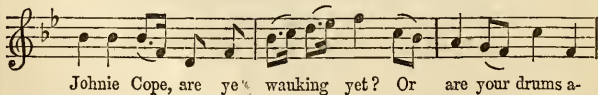
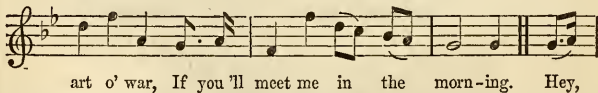
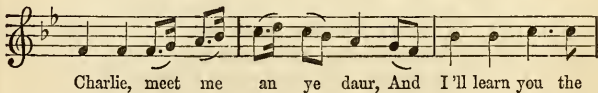


JOHNIE COPE.

The sad mismanagement of Sir John Cope, as commander of the little government army at first opposed to Prince Charles Stuart, September 1745, formed a subject of triumphant scorn to the Jacobites, and indeed of general derision. The feeling of the hour was embodied in a rustic song to a tune called *Fy to the Hills in the Morning*, which was at once taken up as a general favourite, and has ever since so remained, as it probably will for a long time to come.



¹ A version of this song, slightly different from the above, appears in Herd's Collection. We have here mainly followed Hogg.

beat - ing yet? If ye were wauk - ing,
I wad wait To go to the coals i' the morning.

Cope sent a letter frae Dunbar :—
O, Charlie, meet me an ye daur,
And I'll learn you the art o' war,
If you'll meet me in the morning.
Hey, Johnie Cope, are ye wauking yet?
Or are your drums a-beating yet?
If ye were wauking, I wad wait
To go to the coals i' the morning.¹

When Charlie look'd the letter upon,
He drew his sword the scabbard from :
Come follow me, my merry merry men,
And we'll meet Cope in the morning.

Now, Johnie, be as good's your word :
Come let us try both fire and sword ;
And dinna rin away like a frightened bird,
That's chased frae its nest in the morning.²

¹ The battle-ground lies in the midst of a coal-field from which Edinburgh had for centuries been supplied with most of the fuel it required.

² It is curious to find in this droll Scotch song an image which had been previously used by Euripides, in the mouth of Polyxena when called from the tent by the voice of her mother Hecuba :

*ὡστ' ὄρνιν,
θάμβει τῷδ' ἐξέταξας.*

' I come * * * *
Like a poor bird affrighted from its nest.'

When Johnie Cope he heard of this,
He thought it wadna be amiss,
To hae a horse in readiness
 To flee awa' in the morning.

Fy now, Johnie, get up and rin,
The Highland bagpipes mak a din ;
It is best to sleep in a hale skin,
 For 'twill be a bluidy morning.

When Johnie Cope to Berwick came,
They speer'd at him, Where's a' your men ?
The deil confound me gin I ken,
 For I left them a' i' the morning.

Now, Johnie, troth ye are na blate
To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat,
And leave your men in sic a strait
 Sae early in the morning.

Oh ! faith, quo' Johnie, I got a fleg
Wi' their claymores and philabegs ;
If I face them again, deil break my legs—
 So I wish you a guid-morning.¹
