Political and Protest Songs in Eighteenth-Century Scotland I

Jacobite and Anti-Jacobite

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In Scotland as in England, Jacobite and anti-Jacobite attitudes developed and transformed the cavalier and anti-cavalier sentiment of the Commonwealth and Restoration periods, and it is these emotions—the feelings and prejudices of ordinary partisans on both 'Right' and 'Left'—that underlie the songs which have come down to us from this time. Following the proclamation of William and Mary as King and Queen of Scotland in April 1689, traditional Scottish Presbyterianism was in the ascendant after nearly thirty years' attempt to graft an episcopal system upon the Kirk. Episcopacy was abolished in July, and in 1690 the system of Church Government originally set up in 1592 was re-introduced, while the General Assembly met for the first time since 1653. In Ayrshire and the south-west there occurred the 'rabblement of the curates'—the molestation of the episcopalian clergy appointed by Charles II and James VII—and a number of clergymen who refused to say public prayers for the new sovereign were driven out. 'You're welcome whigs, from Bothwell Brigs!' is a typical Tory satire that refers to this time (Hogg 1874 1:18–20, Chambers 1829 II:500–2). The theme is the hypocrisy of the new masters:

But if one drink, or shrewdly think,
A bishop e'er was saved
No charitie from presbytrie,
For that need once be craved.

You lie, you lust, you break your trust,
And act all kinds of evil;
Your covenant makes you a saint,
Although you live a devil.
From murders too, as soldiers true,
You are advanced well, boys;
You fought like devils, your only rivals,
When you were at Dunkeld, boys.

Your wondrous things great slaughter brings,
You killed more than you saw boys;
At Pentland hills you got your fills,
And now you seem to craw, boys.
Let Websters preach, and ladies teach
The art of cuckoldrie, boys;
When cruel zeal comes in their tail,
Then welcome presbytrie, boys.

(St. IV lines 5–8, sts. V–VI)

The Webster mentioned in the last stanza quoted was a popular preacher in the Edinburgh of 1690–1700, and the incident at Dunkeld—the Cameronians' routing of the clansmen a month after the battle of Killiecrankie (27 July 1689)—also helps to date the piece. With its reference to Pentland Hills, the scene of the Presbyterian rising of 1666, the song harks back to the conflicts of the previous generation, while continuity of satiric tradition is maintained by the stock allusion to Puritan ('Whig') hypocrisy in matters of sex.

A much more vigorous expression of the episcopalian and Jacobite outlook is to be found in these flyting Skeltonics (Jac. Frag. Fol. 7, *verso*):

Belial's sons,
Who with your tones
And your groans
Cheate the people.

And lyk a mouse,
Still the pouse
Of every house
That hes a steeple.

Damned sprites,
Lyk hypocrites,
On the streets
Disappointed . . .

Ill wishers,
Stipend fishers,
Kirk pishers
At the wall.

Whig beasties,
Sathones questies,
From your nesties
Soon be your fall.

Back byters,
Pulpit flyters,
Kirk shyters
At the altar.

The deil send you,
But God mend you,
Or else end you
In a halter.

(Sts. III–V, VII–X)

Such, one presumes, was the hatred which actuated Claverhouse's troops at Killiecrankie, where he and his 3,000 Highlanders defeated General Mackay, though the death of 'Bonny Dundee' meant that, politically speaking, the battle was a reverse for the insurgents.

The song on this battle—Killiecrankie—is written in a measure and to a tune which became traditional for Scottish political songs during the century (Herd 1869 1:102–3). The singer describes the battle—or addresses his political commentary—to someone he calls 'man'; at the same time, the tone is strongly ironical, the point of view—that of the *persona*, one of Claverhouse's Highlanders—being qualified by his humorous Highland-Lallans:

The solemn League and Covenant
Came whigging up the hills, man,
Thought Highland trews durst not refuse
For to subscribe their bills then.
In WILLIE'S name they thought nae ane
Durst stop their course at a', man,
But hur nane sell, wi' mony a knock,
Cryd, Furich-Whiggs awa', man . . .

Oh' on a ri, Oh' on a ri,
Why should she lose King SHAMES, man?
Oh' rig in di, Oh' rig in di,
She shall break a' her banes then;
With *furichinish*, an' stay a while,
And speak a word or twa, man,
She's gi a straike, out o'er the neck,
Before ye win awa' then.

O fy for shame, ye're three for ane,
Hur nane-sell's won the day, man.
King SHAMES' red-coats should be hung up,
Because they ran awa', then;

Had bent their brows, like Highland trows,
And made as lang a stay, man,
They'd sav'd their king, that sacred thing,
And WILLIE'd ran awa' then.

(Sts. IV, VI–VII)

The 'Killiecrankie' sung by folksingers in Scotland today is substantially that edited by Burns (S.M.M. 1790:292) and printed by Hogg in the *Jacobite Relics* (Hogg 1874 II:32–3) of which, according to Stenhouse, only the chorus ('An ye had been' . . .) is old:

Whare hae ye been sae braw, lad!
Whare hae ye been sae brankie O?
Whare hae ye been sae braw, lad?
Cam ye by Killiecrankie, O?
An ye had been whare I hae been,
Ye wad na been sae cantie, O;
An ye had seen what I hae seen
I' the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.

I faught at land, I faught at sea,
At hame I faught my Auntie, O;
But I met the Devil and Dundee
On th' braes o' Killiecrankie, O.

The bauld Pitcur fell in a furr
An' Claverse gat a clankie, O;
Or I had fed an Athole Gled,
On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.

(Kinsley 1968: 541)

In the first of the stanzas by Burns the poetry arises from the simple opposition between the finely dressed peacetime gallant and the singer, appalled by the slaughter in the pass. Laconic hints, repeated with a difference ('been . . . seen') convey far more than would any hyperbolical account of the slain; and to a Scot, the mere mention of the place is enough to convey an impression of darkness and horror, since the name is as evocative as Glencoe itself. In the next stanza, the singer is definitely identified as a Whig, but the song's point of view is really Tory, as is seen from the statement that it was only the death of the Jacobite leaders that saved his flesh from being devoured by kites. Such ambiguity is characteristic, not just of Burns, but of many earlier Jacobite songs.

A Whig answer to 'Killiecrankie', apparently recovered from oral tradition, was transcribed in the early nineteenth century (Pitcairn 1817–25 II:55–61):

You highlandmen with tongue & pen
What need you so to boast then
At Killichrankie what you wan
It was unto your loss then.
My Lord Dundee the best of ye
Into the fields did fa' then
And great Pitcur, fell in a furr
Wha could not win awa then.

And at Dunkell, right fast you fell,
Tho' you thought well to win then
But fy for shame I scarce can tell
How to the hills you ran then.
Offurenish, but stay a while
To speak a word or twa then
With caket trews, and heavy news
Unto the hills you draw then.

(Sts. I–II)

This answer jubilantly recounts the subsequent events, from Cleland's victory at Dunkeld to the Highlanders' last defeat at Cromdale (not to be confused with the earlier battle of Montrose's time); the failure of the Buchan lairds, contemptuously likened to 'cairds' (tinkers and gipsies), to enter Aberdeen or capture Dunottar castle; and the final collapse of the rebellion.

The next historical event to be reflected in song was the unsuccessful attempt to found a colony on the isthmus of Darien, which foundered because of mismanagement, sickness and the opposition of both England and Spain. The mood of the country before the *débâcle* is expressed in the somewhat McGonagalesque *Trade's Release: or Courage to the Scotch-Indian-Company. Being an Excellent New Ballad; To the Tune of, the Turks are all Confounded* (O.S.B: 83). The Scots, prophesies the balladeer, are about to emulate Solomon, who sent afar for gold and Indian treasures, and they will shortly display the Cross of St Andrew in every part of the world. The geographical situation of Scotland makes her peculiarly adapted to be a world trading power, and

We'll make both the Indies pay tribute to Clyde,
From whence we'll diffuse it upon our Forth's side,
And many more things which never were try'd,
May at home to our trading be fitted.

In order to achieve this economic end, we must unite our purses and our strength. 'We must never remember the Distinction / Of *Papist*, *Whig*, or *Tory*,' but 'Let *Liberty*, *Property*, *Religion* and *Fame* / Be mainly the Scope of our Actions.' Indeed, the outlook is so rosy that the trade of all Europe will shortly be attracted to Scotland—

Then adieu to the blust'ring Grandeur of *FRANCE*
Or any imperious Nation.

There is even a 'bliss was it in that dawn to be alive' flavour about the broadside. Scotland, under the leadership of her economic genius Paterson (the founder of the Bank of England), will spread the bourgeois revolution to every corner of the globe:

> To Scotland's just and never-dying Fame,
> We'll in ASIA, AFRICA and AMERICA proclame
> *Liberty! Liberty!* nay, to the shame
> of all that went before us;
> Wherever we plant, TRADE shall be free,
> In three years time, I plainly foresee,
> GOD BLESS THE SCOTTISH-COMPANY
> Shall be the *Indian-Chorus*.

'Patersonian Government' will be free government, without such instruments of torture as 'thummikin' or 'booting'. Scotland, indeed, can lead the world by the force of her example, so that the Muscovite, Tartar, Turk, Pope, Sophi, Mogul, and Morocco will give up absolutism for Scottish democracy—not to speak of the Spaniards, French, Portuguese, Venetians, Dutch, Genoese:

> And th' *English* themselves perhaps may please
> To alter their narrow Opinions.

Nor will religion be forgotten. The Gospel of Christ will be propagated in the Indies, not by Jesuit guile, as it has been heretofore in the Spanish settlements, but by the infallible trinity of abstracts—'Peace, Love and Contrition.' Unfortunately, and most ominously for the future, the verse-journalist feels certain presentiments which he tries to hide under a brave front of optimism:

> Now *Malice* and *Envy* are rampant with Rage,
> To see us so frankly our Purses engage,
> Beyond expectation from which they presage,
> In TRADE some strange Revolution:
> Since by LAW to suppress us none well dare move,
> Gross *Lyes* and new *Stories* they dayly improve,
> As hoping by such to make our Minds rove,
> But we'll show them a firm Resolution.
>
> Should our Neighbours still offer, instead of their Aid
> To crush our Adventurers (as it is said)
> Or send us more *Cox-combs* in grave Masquerade
> To sow and nourish *Sedition*:
> May they never thereafter taste *Pudding* or *Beef*,
> May Poverty seize their *Traders* in Chief,
> May they labour in Streights, and beg our Relief
> Till we pity at last their Condition.

Let any unnatural Scots who intrigue against the scheme swing in a halter; may their offspring beg for their bread at home and abroad; and may all opponents of the Darien plan be afflicted with plagues, pox, gravel and gout:

> If *JEHOVAH* be for Us, tho' but he alone,
> Who is't that can annoy Us?

Doggerel is as prone to irony as more 'poetical' satire and, as in so many of these poems on affairs of state, one is in the end uncertain what the verse is saying. Although he begins by rendering the optimism of the Scots, the balladeer finally presents it as ridiculous.

During the Darien episode, according to current historical orthodoxy, 'Scottish and English commercial interests had clashed head-on, and the merchants in each country had full support from their respective parliaments. . . . The weakness of a personal union between what were now "parliamentary states" was self-evident. North and south of the border wiser heads were giving thought to the need for a more workable device than the regal union. . . . Their very enmities were driving Scotland and England towards a closer union, and the material results of Darien had a similar effect' (Pryde 1962: 49). Scotland had sacrificed her separate parliament to secure equality of trading rights with England; it was the Scottish, not the English, merchants who were threatened with poverty, who saw themselves 'labouring in Streights' and forced to 'beg relief' of the English. But such relief was not initially evident in the years that followed 1707; a motion that the Union be dissolved was almost passed by the House of Lords in 1713; and affronts to Scottish national pride were as much a cause of the Jacobite rising of 1715 as the ambition of the Earl of Mar or the social oppositions among the Highland 'gentry'. The mood of the anti-Union forces in Scotland at this time is well expressed in two parodies on Old Lang Syne, in which Scotland's liberties and her ancient laws are identified with the possible future victory of the Stewart cause. Burns's mention of 'Scotland's King and Law' in 'Scots Wha Hae' is often seen as an anachronism, and quite inapplicable to the days of the Scottish War of Independence. But the concept, it is possible, came to Burns from such some Jacobite source as the parodies under discussion. In the first parody the speaker, or rather singer, is St Andrew, who informs Scotland that formerly she maintained her ancient rights, defended her liberties and refused to be dependent on England. But now, alas, independence is 'meanly' and willingly 'sold and given up'. Scotsmen are 'poor contented slaves' who do not even realise what has happened to them, who exist in a kind of national limbo that is heaven's punishment for their abjuration of the house of Stuart. The song ends with a passionate wish for the reversal of this historic process and the restoration of the 'ancient Liberties' along with the Stuart dynasty.

In the second parody of Old Lang Syne, the emphasis is less on Rights and Laws than on economics and the political consequences of sell-out (O.S.B: 117). Shall Scotsmen sell their own Crown for tobacco, and allow it to be stolen away by English influence

and bribes? England's aim is the total ruination of Scotland, economic and political; failing a Stuart restoration:

> The Name of *Britain* shortly will
> thy Body hence possess,
> *England* thy Head will flourish great
> thy Body will decrease . . .
> The Union will thy Ruine be,
> thou'll know in future Time.

There follows an appeal to the memory of the great events of Scottish history, to Royal Bruce, the theft of the Stone of Destiny, the Wallace and the Black Douglas. It is up to the heirs of such a tradition to fight for the national interest:

> Now mark and see what is the Cause
> of this so great a Fall:
> Contempt of Faith, Falshood, Deceit,
> and Villany withal;
> But rouse your selves like *Scotish* Lads,
> and quit your selves as Men:
> And more and more strive to maintain
> good old long sine.

Jacobite feelings throughout the whole interval between the Fifteen and the Forty-five, and after the Forty-five too, are summed up in a parody of 'To daunton me' that has greater intrinsic merit than most of these songs (C.L.S. 1750:70–1):

> To daunton me, to daunton me,
> Do you ken the Thing that would daunton me?
> Eighty-eight, and eighty-nine,
> And a' the dreary Years since Syne,
> With Sess and Press, and Presbytry,
> Good Faith, this had liken till a daunton me.
>
> But to wanton me, but to wanton me,
> Do you ken the Thing that would wanton me?
> To see gude Corn upon the Rigs,
> And Banishment to a' the Whigs,
> And Right restor'd where Right should be,
> O! these are the Things wa'd wanton me!
>
> But to wanton me, but to wanton me,
> And ken ye what maist would wanton me?
> To see K——*J*——at *Edinb'rough* Cross,
> With fifty thousand Foot and Horse,
> And the U——r forc'd to flee,
> O this is what maist would wanton me.

In the first Jacobite attempt to free Caledon from her chains the spearhead was Mar's force of 12,000 West and Central Highlanders, while the opposition consisted of a small number of government troops under the Duke of Argyll and a few companies of urban volunteers. It was a case of some clansmen and gentry versus other clansmen and gentry and the bourgeoisie of the lowlands. A Highland force, with the addition of Dumfriesshire Jacobites under Lords Carnwath, Nithsdale, Winton and Kenmure (Burns's 'Kenmure's on and awa, Willie') and joined by a detachment from socially backward Northumberland, moved south to Preston, where they were routed; and on 10 November Mar fought a drawn battle at Sheriffmuir against the numerically inferior Argyll, which was in effect a defeat, since he was forced to retreat. It was this event which was the occasion of the best-known of all the songs of the Fifteen, stated by Burns to have been written by Murdoch McLennan, minister of Crathie on Deeside (Cromek 1813:245):

There's some say that we wan, and some say that they wan,
and some say that nane wan at a', man;
But ae thing I'm sure, that at Sherriff-muir
A battle there was, that I saw, man;
And we ran, and they ran; and they ran, and we ran;
And we ran, and they ran awa', man.

Although most of its twenty-one stanzas are concerned with a muster-roll of names and a statement about the behaviour of the principals on either side, the underlying attitude remains satirical, being counterpointed by the associations of the tune to which the song was sung—'John Paterson's Mare gaes foremost'. The 'John Paterson' song described the horse race that was formerly held at country weddings, on a course stretching between the bride's father's house and the bridegroom's (Chambers 1862:60):

The black and the brown
Cam nearest the town,
But Paterson's mare she cam foremost . . .
Fy, whip her in, whip her out,
Six shillings in a clout,
O'er the kirk-style and away wi' her.

The implication of this ironical counterpoint is that the activities of the military on both sides were as confused and as comical as those of the horse race. The satirical tone is especially noticeable in the stanza on Rob Roy:

Rob Roy stood watch on a hill, for to catch
The booty, for ought that I saw, man;
For he ne'er advanced from the place he was stanced,
Till no more to do there at a', man.

(St. XVIII)

The other well-known song on Sheriffmuir 'Up and waur them a', Willie', is, like 'Killiecrankie', written from the point of view of a generalised Highlander, Donald. The best stanza is the second, with its superstitious incident (Charmer 1752:61):

But when our standard was set up,
Sae fierce the wind did bla', Willie,
The Royal nit upon the tap
Down to the ground did fa', Willie.
Then second-sichted Sandy said,
We'd do nae guid at a', Willie

and the general verdict:

We baith did fight, and baith did beat,
And baith did rin awa', Willie.

Although the technique is the same as that of 'Killiecrankie'—narration to a crony—the song lacks the full satirical dimension of the earlier piece. There is, however, a notable detachment in the way the 'braw' lairds are described at the weaponshaw, and a wry grimace in the contrast between the upshot of the battle and the expectations aroused by:

But when the army joined at Perth,
The bravest e'er ye saw, Willie,
We didna doubt the rogues to rout,
Restore our king and a', Willie.
Pipers played frae richt to left,
'Fy, furich, Whigs, awa'! Willie.
Up and waur, &c.

The relative detachment, the delight in pageantry and colour, the implicit condemnation of civil war—all these, at the popular level, are anticipatory of the Waverley Novels and a precursor of Walter Scott's sentiments and view of history.

To Alexander Robertson of Struan, however, Sheriffmuir was a Jacobite victory, and the following song is noteworthy for its aggressively humorous pro-Highland and anti-Dutch bias (Robertson:48):

Can poor Low-Country Water-Rats,
Withstand our furious Mountain-Cats,
The Dint of whose well-armed Patts,
So fatally confoundeth,
When many Hundred warlike Men,
Were so well cut and so well slain,
That they can scarce get up again,
When the Last Trumpet soundeth.

Come, here's to the victorious MAR,
Who bravely first conceiv'd the War,

And to all those who went so far,
To shake off UNION'S Slav'ry;
Whose fighting, for so noble a Cause,
Must from their Foes ev'n force Applause,
In Spight of their own Knav'ry.

(Sts. III–IV)

In the years subsequent to 1715, a projected expedition with Swedish and Spanish support came to nothing. A handful of Spaniards landed; a small band of West Highlanders rose, and their combined forces were routed at Glenshiel on 11 June 1719. It is to these events that the following broadside refers. The Huntly mentioned is Alexander, second Duke of Gordon, who submitted and received pardon after having brought 2,300 men to James VIII at Perth; the Seaforth is William MacKenzie, the fifth Earl, who escaped to France in 1716 and was with the Earl Marischal at Glenshiel; and the imagined singer is a Jacobite exile (Jac. Frag: Fol. 88):

Hard fate that I should banish't be
and Rebel term'd with scorn,
For serving of the bravest Prince
that ever yet was Born.
O the Broom, the bonny bonny Broom,
the Broom of Colding-knows,
O had I back my King again,
then would my Heart rejoyce. . . .

Most cheerfully our King came or'e
sent **Ecklins* to the North, [*? tacklings]
But *Judas* like he was betray'd
By *Huntly*, not *Seaforth.*
O the Broom, &c.

O Wretched Huntly vail thy Face
our K——g and Countries gone,
And many a Valiant Scot thou hast
By Treachery undone.
O the Broom, &c.

But since the French doth take our Part
my Fears dispelled be,
I hope few Months will end our smart
and we our King shall see.
O the Broom, &c.

The noble Swede our Friend appears,
the Christian King also,

The King of *Spain* all *Britain* fears,
that he will them or'throw.
O the Broom, &c.

Already this broadside looks forward to the nostalgia, the 'lost cause' flavour, of post 1745 Jacobitism. The copy quoted prints, on the same sheet, an 'answer to the above lines' in which 'George' replaces the expected 'James' and we find 'Romish' instead of 'Whiggish'. The whole effect is ironical:

We'll fix King George upon the throne
of his Ancestors old,
And banish still that Romish Prince,
that would us sore down-hold.
O the Broom, the bonny bonny Broom, &c.

Then happy Days and Peace well have
content in every Place
Ashamed all the Roges shall be,
and honest men have Peace.
O the Broom, the bonny bonny Broom,
the Broom of Colding-Knows
O if I were at home again
amongst my Country Hows.

In the quarter of a century between 1719 and the Forty-five, Jacobites were often in despair or engulfed by the 'plague on both your houses' mood humorously expressed much later by Skinner's 'Tullochgorum' (S.M.M. 1790:298–9). This attitude colours an otherwise light-hearted bacchanalian song by Robertson of Struan (Robertson: 240):

Come, let us toss one round in Brimmers,
and banish Grief,
To mention Tories, Whigs, or Trimmers
Brings no Relief...

His 'Plague on the Race of Politicians' to the tune of 'Ne parlez plus de politique' is even more explicit (Robertson: 236):

...Tho' they be call'd the State's Physicians,
They poison all:
Let them be fraudfully espousing
Or GEORGE or JAMES;
We'll here, in Peace of Mind carousing,
Dismiss their claims.

But there were also songs that kept alive the Jacobites' spirits during the period of waiting, such as the following bacchanal (Hogg 1874 1:210):

Here's to the King o' Swedes,
Fresh laurels crown his head!
Pox on every sneaking blade
That winna do't again!

And there were allegoricals, too, like 'The Blackbird', long popular in Ireland (Ramsay 1740:104):

Upon a fair morning, for soft recreation,
I heard a fair lady was making her moan,
With sighing and sobbing, and sad lamentation,
Saying, my blackbird most royal is flown.

Once in fair England her blackbird flourished, nourished by 'prime ladies of honour' because he was a king's son; but since false fortune has separated them, she will advance his name in Spain and in France, seeking her blackbird everywhere. He is highly esteemed in Scotland, but regarded in England as a stranger:

The birds of the forest all met together
The turtle has chosen to dwell with the dove;
And I resolv'd, in foul or fair weather,
Once in the spring to seek out my love . . .

What if the fowler my blackbird has taken,
Then sighing and sobbing will be all my tune,
But if he is false, I'll not be forsaken,
And hope yet to see him in May or in June.

In each of these songs, the poetical quality comes from the sexual reference—from bawdry in the first ('that will' or 'winna' do it again), from love-melancholy in the second. The Chevalier de St George, swarthy and dark haired, was known as 'the Black Bird', and Chambers tells us that in the early nineteenth century a Forfarshire family owned a ring with 'a small parcel of his raven locks' and the inscription 'The black man's the bravest' (Chambers 1829:473). From now on, melancholy and erotic parting are inseparable from the Jacobite lyric, and are indeed present in an early broadside of 'Old Long Sine' which may date from before the Fifteen rising itself (O.S.B:70):

Though thou wert Rebell to the King
and beat with Wind and Rain,
Assure thyself of welcome Love,
for Old long sine.

A number of the very best of Burns's love songs—'Somebody', 'It was a' for our rightfu' king', 'Gae fetch to me a pint o' wine', and even 'The Lass that made the Bed', owe their romantic dimension to the association of erotic Jacobitism and Stuart loyalism (Crawford:316–19). An early instance, purporting to refer to the beginning of the

Forty-five itself, is 'The White Cockade' (Kinsley: 532), 'But now he makes our hearts fu' sad, / He takes the field wi' his White Cockade'. But in Burns's source, he is merely the lad with the tartan plaid (Herd 1869 II: 179):

My love was born in Aberdeen,
The bonniest lad that e'er was seen;
O he is forced frae me to gae,
Over the hills and far away.

O he's a ranting roving laddie;
O he's a brisk and bonny laddie;
Betide what will, I'll get me ready,
And follow the lad wi' the Highland plaidie.

I'll sell my rock, my reel, my tow,
My gude grey mare and hacket cow,
To buy my love a tartan plaid,
Because he is a roving blade.

The Jacobite love songs exist on two levels, on one of which the girl stands for Scotland, and the lover—often called Jamie—for the exiled King. This is no mere fabrication of twentieth-century criticism, but was recognised in the early nineteenth century; for example, the ballad-collector Robert Pitcairn made the following comment on 'I hae courted a lassie a twelve month or more', a fragment which appears to be a reply to 'Jamie the Rover' (Pitcairn II: 5–7):

> It seems to allude to the miscarriage of the affair of 1715 in a sort of allegorical Language.—It is however on a par with the rest of the songs on this occasion, which would be composed in a hurried manner—immediately on the success or failure of the army, &c.

The year 1719 was one of the lowest points of Jacobite fortunes. 1720 saw a moment of exultation, the birth of Prince Charles:

Hail, royal Infant! hail! divinely Great!
Kind Heavn's best gift, and last Reserve of Fate!
See, see *Britannia*, what majestic Grace
Dwells on each Infant-feature of his Face!
Here all the *Stuart* mercifully shines,
And *Sobieski* fills the stronger Lines.

These lines are from an *Ode, compos'd in the Year 1720, on the Birth of a great Prince*, which goes on to say that just as Vienna owes its liberation to Jan Sobieski, King of Poland, so Britain will in time come to owe her freedom to the 'conquering sword' of the infant Charles (C.L.S. 1750: 3–5). In the 1740s France and Britain were again at war. A formidable French expedition was planned for 1744, but God blew again as in 1588, and—as so often in British history—winds and the navy frustrated the invasion.

Charles proceeded without effective French help, and though the clans were slow to rise at first, the incompetence of Sir John Cope made it possible for Charles to take Perth and Edinburgh with little resistance. On 22 September Cope was routed at Prestonpans.

Adam Skirving, who farmed Garleton, between Haddington and Gosford, and died in Edinburgh in 1803 at the age of eighty-four, wrote a broadside in the Killiecrankie measure which exhibits an irony at once more detached and more comical than its predecessors (Herd 1869 1:109 ff.):

The CHEVALIER, being void of fear,
Did march up Brisle brae, man,
And thro' Trannent, ere he did stent,
As fast as he could gae, man:
While General COPE did taunt and mock,
Wi' mony a loud huzza, man;
But e'er next morn proclaim'd the cock,
We heard another craw, man . . .

The bluff dragoons swore blood and 'oons,
They'd make the rebels run, man;
And yet they flee when them they see,
And winna fire a gun, man.
They turn'd their back, the foot they brake,
Such terror seiz'd them a', man;
Some wet their cheeks, some fyl'd their breeks,
And some for fear did fa', man.

The volunteers prick'd up their ears,
And vow gin they were crouse, man:
But when the bairns saw't turn to earn'st,
They were not worth a louse, man;
Maist feck gade hame; O fy for shame!
They'd better staid awa', man,
Than wi' cockade to make parade,
And do nae good at a', man . . .

The ballad tells of the behaviour of individuals, each named and particularised: how the Rev. Menteith, the Rev. Simson, a certain Campbell and an Irish lieutenant called Smith either fled the field or behaved disgracefully in other ways; how Colonel Gardiner died heroically; how some of his wounded brother officers fought well, crying 'God save the king!' with their last breath. Skirving ends with a grimly humorous report of the plundering:

Some Highland rogues, like hungry dogs,
Neglecting to pursue, man,

About they fac'd, and in great haste
Upon the booty flew, man;
And they as gain, for all their pain,
Are deck'd wi' spoils of war, man;
Fow bauld can tell how her nainsell
Was ne'er sae pra pefore, man . . .

That afternoon when a' was done,
I gaed to see the fray, man;
But had I wist what after past,
I'd better staid away, man:
On Seaton Sands, wi' nimble hands,
They pick'd my pockets bare, man;
But I wish ne'er to drie sick fear,
For a' the sum and mair, man.

(Sts. I, III–IV, XIII, XV)

The better-known 'Johnie Cope', which Stenhouse claims was also composed by Skirving, has a more obviously partisan and pro-Jacobite flavour: the emotion aroused by words and tune together is a vigorous delight in the discomfiture of the powers that be (S.M.M. III 1790:242–3).

The pro-Highland sentiments of those around the Prince during Charles's six-weeks' occupation of the capital can be judged from *A Full Collection of all Poems upon Charles Prince of Wales, Regent of the Kingdoms of Scotland, England, France and Ireland, and Dominions thereunto belonging Published since his Arrival in Edinburgh the 17th Day of September, till the 1st of November 1745*. The opening Ode begins 'Hail Glorious Youth the Wonder of the Age, the future Subject of the Historian's Page', and glorifies 'the select Few', the hardy and loyal Highlanders (F.C. 1745:5–6), prophesying that they alone will restore the Stewarts (F.C. 1745:5–6).

The pieces are poems, rather than songs, and the nearest they come to lyric are in formal odes, like that 'To his Royal Highness Charles, Prince Regent, &c. after the Battle of Gladsmuir', an interesting reflection of the initial heady confidence of his supporters (F.C. 1745:18–19):

Heav'n paves the Way, the *Just* approve,
An Offer of such tender Love,
By Thee to Duty fir'd;
That fifteen hundred durst engage
Four thousand Foes, with *Skill* and *Rage*,
And zealous Wrong, inspir'd:
Scarce thy raw *Soldiers* had the Fight begun,
But all their Foes are *routed* and *undone*.

(St. III)

Though psalms are properly lyrics, 'The 20th Psalm, imitated from Buchannan' is in non-lyrical couplets, and its informing emotion is given inflated rhetorical expression. The ungodly senate (the British Parliament) has decreed that Jacob's Righteous Heir (James III and VIII) shall never ascend the throne, but God has determined otherwise. Christ appears in the opening Heavens to address James. He is an angry saviour, a most militant Jesus (F.C. 1745:29):

Lo! thus He spoke, ——"Tho' Seas and earth combine
"T'oppose thy Right, thy Title is Divine;
"Thou'rt Mine Anointed, Vengeance shall be Mine.
"Tho' sinful Tribes, confederate with thy Foes,
"Prosper a while, yet certain are their Woes.
"Let them rejoice to hear their Terrors fly,
"And, rattling through the Clouds, invade the Sky;
"Let them confide in those, and vainly boast
"Their well-capparison'd and warlick Host,
"Thou art the genuine Offspring of the Just,
"In Me alone, thy GOD, repose thy Trust."
O Heavens! let not this Vision be in vain,
But aid Thy Servant in his toilsome Reign;
That when, through Thee, he's settled on the Throne,
He'll hear our Plaints, as Thou hast heard his own.

For the real lyrical impulse in the year of '45 itself one has to go to the pieces on Prestonpans already discussed; to the Gaelic songs; or to an anti-Jacobite source like Mrs Alison Cockburn's 'Pretender's Manifesto' (Mansfield MS: 113–5). Beautifully fitted as parody to the original 'Clout the Cauldron', her song directs its satire against both parties—and this despite its author's known Whig sympathies. Its irony is similar to that of the songs in the Killiecrankie measure and its ambivalence resembles Walter Scott's in *Waverley*:

Have you any laws to mend
Or have you any Grievance
I am a Hero to my trade
And truely a most Leal prince
Would you have war would you have peace
Would you be free of Taxes
Come chaping at my fathers door
You need not doubt of access.

Religion laws & Liberty
Ye ken are bonny words sirs
They shall be all made sure to you
If ye'll fight wi' your swords sirs
The nations debt we soon shall pay

If ye'll support our right Boys
No sooner we are brought in play
Than all things shall be tight Boys.

Ye ken that by an union Base
Your ancient Kingdoms undone
That all yr Ladys Lords & Lairds
Gangs up & lives at London
Nae longer that we will allow
For crack—it goes asunder
What took sic time & pains to do
And let the warld wonder.

I'm sure for seven years & mair
Ye've heard of sad oppression
And this is all the good ye got
O' the Hanover succession.
For absolute power & popery
Ye ken its a' but nonsence
I here swear to secure to you
Your liberty of Conscience.

And for your mair encouragement
Ye shall be pardon'd byganes
Nae mair fight on the continent
And leave behind your Dry banes
Then come away & Dinnae Stay
What gars ye look sae lawndart
I'd have ye run & not delay
To join my father's standard.

The Jacobites left Edinburgh for England with some six thousand men only, about half the forces available to Mar in 1715. The Highlanders tended to desert as soon as they felt they were too far from their tribal base; the English Jacobites contributed only a single regiment (in Lancashire); and, after reaching Derby, the Prince was persuaded that it was folly to continue in face of the superior armies of Wade and Cumberland. Back in Scotland, there was a minor victory at Falkirk on 17 January 1746 which enabled the Jacobites to retreat to the north, before their utter discomfiture on 16 April at Culloden. For five months after the battle the Prince wandered in the Highlands with a price on his head, until he set sail for France on 20 September; meanwhile, 'Butcher' Cumberland's troops raped and plundered at will.

The earliest source for the songs about the advance into England, the retreat, Culloden and its aftermath seems to be the privately produced *Collection of Loyal Songs, Poems, &c. printed in the year 1750*. A song to the tune of 'The Campbells are coming' wishes a

health to all brave English lads who will help the advancing clansmen to 'pull the vile Usurper down', and states that the army's aim is not to overthrow Church and State as the 'canting crew' of 'wicked Preachers' maintain, but to put down Corruption and Breach of Law. A parody on 'Rule Britannia' beginning 'When Royal Charles by Heaven's Command' expresses the Jacobite feeling after Falkirk and, perhaps before Culloden, despite its reference to Charles's banishment (C.L.S. 1750:23–4):

At *F . . . . k's* fam'd victorious Field,
Where H . . . *y* proud was forc'd to yield,
Where, *&c.*
Let the applauding, the applauding World be taught,
How well brave *C . . . . s's* Heroes fought.
Go on brave Youth, &c.
Tho' thou art banish'd for awhile,
Yet Fortune still on thee shall smile,
Yet Fortune, *&c.*
Thou shalt return triumphant o'er thy Foes,
And ruling *Britain* end our Woes:
Then G . . . . be gone, be gone with all thy Race,
And to our rightful K . . g give Place.

Another song, written after the *débâcle* to the tune of 'From scourging rebellion', hopes bravely for future victories and blames the defeat on incompetence and betrayal (C.L.S. 1750:64):

Tho' by C . . . . . 's Army at *Culloden* surpriz'd,
He boldly did fight, but was falsely advis'd;
Had he not been betray'd, he'd have then gain'd the Day,
The Sun had shone bright, and all Nature look'd gay.
Your Glasses, &c.

(St. II)

And the following piece reflects the detestation in which the Jacobites not unnaturally held Cumberland, Culloden's victor (C.L.S. 1750:47–8):

Thou Butcher of the Northern Clime,
Thy Fame descends to future Time;
Your Massacres, your Murders more,
Than ere were known in Days of Yore;
The little Babes for Mercy cry'd,
Their bleeding Mothers were deny'd
The lives of Husbands and their own;
Does such a Brood deserve a T . . . . e?

Must then our P . . . . a Wand'rer be,
And all this *Britons* tamely see;

Unite, unite ye out of Hand,
And drive those Blood-hounds from the Land:
Bring home, bring home, the r . . . l Race,
Oppression they shall quite deface:
Then Trade will flourish, Money grow,
And Milk and Honey overflow.

'Freedom's Farewell' (C.L.S. 1750:50–1) blames the Jacobite defeat on the pusillanimity of Britons; Freedom is about to quit these shores forever, unless there is divine intervention—unless, that is to say, God stretches out not his loving but his 'vindictive' hand. 'You're welcome Charly Stuart' manages to combine regret at the defeat with a dogged refusal to believe in the inevitable: the singer still trusts in man's spirit and courage, and is not willing to leave it *all* to God (C.L.S. 1750:48–50, Hogg 1874 II:183–4):

You're welcome *C . . . y S . . .*,
You're welcome *C . . . y S . . .*,
You're welcome *C . . . y S . . .*,
There's none so right as thou art. . . .

Hadst thou *C . . . . . n* Battle won,
Poor *Scotland* had not been undone,
Nor butcher'd been, with Sword and Gun,
By *Lockhart* and such Cowards.
You're welcome, &c.

Kind Providence, to Thee a Friend,
A lovely Maid did timely send,
To save Thee from a fearful End,
Thou charming *C . . . . y S . . . . t*,
You're welcome, &c. . . .

When ere I take a Glass of Wine,
I drink Confusion to the Swine;
But Health to him that will combine
To fight for *C . . . . y S . . . . t.*
You're welcome, &c.

The Ministry may *Scotland* maul,
But our brave Hearts they'll ne'er enthrall;
We'll fight, like *Britons*, one and all,
For Liberty and *S . . . . t.*
You're welcome, &c.

Then haste, ye *Britons*, and set on
Your lawful K . . g upon the T . . . e;

To *H . . . . r* we'll drive each one,
Who will not fight for *S . . . . t.*
You're welcome, &c.

(Sts. III, IV, VII–IX)

The Jacobite parody of the bawdy 'For a' that' is surely, in its jocund adaptation of the words to the tune and its apt use of the symbolism of dress and uniform, one of the best of all Scottish political songs (C.L.S. 1750: 41–3, Hogg 1874 II: 55–7):

Tho' Geordie reigns in Jamie's Stead,
I'm grieved yet scorn to shaw that,
I'll ne'er look down nor hang my Head
On rebel Whig for a' that;

For still I trust that Providence
Will us relieve from a' that,
Our royal Prince is weal in Health,
And will be here for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that
And thrice as muckle's a' that:
He's far beyond the Seas the Night,
Yet he'll be here for a' that.

He's far beyond *Dumblain* the Night,
Whom I love weel for a' that;
He wears a Pistol by his Side
That makes me blyth for a' that,
And tho' he's o'er the Seas the Night,
He'll soon be here for a' that.
And a' that, &c.

He wears a Broadsword by his Side,
And weel he kens to draw that,
The Target and the Highland Plaid,
The Shoulder-belt and a' that;
A Bonnet bound with Ribbons blue,
The white Cockade, and a' that,
And tho' beyond the Seas the Night,
Yet he'll be here for a' that.
And a' that, &c.

The Whigs think a that *Weal* is won,
But Faith they ma'na' fa' that;
They think our loyal Hearts dung down,
But we'll be blyth for a' that.
For a' that, &c.

But O what will the Whigs say syne,
When they're mista'en in a' that;
When Geordie mun fling by the Crown,
His Hat and Wig, and a' that;
The Flames will get baith Hat and Wig,
As often they've done a' that;
Our highland Lad will get the Crown,
And we'll be blyth for a' that,
And a' that, &c.

O! then your bra' militia Lads
Will be rewarded duly,
When they fling by their black Cockades,
A hellish Colour truly.
As Night is banish'd by the Day,
The White shall drive awa that;
The Sun shall then his Beams display,
And we'll be blyth for a' that.
And a' that, &c.

Increasingly after 1750, and especially with Burns at the end of the century, and Scott, Lady Nairne, Hogg and Tannahill, at the beginning of the next, the Chevalier grew into a figure of romantic legend. The nostalgic love-melancholy noticeable in *some* quite early songs became inseparable from the whole complex of Jacobite song and literary allusion. Anti-Jacobite song, in contrast, did not breed sentimental imitations and pastiches, except as antiquarian exercises; and it was generally satirical, polemical, bacchanalian or patriotic in theme. The satirical 'O Brother Sandie' (to the tune of *Lillibullero*) is just as singable—and as contemptuous—as any of the Jacobite songs of abuse (C.L.S. 1748:13–14; Hogg 1874 II:457):

O Brother Sandie, hear ye the news?
Lillibulero, bullen a la,
An army's just coming without any shoes,
Lillibulero, bullen a la.
To arms, to arms, brave boys, to arms;
A true British cause for your courage doth ca';
Court, country, and city, against a banditti,
Lillibulero, bullen a la.

The Pope sends us over a bonnie young lad, &c.,
Who, to court British favour, wears a Highland plaid, &c.
To arms, &c.

A Protestant Church from Rome doth advance,
And, what is more rare, brings freedom from France.
To arms, &c.

If this shall surprise you, there's news stranger yet,
He brings Highland money to pay British debt.
To arms, &c.

You must take it in coin which the country affords,
Instead of broad pieces, he pays with broad-swords.
To arms, &c.

And sure this is paying you in the best ore,
Lillibulero, bullen a la,
For who once is thus paid will never want more,
Lillibulero, bullen a la.
To arms, to arms, brave boys, to arms;
A true British cause for your courage doth ca';
Court, country, and city, against a banditti,
Lillibulero, bullen a la.

The satirical antitheses within this song underline every point of the Unionist case. The shoeless army represents a partial, not a national, interest, and the most backward part of the country to boot; their leaders are Romish hypocrites; they offer war, not commercial profit.

If the songs in praise of Charlie use the plaid, tartan, and white cockade as symbols of the Cause, those in praise of Butcher Cumberland, in exactly parallel fashion, flaunt the trappings of the Hanoverian uniform (C.L.S. 1748: 26–7):

His coat is of the scarlet red,
And O but Willie he looks bra',
And at his side he wears a sword,
And briskly wields it best of a'.

And is not WILLIE well worth gow'd,
For coming down to save us a'?
The nation's praise is right bestow'd,
When WILLIE he enjoys it a':
He frec'd us from a foreign yoke,
And rebel clans has chas'd awa',
Where *Charlie* thought to win a crown,
He's gi'en him a cald coal to bla' . . . .

As lang as *Scottish* bards draw breath,
The *British* HERO they shall sing;
As lang as fame her trump can bla',
His praise through distant lands shall ring.

The accusation is made—and it has been repeated ever since by both English and

Scottish historians—that the 'Rebel Clans' were actuated only by the desire for plunder:

O'er the hills and far away,
O'er the hills and far away,
The Rebel Clans in search of prey,
Come o'er the hills and far away.

Regardless whether wrong or right,
For booty, not for fame they fight:
Banditti-like they storm, they stay.
They plunder, rob and run away.
O'er the hills, &c.

The anti-Jacobites wrote parodies set to some of the more popular of the Jacobite airs, such as the following version of 'Highland Laddie', in which Jacobitism is equated with real treason to fundamental national interests, and Hanoverianism and the Union are identified with true *Scottish* patriotism (C.L.S. 1748:56–7):

Your partners that came o'er frae *France*,
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,
They understood not a *Scots* dance,
Bonny laddie, highland laddie;
Therefore, their complaisance to shew,
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,
Unto our duke they bow'd right low,
Bonny laddie, highland laddie.

(St. III)

The satirical savagery of this song comes from the idea that a genuinely national dance, though vigorous and energetic, is something that the pleasure-loving Stuarts and Gaels cannot really comprehend. If he comes to dance again, Charles will have to bring fresh performers from Spain, and:

I think insurance you shou'd make,
Bonny laddie, highland laddie;
Lest dancing you should break your neck,
Bonny laddie, highland laddie;
For he that dances on the rope,
Bonny laddie, highland laddie;
Shou'd not trust all unto the Pope,
Bonny laddie, highland laddie.

(St. V)

Just as the Jacobites had bacchanalian songs pledging Charlie and James, so the Whigs had their drinking songs, toasting the British Constitution and Cumberland (C.L.S. 1748:31). And a song called 'Plaid Hunting' (line 1, 'When *Charly* of late, in a

damnable fright') makes vivid references to the pacification of the defeated Jacobites (C.L.S. 1748:16–17). The occasion is the Jacobite habit of wearing plaid waistcoats, which are stigmatised as the garb of those 'Apes of the clan' who mimic the dress of genuine Highlanders. The song's rough-and-tumble satire at the expense of the defeated is shot through with a characteristic sexual coarseness; it is felt that the defeated must be either homosexual or impotent:

What *Briton* can wish that his country should bleed,
For a wretch that no merit has shown but his speed?
When danger was near,
He ne'er would appear,
But like true *Italian* stuck snug in the rear;
And surely the ladies will ne'er be affected
To him who not else but his standard erected.

(St. v, lines 5–9)

Now they are beaten they can do nothing but take refuge in liquor:

No courage they've left—drink must courage supply.
To drinking they go,
To stifle their woe,
No hopes they have left, if drinking won't do;
For liquor alone gives a *Jacobite* spirit,
Religion or courage, wit, cunning or merit.

(St. II, lines 4–9)

In the period after the Forty-five, there developed on the one hand the tradition of 'sentimental Jacobitism' already noted and, on the other, a satirical treatment of the representative figure of the episode—Hernainsel himself, the ungrammatical stage-Highlander as seen in the fantasies of the Lowlander's comic revenge. 'Hernainsel' was already well established by the poems of the Killiecrankie tradition, which were written by persons not entirely unsympathetic to the Stuart cause. He is at his funniest in 'The Turnimspike', generally attributed to Dougal Graham, a chapman who apparently marched with the Pretender through all his campaigns, including Culloden. The song treats of the archetypal Highlander's bewilderment at the social changes which transformed the Highlands after the rising—the new turnpike roads, the banning of highland dress, anglicisation, the irruption of the wandering trader ('cadger') into the Highlands (Herd 1869 II:186):

Her sel pe Highland shentleman,
Pe auld as Pothwel prig, man;
And many alterations seen
Amang the Lawland whig, man.
Fal lal, &c.

First when her to the Lowlands came,
Nain sell was driving cows, man:
There was nae laws about hims narse,
About the preeks or trouse, man.
Fal lal, &c.

Nain sell did wear the philapeg,
The plaid prik't on her shouder;
The gude claymore hung pe her pelt,
The pistol sharg'd wi' pouder.
Fal lal, &c.

But for whereas these cursed preeks,
Wherewith mans narse be lockit,
O hon, that ere she saw the day!
For a' her houghs pe prokit.
Fal lal, &c.

Every thing in the Highlands now,
Pe turn't to alteration;
The sodger dwal at our door cheek,
And that's ta great vexation.
Fal lal, &c.

Scotland be turn't a Ningland now,
And laws pring on the cadger:
Nain sell wad durk him for hur deeds,
But oh she fears de sodger.
Fal lal, &c.

Another law came after that,
Me never saw the like, man;
They mak a lang road on the crund,
And ca' him turnimspike, man.
Fal lal, &c.

And wow she pe a ponny road,
Like Louden corn rigs, man;
Whare twa carts may gang on her,
And no break others legs, man.
Fal lal, &c.

They sharge a penny for ilka hors,
In troth they'l be nae sheaper,
For nought but gaen upo' the crund,
And they gie me a paper.
Fal lal, &c.

They take the hors than pe the head,
And there they mak them stand, man.
I tell'd them that I seen the day
They had na sic command, man.
Fal lal, &c.

Nae doubts nain-sell maun draw his purs,
And pay them what him's like, man:
I'll see a shudgement on his store,
That filthy turnimspike, man.
Fal lal, &c.

But I'll awa to the Highland hills,
Whare nere a ane sall turn her;
And no come near your turnimspike,
Unless it pe to purn her.
Fal lal, &c.

Though an ex-Jacobite himself, the Lowlander Graham saw the funny side of the Highlander's indignation at the oppressor's trousers and black coat. Although his point of view is fundamentally sympathetic, it is sympathy for an inferior being that he feels; the underlying assumption is that Lowlanders and Sassenachs belong to a superior civilisation. One has to go to the Gaelic poetry of this time to find the full venom of the Highlander's original reaction to these humiliations, for example to Rob Doun Mackay's 'The Song of the Black Coats', *Oran nan casagan dubha* (Campbell 1933:236–45):

God be with us, my friends,
Why have you changed fashions,
Have you not e'en the freedom
To wear your own clothing? . . .

But if you agree truly,
To your growing decadence,
Though you once were so regal,
Your tributes have increasèd;
Well such cowards do merit
To be seen a-lamenting,
Casting off your plaids from you
And to black coats a-taking.

(St. 1)

There is one rather extraordinary Lowland Scottish song which seems in place here, although its conscious point of view is Jacobite rather than Whig. Set to the tune of 'The Haughs of Cromdale', it begins in the manner of a dialogue between a comic

Highlander and a comic Lowlander, only to move in the third stanza into an awe-inspiring humorous equivalent of 'the terrible Sublime' (T.L. 1779:54):

As I be ga'n up the street,
I met a bra' man in te rear,
Who speer'd at me, who's man I be
And wha's cockade I wear.
I wear the Royal C——lie's,
And he's our lawful P——ce;
And soon I hope to see him crown'd
Without the help of Fr—nce;

And gin ye'd no be angry,
Ae Question I wad spier,
And that is, Fa's man ye be,
And fa's cockade ye wear;
I wear the Royal G——die's,
And he's come frae Hannover,
For to support the covenant,
The W——gs did bring him over.

It's a' for that same story,
I wadna' think it much,
For to cut out baith your lugs,
And put them in your pouch;
And then go tell Duke W——lie,
For he canno' speak Erse;
That highland-man's cut baith your lugs,
And throw them in his face.

The location of this piece appears to be urban, and it is imbued with the popular realism of the best nineteenth-century city brawls, such as the Glaswegian 'The Battle on the Stair', or 'Kinghorn Ferry', which Gavin Greig took down from the singing of Bell Robertson (Greig 1909:CLXIX). This last song tells how the women of Kinghorn, a Fife seaport, rescue a packman pressed by 'oor commanders' for service in Flanders. From a reference to 'King William', Greig thought that the events referred to took place towards the end of the seventeenth century; if so, the song must have been in oral circulation, in one form or another, from the early eighteenth century onwards. These urban brawls are no doubt in part a development of the 'rustic brawls' of the older vernacular poetry in the 'Christ's Kirk on the Green' tradition, and it is worth noting that the urban brawls at least seem genuinely popular in character; there is no trace of the 'aristocratic' tone often postulated for the rustic poems (Kinsley 1960:13–34). But to return to 'As I be ga'n up the street'. There are only two antagonists; by being confined to the verbal level, the brawl partakes to a certain extent of the

nature of a 'flyting', but the Highlander's threat is so violent as to convey the immediacy of actual physical force.

The Scottish song collections of the later eighteenth century printed a fairly large number of all-British patriotic songs, ballads on naval victories, and pieces like Thomson's 'Rule Britannia' or like 'Hearts of Oak'. The Whig patriotic songs as a rule carry the implication that Scotland is 'North Britain', a mere province of the new nation. End-of-the-century songs with a distinctively pro-Scottish (as distinct from North British) flavour generally manage to preserve a Jacobite twist, like the following parody of Fielding's 'The Roast Beef of Old England' entitled 'The Broad Swords of Scotland', which is surely in the direct line of ancestry of Burns's 'Scots Wha Hae' (NG. 1776:199; Hogg 1874 1:78):

When our valiant ancestors did land in this Isle,
Brave Fergus commanded, and vic'try did smile;
With their broad-swords in hand they well clear'd the soil.
O the broad-swords of Old Scotland,
And O the Old Scottish broad-swords.

The Romans, the Picts, and the Old Britons too,
Us, by fraud and by guile, did attempt to subdue;
But their schemes proved abortive, while we did prove true.
O the broad-swords, &c.

Tho' some factious nobles, to serve their own end,
Would join with the English, themselves to befriend,
And we lost at first, they did lose in the end.
O the broad-swords, &c.

Remember Brave Wallace, who boldly did play;
Bruce at Bannockburn—what a glorious day!
The flowers of Old England our Heroes did slay.
O the broad-swords, &c.

See *Edward their king take his heels in a fright, [*Henry, in NG. 1776]
Nor e'er look behind, but in Berwick alight;
In an old fishing-boat he bade Scotland good-night.
O the broad-swords, &c.

Our Scottish ancestors were valiant and bold,
In learning ne'er beat, nor in battle contrould;
But now—shall I name it?—alas,—we're all sold.
O the broad-swords, &c.

The message of this intensely nationalistic song is the essence of much Jacobite 'art'

lyric—that, at the union of 1707 and after, Scotland was 'sold' by the Whigs. But its first appearance in a song book was over thirty years after the Forty-five and nearly seventy years after the Union.

The 'final solution of the Gaelic question' involved the levying of special Highland regiments, and the pugnacity and collective spirit of clansmen was mobilised in order to establish dominion over clan and tribal societies all over the world through the defeat of the French in the Seven Years war and in later campaigns. As G. S. Pryde puts it from the modern unionist point of view, 'by the close of George II's reign (1760), Scotland had fully accepted the Union and was ready to play her part in the Empire' (Pryde 1962:66). Inevitably, this acceptance was enshrined in a song—Sir Harry Erskine's 'The Highland Character', which, though the sheerest doggerel, remained vastly popular right into the next century. According to tradition, the words are translated from a Gaelic composition by a soldier of the 42nd Highlanders (Stewart 1822 1:347). With unbearable effrontery and complacency it documents the transformation, or rather prostitution, of the older Highland values into those which dominated the Anglo-Scottish military and bureaucratic establishment throughout the imperialist age (Herd 1869 1:116):

In the garb of old Gaul, wi' the fire of old Rome,
From the heath-cover'd mountains of Scotia we come,
Where the Romans endeavour'd our country to gain,
But our ancestors fought, and they fought not in vain.

CHORUS

Such our love of liberty, our country, and our laws,
That, like our ancestors of old, we stand by Freedom's cause;
We'll bravely fight, like heroes bold, for honour and applause,
And defy the French, with all their art, to alter our laws.

No effeminate customs our sinews embrace,
No luxurious tables enervate our race,
Our loud-sounding pipe bears the true martial strain,
So do we the old Scottish valour retain. . . .

As a storm in the ocean, when BOREAS blows,
So are we enrag'd when we rush on our foes;
We sons of the mountains, tremendous as rocks,
Dash the force of our foes with our thundering strokes.

Quebec and Cape Breton, the pride of old France,
In their troops fondly boasted till we did advance;
But when our claymores they saw us produce,
Their courage did fail and they sued for a truce.

In our realm may the fury of faction long cease,
May our councils be wise, and our commerce increase;
And in Scotia's cold climate may each of us find,
That our friends still prove true, and our beauties prove kind.

CHORUS

Then we'll defend our liberty, our country, and our laws,
And teach our late prosperity to fight in freedom's cause,
They like our ancestors bold, for honour and applause,
May defy the French and Spaniards to alter our laws.

The presumed author or adaptor of this upper-class McGonagalese was himself typical of the spirit of accommodation in post-union Scotland. The second son of Sir John Erskine of Alva, he succeeded to the baronetcy on the death of his elder brother; was Deputy Quartermaster General, replaced his uncle General St Clair as commander of the Royal Scots in 1762, and served in Parliament for many years (D.N.B. 1889:409–10).

Jacobite and anti-Jacobite songs are generally not 'folk' songs in the sense that they can be defined in terms of oral transmission from one generation to another, or of the co-existence for long periods of a fixed norm with spontaneously occurring variations. They are as a rule 'composed' songs, by articulate members of a committed movement, designed to encourage the group in steadfastness; to enhance its public and private 'image' by belittling that of its opponents; and to give expression to universal situations and emotions as these have affected the members. By the third quarter of the century, Jacobite and anti-Jacobite sentiment tended to become subordinate to a new loyalty to Scotland conceived as part of the super-nation, Great Britain. Indeed, the two songs just discussed—'The Broad-swords of old Scotland' and 'In the garb of old Gaul'—epitomise two kinds of patriotism found in different groups of Scotsmen in the later eighteenth century, which were to come together in uneasy synthesis in the early nineteenth century through the ambivalent vision of the Author of Waverley. In the first may be discerned, dimly and crudely, the conception of Scottish History which informs 'The Tales of a Grandfather'—a story often tragic, but full of picturesque details of pageantry and slaughter; in the second, the values of Scottish bigwigs in the decade after Waterloo and Peterloo, which were to receive such grotesque expression during George IV's visit to Edinburgh. On that occasion the capital was treated to the spectacle, within Stuart Holyrood itself, of a Hanoverian monarch in tartans humbly received by the re-creator of Jacobite sentiment—Sir Walter himself.

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