

A
FULL PARTICULAR AND TRUE
ACCOUNT
OF THE
REBELLION
In the Years 1745-6

Composed by the Poet D.GRAHAM
In *Stirling-shire* he lives at Hame.

To the Tune of, *The gallant Graham's*,

To which is added,
Several other POEMS by the same *Author*.

GLASGOW

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THE
DEDICATION

TO ALL

That *read* or *hear* this BOOK.

It is an evident Thing, that the Author of such a BOOK as this, have directed the DEDICATION unto Noblemen or LADIES, such as they *love*, or are *beloved* by them; but, for me, I am hated of all the

Men on Earth that knows me! *cursed and despised* by the Mouths of them that never saw my Face! *utterly abhorred* by the JACOBITES, and many of my Friends by Descent, when they see me, *nods their Heads, and Wrath kindles in their Face against me.* But I care neither their *Cursing* nor their *Blessing*, but what is put in my Heart, I will utter it in Spight of them and all the World while I have a Tongue or can draw a Pen.

LIKEWISE, there is a self-conceited People that *argument much against me*, who lives as a proud Pharisee, still justifying themselves, and *condemning all their Neighbours*; not me only but they *undervalue all Men.*

*For they're as desperate in their Mind
As the Nettles is in their Kind.*

And they are a People that hold me as the Devil! But their Reproach is welcome unto me.

So, when I am *hated of all Men*, I ought to be the humbler; and therefore you that *hate me*, I ought to *love you*, and so I dedicate this small Book *unto you*, for the Hatred that you bear *unto me*.

I dedicate this Book unto all that shall have Occasion to *read it*, or *hear it read*, and especially to the JACOBITES, I know that it cannot meet with good Acceptation from them because they hate the *Author*, and I am afraid that they wrong their own Conscience speaking *against* it, which is in a very bad Condition already; and I know that they

will *hate* me yet more for dedicating it *unto them!* But for that I shall *love them*. I know that some will say, *That I cannot love them that hate me:* But *I wish I could love them more and more,* tho' it be against Nature to do so; I am assur'd, That if Providence had not prevented you, I had dy'd by your Hands e're this Time! But if you were wise Men, ye wou'd rather *love* me as *hate* me, and seek to *kill* me, for telling you of your Transgressions; for *Fools regard no Stripes,* but a *wise Man will be taught by a Fool;* And *Fools have learned wise Men Wit;* and therefore, your Generations to come may read this Book, and will find out the Folly of their Fore-fathers, and will not *do* as you have

done: For ye yourselves are hard'ned in your Wickedness, and your Hearts is plaister'd against Repentance, that ye will not acknowledge that ever ye committed a Transgression in your Life: You are alwise righteous in your own Conceit, and who speaketh any thing against your Mind are Liars.

Now, I know that ye will say that all I have wrote here is Lyes, because it is against your Heart and Mind; But, according to my Information, I have done it from them who were present in every *Action*: And where I knew I was wrong inform'd, I revis'd it the right Way according to my Knowledge. I'm sure if my Enemies had me in a convenient Place, that my Life wou'd be taken for what I have

against them! and the Dread of all that shall
not stop my Mouth while I live, and when I am
dead, my Words will be a Witness against their
Wickedness.

*Ye poor light-headed senseless Fools,
Ye thought to make free People Snools,
Ye had better sitten at home on Stools,*

*'Twou'd be a wicked Thing
To make one bred at Romish Schools*

A Protestant King.

*No Doubt you'll say I deserve the Gallows
For speaking against your Highland Bullies,
But at Culloden they ran like Swallows,*

*Yet some was ta'en:
I am the Author of what here follows*

Your Poet D. Graham.

*1746
Sept. 29th*

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AN

ACCOUNT

OF THE

AUTHOR.

Now Gentlemen or I hence fare,
My Life to you I will declare, I was born at the
Root of *Snadoun*,
On the *Raploch River* that runs a down.
In *Stirling* town I learn'd to read,
Above *English* I can't proceed, Greek nor
Grammar I do not know
My Education is but low.

For poor and meanly was I bred,
Yet had Cloa's on Back and Bed;
I served long in the *Campsie*,
With some who plaid not fair to me;
Because I was a Servant true
They wou'd not render me my Due;
When I was Sick and like to dy
They stopt their Ears against my Cry:
For great Affliction was on me laid,
That seven Years I lay in Bed, Which did my
Heart with Sorrow bruise
My wearied Reins did learn to muse.

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With drearie Brains I cannot sleep,
But what I dream I do not speak
As other Poets have done before,
To show their Mind in spiritual Store;
But no such Things are necessar
To publish them in every where.

For me, I muse with moody Mind,
Sometimes I see, but often blind:
Courage makes me foreward sten,
The Fear will drive me back again.
The more I search, the more I find,
I love to muse in deepest Kind.
If in beneath thee *Rome* I were,
I'll see they Deeps in every Where;
They rotten Foundation I long to ken
If it shou'd crack my drousie Brain:
From all Pleasures here I'll keep me free,
And count Experience Companie, Whose
Friendship is the best I find
To ease my Heart, and clear my Mind. Though
all my Foes pronounce my Size,
Romish Traditions I will dispise.

D. GRAHAM

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AN

ADDRESS

TO THE

PRETENDER.

O! Royal *Charles*! Read this and that's here
And think well or ye ca' me a Lyar;
There was one King *Charles* Duke of *York*,
No *English* Pudding, Beef nor Pork
Could satisfie his Appetie,
He was a Glutton of such Degree.
In Babylon dwells a whorish Wife
Who knows no Sorrow in temporal Life,
She lives on fine and fatest Meats,
A famous Bed when Sleep debates,
A hot Sepulchre after Death,
Of Soul and Body she dreads no Skaith,
She drinks continually Blood and Wine,
And Leachery's still in her Min',
She rides the Horse with the seventh Head:
To dine with her King Charles gaid;
His Fathers had been there before,
To stay at home he hed no Pow'r
From her Hand he drank a Cup of Wine,
Went to her Bed, then rose to dine,
He ate the Fat of th' Scarlet Beast,
Like a Peck of Salt Stuck in his Breast,
The purest Fountain in all *Britain*
Could never quench his Drouth again;

In Rage among his Whores he rants
 Till spiritual Drink with blood of Saints,
 His Heart's Treasure was spent away,
 He had no Gold this Drink to pay,
 His Robe, royal Crown and Scepter-wand
 And Kingdoms three is ta'en for a Paund.
 A mighty King did him gainstand
 For his Servants Blood does all demand!
 With an iron Rod he took his Life,
 His children sent to this whorish Wife,
 To eat the Beast and drink her Wine,
 Because it is their natural Kine.

And, *Charles*, you're come of their Seed,
 Right well you've proved it in this Deed,
 Tho' ye came here with Popè's Purse,
 It will not purge away the Curse,
 Nor yet the Sword of mortal Man,
 Restore your Crown and Scepter-wan'
 Nor all the Gold in Rome, I think
 Can never pay such costly Drink.

Who keeps you from it is a mighty Han'
 Was ne'er conquer'd by Sword of Man:
 You got the Pope's great Bless and Parden,
 in Britain it is not worth a Farden;
 Its as impossible for your Race
 To think to rule over this Place,
 As trust Help of your black Band that's
 smicked?
 But an Ass can teach a Man that's wicked.
 O *Charly, Charly*, stay at *Rome*,
 For *Gomorrhah's* Grapes here shall not bloom;
 Ye come with the old Lawing ye say,
 Then drinks yourself, leaves all to pay;
 And them that bears you companie
 must pay their Shot, as well as ye;
 True Protestants they'll not receive you,
 And unconstant Curates they'll deceive you,
 Poor ignorant People doth you abhore,
 In your Laws their Portion is a locked Door,

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They want Temporal gold the Pope to pay,
Thro his Purgatory to show the Way.

(1)

A

Full, Particular, and True

ACCOUNT

Of the Cruel and Unnatural

REBELLION

In the Year 1745 and 46.

CHAP. I

*Containing a Description of the Rise of the said
Rebellion in the NORTH, &c.*

WE had great Wars with *France* and *Spain*,
On both Sides were thousands slain.
Our Sovreign GEORGE he beat them up,
They crav'd Assistance of the *Pope*,
In Letters did these Words spell,
The Pope his Cardinal to tell,
James who did pretend a King,
And over *Britain* thought to reign;

Charles his Son with Speed to send, For *British*
they would no more defend.

They had an Errand for him to go,
To ease them of their mortal Woe,
In *Scotland* to raise a rebellious Strength,
To draw *GEORGE*' Forces to a Length;
For Things of Length oft'times are feeble,
Then cut them down if they were able.

The *Cardinal* thought the Tidings good,
Ay thirsting for the Protestant Blood,
For *Popes* will fight with sword on Fiel'
And after Death they'll fence the De'il,
At least they do blaspheme and tell
For Gold they'll make you quite of Hell.
But *James*, to *Charles* his Son, he said,
From His Holiness here is a Meed,
That you're to wear about your Neck;
And to my Kingdoms I you direct.
As soon as You do the same adore
O! drive the Hereticks you before;
Or with Protestants if ye keep Faith
I'll sink you to the Pit beneath!

As a Man to Death like a Blood-Houn'
For Honour to be called a King's Son,
Foreward he came with this Command;
The *French* King got his Demand:
With seven Rebels did him imbarque;
Who fled this Nation for no good Wark.
At that Time the *North Sea* being dull,
They arrived near the *Isle of Mull*.
July, ae thousand; seven hun'er, and forty five,
A cruel Band to him did drive.

From *East* and *West* these Rebels ran To
strengthen the Hand of this wicked Man;
From every Art to him they drive,
His Heart was glad so well to thrive.
To him there join'd the Duke of Perth,
And all the offscourings of the Earth;
Athol's brother who fled with *Mar*
Came back to start another War,

His younger brother had the Estate,
 Who fled to *London*, and wadna cheat.
 Against King *George* he would not fight,
 For in Wickedness had no Delight.

The *Camerons* rose with a good Will,
 The greatest thieves e'er clam a Hill;
 Then *Strowan Robison* that warlock
 Knave Converses wi' Satan whiles in a Cave!
 The day may come he'll haud him hot
 Although you have the Proof of Shot;

Glengyle arose out of the *West*,
 His Son was laid in prison fast,
 In *Edinburgh* castle strong and hie,
 His *Highland* King he did not see.
 He was the first ta'en for the Cause
 Revolting from our *British* laws

The *Highlanders* full fast arose.
 With Buttocks bare and little Hose;
 Into the *North* assembled than
 Many a Savage, Coof and Clan.

Kilmarnock came out of the *South*,
 And several gazen'd Lairds wi' Drouth,
 With drinking and Gaming spent their Estate,
 And wandering about when it was late.
 But common People would not rise, While their
 Court marshal past their Size,

Who would not come, shot like a Dog,
 Or bring them foreward by the Lug.
 Some ran to hide them in a Glen
 But yet their Schemes prov'd all in vain;
 They presum'd their Wife and Children to kill
 Who came not forth with a good Will.

The Duke of *Perth*, he slew a Man,
 With this the bloody Work began
 Of their Recruiting. The Number were
 Four Thousand Men, with Buttocks bare;
 Their Colours black and Courage keen,
 Cruelty dwelt between their E'en.
 And then these News to *London* goes

That such a *Highland* Rabble rose;
 Our sovereign *George* thought it but nought,
 Of Pretenders had but little Thought.

Then general *Cope* a Champion they made
 Two Thousand five Hunder Men to lead.
 To *Scotland* came in a great Haste
 Such proud Usurpers to have fac'd;
 Like Dragons keen, with Courage bold,
 Foreward they came shining as Gold
 Glittering upon a Summer Day:
 To *Stirling* came in good Array;
 There for to camp they would not rest
 Foreward into the *North* they press'd;
 Before them then they sent their Spies
 To view where that these Rebels lies.

One *Gairdner* the Horsemen did command,
 At *Stirling* made his Camp to stand,
 For *Cope* he was to give him Word
 Before a Man should draw a Sword;
 The Rebellion he vowed that he would cumber
 Before they rose to a great Number.
 They sent a Post who turn'd again,
 And truly made the Cope to ken
 Of the Rebels Camp "on *Carmoith* Hill,
 "I know the Way, if't be your Will;
 "Their Army seems but small to be.
 "I hope you shall have Victorie."
 Then *Cope* into the north he past,
 Upon the Rebels approaching fast.
 At *St Johnston* he would not stay,
 But past over the River *Tay*;
 Over the Hills and rocky Ground,
 Into the *North*, far made him bound.

When to the Rebels he drew near,
 Went to the right Hand; (as I hear,)
 If he had gone unto the *West*
 The Rebels would not him a' fac'd;
 To *Inverness* he took his Way,
 And staid too long. (As many say)

At this the Rebels did rejoice,
 And gather'd up old Men and Boys,
 All that were able to lift a Tree
 Must join unto their Companie.
 For Guns and Swords they had but few,
 But Kents that us'd to drive the Cow.

Old broken Scyths, with their Rumble even,
 Into a Tree they had them driven.
 Lochaber-axes, behind a Cleek,
 To cleave your Head or grip your Cheek;
 Durks there hang between their Feet,
 Surely two, if you could see't.

Of Skin and Wood, a Targe on their Arms,
 Stuck full of Nails, for stenting Harms;
 Wanting the Breeks, light for to rin,
 Their Thighs made red with Weet and Win';
 Some barefoot for lack of Brogs,
 Riven Hips with Hether and Scrogs.
 Some blew Bonnets upon their Head,
 A white Cocade their Livery made;
 Some did never a Bonnet wear,
 Upon their shoulder their Livery bear;
 Above their Lug a Branch of Tree
 Each clan did wear by his Degree,
 Some of Heather, Oak and Fir,
 Sign'd by their Name and wha but her?

Foreward they came with Pipe and Drone
 To set their King upon the Throne.
 Into *St Johnston*, called *Perth*,
 They then began to rob the Earth.
 From Country People that dwelt nearby
 They ate the Curds and drank the Whey,
 They sup the Kirn whene'er they please,
 And took the Butter and the Cheese;
 And if they ask for what they do't
 They swear they'll either stick or shoot.
 Of Behaviour and Habit I Conclude
 Speak truth of them you'll say no good.

CHAP. II

*Of their first prisoners, and how they came
down from the Highlands, and by the Way
murdered Glenbucky, &c.*

Now of their Warring I begin,
Their cowardly Tricks as you shall fin'
A small Party of our Soldiers clos'd in a Glen,
Some Quarters crav'd but three were slain;
The rest in Prison have they cast,
With Hunger and Cold they keep them fast.
Then *Inversnade* took by a Wyle,
By Treachery entered *Glengyle*;
His Habitation was nearby,
The Enterance could the easier spie.

He took all Store which there he found;
Arms, Ammunition and Men he's bound;
Then to their Camp carri'd all away,
These Pris'ners badly treated they;
Still desiring them to list;
But yet to *George* they had more Trust.

With Honour they had serv'd him long,
Expecting Help for such a Wrong,
For at the Time hard was their State,
They knew that *George* would keep his Seat.
So took they Patience in their Grief,
And except some few they found Relief.
But at this Time I'll leave them there,
And afterwards I will declare.

Now *Cope* is gone to *Inverness*,
The rebels did their Weapons dress,
And forward came to the Town of *Crief*,
O then began Dolour and Grief:
Betwixt the River *Clyde* and *Forth*
Cry'd out against the wicked *North*

"A Pack of Vagabons doth rise,
 "Like roaring Lions for their Preys;
 "They're coming here to steal and reave,
 "It's not to fight ye may perceive.
 "But Strength of our Arms abroad are gone"
 In this Manner they made their Moan,

At *Crief* they lay down and *Dumblain*,
 They thought to fight with them durst nane!
 A Man to them durst hardly speak!
 They tru'd ne'r to be dead nor sick:
 Through the Country a Scouting they went,
 Where ought was hid full well they ken'd,

A Letter they wrote and sent away
 To *Stewart Glenbuckie* behind did stay,
 "King *George's* Forces (they said) we've slain,
 "The rest our Prisoners do remain.
 "We desire you and all your Country
 "To come and serve our Majestie?
 "Who does not now obey this Call
 "We'll take for Rebels great and small."

Glenbuckie mounted all his men,
 The like he'll never do again,
 And foreward brought his Companie,
 Rejoicing for their Victorie.

So did he come to join the rest,
 And found their Letter great Lies at best;
Glenbuckie flew into a Rage,
 And said *You'll never get Heritage;*
For Britain you will ne'er possess,
I see it clear as in a Glass.

Then *Perth's* Passion flew in a Fire,
 And said *You're none of our Empire;*
Because you speak against our Cause
You's get no Votting in our Laws;
But like a poor Soldier shalt thou be
Subjected to our Majestie.

When *Glenbuckie* heard these Words of Ire,
 Were spoke by *Perth* and *Arnpryar*,
 (For in *Arnpryar's* House they did discord,

And strove who should be greatest Lord.
 That Night they spent in great Dispite,
 Some times to fight and ay to flyte.)

Glenbuckie's Conscience was chacked then,
 And would return with all his men.
 Many well washen Word they said,
 And then they past unto their Bed;
 So in short Space they heard a Shot,
 Then all the House in Uproar got!
 Dreading some heinous Trick was done.
 They heard a Sigh and heavy Moan!
 Then to *Glenbuckie's* Room they went,
 His eyes to Death they were full bent!
 The Blood was foaming through his Bed,
 His Life it ends without Remeed.

They judged it done by Arnpryar,
 Some thought it was with Perth's Desire;
 Howbeit, some of his men were glad,
 'Cause he was dead into their stead.
 His Men went home for ought I think,
 For to lament, and Dredgy drink,
 And came not back unto this Day;
 It will be their best for to delay.

CHAP. III

Of their crossing the River Forth, &c.

The Rebels yet they lay at *Down*,
 And our Horsemen at *Stirling* Town,
 Some Country Men fearing the *North*,
 Did ly to watch a Ford in *Forth*
 These Rebels coming they did fear,
 To take their Horse and other Gear:
 One *Lecky* lived a Laird nearby,
 Was to join the Rebels Company,
 A Letter he wrote and directed it right,
 And sent his Servant away by Night.

'If their Intent *southward* incline
 'At my House you're welcome for to dine.
 The Messenger by the Men was ken'd,
 Dreading his Master's false Intent;
 They made him stand a Prisoner.
 When ripping him, his Letter were
 Directed to the *Norland* Crew,
 On th' morrow were to pass the *Frew*.

They kept the Fellow with it they got:
 To *Stirling* did the Letter trot.
 A Man mounted a Horse with speed,
 To *Stirling* Town he did proceed.
 Showing from whence the Letter came:
 The General sent upon Comman'
 A Party of Horse to grip him fast,
 Who was against his King profess'd.

The Laird of *Pows* was ta'en before,
 In Prison laid; I'll say no more,
 And there they got good Ease and Time
 For to repent their ill Design.

On the next morning an Alarm rose,
 All People ran to hide their Clo's:
 These *Highland* Rebels were so severe,
 Poor Men they fled with Horse and Gear
 Into the Rocks and Mountains high
 For Safety; knew not where to fly.
 Their Wives crying, "What will we doo?"
 With that they came into the *Frew*.

Then them that on the Mountains stood
 Saw two Banners white, and one as Blood!
 You may know Falshood by their Kind,
 Sweet before and sowre behind:
 A Papist with a Protestant's Face,
 The Fox among the Lambs sets Place,
 To *Lecky's* House they did resort,
 Slew Sheep and Cows for to support
 To fill their Bellies; they were so tume,
 The Country suffer'd for a' was done.
 They ran out through the Corn-fiel's

Found Butter and Cheese by Arts from De'ils!
 Tho' you should hide it beneath the Ground,
 By their Inchantments it will be found!
 But when ye hide, take down the Crook,
 Perhaps it may Inchantments choke.

Their Prince in *Lecky* he dined there,
 His Men without on plunder'd Gear,
 They kindled Fire, and fang their Flesh,
 Some eats half raw, and never fash;
 They sought no more if it was het!
 It's good enough if it be fat.

CHAP. IV

*How they pass'd by Stirling and marched
 foreward into Edinburgh, &c.*

When that was done, they march'd again,
 Up to the Hills and left the Plain,
 Out o'er the Rocks above *Redha'*
 The Rebels then they march'd awa',
 As to the *South* they would have gone,
 What was their Voyage they loot not on.
 In the Moor of *Touch* that Night they lay,
 And some in Villages nearby.

Our Horsemen yet in *Stirling* was,
 But for to fight no Orders has.
 To *Falkirk* Town they march'd away,
 The Rebels thought the Tidings gay,
 To *Stirling* then they marched down,
 And through that Place *Comesbarron* Town
 From *Stirling* they were but a Mile,
 Thinking the castle on them might smile,
 But in dispite she fired fast,
 Which put the Rebels in such ghastr,
 Some wi' fear fel to the Groun',
 I am sorry that no more Scaith was done!
 Some went a coding of the pees,
 Others went plundering scaps of bees,
 But when the cannons gave the roar,
 They cried the Deel to stop the door,
 The Commanders cry'd a' to march up,
 And lish'd them in ay wi' their Whup:

They drove them up like *Highland* Cows,
 Or as the Hunter whips his Grews.
 Where'er they get a Glen or Burn,
 Lay close a while and then return.
 For the Common of them had no good
 Will Either to die, or to Blood spill.

St Ninian's Town they marched thro',
 But Stirling they forgot to view;
 At *Bannockburn*, on that Moor they rest,
 Scots Jacobites gave them a Feast
 Of Bread and Flesh, good Cakes and Ale,
 To keep them honest, and not to steal.
 After this their Honestie was well known,
 To Jacobites it may be shown.

To *Falkirk* then they march'd away,
 Next Morning was the *Sabbath-day*,
 Their Protestant Prince he gave this Law,
 His Pipers to play *Whigs awa'*;
 Wherever he went his Principle was shown,
 The *Sabbath day* could not be known,
 At *Callander* House, *Falkirk* nearby,
 An Hunder and sixty Guns did ly!
 Kilmarnock did the same there hide,
 Sent him from *France* with Wind and Tide.

From *Barrowstonness* some Powder they
 got,
 By this they had both Gun and Shot.
 To *Lithgow* then they went that Day,
 Thinking to get another Prey;
 Some Jacobites to them had said.
 "That Store of Arms were in *Lithgow* laid,"
 Then to the Prison Door they came,
 With great Forehammers to break the same.
 The City knew what their Prize wou'd be
 To save the Door rendered the Key,
 All that was there these Rebels got
 Some of our Horsemen's Sacloth Coat,
 They us'd to wear dressing their Horse
 Which made these Rebels to roar and curse;
 They were so covetous in their Mind,

That they cou'd leave nothing behind.
 From an old Wife they robbed a Sack,
 And carried it on a Horse's Back.
 They ate and drank, and wou'd not pay;
 And then to *Winsburgh* march'd away,
 From *Winsburgh* unto the *Sclateford*,
 Where Treachery was, (I am assur'd.)
 The Provest of *Edinburgh* met them there!
 He was a Traitor false and fair
 Profess'd to be the Citie's Frien'
 But afterward the Truth was seen.

He went out to put the Rebels by,
 And brought them into the town straightway.
 This Provest before he left the Town,
 Ordered all Men lay Arms down,
 Then to the Highlanders Camp he past,
 And brought them in, in a great Haste;
 They had no Time I you assure
 These Arms in Castle to secure.
 Two Thousand Stand of Arms they got,
 Drums and Colours they wanted not,

A SONG

*In the Cannigate there did they ly,
 the East Side of the Town,
 For to the West they durst not go,
 the Castle fired down;
 General Cope at Aberdeen
 Heard tell of this Disorder,
 The Gairdner staid with Courage keen
 betwixt and England's Border.
 Then General Cope embarqu'd his Men,
 and bound him to the Sea;
 Saying the Rebels he would defend,
 or in the Battle die
 He arrived the west Side o' Dunbar,
 Preston was near by:*

*The Gairdner bold he met him there
 with all his Company.
 Then they did camp upon the Ground
 where Battle ought to be,
 The Highlanders wou'd not go there
 to argument the Plea.
 So did they from that Place remove
 when they wou'd not repair,
 And to the Gairdner's House they came,
 the Rebels this did hear.
 Then did the Alarm rise in haste,
 that Cope was on his Way,
 These Rebels for the Battle dress'd
 and did no longer stay
 That night they went into their Sight,
 Short way distant were;
 King GEORGE's Men to Arms got,
 And busked Battle rare.*

CHAP. V

A Discription of the Battle of Preston-Pans, &c.

They stood on Arms all that Night,
 Thinking they wou'd draw near & fight;
 They did not know their false Intent,
 The Treachery was not yet ken'd:
 For *Cope* he made them still to stand
 And fire when he gave Command.
 The *Gairdner* would have them to march &
 fight
 And have it past e'er it was Night;
 But General *Cope's* Power did prevail,
 And *Gairdner's* words held as a Tale,
 Which many a valiant Man did repent,
 When once the Verity was ken'd.
 The next Morning before the Sun,
 The Rebels approach'd hard on their Groun',
 The *Cope* no orders at all did give
 But fled himself; then die or live

His Men perceived him Traitor like to be,
 Their Heart did melt with sore
 Dispite to see Their Champion fled and quite
 his Right,
 They had no Courage more to fight.

When *Gairdner* did perceive this Trick,
 Cried out, *Brave Lads, you'll fire and stick.*
 He first receiv'd their Fire and Ball,
 The next they gave made many fall.
 These Rebels once were turn'd to fly,
 When that they saw so many dy:
 But frightened Horse turned again,
 Brake down a vast Dale of Foot-men.
 Bold *Gairdner* cried, Still stand and fight;
 But yet for fear they had no Might,
 Except some few of his Horsemen,
 Which boldly did the battle sten
 As long as they had Power: They stood
 And spent for *George* their true Heart blood.

Brave *Gairdner* boldly there did stand,
 And truly fought with Heart and Hand;
 From Help he seprate was alone,
 Except one Man, with him was none.
 His valiant Blood from Veins did spring,
 As Ribbons red or like a String;
 With broad Swords on every Side,
 A closs Surround did him betide.
 With that one man turn'd Back to Back,
 And fore a While the Battle strake,

The bloody Prince cry'd, Save yon SCOT.
 He answered, *Your Favour I want it not, For
 the Righteous Cause this Day I'll die, And you
 the Crown shall never see.*

With Sword they could not make him fall,
 But in him then they tossed Ball;
 Then to the Gound alas! he bowed,
 Who with his Blood the Truth avowed,
 In Defence of the Protestant Laws,
 And for his King and Country's Cause.
 The Man perceived who was his Dead

And drave him quite out through the Head;
 Then did he comply their Prisoner sad,
 And after fled as he were mad.

The Footmen yet kept the Fiel,
 Made many a Highland Savage kneel,
 And to the Earth some hundreds laid;
 Yet Victorie it was not had.
 They were inclosed after that,
 And asking Grace, but it to get.
 When they saw that Better might not be
 They yielded all Captivitie.

The Rebels then with Pride and Glore
 They slew all that were wounded sore
 For Gold and Silver they plundered then,
 Watches and Cloa'es from Gentlemen.
 They grew so rich they lost their Wits,
 And tumbl'd their Nighbours into the Pits,
 Who plundered lest, got most of Spoil,
 The foremost lost their Life wi' Toil.
 When one had gather'd rich Heaps together,
 He was slain for it by anither.

Their bloody Prince gave this Decree,
 "But twenty four dead Men had he."
 But them who threw them in the Pit,
 Can tell their Tale when they think fit;
 Of Rebels there fell eleven hunder,
 Five to King GEORGE, it was no Wonder:
 But GEORGE's on the Field were shown
 And Rebels quick in Heughs were thrown
 Now Jacobites will me disdain,
 Because the Veritie I explain.

But when three Days were past and gone,
 They cried for Helpwith heavy Moan:
 Six Thousand four Hundred Rebels was there,
 King GEORGE three Thousand vanquish'd
 were
 The Prisoners were sent into the *North*,
 Some made heels a Piece beyond the *Forth*,
 To *Stirling* fled for Shelter then,
 For a Royal Branch was in that Den,

Where Rebels durst not yet go near, Nor in his
 Sight a far appear. Them that they kept, to
 Perth took they,²²³ Some with them list, then
 ran away. Who staid and fought against the
 King, Was catch'd again and got a String;
 But some true Hearts with Courage bold
 Chois'd rather Death before their Gold:
 Alas in Miserie did long remain,
 And yet they found Relief again.

CHAP. VI

*Of their Behaviour in Edinburgh and how they
 fought with the Castle, &c.*

The bloody Prince yet in Edinburgh lies,
 Thinking his Head will reach the Skies,
 Scotch Jacobites to him did go
 To kiss his Hand and then his Toe:
 Has Protestants gotten a popish Freet
 To suffer Men to kiss their Feet?
 This Prince (to augment his Glore) they tell
 "He made two Images for himsell,
 "The name of the first is *Cameron*
 "And the second *Murray*" as meaneth John
 And fell before them Day and Night
 For murdering Men at *Preston* Fight.
 The Scribe, writes this into his Book,
 His Chronicles, if you look.

"Likewise Five Hundred Cuncubines,
 "By this Time he may have young Friens,
 "His Dwelling was at *Holy rood house*,
 "With Three Hundred Women singers crouse,
 "Of the Vineyard I will not speik:'
 But, *John*, beware of a sienged Weik,
 Because the Scriptures you made a Droll,
 Comparing the Cake unto a Coal.
 But the bloody Prince was puff'd wi' Pride,

Compass'd the Castle on every Side
 And did the Centry mock and taunt.
 Then she gave them the other Rant,
 And many a Bluner on them did bla'
 The Buttocks bare shin'd when they fa':

One named *Taylor*, of the Rebels Camp,
 He was a Captain bold and ramp,
 And, to their bloody Prince he went,
Sovereign, said he *I make it ken'd,*
The Men that in this castle be
For Want of Victuals they will not dree;
If we do sey with all our Might,
We'll soon deprive them of that Right.

The bloody Prince rejoiced than
 Even as the Castle had been ta'en,
 And said: *Who conquers it first to me*
My chiefest Captain shall he be:
Then Taylor vow'd, If all had sworn
It shall be ta'en by me the Morn;
All Store is eaten they had within,
And there shall no more entertain.
For now their Right they dare not hold,
Into our Hand I true they're sold.

Then on the Morn away he goes;
 Of his Consorts to him did chose;
 To *Livi'ston House* they did resort,
 And there they did disdain and sport,
 Saying, *If Guest and Preston had Might*
They wou'd come here with us to fight.

A man these Words did overhear,
 Unto the Castle wall drew near,
 He told the Watchmen all they said,
 And yet at *Livi'ston House* they baid.
 Then Guest and Preston did command
 (In a great Haste) of Men a Band
 By the North side of the Garrison go,
 To *Livi'ston House*, what's there to know,
 The Soldiers did the House surroun,
 And Canons from the Castle firing down,

Brake down the House in a short Space,
 Who was not slain, begged for Peace.
 They took all did alive remain,
 Then burnt the House; and turn'd again.

This Captain *Taylor* with them they
 brought,
 He got the Castle, but not as he thought;
 For he thought of Captains to be Chief,
 But there he was, prison'd like a Thief.
 Then the Rebels guarded the Town-head
 That none to Castle should take Bread,
 They knew nothing but Hunger wou'd doo,
 For Gold nor Fleetching they would not bow,
 Nor yet they need not say nor fight,
 They were so true, both day and Night.

One *Roberton* sought the General's Leave
 These Rebels once more to mischief,
 With a Band of Men unto their Guard
 All Rebels they found, none of them spar'd
 Whether He was Knight or Knave
 There suddenly to Death they drave.
 E're they came to the *Westbow* Head
 A great Slaughter among them made.

Then the Rebels rose all in a Rout,
 Young *Roberton* turn'd his Men about
 And to the Garrison march'd again.
 I cannot tell what they had slain.

In *Edinburgh* Town they got no rest,
 The Castle was such a Tempest;
 Likewise the valiant *Fox man o'War*
 For their Salute, gave them a Scar,
 When they saluted her at Leith,
 She blew some Motts into their teeth:
 They thought good News she'd brought from
 France,
 But death came to them in that stance.

Their bloody Prince at this Mischieve
 Was not content. Ye may believe
 He thought it best [they were so ramp]
 South from the Town to make his Camp,
 And there he lay with all his Host,

While among them rose some Sp'rit or Ghost,
 What was its Words I do not ken,
 But the Rebels fir'd to get it slain;
 Then thro' their Camp rose such a Reel,
 They fled to the City, and left the Fiel',
 Up thro' the *Cannigate* in a Hush,
 At every Door they let a Push.

The People within got such a Fright
 They thought it was their hindmost Night,
 Or King *George's* Men with them had met
 And they on Battle cou'd not wait.
 Their Prince he saw no Success mair,
 And King *George's* Men at *Berwick* were,
 He thought it Time for to be gawn,
 To fight again he wou'd not stan'.

CHAP. VII

*The Rebels marching from Scotland to
 England, and taking the City and castle of
 Carlisle &c.*

From *Edinburgh* Town he march'd away,
 To *Moffat* took the ready Way.
Rob and steal. This was their Order,
 While they came to the *English* Border.
 So did they enter into *England*,
 Eight Thousand was into their Band.

Then *Carlisle* compassed about,
 That there was no Passage in or out,
 About the Town stay'd Days three,
 Thinking that it should rendered be.
 Then out of the City they made a Sall,
 Wounded Part, and some dead fell,
 Some of their Baggage took for a Prey;
 To *Brampton eastward* removed they.

Early next Morning they assembled all
 Into a Body, great and small,
 Then backward in a Rage they run,
 The City for to siege and burn.

Then *Perth* the Captain of their Host
 Against them did blaspheme and boast,
If you against us now do stand,
Who shall deliver you from our Hand?
Your City shall be burnt with Fire,
Wives and Children, Bone and Lyre,
I'll you consume in Powder small;
Therefore this is the hin'most Call
It will be best my Will to doo,
For after this no Time is to rue.

The People heard these Words he spoke,
 Melted their Hearts, and Courage broke,
 And on Condition they yield, I fin'
 Opened the Gates and loot them in.
 Twenty Piece of Cannon there they got,
 Six Barrels of Powder, and Lead for Shot,
 Of Arms into that Place they fand
 One thousand and five hunder Stand
 And other Teckling us'd in Wear
 Which ill becomes them for to bear.

Cruelly they did oppress this City,
 For to rehearse it were a Pity
 To be made so thrall, and Cess to pay,
 Out of their Mouth takes Bread away,
 Their Bellies was so ill to fill
 When they got good Meat at their Will
 They ate Mutton, Beef and Swine
 While unto Death with it they pine.
 Then at Carlisle a Captain stay'd
 With a hundred Men the Town to guide.

CHAP. VIII

*Of their march up to Penrith, and further into
 England, and how they were chased back by
 D. William*

And then to *Penrith* they marched up,
 To London was their Voyage, they hope

And every Town that they came throw,
 They made them pay full Cess, thrice due;
 And after that what they could catch Either
 Gold, Meat or Watch.

Now at that Time there was great Snow,
 That travelling Men had Pine to go,
 The Wreaths in Places were thick and deep,
 These *Highlanders* lay on them to sleep
 From Head to Foot row'd in their Plaid,
 And then in Raws down they were laid.
 Such a People there they did ne'er see,
 As wild Goats they seem'd to be.

The People there did much complain
 Of General *Wade*, could not be seen;
 For slowly he did them pursue,
 And made no Stop of going thro'.
 For Town and Land was sore opprest,
 They rob'd them bare where'er they past.

Our Soldiers from the People gets
 Twenty Thousand Flannel Coats
 To protect their Bodies from the Cold,
 And keep good Heart their Right to hold.

These Tidings when the King did hear,
 He made Duke WILLIAM then appear;
 Who in Flanders long had been
 Assisting the Hungarian Queen.
 And with the Frenches boldly fought,
 And beat their Army unto nought;
 He was the Commander at *Fontenoie*
 Many other Engagements manage'd he,
 And well behaved at *Dettingen*
 Where many Thousand French were slain,
 If the Rebels were not quell'd by him
 They knew it could be done by none
 They sent him word for to turn again
 He arrived at the *Gravesen*;
 The Second Son He's of our King,
 And to *Antichrist* he is no Frien'.

Then to his Father's Palace went he

And all his bold brisk Armie,
 His Father said, *You're welcome my Son,*
But you must put this Pretender home.
 He said, *Dear Father if it please you,*
It is a thing I hope to doo.

What Words was mair they are not here,
 He then set out for the Chevalier;
 Our Sovereign GEORGE he gave Command,
 To WILLIAM Duke of Cumberland,
 His Armies for to lead and steer,
 And Rebels wreck that's done him dear.

His Soldiers brave then did rejoice,
 And with a Shout they made a Noise,
 Saying, Our Captain's the King's son
 Treachery will no more be done.

The Rebels then at Kendal were
 From thence to Preston they march'd there,
 Then WILLIAM Duke of Cumberland
 From London march'd with a brisk Band,
 Ten Thousand valiant fighting Men,
 His Royal Grace to be their van.

At *Leichfield* on the 28th Day
 The Month of November, there camped they;
 These Rebels of the same did hear,
 From *Preston* then in haste they steer,
 By *Wiggan* Town they took their Way,
 And at *Manchester* pitched they.
 From thence to *Maclesfield* they wand,
 And set forward to *Derby* Land.
 When that the Duke of *Cumberland*
 The Way they went did understand,
 To London they were first design'd,
 And now to *North Wales* was their Mind,
 To *Strafford* then full fast they drave,
 Then to *Northampton*, Battle to have;
 And there he stayed for to defend,
 Or in the Battle to make an End,
 Thinking these Rebels to Him wou'd draw,
 But he was the worst Sight e're they saw.

His Men for Battle did busk and dress,
 And stood like Wine into a Glass,
 Shoulder to Shoulder, and Face to Neck,
 In Battle-array he did direct,
 And said, *Brave Boys be void of Fear,*
For, in every Point with you I'll share,
In Defence of our Maker's Laws,
If we dy 'tis for a righteous Cause.

Now honour your Country with Courage
keen, From Cowardlyness we may be clean,
'Tis to save our Country that we came here, By
Orders of My Father Dear Against a Pack of
Rebels bold, That seek no other Grace but
Gold. If your loyal British Hearts be true, With
Grace from above our Strength will do.

The Rebels were to be there that Night,
 But suddenly they took the flight;
 An English Papist plaid the Knave,
 Advertisement to the Rebels gave,
 A Letter to *Derby* sent away
 "That CUMBERLAND stood in Array,"
 With trembling then, great Fear and dread,
 Foreward they durst no more proceed.

That Night they fled from that City,
 Unto a Mountain was nearby;
 Then on that Hill great Fire they made,
 Their Pipers plaid and round they gaid,
 Men did behold the Light afar,
 And thought they did prepare for War.
 Their Pipes they plaid with such a Scorn
 They thought the Battle wou'd be the Morn.

The *Highlanders* then did run and ride Two
 and twenty hours before they staid,
 When one behind another did stand,
 Cryed *Furich there be CUMBERLAND.*
 Who first to *Penrith* Town that wan,
 He thought Himself a pretty Man.

When People knew they turn'd to flee,

shot with Guns and felled with Tree;
 And where they quarter'd in the Night,
 They slew them ere the Morning-light.

Then CUMBERLAND did this perceive
 To him they would no Battle give,
 But fly like Thieves into the Night,
 A just Man for his Cause will fight.

Duke WILLIAM three Thousand Horsmen
 drew, And after them he did pursue,
 The Footmen followed with all their Might,
 Over Snow and Ice, they took no Fright.

These Highland Rogues thinking to catch,
 And where they find them make Dispatch,
 For Battle to have they still profest,
 By following them they got no rest.

CHAP. IX

*How they stood after they had fled, near
 Penrith, upon Clifton-moor, and fought with
 the Vanguard, and were obliged to fly again,
 &c.*

When they were turned near *Penrith* again
 And there to fight they did preten',
 General *Bland* and *Honeywood*,
 With the Van guards they foremost rode,
 Three Hundred dragoons all in a Trace
 Who briefly could their Foes face,
 With Courage bold foreward they steer,
 In Pursuit of the Chevalier.

The Rebels staid at a *Quaker's* House,
 To plunder there their common Use,
 Highly displeas'd for their Disgrace
 That CUMBERLAND they could not face.
*Why did we flee? Let us repent,
 We'll stand and murder as at Tranent.*

In every Side then of the Way
 The Rebels there in ambush lay:

Five Thousand was into their Band,
 Yet in open Field they durst not stand,
 Behind the Hedges themselves they drew,
 To murder *Bland*, as they went thro';

The Dragoons boldly did appear,
 Which made their Foes to quake with Fear,
 On every Side they jimp the Hedge
 And set upon them in a Rage.

The Rebels fired with all their might
 But yet they're forc'd to take the flight!
 The Dragoons gave them such a Chace,
 Their naked Hipps shin'd in their Face:
 About six o' Clock into the Night
 They did begin this bloody Fight,
 About a Quarter of an Hour
 The battle there it did endure.

A vast Dale of the rebels they slew,
 Lost part of Men, but very few.
 The Rebels lost six times more,
 Of General *Bland's* within a Score.

Brave *Honeywood* was wounded deep,
 Who made some Clans dy at his Feet,
 His Blood from Wounds ran like a Strand,
 Which griev'd the Heart of General *Bland*.

When Duke *William* heard that it was so,
On Front myself now will I go,
And I vow by him that Life gave me,
I'll see't revenged, or else I'll die.

For his Grace he was not present there,
 But hearing this he soon drew near;
 For the Van-guard had beat the Clan,
 Before the Army unto them wan;
 Her nain-sell thought to win the Day,
 But yet she fled and wou'd not stay.
 For *Charlie* fled to the North again;
 And many on this Field was slain,
 For Fear they durst no longer stand,
 They thought it had been CUMBERLAND,
 Because they fought with such a Rage

And made them skip out thro' the Hedge.
Which cla'd their Hips like Heckles there,
And sore did wound them everywhere.

Lord *Lonsdale's* House was near the way,
Where a Party of them presum'd to stay;
They thought that Night to sup and sleep,
Their Baggage for to guard and keep,
To steal and rob what they could get,
But Quarters there became too het.

One HERMITAGE, from *Penrith* came
Of the Town-Guards, with him a Ban'
Near ten o'Clock into the Night,
And suddenly put them to a flight,
Fire on their Guards first did display,
Part of them fell, some ran away:

The House they did inclose about,
To let no more of them win out;
When to the Door they came in Haste,
With Sword and Fire they were imbrac'd.
Yield you, Dogs, whose here within,
Or, I vow we'll burn you bone and Skin.
The Rebels saw he wou'd subdue,
And for to fight it wou'd not doo;
Then for Mercy did they crave,
Me's Prisoner my Life to save.

To *Penrith* then drave all away,
Their Baggage also for a Prey;
In Prison strong they laid them fast;
I doubt their Necks will rax at last.
Duke WILLIAM did the rest pursue,
Hemming the Hindmost of the Crew.

From *Northampton* to *Carlisle*
They drove them down like Herats wile,
Therefore to rest they durst not bide,
Duke WILLIAM did so near them ride.

CHAP. X

How there arose another Army of rebels, and came to Perth; and how the Militia rose for: K. George, &c. and of the rebels running into the Water of Eske, and flying from England, &c.

Beyond the *Forth* was without Doubt
Six thousand more to make them stout,
Who thought to follow them to *England*,
By Impediment they're made to stand.
For Horse and Foot at *Stirling* were,
To keep them back with special Care.

Militia rose through all the Land
Free Volunteers, with Heart and Hand;
From *Glasgow* town great numbers be,
Likewise from *Paisley*. All that Countrie
To help King GEORGE, because of need
The whole Country was to proceed.

To *Stirling* town they did resort;
They cut the Bridge, and fenc'd the Port:
When they heard the Rebels was turning back,
For *Edinburgh* then a Voyage did mak,
To keep the City from their Hands,
For to steal and robe was their Commands,
Because they lost their false Intent,
They rob'd the Nation where they went.
From *Carlisle* they fled with Speed,
Of the Pursuer great was their Dread.
A Band they left the Town to keep
From CUMBERLAND, then fled like Sheep.
The River of *Eske* was in the Way,
Full, over it's Banks, with Flood that Day,
To wait Low-water they durst not bide,
Perhaps more Danger might betide,
At others Tails they coupled too,
The Horse went first to draw them thro';
As a Bunch of Burrs together they stack,

So gorged the Water, and then they brake;
 For Women and Men went down in Heaps,
 Crying for Help, or throw them Repes.
 Many *English* Whore they brought from Bawds
 Was drown'd that Day wi' *Chairlie's* Lads.

Then to *Dumfries* they came straightway,
 To burn the Town, or Cess to pay,
 And there they got a mighty Soume,
 To *Lismahague* then they boun'
 Great Wrongs they did into that Place,
 Who lived there, hard was their Case.

By *Hamilton* they took their Way,
 To *Glasgow* for another Prey,
 For all the Soume they got before,
 From *Glasgow* again they must have more.
 Their Shoes were done, they ran so fast,
 Their Count'nance was turn'd with such a
 Ghast,
 Their Beards were turned black and brown,
 Their Like was ne'er seen i'th' Town.

Their Houghs bled as they had been
 pricked,
 Their Face was black they were so wicked,
 Their Shots were rusted in their Gun,
 Their Swords from Scabbord wou'd not twin,
 Their Dwelling was beneath the Rain,
 Their long Journey was all in vain.

Now, *Glasgow* Town when they possest,
 The whole Country was sore opprest:
 All around they steal and reave,
 Like Gentlemen went many a Knave.
 The Country durst not them controul,
 They were so stillward and so bol'.
 In *Glasgow* Town they dauted were,
 They fear'd the stealing of their Gear;
 But wot ye well it was with Grief,
 Like Gentlemen used many a Thief.
 Good Shoes and Stockings, when they meet,
 They stript from off the Owners Feet.
 The *Chapmens* Ware they sought to buy,
 Then Thanks for this, till once we pay.

The Chapman says *I downa trust You.*
I'll pay the Morn; Sit still and rest
You.

The Chapman dare not speak a Word,
 The *Highlandman* draws out his Sword
 With Words *aber Galick*, I wot no what.
 And that was a' the Chapman gat.

CHAP. XI

*Containing the Rise of the Argyle-Shire-Militia
 and the Rebels march from Glasgow to
 Stirling, and how they went into the said City,
 and oppressed the Country, &c.*

Then in the *West* the CAMPBELLS rose,
 To fight for GEORGE, against his Foes,
 From Sixty unto Sixteen
 There wou'd they rise, if Need had been,
 But of chosen Men there rose the best,
 And against the Rebels Battle profess'd.

When thus they heard out of the *West*,
 To *Stirling* Town they marched fast
 Thinking to have Entry there,
 But some cried out yet what they were?
 The Town thought it not fit to render
 To a hellish Band, and their Pretender.
 When they drew near then fired fast,
 Made Rebels oft full sore a Ghast.

South from the Town Trenches they made,
 Against the Town great was their Fead,
 That Night their Cannons they made to roar,
 To take the City they us'd their Power.
 Their Shots they sent up thro' the Town,
 A Smoking-vent they have beat down,
 Upon the Streets were found the ball;
 Of Harm there was no more at all.

The City hoped Relief to fin',
 And upon Condition they loot them in!

All Arms into the Castle pass'd,
 To their Subjection the Town profess'd.
 That whole Country, both great and small
 They charged with Death to obey their Call:
 Between *Kippan* and *Falkirk* Town
 They filled the Country up and down.
 From Poor and Rich takes what they please,
 Cocks and Hens, Meal, Beaf, and Cheese.

When they got passage at the *Frew*,
 Out of the *North* there came a Crew
 Of Sabbath Breakers, and wicked Men,
 Savages, as Goats out of a Glen.
 Some Papists were, and Pagans proud.
 Some *French* Brigades was in this Croud,
Highland Thieves be sure nae few
 To serve King *Spoil*, for Horse and Cow.
 A good gray Mare if they could get,
 Or other Goods came in the Net.

CHAP. XII

*Of Lord Lowdon's being in the North, and how
 the Castle and Town of Carlisle was re-taken
 by The Duke of Cumberland, &c. and how the
 Rebels fought with a Man of war Ship, &c.*

Lord *Lowdon* lay at *Inverness*,
 And held them stively to the *West*,
 And another Lord in Company,
 Manfully they saved that Country,
 Number of Men they had but few,
 But with good Conduct they did subdue
 Jacobites and Harlots on every Side,
 They made under Subjection bide.
 Of Prisoners they took a great manie,
 And sent to *Edinburgh* by the Sea,
 Who had diserted from our King,
 For Reward they got a String.

Now WILLIAM Duke of *Cumberland*,
 In *Carlisle* he found a Band
 That *Charly* left behind the Chace
 To keep the City from his Grace.
 The City around he did inclose,
 His thundering Cannons began to loose,
 These Rebels boldly they did assald,
 But all they did nothing avail'd.

Of Cannons they had but Usage small,
 They're straight, when they look o'er the wall:
 The City within was sore oppress'd
 For want of Victuals sorely distress'd.
 The Rebels saw they could not stand
 Against the Strokes of CUMBERLAND.

When he began they curs'd his Race,
 Ere all was done they cry'd for Grace;
 And suddenly they changed their Spring,
O pardon me, a poor press'd Thing,
The City we'll give into your Hand
If you'll give us what we demand,
To send us to America.

His Grace replied, *What does the Law,*
If it should hang you every Man,
As they decree so shall it stan';
Justice shall be on every Side,
Whose in the Wrong will be displaid.

The Rebels knew no Help to fin',
 They open'd the Gates, and loot them in
 When Prisoners were numbered there,
 Diserters ten among them were
 Who joined had the King of *France*,
 And against their Natives did advance'
 To conquer us unto the Pope;
 And for their Pains they got a Rope.

Of Prisoners the rest they fand,
 To London sent with a Command,
 The Court to use them as they will,
 He neither wish'd them good nor ill.
 Three Hundered they sent away,

And thirty of their Leaders gay:
 The Baggage was there laid up in store
 Was ta'en from General *Cope* before.

His Grace to *London* did return,
 For this Scotland full sore did mourn,
 Weep and lament did many then,
 While once their Hero turn'd again:
 To *Scotland* then his Army sent,
 By *Hawley's* Hand, *Husk* to resent.

To *Edinburgh* march'd his valiant Train,
Stirling to have conquer'd again.
 To *Edinburgh* came on the second Day
 The Month of *Januar'*, as I say;
 Welcome they were, as I suppose,
 By them who were opprest with Foes.
 Red Coats was well beloved then,
 Their Use before they did not ken.

Lord *Lowdon's* Men there came on Shore;
Glasgow Militia was there before:
 One *Thorenton* rose with Heart and Hand,
 An Hundred men he did command,
 As voluntarily to defend
 The King's Cause; and Oppression to End.

This hawked Band at *Stirling* was,
 When Day was Night with broken Laws;
 For all around they did oppress;
 And in this Manner they raise their Cess,
Go fetch us in two Bows of Corn,
Or as I vow you'se dy the Morn.
 When they beheld a good Horse or Mear,
 To bridle them they take no Fear,
 Then Beef or Mutton wherever they fand,
 Sauted it in their Lether Stand.

Oat Meal, Butter, Cheese was a' their Meat,
 And Cocks and Hens was very fresh to eat:
 From House to House in Clouds they run,
 And broke Spence-doors with Butt of Gun,
 Some to the Bread, some to the Cheese.
 Then goes the old Wife to her Knees,

Prays Curses on them for the Grace.
This was the Order of the Place.

All they thought fit it was their nain,
They knew they were King Plunder's Men.
This Country was oppressed so,
That Sabbath Day they did not know!
The Hungry came, chac'd out the Fou:
Both Night and Day this was their Due.
Before the Fire their Tool warmed than;
The lasses with Modestie they ran
Ben to the Spence from such a Sight,
And said their Manners was not right.
Of their Behaviour for me to tell,
I wou'd take a Twelvemonth for to spell:

They grew so fat, mighty and strong,
A *Man o'War* they thought to wrong,
At the Town of *Erth* she did appear.
Then rose the Rebels in a Steer,
And mounted Cannons with all their Might,
Then fell to the Fighting in the Night.
It was so dark they could not see,
And so they quat and loot abe;
And when they got convenient Sight,
For two long Hours did fire and fight.

Many Rebels there fell on the Green,
They hid the half that was not seen;
Three times they engaged in that Place,
Who liv'd in *Erth* had little Peace.
The Balls came whistling from the Sea
Made Rebels from their Carriage flee.
With Cannons on Board they ventured in,
On a small Boat the Cause to win,
When they drew near to fight or flite,
She gave a Shot their Nebs to snite,
Which broke their Boat and Cannons down,
Their Engineer he fell in a Swoun,
The rest lap out with a great Fray
Down thro' the Sea unto the Clay;
And there they lay for a long Time,

The Ship got space to charge and prime.
 This was their Death, Doom and Size,
 My Author did not see them rise;
 I believe they might lie for a Space,
 Till once the Ship went from that Place:
 Some Boats they brake, and some they brunt,
 The Rebels lost with great Affront.

CHAP. XIII

An Account of the Battle of Falkirk, &c.

Now *Hawly* on the thirteen Day
 From *Edinburgh* Town he march'd away
 Into the Month of *January*
 To *Linlithgow* Town in good Array.
 A thousand Rebels in *Lithgow* were,
 But one *McFun* a Rogue was there
 Who warn'd them in haste to flee,
 King *George's* Army were so nigh.
 And there they fled wi' a great Speed
 Thro' *Falkirk* Town with Fear and dread.
 At *Lithgow* Town did *Hawly* stay,
 And came no further on that Day.

To *Falkirk* Town they march'd again,
 And camped upon a pleasant Plain,
 Upon the *North* side of the Town;
 A valiant Sight there did ly down.
 The *Campbells* Band they met them there
 With Courage keen, in Order rare.

Whan that the Rebels this did hear
 How *Hawly's* Host was drawing near.
 To *Torwood* Craig they came in Hives
 Like Drovers of Cows, whom Drovers drives.
 Th' Hussars drave them up like Dogs,
 Their Whips plaid crack about their Lugs.

On *January* the Sixteenth Day,
 When unto Night that it drew nie,

The *Highlander* Camp from the *Torwood*
 Thro *Caron* water was their Road,
 A little above *Dunninpace*-Mill,
 At the foot of *Bonny* they took the Hill
 West from Falkirk to the *Moor head*
 To have the Wind, full fast they gaid.

When General *Husk* heard these Alarms,
 He cry'd, *Brave men, now to your Arms.*
 The Horsemen mounted all with Speed,
 And Foot to follow they did proceed.
 A Party of Militia there did advance
 Near by the Horsemen made their Stance.
 Southmost the Horsemen did array,
 The Foot north from them on a Lay,
 Between Foot and Horse there past a Hare,
 Its thought that *auld Lucky* was there.

The *Highlanders* upon the *Southwest Side*
 Their bloody Banners have displaid;
 In Columns three divided they steer,
 Their bloody Prince behind the Rear.
 Our Horsemen stood on a little Hight,
 The southmost out of the northmost's Sight;
 This Field it was all Highs and Hous,
 Some boggy Ground among the Knous.

The *Highlanders* that southmost were
 To have the Wind took meikle Care;
 Our Horsemen tried them to prevent,
 In deep till'd Ground, they came no vent;
 This Troop was sep'rate from the rest,
 Wheel to the *North*, they thought it best
 Once for to have Help in their Sight
 Before they wou'd engage to fight.

The Rebels perceived their Intent,
 And then with Speed they did present
 A cruel Battle; then began
 Crack by crack, as fast as they can.

This Troop alas! hard was their Case,
 For Wind and Rain blew in their Face;
 None could stand there, as I protest,

And set their Face against the Blast,
 The foremost of them was valiant Men,
 Came briefly near with Sword in Han':
 The hindmost Rank brake at the flight,
 Their Captain cry'd, *This is not right*,
 He cry'd to turn them back again,
 But yet his Words they held in vain!

If they had been as true as he
 It had been good for this country
 I think; and better for themself,
 Till once they fled few of them fell.
 Foreward they came unto the Groun'
 Like murdering Dogs the way they run,
 Of wounded Men whom they found there,
 Hash with Broad-sword, no Life to spare,
 But some of them went to their Knee
 Mercy for his Sake who dy'd on Tree.
 Then two or three did strake at once,
 And cleave them to the Coler Bones.
 Their Children following with Dagger-Knife
 Whom they found stear, deprived of Life.

If Soldiers mind *Tranent* and this
 For *Highlandmen* small Favour is: Quote
 Murray
 Whom there they slew was stripped bare,
 It was most for Plunder they came there.
North over the Hill then did they wheel,
 From Horse and Foot there came a Reel
 As Thunder roaring in the Air,
 Like a Hailstone Show'r the Ball flew there.
 The Rebels then did roar and cry
 When they fell down in Heaps like Ky.
 Who stood advanc'd the Field to take;
 Some of our Horse retreated back.

The valiant *Husk* again did fire
 Five Platowns without retire;
 It's said that *Hawly* was not there,
 But at the Time I'll speak nae mair;
 The best of Men thro' Ignorance
 They will forget their Ordinance.

Some Horse went in with Sword in Hand
 Full Room was made, the Rebbels fand
 A Battle sore upon them made,
 And in before *Husk* they gaid.
 To fi'e again *Husk* could no more
 For wounding his own, that was in before.

The Rebels fled once to the West,
 To rally again, so they protest,
 They stood in Aw to come. *They dare
 Not fight wi' Husk, He's strong at War;
 We think this day he's been o'er true:
 The Blood comes o'er my Rurple now.*

The *Highlandman* begins to sing on
 General HUSK, to make a Spring.

A SONG.

*O Sheneral HUSK the Battle busk,
 He'll never break to rally;
 He's no good Man like Shonny Cowp
 to rin at the first Baw'y.
 Now Shonny Husks wi' a' his Tusks
 'll fling out round about her,
 He'll stick and prick and fire and streak
 And burn us wi' his Pou'ter.
 He's put the Durk on like a Fork,
 To stick us gin we stear him,
 O he be a canker'd Carl,
 Our sell 'ill no gang near 'im*

Now valiant *Husk* stood in his Place,
 Sore Wind and Rain blew in their Face,
 The Rebels then drew west the Hill,
 To fight again had no good will.

Brave *Husk* he waited Help to get,
 To stiff the Chace when they retreat;

He thought the Horse wad turn again,
 Till darksome Night there did remain,
 Their Priming and Pans were drowned sore,
 To fire again they would no more.
 And darksome Night then did come on,
 For his Assistance there came up none.
 He said, *Brave Boys since it is so,*
We'll turn again and let them go.
 Now valiant *Husk* did return again,
 Who best behav'd, lost fewest Men.

The Baggage Men away did go,
 Their Cannons left, and told him, No,
 But if *Husk* had known that so had been,
 More sorrow had the Rebels seen.

When they saw *Husk* turn back again
 Aloud they cry'd, *The Day's our nain.*
 So then returned the bloody Band
 To murder wounded which they fand.

Their Slain was buried that very Night,
 They lost but ten Men at this Fight,
 For every one we may count a Hunder, A
Highland Lye is no great Wonder.
 Who came the Battle there for to see,
 They murdered some most cruelly,
 Prisoners they had but few or nane,
 Whom e'er they met they made him ane.

Of GEORGE's Men that was at this Fight
 Fourscore and twelve was slain that Night.

Now General *Husk* is down to the Camp,
 For misbehaviour then did he ramp.

If we lie here, into this Place
I fear we'll meet with more Disgrace,
They are on the Hight, and we are below,
To Edinburgh Town I fear they'll go.

If they go by us now so near
We'll be disgrac'd for evermair.

The Captains thought his Counsel right,
 To Lithgow Town they march'd that Night,
 Their Baggage—men who plaid the Knave

Caused many of their Tents to leave
 In the Camp, they left them standing sound
 Which by the Rebels there was found.

One Captain *Macdonald*, he fled away,
 Ran east for west in such a Frey
 Among Dragoons, with Speed he ran
 And there he was compell'd to stan'.
 To *Edinburgh* then they drove him on,
 In Castle he's laid in Prison strong.

Two Gallowses was mounted high,
 Four for Disertion there to die,
 Their just Reward, this Recompence
 For joining with the King of *France*
 To conquer *Britain* to the Pope.
 But they were conquer'd wi' a Rope.
 Ten more were doomed for to dy,
 But pardon'd out of his Clemency,
 Our King has granted them their Life,
 Altho' they stood gainst him in Strife.

Chap. XIV

*Of the Rebels Behaviour after the battle of
 Falkirk, and how they returned to Stirling and
 fought with the Castle, &c.*

The Rebels into Falkirk Town
 That very Night, they did come down
 First to the Town, then to the Camp,
 No Man durst speak, they were so ramp.
 The next Morning both great and small,
 Into the Town they assembled all,
 They rob'd the Town of Drink and Meat,
 And took Men's Purses on the Street.

A Young Man got a Gun in Hand
 To learn to fire without Command,
 A Ball was taken out before,
 Yet other two she had in Store;

Out at the Window did her sit
 Some Man or Maukin for to hit,
 Captain *Glengarie* was passing by
 By Chance he shot, and made him ly.
 It was not a Mercy Mischief so bra'
 It did not kill their Captains a'.

The Prisoners that they did confine,
 To *Stirling* Town they drove like Swine,
 The Church their Prison House was made,
 Neither to give them Meal nor Bread.
 Yet some brake out into the Night,
 And over the Mountains came home right.
 They took the rest and bound them fast,
 Into the *North* with them they past.

Then Wood they cut Fagots to make,
 Vowing the Castle they should take,
 And did inclose't on every Side,
 No Passage there, whate'er betide.
 At the *Nor'east* Side, on a Hill-head,
 Their Fagots set and Trenches made,
 Near *Ballingeech* that low path Way,
 For a while were slaughter Night and Day.
 The Time their Trenches were a making,
 The Castle to them was daily cracking.
 Sometimes great Words both coarse and braid,
 Often with Ball drave off their Head,
 Their Trench it was right near the Wa',
 The Castle higher, and well them saw.

They could not dig down for the Rock
 Which held them well up to the Stroke,
 For Night and Day they wrought betimes
 Like common Thieves committing Crimes:
 They curst the Moon for shining bright,
 And giving to the Castle Light
 To point their Mark for streaking leel,
 And wish their Prince with the auld Chiel.
 When that the Moon it did not shine,
 The Castle made then a Engine
 Of tar and flax well wrought together,

And with a Cannon they sent it hither.

This shining Torch of Tar and Tow
 Set on their Trench a blazing Low,
 Lets *Blackney* see to stay their Wark,
 And chace them back into the Dark.
 When *Perth* heard tell they did that Way,
 Under the Pain of Death to fly,
 They should be hang'd upon a Tree;
 Nothing but Death for them they see;
 Most manfully they wrought it then,
 And in their Trenches they built dead Men.

As they built up, he made it fa'
 With thundering Cannon over the Wa'.
 For there came a Pointer from the Sea
 Who was well us'd in such a Plee,
 When Orders of his General,
 To hit a Mark few can excel.

Many a Gentleman was there
 Encourag'd him with Words fair,
 They who were loyal for the Cause
 To King and Country and Britains Laws.
 The Rebels saw it past their Might
 To raise their Trench to a great Hight,
 By Night their Cannons have they plac'd
 Against the Castle proudly fac'd.

Then BLACKNEY cried, *All Men to Arms,*
Brave Gentlemen, we'll fear no Harms.
 For many a valiant Man was there,
 Of noble Lairds from every where,
 Who left their Homes from slaverie,
 And would not join with Prelacie,
 And truly said o BLACKNEY brave,
To Death with you we will behave.
 As BLACKNEY would they assembled then,
 In Order stood his valiant Train,
 Behind the Battery he laid them close,
 O then began the Rebels Loss.

Cannoneers cry'd, We fear them not,
 Though Engineers have Proof of Shot.

Bold BLACKNEY said, *Let no Heart grieve,*
High Powers above will Victory give,
For on such Strength we will rely,
We're in his Hand to live or dy.
But let us all our Strength endure,
To hold them out while we have Pow'r.
For, before they enter here (said he)
Let us every Man resolve to die.

With one Accord they cry'd, *Content.*
 Then fell to work with Courage bent,
Go on, go on for a righteous Cause.
In Defence of your Maker's Laws;
 Then Fire began on every Side
 Thund ring Cannons great Roars display'd.

The Rebels Cannon was pointed hie,
 Quite over the Castle the Balls did fly.
 The Castle cry'd to level low,
 You Look's too high down shal you go,
 Then a famous Piece was pointed even
 And a Cannon off their Carriage is driven,
 Then down the Brae she tumbled fast;
 Their Engineers was sore aghast;
 They strove to give the like again,
 But strake the Wall above the Men.

Some Stones there fell where that it strake,
 An Officer a Wound he gat,
 In Rage the Soldiers did let fly
 Great Showers of Balls, made Rebels ly
 Wanting their Arms and some their Head,
 With grievous Groans, spurring to Dead,
 And cursing the Chevalier's Companie,
 Who brought them to such Miserie.

Their Coahorns fired in with Speed,
 The most Part went o'er the Castle-head
 And lighted on the other Side,
 Which hoal'd the Earth both deep and wide.
 They pointed so against anither
 The Rebels Cannon-mouth they drove together,
 Some were broke, and some were riven,

And all was from the Carriage driven.

Their Engineers began to rue,
Down goes their Trench and Packs of Woo,
Some crap in that wounded were
Behind the Trench for Shelter, there
The Trenches fell in such a Fray,
That Burning came or Death drew nigh.465

Their Engineer was so beset,
His head and Harns he did forget;
For his Head it fell upon the Groun',
When lifting it he fell in a Swoon,
He was so bold in Times before,
Of Death he thought No Conqueror,
If he thought to stand, he would need a
Crummock
For his Brains they flew about like Drummock.

Their Trenches was forsaken than,
On Hands and Feet the Cripples ran
Down o'er the Brae to get Relief;
Their Fury turn'd to great Mischief.

At *Falkirk* and this Siege were slain
Fifteen hunder rebellious Men:
When all the Steer was past and gone
BLACKNEY lost not a Man but one.
Who, accidentally was shot before,
Three got small Wounds; their Scaith's no
more
Four Weeks they were inclos' within,
No more War-ship did the Rebels win.
When the Rebels saw they lost their Might,
Who was not slain they fled wi' Fright
Long Time before, both Night and Day
Against the Trench did Cannons play:
The Rebels saw they could not won,
Their Trenches all laid to the Groun';
The Engineer was dead and gone,
In whom they had their Trust alone.

CHAP. XV

*Of the King's sending down Duke William to
quell the rebels when they were in Stirling, &c.*

To *London* is gone this Lamentation
Of *Scotland's* Ruining and Vexation;
The King was sorry for their Case,
To hear of such extream Distress,
A Nation by it's self Oppression,
For to destroy their own Possession.

BLACKNEY bold, clos'd in his Den,
And did not know but he was slain:
Hawley rather put to the worse,
The Loss of Men and Part of Horse.
And *Stirling* Town that strong City
The *Highland* Croud in it did ly.

Now, WILLIAM the Duke of *Cumberland*
This worthy Deed has ta'en in Hand,
Scotland to save from Tyrannie,
And craves Protection from on Hie;
The King to part with his was woe,
And all the Court likewise, also;
He knew the Land was sore opprest,
And then to stay he would not rest.

The City *London* cry'd out, Alas,
We'll never see his Royal Face.
Away he goes, caus'd many to mourn,
Who would be glad of his Return,
On the twenty fourth of Januarie,
Now *Scotland* is thinking long for thee.
The fifth Day thereafter as you shall fin',
Edinburgh City he entered in.

This was glad News in many a Place,
To Jacobitish great Disgrace,
His Army then he this allow'd,
For *Charly's* Chace to be pursued.

*Duke WILLIAM's SPEECH to His ARMY
before they were to face the Rebels, when he
came to Edinburgh, January 30th 1746*

"Now, GENTLEMEN, hear this of me,
 "You're the Soldiers of a People free;
 "Not like the poor bound Slaves of France,
 "Unto all popish Ordinance,
 "I know there is many of you that is here
 "Who shewed Manhood in foreign Wear,
 "Others may say they never got th'Occasion
 "To shew their Valour in a foreign Nation,
 "And thinks themselves as good as they;
 "I doubt not but part of you may
 "Altho' your Native you've as yet possest,
 "And in foreign Lands no Foes have fac'd.
 "You pertain to Corps of Men as well as they
 "Who never turn'd their Backs to fly.
 "I hope you're now resolved to fight
 "For your King and Country's Right
 "Against the Rebels Resolution,
 "Who is for turning Order to Confusion.
 "A Set of Plunderers and Thieves
 "Every Government disturbs and grieves,
 "Who learned from their Fathers they are
 "In troublous Times to start up War.
 "They boast themselves wi' bauling Words
 "To do great Actions with broad Swords,
 "I think may prove to be small Stoops
 "Against train'd discipling Troops.
 "If you don't fly and break the Line,
 "By Swords you can no Danger fin'.
 "Stand, and behold them but in the Face,
 "And use what is fit when they'd imbrace.

“But when Men turns their Back to fly
 “Their Honour and Life then throws away.
 “In this manner they murder themsell,
 “And Foes encourages to excel.
 “Think on Tournay old Fontenoie,
 “Fear not these Rogues who would destroy
 “All that is good, if they had Pow’r,
 “And plead Heaven’s Protection in a fatal Hour,
 “Remember you’re for a righteous Cause,
 “Against Subverters of true Laws.
 “You’ve Generals and Captains true & just,
 “Therefore you need not fear Mistrust.
 “Go on and shew yourselves like Men,
 “And I hope you’ll return Victorers again;
 “So to the King of Heaven I you commit
 “To do with us all as he thinks fit.”

When William the Duke did this declare
 His Banners broad displayed were,
 From Edinburgh Town he march’d away
 To Lithgow town that very Day
 A beautiful Army there was seen,
 Regiments of Foot there was Fourteen,
 And two of Horse, in Armour clear,
 Argyle’s Men were two Thousand near,
 Of brazen Cannons there was Sixteen,
 To number their Waggons dazl’d my Een
 Charming it was to see that Sight,
 And hearing of the Rebel’s Flight.

CHAP. XVI

*How the Rebels blew up the Church of St.
 Ninians and how they were chaced into the
 North by the Duke of Cumberland, &c.*

When they heard the Army was draw[ing near]
Our nainsell be o’er lang here.
 At Stirling they wrought the Night before

Beyond the *Forth* to get their store,
 Beneath the Town they had a Boat,
 At the old *Abbay* there Passage got
 For Packs of Cloath, and plunder'd Gear;
 Ill Health may they have them for to wear.

Good-night wi *Highland* Packmen now
 At *Drummossie* Fair we'll buy frae you
 Their Cannons they left, and durst not stay,
 From *Stirling* Town ran all away.
 And from *Falkirk* into the Night
 Right suddenly they took the Flight,
 Their Captains Hands began to wring,
 And a savage wild fell too, to sing,

A SONG.

*Now Shordy's Willy's comming here
 And a' his Sodgers bra' Man,
 Its Time to Highlandmen to stere,
 we're o'er lang been awa' Man.
 His mucle Horse it wants the Tail,
 Her Feets is mair nor twa, Man;
 An' she come on my Lug a Shap
 'ill ding my Head awa', Man.
 Now let us rin frae Sheordy's Sin,
 for Sharly he will fell, Man;
 And gin we wandhis glory fin',
 We dare not gang to steal, man.
 O Sharly, Sharly, take your Heels,
 Unto the North to rin, Man,
 For Cumberlan' that wons the Fiel's
 'ill drive us up behin', Man.*

Their Prince at *Bannockburn* he staid,
 To hear of this he took the Wead,
The Gout (he cry'd) *it grips me now,
 Hold up my Back or else I'll bow.
 Go saddle my Horse, and let us pack*

*With a' belongs to Conscience black:
For the Wicked can no longer stand,
The Righteous now is hard at hand.
Now Charly mounted in a great Haste,
And there to stay he could not rest.*

The Minister of *St Ninians* Town
To Pop'ry gave a bad Renown,
He told the Rebels what was true,
To *George* his King, still gave his Due;
With a bold Face among them a' He pray'd
their Council down to fa'.

Their Honour was brought near an En',
And here no longer they durst remain;
In the Church was their Amonition Store,
This House the Pope doth much abhore,
The Tents they took to deal was there
A Proclamation they did Declare,
*Come all and get of our Supply,
We'll deal something for Charity.*

Their bloody Prince *south* from the Town
An Engineer he did send down,
(This Plot 'tis thought was made before)
To get all they could within the Door;
The Engineer who did it fire
To go up wi't had some Desire.
Towards the Skies with it he flew
And came down dead baith black and blew;

By this Destruction nine were slain,
Made *Charly* chace Grace wondrous fain;
On his Engineer waiting he stood
Who came not back with bad nor good.

Now *Charly* is gone with all his Crew,
And many a Curse did him pursue,
His Waggon's brake with stown Gear,
The Earth his Tackling could not bear,
Likewise his Types for Printing Lies,
(Poor Widows Curses on him swies)
His Cannons sank there at the *Frew*,
And Horses dy'd the same that drew:

Now *Charly* is ta'en the *North* with speed,
 For *Cumberland* pursues indeed,
 His royal Grace from *Lithgow* Town
 In Battle-array he has him boun',
 Thinking the Rebels would draw near,
 But in no shape they could appear.

At *Falkirk* Town that Night they lay,
 To *Stirling* went on the next Day;
 The second day of *Lenteron*
 A joyful Sight for them that moan:
 When to the Town that he drew nigh
 The Castle fired for jovialty;
 Our Jacobites thought all was wrong,
 Into Portyoul they changed their Song.

Unto the Castle his Grace he went,
 And viewed the Trenches they had rent,
 Saluting the General *Blackney* bold,
 Who was so true his Right to hold
 And asked how his men did behave,
 They unto Death drave many a Knave.
Who thought to reave your royal Right
They boldly fought both Day and Night.

Here for to rest it will not doo,
But after them I will pursue.
 The Bridge was broke Passage to stay,
 He caused them mount on the next Day;
 Ae Day behind it held them then,
 On the next Morning they march'd again.

The Foot-men over the Bridge there past
 And all their Baggage that with them haste,
 His Grace there at the Bridge did stand,
 How to behave he gave Command,
 His Horsemen past the Ford at *Dreep*,
 Then to *Dumblain* they marched up.

When all was gone out of the Town
 His Grace for Dinner he made bown'
 And then he mounted on his Steed,
 So after them he did proceed.

Perth's Lodging they did surroun'

But the Nest was toom, for all was flown,
 No Man did stay but Women there,
 The Mother of *Perth*, I'll say nae mair.

To find out Lucky some ought to prick,
 But she plays many a hellish trick
 That's learned by the Laws of *France*,
 Inchantments and the Horn-dance
 From the old Diserter doth proceed;
 Therefore she is Lucky indeed.
 Who does Inchantments by his Power
 They are serving Nick you may be sure.

Now Lucky is ta'en, against her Will
 She'll scult nae mair out o'er the Hill;
 In Prison strong she is kept fast,
 Her Cantraips now she dare not cast.
 Thy Image now of Silver Dum
 May dye thy Conscience like the Lum,
 In whom thou had thy Trust alone
 Can they now supply thy Moan?
 Or deliver thee out of their Hands
 Who keeps the bound into their Bands. You
Papists are a hellish Race;
 I this reproach you to your Face,
 And your Images of Gold so fine
 Their Curses come on me and mine;
 Likewise themselves at any rate,
 For Money now is ill to get;
 I have run my Purse unto an En,
 And can get nouth Paper nor Pen.
 To write thir Lines the way you see me,
 And there's none for to supplie me.

Now *Cumberland northward* he went,
 Perth's Mother unto *Edinburgh* sent
 To keep her fast in Prison strong,
 Then know who had the Right or Wrong.

CHAP. XVII

Of Duke Williams's March from Perth, & how the Rebels fled to Badinoch, & took the said Garrison, & went and took the Castle of Inverness, and went to take Fort William, but was repulsed with Loss. During which Time Duke William lay, and was strengthened at Aberdeen; With an Account of the Hessians, &c.

The Royal Duke did yet pursue,
Desiring still the Rogues to view.
The *Highlanders* thought it no Time to stay,
But quickly past the Ferry of Tay.

His Grace drave up the Rear behine,
They ran before like Goats and Swine,
Out o're the Mountains high they ran
And would not speak to *Cumberland*:
For *Badinoch* then they ran away
To raise their Strength for Battle Day.

The Castle of *Badinoch* they sieged then,
Within there was but fourteen Men,
For two Days their gave them Assail,
But at the last they seem'd to fail
And yield unto that hellish Crew,
The Castle into the Air they blew,
The Men into Prison they were cast,
With Hunger and Cold they keep them fast.

Duke *William's* gone to *Aberdeen*,
The Way before him he sweep'd clean;
Then comes a Storm, he thought it best
To let them run, and there to rest
Till once the Day were at more Length,
And then he thought to sey their Strength.

Into *Monross* a Band did send
All Rebels there to apprehend,
Merchants who had a Love to *France*,

Fain wou'd the *Chevalier* advance,
 And with their Vessels shewed Good-will
 To do King *George's* Ships great Ill;
 And gave their's to the *Highland* Band,
 A Man of War they did gainstand,
 And led her captive into *France*,
 For which they ought a Recompence.
 To *Stirling* Town he sent them fast,
 And there to ly till Laws be past.

The *Highlanders* lay in mountains wild,
 And there they thought they were beguil'd,
 They could get nothing for to eat,
 Such Famine was, for Lack of Meat
 Their Bellies were rax'd so wide before,
 Hunger to dree was mighty sore.

To *Inverness* they march'd away
 Like hungry Lions for a Prey
 Thinking Lord *Lowdon* shou'd be there,
 To conquer him well might they fare,
 But ere they came he went away
 To *Sutherland*, and there did stay
 While once that *Cumberland* drew near,
 And then with him he did appear.

The Garrison of *Inverness*
 Then have they ta'en with great Increase,
 Three Days did the Siege endure,
 To hold them out they had no Power.
 Ane hundred Men was there within,
 Upon Condition they loot them in
 To save their Lives, and prison'd be
 While once they knew who has Victorie.

Great Store of Meal, Butter and Beef
 They got, which was a Great Relief,
 All Military Store they took was there,
 Then the Castle blew into the Air.

Than to *Fort William* away they went,
 That Castle there to take and rent,
 And set upon it in a Rage
 So furiously began to siege.

Their Trenches made into the Night,
 With Cannons then began to fight,
 Coahorns there did many throw,
 And yet the Castle said them no.

Fifteen Days the Siege did laste,
 And yet the Castle had the best.

The Captain flies into a Rage,
Must we be tempted with their Siege?
Who will with me give them Assail?
Kind providence may be our Bail.
Who goes to fight against their Will
With heart and hand they cannot kill.
Therefore who is willing with me to go
The worst it is but Death you know.

To him there join'd with Hearts most free
 Near Fifty, in his Companie

Their Muskets charged, and forth they went,
 And flank'd their Trench with Courage bent,
 Then gave the Rebels a handsome fire
 Who of another had no Desire.

They ran and left their Cannons all,
 And could not stand a shower of Ball:

The Soldiers chac'd them out of Sight,
 Of all was left they got a Right,
 Coahorns and Cannons they wanted not,
 And Spoil of them they slew with Shot.

With Joy they did return again,
 I do not number what was slain;
 Her nainsell back to *Charly* fled;
 So at *Fort William* no Gain they made.

To *Fort Augustus* all did resort,
 Their Scouts went here and there author
 To reise more Strength for Battle-day,
 And brought their Horse who'd not obey.

Duke *William* at *Aberdeen* lay there
 Increasing ay his Number mair;
 Two Regiments came in by the Sea,
 Lord *Kingston's* Horse by Land drew nigh.

Six thousand *Hessians* at *Leith* did lan,

Their Royal Prince to be their Van;
 Earl *Crawford* in their Companie
 To guide them thro' the *North* Countrie,
 He led them *north* unto *Dunkel*,
 To keep that Pass, whate'er befel.

The Rebels came to view them afar,
 But their cannons fired and did them scar;
 A long Way was them between
 The Rebels saw the Hessian keen,
 There Battle so began to busk.
 They thought he'd be as ill as *Husk*.

Of Number was but few of them there,
 Into the *North* again they fare;
 The *Hessians* thought with them to fight,
 But they got never another Sight.

The *Hessians* Countenance was fierce,
 Their Speech I knew no more than Irse.
 White Buff Belts and all Blue Cloas,
 A long Beard beneath their Nose,
 No to compare Men unto that
 They had all Whiskers like the Cat;

Their Spatterdashes wi' Pick was fil'd,
 Long Swords with a Brazen Hilt,
 One Barr on the outside of the Hand,
 And in their Guns an iron Wand:

The finest of Musick e're you did hear,
 Wou'd mak them dance that could not stear;
 With Whistles and Drums, old Musicks fine,
 Would chear a Heart out of great Pine;
 Their Grenadiers had Capes of Brass,
 This was the Order of the Men of Hess.

CHAP. XVIII

*How Duke William sent out a Party from
 Aberdeen to view the Rebels, and they were
 taken. &c.*

DUKE WILLIAM lay at *Aberdeen*,
Strabogie and *Old Melderim*,

And for to spy the *Highland* Band
 His Grace he sent here on Command
 Thirty of Lord *Kingston's* Horse
 Fifty *Campbells* not of the worse.

Into the *North* they march'd o're far,
 And of their Foes was not awar;
 By Day no Danger could they see
 As far as they could cast their Eye.

They lodged in the Valley *Keith*,
 And of their Foes they dread no Skaith
 So in the Night when sleeping sound
 The Rebels did them all surround;
 Six hundred was of this wicked Train,
 When sleeping sound they murdered ten,
 Five did escape out of their Hand,
 The rest they did compel to stand,
 But some in Rage here did resist,
 And shot the Captain or they wist,
 (The Ball into his thigh it gead,
 Foul fa' the Luck it mist the Head)
 Three behind him fell to the Ground,
 And severals got their deadly Wound;
 But of dead Rebels they saw but three
 That was left present to their Eye.

Threescore and five were led away
 Of *Campbells* and *Kingston's* Horse that Day:
 Some of the *Campbells* with them did list,
 And then they fled when they thought best,
 The rest in Prison were kept sure
 While the Meeting at *Culloden Mure*
 Into the Church of *Inverness*,
 Where many lay in great Distress,
 Which at *Tranent* and *Falkirk Mure*
 Was taken by the rebels Power.

Both Soldiers and poor Country Boys,
 Prisoners to have it was their Joys,
 To hunger and grieve, reproach and scorn,
These damn'd Militi' we'll hang the morn!
Ye Glasgow Whigs did a' ye can,

*Got Guns to shoot our Highlandman,
And help the Sodgers at Fa'kirk;
Mesell'll stick you wi' my Durk.*

*Then to the Souldiers wou'd they said,
Mesell cut aff your Sheordy's Head,
An' Cumberland come o're the Spey
Oursell be shentle the next Day,
We'll get a Plunder and their Siller,
And tak the Sodgers Gun an' fell'er.*

*Every Prisoner that here did ly
Had but six Ounce of Meal a-Day,
Water, they had to beg for that,
And some made Drummock in their Hat.*

*Eight Days before Culloden Moor
For want of Victuals they're mighty poor;
The Prisoners then they got far less,
But how they liv'd I can't express.
The Rebels did on their Charly roar,
They wanted Pay a Month before:
There was no Passage then from France,
Nor to the South durst none advance
To bring to them no Way supplie;
They must either fight, or with Hunger die.*

CHAP. XIX

*Of Duke William's March from Aberdeen,
towards the Rebels, &c.*

*Upon the Eight day of April
The Weather pleasantly did smile,
When Day to Length it did approach,
And Night its Curtains inward fotch,
Britain's Hero began to say,
Its here we will no longer stay,
Therefore ourselves let us compose
With Heart and Hand to meet our Foes,
To Charly I hope Battle to give,*

*I'll have my Fortune, die or live.
 Therefore Brother Soldiers that is here
 Who valour shewed in foreign Were,
 I hope with me you'll yet advance,
 Your native Land is in a Chance,
 Under a slavish Yoke to bring.
 Tho' Rebels conquer, France shall reign
 And rule this Island at their Will
 By laws of Pope and Cardinal.*

*For us to fly, 'tis Death you know,
 But briefly face, and fear them no;
 I know they'll strive to gain your Flank,
 Keep Right and Left from such a Prank;
 Briefly fire, and do your best,
 Kind Providence make out the rest:
 Ye Rules of Power, now be our Guide.*

And then their Bearers were display'd;
 A brisk Fleet of Ships they had on Sea,
 For to assist, if Need should be,
 As they march'd *north* upon the Land
 Their Ships on Sea at their Right Hand
 With Musick sound so pleasantlie
 Wou'd chear a Heart that's gaun to die,
 In this Order now marched they
 Till he came to the River *Spey*;
 The Ships some Space were come before,
 Their Cannons then began to roar,
 Beyond the *Spey* the Rebels were
 With Cannons plac'd, and firing there
 Upon the Ships was firing fast,
 But forc'd to fly in a great Haste.
 So many Balls did near them light,
 They fled and durst no longer fight;
 For to be swift some flit their Trews
 And cri'd the Ships was fartan Clews.
 Their Cannons yet they drove away.

Or *Cumberland* wan over *Spey*
 He view'd them from the other Side,
 And thought battle they were to bide:

But when they saw him enter Spey,
 They ran and wad no longer stay,
 Then thro' the River have they gone,
 The Water strack near their Haunch Bone
 Of stillward stream, down from the Hill.

A Woman from her Feet she fell.
 In the middle o' this Foord of *Spey*,
 The Water swept her quite away;
 A Horseman thought to grasp her Gown,
 The Water both of them did drown
 Both Man and Horse, all the three:
 Gif any more they told not me.

The Month of *April*, on the tenth Day
 Duke *William* cross'd the River *Spey*;
 His Vanguards before him raid,
 The *Highlanders* to their Camp they fled
 And told they came by Land and Sea,
 How with their Ships they fought a wee!
Or lang ago they will be here,
They come as nothing would them fear.

Beyond the *Spey* he came fast,
 To *Nairn* Town they marched last,
 On the thirteen Day to let you wit,
 And there to rest he thought it fit
 Spies he sent on every Side
 To guard them round, whate're betide.

The Rebels Council then it sat,
 To win the Battle they're sure of that,
 While good broad Sword and Targe abide,
 They were to flank on every Side;
 Upon the place where *William* stood
 For to rush foreward in a Cloud,
 His Guard without Mercy to slay,
 And then bring *Cumberland* away,
 The Rest shall be inclosed round,
 And slash them all unto the Ground.
 If any of our Men turn to flee
 They shall be hang'd whate're he be.
 Our Cannons we'll place on Batteries hie,

And make the Redcoats in Heaps to lie
 Our Targe shall stent, with Swords we'll streck
 Their Guns shall prove to none Effect;
 If once they fire, they shall no more,
 We'll run upon them with a Roar,
 And make them flee once with our Cries,
 Then thrash them down, they shall not rise.
 A thousand Men will guard the Spey,
 And there shall none escape that Day.
 Then *Cumberland* shall taken be
 And a cruel Death we'll make him die
 As ever Man Mortal did thool
 We'll roast him quick on Fires of Coal:
 Then Silver and Gold we will not want,
 They've surely more than at *Tranent*;
 With Spoil we will enriched be,
England again then shall we see.
 And every Place that's done us Harm
 We'll pay them with a double Ferm.

The *Hessian* Troops they will not stand
 To meet with ours wi' Sword in hand,
 Altho' they be expert at Fire,
 We'll rush upon them in furious Ire.
 If once we break them out of Line, To kill them
 then it is no Pine.⁵⁶⁸

We'll first unto *Cullodon* Place
 Where *Cumberland* we'll surely face.
 When we have won the Battle, syne
 We'll go to *Inverness* and dine.
 But first we'll send into their Sight
 A Band to give their Camp a Fright,
 Perhaps that they will break and fly,
 Then we can chace them manfully."

When this their Council ended were,
Fort Augustus blew to the Air
 Four thousand of the *Highland* Band
 Did *Murray* choose for his Command,
 And travell'd with them all the Night,
 In the Morning to give them
 Affright

But when they did near hand approach
 They heard them making for their Voyage,
 The Drums were beating, *To your Arms,*
 And then they knew they lost their Charms,
 To hear the Drums they grew so faint
 That back they turn'd with one consent,
 Their Colours fell, and none wou'd stay
 To lift them they got such a fray.

They lost a Book when so they fled
 Wherein no Quarters shall be had,
 For they should have the Victorie,
 It was Death for any of them to flee.
 If Judgement had gone by their own Size
 They had slain far moe who wan the Prize:

Now *Cumberland* foreward did steer,
 To meet with *Charles* the Chevalier:
 From *Nairn* by five of the Clock
 To march thro' Moss and many a Rock,
 He was not of a Moment sure
 But meeting with the *Highland* Power,
 Therefore he did his Men divide
 In Columns four to march and ride.
 Each Column was seprate from anither
 And foreward march'd they altogether,
 Thro' Moss and Boggs this March they keep
 And Water holes to their Haunches deep.

Of the *Campbells* and Lord *Kingston's* Horse
 He sent Vanguards before the Force
 To view where that these Rebels lies,
 And led them right, even as their Spies;
 The General Quarter master gead
 Along with them to be their Head;
 They saw their Foes approaching twice
 Which made them form in Battle ways,
 But yet they came not up the Length,
 They turn'd again unto their strength.

The Duke he said, *We will advance*
Unto the Ground they've made their Stance.
 So did he march with his small Power

Into the Field, *Cullodon mure*, Seven thousand
and fifty three, 578 No more was in his
Companie.

St George Dragoons they were not there,
And Troops were left in several Where,
Some were sick as I understand
With travelling so by Sea and Land;
Broken Regiments in foreign War
Their Number could not advance by far.

Twelve thousand was of the *Highland Bawn*,
But all to Field they never wan;
Nine thousand did the Battle see
Who thought to gain great Dignitie;
A thousand was in *Inverness*
A Dinner for these Nine to dress;
A thousand was going to guard the Spey,
And got the Tidings by the Way;
A thousand *McGregors* with old *Glengyle*
Thought fit to stay behind three mile;
Ae hunder lay with the Pretender,
Ane old Stane Dyke was his defender:
He trusted Stones in Time of War,
And Strength of Men who fled right far.

CHAP. XX

A Discription of the Battle of Drummosie Moor.

Now CUMBERLAND the Battle did busk,
With General *Blands*, *Hawley* and *Husk*;
The Wind and Rain blew mighty foul
Soldiers fear'd their Fire to spoil:
Duke *William* said, *Brave Boys hear me*,
The Powers above will let you see
It is in him always I trust,
And to Day for his Cause fight we must.
Then Weather fair we'll have most clear,
And Victory I hope for here.

Hawley and *Blands* went on the left,
 The Duke and *Husk* held the Right in tift
 The *Highlanders* had such a Ling
 They did outflank the *Barrels* wing,
 Who with the *Wolfs* was on the left,
Hawley and *Blands* went in beneath't
 And strack upon the second Line,
 When *Campbels* did the Dykes o'ermine,
 With them the Light-horse and Dragoons,
 And part of Foot, who gave Platowns.

The Rebels stood high up on a Bank
 And knew not how to gain their Flank;
 Their Cannons then began to fire
 On Batteries that could do no Ire.
 From Right to Left Fire did begin,
 The Rebels then came briefly in,
 And in the Middle they opened wide,
 Thinking to encounter on every Side;
 The *Athols* and the *Barrels* met,
 And *Camerons* on *Monroes* were set;
 With Fire and Smoke they could not see,
 Which made them strake or they came nie,
 For the Wind upon their Face it blew,
 And all the Smoak among them flew,
 They did not see to fight with none
 While Baynets thro' their Backs were gone.

These *Burrals* and the bold *Munroes*
 In this Manner withstood their Foes,
 When Bayonets crumping thro' their Bones
 Dismal it were to hear the Grones.
 But on the *Burrals* they came so deep
 That they their Ground could scarcely keep:
 Duke *William* then he did draw near,
 And made the *Burrals* backward retire,
 For the *Wolfs* and *Blyths*, with *Semples* fine
 He caused march to the *Burrals* Line,
 With firing close they turn'd them back,
 And would pursue their End to mak,
 The Duke he cries, *Keep whole your Ro,*

And at the Time no further go.
 Then in their teeth they met *Bland*
 And *Hawley*, in whom no mercy they fand;
 From every Side the Ball did fly
 As Herds when they correct their Ky
 Between the two they ran thro' there,
 Their Hips was never skelpit so sair.

Forenent the *Royal* upon the Right,
 Being their left, they'll sey their might,
Glengarie, Keppoch and *Clanronnalds*,
McLeans, McLeods with a' their *Donalds*
 Came running down with such a Roar
 As nothing could stand them before.

The Duke he cried for to present,
 And no to fire without Consent.
 When they perceiv'd their Motion fair,
 They ran to the Hill back like a Hair;
 For ay when they came down to fight
 To see the Gun did them affright.

The *Royal* thrice presented so,
 And did not fire, they're ordered no:
 But with Cannons then they beat them down
 As Roads thro' Woods into a Town,
 When once they were allowed to Greps
 Their naked Hips turned up in Heaps.

The *Mackintoshes* made little Sturrage,
 For Lady Captain lost her Courage,
 Though wanting Breeks, and Buttocks bare,
 Great Pity it was she fell not there:
 By this Time the Day was fair and clear,
 And the Field was conquer'd very near;
 The Rebels knew not where to run,
 When *Cumberland* came on their Grun',
 Some cried out *O! pardon me.*
 The *French* Brigades to a Bogg did flee
 For to be saved from the Horse,
 Who spared none in such a Force,
Kilmarnock cri'd out spar'd to be,
My Folly now, alake! I see,

What for a Man (they said) are ye?
Earl of Kilmarnock Town. (said he)
 Then was he taken Prisoner.

To chace the rest foreward they fare;
 Between *Cullodon* and *Inverness*
 They fell in Heaps, as I profess,
 The Horsemen did them so mischief
 Their Heads in sunder quite they cleave
 Thro' *Inverness* in haste they fled,
 And nouth'er cry'd for kail nor Bread,
 Altho' their Dinner was ready there
 They wou'd not stay to get a Share.

Some threw away their Plaid and Gun,
 And for their Life did truly run;
 Those who did the Prisoners guard
 They ran and left them to their ward.
 The Prisoners came out in haste,
 And the *Highlanders* with Stones they chac'd,
 Who had long Time their Enemies been,
 But sic a turn thought ne'er to seen,
 So did they all with Joy weep,
 To see their Foes get such a Sweep.

The Horsemen yet they did pursue,
 And ay the Hindmost of them slew;
 They ran ten Miles like Sheep from Hounds,
 And hundreds fled with deadly Wounds.
Charles himself with them did flee
 The foremost of that Companie,
 Who from the Battle a-distant stood,
 And met the first who fled like wod,
 And said, *What makes you, Sir, to flee?*
Go to the Field and then you'll see.
But Charly said, You must go back.
 The Fleeer says, *Hear how they crack?*
 But *Charly* said, *I'll make you turn.*
 The *Highlandman* he lap o'er the Burn,
 And swore an Oath he would not turn.
 'Twas Time for *Charly* then to mourn;
 He saw that better might not be,

But with the rest away did flee;
 At *Loviat's* House he staid that Night,
 And mournfully he moan'd and sigh'd.

Duke WILLIAM was yet on the Fiel,
 Where Coahorns and Cannon reel,
 On every Side away they flew,
 To break his Ranks he'll not pursue.
 These cunning Rogues is ill to ken,
 Who knows but they might face again?
 He bade the Horsemen stiff the Chace,
 And he shou'd keep the fighting-place;
 Which was done to so good Effect
 That many a hunder lost their Neck.
 Three thousand fell in half an Hour,
 And many dy'd who ran o'er Power!

The Rebels confess of theirs was slain
 Four thousand, and a hunder men
 Who into Rocks and Woods were gone,
 And there they dy'd with Blood and Woun';
 Many among long Hether fell:
 The perfect Number few can tell.
 In secret Places did many dy,
 And yet unburied do they lie,
 Their Bones with Dogs are picked bare
 And flying Fowls out of the Air
 According to the old Prophecie
 That such thing should on the Wicked be,
 "The Dogs of Mens Carcases should share,
 "And all the Fowls that's in the Air."
 For their Voluptuousness ye ken,
 And shedding the Blood of righteous Men,
 Which has been done into thir Nations
 With bloody bygone Generations,
 Whose Offspring here did think to stand
 Against the Duke of *Cumberland*,
 Who has now prov'd an Instrument
 To give Reward and Punishment;
 Though it be the fourth Generation
 They are punish'd for the old Transgression.

Their own Transgression was truly seen,
For Antichrist they fought fu' keen.

But WILIAM upon *Cullodon Mure*
There did he overthrow their Power:
When all their Field was dead and fled,
Some Prisoners they taken had,
Lord *Lewis Gordon* a man of Might,
Strathallan dy'd when on his flight,
For Col'nel *Howard* did him chace,
And made him fa' upon his Face,
Into his Pocket a Book were foun'
With many a Name that few dare own.

The Prisoners then they drove away
To the Town of *Inverness* that Day,
They were of them such a Crew
They fill'd the Church and Prison fow
Some with Wounds dy'd by the way,
And many in Prison as I heard say.
These *French* Brigades more Favour found
The Wounds of them they drest and bound.

When all the Spoil was gathered in
Twelve Brazen Cannons there did they fin,
Five thousand Stand of Arms clare,
And thirteen Stand of Colours rare,
And every Man who brought a Stand
Got sixteen Guineas in his Hand
In Honour of the Victorie
For all their Colours his Grace did gi'e
Which after made a great Affront
When by the Hangman's Hands were brunt.

Then did he go to *Inverness*,
And *Charly's* Room he did possess;
The Rebels Dinner was left there,
His Men did eat and hearty were,
Rejoicing for cheap Victory,
Lost but two hundred and sixty three,

Their Musicks plaid and Bells did ring,
But *Charly* both his Hands might wring,
Commands were sent both *East* and *West*,

And Rebels then were gripped fast,
 When Prisoners could no more contain
 They sent to *London* to the King
 To get their Doom for Treacherie.

Great Shipfu's went up by the Sea:
 But *Charly*, *Murray* and Traitor *Perth*
 Could not be found above the Earth,
 For *Perth* took *Badinoch* at the Flight,
 And *Charly* Lord *Loviat's* House that Night,
 Some fled to the Island *Bute*,
 And there was gripped by the Kute.
 Others thought to win into *Ireland*,
 At *Saltcoats* they were made to stand,
Dumbarton Castle with good will they got,
 Though *Stirling* Castle het their Coat;
 The Chief of them was *Tillybairn*
 Who with old *Mar* did ravle Yarn,
 And ever since had been in *France*,
 He's ta'en to *London*, to stand a Chance
 Some says he dy'd dreading his Crime,
 Or with a Loosness in his Wame.

The LAMENTATION

OF CHARLES the Son of JAMES

FOR THE

Loss of the BATTLE;

*To his LORDS and GENTLEMEN,
The Night after the ACTION,
met at the House of Lord. LOVIAT.*

WHEN we in Council last did meet
we had good Hopes in Store,
It's perished like the Hypocrite;
declipsed is our Glore.
O! weep and owl! you've plaid the Fool
the north side of the *Spey*,
And of your Bagpipe break the Dool,
let no more Musick play!

We thought this Night to dance a Jigg,
and Dredgys for to drink;
But WILLIE blew his Pouder-pipes;
we cou'd not bide the Stink!

Now Gentlemen, our Hopes are gone,
Great Cause we have this Night to moan,
O fatal *Culloden* thou art to me,
For I have lost a brisk Armie.
Thou'st pluckt the Lawrels from off my Head
And on the face of William they're laid.

Why are we discomfeited so sore?
 Could you not stand as in Times before?
 Was not our Bucklers strong at *Preston-pans*?
 And on *Falkirk* Moor few stood our Clans.
 Was it not valiant for me to doo
 With a Handful to march this Island thro'?
 Was it not Wisdom my Retreat
 Out of *England*, to find a Great?
 But now it will be ca'd Cowardliness,
 Because to Day I met with this.

O *Cumberland*! Thou makes me sory
 I'm quite outshin'd in Military Glory:
 The Terrour of thee is still in my Heart,
 And when I sleep, Fear makes me start!
 Before my Eyes you're a present Sight,
 My very Knees doth smite wi' Fright!
 Likewise my Teeth doth gnash my Tongue!
 O terrible Man in Battle throng!

His Army is dreadful for to see,
 But to hear his Name it frighteth me!
 Weep old Women, and Widows fair
 Rent your Curch, and riveyour Hair!

Weep all ye Mountains north from *Spey*,
 Hanging down your Heads cry *O dismal Day!*
 Weep old Father, and holy Pope
 Rent all your Robes, and keep you from a Rope.
 Mourn holy City that stands on seven Hills,
 For an *English* Duke your Glory quells:
 Be at Ease, old father, and thy Masses sing,
 Over this Island we'll never reign!
 Kindle thy Wrath against the King o' *France*,
 Curse him to the Pit, never to advance!
 For greatly he has deceived me!
 Lock him deep, deep! and break the Key!

North Britain thou thought for to increase,
 But now thou art in great Distress:
 Mourn for the Joys thou had before,
 Break all your Pipes, and play no more!
 On *Culloden* Moor we have lost the Field,

And sore against our Will did yield:
Kilmarnock is taken, for ought I fin'
 And found as with a fettering Chain!
Strathallan on the Field was slain,
 And brave *M'Donald*, a Man worth ten;
 Who well could handle the Broad Sword,
 And order Horse with virtuous word.
 Captain *Lochiel* is wounded sore,
 And *Gordon* is ta'en! woes me therefore.
 In Time o' the Throng, among them he got,
 Seeking for Death and found him not.

Now all are scattered, kill'd and ta'en,
 And none is left but we alane!
 Why did I turn this Day and fly?
 Might we not in the Bed of Honour dy
 Far better than to be hounded here?
 Out of his Hands where shall we steer?
 His Armies will like the Locust spread,
 And into *France* we'll not get fled.

The sea doth groan his Fleets to bear,
 His ships on Seas is everywhere:
 I trusted all in Man before,
England and *France* I'll trust no more;
 They were to assist me on every Hand,
 But in my Need no help I faund!
 My famous Fleet are yet in *France*,
 How help they me out of this Stance?
England, England! False is thy league!
 Thy vow to me is not worth a Fig;
 This I'll never attempt to conquer
 Unless I have sufficient Power
 For to put Success out of Doubt.
 What Vengeance brought me here unstout!
 But Flattery and deluding Snards;
 I got no help but broken Lairds
 Who was ready their Lands to Loss,
 But now they're sunk in deeper Cross.

Where shall we hide us from this Fate
 While once we find a safe Retreat

Out of thir Lands some where to fly,
For of them we'll find no Clemency.

Like poor gentle Men now let us live,
For Fear we meet with more Mischieve;
And keep *Cullodon* still in Memory,
For there I've lost my former Glory!

CHAP. XXI

*How D. William sent out a party to bring in
Prisoners and camped at Fortaugustus, and
pardoned the press'd Rebels, and gave order to
Plunder and burn the North Highlands, &c.*

DUKE WILLIAM was yet at *Inverness*,
And *Charly* fled thro' *Caithness*:
Brigadier *Mordaunt* he did mount
With nineteen Hunder, *Charly* to hount,
They all consented free Voluntier
To go and seek the *Chevalier*.

Eight Miles they kept their Tract with Blood
When from the Battle they fled like wod,
Into the *Frasers* Country then
Some Rebels there did apprehen',
But *Charly* he could not be found,
It's thought he's hid beneath the Ground;
But he was fled to *M'Donald's* Isle,
And there in ambush dwelt a While;
They thought to search for him was vain
Thinking he had been o'er the Main;
To *Inverness* they turn'd again,
With Prisoners which they had ta'en.

The Duke to *Fortaugustus* went,
And camped there, upon the Bent:
A Proclamation then did he make
Thro' all the *North*, for Pities sake,
Who from the Priest wou'd fetch a Line
That they were press'd against their Mine

To go and serve the *Chevalier*,
 And against King *George* Arms to bear.

Space of a Month this Time were set,
 (Full Time it was these Lines to get,)
 To render their Arms he did demand,
 And get a Pass seal'd with his Hand:

Then did they come trembling with Fear!
 Rendering their Arms and freed they were.
 Who did not answer at this Call
 The Fault's their own if Death befall.

For whom the Priest could not attest
 To the Rebellion they were not press'd,
 Or if the Priest cloak'd Treacherie,
 And prove the same, then shall he die?

Gif innocent Persons here be slain
 I'm sure the Fault it was their ain;
 And when this Time it did expire
 Then did he all their Houses fire
 Who had not the Pass with William's Seal
 Their Houses was burnt without fail.
 Commands he sent among them there
 Houses to burn and plunder bare,
 And see that they did take no Lives,
 Bring out their Children and their Wives.

They burnt their House and Plenishon
 And left them no Habitation,
 Some Wives ran to the Mountains wild
 And in their Flight wou'd leave their Child,
 But Captains made Soldiers ripe and see
 That within the House no Living be.

Babes wou'd they got sleeping fu' soun',
 Out on the Green they laid them down,
 Perhaps their Mother to hide the Geat,
 To save her Child she cou'd not wait.

Their House was set then in a Low,
 Rokes and Reels, Lint and Tow,
 All was here burnt up at once,
 Nothing stands but reekit Stones.

The most Diversion the Soldiers gat

In Time o'this Burning to keep the Cat,
 For when the Low came her about
 Poor Badrans she came skipping out,
 The Soldiers at her lets a drive
 And cries to burn the Witch alive.

Through all the *North* where Rebels were
 With Fire made their Biggins bare,
 The Curates Kirks they burnt also,
 For *Charly* did that Lesson show
 By burning of *St Ninians* Kirk,
 He shew'd a Patron how to work.

From *Inversnade* to the *nor'east* Sea
 He burnt the Rebels utterlie!
 Where they had most their Habitation
 There's nothing now but Desolation!
 Twenty Miles you'll travel, alas!
 And see nothing but Wilderness!
 Neither reeking House, nor crawling Cock,
 Herds nor no kin- kind o' Flock;
 For when he did from Burning stay
 Then carried all their Flocks away.

He saw they durst no more him face,
 An Order put in every Place,
 The *Hessians* returned unto the Sea,
 Who got no War in this Countrie.

He sent his Army here and there
 To search out Rebels every Where,
 And when they got of them manie
 Were sent to *London* by the Sea.
 The Nobles of them they hang and slay,
 The rest for Slaves are sent away;
 Who found Probationthey were press'd
 To Liberty they were address'd.
 Duke *William* from the *North* did retier,
 Who stay'd in *Scotland* half a Year:
 (But to keep the Jacks frae thinking Lang
 Unto their Praise made mony a Sang,
 They height to pay the way I served,
 But I said no more than they deserved.)

Duke *William* home to *London* pass'd,
And *Scotland* left in Peace to rest;
So did the *Highland* Rebellion en'
In which were lost ten thousand Men.

Of Prisoners were told and seen
Eighteen hundred and Fifteen:
In Defence of King *George* were slain
About nine Hunder and Fifty Men;
All this was done within one Year,
Fighting for a young Chevalier.

The rest of their Acts if ye wou'd know,
Read o'er the Book of *John* my Jo,
The Chronicles of it he makes
Was written in the Land of Cakes;
To write mine there I did not stay,
I made this in the Land of Whey.

FINIS.