

The Sherramuir Fight

The Corries

O, cam ye here the fight to shun,
Or herd the sheep wi' me, man?
Or were ye at the Sherra-moor,
Or did the battle see, man?'
I saw the battle, sair and teugh,
And reekin-red ran monie a sheugh;
My heart for fear gae sough for sough,
To hear the thuds, and see the cluds
O' clans frae woods in tartan duds,
Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three, man
The red-coat lads wi' black cockauds
To meet them were na slaw, man
They rush'd and push'd and bluid outgush'd,
And monie a bouk did fa', man!
The great Argyle led on his files,
I wat they glanc'd for twenty miles;
They hough'd the clans like nine-pin kyles,
They hack'd and hash'd, while braid-swords clash'd,
And thro' they dash'd, and hew'd and smash'd,
Till fey men died awa, man.
But had ye seen the philibegs
And skyrin tartan trews, man,
When in the teeth they daur'd our Whigs
And Covenant trueblues, man!
In lines extended lang and large,
When baig'nets o'erpower'd the targe,
And thousands hasten'd tae the charge,
Wi' Hieland wrath they frae the sheath
Drew blades o' death, till out o' breath
They fled like frightened dows, man
They've lost some gallant gentlemen,
Amang the Highland clans, man!
I fear my Lord Panmure is slain,
Or in his en'mies' hands, man.
Now wad ye sing this double flight,
Some fell for wrang, and some for right,
But monie bade the world guid-night:
Say, pell and mell, wi' muskets' knell
How Tories fell, and Whigs to Hell
Flew off in frightened bands, man