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Anonymous

The Memorable Battle Fought at Killy Crankie
(n.d.)

By Chief Clavers and his Highland Men

To the Tune call'd, *Killy Cranky*.

Clavers and his Highland Men
Came down upon the Raw then,
Who being stout gave many a Clout,
The Lads began to claw then;
With Sword and Targets in their Hands,
And Clinkin Clankin on their Crowns,
The Lads began to claw then.

O'er Brink and Brank, o'er Ditch and Stank,
He staik amang them a'then,
The Butter-box got many Knocks,

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Killy Crankie (n.d.)*

The Riggans pav'd for a' then.
They fot their Paiks with sudden Straiks,
Which to their Grief they saw then,
And double Dun[?]s upon their Rumps,
The Lads began to fa' then.

Her skip'd about, and leap'd about,
Her flang amang them a'then,
The English Blades got Broken Heads,
Their Crowns her clave in twa there,
The Durk and Door made their last Hour,
Such was their final fa' then.
They thought the D—I had been there,
That gave them such a Paw then.

Jock Presbyter an's Covenant
Came whigging up hill then,
Though Highlad Trews would not refuse,
For to subscribe the Bill then;
In William's Name he thought na Shame,
Would stop the Deed at a'then;
But her nane sell Stock, with many a Knock,
Cry'd *furich Whigs awa' then*.

Sir hugh Mardow with his men true,
Came skiping o'er the Brink then,
The Hogan Dutch that feared such,
They bread a horrid Stink then,
The true Maclain his Gate has gane,
And came upon a Raw then;
None could withstand his heavy Hand,
He stake with such a Paw then.

Oh on o Ri on o Ri,
Why shouls we loss King James then,
O Rigni die. O Regni die!
Her break a him's Benes then.
Furichnish, but stay a while,
To speak a Word or twa then,
And take a Strake upon his Neck,
Before him gang awa' then.

Fy for Shame him's twa for ane,
And yet her's win the Day then.

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King James's Red-coats should be hang'd up
Because they fled awa' then.
Had bent him's Brows like Highland Trews
And made as long a stray then,
Her'd kept the King that sacred thing,
And Willy had gone awa' then.

Now Shentlemen and Cavaleers,
Come shoin wi' her nane sell then,
For to root out the Dutch Recruit,
And ding them down to Hell then;
We'll meet at anes for our King James,
And think it no great Pain then,
To set him on his Royal Throne;
Let each Man have his ain then.

The Answer

You Highlandmen, with Tongue an Pen,
What need you so to boast then,
At Killy Crankie what you wan,
It was unto your Loss then:
My Lord Dundee the best of ye,
Into the Field did fa' then,
And great Pitour fell in a Fur,
And could not win awa' then.

And at Dunkeld, night fast you fell
Tho' ye thought well to win then;
But fy for Shame, I scarce can tell,
How to the Hills ye ran then.
O Furichnish but stay a while,
And speak a Word or twa then,
Wi' caket Trews, and heavy News.
Unto the hills ye draw then.

At Cromdelhill, you got your fill;
For you we did not spare then,
To pay your Benes 'till oer the Stenes,
You ran wi' buttocks bare then:
And many Crack behind your Back,
Sensyne we never saw then,
Your Fools Face hath little Grace,
Can do no good at all then.

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The Buchan Lairds like unto Cards,
Planted on *A[th]ole* Hills then,
together came to make a Sham,
thinking to get their Will then;
At Aberdeen they did come in,
But there they durst not stay then,
Nor make Attempt for fear that Hemp,
At length their Necks should draw them.

From Aberdeen in haste they hy,
Unto Dunnotea came then,
Where Earl of Marshal then did ly,
A Man of worth Fame then;
And General buchan did command,
His House that they might have there,
But he si bravely did defend,
That they prov'd but like Knaves there.

They hois'd up Sail and turn'd their Tail,
And Straight towards the north then,
And for to join, to get some Coin,
Fra the Earl of Seaforth then,
But he was wiser than they thought,
And never thinks to part sea;
With that he got, by his good Lot,
Like Fools from thence their Way gae.

There's Frendrets Lord and Oliphant
And Douglass them all three there,
We have bereaved them of their holds,
No more now can they do there.
And Davie Graham thinks meikle Shame,
With the Earl of Dunkill then,
And Turn-coat Pet lokks now so blate,
Himself he's like to hang then.

Dumfermline drives his Spurgald Horse,
And Buchan whips with Wand then,
Cannon like a weary Cross,
Follows up the Band then.
My Lord Scoforth fles fra the North,
Unto the Court to dwell there;
He's made a' swear for many a Year,
He never will rebel main.