SONGS OF TWO REBELLIONS
The Jacobite Wars of 1715 and 1745 in Scotland
Sung by Ewan MacColl  Guitar and Banjo Accompaniments by Peggy Seeger

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

Cover Design by Ronald Clyne
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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Notes on the songs by Ewan MacColl

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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 feud 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 independence 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 Argyll. They met at Sheriffmuir, near Dunblane, and fought a near draw. But since the Jacobites withdrew, leaving Argyll 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.
A brief rebellion flared in 1719. This was quickly crushed with the defeat of the Jacobites in the Pass of Glenluce, 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 waited 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 revolt. 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 past 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 faults I will proclaim, Your doctrines I must blame, You shall hear, you shall hear, Your doctrines I must 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 long, A short sword and a long, For to draw.

What makes heroic strife, famed afar, famed afar? What makes heroic strife, famed afar? What makes heroic strife? To wet 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.

Faute - Faults
maun - must

SUCH A PARCEL OF ROUGHS 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 Rothes, of the Unionist faction, will know that the charge was not unfounded.

Farewell to a' our Scottish fame, Farewell our ancient glory, Farewell ev'n to the Scottish name, See famed in martial story, Now Sack runs o'er the Solway sands And Tweed rolls to the ocean, To mark where England's province stands; Such a parcel of rouges 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 rouges in a nation.

O would, or I had seen the day That treason thus could sell us, My sould grey 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 rouges in a nation.

rings - 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 Cumberland 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 Sauld John o' Inminiety.
Will ye go to Sheriffmuir,
Mauld John o' Inismuir,
There to see the noble Mar
And his Highland laddies;
A' the true men o' the North,
Angus, Huntley and Seaforth,
Securing on to cross the Forth,
W'll their white cockades?

There ye'll see the banners flare,
There ye'll hear the bagpipes rair,
And the trumpets' deadly blare,
W'll the cannon's rattle.

There ye'll see the bauld McCraws,
Gersons and Clanronald's raves,
And a' the clans, wi' loud huzza's,
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.

Rin' the hoose and raggit hools,
Sour milk and ginvir gools.
Psalm-beeks and cutty-stools,
W'll see never ma'ir, man.

Will ye go to Sheriffmuir,
Mauld John o' Inismuir?
Sic a day and sic an hour,
He'er was in the North, man.
Siccan sights there will be seen;
And, sic sow be nae mista'en,
Fragrant gales will come bedeehn,
Frie the water o' Forth, man.

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

BAULD - Bold
ROWS - Rows
RIT'EN - torn
HOOLS - clothing
GINNIN GOOLDS - weeping melancholics
PSALM-BEES - Psalm-books
SIC - much
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 extol the virtu-
es 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 Greensleeves.

A wee bird came to our ha' door,
He warbled sweet and early.
And e'e the o'ercome o' his lilt.
Was 'Wae's me for Prince Charlie!'?
Oh! when I heard the bonnie bonnie bird,
The tears came dragging rarely,
I took my bonnet off my head,
For weel I lo'd Prince Charlie.

Said I, "My bird, my bonnie, bonnie bird,
Is that a tale ye borrow?
Or is there 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, was's me for Prince Charlie!"

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

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

He' - hall
Weel I loved - well I loved
Dule - sadness
Sic - much
Lika - every
Yestreen - yesterday evening
Hear't - 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
stairs at Versailles and who was not above
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 tiptled at the pin;
And whoo she was he knew
Let the laddie in.

He set his Jenny on his knee,
All in his Highland dress;
For bravelie weel he ken the way
To please a bonnie lass.

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

Wha sees - who so
Bravely weel he ken - very well he knew
Daurna gang - dare not go

THE HAUNGS OF CROMDALE*
Poetic licence has been strained to breaking point
in this vigorous ballad. The battle fought upon
the plains of Cromdale in Strathpey 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 weet bit frae the toon,
When to the Highlands I was bound,
To view the haungs o' Cromdale,
I met a man in tartan trews,
I spreur'd it 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 haungs o' Cromdale.
The English horses they were so rude,
They bathed their boots in Highland blood,
But our brave clans they boldly stood
Upon the haungs o' Cromdale.
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 15, 1745, but Scots singers still derive 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, Johhnie Cope! are ye waukin' yet?
Or are your drums a-batin' yet?
If ye waukin' I would wait
To gang to the coals in the mornin'.

When Charlie looked this letter over,
He draw his sword the scabbard from,
"Come follow me, my merry men
An' we'll meet Johhnie Cope in the mornin'."

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

When Johhnie Cope he heard o' this,
He thought it wouldna be amiss
to raise a horse in readiness,
For to fleece awa' in the mornin'.

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

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

"No, Johhnie, truth, ye were na blade,
To leave your men in sic a strait.
And come wi' the news o' your ain defeat
Sae early in the mornin'."

"In faith," quo' Johhnie, "I got sic flues
Wi' their claymore and filabegs,
If I face them again, dill break my legs,
So I wish yee a' good mornin'."

daur - dare
waukin' - making
amb - go
rin - run
hale - whole
geil - devil
gin - if

THE BONNIE MOORHEN

Nearly all the Jacobite songs were "cried down sangs"; that is, they were proscribed. Consequently, songwriters and singers tended to codify their verses. Charles Stuart appears in the songs in a host of disguises: 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,
An' it will be slimmer or she comes again;

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

My bonnie moorhen has feathers swaw,
She's a' fine colours, but none 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 Glenduch and den by Glendee,
And round by Finlaven and hither to me;
For Ronald and Donald are out on the ten,
To break the wing o' my bonnie moorhen.

but - outside
den - inside
simmer - summer

GAE YE O'ER FRAE FRANCEY

When George the First imported his seraglio of impoverished gentlemen from Germany, he provided the Jacobite songwriters with material for some of their most ribald verses. Madame Kilmansegge, Countess of Fifean, is referred to exclusively as "The Sow" in the songs while his favourite mistress, the lean and haggard Madame Schulesberg, afterwards created Duchess of Kendal, was given the name of "The Goose." She is the goosey referred to in this song. The "blad" mentioned in the second verse is the Count Koningsmark. "Bobbing John" is a reference to John, Earl of Mar, who, at the time this song was made, was recruiting Highlanders for the Hanoverian cause. "Geordie Whelp" is, of course, George the First.
Case ye o'er free France?
Case ye doun by Lunnyn?
Saw ye Geordie Whelpa,
And his bonnie woman?
Were ye at the place
Ca'd the Kittle House?
Saw ye Geordie's grace
Riding on a goose?
Geordie he's the man,
There is little doubt o'it;
He's done a' he can,
Who can do without it?
Down there came a blade,
Linkin like my lordie;
He would write a trade
At the loom o' Geordie.

Though the clath were bad,
Blytheley may we niffer;
Oin we get a web,
It makes little differ.
We has tist our plain;
Bonnet, belt and swordie,
Ha's and maillins braid--
But we has a Geordie.

Jocky's came to France,
And Montgomery's lady;
There they'll learn to dance; Madam, are you ready?
They'll be back belyve,
Nailed, brist and lordly;
Brawly may they thrive
To dance a llig wi' Geordie!

Hey for Sandy ton!
Hey for Cockalorum!
Hey for Bobbing John,
And his Highland moon;
Mony a sung and dance
Swings at Highland hurdie;
How they'll skip and dance
Over the bun o' Geordie!

Kittle House: a house for dancing; alternatively, a house for cats, a brothel.
doon - down
Lunnyn - London
Linkin - tripping along
clath - cloth
niffer - nagle, exchange
Gin - if
web - web, a length of cloth
tint - lost
Ha's and maillins - Houses and farmlands
gane - gone
belyve - quickly
Brawly - Well
hurdle - buttok

THERE'S THREE BRAVE, LOYAL FELLOWS

James Hogg suggests that this is a Highland song made on the eve of the Battle of Killicrankie in 1690. Certainly the air is more characteristic of

Gaelic Scotland than of the Lowlands and would "singe" better in the Gaelic than do so in English. The Lindsay mentioned in the song is probably Colin, Earl of Balcarres, and the "true MacLean" is surely the young Chief of Skye who played such a valiant part at Killicrankie. "Macabish" is possibly a mis-spelling of "MacBrish", the Laird of Goll. The unmanned gallant who succeeds Lindsay in the song, could be Alistair MacDonald of Glengarry, who carried King James' standard at the Battle of Killicrankie.

There's three brave, loyal fellows,
Doom aye o' ye in glen.
It's now the day is dawning,
But ere the night is falling,
Whose cock's best at crowing,
Willie thou shalt ken.

There's Graham, Graham and Gordon,
Brave Lindsay is coming,
Ken ye who is running
Wi' his Highlanders?
'Tis he that's aye the foremost
When the battle is warmest,
The bravest and the kindest
Of all Highlanders.

There's Skye's noble chieftain,
Hector and bold Brinn,
Beech, Bane Macabish,
And the true Maclean.

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

This is no' my ain house,
This is no' my ain house,
This is no' my ain house,
I ken by the biggin o'it.
A carle came wi' lack o' grace,
Wi' unco gear and unco face;
And ain't he claimed my daddy's place,
I downs bide the triggin o'it.

Wi' routh o' kine and routh o' reek,
My daddy's door it wouldnna streak;
But bread and cheese were his
door-ccheek,
And girdle-cakes the riggin o'it.

My daddy bag his house weel,
By dint o' head and dint o' heel,
By dint o' arm and dint o' steel,
And muckle weary riggin o'it.

Then was it dink, or was it douce,
For any cringing foreign goose,
To clauth my daddy's wee bit house,
And spoil the hamey triggin o'it?

Say was it foul or was it fair
To come a hunder mile and mair,
For to ding out my daddy's help
And dain him wi' the whiggin o'it?

clauth - worthless fellow
ain - own ken - know biggin - building
unco - ill-formed down - cannot
triggin - decoration
Wi' routh o' kine and routh o' reek
With much a large family and so much
bustle
door-ccheek - door step
bag - built
dink, or douce - surely, or of good
behavior

THE MERRY MAKER OR THE PIPER O' DUNDEE

The Identity of The Piper of Dundee is unknown though Sir Walter Scott suggests that the notable Carnegie of Phinnaven would be a likely candidate. All those mentioned in the song were leading men of the Jacobite faction. Amulrie, or Ambleere, 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 bonnille.
He played a spring, the laird to please,
A spring, brunt new fraw, 'ont the seas,
And then he gae his bags a wheese
And played another key.

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

He played "The Welcome Over the Main,
And 'tis Be Fou and I'ze Be Fair,
"Wi" muckle mirth and glee.

He played "The Kirz," he play'd "The Queen,
"The Mullin Dhu," and "Chewaller,
"And Lang Awa' but Welcome Here."
Sae sweet, sae bonnille.

It's some gat swords and some gat mane,
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, who but he,
The piper o' Dundee.

spring - dance
laired - landowner
brunt new - brand new
'ont - beyond
"Te's be Fou and I'ze be Fair" -
You're full, I'm willing
muckle mirth - great mirth
Quoar - choir
gat - have
maye - none
mad their lane - on their own
weir - war
DONALD MACCALLUM
James Hogg, in his *Jacobite Relics*, places this song as belonging to one of the Jacobite risings, either in 1715 or 1745. MacCallum or MacCallum 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 MacCallum, for the name belongs to the Clan-Glencoe, of which M'Intosh is the head. A hard lot for MacCallum in 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 gone up the hill hard and hungry, Donald cometh down the hill wild and angry; Donald will clear the gook's nest cleverly. Here's to the king and Donald MacCallum.

Come like a weav'-bunk, Donald MacCallum; Come like a weav'-bunk, Donald MacCallum; Balance them fair and balance them cleverly; Off wi' the counterfeit, Donald MacCallum.

Donald's run o'er the hill but his teeter, man; As he be wud or stanged wi' anither, man; When he come back, there's some will look merry.

Here's to King James and Donald MacCallum. Come like a weaver, Donald MacCallum; Pack on your back and elven a song cleverly. Die then full measure, my Donald MacCallum.

Id has foughten wi' rieft and roonyry; Id has dinner'd wi' beans and beggary; Or it were for Whigs and Whiggery; the devil than Donald MacCallum. 

: like a tailor, Donald MacCallum; : like a a tailor, Donald MacCallum; Push them about, in and out, thumble them cleverly; Here's to King James and Donald MacCallum.

Donald's the callan that brooks nae tanglesness; Whigging and prigging and a' newfangledness. They maun be gane: he winna be bukt, man. He maun see justice, or faith, he'll tak it, man.

Come like a cobbler, Donald MacCallum; Come like a cobbler, Donald MacCallum; Best use them and borse them and linge them cleverly. Up wi' King James and Donald MacCallum.

Donald was mused wi' mirds and mockery; Donald was blinded wi' blads o' property; Aries ran high but makings were naething. Lord, how Donald is flying and fretting. 

Come like the devil, Donald MacCallum; Come like the devil, Donald MacCallum; Slep them and scold them and proved see unbritherly. Up wi' King James and Donald MacCallum. gook's nest - o'cukey's nest weigh-bunk - scales but - without wud - and stanged wi' an other - stung by an adder elvans - measuring rod rieft - baddery bernes - bones callan - thane fellow maun - musta talked linge - singer's thread mused wi' mirds - lolling with flattery blads - large portions aries - thieving flying - scolding shelp - checkmate scold - 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 o'er the friendly main; May a heart will break in twa, Should he no' com 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 'rang the isles Brak the band o' nature's law; Mony a traitor wi' his wiles, Sought to wear his life awa'.

WHERE'ER I HEAR THE BLACKBIRD SING, Unto the evening sinking down, Or merl that makes the wood to ring, To me they hae nane other sound.

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

Sweet the lay-rock's note and lang, Lifting wildly up the song, And aye the o'er-wild o' the song, "Will he no come back again?"

Break - Brooke merl - nightingale fa' - fall lay-rock - lark lang - long

THE WEE, WEE GERMAN LAIRDE

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

What the devil has we gotten for a king But a wee, wee German lairdie? And when we gae to bring him hame, He was delving in his yaird.

Sheauning kail and laying leeks, But the stone and oot the breaks; And up his beggar's duds he clees-—

This wee, wee German lairdie.

And he's clapt down in our guidman's chair, This wee, wee German lairdie;

And he's brought forth o' foreign trash, And dibbled them in his yaird.

He's pu' the rose o' English loons, And broken the harp o' Irish clowns;

But our thistle taps will jagg his thumbs— This wee, wee German lairdie.

Come up among our Highland hills, Thou wee bit German lairdie;
The very Stuart's lang kail thrive.

And see how they burnt our yaird, And if a stock ye dare to pu', Or hand the yokin' o' a plough, We'll break your a膳spire over your soul,

Thou wee bit German lairdie.

Our bills are steep, our glens are deep, Near firing for a yaird; Our Norland thistles winna pu', Thou wee bit German lairdie;

We've the trenching blades o' war, With pruning ye o' your German gear, We'll pass ye 'neath the claymore's shears, Thou reckless German lairdie.

Auld Scotland, thou'rt awa' cauld a hole, For murrin' sleekin' a’seln; 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 yaird,

For what the devil now claims thy land But a wee, wee German lairdie.

What the devil has - Who the devil have lairdie - small landowner gae'd - went delving - digging yaird - garden laying leeks - planting vegetables But the boses but the breaks - Without hose and trousers clapt - sat down hastily guidman's chair - throne forth - abundance dibbled - planted pu'd - pulled loons - knives taps - togs haud - hold mou' - mouth winna pu' - will not pull weir - war gear - goods claymore's sheer - Highland sword owr cauld - too cold slocam - such