

Corries "Battle Of Prestonpans"

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General Cope led frae behind to keep his men in order
When the English ran he was in the van and first across
The border

The Chevalier being void o' fear did march up Birsle
Brae, man
Through Tranent ere he did stent as fast as he could
Gae, man
General Cope did taunt and mock wi' many a loud
huzza,
Man
But ere next morn proclaimed the dawn we heard
another
Craw, man

The brave Lochiel, as I heard tell, led Camerons on in
Clouds, man
The morning fair and clear the air, they loose'd wi'
Devilish thuds, man
Doon guns they threw and swords they drew, soon they
Chased them off, man
On Seaton Crafts they buffet their chafts and gar'd
Them run like daft, man

Now Cadell? dressed in among the rest wi' gun and
guid
Claymore, man
A gelding grey he rade that day wi' pistols set before,
Man
The cause was good, he'd spend his blood before that
he
Would yield, man
But the night before he left the core and never faced
The field, man

Now Simpson keen to clear his een o' rebels far and
Round, man
Did never strive wi' pistols five but galloped wi' the
Throng, man
On Soutra Hill there he stood still before he tasted
Meat, man
Troth he may brag o' his swift nag that bore him off so

Fleet, man

The bluff Dragoon swore blood and 'oons they'd mak'
the

Rebels run, man

Yet they flee when them they see and winnae fire a
gun,

Man

They turn'd their back, their foot they brak', terror

Seiz'd them a', man

Some wet their cheeks, some filled their breeks and

Some for fear did fa', man

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