

**THE BATTLE OF FLODDEN  
FIELD. FOUGHT  
SEPTEMBER 9, 1513**

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The Battle of Flodden Field. Fought September 9, 1513 by Robert Jones

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**ROBERT JONES**

**THE BATTLE OF FLODDEN  
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THE  
BATTLE OF FLODDEN FIELD

FOUGHT SEPTEMBER 9, 1513

BY THE  
REV. ROBERT JONES

VICAR OF BRANXTON

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS  
EDINBURGH AND LONDON  
MDCCCLXIV

*226. k. 30.*



THIS BRIEF ACCOUNT  
OF THE BATTLE OF FLODDEN FIELD  
IS DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION, TO  
LOUISA, MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD,  
WHO, SINCE HER RESIDENCE AT  
FORD CASTLE, HAS TAKEN A  
DEEP INTEREST IN EVERYTHING RELATING TO  
THAT MEMORABLE EVENT.

## P R E F A C E.

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It has been my chief aim and desire, throughout the short account I have given of the Battle of Flodden, to carry the thoughts of my readers back to the time when the contending armies confronted each other to the south of the village of Branxton. History and ballad have been the sources from which I have drawn most, if not all, of my principal events bearing on the battle; and in my notes I sincerely trust that I have elucidated many incidents which will enlighten those interested in the contest, and who may hereafter feel a wish to visit the field where so much heroism was displayed in former days by the ancient warriors of England and Scotland.

When occupied in writing my narrative of



Flodden Field, however imperfect it may be considered, to me it was a source of much delight, for the short time engaged in the work ; but more especially when contemplating that round about me once fought James IV. and Scotland's nobles, and the brave men under the command of the Earl of Surrey. In describing the position of both armies I have been most minute, knowing full well that the height of enjoyment to the tourist, when inspecting a field of battle, is to be able to fix his eye on the spot where each division stood before the fight commenced, and where the hottest struggle took place which decided the victory. This I have been in a great measure enabled to accomplish, from my long residence in Branxton, and thorough knowledge of the battleground ; and also from different circumstances brought more immediately under my notice—such as the deposit of human bones found on the western end of the field, and the picking up of cannon-balls and coins, which undoubtedly bear an undeniable coincidence with the event.

Many of the marvellous accounts recorded by different historians who have written on the battle I have been careful in rejecting—such as the clouds of smoke which intervened between the two armies after the burning of the tents on Flodden Hill, and which is said to have intercepted the view of the English till they found themselves unexpectedly in close quarters with their foe—the great difficulties they had to contend with when climbing the precipitous rocks and banks to get at the Scotch—the want of provisions felt throughout the English camp for several days previous to the battle—the immense profusion of corn and wine found in the deserted camp belonging to the Scotch—the prodigious slaughter in King James's army, and the trifling loss of the English—the fabulous and absurd accounts respecting the murder of the King—and, lastly, the finding of his body on the battle-field. All these extraordinary tales might be easily refuted were it deemed necessary to do so, but a few moments' reflection will cause us to cast them all aside, and dwell only on those events which must have

taken place at the time of the battle, and a short period before the different armies met on the fatal field of Flodden. Scotland lost her King and the flower of her nobility, together with thousands of her heroic sons; and for years throughout her mountain-land of mist and rivers she sorrowed over the sad effects of the battle. Even at this time, the bare mention of Flodden causes the hardy sons of Scotland to mourn the loss of their country, on that day, "when the flowers of the forest were a' wede away;" and there is scarcely a schoolboy, from one end of the nation to the other, who has not read—

" Still from the sire the son shall hear  
Of the stern strife, and carnage drear,  
Of Flodden's fatal field,  
Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,  
And broken was her shield!"

England's loss amongst her common soldiers must not have been less than that of Scotland. Both nations suffered dreadfully on the field, and the joyous news of victory brought to Surrey the following morning caused him to give thanks to the Almighty that Flodden Field