BALLAD ON THE AMERICAN WAR
BY ROBERT BURNS

When Guildford good our pilot stood,
    An' did our hellim throw, man:
Ae night, at tea, began a plea,
    Within America, man:
Then up they gat the maskin-pat,
    And in the sea did jaw, man:
An' did nae less, in full congress,
    Than quite refuse our law, man.

Then thro' the lakes Montgomery takes,
    I wat he was na slaw, man:
Down Lowrie's Burn\(^1\) he took a turn,
    And Carleton did ca', man:
But yet, whatreck, he, at Quebec,
    Montgomery-like\(^2\) did fa', man.
Wi' sword in hand, before his band,
    Amang his en'mies a', man.

Poor Tammy Gage within a cage
    Was kept at Boston-ha', man:
Till Willie Howe took o'er the knowe
    For Philadelphia, man;
Wi' sword an' gun he thought a sin
    Guid christian bluid to draw, man;
But at New-York, wi' knife an' fork,
    Sir-Lo'in\(^3\) he hackèd sma', man.

Burgoyne gaed up, like spur an' whip,
    Till Fraser brave did fa', man:
Then lost his way, ae misty day,
    In Saratoga shaw, man.
Cornwallis fought as lang's he dought,

\(^1\)Lowrie's Burn is a pseudonym for the St. Lawrence river.
\(^2\)The Montgomeries of Coilsfield were friends and patrons of Burns.
\(^3\)Refers to a raid ordered by General Howe at Peekskill in which a great many head of cattle of the Colonists were killed.
An' did the buckskins claw, man;
But Clinton's glaive grae rust to save,
He hung it to the wa', man.

Then Montague, an' Guildford too,
Began to fear a fa', man;
And Sackville dour, wha stood the stoure,
The German chief\(^4\) to throw, man:
For Paddy Burke,\(^5\) like ony Turk,
Nae mercy had at a', man:
An Charlie Fox threw by the box,
An' lows'd his tinkler jaw, man.

Then Rockingham took up the game:
Till death did on him ca', man:
When Shelburne meek held up his cheek,
Conform to gospel law, man:
Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise,
They did his measures throw, man:
For North an' Fox united stocks,
An bore him to the wa', man.\(^6\)

Then clubs and hearts were Charlie's cartes,
He swept the stakes awa', man,
Till the diamond's ace, of Indian race,
Led him a sair faux pas, man:
The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads,
On Chatham's boy did ca', man;
An' Scotland drew her pipe an' blew,
"Up, Willie, waur them a', man!"\(^7\)

Behind the throne then Granville's gone,
A secret word or twa, man;
While slee Dundas, arous'd the class

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\(^4\)General Steuben.
\(^5\)Edmund Burke.
\(^6\)The administration of Lord North was followed by that of the Marquis of Rockingham; after his death, he was succeeded by Lord Shelburne; later Mr. Fox and Lord North made a coalition which forced Shelburne's resignation.
\(^7\)A Scotish song, popular at the time.
Be-north the Roman wa’, man:
An’ Chatham’s wraith, in heav’ly graith,
   (Inspirèd bardies saw, man),
Wi’ kindling eyes, cry’d, “Willie, rise!
Would I hae fear’d them a’, man?”

But, word an’ blow, North, Fox and Co.
   Gowff’d Willie like a ba’, man;
Till Suthron raise, an coost their claise
   Behind him in a raw, man:
An’ Caledon threw by the drone,
   An’ did her whittle draw, man:
An’ swoor fu’ rude, thro’ dirt an’ bluid,
To mak it guid in law, man.

GLOSSARY OF SCOTS WORDS:
Ae, one; bardies, poets; bluid, blood; ca’, call; dought, was able; dour, stubborn; drone, bagpipe; fa’, fall; graith, harness; guid, good; hellim, helm; jaw, pour; knowec, high ground; lows’d, unloosed; maskin-pat, tea-pot; shaw, forest; shaw, slow; slee, sly; stoure, dust; swoor, swore; thrav, thwart or twist; waur, worst; whatreck, of what avail; whittle, sword; wraith, spirit.