

# Battle Of Prestonpans

The Corries

THE BATTLE OF PRESTONPANS

Roy Williamson / Trad

General Cope led frae behind to keep his men in order  
When the English ran he was in the van and first across  
the border

The Chevalier being void o' fear did march up Birsle  
Brae, man  
Through Tranent ere he did stent as fast as he could  
gae, man  
General Cope did taunt and mock wi' many a loud huzza,  
man  
But ere next morn proclaimed the dawn we heard another  
crawl, man

The brave Lochiel, as I heard tell, led Camerons on in  
clouds, man  
The morning fair and clear the air, they loose'd wi'  
devilish thuds, man  
Doon guns they threw and swords they drew, soon they  
chased them off, man  
On Seaton Crafts they buffet their chafts and gar'd  
them run like daft, man

Now Cadell? dressed in among the rest wi' gun and guid  
claymore, man  
A gelding grey he rade that day wi' pistols set before,  
man  
The cause was good, he'd spend his blood before that he  
would yield, man  
But the night before he left the core and never faced  
the field, man

Now Simpson keen to clear his een o' rebels far and  
round, man  
Did never strive wi' pistols five but galloped wi' the  
throng, man  
On Soutra Hill there he stood still before he tasted  
meat, man  
Troth he may brag o' his swift nag that bore him off so  
fleet, man

The bluff Dragoon swore blood and 'oons they'd mak' the  
rebels run, man  
Yet they flee when them they see and winnae fire a gun,  
man  
They turn'd their back, their foot they brak', terror  
seiz'd them a', man  
Some wet their cheeks, some filled their breeks and  
some for fear did fa', man