

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Loudon Hill or Drumclog

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1 You'l marvel when I tell ye o  
Our noble Burly and his train,  
When last he marchd up through the land,  
Wi sax-and-twenty westland men.

2 Than they I neer o braver heard,  
For they had a' baith wit and skill;  
They proved right well, as I heard tell,  
As they cam up oer Loudoun Hill.

3 Weel prosper a' the gospel-lads  
That are into the west countrie  
Ay wicked Claverse to demean,  
And ay an ill dead may he die

4 For he 's drawn up i battle rank,  
An that baith soon an hastilie;  
But they wha live till simmer come,  
Some bludie days for this will see.

5 But up spak cruel Claverse then,  
Wi hastie wit an wicked skill,  
'Gae fire on you westlan men;  
I think it is my sovrein's will.'

6 But up bespake his cornet then,  
'It's be wi nae consent o me;  
I ken I'll neer come back again,  
An mony mae as weel as me.

7 'There is not ane of a' yon men  
But wha is worthy other three;  
There is na ane amang them a  
That in his cause will stap to die.

8 'An as for Burly, him I know;  
He's a man of honour, birth, an fame;  
Gie him a sword into his hand,  
He'll fight thysel an other ten.'

9 But up spake wicked Claverse then  
I wat his heart it raise fu hie

And he has cry'd, that a' might hear,  
'Man, ye hae sair deceived me.

10 'I never kend the like afore,  
Na, never since I came frae hame,  
That you sae cowardly here suld prove,  
An yet come of a noble Graeme.'

11 But up bespake his cornet then,  
'Since that it is your honour's will,  
Mysel shall be the foremost man  
That shall gie fire on Loudoun Hill.

12 'at your command I'll lead them on,  
But yet wi nae consent o me;  
For weel I ken I'll neer return,  
And mony mae as weel as me.

13 Then up he drew in battle rank  
I wat he had a bonny train  
But the first time that bullets flew  
Ay he lost twenty o his men.

14 Then back he came the way he gaed,  
I wat right soon an suddenly;  
He gave command amang his men,  
And sent them back, and bade them flee.

15 Then up came Burly, bauld an stout  
Wi's little train o westland men,  
Wha mair than either since or twice  
In Edinburgh confind had been.

16 They hae been up to London sent,  
An yet they're a' come safely down;  
Sax troop o horsemen they hae beat,  
And chased them into Glasgow town.

Child #205

Presbyterian vs Covenanter, 1679, Claverhouse

From Child

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