

HERE'S TO THE KING, SIR.

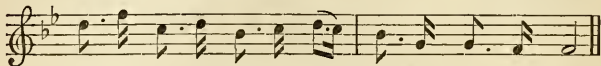
Burns entertained a great admiration for a simple old air which passed by the name of *Tuttie Taittie*, but which, up to his time, had never been printed. He said in a letter to Mr George Thomson: 'I am delighted with many little melodies which the learned musician despises as silly and insipid. I do not know whether the old air, *Hey Tuttie Taittie*, may rank among this number; but well I know that with Fraser's haut-boy it has often filled my eyes with tears. There is a tradition which I have met with in many places of Scotland, that it was Robert Bruce's march at the Battle of Bannockburn.' The patriotic enthusiasm of Burns led him afterwards to compose his noble ode, entitled *Bruce's Address to his Troops at Bannockburn*, to this tune; which necessarily has given it a high celebrity and importance in our codex of national music.

There is, of course, little importance to be attached to such a tradition as that mentioned by Burns. It may, indeed, be questioned if there be a possibility of transmitting such a fact for five hundred years by tradition. All that we know with any certainty of the history of *Tuttie Taittie* is, that it was the spirited air of a certain Jacobite song, which, from a historical

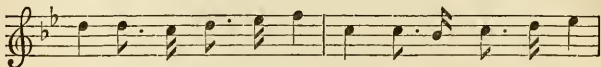
allusion in one of its verses, may be presumed to have been composed about the year 1718.



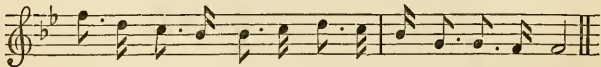
Here's to the king, sir, Ye ken wha I mean, sir,



And to ev' - ry hon - est man, That will do't a - gain!



Fill, fill your bum - pers high, Drain, drain your glass - es dry,



Out up - on him, fye! oh, fye! That win - na do't a - gain!

Here's to the king, sir,
Ye ken wha I mean, sir,
And to every honest man,
That will do 't again!

Fill, fill your bumpers high,
Drain, drain your glasses dry,
Out upon him, fye! oh, fye!
That winna do 't again!

Here's to the chieftains
Of the Scots Highland clans!
'They hae done it mair than anes,
And will do 't again.

When you hear the trumpet sound
Tuttie taittie to the drum,
Up your swords, and down your guns,
And to the rogues again!

Here's to the king of Swede,
Fresh laurels crown his head !
Fye on every sneaking blade,
That winna do 't again !

But to mak things right now,
He that drinks maun fight too,
To shew his heart's upright too,
And that he 'll do 't again !

Sometimes the following verse was added :

Weel may we a' be,
Ill may we never see,
Here's to the king
And the guid companie !

The song conveys with energy that amounts to poetry the first reviving feelings of hope in the Jacobite party after the defeat they experienced in 1715—1716. It was about 1718 that Charles XII. of Sweden conceived the project of making an inroad upon England in connection with the adherents of the House of Stuart.
