant Harry?  
     Macdonald's men,  
     Clan-Ranald's men,  
     Mackenzie's men,  
     Macgillavry's men,  
     Strathallan's men,  
     The Lowlan' men,  
 Of Callander and Airly.

Fy! Donald, up and let's awa',  
 We canna langer parley,  
 When Jamie's back is at the wa',  
 The lad we lo'e sae dearly.  
     We'll go—we'll go  
     And meet the foe  
     And fling the plaid,  
     And swing the blade,  
     And forward dash,  
     And hack and slash—  
 And fleg the German Carlie.

## THE BATTLE OF SHERRIFMUIR,

Was fought near Dunblane, Perthshire, on the 13th November, 1715, between the Hanoverian forces under the Duke of Argyll, and the Jacobite under the Earl of Mar. The battle at its close was undecided and both sides claimed victory. All the solid advantages, however, remained with the royal troops.

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

Argyll<sup>1</sup> and Belhaven,<sup>2</sup>  
Not frightened like Leven,<sup>3</sup>  
Which Rothes<sup>4</sup> and Haddington<sup>5</sup> saw, man;  
For they all, with Wightman,<sup>6</sup>  
Advanced on the right, man,  
While others took flight, being raw, man:  
And we ran, and they ran, etc.

Lord Roxburgh<sup>7</sup> was there,  
In order to share  
With Douglas,<sup>8</sup> who stood not in awe, man;  
Volunteerly to ramble  
With Lord Loudoun Campbell,<sup>9</sup>  
Brave Ilay<sup>10</sup> did suffer for a', man:  
And we ran, and they ran, etc.

Sir John Shaw,<sup>11</sup> that great knight,  
With broadsword most bright,  
On horseback he briskly did charge, man;  
A hero that's kold,  
None could him withhold,  
He stoutly encountered the targemen:  
And we ran, and they ran, etc.

For the cowardly Whittam,<sup>12</sup>  
For fear they should cut him,  
Seeing glittering broadswords with a pa', man,

<sup>1</sup> John, Second Duke of Argyll.   <sup>2</sup> Lord Belhaven.   <sup>3</sup> David Leslie, Earl of Leven.

<sup>4</sup> & <sup>5</sup> Earls of Rothes and Haddington.   <sup>6</sup> Major General in the Royal Army.

<sup>7</sup> Fifth Duke of Roxburgh.   <sup>8</sup> Duke of Douglas.   <sup>9</sup> Third Earl of Loudon.

<sup>10</sup> Earl of Ilay, brother to the Duke of Argyll.   <sup>11</sup> Sir John Shaw of Greenock.

<sup>12</sup> Major-General in the Royal Army.

And that in such thrang,  
 Made Baird aide-de-camp,  
 And from the brave clans ran awa, man :  
 And we ran, and they ran, etc.

The great Colonel Dow  
 Gade foremost, I trow,  
 When Whittam's dragoons ran awa, man :  
 Except Sandy Baird,  
 And Naughtan the laird,  
 Their horse shaw'd their heels to them a', man :  
 And we ran, and they ran, etc.

Brave Mar<sup>1</sup> and Panmure<sup>2</sup>  
 Were firm, I am sure,  
 The latter was kidnapt awa, man,  
 With brisk men about,  
 Brave Harry retook  
 His brother, and laughed at them a', man :  
 And we ran, and they ran, etc.

Brave Marshall<sup>3</sup> and Lithgow,<sup>4</sup>  
 And Glengarry's pith too,<sup>5</sup>  
 Assisted by brave Loggia,<sup>6</sup> man,  
 And Gordons the bright,  
 So boldly did fight,  
 That the red-coats took flight and awa', man :  
 And we ran, and they ran, etc.

Strathmore<sup>7</sup> and Clanronald,<sup>8</sup>  
 Cry'd still, "Advance, Donald,"  
 Till both of these heroes did fa', man ;  
 For there was such hashing,  
 And broadswords a-clashing,  
 Brave Forfar<sup>9</sup> himself got a claw, man :  
 And we ran, and they ran, etc.

Lord Perth<sup>10</sup> stood the storm,  
 Seaforth<sup>11</sup> but lukewarm,  
 Kilsyth<sup>12</sup> and Strathallan<sup>13</sup> not slaw, man ;  
 And Hamilton<sup>14</sup> pled,  
 The men were not bred,  
 For he had no fancy to fa', man :  
 And we ran, and they ran, etc.

<sup>1</sup> The Earl of Mar.      <sup>2</sup> The Hon. Henry Maule of Kellie.

<sup>3</sup> George Keith, tenth Earl Marischal.      <sup>4</sup> Earl of Calendar and Linlithgow.

<sup>5</sup> Archibald Macdonald, chief of Glengarry.      <sup>6</sup> Drummond of Logie-Almond.

<sup>7</sup> John Lyon, fifth Earl of Strathmore and Kinghorn.

<sup>8</sup> Ronald Macdonald of Clanronald.      <sup>9</sup> Archibald Douglas, second Earl of Forfar.

<sup>10</sup> James, Lord Drummond.      <sup>11</sup> William Mackenzie, fifth Earl of Seaforth.

<sup>12</sup> William, Lord Kilsyth.      <sup>13</sup> William, Lord Strathallan.

<sup>14</sup> George Hamilton, Lieut.-General under the Earl of Mar.

Brave gen'rous Southesk,<sup>1</sup>  
 Tullibardine<sup>2</sup> was brisk,  
 Whose father, indeed, would not draw, man,  
 Into the same yoke,  
 Which served for a cloak,  
 To keep the estate 'twixt them twa, man :  
 And we ran, and they ran, etc.

Lord Rollo<sup>3</sup> not fear'd,  
 Kintore<sup>4</sup> and his beard,  
 Pitsligo<sup>5</sup> and Ogilvie,<sup>6</sup> a', man,  
 And brothers Balfours,  
 They stood the first showers,  
 Clackmannan and Burleigh<sup>7</sup> did claw, man :  
 And we ran, and they ran, etc.

But Cleppan<sup>8</sup> fought pretty,  
 And Strowan<sup>9</sup> 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 :  
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

For Huntly<sup>10</sup> and Sinclair,<sup>11</sup>  
 They both play'd the tinkler,  
 With consciences black as a crow, 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, etc.

Then Laurie the traitor,  
 Who betray'd his master,  
 His king and his country, and a', man,  
 Pretending Mar might,  
 Give orders to fight,  
 To the right of the army awa', man :  
 And we ran, and they ran, etc.

Then Laurie for fear,  
 Of what he might hear,  
 Took Drummond's best horse and awa', man,  
 'Stead of going to Perth,  
 He crossed the Firth,  
 Alongst Stirling bridge, and awa', man ;  
 And we ran, and they ran, etc.

---

<sup>1</sup> James, fifth Earl of Southesk.    <sup>2</sup> William Murray, Marquis of Tullibardine.  
<sup>3</sup> Robert, Lord Rollo.    <sup>4</sup> William, Earl of Kintore.    <sup>5</sup> Lord Forbes of Pitsligo.  
<sup>6</sup> James, Lord Ogilvie, eldest son of the Earl of Airlie.    <sup>7</sup> Lord Burleigh.  
 Major Clephane of the Jacobite Army.    <sup>8</sup> Robertson of Struan, Chief of the clan.  
<sup>10</sup> Marquis of Huntly.    <sup>11</sup> James, Master of Sinclair.

To London he press'd,  
 And there he profess'd,  
 That he behav'd best of them a', man;  
 And so, without strife,  
 Got settled for life,  
 Ten hundred a-year to his fa', man:  
 And we ran, and they ran, etc.

In Borrowstounness  
 He resides with disgrace,  
 Till his neck stand in need of a thraw, man,  
 And then, in a tether,  
 He'll swing from a ladder,  
 And go off the stage with a pa', man:  
 And we ran, and they ran, etc.

Rob Roy there stood watch<sup>1</sup>  
 On a hill, for to catch  
 The booty, for aught that I saw, man,  
 For he ne'er advanc'd,  
 From the place he was stanc'd,  
 Till no more was to do there at a', man:  
 And we ran, and they ran, etc.

So we all took the flight,  
 And Moubray the wright,  
 And Lethem the smith was a bra' man,  
 For he took a fit  
 Of the gout, which was wit,  
 By judging it time to withdraw, man:  
 And we ran, and they ran, etc.

And trumpet M'Lean,  
 Whose breeks were not clean,  
 Thro' misfortune he happen'd to fa', man,  
 By saving his neck,  
 His trumpet did break,  
 And came off without musick at a', man:  
 And we ran, and they ran, etc.

So there such a race was,  
 As ne'er in that place was,  
 And as little chase was at a', man;  
 From each other they run  
 Without touk of drum,  
 They did not make use of a paw, man:  
 And we ran, and they ran, etc.

---

<sup>1</sup> The celebrated outlaw.

Whether we ran, or they ran,  
 Or we wan, or they wan,  
 Or if there was winning at a', man,  
 There no man can tell,  
 Save our brave Genarell,  
 Who first began running of a', man,  
 And we ran, and they ran, etc.

Wi' the Earl o' Seaforth,  
 And the Cock o' the North<sup>1</sup>;  
 But Florence ran fastest of a', man,  
 Save the laird o' Phinaven,  
 Who sware to be even  
 Wi' any general or peer o' them a', man,  
 And we ran, and they ran, etc.

---

### BATTLE OF SHERRAMUIR.

#### SECOND VERSION,

APPEARED originally as a street song, under the title of "A Dialogue between Will Lickladle and Tom Cleancogue, twa shepherds who were feeding their flocks on the Ochil Hills on the day the battle of Sherramuir was fought." Its author was the Rev. John Barclay of Muthill, who died in 1798.

W. O CAM ye here the fight to shun,  
 Or herd the sheep wi' me, man?

Or were ye at the Sherramuir,  
 Or did the battle see man?

T. I saw the battle sair and teugh,  
 And reeking red ran mony a sheugh:  
 My heart for fear ga'e sough for sough,  
 To hear the thuds, and see the cluds  
 O' clans frae woods, in tartan duds,  
 Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three, man.

The redcoat lads, wi' black cockades,  
 To meet them warna slaw, man;  
 They rush'd, and push'd, and blood out gush'd,  
 And mony a bouk did fa', man.  
 The great Argyll led on his files,  
 I wat they glanc'd for twenty miles;  
 They hough'd the clans like ninepin kyles,  
 They hack'd and hash'd, while braid swords clash'd,  
 And through they dash'd, and hew'd, and smash'd,  
 Till fey men died awa, man.

---

<sup>1</sup> A popular name for the Duke of Gordon.

But had ye seen the philabegs,  
 And skyrin tartan trews, man,  
 When in the teeth they dar'd our Whigs,  
 And covenant true blues, man;  
 In lines extended lang and large,  
 When baigonets o'erpower'd the targe,  
 And thousands hasten'd to the charge;  
 Wi' Highland wrath, they frac the sheath  
 Drew blades o' death, till, out o' breath.  
 They fled like frightened dows, man.

W. O how deil, Tam, can that be true?  
 The chace gaed frac the north, man?  
 I saw mysel, they did pursue  
 The horsemen back to Forth, man,  
 And at Dumblane, in my ain sight,  
 They took the brig wi' a' their might,  
 And straight to Stirling wing'd their flight;  
 But, cursed lot! the gates were shut,  
 And mony a huntit, poor redcoat,  
 For fear amaist did swarf, man.

T. My sister Kate cam' up the gate  
 Wi' crowdie unto me, man;  
 She swore she saw some rebels run  
 To Perth and to Dundee, man.  
 Their left hand gen'ral had nae skill,  
 The Angus lads had nae gude will,  
 That day their neighbours' blude to spill;  
 For fear by foes that they should lose  
 Their cogues o' brose, they scar'd at blows,  
 And hameward fast did flee, man.

They've lost some gallant gentlemen  
 Amang the Highland clans, man:  
 I fear my Lord Panmure is slain,  
 Or in his en'mies' hands, man.  
 Now wad ye sing this double flight,  
 Some fell for wrang, and some for right,  
 And mony bade the warld gude-night,  
 Say pell and mell, wi' muskets knell,  
 How Tories fell, and Whigs to hell  
 Flew aff in frightened bands, man.

## UP AN' WARN A', WILLIE.

- WHEN we gaed to the braes o' Mar,  
 And to the weapon-shaw, Willie,  
 Wi' true design to serve our king,  
 And banish Whigs awa', Willie  
   Up and warn a', Willie,  
   Warn, warn a';  
 For lords and lairds came there bedeen,  
 And vow but they were braw, Willie.  
   Up and warn a', Willie,  
   Warn, warn a';  
 Then second sighted Sandy said,  
   We'd do nae gude at a', Willie.
- But when the army join'd at Perth,  
 The bravest e'er ye saw, Willie,  
 We didna doubt the rogues to rout,  
 Restore our king an' a', Willie.  
   Up and warn a', Willie,  
   Warn, warn a';  
 The pipers play'd frae right to left,  
 O whirry Whigs awa', Willie.
- But when the standard was set up,  
 Right fierce the wind did blaw, Willie;  
 The royal nit upon the tap  
 Down to the ground did fa, Willie.  
   Up and warn a', Willie,  
   Warn, warn a';  
 To hear my canty Highland sang  
 Relate the thing I saw, Willie.
- But when we march'd to Sherramuir,  
 And there the rebels saw, Willie,  
 Brave Argyll attacked our right,  
 Our flank and front, and a', Willie.  
   Up and warn a', Willie,  
   Warn, warn a';  
 Traitor Huntly soon gave way,  
 Seaforth, St. Clair, and a', Willie.
- But brave Glengarry on our right,  
 The rebels' left did claw, Willie,  
 He there the greatest slaughter made  
 That ever Donald saw, Willie.  
   Up and warn a', Willie,  
   Warn, warn a';  
 And Whittam fyl'd his breeks for fear,  
 And fast did rin awa, Willie.

For he ca'd us a Highland mob,  
 And swore he'd slay us a', Willie;  
 But we chas'd him back to Stirling brig,  
 Dragoons and foot and a', Willie.  
 Up and warn a', Willie,  
 Warn, warn a';  
 At length we rallied on a hill,  
 And briskly up did draw, Willie.

But when Argyll did view our line,  
 And them in order saw, Willie,  
 He straight gaed to Dumblane again,  
 And back his left did draw, Willie.  
 Up and warn a', Willie,  
 Warn, warn a';  
 Then we to Auchterarder march'd  
 To wait a better fa', Willie.

Now if ye speir wha wan the day,  
 I've tell'd you what I saw, Willie,  
 We baith did fight, and baith were beat,  
 And baith did rin awa', Willie.  
 Up and warn a', Willie,  
 Warn, warn a';  
 For second sighted Sandy said  
 We'd do nae good at a', Willie.

---

### LAMENT.

AFTER the Battle of Sherrifmuir, Mar retreated to Perth, and the army soon afterwards dispersed, leaving the Duke of Argyll to traverse the country without opposition. A number of the insurgents escaped to France, while those who were captured, were either executed, or sent into exile.

HARD fate that I should banish'd be,  
 And rebel call'd with scorn,  
 For serving of the kindest prince  
 That ever yet was born.  
 O my king, God save my king,  
 Whatever me befall!  
 I would not be in Huntly's case,  
 For honours, lands, and all.

My target and my good claymore  
 Must now lie useless by;  
 My plaid and trews I heretofore  
 Did wear most cheerfully.  
 O my king, etc.

So cheerfully our king cam o'er,  
 Sent Ecklin to the North;  
 But treach'rously he was betray'd  
 By Huntly and Seaforth.  
 O my king, etc.

O the broom, the bonny bonny broom,  
 The broom of the Cowdenknowes!  
 I wish these lords had staid at hame,  
 And milked their minnies' ewes,  
 O my king, etc.

O wretched Huntly, hide thy head!  
 Thy king and country's gone,  
 And many a valiant Scot hast thou  
 By villany undone,  
 O my king, etc.

Farewell, Old Albion, I must take  
 A long and last adieu;  
 Or bring me back my king again,  
 Or farewell hope and you.  
 O my king, etc.

Set our true king upon the throne  
 Of his ancestors dear,  
 And send the German cuckold home  
 To starve with his small gear.  
 O my king, etc.

Then happy days in peace we'll see,  
 And joy in every face;  
 Confounded all the Whigs shall be,  
 And honest men in place:  
 O my king, God save my king,  
 Whatever me befall!  
 I would not be in Huntly's case,  
 For honours, lands, and all.

---

### KENMURE'S ON AND AWA.

WILLIAM, Viscount Kenmure, was leader of the Jacobite forces in the south of Scotland in 1715. He was defeated at Preston, and conveyed to London as a prisoner, where he was beheaded on the 24th February, 1716. This song is partly by Burns.

O KENMURE's on and awa, Willie,  
 O Kenmure's on and awa;  
 And Kenmure's lord's the bravest lord  
 That ever Galloway saw.

Success to Kenmure's band, Willie!  
 Success to Kenmure's band!  
 There's no a heart that fears a Whig,  
 That rides by Kenmure's hand.

There's a rose in Kenmure's cap, Willie,  
 There's a rose in Kenmure's cap,  
 He'll steep it red in ruddie heart's blude,  
 Afore the battle drap.  
 Here's him that's far awa, Willie,  
 Here's him that's far awa,  
 And here's the flower that I lo'e best,  
 The rose that's like the snaw.

O Kenmure's lads are men, Willie,  
 O Kenmure's lads are men,  
 Their hearts and swords are metal true,  
 And that their faes shall ken.  
 They'll live, or die wi' fame, Willie,  
 They'll live, or die wi' fame;  
 And soon wi' sound o' victorie  
 May Kenmure's lord come hame.

His lady's cheek was red, Willie,  
 His lady's cheek was red,  
 When she saw his steely jupes put on,  
 Which smell'd o' deadly feud.  
 Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie,  
 Here's Kenmure's health in wine;  
 There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,  
 Nor yet o' Gordon's line.

---

### LORD DERWENTWATER'S FAREWELL.

JAMES RADCLIFF, Earl of Derwentwater, was another of the victims of the affair at Preston. He was beheaded at London. "Derwentwater," says Smollet, "was an amiable youth, brave, open, generous, hospitable, and humane. His fate drew tears from the spectators, and was a great misfortune to the country in which he lived. He gave bread to multitudes of people whom he employed on his estate: the poor, the widow, and the orphan, rejoiced in his bounty." "This" adds Hogg, "is an amiable character, and though smirched with the foulness of rebellion, smells sweetly of heaven."

FAREWELL to pleasant Ditson Hall,  
 My father's ancient seat;  
 A stranger now must call thee his,  
 Which gars my heart to greet.

Farewell each kindly well-known face,  
 My heart has held so dear :  
 My tenants now must leave their lands,  
 Or hold their lives in fear.

No more along the banks of Tyne,  
 I'll rove in autumn gray ;  
 No more I'll hear, at early dawn,  
 The lav'rocks wake the day :  
 Then fare-thee-well, brave Witherington,  
 And Forster ever true.  
 Dear Shaftsbury, and Errington,  
 Receive my last adieu.

And fare-thee-well, George Collingwood,  
 Since fate has put us down,  
 If thou and I have lost our lives,  
 Our king has lost his crown.  
 Farewell, farewell, my lady dear,  
 Ill, ill thou counsell'dst me :  
 I never more may see the babe  
 That smiles upon thy knee.

And fare-thee-well, my bonny gray steed,  
 That carried me aye so free ;  
 I wish I had been asleep in my bed,  
 The last time I mounted thee.  
 The warning bell now bids me cease ;  
 My trouble's nearly o'er ;  
 Yon sun that rises from the sea,  
 Shall rise on me no more.

Albeit that here in London town  
 It is my fate to die,  
 O carry me to Northumberland,  
 In my father's grave to lie :  
 There chant my solemn requiem  
 In Hexham's holy towers,  
 And let six maids of fair Tynedale  
 Scatter my grave with flowers.

And when the head that wears the crown,  
 Shall be laid low like mine,  
 Some honest hearts may then lament  
 For Radcliff's fallen line.  
 Farewell to pleasant Ditson Hall,  
 My father's ancient seat ;  
 A stranger now must call thee his,  
 Which gars my heart to greet.

## OWER THE HILLS AN' FAR AWAY.

Ower the hills and far away,  
 It's ower the hills and far away;  
 Ower the hills and ower the sea  
 The wind has blawn my plaid frae me.  
 My tartan plaid, my ae good sheet,  
 That keepit me frae wind and weet,  
 And held me bien baith night and day,  
 Is ower the hills and far away.

There was a wind it cam to me,  
 Ower the south and ower the sea,  
 And it has blawn my corn and hay,  
 Ower the hills and far away.  
 It blew my corn, it blew my gear,  
 It neither left me kid nor steer,  
 And blew my plaid, my only stay,  
 Ower the hills and far away.

But though 't has left me bare indeed,  
 And blawn my bonnet off my head,  
 There's something hid in Highland brae;  
 It hasna blawn my sword away.  
 Then ower the hills and ower the dales,  
 Ower all England and through Wales,  
 The broadsword yet shall bear the sway,  
 Ower the hills and far away.

---

 HOW LANG SHALL OUR LAND.

WILLIAM MESTON,

TUTOR to the young Earl Mareschall, and a victim to the failure of the '15.

How lang shall our land thus suffer distresses,  
 Whilst traitors, and strangers, and tyrants oppress us!  
 How lang shall our old, and once brave warlike nation,  
 Thus tamely submit to a base usurpation?  
 Thus must we be sad, whilst the traitors are vaudie,  
 Till we get a sight of our ain bonnie laddie.

Thus must we be sad, whilst the traitors are vaudie,  
 Till we get a sight of our ain bonny laddie.

How lang shall we lurk, how lang shall we languish,  
 With faces dejected, and hearts full of anguish?  
 How lang shall the Whigs, perverting all reason,  
 Call honest men knaves, and loyalty treason?  
 Thus must we be sad, whilst the traitors are vaudie,  
 Till we get a sight of our ain bonnie laddie.

Thus must we be sad, etc.

O Heavens, have pity! with favour present us;  
 Rescue us from strangers that sadly torment us,  
 From Atheists, and Deists, and Whiggish opinions;  
 Our king return back to his rightful dominions:  
 Then rogues shall be sad, and honest men vaudie,  
 When the throne is possess'd by our ain bonny laddie.  
 Then rogues shall be sad, etc.

Our vales shall rejoice, our mountains shall flourish;  
 Our church, that's oppressed, our monarch will nourish;  
 Our land shall be glad, but the Whigs shall be sorry,  
 When the king gets his own, and Heaven the glory.  
 Then rogues shall be sad, but the honest men vaudie,  
 When the throne is possess'd by our ain bonny laddie.  
 The rogues shall be sad, etc.

---

### SOMEBODY.

THIS first appeared in Hogg's Jacobite Relics; and, though he does not own it, in all probability was written by him. From the failure of the rising in 1715, to the landing of Prince Charles Edward, the thoughts of the Jacobite party were always bent on the return of the exiled family.

My heart is sair, I daurna tell,  
 My heart is sair for somebody;  
 I would walk a winter's night,  
 For a sight o' somebody.

Och hon for somebody!  
 Och hey for somebody!  
 I wad do—what wad I not,  
 For the sake o' somebody!

If somebody were come again,  
 Then somebody maun cross the main,  
 And ilka ane will get his ain,  
 And I will see my somebody.  
 Och hon, etc.

What need I kame my tresses bright  
 Or why should coal or candle-light  
 E'er shine in my bower day or night,  
 Since gane is my dear somebody?  
 Och hon, etc.

Oh! I hae grutten mony a day  
 For ane that's banish'd far away:  
 I canna sing, and maunna say,  
 How sair I grieve for somebody.  
 Och hon, etc.