

Nae Murrays could be seen or heard,
 Whilk help'd the Scotts to tak their prey.
 They toom'd the hyres o' horned nowt,
 The faulds o' sheep they sweepit clean;
 And then for Oakland took their route,
 Young Scott o' Harden an' his men.

But cunning as was Willie Scott,
 In a' his plans made for the foray;
 Sir Gideon timely notice got,
 Whilk made him rouse ilk sleepin' Murray,
 And by the moonlicht there were eyes,
 Beholding every step they took,
 Their every movement watched by spies;
 Sir Gideon on them too did look:
 With fifty followers at his back,
 Bait stout and stalwart men were they,

A' keen to follow on the track
 O' Willie Scott an' a' his prey.
 They followed on in silent march,
 Sir Gideon riding at their head,
 He whispered to them low and arch,
 "Now bide your time, while I you lead."

Whan therefore, Willie an' his band,
 Dispersing thro' the forest shades,
 Driving the prey frae hand to hand,
 Not thinkin' o' Sir Gideon's blades,
 Sir Gideon suddenly exclaimed,

"Now for the onset, merry men,"
 His sleuth-hound regin', fairly fained,
 Wi' angry howl his voice did ken.
 We're followed; Halt!" says Harden's heir,
 "To arms, to arms," he quickly cried,
 "We'll turn and at Sir Gideon spear,
 Gif his braid sword has been weel tried?"

The sheep and nowt awes out o'er,
 Were ta'en by some o' Willie's men,
 While a' the lave in haste did scour,
 Through tangled brush and boggy fen,
 To whare their leader's voice they heard;
 But tho' in speed they ran along,
 They were o'er late, and sair misdeared,
 For auld Sir Gideon cam' slap-bang,
 An' Scott and Simon, neist o' kin,
 Afore they'd time to cry for help,
 Surrounded were by Murray's men,
 And couldna at them get a skelp.