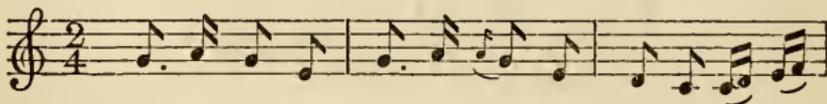


THE BATTLE OF KILLIECRANKIE.

While Scotland was in the crisis of the Revolution settlement, an effort was made in behalf of the expatriated king by the Viscount Dundee (better known by his patrimonial name of Claverhouse or Claverse), who had great influence among the Highland clans, and easily gathered a few thousands of them together. An encounter took place between him and General Mackay at Killiecrankie, July 17, 1689, when the brave Dundee was victorious, but fell by a bullet-shot towards the close of the action. In the following probably contemporary ballad, the chief attention is drawn to the mode of fighting, and the sentiments and expressions of the mountaineer soldiery.



Clav-erse and his High-land-men Came down up - on the



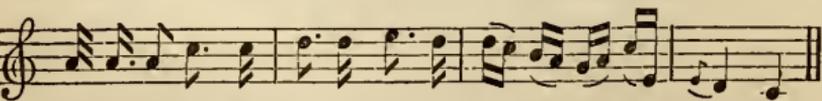
raw, man; Who, be - ing stout, gave mo - ny a shout; The



lads be - gan to claw, then. Wi' sword and targe in-



to their hand, Wi' which they were na slaw, man; Wi'



mo-ny a fear-fu' heavy sigh, The lads be-gan to claw, then.

Claverse and his Highlandmen
 Came down upon the raw, man ;
 Who, being stout, gave mony a shout ;
 The lads began to claw, then.
 Wi' sword and targe into their hand,
 Wi' which they were na slaw, man ;
 Wi' mony a fearfu' heavy sigh,
 The lads began to claw, then.

Ower bush, ower bank, ower ditch, ower stank,
 She flang amang them a', man ;
 The butter-box¹ gat mony knocks ;
 Their riggings paid for a', then.
 They got their paiks wi' sudden straiks,
 Which, to their grief they saw, man ;
 Wi' clinkum-clankum ower their crowns,
 The lads began to fa', then.

Her² leap'd about, her skipp'd about,
 And flang amang them a', man ;
 The English blades got broken heads,
 Their crowns were cleaved in twa, then ;
 The durk and dour made their last hour,
 And proved their final fa', man ;
 They thocht the devil had been there,
 That play'd them sic a pa', man.

¹ Butter-box ; slang word for a Dutchman, on account of the great quantity of butter they eat.—GROSE. In Mackay's little army there were several Dutch regiments.

² The Highlanders have only one pronoun, and as it happens to resemble the English word *her*, it has caused the Lowlanders to have a general impression that they mistake the feminine for the masculine gender. It has even become a sort of nickname for them, as in the present case, and in a subsequent verse, where it is extended to—*Her-nain-sell*.

The Solemn League and Covenant
 Cam whigging up the hill, man ;
 Thocht Highland trews durst not refuse
 For to subscribe their bill, then :
 In Willie's name, they thocht nae ane
 Durst stop their course at a', man ;
 But Her-nain-sell, wi' mony a knock,
 Cried, Furich, Whigs, awa', man.

Sir Evan Dhu,¹ and his men true,
 Cam linking up the brink, man ;
 The Hogan Dutch, they feared such,
 They bred a horrid stink, then.
 The true MacLean, and his fierce men,
 Cam in amang them a', man ;
 Nane durst withstand his heavy hand ;
 A' fled and ran awa', then.

Och on a righ ! och on a righ !
 Why should she lose King Shames, man ?
Och rig in di ! och rig in di !
 She shall break a' her banes, then ;
 With *furichinich*, and stay a while,
 And speak a word or twa, man ;
 She's gie ye a straik out ower the neck,
 Before ye win awa', then.

Oh, fie for shame, ye're three for ane !
 Her-nain-sell's won the day, man.
 King Shames' red-coats should be hung up,
 Because they ran awa', then.²

¹ Sir Evan Cameron of Lochiel.

² The author appears here to allude to the general conduct of King James's army in the crisis of the Revolution.

Had they bent their bows like Highland trews,
 And made as lang a stay, man,
 They'd saved their king, that sacred thing,
 And Willie'd run awa', then.¹

A professor Kennedy (qu. Kerr?), of Aberdeen, is stated by James Hogg to have produced a Latin ballad on the Battle of Killiecrankie, being in some degree a paraphrase of this rough vernacular song, but including references to heroes of the cavalier party not here adverted to. It begins as follows:

Gramius notabilis coegerat montanos,
 Qui clypeis et gladiis fugarunt Anglicanos:
 Fugerunt Vallicolæ, atque Puritani;
 Cacavere Batavi et Cameroniani.²

THE BRAES OF KILLIECRANKIE.

There is a second popular ballad on the Battle of Killiecrankie, of much more comic expression than the preceding. It has been given with its melody in Johnson's *Museum*, but with some improvements from the hand of Burns.

Where hae ye been sae braw, lad? Where
 hae ye been sae bran-kie, O? Where hae ye been sae
 braw, lad? Cam ye by Kil-lie-cran-kie, O? An

¹ From Herd's Collection, 1776.

² Of this clever production Sir Walter Scott, in his turn, wrote a versified translation, which was printed in *Chambers's Journal*, First Series, No. 48.

ye had been where I hae been, Ye wad-na been sae
 can - tie, O; An ye had seen what I hae seen, On th'
 braes o' Kil - lie - crank-ie, O.

Where hae ye been sae braw, lad ?
 Where hae ye been sae brankie, O ?
 Where hae ye been sae braw, lad ?
 Cam ye by Killiecrankie, O ?
 An ye had been where I hae been,
 Ye wadna been sae cantie, O ;
 An ye had seen what I hae seen
 On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.

I've faught at land, I've faught at sea ;
 At hame I faught my auntie, O ;
 But I met the deevil and Dundee,
 On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O !

The bauld Pitcur fell in a fur,
 And Claverse gat a clankie, O ;
 Or I had fed an Athole gled,
 On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.