

'Twas in the seventeen hunder year
John Bushby's Lamentation
Melody - "Babes in the Wood"
Robert Burns, 1795

'Twas in the seventeen hunder year
O' grace, and ninety-five,
That year I was the wae'est man
Of ony man alive.

2. In March the three-an'-twentieth morn,
The sun raise clear an' bright;
But oh! I was a waefu' man,
Ere to-fa' o' the night.

3. Yerl Galloway lang did rule this land,
Wi' equal right and fame,
And thereto was his kinsmen join'd,
The Murray's noble name.

4. Yerl Galloway's man o' men was I,
And chief o' Broughton's host;
So twa blind beggars, on a string,
The faithfu' tyke will trust.

5. But now Yerl Galloway's sceptre's broke,
And Broughton's wi' the slain,
And I my ancient craft may try,
Sin' honesty is gane.

6. 'Twas by the banks o' bonie Dee,
Beside Kirkcudbright's towers,
The Stewart and the Murray there,
Did muster a' their powers.

7. Then Murray on the auld grey yaud,
Wi' winged spurs did ride,
That auld grey yaud a' Nidsdale rade,
He staw upon Nidside.

8. And there had na been the Yerl himsel,
O there had been nae play;
But Garlies was to London gane,
And sae the kye might stray.

9. And there was Balmaghie, I ween,
In front rank he wad shine;
But Balmaghie had better been
Drinkin' Madeira wine.

10. And frae Glenkens cam to our aid
A chief o' doughty deed;
In case that worth should wanted be,
O' Kenmure we had need.

11. And by our banners march'd Muirhead,
And Buittle was na slack;
Whase haly priesthood nane could stain,
For wha could dye the black?

12. And there was grave squire Cardoness,
Look'd on till a' was done;
Sae in the tower o' Cardoness
A howlet sits at noon.

13. And there led I the Bushby clan,
My gamesome billie, Will,

And my son Maitland, wise as brave,
My footsteps follow'd still.

14. The Douglas and the Heron's name,
We set nought to their score;
The Douglas and the Heron's name,
Had felt our weight before.

15. But Douglasses o' weight had we,
The pair o' lusty lairds,
For building cot-houses sae fam'd,
And christenin' kail-yards.

16. And there Redcastle drew his sword,
That ne'er was stain'd wi' gore,
Save on a wand'rer lame and blind,
To drive him frae his door.

17. And last cam creepin' Collieston,
Was mair in fear than wrath;
Ae knave was constant in his mind-
To keep that knave frae scaith.