

Robert Surtees (1779-1834)

2 *The Raid of Featherstonehaugh*

A Border Ballad

I.

Hoot awa', lads, hoot awa',
Ha' ye heard how the Riddleys, and Thirlwalls, and a',
Ha' set upon Albany Featherstonhaugh,
And taken his life at the Deadman's shaw?
 There was Willimoteswick, 5
 And Hardriding Dick,
And Hughie of Hawden, and Will of the Wa'.
 I canno tell a', I canno tell a',
And mony a mair that the deil may knaw.

II.

The auld man went down, but Nicol, his son, 10
Run away afore the fight was begun;
 And he run, and he run,
 And afore they were done,
There was mony a Featherston gat sic a stun,
As never was seen since the world begun. 15

III.

I canno tell a', I canno tell a',
Some gat a skelp, and some gat a claw;
But they gar'd the Featherstones haud their jaw,
 Nicol, and Alick, and a'.
Some gat a hurt, and some got nane; 20
Some had harness, and some gat sta'en.

IV.

Ane gat a twist o' the craig;
Ane gat a dunch o' the wame;
Symy Haw gat lamed of a leg,
And syne ran wallowing hame. 25

V.

Hoot, hoot, the auld man's slain outright!

Lay him now wi' his face down: — he's a sorrowful sight.
Janet, thou donnot,
I'll lay my best bonnet,
Thou gets a new gude-man afore it be night. 30

VI.

Hoot away, lads hoot away,
We's a' be hangid if we stay.
Tak' up the dead man, and lay him ayint the bigging.
Here's the Bailey o' Haltwhistle,
Wi' his great bull's pizzle, 35
That supp'd up the broo', and syne — in the piggin.

1802-03

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