

THE BANISHED JACOBITE—1716

THE HON. WILLIAM GARVIE

“For he’s far aboon Dunkeld the night
Maun white the stick an’ a’ that!”

Fragment from Burns’s Note Book.

I

I fain would rise, I fain would ride
Through flood and flame, an’ a’ that,
To bring the King to Holyrood,
And eke won hame an’ a’ that!
But weary fa’ my Norland lord
Wha canna quicken a’ that,
*For he’s far aboon Dunkeld the night
Maun white the stick an’ a’ that!*

II

My white-haired father left at hame
The white rose wore an’ a’ that,
And vowed that I should keep the camp,
He’d guard his door an’ a’ that!
They might hae spared his brave auld bluid
Wha never spared for a’ that!
And I’m the Strath’s last laird the night,
A landless laird for a’ that!

III

Within the Hall he died to hold
His foemen stand for a’ that,
Their flag is on the tower they feared
Still grey and grand for a’ that!
There revel rings and windows blaze
Dance-shadows shift an’ a’ that;
And I’m down on Calais sands the night
A wreck adrift—an’ a’ that!

IV

When I went forth to march the men
My heart throbb'd sair an' a' that,
As this rose from out my luve's bright hair
I faulded there—an' a' that!
My banner's down—her rose is brown,
Could she keep leal an' a' that?
Her lips kiss ither lips the night,
I lo'ed ower weel an' a' that!

V

Had I the hope to rise and ride,
To daunt my foes an' a' that;
To lightly toss yon fause luve back
Her withered rose an' a' that:
To save a grey head frae the grave,
Ten deaths I'd dree for a' that!
But he's cauld below the snaws the night
Could hearten me for a' that!