

"Noo Willie Scott," Sir Gideon said,
 "Rash laddie, quietly yield to me,
 Or else I swear by my good blade,
 A thief's death in this wood ye'll dee,
 For in this forest where ye've drave,
 My cattle and my sheep as weel,
 The corbies for yer freens ye'll have,
 At least your corpse they'll see an' feel."

"Drag on, old graybeard," said the youth,
 But while a Scott has got the power
 To wag his finger o'er his mouth,
 He'll ne'er give up till the last hour.
 Sae now come on and do yer best,
 An' were ye ten to ano ye'd ken,
 That Willie Scott wears not the crest,
 To turn his back to Murray's men."

"Then by my sooth," Sir Gideon said,
 "Sinn' mercy I'm inclined to show
 To you: for this bit midnight raid,
 An' less for what ye've said e'enow;
 Sae lads come on, an' Harden's clan,
 We'll humble to the lowest span."

"Arm, every Scot," to arms, cried he,
 "An' hoo, Sir Gideon, if ye will,
 Just measure weapons good wi' me,
 A chance ye'll hae to show yer skill,
 An' leave your bonny daughters three,
 A dowry to the world wide;
 Sae be't, ye canna weel blame me,
 Ye've chose the horri, an' ye mun ride;
 But there are lads amang ye'r clan,
 O wham they would been vera glad,
 Wha might in pity ta'en their han':

This nicht the green sward they will wed;
 Sae noo Sir Gideon bauld, come on;
 An' you an' your's may tak' the dree
 O' a' that may this day be done,
 In mortal fecht 'tween you and me."

The fecht began, on ilk side
 The strife was bloody and severe,
 And like the Solway's angry tide,
 They rushed and closed from front to rear.
 Bold men took iither by the throat,
 And pointed swords to iither's breasts,
 And scowling furious, seemed to gloat,
 Their eyes on iither like wild beasts,