

THE SCOTIAD

Dico tibi verum, libertas optimum rerum
Nunquam servili sub nexu, vivito fili

I tell you the truth, the best of all things is freedom
Never son, live under the bonds of slavery

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Scoticisms

Aback - in the rear of
A'glay - awry

Aifter - after
Ain - own
A kirk or mill - the best or worse
Amang - among
Asklent - to the side of
Athegether - altogether
Auld - old
Awfy - awful

Bairn - baby or young child
Bane - bone
Banter - gossip
Bastart - bastard
Bawk - strip of land
Barefit - barefooted
Barley-bree - whiskey
Bauld - audacious
Baumy - balmy
Beddiness - sexual demand
Benmost - innermost
Bide - to stay or dwell
Birlin' - spinning
Birr - passionate energy
Blether - talk foolishly & lengthily
Blinkie - torch
Blooter'd - very intoxicated
Bonnie - beautiful
Bosie: cuddle or embrace
Brae - hill slope
Brig: bridge
Brookit - speckl'd

Canny - skillful & careful
Cachan - small village
Capercaillie - grouse

Chimlie - fireplace
Chitterin' - (shivering)
Clanjamfrie - collection
Claver - clover
Clarsach - wooden harp used by Gaelic bards
Cleek - change arms in a dance
Chanter - part of bagpipe on which melody is played
Clishmaclaver - incessant chatter or gossip
Collieshangle - riotous dispute
Coorie - snuggle
Couthieful - pleasant & agreeable
Crammassy - crimson
Creeshie - filthy
Cutty - brief

Dander - stroll about
Darksome - melancholy
Datchie - slyly hidden
Daunton - frighten
Deid-dune - exhausted
Deray - uproar
Dernin' - hiding
Dinsome - noisy
Dint - pierce with arrow
Down-brae - downhill
Dreich - wet, dismal weather
Drookit - drenched
Drucken - drunken
Drumlie - sullen
Duds - rags
Durk - highland dagger
Dwam - daydream
Dyke - to jump the dyke is to change one's allegiance

Een - eyes

Faem - foam

Fause - false

Feart - afraid

Feckless - ineffective & weak

Feech - expression of disgust

Ferlie - an eclipse or the appearance of a comet

Fizzenless - feeble

Flaring - extravagant

Fleg - fright

Flitting - moving home

Foggy bummer - bumble bee

Foosty - old & mouldering

Footba' - football

Formorian - pertaining to a race of ancient giants

Fowk - folk

Frae - from

Gaberlunzie - wandering beggar

Gair - patch of green hillside

Gang - goes

Gangrel - vagrant

Gart - made

Gausie - plump

Ghaist - ghost

Giggot - strips of meat

Gin - if

Goustrous - stormy

Gowling - howling

Grane - groan

Groon - grown

Grushie - lusty & strong

Guddle - mess

Gudemen - husband

Gumsy - toothless
Gutty - potbellied

Haelan' - highland
Haem - home
Hagger'd - drawn across
Houghmagandie: recreational sexual intercourse
Hoodie crow - hooded crows
Hoose - house
Huckle - manhandle

Ingle Cheek - A fireplace in the corner of a room

Jaggy - prickly
Jouk - sudden dive out of the way

Keethin' - rippling
Kelpie - water spirit that forms the shape of a horse
Keltering - undulating
Ken - knowledge

Lairds - lords
Lang syne - long ago
Laroch - ruin & rubble
Laverock - lark
Levins - lightning bolts
Loup - jump over
Luchts - lochs
Lugs - ears
Lullan' - lowland

Ma' - my
Mapamound - map of the world
Maukit - filthy
Mickle - small amount

Minging - horrible
Muckle - many
Mucklest mountain - highest mountain

Noo - now
No' to cree legs wi' - not safe to be meddled with

Oergang - overcome
Oor - our
Oorie - eerie

Paramuddle - blood supply
Pickle - small quantity of
Pirn - swirl
Pitmurk - pitchblack
Prick-sang - a composition
Puggled - exhausted

Radge - wild & crazy, headlong & unrestrained
Ramballiach - tempestuous
Ram-dan - headstrong
Ramfeezled - exhausted
Rammy - noisy fight
Rattons - rats
Randan: a good time
Reekin' - smoky
Reft - torn
Richtfu' - rightful
Riving - Raging
Rumgunshoch - rough

Sabbin' - sobbing
Sair - painful
Sassenach - Englishman
Sawnie - Alexander III

Scarmoch - tumultuous
Scribe - to write
Scrunts - stunted things
Scunner - feeling of disgust or loathing
Sea-way - the path ship through the waves
Seely - happy
Sentrices - scaffolding
Shelleycoat - coat of sea-shells worn by faeries
Shift - change places
Sic - such
Simmer - summer
Skelp - beat up
Skimmerin' - glittering
Skinklan' - gleaming
Skinnymalink - thin person/animal
Skritches - scratches
Skyrommie - frightful & terrific
Smeddum - mettle
Snash - abusing language
Sodger - soldier
Sonsie - untrustworthy
Stammygaster - astonishment
Stane - stone
Staukin - walking stealthily
Stramash - uproar
Strang - strong
Strappan - sturdy
Suthron - saxon
Swally - alcoholic drink
Swat - sweated
Swither - unable to make up ones mind

Tassie - cup
Thowless - spiritless
Thrapple - windpipe, throat

Thunder-plump - heavy rain after thunder

Twa - two

Twinin' - twisting

Unskaith'd - unscathed

Votadini - ancient tribe

Wabbit - very tired

Wabster - weaver

Waefu' - woeful

Waesome - woeful

Wanchancy - dangerous

Wee - little

Wellied - drunk

Whistle binkie bards - popular poets

Whummlin' - overwhelming

Winnock - window

Wudden dream - nightmare

Wynd - narrow winding street alley

Yalla - yellow

Yowdendrift - blizzard

Zetland - old name for Scotland

BOOK ONE

LONGSHANKS

1 Caledonia

Hear the story of a nation,
Famous in her rightful station,
First mistress of Britannia's face,
Where Pictish clansmen merge in race
With Angle, Viking, Celt & Scot,
Forever kept in tangl'd knot,
That such a spangl'd nation fills
Beyond the three-prong'd Eildon hills,
Past Stirling & her Highland key,
Through Sutherland, beyond Orkney,
There is a stretch of endless sea,
Where only Shetland parts the foam,
Of foggy cove & cottage dome;
Men have named thee Scotland the brave,
Lone Nordic longboat parts the wave,
Brought to these islands of the west,
Mountains in piles & pine forest,
Then savage Skye, awesome Glencoe,
Loch Lomond, glittering Glasgow,
Many an enchanting munroe,
Hardy enough for Arctic storm,
Like Macdhui, Cairntoul & Cairngorm,
With gorgeous palettes all on show,
Between the bens swift rivers flow,
Where glen & bonnie moor land flanks
The bending birches on the banks
Of twinin' Tweed & haelan' Spey,

Of glidin' Clyde & tumblin' Tay;
More than a place, a state of mind,
Whose ancient race, a noble kind,
Feels all this nature in the bane
For Scots bless Scotland as their ain!

2 Poetica

My clarsach harp is polish'd, strung,
I have a song that must be sung,
Before me on the beechwood spread
Pages of poets lang syne dead,
The choicest Harry & Barbour,
Moisten'd with Scotia's rosewater
Mix'd with the pickle, prick-sang shards
Of mickle whistle binkie bards,
Blending for all posterity
The age of sword & chivalry,
Turning old legends into lore,
Heroic actions to the fore,
With smattering of wild-fowl Scots
Prospering through the poem's plots,
With which my heartfelt eloquence
Goes as a book of good sentence
To global fowk from pole-to-pole,
Wherever fate might them befall
If absent 'cross the waste of seas
In dreams beholden Hebrides,
High haelan' peak, lush lullan' green
The skinklan' lochs of silv'ry sheen -
Sic tapestry of scenery
Defines this proud, couthie contree
First in heart & most in spirits,

Leader of the world's prime merits,
The fondest land of upmost thoughts
Frae Maidenkirk to John o' Groats!

3 Alexander III

Come taste the dirlin' swirl of years
To times of tumult, times of tears,
As neers oor famous reckoning,
A taylor now starting with a King
& that man was a Scot no less!
Steaming to meet his heart's empress
A wee bit drucken, his fine steed
Goes galloping at demon speed
Driving hame to evening's pleasures
As bees fly laden wi' treasures,
But, alas, the night was stormin'
As ne'er sinner was abroad in
Skirting the coast through thick hailstone
The King had almost reach'd Kinghorn,
But barging through a wall of hedge
His charger leapt from tall cliff's edge
& loup'd them both into the gloom
& dragg'd them down to stony doom
As Alexander smashed his head
The good King of the Scots was dead,
How all of Zetland wept for him,
The Lammermuir grew dark & dim
As lonely swept the northern breeze
& sister zephyrs stories seize
While with deray & crashing din
A great sea cave collapses in
Forming the Bullers of Buchan
So any future trav'ler can
Feel nature grieve a noble man.

4 The Maid of Norway

Of all the babes the king would bare
But one survived to be his heir
& she was barely three years old,
Far overseas in Norway cold,
& now the Scots must fetch her hame
A ship despatch'd across the faem
Sail'd by tough, grushie mariners,
Masters of tides & all weathers,
Steer'd by their captain, said to be
The best sailor upon the sea,
Sir Patrick Spence to Oslo then
Sail'd with his crew of merry men
Finding wee Margaret on the strand
Escorted by a minstrel band
That boarded with sic elegance
Them much did please Sir Patrick Spence
Who set a sea-way back to Fife
Back to his bairns & buxom wife
But barely nine leagues 'neath them passed
When lightning sunder'd his topmast
& in blew sic a deadly storm
Fierce Kelpies in the water form
Dragging sailors drowning under
To the sound of gowling thunder,
Horse-waves would swallow Scotland's hope
With sail & topmast, plank & rope,
Whose little body, weeks or more,
Wash'd up on Orkney's rocky shore,

This was national tragedy
Fruit failing upon every tree,
The state in great perplexity,
Searching for Christ's sweet remedy!

5 Scotch Politics

The grieving kingdom grew distraught,
Scotland's auld crown by many sought,
& squabbling nobles gather'd round
A best solution to be found,
Some for John Balliol did sway,
Glorious Lord of Galloway,
While others preferr'd Robert Bruce,
The Earl of Carrick & his hoose,
Some favor'd Comyn's rising star,
Others the old Earl of Dunbar;
Clishmaclaver touch'd each angle
But as dinsome banter's wrangle
Becomes bick'ring collieshangle,
Some men suggest the Inglis king
Should orchestrate their parleying,
Despite the many tragic tayles
Of Longshanks murdering through Wales
Slaying the great Llewellyn line
& strangling the Bardic breath
Cambrian minstrels put to death!
There never shone no better sign
That he was droothy for conquest,
& all would soon rue the request
That in a red-seal'd scroll was sent
To Edward & his parliament.

6 The Great Cause

In Westminster, one day in spring,
Scottis envoy found England's king
Bringing news of fate-fall minging,
*"King Alexander left this life
Hard galloping to see his wife
Over the Firth of Forth to Fife,
& met Lord God beside Kinghorn
Now all o' Scotland weeps forlorn,
For oor ain sceptre passed away
& all of us are in dismay -
& his death could well be the cause
Of very sanguine civil wars,
For none of us the noo agree
On who the Scottis King should be
Comyn, Bruce, Balliol, Dunbar,
All claimants to the throne them are,
This has raised terrible debate -
We ask thee to adjudicate
For ye have always been good friend
Of Alexander to the end,
Ah Sawnie! When him Scotland led
Oor land was rich in ale & bread
But now him dead, from us does flee
Oor wax & wine, oor game & glee!"*
The King of England thought awhile,
His beard then burst into smile,
& downing tassie of red wine,
Smirk'd, *"This 'Scotland' at last is mine!"*

7 Longshanks takes Berwick

Perdifous 'friend' becomes the foe
Ruthless Longshanks begins the woe,
& mounting armour'd Pisan steed
March'd north to Berwick-on-the-Tweed,
Where Scots stood on those thick walls stout
Taunting Longshanks with stone & shout
But damn'd Corspatrick of Dunbar
Was waiting like the morning star
Ready his own race to betray,
An adder hiding in the brae,
Like some Trojan agent of fate
He slyly walked down Marygate
& sic wanchancy traitor is
He rais'd the gate's great portcullis
Where outside waited Inglis arms
Too late the sentry's rais'd alarms
As Longshanks, struck by battle's itch,
Was first to cross the fortress ditch
Storming the castle, all inside
Then at the gallows crucified,
Ten thousand slain in genocide
& now ram-stam on the randan
Swally wellies each Inglisman
Who blootered climb turrets & spires
To rip & shred the blue Saltires
Then toss them down to waiting fires,
Saint Andrew yield's to George's cross,
How Scotland quakes at Berwick's loss!

8 The Scottish Response

A priest named Bernard De Linton
Had gallop'd up from Mordington
To stop the bloodshed was he keen,
Such were the sights that struck his een,
*"I shall, but priest let it be known
That I shall own the Pharoë's Stone
& lay it underneath my throne
Slay all those Scots who dare to fight
& set their little homes alight!"*
The priest fell sadly to his knees,
*"My lord, I shall now best appease
My contremen from war's dull pains..."*
"Good!" goes Edward & hauls his reigns,
Ready to march his army North,
The priest sped madly to the Forth
Sent messengers to noble seats
*"Longshanks roams freely Berwick's streets!
& nobles should meet in counsel
As soon as it is possible!"*
& so on Haddington converge
Scottis elite, on them did urge
De Linton, *"Peaceful we should be
Deadly bloodshed's best remedy!"*
But being such a strappan race
Swore not to flap in sic disgrace
& so brave knights rode off to war
Between Traprain & Berwick law.

9 The Battle of Dunbar

In climes of Maytime's fresh comings,
When foggybummer blitheness brings,
& petals love his pollen wings,
Harken as distant trumpets shrill
In notes prolong'd by wood & hill,
The Inglis march up to Dunbar
Where Comyn & his soldiers are,
With courage resolute & keen
To bar the Inglis they convene
Upon the steep slopes of Spott Dod,
Where once the Votadini trod,
There wait the fray & pray to God,
For this was God's own countryside
& they loved God with faith & pride,
But being brave they were too few,
Yet still to brutal combat flew,
Sir Patrick Graeme reach'd that fray
& with his squires did die that day
His dark red blood down Spott burn flows,
Sic sense of desperation grows,
So flees Comyn with Earl & Knight,
In desperate & feather'd flight,
Corspatrick yelping with delight,
Showing the turmoil of Scotland -

Whose squabbling factions must disband
King Alexander's unity
& with it Scotland's liberty!

10 Longshanks Conquers Scotland

Many a noble clad in chain,
Stumbles aback old Longshanks train
Marching his mighty martial line
Askent the winding river Tyne,
Where to avoid the North Sea gales
He passed a night in friendly Hailes,
Heard ancient Formorian tayles
Of Giants stood on Berwick Law
& Traprain, they had fought a war
With battleaxes in turn flung,
Burns springing up where they were flung;
These sangs a blinded minstrel sung
So well, he join'd the retinue,
Or rather, he was ordered too,
& as the Inglis progressed west
Them Edinburgh's defences test
With siege engines & fierce decrees
The castle took a week to seize,
But not so Stirling whose gate's keys
Were given them without a fight,
Such was the sorry Scottis plight,

For swift as tides swallow the sands
All Alban towns in Longshanks' hands,
From Thurso & it's icy bay,
To Mulesnuke in Galloway!

11 Longshanks Asserts Authority

With his long shanks did England's king
Stride over Scotland murdering,
His paranoia, tyranny,
& sinister hostility
Sent soldiers ravaging freely
So savage in brutality,
Rejoicing much in butchery,
From door-to-door scraping their knives,
Gudemen murder'd & rape-meat wives,
Longshanks cares not if Scot survives
& stuffing castles with his men
Sherriffs & baileys made he then,
To govern Scotland's own affairs,
For liking not these northern airs
He set off south with plunder'd wares
& carried off beneath the moon
The stone where sat the kings at Scone,
Where that stane is, the fates decree,
The Scottis masters there shall be
So adding salt to Scotland's woes
On the plate of fabled Pharoë's
He sat, then summon'd to Brechin
Robert the Bruce & John Comyn,
With more landholders of good breed,
There with the conscience of his creed
Pronounces Scotland vassal state,

Announces with the will of fate
He had full triumph'd with his sword
& now was Alban Overlord.

12 The Blind Minstrel

With seasonal campaigning done,
Longshanks lurches toward London,
With autumn shortening the day
Down Lanarkshire he made his way,
Through yellow leaves & berry sprig,
Beheld high tower'd Drumlannrigg,
Where he was very well received,
Being Scot's king by all believed,
The feast was set, the wine flowed well,
Blind minstrel sung a madrigal,
Praising the land where he was born,
King listening from makeshift throne,
Lulled by a muse-song sweetly styled,
*"O Caledonia, stern & wild,
Land of brown heath & shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain & the flood,
Land of my sires, what mortal hand,
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand!"*
How nobly did that minstrel sing,
Striking the liking of the King,
*"It seems ye favour your contree,
Savour & love its scenery,
But what of Scotland's history,
What is this realm I have acquired!"*
By Alba's names are bards inspired
& though his secret hatred fired
Beside the hearth was taylor well told

Of ancient saints & chieftains old.

BOOK TWO

ALBA

1 Gaythelos & Scotia

“Ma’ lang syne sangs the noo begin,
As Aeneas left Troy's ruin
& Moses climb'd Mount Sinai,
Saw wonders in a thund'rous sky,
There lived a prince of Scythia,
Wielder of sic a great power
Nam'd Gaythelos, fam'd tall & fine,
Descended from old Nimrod's line,
Who had beat well the battledrum
Before ill-fated Illium,
Where clutch of soaring sounds upspring
Conch-blast of Athenian king,
Gaythelos strides to Trojan sands
Where gather'd are the Grecian bands,
There boards a ship & leaves the shore,
Strewn with the foosty wrack of war,
Hoping on his return to town
To don his father's mighty crown
But there, thro abusive actions,
Fate refused him rule of Athens,

& causing bitter civil wars
Men drove him from his native shores,
To sail the histrionic breeze
Across those ancient, wine-dark seas,
Reaching the delta of the Nile
Where lives the viscous crocodile
& midst the bright Aegyptian race
He fell in love with woman's grace;
She was Pharoë's fairest daughter
Perfumed peahen, dark-eyed *Scotia*,
Them soon in marriage bound & blood
As princes & princesses should!

2 The Exodus from Egypt

As fates are fickle Pharoës die
& peasants ancient lines deny
Driving the nobles from Aegypt,
Thus Gaythelos & Scotia slipp'd
Flitting to ocean's rolling space,
Determined to find fertile place,
Like Aeneas found Italy,
& there seize ample territ'ry
For those who joined their little fleet
Sailing where sky & ocean meet,
Prows cutting waves, banners unfurl'd,
Exploring regions of the world,
They follow'd Afric's sandy shore
Long before Phoenician & Moor
Saw the Pillars of Hercules
Stood watch across the Western seas,
That with a grane open their gates
& send the fleet to face the Fates,
As in the hold a slabstone glows,

Carv'd from the tombs of old Pharoos,
That Scotia brought upon a whim
Deliver'd by dream-seraphim;
Symbol of Scottis monarchy,
Her sacred Stane of Destiny!

3 The Scots in Spain

They reach the islands of Cadiz,
Says Gaythelos, "*This garden is
A paradise for us to dwell,*"
The fleet's bows ride the current swell
For beaches of a future Spain
Of dusky shores & em'rald main
Where many darkly swarming tribes,
Whose chieftans pay no time for bribes
& banding warrior & steed,
Marched against an alien creed
To throw them from their golden shores,
Assaults the hardy Scots oppose
From all the enmity of Spain,
Battle-to-battle cross the plain,
Weeks turn to months, months turn to years
& still the angry foe appears
To keep a people proud & free
Such is the price of liberty,
But Scotia tires of war's dark helm
& wishing peaceful, prosperous realm
Urges her husband oer the faem
To find the tribe a better hame,
As she had bless'd them with her name
This action Gaythelos agrees
& builds a fleet for northern seas
Boats tough enough for ice & snow
The Stone of Destiny below!

4 Hiber Discovers Ireland

The scouts set out when next came spring,
How pleasant flex'd their furrowing
Through fields of waves sun-speckl'd green,
Until a luscious coast was seen,
Upon the world extremity,
Last outpost of the Western sea,
& hearing it a happy place
The joyous king order'd his race
This empty isle with life to fill,
But time is time & ne'er shall still,
With old age Gaythelos grows ill,
& as his soul to heaven made
He urged his eldest to invade -
This Hiber swore, his father died,
& so upon the next good tide,
Hiber took over Scotland's taylor
Riding the whale road & the gale
A nation underneath the sail,
At length they reach an emerald isle
& station take mile-after-mile,
At Tara built a grand temple,
There placed a throne of blue marble
Upon the Stone of Destiny
Where with a crown placed carefully,
Hiber's majesty all proclaim,
So now the Kings of Scots in Spain
Over Hiberia shall reign.

5 The Picts

The Scots slowly abandon Spain
For Ireland dreich wth fertile rain
& as its fame spread cross the world
The Pictish sails are soon unfurl'd,
Ships furrowing without a pause
To bring their tribe to Hiber's shores
Where at the meeting of twa kings
Found common ground in many things
The good health of their tribes they hail,
Toasted with tasty heather ale,
Binding themselves to friendship's ties,
Forever they should be allies,
But as Ireland by Hiber won,
That king suggested Albion,
Those misty islands to the East,
Where lives many a mythic beast
& so the Picts set sail once more,
Intrepid nationhood of yore,
With bonnie lasses as their wives
Plucked from their quiet Irish lives
Gifts beautiful from Ireland's king
Who gladly flew on Cupid's wing,
To sew the seeds at Scotland's dawn
Their breed the first true Scottis born.

6 King Fergus

As when a lad loves his young wife
The Picts are glad with this new life,
Upon a quite delightful land,
Untouch'd, unspoil'd, by human hand
Where by steep sloping mountainsides
Lush, bubbling springs begin their rides,

Rushing through scenes so flush with green,
A sweeter dream is seldom seen,
So full of game, the mountain hare
& capercaillie have no care,
As from rich rivers, fresh lochs deep,
Countless delicious salmon leap -
Of these, & forests stuff'd with deer,
The new lord of the Scots did hear,
His name, King Fergus, who did then
Assemble many hardy men
& sail'd to Northern Albion,
Where in a year his war was won,
But amity on either side
Would orchestrate the realm's divide;
Scots took the West, Picts packed the East
& Fergus at the victor's feast,
As rampant as a lion's roar,
Gave Scots their ancient, noble law
Which til this day & evermore
Explains why Scottis everywhere
Are glad to be honest & fair.

7 The Romans

O gem stone of a Western sea!
Two tribes dwelling with harmony,
The painted Picts in wolfish knots
Live side-by-side with gallant Scots
A thousand years full peace they felt
& even when the blonde-haired Celt
Encroached upon their southern lands
They met them with befriending hands
But as day shines so come must night

& all must meet the Roman might
On bloody field in open fight
As envoys, place-to-place like pests,
Senators sent with treasure chests,
*"Tell Rome we value liberty
Above your gold or enmity,
& we shall treat them mighty sore
Who persecute an unjust war!"*
However hard Rome's legion's tried,
With Pict & Scot & Celt allied,
The northern kingdom's ne'er would fall,
So Rome built up a mighty wall,
The limit of her grand empire,
& though the world her full desire
Rome rarely ventured yon the Forth,
For in these islands' misty North,
Was made a blend of noble breed,
Blunting the blades of Roman greed!

8 The Saxons

Rome courted Caledon for years
& rarely dar'd to test her spears,
Til word rushes round hearth & home -
"The legions have returned to Rome!"
This was an age of Scottis pride,
Such fervour swept the contree wide,
As from each tribal powerbase
Swarmed out the best men of its race,
Bearded banshees of fiercest stock,
From Alt Clun, great Dumbarton rock,
Standing astride the mighty Clyde,
With Pict & Celt marching beside,
Thro marriage bond & common goal,

All marched up to the Roman wall,
Clattering South from Esk to Tyne,
Went smashing thro the ghostly line;
Where once stood wall & tall towers
Now rubble piles & wild flowers,
A battle-barrier nae more
They ravaged south from door-to-door
As far as Humber's sandy shore,
Where young, fresh foemen drove them back,
O vicious, bloodthirsty attack!
These Saxons made, who soon would be
Proud masters of their ain contree,
Penning the Scots behind the line
Form'd by the Solway & the Tyne
As round the north was heard the groan,
"Bauld swordsmen sit on Suthron throne!"

9 Saint Andrew

As golden mornings dawn with dew
We Scots are one with Saint Andrew,
This mortal made of angel clay,
Join'd Jesus at his ending-day,
Bones buried at perfumed Patrae,
Pure reliques of saintly serene,
Removed by pious Constantine
To set in his new capital,
The famous Constantinople!
Where seraph, shining glorious,
Came to the Abbot Regulus,
Chimed, *"Go to the sarcophagus
& bones of our blessed Andrew
There take up, but a little few,
Three right-hand fingers in thy lap,
A tooth, an arm-bone & knee cap!"*

*Then set a sail to span the sea
& wait thy holy destiny!"*
The abbot sail'd on the high seas
Beyond the gates of Hercules
Until a fated seraph breeze
Carried him to a northern shore
To found a church for evermore
In that place men call Saint Andrews -
Soon all Europe had heard the news,
& pilgrims flocked from Rome to Rhine
To taste Scotland's communion wine -
The Pope nodding approving nod,
For good are those souls loving god,

10 Saints & Serpents

With Scotland now in Papal sway
There came another blessed day
When venerable Colomba
Built his wee church on Iona,
Converts the Picts, ordains their kings,
Gave sermons on the seven rings
Surrounding Heaven's dreamy swell
& taught them of the rot of hell,
The paradise good souls can earn,
These same preached by Saint Kentigern,
That gangrel, gaberlunzie priest
Through whom God's spirit was releas'd
Building the first halls of Glasgow,
Blessing the roll of Clyde's wide flow
Where Columba one day appear'd
Upon a boat, his holy beard
Trailing through waves, in sacred eyes
Christ, Kentigern, did recognize

& so shook a shared friendly hand
The holiest men in Scotland,
Together dander'd to Loch Ness,
Where from the waters milkiness
A monster rose of whummlin' height,
As Kentigern cowered in fright,
Brave Colomba stood strong in faith
& warded off that slimy wraith,
With crucifix & chaunted psalm,
Doing the devils work much harm
& slipping neath the silver mane
It rarely dares to rise again!

11 Aethalstaneford

From Rocky Dunadd each Scots king
Would life to pleasant pastures bring
With perfect faith, grew ever strong
& led good lives happy & long,
Through Achay, Selbach, Carloman,
& Eochaid the line did span,
Until King Oengus & his sword
Stood with his army on a ford
Before the mighty Saxon host
As over them Saint Andrew's ghost
Forged saltire-clouds in proud manner -
From that day forth Scotland's banner -
& in that ruck they struck a stand
IHow glorious that battle-band
Forcing the Suthron to retire
Of muckle bodies built a pyre,
The avaricious Saxon king
Flying to Hell on raven's wing
As Scotland, thro the arts of war,
Her ancient liberties restore!"

This taylor chill'd Longshanks to the bone
& left him squirming on his throne,
"Shall I go on?" the minstrel mused
This left King Edward quite confused
Was this minstrel impertinent?
But though Longshanks full arrogant
& many Cymric bards had slain
To quell the Welshmen's warring strain
This Scottish bard, though he was blind,
Painted such pictures in his mind
That much enthral'd by poet's spell
He said, "Go on, more taylor's pray tell."

12 The Conquest of the Picts

"The Scots now beat the warring drum
Their conqueror, Rex Scotorum,
Was grandly ambitious Alpin,
Who mused on Pictish realms to win,
Him such a mighty army made -
Drumalban mountains cross'd in raid,
But halted was his rash advance
Dying in battle's bloody dance
& thinking they had missed their chance
His nobles ended that campaign
Their new king urged them on vain
So Kenneth to cunning resorts,
Into their bedrooms *something* floats,
A sacred angel in the smoke,
Bright fish scales sewn into a cloak,
& now his nobles stiff with fright,
Come morning had agreed to fight,
Followed King Kenneth to the fray,

Fought seven battles in one day,
& with great heave took Camelon
Then when, at last, the war was won,
Picts at the points of many spears,
Wept as their nation disappears,
Absorbed into the Scottis race
Language dying with bare a trace,
No more shall reign a Pictish king,
As each midsimmer minstrel sing
Of Cailtram, Tagalad, Nechtan,
& Aedan Filius Gabran,
Of Mordlech, Galaam, Canaltmel
& other kings as bards do tell.

13 The Vikings

The minstrel's voice with pride does surge,
"As now the Alban chieftains merge
& Scotland forms on Europe's verge
Oor first true foe the wild Viking
Who gutty with his plundering,
& his own kingdoms rocky sheer,
Was hoping Scottis soil to share,
Their longboats left that Nordic lair
To scourge the coast from Clyde to Tyne,
Thro Orkney to the Highland line
That forms the rugged Western Isles,
Trailing skull cairns in bloody piles,
From Lewis, Uist & Tiree,
As far as Celtic Anglesey
Bezerkers howl'd, blood eagles rose,
Lungs ruptured forth for hungry crows,
This was the high tide of the Norse,
Sic fierce & famous fighting force,

That mellowing on new-found farms
Prefer the plough to war's alarms
Mixing red hair with Scottis blood
Their longboats stripp'd for building wood
Which less & less & less appear
& fortitude oergangs the fear
For time's patient & slow release
Helps all peoples to live in peace,
For in men's hearts *His* spirit dwells
As written in the book of Kells.

14 Malcolm Cranmore

From the wolf-loins of Kenneth springs
A mighty list of famous kings,
Praise Malcolm! Who gained Cumbria
& drove the Dane back in terror,
Remember Duncan! Who one night
Was ever robbed of his birthright,
By Uncle Macbeth & a knife,
Bringing on Scotland riving strife,
The murder challenged by MacDuff,
On either side the fighting rough,
Of blood no man could have enough
Til Malclom Cranmore, underking
Of Cumbria, came forth to bring
The force of justice on Macbeth
& at Lumphanan caus'd his death,
For he was new Rex Scotorum
Soon winning an entire kingdom;
& helping him to rule serene
An Inglis beauty as his queen
Fair Margaret, pure & pristine,
Who taught the Scots much sacred thought,

Her yin the yang of battles fought!
Bringing all Scots to harmony
Building many a monast'ry
As Malcolm muckle brave knights made
Full members of the Fist crusade -
& crucifix their diadem
They rode to free Jerusalem!

15 The Battle of Largs

The story of our monarchy
Has swung to living memory;
King Alexander sails the seas
To seize the island Hebrides
& so Haaken, Norwegian king
Sail'd to Scotland on the next spring,
With him so many longboats came,
To reassert his regal claim,
That when oor Sawnie saw them near
At first he was struck down with fear
But knowing he must make a stand
To make one contree of Scotland
He met that host on Larg's long strand
But Haaken lands men upshore
Who silent march t'ward battle's roar
But as they were about to spring
Their trap, oor native thistles sting
Those barefit blades, sic painful cries
Alert the Scots to hot surprise,
Whose martial effort redoubles,
Bringing troubles to these troubles
Flinging their foes into the waves
Where Kelpies help men to their graves

& as Haaken fled for Norway
Wild storms consume the close of day,
Smashing his fleet with ghastly gale
Thus Alexander did prevail
& as the Western Isles were won,
Last of portion of the union,
Conquer'd & settl'd for Scotia,
Or as men say, 'Divine Alba!'"

BOOK 3

STIRLING

1 William Wallace of Elderslie

Of ancestors that we should read
& have in mind of noble deed,
Known patriots spann'd ages wide
That love a contree in their pride,
Those ever ready to oppose
The malice of outlander foes,
Of them first famous must we hold,
Watchman of Scotland's rights of old,
William Wallace, hero bold!
How many songs of him are sung?
Scotland was lost when he was young,
Into whose land are men coming
Loyal to fause & suthron king,
Claiming Scots women at their will,
Fair maidenheads beastily spill,
But Wallace was a man of arms,
Great pitying these Scotis harms,

Where native men may do no thing
Not to an Inglis man's liking,
Deeds muckle drumlie in his mind,
For he was righteous, wise & kind,
The realm's misfortune his to mourn,
But Wallace was warrior born,
Altimes he wore a sword & knife
To counteract the Saxon strife
& where he found suthron presence,
That to brethren offer'd grievance,
He waited til they stood apart
& with blood-anger stabb'd their heart

2 Wallace Evades Capture

Wallace was one day in Dundee,
Where springtime dallied merrily,
When halted was his merriment,
Some constable of crude intent,
Calls, "*Scot, why fore art thou so gay,
Seeming so happy in thy play?
When see, thy lands are over run
& Edward overawes the sun!*"
Wallace could not stand such hot sleight
& drew his knife out for the fight,
"*Give me that blade,*" the sheriff said,
"*Or be arrested ye bastard!*"
"*You'll have this knife,*" words Wallace bled
& with that knife he stick'd him dead,
Now other suthron pressed on fast
But Wallace left those lads aghast
With speedy flight, off he did wend
To little hoose he knew was friend,
"*Help me for him that died on tree!*"

The wife agreed this readily
& dressed him in a ladies gown,
"Sir, spin this yarn," she sat him down,
As frantic Inglis searched the town,
One burst in waving his weapon,
Saw Wallace a good yard had spun,
"So sorry to disturb, ladies"
This soldier now embarrass'd is
So left the house to join the search
From tavern to Saint Mary's church
But never found brave Wallace bright,
Who slipped away when down fell night.

3 Wallace & Laura Fall in Love

Each year Lanark hosts famous fair,
Well Wallace one day wandered there,
& as he join'd a merry dance
Met maiden with sweet countenance,
Who won him with a racy glance,
As he won her with handsome stance,
How merrily they fell in love,
As swift & pure as flying dove,
Or when deep dusk perfumes the eve,
Her winking parents took their leave,
& at the first glimpse of the moon
Wallace sang an amorous tune
Lulling them both to bosie dwam
& with a gentle, "*May I, mam?*"
He stole a kiss to flutter hearts
As is the custom in these parts,
Together their pleasure doubles,
For cupid loves lustful couples
& for each other lovers yearn,

Slipping naked into a burn,
As thunderously beat the heart
Hot pangs the moment hot lips part
When consummating passion's vow,
Eternity seems here & now!

4 Wallace & Laura Are Engaged

Beneath the stars two lovers lay
& Laura, breathless on the brae,
Drunk on a drop of cupid's whim
Showers admiration on him
Making her heart feel glad & light;
His stature great & good with height,
Full with the discretion of right,
Third-part length were his shoulders broad,
Like Hercules he wields his sword,
His limbs were great, his arms were round,
His voice gave out a manly sound,
His speech was light & luted blest,
His eyes were bright & broad his breast,
Though wounds marked many diverse place,
Both fair & well he kept his face,
Which she now kiss'd with lips like lace
"I love thee," tangl'd in his charms,
She snuggl'd deep into his arms,
& as her head lay on his chest
Wallace was now the happiest
He'd ever been, his future dreams
Of gardens, farms & golden beams,
& heaven in a smiling child
With many children running wild,
Dreams realis'd by this lady
He droppeth onto bended knee,

“Laura, my love, pray marry me!”
“Yes, yes, of course!” they mount a steed
& gallop’d to their parents heed
Where happily all sides agreed
That lovers of good heritage
Must be entered into marriage.

5 Wallace Marries Laura

After the waste of winters blast
When March’s fickle winds are pass’d,
After April’s drookit showers,
May’s month comes, mother of flowers,
When hues of red, white, brown & blue,
In blooming flush have formed anew,
When wild brier-rose & hawthorn hoar
& mountain daisies all adore
When pretty yellow pimpernels,
& softly-scented asphodels
Scatter amidst the whistling hills,
Where prattles of the purling rills
Mix with the cuckoo’s constant strains
Where heather drinks the pleasant rains
Glinting in fairy Phoebus beams;
Hail thee grace of fern & flora
Hail thee princesses of nature
Hail thee mornings so serene,
When Nature in her brightest green
Embalms the air with odour sweet
& many colours in her meet,
When darling grows the Hyacinth,
Forming a gorgeous nuptial plinth,
On which two lovely lovers stand
Stood heart-in-heart & hand-in-hand

He was an Angus, she a Bride,
& loved each best the whole world wide,
When after vows so gladly said
Wallace & his true love were wed.

6 The Wedding Ceilidh

How good, think Scots, it is to be
Part of a riotous ceilidh
When hornpipes, strathspeys, jigs & reels
Put life & mettle in oor heels
The happy couple drew apart
The day's first dance was theirs to start
Led by a lad, his lungs were large
To give good music was his charge
He screw'd the pipes & gart them skirl
Til roof & rafters all did dirl
Now man takes woman, boy takes girl
The piper loud & louder blew
The dancers quick & quicker flew
With claps & laughter, twirl & lift
Partners to happy partners shift
Some wild maelstrom of cross & cleek
Til party swat & legs were weak
& all about their ale would sup
As then another reel rose up
& when that passion-swirl was done
A bard now added to the fun
With sic a witty, tuneful taylor
That clothes grew soak'd in laugh'd-out ale,
But now the bard gave noble stance
& blessed the Wallace's romance
There all did stand & gave a toast
To happiness & theirs the most!

7 The Death of Laura

Weddings should be a time of grace,
But fortune paints a double face,
The revelry that never rests
Had drawn some uninvited guests
On came the suthron & his sword,
Cutting short honeymoon concord,
Led by the beastly Hesilrig,
Course as a dog, fat as a pig,
Despising lovers in delight
Through jealousy & freezing spite!
Pick'd out Wallace & picked a fight,
& though Wallace has knocked down three
Too many were his enemy,
So kiss'd his wife & speedily
Ran to the rocky Cartlane Crag,
Where roam the grey wolves & the stags,
The news soon flash-fired roundabout
& one-by-one there came the shout,
"Wallace we come to fight for you!"
& every one a Scotsman true,
On one point thirty did concur
When Wallace, with a native stir,
Sang *"Freedom is a noble thing,
Freedom is to a man's liking,
Freedom all solace to man gives,
He lives at ease that freely lives,
For he that has always lived free
Shall never know the poverty
That comes with loss of liberty!"*

8 Wallace Attacks Lanark

"Wallace! Wallace!" there came a shout,
On ran a lad of little sprout,
*"A waefu' day is come about!
Wallace, God knows your pretty wife,
Sir Hesilrig has took her life!"*
Now lesser mortals here would fall
But Wallace heard his nation's call
& puffing out the bravest breast
He urged his soldiers get some rest,
So under stars his army slept,
& as they did brave Wallace wept
Then when the morning sun arose
He swore to crush the Inglis rose
On Lanark all his forces bore,
& beat down Hesilrig's front door
Finding him snoring in a bed
& in an instant split him dead,
Sword slowly frae black heart retreats
As outside in the waking streets
All Inglis homesteads set ablaze
The Scots watching in hot amaze
Now turn their enmity to bear
On any Inglis living there
With farmer's scythe & skelpin fist,
The revolution's catalyst!

9 The Dream of William Wallace

Beams of delicate moonlight leapt,
From star to star, as Wallace slept;
Thro golden realms of dancing corn
Prances a milk-white Unicorn
Of sturdy stride, whose sparkling hoof

Shoots rainbows cross the pearly roof,
Ah! what is this, a royal roar,
Lions pace the Lothian shore
& soon the beasts shall go to war
& as that battle elsewhere flew
An aged man toward him drew,
& gripped him hastily by palm,
"Good knight," he said, "*I mean no harm,*
My son, we tarry here too long,"
& with a flash them stood among
Great mountains on a pleasant gair,
Where golden eagles soar thro air,
Beneath them spread the Highlands tall,
Loch Insh, the Lammermuirs, the Wall
Old Romans hewed, yon Chevy Chase
The Pennines fly to Britain's base,
Yon Europa, & ranging free
Oer Africa, an endless sea,
Turns starry every space around,
Beyond the global mapamound.
Then through vortex of crackling gyre
Fantastic streak of ferlie fire
They flamed comet-tail'd 'cross Scotland,
& saw good Scottis lad's attack
Many a nasty Sassenach,
"*They fight for you,*" the old man spoke
Then disappeared as Wallace woke.

10 Andrew Moray Joins Wallace

As Wallace was a Scotsman true
More Scottis lads fast to him drew
Thistles flocking to Scotland's cause
To cleanse the soil of England's rose

From Lochmabane, Crawford & Ayr,
It seemed their 'ghaist' was everywhere,
A constantly moving attack
Murdering muckle Sassenach
& then one day, to join the fray
Into his camp marches Moray
As tall behind, in Tartan file,
The bravest men of the Black Isle,
Moray told how he had took part
In rescuing rocky Urquhart,
How saltires above Elgin
& many towns his march did win!
Wallace embraced his childhood friend
Theirs was a friendship to the end,
Two kindred spirits to the cause,
Within them both the thistle grows,
Like twin mountains aslant the sky
Or pigeon pairs that sunward fly,
They praised each other with a toast
& merged their men in one great host,
An army that was swiftly bourn
To Stirling castle's stalwart stone
Where Inglis arrows fall like hail
But armed with steel & clad in mail
They took the walls with wild assail
& holding Scotland's ancient key
They waited for the enemy.

11 The Armies Assemble Before Stirling

When Longshanks heard of Stirling's news
He painted air both blacks & blues,
Disgusted at this vile outrage,
Determined a new war to wage,

Drawing on men, north, south, east, west,
To recommence Scotland's conquest
His army was a fatten'd lamb,
Led by Sir Hugh de Cressingham,
& with him a brave Scottis knight
For Bruce was yet to see the light,
Who calmly, at Cressingham's side,
To Stirling castle made good ride,
& there saw muster'd awesomely,
Fifteen thousand in chivalry,
But by the brig the Bruce did ken,
Five thousand well-armed Scotis men
Rolled out along the river side,
A mighty force of war spread wide,
Nation of sycophants nae more,
William Wallace to their fore,
His face projecting Pictish woad
With buttocks bare, he blares discord,
*"We to their very beards shall prove
Determination to remove
Invaders of oor native land,
For while we stand so does Scotland,
In us a contree must remain
& I resolve to spare nae strain
Each single Inglis man tae fling
Back to their contree & their king!"*

12 The Battle of Stirling Bridge

Their grace with God by Scots believed
& Wallace has a battle weav'd,
Trumpets sounding the battle signs,
Inglis advancing in their lines

& as the sassy masses roll
No finer sight to stir the soul,
But to that brig doom does deliver
Half-an-army, on that river
The Scots their assaulters assault,
Forcing the suthron to a halt,
It was a fray fought terrible,
Both knight & steed in battle fell,
The beauty of that massed melee
Soon mangled flesh & agony,
As right to left the flash & flame
Of Scottis swords like lightning came,
As now across the bridge they rush'd,
Thro them the gush of triumph flush'd,
How many Inglis stabb'd & crush'd
Or thrown between & off the planks
To face the crossbows on the banks,
As paramuddles drain & drain,
Where sinew-straining soldiers slain
Crammasy-hued the Forth was dyed,
The Inglis fall on every side
Ducked & bobbing in the water
Powerless to brutal slaughter,
For as oft heard in fireside tayles
“Force wi'oot foresicht aften fails!”

13 Wallace Victorious

As Scottis murder multiplies,
A single Inglis arrow flies,
& dints Moray, the battle sighs
For that bold hero as he dies,

Wallace drops to his bloody knees
Battles momentarily freeze,
*"The best brother that Scotland had,
So full of life, so blithe so glad,
So full of truth & nobleness,
So full of fire & manliness,
So noble in his steadfastness,
Has been full martyred for the cause
With men like thee are won the wars!"*
Scots, being struck much by this sight,
Now even harder pressed the fight,
Where through the thickest of the press
Surged Wallace in wild wantoness,
His bashing spear left men askew,
Blood spurting as the shaft withdrew,
England's host slowly being slain
Survivors deigned to flee the plain,
Too fizenless to charge again
As by the length of hair on nape
Robert the Bruce made his escape,
Askent the oorie by Bannockburn,
Where some fine day he would return,
But Cressingham caught on the carse,
Full feart with fleg, knock'd on his arse,
He begg'd for mercy, but flesh-flay'd,
His corpse thro Scotland was display'd
& long strips of his skin were made
A baldrick for the Braveheart's blade!

BOOK 6

WALLACE

1 Wallace Becomes an Outlaw

Frae the forest to the city
All poor Scots obsess'd with pity,
The conquest of the contree done,
But for one spirit on the run,
Her native saviour, brightest son,
Who of all ancient, brave, true Scots
Whose glories knew no bars & blots,
'*Wallace!*' the name known most of all,
For Scotland was his very soul,
& just that name his soul could lift
Through boiling sun & yowdendrift
& now him staukin' woodland thick,
Day fading fast oer vast Ettrick,
When evening shades drape slowly down,
Wrapping the glades in sylvan brown,
Night owls awaken in the dell,
A fox is heard upon the fell,
Enough remains of dusk's half-light
To guide the fugitive aright,
Yet not enough from far to show
His figure to the watchful foe,
Brave Wallace is a hunted man,
But gudemen help where e'er they can
With food & shelter, news & knives,
For while he lives Scotland survives.

2 Wallace Continues the War

Wallace defied his enemy,
With adamant company,
Whose spirit ne'er could be depress'd,
The liberty of the forest
Was theirs, & climbing higher ground,
With soaring sky in vast surround,
An ocean of freedom was found,
& when the suthron scouts they saw,
Were too few, they would rush to war
From Etrick woods to Elchok park,
In simmer gold or winter dark,
& never letting courage slake
For England's curse & Scotland's sake,
As from a trail of suthron dead
They stole good meat, warm beer & bread,
& if they fasted day & night
They felt the pain for Scotland's right,
A pain that soon would turn to pride
As slowly through a country wide,
The love of Scotland would return
Flourishing to the Bannock burn.

3 Wallace Reburies Laura

Longshanks now instigates a trap;
Round Lanark twenty suthron wrap,
Watching the grave of Laura fair,
Well one day Wallace came to there
& of the snare was unaware,
Until with loud & spreading shout,
The trap was sprung all roundabout
Wallace grew poised like burning coal,
Unleashing heroes from his soul,

With spurt of flame & mighty roar,
He rushed in like a tusky boar,
& though outnumber'd on each side
He swung his weapon deep & wide,
In cutty skirmish, Inglis fell
Til silence overcame the yell,
& Wallace was unskait'h'd as well!
Soon with one mighty muscle shove
Wallace unearth'd his sleeping love,
Left silken scarves wrapp'd round her face
& buried her at secret place;
Her tomb the branches of a tree,
He sang a dirge in solemn key,
So sadly & so forlornly,
That evermore them midst these trees
Hear tragic lyrics on the breeze!

4 The Life of an Outlaw

A spartan band carries the fight,
The lurking presence on the height,
Never letting Wallace waver
Like an adder in the claver
Never letting Inglis slacken
Like a wolf-pack in the bracken
& often burnt their ain contree
Before oncoming enemy,
& when the suthron moved away
They took ease from the toils of day
In verdant vales these outlaws lay,
When after supper's simple fare

They bed down in the open air,
Here grateful slumbers creep & lace
Bonding senses with fond embrace,
Thro every limb infection crept,
The faeries guard them as they slept,
Dreaming until the dawning beam
Purples the mountain & the stream
& as the morning lord arose,
Men shaken from their deep repose
& sodger on in creeshie clothes,
Whose cautious step & lugs awake
Now climb the crag & thread the brake,
Where bitter breeze now sweeps the wold,
Numbing drench'd limbs with coming cold,
In dread & danger, all alone,
Famished & chilled, through ways unknown.

5 Wallace Aided by Fairies

Inglis reckon Wallace a ghost
Skirmish-to-skirmish went his host,
Donning fair nature like a hood,
From leafy lanes of Leglen wood
To mucklest mountains men adore,
From islands hidden off the shore
To Rannoch & her gloomy moor,
Where firm-beak'd falcons fly & feed
From azure lochs & thick cudweed,
Where roam & howl the ghostly dogs
Tween precipices & peat bogs!
To this dark place they were pursued,
One hundred Inglis knights are viewed
With bloodhounds searching for a scent,
"Silence!" said Wallace from his tent,

For he could hear a magic sound,
Stirring the minds of man & hound;
A piper pipes a faerie tune,
Drawing a veil across the moon,
So magical men brought to tears,
Shouts Wallace, "*Harken, close your ears,*
That music must lead men astray!"
& so they kept the tune at bay!
But Inglismen, thrall'd by that spell,
Advance entranced into a dell,
Where all at once each knight did stand
Sinking into a thin quicksand,
& when all of those men were drown'd
A waefu' silence did surround,
No falcon dared to fly, as then
Went Wallace Westward with his men.

6 Wallace Reaches Glen Roy

Across Scotland Wallace would race
Each night spent in a different place,
Roaming the heights, driving the glens
Traversing steep & savage bens,
Ben Nevis topp'd one morn serene
& downthey went to drink the Spean
& waded through her waters clean
Cut to Glen Roy through forest pine,
It seem'd a place on Earth divine
Where they saw a wabster woman
Washing wool in her wee clachan
A little gausie in dull duds
But rosy-lipp'd, he slipp'd in suds
& hit the ground with sic a WHACK

The woman went to rub his back
& when she heard that good knight's name,
Struck by his looks & his good fame
She noticed that his tartan torn
& promis'd him a new-one worn,
So pluck'd a fleece & spun the yarn
& took the thread into a barn
& added dyes to carded hair
Weaving them well with loving care
Shrinking the chequer'd cloth full dense
& beating it with stick intense
A mighty thump, a manly twist
Then left to dry, outside, sun-kiss'd.

7 The Wallace Tartan

The Wabster walk'd out with Wallace
& found much beauty in his face
& as he echoed haunting calls
Of Owls above the waterfalls
She fell for him as he did her
Mouth meeting mouth in rampant blur,
So vibrant was their heart's desire
They were soon naked by a fire
Reek rising through the ingle cheek
As carnal glory them did seek
Close by the restless rattons squeak
As in the scent of burning peat
The union of souls complete
Confirmed by loving dreaming sweet
Until the scent of ember smoke
Blown chimlie wind-down Wallace woke,
His lover's snooze he did not stir

& left her lying in the fur
For pleasures are like poppies spread
The flower pluck'd its bloom is shed
Or like snow falls in a river
Moment white, then melts forever
Or like the rainbows lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm
But as Wallace walk'd through her door,
That peasant wabster's tartan wore,
Three colours through its fibres drawn,
Red, black & gold - now all alone
The wabster woke, an empty space
Had taken up her fair knight's face
But for a lock of his dark hair
Soft on the pillow they did share.

8 Wallace Attacks Ayr

Wallace was still a man of might
& rode from Crawford one fine night,
For forty miles, then came on Ayr
To catch the Inglis unaware
As fast in farmer's barn they slept
With flaming torches Wallace crept
Full to the roof these fiery brands
Flung triumphant from vengeant hands
Blazing contagion flew along,
Roars crackling, scorch'd the trembling throng
Inside the house, where suthron were,
Such sound & smoke made them hot stir,
Faces reflecting fiery glow
Soon consumed by an inferno!
Whose ruddy ruin whirls on high,
Reekin' into a moonless sky,

Wild shrieks within, yells of despair,
Blended horrors rend midnight air,
Now turret with a thund'rous sound
Gives groan & tumbles to the ground,
Crushing the wretches underneath,
Life overwhelmed by fiery wreath,
& near the barns Wallace did stay
Til morning had renewed the day,
& smoking heaps he did survey survey
& with a smirk left that grim work,
It seemed demons had gone beserk,
Leaving behind a ghostly gaurd
Of maukit corpses black & charr'd!
& Wallace, leaving that hot hell
Said, "*Aye, the barns of Ayr burn well!*"

9 The Bruce Parleys with Comyn

As Wallace Inglis will defied
Five glens away the Bruce did ride
To Comyn's through the countryside,
& there was greeted like sibling,
"*My brother Robert, Fate must bring
Ye to our contree's rightwise king!*"
"*Sir, gin suppose rightwise I be
'Tis no time this to press on me,
I have oor enemies at hand,
Prevent them from scourging the land,
For this I lose my heritage,
But better than cruel war to wage!*"
"*Aye, since Cree's dark & desp'rate day
I have received all Galloway,
But something in my heart sticks pain,*

*How can we let the Inglis reign?²
Scottis nobles far from noble,
Begging scraps from Edward's table,
Blethering men ategither,
Swithering hither & thither,
Lost in wyrd plots & sordid scheme,
We undermine the Scottish dream!"*
*"I know, this feeling oft I share,
But of Longshanks we must beware,
That man is no' to cree legs wi,'
For when he wars through oor contree
So many men hang from the tree!"*
*"Aye ye speak well, Bruce raise yer cup
& to a lasting peace come sup."*

10 A New Rebellion

While one soul continues the fight
We cannot extinguish the light
That wishes contrees set aright
& they are oft a planted seed
Fed & water'd on national need
That grows into a mighty tree.
As now across their ain contree
The Scots are rising, great nation!
Many hurry to Saint Johnstone,
Wallace has laid siege to the town,
Such stuff unsettles Edward's crown,
These stirrings poison to his ears
& once again his sleeping fears
Are filled with Wallace on his steed,
Leading a mighty force indeed,

Morphing to desperate dreamings
Of grunts & scrunts & stunted things,
& when he woke, shirt soak'd in sweat,
He swore to have him in a net,
For while Wallace still fought his feud
& rebel ballads were renewed
Scotland could never be subdued,
So secret messages were sent
Full devious in their intent;
*"England's ulcer must be removed,
& then my vision must be proved,
For as the shepherds guard & keep
A watch over their flocks of sheep,
If we can capture this Wallace,
That master of their violence is,
& strike the viper at it's head
Then we must win... I want him dead!"*

11 Wallace Captured

Now Wallace has won Aberdeen
Such stuff amuses Edward's queen,
Her smile soon fades, Bishop Sinclair,
Invites Wallace to Glasgow fair,
This merry market more a lair,
There to the king he shall be sold
For casks of wine & chests of gold,
Alas! Wallace this does agree,
Loving such merriment to see,
Spies lurking in his company,
& on the way, at Robroyston,
When Saint Dominic's feast was done,
& they had soak'd up too much wine
The night-sky twinkling with starshine,

Into a chamber footsteps creep
& waking Wallace from his sleep
Wallace was set on in his bed
Who soon left three attackers dead,
But slowly flounders, wound-on-wound,
A thunderblast & Wallace swoon'd,
They huckl'd him in shackling chains
& dragg'd him out into the rains,
Led off to Leith in jolting cart,
Where heavy grows oor hero's heart
As his wee ship slips from the quay,
Follows the Forth into the sea,
Two days of sail touch London town,
The cargo brought before the crown,
Man worthy of the world's renown!

12 Wallace Meets Longshanks

Wallace was strapped to broad, strong planks
Brought humbly 'fore grumbling Longshanks,
Whose boiling mind was all astir,
"At last we meet ye rebel cur!"
Just cool defiance faced the odds,
Trait of them begotten by gods,
"Ye do not speak, where is your tongue?"
Oor laddie looked back, hard & long
& said, *"Old man I fought yer wars
Not for ye, but for Scotland's cause
& her imperishable right
To freedom, this is why we fight!"*
"Treason!" said Edward, *"To your king!"*
Said Wallace, *"Ye are nae such thing,*

*Never have I allegiance sworn
Nor in thy contree was I born
& I shall only draw ma' sword
For Robert Bruce & Christ oor lord!"*
By this the King was took aback,
But soon found recourse to attack,
*"Ye are a slayer of good men!"
& I would do it all again!
I grant that Inglis men I slew
In my quarrel & not a few!"*
*"These murders are against the law!"
"Your law is not what I fight for!"*
The king fixed him with viper's eye,
*"Enough, foul traitor, ye shall die
A traitor's death come morrow day."*
& as Wallace was led away
The hairs on Edward's head gan grey.

13 Wallace brought to Smithfield

Though morning dawned with simmer gold
In life's deep winter Wallace cold,
Locked up in damp & dreary cell
The hour of day he could not tell,
A single winnock block'd the gloom,
One lone crow flutter'd thro the room,
Knowing when mortal men will die,
He fixed him with his beady eye
& from an ochre-colour'd beak
What host of hellish sounds did shriek!
Til silenced by the turning lock,
Gruff warders rush'd in rumgunshoch
& dragg'd Wallace, one final time
He watches sunbeams shine sublime,

Sweet moment interrupted rude
By kicks & punches plenty crude,
Then him tied tightly to a sledge
& brought out to the jeering edge,
A pony parts the crushing crowd
Hurling hate angry, hot & loud,
The crude abuse of the foul snash,
Phrenzie-whipp'd by drucken stramash,
Target for spinnach, spit, & stones,
Yet him still noble to his bones,
All England stood there with a friend
To see the rebel meet his end,
For there is little standing room
When rebels meet a rebel doom.

14 Wallace Defiant

Cardinal clad in scarlet dress,
Urged Wallace all his crimes confess
*"Repent your sins & thy reward
A swift & painless death by sword!"*
The Scot cries forth a single word
"Freedom!" as this the watchers heard
Silence descended & they stirred
In anxious sway, *"Then very well,
Rebel, prepare to go to hell!"*
Around his neck a rope was slung
& by the gallows he was hung,
But his was not a dangle death
They cut the rope, he gasp'd for breath,
Then his limbs tied to four horses
Raging in seperate courses,
Breaking bones from burning sockets,
As they strain, from concealed pockets

The cardinal draws sharpen'd knives,
The ending blades of many lives!
"Men tie that scoundrel to the rack!"
An oak table strapp'd to his back
Wallace was asked to cry mercy,
Befitting proper chivalry,
Where once more, eyes shining brightly,
Him, *"Freedom!"* cried as angels sigh,
"Then as a traitor ye shall die!"

15 The Death of Wallace

Alas this is a tragic lay
Witness a legend's ending-day
Administering crimson cuts
The cardinal trails out his guts,
Long worms of white splash'd with dark red
& Wallace kenn'd he soon was dead,
But as his nerve-ends scream with pain
He knew he suffered not in vain,
For in the hearts of all good kin
His thistle cause destined to win
& though his eyes were shy of tears
His mind wept cross the waste of years
To gaze on Laura one last time
Before he joined her soul sublime
In Heaven where all good souls go,
But first Wallace must face his fate,
Still silent though his pain is great,
As to an axeman he was led
There to his executors said,
*"Ye suthron sons think not today
By thee an outlaw done away,
You have not, for when this is done
You will have made a great nation!"*

Though mighty arms are locked in chains
He grips them tight with purple veins,
As with a whoosh & slice so strong,
His parted head heard angel song,
Whispers, "*Freedom...*" with final breath,
Last heart-beat swallow'd by cold death!

16 Scotland Mourns Wallace

The sun cast shadows on the crowd,
But for one beam that form'd a shroud
Of angel light across Wallace,
That now a holy martyr is,
His spirit pouring prejudice
Into the boiling Scottis veins,
United by his dying pains,
His body quarter'd ruthlessly,
His head spiked up for all to see
On London Bridge, while four great limbs
Sent to Scots elegaic hymns,
In Berwick his left arm is seen,
Legs pinned at Perth & Aberdeen,
From Stirling Bridge his right arm hung,
As funerary dirges sung
By cub-lamenting lioness
A nation donning sable dress,
From clachan wee to castle keep
How many widows wail & weep,
Countless sad candles shadows cast
As all saltires are flown half-mast,
& somewhere in a Pentland vale
A little lambkin's face grew pale,

Whereby upon the blasted heath
Three witches gather underneath
The branches of a Rowan Tree
To cackle in solemnity!

17 Nature Mourns Wallace

Across the land, as pibrochs played
To soothe & guide his spirits shade,
To native glens a ghost returns,
His spirit in the bens & burns,
Where night is haunted by an owl,
In deep ravines the lone wolves howl,
Falcons soar to the highest skies,
Bears scatter thro the woodland rise
Where oaks are sabbin' deepest groan
& colder grows the sea-cliff stone,
Where the old woman of Scorie
Stands on a rock above the sea
Pointing a staff of crystal shell,
Chaunting an ancyeut gaelic spell,
& to Neptune announc'd the news,
Whose waves shimmer myriad hues,
Simmering rainbow finery,
As fishes sink to depths of sea,
Sad fins forming these keethin' rings
As Albatrosses slicken wings
A torment rose right marvellous,
On goustrous winds tempestuous
Fell thunderplump in wild demand
& only levins light the land
With savage strikes, the sun was spent,
But for a splendour radiant

That with the phantom Wallace went!

18 The Blind Minstrel's Lament

Upon a rock oer foaming flood,
Oor haggard-eyed blind minstrel stood
With Master's hand & Prophet's fire,
Struck deep his sorrows with a lyre;
*"Alas, to whom shall we complain?
Alas, who shall restrain oor pain?
Alas, we have lost oor good light?
Alas, who shall defend oor right?
Alas, more pain approaches near
& sorrowful, is set in fear,
Alas, oor greatest governor
Is coming to his fatal hour,
Alas, where shall our comfort be?
Who shall now make poor Scotland free?
Where is the soul of freedom fled?
Immingled with the mighty dead
Beneath the turf where Wallace lies
& all of us puggl'd by sighs,
His name is found like flowers wild,
His deeds across the country piled;
Tower & castle, butt & leap,
The bed where Wallace once did sleep,
The camp, the well, the isle, the seat,
The stone where Wallace wash'd his feet,
The port from where his boat set sail.."*
About him flew a phrenzied gale,
Stood on the summit of a ben,
God's grandeur there reveal'd to men,
Then aiming lungs toward the south

He piped a song that mouth-to-mouth
Had pass'd down ages since the times
The Picts made music to their rhymes.

19 The Spanish Minstrel's Lament

The minstrel summon'd eldritch Picts
With fancied breath & faerie tricks
Drove music droning from the sticks
To echo 'cross the lonely moors,
& billow on to foreign shores,
Where pipers climb'd up to a rise,
& press'd their own pipes to the skies,
& somewhere mid the Pyrrynees
Gaitas flow with gentle squeeze,
Lulling the bright sun out to play
A Spaniard rais'd his gaze too say,
*"O thou, that rollest above us,
Round as the gaze of my fathers,
The oceans shrink, the oceans rise,
The moon herself lost to the skies,
But thou art ever shining same,
Rejoicing in thy sphere of flame,
But for Wallace ye have grown cold,
He shall never again behold
Thy golden beams, whether they are
Spreading from Oriental star
Or trembling at the Western gates,
For mortals must bow to the fates,
& so a shining soul sets sail
His essence passes thro the veil
That keeps us from eternity,
Martyr'd with immortality,*

*Lone thistle guards his spirit's grave,
Until Scotland submerged by wave
He shall shine on us forever
Wallace be forgotten? Never!"*

BOOK 10

BANNOCKBURN

1 Edward II Reaches Bannockburn

The day is now midsimmer's eve
& King Edward has come to reave,
His happy force reaches Torwood
Where to their shock the Scottis stood!
Kaleidoscopic livery
Gleam'd brightly as that vast army
Passed through the hamlet of Bannock,
Stirling castle high on her rock
Seem'd ever close but ever far,
Untouchable, like some bright star,
From whence her Governor did ride,
Soon mounted at his monarch's side,
*"There is no need for battle, sire,
You have heeded honour's desire
& seen, in good time, this castle,
There is no need to do battle,"*
The King's eyes to that fortress drew
Resplendent under cloudless blue,
*"No, sir, we shall do battle here
& bash the Scots that dare appear
So much that they shall never rise,
Striking this Saltire from the skies -
Now tell me of the Scottis host."*
"They are six thousand at the most!"
*"Alert the men, prepare the Horse
& let the battle take due course,
I shall sleep easily tonight,
The best must we have of this fight,"*
Said the young king, who soon was gone
To his perfect pavilion,

Swapping his crown for silken cap,
Not knowing him caught in a trap!

2 The English Army Reaches the Field

Wild wolf-howls cry across the land,
& Caledon shall make a stand,
Up to the burn the suthron came,
Of Hereford & Lincoln fame,
Readying for the final fight
Made camps to ease the chill of night,
Set down their arms & sat their arse
Where purple periwinkle sparse
Is softly sprinkl'd on the carse
& rushing rivers gush & flow
By golden gorse, where grasses grow,
But they had blunder'd in a bog
Where white-faced coots vie with the frog,
It was a wet & weary marsh,
The skin was soak'd, the chill was harsh,
But being very arrogant,
Of victory full confident,
The Inglis drained their drinking pots,
& bragg'd the downfall of the Scots
& did not mind the damp, black mud
That soon would thicken with their blood;
Portion of oor high endeavour,
Portion of oor heart forever,
Compelling often, Scots return
To tread the field at Bannockburn!

3 The Scottish Line

Up came the morning with the sun,

& Scottis men, when dawn was done,
Emerge impressive from the trees,
& as one soul all drop to knees
Their Paternosters did repeat
Before the bald pate & bare feet
Of the Abbot of Inchaffray,
Blessing men's weapons, as men pray,
To live or die in wild melee
For they would make their contree free!
Of this the king was very gladly told
His force of foot & horse would hold,
So proud to be on that plain field,
With spears & lances, sword & shield,
Broad battle lines broadly arrayed
Their buxom banners tall display'd,
Where even Small Fowk proudly stood
For through their veins flows Scotia's blood,
Clutching crude pitchforks, scythes & clubs
"Great elephants brought down by grubs!"
The King calls, & was glad to see
This raggel-taggle clanjamfrie
& rode about to rouse his men,
"The Inglis lion in oor den!"
Then through a hole in blue whinstone
He fix'd the standard of his throne
& sat, not on a wooden chair,
But on a steed without compare
For that horse was in Scotland bred
To bear the crown upon his head!

4 The Armies Meet

The Bruce to all his boys now said,

*"Ye Scots! wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Now is the day & now the hour,
Proudly approaches Edward's power
To lay us low, mercilessly
Oppress us into slavery,
Oor sons must not wear servile chains
So let us dearly drain oor veins,
The mighty sword of freedom draw
For Scotland & her ancient law
& with the verve of victory
Come strike a blow for liberty,
Brave soldiers let us do or die!"*

Six thousand Scotsmen took the cry
& as Edward now saw plainly,
Scottis angels shining brightly,
Taking position in the field,
Four great schiltrons of pike & shield,
He grew astonish'd by the sight
Said, " *What, will yonder Scottis fight?*"
"Aye, bravely sire!" sighed an old knight,
"They are ready to give battle,
& if ye will permit counsel,
Withdraw with your spiky pennants
& all of your young knight errants
& you shall see, come morrow day,
These squabbling Scottis break away,
"Never, said Edward, "Let none say
That in battle I lacked courage
Today's the day the war we wage!"

5 The Bruce Challeng'd

His rampant lion raging tall,
The King of Scots is seen by all,
Upon a grand & grey Palfray,

Trotting among the Scots array,
There largely all among his men,
The lands of Scotland dealt he then
& many men he made a knight,
Brave men of goodness & of right,
Who watch'd their king in mickle might
Ride cross the field the foe to sight,
& as the Bruce took this shrewd course
The Earl of Gloucester saw his horse
Was straying too far from Scots force
So couch'd his lance & bucked & sped,
To knock the crown from Scottis head,
A murd'rous sprint his spear to fling,
Aimed at the heart of Scottis king,
Who jouks & in his straps upstood
Jousting his sword down with a thud,
Scything through helm & skull & blood
Slayer of his would-be slayer,
Blessing his lord with whisper'd prayer
How close was death, how close, how near!
Yet from the Scottis rose a cheer
Knowing that from this first meeting
The day was destined for their king.

6 The Battle of Bannockburn

Soon two armies assembled are
On dew-fresh field ready for war,
The Inglis knights have form'd a line
Of mounted steel in squadrons nine,
How beautiful these horses were
Their riders shining in the smirr,
Knights urging faster at the spur,
Driving murder ever forward

For the glory of King Edward,
Good brow lads now must match that pride,
Walking to war on either side
Go skilful schiltrons keen to fight
For bonnet laird & noble knight,
Plunging stalwart into the fray
To win them honour & the day
Spears & swords unlock men's lives,
& spears & maces & sharp knives
& weaponless men still grapple,
Gripping broad hands round thick thrapple
& sic was this spilling of blood,
The earth soon soak'd in scarlet flood,
As many worthy men in might
Through force was fallen in the fight
& had no might to rise again
For every breath fast causeth pain,
& with each death, as good men died,
Fierce grew the war on either side,
& slowly Inglis arrogance
Was snapping like a broken lance.

7 The Highland Charge

King Edward calls on his reserve
Blood stood in pools, the loop'd carse curve
Twixt Bannockburn & Pelstream cramm'd
By armies in great jousting jamm'd,
Bruce turned to Angus of the Isles,
& flash'd him the broadest of smiles,
*"MacDonald, there's your enemy
& my hope is constant in thee!"*
"No problem, sire!" & to a man

His islemen stood for Dungevan,
As with their faerie flag unfurl'd
No match was theirs across the world
& as that banner buck'd & blew
An eagle & a longship flew,
Each haelander kisses his blade
& sic skyrommie shrieks are made,
Like savage amazons they looked,
Rag-tag, bobtail'd & bare-buttocked,
Whose scarmoch roar & shrieking cry
Surged forward, unafraid to die,
Could any stand such radge attack?
So madly & ramballiach
They went about their deadly work
With cutting claymore, slitting durk,
As on all sides grew wastes of men,
Being crossed out by war's black pen,
Bodies strewn on the mangl'd floor,
Death-grinning, weltering in gore,
Or dying, crying in the mud,
Feet slipping in the sticky blood.

8 The Welsh Attack

The Cymric archers swung around
& found a spot of quiet ground,
There in three lines of battle drew
Their weapons made of sylvan yew,
Took aim & bending back their bows,
Let loose thin shafts of barb'd arrows,
So swift that in this soaring flow

Five arrows airborne from each bow,
Death-dealers reaping thick like rain
& many Scots borne down & slain,
This being hard to his good men,
Choked was the Bruce, full well he ken
That these archers were perilous,
With shot right hard & sore grievous,
Arrows landing so thick & fast,
Leaving his Scottis lads aghast,
So summon'd his marshal, promptly
Keith came up with his cavalry,
Five hundred horsemen of renown
To ride the keen Welsh archers down,
Soon them among the archers made,
With roaming blows a bloody raid,
Taking the archers in their side
& so ferocious was the ride,
This charge had turned the battle's tide!

9 The Small Fowk

The beady eyes of crows now fix
On frenzied fighting's intermix,
Numbering humblings & tumbings
Of nobles, foot-men, knights & kings,
Some men tough pressed, some flush with might
So many worthy in that fight,
& what of them who poorly fought?
No shame for them shall e'er be sought,
For brave are those who go to war,
Whether they battle bold or poor,
For battles even boys instil
With heart & courage, strength & will,
As by that fray, for good or ill,

What rabble hears the battle's call,
Brave men & women sleeves uproll,
& with crude weapons carve a force
Now shouting as the savage Norse
& charge the foe with mighty mien,
The milk-maid, shepherd & the swain
In whose lugs words kept echoing,
The stirring call made by their King,
*"Each man be bold, each man be true
& each man knows what he must do!"*
Upon the flanks these Small Fowk press,
Leech-red in bloody battle dress,
Prejudice pulsing through the vein,
As in their wake grew trails of slain
Avenging twenty years of pain!

10 The Scottish Victorious

As Scottis strappan surge applied
Highest & benmost was descried
Their royal banner floating wide,
Where in the midst of private wars
The Bruce fought awesome for his cause
Fought like a river in a spate,
Through thick-packed host without abate,
Aggression from his essence pour'd,
Sir Wallace with him in his sword,
& liberty, with every blow,
Returns, as falls the tyrant foe
*"On them, on them, they feeble fast,
These moments are not built to last!"*
Across the way, with wretched face,
Watching his men flee from the place,

Edward acknowledges defeat
Descend from heaven full & fleet,
Says D'Argentine, "*The day is lost
& your capture our greatest cost,
You must escape unto safety!*"
King Edward scatter'd hastily
As white swans do from some loud sound,
Trying to flee the battleground
& many tried to grab the king,
Hard riding with his mace flailing,
His horse was piked, but now at last
The battle & the danger pass'd,
"*Now you are safe,*" said D'Argentine,
"*Sire, hurry homeward to your queen,
But I shall stay, for ne'er have I
Fled battle,*" & return'd to die.

11 The Bruce Triumphant

Full sick of battle, sick of war,
The Inglis spurn this place of gore,
In wylde, defenceless haste they sped,
Leaving the victors with their dead
Leaving the Ravens to grow red,
"*On them, on them, on them, they fail!*"
Men sprinted madly cross the vale,
Roses wilting neath the assail
Fate deems the Thistle must prevail,
Further it went with all its might,
The Inglis put to feather'd flight,
Freedom restored upon that plain
Scotland redeem'd through heap'd up slain

& sic a vast triumphant shout
Was heard for many leagues about,
Where victor-flush rides true Scots King,
Right to the castle of Stirling,
Whose Governor stands at the gate
& greets the Bruce like an old mate,
*"Well done, my lord, honour to you
& honest chivalry is due,
I shall give you the gatehouse keys
To this fair castle, if you please!"*
Then fell upon a bended knee
& pledged his future loyalty
To Robert Bruce, in victory
Magnanimous & courteous,
Said, *"Now we are victorious
& many ransoms do we hold,
Whose lives are worth their weight in gold,
Send messengers into England,
At last we have the upper hand!"*

12 The Loyal Clans

Through Scotland surged the land's relief,
As many an ancient clan chief,
Rode to the Bruce, whose victory,
Had unified the whole contree,
Many a fine & famous name,
Would take sworn loyalty back hame;
Davidson, Campbell of Argyle,
Menzies, Maclaren of Glengyle,
Brodie of Brodie, Macnaughton -
Descended from Pictish Necthan -
Maxwell, Fraser, Forbes of Urquhart,
Macduff, Macnab of Glendochart,

Douglas, Johnston, Duart's Maclean,
Hay, Cunningham, Home, Graham, Skene,
Macfarlane, Elliot, Dundas,
Macgillivray of Dunmaglass,
Macdonald, Maxwell, MacEwan,
Graham, Robertson of Struan -
Who bears the only living veins
Where flows the blood of former reigns -
Macbeth, Matthewson, Macdougall,
MacAuley of Ardincaple,
Macmillan, Macsween of Kintyre,
Macleod, Maccallum, Macintyre
& good Sir Adam Gordon - friend
Of Wallace, with him to the end,
That Bruce rewards with Strathbogie -
How many more swore fealty!
Scott, Leslie, Lindsay, Ogilvie
With the Wallaces of Craigie,
Cousins of Scotland's liberty!

BOOK 12

ARBROATH

1 The Treaty of Abroath

All wars end in diplomacy,
Battle has set the Scottis free,
But far away the contree's hope
Lies with the bias of the Pope,
If Robert was refused his reign
Would all their suffrance be in vain?
If Christ's first soul denies the king
Many more knights could Ingland bring

Drawn from all over Christendom,
From Bannockburn to Kingdom Come,
So Bruce summon'd nobility
To come & pay due fealty
At the cathedral of Arbroath -
From both sides of the frothing Forth
They came in splendid finery
& plentiful festivity,
Where on the beach did De Linton,
Muse magic in the morning sun
Native spirit helping him scribe
& web of noble words to weave
This brightly shining document,
A manuscript that would be sent
To Avignon, where pious bides
The Pope & all His spirit-guides,
As one-by-one the magnates came
Each swore to add their seal & name
To Scottis spirit carved in word,
As gather'd round their King they heard
The settl'd will of Scottis soul
The Bruce's words filling the hall
Chaunting in sweeping cadences
Through these sonorous sentences!

2 The Scottish Nobility

*"Most Holy Father, friend of Christ,
Lord John, vicar of paradise,
Man of the providence divine,
Supreme Pontiff of Jesus' wine,
Laird of the holy church of Rome,
Receive us from oor Scottish home,
Your sons so humble in their life;
Noble Duncan, the Earl of Fife,*

*Thomas Randolph, Roger Mowbray,
David Graham & Gilbert Hay,
The Earls of Ross, March & Moray,
Lennox, Strathearn & Sutherland,
Sir Walter, Steward of Scotland,
Campbell, Fergus of Ardrossan,
Mowat, Murray, Maxwell, Straiton,
Cheyne, Ramsay, Leslie, Cameron,
Wemyss, Mushet, Graham, Fenton,
Magnus of Caithness & Orkney
& others of good baronrie,
The Lords of Brechin & Douglas
& through Scotland divers others
Offer filial reverence,
Kisses devout & Peter's pence.*

3 The Scottish Primacy

*Thou most Holy Father & Lord,
As ancyent chronicles abroad
Tell that the Scottis & their crown
Graced with a widespread, world renown,
From Greater Scythia they hail'd,
Through pillars Herculean sail'd
To dwell an age in dusky Spain
Where savage tribes desired them pain,
But nowhere could they be subdued
By races barbarous & crude,
& thence they came, twelve hundred years
Since Moses dried old Israel's tears,
Finding a special place to stay,
Westerly, where they live today,
The Britons, there, they first drove out
& then the Picts utterly rout,
Though often was assailed the reign*

*By Norwegian, Saxon & Dane,
They took possession of that home,
Valorous as a second Rome
& as historians of old
Bare witness, they have kept good hold
Upon these lands where minstrel sings
Of one hundred & thirteen kings
Of oor ain royal stock divine,
Pure in blood, an unbroken line.*

4 Saint Andrew

*This people's highest qualities
Have gain'd glories enough from this:
But in the kirk the eunoch sings
Of Jesus Christ, oor king of kings,
Following his perfect Passion
& the day of Resurrection,
Did call them to his holy thought,
Even though settled so remote
Into the Earth's uttermost parts,
Nigh first, with faith filling their hearts,
Nor would He have confirmed the Scots
With anyone chosen by lots,
But the first of His Apostles
Whose e'erlasting relique fossils
Were brought for all good Scots to view,
Him, the most gentle Saint Andrew,
Him, the blessed Peter's brother,
Desires to be our protector
& sacred patron forever -
Since then oor Most Holy Fathers,
Your wide, revered predecessors,
Gave careful heed to all these things
& on the country & her kings*

*Bestowed many gracious favours
& numerous privileges,
As we, being the special care
Of blessed Peter's brother fair,
Have lived & thrived so peacefully,
Rejoicing in oor liberty,*

5 The Wars of Independance

*Scotland saw days of darkling crime
In England's first King Edward's time,
Father of him that rules today,
Who to low lots oor land would lay,
Seeing oor kingdom had no head,
& our people unprotected
He treat us as an enemy
Drew deeds of violent cruelty
Wholesale slaughter, pillage, arson,
Both robb'd & murder'd monk & nun,
Comitting many outrages
To all sexes, ranks & ages,
That could cover countless pages,
Such horrors no-one could surmise
Unless were seen by their own eyes!
But from this endless treachery
Our peoples have gain'd liberty
By help of Him, who though afflicts,
Heals & restores, & those edicts
Sent by our tireless King & Lord,
Robert the Bruce, whose fiery sword,
Fearless in wars that others wage,
Preserv'd his people's heritage,
Deliver'd from opponent hands,*

*& 'gainst the tides of peril stands
Like another Macabaeus
Or Joshua, victorious
He bore those hardships cheerfully,
For greater good of his contree,
With divine providence, his right
Of succession in heaven's sight!*

6 The Scottish Defiance

*According to those ancyent laws
We shall maintain, them whom oppose
Oor customs fight unto the death,
All of Scotland join'd in one breath,
That duly with oor consenting
Has made the Bruce oor prince & king,
Praise him by whom our salvation
Was wrought upon the good nation,
Whereby his merits & the law
Holding oor freedom to the fore,
We are bound to the Bruce today
& by him stand, proud come what may!
Yet, though he is oor greatest son,
If he gives up what he begun,
Trifles with oor hard-won freedom
& to make us or oor kingdom
Subject to the King of England,
For this we Scots would never stand
& would at once put him to flight
As the subverter of oor right
& make some other man the king,
Able the land's defence to bring,
For as long as but a hundred
Of us remain alive & good,
From this moment & forever,*

*We shall never, thrice times never,
Be brought before the Inglis rule,
'Tis not for glory, gleaming jewel,
Nor honours that we are fighting,
But freedom, tis a noble thing,
Which no man born with honesty
Would give up, unless dead were he!*

7 The Papal Plea

*Thus we to thee, Father & Lord,
Beseech thy Holinesses word,
Hearts open, praying earnestly,
Hope you will in sincerity
& goodness consider all this,
Since you, that His Vice-Regent is
Treats equal Greek, Jew, Scot, Inglis
Look at those troubles brought on us
By Inglis hosts vainglorious
May it please you to admonish
& exhort Kings of the Inglis,
Who ought them to be satisfied
With what once seven did divide
& leave us Scots to our own soil,
Who covet nothing but the toil
Of oor poor, little dwelling place,
Father, this truly concerns you,
Since you have been sanction'd to view
The savagery of the heathens
Raging against the Christians,
Whose princes false reasons pretend,
They cannot to the crusades send
Their Knights because of local wars,
For all this read one real cause,
For making war on neighbours small*

*Makes fast profit & few knights fall,
As Him, whom nothing does not know,
Knows how cheerfully would we go
To war against the infidel,
In your thoughts let this reason dwell,
Our lives we shall profess to thee,
Vicar of Christianity!*

8 Bruce Completes the Reading

*But, if regards your Holiness
With faith the false English impress
& will not grant belief sincere
To what we have written down here,
Then the slaughter that must befall,
With the perdition of the soul
& all the woe inflicted then,
By them on us & us on them,
Will surely be laid upon you
By Him Most High that all must view
Concluding, we shall ever be,
As far as the call of duty
Binds us to your will, full ready
As sons obedient to you
His Vicar, & forever true
To Him our Supreme judge & King,
To cast our cares in thee, trusting
He will inspire us with courage,
Annul the wars our foemen wage,
May the Most High with sacred gaze,
Preserve your health, grant length of days!"*
Silence descended for a while,
De Linton gave approving smile
& all the nobles gather'd there
Toss'd herbs & flowers to the air

& all who heard the words agree
They'd never known sic majesty,
Feeling their rightful liberties
Would thunder down the centuries,
Seeming that Scotland & the age
Are cast forever on the page!

9 The Treaty Taken to France

The Treaty of Arboath is born
& on the breast of Scotland worn
As noble men with teary zeal
Inscribe the parchment with their seal,
The bells of Abroath peeel & peel!
With the declaration muster'd,
On two knights the scroll entrusted,
De Gordon & De Maubuisson,
Who by the morning star were gone,
Meandering to Avignon,
Sails bellied out beneath the breeze,
Stretch'd far & roundabout the seas,
Where bottlenose & flipper rise
Above the waves... the crows nest cries,
"Inglis pirates are bearing down!"
The captain's face grew affy frown,
"Do not fret!" said De Maubuisson,
"We shall win yet!" adds De Gordon,
As pirates pulled aside to board
Both knights unsheath'd a gleaming sword
& leapt upon the priate's deck
Severing bodies from the neck
& less than half-a-minute pass'd
Before they had broken the mast

& slain the ocean banditry,
The Scottis captain jigged in glee
& boated them round Brittany,
Surfing the vast Atlantic flow
To dock the vessel at Bordeaux,
& bid the knights his heart-felt hope
They would be welcom'd by the Pope.

10 Avignon

Two Knights rode on through sundry lands
To where the Rhone has silver sands
& the Rocher les Doms commands
An oval bowl of gardens green
Stuffed full of priestliness serene
That gilded cage beneath the sun
The holy see of Avignon!
Where many days those knights did wait,
The mistral fierce, the evening late,
When they were granted audience,
The room was candle lit intense,
As bishop reads De Linton's words,
Fluttering as a flock of birds,
Their flight ends & a silence falls,
Soft breeze flutters along the walls
Raising the rows of canvas art,
The Pope took bishoprie apart
& there they talk'd a little while,
The knights stood nervous in the aisle
Til bishop greets them with a smile,
*“De Gordon & De Maubisson,
Ye brave young knights of Caledon,
Him that resides at Avignon*

*Has been heart-struck by your warm plea,
Wishes freedom for your contree,
& now shall treat you as his friend
By morning prayers he shall send
A transcript to your sacred king,
Which ye two knights shall to him bring!"*

11 Two Letters

Two parchments have departed France,
Both texts desiring to advance,
The peaceful isles of Albion -
The first is carried to London,
Words that the second Edward reads
Describing warfare's gory deeds,
& strongly urging them to cease
So Scots can carry on in peace -
Of this Edward did nobly learn
First witness of the papal turn,
Remembering brave Bannockburn,
He sent a letter to Scotland
Offering them filial hand!
So one by sea & one by land
Two letters came to Edinburgh!
Arriving almost together,
One from King Edward in London
One from the Pope in Avignon
Which with a knife of silver sheen
Was opened by the Scottis Queen,
*"Has word come on from Avignon
On oor ex-communication?"*
*"My husband, Dio gloria,
Absolvitur ab instantia!"*
The second text confirms the truce,
Sent by King Edward to the Bruce,

Recognizing the Scotis right,
Resolved for ever in her fight,
To never let battle renew,
So both lands can the future view
In perfect calm as neighbours do.

12 Freedom

The Scots free from tyrant control,
Free as the waves of ocean roll,
Free as the thoughts of minstrel soul
But freedom bought at such a price,
Many had made good sacrifice,
But bonnie Scotland has stood firm
Against the frightful Lambeth worm!
Her voices rising proud & free
For love of land & liberty,
Frae granite city, Aberdeen,
To Aberfeldy sat serene
Frae Inchcolm, Findochty, Durness
To Comrie, Sanquhar & Stenness,
Frae Fintry, Keith & Cunnighame
To woolly-wooded Whittinghame
Frae bothys between Lairg & Tongue
To all the islands set among
The Hebrides both near & far,
Frae Dalkeith, Dunfermline, Dunbar
To Currie, Carnoustie, Cupar,
Frae Granton, Gorbals & Maybole
To Papay near the Arctic Pole
The Glaswegian, the Galwegian,
Frae Gilmerton in Lothian,
To Motherwell & marshy Merse,
& all the lughts that intersperse

The golden spellcraft of a glen,
Where nature dwells with happy men!

13 Saint Andrew's Cross

How mightily flys oor Saltire
Frae Taransay & Luskentyre
To the crofts of treeless Lewis
& the soft hill slopes of Harris
Frae Ayr, which no town can surpass
For honest lad & bonny lass,
To Invergarry, Inverness,
Portlethen, Prestwick, Quanterness,
& Edina, Scotia's empress,
Frae Newcastleton in the south
To Ullapool at Loch Broon's mouth,
Where fishermen e'er praise this day
Frae Kenmore, all along the Tay
Through Crieff to Perth & then Dundee
& further, perch'd upon the sea,
Airy Arbroath & its abbey
Where pious Bernard de Linton
Reads through the text from Avignon,
Ending the reading with a smile,
As wide as Thurso to Argyle
& summons a young trumpeteer
To sound the glory of this year,
Soft airels on the ocean breeze
Ascend the skies in sweet degrees,
Sailing to nations overseas,
Now all shall know who know the world
Saint Andrews cross fore'er unfurl'd!

The Declaration of Arbroath :

Original latin text (1320)

Sanctissimo Patri in Christo ac Domino, domino Johanni, diuina prouidencia Sacrosancte Romane et Vniuersalis Ecclesie Summo Pontifici, Filii Sui Humiles et deuoti Duncanus Comes de Fyf, Thomas Ranulphi Comes Morauie Dominus Mannie et Vallis Anandie, Patricius de Dumbar Comes Marchie, Malisius Comes de Stratheryne, Malcolmus Comes de Leuenax, Willelmus Comes de Ross, Magnus Comes Cathanie et Orkadie et Willelmus Comes Suthirlandie; Walterus Senescallus Scocie, Willelmus de Soules Buttelarius Scocie, Jacobus Dominus de Duglas, Rogerus de Moubray, Daudid Dominus de Brechyn, Daudid de Graham, Ingeramus de Vmfrauille, Johannes de Menetethe Custos Comitatus de Menetethe, Alexander Fraser, Gilbertus de Haya Constabularius Scocie, Robertus de Keth Marescallus Scocie, Henricus de Sancto Claro, Johannes de Graham, Daudid de Lindesay, Willelmus Olifaunt, Patricius de Graham, Johannes de Fentoun, Willelmus de Abirnithy, Daudid de Wemys, Willelmus de Montefixo, Fergusius de Ardrossane, Eustachius de Maxwell, Willelmus de Ramesay, Willelmus de Montealto, Alanus de Morauia, Douenaldus Cambell, Johannes Cambrun, Reginaldus le chen, Alexander de Setoun, Andreas de Lescelyne, et Alexander de Stratoun, Ceterique Barones et Liberetenenetes ac tota Communitas Regni Scocie, omnimodam Reuerenciam filialem cum deuotis Pedum osculis beatorum.

Scimus, Sanctissime Pater et Domine, et ex antiquorum gestis et libris Colligimus quod inter Ceteras naciones egregias nostra scilicet Scottorum nacio multis preconijs fuerit insignita, que de Maiori Schithia per Mare tirenium et Columpnas Herculis transiens et in Hispania inter ferocissimas gentes per multa temporum curricula Residens a nullis quantumcumque barbaricis poterat allicubi gentibus subiugari. Indequē veniens post mille et ducentos annos a transitu populi israelitici per mare rubrum sibi sedes in Occidente

quas nunc optinet, expulsis primo Britonibus et Pictis omnino deletis, licet per Norwagienses, Dacos et Anglicos sepius impugnata fuerit, multis cum victorijs et Laboribus quamplurimis adquisuit, ipsaque ab omni seruitute liberas, vt Priscorum testantur Historie, semper tenuit. In quorum Regno Centum et Tredescim Reges de ipsorum Regali prosapia, nullo alienigena interueniente, Regnauerunt.

Quorum Nobilitates et Merita, licet ex alijs non clarent, satis patenter effulgent ex eo quod Rex Regum et dominancium dominus Jhesus Christus post passionem suam et Resurreccionem ipsos in vltimis terre finibus constitutos quasi primos ad suam fidem sanctissimam conuocauit. Nec eos per quemlibet in dicta fide confirmari voluit set per suum primum apostolum vocacione quamuis ordine secundum vel tertium, sanctum Andream mitissimum beati Petri Germanum, quem semper ipsis preesse voluit vt Patronum.

Hec autem Sanctissimi Patres et Predecessores vestri sollicita mente pensantes ipsum Regnum et populum vt beati Petri germani peculium multis fauoribus et priuilegijs quamplurimis Munierunt, Ita quippe quod gens nostra sub ipsorum proteccionem hactenus libera deguit et quieta donec ille Princeps Magnificus Rex Anglorum Edwardus, pater istius qui nunc est, Regnum nostrum acephalum populumque nullius mali aut doli nec bellis aut insultibus tunc assuetum sub amici et confederati specie inimicabiliter infestauit. Cuius iniurias, Cedas, violencias, predaciones, incendia, prelatorum incarcerationes, Monasteriorum combustiones, Religiosorum spoliaciones et occisiones alia quoque enormia et innumera que in dicto populo exercuit, nulli parcens etati aut sexui, Religioni aut ordini, nullus scriberet nec ad plenum intelligeret nisi quem experientia informaret.

A quibus Malis innumeris, ipso Iuuante qui post uulnera medetur et sanat, liberati sumus per strenuissimum Principem, Regem et

Dominum nostrum, Dominum Robertum, qui pro populo et hereditate suis de manibus Inimicorum liberandis quasi alter Machabeus aut Josue labores et tedia, inedia et pericula, leto sustinuit animo. Quem eciam diuina dispositio et iuxta leges et Consuetudines nostra, quas vsque ad mortem sustinere volumus, Juris successio et debitus nostrorum omnium Consensus et Assensus nostrum fecerunt Principem atque Regem, cui tanquam illi per quem salus in populo nostro facta est pro nostra libertate tuenda tam Jure quam meritis tenemur et volumus in omnibus adherere.

Quem si ab inceptis desisteret, regi Anglorum aut Anglicis nos aut Regnum nostrum volens subicere, tanquam inimicum nostrum et sui nostrique Juris subuersorem statim expellere niteremur et alium Regem nostrum qui ad defensionem nostram sufficeret faceremus. Quia quamdiu Centum ex nobis viui remanserint, nuncquam Anglorum dominio aliquatenus volumus subiugari. Non enim propter gloriam, diuicias aut honores pugnamus set propter libertatem solummodo quam Nemo bonus nisi simul cum vita amittit. Hinc est, Reuerende Pater et Domine,

Quod sanctitatem vestram omni precum instancia genuflexis cordibus exoramus quatinus sincero corde Menteque pia recensentes quod apud eum cuius vices in terris geritis cum non sit Pondus nec distincio Judei et greci, Scoti aut Anglici, tribulaciones et angustias nobis et Ecclesie dei illatas ab Anglicis paternis oculis intuentes, Regem Anglorum, cui sufficere debet quod possidet cum olim Anglia septem aut pluribus solebat sufficere Regibus, Monere et exhortari dignemini vt nos scotos, in exili degentes Scocia vltra quam habitacia non est nichilque nisi nostrum Cupientes, in pace dimittat. Cui pro nostra procuranda quiete quicquid possumus, ad statum nostrum Respectu habito, facere volumus cum effectum.

Vestra enim interest, sancte Pater, hoc facere qui paganorum feritatem, Christianorum culpis exigentibus, in Christianos seuientem aspicitis et Christianorum terminos arctari indies,

quantumque vestre sanctitatis memorie derogat si (quod absit) Ecclesia in aliqua sui parte vestris temporibus patiatur eclipsim aut Scandalum, vos videritis. Excitet igitur Christianos Principes qui non causam vt causam ponentes se fingunt in subsidium terre sancte propter guerras quas habent cum proximis ire non posse. Cuius inpedimenti Causa est verior quod in Minoribus proximis debellandis vtilitas prior et resistencia debilior estimantur. Set quam leto corde dictus dominus Rex noster et Nos si Rex Anglorum nos is pace dimitteret illis iremus qui nichil ignorat satis novit. Quod Christi vicario totique Christianitati ostendimus et testamur.

Quibus si sanctitas vestra Anglorum reatibus nimis credula fidem sinceram non adhibeat aut ipsis in nostram confusionem fauere non desinat, corporum excidia, animarum excicia, et cetera que sequentur incomoda que ipsi in nobis et Nos in ipsis fecerimus vobis ab altissimo credimus inputanda.

Ex quo sumus et erimus in hiis que tenemur tanquam obediencie filii vobis tanquam ipsius vicario parati in omnibus complacere, ipsique tanquam Summo Regi et Judici causam nostram tuendam committimus, Cogitatum nostrum Jactantes in ipso sperantesque firmiter quod in nobis virtutem faciet et ad nichilum rediget hostes nostros.

Sanctitatem ac sanitatem vestram conseruet altissimus Ecclesie sue sancte per tempora diuturna.

Datum apud Monasterium de Abirbrothoc in Scocis Sexto die mensis Aprilis Anno gracia Millesimo Trescentesimo vicesimo Anno vero Regni Regis nostri supradicti Quinto decimo.

Historical Precedents

In the late fifteenth century a certain John Ramsey was given the task of copying two medieval Scottish poems. Each effort took approximately a year, producing two transcripts of the Brus (1487 & 1489) & a single version of Blind Harry's Wallace (1488). His patron was 'Sir Symon Lochmalory of Ouchtirmunsye,' a vicar, who must have felt these two poems should be placed side by side. Sir Symon was right to ask for them both, forming as they do an excellent account of the Wars of Independence & the literary backbone of Scottish patriotism. In these two poems, as in history, Robert the Bruce, William Wallace & 'many others of renown' would forge Scotland's identity in bloody battle against the auld enemy, England.

John Barbour was born in the year of the Declaration of Arbroath (1320) & would have grown up listening to the tales of Robert the Bruce & Bannockburn. It is no surprise that he turned his considerable poetic powers to the subject, producing his famous poem 'The Brus.' He was the first poet to write in lowland Scots, & can be considered a Scotia's equivalent to Chaucer. Barbour was given a number of passports by Edward III of England to study in Oxford & France & it is not impossible that he met Chaucer en route. His poem consists of 14,000 octosyllabic lines, & as a verse-chronicle is nigh unmatched in world literature. It was written probably under the patronage of David II, & his efforts were probably rewarded with a royal pension by Robert II – David's successor. Here follows an extract from the 'Preface to the reader' in the 1616 edition of 'The Brus.'

"There is nothing which the mind of man does more aspire than to renown & immortality: therefore it is, that no time has been so barbarous, no country so incivil, but they have had a care to preserve worthy actions from

the injury of oblivion, & laboured that the names of these that were virtuous, while they lived, should not perish with their breath... that fame of which many years since was among foreigners of their ancient poets the bards, who wrote in verse the deeds of their valiant men, & sang them in the wild forests & mountains with which the many records we have of the ancient defenders of our country, may be brought forth: & among all the rest, this story of the valiant Bruce is not the least: it speaks the language of that time, if it speaks ours, it would not be itself: yet as an antique it is venerable."

Blind Harry (1440-1492), also known as Henry the Minstrel, wrote his '*Actes & Deidis of the Illustre & Vallyeant Campioun Schir William Wallace*' around 1477, 170 years after the knight's death. During that time the memory of Wallace had begun to fade, Barbour had not even mentioned him in his poem, & writers such as Andrew Wyntoun had speculated on writing the story, but felt inadequate to the task. It was Harry, then, who stepped up to the plate & gave us the 11,877 couplets of his wonderful poem. Not long after the formation of Great Britain, in 1722, William Hamilton of Gilbertfield published a version in modernized English, giving the book a much wider audience. It would go on to inspire such literary lights as Byron, Burns & Wordsworth, becoming the 2nd most popular book in Scotland after the Bible. This in turn influenced Randal Wallace, whose film '*Braveheart*' would indirectly inspire Scotland's renew'd sense of patriotism, leading to devolution & its own national parliament.

