



***The Battle of Pots  
and Pans***

or

**[The Battle of Prestonpans 1745]**

by

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**for the Battle of Prestonpans 1745 Heritage Trust  
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Prestonpans**

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## The Kirk

Paul: *[From off.]* It's no locked onyroad.  
*[Enter Paul and Sean.]*

Paul: Naebody here eh?

Sean: Eh?

Paul: Naebody here.

Sean: Aye. I mean no.

Paul: Looks like we're the first. *[Pause. Paul walks round.]* I like the plainness o' the place.

Sean: No like us eh? Wi' oor smells and bells. Oor theatricality ken.

Paul: Oooh! Get you pal. Wi' yir big long words, eh? *[Pause.]* What time did he say?

Sean: Who?

Paul: The Director.

Sean: Oh. Him. Two o'clock. I think.

Paul: You think?

Sean: Aye. I'm no sure. Oh, I've just remembered. I've made a note o' it on ma phone. Aye. Dress rehearsal 'The Battle of Prestonpans'. Two o'clock.

Paul: So we're in the right place, eh? And in plenty o' time.

Sean: They wouldne o' left the door unlocked if they hadne been expecting us.

Paul: Spot on Sean! Genius! *[Paul walks up into the pulpit.]* Great view up here.

Sean: How does it feel?

Paul: Gie us a feelin' o' power. All those years eh? In school across the road. Never once been in here. Often wondered what it was like.

Sean: It would be mair surprising if ye had.

Paul: Eh?

Sean: Been in here.

Paul: What are ye on about, man?

Sean: The Virgin Mary.

Paul: What about her?

Sean: There's no sae much o' her in the Protestant faith.

Paul: True. Do ye ken aw yir lines Sean?

Sean: Eh?

Paul: Yir lines. Fur the show. Do you ken aw yir lines? Are you gettin' dief or am I no speakin' loud enough?

Sean: Aye. I think so.

Paul: Which?

Sean: I do know my lines.

Paul: Good. I'm glad. 'Cos ye didne yesterday. [*They wander around, onto the stage.*] We'll hae tae project, when the audience is in.

Sean: Eh?

Paul: Project. We'll hae tae PROJECT.

Sean: Aye. Project. That's the name of the game. 'Use yir instrument.' That's what he said.

Paul: Who?

Sean: The Director.

Paul: I've heard him say some daft things right enough but I neiver heard 'Use yir instrument'. That's out of order.

Sean: How?

Paul: It just is.

*[Pause. Two others enter, Billy and Ally. Ally is listening to his radio on headset.]*

Billy: Hi guys. How's tricks?  
Paul: No bad. What's wi' the radio man?  
Billy: It's the old firm derby.  
Paul: Oh aye. So it is. I'd forgotten.  
Billy: Who are you trying to kid?  
Paul: No really.  
Sean: Ye dinne tak aw that seriously surely?  
Billy: Me? No me. No. But Ally does, ken? Don't you Ally? *[He indicates to Ally to open his Jacket. Ally removes his jacket to reveal a Rangers strip.]* See what I mean?  
Sean: Yon's an inflammatory gesture. In the Kirk tae.  
Paul: Red card! Send him off! Come on the hoops! What's the score, by the way?  
Billy: Sectarian chanting. Have some respect man. Another red card.  
Paul: What's the score? Come on the Pope's eleven.  
Billy: There isne one.  
Sean: Eh? How does that work?  
Billy: It's nothing each.  
Paul: When were you last in the Kirk?  
Billy: Me? I've neiver been here afore.  
Paul: There ye are then.  
Sean: Aw these idiots makin' trouble at the football, never go near a church.  
Billy: Why should they?  
Sean: They're just using religion as an excuse.  
Billy: Wait! I tell a lie! I was christened in here. Funny tae think o' me splashing around in the font, eh?  
Paul: They should o' held ye under. Saved us aw a lot of bother.

Sean: It's no total immersion we're talkin' about here. Just a wee dab o' water on his head. By the way, guys, according to my latest researches on the internet, the Highlanders in those days, would have spoken G?llic. *[Long A.]*

Paul: You mean Gaelic.

Sean: No I don't. I mean G?llic. That's the Irish version. The correct pronunciation is G?llic. *[Long A.]*

Billy: Sounds like garlic.

Sean: Aye. Mair like. Right enough.

Billy: Makes yir breath stink, yon.

Paul: So whit are ye suggestin' Sean? That we speak in a language that canne be understood? Where's the bloody sense in that?

Sean: I'm no suggestin' that.

Billy: Now, now Paul! No swearing in the Kirk.

Paul: No, you're right. I'm sorry..

Sean: Prince Charles would o' spoken in French an' aw.

Paul: Gie us a break Sean.

*[Ally suddenly erupts.]*

Ally: Yea – one-nil Rangers!

Sean: Are you going to listen to that all afternoon?

Paul: Who got the goal?

Ally: Chris Boyd. Who else?

Billy: Aye. There's plenty to be done. There's the backcloth for a start.

Paul: We could get that up.

*[The backdrop will be a banner which can be hung across the organ with ropes. It will be a depiction of the Battle of Prestonpans, or part thereof. Billy, Ally, Sean and Paul will hang the banner. Improvised dialogue (minimal):*

*'Get a hold of that'; 'That end, Paul'; etc. Enter the Laverocks. They set up in their space. Friendly greetings from the cast, though it is clear that the two groups scarcely know one another. An impression of business in preparation. This may continue for two or three minutes.]*

*[Enter the Director.]*

**Director:** Sorry I'm late guys, I got held up at the roundabout just before the bypass. Now, you better go and get into costume. Are you going to be with us today Ally?

**Ally:** *[Removing his earphones.]* How do you mean?

**Paul:** It's the old firm derby.

**Director:** A horse race for old nags?

**Paul:** No. No' exactly.

**Sean:** The rest o' the cast is no here yet.

**Billy:** Aye. They're in the dressing room. There are two ways in.

**Director:** Don't worry about that. I told them to come a little bit later. They'll be here when they're needed. We'll start in two minutes. I better get into costume.

*[The Laverocks tune up.]*

*[The Director plays the part of Narrator, 'The Poet in the Pulpit'. Whenever possible the narration will be illustrated with mime. Enter Prince Charlie, flanked by Hamish and Torquil, two Highlanders.]*

**The Poet in the Pulpit:**

Prince Charlie came marchin' doon the  
High Street o' Edinburgh's fair toon.  
Naebody kent hoo tae react  
Or whither or no tae boo doon.  
The locals were aie fur hedgin' their bets  
And waiting for which wind wid blow  
And fur makin' their minds up  
These canny folk have aie bin a wee bitty slow.  
But the ladies among them were nae sae  
cautious  
Were nae sae afraid to be stayed.  
The ladies among them had nae doots  
They were aw fur the white cockade.

Song: The White Cockade

My love was born in Aberdeen  
The bonniest lad that e'er was seen,  
But now he makes our hearts fu' sad,  
He takes the Field wi' his White Cockade.

*Chorus*

O he's a ranting, roving lad,  
He is a brisk an' a bonny lad,  
Betide what may, I will be wed,  
And follow the boy wi' the White Cockade.  
I'll sell my rock, my reel, my tow,  
My good grey mare and hawkit cow;  
To buy myself a tartan plaid,  
To follow the boy wi' the White Cockade.

*Chorus*

O he's a ranting, roving lad,  
He is a brisk an' a bonny lad.  
Betide what may, I will be wed,  
And follow the boy wi' the White Cockade.

Highlanders:

Come and join the Prince's men  
Come and join together  
Come and be a Jacobite  
Marching through the heather.  
Come and put the one true heir  
Back upon his throne  
Put your life upon the line  
Your blood and flesh and bone.

*[Enter Willy, the dragoon, on his hobby horse.]*



Willy: I'm Willy the dragoon  
I'm a bit of a buffoon.  
I wouldne say boo to a goose.  
Truth tae tell, I'm nae much use  
And I'm feart, I'm feart  
Of yon hairy highlanders  
So this very day  
I'm running away.

*[Clip-clop as he rides away.]*

The Poet in the Pulpit:

News soon arrived that Cope and his army  
Had landed in Dunbar.  
The Prince resolved to lead his army  
Eastwards – not too far.  
The armies then were face to face  
Across a marshy field.  
And as night fell each of them wondered  
Whether the other would yield.

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*[Torquil and Hamish sit by a fire on one side of the stage. Tom and Archie (Hanoverians) sit by a fire on the other side. The marsh is between them.]*

Torquil: We're a long way from home, Hamish.  
Hamish: Aye, so we are Torquil. So we are. *[Pause.]*  
Torquil: Did you see the redcoats?  
Hamish: Of course I saw them.  
Torquil: And did they frighten you, Hamish?  
Hamish: Not in the least. They looked for all the world  
like toy soldiers.  
Torquil: Or a bunch of carrots. *[They laugh.]*  
Hamish: Yes, indeed. A bunch of carrots. And when did  
you last see carrots, Torquil?  
Torquil: I saw them in Edinburgh. In the Grassmarket.

Hamish: And that's not all we saw in Edinburgh is it Torquil?

Torquil: No indeed, Hamish. Such sights. Such sights. *[Tutting.]*

Hamish: Women with no shame, their bosoms hanging out of their dresses. No sense of modesty.

Torquil: And some of our lads flirting with them too. And family men at that. You'd never do that, would you Hamish? You with five children.

Hamish: Six as a matter of fact.

Torquil: Well, six.

Hamish: No, I wouldn't, but if I ever did and Morag found out, she would skin me alive. What else did we see?

Torquil: I saw running water coming out of a pipe. A pipe in the ground.

Hamish: Then there were the houses in the High Street. Almost touching the sky. Up and up they went. Seven, eight, nine floors. A miraculous sight!

Torquil: And have you seen the wooden roadway, leading downhill like a river of wood?

Hamish: Oh, where is that?

Torquil: Just across there. *[Hamish gets up to look.]*

Hamish: What can it be for?

Torquil: I've no idea. Some modern invention. New-fangled contraption.

Hamish: We've been left behind, Torquil. Up in the North. No doubt about it. We're out of date.

Torquil: Old fashioned.

Hamish: Very old fashioned. But who cares?

*[On the other side of the stage Tom and Archie sit by the fire.]*

Tom: Cold! I'm still cold! Haven't been warm for weeks. I'm wondering if I'll ever be warm again.

Archie: It's too early for frost. Only September. You want to try a whole winter in these parts.

Tom: No! I do not!

Archie: Where's your home then?

Tom: Me? I'm from London Town. Spitalfields to be exact. Have you ever been to London?

Archie: No. I'm a local boy. From just over there. Prestonpans to be precise.

Tom: Pots and pans?

Archie: No. Prestonpans. I've only been to Edinburgh once. Colonel Gardiner has called us all to King George's Colours. He's a Hanoverian is the Colonel. A decent employer. Did you volunteer?

Tom: Did I Hell! I'm an orphan, you see. Brought up in an orphanage. Poor little me! I had to choose between joining the army or cleaning the sewers.

Archie: Sewers? What's that?

Tom: Underground tunnels. Rivers of pee and poo. As far as I was concerned it was no contest. Mind you, when I went to the pub with the recruiting sergeant, they must have slipped something into my beer. I passed out completely. Next thing I knew he was standing over me, shouting at me to get up off the barrack room floor. I was lying on the floor in full uniform. 'Welcome to the army, son.' That's all he said. 'Welcome to the army.'

Archie: What's General Cope like then?

Tom: He's alright. Bags of confidence. Leads from the front.

Archie: Oh, that's reassuring.

*[Back to Hamish and Torquil.]*

Torquil: And what do you miss most from home, Hamish?

Hamish: What do I miss? I miss the mountains. It's too flat round here. And I miss the smell of a nice peat fire. Coal's all very well but it's just not the same. And of course I miss Morag. And the children. Even though they drive me mad at times. Well, to be honest, most of the time. But I've never once doubted that what we're doing here is just. Our cause is the right one. And soon

we will return our Catholic King to his rightful place on the throne.

*[Back to Archie and Tom.]*

Archie: Have you ever fought in a battle before?  
Tom: Who? Me? Yea, mate. Loads of times.  
Archie: I never have. And it's making me nervous, I don't mind admitting.  
Tom: There's no need to be nervous. That's a waste of energy. If your number's up, then Fate'll take its course. That's the way I see it. I remember my first battle. In Ireland I think it was. I kept imagining what it might be like, but it never turns out the way you expect it to. So now I don't bother. I just take it as it comes. I've had a few close things, mind. See that scar? I got it off a Frenchman. Came round behind me. Never saw him coming.

*[Back to Torquil and Hamish.]*

Hamish: Torquil.  
Torquil: What Hamish?  
Hamish: I feel a bit frightened.  
Torquil: So do I, Hamish. You wouldn't be human if you didn't.

*[Back to Tom and Archie.]*

Archie: Our cause is a good one right enough.  
Tom: Don't worry, mate. Don't fret.  
Archie: To protect our Protestant King George against the rebels. But I can't help feeling afraid.  
Hamish & Archie: Our cause is just  
The Lord is on our side.  
Tom & Torquil: If we should die tomorrow  
We are prepared to meet our maker.

**Narrator:** And so both leaders spoke to their men,  
Inspiring and exorting them.

**Cope:** Gentlemen, you are about to fight with a parcel  
of rabble, a small number of Highlanders, a  
parcel of brutes. You can expect no booty from  
such a poor despicable pack. But I have authority  
to declare that you shall have eight full hours  
plunder and pillage of Edinburgh, Leith and  
suburbs, at your discretion, with impunity.

**Charles:** Follow me, gentlemen, and by the blessing of  
God, I will this day make you a free and happy  
people. But if the Providence, O Lord, has  
ordered it otherwise, and Thou seest that I  
should prove one of those Kings whom Thou  
gavest in Thine anger, take from me O merciful  
God my life and my Crown. Make me this day a  
sacrifice to Thy will, but let my blood be the last  
that is spilt in this quarrel.

*[Men of both armies prepare for night.]*

**The Poet in the Pulpit (Narrator):**

And so the men lay doon tae rest  
A fitful sleep, forty winks at best.  
While sleeping each had a different dream  
– A fantasy of the battle scene.  
Torquil’s dream, well, it has the feel  
Of a country dance, of a surreal reel!

*[Five couples line up ready to dance. Music. Song: ‘Hey Johnny Cope’. All  
dance to the song, whooping and hollering.]*

**Narrator:** Set to the right. Set to the left.  
Turn your partners. Round she goes. Etc.

Song: Johnnie Cope

*Chorus*

Hey Johnnie Cope, are ye waukin' yet?  
Or are your drums a-beatin' yet?  
If ye were waukin' I wad wait  
To gang to the coals i' the morning  
Cope sent a challenge frae Dunbar sayin'  
'Charlie meet me an' ye daur  
An' I'll learn you the art of war  
If you'll meet me i' the morning.'

*Chorus*

When Charlie looked the letter upon  
He drew his sword the scabbard from:  
'Come, follow me, my merry merry men,  
And we'll meet Johnnie Cope i' the morning!'

*Chorus*

'Now Johnnie, be as good's your word;  
Come, let us try both fire and sword;  
And dinna rin like a frichted bird,  
That's chased frae its nest i' the morning.'

*Chorus*

When Johnnie Cope he heard of this,  
He thought it wadna be amiss  
To hae a horse in readiness,  
To flee awa' i' the morning.

*Chorus*

Fy now, Johnnie, get up an' rin;  
The Highland bagpipes mak' a din;  
It's best to sleep in a hale skin,  
For 'twill be a bluidy morning.

*Chorus*

When Johnnie Cope to Berwick came,  
They speired at him 'Where's a' your men?  
'The deil confound me gin I ken,  
For I left them a' i' the morning.

*Chorus*

Now Johnnie, troth, ye werena blate  
To come wi' news o' your ain defeat,  
And leave your men in sic a strait  
Sae early in the morning.

*Chorus*

'I' faith,' qho' Johnnie, 'I got sic flegs  
Wi' their claymores an' philabegs;  
If I face them again, deil break my legs!  
Sae I wish you a' gude morning.'

*Chorus*

**Narrator:** Archie's dream of the forty-five  
Had more of a feeling of five-a-side.

*[Two five-a-side teams line up, facing one another. The Narrator blows the whistle.]*

**Narrator:** And they're off! Charlie's boys against Johnnie's lads. *[Commentary continues ad lib – 'passes to the right, cuts in from the left', etc.]* And it's one-nil. One-nil to Johnnie's lads. *[More ad lib.]* And it's two-nil. Three-nil. This is turning into a rout! Four-nil. Four-nil to Johnnie's lads.(?)

*[Maybe, given that it's Archie's dream, the Hanoverians should win!]*

**Narrator:** Five-nil. Five-nil for Johnnie's lads. And Charlie's men are throwing in the towel. And there goes the final whistle!

*[Maybe some football chants in this section: 'Can ye hear the English sing? No. No.' 'There's only one Charlie Stewart.' 'Poor Johnnie Cope, whatever can it mean, to be a fat English bastard with a crap football team?']*

**Narrator:** Now English Tom, who makes no plans,  
He dreams of the Battle of Pots and Pans.

*[Teams line up with pots, pans, spoons, colanders, breadbin lids, any metallic implements. They fight. Mighty clattering. Maybe some slow motion. Perhaps half a minute of this will be sufficient.]*

**Narrator:** But now, at last, the dawn was breaking  
And to reality the men were waking.  
Time to have a look and see  
What happened in reality.  
Sailing into Dunbar town came Johnny Cope –  
full of hope.  
Resolved to nip this in the bud – and spill blood.  
He stops when he gets to open ground – easily  
found.  
Between Tranent and Prestonpans – suits his  
plans.  
But Lord George Murray's Jacobites – are ready  
to fight  
Along the grassy ridge of Falside – high and  
wide.

There they lined up facing North – towards the Forth.

The armies matched each other's might – ready to fight.

But everyone has surely seen the marsh between.

Only the mad would risk a slog – across that bog.

As night approaches so both armies lie down calmly.

But the Earl of Murray has a plan – clever man

To take his men right round the bog – through the fog

And catch Cope's army by surprise – before sunrise.

At four in the morning they set out – going round about.

At five the redcoats spotted bushes – thought them rushes.

Events then slowly dawned on them – slow again.

Cope tried to turn his troops to left – but was bereft.

He was hopelessly outflanked – and soundly spanked.

He let his mortars and his cannon go – a firework show.

Each Highlander then fires his gun – and forward runs

Wielding Lochaber Axes and broadswords – swearing oaths

They charged the enemy and engaged – much enraged.

*[Charge!]*

*[Enter Willy the dragoon on his hobby horse.]*

Willy: I'm Willy the dragoon  
I'm a bit of a buffoon.

I wouldne say boo to a goose.  
Truth tae tell, I'm nae much use  
And I'm feart, I'm feart  
Of yon hairy highlanders  
So this very day  
I'm running away.

*[Clip-clop as he rides away.]*

### Tableau – Frozen Pictures

- (1) 'The Highland Charge.'
- (2) 'The Redcoat Massacre.'
- (3) 'The Death of Colonel Gardiner.'

*[Smoke – grisly and gruesome depictions.*

*Horror – but in a Victorian melodramatic way? A peepshow at a fair?*

*Colonel Gardiner lies dead.]*

## Song: The Auld Thorn Tree

*A Song in Memory of Col. James Gardiner*

They've been strippin'doon the bodies  
'roon the Hawthorn Tree  
and oor wummenfolk are a' bedecked  
in King's livery

In the field of new-cut stubble  
Where the redcoats ran from trouble  
There the only bush for miles around's  
The Auld Thorn-Tree

Gallant Gardiner  
He was felled abune the Hawthorn Tree  
By a claymore or a sickle-  
It was hard tae see

Why he stood there at the last-  
Tae meet his future and his past!  
At the only bush for miles around-  
The Auld Thorn Tree

And his faithful servant took him  
From The Hawthorn Tree  
Tae the Manse above the Brae  
And he wis left tae dee

And the brave auld Gardiner's wife  
Wasn't there tae see his life  
Ebb sae slowly from his body  
After the Hawthorn Tree

In the future all ye'll have's  
The stump o' the Auld Thorn Tree  
Where the Colonel stood  
And carved his name in history

He was felled by Hielan' blades-  
His Dragoons had run like Knaves  
Whiles the Colonel knew that he had deed  
For King and Loyalty.

*John Lindsay, Laureate*

## Song: The Lady Frances Gardiner's Lament

*A Battle of Prestonpans Song*

Oh cam ye doon by Bankton Hoose  
Whaur my fine James was slain?  
And did ye see his Erse Dragoons  
Flee cowardly frae the plain?

But I was safe in Stirling Keep  
And lo'ed my mannie dear  
Oh cam ye doon by Bankton Hoose  
Whaur my man James was slain?

He never thocht his men wad fecht  
And made that unco clear  
Tho' his pallor on the battle's eve  
Wis painted no by fear

My Colonel said:- "I'll face them a'  
Could I inspire my men!"  
Yet on the morn they fled like hares  
And wadnae stand again!

Yet I wis no at Bankton Hoose  
On that dread day I fear  
Tae see my fine auld Jamesie slain-  
Oh how I lo'ed my Dear!

*John Lindsay, Laureate*

**Narrator:** Fifteen hundred taken prisoner on that day  
Three hundred were dead, and still they lay.  
'Twas as if a hurricane had hit a butcher's shop  
With arms and legs and torsos all turned to  
chops  
And the groans of the wounded were terrible to  
hear  
As they rose from the battlefield and filled the  
air.

*[The groans of the wounded.]*

**Narrator:** Meanwhile back in Edinburgh – a very different  
scene  
Of joy and mirth and happiness at what had just  
been.  
The Prince is crowned at Holyrood  
With plenty drink and loads of food  
And parties long into the night  
To celebrate the glorious fight.

*[We see the Prince crowned. Fanfare.]*

*[Party time!]*

**Song:**  
Now the crown it fits sae squarely  
On the heid of oor King Cherlie  
So hail to him that is our King  
And may the Fates good Fortune bring.  
From o'er the hills we flocked to meet him.  
From loch and glen we marched to greet him.  
We did not want to disappoint him  
And prayed that one day we'd anoint him.  
In He alone we put our hope

In He alone we put our faith  
Arm in arm and hand in hand  
To lead us to the promised land

*[Toasts.]*

**Narrator:** But now the King felt duty bound  
To plan a march on London Town.  
He'd gather followers on the way  
Confident he'd win the day.  
The glorious victory at 'the pans'  
Inspired to make ambitious plans.  
For days and days they marched along  
At first they were five thousand strong.

*[Hamish and Torquil march.]*

**Narrator:** But as they reached the town of Derby  
The numbers dwindled in this army.  
They became increasingly dejected  
It wasn't as had been expected.  
They decide to turn and head for home  
Aching now in every bone.

*[Hamish and Torquil march with difficulty.]*

**Narrator:** For days and days they marched along  
Wondering where it had all gone wrong.  
At last they reached the Scottish border  
Where they hoped to hear the order  
That they at last might now disband  
Each returning to his homeland.  
But alas! Alack! No order came.  
Hamish and Torquil must remain.

On, on they marched, tired and sore  
Until they reached a barren moor.

*[Hamish and Torquil collapse exhausted.]*

Torquil: Hamish.  
Hamish: What is it Torquil?  
Torquil: Are you asleep?  
Hamish: How can I be asleep? What a stupid question.  
Torquil: I can't take much more of this.  
Hamish: Me neither.  
Torquil: How many days now on the march, Hamish?  
Hamish: I've lost count.  
Torquil: When was there last something to eat, Hamish?  
Hamish: A long time ago.  
Torquil: When was there last a decent night's sleep,  
Hamish?  
Hamish: I can't remember.  
Torquil: When will there next be a decent night's sleep,  
Hamish?

*[Silence.]*

Torquil: All those miles for nothing.  
Hamish: In my view, this is the worst sort of weather  
there can possibly be. Sleet. Neither rain nor  
snow. But the bastard child of the both of them!  
Torquil: I have heard it said, Hamish, that we have forty  
different words for forty different kinds of rain.  
Could that be true?  
Hamish: I suppose it could. Torquil.  
Torquil: What is it Hamish?  
Hamish: Have you ever wondered if this was a mistake?  
Torquil: What?  
Hamish: Following the King.

Torquil: *[Too vehemently.]* No, never. Never for an instant.  
*[Pause.]* Hamish.

Hamish: Yes.

Torquil: Where are we now?

Hamish: I've no idea. But I've got a funny feeling that I'm not too far from home. How I long to see my wife and family again.

Torquil: Me too, Hamish, me too.

Hamish: I've no idea where we are, but we've come a long way North, that's for certain. Somebody said it was called Culloden Moor.

Torquil: Never heard of it.

Hamish: Me neither.

*[Howling wind. A lone piper. Enter the Prince as an older man.]*

## **Song: Speed Bonnie Boat**

### *Chorus*

Speed bonnie boat like a bird on the wing  
Onward the sailors cry  
Carry the lad that's born to be king  
Over the sea to Skye

Loud the wind howls, loud the waves roar,  
Thunderclaps rend the air  
Baffled our foes, stand by the shore  
Follow they will not dare

### *Chorus*

Many's the lad fought on that day  
Well the claymore did wield  
When the night came, silently lain  
Dead on Culloden field

### *Chorus*

Though the waves heave, soft will ye sleep  
Ocean's a royal bed  
Rocked in the deep, Flora will keep  
Watch by your weary head

*Chorus*

Burned are our homes, exile and death  
Scatter the loyal men  
Yet e'er the sword cool in the sheath  
Charlie will come again.

*Chorus*

Director: Well done everybody! If we could just do the curtain call. That's it! In a line. And three bows and off. Take it from the centre. That's it. I'll give you notes individually in the pub. *[All troop off.]*

Well done Laverocks. You played a blinder. I'd like to buy you all a drink. Coreen?

Coreen: I'm driving.

Director: You're still allowed one.

Coreen: OK. I'll have a glass of white wine, thanks.

Director: Alasdair?

Alasdair: *[Whatever he says.]*

Director: I'm a bit worried about the ending. Is it not a bit 'cheesy'? What do you think?

Alasdair: I think it'll work.

Director: Some people can't make it to the pub. Buses to catch, etc. I'll just go and give them their notes in the dressing room.

*[He exits. The Laverocks pack up and leave. Enter Sean and Billy, back in normal clothes.]*

Sean: What did ye think then? Eh?

Billy: Of what?

Sean: Of how it all went. What else?

Billy: Search me.

Sean: What happened in the game by the way?  
Billy: I thought ye werene interested.  
Sean: No. I'm no. But tell us onyroad.  
Billy: It was a draw.  
Sean: Oh. Aye. There you go then.  
Billy: Ye got a result at Prestonpans mind.  
Sean: Who?  
Billy: You Jacobites. Naw! Only kiddin'.  
Sean: Aye. But yir local hero, Colonel Gardiner, the one wi' a memorial, he's a Hanoverian. A proddy. Makes things kind o' awkward.  
Billy: How?  
Sean: 'Cos in a way all Scots are Jacobites at heart. It's the Romantic thing.  
Billy: Aye. Weil, the sectarian carry on, it's bin going fur hundreds o' years. Mebbe time to put the whole thing to bed eh?  
Sean: Aye. How no? If Gerry Adams and Ian Paisley can sit doon together, then anything's possible.  
Billy: Aye. Mebbe. What was it the Prince said? 'Let my blood be the last that is spilt in this quarrel.'

*[Enter the Director.]*

Billy: Who's side are you on, Mr Director?  
Director: Side? I don't take sides. If enough people sit on the fence, they will break it down. What impresses me most about all this, is how much music, art and literature the battle has inspired.  
Sean: And plays. Don't forget plays.  
Director: No, no. Let's not forget plays. Come on lads. I'll buy you a drink. They'll be wanting to get locked up in here.

*[Exuent. Sound of outer door being locked.]*



## PRESTOUN'S WALLS

*A Battle of Prestonpans Song by John Lindsay,  
Prestoungrange Poet Laureate*

Men of Appin, Perth and Ranald,  
Cam ye doon by Prestoun early?  
Eident for the sake o' Cherie  
Did ye fell by Prestoun's walls?

*Chorus: Brave Lochiel and bold MacGregor  
Charged the scarlet ranks and squarely  
Saw them off wi' dirk and broadsword  
Did ye ca' by Prestouns walls?*

Atholl Ranald and Glengarry  
Broke the Hanoverian army  
Cowed them a' and beat them squarely  
Did ye fell by Prestoun's walls?

*Chorus*

Saw their Colonel standing bravely  
Like a rock 'mang cowardly knavery  
Ca'ed him doon and wounded sairly  
Did ye fell by Prestoun's walls?

*Chorus*

Now the rammie's ower an' by wi'  
Will ye tell your hielan' laddies  
How ye fought for Bonnie Cherie  
How ye ca'ed by Prestoun's walls?

*Chorus*