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The Battle of Loudon Hill

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You'll marvel when I tell ye o
Our noble Burly and his train,
When last he marched up through the land,
Wi six-and twenty westland men.

Than they I ne'er o braver heard,
For they had a' baith wit and skill;
They proved right well, as I heard tell,
As they came up o'er Loudon Hill.

Weel prosper a' the gospel-lads
That are into the west country
Ay wicked Claverse to demean,
And ay an ill dead may he die!

For he's drawn up in battle rank,
An that baith soon an hastily;
But they wha live till simmer come,
Some bloody days for this will see.

But up spak cruel Claverse then,
Wi hasty wit an wicked skill,
'Gae fire on yon westland men;
I think it is my sov'reign's will.'

But up bespake his cornet then,
'It's be wi nae consent o me;
I ken I'll ne'er come back again,
An mony mae as weel as me.

'There is not ane of a' yon men
But wha is worthy other three;
There is na ane amang them a'
That in his cause will stap to die.

'An as for Burly, him I know;
He's a man of honour, birth, an fame;
Gie him a sword into his hand,
He'll fight thyself and other ten.'

But up spake wicked Claverse then-

I wat his heart it raise fu hie-
And he has cry'd, that a' might hear,
'Man, ye hae sair deceived me.

'I never kend the like afore,
Na, never since I came frae hame,
That you see cowardly here should prove,
An yet come of a noble Graham.'

But up bespake his cornet then,
'Since that it is your honour's will,
Myself shall be the foremost man
That shall gie fire on Loudoun Hill.

'At your command I'll lead them on,
But yet wi nae consent o me;
For weel I ken I'll never return,
And mony mae as weel as me.

Then up he drew in battle rank-
I wat he had a bonny train-
But the first time that bullets flew
Ay he lost twenty o his men.

Then back he came the way he gaed,
I wat right soon as suddenly;
He gave command amang his men,
And sent them back, and bade them flee.

Then up came Burly, bauld an stout,
Wi's little train o westland men,
Wha mair then either aince or twice
In Edinburgh confined had been.

They hae been up to Loudon sent,
An yet they're a' come safely down;
Six troop o horsemen they hae beat,
And chased them into Glasgow town.

The ballad, with a pronounced Whiggish bias, proclaims a Covenanter
victory of June 1679, at Loudon Hill, also known as Drumclog. p.171 in
Brander TD

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