

The Battle Of Sherramuir

The Corries Version

The Cameronian Rant

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 mony a sheugh
My heart for fear gaed 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
La, la, la, la, ...

The red-coat lads wi' black cockauds
To meet them were na slaw, man
They rush'd and push'd and blude outgush'd
And mony a bouk did fa', man
The great Argyle led on his files
I wat they glanced 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
La, la, la, la, ...

Had ye seen the philibegs
Wi' skyrin tartan trews, man
When in the teeth they dar'd our Whigs
And covenant True-blues, man
In lines extended lang and large
When baiginets 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
La, la, la, la, ...

... / ...

They've lost some gallant gentlemen
Among the Hieland clans, man
I fear my Lord Panmure is slain
Or in his en'mies' hands, man
Wad ye sing this double flight
Some fell for wrang and some for right
Mony bade the world gude-night
Say pell and mell wi' muskets' knell
Tories fell and Whigs to hell
Flew off in frightened bands, man
La, la, la, la, ...

- Robert Burns (1789) -