

SONGS OF TWO REBELLIONS

The Jacobite Wars of 1715 and 1745 in Scotland

Sung by Ewan MacColl Guitar and Banjo Accompaniments by Peggy Seeger

Cover Design by Ronald Clyne

Passage of the Highland Army along the side of Loch Eil, 1745



M
1746
M112
S698
1960

MUSIC LP

Ye Jacobites By Name
Such A Parcel Of Rogues In A Nation
Will Ye Go To Sheriffmuir
Wae's Me For Prince Charlie
Charlie Is My Darling
The Haughs of Cromdale
The Bonnie Moorhen
Johnnie Cope
Came Ye O'er Frae France?
There's Three, Brave Loyal Fellows
This Is No' My Ain House
The Piper O' Dundee
Donald MacGillavry
Will Ye No' Come Back Again?
The Wee, Wee German Lairdie

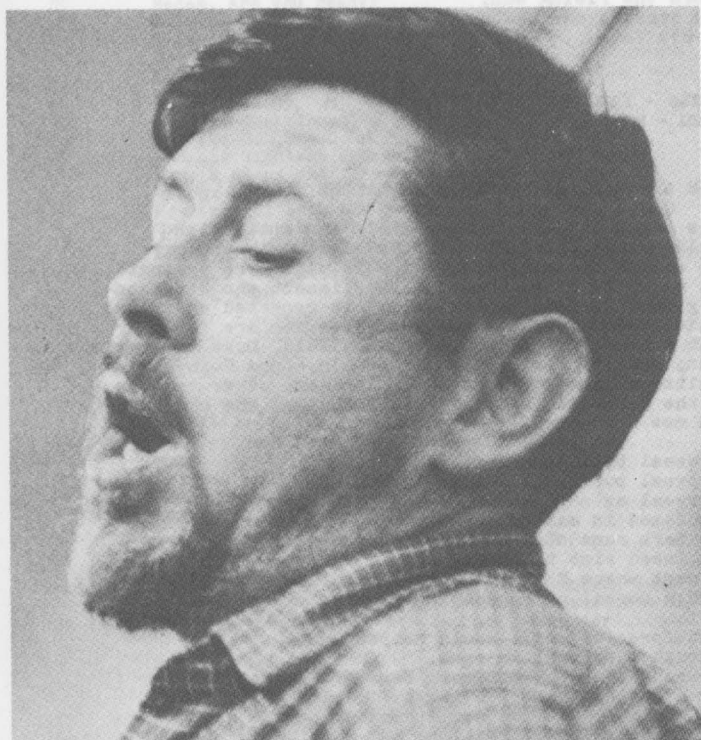
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DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

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SUNG BY Ewan MacColl

guitar and banjo accompaniments by Peggy Seeger

Notes on the songs by Ewan MacColl

Introductory Note by Ralph Knight

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Two Jacobite Rebellions

During the eighteenth century, Scotland, like many countries of western Europe, experienced a profound economic, social, religious and political revolution. In the early years of the century she was an agrarian, politically independent nation; at the end she was heavily industrialized and politically bound to England. The old system of lands worked by the peasantry in feu to the great landowners had been smashed and supplanted by industrial capitalism. The political bond with England had destroyed the traditional "Auld Alliance" with France, that had helped sustain Scotland when she was independent. Great urban centers of trade and manufacturing had developed, and the earlier extreme poverty of the Scottish people had been tempered a little by some prosperity.

Revolution did not occur without bewilderingly sudden changes, harsh reverses, bloodshed, and great suffering.

Who can guess what course Scottish development would have taken without the intervention of England? The aim of English policy had always been to dominate Scotland, to use and exploit her people and resources, and, as a necessary prerequisite, to suppress and even destroy her national aspirations and native culture. With the Union of the Parliaments (1707) it seemed that success was finally with England. But Scottish resistance continued to live, resulting in a series of armed rebellions, of which those of 1715 and 1745 were the most important.

These rebellions were conducted by the Jacobites, adherents of James II and his descendants, who took as their first aim in both rebellions the restoration of the Stuarts to the throne of Scotland and England in place of the Hanovers. The Jacobites won the support of large sections of the Scottish people. There were supporters among some merchants whose trade had been ruined by the Union. There were patriotic Scots who longed for complete independence and a return of the French alliance. There were Catholics, mainly in the Highlands, who wanted a return of the Catholic Stuarts.

Nevertheless, the broadest elements of Scottish life failed to support the Jacobites, particularly in the first insurrection. It was an unfortunate fact, but quite understandable considering the time, that the struggle for inde-

pendence was led by representatives of the old feudal system who could not possibly rally the Scottish people entirely. As a struggle for the national existence, the wars took on nobility of purpose; but as an effort to restore an old system that had been supplanted by a better, they could not unify Scotland. This fact, combined with inferior military leadership and the failure of expected French aid to appear, swiftly doomed the rebellion of 1715.

At Preston five thousand Jacobites, three armies, were surrounded and captured or dispersed. Soon thereafter, the chief Jacobite military leader, the Earl of Mar, led an army toward Stirling, the way to which was barred by the English force under the Scottish Duke of Argyle. They met at Sheriffmuir, near Dunblane, and fought a near draw. But since the Jacobites withdrew, leaving Argyle still barring the way to Stirling, the result was a defeat for the Jacobites. Prince James's arrival in Scotland the next month did nothing to rally the Jacobites, and he slipped away again to France, ending the Fifteen.

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A brief rebellion flared in 1719. This was quickly crushed with the defeat of the Jacobites in the Pass of Glenshiels, in Ross-shire.

More than twenty-five years later the greatest rebellion of all occurred--one that came very near success. This began on July 25, 1745, when Prince Charles Edward, son of James, landed in Scotland. Charles was a more forceful figure than his father. He was young and courageous and not without military ability; these attributes helped draw to the cause many Scots who might otherwise have been indifferent. Besides, Bonnie Prince Charlie, unlike his father, came to help lead the military campaigns. Most of the clan chiefs joined him, and in August the Jacobite standard was raised.

Under Lord George Murray, an excellent strategist, the Jacobites marched boldly on Edinburgh and seized the city before the English could prevent them. The English leader, General John Cope, brought his troops into Dunbar; but the Jacobites forced the issue with a fierce dawn attack at Prestonpans, between Edinburgh and Dunbar, and routed Cope and his men. Prince Charles set up court at Holyrood Palace. Against the counsel of some of his advisors, there he wasted a number of weeks while the Hanoverians reorganized.

When the Jacobites finally moved, they invaded England as far south as Derby, but failed to draw the north country to their banner as they had hoped to do. English armies came in pursuit as the Jacobites retreated through the border country, the Lowlands, and back to their mountain glens. This time the English were determined to wipe out rebellion and the spirit of rebellion. The English leader, the Duke of Cumberland, dubbed "The Butcher" by the Scots, led the Redcoats in a campaign of pillage, rape and murder as they drove through Scotland. The last battle was fought at Culloden Moor, near Inverness, where the Jacobites suffered a crushing defeat that ended the Forty-Five.

Whatever may have been the shortcomings of the Jacobite rebellions, or however ingloriously they may have ended, they and Bonnie Prince Charlie, to the Scots, remained as one of the peaks of national life. In the Jacobite songs every battle became a cry against oppression, and every leader wears the aspect of ideal courage, boldness and strength, without blemish. The songs are glorious. Through them the Jacobites have won their rebellions, for the songs exist in posterity, moving us who are so far removed from the events, the causes, and the feelings, of the Fifteen and the Forty-Five; who live in other countries and pursue other destinies.

As Ewan MacColl writes: "To a world which has become familiar with the concept of genocide, which has known fascism and two world wars, the Jacobite rebellions appear as no more than cases of mild unrest. They have grown dusty in history's lumber room along with all the other lost causes. The Stuart cause is forgotten and nothing remains of it except the songs."

"And what songs they are! Witty, tender, proud, bitter, ribald, delicate, passionate; the songs of a people with a great zest and appetite for life; the songs of a people who are essentially optimistic and who, oddly enough, succeed in combining sympathy for a declining royal house with the most republican sentiments."

Ralph Knight

YE JACOBITES BY NAME

The air of this song has always been popular in Scotland and is sung to many different songs on many different subjects, but, according to Hogg, "none of them are Jacobite save this."

Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear, give an ear,
Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear;
Ye Jacobites by name, your fauts I will proclaim,
Your doctrines I maun blame,
You shall hear, you shall hear,
Your doctrines 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, famed afar, famed afar?
What makes heroic strife, famed 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.

fauts - faults
maun - must

SUCH A PARCEL OF ROGUES IN A NATION

This song embodies pretty fairly the anti-Union feeling of Scotland during the eighteenth century. The charge of corruption which is made here against the majority of the Scottish Parliament who "treasonably sold us for English gold," is repeated again and again in the Jacobite songs. Those who are familiar with the records of men like Archibald, Duke of Argyle, John, Earl of Stair, Lord Annandale, Lord Rothes, Traitor M'Kertney, Honest Kersland and other members of the Unionist faction, will know that the charge was not unfounded.

Fareweel to a' our Scottish fame,
Fareweel our ancient glory,
Fareweel ev'n to the Scottish name,
Sae famed in martial story.
Now Sark runs o'er the Solway sands
And Tweed rins to the ocean,
To mark where England's province stands;
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation.

What force or guile could not subdue,
Through many warlike ages,
Is wrought now by a coward few,
For hireling traitor's wages.
The English steel we could disdain,
Secure in valour's station,
But English gold has been our bane;
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation.

O would, or I had seen the day
That treason thus could sell us,
My auld gray head had lain in clay,

Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace!
But pith and power, till my last hour
I'll make this declaration:
We're bought and sold for English gold:
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation.

rins - runs

WILL YE GO TO SHERIFFMUIR

The victory at the battle of Sheriffmuir, fought between the clans under the Earl of Mar and the Hanoverian forces under the Duke of Argyle on the 13th November 1715, has been claimed by both sides. Winners or losers, the Jacobites celebrated the battle in a number of fine songs, of which this is probably the least well known. There is some doubt among clan historians as to the identity of Bauld John o' Innisture.

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, Huntley and Seaforth,
Scouring on to cross the Forth,
Wi' their white cockadies?

There ye'll see the banners flare,
There ye'll hear the bagpipes rair,
And the trumpets' deadly blare,
Wi' the cannon's rattle.
There ye'll see the bauld McCraws,
Camerons and Clanronald's raws,
And a' the clans, wi' loud huzzas,
Rushing to the battle.

There ye'll see the noble Whigs,
A' the heroes o' the brigs,
Raw hides and withered wigs,
Riding in array, man.
Ri'en hose and raggit hools,
Sour milk and girnin gools,
Psalm-beuks and cutty-stools,*
We'll see never mair mair, man.

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

*The stool on which unmarried mothers had to sit
in church when they made their confession.

Bauld - Bold
raws - rows
Ri'en - torn
hools - clothing
girnin gools - weeping melancholics
Psalm-beuks - Psalm-books
sic - such
Siccan - Such
gin - if
mista'en - mistaken

WAE'S ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE (Woe is)

In spite of the harsh repressive measures which
followed the collapse of the Forty-Five rebellion,
Scots ballad makers continued to extoll the vir-
tues of Prince Charles for almost another hundred
years. Wae's Me for Prince Charlie is the work
of William Glen, born in Glasgow in 1789. It is
set to the ballad tune of Gypsy Davy.

A wee bird came to our ha' door,
He warbled sweet and early,
And aye the o'ercome o' his lilt
Was "Wae's me for Prince Charlie!"
Oh! when I heard the bonnie bonnie bird,

The tears came drapping rarely,
I took my bonnet aff my head,
For weel I lo'ed Prince Charlie.

Said I, "My bird, my bonnie, bonnie bird,
Is that a tale ye borrow?
Or is't some words ye've learnt by rote
Or a lilt o' dule and sorrow?"
"O, no, no, no!" the wee bird sang,
"I've flown sin' morning early;
But sic a day o' wind and rain!
O, wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

On hills that are by right his ain,
He roams a lonely stranger;
On ilka hand he's pressed by want,
On ilka side by danger.
Yestreen I met him in a glen,
My hairt near bursted fairly,
For sadly changed indeed was he,
O, wae's me for Prince Charlie!

Dark night came on, the tempest howled
Out ower the hills and valleys;
And where was't that your prince lay down,
Whase hame should been a palace?
He row'd him in a Highland plaid,
Which covered him but sparely,
And slept beneath a bush of broom.
O, wae's me for Prince Charlie!

ha' - hall
weel I lo'ed - well I loved
dule - sadness
sic - such
ilka - every
Yestreen - Yesterday evening
hairt - heart
row'd - wrapped

CHARLIE HE'S MY DARLING

In these days, when it has become the custom to
debunk the popular figures of other days, we are
presented with a picture of The Young Pretender
that is by no means agreeable. The shabby, and
not quite sober, mendicant who haunted the back
staircase of Versailles and who was not over
scrupulous in his dealings with women, is not the
Young Chevalier of the songs. For a great many
Scots people, Charles Edward Stuart was not only
a King and a leader but a living compendium of all
the qualities which the Scots find commendable.
The text given here is the original one. Hogg
wrote a modern and less forthright version of the
song.

'Twas on a Monday morning,
Right early in the year,
That Charlie came to our town,
The Young Chevalier.

And Charlie he's my darling,
My darling, my darling,
Charlie he's my darling,
The Young Chevalier.

As he was walking up the street,
The city for to view,
O there he spied a bonnie lass,
The window looking through.

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.

He set his Jenny on his knee,
All in his Highland dress:
For brawly weel he kend the way
To please a bonnie lass.

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

wha sae - who so
brawly weel he kend - very well he knew
daurna gang - dare not go

THE HAUGHS OF CROMDALE*

Poetic licence has been strained to breaking point
in this vigorous ballad. The battle fought upon
the plains of Cromdale in Strathspey did, in fact,
result in the army of 1,500 Highlanders being de-
feated by Sir Thomas Livingstone's Hanoverians.
Montrose, the hero of the song, was not present at
the event. Some forty-five years before, however,
he won a victory at the Battle of Auldearn against
the Whig forces and it is probable that the two
events have been dovetailed to provide us with a
fine, optimistic, if somewhat chronologically in-
accurate, song. The tune is a great favourite with
Scots pipers.

As I came in by Achindoon,
A little wee bit frae the toon,
When to the Highlands I was bound,
To view the haughs o' Cromdale,
I met a man in tartan trews,
I speer'd at him what was the news;
Quo' he, The Highland army rues,
That e'er we came to Cromdale.

We were in bed, sir, every man,
When the English host upon us came;
A bloody battle then began,
Upon the haughs o' Cromdale.
The English horse they were so rude,
They bathed their hoofs in Highland blood,
But our brave clans they boldly stood
Upon the haughs o' Cromdale.

Alas! we could no longer stay,
For o'er the hills we came away,
And sore we do lament the day
That e'er we cam to Cromdale.
Thus the great Montrose did say,
Can you direct the nearest way?
For I will o'er the hills this day,
And view the haughs o' Cromdale.

Alas, my lord, you're no' sae strong,
You scarcely have two thousand men,
And there's twenty thousand on the plain,
Stand rank and file on Cromdale.
Thus the great Montrose did say,
I say, direct the nearest way,
For I will o'er the hills this day,
And see the haughs o' Cromdale.

They were at dinner, every man,
When great Montrose upon them came;
A second battle then began,
Upon the haughs o' Cromdale.
The Grant, MacKenzie and McKay,
Soon as Montrose they did espy,
O, then they faught most valiantly!
Upon the haughs o' Cromdale.

The MacDonalds they returned again,
The Camerons did their standard join,
MacIntosh played a bloody game
Upon the haughs o' Cromdale.
The MacGregors fought like lions bold,
The MacPherson's, none could them control,
MacLauchlins fought like loyal souls,
Upon the haughs o' Cromdale.

MacLeans, MacDougals, and MacNeils,
Sae boldly as they took the field,
And made their enemies to yield,
Upon the haughs o' Cromdale.
The Gordons boldly did advance,
The Frazers faught with sword and lance,
The Grahams they made the heads to dance,
Upon the haughs o' Cromdale.

The loyal Stewarts, with Montrose,
So boldly set upon their foes,
And brought them down with Highland blows
Upon the haughs o' Cromdale.
Of twenty thousand Cromwell's men,
Five hundred fled to Aberdeen,
The rest of them lie on the plain,
Upon the haughs o' Cromdale.

*Haugh: level ground beside a stream.

toon - town
trews - trousers
speer'd - asked

THE BONNIE MOORHEN

Nearly all the Jacobite songs were "cried down
songs"; that is, they were proscribed. Consequent-
ly, songwriters and singers tended to codify their
verses. Charles Stuart appears in the songs in a
host of disguises: as a blackbird, as "our guid-
man" and, in this song, as a moorhen. The colours
mentioned in the second verse allude to those
found in the Clan Stuart tartan.

My bonnie moorhen, my bonnie moorhen,
Up in the grey hill, doon in the glen;
It's when ye gang but the house, when ye
gang ben,
Aye drink a health to my bonnie moorhen.
My bonnie moorhen's gane over the main,
And it will be simmer or she comes again;

But when she comes back again, some folk
will ken,
Joy be with thee, my bonnie moorhen.

My bonnie moorhen has feathers enew,
She's a' fine colours, but nane o' them
blue;
She's red and she's white and she's green
and she's grey.
My bonnie moorhen, come hither away.
Come up by Glenduich and down by Glendee,
And round by Kinclaven and hither to me;
For Ronald and Donald are out on the fen,
To break the wing o' my bonnie moorhen.

but - outside
ben - inside
simmer - summer

JOHNNIE COPE

This song, still very popular in Scotland with
singers, fiddlers and pipers, refers to the
Battle of Prestonpans. There the Jacobite army,
commanded by Prince Charles Stuart in person,
routed a numerically superior English force led
by General John Cope. The event took place on
September 21, 1745, but Scots singers still de-
rive singular pleasure from recalling the outcome
of the battle.

Cope sent a challenge frae Dunbar,
"Charlie, meet me, an' ye daur,
And I'll learn you the art of war,
If you'll meet me in the mornin'."

Hey, Johnnie Cope! are ye waukin yet?
Or are your drums a-beatin' yet?
If ye were waukin I would wait
To gang to the coals in the morning.

When Charlie looked this letter upon,
He drew his sword the scabbard from,
"Come follow me, my merry men,
An' we'll meet Johnnie Cope in the morning."

"Now, Johnnie, be as good as your word,
And try your faith with fire and sword,
And dinna flee awa' like a frightened bird
That's chased frae its nest in the morning."

When Johnnie Cope he heard o' this,
He thoct it wouldna be amiss
To hae a horse in readiness,
For to flee awa' in the morning.

"C'wa now, Johnnie, get up and rin,
The Hieland bagpipes mak a din,
It's best to sleep in a hale skin,
It will be a bloodie morning."

When Johnnie Cope to Dunbar came,
They speired at him, "Where's a' your men?"
"The deil confound me gin I ken,
For I left them a' this morning."

"Noo, Johnnie, troth, ye were na blate,
To leave your men in sic a strait,
And come wi' the news o' your ain defeat
Sae early in the morning."

"In faith," quo' Johnnie, "I got sic flegs
Wi' their claymores and filabegs,
If I face them again, deil break my legs,
So I wish you a' good morning."

daur - dare
waukin - waking
gang - go
dinna - do not
thocht - thought
hae - have
C'wa - Come away
rin - run
hale - whole
speired - asked
deil - devil
gin - if

ken - know
blate - bashful
sic - such
flegs - blows
claymores and filabegs - Highland swords
and kilts

CAME YE O'ER FRAE FRANCE?

When George the First imported his seraglio of im-
poverished gentlewomen from Germany, he provided
the Jacobite songwriters with material for some of
their most ribald verses. Madame Kilmansegge,
Countess of Platen, is referred to exclusively as
"The Sow" in the songs while his favourite mistress,
the lean and haggard Madame Schulemberg, afterwards
created Duchess of Kendal, was given the name of
"The Goose." She is the goosie referred to in this
song. The "blade" mentioned in the second verse is
the Count Koningsmark. "Bobbing John" is a refer-
ence to John, Earl of Mar, who, at the time this
song was made, was recruiting Highlanders for the
Hanoverian cause. "Geordie Whelps" is, of course,
George the First.

Came ye o'er frae France?
 Came ye doon by Lunnon?
 Saw ye Geordie Whelps,
 And his bonnie woman?
 Were ye at the place
 Ca'd the Kittle Housie?*

Geordie he's the man,
 There is little doubt o't;
 He's done a' he can,
 Wha can do without it?
 Down there came a blade,
 Linkin like my lordie;
 He would drive a trade
 At the loom o' Geordie.

Though the claith were bad,
 Blythely may we niffer;
 Gin we get a wab,
 It makes little differ.
 We hae tint our plaid,
 Bonnet, belt and swordie,
 Ha's and maillins braid--
 But we hae a Geordie!

Jocky's gane to France,
 And Montgomery's lady;
 There they'll learn to dance:
 Madam, are you ready?
 They'll be back belyve,
 Belted, brisk and lordly:
 Brawly may they thrive
 To dance a jig wi' Geordie!

Hey for Sandy Don!
 Hey for Cockalorum!
 Hey for Bobbing John,
 And his Highland quorum!
 Morny a sword and lance
 Swings at Highland hurdie;
 How they'll skip and dance
 Over the bum o' Geordie!

*Kittle House: a house for dancing; alternatively,
 a house for cats, a brothel.

doon - down
 Lunnon - London
 Linkin - tripping along
 claith - cloth
 niffer - haggle, exchange
 Gin - If
 wab - web, a length of cloth
 tint - lost
 Ha's and maillins - Houses and farmlands
 gane - gone
 belyve - quickly
 Brawly - Well
 hurdie - buttock

THERE'S THREE BRAVE, LOYAL FELLOWS

James Hogg suggests that this is a Highland song
 made on the eve of the Battle of Killiecrankie in
 1689. Certainly the air is more characteristic of

Gaelic Scotland than of the Lowlands and would
 "sing" better in the Gaelic than it does in Eng-
 lish. The Lindsay mentioned in the song is proba-
 bly Colin, Earl of Balcarras and "the true MacLean"
 is surely the young Chief of Skye who played such a
 valiant part at Killiecrankie. "Macrabrach" is
 possibly a mis-spelling of M'Abrach, the Laird of
 Coll. The unnamed gallant who succeeds Lindsay in
 the song, could be Alaster MacDonald of Glengary,
 who carried King James' standard at the Battle of
 Killiecrankie.

There's three brave, loyal fellows,
 Doon ayont yon glen.

It's now the day is dawning,
 But ere the night is falling,
 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 aye the foremost
 When the battle is warmest,
 The bravest and the kindest
 Of all Highlandmen.

There's Skye's noble chieftain,
 Hector and bold Evan,
 Reoch, Bane Macrabrach,
 And the true MacLean.

Now there's no retreating,
 For the clans are waiting,
 Every heart is beating,
 For honour and for fame.

Whase - Whose
 ken - know

THIS IS NO' MY AIN HOUSE

This beautiful song, written in the form of an
 allegory, is a perfect example of the skill shown
 by the Jacobite songwriters. The "house" referred
 to is, of course, Scotland; "my daddy" is the exiled
 Stuart king; and the "cringing foreign goose" is the
 Hanoverian usurper.

This is no' my ain house,
 My ain house, my ain house,
 This is no' my ain house,
 I ken by the biggin o't.

A carle came wi' lack o' grace,
 Wi' unco gear and unco face;
 And sin' he claimed my daddy's place,
 I downa bide the triggin o't.

Wi' routh o' kin and routh o' reek,
 My daddy's door it wouldna steek;
 But bread and cheese were his
 door-cheek,
 And girdle-cakes the riggin' o't.

My daddy bag his housie weel,
 By dint o' head and dint o' heel,
 By dint o' arm and dint o' steel,
 And muckle weary priggins o't.

Then was it dink, or was it douce,
 For ony cringing foreign goose,
 To claucht my daddy's wee bit house,
 And spoil the hamely triggin o't?

Say was it foul or was it fair
 To come a hunder mile and mair,
 For to ding out my daddy's heir,
 And dash him wi' the whiggin o't?

carle - worthless fellow
 ain - own ken - know biggin - building
 unco - ill-formed downa - cannot
 triggin - decoration
 Wi' routh o' kin and routh o' reek -
 With such a large family and so much
 bustle
 door-cheek - door step
 bag - built
 dink, or douce - seemly, or of good
 behavior
 claucht - seize

THE PIPER O' DUNDEE

The identity of The Piper of Dundee is unknown
 though Sir Walter Scott suggests that the notable
 Carnegie of Phinhaven would be a likely candidate.
 All those mentioned in the song were leading men
 of the Jacobite faction. Amulrie, or Amblere,
 where the meeting is described as having taken
 place, is a remote village in Central Perthshire.

The piper came to our town,
 To our town, to our town,
 The piper came to our town
 And he played bonnillie.

He play'd a spring, the laird to please,
 A spring brent new frae 'yont the seas,
 And then he gae his bags a wheeze
 And played anither key.

And wasna he a roguey,
 A roguey, a roguey?
 And wasna he a roguey,
 The piper o' Dundee?

He play'd "The Welcome Ower the Main,"
 And "Ye's Be Fou and I'se Be Fain,"
 And "Auld Stuart's Back Again,"
 Wi' muckle mirth and glee.

He play'd "The Kirk," he play'd "The
 Queer,"
 "The Mullin Dhu," and "Chevalier,"
 And "Lang Awa' But Welcome Here,"
 Sae sweet, sae bonnillie.

It's some gat swords and some gat nane,
 And some were dancing mad their lane,
 And mony a vow o' weir was ta'en
 That night at Amulrie.

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

spring - dance
 laird - landowner
 brent new - brand new
 'yont - beyond
 "Ye's be fou and I'se be fain" -
 You're full, I'm willing
 muckle mirth - great mirth
 Queer - choir
 gat - have
 nane - none
 mad their lane - on their own
 weir - war

DONALD MACGILLAVRY

James Hogg, in his Jacobite Relics, places this song as belonging to one of the Jacobite risings, either in 1715 or 1745. MacGillavry of Drumglass is one of the chiefs mentioned in the Chevalier's Muster Roll of 1715; and in the Forty-Five rebellion the powerful clan of M'Intosh was led by a Colonel MacGillavray, for the name belongs to the Clan-Chattan, of which M'Intosh is the head. A bard belonging to the associated clan may well have written the song; on the other hand, the name might have been used as a convenient designation for loyal Highlanders.

Donald's gane up the hill hard and hungry,
Donald comes down the hill wild and angry;
Donald will clear the gouk's nest cleverly.
Here's to the king and Donald MacGillavry.
Come like a weigh-bauk, Donald MacGillavry;
Come like a weigh-bauk, Donald MacGillavry,
Balance them fair and balance them cleverly;
Off wi' the counterfeit, Donald MacGillavry.

Donald's run o'er the hill but his tether, man,
As he were wud or stanged wi' an ether, man;
When he comes back, there's some will look merrily;

Here's to King James and Donald MacGillavry.
Come like a weaver, Donald MacGillavry,
Come like a weaver, Donald MacGillavry,
Pack on your back and elwand sae cleverly;
Gie them full measure, my Donald MacGillavry.

ld has foughten wi' rief and roguery;
ld has dinner'd wi' banes and beggary;
er it were for Whigs and Whiggery
ing the devil than Donald MacGillavry.
like a tailor, Donald MacGillavry,
like a tailor, Donald MacGillavry,

Push them about, in and out, themble them cleverly;
Here's to King James and Donald MacGillavry!

Donald's the callan that brooks nae tangleness;
Whigging and prigging and a' newfangelness,
They maun be gane: he winna be baukit, man;
He maun hae justice, or faith, he'll tak it, man.
Come like a cobbler, Donald MacGillavry,
Come like a cobbler, Donald MacGillavry;
Beat them and bore them and lingel them cleverly.

Up wi' King James and Donald MacGillavry.

Donald was mumpit wi' mirds and mockery;
Donald was blinded wi' blads o' property;
Arles ran high but makings were naething,
Lord, how Donald is flyting and fretting,
Come like the devil, Donald MacGillavry,
Come like the devil, Donald MacGillavry;
Skelp them and scaud them that proved sae unbritherly.

Up wi' King James and Donald MacGillavry.

gouk's nest - cuckoo's nest
weigh-bauk - scales
but - without
wud - mad
stanged wi' an ether - stung by an adder
elwand - measuring rod
rief - banditry
banes - bones
callan - fine fellow
baukit - balked
lingel - shoemaker's thread
mumpit wi' mirds - lulled with flattery
blads - large portions
Arles - Thrashing
flyting - scolding
Skelp - Chastise
scaud - scold

WILL YE NO' COME BACK AGAIN?

This is, by far, the most popular Jacobite song sung in Scotland today. It is used as a parting song for all occasions.

Bonnie Charlie's now awa',
Safely owre the friendly main;
Many a heart will break in twa,
Should he no' come back again.

Will ye no' come back again?
Will ye no' come back again?
Better lo'ed ye canna be,
Will ye no' come back again?

Mony a traitor 'mang the isles
Brak the band o' nature's laws;
Mony a traitor wi' his wiles,
Sought to wear his life awa'.

Whene'er I hear the blackbird sing,
Unto the evening sinking down,
Or merl that makes the woods to ring,
To me they hae nae other sound.

Mony a gallant sodger faught,
Mony a gallant chief did fa',
Death itself were dearly bought,
A' for Scotland's king and law.

Sweet the lav'rock's note and lang,
Lilting wildly up the glen;
And aye the o'erword o' the sang,
"Will he no' come back again?"

Brak - broke
merl - nightingale
fa' - fall
lav'rock - lark
lang - long

THE WEE, WEE GERMAN LAIRDIE

This very excellent song ranks among the very best of the Jacobite relics. Using the terminology of a Scots gardener, the author has combined wit, bitterness, scorn and contempt to produce a masterpiece of political songwriting.

Wha the deil hae we gotten for a king
But a wee, wee German lairdie?
And when we gaed to bring him hame,
He was delving in his yairdie;
Sheughing kail and laying leeks,
But the hose and but the breeks;
And up his beggar duds he cleeks—
This wee, wee German lairdie.

And he's clapt down in our guidman's chair,
This wee, wee German lairdie;
And he's brought fouth o' foreign trash,
And dibbled them in his yairdie.
He's pu'd the rose o' English loons,
And broken the harp o' Irish clowns;
But our thistle taps will jag his thumbs—
This wee, wee German lairdie.

Come up amang our Highland hills,
Thou wee bit German lairdie;
And see how the Stuart's lang kail thrive
They dibbled in our yairdie;
And if a stock ye dare to pu',
Or haud the yokin' o' a plough,
We'll break your sceptre ower your mou',
Thou wee bit German lairdie.

Our hills are steep, our glens are deep,
Nae fitting for a yairdie;
Our Norland thistles winna pu',
Thou wee bit German lairdie;
We've the trenching blades o' weir,
Wad prune ye o' your German gear,
We'll pass ye 'neath the claymore's shear,
Thou feckless German lairdie.

Auld Scotland, thou'rt ower cauld a hole,
For nursin' siccan vermin;
But the very dogs o' England's court
They bark and howl in German.
Then keep thy dibble in thy ain hand,
Thy spade but and thy yairdie,
For wha the deil now claims your land
But a wee, wee German lairdie.

Wha the deil hae - Who the devil
have
lairdie - small landowner
gaed - went
delving - digging
yairdie - garden
laying leeks - planting vegetables
But the hose and but the breeks -
Without hose and trousers
clapt - sat down hastily
guidman's chair - throne
fouth - abundance
dibbled - planted
pu'd - pulled
loons - knaves
taps - tops
haud - hold
mou' - mouth
winna pu' - will not pull
weir - war
gear - goods
claymore's shear - Highland sword
ower cauld - too cold
siccan - such

LITHO IN U.S.A.