

62. *LESLEY'S MARCH*

1. March! march!
Why the devil do ye na march?
Stand to your arms, my lads,
Fight in good order;
Front about, ye musketeers all,
Till ye come to the English border:
 Stand til't, and fight like men,
 True gospel to maintain.
The parliament's blythe to see us a' coming:
 When to the kirk we come,
 We'll purge it ilka room,
Frae popish reliques, and a' sic innovation,
 That a' the world may see,
 There's nane in the right but we,
Of the auld Scottish nation.
Jenny shall wear the hood,
Jocky the sark of God;
And the kist-fou of whistles,
That mak sic a cleiro,
 Our piper's braw
 Shall hae them a',
 Whate'er come on it:
Busk up your plaids, my lads!
Cock up your bonnets!
 Da Capo.