Battle of Falkirk Muir

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Up and run awa', Hawley, up and run awa'
The filabegs are comin' doon to gie your lugs a claw.
Young Charlie's face at Dunipace has gi'ed your mou' a thraw, Hawley
Blasting sight for bastard wight, the worst that e'er he saw!

Hielan' Geordie's at your tail, wi' Drummond, Perth and a'
(run awa')

Ere ye saw the bonnets blue down frae the Torwood draw
A wisp in need did ye bestead - perhaps you needed twa!
General Hurst that battle busk that prime o' warriors a', Hawley,
Whip and spur he thrust afar as fast as he could ga'

I hae but just ae word to say and ye maun hear it a',
We came to charge wi' sword and targe and nae to hunt ava',
When we came down aboun the town and saw nae faes at a',
We couldna half believe the truth that ye had left us a'!

Nae man bedeen believed his e'en till your brave back he saw, Hawley,
Bastard brat o' foreign cat had neither pluck nor paw,
We didna ken, but ye were men wha fight for foreign law,
Hey, fill your wame wi' brose at hame, it fits ye best of a'.

The very frown o' Hielan' loon, it gart ye drop the jaw,
Happ'd the face of a' disgrace and sickened Southron maw,
The very gleam o' Hielan' flame it puts you in a thaw,
Gae back and kiss your Daddy's miss, you're nane but cowards a'!

Up and scour awa', Hawley, up and scour awa'!
The Hielan' dirk is at your doup and that's the Hielan' law
Hielan Geordie's at your tail, wi' Drummond, Perth and a'
Had you but stayed wi' ladies maid, an hour and maybe twa,
Your bacon bouk and bastard snout, ye might have saved them a'!

Note: Getting the words for this one stumped me until I found a book in the university library of border ballads & songs of the Rebellion &c organised by battles. The Battlefield Band have taken many liberties with the metre, but the words are the same. WOOF

Recorded by Battlefield Band, Opening Moves
WOOF

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