

The Battle Of Sherramuir

"O cam ye here the fight to shun,
 Or herd the sheep wi' me, man?
 Or were ye at the Sherra-moor,
 Or did the battle see, man?"
 I saw the battle, sair and teugh,
 And reekin-red ran mony a sheugh;
 My heart, for fear, gaed 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.
 La, la, la, la, &c.

The red-coat lads, wi' black cockauds,
 To meet them were na slaw, man;
 They rush'd and push'd, and blude outgush'd
 And mony a bouk did fa', man:
 The great Argyle led on his files,
 I wat they glanced twenty miles;
 They hough'd the clans like nine-pin kyles,
 They hack'd and hash'd, while braid-swords, clash'd,
 And thro' they dash'd, and hew'd and smash'd,
 Till fey men died awa, man.
 La, la, la, la, &c.

But had ye seen the philibegs,
 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 baiginets o'erpower'd the targe,
 And thousands hasten'd to the charge;
 Wi' Highland wrath they frae the sheath
 Drew blades o' death, till, out o' breath,
 They fled like frightened dows, man!
 La, la, la, la, &c.

"O how deil, Tam, can that be true?
 The chase gaed frae the north, man;
 I saw mysel, they did pursue,
 The horsemen back to Forth, man;
 And at Dunblane, in my ain sight,
 They took the brig wi' a' their might,
 And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight;
 But, cursed lot! the gates were shut;
 And mony a huntit poor red-coat,
 For fear amaist did swarf, man!"
 La, la, la, la, &c.

My sister Kate cam up the gate
 Wi' crowdie unto me, man;
 She swoor she saw some rebels run
 To Perth unto Dundee, man;
 Their left-hand general had nae skill;
 The Angus lads had nae gude will
 That day their neibors' blude to spill;
 For fear, for foes, that they should lose
 Their cogs o' brose; they scar'd at blows,
 And hameward fast did flee, man.
 La, la, la, la, &c.

They've lost some gallant gentlemen,
 Amang the Highland clans, man!
 I fear my Lord Panmure is slain,
 Or fallen in Whiggish hands, man,
 Now wad ye sing this double fight,

Some fell for wrang, and some for right;
But mony bade the world gude-night;
Then ye may tell, how pell and mell,
By red claymores, and muskets knell,
Wi' dying yell, the Tories fell,
And Whigs to hell did flee, man.
La, la, la, la, &c.