

Songs and Ballads of the Scottish Wars

Sung with guitar

1290-1745

and with historical notes by Max Dunbar

- Gude Wallace ■ Lord Randal
- The Battle of Otterbourne
- The Battle of Harlaw
- The Flowers o' the Forest
- The Bonny Earl of Moray
- Hughie Graham ■ Bonnie George Campbell
- Kinmont Willie ■ Geordie
- The Bonnie House of Airlie
- Awa', Whigs, Awa'
- The Battle of Bothwell Bridge
- Bonnie Dundee ■ Three Good Fellows
- The Wee, Wee German Lairdie
- Will Ye Go to Sheriffmuir?
- The Piper o' Dundee ■ Ye Jacobites by Name
- The Athol Gathering ■ What's a' the Steer, Kimmer?
- Wha Wadna Fecht for Charlie? ■ Johnnie Cope
- The Sun Rises Bright in France



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Maxwell John Dunbar was born in Edinburgh in 1914, in a family to whom singing came naturally. As a boy he lived in various parts of Scotland, including the Outer Hebrides, Ross and Cromarty, Ayrshire and Edinburgh. He came to Yale University on a fellowship in 1937, from Oxford University, and is now Associate Professor of Zoology at McGill University in Montreal. He is an expert on arctic marine biology with twenty years of work in the arctic behind him, from Alaska to Greenland. Folklore and folk music have been one of his keenest interests for many years, and he has made a special study of the songs and ballads of Scotland and Ireland. This is his first professional recording.

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SONGS AND BALLADS OF THE SCOTTISH WARS

Sung with guitar and historical notes

by Max Dunbar

Scottish history is bloody and violent, full of heroes, traitors and turncoats, with here and there a man of exceptional wisdom and with the personal magnetism necessary to weld together to a common purpose a horde of chieftains, lairds and leading farmers, all of them so fiercely independent that they normally regarded themselves as outside the authority of military generals, even on the field of battle. It was for this reason that Scotland so often allowed England to win battles which Scotland, by all the rules of war, should have won.

The Scot has earned a reputation for steadiness, thrift, industry and reliability. This reputation has been honestly earned, but beneath these characteristics, which Englishmen and Americans regard as somewhat dull, lies a turbulence of spirit, romantic and undisciplined, which is seldom recognized by the foreigner (unless by the French and the Irish), but which is the key to Scotland's history. It is this turbulence that is reflected in these songs.

The period covered by the songs and ballads recorded here extends over four and one half centuries, from the 1290's to 1745. The period can be divided into three: (1) the successful resistance to subservience to the English crown, (2) the border feuds and troubles, and (3) the Stewart succession, which began with the union of the crowns of Scotland and England under a Stewart (Scottish) dynasty in 1603. After the final defeat of the Stewart cause against the Hanoverians at Culloden in 1746, the wars of Scotland became the wars of Britain, the "right, but dull" had triumphed over the "wrong, but romantic", and there were no more ballads.

SIDE I, Band 1. GUDE WALLACE.

English influence in Scotland began to make itself felt even before the Norman conquest of England in 1066. Malcolm III, successor to Macbeth, had spent part of his youth in England and had married an English (Saxon) wife, who encouraged the use of the English language and the spread of the Roman church in Scotland. The Norman conquest of England caused a movement northward of many of the Saxon Britons, and this movement was followed by a specifically Norman influence in the southeast of Scotland. By the time of William Wallace the lowlands of Scotland were in the same sort of feudal organization as England was, and many of the foremost nobles of the country were of Norman stock, including the lines of Bruce and Balliol. The English leopards were already hard on the heels of the Scottish lion. When Margaret, the "Maid of Norway", a grand-daughter of Alexander III of Scotland, was drowned on her way from Norway to Scotland where she was to become Queen, it was all within the Norman family that the claimants to the Scottish throne should put their cases to the arbitration of the King of England, Edward I. This was at Berwick, in 1292.

These competitors for the Scottish throne, twelve in all, made full submission to Edward. Only two of them were taken seriously -- Bruce and John Balliol -- although a third, Comyn, who withdrew his claim before the judgement, was in fact a valid contender. Both Bruce and Balliol were partly of Norman stock. Edward chose Balliol, who in fact appears to have had the better hereditary claim, and Balliol was crowned at Scone in the same year (1292). Bruce was the grandfather of the Robert Bruce who later became King.

Trouble started immediately. Edward made claims on Balliol which finally became intolerable and humiliating. Balliol denounced his feudal subservience to Edward, and allied

himself with France (to which Edward had denounced his homage a short time before!). (The Bruces, led by the son of the competitor, remained loyal to Edward). Edward took a terrible vengeance in 1296, when he marched the length of Scotland killing and persecuting all who stood in his way, beginning with a general massacre at Berwick on March 30. Many of the Scottish lords swore fealty to England, in keeping with the manner of the time.

Edward had made bad friends of the Scots. The population at large, with the support of the Church, showed signs of agitation in 1297, immediately after the revenging march of the English, and it was in the rising of that year that the name of William Wallace first appears. He was chosen, says one chronicler, to lead the resistance to the English garrisons and to make war on them. In this choice the Scottish commune was moved primarily, apparently, by Wishart, Bishop of Glasgow, and the Steward, or first hereditary Seneschal of Scotland. The Steward was the son of Alan, son of Flabald, a nobleman of Norman stock. It was from the Steward that the Stewart line of kings descended.

Andrew Lang writes that "though the Scottish nobles were bound to Edward, their hearts, and their retainers, were with Wallace". At the Battle of Stirling Bridge the English, under Warenne, were severely defeated in 1297; but Edward, returning from France, reversed the situation in the next year at the Battle of Falkirk, where the troops of Wallace were routed, mainly by the English archers, who broke the Scottish "schiltrons", or formations of spearmen. Wallace himself escaped, and went the next year, or possibly the same year (1298) to France. The war went on. By 1304 Edward had finally taken Stirling castle, which had resisted over the years, and "peace" was made. Wallace, who by this time had returned to Scotland, was not included in the number who were received into Edward's peace. He was betrayed, taken, and executed with all the horrors attending the normal execution of traitors at that time. There is in fact no whit of evidence to show that Wallace was a traitor. Of Bruce, Comyn, Wishart, and hosts of other Scottish contemporaries, there is no doubt; they changed loyalties many times. But Wallace never swore fealty to Edward. No doubt the English view was that he should have, and that not doing so he was an outlaw and a rogue. The execution of Wallace was the act of the conqueror, impatient and scornful of the enemy. Trevelyan writes of Wallace: "This unknown knight, with little but his great name to identify him in history, had lit a fire which nothing since has ever put out"; Edward himself also played a part in lighting that fire, just as Cromwell, the Hanoverians and the infamous Duke of Cumberland played their parts in keeping it alight.

It is impossible to give a precise date to the episode in the song; it may have been immediately after Falkirk, or in the years following Wallace's brief return to Scotland. "The rightful king of fair Scotland" was of course King John Balliol, who had in fact resigned his throne in 1296, and retired to his estates in France.

The melody is from the "Scots Musical Museum" of James Johnson.

"O for my ain king", quo gude Wallace,
"The rightfu' king of fair Scotland!
"Between me and my sovereign blude,
"I think I see some ill seed sown.

"Low down in yon wee ostler house
"O there is fyfteen Englishmen,
"And they are seeking for gude Wallace,
"It's him to take and him to hang."

And when he cam to yon wee ostler house
He bad benedicite be there;
The captain being wee buke-learned
Did answer him in domineer.

"I wad gie fyfteen shillings to onie crookit carl,
"To onie crookit carl just sic as ye,
"If ye will get me gude Wallace,
"For he is the man I fain was see."

He hit the proud captain alang the chafft-blade,
That never a bit o' meal he ate mair,
And he stickit the rest at the board where they sat,
And he left them a' lying sprawling there.

"Get up, get up, gude wife", he says,
"And get to me some dinner in haste;
"For it will soon be three lang days,
"Sin I a bit o' meat did taste."

The dinner was na weel readie,
Nor was it on the table laid,
Till other fyfteen Englishmen
Were a' lighted about the yett.

"Come out, come out now, gude Wallace!
"This is the day that thou maun die;"
"I lippen nae sae little to God" he says,
"Altho I be but ill wordie."

The gude wife had an auld gudeman;
By Gude Wallace he stiffly stood,
Till ten of the fyfteen Englishmen
Before the door lay in their blude.

The other five to the greenwood ran,
And he hanged these five upon a grain,
And on the morn, wi' his merry men a',
He sat at dine in Lochmaben town.

After the death of Wallace there might once more have been peace, and it was even possible that the crowns of Scotland and England might have been united at that early date; Edward at least did his best to bring about the union. But the memory of the recent wars was still raw; the people of Scotland were aroused; and, perhaps most important of all, the stubborn Scottish Church, already in some disfavour with Rome, continued to work for independence from England. Out of this came the rise to Scottish leadership, most unexpectedly, of Robert the Bruce, grandson of the original competitor for the Scottish throne who had been turned down by Edward. Robert Bruce had been on the English side during the campaign of Wallace, and he was at first not at all popular as a national leader, either with the people in general or with many of the nobles. Andrew Lang, in his "History of Scotland", thinks that the turning point in Bruce's career was his murder of one of his rivals and detractors, Comyn, in the Church of the Minorite Friars at Dumfries in 1306, after which he became a fugitive much as Wallace had been. He was also promptly excommunicated by Rome, a Papal action which, according to Lang, "produced no effect whatever on the mind of Scotland".

Bruce, thrown back on his own resources, showed himself to be a master of guerilla warfare. As the months went by he gained more and more adherents, and his defeat of the English at Loudon Hill, in a pitched battle, sent him on from strength to strength to the climax at Bannockburn in 1314, the most decisive battle in Scottish history. After Bannockburn, the national entity of Scotland was fixed, the histories of the two countries became separate, to join again by dynastic means three hundred years later, and the feudal claims of the English in Scotland were permanently weakened. Bruce died in 1329. The crown of Scotland went to his son David (David II), who reigned from 1329 to 1371, and was succeeded by Robert Stewart (or Stuart), Robert II, first of the line of Stewart, son of Bruce's daughter Majory and Walter, Steward of Scotland at the time of Bannockburn.

A paragraph from Trevelyan's "History of England" is worth quoting here, giving as it does an English view of the position of Scotland after Bannockburn:

"Scottish independence was won at a heavy price, as most things worth having are won. For two centuries and a half after Bannockburn, Scotland remained a desperately poor, savage, bloodstained land of feudal anarchy, assassination, private war and public treason, with constant Border warfare against England, with a peculiar corrupt Church, with no flourishing cities, no Parliament worth calling such, and no other institutions that seemed to give promise of a great future. Her democratic instincts had prevented her from being annexed to England, who would have given her wealth and civilization. But her democratic instinct had done nothing else for her politically, had not kept her feudal nobility in order, still less found expression for the national feeling in any representative system. Her alliance with France, useful militarily against England, was unnatural culturally, and could be no true substitute for the broken connection with her neighbour. What then had Scotland gained by resisting England? Nothing at all -- except her soul, and whatsoever things might come in the end from preserving that."

David II was an exceedingly bad king for Scotland. In spite of the strong and growing nationalism of the time, he was content to revert to the old feudal subservience to England, now ruled by Edward III, and to be the obedient servant of the Church of Rome. One result of this inadequacy was the growth in power of certain Scottish families, especially the Douglasses, who were to play such important roles in the future of the country.

SIDE I, Band 2. LORD RANDAL

David was a boy when he was crowned king. The Regent, until 1332, was Randolph, Earl of Moray, between whom and the song of "Lord Randal" there is a tenuous connection which must serve as excuse for including it in this series. Only a very slight excuse is needed for including so beautiful a ballad. To quote Walter Scott, from his "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" (1838): "There is a beautiful air to this old ballad. The hero is more generally termed Lord Ronald; but I willingly follow the authority of an Ettrick Forest copy for calling him Randal; because, though the circumstances are so very different, I think it is not impossible, that the ballad may have originally regarded the death of Thomas Randolph, or Randal, Earl of Murray, nephew to Robert Bruce, and governor of Scotland. This great warrior died at Musselburgh, 1332, at the moment when his services were most necessary to his country, already threatened by an English army. For this sole reason, perhaps, our historians obstinately imputed his death to poison".

There are many versions of the song, in Britain and North America.

"O whaur hae ye been, Lord Randal my son?
"Whaur hae ye been, my handsome young man?"
"I hae been in the wild wood, mither;
"I hae been wi' my true love, mither'
"Mak my bed soon, for I'm weary wi' huntin,
"And fain would lie down."

"What gat ye to eat, Lord Randal my son?
"What gat ye to eat, my handsome young man?"
"I gat eels boiled in brew, mither,
"I gat ruby red wine, mither;
"Mak my bed soon, for I'm weary wi' hunting,
"And fain would lie down."

"I fear ye are poisoned, Lord Randal my son,
"I fear ye are poisoned, ill-fated one;"
"Och aye, I'm poisoned, mither,
"Och aye, I'm poisoned, mither;'
"Mak my bed soon, for I'm sick at the heart,
"And fain would lie down."

"And what will ye leave your mither, my son?
"What will ye leave her, ill-fated one?"
" I hae coffers o' gowd an' siller'
"I hae coffers o' gowd an' siller'
"Mak my bed soon, for I'm sick at the heart,
"And fain would lie down."

"An what will ye leave your true love, my son?
"What will ye leave her, ill-fated one?"
"A rope frae hell tae hang her!
"A rope frae hell tae hang her!
"Mak my bed soon, for I'm sick at the heart,
"And fain would lie down."

SIDE I, Band 3. THE BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE

This is the Scottish version of "Chevy Chase", and represents with other songs of the series, the border raid era of the history, although the scale of the engagement was considerable. Sir Walter Scott writes: "James, Earl of Douglas, with his brother the Earl of Murray, invaded Northumberland at the head of 3000 men, while the Earls of Fife and Strathern, sons of the King of Scotland, ravaged the Western Borders of England, with a still more numerous army. Douglas penetrated as far as Newcastle, where the renowned Hotspur (Percy) lay in garrison." The rest is told in the ballad itself. The battle was won by the Scots, but Douglas himself was killed, thus realizing the prophecy that "a dead man shall gain a field." The ballad is sung here in a shortened version, but the whole poem is printed:

It fell about the Lammas tide,
When the muir-men win their hay,
The doughty Douglas bound him to ride
Into England, to drive a prey.

He chose the Gordons and the Graemes,
With them the Lindsays, light and gay;
But the Jardines wald not with him ride,
And they rue it to this day.

And he has burn'd the dales of Tyne,
And part of Bambrough shire;
And three good towers on Reidswire fells,
He left them all on fire.

And he marched up to Newcastle,
And rode it round about;
"O wha's the lord of this castle,
"O wha's the lady o't?"

But up spake proud Percy then,
And O but he spake hie!
"I am the lord of this castle,
"My wife's the lady gay."

"If thou'rt the lord of this castle,
"Sae weel it please me!
"For ere I cross the Border fells,
"The tane of us shall die."

He took a lang spear in his hand,
Shod with the metal free,
And for to meet the Douglas there,
He rode right furiouslie.

But O how pale his lady look'd,
Frae off the castle wa',
When down before the Scottish spear
She saw proud Percy fa'.

"Had we twa been upon the green,
"And never an eye to see,
"I wad hae had you, flesh and fell;
"But your sword sall gae wi' me."

"But gae ye up to Otterbourne,
"And wait there dayis three;

"And, if I come not ere three dayis end,
"A fause knight ca' ye me."

"The Otterbourne's a bonny burn;
"Tis pleasant there to be;
"But there is nought at Otterbourne
"To feed my men and me.

"The deer rins wild on hill and dale,
"The birds fly wild from tree to tree;
"But there is neither bread no kale,
"To fend my men and me.

"Yet I will stay at Otterbourne,
"Where you shall welcome be;
"And, if ye come not at three dayis end,
"A fause knight I'll ca' thee."

"Thither will I come", proud Percy said,
"By the might of our Ladye!"
"There will I bide thee", said the Douglas,
"My troth I plight to thee."

They lighted high on Otterbourne,
Upon the bent sae brown;
They lighted high on Otterbourne
And threw their pallions down.

And he that had a bonnie boy,
Sent out his horse to grass;
And he that had not a bonnie boy,
His ain servant he was.

But up then spake a little page,
Before the peep of dawn --
"O waken ye, waken ye, my good lord,
"For Percy's hard at hand."

"Ye lie, ye lie, ye liar loud!
"Sae loud I hear ye lie:
"For Percy had not men yestereen
"To dight my men and me.

"But I have dreamed a dreary dream,
"Beyond the Isle of Skye;
"I saw a dead man win a fight,
"And I think that man was I."

He belted on his guid braid sword,
And to the field he ran;
But he forgot the helmet good
That should have kept his brain.

When Percy wi' the Douglas met,
I wat he was fu' fain!
They swakked their swords, till sair they swat,
And the blood ran down like rain.

But Percy with his good broad sword
That could so sharply wound,
Has wounded Douglas on the brow,
Till he fell to the ground.

Then he call'd his little foot-page,
And said -- "Run speedilie,
"And fetch my ain dear sister's son,
"Sir Hugh Montgomery.

"My nephew good", the Douglas said,
"What recks the death of ane!
"Last night I dream'd a dreary dream,
"And I ken the day's they ain.

"My wound is deep, I fain would sleep'
"Yake thou the vanguard of the three,
"And hide me by the braken bush,
"That grows on yonder lilie lee.

"O bury by the braken bush,
"Beneath the blooming brier,
"Let never living mortal ken,
"That ere a kindly Scot lies here."

He lifted up that noble Lord,
Wi' the saut tear in his ee;
He hid him in the braken bush,
That his merrie men might not see.

The moon was clear, the dar drew near,
The spears in flinders flew,
But mony a gallant Englishman
Ere day the Scotsmen slew.

The Gordons good, in English blood,
They steep'd their hose and shoon;
The Lindsays flew like fire about,
Till all the fray was done.

The Percy and Montgomery met,
That either of other were fain;
They swapped swords, and they twa swat,
And aye the blood ran down between.

"Noe yield thee, yield thee, Percy", he said,
"Or else I vow I'll lay thee low!"
"To whom must I yield," quoth Earl Percy,
"Now that I see it must be so?"

"Thou shalt not yield to lord nor loun,
"Nor yet shalt thou yield to me;
"But yield thee to the braken bush,
"That grown upon yon lilye lee!"

"I will not yield to a braken bush,
"Nor yet will I yield to a brier;
"But I would yield to Earl Douglas,
"Or Sir Hugh Montgomery, if he were here."

As soon as he knew it was Montgomery,
He struck his sword's point in the gronde;
The Montgomery was a courteous knight,
And quickly took him by the honde.

This deed was done at the Otterbourne,
About the breaking of the day;
Earl Douglas was buried at the braken bush,
And the Percy led captive away.

This battle was fought by moonlight, on August 15, 1388. The account in the ballad does not agree, in detail, with the historical record, but the significance and the result are the same.

SIDE I, Band 4. THE BATTLE OF HARLAW

The Highlands now enter the picture. The name "Scots", used above, has referred to the people living south and southeast of the Highland Line, originally from Ireland, and with a large endowment of Scandinavian and Norman (also Scandinavian, via the north of France) admixture. The Highlanders had not been affected by the Normans, and little by the Scandinavian invasions and raids. They kept to themselves, and although they spoke a dialect of the same gaelic tongue as was used by the Scots, their origin is not clear. It should be made clear, moreover, once more, that the Stuarts, associated with the Highlands because of the campaigns of 1715 and 1745, had in fact nothing of the Highlands in their origin. To quote Andrew Lang: "With the reign of Robert III (crowned August 14, 1390) begins the hereditary tragedy of the Stuart kings. No divinity hedged them then. There were but nobles of the common Scoto-Norman type, risen to the throne by marriage which might as readily have fallen to a Douglas, a Drummond, or a March. The Stuart character, the Stuart ill-luck have been attributed to their alleged Celtic blood. They had no more of that blood than the kings of England;

the drop inherited from Malcolm Canmore is common to both Royal houses.

The Highlanders, although "sturdy maintainers of Scottish independence", fought for themselves, and in accordance with the clan system. Where Highland claims and ambitions came up against Lowland interests, it was as natural for the Highlanders to seek aid from England as it was for the Lowlanders to seek it from France, and it happened that just at the time that the English pressure on Scotland was eased by the preoccupation of England with the revolution which put Henry IV on the throne, deposing Richard II, the Scots (Lowlanders) found trouble brewing in the north. Donald of the Isles had entered into an agreement with Henry IV, in support of his claim, of his wife's claim, to the Earldom of Ross. If he had been successful in this claim Donald, in league with England, would have come to possess almost the whole of the north of Scotland. The Lowland Scots could not be expected to admit this claim, and Highlanders and Lowlanders met in battle at Harlaw, near Aberdeen, in 1411.

The Highland army included Macdonalds, Macleans of Mull, Camerons of Lochaber, Macleods of Skye and septs of the Clan Chattan. On the way south and east they met resistance from Angus Mackay and the "extreme northerners"; defeated them and brought them with them to share in the sack of Aberdeen. Against them, and saving Aberdeen from the Highland intentions, came the Earl of Mar (Alexander Stewart, grandson of Robert II), with a smaller army including mailed knights of Norman tradition. The battle was bloody and indecisive; the Highlanders lost great numbers of the leaders of the clans, both sides claimed the victory but there was no sack of Aberdeen.

The version sung and printed here is shortened from the original, which may be found in John Goss's "Ballads of Britain".

As I cam in by Dunidier,
An' doun by Netherha',
There was fifty thousand Hielanmen
A-marching to Harlaw.
Wi' a dree dree dradie drumtie dree,
A dree dree drumtie dra.

As I cam on, an' farther on,
An' doun an' by Harlaw,
They fell fu' close on ilka side;
Sic fun ye never saw.

They fell fu' close on ilka side,
Sic fun ye never saw;
For Hielan swords gied clash for clash
At the battle o' Harlaw.

Brave Forbes to his brither did say,
"Noo brither, dinna ye see?
"They beat us back on ilka side,
"An' we'se be forced to flee."

"Oh no, oh no, my brither dear,
"That thing maun never be;
"Take ye your good sword in your hand,
"An come your wa's wi' me."

Then back to back the brithers twa
Gaed in amo' the thrang,
An' they hewed down the Hielanmen
Wi' swords baith sharp an' lang.

Macdonnell, he was young and stout,
Had on his coat o' mail;
An' he has gane oot thro them a',
To try his han' himsel'.

The first ae straik that Forbes strack
He garrt Macdonnell reel;
An' the neist ae straik that Forbes strack,
The great Macdonnell fell.

On Monanday, at mornin',
The battle it began;
On Saturday, at gloamin',
Ye'd scarce kent wha had wan.

Gin ony body speer at you,
For them ye took awa',
Ye may tell their wives and bairnies
They're sleepin' at Harlaw.
Wi' a dree dree dradie drumtie dree,
A dree dree drumtie dra.

SIDE I, Band 5. THE FLOWERS O' THE FOREST

This lament takes us one hundred and two years forward from the last song to the Battle of Flodden in 1513, in the reign of James IV of Scotland and Henry VIII of England, who were brothers-in-law, Henry's sister Margaret having been married to James in the reign of the first Tudor, Henry VII of England, the final victor on the Lancasterian side in the Wars of the Roses. The marriage, which was offered to James IV several times before he accepted, was celebrated by William Dunbar in "The Thistle and the Rose", the intention of the poem being to usher in a new era of Anglo-Scots peace and cooperation. Instead, the marriage was one of the several causes of the quick and sudden war of 1513 which ended with the death of James at Flodden. Another was James's championing of the imposter Perkin Warbeck, who claimed to be Richard Duke of York, one of the murdered Yorkist Princes in the Tower, son of Edward IV. The Papacy was on the side of Henry VIII -- the position of Rome was soon to be reversed when Henry broke away from the Roman Church and the Stuarts instead became Papal champions.

The English army, under the Earl of Surrey (father of Lord Thomas Howard, who played a most important part in the battle), approached the Scots from the north of Flodden Hill, upon which the Scots were almost impregnably arrayed. Upon the appearance of the English, James, for some reason, left his camp and came down to a lower hill. The Scots appear to have lost the battle largely owing to disorganization, the usual Scottish habit of acting as independent clan units on the field of battle, and the excellence of the English "bills", against which the Scottish spears proved ineffective. Both sides had artillery, but the English seem to have handled theirs much better. The battle was a complete defeat for the Scots; it was in fact over two hundred years before a Scottish army again ventured into England except on the minor scale of the border raid.

The words of the song are not "traditional", in the sense that the author is known, the present version being that of Jane Elliot. The melody is the old one, much simpler than the somewhat sophisticated modern version familiar as a bagpipe lament.

I've heard a liltin' at oor yowe milkin',
Lasses a' liltin' before dawn o' day;
Noo there's a moanin' in ilka green loanin',
The Flowers o' the Forest are a' wede away.

At e'en in the gloamin' nae swankies are raomin',
'Bout stacks wi' the lassies at bogle to play;
But ilk ane sits drearie, lamentin' her dearie,
The Flowers o' the Forest are a' wede away.

We hae nae mair liltin' at oor yowe milkin',
Women and bairns are heartless and wae;
Sighin' and moanin' on ilka green loamin'
The Flowers o' the Forest are a' wede away.

SIDE I, Band 6. THE BONNY EARL OF MORAY

The bewildering succession of events following Flodden cannot be told in the space available here except in kaleidoscopic

form. James V succeeded his father, and after a troublesome reign in which he met trouble with the Douglasses at every turn, died in 1540. He was followed by his daughter, Mary, who became queen the year she was born. There followed a religious struggle under the regent, Cardinal Beaton, complicated by the persistent English interference under Henry VIII. Mary Stuart married the Dauphin of France, later Francis II, in 1558, and was widowed in 1560. In 1561 she landed in Scotland, to meet the bitter opposition not only of the Reformation under the redoubtable John Knox ("First Blast of the Trumpet Against the Monstrous Regiment of Women"), but of the feuding and treacherous Scottish leading families, including her half brother James Stuart the "Bastard", so-called First Earl of Moray (there had been several Earls of Moray before him, of different family and of much better stuff). Mary married her cousin Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, in 1565, and Darnley was blown up in his house in 1567. The blame for his murder has never been finally laid; Mary herself was suspected and Hepburn, Earl Bothwell probably played a leading part in it, with the sinister but skilled help of Archibald Douglas. Mary married Hepburn in the same year, after which she was finally held prisoner by her own Scottish nobles and resigned her crown to her infant son. One cannot help but sympathize with the exasperation of all concerned. Mary escaped from prison, managed to gather an army which was defeated by the Regent (Moray, the Bastard), and disappeared into England where she was executed in 1587, a victim of the religious situation and her own stupidity.

James VI married Anne of Denmark in 1589. It was this queen who is mentioned in "The Bonny Earl of Moray" as having been greatly attached to the Bonny Earl. The Bonny Earl himself was the so-called Second Earl of Moray, the son-in-law of James Regent, "First Earl", and himself a Stuart. He was killed in the feud between the Moray and the Huntley (Gordon) factions, in 1592.

Ye Hiellands and ye Lowlands,
O whaur hae ye been?
They hae slain the Earl o' Moray
And laid him in the green.
He was a braw callant,
And he raed in the ring;
And the bonny Earl o' Moray,
He might ha' been a king.

O wherefore did ye Huntly,
And wherefore did ye sae?
I bad ye bring him wi' ye
And forbad ye him to slay.
He was a braw callant,
And he played at the ba';
And the bonny Earl o' Moray,
He was the flower amang them a'.

He was a braw callant,
And he played wi' the glove,
And the bonny Earl o' Moray
He was the Queenie's love.
Lang may his ladye
Look frae the castle Down'
Ere she see the Earl o' Moray
Come soundin' through the town!

SIDE I, Band 7. HUGHIE GRAHAM

This is a border ballad and tells the tale of border trouble. The date is uncertain, but Sir Walter Scott in his "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" writes that it may well have been about 1553, when the then Bishop of Carlisle took it upon himself to arrest various people, among them several Grahams, who inhabited the "Debateable Land" on the border. There is clearly a personal motive implied in the ballad which is not to the credit of the Bishop, and the reader falls naturally into sympathy with Hughie when he advises his kinsmen, when next they see the Bishop's cloak, to "make it shorter by the hood".

Our lords are to the hunting gane,
A-hunting o' the fallow deer;
And they hae grippit Hughie Graham
For stealin' o' the bishop's mare.

"O loose my right hand free" he says,
"And put my braid sword in the same"
"He's no in Carlisle town this day
"Daur tell the tale to Hughie Graham."

They've taen him to the gallows-knowe,
He looked to the gallows-tree;
Yet never colour left his cheek,
Not ever did he blink his e'e.

At length he looked round about,
To see whatever he could spy;
And there he saw his auld father,
And he was weeping bitterly.

"O haud your tongue, my father dear,
"And wi' your weeping let it be!
"Thy weeping's sairer on my heart
"Than a' that they can do to me.

"Remember me to Maggy my wife,
"The niest time ye gang oer the moor;
"Tell her, she staw the bishop's mare;
"Tell her, she was the bishop's whoor.

"And ye may tell my kith and kin
"I never did disgrace their blude;
"And when they meet the bishop's cloak,
"To make it shorter by the hood".

SIDE I, Band 8. BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL

The unpopularity of James VI, the Catholic son of Mary Stuart; the intrigues of Elizabeth of England with certain of the Scottish nobles (both Catholic and Protestant, and including Bothwell); and the religious tension within Scotland itself, made for a turbulent decade before the union of the Crowns of the two kingdoms in 1603, under James. The ebb and flow of fortune and the changing of sides by so many of the leading characters in the play, make the details of the history too complicated to record here. One of the points at which matters came to a head was in 1594, when the royal army, or part of it, under Argyll, met the forces of Huntly at Glenrinnas. This was the same Huntly who murdered the Bonny Earl of Moray, a kinsman of Argyll's and Huntly himself was out for Argyll's head on another issue. Both Argyll and Huntly, however, survived the battle. It is difficult to place the song of "Bonnie George Campbell" with certainty, but one authority has it that George Campbell was one of the House of Argyll, killed at Glenrinnas.

Hie upon Hielands and laigh upon Tay,
Bonnie George Campbell rade out on a day;
He saddled, he bridled, and gallant rade he,
And hame cam his guid horse, but never cam he.

Out cam his mother dear, greetin' fu' sair,
And out cam his bonny bryde, rivin' her hair;
The meadow lies green, the corn is unshorn,
But bonny Goerge Campbell will never return.

Saddled and bridled and booted rade he,
A plume in his helmet, a sword at his knee;
But toom cam his saddle, all bloody to see;
Oh, hame cam his guid horse, but never cam he.

SIDE I, Band 9. KINMONT WILLIE

"In the following rude strains" (says Sir Walter Scott from the classical security of the early 19th century) "our forefathers commemorated one of the last and most gallant

achievements performed upon the Border". Kinmont Willie was an Armstrong, a border family that had had a reputation for cheerful trouble-making for generations. The warden of the border on the English side, Lord Scroope, kidnapped William Armstrong, with whom he had some quarrel, and imprisoned him in Carlisle castle. Buccleugh, furious at this insult, determined to rescue Willie while still keeping the truce (that is, without shedding any English blood in the process). The ballad tells the story of the rescue.

This occurred in 1596. Queen Elizabeth, of course, was highly incensed at this "impertinence", and demanded satisfaction from King James. James was clearly shy of pleasing Elizabeth at the expense of good relations with the powerful Buccleugh. The matter dragged on, and Buccleugh visited England, to explain matters, and (from Scott) "according to ancient family traditions, Buccleugh was presented to Elizabeth, who, with her usual rough and peremptory address, demanded of him, "how he dared to undertake an enterprise so desperate and presumptuous?" "What is it", answered the undaunted chieftain, "what is it that a man dares not do?" Elizabeth, struck with the reply, turned to a lord in waiting; "with ten thousand such men", said she, "our brother of Scotland might shake the firmest throne of Europe." Luckily, perhaps, for the murderess of Queen Mary, James's talents did not lie that way."

O have ye na heard o the fause Sakelde?
O have ye na heard of the keen Lord Scroope?
How they hae taen bauld Kinmont Willie,
On Hairibee to hang him up?
Now word is gane to the bauld Buccleuch
In Branksome Ha where that he lay,
That Lord Scroope has taen the Kinmont Willie,
Between the hours of night and day.

He has taen the table wi his hand,
He garrd the red wine spring on hie;
"Now Christ's curse on my head", he said,
"But avenged of Lord Scroope I will be".
"O is my basnet a widow's curch?
"Or my lance a wand of the willow tree?
"Or my arm a ladye's lilye hand?
That an English lord should lightly me.

"And have they taen him, Kinmont Willie,
"Against the truce of Border tide,
"And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch
"Is keeper here on the Scottish side?"
He's called him forty marchmen bauld,
Were kinsmen to the bauld Buccleuch;
With spur on heel, and splent on spauld,
And gleuves of green, and feathers blue.

Then on we held for Carlisle toun,
And at Staneshaw-bank the Eden we crossed;
The water was great, and meikle of spait,
But the never a horse nor man we lost.
We crept on knees and held our breath,
Till we placed the ladders against the wa';
And sae ready was Buccleuch himself
To mount the first before us a'.

He has taen the watchman by the throat
He flung him down upon the lead;
"Had there not been peace between our lands,
"Upon the other side thou hadst gaed.
"Now sound out, trumpets" quoth Buccleuch;
"Let's wake Lord Scroope right merrilie".
And loud the Warden's trumpets blew
"O whar dare meddle wi' me?"

And when we cam to the lower prison,
Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie,
"O sleep ye, wake ye, Kinmont Willie,
"Upon the morn that thou's to die?"
"O I sleep saft, and I wake aft,

"It's lang since sleeping was fleyd frae me;
"Gie my service back to my wife and bairns,
"and a' gude men that speer for me".

The Red Rowan has hente him up,
The starkest man in Teviotdale;
"Abide, abide now, Red Rowan,
"Till my Lord Scroope I take fareweel.
"Fareweel, fareweel, my gude Lord Scroope!
"My gude Lord Scroope, fareweel" he cried;
I'll pay you for my lodging-maill
When first we meet on the border side".

Buccleuch has turned to Eden water,
There where it flowed frae bank to brim,
And he has plunged in wi a' his band,
And safely swum them thro the stream.
He turned him on the other side
And at Lord Scroope his glove flung he;
"If ye like na my visit in merry England,
"In fair Scotland come visit me!"

All sore astonished stood Lord Scroope,
He stood as still as rock of stane;
He scarcely dared to trow his eyes
When thro the water they had gane.
"He is either himsell a deil frae hell,
"Or else his mother a witch maun be;
"I wad na hae ridden that wan water
"For a' the gowd in Christentie".

SIDE II, Band 1. THE BONNIE HOUSE OF AIRLIE

The Reformation was in full swing and the ferment of the 17th century was bubbling. In Scotland, the Covenanters had ideas about the rights of Parliament and the proper position of kings and bishops which, if put into effect at the time, would have hastened the democratic development of the whole of Britain, and which certainly have been preserved in Scotland to this day. King Charles I was very active in the affairs of Scotland, and (unwisely, as it turned out) opposed to the Covenant. Trouble had been brewing for some time before 1640, the date of the event recorded in this song. There was the usual side-changing, and the so-called "First Bishops' War" began in 1639. We find the Campbells, under Argyll, on the side of the Covenant, for the time being; and Ogilvie, Lord of Airlie, on the side of the Crown. Charles, trying to continue the Tudor theory of royalty, and having decided that the Catholic cause was not practicable, was determined to force the Episcopacy and the "High Church" upon Scotland, as well as the "Divine right of Kings". Andrew Lang is of the opinion that had Charles gathered the English together at that time against the Scots, his own head would have been saved and the course of history changed. But instead of open war Charles chose skirmishes and intrigue in Scotland, and it is one event in this "war" that the ballad of "The Bonnie House of Airlie" records. Argyll received a "commission of fire and sword" against Airlie, from the Scottish Committee of the Estates.

The words of the ballad are taken from Goss's "Ballads of Britain"; but the tune used here was recorded by Helen Creighton in Nova Scotia, sung to another version of the same ballad.

It fell on a day, on a bonny summer day,
When the corn grew green and yellow,
That there fell out a great dispute
Between Argyle and Airlie.

The great Argyle raised five hundred men,
Five hundred men and many,
And he's led them down by the back o' Dunkeld
To plunder the bonnie house o' Airlie.

The lady looked o'er her window sae hie,
And O but she looked wear'ly;
And there she spied the great Argyle
Come to plunder the bonnie house o' Airlie.

"Come down, come down, my lady" he says,
"Come down and kiss me fairly.

"Or e'er the mornin clear daylight,
"I'll no leave a standing stane in Airlie".

He has taen her by the left shoulder,
And O'but she looked sairly,
And he has led her down to the top o' the town,
Bade her look at the plundering o' Airlie.

"You may tell it to your lord", he says,
"You may tell it to Lord Airlie,
"That one kiss o' his gay lady
"Wad hae saved the plundering o' Airlie."

"Gin the great Sir John had been at hame,
"As he's this nicht wi' Charlie,
"There durst na a Campbell in a' the west,
"Hae plundered the bonnie house o' Airlie.

"Seven, seven sons hae I born unto him,
"And the eighth ne'er saw his dady,
"And altho I were to have a hundred more,
"They should a' draw their swords for Charlie."

SIDE II, Band 2. AWA', WHIGS, AWA'

This is an early Jacobite song, possibly going back to the Battle of Bothwell Bridge (see next song). There is a version in the collected works of Burns, apparently edited by him, and contributed to the "Scots Musical Museum"; and James Hogg has a very similar version in his "Jacobite relics".

Awa', whigs, awa'!
Awa', whigs, awa'!
Ye're but a pack o' traitor loons,
Ye'll dae nae guid avao!

Our thistles flourished fresh and fair,
And bonnie bloomed our roses;
But Whigs came like a frost in June,
And withered a' our posies. (CHORUS)

Our ancient crown's fa'n in the dust --
Deil blin' him wi' the stoure o't;
And write their names in his black beuk,
Wha gae the Whigs the power o't. (CHORUS)

Our sad decay in Church and State
Surpasses my describing;
The Whigs came o'er us for a curse,
And we hae done wi' thriving. (CHORUS)

Grim vengeance lang has taen a nap,
But we may see him wauken;
Gude help the day when royal heads
Are hunted like a maukin. (CHORUS)

SIDE II, Band 3. THE BATTLE OF BOTHWELL BRIDGE

Cromwell has come and gone, Charles II has been restored to his father's crown, and the strife between the Reform Church in Scotland and the Church of England continues. By 1679, the date of the battles of Loudoun Hill and Bothwell Bridge, things were going against the Whig, or Covenanter, side. Loudoun Hill, however was a Covenant victory, and resulted in the flight from the field of the great Claverhouse, known to the Whigs as "Bloody Clavers". Bothwell Bridge saw the fortunes reversed.

James Graham of Claverhouse, better known as "Bonnie Dundee", was a staunch Stuart supporter and Tory. A first class military commander, fierce and decisive, his persecution of the Whigs gave rise to a legendary reputation described as follows by Sir Walter Scott: "The Whigs...conceived him to be impassive to their bullets, and that he had sold himself, for temporal greatness, to the seducer of mankind. It is still believed that a cup of wine, presented to him by his butler, changed into clotted blood; and that, when he plunged his feet into cold water, their touch caused it to boil. The steed, which bore him, was supposed to be the gift of Satan; and precipices are shown, where a fox could hardly keep his feet, down which the infernal charger conveyed him safely, in pursuit of the wanderers."

After Loudoun Hill, the only battle which Claverhouse lost, the Covenanters were in possession of the west of Scotland. A Tory army gathered again in the east, part of it forced into the Royalist cause by Charles II, who put James Duke of Monmouth at the head of it. Monmouth was inclined to make peace if possible, and in fact Charles's instructions to him offered a peaceful settlement. In the early part of the engagement, however, while the Royalists were still taking up position, dissension arose in the ranks of the Covenanters while they were considering the King's proposals, with disastrous results. All this is recorded in the ballad; the ballad goes beyond history, however, in ascribing the death of Monmouth to Claverhouse's intrigue. Claverhouse's cornet, another Graham, referred to in the twelfth verse, was killed at the battle of Loudoun Hill. Earlstoun was a Gordon.

O billie, billie, bonny billie,
Will ye gae to the wood wi' me?
We'll ca' our horse hame masterless,
An' gar them trow slain men are we.

O no, O no, says Earlstoun,
For that's the thing that mauna be;
For I am sworn to Bothwell Hill,
Where I maun either gae or die.

O Earlstoun rose in the morning,
An' mounted by the break o' day;
An' he has joined our Scottish lads,
As they were marching out the way.

Now farewell, father, and farewell mother,
An' fare ye weel my sisters three;
An' fare ye weel, my Earlstoun,
For thee again I'll never see.

So they're awa' to Bothwell Hill,
An' waly they rade bonnily:
When the Duke o' Monmouth saw them come,
He went to view their company.

Ye're welcome, lads, the Monmouth said,
Ye're welcome, brave Scots lads, to me;
And sae are ye, brave Earlstoun,
The foremost o' your company.

But yield your weapons ane an' a';
O yield your weapons, lads, to me;
For gin ye'll yield your weapons up,
Ye'se gae hame to your country.

O, out then spake a Lennox lad,
And waly he spake bonnily:
I winna yield my weapons up,
To you nor nae man that I see.

Then he set up the flag o' red,
A' set about wi' bonny blue;
Since ye'll no cease, and be at peace,
See that ye stand by ither true.

They stell'd their cannons on the height,
An' shower'd their shot down in the howe;
An' beat our Scots lads even down,
Thick they lay slain on every knowe.

As e'er ye saw the rain down fa',
Or yet the arrow frae the bow;
Sae our Scottish lads fell even down,
An' they lay slain on every knowe.

O hold your hand, the Monmouth cried,
Gie quarters to yon men for me!
But wicked Claver'se swore an aith,
His Cornet's death revenged sud be.

O hold your hand, then Monmouth cried,
If onything ye'll do for me;
Hold up your hand, you cursed Graeme,
Else a rebel to our King ye'll be!

Then wicked Claver'se turned about,
I wot an angry man was he;
And he has lifted up his hat,
An' cried, God bless his Majesty!

Then he's awa' to London town,
Aye e'en as fast as he can dree;
Fause witness he has wi' him taen,
And taen Monmouth's head free his body.

Along the brae, beyond the brig,
Mony brave men lies cauld an' still;
But lang we'll mind, and sair we'll rue
The bloody battle o' Bothwell Hill.

SIDE II, Band 4. BONNIE DUNDEE

The revolution that unseated James II in both Scotland and England occurred in 1688; the two countries were by no means united during most of the 17th century, but the Romanizing practice of James II brought them together. In Scotland, the Convention Parliament deposed James in 1689 and chose William of Orange and Mary, sister of James and Charles as successors. The action of the Scottish Parliament was disputed by the Royalist extremists led by Claverhouse, who organized a last-minute Highland resistance to the abandoning of the Stuart line. The Highlands were loyal to the Stuarts, and their loyalty was to be intensified a few years after the events recorded by this song by the notorious massacre of the Macdonalds at Glencoe by the Campbells (1692). This Highland attitude was to make possible the risings of 1715 and 1745, both of them, for various reasons, unsuccessful.

The song is not old, nor contemporary with the time of the events it records. The verses, eleven of them in the original, are by Sir Walter Scott; the tune was published in 1854, in London. Claverhouse and his Highlanders met the Parliamentary army at Killiecrankie, and won; but Claverhouse himself was killed, and with him the Stuart cause was lost. Nobody else could, at the time, unite the Highland clans; nobody else could combine military leadership with the diplomatic sense to avoid hurting the sensitive Highland feelings. A few weeks after Killiecrankie the supporters of James II were decisively defeated at Dunkeld, mainly by the toughness of the Cameronians, fighting for the Covenant. That was that.

To the lords o' Convention 'twas Claverhouse spoke:
"Ere the King's crown go down there are crowns to be broke;
"Then each Cavalier who loves honour and me,
"Let him follow the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee".

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle my horses and call out my men;
Unhook the west port and let us gae free,
For it's up wi' the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee!

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells they ring backward and drums they are beat,
But the provost (douce man) said, "Just e'en let it be,
"For the town is weel rid o' that deil o' Dundee."

There are hills beyond Pentland and lands beyond Forth,
Be there lords in the south, there are chiefs in the north;
There are brave Duinne-wassels, three thousand times three,
Will cry "Hie for the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee".

Then awa' to the hills, to the lea, to the rocks,
Ere I own a usurper I'll crouch wi' the fox;
And tremble, fause Whigs, in the midst o' your glee,
Ye hae nae seen the last o' my bonnets and me!

SIDE II, Band 5. THREE GOOD FELLOWS

A Jacobite song of the same period as the last, just before the battle of Killiecrankie. Graham is presumably

Claverhouse, and, according to James Hogg (The Ettrick Shepherd), the unnamed member of the party is Alaster Macdonald of Glengarry. The tune is obviously very old; the words are of uncertain date, but probably belong to the same period. Burns has the first verse in his collected works, but there is no evidence that he is the author. "Willie", of course, is William of Orange, the King.

There's three true good fellows, three brave loyal fellows,
There's three true good fellows, down ayont the glen.

It's now the day is daw'ing, but ere night is fa'ing,
Whase cock's best at crawling, Willie, thou shalt ken.

There's Graham, Graham and Gordon, Brave Lindsay is coming
Ken ye wha is running, wi' his Highlandmen?

'Tis he that's ay the foremost when the battle is warmest,
The bravest and the kindest of all Highlandmen.

There's three true good fellows, etc.....

There's Skye' noble chieftain, Hector, and bold Evan
Roach, Bane Macrabrach, and the true Maclean.

There's three true good fellows, etc.....

There's now no retreating, for the clans are waiting,
And every heart is beating, for honour and for fame!

There's three true good fellows, etc.....

SIDE II, Band 6. THE WEE, WEE GERMAN LAIRDIE

"One of the most virulent of Jacobite ballads" (Moffat). This clearly dates from after the union of Parliaments in 1707, and from the beginning of the Hanoverian royalty with George I. George came to the throne of the United Kingdom in 1714, immediately before the outbreak of the 1715 rising in Scotland, under the "Old Pretender", James, son of James II.

Wha the deil hae we gotten for a king,
But a wee, wee German lairdie;
When we gaed owre to bring him hame,
He was delvin in his kail yairdie.
He was sheughin' kail and layin' leeks
Wi'out the hose and but the breeks,
And up wi' his beggar duds he cleeks,
This wee, wee German lairdie!

An' he's clapt down in our guidman's chair,
The wee, wee German lairdie;
An' he's brought forth o' foreign gear
An' dibbled them in his yairdie.
He has pu'd the rose o' English loons,
An' broke the harp o' Irish clowns;
But our thistle taps will jag his thumbs,
This wee, wee German lairdie!

Auld Scotland, thou'rt cauld a hole
For nursin' siccan vermin;
The very dogs o' England's court
Can bark and howl in German;
Then keep they dibble in thy hand,
Thy spade put in thy yairdie;
For wha the deil now claims thy land,
But a wee, wee German lairdie?

SIDE II, Band 7. WILL YE GO TO SHERIFFMUIR?

The Hanoverian succession to the throne was a victory for the Whigs, but the country, especially the southern part of it, was tired of war and the strife of factions, so that the rivalry between Anglican and Presbyterian was allowed to cool. Only the Roman Catholics still felt strongly

enough on the matter to give their support to revolts designed to replace the Stuarts on the throne, with the result that the uprising of 1715, in favour of James, the Old Pretender, son of James II, was but poorly supported in England. The Highlanders by themselves, under the Earl of Mar, 8000 strong, were met by John Campbell, Duke of Argyle, with 3500 men, at Sheriffmuir. The Pretender himself arrived in Scotland too late to rouse the enthusiasm which his son Charles was to produce in 1745. Moreover, Mar was a poor general and Argyle a better one. The battle was indecisive, but it was enough; the cause of the Stuarts was lost.

The song is recorded in Hogg's "Jacobite relics", and probably belongs to the time of the event. The tune is old, and has come down only slightly changed to the present day in such versions as "The Great American Railway" and others.

Will ye go to Sheriffmuir
Bauld John o' Innisture?
There to see the noble Mar
And his Highland laddies;
A' the true men o' the north,
Angus, Huntly, and Seaforth,
Scouring on to cross the Forth,
Wi' their white cockadles?

There you'll see the banners flare,
There you'll hear the bagpipes rair,
And the trumpets deadly blare,
Wi' the cannon's rattle.
There you'll see the bauld M'Craws,
Cameron's and Clanronlad's raws,
And a' the clans, wi' loud huzzas,
Rushin' to the battle.

Will ye go to Sherrifmuir,
Bauld John o' Innisture?
Sic a day, and sic an hour,
Ne'er was in the north, man.
Siccan sights will there be seen;
And, gin some be nae mista'en,
Fragrant gales will come bedeen,
Frae the water o' Forth, man.

SIDE II, Band 8. THE PIPER O' DUNDEE

According to Sir Walter Scott, this song possibly refers to Carnegie of Phinaven. If so, as Hogg remarks, "he must have borne an active hand in exciting the chiefs to take arms (for the 1745 rising), as the song manifestly describes a sly endeavour of his to ascertain the state of their feelings." Amulrie is a small village in Perthshire. The date is presumably between 1715 and 1745, probably closer to the latter.

The piper came to our town,
To our town, to our town,
The piper came to our town,
And he play'd bonnilie.
He play'd a spring, the laird to please,
A spring Brent new frae 'yont the seas;
And then he's ga'e his bags a wheeze,
And played anither key.

And wasna he a rogy,
A rogy, a rogy?
And wasna he a rogy,
The piper o' Dundee?
He play'd "The Welcome owre tha Main",
And "Ye'se be fou and I'se be fain"
And "Auld Stuart's back again",
Wi' muckle mirth and glee.

And wasna (etc.)
He play'd "The Kirk", he play'd "The Queer",
"The Mullin Dhu" and "Chevalier",

And "Lang away, but welcome here",
Sae sweet, sae bonnilie.

And wasna (etc.)
It's some gat swords, and some gat nane,
And some were dancing mad their lane,
And mony a vow o' weir was taen
That night at Amulrie.

And wasna (etc.)
There was Tullibardine, and Burleigh,
And Struan, Keith and Ogilvie,
And brave Carnegie, wha but he,
The piper o' Dundee?

And wasna (etc.)

SIDE II, Band 9. YE JACOBITES BY NAME

In contrast to most of the Jacobite songs, all strongly partisan, this has a sobering and matter-of-fact message. Indeed it may well be a Whig song, not Jacobite at all. The steady cynicism of "leave a man undone to his fate" is most unusual in folk-song. The reason may be that the words are possibly, even probably, by Burns. The song is in Johnson's "Musical Museum", with words supplied by, perhaps written by, Burns. Nevertheless the ideas may be truly of the Jacobite time; it happened often that old fragments of songs were "patched up" and returned to circulation by later poets.

Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear, give an ear,
Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear;
Ye Jacobites by name,
Your fautes I will proclaim,
Your doctrine I maun blame,
You shall hear.

What is right and what is wrang, by the law, by the law?
What is right and what is wrang, by the law?
What is right and what is wrang?
A short sword and a lang,
A weak arm and a strang,
For to draw.

What makes heroic strife, fam'd afar, fam'd afar?
What makes heroic strife, fam'd afar?
What makes heroic strife?
To whet the assassin's knife,
Or hunt a parent's life,
Wi' bloody war.

Then let your schemes alone in the state, in the state;
Then let your schemes alone in the state;
Then let your schemes alone,
Adore the rising sun,
And leave a man undone
To his fate.

SIDE II, Band 10. THE ATHOL GATHERING

A 1745 song. The Murray referred to is Lord George Murray, fifth son of the first Duke of Atholl. "Joining Prince Charles's standard at Perth, in September 1745, he was appointed lieutenant-general of his forces, acted as such at the battles of Prestonpans, Falkirk, and Culloden, marched into England with them, and brought up the rear in their retreat from thence. He was attainted of high treason by act of parliament, but escaped to the continent; he arrived at Rome, 21st March, 1747, where he was received with great distinction by Prince Charles, who fitted up an apartment for him in his palace, and introduced him to the Pope. He died at Medenblinck, in Holland, 11th October, 1760." (James Hogg, "Jacobite Relics")

Wha will ride wi' gallant Murray?
Wha will ride wi' Georgie's sel?
He's the flower o' a' Glenisla,
And the darling o' Dunkel'.
See the white rose in his bonnet!
See his banner o'er the Tay!
His gude sword he now has drawn it,
And has flung the sheath away.

Menzies he's our friend and brother,
Gask and Strowan are nae slack;
Noble Perth has taen the field,
And a' the Drummonds at his back.
Let us ride wi' gallant Murray,
Let us fight for Charlie's crown;
From the right we'll never sinder,
Till we bring the tyrant down.

SIDE II, Band 11. WHAT'S A' THE STEER, KIMMER?

The Young Pretender, Bonnie Prince Charlie, the son of James of 1715, landed at Eriskay in the Outer Hebrides, at the beginning of August 1745. The enterprise, which was discouraged by many of the wiser heads among the Highlanders themselves, was part of the general friction between England and the Bourbons of France and Spain. To quote from Trevelyan: ".Walpole had been right in his warning that renewed hostilities with the French and Spanish Bourbons would mean the launching of another Jacobite attack on the dynasty, which his wisdom had so long staved off. The year of Fontenoy, a lost battle wherein our battalions of infantry distinguished themselves against the French in the Netherlands, was also the year of Prince Charles Edward's astonishing adventure in Britain. He found an island almost denuded of troops, utterly unaccustomed to war or self-defence, and so selfishly indifferent to the issue between Stuart and Hanoverian that the inhabitants let 5000 Highlanders with targe and broadsword march from Edinburgh to Derby, gaped at but equally unassisted and unopposed."

Trevelyan speculates upon the probable situation in Britain had the 1745 rising been successful; on how it would have meant the loss of the parliamentary progress that had been made and a renewed series of civil wars; and indeed it is not difficult to sympathise with the lack of patience implied in "Ye Jacobites by Name". To much has been made of the glamour of 1745. It was a gallant adventure, but it certainly would not have solved, had it been successful, the problems of Scotland.

The words of this song may be old, contemporary with the event; the tune, according to Moffat, was composed in the first half of the 19th century by George Alexander Lee, a tenor. It was published in 1822, in Smith's "Scottish Minstrel".

What's a' the steer, kimmer?
What's a' the steer?
Charlie he is landed,
And haith! he'll soon be here;
The win' was at his back, Carle,
The win' was at his back;
I carena, sin' he's come, Carle,
We were na worth a plack.

I'm glad to hear't, Kimmer,
I'm glad to hear't;
I hae a gude braid claymore,
And for his sake I'll wear't;
Sin Charlie he is landed,
We hae nae mair to fear,
Sin Charlie he is come, kimmer,
We'll hae a jubilee year!

SIDE II, Band 12. WHA WADNA FECHT FOR CHARLIE?

A Highland song, published by Hogg. The air first appeared in print, according to Moffat, in 1761. It is known today as the song of the Black Watch Regiment, with the words "Wha saw the forty-second?"

Wha wadna fecht for Charlie?
Wha wadna draw the sword?
Wha wadna up and rally,
At their royal prince's word?

Rouse, rouse, ye kilted warriors!
Rouse, ye heroes of the north!
Rouse and join your chieftain's banners
'Tis your prince that leads you forth!

Shall we basely crouch to tyrants?
 Shall we own a foreign sway?
 Shall a royal Stuart be banished,
 While a stranger rules the day?

See the northern clans advancing!
 See Glengarry and Lochiel!
 See the brandish'd broad swords glancing!
 Highland hearts are true as steel.

SIDE II, Band 13. CHARLIE IS MY DARLING

This song is best known in the newer version, by Lady Nairn, which is sung here at the beginning in one verse only. The older version, both words and music, sound truer both to what we know of Charlie and the music of the time.

Twas on a Monday morning,
 Right early in the year,
 When Charlie came to our town,
 The young Chevalier.

O, Charlie is my darling, my darling, my darling,
 Charlie is my darling, the young Chevalier.

As he was walking up the street,
 The city for to view,
 O There he spied a bonny lass,
 The window looking through. (chorus)

Sae light's he jumped up the stair
 And tirl'd at the pin;
 And wha sae ready as hersel'
 To let the laddie in! (chorus)

He set his Jenny of his knee,
 All in his Highland dress;
 For bravly weel he knet the way
 To please a bonny lass. (chorus)

It's up yon heathery mountain,
 And down yon scroggy glen,
 We daurna gang a-milking
 For Charlie and his men. (chorus)

SIDE II, Band 14. JOHNNIE COPE

This records the battle of Prestonpans, an early engagement in the '45 rising. General Cope occupied a position between Tranent meadow and the sea, in south-east Scotland. The preliminaries to the battle are obscure; neither side gained an advantage until, in the night, Scottish troops (Macdonalds, Camerons and Appin Stuarts) crossed a boggy region into the area held by Cope and the Hanoverians, when the result was sudden and decisive. Cope retreated southward.

Cope sent a letter frae Dunbar;
 O Charlie meet me an ye daur,
 And I'll learn ye the art of war,
 Gin ye'll meet me in the morning.

Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye waukin' yet?
 Or are your drums a-beatin' yet?
 If ye were waukin', I wad wait
 To go to the coals i' the mornin'.

When Charlie look'd the letter upon,
 He drew his sword the scabbard from;
 Come, follow me, my merry men,
 And we'll meet Cope i' the mornin'. (chorus)

Now, Johnnie, be as gude's your word;
 Come, let us try baith fire and sword;
 And dinna rin like a frightened bird,
 That's chased frae its nest i' the mornin'. (chorus)

When Johnnie Cope he heard of this,
 He Thocht it wadna be amiss
 To hae a horse in readiness
 To flee awa' i' the mornin'. (chorus)

Fye Johnnie, now get up and rin,
 The Highland bagpipes make a din;
 It's best to sleep in a hale skin
 For 'twill be a bluidy mornin'. (chorus)

When Johnnie Cope to Berwick cam',
 They speer'd at him, "Where's a' your men?"
 "The deil confound me, gin I ken,
 For I left them a' i' the mornin'." (chorus)

SIDE II, Band 15. THE SUN RISES BRIGHT IN FRANCE

"Johnnie Cope" is a light-hearted song about a Stuart victory. It will not, however, serve as the last in this series, for the Stuart rising of 1745 did not end in a victory for Bonnie Prince Charlie. The Stuart army reached Derby, in central England, at which point the council of the chiefs prevailed and Charles withdrew north of the border.

The English army had also returned from the Continent of Europe, and was available to take on this Highland threat. The first battle after the retreat, at Falkirk, was also a victory for the Stuart army against the Hanoverians under Hawley, but the sequel was the end of Jacobitism. The Duke of Cumberland, Grim German general in the service of the House of Hanover, landed back from Flanders late in October, 1745. Any possible support for Charles from among the English Jacobites failed in heart at that moment; Cumberland marched north, took Carlisle and enter Scotland. Charles, again under the advice of the Highland chiefs, retreated farther north, and Cumberland finally met him at Culloden Moor, near Inverness. Grape-shot from cannon, and the "red line", three deep, shattered the Highland charges. Charles escaped to France and thence to Rome, through all the haze of glamour that still surrounded him. "After the battle the Duke of Cumberland stained a good military reputation and great public services, by cruelties against the Highland population, then approved by the scared and angry English, but ever since held in detestation. The facts have been exaggerated, but they are bad without exaggeration." (Trevelyan).

This little lament, of unknown date, will serve to close the series. It is sung by an exile, almost certainly a Jacobite exile, and probably one of Charles's Highland followers.

The sun rises bright in France,
 And fair sets he;
 But he has tint the blink he had in my ain countrie.
 It's nae my ain ruin that wets my e'e,
 But the dear Marie I left a-hin',
 Wi' sweet bairnies three.

Fu' beinly low'd my ain hearth,
 And smil'd my ain Marie!
 O I've left a' my heart behind,
 In my ain countrie!
 O I'm leal to high Heaven,
 Which aye was leal to me;
 And it's there I'll meet ye a' soon,
 Frae my ain countrie.

GLOSSARY

ae	one
ahin	behind
ain	own
airn	iron
alang	along
ane an' a'	one and all
auld	old
ava	at all
aye, ay	always
ayont	beyond
bairnies,	
bairns	children
baith	both
basnet	helmet
bauld	bold
bedeen	at evening
bent	coarse grass
beuk	book
billie	comrade, brother
blink	look
blude	blood
bogle	hobgoblin, ghost
bouks	bodies
bra, braw	fine, brave
brae	hill
bravly weel	very well
breeks	breeches
brent new	brand new
brig	bridge
buke	book
ca'	call
callant	gallant, .lad
cauld	cold
chafft-blade	jaw-bone
claymore	Highland sword
cleek	snatch, seize
curch	kerchief
daur	dare
dawing	dawning
deil	devil
delvin'	digging
dibble	planting tool
dight	serve, handle
domineer (in)	haughtily
douce	soft, gentle
dree	be able, undergo
duds	clothes
duinne-wassal	small farmer
durst	dares
fain	glad, gladly, eager
flag o' red	Covenanters' flag
fa'n	fallen
fautes	faults
fleyd	frightened
flinders	splinters
frae	from
gae	go, gave
gane	gone

gar, garrt	make, made, cause
gie	give
gin	if
gleuves	gloves
gloaming	twilight, evening
gowd	gold
grain	branch of a tree
greetin'	weeping
grippit	seized, arrested
gude	good
ha'	hall
hale	whole
hame	home
haud	hold
hente	caught, took
hie	high
hove	hollow
ilka	each, every
ilk ane	every one
ither	other
kail yairdie	cabbage patch
ken, kent	know, knew
knowe	hillock, hill-top
lane (their lane)	by themselves
lea	plain, open land
leal	loyal
lilye	lovely
lippen to	depend on
loanin	lane, farm road
lodging-mail	rent for lodging
loon	person of low rank
low'd	glowed, flamed
mair	more
maukin	hare
maun, mauna	must, must not
meikle	great, much
menyie	servants, household
mony	many
muir	moor
na, nae	no, not
nane	none
nane	night
niest, neist	next
onie	any
o't	of it
owre	over
pallion	pavillion
rade	rode
rair	roar
recks	matters, counts
rin	run
riving	tear
sae	so
saft	lightly
sair	sore
scouring	hurrying
scroggy	covered with stunted bushes
	self
sel	ditching, trenching
sheughin'	such
sic, siccan	silver
siller	since, then
sin, syne	sunder
sinder	flood
spait	spoke
spak	shoulder
spauld	ask
speer	armour
splent	quick tune
spring	stone
stane	strong
stark	stole
staw	stir, disturbance
steer	placed
stell'd	stabbed
stickit	dust
stoure	stroke
straik	smite
swap, swak	young men
swankies	sweat
swat	should
sud	tops, tips
taps	lost
tint	rattled the latch
tirl'd at the toom	empty
trov	believe
tw	two
wa'	wall
wad	would
wae	woe, unhappy
waly	interjection of admiration or lamentation
	know, think
wat	awake, waking
wauken, waukin	faded
wede	war
weir	who, whose
wha, whase	wife
wife	woman
wordie	worthy
wyte	blame
yett	gate
yon	that
yowe	ewe