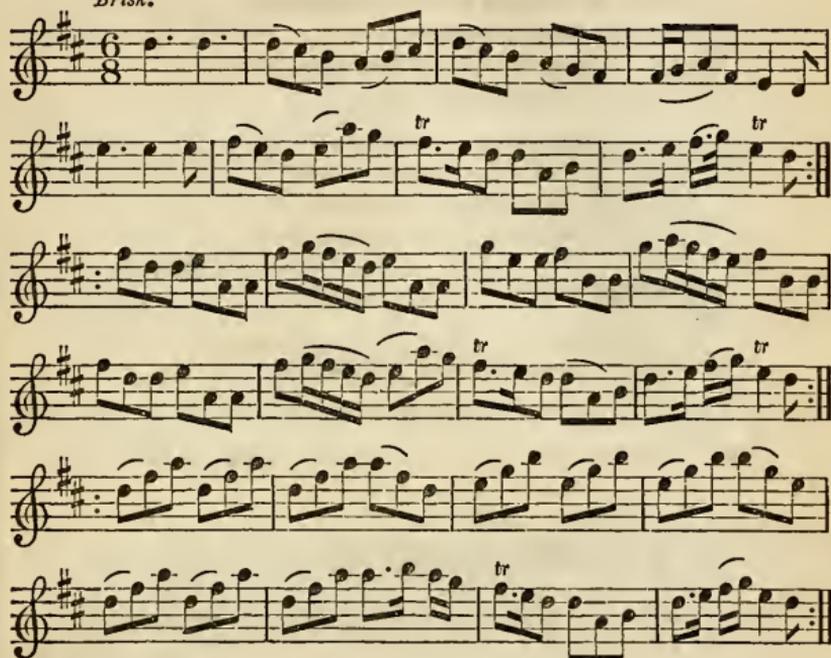


GENERAL LESLIE'S MARCH TO LONGMARSTON MOOR.

The civil war, deeply as Scotland was involved in it, has handed us down extremely little of song. The genius of Presbyterianism, which enlisted the soldiers, and carried them into the bloodiest struggles, was not in any way kindred to the muse. We do not hear of the covenanting armies having even required the ordinary stimulus of music to accompany their marches. There is, however, one rude legendary piece, which Allan Ramsay has published under the name of *General Leslie's March to Longmarston Moor*, and which may be accepted (though still with some hesitation) as a relic of that terrible era. An air afterwards appeared in Oswald's Second Collection, under the name of *Lesley's March*. Song and air are both repeated here, not as likely to be of any use for parlour singing, but as historical curiosities.

Brisk.

March, march ! why the deil dinna ye march ?

Stand to your arms, my lads ; fight in good order.

Front about, ye musketeers all,

Till ye come to the English border.

Stand till 't and fight like men,

True gospel to maintain ;

The parliament's blythe to see us a-coming—

[The bishops, a popish breed,

When you have crossed the Tweed,

Will faint to hear your sanctified drumming.¹]

March, march ! &c.

When to the kirk we come,

We'll purge it ilka room,

¹ The lines within brackets are modern.

Frae popish relics and sic innovations,
That a' the world may see,
There's nane in the right but we,
Of the [guid] auld Scottish nation.

March, march ! &c.

Jenny shall wear the hood,
Jockie the sark of God,
And the kist-fu' o' whistles that maks sic a' cleerie,
Our pipers braw
Shall hae them a'—

[Laud and his crew shall gae tapsal-teerie !]

Whatever come on it, whatever come on it,
Busk up your plaids, my lads, cock up your bonnets !
