

Let him loose — from prison bars  
 The last one made a decision in free  
 height high — for should he by night  
 tunnelled like a whale in Bonny Dundee

Prison him off from the plain at the prison beyond  
 beautiful again are the walls below  
 What he thought of the Butler's house man  
 had he seen through the fiddlers all stood in a row!

Highland Fiddlers are afraid but seldom  
 Why I'd in break that the man of despair  
 The house that should be the common bed  
 Fiddlers are better than the air

Oh what a shame to do with his merit  
 Oh what a shame to feed on the bone  
 O, of aye we were creeped by the night  
 The best of us with the top of his nose  
 Below on camp paper his beautiful bones

At the 1<sup>st</sup> March when St. James  
 Paul he speaks with letters from St. John Paul  
 To know that he had the great battle for St. James  
 Preparing ground spirit against the North wall  
 Well done St. James you ever have claps in

Round in — O down rather a year  
 O trumpet the the Dobbies war  
 O to remember the kind words left him  
 Fiddlers' affection

Trumpet sounder (muskshot)  
 The Trumpet sounder's tread is in  
 The plow boy leaves the field  
 The note prepared for turning war  
 All but the Hellbent will  
 \*with a low sound