

My friends, this is a true record of how terrible was the battle of Dundee.

We lost one hundred and ten men on the stony hill of Dundee.

When the English fired their guns into us our losses proved to be equal.

We had to fly from our positions carrying our kettles on our backs.

Our Commander and fighting General had not judged their tactics

For had he constructed a proper barricade and trusted more in the Lord

Our victory would have been great and our losses have been less.

In the afternoon of the day of the battle

The Commander made me laugh, he rubbed his hands whilst Stepping round and then suddenly exclaimed, "I have lost my arm."

He could not help himself, it was his own fault for being too courageous.

We returned from the line of fighting but nobody could accuse us of running away.

I must mention also that the battle remained undecided; we marched

Steadily on without a murmur or complaint.

Reports were handed in from all sides to Field cornet and Commander

Our loss was fearfully heavy, but the troops (regulars) lost more.

Nearly a thousand of them fell near that hill, and when we left it

Oom Piet began his shooting.

Our General Commander Oom Piet was not far away, he drove them out

Of camp and confiscated their horses, ammunition, clothes and provisions

And used them as best as he could.