

THE BATTLE OF BOTHWELL-BRIDGE

1. "O billie, billie, bonny billie,
Will ye go to the wood wi' me?
We'll ca' our horse hame masterless,
An' gar them trow slain men are we."
 2. "O no, O no!" says Earlstoun,
"For that's the thing that mauna' be;
For I am sworn to Bothwell Hill,
Where I maun either gae or die."
 3. So Earlstoun rose in the morning,
An' mounted by the break o' day;
An' he has join'd our Scottish lads,
As they were marching out the way[.]+++
 4. "Now, farewell father, and farewell mother,
An' fare ye weel my sisters three;
An' fare ye well my Earlstoun,
For thee again I'll never see!"
 5. So they're awa' to Bothwell Hill,
An waly¹ they rode bonnily!
When the duke o' Monmouth saw them comin,
He went to view their company.
 6. "Ye're welcome, lads," then Monmouth said,
"Ye're welcome, brave Scots lads, to me;
And sae are ye, brave Earlstoun,
The foremost o' your company!"
 7. "But yield your weapons ane an' a,
O yield your weapons, lads, to me;
For, gin ye'll yield your weapons up,
Ye'se a' gae hame to your country."
 8. Out up then spak a Lennox lad,
And waly but he spak bonnily!
"I winna yield my weapons up,
To you nor nae man that I see."
 9. Then he set up the flag o' red,
A' set about wi' bonny blue;
"Since ye'll no cease, and be at peace,
See that ye stand by ither true."
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10. They stell'd their cannons on the height,
And showr'd their shot down in the how;
An' beat our Scots lads even down,
Thick they lay slain on every know.
11. As e'er you saw the rain down fa',
Or yet the arrow frae the bow;
Sae our Scottish lads fell even down,
An' they lay slain on every know.
12. "O, hold your hand," then Monmouth cry'd,
"Gie quarters to yon men for me!"
But wicked Claverhouse swore an oath,
His cornet's death reveng'd sud be.
13. "O hold your hand," then Monmouth cry'd,
"If ony thing you'll do for me;
Hold up your hand, you cursed Græme,
Else a rebel to our king ye'll be."
14. Then wicked Claverhouse turn'd about,
I wot an angry man was he;
And he has lifted up his hat,
And cry'd, "God bless his majesty!"
15. Then he's awa to London town,
Ay e'en as fast as he can dree;
Fause witnesses he has wi' him ta'en,
An' ta'en Monmouth's head frae his body.
16. Alang the brae beyond the brig,
Mony brave man lies cauld and still;
But lang we'll mind, and sair we'll rue,
The bloody battle of Bothwell-hill.