

### *THE FRAY OF SUPORT*

1. Sleep'ry Sim of the Lamb-hill,  
And Snoring Jock of Suport-mill,  
Ye are baith right het and fou';—  
But my wae wakens na you.  
Last night I saw a sorry sight—  
Nought left me, o' four and twenty gude ousen and ky,  
My weel ridden gelding, and a white quey,  
But a toom byre and a wide,  
And the twelve nogs on ilka side.  
    Fy lads! shout a' a' a' a' a'  
    My gear's a' gane.
  
2. Weel may ye ken  
Last night I was right scarce o' men:  
But Toppet Hob o' the Mains had gwesten'd in my house  
    by chance;  
I set him to wear the fore-door wi' the speir, while I kept  
    the back door wi' the lance;  
But they hae run him thro' the thick o' the thie, and  
    broke his knee-pan,  
And the mergh<sup>1</sup> o' his shin bane has run down on his  
    spur leather whang—  
He's lame while he lives, and where e'er he may gang.  
    Fy lads! shout a' a' a' a' a'  
    My gear's a' gane.
  
3. But Peenye, my gude son, is out at the Hagbut-head,  
His e'en glittering for anger like a fiery gleed;  
Crying—"Mak sure the nooks  
    "Of Maky's-muir-crooks;  
    "For the wily Scot takes by nooks, hooks, and crooks.  
    "Gin we meet a' together in a-head the morn,  
    "We'll be merry men."—  
    Fy lads! shout a' a' a' a' a'  
    My gear's a' gane.

4. There's doughty Cuddy in the Heugh-head,  
 Thou was aye gude at a' need:  
 With thy brock-skin bag at thy belt,  
 Ay ready to mak a puir man help.  
 Thou maun awa' out to the Calf-craigs,  
 (Where anes ye lost your ain twa naigs)  
 And there toom thy brock-skin bag.  
     Fy lads! shout a' a' a' a' a'  
     My gear's a' ta'en.
5. Doughty Dan o' the Houlet Hirst,  
 Thou was aye gude at a birst:  
 Gude wi' a bow, and better wi' a speir,  
 The bauldest march-man that e'er followed gear;  
 Come thou here.  
     Fy lads! shout a' a' a' a' a'  
     My gear's a' gane.
6. Rise, ye Carle Coopers, frae making o' kirns and tubs,  
 In the Nicol forest woods.  
 Your craft has na left the value of an oak rod—  
 But if you had had ony fear o' God,  
 Last night ye had na slept sae sound,  
 And let my gear be a' ta'en.  
     Fy lads! shout a' a' a' a' a'  
     My gear's a' gane.
7. Ah! lads, we'll fang them a' in a net,  
 For I hae a' the fords o' Liddel set—  
 The Dunkin, and the Door-loup,  
 The Willie-ford, and the Water-slack,  
 The Black-rack, and the Trout-dub o' Liddel;  
 There stands John Forster wi' five men at his back,  
 Wi' bufft coat and cap of steil:  
 Boo! ca' at them e'en, Jock;  
 That ford's sicker I wat weil.  
     Fy lads! shout a' a' a' a' a'  
     My gear's a' ta'en.

8. Hoo! hoo! gar raise the Reid Souter, and Ringan's Wat,  
Wi' a brod elshin and a wicker;  
I wat weil they'll mak a ford sicker.  
Sae whether they be Elliots or Armstrangs  
Or rough riding Scots, or rude Johnstons,  
Or whether they be frae the Tarras or Ewsdale,  
They maun turn and fight, or try the deeps o' Liddel.  
    Fy lads! shout a' a' a' a' a'  
    My gear's a' gane.

9. —“Ah! but they will play ye another jig,  
For they will out at the big rig,  
And thro' at Fargy Grame's gap.”—  
—“But I hae another wile for that:  
For I hae little Will, and stalwart Wat,  
And lang Aicky, in the Souter moor,  
Wi' his sleuth dog sits in his watch right sure;  
Shou'd the dog gie a bark,  
He'll be out in his sark,  
And die or won.  
    Fy lads! shout a' a' a' a' a'  
    My gear's a' gane.

10. Ha! boys—I see a party appearing—wha's yon?  
Methinks it's the Captain of Bewcastle, and Jephtha's John,  
Coming down by the foul steps of Catlowdie's loan—  
They'll mak a' sicker, come which way they will.  
    Ha lads! shout a' a' a' a' a'  
    My gear's a' ta'en.

11. Captain Musgrave, and a' his band,  
Are coming down by the Siller-strand,  
And the muckle town-bell o' Carlisle is rung:  
My gear was a' weel won,  
And before it's carried o'er the border, mony a man's gae  
down.  
    Fy lads! shout a' a' a' a' a'  
    My gear's a' gane.