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THE
SCOTTISH SONGS;

COLLECTED AND ILLUSTRATED

BY

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AUTHOR OF "TRADITIONS OF EDINBURGH," "THE
PICTURE OF SCOTLAND," &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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PREFACE.

THIS publication originated in a desire which seems to have long been entertained by the public at large, that the Scottish Songs should be put into a shape at once cheap and convenient, and which should at the same time comprehend the important object, literary and typographical correctness. Among the innumerable collections of Scottish Song already in print, it will be readily allowed that there is not one which combines all these advantages, or which is at all worthy of the importance and interest of the subject. Books of this sort are generally crude and hasty compilations from the most obvious sources, got up without the intervention of any responsible editor, and intended for circulation only amongst the humbler orders of the people. Almost the only exception of recent date exists in the voluminous compilation of Mr Allan Cunningham; but *it* is, on the other hand, so expensive, that it can come into the possession of only a few. It appeared to the editor of the present volumes, that

if a collection could be made, comprising all the really good songs, accompanied by all the information respecting them which can now be recovered, and at once handsome in appearance and cheap in price, the object would be still more decidedly accomplished.

From these motives, and with these views, the present collection was undertaken. It will be found to contain all the songs written in and regarding Scotland, which have either the merit of being old and characteristic, or that of being new and popular. No original songs are admitted, as in most other collections; because it is inconsistent with the idea of a collection of the best songs of a country, that some should be accepted which have not yet endured the ordeal of public taste. In an Introductory Essay, a view is given of all the facts known with certainty regarding Scottish Song in general; and to almost all the songs are appended notes, containing such anecdotes, and other pieces of information, referring to them individually, as the editor considered necessary for their illustration, or at least mentioning the earliest printed collection in which they are known to have appeared. No songs of an indecorous nature are introduced; while from one or two others which are included, the objectionable passages are silently omitted; the editor judging it better to fit his book, by that very slight sacrifice, for the use of the tasteful, the fair, and the young, than to consult the wishes of the anti-

quary; who, after all, has but little reason to complain of such violations, seeing that the songs are to be found, in all their native beauty, in the collections of Ramsay and Herd.

HANOVER STREET, EDINBURGH;

April 27, 1829.

HISTORICAL ESSAY

ON

SCOTTISH SONG.

IT seems extremely strange, that, although the Scottish people are more proud of their songs and music than of any other branch of literature or accomplishment peculiar to them, they can tell very little regarding the origin and early history of these endeared national treasures. Yet, mysterious as the thing appears, it is perhaps easily to be accounted for. Poetry and music, till the early part of the last century, lived a very vagrant and disreputable life in Scotland. They flourished vigorously in the hearts and souls of the people—for the people of Scotland were susceptible of the strongest impressions from poetry and music. But they were discountenanced, to the last degree, by the public institutions of the country. The voice of song was, perhaps, daily heard on the lea and on the mountain side, where the simple ploughman and shepherd were following their various occupations; it was also, perhaps, heard nightly under the sooty rafters of the humble cot, breathing from fair or from manly lips, as an amusement for the hours of relaxation. It was employed universally in giving expression to the passions of humble life. It supplied language to the bashful shepherd lover in addressing the beautiful and bare-footed divinity, who had first sent the thrill of love

into his heart. It supplied that divinity, in her turn, with innuendoes and evasive phrases, wherewith to play the first game of coquetry; and finally, with metaphorical imagery, in which to clothe her confession and consent. Youth found in song a weapon to employ against the selfish views of age; and age found, in its various and interminable armoury, a dart wherewith to transfix and mortify the inconsiderate passions of youth. Yet, although thus of universal application in ordinary life, and although forming so great a part in the sum of rustic enjoyment, it was always looked upon with aversion and disrespect by persons concerned in public affairs. It was a sinful thing, arising from the natural wickedness of the heart; a thing, at least, that tended to pleasure, and which was therefore condemned by the oracles of a religious creed, which looked upon every human pleasure, however innocent, as calculated to ensnare and mislead. If it lived at all, it lived as crimes live against the exertions of the High Court of Justiciary, or as the tribe of rats continues to exist notwithstanding the craft of the rat-catcher. Its existence was altogether clandestine and desultory. It never appeared, so to speak, *above board*. It stole along, a little hidden rill of quiet enjoyment, beneath the incumbent mass of higher, and graver, and more solid matters. Its history, thus, is no more noted by the chroniclers of the kingdom, than the course of a subterraneous river is marked on the map of the country in which it is situated.

Such having been the condition of Scottish song till a recent period, it necessarily follows that very little can be recovered by the present generation regarding it. It would be no more possible to compile a history of the vagrant ditties which delighted the sixteenth century, than it would be to present a distinct and connected historical view of the condition of the gipsies or the beggars of the same period. The most vigilant researches into the annals of the country have only been able to procure for us a few vague and meagre incidental notices regarding the existence of such a thing as song; and if any fragments have been preserved in connexion with these notices, they refer

almost exclusively to public transactions—are, in general, only national pasquils—and scarcely in any case have the appearance of what is now considered song. The light of history, in attempting to illuminate this dark subject, has only as yet sent the level rays of its dawn along the mountain tops, and spires, and towers; it has not yet risen so high as to penetrate down into the deep and quiet vale of humble life, and glisten the cottages and open the daisies which nestle and blossom there. These little incidental notices, however, unsatisfactory as they are upon the whole, may be presented to the reader, as approaching in the nearest possible degree to an elucidation of a very interesting subject, and as being, in the very worst view of the case, preferable to nothing at all.

It is recorded, for instance, by Andrew Wintoun, prior of Lochleven, who wrote a rhyming chronicle of Scottish history about the year 1420, that when Alexander III. was killed by a fall from his horse in 1286, the people composed a brief song upon the subject, in which they lamented the cessation of that extraordinary degree of plenty and prosperity which distinguished his reign, and anticipated the misery which was to arise from a disputed succession. The song is introduced by a couplet, which seems to intimate that song-making was a matter of common occurrence in the time of the wars of the competition, or at least in that of Wintoun.

This falyhyd fra he deyd suddanly;
This sang wes made off hym for thi.

The song then proceeds :

Quhen Alysander oure kynge wes dede,
That Scotland led in luv and le,
Away wes sons off ale and brede,
Off wyne and wax, off gamyn and gle;
Oure golde wes changyd into lede;
Chryst, borne into vergynite,
Succour Scotland, and remede
That stad in his perplexite !

A historical incident which occurred not long after the death of Alexander the Third, gave occasion to a

rhyme, or song, which has been preserved for us by the English chroniclers. In 1296, when King Edward I. (surnamed *Longshanks*) undertook his first expedition against Scotland, he resolved to destroy the town and castle of Berwick-upon-Tweed, which then belonged to the Scottish nation, and which, being strongly garrisoned by them, threatened to be a serious obstacle to his obtaining possession of the country. So effectually did this city protect the chief passage from England into Scotland, that, on this very occasion, Edward, though at the head of a prodigious force, was obliged to adopt the circuitous and inconvenient passage by the ford of Coldstream, twenty miles up the river, the north bank of which he had afterwards to descend, along with his army, before he could lay siege to Berwick. When he first summoned the town to surrender, the defenders were so confident, that they would listen to no terms he could propose. He then directed that, while his army should prepare to advance upon the landward defences of the town, his ships should enter the harbour, and thus distress the garrison by a double attack. Some misunderstanding, however, having occurred, the ships entered the harbour before the king was ready to co-operate by an assault on the walls; and thus the Scots were gratified by having it in their power to burn two large war-vessels, which fell into their hands. So much were they elevated by this good fortune, that they composed and chanted a rhyme, as a sneer at the miserable efforts of the English sovereign. It ran thus :

Weened Kyng Edewarde, with his lange shankes,
 To have gete [got] Berwyke, al our unthankes ?
 Gas pikes hym,
 And after gas dikes hym.

Such, at least, is the rhyme quoted by Ritson, from a Harleian manuscript; though it is probable that some errors have occurred in its transcription; the two last lines, standing as they do, seeming in a great measure unintelligible.* Whatever may be the precise mean-

* Perhaps the word "gas" was *gar*, which signifies to cause.

ing of the rhyme, it is evident that its composers designed it as a sarcasm at the confident hopes with which the English approached their walls, as contrasted with the present depressed state of their affairs. The English, however, soon found an opportunity of revenging the satire of the Scots. King Edward immediately after led his men to a grand attack on the *dykes*, or sunk fences, which then protected the town; being himself the first man to jump the walls, which he did without dismounting from his war-horse Bayard; and such was the fury of the English, in consequence of the insolence of the Scots, that, even after the garrison had submitted, they continued to massacre the inhabitants, till, according to some accounts, twenty-seven thousand were killed; by whose blood, says an old historian, running in streams through the streets, "ane mil mycht haif gane two days."

The battle of Dunbar occurred soon after, in which the Scots, by their imprudence in leaving the high grounds, where they commanded the English army, lost a great number of men. The invaders had thus got a double revenge for the taunting rhyme of the defenders of Berwick; yet, as if a revenge in kind had been still necessary, they composed the following rhyme, which must be allowed to possess fully as much of the elements of satire as the former:

Thus scattered Scottis
Hold I for rootis,
Of wrenches unaware;
Early in a mornyng,

The incident and the song are thus incorporated in Langtoft's Chronicle:

Now dos Edward dike Berwik brode and long,
Als thei bad him pike and scorned him in ther song.
Pikit him, and dikit him, on scorne said he,
He pikes and dikes in length, as him likes, how best it may be.
And thou has for the pikyng mykille ill likyng, the soothe is
to se,
Without any lesyng, alle is hething, fallen upon the.
For scattered are the Scottis, and hodred in their hottes, never
thei ne the.
Right als I rede, they tumbled in Tweed, that woned by the se.

In an evyle tyding,
Went ye fro Dunnbarre.*

There is at least one valuable historical fact to be argued from these rude canticles; that the language of the English nation, and that of the Scottish lowlanders, were then nearly the same.

It is also, perhaps, to be gathered from these, that to express national sentiment in songs and rhymes, was then a common practice with both the English and the Scots; of which theory a further confirmation is to be found in the *Scotichronicon* of Fordun, a work written about a century after the period in question. Fordun informs us, that many songs were composed by the people on their heroic leader, Sir William Wallace; and he refers to one of them as evidence of a historical fact. One ballad on an adventure of this hero still exists; but whether it be a composition of his own time, or one of later date, is not now to be ascertained. Ritson, in his "Ancient Songs," has preserved an English song on the death of Wallace, and the fates of his various compatriots.

The next national Scottish song, of which any notice occurs in our early chroniclers, is one of triumph on the brilliant victory of Bannockburn. On this occasion, says Fabyan, (a citizen of London, who wrote an English chronicle,) "the Scottes, enflamed with pride, made this ryme as followeth, in derysyon of the Englyshmen:

Maydens of Englande, sore may you mourne
For your lemmans ye have lost at Bannockisburne!
With heve a lowe.
What! weeneth the kyng of England
So soone to have won Scotland!
With rumblyowe.

This songe," he adds, "was, after many days, sung in daunces in the carols of the maidens and minstrels of

* After the battle of Dunbar, according to Langtoft,

the Inglis rymed this.
Oure fote folk put tham in the polk, and nakned ther nages,
Bi no way herd I nevir say of prester pages,
Purses to pike, robis to rike, and in dike tham schonne,
Thou wiffin Scotte of Abrethin, kotte is thi honne.

Scotland, to the reproofe and disdayne of Englyshmen, with *dyvers other*, which I overpasse." Ritson informs us, that, in Caxton's Chronicle, and in a Harleian manuscript, two somewhat various versions of this song occur. He further points out that the strange burdens which formed the third and the sixth lines, were common at the time, and for a long period after, as "Der-ry down" is at present. Thus, in "Peblis to the Play,"

Hop, Cailzie, and Cardrona,
Gathered out thick-fald ;
With *heigh, and howe, rumbelow,*
The young folks were full bauld.

The next pasquil which the Scots can be discovered to have composed against the English, occurs in the year 1328, when David, the infant son of Robert Bruce, was married to Jane, the daughter of Edward II., as a means of procuring a pacification between the two countries. The terms of this treaty were humiliating to England, which seemed, by sacrificing one of its sovereign's family as a hostage, to purchase the forbearance of their northern neighbours. The Scots, on their part, were greatly puffed up by a transaction so favourable to them. They called the young princess, "Jane Make-peace;" and "also, to their more derision," quoth Fabyan, "thei made divers *truffes, roundes, and songs*, of the which," he adds, "one is specially remembered as followeth :

Long beardes heartles,
Paynted hoodes witles,
Gay cotes graceles,
Maketh Englande thriftles.

Which ryme, as saeith Guido, was made by the Scottes, principally for the deformyte of clothyng that at those days was used by Englyshmenne." Another historian (Caxton) gives us the circumstances more minutely. The English at that time clothed themselves in coats and hoods, which were decorated in a strange fashion, with letters and flowers painted on them. They also wore long beards. The Scots, on coming to York to manage the business of the pacification, were much struck with this fantastic attire, which no doubt form-

ed a strong contrast with the rude and scanty garments which they themselves wore, in all probability, at that time. The Scotsman has ever been a self-denyer. And he is not only disposed to restrain himself in luxurious pleasures, but he is much given to censuring the extravagance of others. Accordingly, on the present occasion, "thei made this bill, which they fastened upon the church doores of Seint Petre towards Stangate, in despite of Englishmenne."

Some of the preceding specimens may appear scarcely fit to be introduced as illustrating the condition of early Scottish song; being rather recited rhymes than songs. This, however, is not a very fair objection. We find many popular rhymes in the present day, especially among children, which, though not expressly songs, yet resemble that species of composition in so many respects, that they may almost be held as such. Songs are themselves, in general, extemporaneous effusions of the people, produced under the influence of some particular passion. Recitative rhymes are precisely the same. It is, therefore, to be argued from analogy, that the rhymes given above, though not perhaps uttered with the modulation of a tune, are exactly similar to those compositions, whatever they were, which did enjoy an alliance with music.

The prevalence of songs among the common people of Scotland at this period, is proved obliquely by a passage in Barbour's *Life of King Robert Bruce*. This historian, in alluding to a victory which Sir John de Soulis, the governor of Eskdale, gained, with fifty men, over a body of English, amounting to three hundred, under Sir Andrew Hercla, forbears to "reherse the maner" of the fight, because

—quhasae likes thai may her
Young women, quhen thai play,
Sing it among them ilk day.

Few and scattered as the fragments already given may be considered by the reader, a period now ensues, during which still fewer occur to the enquirer. It may be observed, that we are chiefly indebted for the preservation of the above specimens to English historians;

the period being one when the history of Scotland fell as much under the observation of these chroniclers as that of their own country. The ensuing century, during which Scotland continued alike unannoyed and unchronicled by England, and during which she did not happen to possess any native historians, is, therefore, a complete blank, so far as the subject of this essay is concerned. The next trace we find of Scottish song occurs under James I., at the beginning of the fifteenth century.

King James the First—one of the most endeared historical names which Scotland possesses—returned, in 1424, from his long captivity in England, accomplished in all the branches of education which any prince could then have commanded in any country. Henry IV., though induced by reasons of state to confine his person, had by no means constrained his mind. With a wish, it would rather appear, to compensate the injustice of his personal imprisonment, he had taken every measure to enlarge and liberalize the understanding of the young Scottish prince. When James was first brought before him, after being seized by the English fleet, Henry enquired what reason had induced his father to send him to France? James answered, that it was to learn French; on which the king remarked with a smile, that he would acquire that accomplishment quite as well at the English court; where, as the reader will recollect, this language had continued to be used ever since the Norman conquest. The English monarch fully proved the truth of this assertion, by causing his captive not only to be instructed in the fashionable language, which he affected a wish to learn, but also in the more solid departments of knowledge. With the usual generosity of the Plantagenets—for never, perhaps, did a nobler race of men exist than this line of monarchs—he resolved, while abstracting the heir of the King of Scots, at least not to mar the scheme which he had formed for the education of his son; the only loss, he well knew, which would afterwards be perfectly irreparable.

James, then, on being transferred from his English prison to his Scottish throne, was found to be not on-

ly acquainted fully with all that could dignify a prince and direct a lawgiver, but also with those minor accomplishments which, while they perhaps belong most properly to the gentleman or man of taste, are fitted to adorn and alleviate the condition of every rank of men. Nature had rendered him a poet and a musician; taste and education had raised him to a degree of perfection in these arts. His contemporary and historian, Joannes de Fordun, has devoted a whole chapter to an account of his many and varied accomplishments: I may here translate the most remarkable passage. "He excelled in music, and not only in the vocal kind, but also in instrumental, which is the perfection of the art; in tabor and choir, in psalter and organ. Nature, apparently having calculated upon his requiring something more than the ordinary qualifications of men, had implanted in him a force and power of divine genius above all human estimation; and this genius showed itself most particularly in music. His touch upon the harp produced a sound so utterly sweet, and so truly delightful to the hearers, that he seemed to be born a second Orpheus, or, as it were, the prince and prelate of all harpers."

John Major, writing about twenty or thirty years after the death of King James, speaks still more pointedly of his talents as a poet and musician. "He was," says this historian, "a most ingenious composer in his native or vernacular language, and his numerous poems and songs are still held in the highest estimation among the Scottish people. During his captivity, he wrote a very good poem on the lady whom he afterwards made his queen.* There was another, beginning *Yas sen*,† &c.; and another still, a very elaborate and very humorous composition, called *At Beltayn*.‡ This last some persons at Dalkeith and Gargil attempted to alter, representing him as confined in

* The Kingis Quair.

† Probably a mistake for "sen yat" [*since that*], the opening words of a "Song on Absence," which is to be found in Sibbald's Chronicle.

‡ Peblis to the Play.

a castle, or chamber, in which a woman dwelt with her mother."

James is thus proved, from the records of his own country, to have been a writer of songs in his own language—to have been fond of singing—and to have been a most accomplished instrumental musician. It may not be amiss, in the eyes of some, to add the testimony of a historian, who, being a foreigner, must, of course, be held as beyond the suspicion of prejudice. This foreigner is Alessandro Tassoni, an Italian, the author of a work published more than two hundred years ago, under the title of *Pensieri Diversi*. In the twenty-third chapter of his tenth book, Tassoni thus distinguishes James I. of Scotland:

"Noi ancora possiamo connumerar tra nostri, Jacopo Re di Scozia, che non pur cose sacre compose in Canto, ma trova da se stesso una nuova musica, lamentevole e mesta, differente da tutte l'altre. Nel che poi è stato imitato da Carlo Gesualdo Principe di Venosa, che in questa nostra età ha illustrato anch' egli la musica con nuove mirabili invenzioni."—"We may reckon among us moderns, James, King of Scotland, who not only composed many pieces of sacred music, but also of himself invented a new kind of music, plaintive and melancholy, different from all others; in which he has been imitated by Carlo Gesualdo, Prince of Venosa, who, in our age, has improved music with many new and admirable inventions."

This passage goes far to prove, moreover, that although every memorial of James's musical talents is now lost in his own country, he was, for nearly two centuries after his death, in enjoyment of a European reputation on that account.

James has been the means of supplying us with one farther historically certain fact regarding Scottish song. It may be recollected by many of my readers, that, after the first five stanzas of *Peeblis to the Play*, (which five stanzas are occupied by a description of the gathering, or confluence, of the people towards the place of sport,) the poet proceeds—

Ane young man stert into that steid,
As cant as ony colt,

Ane birken hat upon his heid,
 With ane bow and ane bolt;
 Said, Merrie maidens, think not lang;
 The weather is fair and smolt;
 He cleikit up *ane hie rough sang*,
 "There fure * ane man to the holt," †
 Quod he,
 Of Peblis to the Play.

Another allusion occurs in the twenty-fifth stanza :

He fippilit like ane fatherless foal,
 And said, Be still, my sweit thing.
 By the Haly Rude of Peblis,
 I may nocht rest for greiting.
 He quissilit and he pypit baith,
 To mak her blythe that meiting:
 My bonny heart, how says *the sang*,
 "There sall be mirth at our meiting
 Yet,"
 Of Peblis to the Play.

It is thus established, that songs were common matters among the peasantry in the earlier half of the fifteenth century; and also that there were, in particular, two songs, now lost, one beginning, "There fure ane man to the holt," and another, "There shall be mirth at our meeting yet."

But by far the most valuable illustration of the state of song about the era of King James, [1424-37,] is to be found in a ludicrous vernacular poem, called *Cockelby's Sow*, which is known, from internal and external evidence, to have been written before the middle of the fifteenth century, although the earliest copy of it is in the Bannatyne Manuscript, dated only 1568. *Cockelby's Sow*, in language, and style of description, makes a much nearer approach to the modern productions of the Scottish muse, than any other work produced before the days of Semple and Ramsay. On this account, and as it describes a scene of coarse rustic festivity, there is the strongest probability that the names of tunes contained in the following extract, refer expressly to those ballads and songs which were popular at the time when the poem was composed.

* Went.

† Wood.

And his cousin Copyn Cull
 Foul of bellis ful full,
 Led the dance and began,
 Play us *Joly Lemmane*.
 Sum trottit *Tras and Trenass*,
 Sum balterit *The Bass*,
 Sum *Perdolly*, sum *Trolly lolly*,
 Sum, *Cok craw thou qll day*,
Tuysbank and Terway,
 Sum *Lincolne*, sum *Lindsay*,
 Sum *Joly Lemman*, *dawis it not day*,
 Sum *Be yon wodsyd singis*,
 Sum *Lait lait in evinnynis*,
 Sum *Joly Martene with a mok*,
 Sum *Lulalow lute cok*.
 Sum bakkit, sum beingit,
 Sum crakkit, sum cringit ;
 Sum movit *Most mak revell*,
 Sum *Symon sonis of Quhynfell*,
 Sum *Maister Peir de Cougate*,
 And uther sum in *Cousate*
 At leser drest to dance.
 Sum *Ourfute*, sum *Orliance*,
 Sum *Rusty Bully with a bek*,
And every note in utheris nek.
 Sum usit the dansis to dame
 Of Cipres and Boheme ;
 Sum the faitis full yarne
 Off Portugall and Naverne ;
 Sum counterfeitit the gyis of Spaine,
 Sum Italy, sum Almaine ;
 Sum noisit Napillis anone,
 And uthir sum of Arragone ;
 Sum *The Cane of Tartary*,
 Sum *The Soldane of Surry*.
 Than all arrayit in a ring,
 Dancit *My deir derling*.
 Thay movit in their mad meeting,
 And all thay falit in feeting ;
 For werit wes their menstralis,
 Thair instrumentis in tonis falis ;
 And all thair plat pure pansis,
 Coud not the fete of ony dansis ;
 Bot such thing us affeiris
 To hirdis, and thair maneris ;
 For they hard speik of men gud,
 And small thereof understood ;
 Bot harlit forth uponn heid,
 A cojoyne cull coud thame lede ;
 And so thay wend thay weill dansit,
 And did bot practit and pransit ;

Bot quhen thay had all done,
It was a tratlyng out of tune.

“Of the airs mentioned in this poem,” says Mr Leyden, in his Notes to “The Complaynt of Scotland,” “I suspect *Twysbank* to be the appropriate tune of a song preserved in the Bannatyne MS., which commences—

When Tayis bank wes blomit brycht.

Owirfute and Orliance are mentioned, in a curious poem on the ‘Laying of a Ghaist,’ in the Bannatyne MS., which begins—

Listis, lordis, I sall you tell.

Lutecok is mentioned in Mr Constable’s Cantus of the end of the 17th century, as likewise *My deir derling*, which is there termed ‘My dayes darling.’”

I may further venture to express a conjecture, that *Trolly lolly* is the same song with *Trollee lollee lemmán-dow*, which is mentioned in the Complaynt of Scotland, 1549, and also with that which Mr Ritson has printed in his “Ancient Songs,” under the title of *Trolley lollee*. *Cok craw thou qll day*, may be the same with the well-known song called “Saw ye my Father?” in which a lover, entering his mistress’s bower, gives direction to the cock, as follows :

Flee up, flee up, my bonnie gray cock,
And craw when it is day ;
And your neck sall be like the bonnie beaten gowd,
And your wings o’ the siller gray.

Upwards of half a century elapses after the period of Cockelby’s Sow, before any other traces of the existence of song are to be found in authentic memoirs. The prologues to Gawin Douglas’s translation of Virgil, written at latest in 1513, contain the names or first lines of a few, as follow :

On salt stremis walk Dorida and Thetis,
By runnand strands, nymphes and Naiades,
Sic as we clepe wenches and damosels,
In gersy graves, wandering by spring wells,
Of bloomed branches and flouris whyte and red,
Plettand their lusty chaplets for their heid.

Some sang *ring sangs*,* *dances, ledes, and rounds*, †
 With voices schill, while all the dale resounds ;
 Whereso they walk into their caroling,
 For amorous lays does all the rockis ring :
 Ane sang, “ *The ship sails ower the saut faem,
 Will bring thir merchands and my leman hame.*”
 Some other sings, “ *I will be blythe and licht,
 My heart is lent upon sae gude a wicht.*”

In the same prologue—the twelfth—another occurs :

— Our awin native bird, gentil dow,
 Singand on her kynd, “ *I come hither to wor.*”

Could this be a primitive version of the well-known song, “ Rob’s Jock cam to woo our Jenny,” which was written down in the Bannatyne manuscript anno 1568, or of, “ I hae laid a herring in saut ?”

Allusion is made, in the thirteenth prologue, to a song which is fortunately preserved :

Thereto thir birdis singis in their schawis,
 As menstrualis playis, “ *The joly day now dawis.*”

The song here mentioned must unquestionably be the same with one which is found in a collection of musical pieces written about the year 1500, out of compliment to Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV., and consort of Henry VII., and which is preserved in the Fairfax MS.

This day day dawes,
 This gentil day dawes,
 And I must home gone.
 In a glorious garden grene,
 Saw I sittand a comely quene,
 Among the flowers that fresh byn ;
 She gathered a flowir and set betwene.
 The lilye-white rose ‡ methought I saw,

* Probably songs with which the ring dance was accompanied.

† *Rounds* is one of the denominations of song enumerated by Fabyan, in regard to a transaction already mentioned.

‡ Elizabeth was herself called *the White Rose*, because she represented the House of York, whose cognizance it was, and might be said metaphorically to have added that flower to the Red Rose of the House of Lancaster, borne by her husband.

And ever she sang,
This day day dawes,
This gentil day dawes.

This fragment is extremely valuable, as proving that, at the commencement of the sixteenth century, there were songs common to the literate classes of both nations. Its tune, at least, seems to have continued a favourite in Scotland, for a long period after the days of Gawin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld. Dunbar—the cleverest of all the old Scottish poets—who flourished about thirty years after Douglas, mentions it, and another tune besides, in a satirical address to the magistrates of Edinburgh :

Your common menstrales hes no tune,
But, “ Now the day dawes,” and “ Into June.”

Thus, also, in “ the Muses’ Threnodie,” a local poem written at Perth in the reign of James VI., “ Hey, the day now dawnes,” is quoted as the name of a celebrated old Scotch song ; and in “ The Life and Death of the Piper of Kilbarchan, or the Epitaph of Habbie Simpson,” published in Watson’s Collection of Scots Poems, 1706, the following line occurs :

Now, who shall play, *The day it dawes ?*

When Dunbar’s allusion is associated with this last, we are led to conclude, that the air in question was, throughout a round period of two centuries, the common *reveillée* played by the *town pipers*, who, till recent times, used to parade the streets of certain royal burghs which supported them, at an early hour in the morning, for the purpose of rousing the inhabitants to their daily labour.

Passing over the two excellent songs which tradition, but tradition alone, ascribes to James the Fifth, —“ The Gaberlunzie Man,” and “ the Jolly Beggar” —we find that this monarch, if not himself a song-writer, was at least the cause why song-writing was in others. After his death, the noblemen taken at the battle of Solway Moss were conducted to London, and afterwards liberated by King Henry VIII., with honours and presents, designed to make them exert themselves in favour of his views among their country-

men. We are informed, however, by Sir Ralph Sadler, the English king's ambassador at the Scottish court, that, when they returned, they were universally execrated under the epithet of *the English lords*; it being supposed that King Henry had engaged them to betray their country. "Such *ballads* and *songs* were made of them," says Sir Ralph, "[detailing] how the English angels had corrupted them, as have not been heard."

We are informed by John Knox, in his "Historie," that soon after the death of James V., "ane Wilsoun, servant to the Bischope of Dunkeld, quha nether knew the New Testament nor the Auld, made a dispyteful railling *ballat* against the preichours, and against the governor, for the quhilk he narrowly eschaupt hanging." The reformer, at another place, preserves a capital specimen of the pasquinading songs of this period; to wit, "a sang of triumphe," which the Catholic clergy composed when Norman Leslie, and his associates in the assassination of Cardinal Beatoun, were taken from the castle of St Andrews, and consigned to the galleys:

Priestis, content yow now,
 Priestis, content yow now;
 For Normond and his companie
 Hes filled the gallayis fow.

It is somewhat remarkable that there is still popular at the ancient city of St Andrews, "a sang of triumphe," on the opposite score, so nearly resembling this as to seem its prototype. It runs thus:

Marry now, maidens,
 Maidens, marry now;
 For stickit is your Cardinal,
 And sautit like a sow.

I am informed that the boys of St Andrews, and also of other towns in the east of Fife, are in the habit of singing this stanza to an air, as they perambulate the streets in bands at night. It is evident, in my opinion, that it must have been composed in 1546, immediately after the assassination of the Cardinal, while he was

still lying pickled in the dungeons of the castle. It seems also probable, that the stanza preserved by John Knox was a sort of parody, or imitation of it, which either the same author, or some other, sent forth a few months after, when the castle was taken by the French anti-reformers. As to the meaning of the verse, I believe I need make no attempt to point out what must, when the licentious character of this prelate is taken into account, be so abundantly obvious.

I now come to what may be called an era in the history of Scottish song, the publication, in 1549, of the "Complaynt of Scotland;" a work curious in bibliography as the first original work printed in Scottish prose, but which is far more interesting in literary antiquities, on account of the vestiges of Scottish popular song with which it is so largely impressed. The general character of this work is that of a political pamphlet, or rhapsody; and it could, upon the whole, give but little pleasure to a modern reader. Fortunately, however, it contains an episode, in which the author represents himself as weary with study, as travelling forth for recreation into "the green holsum fields," and as there falling into the company of a band of shepherds, who forthwith solace him by singing a number of songs, of which he gives the names. By an eccentricity in composition, which must then have been quite *comme il faut*, but which would now call down the ridicule of the public, we are thus put into possession of something like a catalogue of the popular songs of the year 1549.

"Now I will rehearse," says he, "sum of the sweit sangs that I herd amang them, as eftir followis: in the fyrst, Pastance with gude cumpany, The breir byndis me soir, Still undir the leyuis grene, Cou thou me the raschis grene, Allace, I vyit your twa fair ene, God you gude day vil boy, Lady, help your presoneir, Kyng Villyamis note, The lange noune nou, The Chapel valk, Faytht is there none, Skald a bellis nou, The Abirdenis nou, Brume brume on hil, Allone I veip in grit distres, Trolee lolee lemmendou, Bille vil thou cum by a lute and belt thee in Sanct Francis cord, The fróg cam to the myl dur, The sang of Gilquiskar, Rycht

soirly musing in my mynde, God sen the Duke had biddin in France and Delabaute had nevyr cum hame, Al musing of meruellis a mys hef I gone, Maestres fayr ze vil forfoyr, O lusty Maye vitht Flora quene, O myne hart hay this is my sang, The battel of the Hayrlaw, The huntis of Cheuet, Sal I go vitht you to Rumbelo fayr, Greuit is my sorrow, Turne the sueit Ville to me, My lufe is lyand seik—send him joy, send him joy, Fair luf lend thou me thy mantil joy, The Perssee and the Mongumrye met, that day, that gentil day, My luf is layd upone ane knycht, Allace that samyn sweit face, In ane myrthful morou, My hart is leinit on the land. Thir scheipherdis," he adds, "sang mony vther melodious sangis, the quhilkis I haif nocht in memorye."

We have here the first lines or titles of thirty-seven songs, which no man can doubt were fashionable in the year 1549. If it were possible to give each of them at its full length, how much light should we throw upon the early history of song! Unfortunately, very little of any of them can now be recovered.

Pastance with gude cumpanye, (Pastime with good company,) is supposed by Ritson to have been the composition of King Henry VIII. That antiquary possessed a manuscript of Henry's time, in which he found both the words and the music. He has printed only the first two lines, which, however, contain a good maxim for social life :

Passetyme with good cumpanye
I love, and shall unto I die.

Still vnder the leuyis grene, (still under the leaves green,)—a beautiful rural image, reminding one of the ever grateful and refreshing "remoto gramine" of Horace! A narrative song under this title is preserved in the manuscript collection of poems made in the reign of Queen Mary, by Sir Richard Maitland of Lethington. It consists of eighteen stanzas, of which the first is as follows :

Still vndir the levis grene
This hinder day I went.alonc ;

I hard ane may sair murne and meyne ;
 To the king of love she maid her mone.
 She sychtit sely soir,
 Said, lord, I luif thy loir ;
 Mair wo dreit nevir woman one ;
 O langsum lyfe an thow war gone,
 Than sould I murne no moir.

Cou thou me the raschis grene. "Colle to me the rysshes grene," is the chorus of an old English song. Colle is the same with the Scottish word *cou*, which signifies to crop or make bare above. It is used, for instance, in allusion to hair-cutting, and also to the act of reducing the snuff of a candle. "Cou thou me the raschis grene," is therefore the same as *Crop for me the rushes green*. Possibly, the first two words may be the same with two which figure in a ridiculous burden or chorus, once recited to me in connexion with the old nursery song of the Frog and Mouse.

There was a froggie in a well,
 Fa, la, linkum, leerie !
 And a mousie in a mill,
 Linkum-a-leerie, linkum-a-leerie, linkum-a-leerie,
 cow-dow !

Kyng Villyamis note is supposed to be the song sung by hendy Nicolas, in Chaucer's *Miller's Tale*.

And after that he sung *the Kinges Note* ;
 Ful often blessed was his mery throat.

I believe that this song must have been descriptive of, or allusive to, a game formerly beloved by royal personages ; because, in the park around the palatial castle of Stirling, there is a little mound, called to this day *the King's Note*, which tradition reports to have been the scene of some sport formerly practised by the Scottish monarchs, and which really bears external marks of some such purpose, being of a regularly angular shape, and surrounded with mounds like benches, that seem to have been calculated for the accommodation of spectators.

The lange noune nou. This perhaps is the same chorus which the reader will find attached to the old rude song of "the Queen of Sluts," in the present Collection.

I married a wife, and I brocht her hame ;
 Sing niddle, sing noddle, sing noo noo noo !
 I set her i' the neuk, and I ca'd her dame ;
 Sing ben willie wallets, sing niddle, sing noddle,
 Sing niddle, sing noddle, sing noo noo noo !

The Cheapel walk was probably the same poem with one which Lord Hailes, in his "Ancient Scottish Poems from the Bannatyne Manuscript," entitled "The Abbey walk." The Abbey walk was by Robert Henryson, [a cadet of the ancient baronial family of Henderson of Fordel, in Fife, who, in the reign of James II., (1460—88,) was a schoolmaster at Dunfermline, and who may well be classed among the mighty fathers of Scottish poetry.] It is a moral poem, and seems to have got its title simply because the reflections of which it consists were made in a walk through an abbey. The first verse is as follows :

Allone as I went up and doun,
 In ane abbay was fair to see,
 Thinkand what consolatioun
 Was best into adversitie ;
 On caiss I kuist on syde myne ee,
 And saw this written upon a wall,
 Of what estait, man, that thou be,
 Obey, and thank thy God of all.

Skald a bellis nou, and *The Abirdenis nou*, were probably variations, local or otherwise, of *The langedounne nou*. It is worth mentioning, by the way, that there is a popular song, (never in print,) which is stuffed full of a recurring chorus somewhat like the following :

And I long to get married,
 For the tid's come ower me noo, noo, noo,
 For the tid's come ower me noo.

The tid is the inclination, or humour.

Brume brume on hil. This song is mentioned by Laneham, in his Account of Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment at Kenilworth, 1575, as part of the literary collection of Captain Cox, the mason of Coventry; and Mr Ritson cites, from an old morality, the following lines :

Brome brome on hill,
 The gentle brome on hill hill ;
 Brome brome on Hiue hill,
 The gentle brome on Hiue hill ;
 The brome stands on Hiue hill.

Trolee lolee lemmendou. As stated in the notes here appended to the ballad of "the Marchioness of Douglas," *troly loly* is an old chorus, and probably the original of the modern "Tol-de rol lol," which is so conspicuous in Pan's song in "Midas." It has been already noticed, that *Trolly Lolly* is the name of an air mentioned in Cockerby's Sow.

Bille vil thou cum by a lute and belt thee in Sanct Francis cord. We are informed by Mr Leyden, that, in the Manuscript Cantus belonging to the late Mr Archibald Constable, two lines of this song are introduced into a medley.

Billie, will ye come by a lute,
 And tuick it with your pin, trow low.

The frog cam to the myl dur. Mr Warton, in his History of English Poetry, tells us that a ballad entitled "A most strange weddinge of the frogge and the mouse," was licensed by the Stationers to E. White, November 21, 1580. Perhaps the following ditty, taken down from recitation by Mr Kirkpatrick Sharpe, and published by him in his "Ballad Book," 1824, may be the same.

There lived a puddy in a well,
 And a merry mouse in a mill.

Puddy he'd a woinn ride,
 Sword and pistol by his side.

Puddy cam to the mouse's wonne,
 "Mistress mouse, are you within?"

"Yes, kind sir, I am within ;
 Saftly do I sit and spin."

"Madame, I am come to woo,
 Marriage I must have of you."

"Marriage I will grant you nane,
 Until uncle Rotten he comes hame."

“ Uncle Rotten’s now come hame ;
Fye ! gar busk the bride alang.”

Lord Rotten sat at the head o’ the table,
Because he was baith stout and able.

Wha is’t that sits next the wa’,
But Lady Mouse, baith jimp and sma’ ?

What is’t that sits next the bride,
But the sola puddy wi’ his yellow side ?

Syne cam the deuk, but and the drake ;
The deuk took puddy, and garred him squaik.

Then cam in the carl cat,
Wi’ a fiddle on his back.
“ Want ye ony music here ?”

The puddy he swam down the brook ;
The drake he caughted him in his fluke.

The cat he pu’d Lord Rotten doun ;
The kittens they did claw his croun.

But Lady Mouse, baith jimp and sma’,
Crept into a hole beneath the wa’ ;
“ Squeak !” quo’ she, “ I’m weel awa !”

By the way, the frog seems to have been a favourite character, and a distinguished figurant, in old popular poetry. There is still to be found in the Scottish nursery a strange legendary tale, sometimes called “ The Padda Sang,” and sometimes “ The Tale o’ the Well o’ the World’s End,” in which the frog acts as the hero. It is partly in recitative, and partly in verse, and the air to which the poetry is sung is extremely beautiful. I give the following version of it from the recitation of an old nurse in Annandale.

“ A poor widow, you see, was once baking bannocks ; and she sent her dauchter to the well at the world’s end, with a wooden dish, to bring water. When the lassie cam to the well, she fand it dry ; but there was a padda (*a frog*) that came loup-loup-loupin, and loupit into her dish. Says the padda to the lassie, ‘ I’ll gie ye plenty o’ water, if ye’ll be my wife.’ The lassie didna like the padda, but she was fain to say she wad take him, just to get the water ; and, ye ken,

she never thought that the puir brute wad be serious, or wad ever say ony mair about it. Sae she got the water, and took it hame to her mother; and she heard nae mair o' the padda till that nicht, when, as she and her mother were sitting by the fireside, what do they hear but the puir padda at the outside o' the door, singing wi' a' his nicht,

' Oh, open the door, my hinnie,* my heart,
Oh, open the door, my ain true love;
Remember the promise that you and I made,
Doun i' the meadow, where we twa met.'

Says the mother, ' What noise is that at the door, dauchter?'—' Hout!' says the lassie, ' it's naething but a filthy padda!'—' Open the door,' says the mother, ' to the puir padda.' Sae the lassie opened the door, and the padda cam loup-loup-loupin in, and sat doun by the ingle-side. Then, out sings he:

' Oh, gie me my supper, my hinnie, my heart,
Oh, gie me my supper, my ain true love;
Remember the promise that you and I made,
Doun i' the meadow, where we twa met.'

' Hout!' quo' the dauchter, ' wad I gie a supper to a filthy padda?'—' Ou, ay,' quo' the mother, ' gie the puir padda his supper.' Sae the padda got his supper. After that, out he sings again:

' Oh, put me to bed, my hinnie, my heart,
Oh, put me to bed, my ain true love;
Remember the promise that you and I made,
Doun i' the meadow, where we twa met.'

' Hout!' quo' the dauchter, ' wad I put a filthy padda to bed?'—' Ou, ay,' says the mother, ' put the puir padda to his bed.' And sae she pat the padda to his bed. Then out he sang again (for the padda hadna got a' he wanted yet):

* Honey—a very common phrase of endearment among the lower orders of the people in Scotland. One of the " twa mareit women," whose tricks are so deftly delineated by Dunbar, says, on one occasion, to her husband,

" My hinny, hald abak, and handle me nocht sair."

‘ Oh, come to your bed, my hinnie, my heart,
 Oh, come to your bed, my ain true love ;
 Remember the promise that you and I made,
 Doun i’ the meadow, where we twa met.’

‘ Hout !’ quo’ the dauchter, ‘ wad I gang to bed wi’ a filthy padda ?’—‘ Gae ’wa, lassie,’ says the mother, ‘ e’en gang to bed wi’ the puir padda.’ And sae the lassie *did* gang to bed wi’ the padda. Weel, what wad ye think ? He’s no content yet ; but out he sings again :

‘ Come, tak me to your bosom, my hinnie, my heart,
 Come, tak me to your bosom, my ain true love ;
 Remember the promise that you and I made,
 Doun i’ the meadow, where we twa met.’

‘ Lord have a care o’ us !’ says the lassie, ‘ wad I tak a filthy padda to my bosom, d’ye think ?’—‘ Ou, ay,’ quo’ the mother, ‘ just be ye doing your gudeman’s bid-din, and tak him to your bosom.’ Sae the lassie did tak the padda to her bosom. After that, he sings out :

‘ Now fetch me an aix, my hinnie, my heart,
 Now fetch me an aix, my ain true love ;
 Remember the promise that you and I made,
 Doun i’ the meadow, where we twa met.’

She brought the axe in a minute, and he then sang again :

‘ Now chap aff my head, my hinnie, my heart,
 Now chap aff my head, my ain true love ;
 Remember the promise that you and I made,
 Doun i’ the meadow, where we twa met.’

I’se warrant she was na lang o’ obeying him in this request ! for, ye ken, what kind of a gudeman was a bit padda likely to be ? But, lock-an-daysie, what d’ye think ?—she had na weel chappit aff his head, as he askit her to do, before he starts up, the bonniest young prince that ever was seen. And, of course, they leaved happy a’ the rest o’ their days.”

Of such simple tales as this do the earliest fictions of all nations appear to have consisted. It will strongly remind the reader of the common fable of Beauty and the Beast, which, I believe, is of Eastern origin.

In illustration of the same subjects, Mr Leyden

mentions a rhyming narrative, which he himself heard in the nursery. It begins—

The frog sat in the mill-door, spin-spin-spinning,
When by came the little mouse, rin-rin-rinning.

The mouse proposes to join in the spinning, and enquires—

But where will I get a spindle, fair lady mine ?

When the frog desires him to take

The auld mill lewer, (or lever.)

God sen the duc had bidden in France, and Delabaute had nevyr cum hame. This was probably the first half-stanza of a ballad on the unhappy regency of the Duke of Albany, (during the minority of James V.,) and the murder of the Signor de la Bauté, his proregent, by the Laird of Wedderburn, in 1517. A ballad, beginning,

God sen the Duke had bidden in France,
And De la Bauté had never come hame,

must have borne some resemblance to Jock o' the Syde, and other compositions of the kind, produced within the same century.

Al musing of meruellis a mys hef I gone. A verse of this song, according to Mr Leyden's report, occurs in the manuscript Cantus belonging to the late Mr Constable.

All musing of mervelles in the mid morne,
Through a slunk in a slaid, amisse have I gone:
I heard a song me beside, that reft from me my sprite,
But through my dream, as I dream'd, this was the effect.

It is further to be remarked, that this is in the same style of poetry, and the same rhythm of versification, with the strange alliterative rhapsodies which pass under the name of the Prophecies of Thomas the Rhymer, Merlin, &c.

O lusty Maye, with Flora quene, is fortunately preserved entire. It was first printed by Chepman and Myllar, the fathers of Scottish typography, in 1508; and was afterwards incorporated with the Bannatyne

MS. On account, probably, of its great merit and continued popularity, it also appears in Forbes's Aberdeen Cantus, a work published so lately as 1666. It is given at length in this place, as the most favourable specimen that can now be found, of the fashionable songs of the sixteenth century.

O, lusty May, with Flora queen,
Whose balmy drops from Phœbus sheene
Prelucient beam before the day ;
By thee, Diana, groweth green,
Through gladness of this lusty May

Then Aurora, that is so bright,
To woful hearts she casts great light,
Right pleasantly before the day,
And shows and sheds forth of that light,
Through gladness of this lusty May.

Birds on their boughs, of every sort,
Send forth their notes, and make great mirth,
On banks that bloom, and every brae ;
And fare and flee ower every firth,
Through gladness of this lusty May.

And lovers all that are in care,
To their ladies they do repair,
In fresh mornings before the day ;
And are in mirth aye mair and mair,
Through gladness of this lusty May.

Of every moneth in the year,
To mirthful May there is no peer ;
Her glittering garments are so gay ;
You lovers all, make merry cheer
Through gladness of this lusty May !

The Perssee and Mongumrye met, that day, that gentil day. This, in Mr Leyden's opinion, was probably a Scottish copy of the ordinary historical ballad of the Battle of Otterbourne, not exactly the same with any edition extant.

The Battel of the Hayrlaw, and The Huntis of Cheuet, are two historical ballads, the first of which is generally supposed to be that which was first printed in Ramsay's Evergreen, and which is to be found in the present collection, while the second is printed in Percy's Reliques of English Poetry.

Allone I veip in grit distres—Rycht sorely musing

in my mynde—O mine hart, ay this is my song—Grevit (grievous) is my sorrow—Allace, that samyn sweet face—In ane mirthful morou, are all found, parodied into sacred songs, in the strange work called “A Compendious Book of Godly and Spiritual Songs, collectit out of sundrie parts of the Scripture, with sundrie of other Ballats, chainged out of profaine Sanges, for avoiding of Sinne and Harlotrie;” which was printed by Andro Hart in 1590. The existence and nature of this curious old book form one of the strongest proofs we can now have, of the prevalence of popular songs at the era of the Reformation. The conscientious, but Puritanical clergy of that time, were, it seems, anxious to win the people from their ordinary amusements, which they thought were calculated only to excite their worst passions; they indulged a fond hope—one not altogether exploded in our own day—that religion might be made to come in place of all other recreations. Observing, accordingly, that the singing of rude familiar songs constituted a great portion of the entertainment of the populace, they adopted the idea, that, if they could but substitute a set of *divine songs* for those in use, they would be advancing one great step in their project of national reformation. It does not appear that they ever formed any calculation, as to the probability of the people adopting the new-modelled songs which should be presented to them. They seem to have had an idea, that mere saltation of voice, so to speak, was all that the people wanted, and that it did not at all matter what was the subject or style of their songs. The only deference they paid to the vulgar taste, was to make the sacred archetypes as like the profane originals as possible, in structure of verse, and in style of imagery. The tunes, moreover, were the same, whether of that irreverent kind which may be said to express a significant blackguardism in every note, or of the more pensive sort, which are now found attached to our best sentimental songs. Thus, no kind of composition, perhaps, could possibly be so ridiculous as one of these “godly and spiritual ballads.” It happens, that those which correspond with the titles mentioned in the Complaynt of Scotland, are, upon

the whole, less *outré* than the greater part; but, by way of a fair specimen, the following may be quoted:

John, come kiss me now,
John, come kiss me now;
John, come kiss me by and by,
And mak na mair adow.

The Lord thy God I am,
That John does thee call;
John represents the man
By grace celestiall.

My prophets call, my preachers cry,
John come kiss me now;
John, come kiss me by and by,
And mak nae mair adow.

Other specimens, equally quaint, but not just so ludicrous, may be given. The following seems to have been composed in reference to the capital old song; (given in this Collection,) beginning with "Late in an evening, forth I went," and all the verses of which end with, "Ye'll never be like my auld gudeman."

Till our Gudeman, till our Gudeman,
Keep faith and love till our Gudeman.

For our Gudeman in heaven does reign,
In glore and bliss, without ending.

Where angels ever sing, Osan!
In laude and praise of our Gudeman.

Adame, our fore-father that was,
Has lost us all for his trespass;
Whais bruckle banes we may sair ban,
That gard us lose our awn Gudeman.

The specimen which succeeds was in all probability formed upon some older version of the song, included in this Collection under the title of, "Wha's at my window, wha, wha?" It is quoted by Beaumont and Fletcher, in "The Knight of the Burning Pestle."

Who is at my windo, who, who?
Goe from my windo, goe, goe.
Wha callis there, so lyke ane strangere?
Goe from my windo, goe, goe.

Lord, I am here, ane wratchit mortall,
 That for thy mercie does cry and call
 Unto thee, my Lord celestiall;
 Sie who is at my windo, who, who.

* * * * *

O gracious Lord celestiall,
 As thou art Lord and King eternall,
 Grant us grace, that we may enter all,
 And in at thy doore let me goe.

Who is at my windo, who, who?
 Goe from my windo, goe;
 Cry no more there, like ane strangere,
 But in at my doore thou goe!

Extravagant as this nonsense is, the reader will be surprised to learn, that a modern sect adopted the same idea within the last sixty years, and produced a volume of similar parodies, such as,

Wat ye wha I met yestreen,
 Lying in my bed, mama?
 An angel bright, &c.

And,

Haud awa, bide awa,
 Haud awa frae me, deilie!

To laugh, were want of godliness and grace;
 Yet to be grave exceeds all power of face.

The Complaynt of Scotland, besides affording us all the preceding illustrations of the condition of Scottish song at the middle of the sixteenth century, contains one or two other passages, which almost equally reflect light on this obscure subject. There is one, in which we get a list of the musical instruments then in use among the populace. "There was eight shepherdis," says the author, "and ilk ane of them had ane sundrie instrument, to plai to the laif, [*rest.*] The fyrst had ane drone bag-pipe, the nyxt had ane pipe maid of ane bleddir and ane reid, the thrid playit on ane trump, the feird on ane corne pipe, the fyft playit on ane pipe maid of ane gait horne, the sext playit on ane recorder, the sevint playit on ane fiddil, and the last playit on ane quhissil."

Afterwards, the author, in describing a tumultuous dance, which was performed by the shepherds, gives us an extensive list of tunes. "It was ane celest recreatione," he says, "to behald their lycht loupane, galmondng, stendling bakuart and forduart, dansand base dansis, pannans, galyardis, turdions, braulis and branglis, buffons, with mony uther lycht dancis, the quhilk are ower prolix to be rehersit. Yit, nochtheles, I sal rehers sa mony as ma ingyne can put in memorye. In the fyrst, thay dancit, All Chrystin mennis dance, The north of Scotland, Huntis up, The comont entray, Lang plat fut of Gariau, Robene Hude, Thom of Lyn, Freiris al, Enuernes, The Loch of Slene, The gossip's dance, Lewis grene, Makky, The speyde, The flail, The Lemmes wynd, Soutra, Cum kyttil me nakyt wantounly, Schayke leg fut before gossep, Rank at the rute, Baglap and al, Johne Ermestrangis dance, The alman haye, The bace of Voragon, Dangeir, The beye, The dede dance, The dance of Kylrynne, The vod and the val, Schaik a trot."

Al Chrystin mennis dance appears to have been the air appropriate to the song in "the Book of Godly Ballads," beginning,

Be blythe, all Christian men, and sing.

Huntis up is an air and song of some distinction. According to an old author, "one Gray acquired the favour of Henry VIII., and afterwards that of the Duke of Somerset, Protector, for making 'certaine merry ballades,' whereof one chiefly was, 'The Hunte is up, the Hunte is up.'" It is mentioned in a poem on May by the Scottish Anacreon, Alexander Scott; in the "Muses' Threnodie," we hear of "Saint Johnston's Hunt's up." The poem, which is a very ingenious allegory of the power and evil influence of the Pope, ran as follows :

With huntis up, with huntis up,
It is now perfect day :
Jesus our king is gone a-hunting ;
Who likes to speed, they may.

Ane cursed fox lay hid in rocks,
 This long and many a day,
 Devouring sheep, while he might creep ;
 None might him 'schape away.

It did him good to lap the blood
 Of young and tender lambs :
 None could him miss ; for all was his,
 The young ones with their dams.

The hunter is Christ, that hunts in haste ;
 The hounds are Peter and Paul ;
 The Pope is the fox ; Rome is the rocks,
 That rubs us on the gall.

That cruel beast, he never ceased,
 By his usurped power,
 Under dispence, to get our pence,
 Our souls to devour.

Who could devise such merchandise,
 As he had there to sel',
 Unless it were proud Lucifer,
 The great master of hell ?

He had to sell the Tautonie bell,
 And pardons therein was,
 Remission of sins in old sheep-skins,
 Our souls to bring from grace.

With balls of lead, white wax and red,
 And other whiles with green,
 Closed in a box ; this use the fox ;
 Such paultrie was never seen.

Such were the satirical ballads with which the reformers assailed the strongholds of the Roman Catholic faith ; and surely no missiles, however substantial, could have well been more effective.*

Robin Hude, Thom of Lyn, and Johnne Erme-strangis dance, in the opinion of Mr Leyden, [*Notes to Complaynt of Scotland*,] were the tunes appropri-

* So sensible were the Catholic clergy of the severity of this war, that, at a council held by them in 1549, the very year of the publication of the *Complaynt of Scotland*, they denounced all those who kept in their possession "*aliquos libros rythmorum seu cantilenarum vulgarium, scandalosa ecclesiasticorum, aut quamcunque hoeresim in se continentia.*"

ate to ballads which we still possess under nearly the same names. *Thom of Lyn* could be no other than "Tamlane," the well-known and most beautiful fairy story, first recovered, in an entire shape, by Sir Walter Scott, and here reprinted. This story, though now reduced to the narrow limits of an ordinary ballad, was formerly an extensive romance, or metrical tale, which was sung by minstrels to lords and ladies gay. The circumstance of *Johnne Ermestrangis dance* being mentioned in a work published in 1549, proves that this unfortunate hero had, immediately after his death, become a theme of popular poetry and music.

Enuernes must have been a tune attached to some song in praise of the town of Inverness.

Cum kyttil me nakyt wantounly is perhaps an early version of the following ludicrous song, which is from "a Ballad Book" printed in 1827.

Johnie cam to our toun,
To our toun, to our toun;
Johnie cam to our toun,
The body wi' the tye.
And O as he kittled me,
Kittled me, kittled me;
And O as he kittled me—
But I forgot to cry.

He gaed through the fields wi' me,
The fields wi' me, the fields wi' me;
He gaed through the fields wi' me,
And doun among the rye.
Then O as he kittled me,
Kittled me, kittled me;
Then O as he kittled me—
But I forgot to cry.

The Gossip's dance and *Schayke leg fut before gossip* were probably, one or both, the same with the witch-song quoted in an account of the witches who met the devil at North Berwick Kirk in 1591:

Cummer, goe ye before, cummer, goe ye;
Gif ye will not goe before, cummer, let me;

Cummer and gossip signifying the same thing.

Bag lap and al, is a well-known air, preserved in Oswald's Collection.

The Vace of Voragon was probably the tune to

which the minstrels sung a romance called *Vernager*, or *Ferragus*, formerly popular in Britain, and also in Ireland.

After the era of "the Complaynt of Scotland," there occurs no other grand landmark in the history of Scottish song, for a considerable length of time. Here and there, however, throughout the interval, we find traces of its continued florescence, and even specimens of its productions. For instance, in the *Bannatyne MS.*, 1568, we find "The Wowing of Jok and Jynney,"* which is still regularly incorporated in our collections, if not commonly sung among the populace. In the same year, Thomas Bassendyne, printer, Edinburgh, put forth "a psalme buik," in the end whereof was found printed "ane baudy sang," called "Welcome fortunes." In 1591, we find, in the book already quoted regarding the congress of witches at North Berwick Kirk, the names of two airs, which had appropriate words. The first was, "Cummer, goe ye before," two lines of which have been preserved and printed in this essay. The second was, "The silly bit chicken, gar cast it a pickle, and it will grow mickle." We are favoured by Mr Leyden with a whole stanza of the latter ingenious ditty, which he says is still popular in the south of Scotland:

The silly bit chicken, gar cast her a pickle,
And she'll grow mickle, and she'll grow mickle,
And she'll grow mickle, and she'll do gude,
And lay an egg to my little brude.

As this, however, has only been rescued from the mouth of tradition since the beginning of the present century, we can only vouch for the title given in the witch-book, as an authentic relic of the song of the sixteenth century.

A song and air, called "Bothwell bank, thou blumest fair," is mentioned in a book of date 1605, (*see note to the song so called, in this Collection,*) and as the incident by which the reference to it is introduced, is stated to have occurred "of late years," we

* Entitled, in the present Collection, "The Wooing of Jenny and Jock," and professed, erroneously, to be from *Watson's Scots Poems*.

may presume this to be also a composition of the sixteenth century. "Tak your auld cloak about ye," is a song of nearly the same era, being quoted in Shakespeare's *Othello*, which is supposed to have been written in 1611.

It may here be mentioned, by the way, that, in the edition of the "Godly and Spiritual Songs," published by Andro Hart in 1621, there is one which unquestionably bears reference to a well-known puerile rhyme. It commences thus :

O man, rise up, and be not sweir,
 Prepare again this gude new year ;
 My new year gift thou has in store :
 Sen I am he that coft thee deir,
 Gif me thy heart, I ask no more.

And there is a multitude of other verses. I cannot help thinking, that this has been a sacred imitation of the rhyme which, in my own youth, was cried by boys at the doors of the good burgesses of Peebles, for the purpose of calling forth the beneficent gift of an oat-cake from the gudewife, then and there bestowed according to immemorial custom :

Get up, gudewife, and binna sweir,
 And deal your breid to them that's here ;
 For the time will come when ye'll be deid,
 And then ye'll neither need yill nor breid.

If this has never been any thing more respectable than a childish rhyme, we may certainly find reason here to admire the minute attention which the reformers paid to this strange part of their duty, and the humility of the arts to which they condescended, for the purpose of promoting the good cause.

We have unquestionable evidence, that the old song descriptive of the adventures and fate of Gilderoy, the Highland robber, (a specimen of which is given in the notes to the modern ballad of Gilderoy, in this Collection,) was written and published almost immediately, if not immediately, after the death of that person, which took place in 1638.

We have now no further light upon the subject of Scottish song, till we come to the latter part of the seventeenth century, when we are supplied, from a

manuscript Cantus which belonged to the late Mr Archibald Constable, of Edinburgh, with a considerable variety of scraps arranged in the shape of a medley. The whole passage containing these scraps is here transcribed, in such a manner as to isolate each individual piece, so that the reader may readily scan the list.

The nock is out of Johne's bow.

First when Robin gude bow bare,
Was never bairne so bold.

Sing soft-a, sing soft-a ;
Of our pins
Ye know the gins,
Ye tirl'd on them full oft-a.

Methinks thy banks bloom best.

Hail, gowke, how many years.

The mavis on a tree she sat,
Sing with notes clear.

Joly Robin,
Goe to the greenwood to thy lemane.

Titbore, tatbore, what corn maw ye ?

Aiken brake at barnes door.

What horse in the towne
Shall I ride on ?

Come all your old malt to me,
Come all your old malt to me ;
And ye sall have the draff again,
Though all our dukes should die.

Thy love liggs sore bund and a'.

The reill, the reill of Alves,
The joliest reill that ever wes.

Whaten a yeapin carle art thou ?

All of silver is my bow.

Johne Robison, Johne Robison,
That fair young man Johne Robison.

Goe to the greenwood,
My good love, goe with me.

I biggit a bouir to my lemane ;
In land is none so fair.

The humlock is the best-a seed,
That any man may sow ;
When bairnes greets after breid,
Give them a horne to blow.

The ring of the rash, of the gowan,
In the cool of the night came my lemane,
And yellow hair above her brow.

Silver wood, an thou were myne.

Come reike me the rowan tree.

Come row me round about, bony dowie.

So sweetly sings the nightingale,
For love truly, loly lola.

All the moane that I make, sayes the gudeman,
Who's to have my wife, deid when I am :
Care for thy winding-sheet, false lurdan,
For I shall gett ane uther when thou art gone.

My gudame for ever and ay-a,
Was never widow so gay-a.

The beggar sett his daughter well.

The fryare had on a coule of redd ;
He spied a pretty wench kaming her head.

Be soft and sober, I you pray.

I and my cummer, my cummer and I,
Shall never part with our mouth so dry.

We have here fragments bearing a far more striking resemblance to the rude familiar ditties of the populace, or what is properly Scottish song, than any thing which has hitherto fallen under our notice. The greater part of them are now unknown, or changed to something more refined ; but, fortunately, two or three are

still preserved. For instance, the fragment beginning, "Come all your old malt to me," is the same with the song called "the Mautman," which Ramsay printed in his Tea-Table Miscellany, and of which the following clever verses may be given, as a specimen, from a copy lately sung to me by a friend. They were never before published.

Some say that kissing's a sin,
 But I think it's nane ava,
 For kissing has wonned* in the world,
 Since ever that there was twa.†

O, if it wasna lawfu',
 Lawyers wadna allow it;
 If it wasna holy,
 Ministers wadna do it.

If it wasna modest,
 Maidens wadna tak it;
 If it wasna plenty,
 Puir folk wadna get it!

Bring a' your maut to me,
 Bring a' your maut to me:
 My draff ye'se get for ae pund ane,
 Though a' my deukies should dee.

"My gudame for ever and ay-a" is a very old song, seeing that a parody of it was printed by Chepman and Myllar, in the year 1508. The last scrap is evidently a piece of the well-known song, "My kimmer and I," which appeared in Cromek's Nithsdale and Galloway Songs, 1810.

In 1666 was published the first edition of Forbes's Cantus, so frequently alluded to in this work. Here, strange to say, in a book published at Aberdeen, and for the entertainment and solace of Scotsmen, we find, among upwards of fifty songs, not one of the characteristically Scottish ditties which are proved to have then existed, and not one air now popular as a Scottish air. The songs are partly of the godly kind already described, and partly of English composition; and the airs are also altogether foreign to the object of

* Dwelt.

† To wit, the first pair.

the present essay. It may seem strange that such a thing should be. But it is perfectly explicable by the theory laid down at the commencement of this essay, that neither Scottish song nor Scottish music was fashionable, or esteemed worthy of publication, till an era somewhat later.

The beautiful song of "Waly, waly, gin love be bonny," will be found, from the notes appended to it in this collection, to have been composed in the reign of Charles II., and probably in the decade of 1670-80. The reader will also find reason to believe that the popular songs of "Tweedside," (*old set*), "John Hay's bonnie lassie," and the "Broom of the Cowdenknowes," (*early set*), are of the same era. The airs, called "The bonny broom," "I'll never leave thee," and "We'll all go pull the hadder," are mentioned in the preface to a volume of spiritual songs, published at Edinburgh in 1683, being the compilation of a Mr William Geddes. "Katherine Ogie" is said to have been sung in London in 1686. There is an air, and probably there was a song, called "The fourteenth of October," which, Ritson informs us, was composed in honour of the birth-day of King James VII. "The battle of Killiecrankie," which is known to have been written immediately after the incident it commemorates, must also be considered a song of this era.

A manuscript collection of airs for the viol de gamba, dated 1683-92, and which I have had the good fortune to see,* contains a considerable number of Scottish airs, which, together with their appropriate songs, are still popular. Some of them are under different names from those which they now bear. "Nancy's to the greenwood gane," for instance, is called *Tow to spin*; which suggests the idea of a ludicrous familiar song; because, to this day, in Scotland, when a younger sister is first married, she is said to leave her senior *the tow to spin*; which unhappy circumstance was probably the subject of the composition. The tune of Ramsay's song, "My mother's ay glowran ower me,"

* It is at present in the possession of Mr Andrew Blaikie, engraver, Paisley.

is here called *A health to Betty*.* “Lochaber no more” is called *King James’s march to Ireland*; “Tweedside,” *Down Tweedside*. The airs called *Alan water*, *For lack of gold she left me*, *Haud awa frae me*, and *Where Helen lies*, are all here under their present names; as also an air, now out of fashion, entitled, “Weel hoddlet, luckie,” [*Well danced, old woman!*] which the author of *Waverley*, in consequence of seeing Mr Blaikie’s curious manuscript, has represented in his novel of *Redgauntlet*, as the air which Sir Robert Redgauntlet requested Wandering Willie’s father to play to him in hell.

In another collection of airs written soon after the Revolution, being for the Lyra viol, Mr Leyden informs us, that he found the following Scottish tunes, which are at the same time, of course, the names of songs: Ower the muir to Maggie; Robin and Jonnet; My dearie, if thou die; Money in both pockets; The lady’s gounie; Bonnie Nanie; Meggie, I must love thee; Where Helen lays; Strick upon a strogin; Hallo even; Happie man is he; Woman’s wark will never be done; Jocke the laird’s brother; Bonie lassie; Jenny, I told you; The gilliflower; The bonny brow; The new kirk gavell; The nightingall; Jockie went to the wood; Sweet Willie; Bonny roaring Willie; Tweedside; When she cam ben she bobbit; Foul fa’ my eyes; When the bride cam ben she becked; The collyer’s daughter; Foull tak the wars; The milkeine pail; and The bonie brookit lassie, blew beneath the eyes.

It is supposed that the very first Scottish air which appeared in print is the well-known one entitled, “Up in the morning early.” Under the title of “I’se gae wi’ thee, my Peggy,” this tune appears, as a *catch*, in John Hilton’s Collection, 1652. That it continued to be admired for a considerable time afterwards, is proved by an anecdote, which has been related by Sir John Hawkins, in his *General History of Music*. The

* I have heard a tradition, that “My mother’s ay glowran ower me” was not written by Ramsay, but by Lady Betty Wemyss, an ancient virgin of that noble family, who lived in Edinburgh till towards the end of the last century.

tune was, it appears, a great favourite of Mary, the consort of King William; and she once affronted the celebrated Purcell, by requesting to have it sung to her, when he was present; the story is as follows. The Queen, having a mind one afternoon to be entertained with music, sent to Mr Gostling, (then one of the chapel, and afterwards subdean of St Paul's,) to Henry Purcell, and Mrs Arabella Hunt, who had a very fine voice, with a request to attend her; which they immediately obeyed. Mr Gostling and Mrs Hunt sung several compositions of Purcell, who accompanied them on the harpsichord. At length, as there is nothing so fine but it will at last grow disagreeable, and even partridges were found nauseous by the King of France's confessor, her majesty grew tired of so much fine music, and asked Mrs Hunt if she could not sing the old Scots ballad, "Cold and raw." [This was a name which the tune had latterly assumed, from being set to a song beginning,

Cold and raw, the wind does blow,
Up in the morning early.]

Mrs Hunt answered, "Yes," and sung it to her lute. Purcell was all the while sitting at the harpsichord, unemployed, and not a little nettled at the Queen's preference of a vulgar ballad to his music; but, seeing her Majesty delighted with the tune, he determined that she should hear of it on another occasion. Accordingly, in the next birth-day song, namely, that for the year 1692, he composed an air to the words, "May her bright example chase vice in troops* out of the land," the bass whereof was the tune to "Cold and raw." It is printed in the second part of his *Orpheus Britannicus*, and is note for note the same with the Scottish tune, as at present sung.

It would appear that about this period, or a little before, the Scottish airs for the first time fell under the notice of the better orders of society, or became at all known in England. Hitherto, in both Scotland and England, people of education and condition only practised the elaborate sort of music, and knew nothing of

* Query—Of what?

the touching beauties of simple national melody. As their poets had imitated the intricate and regular compositions of the Italians, rather than followed the dictates of nature, so did they themselves relish only the artificial combinations and endless involvements of labyrinthine harmony, instead of possessing souls to be affected by the simple, straightforward eloquence of natural sound. The modulation of the shepherd's pipe might be very exquisite, might cause the dull cattle to stand and gaze,

“ Charmed with the melody,”

and might speak volumes to the rural divinity whose charms were the burden of its lay; but it was all as nought to the man of refinement, whose evenings were spent in the mysteries of fugue and canon. At length, however, the upper classes became alive to the beauties of what they had so long neglected; and before the end of the seventeenth century, not only were the Scottish airs introduced into places of public amusement at London, but the best English composers thought proper to imitate them. That singular genius, Tom D'Urfey, and other Grubstreeters of the day, exerted themselves to fit the airs thus imported from the north with appropriate verses; for the original Scotch songs seem to have been found quite inadmissible into genteel company. Their efforts were attended with execrable results, as may be instanced in a note found attached in this collection to the song of “ Katherine Ogie.” But, nevertheless, the fact that they did so is gratifying, as a proof that at least the native music of Scotland was then found worthy of the approbation of lords and ladies gay. The number of Scottish airs, and imitations of such, in Tom D'Urfey's grand collection, called “ Pills to Purge Melancholy, 1719,” is very considerable; and if they had had no real charms to recommend them to the notice of the public, they must have now been sufficiently conspicuous, for Tom's six successive volumes, although full of all kinds of filth, were dedicated to the highest people in England, and became the bosom books of high and low. What was then fashionable in England,

must, of course, have been also fashionable in Scotland. Accordingly, we find Scottish music and song so much in vogue among the upper ranks in their native country, that Ramsay, only a few years after, dedicated his collection, entitled the Tea-Table Miscellany, to both extremes of society—

To ilka lovely British lass,
 Frae Ladies Charlotte, Anne, and Jean,
 Down to ilk bonny singing Bess,
 That dances barefoot on the green.

Before arriving, however, at that grand era in the history of Scottish song, the publication of the Tea-Table Miscellany, it is necessary to make allusion to one or two facts which fall a little earlier. The chief of these is Semple's existence as a song writer before the time of Ramsay. Semple flourished during the latter twenty years of the seventeenth century; and he is affirmed, by unvarying and probable tradition, to have been the author of "Maggie Lauder," "Fy, let us a' to the bridal," and "She rose and loot me in." What makes this more probable, is, that not only does Semple seem, from his acknowledged poems, to have been able to write these capital lyrics, but it was quite a natural thing, while men of fashion in the sister country were imitating the old manner, as they called it, that a man of fashion in this country should do the same thing. Whether he was the author or not, it is at least certain, that "Fy, let us a' to the bridal" was printed in Watson's Collection of Poems, 1706, ere Ramsay had yet taken up the lyre; and it is thus curious, as the earliest Scottish song of the kind, now popular, which we can find entire in a printed book or manuscript.

A doubt has been insinuated by Mr James Hogg, the esteemed author of the Queen's Wake, whether Semple was the author of "Fy, let us a' to the bridal;" and he presents us with an Ettrick tradition, that it was the composition of Sir William Scott of Thirlstain, in Selkirkshire, ancestor of the present Lord Napier.* "The first man," he says, "whom I heard

* So Mr Hogg has informed me orally. The extract which follows is from Blackwood's Magazine for June, 1817.

sing this song, accompanied it with an anecdote of the author singing it once in a large private assembly at London. There were three Scotch noblemen present, who were quite convulsed with laughter; and the rest, perceiving that there was something very droll in it, which they could but very imperfectly comprehend, requested the author to sing it again. This he positively declined. Some persons of very high rank were present, who appearing much disappointed by this refusal, a few noblemen, valuing themselves on the knowledge of Scotsmen's propensities, went up to this northern laird, and offered him a piece of plate of a hundred guineas' value if he would sing the song over again. But he, sensible that the song would not bear the most minute investigation by the company in which he then was, persisted in his refusal, putting them off with an old proverb, which cannot be inserted here."

This vague tradition must be allowed to acquire some respectability, when it is known that Sir William Scott was really a vernacular Scottish poet, and one who flourished at the very time when "Fy, let us a' to the bridal" was printed in Watson's Collection. He was one of that illustrious little knot of wits, composed of Archibald Pitcairne, David Gregory, Walter Dennistone, Sir William Bennet, &c. who, living at the commencement of the eighteenth century, might be said to bring with them the dawn of the revival of literature in Scotland. He appears to have been much addicted to the composition of Latin poetry, there being a considerable number of such pieces by him in Ruddiman's publication of *Selecta Poemata*, 1727. In an elegy written upon him by John Ker, and published in the same volume, he is called

————— *deliciæ novem So orum,*
Et Caledoniæ decus Camænæ ;

which seems to prove that he was an eminent writer of Scottish song. He died on the 8th of October, 1725. Ruddiman, in the preface to his *Poemata*, characterises him in a paragraph, which the learned will excuse me for giving in a translated form.

"Sir William Scott of Thirlstain, illustrious in his

birth, more illustrious by his virtues, an excellent counsellor and philologist, a judge of all polite letters, and a man to be compared with few in regard to integrity of life, and suavity and elegance of manners, deserves to be ranked in the next place to Pitcairn. He composed some very neat and pretty Latin poems, which, as he was a man of the most consummate modesty, he would never show except to a very few friends; nor would he ever, while in life, permit them to see the light by way of publication."

Perhaps, however, nothing could give greater countenance to Mr Hogg's tradition, than the republication of a ludicrous macaronic poem which he wrote, and which must be allowed to display something like the same humour with the old song in question.

*Ad E——m E——m, Equitem, M.D. Villadelphinus
Frater.*

Qualis in terris fabulatur Orpheus
Natus Irlandis, ubi nulla wivat
Spidera telum, neque fœda spouttat
Tædda venenum;

Dura Clarshoo modulante, saxa,
Et viros saxo graviore omni,
Et lacus, et bogs, fluviosque, et altas
Ducere sylvas.

Talis Hiberno similis poetæ
Villadelphinos ego, nec secundus,
Dum mihi possham sonat, aut canoram
Dextera trumpam:

Asinus semper comes est, et anser,
Vocibus partes modulare promti,
Porcus in stayo facilique bassum

Murmure grumphat:
Per domum dansant tabulæ, cathedræ,
Fistules, furmæ, simul atque chistæ;
Rusticam ducet leviterque dansam
Arno-cathedra.

Tunc mihi starkam promit anus aillam,
Ipsa quam broustrix veterem botello
Condidit, frater, datus in theatro
Cum tibi plausus;

Tunc mihi notæ redeunt Camœnæ,
Tunc ego possum atque imitare Sappho,
Blachere et nigrum bene, winterano
Cortice ristans:

Musa Taiguæos mea poetastros,
 Judice vel te, superabit omnes,
 Ipse Pentlandis licet arrivaret
 Flecnus in agris.

Doubts of the same nature may be insinuated regarding the authorship of "Maggie Lauder." Semple was a gentleman of Renfrewshire; he wrote many poems local to that district; we are acquainted with no poem of his referring to Fife: it is not, therefore, so probable that he wrote this capital song, which is expressly local to Fife, as that it was written by some other person, who lived in the county referred to. Time, as well as place, is against his claim: "Maggie Lauder" did not appear in any collection before that of Herd, late in the eighteenth century. Was it likely that a song possessed of such popular qualifications should have escaped Ramsay, if it had been written before his time?

A question therefore arises—Was there any person residing in the eastern district of Fife, between the era of Ramsay's publication and that of Herd, who could be supposed capable of writing such a song? I answer, there was, and for a considerable time both before and after. Sir William Anstruther of Anstruther, chief dignitary in the neighbourhood of "Anster Town," published "Essays, moral and divine, interspersed with poetry," in 1701. Lieutenant William Hamilton, in Watson's Collection, 1706, sings the elegy of "Bonny Heck, a famous Fife greyhound," some verses of which relate to the very spot of country which may be said to form the scenery of "Maggie Lauder:"

What great feats have I done mysell,
 Within clink o' Kilrenny bell,
 When I was souple, young, and fell,
 But fear or dread!
 John Ness and Paterson can tell,
 Whose hearts may bleed.

At the King's Muir, and Kelly Law,
 Where gude stout hares gang fast awa',
 So cleverly I did it claw,
 With pith and speed
 I bare the bell before them a',
 As clear's a bead.

I ran alike on a' kind grund; ;
 Yea, in the midst o' Airdry whuns,
 I gripped the maukens by the buns,
 Or by the neck;
 Where nought could stay them but the guns,
 Or bonny Heck.

Towards the middle of the century, when it is most probable that Maggie Lauder was written, "the East Neuk o' Fife," as the district is called, was a perfect nest of poetical wits; the chief of whom was *Clerk Dishington*, of Crail,

Whase wig was like a drouket hen,
 Igo and ago,
 The tail o't like a guse pen,
 Iram, coram, dago.

This man instituted a club at Anstruther, (the next town to Crail,) the object of which was to promote good-humour, and to give occasion to wit and double-entendre: it was called "The Beggar's Benison." Lunardi, the celebrated aeronaut, happening to alight from one of his aerial excursions in the neighbourhood of Anstruther, was introduced into this circle of wits—it was after Dishington's time—and he gives, in the narrative of his Scottish adventures, a most amusing account of the equivoques, "the quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles," of the society. It was altogether quite of a piece, in humour, with the spirit of "Maggie Lauder." I cannot help thinking it likely, on this account, that this song was the composition of either Dishington himself, or of some equally witty, wicked, *regardless* associate of the Beggar's Benison.

While I am upon the subject of "Maggie Lauder," I may be permitted to introduce a very curious and interesting anecdote of the lady herself, which I had the good fortune to discover in an old manuscript volume of genealogical collections in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates. It occurs in the shape of a note to an account of the ancient family of Lauder of the Bass; to which family, it thus appears, we are indebted for at least the name, if not also the character, of the heroine.

* Note. There hath been a tradition in the Burgh

of North Berwick, and country about, handed down to this time from father to son, that when Oliver Cromwell, that grand usurper, hypocrite, and great wicked man, lay with his army encamped about Dunbar, before the battle of Downhill, that he had sent a party to North Berwick, where Sir Robert Lauder, then of Bass, had his house, with barn-yard and other office-houses. The party entered the barn, where the corn was sacked up, ready to be carried out to be sown; the party having offered to carry off the corn for the use of their master, the Lord Protector (as they called him) his army, Sir Robert's servant went into the house, and acquainted Mrs Margaret alias Maggy Lauder, Sir Robert's sister, who had the management of his family and affairs. She immediately ordered the sharpest knife and flail to be brought to her, and went into the barn, where, after upbraiding the party, she ripped up the sacks, and managed the flail with such dexterity, that she beat off the party; for which she most deservedly may be accounted amongst the greatest and most glorious heroines of that age. Sir Robert was obliged at that time to abscond, because he was a loyalist, as all of that and other families of that name have almost always been, and still continue."

As to "She rase and loot me in," the third song ascribed by tradition to Semple, some doubts may also be entertained regarding its authorship. The tune is well known to be one of those imitations of the Scotch manner, which were produced in such numbers at London during the time of Tom D'Urfey. The original song, moreover, though marked by Ramsay as one of indefinite antiquity, has all the appearance of an English imitation: there being not a single idea in it at all characteristic of Scotland, while the language is only English somewhat vulgarized.

We now come to consider the publication of "the Tea-Table Miscellany," the first edition of which appeared in 1724.

The impulse which had been given to the public taste for Scottish song and music about the end of the seventeenth, and the beginning of the eighteenth century, was the proximate cause of this invaluable publi-

cation. The time had now gone past when the modulations of sound and sentiment which nature dictated to the simple swain, were esteemed as only fit to charm the class of society which gave them birth, and when music and poetry were only to be relished in proportion as they were artificially and skilfully elaborated. Society, emancipated from its childhood, during which, like individual man, it is always an imitator, had now ventured to feel and profess an appreciation of what was originally and truly beautiful in these divine arts; and the Muse of the heart had at length asserted her empire over all ranks of men. Poetry was now no longer supposed to consist in awkward allusions to an exploded mythology, or in accurate versification. Music was not now believed to consist only in an ingenious machinery of collusive sounds. Men had at length permitted themselves, like the Vicar of Wakefield's family, to be happy without regard to system.

The Tea-Table Miscellany, the very name of which proves it to have been designed for the use of the upper ranks of society, might be said to consist in four different sorts of song.

I. Old characteristic songs, the productions of unknown poets of the populace; of which kind there were the following: Muirland Willie; Nancy's to the greenwood gane; Maggie's tocher; My jo Janet (*probably*); Peggy and Jocky; Katherine Ogie (*probably*); Jocky said to Jenny; Fy, let us a' to the bridal; The auld gudeman; The shepherd Adonis; She rase and loot me in; John Ochiltree; In January last; General Lesley's march; Todlen hame; Although I be but a country lass; Waly, waly, gin love be bonny; Ower the hills, and far away; Norland Jocky and Southland Jenny; -Andro and his cutty gun.

II. Songs of the same sort, but altered and enlarged at the discretion of the Editor; of which kind there were the following: Lucky Nancy; Auld Rob Morris; The Ewe-buchts; Omnia vincit amor; The auld wife ayont the fire; Sleepy body, drowsy body; Jocky blythe and gay; Haud awa' frae me, Donald; The Peremptor Lover; My Jeany and I have toiled; Jocky fou, Jenny fain; Jeany, where hast thou been?

III. About sixty songs, composed by Ramsay himself, and thirty written by his friends, as substitutes for older compositions, which could not be printed on account of indecency and want of merit. It is customary to hear honest Allan railed against, for thus annihilating so much of the old characteristic poetry of Scotland. But it should be recollected, that, even if preserved, these things could only be interesting in an antiquarian, and not in a literary point of view; and also that the new songs thus projected upon the public were possessed of much merit. If the old verses had been better in a literary sense than the new, they would have survived in spite of them. But they were not better; they had no merit at all; and of course they perished. Those who declaim against Ramsay for this imaginary offence, forget that, amidst the poems he substituted for the old ones, are, "The Lass o' Pattie's Mill;" "The last time I came ower the muir;" "The Yellow-haired Laddie;" "The Waukin' o' the Faulds;" and "Lochaber no more," by himself: "My dearie, an thou die;" the modern "Tweedside;" and "The Bush abune Traquair," by Crawford: "The Broom o' the Cowdenknowes," by somebody signing himself S. R.: some of Mr Hamilton of Bangour's beautiful lyrics: "Were na my heart licht I wad die," by Lady Grizel Baillie: and a great many more capital compositions, forming, it may be said, a large proportion of what is at present the staple of Scottish song.

IV. A multitude of English songs, which, of course, it is not necessary to notice in this place.

Some passages in Ramsay's preface may here be quoted as illustrative of the condition of Scottish music and song at the time of his publication. He says of the airs, "Although it be acknowledged that our Scots tunes have not lengthened variety of music, yet they have an agreeable gaiety and natural sweetness that make them acceptable wherever they are known, not only among ourselves, *but in other countries*. They are, for the most part, so cheerful, that, on hearing them well played or sung, we find a difficulty to keep ourselves from dancing. What further adds to our esteem for them is *their antiquity, and their being universally known.*'

In Ramsay's work there is found yet one other source of illustration for the dark subject in hand—the names of tunes prefixed to the various songs. Some of these indicate the existence of songs which he does not preserve, and which are now lost. Others refer to songs still popular, or for which other verses have latterly been substituted. It may be worth while to present the reader in this place with a list of all the airs, the age of which, or of the songs connected with them, the Editor could not, at any other part of the present compilation, find fixed so early, as well as of such as have not now any songs corresponding to their titles :

Wae's my heart that we should sunder ; Carle, an the King come ; Auld Lang Syne ; Hallow Even ; I wish my love were in a mire ;* The Fourteenth of October ; The Bonniest Lass in a' the world ; The Kirk wad let me be ; Dainty Davie ; Saw ye my Peggy ; Blink over the burn, sweet Betty ; The bonny grey-eyed morning ; Logan Water ; Chami ma chattle, na duce skar me ; My apron, deary ; I fixed my fancy on her ; I loo'ed a bonny lady ; Mary Scott ; Green Sleeves ; Bonny Jean ; The Lass of Livingstone ; John Anderson, my joe ; Come kiss ; Roth's Lament, or Pinky House ; Tibby Fowler in the Glen ; Fy, gae rub her ower wi' strae ; The Mill, Mill, O ! ; Where shall our Gudeman lie ; My love Annie's very bonny ; Where Helen lies ; [*Fair Helen of Kirkconnel* ;] Gallowshiels ; Ranting Roaring Willie ; This is no mine ain house ; Sae merry as we twa hae been ; My Daddie forbad, my Minny forbad ; Steer her up, and haud her gaun ; Bessy's Haggis ; Jocky blythe and gay ; Valiant Jocky ; When absent from the nymph I love ; Gillikranky ; The happy Clown ; Jenny beguiled the Wabster ; [*surely this must have been an early version of "Jenny dang the Weaver"—the song given under it is in the same metre with that admired production* ;] I'll gar you be fain to follow me ; We'll a' to Kelso go ;

* Mr Alexander Campbell has communicated the initial lines of this obsolete song :

“ I wish my love were in a mire,
And I just on 'aboon her.”

Love's Goddess in a myrtle grove ; The glancing of her apron ; Auld Sir Simon the King ; A roke and a wee pickle tow ; Jenny Nettles ; Somebody ; The gallant Shoemaker ; O ! dear mother, what shall I do ? Cauld Kale in Aberdeen ; The Mucking o' Geordie's Byre ; Leith Wynd ; Hero and Leander ; Kind Robin lo'es me ; 'Twas within a furlong of Edinburgh town, [*an English imitation.*]

That this was, indeed, the golden age of Scottish music and song is abundantly clear. How else should we find men and women of fashion exerting themselves to imitate and rival the poetic productions of the swains ? How else should Ramsay's volume have been intended, as he himself says, to "steal itself into the ladies' bosoms ?" How else should he have said of his book,

The wanton wee thing will rejoice,
When tented by a sparkling ee,
The spinnet tinkling to her voice,
It lying on her lovely knee !

But, among the many facts which go to prove this, perhaps the most conclusive is the publication, in 1725, of a collection of Scottish songs and airs, called "The Orpheus Caledonius," which appeared at London, and which its editor, William Thompson, professes to have designed for the use of persons of quality, and dedicates to the Princess of Wales.*

While the Scotch airs were in this high and palmy state, the simple singing of Scotch songs, without any accompaniment whatever, was one of the chief amusements resorted to by the best society in Edinburgh, at those delightful assemblages, then so fashionable, but now so exploded, called evening parties. Ramsay's Collection might truly be called the Tea-Table Miscellany, for, according to the recollection of all aged persons of condition with whom I have conversed, the *Deil's Buke* itself † found some difficulty in keeping its ground against it at the tea-table, and nothing was then hailed with such rapture as Lady ——'s or Mr

* Consort of George II., and afterwards Queen Caroline.

† Cards.

—'s song. I have heard one express tradition, which gives local and personal certainty to this fact. Early in the last century, there was scarcely a more delightful singer of the pathetic melodies of Scotland than Lady Murray of Stanhope, daughter of Lady Grizel Baillie, the authoress of "Were na my heart licht, I wad die." Lady Murray lived in a flat in the Parliament square, where she frequently assembled her friends of both sexes at tea-parties, which, on account of the extreme sweetness of her manners, and her accomplishments as a singer, were esteemed the most delightful affairs that could well be. She used to sing Lord Yester's set of Tweedside, in particular, with such thrilling pathos, that at each cadence at the end of the verses, where the despairing swain laments the necessity of "laying his banes far from the Tweed," there was generally a sob of tenderness heard to burst from the company, and they never failed to be found in tears at the conclusion.

It may be expected that some notice should here be taken of the Jacobite ditties, which, in the earlier part of the last century, constituted so large a portion of our body of national song. But Jacobite song is in reality an excrescence from the body of Scottish song, not a part of its body corporate. By far the greater part of these political canticles are merely parodies and imitations of other songs; for the Jacobites, like the Puritan clergy of the two preceding centuries, had the sagacity to form their compositions on the frame-work and foundation-stones of songs which were favourites with the public. Another and still worse mischief is, that they were only of late years put into an historical form. Thus, although there can be no question as to the great merit of these productions, they unfortunately furnish us with no facts to illustrate the history of general song.

Throughout the central portion of the last century, we find Scottish song still forming a great portion of the entertainment of the better orders of people in Scotland. Sir Gilbert Elliot, Dr Austin, Sir John Clerk of Pennycuik, Dr Webster, Miss Jane Elliot, and Mrs Cockburn, all of whom moved in the very

best circle of society at Edinburgh, were then active writers of verses to Scotch tunes; a proof that there was yet nothing unfashionable about it. The public is only acquainted with one song by each of these individuals; but some of them in reality wrote many such things. I have seen a manuscript written by an aged lady of quality in the decade of 1770-80, which contains a great number of the fugitive compositions of the period under notice, and, in particular, of Sir Gilbert Elliot and Mrs Cockburn. The period which produced "the Flowers of the Forest" (both sets), and the fine song beginning, "My sheep I neglected," could not be considered as one barren in song.

That the reader may have a just idea of the sort of good society which thus gave encouragement to Scottish song about the middle of the last century, I beg to introduce a brief characteristic notice of Mrs Cockburn, with which I have been politely favoured by Sir Walter Scott, her surviving friend.

"Mrs Catherine Cockburn, authoress of those verses to the tune of the Flowers of the Forest, which begin,

I've seen the smiling of fortune beguiling,

was daughter to — Rutherford, Esq. of Fairnalee in Selkirkshire. A turret in the old house of Fairnalee is still shown as the place where the poem was written. The occasion was a calamitous period in Selkirkshire, or Ettrick Forest, when no fewer than seven lairds or proprietors, men of ancient family and inheritance, having been engaged in some imprudent speculations, became insolvent in one year.

"Miss C. Rutherford was married to — Cockburn, son of Cockburn of Ormiston, Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland. Mr Cockburn acted as Commissioner for the Duke of Hamilton of that day; and being, as might be expected from his family, a sincere friend to the Revolution and Protestant succession, he used his interest with his principal to prevent him from joining in the intrigues which preceded the insurrection of 1745, to which his Grace is supposed to have had a strong inclination.

"Mrs Cockburn was herself a keen Whig. I re-

member having heard repeated a parody on Prince Charles's proclamation, in burlesque verse, to the tune of 'Clout the Caldron.' In the midst of the siege or blockade of the Castle of Edinburgh, the carriage in which Mrs Cockburn was returning from a visit to Ravelstone, was stopped by the Highland guard at the West Port; and, as she had a copy of the parody about her person, she was not a little alarmed at the consequences; especially as the officer talked of searching the carriage for letters and correspondence with the Whigs in the city. Fortunately, the arms on the coach were recognised as belonging to a gentleman favourable to the cause of the Adventurer, so that Mrs Cockburn escaped, with the caution not to carry political squibs about her person in future.

"Apparently, she was fond of parody; as I have heard a very clever one of her writing, upon the old song, 'Nancy's to the greenwood gane.' The occasion of her writing it was the rejection of her brother's hand by a fantastic young lady of fashion. The first verse ran thus:

Nancy's to the Assembly gane,
To hear the fops a' chattering;
And Willie he has followed her,
To win her love by flattering.

"I farther remember only the last verse, which describes the sort of exquisite then in fashion:

• • • • • •

Wad ye hae bonny Nancy?
Na, I'll hae ane has learned to fence,
And that can please my fancy;
Ane that can flatter, bow, and dance,
And make love to the ladies,
That kens how folk behave in France,
And's bauld among the cadies."

"Mrs Cockburn was authoress of many other little pieces, particularly a set of toasts descriptive of some of her friends, and sent to a company where most of

• An old-fashioned species of serviceable attendants, between the street-porter and the valet-de-place, peculiar to Edinburgh. A great number were always hanging about the doors of the Assembly Rooms.

them were assembled. They were so accurately drawn, that each was at once referred to the person characterised. One runs thus :

- 1 To a thing that's uncommon—a youth of discretion,
- 2 Who, though vastly handsome, despises flirtation ;
- 3 Is the friend in affliction, the soul of affection,
- 4 Who may hear the last trump without dread of detection.

This was written for my father, then a young and remarkably handsome man.

“ The intimacy was great between my mother and Mrs Cockburn. She resided in Crichton Street, and, my father's house being in George's Square, the intercourse of that day, which was of a very close and unceremonious character, was constantly maintained with little trouble. My mother and Mrs Cockburn were related, in what degree I know not, but sufficiently near to induce Mrs Cockburn to distinguish her in her will. Mrs Cockburn had the misfortune to lose an only son, Patrick Cockburn, who had the rank of Captain in the Dragoons, several years before her own death ; which last event took place about forty years since.

“ Mrs Cockburn was one of those persons whose talents for conversation made a stronger impression on her contemporaries, than her writings can be expected to produce. In person and features she somewhat resembled Queen Elizabeth ; but the nose was rather more aquiline. She was proud of her auburn hair, which remained unbleached by time, even when she was upwards of eighty years old. She maintained the rank in the society of Edinburgh, which French women of talents usually do in that of Paris ; and her little parlour used to assemble a very distinguished and accomplished circle, among whom David Hume, John Home, Lord Monboddo, and many other men of name, were frequently to be found. Her evening parties were very frequent, and included society distinguished both for condition and talents. The *petit souper* which always concluded the evening, was like that of Stella, which she used to quote on the occasion :

A supper like her mighty self,
Four nothings on four plates of delf,

But they passed off more gaily than many costlier entertainments.

“ She spoke both wittily and well, and maintained an extensive correspondence, which, if it continues to exist, must contain many things highly curious and interesting. My recollection is, that her conversation brought her much nearer to a Frenchwoman than to a native of England ; and, as I have the same impression with respect to ladies of the same period and the same rank in society, I am apt to think that the *vieille cour* of Edinburgh rather resembled that of Paris than that of St James’s, and particularly that the Scotch imitated the Parisians in laying aside much of the expense and form of those little parties in which wit and good-humour were allowed to supersede all occasion of display. The lodging where Mrs Cockburn received the best society of her time, would not now offer accommodation to a very inferior person.”

The publication of Mr David Herd, in 1769, was an immense accession to the stores of Scottish song. This work, of which a second edition appeared in 1776, was the compilation of a man of equal industry with Ramsay, and of more antiquarian and more classic taste. It was divided into several parts ; the first of which comprehended a considerable variety of ballads, or legendary narratives, partly selected from former works, but mostly drawn from the mouth of tradition. In those other parts of the work which contain the various sorts of song, there is found, besides an extensive selection from Ramsay, a great multitude of first-rate compositions, which the editor had been at the pains to take down from recitation, and which, in all probability, would have otherwise been lost. A glance over the pages of the present collection would satisfy the reader as to the great debt we owe to David Herd ; but, that he may see at one view what songs were, by this man, and at that time, presented to the public, I subjoin a list.

Argyle is my name ; My wife has ta'en the gee ;
Walifou fa' the cat ; Alas ! my son, you little know ;
Bess the gawkie ; There's nae luck about the house ;
The drunken wife o' Galloway ; Fause love, and hae

ye played me this! For lack of gold; M'Pherson's rant; Gude day to ye, Robin; Turnimspike; The Flowers of the Forest (*both sets*); Kirk wad let me be; Get up and bar the door; The humble beggar; Nae dominies for me, laddie; I ha'e laid a herring in saut; Hey, Jenny, come down to Jock; The Lowlands of Holland; My sheep I neglected; The Highland Queen; Our gudeman cam hame at e'en; O! this is my departing time; O! as I was kist yestreen; The rock and the wee pickle tow; Pinkie House; The runaway bride; The banks of Forth; Sae merrry as we twa ha'e been; The baigrie o't; Fee him, father; Was ye e'er in Crail town? The brisk young lad; Tweedside (*old set*); Roslin Castle; The jolly beggar; Tranent muir; My wife's a wanton wee thing; Kind Robin loes me; Woo'd, and married, and a'; The Battle of Sheriff-muir; The mucking of Geordie's byre; Patie's courtship; Tibbie Fowler; Blink over the burn, sweet Betty; Haud awa' frae me, Donald (*second set*); Old King Coul; O! an ye war deid, gudeman; Maggie Lauder; Symon Brodie; Bide ye yet; Oh! gin my love were yon red rose; Jenny's Bawbee; with many others of inferior merit.

Up to this period, it does not seem to have ever been judged necessary, by any editor of Scottish songs, to give a single word of prose regarding their probable date, the occasion of them, or even the names of their authors. To remedy, in some measure, this unfortunate error, Mr William Tytler of Woodhouselee published, in 1779, a "Dissertation on Scottish Song and Music," in which he endeavoured to fix the eras of a great variety of the most popular airs. Almost all Mr Tytler's speculations have since been found fanciful and wrong; but his Essay is, nevertheless, a meritorious performance, partly from the strong feeling of devotion to the subject which pervades it, and still more so, from its containing a certain number of useful and interesting facts. Tytler was the first man who had attempted to discover any thing illustrative of the early history of Scottish song: he was the Columbus of all enquirers into the subject; and, if he did not bring

back a ship-load of gold by the first voyage, we may say, in the gentle spirit of Melibœus,

Non equidem Invideo : miror magis.

But it was not by his "Dissertation" that Mr Tytler was destined to do his most essential service to Scottish Song. He obliged his country in a much greater degree, by projecting and assisting in the publication of "Johnson's Scots Musical Museum;" a work which may be said to have completed that task of collection which Ramsay and Herd had only begun. This grand repertory of Scottish music and musical poetry was commenced in 1786. It was the undertaking of an ingenious young engraver in Edinburgh, of the name of James Johnson. Mr Tytler and Dr Blacklock appear to have acted as its literary editors; while Mr Samuel Clarke, the distinguished organist, superintended the arrangement and harmonization of the music. The size of the work was *octavo*; and, as an extensive sale was at once desired and expected, it was agreed that each volume, containing a hundred songs, should be sold at the humble price of six shillings. The work was expected to extend to two volumes, or to more, as the public should desire.

In the very year when this great undertaking was commenced, a circumstance occurred, than which there could have been none more auspicious to its success—the appearance of that miracle of poetic genius, that oracle of human feeling, Robert Burns. This man had, in his youth, possessed a tattered and blackened volume of what he himself has called "auld Scots sonnets;" to pore over which was his amusement during labour and leisure, by night and by day. He had also sat much, in his boyhood, beside the knees of nurses and grandmothers, who possessed immense stores of these things, never committed to print. Thus he early acquired a decided taste for this department of poetic literature. When his period of passion arrived; when, to use his own glowing words,

— youthful love, warm-blushing, strong,
Keen-shivering, shot his nerves along,

his Muse, as he continues to say,

Those accents, grateful to his tongue,
 Th' adored name,
 She taught him how to pour in song,
 To soothe his flame.

What early taste and predilection disposed him to do, love soon enabled his genius to accomplish, and that in such a style as to throw into shade the whole of those artless lays of other times, at which, to use another expression of his own, his soul had originally *caught fire*. He became, indeed, a songster of the very first order, and that not only in regard to the limited sphere of Scotland, but even with respect to all the world besides, and to all ages of literature. His talent for poetry, originally much superior to that of any other person who had ever attempted a similar style of composition, enabled him to produce verses of infinitely superior intrinsic merit, while the warmth of his heart, and strong human sympathies, gave them an extensiveness of application which no former songs had reached. Before the fervid, forceful eloquence of Burns's lyrics, the rude ditties of his native land, and the cold formal liturgies of the classic and English poets, sunk alike into contempt. The *Song*, in his hands, became something superior to what any former man had ever hoped or dared to make it.

Burns, on coming to Edinburgh, to superintend the new edition of his poems, became acquainted with Johnson as a matter of course; and, when we consider how little he had of the mercenary about him, and with what enthusiasm he was devoted to the subject, we can easily conceive, that but small persuasion was required to make him lend his utmost assistance to the "Scots Musical Museum." To show how warmly he patronised the undertaking, a quotation may be made from a letter which he wrote in the summer of 1787, to a Mr Candlish at Glasgow. "I am engaged," he there expresses himself, "in assisting an honest Scots enthusiast, (meaning Johnson,) a friend of mine, who is an engraver, and has undertaken to publish a collection of all our songs set to music, of

which the words and music are done by Scotsmen. This, you will easily guess, is an undertaking exactly to my taste. I have collected, begged, borrowed, and stolen, all the songs I could meet with. Pompey's Ghost, words and music, I beg from you immediately; to go into his second number; the first is already published. I shall show you the first number when I see you in Glasgow, which will be in a fortnight or less. Do be so kind as send me the song in a day or two; you cannot imagine how much it will oblige me."

Such was the feeling with which Burns entered into this most patriotic enterprise. During the progress of the work, he not only supplied the publisher with various songs collected from his friends; but likewise composed a very great number himself expressly for the work, which are admitted to be the finest productions of his lyric muse. Burns was quite at home in composing for the "Museum." He seldom, indeed, altered one line, or even a single word, of any thing that he wrote for the work, after it was once committed to paper. Johnson, though a good engraver, was, happily for our bard, neither an amateur nor a critic; the songs which Burns wrote for this work, therefore, were the genuine, warm, and unfettered effusions of his fertile muse. He also furnished many charming original melodies, collected by himself in various parts of Scotland, which, but for him, would in all probability have been utterly lost or forgotten. Indeed, from the month of December, 1786, down to the period of his death in July 1796, Burns was almost the sole editor of the poetical department of the "Museum." Nor did his zeal and wishes for its success seem to diminish even at the approach of death. In a letter which he wrote to Johnson on the 4th of July, *only seventeen days before his decease*, he thus expresses himself: "How are you, my dear friend? and how comes on your fifth volume? Let me hear from you as soon as convenient. Your work is a great one; and, now that it is nearly finished, I see, if it were to begin again, two or three things that might be mended; yet I will venture to prophesy, that to future ages your publication will be the textbook and standard of Scottish song and music."

Our lamented poet lived to see the first, second, third, fourth, and the greater part of the fifth volume of the "Museum" finished. He had even furnished Johnson with materials almost sufficient to complete the sixth volume, which was published about five years after the poet's death.

At an early period of the work, Burns, in a letter to Johnson, communicated a plan which he thought would tend much to gratify the purchasers of the "Museum," and even enhance the value of the work. "Give," says he, "a copy of the 'Museum' to my worthy friend Mr Peter Hill, bookseller, to bind for me, interleaved with blank leaves, exactly as he did the Laird of Glenriddle's, that I may insert any anecdote I can learn, together with my own criticisms and remarks on the songs. A copy of this kind I will leave with you to publish at some after period, by way of making the 'Museum' a book famous to the end of time, and you renowned for ever."

Johnson immediately sent him an interleaved copy; and, upon mentioning the improvement that had been suggested by the poet, to Dr Blacklock, Mr Tytler, and some other of his literary friends in Edinburgh, they unanimously approved of the measure, and agreed to communicate to Burns all the anecdotes and remarks they could collect respecting the national songs of Scotland. Some progress was made in this design; but, in consequence of the death of Mr Tytler, Dr Blacklock, Mr Masterton, Mr Clarke, Mr Burns, and, last of all, the publisher himself—for a few years brought the whole of these ingenious men to their graves—it was never brought to a conclusion. What had been done, however, was given to the public in a volume, entitled "Reliques of Robert Burns," edited by the late Mr Cromek.

The "Museum" is unquestionably by far the most extensive and valuable collection of Scottish songs that has ever been published. Each of the six volumes contains a hundred melodies, with a still greater number of songs, to which they are adapted. Besides all the good songs which appear in other collections, the "Museum" presents us with many ancient Scot-

tish ballads, and a great variety of those old, curious, and exceedingly humorous songs, with their original melodies, the favourite lyrics of our early ancestors, which are to be found in no other musical publication whatever. It has for a considerable time been matter of regret, that this work is entirely out of print, and very rarely to be met with.*

The close of the eighteenth century was, altogether, a brilliant era in the history of Scottish song. In 1794, Mr Joseph Ritson, the distinguished English antiquary, having turned his attention to this interesting subject, published "Scottish Songs," in two volumes, duodecimo, with letter-press music; a work valuable in the highest degree, on account of the *Historical Essay* with which it is prefaced. The depth and accuracy of Mr Ritson's investigations were something new to the old credulous slip-slop antiquaries of Scotland. He, for the first time, showed to them the superior value of facts over conjecture in this department of archæological knowledge. To him the present Essay is indebted for its plan, and for much of the information presented in its earlier section.

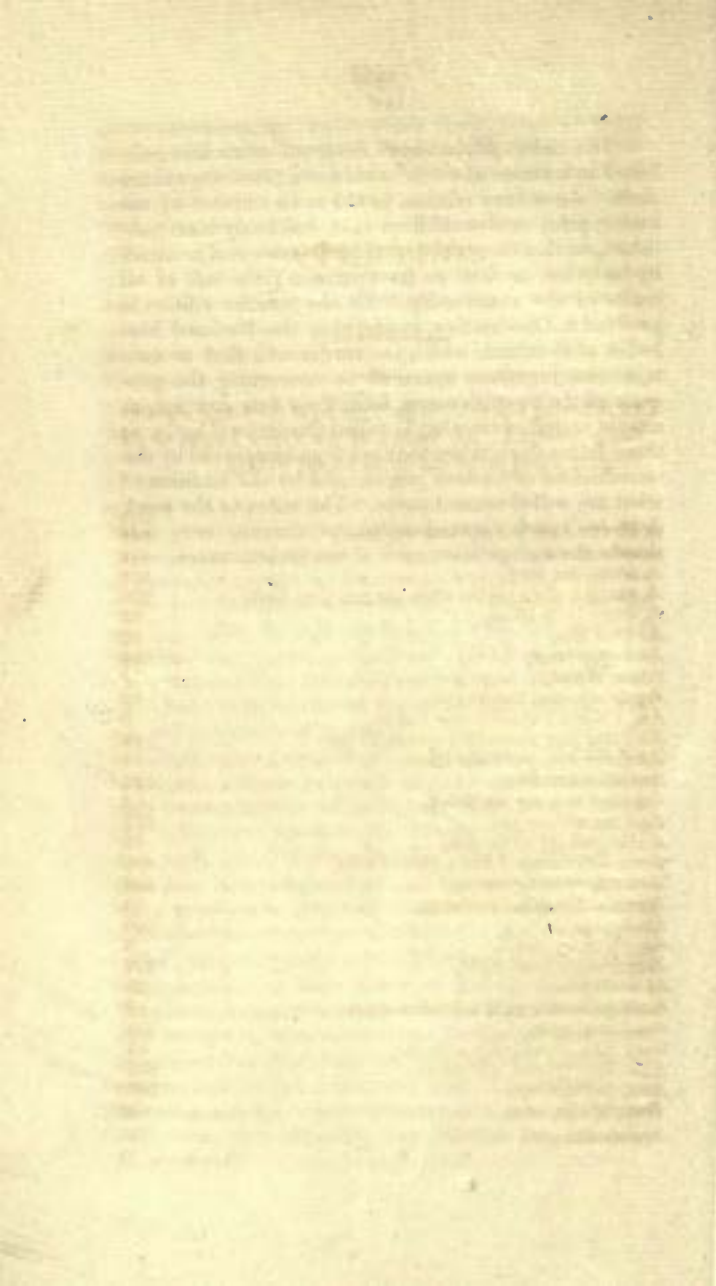
Within the same decade, Mr George Thomson commenced the publication of his "Select Melodies of Scotland;" a musical miscellany of more spacious dimensions and more elegant appearance than that of Johnson. The design of this work had less of an antiquarian character than that of the former editor. Johnson had aimed at making his work a repertory of all the old characteristic songs and tunes of Scotland,—the former only trimmed a little, in some instances, by Burns, and the latter harmonized, in the simplest style, by Clarke. Mr Thomson, in projecting his work, resolved to select only the favourite airs; he resolved to procure symphonies and accompaniments for them from the best foreign composers, as Pleyel, Haydn, and Beethoven. With regard to the poetical department, in that also he determined to be very select. Having calculated his work for the use of the more delicate and refined part of creation, he saw it

* Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, July, 1817.

to be necessary that many of the verses formerly sung to favourite tunes should be abandoned. Such a fate they deserved, so far as his work was concerned, as well on account of their want of all real poetical merit, as in consideration of their rudeness and unintelligibility. To supply the hiatus thus produced, he applied to Robert Burns, then settled in Dumfries-shire, with a proposal to bargain with him for a certain number of new songs, in the production of which he should be allowed his own time. Burns entered into Mr Thomson's views with all his accustomed enthusiasm; agreeing to write the desired verses, but positively refusing to accept of any pecuniary remuneration. "He performed what he promised," says Mr Thomson, in his preface, "in a manner that transcended my most sanguine expectations, having enriched the work with the most exquisite songs, both Scottish and English, that exist in any language. They exhibit all the charms of the poet's genius in the utmost variety, both of serious and humorous composition." Previous to his death in 1796, he had produced, within the space of less than four years, upwards of a hundred songs for the service of Mr Thomson's work, and all this over and above what he did at the same time for the less tasteful collection of Johnson.

Besides the assistance of Burns, it was Mr Thomson's good fortune to secure ample contributions from Mrs Joanna Baillie, Mrs Grant, Mrs John Hunter, Sir Alexander Boswell, Sir Walter Scott, Thomas Campbell, and William Smyth, Esqrs.; and he has thus been able to regenerate, for the use of good society, a prodigious quantity of excellent music, which otherwise must have lain neglected. His work, altogether, containing as it does all the best old anonymous songs, a selection from those of Ramsay, Crawford, Hamilton, &c., and about two hundred and fifty by the very best poets of modern times, Burns included, must be esteemed as decidedly the greatest and most meritorious publication connected with this subject. It has occupied the whole lifetime of a man of genius and taste; and assuredly that lifetime has not been ill employed.

“The Select Melodies of Scotland” were first published in a series of six folio volumes, price one guinea each. An octavo edition, in the same number of volumes, price twelve shillings each, has lately been published, so that the work may now be esteemed as fitted, by its price, as well as its merits, for the use of all ranks of the community. To the smaller edition is prefixed a Dissertation, concerning the National Melodies of Scotland, which the reader will find to contain some ingenious speculations concerning the progress of the Scottish tunes, from their first creation, as simple melodies on what is called the national scale, to these latter days, when they are found improved by the introduction of various graces, and by the addition of what are called second parts. The index to the work deserves much commendation, as showing very distinctly the comparative ages of the various tunes.



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SCOTTISH SONGS.

AH, CHLORIS!

TUNE—*Gilderoy.*

AH, Chloris! could I now but sit
As unconcern'd, as when
Your infant beauty could beget
No happiness or pain!
When I this dawning did admire,
And praised the coming day,
I little thought that rising fire
Would take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay,
As metals in a mine;
Age from no face takes more away
Than youth conceal'd in thine:
But as your charms insensibly
To their perfection press'd,
So love, as unperceived, did fly,
And centre in my breast.

My passion with your beauty grew,
While Cupid, at my heart,
Still, as his mother favour'd you,
Threw a new flaming dart.
Each gloried in their wanton part;
To make a lover, he
Employ'd the utmost of his art;—
To make a beauty, she.*

* This song, which appeared in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, (1724,) is said to have been written by President Forbes of Culloden, upon Miss Mary Rose, a daughter of his neighbour, Rose of Kilravock, Nairnshire; and the period generally assigned to the composition is 1710, when Forbes was a very young man. The woods around Kilravock house are said to have been the favourite resort of this interesting pair.

From the Mulberry Garden, a Comedy by Sir Charles Sedley A.D. 16

THE COCK-LAIRD.*

TUNE—*A Cock-Laird.*

A COCK-LAIRD, fou cadgie,
 Wi' Jennie did meet ;
 He hawsed, he kiss'd her,
 And ca'd her his sweet.
 Wilt thou gae alang wi' me,
 Jennie, Jennie ?
 Thou'se be my ain lemmane,
 Jo Jennie, quo' he.

If I gae alang wi' thee,
 Ye maunna fail
 To feast me wi' caddels
 And guid hackit kail.
 What needs a' this vanity,
 Jennie ? quo' he ;
 Is na bannocks and dribly-beards †
 Guid meat for thee ?

Gin I gang alang wi' you,
 I maun hae a silk hood,
 A kirtle-sark, wyliecoat,
 And a silk snood,
 To tie up my hair in
 A cockernonie.
 Hout awa, thou's gane wud, I trow,
 Jennie ! quo' he.

Gin ye'd hae me look bonnie,
 And shine like the moon,
 I maun hae katlets and patlets,
 And cam'rel-heel'd shoon ;
 Wi' craig-claiths and lug-babs, ‡
 And rings twa or three.
 Hout, the deil's in your vanity,
 Jennie ! quo he.

* Such is the epithet usually given in Scotland to a very small proprietor.

† Otherwise *laber-beards* ; i. e. long stripy pieces of the herb called *kail*, which, on being raised by the spoon from a plate of broth, generally beslabber [*Scottice, laber,*] the chin of the individual who is supping them.

‡ Cloths for the throat, and rings for the ears.

And I maun hae pinners,
 With pearlins set roun',
 A skirt o' the puady,*
 And a waistcoat o' brown.
 Awa wi' sic vanities,
 Jennie, quo' he,
 For curches and kirtles
 Are fitter for thee.

My lairdship can yield me
 As muckle a-year,
 As haud us in pottage
 And guid knockit bear ;
 But, havin' nae tenants,
 Oh, Jennie, Jennie,
 To buy ought I ne'er have
 A penny, quo' he.

The borrowstown merchants
 Will sell ye on tick ;
 For we maun hae braw things,
 Although they should break :
 When broken, frae care
 The fools are set free,
 When we mak' them lairds
 In the Abbey, † quo she. ‡

~~~~~

### ARGYLE IS MY NAME.

SAID TO BE BY JOHN DUKE OF ARGYLE AND  
 GREENWICH—[BORN 1678—DIED 1743.]

TUNE—*Bannocks o' Barley Meal.*

ARGYLE is my name, and you may think it strange,  
 To live at a court, yet never to change ;  
 A' falsehood and flattery I do disdain,  
 In my secret thoughts nae guile does remain.

\* Probably paduasoy.

† Abbey-laird is a cant phrase for the unfortunate persons who are obliged to elude the prosecutions of their creditors, by taking refuge in the well-known Sanctuary of the Abbey of Holyrood.

‡ The version here given of "the Cock-Laird" is partly from the Orpheus Caledonius, (1733,) and partly from a more recent copy.

My king and my country's foes I have faced,  
 In city or battle I ne'er was disgraced ;  
 I do every thing for my country's weal,  
 And feast upon bannocks o' barley meal.

I will quickly lay down my sword and my gun,  
 And put my blue bonnet and my plaidie on ;  
 With my silk tartan hose, and leather-heel'd shoon,  
 And then I will look like a sprightly loon.  
 And when I'm sae dress'd frae tap to tae,  
 To meet my dear Maggie I vow I will gae,  
 Wi' target and hanger hung down to my heel ;  
 And I'll feast upon bannocks o' barley meal.

I'll buy a rich garment to gie to my dear ;  
 A ribbon o' green for Maggie to wear ;  
 And mony thing brower than that, I declare,  
 Gin she will gang wi' me to Paisley fair.  
 And when we are married, I'll keep her a cow,  
 And Maggie will milk when I gae to plow ;  
 We'll live a' the winter on beef and lang kail,  
 And feast upon bannocks o' barley meal.

Gin Maggie should chance to bring me a son,  
 He'll fight for his king, as his daddy has done ;  
 He'll hie him to Flanders, some breeding to learn,  
 And then hame to Scotland, and get him a farm.  
 And there we will live by our industry,  
 And wha'll be sae happy as Maggie and me ?  
 We'll a' grow as fat as a Norway seal,  
 Wi' our feasting on bannocks o' barley meal.

Then fare ye weel, citizens, noisy men,  
 Wha jolt in your coaches to Drury Lane ;  
 Ye bucks o' Bear-garden, I bid ye adieu ;  
 For drinking and swearing, I leave it to you.  
 I'm fairly resolved for a country life,  
 And nae langer will live in hurry and strife ;  
 I'll aff to the Highlands as hard's I can reel,  
 And whang at the bannocks o' barley meal.\*

\* From Herd's Collection, 1776. Another conjecture or tradition gives this song to James Boswell.



✓ MY WIFE HAS TA'EN THE GEE.

TUNE—*My Wife has ta'en the Gee.*

A FRIEND o' mine cam here yestreen,  
 And he wad hae me down  
 To drink a bottle o' ale wi' him  
 In the neist burrows town :  
 But oh, indeed, it was, sir,  
 Sae far the waur for me ;  
 For, lang or e'er that I cam hame,  
 My wife had ta'en the gee.

We sat sae late, and drank sae stout,  
 The truth I tell to you,  
 That, lang or e'er the midnight cam,  
 We a' were roarin' fou.  
 My wife sits at the fireside,  
 And the tear blinds aye her ee ;  
 The ne'er a bed wad she gang to,  
 But sit and tak' the gee.

In the mornin' sune, when I cam down,  
 The ne'er a word she spake ;  
 But mony a sad and sour look,  
 And aye her head she'd shake.  
 My dear, quoth I, what aileth thee,  
 To look sae sour on me ?  
 I'll never do the like again,  
 If you'll ne'er tak the gee.

When that she heard, she ran, she flang  
 Her arms about my neck ;  
 And twenty kisses, in a crack ;  
 And, poor wee thing, she grat.  
 If you'll ne'er do the like again,  
 But bide at hame wi' me,  
 I'll lay my life, I'll be the wife  
 That never taks the gee.\*

\* From Herd's Collection, 1776.

## THE BONNIE LASS O' BRANKSOME.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

TUNE—*The Bonnie Lass o' Branksome.*

As I cam in by Teviot side,  
 And by the braes of Branksome,  
 There first I saw my bonny bride,  
 Young, smiling, sweet, and handsome.  
 Her skin was safter than the down,  
 And white as alabaster ;  
 Her hair, a shining, waving brown ;  
 In straightness nane surpass'd her.

Life glow'd upon her lip and cheek,  
 Her clear een were surprising,  
 And beautifully turn'd her neck,  
 Her little breasts just rising :  
 Nae silken hose with gushats fine,  
 Or shoon with glancing laces,  
 On her bare leg, forbad to shine  
 Weel-shapen native graces.

Ae little coat and bodice white  
 Was sum o' a' her claithing ;  
 E'en these o'er muckle ;—mair delyte  
 She'd given clad wi' naething.  
 We lean'd upon a flowery brae,  
 By which a burnie trotted ;  
 On her I glowr'd my soul away,  
 While on her sweets I doated.

A thousand beauties of desert  
 Before had scarce alarm'd me,  
 Till this dear artless struck my heart,  
 And, bot designing, charm'd me.  
 Hurried by love, close to my breast  
 I clasp'd this fund of blisses,—  
 Wha smiled, and said, Without a priest,  
 Sir, hope for nocht but kisses.

I had nae heart to do her harm,  
 And yet I couldna want her ;  
 What she demanded, ilka charm  
 O' hers pled I should grant her.  
 Since heaven had dealt to me a routh,  
 Straight to the kirk I led her ;  
 There plighted her my faith and trowth,  
 And a young lady made her.\*

~~~~~

WINDING NITH.

BURNS.

TUNE—*The Mucking o' Geordie's Byrc.*

A DOWN winding Nith I did wander,
 To mark the sweet flowers as they spring ;
 A down winding Nith I did wander,
 Of Phillis to muse and to sing.
 Awa wi' your belles and your beauties !
 They never wi' her can compare :
 Whoever has met wi' my Phillis,
 Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.

The daisy amused my fond fancy,
 So artless, so simple, so wild ;
 Thou emblem, said I, of my Phillis,—
 For she is simplicity's child.
 The rose bud's the blush of my charmer,
 Her sweet balmy lip when 'tis prest :
 How fair and how pure is the lily !
 But fairer and purer her breast.

Yon knot of gay flowers in the arbour,
 They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie ;
 Her breath is the breath of the woodbine,
 Its dew-drop of diamond her eye.

* This song, which appeared in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, (1724,) was founded upon a real incident. The *bonnie lass* was daughter to a woman who kept an alchouse at the hamlet near Branksome Castle, in Teviotdale. A young officer, of some rank,—his name we believe was Maitland,—happened to be quartered somewhere in the neighbourhood, saw, loved, and married her. So strange was such an alliance deemed in those days, that the old mother, under whose auspices it was performed, did not escape the imputation of witchcraft.

Her voice is the song of the morning,
 That wakes through the green spreading grove,
 When Phœbus peeps over the mountains,
 On music, on pleasure, and love.

But beauty, how frail and how fleeting,
 The bloom of a fine summer day !
 While worth, in the mind of my Phillis,
 Will flourish without a decay.
 Awa wi' your belles and your beauties !
 They never wi' her can compare :
 Whaever has met wi' my Phillis,
 Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.*

~~~~~

## OH! WAE'S ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE.

WILLIAM GLEN.

TUNE—*The Gipsy Laddie.*

A WEE bird cam to our ha' door,  
 It warbled sweet and clearly,  
 And aye the owercome o' its sang  
 Was, Wae's me for Prince Charlie !  
 Oh, when I heard the bonny bonny bird,  
 The tears cam drapping rarely ;  
 I took my bannet aff my head,  
 For weel I lo'ed Prince Charlie.

Quo' I, My bird, my bonny bonny bird,  
 Is that a tale ye borrow ?  
 Or is't some words ye've learn'd by rote,  
 Or a lilt of dule and sorrow ?  
 Oh, no, no, no, the wee bird sang,  
 I've flown sin' morning early ;  
 But sic a day o' wind and rain !  
 Oh ! wae's me for Prince Charlie !

On hills that are by right his ain,  
 He roams a lonely stranger ;

\* Written in honour of Miss Philadelphia Barbara Macmurdo, Drumlanrig, afterwards Mrs Norman Lockhart of Torbrax. This lady, who was the heroine of several other songs by Burns, died September 5, 1825.



On ilka hand he's press'd by want,  
 On ilka side by danger.  
 Yestreen I met him in a glen,  
 My heart near bursted fairly,  
 For sadly changed indeed was he ;  
 Oh ! wae's me for Prince Charlie !

Dark night cam on, the tempest howl'd  
 Out ower the hills and valleys ;  
 And where was't that your Prince lay down,  
 Whase hame should been a palace ?  
 He rowed him in a Highland plaid,  
 Which cover'd him but sparely,  
 And slept beneath a bush o' broom :  
 Oh ! wae's me for Prince Charlie !

But now the bird saw some red-coats,  
 And he shook his wings wi' anger :  
 O, this is no a land for me,  
 I'll tarry here nae langer.  
 A while he hover'd on the wing,  
 Ere he departed fairly ;  
 But weel I mind the fareweel strain  
 Was, Wae's me for Prince Charlie !

---

### MERRY MAY THE KEEL ROWE.\*

As I cam down the Cannogate,  
 The Cannogate, the Cannogate,  
 As I cam down the Cannogate,  
 I heard a lassie sing, O :  
 Merry may the keel rowe,  
 The keel rowe, the keel rowe,  
 Merry may the keel rowe,  
 The ship that my love's in, O !

My love has breath o' roses,  
 O' roses, o' roses,

\* This seems, from the allusions, to have been the ditty of some one of the Jacobite ladies of the Canongate of Edinburgh, regarding either Prince Charles Stuart himself, or one of his adherents.

Wi' arms o' lily posies,  
 To fauld a lassie in, O !  
 My love he wears a bonnet,  
 A bonnet, a bonnet,  
 A snawy rose upon it,  
 A dimple on his chin, O !

#####

# WALIFOU FA' THE CAT.

As I gaed down by Tweedside,  
 I heard, I dinna ken what ;  
 I heard ae wife say to anither,  
 Walifou fa' the cat.  
 Walifou fa' the cat,  
 She's bred the house muckle wanease,\*  
 She's open'd the awmrie-door,  
 And eaten up a' the cheese.

She's eaten up a' the cheese,  
 O' the kebbuck she's no left a bit ;  
 She's dung down the bit skate on the brace,  
 And it's faun in the sowen-kit,  
 It's out o' the sowen-kit,  
 And it's into the maister-can ; †  
 And now it's sae fiery saut,  
 It will pussion a' our guidman. ‡

#####

AULD GUDEMAN, YE'RE A DRUCKEN  
 CARLE.

SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL.

TUNE—*The East Neuk o' Fife.*

Auld gudeman, ye're a drucken carle, drucken carle ;  
 A' the lang day ye wink and drink, and gape and gaunt ;  
 O' sottish loons ye're the pink and pearl, pink and pearl,  
 Ill-far'd, doited ne'er-do-weel.

\* Uneasiness.

† This will not bear explanation.

‡ From Herd's Collection, 1776.

Hech, gudewife! ye're a flyting body, flyting body :  
 Will ye hae ; but, guid be praised, the wit ye want.  
 The puttin' cow should be aye a doddy, aye a doddy.  
 Mak na sic an awsome reel.

Ye're a sow, auld man :  
 Ye get fou, auld man :  
 Fye for shame, auld man,  
 To your wame, auld man :  
 Pinch'd I win, wi' spinnin' tow,  
 A plack to cleid your back and pow.  
 It's a lie, gudewife,  
 It's your tea, gudewife.  
 Na, na, gudewife,  
 Ye spend a', gudewife.  
 Dinna fa' on me pell mell,  
 Ye like the drap fu' weel yoursell.

Ye's rue, auld gowk, your jest and frolic, jest and frolic.  
 Dare ye say, goose, I ever liked to tak a drappy ?  
 An 'twere na just to cure the cholic, cure the cholic,  
 Deil a drap wad weet my mou'.

Troth, gudewife, an' ye wadna swither, wadna swither,  
 Soon to tak a cholic, when it brings a drap o' cappy.  
 But twascore years we hae fought thegither, fought  
 thegither ;  
 Time it is to gree, I trow.

I'm wrang, auld John :  
 Ower lang, auld John,  
 For nought, gude John,  
 We hae fought, gude John ;  
 Let's help to bear ilk ither's weight,  
 We're far ower feckless now to fight.  
 Ye're richt, gude Kate ;  
 The nicht, gude Kate,  
 Our cup, gude Kate,  
 We'll sup, gude Kate ;  
 Thegither frae this hour we'll draw,  
 And toom the stoup atween us twa.

## AGAIN REJOICING NATURE SEES.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Johnnie's Grey Brecks.*

AGAIN rejoicing nature sees  
 Her robe assume its vernal hues ;  
 Her leafy locks wave in the breeze,  
 All freshly steep'd in morning dews.

In vain to me the cowslips blaw ;  
 In vain to me the vi'lets spring ;  
 In vain to me, in glen or shaw,  
 The mavis and the lintwhite sing.

The merry ploughboy cheers his team ;  
 Wi' joy the tentie seedman stauks ;  
 But life to me's a weary dream,  
 A dream of ane that never wauks.

The wanton coot the water skims ;  
 Amang the reeds the ducklings cry ;  
 The stately swan majestic swims ;  
 And every thing is blest but I.

The shepherd steeks his faulding slaps,  
 And o'er the moorland whistles shrill ;  
 Wi' wild, unequal, wandering step,  
 I meet him on the dewy hill.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,  
 Blithe waukens by the daisy's side,  
 And mounts and sings on fluttering wings,  
 A woe-worn ghaist, I hameward glide.

Come, Winter, with thine angry howl,  
 And raging bend the naked tree ;  
 Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,  
 When nature all is sad like me !\*

\* In most editions of the author's works, this fine song is printed with the following absurd chorus, which was part of a song written by one of his friends:—

And maun I still on Megie doat,  
 And bear the scorn that's in her ee ?  
 For it's jet-jet black, and it's like a hawk,  
 And winna let a bodie be.



## A WEARY LOT IS THINE.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

A WEARY lot is thine, fair maid,  
 A weary lot is thine !  
 To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,  
 And press the rue for wine.  
 A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,  
 A feather of the blue,  
 A doublet of the Lincoln green,—  
 No more of me you knew,  
                                   My love !  
 No more of me you knew.

This morn is merry June, I trow,  
 The rose is budding fain ;  
 But it shall bloom in winter snow,  
 Ere we two meet again.  
 He turn'd his charger as he spake,  
 Upon the river shore ;  
 He gave his bridle-reins a shake,  
 Said, Adieu for evermore,  
                                   My love !  
 And adieu for evermore.

## FARE YE WEEL, MY AULD WIFE.

AND fare ye weel, my auld wife ;  
 Sing bum, bee, berry, bum ;  
 Fare ye weel, my auld wife ;  
 Sing bum, bum, bum.  
 Fare ye weel, my auld wife,  
 The steerer up o' sturt and strife,  
 The maut 's abune the meal the night,  
 Wi' some, some, some.

And fare ye weel, my pike-staff ;  
 Sing bum, bee, berry, bum :  
 Fare ye weel, my pike-staff ;  
 Sing bum, bum, bum.

Fare ye weel, my pike-staff,  
 Wi' you nae mair my wife I'll baff;  
 The maut's abune the meal the night,  
 Wi' some, some, some.\*

~~~~~

O FOR ANE AND TWENTY, TAM.

BURNS.

TUNE—*The Mòrdiwart.*

AND oh, for ane and twenty, Tam!
 And hey for ane and twenty, Tam!
 I'll learn my kin a rattlin' sang,
 Gin I saw ane and twenty, Tam.

They snool me sair, and haud me down,
 And gar me look like bluntie, Tam!
 But three short years will soon wheel roun',
 And then comes ane and twenty, Tam.

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,
 Were left me by my auntie, Tam;
 At kith and kin I needna speir,
 Gin I saw ane and twenty, Tam.

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,
 Though I mysell hae plenty, Tam;
 But hear'st thou, laddie? there's my lufe,
 I'm thine gin ane and twenty, Tam.

~~~~~

ALAS, MY SON, YOU LITTLE KNOW.

MISS JENNY GRAHAM. †

TUNE—*Bide ye yet.*

ALAS, my son, you little know  
 The sorrows that from wedlock flow;

\* From Lawrie and Symington's Collection, 1792.

† A maiden lady, who died at an advanced age, at Dumfries, towards the close of the last century.

. 92901

Farewell to every day of ease,  
 When you have gotten a wife to please.  
     Sae bide ye yet, and bide ye yet,  
     Ye little ken what's to betide ye yet ;  
     The half of that will gane you yet,  
     If a wayward wife obtain you yet.

Your experience is but small,  
 As yet you've met with little thrall ;  
 The black cow on your foot ne'er trode,  
 Which gars you sing along the road.

Sometimes the rock, sometimes the reel,  
 Or some piece of the spinning wheel,  
 She will drive at you wi' guid-will ;  
 And then she'll send you to the deil.

When I, like you, was young and free,  
 I valued not the proudest she ;  
 Like you I vainly trusted then,  
 That men alone were born to reign.

Great Hercules, and Sampson too,  
 Were stronger men than me or you ;  
 Yet they were baffled by their dears,  
 And felt the distaff and the shears.

Stout gates of brass, and well-built walls,  
 Are proof 'gainst swords and cannon balls ;  
 But nocht is found, by sea or land,  
 That can a wayward wife withstand. \*

~~~~~  
AULD ROB MORRIS.

TUNE—*Auld Rob Morris.*

MOTHER.

AULD Rob Morris, that wons in yon glen,
 He's the king o' guid fallows, and wale o' auld men ;
 He has fourscore o' black sheep, and fourscore too ;
 Auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun lo'e.

* From Herd's Collection, 1776.

DAUGHTER.

Haud your tongue, mother, and let that abee ;
 For his eild and my eild can never agree :
 They'll never agree, and that will be seen ;
 For he is fourscore, and I'm but fifteen.

MOTHER.

Haud your tongue, dochter, and lay by your pride,
 For he is the bridegroom, and ye'se be the bride ;
 He shall lie by your side, and kiss you too ;
 Auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun lo'e.

DAUGHTER.

Auld Rob Morris, I ken him fu' weel,
 His back sticks out like ony peat-creel ;
 He's out-shinn'd, in-kneed, and ringle-eyed too ;
 Auld Rob Morris is the man I'll ne'er lo'e.

MOTHER.

Though auld Rob Morris be an elderly man,
 Yet his auld brass will buy you a new pan ;
 Then, dochter, ye should na be sae ill to shoe,
 For auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun lo'e.

DAUGHTER.

But auld Rob Morris I never will hae,
 His back is so stiff, and his beard is grown grey ;
 I had rather die than live wi' him a year ;
 Sae mair o' Rob Morris I never will hear.*

~~~~~

## HEY FOR A LASS WI' A TOCHER!

## BURNS.

TUNE—*Ballinamona and Ora.*

Awa wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms,  
 The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms ;  
 O, gie me the lass that has acres o' charms,  
 O, gie me the lass wi' the weel-stockit farms !

\* From the Tea-Table Miscellany (1724,) where it is printed with the signature Q.

Then, hey for a lass wi' a tocher,  
 Then, hey for a lass wi' a tocher,  
 Then, hey for a lass wi' a tocher !  
 The nice yellow guineas for me !

Your beauty's a flower in the morning that blows,  
 And withers the faster, the faster it grows ;  
 But the rapturous charm o' the bonnie green knowes,  
 Ilk spring they're new-deckit wi' bonnie white ewes.

And e'en when this beauty your bosom has bless'd,  
 The brightest o' beauty may cloy when possess'd ;  
 But the sweet yellow darlings, wi' Geordie imprest,  
 The langer ye hae them, the mair they're carest.

~~~~~

AE FOND KISS.

BURNS.

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever ;
 Ae farewell, alas, for ever !
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
 War in sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
 Who shall say that fortune grieves him,
 While the star of hope she leaves him ?
 Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me ;
 Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame thy partial fancy,
 Naething could resist my Nancy ;
 But to see her, was to love her ;
 Love but her, and love for ever.
 Had we never loved sae kindly,
 Had we never loved sae blindly ;
 Never met—or never parted,
 We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee well, thou first and fairest !
 Fare thee well, thou best and dearest !
 Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
 Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure !

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever ;
 Ae farewell, alas, for ever !
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
 War in sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

~~~~~

### STREPHON AND LYDIA.

WILLIAM WALLACE, ESQ.

ALL lovely, on the sultry beach,  
 Expiring Strephon lay ;  
 No hand the cordial draught to reach,  
 Nor cheer the gloomy way.  
 Ill-fated youth ! no parent nigh  
 To catch thy fleeting breath,  
 No bride to fix thy swimming eye,  
 Or smooth the face of death.

Far distant from the mournful scene,  
 Thy parents sit at ease ;  
 Thy Lydia rifles all the plain,  
 And all the spring to please.  
 Ill-fated youth ! by fault of friend,  
 Not force of foe, depress'd,  
 Thou fall'st, alas ! thyself, thy kind,  
 Thy country, unredress'd.\*

~~~~~

POLWARTH, ON THE GREEN.†

RAMSAY.

TUNE—*Polwarth on the Green.*

AT Polwarth, on the Green,
 If you'll meet me the morn,

* This Song was written by William Wallace, Esq. of Cairnhill, in Ayrshire, upon the fate of an unfortunate couple who figured in fashionable society at Edinburgh during the earlier half of the last century. Strephon was a gentleman commonly known by the name of *Beau Gibson*, and Lydia was a lady celebrated in the poems of Mr Hamilton of Bangour, under the title of *Gentle Jean*. Having met frequently at public places, they formed a reciprocal attachment, which their friends thought dangerous, as their resources were by no means adequate to their tastes and habits of life. To elude the bad consequences of such a connexion, Strephon was sent abroad with a commission, and perished in Admiral Vernon's expedition to Carthage.

† Polwarth is a small primitive-looking parish-village in the centre of Berwickshire, with a green, in the centre of which three thorns grow within a little enclosure. These trees are the successors of one aged thorn, which,

Where lads and lasses do convene
 To dance around the thorn ;
 A kindly welcome you shall meet
 Frae her, wha likes to view
 A lover and a lad complete,
 The lad and lover you.

Let dorty dames say *Na*,
 As lang as e'er they please,
 Seem caulder than the snaw,
 While inwardly they bleeze ;
 But I will frankly shaw my mind,
 And yield my heart to thee—
 Be ever to the captive kind,
 That lang's na to be free.

At Polwarth, on the Green,
 Amang the new-mawn hay,
 With sangs and dancing keen
 We'll pass the live-lang day.
 At night, if beds be ower thrang laid,
 And thou be twined of thine,
 Thou shalt be welcome, my dear lad,
 To take a part of mine.

~~~~~

### AWA, WHIGS, AWA!

[JACOBITE SONG.]

TUNE—*Awa, Whigs, awa!*

OUR thistles flourish'd fresh and fair,  
 And bonny bloom'd our roses,  
 But Whigs came, like a frost in June,  
 And wither'd a' our posies.  
 Awa, Whigs, awa!  
 Awa, Whigs, awa!  
 Ye're but a pack o' traitor loons ;  
 Ye'll ne'er do good at a'.

after keeping its place there for centuries, was blown down some years ago. It was formerly the custom of the villagers, who are a simple race, and were formerly vassals to the Earl of Marchmont, whose seat is in the neighbourhood, to dance round this venerable tree at weddings; which they are said to have done in consequence of a romantic incident in the history of the noble family just mentioned.

The song first appeared in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1724.

Our sad decay in church and state  
 Surpasses my describing ;  
 The Whigs came o'er us for a curse,  
 And we have done wi' thriving.

A foreign Whiggish loon bought seeds,  
 In Scottish yird to cover ;  
 But we'll pu' a' his dibbled leeks,  
 And pack him to Hanover.

Our ancient crown's fa'n i' the dust,  
 Deil blind them wi' the stour o't !  
 And write their names in his black beuk,  
 Wha ga'e the Whigs the power o't !

Grim Vengeance lang has ta'en a nap,  
 But we may see him wauken :  
 Gude help the day, when royal heads  
 Are hunted like a maukin !

The deil he heard the stour o' tongues,  
 And ramping came amang us ;  
 But he pitied us, sae cursed wi' Whigs,—  
 He turn'd and wadna wrang us.

Sae grim he sat amang the reek,  
 Thrang bundling brimstone matches ;  
 And croon'd, 'mang the beuk-taking Whigs,  
 Scraps of auld Calvin's catches.

Awa, Whigs, awa !

Awa, Whigs, awa !

Ye'll rin me out o' wun spunks,  
 And ne'er do good at a'.\*

\* This song is partly of ancient and partly of modern composition. "There is a tradition," says Mr Hogg, in the Notes to his Jacobite Relics, "that at the battle of Bothwell-bridge, the piper to Clavers's own troop of horse stood on the brink of the Clyde, playing the air of this song with great glee; but, being struck by a bullet, either by chance, or in consequence of an aim taken, as is generally reported, he rolled down the bank in the agonies of death; and always, as he rolled over the bag, so intent was he on this old party tune, that, with determined firmness of fingering, he made the pipes to yell out two or three notes more of it, till at last he plunged into the river, and was carried peaceably down the stream, among a great number of floating Whigs."

## AT SETTING DAY.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

TUNE—*The Bush abune Traquair.*

AT setting day and rising morn,  
 With soul that still shall love thee,  
 I'll ask of heaven thy safe return,  
 With all that can improve thee.  
 I'll visit oft the birken bush,  
 Where first thou kindly told me  
 Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,  
 Whilst round thou didst enfold me.

To all our haunts I will repair,  
 By greenwood, shaw, or fountain ;  
 Or where the summer day I'd share  
 With thee upon yon mountain.  
 There will I tell the trees and flowers,  
 From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,  
 By vows you're mine, by love is yours  
 A heart which cannot wander.\*

~~~~~

 FAREWELL TO THE MASON-LODGE,
 AT TARBOLTON, IN AYRSHIRE.

BURNS.

TUNE—*The Peacock.*

ADIEU ! a heart-warm fond adieu !
 Dear brothers of the mystic tie !
 Ye favour'd, ye enlighten'd few,
 Companions of my social joy !
 Though I to foreign lands must hie,
 Pursuing Fortune's sliddry ba',
 With melting heart, and brimful eye,
 I'll mind you still, though far awa.

Oft have I met your social band,
 And spent the cheerful festive night ;

* From the Gentle Shepherd.

Oft, honour'd with supreme command,
 Presided o'er the sons of light ;
 And by that hieroglyphic bright,
 Which none but craftsmen ever saw !
 Strong memory on my heart shall write
 Those happy scenes when far awa !

May freedom, harmony, and love,
 Unite you in the grand design,
 Beneath the Omniscient Eye above,
 The glorious architect divine !
 That you may keep th' unerring line,
 Still rising by the plummet's law,
 Till order bright completely shine—
 Shall be my prayer when far awa.

And you, farewell ! whose merits claim
 Justly, that highest badge to wear !
 Heaven bless your honour'd, noble name
 To masonry and Scotia dear !
 A last request permit me here,
 When yearly ye assemble a',
 One round, I ask it with a tear,
 To him, the bard, that's far awa.*

~~~~~

## THE RANTIN HIGHLANDMAN.

JOHN HAMILTON.

AE morn, last ouk, as I gaed out,  
 To flit a tether'd yowe and lamb,  
 I met, as skiffing ower the green,  
 A jolly rantin Highlandman.  
 His shape was neat, wi' feature sweet,  
 And ilka smile my favour wan ;  
 I ne'er had seen sae braw a lad,  
 As this young rantin Highlandman.

He said, My dear, ye're sune asteer ;  
 Cam ye to hear the laverock's sang ?

\* Written as a sort of farewell to the companions of his youth, when the poet was on the point of leaving Scotland for Jamaica, 1786.



O, wad ye gang and wed wi' me,  
 And wed a rantin Highlandman?  
 In summer days, on flowery braes,  
 When frisky is the ewe and lamb,  
 I'se row ye in my tartan plaid,  
 And be your rantin Highlandman.

With heather bells, that sweetly smells,  
 I'll deck your hair sae fair and lang,  
 If ye'll consent to scour the bent  
 Wi' me, a rantin Highlandman.  
 We'll big a cot, and buy a stock,  
 Syne do the best that e'er we can;  
 Then come, my dear, ye needna fear  
 To trust a rantin Highlandman.

His words sae sweet gaed to my heart,  
 And fain I wad hae gien my han',  
 Yet durstna, lest my mother should  
 Dislike a rantin Highlandman.  
 But I expect he will come back;  
 Then, though my kin should scauld and ban,  
 I'll ower the hill, or where he will,  
 Wi' your young rantin Highlandman.\*



## AH! THE POOR SHEPHERD'S MOURNFUL FATE.

HAMILTON OF BANGOUR.

TUNE—*Galashiels*.

AH, the poor shepherd's mournful fate,  
 When doom'd to love and doom'd to languish,  
 To bear the scornful fair one's hate,  
 Nor dare disclose his anguish!  
 Yet eager looks and dying sighs  
 My secret soul discover,  
 While rapture, trembling through mine eyes,  
 Reveals how much I love her.

\* John Hamilton, author of this and of several other songs of merit, was a music-seller in Edinburgh. He died in the year 1814.

The tender glance, the reddening cheek,  
 O'erspread with rising blushes,  
 A thousand various ways they speak  
 A thousand various wishes.

For, oh! that form so heavenly fair,  
 Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,  
 That artless blush and modest air  
 So fatally beguiling ;  
 Thy every look, and every grace,  
 So charm, whene'er I view thee,  
 Till death o'ertake me in the chase  
 Still will my hopes pursue thee.  
 Then, when my tedious hours are past,  
 Be this last blessing given,  
 Low at thy feet to breathe my last,  
 And die in sight of heaven.\*

~~~~~

OWER THE MUIR TO MAGGY.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

AND I'll ower the muir to Maggy,
 Her wit and sweetness call me ;
 There to my fair I'll show my mind,
 Whatever may befall me :
 If she love mirth, I'll learn to sing ;
 Or likes the Nine to follow,
 I'll lay my lugs in Pindus' spring,
 And invoke Apollo.

If she admire a martial mind,
 I'll sheathe my limbs in armour ;
 If to the softer dance inclined,
 With gayest airs I'll charm her ;
 If she love grandeur, day and night
 I'll plot my nation's glory,
 Find favour in my prince's sight,
 And shine in future story.

Beauty can wonders work with ease,
 Where wit is corresponding ;

* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724.

And bravest men know best to please,
 With complaisance abounding.
 My bonny Maggy's love can turn
 Me to what shape she pleases,
 If in her breast that flame shall burn,
 Which in my bosom bleezes.*

~~~~~

**BLYTHE HAE I BEEN ON YON HILL.**

BURNS.

TUNE—*Liggeram cosh.* †

BLYTHE hae I been on yon hill,  
 As the lambs before me;  
 Careless ilka thought and free,  
 As the breeze flew o'er me:  
 Now nae langer sport and play,  
 Mirth or sang, can please me;  
 Lesley is so fair and coy,  
 Care and anguish seize me.

Heavy, heavy is the task,  
 Hopeless love declaring:  
 Trembling, I do nocht but glowr,  
 Sighing, dumb, despairing!  
 If she winna ease the thraws  
 In my bosom swelling,  
 Underneath the grass-green sod  
 Soon maun be my dwelling.

~~~~~

**THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE TILL
 JAMIE COMES HAME.**

BURNS.

TUNE—*There'll never be peace till Jamie comes Hame.*

By yon castle-wa', at the close o' the day,
 I heard a man sing, though his head it was grey;
 And, as he was singing, the tears down came—
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724.

† "Liggeram cosh," is the Highland name of the tune more commonly known by the title of "The Quaker's Wife."

The church is in ruins, the state is in jars,
 Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars :
 We daurna weel say't, but we ken wha's to blame,—
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
 And now I greet round their green beds in the yird :
 It brak the sweet heart o' my faithfu' auld dame—
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

Now life is a burden that bows me down,
 Since I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown ;
 But till my last moments my words are the same,—
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

~~~~~  
 MY NANNIE, O.

BURNS.

TUNE—*My Nannie, O.*

Behind yon hills, where Lugar flows,  
 'Mang muirs and mosses many, O,  
 The wintry sun the day has closed,  
 And I'll awa to Nannie, O.  
 The westlin' wind blaws loud and shrill ;  
 The night's baith mirk and rainy, O ;  
 But I'll get my plaid, and out I'll steal,  
 And o'er the hills to Nannie, O.

My Nannie's charmin', sweet, and young ;  
 Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O ;  
 May ill befa' the flatterin' tongue  
 That wad beguile my Nannie, O !  
 Her face is fair, her heart is true,  
 As spotless as she's bonnie, O ;  
 The openin' gowan, wet wi' dew,  
 Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,  
 And few there bè that ken me, O ;  
 But what care I how few they be—  
 I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O.

My riches a' 's my penny fee,  
 And I maun guide it cannie, O.  
 But warld's gear ne'er troubles me,  
 My thochts are a' my Nannie, O.

Our auld gudeman delights to view  
 His sheep and kye thrive bonnie, O ;  
 But I'm as blyth, that hauds his plough,  
 And has nae care but Nannie, O.  
 Come weel, come wae, I carena by,  
 I'll tak what Heaven will send me, O.  
 Nae other care in life hae I,  
 But live and love my Nannie, O. \*

~~~~~

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

BURNS.

TUNE—*The Birks of Abergeldy.* #

BONNIE lassie, will ye go, will ye go, will ye go,
 Bonnie lassie, will ye go, to the Birks of Abergeldy?

Now simmer blinks on flowery braes,
 And o'er the crystal streamlets plays ;
 Come, let us spend the lightsome days
 In the Birks of Abergeldy.
 Bonnie lassie, &c.

While o'er their head the hazels hing,
 The little birdies blythely sing,
 Or lightly flit on wanton wing,
 In the Birks of Abergeldy.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
 The foamin' stream deep-roaring fa's,
 O'erhung wi' fragrant spreadin' shaws,
 The Birks of Abergeldy.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flow'rs,
 White ower the lin the burnie pours,

* The heroine of this song was a Miss Fleming, the daughter of a farmer in the parish of Tarbolton, Ayrshire. It was written while Burns was a very young man, and while, in reality, his only employment was "to haud the plough," and ponder on his mistress.

And, risin', weets wi' misty show'rs
The Birks of Aberfeldy.

Let fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely bless'd wi' love and thee,
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.*

~~~~~  
**LOGAN BRAES.**

MAYNE.

TUNE—*Logan Water.*

By Logan streams that rin sae deep,  
Fou aft wi' glee I've herded sheep ;  
Herded sheep and gather'd slaes,  
Wi' my dear lad on Logan braes.  
But wae's my heart, thae days are gane,  
And I wi' grief may herd alane,  
While my dear lad maun face his faes,  
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Nae mair at Logan kirk will he  
Atween the preachins meet wi' me ;  
Meet wi' me, or, when it's mirk,  
Convoy me hame frae Logan kirk.  
I weel may sing, thae days are gane :  
Frae kirk and fair I come alane,  
While my dear lad maun face his faes,  
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

At e'en, when hope amaist is gane,  
I daunder out and sit alane,  
Sit alane, beneath the tree,  
Where aft he kept his tryst wi' me.  
Oh, could I see thae days again,  
My lover skaithless, and my ain !

\* Burns composed this song while standing under the Falls of Aberfeldy, near Moness, in Perthshire. The chorus is borrowed from an old simple ditty, called "the Birks of Abergeldy," with the alteration of the letter "g" into "f," to make it suit the beautiful scene which he wished to eulogize. Abergeldy is an estate in Aberdeenshire, formerly remarkable for the production of birches, but now planted (by its proprietor, Mr Gordon of Abergeldy,) with oaks, and other more profitable timber.

Beloved by friends, revered by faes,  
We'd live in bliss on Logan braes.

While for her love she thus did sigh,  
She saw a sodger passin' by,  
Passin' by, wi' scarlet claes,  
While sair she grat on Logan braes :  
Says he, What gars thee greet sae sair ?  
What fills thy heart sae fu' o' care ?  
Thae sportin' lambs hae blythsome days,  
And playful skip on Logan braes !

What can I do but weep and murn ?  
I fear my lad will ne'er return,  
Ne'er return to ease my waes,  
Will ne'er come hame to Logan braes.  
Wi' that he clasp'd her in his arms,  
And said, I'm free of war's alarms ;  
I now hae conquer'd a' my faes,  
We'll happy live on Logan braes.

Then straight to Logan kirk they went,  
And join'd their hands with one consent,  
With one consent, to spend their days,  
And live in bliss, on Logan braes.  
And now she sings, Thae days are gane,  
When I wi' grief did herd alane,  
While my dear lad did fight his faes,  
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.\*

~~~~~

ANDRO AND HIS CUTTIE GUN.

TUNE—*Andro and his Cuttie Gun.*

BLYTHE, blythe, and merry was she,
Blythe was she but and ben ;
Weel she loo'd a Hawick gill,
And leuch to see a tappit hen.
She took me in, she set me down,
And hecht to keep me lawin'-free ;

* This song, the author of which is still alive, was written as a substitute for one or two old rude verses which were formerly sung to the same air.

But, cunning carline that she was,
 She gart me birle my bawbee.
 Blythe, blythe, &c.

We loo'd the liquor weel eneuch ;
 But, wae's my heart, my cash was done,
 Before that I had quench'd my drouth,
 And laith was I to pawn my shoon.
 When we had three times toom'd our stoup,
 And the neist chappin new begun,
 In startit, to heeze up our hope,
 Young Andro, wi' his cuttie gun.

The carline brocht her kebbuck ben,
 Wi' girdle-cakes weel-toasted brown ;—
 Weel does the canny kimmer ken,
 They gar the scuds gae glibber down.
 We ca'd the bicker aft about,
 Till dawnin' we ne'er jee'd our bum,
 And aye the cleanest drinker out
 Was Andro wi' his cuttie gun.

He did like ony mavis sing ;
 And, as I in his oxter sat,
 He ca'd me aye his bonnie thing,
 And mony a sappy kiss I gat.
 I hae been east, I hae been west,
 I hae been far ayont the sun ;
 But the blythest lad that e'er I saw,
 Was Andro wi' his cuttie gun.*

~~~~~

## BLYTHE WAS SHE.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Andrew and his Cuttie Gun.*

BLYTHE, blythe and merry was she,  
 Blythe was she but and ben,  
 Blythe by the banks of Earn,  
 And blythe in Glenturit glen.

\* First published in the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724.

By Ochtertyre there grows the aik,  
 On Yarrow braes the birken shaw ;  
 But Phemie was a bonnier lass  
 Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw  
 Blythe, blythe, &c.

Her looks were like a flower in May,  
 Her smile was like a simmer morn ;  
 She trippit by the banks o' Earn,  
 As licht's a bird upon a thorn.

Her bonnie face it was as meek  
 As onie lamb upon a lee ;  
 The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet,  
 As was the blink o' Phemie's ee.

The Hieland hills I've wander'd wide,  
 And o'er the Lawlands I hae been ;  
 But Phemie was the blythest lass  
 That ever trode the dewy green.\*

~~~~~

BEHOLD THE HOUR, THE BOAT ARRIVE.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Oran Gaoil*.

BEHOLD the hour, the boat arrive ;
 Thou goest, thou darling of my heart !
 Sever'd from thee, can I survive ?
 But fate has will'd, and we must part.
 I'll often greet this surging swell,
 Yon distant isle will often hail :
 " E'en here I took my last farewell,
 There latest mark'd her vanish'd sail."

Along the solitary shore,
 While flitting sea-fowl round me cry,
 Across the rolling, dashing roar,
 I'll westward turn my wistful eye :

* Written by Burns, while on a visit to Sir William Murray at Ochtertyre, Perthshire, on Miss Euphemia Murray of Lintrose, whose beauty had occasioned her to be popularly called "the Flower of Strathmore."

Happy, thou Indian grove, I'll say,
 Where now my Nancy's path may be !
 While through thy sweets she loves to stray,
 Oh, tell me, does she muse on me ?

~~~~~

### THE AULD MAN.

BURNS.

*Written to an East Indian air.*

BUT lately seen in gladsome green,  
 The woods rejoiced the day,  
 Through gentle showers, the laughing flowers  
 In double pride were gay :  
 But now our joys are fled  
 On winter blasts awa !  
 Yet maiden May, in rich array,  
 Again shall bring them a'.

But my white pow nae kindly thowe  
 Shall melt the snaws of age ;  
 My trunk of eild, but buss or beild,  
 Sinks in time's wintry rage.  
 Oh, age has weary days,  
 And nights o' sleepless pain !  
 Thou golden time o' youthful prime,  
 Why com'st thou not again.

~~~~~

BESS, THE GAWKIE.

REV. MR MUIRHEAD.

TUNE—*Bess the Gawkie.*

BLYTHE young Bess to Jean did say,
 Will ye gang to yon sunny brae,
 Where flocks do feed, and herds do stray,
 And sport a while wi' Jamie ?
 Ah, na, lass, I'll no gang there,
 Nor about Jamie tak a care,
 Nor about Jamie tak a care,
 For he's ta'en up wi' Maggie.

For hark and I will tell you, lass,
 Did I not see young Jamie pass,
 Wi' mickle blytheness in his face,
 Out ower the muir to Maggie.
 I wat he gae her mony a kiss,
 And Maggie took them ne'er amiss,
 'Tween ilka smack pleased her wi' this,
 That Bess was but a gawkie—

For when a civil kiss I seek,
 She turns her head, and thraws her cheek,
 And for an hour she'll hardly speak ;
 Wha'd no ca' her a gawkie ?
 But sure my Maggie has mair sense,
 She'll gie a score without offence ;
 Now gie me ane into the mense,
 And ye shall be my dawtie.

O Jamie, ye hae monie ta'en,
 But I will never stand for ane
 Or twa, when we do meet again ;
 So ne'er think me a gawkie.
 Ah, na, lass, that canna be ;
 Sic thoughts as thae are far frae me,
 Or ony thy sweet face that see,
 E'er to think thee a gawkie.

But, whisht, nae mair o' this we'll speak,
 For yonder Jamie does us meet ;
 Instead o' Meg he kiss'd sae sweet.
 I trow he likes the gawkie.
 O, dear Bess, I hardly knew,
 When I cam' by, your gown sae new ;
 I think you've got it wet wi' dew.
 Quoth she, That's like a gawkie !

It's wat wi' dew, and 'twill get rain,
 And I'll get gowns when it is gane :
 Sae ye may gang the gate ye came,
 And tell it to your dawtie.
 The guilt appeared in Jamie's cheek :
 He cried, O cruel maid, but sweet,

If I should gang anither gate,
I ne'er could meet my dawtie.

The lasses fast frae him they flew,
And left poor Jamie sair to rue
That ever Maggie's face he knew,
Or yet ca'd Bess a gawkie.
As they gaed ower the muir, they sang,
The hills and dales wi' echoes rang,
The hills and dales wi' echoes rang,
Gang o'er the muir to Maggie.*

~~~~~

### JOHN HAY'S BONNY LASSIE.

TUNE—*John Hay's Bonnie Lassie.*

By smooth-winding Tay a swain was reclining,  
Aft cried he, Oh, hey! maun I still live pining  
Myself thus away, and daurna discover  
To my bonny Hay, that I am her lover!

Nae mair it will hide; the flame waxes stranger;  
If she's not my bride, my days are nae langer:  
Then I'll take a heart, and try at a venture;  
May be, ere we part, my vows may content her.

She's fresh as the spring, and sweet as Aurora,  
When birds mount and sing, bidding day a good-morrow:  
The sward of the mead, enamell'd with daisies,  
Looks wither'd and dead, when twined of her graces.

But if she appear where verdure invite her,  
The fountains run clear, and the flowers smell the sweeter.  
'Tis heaven to be by, when her wit is a-flowing:  
Her smiles and bright eyes set my spirits a-glowing.

The mair that I gaze, the deeper I'm wounded;  
Struck dumb with amaze, my mind is confounded:  
I'm all in a fire, dear maid, to caress ye;  
For a' my desire is John Hay's bonny lassie.†

\* This song is stated by Mr Cunningham, in his *Songs of Scotland*, to have been written by the Rev. Mr Muirhead, (minister, about fifty years ago, of the parish of Urr, in Galloway,) upon a youthful adventure of his own. It appears in Herd's Collection, 1776.

† From the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724.—I have found it asserted by a credible tradition in Roxburghshire, that this song was written by a work-

## ANNIE.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Allan Water.*

By Allan stream I chanced to rove,  
 While Phœbus sank beyond Benledi,  
 The winds were whisp'ring through the grove,  
 The yellow corn was waving ready :  
 I listen'd to a lover's sang,  
 And thought on youthful pleasures many ;  
 And aye the wild-wood echoes rang—  
 O, dearly do I love thee, Annie !

O, happy be the woodbine bower ;  
 Nae nightly bogle mak it eerie ;  
 Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,  
 The place and time I meet my dearie !  
 Her head upon my throbbing breast,  
 She, sinking, said, I'm thine for ever !  
 While many a kiss the seal impress'd,  
 The sacred vow, we ne'er should sever.

The haunt o' Spring's the primrose brae ;  
 The Simmer joys the flocks to follow ;  
 How cheerie, through her short'ning day,  
 Is Autumn in her weeds of yellow !

ing joiner, in honour of a daughter of John, first Marquis of Tweeddale, who is here familiarly called by his simple name, John Hay. She was a sister of the second Marquis, who, under his junior title of Lord Yester, is usually given as the author of the first version of "Tweedside."

The first Marquis of Tweeddale had two daughters, Lady Margaret and Lady Jean ; but, Burns having somewhere mentioned, that the song was written in honour of one who was afterwards Countess of Roxburghe, we are enabled to set forward the eldest, Lady Margaret, as the heroine. We are further enabled, by Mr Wood's Peerage, to state the probable era of the song. Lady Margaret Hay, wife of the third Earl of Roxburghe, was a widow, at the age of twenty-five, in the year 1682. Allowing from thirteen to five-and-twenty as the utmost range of age during which she could be celebrated as "John Hay's Bonny Lassie," the song must have been written between the years 1670 and 1682, probably nearer the first era than the last.

It may be mentioned as a remarkable circumstance regarding this interesting lady, that she survived her husband, in uninterrupted widowhood, the amazingly long period of seventy-one years. She died at Broomlands, near Kelso, on the 23d of January, 1753, at the age of ninety-six, after having seen out several generations of her shortlived descendants ; the third person in descent being then in possession of the honours of Roxburghe. Her husband was one of the unfortunate persons who were drowned at Yarmouth-roads, on the occasion of the shipwreck of the Gloucester frigate, which was bringing the Duke of York down to Scotland, May 1682.

But can they melt the glowing heart,  
 Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure,  
 Or through each nerve the rapture dart,  
 Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure? \*

SCOTIA'S SONS HAE AYE BEEN FREE.

M'PHAIL.

TUNE—*Andrew and his cuttie Gun.*

BLYTHE, blythe, around the nappie,  
 Let us join in social glee;  
 While we're here we'll hae a drappie—  
 Scotia's sons hae aye been free.

Our auld forbears, when ower their yill,  
 And cantie bickers round did ca',  
 Forsooth, they cried, anither gill!  
 For sweirt we are to gang awa.

Some hearty cock wad then hae sung  
 An auld Scotch sonnet aff wi' glee,  
 Syne pledged his cogue: the chorus rung,  
 Auld Scotia and her sons are free.

Thus cracks, and jokes, and sangs, gaed roun',  
 Till morn the screens o' light did draw:  
 Yet, dreich to rise, the carles roun'  
 Cried, Deoch an doras, then awa!

The landlord then the nappie brings,  
 And toasts, Fu' happy a' may be,  
 Syne tooms the cogue: the chorus rings,  
 Auld Scotia's sons shall aye be free.

Then like our dads o' auld lang syne,  
 Let social glee unite us a',  
 Aye blythe to meet, our mou's to weet,  
 But aye as sweirt to gang awa.

\* "I walked out," says Burns, "with the Museum in my hand, (Johnson's Musical Museum,) and turning up 'Allan Water,' the words appeared to me rather unworthy of so fine an air: so I sat and raved under the shade of an old thorn, till I wrote one to suit the measure."



## THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

BUT are ye sure the news is true?  
 And are ye sure he's weil?  
 Is this a time to think o' wark?  
 Ye jauds, fling bye your wheel.  
 For there's nae luck about the house,  
 There's nae luck at a',  
 There's nae luck about the house,  
 When our gudeman's awa.

Is this a time to think o' wark,  
 When Colin's at the door?  
 Rax down my cloak—I'll to the key,  
 And see him come ashore.

Rise up and make a clean fireside,  
 Put on the mickle pat;  
 Gie little Kate her cotton gown,  
 And Jock his Sunday's coat.

Mak their shoon as black as slaes,  
 Their stockings white as snaw;  
 It's a' to pleasure our gudeman—  
 He likes to see them braw.

There are twa hens into the crib,  
 Hae fed this month and mair,  
 Mak haste and thraw their necks about,  
 That Colin weil may fare.

My turkey slippers I'll put on,  
 My stockings pearl-blue—  
 It's a' to pleasure our gudeman,  
 For he's baith leal and true.

Sae sweet his voice, sae smooth his tongue;  
 His breath's like cauler air;



His very fit has music in't,  
As he comes up the stair.

And will I see his face again?  
And will I hear him speak?  
I'm downricht dizzy wi' the thought:  
In troth I'm like to greet.\*

~~~~~

THE BRAES O' BALLENDINE.

DR BLACKLOCK.

TUNE—*The Braes o' Ballendine.*

BENEATH a green shade, a lovely young swain
Ae evening reclined, to discover his pain;
So sad, yet so sweetly, he warbled his woe,
The winds ceased to breathe, and the fountain to flow;
Rude winds wi' compassion could hear him complain,
Yet Chloe, less gentle, was deaf to his strain.

How happy, he cried, my moments once flew,
Ere Chloe's bright charms first flash'd in my view!
Those eyes then wi' pleasure the dawn could survey;
Nor smiled the fair morning mair cheerful than they.
Now scenes of distress please only my sight;
I'm tortured in pleasure, and languish in light.

Through changes in vain relief I pursue,
All, all but conspire my griefs to renew;
From sunshine to zephyrs and shades we repair—
To sunshine we fly from too piercing an air;
But love's ardent fire burns always the same,
No winter can cool it, no summer inflame.

But see the pale moon, all clouded, retires;
The breezes grow cool, not Strephon's desires:
I fly from the dangers of tempest and wind,
Yet nourish the madness that preys on my mind.
Ah, wretch! how can life be worthy thy care?
To lengthen its moments, but lengthens despair.† #

* From Herd's Collection, 1776.

† The celebrated Tenucci used to sing this song, with great effect, in St Cecilia's Hall, at Edinburgh, about fifty years ago. Mr Tytler, who was a great patron of that obsolete place of amusement, says, in his Dissertation

BONNIE WEE THING.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Bonnie Wee Thing.*

BONNIE wee thing, cannie wee thing,
 Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
 I wad wear thee in my bosom,
 Lest my jewel I should tine.

Wistfully I look and languish
 In that bonnie face o' thine ;
 And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,
 Lest my wee thing be na mine.

Wit, and grace, and love, and beauty,
 In ae constellation shine ;
 To adore thee is my duty,
 Goddess o' this soul o' mine !

Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
 Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
 I wad wear thee in my bosom,
 Lest my jewel I should tine.*



THE CRADLE SONG.

RICHARD GALL.

BALOO, baloo, my wee wee thing,
 O saftly close thy blinkin' ee !
 Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing,
 For thou art doubly dear to me.
 Thy daddie now is far awa,
 A sailor laddie o'er the sea ;

on Scottish Music, "Who could hear with insensibility, or without being moved in the highest degree, Tenducci sing, 'I'll never leave thee,' or, 'The Braes o' Ballendine?'" The air was composed by Oswald.

"Ballendine, or Bellendean Braes," which have given name to another Scottish song, are situated in the Carse of Gowrie; or, rather, they rise in gentle undulations from that fine piece of champagne ground towards the Sidlaw Hills. Ballendean is the estate of William Trotter, Esq. who was Lord Provost of Edinburgh in 1826-7.

* "Composed," says Burns, (*Reliques*), "on my little idol, the charming, lovely Davies."

But hope aye hechts his safe return
To you, my bonnie lamb, an' me.

Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing,
O saftly close thy blinkin' ee !
Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing,
For thou art doubly dear to me.
Thy face is simple, sweet, an' mild,
Like ony summer e'ening fa' ;
Thy sparkling e'e is bonnie black ;
Thy neck is like the mountain snaw.

Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing,
O saftly close thy blinkin' ee !
Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing,
For thou art doubly dear to me.
O but thy daddie's absence lang
Would break my dowie heart in twa,
Wert thou no left, a dautit pledge,
To steal the eerie hours awa.

~~~~~  
**COME, LET ME TAKE THEE TO MY  
BREAST.**

BURNS.

TUNE—*Cauld Kail in Aberdeen.*

COME, let me take thee to my breast,  
And pledge we ne'er shall sunder ;  
And I shall spurn, as vilest dust,  
The world's wealth and grandeur :  
And do I hear my Jeanie own,  
That equal transports move her ?  
I ask for dearest life alone  
That I may live to love her.

Thus in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,  
I clasp my countless treasure ;  
I'll seek nae mair o' heaven to share,  
Than sic a moment's pleasure :  
And, by thy een sae bonnie blue,  
I swear I'm thine for ever !  
And on thy lips I seal my vow,  
And break it shall I never.

## TULLOCHGORUM.

REV. JOHN SKINNER.

TUNE—*Tullochgorum.*

COME gie's a sang, Montgomery cried,  
 And lay your disputes all aside ;  
 What signifies't for folks to chide  
     For what's been done before them ?  
 Let Whig and Tory all agree,  
 Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,  
 Let Whig and Tory all agree  
     To drop their Whigegmorum.  
 Let Whig and Tory all agree  
 To spend this night with mirth and glee,  
 And cheerfu' sing along wi' me  
     The reel of Tullochgorum.

O, Tullochgorum's my delight ;  
 It gars us a' in ane unite ;  
 And ony sumph that keeps up spite,  
     In conscience I abhor him.  
 Blithe and merry we's be a',  
 Blithe and merry, blithe and merry,  
 Blithe and merry we's be a',  
     And mak' a cheerfu' quorum.  
 Blithe and merry we's be a',  
 As lang as we hae breath to draw,  
 And dance, till we be like to fa',  
     The reel of Tullochgorum.

There need na be sae great a phraise,  
 Wi' dringing dull Italian lays ;  
 I wadna gie our ain strathspeys  
     For half a hundred score o''em.  
 They're douff and dowie at the best,  
 Douff and dowie, douff and dowie,  
 They're douff and dowie at the best,  
     Wi' a' their variorums.  
 They're douff and dowie at the best,  
 Their allegros, and a' the rest,  
 They canna please a Highland taste,  
     Compared wi' Tullochgorum.

Let worldly minds themselves oppress  
 Wi' fear of want, and double cess,  
 And sullen sots themselves distress  
 Wi' keeping up decorum.

Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,  
 Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,  
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,  
 Like auld Philosophorums?  
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,  
 Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,  
 And canna rise to shake a fit  
 At the reel of Tullochgorum?

May choicest blessings still attend  
 Each honest-hearted open friend;  
 And calm and quiet be his end,  
 And a' that's good watch o'er him!  
 May peace and plenty be his lot,  
 Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,  
 May peace and plenty be his lot,  
 And dainties, a' great store o' 'em!  
 May peace and plenty be his lot,  
 Unstain'd by any vicious blot;  
 And may he never want a goat,  
 That's fond of Tullochgorum.

But for the discontented fool,  
 Who wants to be oppression's tool,  
 May envy gnaw his rotten soul,  
 And discontent devour him!  
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,  
 Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,  
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,  
 And nane say, Wae's me for 'im!  
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,  
 And a' the ills that come frae France,  
 Whae'er he be that winna dance  
 The reel of Tullochgorum!\*

\* Burns informs us, upon the authority of the author's son, the late Bishop Skinner of Aberdeen, that the old gentleman wrote this song at the request of a lady of the name of Montgomery, in whose house, at the town of Ellon, Aberdeenshire, he happened to be at the time on a visit. I have farther heard, that the opening lines refer to a dispute upon some matter of stale politics which took place that day after dinner, and which Mrs Montgomery attempted to put a stop to by asking for a song. She hap-



## THE BATTLE OF KILLIECRANKIE.\*

CLAVERS and his Highlandmen  
 Came down upon the raw, man ;  
 Who, being stout, gave mony a shout ;  
 'The lads began to claw, then.  
 Wi' sword and targe into their hand,  
 Wi' which they were na slaw, man ;  
 Wi' mony a fearfu' heavy sigh,  
 The lads began to claw, then.

Ower bush, ower bank, ower ditch, ower stank,  
 She flang amang them a', man ;  
 The butter-box † gat mony knocks ;  
 Their riggings paid for a', then.  
 They got their paiks wi' sudden straits,  
 Which, to their grief they saw, man ;  
 Wi' clinkum-clankum ower their crowns,  
 The lads began to fa', then.

Her ‡ leap'd about, her skipp'd about,  
 And flang amang them a', man ;  
 The English blades got broken heads,  
 Their crowns were cleaved in twa, then ;  
 The durk and dour made their last hour,  
 And proved their final fa', man ;  
 They thocht the devil had been there,  
 That play'd them sic a pa', man.

The Solemn League and Covenant  
 Cam whigging up the hill, man ;  
 'Thocht Highland trews durst not refuse  
 For to subscribe their bill, then :

pened to observe, in the conversation which ensued, that the beautiful reel of Tullochgorum wanted words, and she suggested to Mr Skinner the propriety of his supplying the desideratum. He complied by, either that evening or next morning, producing the above song.

\* Fought on the 17th of July 1689, between the troops of King William, under General Mackay, and the Highland clans, who were commanded, for King James, by the celebrated Viscount Dundee, more commonly known in the south of Scotland by his patrimonial title, Graham of Claverhouse. The latter were triumphant, but with the loss of their brave leader.

† Apparently a cant word for the skull.

‡ The Highlanders have only one pronoun, and as it happens to resemble the English word *her*, it has caused the Lowlanders to have a general impression, that they mistake the feminine for the masculine gender. It has even become a sort of nick-name for them, as in the present case, and in a subsequent verse, where it is extended to—*Her-nain-sell*.

In Willie's name, they thocht nae ane  
 Durst stop their course at a', man ;  
 But Her-nain-sell, wi' mony a knock,  
 Cried, Furich, Whigs, awa, man.

Sir Evan Dhu, \* and his men true,  
 Cam linking up the brink, man ;  
 The Hogan Dutch, they feared such,  
 They bred a horrid stink, then.  
 The true MacLean, and his fierce men,  
 Cam in amang them a', man ;  
 Nane durst withstand his heavy hand ;  
 A' fled and ran awa, then.

*Och on a righ ! och on a righ !*  
 Why should she lose King Shames, man ?  
*Och rig in di ! och rig in di !*  
 She shall break a' her banes, then ;  
 With *furichinich*, and stay a while,  
 And speak a word or twa, man ;  
 She's gie ye a straik out ower the neck,  
 Before ye win awa, then.

Oh, fie for shame, ye're three for ane !  
 Her-nain-sell's won the day, man.  
 King Shames' red-coats should be hung up,  
 Because they ran awa, then.  
 Had they bent their bows like Highland trews,  
 And made as lang a stay, man,  
 They'd saved their king, that sacred thing,  
 And Willie 'd run awa, then. †

~~~~~

CANST THOU LEAVE ME THUS, MY
 KATY ?

BURNS.

TUNE—*Roy's Wife.*

CANST thou leave me thus, my Katy ?
 Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy ?

* Sir Evan Cameron of Lochiel.
 † From Herd's Collection, 1776.

Well thou know'st my aching heart,
And canst thou leave me thus for pity?

Is this thy plighted fond regard,
Thus cruelly to part, my Katy?
Is this thy faithful swain's reward—
An aching, broken heart, my Katy?

Farewell! and ne'er such sorrows tear
That fickle heart of thine, my Katy!
Thou may'st find those will love thee dear—
But not a love like mine, my Katy. *

~~~~~

### REPLY TO THE ABOVE.

[By a young English Gentlewoman. Found amongst Burns's manuscripts after his decease.]

STAY, my Willie—yet believe me,  
Stay, my Willie—yet believe me;  
'Tweel, thou know'st na every pang  
Wad wring my bosom shouldst thou leave me.

Tell me that thou yet art true,  
And a' my wrongs shall be forgiven;  
And when this heart proves false to thee,  
Yon sun shall cease its course in heaven.

But to think I was betray'd,  
That falsehood e'er our loves should sunder!  
To take the floweret to my breast,  
And find the guilefu' serpent under!

Could I hope thou'dst ne'er deceive me,  
Celestial pleasures, might I choose 'em,  
I'd slight, nor seek in other spheres  
That heaven I'd find within thy bosom.

\* These three stanzas, Burns tells us, he composed in the course of two turns through his room, with the assistance of two or three pinches of Irish blackguard.

## THE LAIRD O' LAMINGTON.

HOGG.

CAN I bear to part wi' thee,  
 Never mair thy face to see,—  
 Can I bear to part wi' thee,  
     Drucken Laird o' Lamington?

Canty war ye ower your kale,  
 Toddy jugs, and jaups o' yill;  
 Heart aye kind, and leal, and hale,—  
     The honest Laird o' Lamington!

He that swears is but so so;  
 He that cheats to hell must go;  
 He that falls in bagnio,  
     Falls in the devil's frying-pan.

Wha was't ne'er put aith to word,  
 Never fleech'd to duke or lord,  
 Never sat at sinfu' board?—  
     The honest Laird o' Lamington.

He that cheats can ne'er be just;  
 He that prays is ne'er to trust;  
 He that drinks to drauk his dust,  
     Wha can say that wrang is done?

Wha was't ne'er to fraud inclined,  
 Never pray'd sin' he could mind?  
 Ane whase drouth there's few can find—  
     The honest Laird o' Lamington!

I like a man to tak' his glass,  
 Toast his friend and bonnie lass;  
 He that winna is an ass—  
     Deil send him ane to gallop on!

I like a man that's frank and kind,  
 Meets me when I hae a mind,  
 Sings his sang and drinks me blind,  
     Like the honest Laird o' Lamington.

## CARLE, AN THE KING COME.

TUNE—*Carle, an the King come.*

CARLE, an the king come,  
 Carle, an the king come,  
 Thou shalt dance and I will sing,  
 Carle, an the king come.

An somebody were come again,  
 Then somebody maun cross the main ;  
 And every man shall hae his ain,  
 Carle, an the king come.

I trow we swappit for the worse ;  
 We ga'e the boot and better horse ;  
 And that we'll tell them at the corse,  
 Carle, an the king come.

When yellow corn grows on the rigs,  
 And gibbets stand to hang the Whigs,  
 O, then we'll a' dance Scottish jigs,  
 Carle, an the king come.

Nae mair wi' pinch and drouth we'll dine,  
 As we hae done—a dog's propine—  
 But quaff our draughts o' rosy wine,  
 Carle, an the king come.

Cogie, an the king come,  
 Cogie, an the king come,  
 I'se be fou and thou'se be toom,  
 Cogie, an the king come.\*

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## CULLODEN ; OR, LOCHIEL'S FAREWELL.

JOHN GRIEVE, ESQ.

CULLODEN ! on thy swarthy brow  
 Spring no wild flowers nor verdure fair ;  
 Thou feel'st not summer's genial glow,  
 More than the freezing wintry air ;

\* This is an old favourite cavalier song ; the chorus, at least, is as old as the time of the Commonwealth, when the return of King Charles II. was a matter of daily prayer to the Loyalists.



For once thou drank'st the hero's blood,  
 And war's unhallow'd footsteps bore.  
 The deeds unholy Nature view'd—  
 Then fled, and cursed thee evermore.

From Beauuly's wild and woodland glens  
 How proudly Lovat's banners soar!  
 How fierce the plaided Highland clans  
 Rush onward with the broad claymore!  
 Those hearts that high with honour heaved,  
 The volleying thunder there laid low,  
 Or scatter'd like the forest leaves,  
 When wintry winds begin to blow!

Where now thy honours, brave Lochiel?  
 The braided plume's torn from thy brow.  
 What must thy haughty spirit feel,  
 When skulking like the mountain roe?  
 While wild-birds chant from Lochy's bowers,  
 On April eve, their loves and joys,  
 The Lord of Lochy's loftiest towers  
 To foreign lands an exile flies.

To his blue hills, that rose in view,  
 As o'er the deep his galley bore,  
 He often look'd, and cried, Adieu,  
 I'll never see Lochaber more!  
 Though now thy wounds I cannot heal,  
 My dear, my injured native land!  
 In other climes thy foes shall feel  
 The weight of Cameron's deadly brand.

Land of proud hearts and mountains grey!  
 Where Fingal fought and Ossian sung,  
 Mourn dark Culloden's fateful day,  
 That from thy chiefs the laurel wrung!  
 Where once they ruled, and roam'd at will,  
 Free as their own dark mountain game;  
 Their sons are slaves, yet keenly feel  
 A longing for their fathers' fame.

Shades of the mighty and the brave,  
 Who, faithful to your Stuart, fell;

No trophies mark your common grave,  
 No dirges to your memory swell !  
 But gen'rous hearts will weep your fate,  
 When far has roll'd the tide of time ;  
 And bards unborn shall renovate  
 Your fading fame in loftiest rhyme ! \*

~~~~~

OWER THE MUIR AMANG THE
 HEATHER.†

JEAN GLOVER.

TUNE—*Ower the Muir amang the Heather.*

COMIN' through the craigs o' Kyle,
 Amang the bonnie blumin' heather,
 There I met a bonnie lassie,
 Keepin' a' her flocks thegither.
 Ower the muir amang the heather,
 Ower the muir amang the heather,
 There I met a bonnie lassie,
 Keepin' a' her flocks thegither.

Says I, My dear, where is thy hame ?
 In muir or dale, pray tell me whether ?
 Says she, I tent the fleecy flocks
 That feed amang the blumin' heather.

We laid us down upon a bank,
 Sae warm and sunnie was the weather ;
 She left her flocks at large to rove
 Amang the bonnie blumin' heather.

She charm'd my heart, and aye sinsyne
 I could nae think on ony other :
 By sea and sky ! she shall be mine,
 The bonnie lass amang the heather.

* From Mr Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*, 1821.

† "This song," says Burns, "was the composition of Jean Glover, a girl who was not only a ———, but also a thief; and in one or other character had visited most of the correction-houses in the west. She was born, I believe, in Kilmarnock. I took the song down from her singing, as she was strolling through the country with a slight-of-hand blackguard."

JOHNNIE COPE.

COPE sent a letter frae Dunbar :—
 Charlie, meet me an ye daur,
 And I'll learn you the art o' war,
 If you'll meet me in the morning.
 Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye wauking yet?
 Or are your drums a-beating yet?
 If ye were wauking, I wad wait
 To gang to the coals i' the morning.

When Charlie look'd the letter upon,
 He drew his sword the scabbard from:
 Come follow me, my merry merry men,
 And we'll meet Cope in the morning.

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

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

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

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

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

Oh ! faith, quo' Johnnie, I got a fleg
 Wi' their claymores and philabegs ;
 If I face them again, deil break my legs—
 So I wish you a gude morning.



WHEN THE KYE COME HAME.

HOGG.

TUNE—*The Blethrie o't.*

COME all ye jolly shepherds that whistle through the
 glen,
 I'll tell ye of a secret that courtiers dinna ken.
 What is the greatest bliss that the tongue o' man can
 name ?

'Tis to woo a bonnie lassie when the kye come hame.
 When the kye come hame, when the kye come hame,
 'Tween the gloamin and the mirk, when the kye come
 hame.

'Tis not beneath the burgonet, nor yet beneath the crown,
 'Tis not on couch of velvet, nor yet on lair of down :
 'Tis beneath the spreading birch, in the dell without the
 name,
 Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie, when the kye come hame.

There the blackbird bigs his nest for the mate he loves
 to see,
 And up upon the tapmost bough, oh, a happy bird is he !
 Then he pours his melting ditty, and love 'tis a' the theme,
 And he'll woo his bonnie lassie when the kye come hame.

When the bluart bears a pearl, and the daisy turns a pea,
 And the bonnie lucken gowan has fauldit up his ee,
 Then the lavrock frae the blue lift draps down, and
 thinks nae shame
 To woo his bonnie lassie when the kye come hame.

Then the eye shines sae bright, the haill soul to beguile,
 There's love in every whisper, and joy in every smile ;
 O, who would choose a crown, wi' its perils and its fame,
 And miss a bonnie lassie when the kye come hame !

See yonder pawky shepherd that lingers on the hill—
 His yowes are in the fauld, and his lambs are lying still ;
 Yet he downa gang to rest, for his heart is in a flame
 To meet his bonnie lassie when the kye come hame.

Awa wi' fame and fortune—what comfort can they
 gie?—

And a' the arts that prey on man's life and libertie !
 Gie me the highest joy that the heart o' man can frame ;
 My bonnie, bonnie lassie, when the kye come hame.*

~~~~~

### CA' THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES.

BURNS.

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,  
 Ca' them where the heather grows,  
 Ca' them where the burnie rowes,  
 My bonnie dearie.

Hark, the mavis' evening sang,  
 Sounding Cluden's woods amang ;  
 Then a-faulding let us gang,  
 My bonnie dearie.

We'll gang down by Cluden side,  
 Through the hazels' spreading wide  
 O'er the waves that sweetly glide,  
 My bonnie dearie.

Yonder Cluden's silent towers,  
 Where, at moonshine midnight hours,  
 O'er the dewy budding flowers  
 The fairies dance sae cheerie.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear ;  
 Thou'rt to love and heaven sae dear,  
 Nocht of ill may come thee near,  
 My bonnie dearie.

\* From *The Three Perils of Man*, a Novel, 3 vols. 1821.



Fair and lovely as thou art,  
 Thou hast stoun my very heart ;  
 I can die—but canna part,  
 My bonnie dearie.

~~~~~

CONTENTIT WI' LITTLE.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Lumps o' Puddin.*

CONTENTIT wi' little, and cantie wi' mair,
 When'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care,
 I gie them a skelp, as they're creepin' along,
 W' a cogue o' gude swats and an auld Scottish sang.

I whiles claw the elbow o' troublesome thocht ;
 But man is a sodger, and life is a faucht :
 My mirth and gude humour are coin in my pouch,
 And my freedom's my lairdship nae monarch daur touch.

A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',
 A nicht o' gude fellowship sowthers it a' :
 When at the blythe end o' our journey at last,
 Wha the deil ever thinks o' the road he has past ?

Blind chance, let her snapper and stoite on her way ;
 Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jaud gae ;
 Come ease or come travail, come pleasure or pain,
 My warst word is—Welcome, and welcome, again !

~~~~~

### THE DRUCKEN WIFE O' GALLOWAY.

TUNE—*Hooly and fairly.*

DOUN in yon meadow a couple did tarry :  
 The gudewife she drank naething but sack and canary ;  
 The gudeman complain'd to her friends richt early—  
 Oh, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly !  
     Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,  
     Oh, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly !

First she drank Crummie, and syne she drank Gairie,  
 And syne she drank my bonnie gray marie,

That carried me through a' the dubs and the glairie—  
Oh, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

She drank her hose, she drank her shoon,  
And syne she drank her bonnie new gown;  
She drank her sark that cover'd her rarely—  
Oh, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

Wad she drink but her ain things, I wadna care,  
But she drinks my claes that I canna weil spare;  
When I'm wi' my gossips it angers me sairly—  
Oh, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

My Sunday's coat she's laid it in wad,  
And the best blue bonnet e'er was on my head;  
At kirk or at mercat I'm cover'd but barely—  
Oh, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

My bonny white mittens I wore on my hands,  
Wi' her neibour's wife she laid them in pawns;  
My bane-headed staff that I looed sae dearly—  
Oh, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

I never was for wranglin' nor strife,  
Nor did I deny her the comforts o' life;  
For when there's a war, I'm aye for a parly—  
Oh, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

When there's ony money she maun keep the purse;  
If I seek but a bawbee she'll scold and she'll curse;  
She lives like a queen—I but scrimpit and sparely—  
Oh, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

A pint wi' her cummers I wad her allow;  
But when she sits down, oh, the jaud she gets fou,  
And when she is fou she is unco camstarie—  
Oh, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

When she comes to the street she roars and she rants,  
Has nae fear o' her neibours, nor minds the house wants;  
She rants up some fule-sang, like, Up your heart,  
Charlie!—  
Oh, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

When she comes hame she lays on the lads,  
 The lasses she ca's baith bitches and jauds,  
 And ca's mysell an auld cuckold-carlie—  
 Oh, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly! \*

~~~~~

DELUDED SWAIN, THE PLEASURE.

BURNS.

TUNE—*The Collier's Bonnie Lassie.*

DELUDED swain, the pleasure
 The fickle fair can give thee
 Is but a fairy treasure—
 Thy hopes will soon deceive thee.

The billows on the ocean,
 The breezes idly roaming,
 The clouds' uncertain motion,
 They are but types of woman.

O! art thou not ashamed
 To doat upon a feature?
 If man thou wouldst be named,
 Despise the silly creature.

Go, find an honest fellow;
 Good claret set before thee:
 Hold on till thou art mellow;
 And then to bed in glory.

~~~~~

FRAGMENT.

DUNFERMLINE, on a Friday night,  
 A lad and lass they took the flicht,  
 And through a back-yett, out o' sicht,  
 And into a kilogie! †

\* From Herd's Collection, 1776.

† Recovered from tradition by the Editor.

## DEAR ROGER, IF YOUR JENNY GECK.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

TUNE—*Fy, gar rub her o'er wi' strae.*

DEAR Roger, if your Jenny geck,  
 And answer kindness with a slight,  
 Seem unconcern'd at her neglect,  
 For women in our vows delight,  
 But them despise who're soon defeat,  
 And with a simple face give way  
 To a repulse ; then, be not blate,  
 Push bauldly on and win the day.

These maidens, innocently young,  
 Say aften what they never mean ;  
 Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,  
 But tent the language of their een ;  
 If these agree, and she persist  
 To answer all your love with hate,  
 Seek elsewhere to be better blest,  
 And let her sigh when 'tis too late.\*

## DONALD CAIRD.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

DONALD CAIRD can lilt and sing,  
 Blithely dance the Highland fling ;  
 Drink till the gudeman be blind,  
 Fleech till the gudewife be kind ;  
 Hoop a leglan, clout a pan,  
 Or crack a pow wi' ony man :  
 Tell the news in brugh and glen,  
 Donald Caird's come again.

Donald Caird can wire a maukin,  
 Kens the wiles o' dun-deer staukin ;  
 Leisters kipper, makes a shift  
 To shoot a muir-fowl i' the drift :

\* From The Gentle Shepherd.

Water-bailiffs, rangers, keepers,  
 He can wauk when they are sleepers ;  
 Not for bountith, or reward,  
 Daur they mell wi' Donald Caird.

Donald Caird can drink a gill,  
 Fast as hostler-wife can fill ;  
 Ilka ane that sells gude liquor,  
 Kens how Donald bends a bicker :  
 When he's fou he's stout and saucy,  
 Keeps the cantle o' the causey ;  
 Highland chief and Lawland laird  
 Maun gie way to Donald Caird.

Steek the awmrie, lock the kist,  
 Else some gear will sune be mist ;  
 Donald Caird finds orra things  
 Where Allan Gregor fand the tings :  
 Dunts o' kebbuck, taits o' woo,  
 Whiles a hen and whiles a soo ;  
 Webs or duds frae hedge or yard—  
 'Ware the wuddie, Donald Caird !

On Donald Caird the doom was stern,  
 Craig to tether, legs to airn :  
 But Donald Caird, wi' muckle study,  
 Caught the gift to cheat the wuddie.  
 Rings o' airn, and bolts o' steel,  
 Fell like ice frae hand and heel !  
 Watch the sheep in fauld and glen,  
 Donald Caird's come again.

Donald Caird's come again !  
 Donald Caird's come again !  
 Tell the news in brugh and glen,  
 Donald Caird's come again !

~~~~~  
DUNCAN GREY.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Duncan Grey.*

DUNCAN GREY cam here to woo,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't,

On blythe Yule nicht, when we were fou,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't ;
 Maggie cuist her head fu' heich,
 Look'd asklant, and unco skeigh,
 Gart puir Duncan stand abeigh—
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't ;
 Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 Duncan sich'd baith out and in,
 Grat his een baith bleert and blin',
 Spak o' louping ower a linn—
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Time and chance are but a tide,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
 Slichtit love is ill to bide,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't ;
 Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
 For a haughty hizzy dee ?
 She may gae to—France, for me !
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

How it comes, let doctors tell,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
 Meg grew sick—as he grew hale,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't ;
 Something in her bosom wrings,
 For relief a sigh she brings ;
 And O, her een, they spak sic things !
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
 Maggie's was a piteous case,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 Duncan couldna be her death,
 Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath,
 Now they're crouse and cantie baith ;
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

DUMBARTON'S DRUMS.*

TUNE—*Dumbarton's Drums.*

DUMBARTON'S drums beat bonnie, O,
 When they mind me of my dear Johnnie, O ;
 How happie am I
 When my soldier is by,
 While he kisses and blesses his Annie, O !
 'Tis a soldier alone can delight me, O,
 For his graceful looks do invite me, O ;
 While guarded in his arms,
 I'll fear no war's alarms,
 Neither danger nor death shall e'er fright me, O.

My love is a handsome laddie, O,
 Genteel, but ne'er foppish nor gaudy, O.
 Though commissions are dear,
 Yet I'll buy him one this year,
 For he'll serve no longer a cadie, O.
 A soldier has honour and bravery, O ;
 Unacquainted with rogues and their knavery, O,
 He minds no other thing
 But the ladies or the king ;
 For every other care is but slavery, O.

Then I'll be the captain's lady, O,
 Farewell all my friends and my daddy, O ;
 I'll wait no more at home,
 But I'll follow with the drum,
 And whene'er that beats I'll be ready, O.
 Dumbarton's drums sound bonnie, O,
 They are sprightly like my dear Johnnie, O :

* There is an idea very generally prevalent, that by "Dumbarton's Drums" are meant the drums of the garrison of Dumbarton; and Burns somewhere has the following absurd note upon the subject: "Dumbarton Drums is the last of the West Highland airs; and from Dumbarton, over the whole tract of country to the confines of Tweedside, there is hardly a tune or song that one can say has taken its origin from any place or transaction in that part of Scotland." The truth is, that Dumbarton's Drums were the drums belonging to a British regiment, which took its name from the officer who first commanded it, to wit, the Earl of Dumbarton. This nobleman was a cadet of the family of Douglas, and being Commander of the Royal Forces in Scotland during the reigns of Charles the Second and James the Second, he bears a distinguished figure in the dark and blood-stained history of Scotland during that period. He suppressed the rebellion of Argyle in 1685. At the Revolution, he chose to accompany James the Second to France, where he died in 1692.—The song appeared in the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724.

How happy shall I be
 When on my soldier's knee,
 And he kisses and blesses his Annie, O !

~~~~~  
**DONALD MACGILLAVRY.**

HOGG.

DONALD'S gane up the hill hard and hungry,  
 Donald's come down the hill wild and angry ;  
 Donald will clear the gowk's nest cleverly—  
 Here's to the king and Donald Macgillavry !  
 Come like a weigh-bauk, Donald Macgillavry,  
 Come like a weigh-bauk, Donald Macgillavry ;  
 Balance them fair, and balance them cleverly—  
 Off wi' the counterfeit, Donald Macgillavry.

Donald's run ower the hill, but his tether, man,  
 As he were wud, or stang'd wi' an ether, man ;  
 When he comes back there's some will look merrily—  
 Here's to King James and Donald Macgillavry !  
 Come like a weaver, Donald Macgillavry,  
 Come like a weaver, Donald Macgillavry ;  
 Pack on your back, and elwand sae cleverly,  
 Gie them full measure, my Donald Macgillavry.

Donald has foughten wi' reif and roguery,  
 Donald has dinner'd wi' banes and beggary ;  
 Better it were for Whigs and Whiggery  
 Meeting the devil than Donald Macgillavry.  
 Come like a tailor, Donald Macgillavry,  
 Come like a tailor, Donald Macgillavry ;  
 Push about, in and out, thimble them cleverly—  
 Here's to King James and Donald Macgillavry !

Donald's the lad that brooks nae tangleness,  
 Whigging and prigging, and a' newfangleness ;  
 They maun be gane, he winna be baukit, man ;  
 He maun hae justice, or faith he will tak it, man.  
 Come like a cobbler, Donald Macgillavry,  
 Come like a cobbler, Donald Macgillavry ;  
 Beat them, and bore them, and lingle them cleverly—  
 Up wi' King James and Donald Macgillavry !

Donald was mumpit wi' mirds and mockery,  
 Donald was blinded wi' blads o' property ;  
 Arles were high, but makings were naething, man—  
 Lord, how Donald is flyting and fretting, man !  
 Come like the devil, Donald Macgillavry,  
 Come like the devil, Donald Macgillavry ;  
 Skelp them and scaud them that proved sae unbritherly—  
 Up wi' King James and Donald Macgillavry ! \*

~~~~~

THE LASS OF ARRANTEENIE.

TANNAHILL.

FAR, lone, amang the Highland hills,
 'Midst nature's wildest grandeur,
 By rocky dens, and woody glens,
 With weary steps I wander :
 The langsome way, the darksome day,
 The mountain mist sae rainy,
 Are nought to me, when gaun to thee,
 Sweet lass of Arranteenie.

Yon mossy rosebud down the howe,
 Just op'ning fresh and bonnie,
 Blinks sweetly 'neath the hazel bough,
 And's scarcely seen by ony :
 Sae sweet amidst her native hills
 Obscurely blooms my Jeanie,
 Mair fair and gay than rosy May,
 'The flower of Arranteenie !

Now, from the mountain's lofty brow,
 I view the distant ocean ;
 There avarice guides the bounding prow,
 Ambition courts promotion.
 Let fortune pour her golden store,
 Her laurell'd favours many,
 Give me but this, my soul's first wish,
 The lass of Arranteenie ! †

* From the Jacobite Relics, 1821.

† By *Arranteenie* Tannahill meant Ardentinnny, which is a beautiful and sequestered little village on the banks of Loch Long, now resorted to as a watering-place. The following account of the circumstances which gave rise to the song, is from a lively little periodical work, published at Glasgow in 1827, entitled "The Ant."

FROM THE BROWN CREST OF NEWARK.*

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

FROM the brown crest of Newark its summons extending,
 Our signal is waving in smoke and in flame ;
 And each Forester blithe, from his mountain descend-
 ing,
 Bounds light o'er the heather to join in the game.
 Then up with the banner, let Forest winds fan her,
 She has blazed over Ettrick eight ages and more ;
 In sport we'll attend her, in battle defend her,
 With heart and with hand, like our fathers before.

When the southern invader spread waste and disorder,
 At the glance of her crescents he paused and withdrew ;
 For around them were marshall'd the pride of the Border,
 The Flowers of the Forest, the bands of Buccleuch.
 A stripling's weak hand to our revel has borne her,
 No mail-glove has grasp'd her, no spearmen surround ;
 But ere a bold foeman should scathe or should scorn her,
 A thousand true hearts would lie cold on the ground.

We forget each contention of civil dissension,
 And hail like our brethren Home, Douglas, and Car ;

" When Tannahill visited Ardentiny, he went, as I first did, a disinterested admirer of its beauties, and prepared to suffer much fatigue and inconvenience in searching out and paying homage to them. Overtaken by a day of comfortless drizzle, which, it must be confessed, does make even this spot disagreeable, he found a Highland lassie, the daughter of the inn-keeper, whose kindness and spirit, within her father's house, more than compensated to the bard the want of warmth and sunshine without. In one of those moments of generous and unhesitating enthusiasm, which minds constituted like his ever and anon give way to, he composed this beautiful song, ' The Lass of Arranteenie.' Common individuals," adds this spirited writer, " are apt to think, that such bursts of sentiment, untamed by the experience of past disappointments in the estimates made of individual character, whether they are expressed in verse, or the warm language of compliment and praise, are but the result of hypocritical, or at best worthless complaisance. They little know how much sincerity is often felt in giving expression to sentiments they think exaggerated, sometimes because they are conscious of being unworthy of them ; or how much pain the revulsion of feeling occasions, when he who has uttered them discovers how greatly their fervency was beyond the merit of the object. It was so with the bard of Renfrewshire. He came back to Ardentiny ; but he discovered, on his second visit, that its ' flower,' although a mountain daisy, was but a common specimen of her class—indeed, a very woman."

* Written on the occasion of a great foot-ball match at Carterhaugh, which took place in the year 1816. The lines refer particularly to the ancient banner of the family of Buccleuch, which was produced on the occasion, and carried to the ground by Mr Walter Scott, son of the author.

And Elliot and Pringle in pastime shall mingle,
 As welcome in peace as their fathers in war.
 Then strip, lads, and to it, though sharp be the weather ;
 And if by mischance you should happen to fall,
 There are worse things in life than a tumble on heather,
 And life is itself but a game at foot-ball.

And when it is over, we'll drink a blithe measure
 To each laird and each lady that witness'd our fun,
 And to every blithe heart that took part in our pleasure,
 To the lads that have lost, and the lads that have won.
 May the Forest still flourish, both borough and land-
 ward,
 From the hall of the peer to the herd's ingle-neuk ;
 And, huzza ! my brave hearts, for Buccleuch and his
 standard,
 For the King and the Country, the Clan and the
 Duke !

~~~~~

### THE BLYTHSOME BRIDAL.

TUNE—*Fy let us a' to the Bridal.*

FY let us a' to the bridal,  
 For there'll be liltin' there ;  
 For Jock's to be married to Maggie,  
 The lass wi' the gowden hair.  
 And there'll be langkale and pottage,  
 And bannocks o' barley meal ;  
 And there'll be good saut herrin',  
 To relish a cogue o' gude yill.  
 Fy let us a', &c.

And there'll be Sandie the souter,  
 And Will wi' the mickle mou' ;  
 And there'll be Tam the bluter,  
 And Andrew the tinkler, I trow.  
 And there'll be bow-leggit Robbie,  
 Wi' thoomless Katie's gudeman ;  
 And there'll be blue-cheekit Dowbie,  
 And Lawrie, the laird o' the land.

And there'll be sow-libber Patie,  
 And plookie-faced Wat o' the mill ;  
 Capper-nosed Francie, and Gibbie,  
 That wins in the howe o' the hill.  
 And there'll be Alaster Sibbie,  
 That in wi' black Bessie did mool ;  
 Wi' sneevlin' Lillie, and Tibbie,  
 The lass that sits aft on the stool.

And there'll be Judan Maclowrie,  
 And blinkin' daft Barbara Macleg ;  
 Wi' flae-luggit shairnie-faced Lawrie,  
 And shangie-mou'ed haluket Meg.  
 And there'll be happer-hipp'd Nancie,  
 And fairy-faced Flowrie by name,  
 Muck Maudie, and fat-luggit Grizzie,  
 The lass wi' the gowden wame.

And there'll be Girnagain Gibbie,  
 And his glaikit wife Jennie Bell,  
 And meazly-faced flytin' Geordie,  
 The lad that was skipper himsell.  
 There'll be a' the lads and the lasses,  
 Set down in the mids o' the ha' ;  
 Wi' sybows, and reefarts, and carlins,  
 That are baith sodden and raw.

And there'll be fadges and brachen,  
 And fouth o' gude gabbocks o' skate,  
 Powsoudie, and drammock, and crowdie,  
 And caller nowt-feet on a plate ;  
 And there'll be partans and buckies,  
 And whytens and speldins enew,  
 And singit sheep-heads and a haggis,  
 And scadlips to sup till ye spew.

And there'll be gude lapper-milk kebbucks,  
 And sowens, and farles, and baps,  
 Wi' swats and weel-scraped painches,  
 And brandie in stoups and in caups ;  
 And there'll be meal-kail and castocks,  
 Wi' skink to sup till ye rive ;

*The authorship is with more reason  
 ascribed by the noble family of Napier for  
 an ancient line than for the date 1725*



That throb, Eliza, is thy part,  
And thine that latest sigh.\*

~~~~~

SONG. †

THOMSON.

FOR ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love,
And, when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between, and bid us part—
Bid us sigh on from day to day,
And wish, and wish—the soul away;
Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the life of life is gone.

But busy, busy, still art thou,
To bind the loveless joyless vow,
The heart from pleasure to delude,
And join the gentle to the rude.
For once, oh, Fortune, hear my prayer,
And I absolve thy future care;
All other blessings I resign,
Make but the dear Amanda mine.

~~~~~

FAREWELL, THOU STREAM.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Nancy's to the Greenwood gane.*

FAREWELL, thou stream that winding flows  
Around Maria's dwelling!  
Oh, cruel memory! spare the throes  
Within my bosom swelling;

\* Miss Miller of Mauchline, (probably the same lady whom the poet has celebrated in his catalogue of the beauties of that village—

• “Miss Miller is fine”——)

afterwards Mrs Templeton, was the heroine of this beautiful song.

† This exquisite little poem, which contains nearly all that can be urged by youthful love against the caprice of fortune, first appeared, attached to the tune of Logan Water, in the *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1725.

Condemn'd to draw a hopeless chain  
 And still in secret languish,  
 To feel a fire in every vein,  
 Yet dare not speak my anguish.

The wretch of love, unseen, unknown,  
 I fain my crime would cover ;  
 The bursting sigh, the unweeting groan,  
 Betray the hopeless lover.  
 I know my doom must be despair,  
 Thou wilt, nor canst relieve me ;  
 But, oh ! Maria, hear one prayer,—  
 For pity's sake forgive me !

The music of thy tongue I heard,  
 Nor wist while it enslaved me ;  
 I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,  
 Till fears no more had scared me :  
 The unwary sailor, thus aghast,  
 The wheeling torrent viewing,  
 Mid circling horrors yields at last  
 To overwhelming ruin.

.....  
 .  
**CULLODEN DAY.**

FROM THE GAELIC.

FAIR lady, mourn the memory  
 Of all our Scottish fame !  
 Fair lady, mourn the memory  
 Even of the Scottish name !  
 How proud were we of our young Prince,  
 And of his native sway !  
 But all our hopes are past and gone  
 Upon Culloden day.

There was no lack of bravery there,  
 No spare of blood or breath,  
 For one to two our foes we dared,  
 For freedom or for death.  
 The bitterness of grief is past,  
 Of terror and dismay :



The die was risk'd, and foully cast,  
Upon Culloden day.

And must thou seek a foreign clime,  
In misery to pine,  
No friend or clansman by thy side,  
No vassal that is thine?  
Leading thy young son by the hand,  
And trembling for his life,  
As at the name of Cumberland  
He grasps his father's knife.

I cannot see thee, lady fair,  
Turn'd out on the world wide  
I cannot see thee, lady fair,  
Weep on the bleak hill-side.  
Before such noble stem should bend  
To tyrant's treacherie,  
I'll lay thee with thy gallant sire,  
Beneath the beechen tree.

I'll hide thee in Clanranald's isles,  
Where honour still bears sway;  
I'll watch the traitor's hovering sails,  
By islet and by bay:  
And, ere thy honour shall be stain'd,  
This sword avenge shall thee,  
And lay thee with thy gallant kin,  
Below the beechen tree.

What is there now in thee, Scotland,  
To us can pleasure give?  
What is there now in thee, Scotland,  
For which we ought to live?  
Since we have stood, and stood in vain,  
For all that we held dear,  
Still have we left a sacrifice  
To offer on our bier.

A foreign and fanatic sway  
Our Southron foes may gall;  
The cup is fill'd they yet shall drink,  
And they deserve it all.

But there is nocht for us or ours,  
 In which we hope or trust,  
 But hide us in our fathers' graves,  
 Beside our fathers' dust.\*

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## THE DEATH SONG.

BURNS.

SCENE—A Field of Battle.—TIME OF THE DAY—Evening.—The Wounded and Dying of the Victorious Army are supposed to join in the following Song :

FAREWELL, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,  
 Now gay with the bright setting sun ;  
 Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties,  
 Our race of existence is run !

Thou grim King of Terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,  
 Go, frighten the coward and slave ;  
 Go teach them to tremble, fell tyrant ! but know,  
 No terrors hast thou to the brave.

Thou strikest the dull peasant ; he sinks in the dark,  
 Nor saves even the wreck of a name ;  
 Thou strikest the young hero—a glorious mark !  
 He falls in the blaze of his fame !

In the proud field of honour—our swords in our hands,  
 Our king and our country to save—  
 While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,  
 O ! who would not die with the brave !

---

## SUCH A PARCEL OF ROGUES IN A NATION.

WRITTEN ON OCCASION OF THE UNION.

FAREWELL to a' our Scottish fame,  
 Farewell our ancient glory ;

\* From Mr Hogg's Jacobite Relics, 1821.

Farewell ev'n to the Scottish name,  
 Sae famed in ancient story !  
 Now Sark rins ower the Solway sands,  
 And Tweed rins to the ocean,  
 To mark where England's province stands :  
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation !

What force or guile could not subdue,  
 Through many warlike ages,  
 Is wrought now by a coward few,  
 For hireling traitors' wages.  
 The English steel we could disdain,  
 Secure in valour's station ;  
 But English gold has been our bane :  
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation !

I would, ere I had seen the day,  
 That treason thus could sell us,  
 My auld grey head had lain in clay,  
 Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace !  
 But pith and power, to my last hour  
 I'll make this declaration,  
 We're bought and sold for English gold :  
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation !

~~~~~

LOCHABER NO MORE.

RAMSAY.

TUNE—*Lochaber no more.*

FAREWELL to Lochaber, farewell to my Jean,
 Where heartsome wi' her I hae mony a day been ;
 To Lochaber no more, to Lochaber no more,
 We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more.
 These tears that I shed, they're a' for my dear,
 And no for the dangers attending on weir ;
 Though borne on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
 Maybe to return to Lochaber no more !

Though hurricanes rise, though rise every wind,
 No tempest can equal the storm in my mind ;
 Though loudest of thunders on louder waves roar,
 There's naething like leavin' my love on the shore.

To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pain'd ;
 But by ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd :
 And beauty and love's the reward of the brave ;
 And I maun deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeanie, maun plead my excuse ;
 Since honour commands me, how can I refuse ?
 Without it, I ne'er can have merit for thee ;
 And losing thy favour I'd better not be.
 I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame ;
 And if I should chance to come glorious hame,
 I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.*



FALSE LUVÉ ! AND HAE YE PLAY'D ME THIS.

FALSE luvé ! and hae ye play'd me this,
 In summer, 'mid the flowers ?
 I shall repay ye back again
 In winter, 'mid the showers.

But again, dear luvé, and again, dear luvé,
 Will ye not turn again ?
 As ye look to other women
 Shall I to other men ? †

* Although the air of Farewell to Lochaber is completely identified in the mind of a Scotsman with the idea of quitting his native country, and seems as if composed on purpose to express the mournful associations connected with that idea, it, in reality, appears to have been originally adapted to a song of a totally different cast. In a MS. book of Scottish airs, compiled in the reign of William III., (in the possession of Mr Andrew Blaikie, engraver, Paisley,) it is entitled, King James's Mareh to Ireland.

† From Herd's Collection, 1776.—A slightly different version is put by Sir Walter Scott into the mouth of Davie Gellatley, in the celebrated novel of Waverley :—

“ False love, and hast thou play'd me this
 In summer, among the flowers ?
 I will repay thee back again
 In winter, among the showers.

“ Unless again, again, my love,
 Unless you turn again,
 As you with other maidens rove,
 I'll smile on other men.”

There is, in Kinloch's Ancient Scottish Ballads, [Edin. 1827,] a wild and very poetical old ballad, entitled The Gardener, where, after a person of that profession has entreated the love of a young lady, by promising her a dress made up of his best flowers, she answers thus :—

FOR LACK OF GOLD.

DR AUSTIN.

TUNE—*For lack of Gold.*

FOR lack of gold she has left me, O,
 And of all that's dear she's bereft me, O ;
 She me forsook for Athole's duke,
 And to endless woe she has left me, O.
 A star and garter have more art
 Than youth, a true and faithful heart ;
 For empty titles we must part—
 For glittering show she has left me, O.

No cruel fair shall ever move
 My injured heart again to love ;
 Through distant climates I must rove,
 Since Jeany she has left me, O.
 Ye powers above, I to your care
 Resign my faithless, lovely fair ;
 Your choicest blessing be her share,
 Though she has ever left me, O.*

“ O, fare ye weil, young man, she says,
 Fareweil, and I bid adieu ;
 Gin ye've provided a weed for me
 Among the simmer flowers,
 It's I've provided another for you
 Among the winter showers .

“ The new-fawn snaw to be your smock,
 It becomes your bodie best ;
 Your heid sall be wrapt in the blae east wind,
 And the cauld rain on your breist.”

* This song was written by the author, on his being jilted by Miss Jean Drummond, daughter of John Drummond, Esq. of Megginch, Perthshire ; who, after having given him some encouragement, thought proper, on the 7th of May, 1749, to marry a nobler though an older suitor, James, second Duke of Athole, maternal grandfather and paternal granduncle of the present most noble possessor of that title. She had no issue by his Grace, after whose death she married Lord Adam Gordon, (fourth son of Alexander, second Duke of Gordon,) Commander of the Forces in Scotland. She died at the Palace of Holyroodhouse, on the 22d of February, 1795, and was buried at Inveresk.

Of Dr Austin all I know is, that he resided for many years, during the latter half of the last century, in a house in Brown's Square, Edinburgh, where he practised as a physician.

Mr Thomson, in his excellent collection of Scottish music and song, mentions, that an old lady of his acquaintance remembers a line of a song, once popular, regarding the heroine :

“ Bonnie Jeanie Drummond, she towers aboon them a'.”

The song, “ For lack of Gold,” appeared in Herd's Collection, 1776.

AFTON WATER.*

BURNS.

TUNE—*The Yellow-hair'd Laddie.*

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
 Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise ;
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream ;
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds through the glen,
 Ye wild whistling blackbirds, in yon flowery den,
 Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,
 I charge you, disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
 Far mark'd with the courses of clear-winding rills ;
 There daily I wander, as morn rises high,
 My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
 Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow ;
 There oft, as mild evening creeps o'er the lea,
 The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
 And winds by the cot where my Mary resides !
 How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
 As, gath'ring sweet flow'rets, she stems thy clear wave !

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes ;
 Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays ;
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream ;
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

* " The pastoral feeling which Burns infused into this song, is in strict conformity with nature. The woodland primrose, the scented birk, the note of the blackbird, the call of the lapwing and the cushat, the flowery brae, and a fair heroine, are found now, as they were then, on the banks of this little stream. Time, which works such havoc with pastoral landscape, can take nothing away from Afton, unless it dries up the stream, and strikes the land with barrenness. Afton Water is in Ayrshire, and is one of the numerous streams which augment the Nith. The song was written in honour of Mrs Dugald Stewart, of Afton Lodge—an accomplished lady, and excellent lyric poetess; and the first person of any note who perceived and acknowledged the genius of Burns."—Cunningham's *Songs of Scotland*, Vol. IV. p. 45.

MACPHERSON'S FAREWELL.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Macpherson's Rant.*

FAREWELL, ye prisons dark and strong,
 The wretch's destinie !
 Macpherson's time will not be long
 On yonder gallows tree.
 Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
 Sae dantonly gaed he,
 He play'd a spring, and danced it round,
 Beneath the gallows tree !

Oh, what is death, but parting breath ?
 On mony a bluidy plain
 I've daur'd his face, and in this place
 I scorn him yet again.

Untie these bands frae aff my hands,
 And bring to me my sword ;
 And there's nae man in a' Scotland
 But I'll brave him at a word.

I've lived a life of sturt and strife ;
 I die by treacherie :
 It burns my heart I must depart,
 And not avenged be.

Now farewell, light, thou sunshine bright,
 And all beneath the sky !
 May coward shame distain his name,
 The wretch that dares not die !*

* The story of Macpherson is thus detailed by a person signing himself B. G., *New Monthly Magazine*, vol. I. p. 142 :—“ James Macpherson was born of a beautiful gipsy, who, at a great wedding, attracted the notice of a half-intoxicated Highland gentleman. He acknowledged the child, and had him reared in his house, until he lost his life in bravely pursuing a hostile clan, to recover a spreach of cattle taken from Badenoch. The gipsy woman, hearing of this disaster, in her rambles the following summer, came and took away her boy ; but she often returned with him, to wait upon his relations and clansmen, who never failed to clothe him well, besides giving money to his mother. He grew up to beauty, strength, and stature, rarely equalled. His sword is still preserved at Duff House, a residence of the Earl of Fife, and few men of our day could carry, far less wield it, as a weapon of war ; and if it must be owned that his prowess was

MACPHERSON'S RANT.

I'VE spent my time in rioting,
 Debauch'd my health and strength ;
 I've pillaged, plunder'd, murdered,
 But now, alas, at length,
 I'm brought to punishment direct ;
 Pale death draws near to me ;

debased by the exploits of a free-booter, it is certain, no act of cruelty, no robbery of the widow, the fatherless, or distressed, and no murder, were ever perpetrated under his command. He often gave the spoils of the rich to relieve the poor ; and all his tribe were restrained from many atrocities of rapine by the awe of his mighty arm. Indeed, it is said that a dispute with an aspiring and savage man of his tribe, who wished to rob a gentleman's house while his wife and two children lay on the bier for interment, was the cause of his being betrayed to the vengeance of the law. The Magistrates of Aberdeen were exasperated at Macpherson's escape, and bribed a girl in that city to allure and deliver him into their hands. There is a platform before the jail, at the top of a stair, and a door below. When Macpherson's capture was made known to his comrades by the frantic girl, who had been so credulous as to believe the magistrates only wanted to hear the wonderful performer on the violin, his cousin, Donald Macpherson, a gentleman of Herculean powers, did not disdain to come from Badenoch, and to join a gipsy, Peter Brown, in liberating the prisoner. On a market-day they brought several assistants ; and swift horses were stationed at a convenient distance. Donald Macpherson and Peter Brown forced the jail ; and while Peter Brown went to help the heavily-fettered James Macpherson in moving away, Donald Macpherson guarded the jail-door with a drawn sword. Many persons assembled at the market had experienced James Macpherson's humanity, or had shared his bounty ; and they crowded round the jail as in mere curiosity, but, in fact, to obstruct the civil authorities in their attempts to prevent a rescue. A butcher, however, was resolved to detain Macpherson, expecting a large recompense from the magistrates : he sprang up the stairs, and leaped from the platform upon Donald Macpherson, whom he dashed to the ground by the force and weight of his body. Donald Macpherson soon recovered, to make a desperate resistance ; and the combatants tore off each other's clothes. The butcher got a glimpse of his dog upon the platform, and called him to his aid : but Macpherson, with admirable presence of mind, snatched up his own plaid, which lay near, and threw it over the butcher, thus misleading the instinct of his canine adversary. The dog darted with fury upon the plaid, and terribly lacerated his master's thigh. In the meantime, James Macpherson had been carried out by Peter Brown, and was soon joined by Donald Macpherson, who was quickly covered by some friendly spectator with a hat and great-coat. The magistrates ordered webs from the shops to be drawn across the Gallowgate ; but Donald Macpherson cut them asunder with his sword, and James, the late prisoner, got off on horseback. He was, some time after, betrayed by a man of his own tribe ; and was the last person executed at Banff, previous to the abolition of hereditable jurisdiction. He was an admirable performer on the violin ; and his talent for composition is still evidenced by Macpherson's Rant, and Macpherson's Pibroch. He performed these tunes at the foot of the fatal tree ; and then asked if he had any friend in the crowd to whom a last gift of his instrument would be acceptable. No man had hardihood to claim friendship with a delinquent, in whose crimes the acknowledgment might implicate an avowed acquaintance. As no friend came forward, Macpherson said, the companion of so many gloomy hours should perish with him ; and, breaking the violin over his knee, he threw away the fragments. Donald Macpherson picked up the neck of the violin, which to this day is preserved, as a valuable memento, by the family of Cluny, chieftain of the Macphersons."

The old ballad, for which Burns substituted the above beautiful verses, is given, in continuation, from Herd's Collection of Scottish Songs [1776.]

This end I never did project,
To hang upon a tree.

To hang upon a tree, a tree !
That cursed unhappy death !
Like to a wolf, to worried be,
And choaked in the breath.
My very heart wad surely break
When this I think upon,
Did not my courage singular
Bid pensive thoughts begone.

No man on earth, that draweth breath,
More courage had than I ;
I dared my foes unto their face,
And would not from them fly.
This grandeur stout I did keep out,
Like Hector, manfully ;
Then wonder one like me so stout
Should hang upon a tree.

The Egyptian band-I did command,
With courage more by far,
Than ever did a general
His soldiers in the war.
Being fear'd by all, both great and small,
I lived most joyfullie :
Oh, curse upon this fate of mine,
To hang upon a tree !

As for my life I do not care,
If justice would take place,
And bring my fellow-plunderers
Unto the same disgrace.
But Peter Brown, that notour loun,
Escaped, and was made free :
Oh, curse upon this fate of mine,
To hang upon a tree !

Both law and justice buried are,
And fraud and guile succeed ;
The guilty pass unpunished,
If money intercede.

The Laird of Grant, that Highland saunt,
 His mighty majestie,
 He pleads the cause of Peter Brown,
 And lets Macpherson die.

The destiny of my life, contrived
 By those whom I obliged,
 Rewarded me much ill for good,
 And left me no refuge.
 But Braco Duff, in rage enough,
 He first laid hands on me ;
 And if that death would not prevent,
 Avenged would I be.

As for my life, it is but short,
 When I shall be no more ;
 To part with life I am content,
 As any heretofore.
 Therefore, good people all, take heed,
 This warning take by me,
 According to the lives you lead,
 Rewarded you shall be.

~~~~~

### FAREWHEEL, EDINBURGH !\*

FAREWHEEL, Edinburgh, where happy I hae been ;  
 Fareweel, Edinburgh, Caledonia's Queen !  
 Auld Reekie, fare ye weel, and Reekie New beside ;  
 Ye're like a chieftain auld and grey, wi' a young bonnie  
 bride.  
 Fareweel, Edinburgh ; your trusty volunteers ;  
 Your Council a' sae circumspect, your Provosts with-  
 out fears ;  
 Your stately College stuff'd wi' lear ; your rantin' Hie  
 Schule Yard ;  
 The gib, the lick, the roguish trick ; the ghaists o' the  
 auld Town Guard.

\* Written, as I have been informed upon good authority, by two young ladies, when about to leave Edinburgh, to which they had been paying a visit. It was sung, for the first time in public, by Miss Stephens, at the Theatre-Royal, Edinburgh, on the last night of her engagement, 1823.



Fareweel, Edinburgh ; your philosophic men ;  
 Your scribes that set ye a' to rights, and wield the  
     golden pen ;  
 The Session Court, your thrang resort, big wigs and  
     lang gowns a' ;  
 And if ye dinna keep the peace, it's no for want o' law.  
 Fareweel, Edinburgh, and a' the gatherin' wealth ;  
 Your Bernard's Well, your Calton Hill, where every  
     breath is health ;  
 And, spite of a' your fresh sea-gales, if ony chance to  
     dee,  
 It's no for want o' recipe, the doctor, and the fee.

Fareweel, Edinburgh ; your Hospitals and Ha's ;  
 The rich man's friend, the Cross lang-kenn'd ; auld  
     ports and city wa's ;  
 The Kirks that grace their honest place, and peacefu'  
     as they stand,  
 Where'er they're fund on Scottish ground, the bulwarks  
     o' the land.  
 Fareweel, Edinburgh ; your sons o' genius fine,  
 That send your name on wings of fame beyond the  
     burnin' line ;  
 A name that's stood maist since the flood ; and just  
     when it's forgot,  
 Your bard will be forgotten too, your ain Sir Walter  
     Scott.

Fareweel, Edinburgh, and a' your daughters fair ;  
 Your Palace in the shelter'd glen, your Castle in the  
     air ;  
 Your rocky brows, your grassy knowes, and eke your  
     mountains bauld ;  
 Were I to tell your beauties a', my tale wad ne'er be  
     tauld.  
 Now fareweel, Edinburgh, where happy I hae been ;  
 Fareweel, Edinburgh, Caledonia's Queen !  
 Prosperity to Edinburgh, wi' every rising sun,  
 And blessings be on Edinburgh, till Time his race has run.

## THE LAMENT OF FLORA MACDONALD.

HOGG.

TUNE—*Flora Macdonald's Lament.* #

FAR over yon hills of the heather so green,  
 And down by the correi that sings to the sea,  
 The bonny young Flora sat sighing her lane,  
 The dew on her plaid, and the tear in her ee.  
 She look'd at a boat, with the breezes that swung  
 Away on the wave, like a bird of the main ;  
 And aye as it lessen'd, she sigh'd, and she sung,  
 Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see again !  
 Fareweel to my hero, the gallant and young !  
 Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see again !

The moorcock that craws on the brow of Ben Connel,  
 He kens o' his bed in a sweet mossy hame ;  
 The eagle that soars o'er the cliffs of Clanronald,  
 Unawed and unhunted, his eyry can claim ;  
 The solan can sleep on his shelve of the shore,  
 The cormorant roost on his rock of the sea ;  
 But, oh ! there is ane whose hard fate I deplore ;  
 Nor house, ha', nor hame, in his country has he.  
 The conflict is past, and our name is no more :  
 There's nought left but sorrow for Scotland and me.

The target is torn from the arms of the just,  
 The helmet is cleft on the brow of the brave,  
 The claymore for ever in darkness must rust ;  
 But red is the sword of the stranger and slave.  
 The hoof of the horse, and the foot of the proud,  
 Have trod o'er the plumes on the bonnet of blue.  
 Why slept the red bolt in the breast of the cloud,  
 When tyranny revell'd in blood of the true ?  
 Fareweel, my young hero, the gallant and good !  
 The crown of thy fathers is torn from thy brow.\*

\* From the Jacobite Relics, 1821.

## GUDE NIGHT, AND JOY BE WI' YOU A'.

SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL.

TUNE—*Gude Night, and Joy be wi' you a'.*

GUDE night, and joy be wi' you a' ;  
 Your harmless mirth has cheer'd my heart :  
 May life's fell blasts out ower ye blaw ;  
 In sorrow may you never part !  
 My spirit lives, but strength is gone ;  
 The mountain fires now blaze in vain :  
 Remember, sons, the deeds I've done,  
 And in your deeds I'll live again.

When on yon muir our gallant clan  
 Frae boasting foes their banners tore,  
 Wha show'd himself a better man,  
 Or fiercer waved the red claymore ?  
 But when in peace—then mark me there—  
 When through the glen the wanderer came,  
 I gave him of our lordly fare,  
 I gave him here a welcome hame.

The auld will speak, the young maun hear ;  
 Be cantie, but be guid and leal ;  
 Your ain ill's aye hae heart to bear,  
 Another's aye hae heart to feel.  
 So, ere I set, I'll see you shine,  
 I'll see your triumph ere I fa' ;  
 My parting breath shall boast you mine—  
 Gude night, and joy be wi' you a' !

~~~~~

GILDEROY.

SIR ALEXANDER HALKET.

TUNE—*Gilderoy.*

GILDEROY was a bonnie boy ;
 Had roses tull his shoon ;
 His stockings were of silken soy,
 Wi' garters hanging downe :

It was, I ween, a comely sicht,
 To see sae trim a boy ;
 He was my joy and heart's delight,
 My handsome Gilderoy.

Oh, sic twa charming een he had,
 A breath as sweet's a rose ;
 He never wore a Highland plaid,
 But costly silken clothes :
 He gain'd the love o' ladies gay,
 Nane e'er to him was coy :
 Ah, wae is me ! I mourn the day,
 For my dear Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy and I were born
 Baith in ae town thegither ;
 We scant were seven years before
 We 'gan to love each other.
 Our daddies and our mammies, they
 Were fill'd with meikle joy,
 To think upon the bridal day
 'Twixt me and Gilderoy.

For Gilderoy, that luvè of mine,
 Gude faith, I freely bought
 A wedding sark of Holland fine,
 Wi' silken flowers wrought ;
 And he gied me a wedding ring,
 Which I received with joy :
 Nae lad nor lassie e'er could sing
 Like me and Gilderoy.

Wi' meikle joy we spent our prime
 Till we were baith sixteen ;
 And aft we pass'd the langsome time
 Amang the leaves sae green :
 Aft on the banks we'd sit us there,
 And sweetly kiss and toy ;
 Wi' garlands gay wad deck my hair,
 My handsome Gilderoy.

Oh, that he still had been content
 Wi' me to lead his life !

But, ah, his manfu' heart was bent
 To stir in feats of strife ;
 And he in many a venturous deed,
 His courage bauld wad try,
 And now this gars my heart to bleed
 For my dear Gilderoy.

And when of me his leave he took,
 The tears they wat mine ee ;
 I gave him a love-parting look,
 My benison gang wi' thee !
 God speed thee weel, mine ain dear heart,
 For gane is all my joy ;
 My heart is rent, sith we maun part,
 My handsome Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy, baith far and near,
 Was fear'd in ilka toun,
 And bauldly bare away the gear
 Of mony a Lawland loun :
 Nane e'er durst meet him hand to hand,
 He was sae brave a boy ;
 At length wi' numbers he was ta'en,
 My handsome Gilderoy !

The Queen of Scots possessit nocht,
 That my luvie let me want ;
 For cow and ewe he to me brocht,
 And e'en when they were scant :
 All those did honestly possess,
 He never did annoy,
 Who never fail'd to pay their cess
 To my love Gilderoy.

Wae worth the loun that made the laws
 To hang a man for gear !
 To reave of life for ox or ass,
 For sheep, or horse, or mear !
 Had not their laws been made so strict,
 I ne'er had lost my joy ;
 Wi' sorrow ne'er had wat my cheik
 For my dear Gilderoy.

Gif Gilderoy had done amiss,
 He nicht have banish'd been ;
 Ah, what sair cruelty is this,
 To hang sic handsome men !
 To hang the flower o' Scottish land,
 Sae sweet and fair a boy !
 Nae lady had sae white a hand
 As thee, my Gilderoy !

Of Gilderoy sae fear'd they were,
 They bound him meikle strong ;
 Tull Edinburgh they led him there,
 And on a gallows hung :
 They hung him high abune the rest,
 He was sae trim a boy ;
 There died the youth whom I loo'd best,
 My handsome Gilderoy.

Thus having yielded up his breath,
 I bare his corpse away ;
 Wi' tears that trickled for his death,
 I wash'd his comely clay ;
 And sicker in a grave sae deep
 I laid the dear-loo'd boy ;
 And now for ever maun I weep,
 My winsome Gilderoy.*

* First published in D'Urfey's Pills to purge Melancholy. Vol. V. 1719. *also Nord I. 13*

Gilderoy, or more properly Gilleroy, [*red-hatred boy*,] was one of the broken clan Gregor, who, taking advantage of the disorders of the times, distinguished themselves during the first years of the great Civil War, by their extensive depredations upon the Low Country. He was hanged, with some of his accomplices, at the Gallowlee, between Leith and Edinburgh, in the year 1638.

I have seen, upon an old *broad-side*, a more ancient, and probably the original, version of "Gilderoy." It ran thus :—

My love he was as brave a man
 As ever Scotland bred ;
 Descended from a Highland clan,
 A kateran to his trade.
 No woman, then, or womankind,
 Had ever greater joy,
 Than we two, when we lodged alone,
 I and my Gilderoy.

First, when I and my love met,
 With joy he did me crown ;
 He gave me a new petticoat,
 And then a tartan gown, &c.

GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWA.

TANNAHILL.

TUNE—*Lord Balgonie's Favourite.*

GLOOMY winter's now awa,
 Saft the westlin breezes blaw :
 'Mang the birks o' Stanley shaw,
 The mavis sings fu' cheerie, O.
 Sweet the craw-flower's early bell,
 Decks Gleniffer's dewy dell,
 Blooming like thy bonnie sell,
 My young, my artless dearie, O.
 Come, my lassie, let us stray,
 O'er Glenkilloch's sunny brae ;
 Blythely spend the gowden day,
 Midst joys that never wearie, O.

Tow'ring o'er the Newton woods,
 Lav'rocks fan the snaw-white clouds ;
 Siller saughs, wi' downie buds,
 Adorn the banks sae brierie, O.
 Round the sylvan fairy nooks
 Feath'ry breckans fringe the rocks ;
 'Neath the brae the burnie jouks ;
 And ilka thing is cheerie, O.
 Trees may bud, and birds may sing,
 Flow'rs may bloom, and verdure spring,
 Joy to me they canna bring,
 Unless wi' thee, my dearie, O.

There is something touching in the conclusion :—

And now he is in Edinburgh town ;
 'Twas long ere I came there ;
 They hang'd him upon a-hie,
 And he wagg'd in the air.
 His relics they were more esteem'd
 Than Hector's were at Troy ;
 I never love to see the face
 That gazed on Gilderoy !

MY BONNIE MARY.

BURNS.

TUNE—*My Bonnie Mary.*

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
 And fill it in a silver tassie,
 That I may drink, before I go,
 A service to my bonnie lassie.
 The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith,
 Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the ferry;
 The ship rides by the Berwick Law;
 And I maun lea' my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly;
 The glittering spears are ranked ready;
 The shouts o' war are heard afar;
 The battle closes thick and bloody:
 But it's not the roar of sea or shore,
 Would mak me langer wish to tarry;
 Nor shouts of war, that's heard afar;
 It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.



ROBIN REDBREAST'S TESTAMENT.

GUDE day, now, bonnie Robin,
 How lang hae ye been here?
 I've been a bird about this bush
 This mair than twenty year.

But now I am the sickest bird
 That ever sat on brier;
 And I wad mak my testament,
 Gudeman, if ye wad hear.

Gar tak this bonnie neb o' mine,
 That picks upon the corn;
 And gie't to the Duke o' Hamilton,
 To be a hunting-horn.

Gar tak thae bonnie feathers o' mine,
 The feathers o' my neb ;
 And gie to the Lady Hamilton,
 To fill a feather bed.

Gar tak this gude richt leg of mine,
 And mend the brig o' Tay ;
 It will be a post and pillar gude,
 It will neither bow nor [gae].

And tak this other leg of mine,
 And mend the brig o' Weir ;
 It will be a post and pillar gude,
 It will neither bow nor steer.

Gar tak thae bonnie feathers o' mine,
 The feathers o' my tail ;
 And gie to the lads o' Hamilton
 To be a barn-flail.

And tak thae bonnie feathers o' mine,
 The feathers o' my breast ;
 And gie them to the bonnie lad,
 Will bring to me a priest.

Now in there cam my Lady Wren,
 Wi' mony a sigh and groan,
 O what care I for a' the lads,
 If my ain lad be gone !

Then Robin turn'd him round about,
 E'en like a little king ;
 Gae pack ye out at my chamber-door,
 Ye little cutty-quean.*

* From Herd's Collection, 1776. "Gude day to ye, Robin," is a song which I have heard sung by old women and nurses in my own young days. It may be localised, from the various allusions, as belonging to Clydesdale ; and I should suppose it to have been written some time after 1622, probably not long, as the old bridge of Tay at Perth, built by Robert Bruce, gave way that year, and was not again built till 1772. The *mending* or re-erection of the bridge of Tay was a matter in agitation during the reign of Charles I. ; and that sovereign, when in Scotland in 1641, subscribed an hundred pounds for the purpose. May not the song have been written at that precise era ?

GUDEWIFE, COUNT THE LAWIN.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Gudewife, count the Lawin.*

GANE is the day, and mirk's the night ;
 But we'll ne'er stray for faut o' light ;
 For ale and brandy's stars and moon,
 And blude-red wine's the rising sun.
 Then, gudewife, count the lawin,
 The lawin, the lawin,
 Then, gudewife, count the lawin,
 And bring a coggie mair.

There's wealth and ease for gentlemen,
 And semple folk maun fecht and fen ;
 But here we're a' in ae accord,
 For ilka man that's drunk's a lord.

My coggie is a haly pool,
 That heals the wounds o' care and dool ;
 And pleasure is a wanton trout—
 An ye drink but deep, ye'll find him out.
 Then, gudewife, count the lawin,
 The lawin, the lawin,
 Then, gudewife, count the lawin,
 And bring's a coggie mair.

~~~~~

## SONG.

ROBERT JAMIESON, ESQ.

Go to him, then, if thou canst go ;  
     Waste not a thought on me ;  
 My heart and mind are a' my store ;—  
     They ance were dear to thee.  
 But there is music in his gold,  
     (I ne'er sae sweet could sing,)  
 That finds a chord in every breast,  
     In unison to ring.



The modest virtues dread the spell ;  
 The honest loves retire ;  
 The finer sympathies of soul  
 Far other charms require.  
 The breathings of my plaintive reed  
 Sink dying in despair ;  
 The still small voice of gratitude,  
 Even that is heard nae mair. . .

But, if thy heart can suffer thee,  
 The powerful cause obey ;  
 And mount the splendid bed that wealth  
 And pride for thee display.  
 There gaily bid farewell to a'  
 Love's trembling hopes and fears ;  
 While I my lonely pillow, here,  
 Wash with unceasing tears.

Yet, in the fremmit arms of him,  
 That half thy worth ne'er knew,  
 O think na on my lang-tried love,  
 How tender and how true !  
 For sure 'twould break thy tender heart,  
 My breaking heart to see,  
 Wi' a' the wrangs and waes it tholed,  
 And yet maun thole for thee.\*

~~~~~

GIE ME A LASS WI' A LUMP O' LAND.

RAMSAY.

TUNE—*Gie me a Lass wi' a Lump o' Land.*

GIE me a lass with a lump o' land,
 And we for life shall gang thegither ;
 Tho' daft or wise, I'll ne'er demand,
 Or black or fair, it maksna whether.
 I'm aff with wit, and beauty will fade,
 And blood alane's nae worth a shilling ;
 But she that's rich, her market's made,
 For ilka charm about her's killing.

* From Mr Jamieson's valuable publication, entitled *Popular Songs and Ballads*, 2 vols. 1806.

Gie me a lass with a lump o' land,
 And in my bosom I'll hug my treasure ;
 Gin I had ance her gear in my hand,
 Should love turn dowf, it will find pleasure.
 Laugh on wha likes : but there's my hand,
 I hate with poörtith, though bonnie, to meddle ;
 Unless they bring cash, or a lump o' land,
 They'se ne'er get me to dance to their fiddle.

There's meikle gude love in bands and bags ;
 And siller and gowd's a sweet complexion ;
 But beauty and wit and virtue, in rags,
 Have tint the art of gaining affection :
 Love tips his arrows 'with woods and parks,
 And castles, and riggs, and muirs, and meadows ;
 And naething can catch our modern sparks,
 But weel-tocher'd lasses or jointured widows.*

~~~~~  
 THE BUSH ABUNE TRAQUAIR.†

*Robt* WILLIAM CRAWFORD.

TUNE—*The Bush abune Traquair.*

HEAR me, ye nymphs, and every swain,  
 I'll tell how Peggy grieves me ;  
 Though thus I languish and complain,  
 Alas ! she ne'er believes me.  
 My vows and sighs, like silent air,  
 Unheeded, never move her ;  
 At the bonnie bush abune Traquair,  
 'Twas there I first did love her.

That day she smiled and made me glad,  
 No maid seem'd ever kinder ;  
 I thought myself the luckiest lad,  
 So sweetly there to find her ;

\* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724.

† The Bush abune Traquair was a small grove of birches that formerly adorned the west bank of the Quair water, in Peebles-shire, about a mile from Traquair House, the seat of the Earl of Traquair. But only a few spectral-looking remains now denote the spot so long celebrated in the popular poetry of Scotland. Leafless even in summer, and scarcely to be observed upon the bleak hill-side, they form a truly melancholy memorial of what must once have been an object of great pastoral beauty, as well as the scene of many such fond attachments as that delineated in the above verses.

*Scotsman's review of Ramsay in proposing  
 the Tea-Table Miscellany was done in the year*

I tried to soothe my amorous flame,  
 In words that I thought tender ;  
 If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame—  
 I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flees the plain,  
 The fields we then frequented ;  
 If e'er we meet she shows disdain,  
 She looks as ne'er acquainted.  
 The bonnie bush bloom'd fair in May,  
 It's sweets I'll aye remember ;  
 But now her frowns make it decay—  
 It fades as in December.

Ye rural powers, who hear my strains,  
 Why thus should Peggy grieve me ?  
 O make her partner in my pains,  
 Then let her smiles relieve me :  
 If not, my love will turn despair,  
 My passion no more tender ;  
 I'll leave the Bush abune Traquair—  
 To lonely wilds I'll wander.\*

~~~~~  
HAME, HAME, HAME.

TUNE—*Hame, hame !*

Hame, hame, hame ! O hame fain wad I be !
 O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie !
 When the flower is i' the bud, and the leaf is on the
 tree,
 The lark shall sing me hame to my ain countrie.
 Hame, hame, hame ! O hame fain wad I be !
 O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie !

The green leaf o' loyaltie's beginning now to fa' ;
 The bonnie white rose it is withering an' a' ;
 But we'll water't wi' the blude of usurping tyrannie,
 And fresh it shall blaw in my ain countrie.
 Hame, hame, hame ! O hame fain wad I be !
 O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie !

* This song appeared, for the first time, in the Tea-Table Miscellany,
 1724.

O there's nocht now frae ruin my country can save,
 But the keys o' kind heaven, to open the grave,
 That a' the noble martyrs, who died for loyaltie,
 May rise again and fight for their ain countrie.

Hame, hame, hame ! O hame fain wad I be !
 O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie !

The great now are gane, wha attempted to save ;
 The green grass is growing abune their graves ;
 Yet the sun through the mirk seems to promise to me,
 I'll shine on ye yet in your ain countrie.

Hame, hame, hame ! Hame fain wad I be !
 O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie !



THE BANKS OF THE DEVON.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Banks of Devon.*

How pleasant the banks of the clear-winding Devon,
 With green-spreading bushes, and flowers blooming
 fair !

But the bonniest flower on the banks of the Devon

Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.

Mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower, }
 In the gay rosy morn, as it bathes in the dew ;

And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
 That steals on the evening each leaf to renew.

O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,

With chill hoary wing as ye usher the dawn !

And far be thou distant, thou reptile that seizes

The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn !

Let Bourbon exult in her gay gilded lilies,

And England triumphant display her proud rose ;

A fairer than either adorns the green valleys,

Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.*

* " These verses were composed on a charming girl, Miss Charlotte Hamilton, who is now married to James Adair, physician. She is sister to my worthy friend, Gavin Hamilton of Mauchline, and was born on the banks of the Ayr, but was residing, when I wrote these lines, at Harveyston, in Clackmannanshire, on the romantic banks of the little river Devon."—
 BURNS.

NORA'S VOW.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

HEAR what Highland Nora said:
 The Earlie's son I will not wed,
 Should all the race of nature die,
 And none be left but he and I.
 For all the gold, and all the gear,
 And all the lands, both far and near,
 That ever valour lost or won,
 I will not wed the Earlie's son.

A maiden's vows, old Callum spoke,
 Are lightly made and lightly broke.
 The heather on the mountain's height
 Begins to bloom in purple light;
 The frost wind soon shall sweep away
 That lustre drop from glen and brae;
 Yet Nora, ere its bloom be gone,
 May blithely wed the Earlie's son.

The swan, she said, the lake's clear breast
 May barter for the eagle's nest;
 The Awe's fierce stream may backward turn,
 Ben Cruachan fall and crush Kilchurn;
 Our kilted clans, when blood is high,
 Before their foes may turn and fly:
 But I, were all these marvels done,
 Would never wed the Earlie's son.

Still in the water-lily's shade
 Her wonted nest the wild swan made;
 Ben Cruachan stands as fast as ever;
 Still downward foams the Awe's fierce river;
 To shun the flash of foemen's steel
 No Highland brogue has turn'd the heel:
 But Nora's heart is lost and won—
 She's wedded to the Earlie's son.*

* Translated from the Gaelic, for Mr Campbell's voluminous collection of Highland music, entitled Albyn's Anthology. "In the original," says the author in a note, "the lady makes protestations that she will not go with the Red Earl's son, until the swan should build in the cliff and the

TURNIMSPIKE.

TUNE—*Clout the Caudron.*

HERSELL pe Highland shentleman,
 Pe auld as Pothwell Prig, man ;
 And many alterations seen
 Amang te Lawland Whig, man.
 Fa a dra, diddle diddle dee, &c.

First when she to te Lawlands came,
 Nainsell was driving cows, man,
 There was nae laws about him's nêrse,
 About te preeks or trews, man.

Nainsell did wear te philabeg,
 Te plaid prick'd on her shouder ;
 Te gude claymore hung py her pelt ;
 Her pistol sharged with powder.

But for whereas these cursed preeks,
 Wherewith her legs pe lockit ;
 Ohon that ere she saw the day !
 For a' her houghs pe prokit.

Every thing in te Highlands now
 Pe turn'd to alteration ;
 Te sodger dwell at our door cheek,
 And tat pe great vexation.

Scotland pe turn'd a Ningland now,
 The laws pring in te caudger ;
 Nainsell wad dirk him for his deeds,
 But, oh ! she fears te sodger.

Anither law came after tat,
 Me never saw the like, man,
 They mak a lang road on te crund,
 And ca' him Turnimspike, man ;

eagle in the lake—until one mountain should change places with another, and so forth. It is but fair to add, that there is no authority for supposing that she altered her mind—except the vehemence of her protestations."

And wow she be a ponny road,
 Like Loudon corn riggs, man,
 Where twa carts may gang on her,
 And no preak ither's legs, man.

They charge a penny for ilka horse,
 In troth she'll no be sheaper,
 For nought but gaun upon the ground,
 And they gie her a paper.

They take the horse then py te head,
 And there they make him stand, man;
 She tell them she had seen the day
 They had nae sic command, man.

Nae doubt nainsell maun draw her purse,
 And pay him what him like, man;
 She'll see a shudgement on his toor,
 That filthy turnimspike, man.

But she'll awa to te Highland hills,
 Where deil a ane dare turn her,
 And no come near te turnimspike,
 Unless it pe to purn her. * +

~~~~~

### JOHN TOD.

He's a terrible man, John Tod, John Tod,  
 He's a terrible man, John Tod;  
 He scolds in the house, he scolds at the door,  
 He scolds in the very hie road, John Tod,  
 He scolds in the very hie road.

The weans a' fear John Tod, John Tod,  
 The weans a' fear John Tod;  
 When he's passing by, the mothers will cry,  
 Here's an ill wean, John Tod, John Tod,  
 Here's an ill wean, John Tod.

The callants a' fear John Tod, John Tod,  
 The callants a' fear John Tod;

\* From Herd's Collection, 1776.

*By George Graham Bottomman in 1850  
 from many other numerous pieces*

If they steal but a neap, the laddie he'll whip,  
 And it's unco weel done o' John Tod, John Tod,  
 And it's unco weel done o' John Tod.

And saw ye nae little John Tod, John Tod,  
 O saw ye nae little John Tod?  
 His shoon they were re'in, and his feet they were seen,  
 But stout does he gang on the road, John Tod,  
 But stout does he gang on the road.

How is he fendin', John Tod, John Tod?  
 How is he fendin', John Tod?  
 He is scourin' the land wi' a rung in his hand,  
 And the French wadna frighten John Tod, John Tod,  
 And the French wadna frighten John Tod.

Ye're sun-burnt and tatter'd, John Tod, John Tod,  
 Ye're tautit and batter'd, John Tod;  
 Wi' your auld strippit cowl ye look maist like a fule;  
 But there's nouse in the linin', John Tod, John Tod,  
 But there's nouse in the linin', John Tod.

He's weel respeckit, John Tod, John Tod,  
 He's weel respeckit, John Tod;  
 Though a terrible man, we'd a' gang wrang,  
 If he should leave us, John Tod, John Tod,  
 If he should leave us, John Tod.



## THE HIGHLAND BALOO.

HEE, baloo, my sweet wee Donald,  
 Picture o' the great Clanronald;  
 Thou'lt be chief o' a' thy clan,  
 If thou art spared to be a man.

Leeze me on thy bonnie craigie !  
 An thou live thou'lt lift a naigie,  
 Travel the country through and through,  
 And bring hame a Carlisle cow.

Through the Lawlands, near the Border,  
 Weel, my babie, may thou furdur ;

Herry the loons o' the laigh countrie,  
Synne to the Highlands hame to me:\*

~~~~~

HERE'S A HEALTH TO ANE I LO'E
DEAR.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Here's a Health to them that's awa.*

HERE'S a health to ane I lo'e dear—
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear;
Thou art sweet as the smile when kind lovers meet,
And soft as their parting tear, Jessie!

Although thou maun never be mine—
Although even hope is denied—
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing
Than aught in the world beside, Jessie!

I mourn through the gay gaudy day,
As hopeless I muse on thy charms;
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
For then I am lock'd in thy arms, Jessie!

I guess by the dear angel smile,
I guess by the love-rolling ee;
But why urge the tender confession,
'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree, Jessie! †

~~~~~

HOW LANG AND DREARY IS THE  
NIGHT.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Cauld Kail in Aberdeen.*

How lang and dreary is the night,  
When I am frae my dearie;

\* Preserved by Burns, and published in Mr Cromek's Select Scottish Songs, 2 vols.

† Written upon Miss Lewars, now Mrs Thomson, of Dumfries; a true friend and a great favourite of the poet, and, at his death, one of the most sympathizing friends of his afflicted widow.

I restless lie frae e'en to morn,  
 Though I were ne'er sae weary.  
 For, oh, her lanely nights are lang,  
 And, oh, her dreams are eerie,  
 And, oh, her widow'd heart is sair,  
 That's absent frae her dearie.

When I think on the lightsome days  
 I spent wi' thee, my dearie;  
 And now what seas between us roar,  
 How can I but be eerie?

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours;  
 The joyless day how dreary!  
 It wasna sae ye glinted by,  
 When I was wi' my dearie.



## THE AULD HIGHLANDMAN.

HOGG.

TUNE—*Killiecrankie.*

HERSELL pe aughty years and twa,  
 Te twenty-tird o' May, man;  
 She twell amang the Heelan hills,  
 Ayont the reefer Spey, man.  
 Tat year tey foucht the Sherra-muir,  
 She first peheld te licht, man;  
 Tey shot my father in tat stoure—  
 A plaguit, vexin spite, man.

I've feucht in Scotland here at hame,  
 In France and Shermanie, man;  
 And cot tree tespurt pluddy oons,  
 Beyond te 'Lantic sea, man:  
 But wae licht on te nasty cun,  
 Tat ever she pe porn, man;  
 Phile koot klymore te tristle caird,  
 Her leaves pe never torn, man.



Ae tay I shot, and shot, and shot,  
 Phane'er it cam my turn, man ;  
 Put a' te force tat I could gie,  
 Te powter wadna purn, man.  
 A filty loun cam wi' his cun,  
 Resolvt to too me harm, man ;  
 And wi' te tirk upon her nose  
 Ke me a pluddy arm, man.

I flang my cun wi' a' my nicht,  
 And felt his neepour teit, man ;  
 Tan drew my swort, and at a straik  
 Hewt aff te haf o's heit, man.  
 Be vain to tell o' a my tricks ;  
 My oons pe nae tiscrace, man ;  
 Ter no pe yin pehint my back,  
 Ter a' pefor my face, man.

~~~~~

WANDERING WILLIE.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Here awa, there awa.*

HERE awa, there awa, wandering Willie !
 Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame !
 Come to my bosom, my ain only dearie ;
 Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie again.

Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our parting ;
 Fears for my Willie brought tears in my ee :
 Welcome now, summer, and welcome, my Willie ;
 The summer to nature, and Willie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the caves of your slumbers !
 How your dread howling a lover alarms !
 Wauken, ye breezes ! row gently, ye billows !
 And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

But, oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,
 Flow still between us, thou dark heaving main !
 May I never see it, may I never trow it,
 But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain !

MUIRLAND WILLIE.

TUNE—*Muirland Willie.*

HEARKEN, and I will tell you how
 Young Muirland Willie cam to woo,
 Though he could neither say nor do ;
 The truth I tell to you.
 But aye he cries, Whate'er betide,
 Maggie I'se hae to be my bride.
 With a fal, dal, &c.

On his grey yaud as he did ride,
 With durk and pistol by his side,
 He prick'd her on with mickle pride,
 With mickle mirth and glee ;
 Out ower yon moss, out ower yon muir,
 Till he came to her daddie's door.
 With a fal, dal, &c.

Gudeman, quoth he, be ye within?
 I'm come your douchter's luv to win :
 I carena for makin' muckle din ;
 What answer gie you me ?—
 Now, wooer, quoth he, wad ye licht down,
 I'll gie ye my douchter's luv to win.
 With a fal, dal, &c,

Now, wooer, sin ye are lichtit down,
 Where do ye win, or in what toun ?
 I think my douchter winna gloom
 On sic a lad as ye.
 The wooer he steppit up the house,
 And wow but he was wondrous crouse !
 With a fal, dal, &c.

I hae three owsen in a pleuch,
 Twa guid gaun yauds, and gear eneuch—
 The place they ca' it Cadeneugh ;
 I scorn to tell a lie :
 Besides I haud, frae the great laird,

A peat-spat and a lang-kale yard.
With a fal, dal, &c.

The maid pat on her kirtle broun ;
She was the brawest in a' the toun ;
I wat on him she did na gloom,
But blinkit bonnilie.

The lover he stendit up in haste,
And grippit her hard about the waist.
With a fal, dal, &c.

To win your love, maid, I'm come here ;
I'm young, and hae eneuch o' gear ;
And for mysell ye needna fear,
Troth, try me when ye like.
He took aff his bannet, and spat in his chew,
He dichtit his gab, and he pried her mou'.
With a fal, dal, &c.

The maiden blush'd and beingit fu' law :
She hadna will to say him na ;
But to her daddie she left it a',
As they twa could agree.
The luvèr he gavè her the tither kiss,
Synè ran to her daddie and tellt him this.
With a fal, dal, &c.

Your douchter wadna say me na,
But to yoursell she has left it a',
As we could 'gree between us twa—
Say what will ye gie me wi' her ?
Now, wooer, quoth he, I hae na mickle,
But sic as I hae ye'se get a pickle.
With a fal, dal, &c.

A kilnfu' o' corn I'll gie to thee,
Three soums o' sheep, twa gude milk kye ;
Ye'se hae the waddin-dinner free ;
Troth, I dow do nae mair.
Content, quoth Willie, a bargain be't ;
I'm far frae hame ; make haste, let's do't.
With a fal, dal, &c.

The bridal-day it came to pass,
 With mony a blythsome lad and lass ;
 But siccan a day there never was,
 Sic mirth was never seen.
 This winsome couple straikeit hands ;
 Mess John tied up the marriage-bands.
 With a fal, dal, &c.

And our bride's maidens were na few,
 Wi' tap-knots, lug-knots, a' in blue ;
 Frae tap to tae they were bran new,
 And blinkit bonnilie.
 Their toys and mutches were sae clean,
 They glanced in our lads's een.
 With a fal, dal, &c.

Sic hirdum-dirdum, and sic din, "
 Wi' he ower her, and she ower him ;
 The minstrels they did never blin',
 Wi' mickle mirth and glee ;
 And aye they bobbit, and aye they beck't,
 And aye they reel'd, and aye they set.
 With a fal, dal, &c.*

~~~~~

## MY SPOUSE NANCIE.

BURNS.

TUNE—*My Jo Janet.*

HUSBAND, husband, cease your strife,  
 Nor longer idly rave, sir ;  
 Though I am your wedded wife,  
 Yet I'm not your slave, sir.

\* In the Tea-Table Miscellany, where it first appeared, this song is marked as one of those of which the editor knew neither the age nor the history. It is certainly a composition of considerable antiquity; probably, from similarity of style and structure of verse, by the author of 'The Gabelrunzie Man. Muirland Willie is one of those perfect and unique delineations of character in which Scottish song abounds. He has a touch of the good old riding times about him, in the "durk and pistol by his side;" and he makes love with a confident ease, that is not more old-fashioned than it is manly, and every way admirable. His "chew," however, and the mutches with top-knots of the bride's maidens, make the era of Muirland Willie's courtship considerably later than might otherwise have been argued. It was printed in both the Tea-Table Miscellany (1724) and in the Orpheus Caldonius (2d edit. 1755.)

One of two must still obey,  
 Nancie, Nancie ;  
 Is it man or woman, say,  
 My spouse Nancie ?

If 'tis still the lordly word,  
 Service and obedience ;  
 I'll desert my sovereign lord,  
 And so good-by, allegiance !

Sad will I be so bereft,  
 Nancie, Nancie ;  
 Yet I'll try to make a shift,  
 My spouse Nancie.

My poor heart then break it must,  
 My last hour I'm near it ;  
 When you lay me in the dust,  
 Think—think how you will bear it.

I will hope and trust in Heaven,  
 Nancie, Nancie,  
 Strength to bear it will be given,  
 My spouse Nancie.

Well, sir, from the silent dead,  
 Still I'll try to daunt you ;  
 Ever round your midnight bed  
 Horrid sprites shall haunt you.

I'll wed another like my dear  
 Nancie, Nancie ;  
 Then all hell will fly for fear,  
 My spouse Nancie !

~~~~~

HARD IS THE FATE.

THOMSON.

HARD is the fate of him who loves,
 Yet dares not tell his trembling pain,

But to the sympathetic groves,
 Or to the lonely list'ning plain !
 Oh, when she blesses next our shade,
 Oh, when her footsteps next are seen
 In flow'ry tracks along the mead,
 In fresher mazes o'er the green,

Ye gentle spirits of the vale,
 To whom the tears of love are dear,
 From dying lilies waft a gale,
 And sigh my sorrows in her ear !
 Oh, tell her what she cannot blame,
 Though fear my tongue must ever bind ;
 Oh, tell her that my virtuous flame
 Is as her spotless soul refined !

Not her own guardian-angel eyes
 With chaster tenderness his care,
 Not purer her own wishes rise,
 Not holier her own thoughts in prayer.
 But if at first her virgin fear
 Should start at love's suspected name,
 With that of friendship soothe her ear—
 True love and friendship are the same.



JOHN OCHILTREE.

TUNE—*John Ochiltree.*

HONEST man, John Ochiltree !
 Mine ain auld John Ochiltree !
 Wilt thou come ower the muir to me,
 And do as thou wast wont to do ?
 Alake, alake ! I wont to do !
 Ochon ! I wont to do !
 Now wont to do's away frae me,
 Frae silly auld John Ochiltree.

Honest man, John Ochiltree,
 Mine ain auld John Ochiltree,
 Come ance out ower the muir to me,
 And do but what thou dow to do.

Alake, alake ! I dow to do !
 Walaways ! I dow to do !
 To hoast, and hirple ower my tree,
 My bonny muir-powt, is a' I may do.

Walaways, John Ochiltree !
 For mony a time I tell'd to thee
 Thou rade sae fast by sea and land,
 And wadna keep a bridle-hand ;
 Thou'd tyne thy beast, thysell wad die,
 My silly'auld John Ochiltree.
 Come to my arms, my bonnie thing,
 And cheer me up to hear thee sing ;
 And tell me ower a' we hae done,
 For thochts maun now my life sustain.*
 * * * * *

ON THE SEAS AND FAR AWAY.

BURNS.

TUNE—*O'er the hills and far away.*

How can my poor heart be glad,
 When absent from my sailor lad ?
 How can I the thought forego,
 He's on the seas to meet his foe !
 Let me wander, let me rove,
 Still my heart is with my love ;
 Nightly dreams and thoughts by day
 Are with him that's far away.
 On the seas and far away,
 On stormy seas and far away ;
 Nightly dreams and thoughts by day,
 Are aye with him that's far away.

When in summer's noon I faint,
 As weary flocks around me pant,

* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724, where it is marked with the letter Z, indicating that it was then a song of unknown antiquity.

Haply in this scorching sun
 My sailor's thund'ring at his gun :
 Bullets, spare my only joy !
 Bullets, spare my darling boy !
 Fate, do with me what you may,
 Spare but him that's far away !

At the starless midnight hour,
 When winter rules with boundless power,
 As the storms the forests tear,
 And thunders rend the howling air,
 Listening to the doubling roar,
 Surging on the rocky shore,
 All I can—I weep and pray
 For his weal that's far away.

Peace, thy olive wand extend,
 And bid wild war his ravage end,
 Man with brother man to meet,
 And as a brother kindly greet.
 Then may heaven with prosperous gales
 Fill my sailor's welcome sails,
 To my arms their charge convey,
 My dear lad that's far away.



THE BANKS OF CREE.

BURNS.

TUNE—*The Banks of Cree.*

HERE is the glen, and here the bower,
 All underneath the birchen shade ;
 The village bell has toll'd the hour,
 O, what can stay my lovely maid ?

'Tis not Maria's whispering call,
 'Tis but the balmy breathing gale,
 Mixt with some warbler's dying fall,
 The dewy star of eve to hail.

It is Maria's voice I hear !
 So calls the woodlark to the grove,
 His little faithful mate to cheer,
 At once 'tis music—and 'tis love.

And art thou come, and art thou true !
 O welcome dear to love and me !
 And let us all our vows renew,
 Along the flowery banks of Cree.*



THE BONNIE BREIST-KNOTS.

TUNE—*Bonnie Breist-Knots.*

HEY the bonnie, how the bonnie,
 Hey the bonnie breist-knots !
 Tight and bonnie were they a',
 When they got on their breist-knots.

There was a bridal in this town,
 And till't the lasses a' were boun',
 Wi' mankie facings on their gowns,
 And some o' them had breist-knots.

At nine o'clock the lads convene
 Some clad in blue, some clad in green,
 Wi' glancin' buckles in their shoon,
 And flowers upon their waistcoats.

Forth cam the wives a' wi' a phrase,
 And wished the lassie happy days ;
 And meikle thocht they o' her claes,
 And 'specially the breist-knots.†

* Written, as the bard acknowledges, to suit an air which his friend, Lady Elizabeth Heron of Heron, had composed, and which, in compliment to a very beautiful river in Galloway, her ladyship had called "the Banks of Cree."

† Abridged from Johnson's Musical Museum, vol. III. 1790.

HERE'S TO THE KING, SIR.

[JACOBITE SONG.]

TUNE—*Hey, tuttie, taitie.*

HERE'S to the king, sir !
 Ye ken wha I mean, sir ;
 And to every honest man,
 That will do't again.
 Fill fill your bumpers high ;
 Drain drain your glasses dry ;
 Out upon them, fy ! oh fy !
 That winna do't again.

Here's to the chieftains
 Of the gallant Highland clans !
 They hae done it mair nor ance,
 And will do't again.

When you hear the trumpet sound
 Tuttie, taitie, to the drums ;
 Up wi' swords and down your guns,
 And to the loons again.

Here's to the King o' Swede !
 Fresh laurels crown his head !
 Shame fa' every sneaking blade,
 That winna do't again !

But to mak a' things right, now,
 He that drinks maun fight, too,
 To show his heart's upright, too,
 And that he'll do't again !

I DO CONFESS THOU'RT SMOOTH
AND FAIR.

SIR ROBERT AYTOUN,

Secretary to the Queen of James VI.

I DO confess thou'rt smooth and fair,
And I might have gone near to love thee ;
Had I not found the slightest prayer
That lips could speak had power to move thee :
But I can let thee now alone,
As worthy to be loved by none.

I do confess thou'rt sweet, yet find
Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,
Thy favours are but like the wind,
That kisses every thing it meets.
And since thou can with more than one,
Thou'rt worthy to be kiss'd by none.

The morning rose, that untouch'd stands,
Arm'd with her briars, how sweetly smells !
But pluck'd and strain'd through ruder hands,
Her sweets no longer with her dwells ;
But scent and beauty both are gone,
And leaves fall from her, one by one.

Such fate, ere long, will thee betide,
When thou hast handled been awhile,
Like sere flowers to be thrown aside ;
And I will sigh, while some will smile,
To see thy love for more than one
Hath brought thee to be loved by none.*

* This song is generally printed with the name of Sir Robert Aytoun as author ; but it is a suspicious circumstance that, in Watson's Collection (1706-11), where several poems by Sir Robert are printed with his name in a cluster, this is inserted at a different part of the work, *without his name*.

O TELL ME HOW TO WOO THEE.

MR GRAHAM OF GARTMORE.

IF doughty deeds my lady please,
 Right soon I'll mount my steed ;
 And strong his arm, and fast his seat,
 That bears frae me the meed.
 I'll wear thy colours in my cap,
 Thy picture in my heart ;
 And he that bends not to thine eye,
 Shall rue it to his smart.
 Then tell me how to woo thee, love,
 O tell me how to woo thee !
 For thy dear sake, nae care I'll take,
 Though ne'er another trow me.

If gay attire delight thine eye,
 I'll dight me in array ;
 I'll tend thy chamber-door all night,
 And squire thee all the day.
 If sweetest sounds can win thine ear,
 These sounds I'll strive to catch ;
 Thy voice I'll steal to woo thysell,
 That voice that nane can match.

But if fond love thy heart can gain,
 I never broke a vow ;
 Nae maiden lays her skaith to me ;
 I never loved but you.
 For you alone I ride the ring,
 For you I wear the blue ;
 For you alone I strive to sing—
 O tell me how to woo ! *

* From the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, 1801.

I'LL GAR OUR GUDEMAN TROW.

TUNE—*I'll gar our Gudeman trow.*

I'LL gar our gudeman trow
 I'll sell the ladle,
 If he winna buy to me
 A bonnie side-saddle,
 To ride to kirk and bridal,
 And round about the town ;
 Stand about, ye fisher jauds,
 And gie my gown room !

I'll gar our gudeman trow
 I'll tak the fling-strings,
 If he winna buy to me
 Twal bonnie gowd rings ;
 Ane for ilka finger,
 And twa for ilka thoom ;
 Stand about, ye fisher jauds,
 And gie my gown room !

I'll gar our gudeman trow
 That I'm gaun to die,
 If he winna fee to me
 Valets twa or three,
 To bear my train up frae the dirt,
 And ush me through the town ;
 Stand about, ye fisher jauds,
 And gie my gown room ! *

IT WAS A' FOR OUR RICHTFU' KING.

TUNE—*It was a' for our richtfu' King.*

IT was a' for our richtfu' king,
 We left fair Scotland's strand !

* First published in a little collection of old songs, entitled the Ballad-Book, which was printed for private distribution, at Edinburgh, in the year 1824.

It was a' for our richtfu' king,
 We e'er saw Irish land, my dear,
 We e'er saw Irish land.

Now a' is done that men can do,
 And a' is done in vain :
 My love, and native land, fareweel ;
 For I maun cross the main, my dear,
 For I maun cross the main.

He turn'd him richt and round about
 Upon the Irish shore,
 And gae his bridle-reins a shake,
 With adieu for evermore, my love,
 With adieu for evermore.

The sodjer frae the war returns,
 The sailor frae the main ;
 But I hae parted frae my love,
 Never to meet again, my love,
 Never to meet again.

When day is gane, and nicht is come,
 And a' folk bound to sleep,
 I think on him that's far awa,
 The lee-lang night, and weep, my dear,
 The lee-lang night, and weep.

~~~~~

### LADY KEITH'S LAMENT.

[JACOBITE SONG.]

TUNE—*The Boyne Water.*

I MAY sit in my wee croo house,  
 At the rock and the reel to toil fu' dreary ;  
 I may think on the day that's gane,  
 And sigh and sab till I grow weary.  
 I ne'er could brook, I ne'er could brook,  
 A foreign loon to own or flatter ;  
 But I will sing a rantin' sang,  
 That day our king comes ower the water.

O gin I live to see the day,  
 That I hae begg'd, and begg'd frae Heaven,  
 I'll fling my rock and reel away,  
 And dance and sing frae morn till even :  
 For there is ane I winna name,  
 That comes the beigin' byke to scatter ;  
 And I'll put on my bridal gown,  
 That day our king comes ower the water.

I hae seen the gude auld day,  
 The day o' pride and chieftain's glory,  
 When royal Stuarts bare the sway,  
 And ne'er heard tell o' Whig nor Tory.  
 Though lyart be my locks and grey,  
 And eild has crook'd me down—what matter !  
 I'll dance and sing ae other day,  
 The day our king comes ower the water.

A curse on dull and drawling Whig,  
 The whining, ranting, low deceiver,  
 Wi' heart sae black, and look sae big,  
 And canting tongue o' clish-ma-claver !  
 My father was a gude lord's son,  
 My mother was an earl's daughter ;  
 And I'll be Lady Keith again,  
 That day our king comes ower the water.

~~~~~

I'LL AYE CA' IN BY YON TOUN.

BURNS.

TUNE—*I'll gang nae mair to yon toun.*

I'LL aye ca' in by yon toun,
 And by yon garden green again ;
 I'll aye ca' in by yon toun,
 And see my bonnie Jean again.

There's nane shall ken, there's nane shall guess,
 What brings me back the gate again,
 But she, my fairest faithfu' lass ;
 And stowlins we shall meet again.

She'll wander by the aiken tree,
 When trystin time draws near again ;
 And when her lovely form I see,
 O haith, she's doubly dear again.

I'll aye ca' in by yon toun,
 And by yon garden green again ;
 I'll aye ca' in by yon toun,
 And see my bonnie Jean again.

AYE WAUKING, O.

[THE ORIGINAL SONG, FROM RECITATION.]

O I'm wet, wet,
 O I'm wet and weary !
 Yet fain wad I rise and rin,
 If I thought I would meet my deary.
 Ay wauking, O !
 Wauking aye, and weary,
 Sleep I can get nane
 For thinking o' my deary.

Simmer's a pleasant time,
 Flowers of every colour,
 The water rins ower the heugh—
 And I lang for my true lover.

When I sleep I dream,
 When I wauk I'm eerie ;
 Sleep I can get nane
 For thinking o' my deary.

Lanely night comes on ;
 A' the lave are sleeping ;
 I think on my love,
 And blear my een wi' greeting.

Feather-beds are soft,
 Painted rooms are bonnie ;

But a kiss o' my dear love
Is better far than ony.

O for Friday's night,
- Friday at the gloaming !
O for Friday's night !
Friday's lang o' coming.

~~~~~

AYE WAUKIN', OH !

[AS ALTERED BY BURNS.]

OH, spring's a pleasant time !  
Flowers o' every colour—  
The sweet bird builds her nest,  
And I lang for my lover.  
Aye wakin', oh !  
Wakin' aye and wearie ;  
Sleep I can get nane,  
For thinkin' o' my dearie !

When I sleep I dream,  
When I wauk I'm eerie,  
Rest I canna get,  
For thinkin' o' my dearie.  
Aye wakin', oh !  
Wakin' aye and weary ;  
Come, come, blissful dream,  
Bring me to my dearie.

Darksome nicht comes doun—  
A' the lave are sleepin' ;  
I think on my kind lad,  
And blin' my een wi' greetin'.  
Aye wakin', oh !  
Wakin' aye and wearie ;  
Hope is sweet, but ne'er  
Sae sweet as my dearie !

## I LO'ED NE'ER A LADDIE BUT ANE.

MACNIEL.\*

TUNE—*My lodging is on the cold ground.*

I lo'ed ne'er a laddie but ane ;  
 He lo'ed ne'er a lassie but me ; \*  
 He's willing to mak me his ain ;  
 And his ain I am willing to be.  
 He has coft me a rokelay o' blue,  
 And a pair o' mittens o' green ;  
 The price was a kiss o' my mou' ;  
 And I paid him the debt yestreen.

Let ithers brag weel o' their gear,  
 Their land, and their lordly degree ;  
 I carena for ought but my dear,  
 For he's ilka thing lordly to me :  
 His words are sae sugar'd, sae sweet !  
 His sense drives ilk fear far awa !  
 I listen—poor fool ! and I greet ;  
 Yet how sweet are the tears as they fa' !

Dear lassie, he cries wi' a jeer,  
 Ne'er heed what the auld anes will say ;  
 Though we've little to brag o'—ne'er fear ;  
 What's gowd to a heart that is wae ?  
 Our laird has baith honours and wealth,  
 Yet see how he's dwining wi' care ;  
 Now we, though we've naething but health,  
 Are cantie and leal evermair.

O Marion ! the heart that is true,  
 Has something mair costly than gear ;  
 Ilk e'en it has naething to rue—  
 Ilk morn it has naething to fear.  
 Ye warldlings, gae hoard up your store,  
 And tremble for fear ought you tyne ;  
 Guard your treasures wi' lock, bar, and door,  
 While here in my arms I lock mine !

\* The first eight lines, along with other eight not here printed, are said to have been written by the late Rev. Mr Clunie, minister of Borthwick.

He ends wi' a kiss and a smile—  
 Wae's me, can I tak it amiss !  
 My laddie's unpractised in guile,  
 He's free aye to daut and to kiss !  
 Ye lasses wha loe to torment  
 Your woovers wi' fause scorn and strife,  
 Play your pranks—I hae gi'en my consent,  
 And this night I am Jamie's for life.



## THE COUNTRY LASSIE.

BURNS.

TUNE—*The Country Lassie.*

IN summer, when the hay was mawn,  
 And corn waved green in ilka field ;  
 While clover blooms white o'er the lea,  
 And roses blaw in ilka bield ;  
 Blythe Bessie in the milkin'-shiel,  
 Says, I'll be wed, come o't what will :  
 Out spak a dame in runkled eild,  
 O' gude advisement comes nae ill.

It's ye hae woovers mony a ane,  
 And, lassie, ye're but young, ye ken ;  
 Then wait a wee, and canny wale  
 A routhie but, a routhie ben :  
 There's Johnnie o' the Buskie Glen—  
 Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre ;  
 Tak this frae me, my bonnie hen,  
 It's plenty beets the lover's fire.

For Johnnie o' the Buskie Glen,  
 I dinna care a single flee ;  
 He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye,  
 He has nae love to spare for me :  
 But blythe's the blink o' Robie's ee,  
 Aweel I wat he lo'es me dear ;  
 Ae blink o' him I wadna gie  
 For Buskie Glen and a his gear.

Oh, thoughtless lassie, life's a faught,  
 The canniest gait the strife is sair ;

But aye fu' haun't is fechtin' best—  
 A hungry care's an unco care :  
 But some will spend, and some will spare,  
 And wilfu' folk maun hae their will ;  
 Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,  
 Keep mind that ye maun drink your yill.

O, gear will buy me rigs o' land,  
 And gear will buy me sheep and kye ;  
 But the tender heart o' leesome love  
 The gowd and siller canna buy.  
 We may be puir, Robie and I ;  
 Licht is the burden luvè lays on :  
 Content and love bring peace and joy ;  
 What mair hae kings upon a throne ?

~~~~~

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

JANE ELLIOT.

TUNE—*The Flowers of the Forest.*

I'VE heard the lilting at our yowe-milking,
 Lasses a-lilting before the dawn of day ;
 But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning—
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At buchts, in the morning, nae blythe lads are scorning,
 The lasses are lonely, and dowie, and wae ;
 Nae daffin', nae gabbin', but sighing and sabbing,
 Ilk ane lifts her leglen and hies her away.

In hairst, at the shearing, nae youths now are jeering,
 The bandsters are lyart, and runkled, and grey ;
 At fair, or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching—
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At e'en, at the gloaming, nae swankies are roaming,
 'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play ;
 But ilk ane sits drearie, lamenting her dearie—
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

Dule and wae for the order, sent our lads to the Border !
 The English, for ance, by guile wan the day ;

The Flowers of the Forest, that foucht aye the foremost,
The prime o' our land, are cauld in the clay.

We hear nae mair liling at our yowe-milking,
Women and bairns are heartless and wae;
Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.*

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

MRS COCKBURN.

TUNE—*The Flowers of the Forest.*

I'VE seen the smiling
Of Fortune beguiling;
I've felt all its favours, and found its decay:
Sweet was its blessing,
Kind its caressing;
But now 'tis fled—fled far away.

I've seen the forest
Adorned the foremost
With flowers of the fairest, most pleasant and gay;

* Miss Elliot wrote this song, about the middle of the last century, in imitation of an older version to the same tune, of which she preserved only the first and last lines of the first verse:—

and, “ I've heard the liling at our yowe-milking,”

“ The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.”

Sir Walter Scott, in his *Border Minstrelsy*, has preserved one more line:

“ I ride single on my saddle,
Since the Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away;”

containing, as he observes, a most affecting image of desolation, as proceeding from the lips of a lady, who, according to the old Scottish fashion, had been accustomed to ride on the same horse with her husband.

Miss Jane Elliot was the fourth child of Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto, who died in the office of Lord Justice-Clerk in the year 1766. She spent the latter part of her life chiefly in Edinburgh, where she mingled a good deal in the better sort of society. I have been told by one who was admitted in youth to the privileges of her conversation, that she was “ a remarkably agreeable old maiden lady, with a prodigious fund of Scottish anecdote, but did not appear to have ever been handsome.”

By “ The Forest,” in this song, and in ancient Scottish story, is not meant the forest, or the woods generally, but that district of Scotland, anciently, and sometimes still, called by the name of THE FOREST. This district comprehended the whole of Selkirkshire, with a considerable portion of Peebles-shire, and even of Clydesdale. It was a favourite resort of the Scottish kings and nobles for hunting. The Forest boasted the best archers, and perhaps the finest men, in Scotland. At the Battle of Falkirk, in 1298, the men of the Forest were distinguished, we are told, from the other slain, by their superior stature and beauty.

Sae bonnie was their blooming !
 Their scent the air perfuming !
 But now they are wither'd and weeded away.

I've seen the morning
 With gold the hills adorning,
 And loud tempest storming before the mid-day.
 I've seen Tweed's silver streams,
 Shining in the sunny beams,
 Grow drumly and dark as he row'd on his way.

Oh, fickle Fortune,
 Why this cruel sporting ?
 Oh, why still perplex us, poor sons of a day ?
 Nae mair your smiles can cheer me,
 Nae mair your frowns can fear me ;
 For the Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.*

~~~~~

### KIRK WAD LET ME BE.

TUNE—*Kirk wad let me be.*

I AM a puir silly auld man,  
 And hirplin' ower a tree ;  
 Yet fain, fain kiss wad I,  
 Gin the kirk wad let me be.

Gin a' my duds were aff,  
 And guid haill claes put on,  
 O, I could kiss a young lass  
 As weel as ony man.†

\* This is an imitation of the foregoing song. Mrs Cockburn was the daughter of Mr Rutherford of Fairnielee, in Roxburghshire, and the wife of Mr Cockburn of Ormiston, whose father was Lord Justice-Clerk of Scotland at the time of the Union. She was a lady of the greatest private worth, and much beloved by the numerous circle of acquaintance in which she spent the latter years of her life. I have been told of her, as a remarkable characteristic of her personal appearance, that, even when advanced to the age of eighty, she preserved to a hair the beautiful auburn or light-brown locks she had had in early youth. There actually was not a single grey hair in her head ! She in a similar manner preserved all her early spirits, wit, and intelligence : and she might, altogether, be described as a woman of ten thousand.

The song appeared in Herd's Collection, 1776.

† This ancient ditty is said to have been composed, under very peculiar circumstances, by a non-conforming clergyman of the time of Charles II. While under hiding for religion's sake, he had the misfortune to be seized by a party of the troops which were then employed to scour the south and

## IF LOVE'S A SWEET PASSION.

If love's a sweet passion, why does it torment?  
 If a bitter, O tell me whence comes my content?  
 Since I suffer with pleasure, why should I complain,  
 Or grieve at my fate, since I know 'tis in vain?  
 Yet so pleasing the pain is, so soft is the dart,  
 That at once it both wounds me, and tickles my heart.

I grasp her hands gently, look languishing down,  
 And by passionate silence I make my love known.  
 But oh! how I'm bless'd when so kind she does prove,  
 By some willing mistake, to discover my love;  
 When, in striving to hide, she reveals all her flame,  
 And our eyes tell each other what neither dare name!

How pleasing her beauty, how sweet are her charms!  
 How fond her embraces! how peaceful her arms!  
 Sure there's nothing so easy as learning to love;  
 'Tis taught us on earth, and by all things above:  
 And to beauty's bright standard all heroes must yield,  
 For 'tis beauty that conquers and wins the fair field.\*

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 BARBARA ALLAN.

TUNE—*Barbara Allan.*

It was in and about the Martinmas time,
 When the green leaves were a-fallin',
 That Sir John Graham, in the west countrie,
 Fell in love wi' Barbara Allan.

west of Scotland in search of the broken Covenanters. They were not exactly sure of his person, for he appeared to their eyes more like a beggar than any thing else; but, from some suspicious circumstances, they were disposed, at least, to detain him till they should ascertain his real character. The unhappy man then condescended to an artifice, for the purpose of extricating himself. He forthwith assumed a fantastic levity of manners—fell a-capering and dancing—and, finally, sung the above two stanzas, which he composed on the spur of the moment. Such was the gloss he thus gave to his character, and so much were the soldiers delighted with his song, that, swearing he was a damned honest fellow, and could not possibly belong to the hellish crew they were in search of, they permitted him to depart.

The song appeared in Herd's Collection, 1776.

* The two first verses of this song were printed in Tom D'Urfey's Pills to purge Melancholy, 1719. It appears, with the third or additional verse, in the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724, signed with the letter X, which, I believe, marks all the songs in that work of English extraction.

He sent his man down through the town,
 To the place where she was dwallin':
 O, haste and come to my master dear,
 Gin ye be Barbara Allan.

O, hooly, hooly, rase she up
 To the place where he was lyin',
 And when she drew the curtain by,
 Young man, I think ye're dyin'.

It's oh, I'm sick, I'm very very sick,
 And it's a' for Barbara Allan.
 O, the better for me ye'se never be,
 Though your heart's blude were a-spillin'.

Oh, dinna ye mind, young man, she said,
 When ye was in the tavern a-drinkin',
 That ye made the healths gae round and round,
 And slichtit Barbara Allan?

He turn'd his face unto the wa',
 And death was with him dealin':
 Adieu, adieu, my dear friends a',
 And be kind to Barbara Allan.

And slowly, slowly rase she up,
 And slowly, slowly left him,
 And sighin', said, she could not stay,
 Since death of life had reft him.

She hadna gane a mile but twa,
 When she heard the deid-bell ringin';
 And every jow that the deid-bell gied,
 It cried, Woe to Barbara Allan.

Oh, mother, mother, mak my bed,
 And mak it saft and narrow;
 Since my love died for me to-day,
 I'll die for him to-morrow.*

* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724.

GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR.

IT fell about the Martinmas time,
 And a gay time it was than,
 When our gudewife had puddins to mak,
 And she boil'd them in the pan.
 And the barrin' o' our door weil, weil, weil,
 And the barrin' o' our door weil.

The wind blew cauld frae south to north,
 It blew into the floor ;
 Says our gudeman to our gudewife,
 Get up and bar the door.
 And the barrin', &c.

My hand is in my hussyfe skep,
 Gudeman, as ye may see ;
 An it shouldna be barr'd this hunner year,
 It's no be barr'd for me.

They made a paction 'tween them twa,
 They made it firm and sure,
 The first that spak the foremost word
 Should rise and bar the door.

Then by there came twa gentlemen,
 At twelve o'clock at nicht ;
 And they could neither see house nor ha',
 Nor coal nor candle-light.

Now whether is this a rich man's house,
 Or whether is this a pair ?
 But never a word wad ane o' them speak,
 For the barrin' o' the door.

And first they ate the white puddins,
 And syne they ate the black ;
 And muckle thocht our gudewife to hersell,
 But never a word she spak.

Then said the tane unto the tother,
 Hae, man, take ye my knife,

Do ye tak aff the auld man's beard,
And I'll kiss the gudewife.

But there's nae water in the house,
And what shall we do than?
What ails ye at the puddin' broo,
That boils into the pan?

O, up then startit our gudeman,
And an angry man was he:
Wad ye kiss my wife before my face,
And scaud me wi' puddin' bree?

Then up and startit our gudewife,
Gi'ed three skips on the floor:
Gudeman, ye've spoken the foremost word,
Get up and bar the door.*

~~~~~

### THE WEEL-TOCHER'D LASS.

TUNE—*Kirk wad let me be.*

I WAS once a weel-tocher'd lass,  
My mither left dollars to me;  
But now I'm brought to a poor pass,  
My stepdame has gart them flee.  
My father, he's aften frae bame,  
And she plays the deil with his gear;  
She neither has lawtith nor shame,  
And keeps the hail house in a steer.

She's barmy-faced, thriftless, and bauld,  
And gars me aft fret and repine;  
While hungry, half-naked, and cauld,  
I see her destroy what's mine.  
But soon I might hope a revenge,  
And soon of my sorrows be free;

\* From Herd's Collection, 1776. Tradition, as reported in Johnson's Musical Museum, affirms that the "gudeman" of this song was a person of the name of John Blunt, who lived of yore in Crawford Muir. There are two tunes to which it is often sung. One of them is in most of the Collections of Scottish Tunes; the other, though to appearance equally ancient, seems to have been preserved by tradition alone, as we have never seen it in print. A third tune, to which we have heard this song sung, by only one person, an American student, we suspect to have been imported from his own country.

My poortith to plenty wad change,  
If she were hung up on a tree.

Quoth Ringan, wha lang time had loo'd  
This bonny lass tenderlie,  
I'll tak' thee, sweet may, in thy snood,  
Gif thou wilt gae hame with me.  
'Tis only yoursell that I want;  
Your kindness is better to me  
Than a' that your stepmother, scant  
Of grace, now has taken frae thee.

I'm but a young farmer, it's true,  
And ye are the sprout of a laird;  
But I have milk-cattle enow,  
And routh of good rucks in my yard.  
Ye shall have naething to fash ye,  
Sax servants shall jouk to thee:  
Then kilt up thy coats, my lassie,  
And gae thy ways hame with me.

The maiden her reason employ'd,  
Not thinking the offer amiss,  
Consented, while Ringan, o'erjoy'd,  
Received her with mony a kiss.  
And now she sits blithely singin',  
And joking her drunken stepdame,  
Delighted with her dear Ringan,  
That makes her goodwife at hame.\*

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THE HUMBLE BEGGAR.

TUNE—*The Humble Beggar.*

IN Scotland there lived a humble beggar;
He had neither house, nor hauld, nor hame;
But he was weel liked by ilka body,
And they gae him sunkets to raux his wame.
A neivefou o' meal, a handfou o' groats,
A daud o' a bannock, or pudding-bree,
Cauld parridge, or the lickings of plates,
Wad make him as blythe as a bodie could be.

* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724.

A humbler bodie, O, never brake bread,
 For the fient a bit o' pride had he ;
 He wad hae ta'en his alms in a bicker,
 Frae gentle, or semple, or poor bodie.
 His wallets afore and ahint did hing,
 In as good order as wallets could be.
 A lang-kale goolie hung down by his side,
 And a muckle nowte-horn to rout on had he.

It happen'd ill, and it happen'd warse,
 For it happen'd sae that he did die ;
 And wha wad ye think were at his lyke-wauk,
 But lads and lasses of high degree.
 Some were merry, and some were sad,
 And some were as blythe as blythe could be ;
 When up he started, the gruesome carle—
 I rede ye, good folks, beware o' me !

Out scraich'd Kate, who sat in the nook,
 Vow, now, kimmer ! and how do ye ?
 He ca'd her waur than witch and limmer,
 And ruggit and tuggit her cockernonie.
 They howkit his grave in Douket's kirkyard,
 Twa ell deep—for I gaed to see—
 But when they were gaun to put him in the yird,
 The fient a dead nor dead was he.

They brought him down to Douket's kirkyard ;
 He gae a dunt, and the boords did flee ;
 And when they gaed to lay him in the grave,
 In fell the coffin, and out lap he !
 He cried, I'm cauld ! I'm unco cauld !
 Fu' fast ran they, and fu' fast ran he ;
 But he was first hame at his ain ingle-side,
 And he help'd to drink his ain dredgie.*

* First published in Herd's Collection, but certainly much more ancient. I have heard it sung by old people who were not likely to have seen Herd's Collection.

THE RIGS O' BARLEY.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Corn-Rigs are bonnie.*

It was upon a Lammas night,
 When corn-rigs are bonnie,
 Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
 I held awa to Annie.
 The time flew by wi' tentless heed,
 'Till, 'tween the late and early,
 Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed
 To see me through the barley.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
 The moon was shining clearly ;
 I set her down, wi' right good-will,
 Amang the rigs o' barley.
 I ken't her heart was a' my ain ;
 I loved her most sincerely ;
 I kiss'd her ower and ower again,
 Amang the rigs o' barley.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace !
 Her heart was beating rarely—
 My blessings on that happy place,
 Amang the rigs o' barley !
 But by the moon and stars so bright,
 That shone that hour sae clearly !
 She aye shall bless that happy night,
 Amang the rigs o' barley.

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear ;
 I hae been merry drinking ;
 I hae been joyfu' gathering gear ;
 I hae been happy thinking :
 But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
 Though they were doubled fairly,
 That happy night was worth them a',
 Amang the rigs o' barley.

NAE DOMINIES FOR ME, LADDIE.

THE REV. NATHANIEL MACKAY.*

TUNE—*Nae Dominies for me, Laddie.*

I CHANCED to meet an airy blade,
 A new-made pulpiteer, laddie ;
 Wi' cock'd-up hat and powder'd wig,
 Black coat and cuffs fu' clear, laddie.
 A lang cravat at him did wag,
 And buckles at his knee, laddie ;
 Says he, my heart, by Cupid's dart,
 Is captivate to thee, lassie.

I'll rather choose to thole grim death ;
 So cease and let me be, laddie.
 For what ? says he. Good troth, said I,
 Nae dominies for me, laddie :
 Ministers' stipends are uncertain rents
 For ladies' conjunct-fee, laddie,
 When books and gouns are a' cried down ;
 Nae dominies for me, laddie.

But for your sake I'll fleece the flock,
 Grow rich as I grow auld, lassie ;
 If I be spair'd, I'll be a laird,
 And thou'se be Madam call'd, lassie.
 But what if ye should chance to die,
 Leave bairns, ane or twa, laddie ?
 Naething wad be reserved for them,
 But hair-mould books to gnaw, laddie.

At this he angry was, I wat ;
 He gloom'd and look'd fou hie, laddie ;
 When I perceived this, in haste
 I left my dominie, laddie.
 Fare ye well, my charmin' maid,
 This lesson learn of me, lassie ;
 At the next offer hold him fast,
 That first makes love to thee, lassie.

* Minister of Crossmichael, in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, some time during the last century. He is not known to have written any other piece of merit.

Then I, returning home again,
 And coming down the toun, laddie,
 By my good luck I chanced to meet
 A gentleman dragoon, laddie ;
 And he took me by baith the hands,
 'Twas help in time of need, laddie :
 Fools on ceremonies stand—
 At twa words we agreed, laddie.

He led me to his quarter-house,
 Where we exchanged a word, laddie ;
 We had nae use for black gouns there,
 We married ower the sword, laddie.
 Martial drums is music fine,
 Compared wi' tinklin' bells, laddie ;
 Gold, red, and blue, is more divine
 Than black—the hue of hell, laddie.

Kings, queens, and princes, crave the aid
 Of my brave stout dragoon, laddie ;
 While dominies are much employ'd
 'Bout whores and sackcloth gouns, laddie.
 Awa wi' a' thae whinin' loons !
 They look like Let-me-be, laddie :
 I've more delight in roarin' guns ;
 Nae dominies for me, laddie.*

~~~~~

## FAIR HELEN OF KIRKCONNEL.†

TUNE—*I wish I were where Helen lies.*

I WISH I were where Helen lies,  
 Where night and day on me she cries ;

\* From Herd's Collection, 1776.

† "The traditional story of Fair Helen and her lover is as widely known as the song, and is told, perhaps, as often as the other is sung. "Helen Irving, the daughter of the laird of Kirkconnel, in Dumfries-shire, was admired for her beauty, and beloved by two neighbouring gentlemen ; Adam Fleming of Kirkpatrick, and the laird of Blacket-house. Fleming was favoured by the lady ; the other made less impression on her heart than his possessions, which are said to have been large, made on the minds of her parents. The lovers, therefore, were obliged to meet in secret. Their trysting-place was among the woods, which then covered the banks of the stream of Kirtle down to the water edge. During one of these interviews, in the twilight of a summer's eve, Helen observed her jealous and despised lover taking a mortal aim with a carabine, or cross-bow, over the water, at the bosom of his rival. She uttered a shriek, threw herself before him, and, receiving the fatal shot or shaft in her back, died instantly in her lover's arms. The place is still shown where Fleming rushed through the

Oh, that I were where Helen lies,  
 On fair Kirkconnel lee !  
 Oh, Helen fair, beyond compare,  
 I'll mak' a garland o' thy hair,  
 Shall bind my heart for ever mair,  
 Until the day I dee.

Oh, think na ye my heart was sair,  
 When my love dropt and spoke nae mair ?  
 She sank, and swoon'd wi' mickle care,  
 On fair Kirkconnel lee.  
 Curst be the heart that thocht the thocht,  
 And curst the hand that shot the shot,  
 When in my arms burd Helen dropt,  
 And died to succour me.

As I went down the water-side,  
 None but my foe to be my guide,  
 None but my foe to be my guide,  
 On fair Kirkconnel lee ;  
 I lichtit down, my sword did draw,  
 I hackit him in pieces sma',  
 I hackit him in pieces sma',  
 For her sake that died for me.

Oh, that I were where Helen lies !  
 Nicht and day on me she cries,  
 Out of my bed she bids me rise—  
 Oh, come, my love, to me !

stream ; and every conjecture has removed the spot, where the obstinate and single combat took place, to a little knoll a bow-shot up the Kirtle : the peasantry often sit nigh the place, and show their children where the murderer was hewn to pieces.

“ There are other traditions, which lay the scene of his death in foreign lands, and Fleming is made to follow him through Spain, and slay him in Syria. The combat is always represented to have been long and fierce, and the story of his being hewed to pieces is never varied. The Irvings, a numerous and respectable name, invariably call the heroine Helen Irving ; but the Bells, a still more numerous and equally respectable name, call her Helen Bell. About the name of the murderer there seems to be no contention, and I am willing it should remain unknown. The grave of the lovers is shown in the church-yard of Kirkconnel, near Springkell. You may still discern, ‘ Hic jacet Adamus Fleming.’ A cross and sword have been cut on their tomb-stone, but so unskilfully sculptured, as to countenance the belief of the peasantry, that, while the sword represents the weapon by which Helen's death was avenged, the cross is the gun by which she was shot. A heap of stones is raised on the spot where the murder was committed, a token of abhorrence common to many nations.”—*Cunningham's Songs of Scotland*, II. 37.

Besides being the subject of many songs, the story of Fair Helen was some years ago wrought up in the shape of a poem as long as the *Lady of the Lake*, and it is the foundation of at least one novel of the ordinary size.

Oh, Helen fair ! Oh, Helen chaste !  
 If I were with thee I were blest,  
 Where thou lies low, and takes thy rest  
 On fair Kirkconnel lee.

I wish my grave were growin' green,  
 A windin' sheet drawn ower my een,  
 And I in Helen's arms lying,  
 On fair Kirkconnel lee.  
 I wish I were where Helen lies ;  
 Nicht and day on me she cries ;  
 I'm sick of all beneath the skies,  
 Since my love died for me.

~~~~~

THE COURTSHIP OF JOCK THE WEAVER AND JENNIE THE SPINNER.*

[NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.]

JOCK.

I HAE bocht Boulie Willie's lume, my lassie ;
 Although she be aul', she's hard at the bane ;
 Four-and-twenty year I may ride on the limmer :
 Ye thocht that I was puir, but ye're fairly mista'en.

JENNIE.

The treddles, Johnnie, 's aul', and the lume is frail and
 rotten ;
 The shuttle, too, was aye a lazy jaud to rin ;
 The treddles, Johnnie, 's aul', and twa o' them are
 broken :
 Ye're no sae rich, my Johnnie lad, as ye wad seem.

JOCK.

I've a huggerfu' o' saut, as gude as ony saut-fat,
 Hings aye ayont the fire, aside a clew o' yarn ;

* This was a popular song in the parishes of Beith, Kilbirnie, and Dalry, or northern district of Ayrshire, about the year 1730. The person, from whose recitation it is taken down, learned it from an aged person, who had sung it when a boy about that time. The editor considers it worthy of preservation, as affording a picture of the very simple and primitive system of domestic economy which prevailed at the period referred to.

A sowin-pig, a 'tatoe-bittle, too, for a' your jokin' :
Ye thocht that I was puir, but ye're fairly mista'en.

JENNIE.

A huggerfu' o' saut is easy to be gotten ;
And for a spurtle ony stick may do, an mak' it clean ;
I doubt your meal-pock, lad, 's as tume as Willie's
whistle :
Sae ye're no sae rich, my Johnnie lad, as ye wad seem.

I saw yon muckle mug, that stands ayont the hallan,
Reamin' ower wi' sowens, aside an auld pirn-wheel,
To lay the tousie-pousie hair o' the plaidin' :
And ye're no saerich, my Johnnie lad, as ye wad seem.

But though your purse be lang-neck't and hollow,
It's hard to say yet what's to be dune ;
For, after a', ye're a gay cantie kind o' fallow ;
Though ye're no sae rich, my Johnnie lad, as ye wad
seem.

Sae, tak' your plaid about you, Johnnie,
And come your ways up by our house at e'en ;
For I like a lad that's brisk and bonnie ;
Though ye're no sae rich, my Johnnie lad, as ye wad
seem.

~~~~~

### SLICHTIT NANCY.

TUNE—*Nobody coming to marry me.*

It's I hae seven braw new gouns,  
And ither seven better to mak' ;  
And yet, for a' my new gouns,  
My wooer has turn'd his back.  
Besides, I have seven milk-kye,  
And Sandy he has but three ;  
And yet, for a' my gude kye,  
The laddie wiuna hae me.

My daddie 's a delver o' dykes,  
My mother can card and spin,  
And I'm a fine fodgel lass,  
And the siller comes linkin' in ;



The siller comes linkin' in,  
 And it is fou fair to see,  
 And fifty times wow ! O wow !  
 What ails the lads at me ?

Whenever our Bawty does bark,  
 Then fast to the door I rin,  
 To see gin ony young spark  
 Will licht and venture but in ;  
 But never a ane will come in,  
 Though mony a ane gaes by ;  
 Syne ben the house I rin,  
 And a weary wicht am I.

When I was at my first prayers,  
 I pray'd but anes i' the year,  
 I wish'd for a handsome young lad,  
 And a lad wi' muckle gear.  
 When I was at my neist prayers,  
 I pray'd but now and than,  
 I fash'd na my head about gear,  
 If I got a handsome young man.

Now I am at my last prayers,  
 I pray on baith nicht and day,  
 And, oh, if a beggar wad come,  
 With that same beggar I'd gae.  
 And, oh, and what 'll come o' me !  
 And, oh, and what 'll I do !  
 That sic a braw lassie as I  
 Should die for a wooer, I trow !\*

~~~~~

OWER BOGIE.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

TUNE—*O'er Bogie.*

I WILL awa' wi' my love,
 I will awa' wi' her,
 Though a' my kin had sworn and said,
 I'll ower Bogie wi' her.

* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, (1724,) where it is printed without any mark.

If I can get but her consent,
 I dinna care a strae ;
 Though ilka ane be discontent,
 Awa' wi' her I'll gae.

For now she's mistress o' my heart,
 And wordy o' my hand ;
 And weel, I wat, we shanna part
 For siller or for land.
 Let rakes delight to swear and drink,
 And beaux admire fine lace ;
 But my chief pleasure is to blink
 On Betty's bonnie face.

There a' the beauties do combine,
 Of colour, treats, and air ;
 The saul that sparkles in her een
 Maks her a jewel rare ;
 Her flowin' wit gives shining life
 To a' her other charms ;
 How blest I'll be when she's my wife,
 And lock'd up in my arms !

There blythely will I rant and sing,
 While o'er her sweets I'll range ;
 I'll cry, Your humble servant, king,
 Shame fa' them that wad change
 A kiss of Betty and a smile,
 A'beit ye wad lay down
 The right ye hae to Britain's Isle,
 And offer me your crown.*

~~~~~

## LASS, GIN YE LO'E ME.

JAMES TYTLER.

TUNE—*Lass, gin ye lo'e me.*

I HAE laid a herring in saut—  
 Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now ;

\* Ramsay founded this song upon an old chorus. "Ower Bogie," is a proverbial phrase, used in regard to a marriage which has been celebrated by a magistrate instead of a clergyman. The song appeared in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1724.

I hae brew'd a forpit o' maut,  
 An' I canna come ilka day to woo :  
 I hae a calf that will soon be a cow—  
 Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now ;  
 I hae a stook, and I'll soon hae a mowe,\*  
 And I canna come ilka day to woo :

I hae a house upon yon moor—  
 Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now ;  
 Three sparrows may dance upon the floor,  
 And I canna come ilka day to woo :  
 I hae a but, an' I hae a ben—  
 Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now ;  
 A penny to keep, and a penny to spen',  
 An' I canna come ilka day to woo :

I hae a hen wi' a happitie-leg—  
 Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now ;  
 That ilka day lays me an egg,  
 An' I canna come ilka day to woo :  
 I hae a cheese upon my skelf—  
 Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now ;  
 And soon wi' mites 'twill rin itself,  
 And I canna come ilka day to woo.†

~~~~~

LASS, GIN YE LO'E ME.

[ANOTHER VERSION.]

I HAE laid a herrin' in saut—
 Bonnie lass, gin ye'll tak me, tell me now ;
 And I hae brew'n three pickles o' maut,
 And I canna come ilka day to woo—

* *Mowe*—a pile of grain in stalk at the end of a barn.

† James Tytler, who has contributed this ditty, and The Bonnie Brucket Lassie, to the mass of popular Scottish song, was the son of a minister in Forfarshire, and originally educated to the medical profession. Being a man of original and truly active mind, he soon soared beyond the ordinary limits of that study. He became a projector and an author, and, finally, a polemic and a democrat. After many turns of good and evil fortune, he was obliged, about the time of the French Revolution, to quit his native country for the more liberal atmosphere of the western continent, on account of some proceedings which had brought him under the observation of the Scottish state-officers. He finally died, while editor of a newspaper, at Salem, in the state of Massachusetts, in the year 1805, aged fifty-eight.

To woo, to woo, to lilt and to woo,
And I canna come ilka day to woo.

A hae a wee calf that wad fain be a cow—
Bonnie lass, gin ye'll tak me, tell me now ;
I hae a wee gryce that wad fain be a sow,
And I canna come ilka day to woo—
To woo, to woo, to lilt and to woo,
And I canna come ilka day to woo.*



LOVE'S LIKE A DIZZINESS.

HOGG.

TUNE—*Love's like a dizziness.*

I LATELY lived in quiet case,
And never wish'd to marry, O ;
But when I saw my Peggie's face,
I felt a sad quandary, O.
Though wild as ony Athole deer,
She has trepann'd me fairly, O ;
Her cherry cheeks, and een sae clear,
Harass me late and early, O.
O ! love ! love ! laddie,
Love's like a dizziness !
It winna let a puir body
Gang about his business !

To tell my feats this single week,
Wad mak a curious diary, O ;
I drave my cart against a dyke,
My horses in a miry, O ;
I wear my stockings white and blue,
My love's sae fierce and fiery, O ;
I drill the land that I should plow,
And plow the drills entirely, O.

Soon as the dawn had brought the day,
I went to theek the stable, O ;
I cuist my coat, and plied away
As fast as I was able, O.

I wrought a' mornin' out and out,
 As I'd been reddin' fire, O ;
 When I had done, and look'd about,
 Behold it was the byre, O !

Her wily glance I'll ne'er forget ;
 The dear, the lovely blinkin' o't
 Has pierced me through and through the heart,
 And plagues me wi' the prinklin' o't.
 I tried to sing, I tried to pray,
 I tried to drown't wi' drinkin' o't ;
 I tried wi' toil to drive't away,
 But ne'er can sleep for thinkin' o't.

Were Peggie's love to hire the job,
 And save my heart frae breakin', O,
 I'd put a girdle round the globe,
 Or dive in Corryvreckan, O ;
 Or howk a grave, at midnight dark,
 In yonder vault sae eerie, O ;
 Or gang and spier for Mungo Park
 Through Africa sae drearie, O.

Ye little ken what pains I prove,
 Or how severe my pliskie, O !
 I swear I'm sairer drunk wi' love
 Than e'er I was wi' whisky, O !
 For love has raked me fore and aft,
 I scarce can lift a leggie, O :
 I first grew wild, and then gaed daft,
 And now I dee for Peggie, O.

~~~~~

## I GAED A WAEFU' GATE YESTREEN.\*

BURNS.

TUNE—*My only Jo and Dearie, O.*

I GAED a waefu' gate yestreen,  
 A gate I fear I'll dearly rue ;

\* The heroine of this song was a Miss Jeffrey of Lochmaben, who has since been married, and carried by her husband to New York, where she now resides.

I gat my death frae twa sweet een,  
 Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue.  
 'Twas not her golden ringlets bright,  
 Her lips like roses wet wi' dew,  
 Her heaving bosom, lily-white—  
 It was her een sae bonnie blue.

She talk'd, she smiled, my heart she wiled,  
 She charm'd my soul I wist na how ;  
 But aye the stound, the deadly wound,  
 Cam frae her een sae bonnie blue.  
 But, spare to speak, and spare to speed,  
 She'll aiblins listen to my vow :  
 Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead  
 To her twa een sae bonnie blue.

~~~~~

FOR A' THAT, AND A' THAT.

BURNS.

TUNE—*For a' that, and a' that.*

Is there, for honest poverty,
 That hangs his head, and a' that ?
 The coward-slave, we pass him by ;
 We daur be puir for a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Our toils obscure, and a' that,
 The rank is but the guinea-stamp—
 The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hoddin-grey, and a' that ?
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine ;
 A man's a man for a' that ;
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their tinsel show, and a' that,
 The honest man, though e'er sae puir,
 Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
 Wha struts, and stares, and a' that ;
 Though hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a cuif for a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,
 His ribbon, star, and a' that,
 The man of independent mind,
 He looks and laughs at a' that.

A king can make a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and a' that ;
 But an honest man's aboon his micht,
 Gude faith, he maunna fa' that !
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their dignities, and a' that,
 The pith o' sense, the pride o' worth,
 Are higher ranks for a' that.

Then let us pray, that come it may,
 As come it will, for a' that,
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
 May bear the gree, and a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 It's comin' yet for a' that,
 That man to man, the warld o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that.*

~~~~~

### THE CARELESS LOVER.

I SCORN the state of that lover's condition,  
 Who pines for her that regards not his pain :  
 I scorn the state of that foolish ambition,  
 That fondly requites true love with disdain.  
 I love them that love me—my humour is such—  
 And those that do hate me I hate them as much :  
 Thus I am resolved, however it go,  
 And care not whether I get her or no.

What if another her favour inherit,  
 Which only by right is due unto me ;  
 Or if I reap the fruit of another man's merit,  
 Shall that make me gladder or sadder to be ?

\* This song, which may be said to embody almost all the false philosophy of his time, and of his own mind, but which is nevertheless full of manly and noble feeling, was written by Burns, in 1795, for Mr Thomson's publication.

Shall I sigh when I'm forced, or laugh when I'm loved?  
 Shall I chide when she's angry, or mourn when she's  
 moved?

Shall I break my heart, being forsaken so?  
 No; not a whit care I whether I get her or no.

More fickle than fortune, more light than the wind,  
 More brittle than water her sex doth remain;  
 Her tempests are turn'd into calms now we find,  
 And oftimes her sunshine doth fall into rain.  
 Thus, look we, or lack we, a loose grip we have;  
 What comes with the wind must go with the wave;  
 I'll bear my sails equal, howe'er the wind blow,  
 And carena by whether I get her or no.\*



## TAK YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.

TUNE—*Tak your auld cloak about ye.*

IN winter, when the rain rain'd cauld,  
 And frost and snaw on ilka hill,  
 And Boreas, wi' his blasts sae bauld,  
 Was threat'nin' a' our kye to kill:  
 Then Bell, my wife, who lo'es na strife,  
 She said to me richt hastilie,  
 Get up, gudeman, save Crummie's life,  
 And tak your auld cloak about ye.

My Crummie is a usefu' cow,  
 And she is come of a good kin';  
 Aft has she wet the bairns's mou',  
 And I am laith that she should tyne;  
 Get up, gudeman, it is fu' time,  
 The sun shines frae the lift sae hie;  
 Sloth never made a gracious end;  
 Gae, tak your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was ance a gude grey cloak,  
 When it was fitting for my wear;  
 But now it's scantly worth a groat,  
 For I have worn't this thretty year:

\* From Watson's Collection of Scots Poems, Part III. 1711.

Let's spend the gear that we hae won,  
 We little ken the day we'll die;  
 Then I'll be proud, since I have sworn  
 To hae a new cloak about me.

In days when our King Robert rang,  
 His trews they cost but half a croun;  
 He said they were a groat ower dear,  
 And ca'd the tailor thief and loon:  
 He was the king that wore a croun,  
 And thou the man of laigh degree:  
 It's pride puts a' the country down;  
 Sae tak thy auld cloak about ye.

Ilka land has its ain lauch,  
 Ilk kind o' corn has its ain hool;  
 I think the world is a' gane wrang,  
 When ilka wife her man wad rule:  
 Do ye no see Rob, Jock, and Hab,  
 As they are girded gallantlie,  
 While I sit hurklin i' the asse?—  
 I'll hae a new cloak about me.

Gudeman, I wat it's thretty year  
 Sin' we did ane anither ken;  
 And we hae had atween us twa  
 Of lads and bonnie lasses ten:  
 Now they are women grown and men,  
 I wish and pray weel may they be;  
 If you would prove a gude husband,  
 E'en tak your auld cloak about ye.

Bell, my wife, she loes na strife,  
 But she would guide me, if she can;  
 And, to maintain an easy life,  
 I aft maun yield, though I'm gudeman:  
 Nocht's to be gain'd at woman's hand,  
 Unless ye gie her a' the plea;  
 Then I'll leave aff where I began,  
 And tak my auld cloak about me.\*

\* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724. This excellent old song, however, was probably written before the close of the sixteenth century; as its measure and versification unequivocally belong to that period. It is needless to remind the reader, moreover, that the first part of the fourth stanza is quoted by Shakspeare in Othello, which was published in 1611.

## THE WOOER THAT COMES AT E'EN.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

IT fell on a morning, when we were thrang ;  
 Our kirn was gaun, our cheese was making,  
 And bannocks on the girdle baking ;  
 That ane at the door chapt loud and lang.  
 But the auld gudewife and her Mays sae ticht  
 Of this stirring and din took sma' notice, I ween ;  
 For a chap at the door in braid day-light,  
 Is no like a chap when heard at e'en.

Then the clocksey auld laird of the Warlock Glen,  
 Wha stood without, half cow'd, half cheerie,  
 And yearn'd for a sight o' his winsome dearie,  
 Raised up the latch, and cam crouselly ben.  
 His coat was new, and his owerlay was white,  
 And his hose and his mittens were cosey and bien :  
 But a wooer that comes in braid day-licht,  
 Is no like a wooer that comes at e'en.

He greeted the carlin and lasses sae braw,  
 And his bare lyart pow he smoothly straitit,  
 And lookit about, like a body half glaikit,  
 On bonny sweet Nanny, the youngest of a'.  
 Ha, ha ! quo' the carline ; and look ye that way ?  
 Hoot ! let nae sic fancies bewilder ye clean ;  
 An elderlin man, in the noon o' the day,  
 Should be wiser than youngsters that come at e'en.

Na, na ! quo' the pauky auld wife, I trow,  
 You'll fash na your head wi' a youthfu' gilly,  
 As wild and as skeigh as a muirland filly ;  
 Black Madge is far better and fitter for you.  
 He hemm'd, and he haw'd, and he screw'd in his  
 mouth,  
 And he squeezed his blue bonnet his twa hands be-  
 tween ;  
 For wooers that come when the sun's in the south,  
 Are mair aukwart than wooers that come at e'en.

Black Madge, she is prudent.—What's that to me?—

She's eident and sober; has sense in her noddle;  
Is douse and respeckit.—I care na a bodle!  
I'll baulk na my luve, and my fancy's free.

Madge toss'd back her head wi' a saucy slicht,  
And Nanny ran laughing out to the green:

For wooers that come when the sun shines bricht,  
Are no like the wooers that come at e'en.

Awa flung the laird, and loud mutter'd he,  
All the daughters of Eve between Orkney and  
Tweed, O,

Black and fair, young and old, dame, damsel, and  
widow,

May gang in their pride to the deil for me!

But the auld gudewife, and her Mays sae ticht,  
For a' his loud banning cared little, I ween;

For a wooer that comes in braid day licht,  
Is no like a wooer that comes at e'en.



## JOCKIE'S TA'EN THE PARTING KISS.

BURNS.

JOCKIE's ta'en the parting kiss,  
Ower the mountains he is gane;  
And with him is a' my bliss;  
Nought but griefs wi' me remain.  
Spare my love, ye winds that blaw,  
Plashy sleets, and beating rain!  
Spare my love, thou feathery snaw,  
Drifting o'er the frozen plain!

When the shades of evening creep  
Ower the day's fair gladsome ee,  
Sound and safely may he sleep,  
Sweetly blythe his waukening be!  
He will think on her he loves,  
Fondly he'll repeat her name;  
For, where'er he distant roves,  
Jockie's heart is still at hame.



I'LL NEVER LAY A' MY LOVE UPON  
ANE.

I COULDNA get sleep yestreen for greetin',  
The tears ran down like showers o' rain ;  
Gin I hadna got grutten, my heart wad hae luppen :  
And I'll never lay a' my love upon ane.\*

~~~~~

HEY, JENNY, COME DOWN TO JOCK!

TUNE—*Hey, Jenny, come down to Jock!*

JOCKY he came here to woo,
On ae feast-day, when we were fou ;
And Jenny put on her best array,
When she heard Jocky was come that way.

Jenny she gaed up the stair,
Sae privily, to change her smock,
And aye sae loud as her mother did rair,
Hey, Jenny, come down to Jock !

Jenny she cam' down the stair,
And she cam' bobbin and beckin ben ;
Her stays they were laced, and fu' jimp was her waist,
And a braw new-made manko gown.

Jocky took her-by the hand :
Says, Jenny, lass, can ye fancy me ?
My father is dead, and has left me some land,
And braw houses twa or three ;

And I will gie them a' to thee.
Ahaith! quo Jenny, I fear ye mock.
Then foul fa' me gin I scorn thee ;
If ye'll be my Jenny, I'll be your Jock.

Jenny lookit, and syne she leuch,
Ye first maun get my mither's consent.

* Taken down from recitation.

Aweel, guidwife, and what say ye?
 Quo' she, Jock, I am weel content.

Jenny to her mother did say,
 O mother, fetch us ben some meat;
 A piece o' the butter was kirn'd the day;
 That Jocky and I thegither may eat.

Jocky unto Jenny did say,
 Jenny, my dear, I want nae meat;
 It was nae for meat that I cam' here,
 But a' for luvè o' you, Jenny, my dear.

Jenny she gaed up the gate,
 Wi' a green gown as syde * as her smock;
 And aye sae loud as her mother did rair,
 Wow, sirs! hasna Jenny got Jock? †

~~~~~

## JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

BURNS.

TUNE—*John Anderson, my Jo.*

# JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,  
 When we were first acquent,  
 Your locks were like the raven,  
 Your bonny brow was brent;  
 But now your head is bald, John,  
 Your locks are like the snow,  
 Yet blessings on your frosty pow,  
 John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,  
 We climb'd the hill thegither,  
 And monie a cantie day, John,  
 We've had wi' ane anither;  
 Now we maun totter down, John,  
 But hand in hand we'll go,  
 And we'll sleep thegither at the foot,  
 John Anderson, my jo. †

\* *Syde*—long.

† From Herd's Collection, 1776.

‡ Burns formed these two beautiful verses on the model of an old and somewhat indelicate song, which was sung to the same tune, and which

## LET NOT WOMAN E'ER COMPLAIN.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Duncan Gray.*

LET not woman e'er complain  
 Of inconstancy in love ;  
 Let not woman e'er complain,  
 Fickle man is apt to rove.

Look abroad through nature's range,  
 Nature's mighty law is change ;  
 Ladies, would it not be strange,  
 Man should, then, a monster prove ?

Mark the winds, and mark the skies ;  
 Ocean's ebb, and ocean's flow.  
 Sun and moon but set to rise ;  
 Round and round the seasons go.

Why, then, ask of silly man,  
 To oppose great nature's plan ?  
 We'll be constant while we can,  
 You can be no more, you know.

~~~~~

 THE AULD GUDEMAN.*
TUNE—*My auld Gudeman.*

LATE in an evening forth I went,
 A little before the sun gaed down ;
 And there I chanced, by accident,
 To light on a battle new begun.
 A man and his wife were faun in strife ;
 I canna weel tell how it began ;
 But aye she wail'd her wretched life,
 And cried ever, Alake, my auld gudeman !

may be found in Johnson's Musical Museum. It is stated in the Museum, that the John Anderson mentioned in the song was said, by tradition, to have been the *town piper* of Kelso. The air is believed to have been a piece of sacred music previous to the Reformation.

* Anglice—the first husband.

HE.

The auld gudeman that thou tells of,
 The country kens where he was born,
 Was but a puir silly vagabond,
 And ilka ane leuch him to scorn ;
 For he did spend and mak' an end
 Of gear that his forefathers wan ;
 He gart the puir stand frae the door :
 Sae tell nae mair of thy auld gudeman.

SHE.

My heart, alake, is like to break,
 When I think on my winsome John ;
 His blinking een, and gait sae free,
 Was naething like thee, thou dozent drone. *stupid*
 His rosy face and flaxen hair,
 And skin as white as ony swan,
 Was large and tall, and comely withal ;
 And thou'lt never be like my auld gudeman.

HE.

Why dost thou pleen ? I thee mainteen ;
 For meal and maut thou disna want ;
 But thy wild bees I canna please,
 Now when our gear 'gins to grow scant.
 Of household stuff thou hast enough ;
 Thou wants for neither pot nor pan ;
 Of siclike ware he left thee bare :
 Sae tell me nae mair of thy auld gudeman.

SHE.

Yes, I may tell, and fret mysell,
 To think on the blythe days I had,
 When he and I thegither lay
 In arms, into a weel-made bed.
 But now I sigh, and may be sad ;
 Thy courage is cauld, thy colour wan ;
 Thou faulds thy feet, and fa's asleep :
 And thou'lt never be like my auld gudeman.

Then coming was the nicht sae dark,
 And gane was a' the licht of day ;

The carle was fear'd to miss his mark,
 And therefore wad nae langer stay.
 Then up he gat, and he ran his way;
 I trow the wife the day she wan;
 And aye the owerword o' the fray
 Was ever, Alake, my auld gudeman!*

~~~~~

## THE THISTLE OF SCOTLAND.

TUNE—*The Black Joke.*

LET them boast of the country gave Patrick his birth,  
 Of the land of the ocean, the neighbouring earth,  
 With their red-blushing roses, and shamrock so  
 green :

Far dearer to me are the hills of the north,  
 The land of blue mountains, the birth-place of worth ;  
 Those mountains where freedom has fix'd her abode,  
 Those wide-spreading glens where no slave ever trode,  
 Where blooms the red heather and thistle so green.

Though rich be the soil where blossoms the rose,  
 And barren the mountains, and cover'd with snows,  
 Where blooms the red heather and thistle so green :  
 Yet, for friendship sincere, and loyalty true,  
 And for courage so bold that no foe can pursue,  
 Unmatch'd is our country, unrivall'd our swains ;  
 And lovely and true are the nymphs of our plains,  
 Where rises the thistle, the thistle so green.

Far-famed are our sires in the battles of yore,  
 And many the cairns that rise bold on our shore,  
 O'er the foes of the land of the thistle so green :  
 And many the cairns that shall rise on our strand,  
 Should the torrent of war ever burst on our land.  
 Let foe come on foe, as wave comes on wave,  
 We'll give them a welcome, we'll give them a grave  
 Beneath the red heather and thistle so green.

\* From the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, (1724,) where it is marked as a song of unknown antiquity.



O, dear to our souls, as the blessings of heaven,  
 Is the freedom we boast, is the land that we live in,  
 The land of red heather and thistles so green :  
 For that land and that freedom our fathers have bled ;  
 And we swear by the blood that our fathers have shed,  
 No foot of a foe shall e'er tread on their grave ;  
 But the thistle shall bloom on the bed of the brave,  
 The thistle of Scotland, the thistle so green !\*

MY DEARIE, IF THOU DEE.

R. CRAWFORD.

TUNE—*My dearie, if thou dee.*

LOVE never more shall give me pain,  
 My fancy's fix'd on thee ;  
 Nor ever maid my heart shall gain,  
 My Peggie, if thou dee.  
 Thy beauties did such pleasure give,  
 Thy love's so true to me ;  
 Without thee I shall never live,  
 My dearie, if thou dee.

If fate shall tear thee from my breast,  
 How shall I lonely stray !  
 In dreary dreams the night I'll waste,  
 In sighs the silent day.  
 I ne'er can so much virtue find,  
 Nor such perfection see :  
 Then I'll renounce all womankind,  
 My Peggie, after thee.

No new-blown beauty fires my heart,  
 With Cupid's raving rage ;  
 But thine, which can such sweets impart,  
 Must all the world engage.  
 'Twas this that, like the morning sun,  
 Gave joy and life to me ;  
 And, when its destined day is done,  
 With Peggie let me dee.

\* Stated by Mr Hogg, in his *Jacobite Relics*, to be the composition of a Mr Sutherland, a land-surveyor.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,  
 And in such pleasures share,  
 Ye who its faithful flames approve,  
 With pity view the fair :  
 Restore my Peggie's wonted charms,  
 Those charms so dear to me ;  
 Oh, never rob them from those arms—  
 I'm lost if Peggie dee ! \*

~~~~~  
LAST MAY A BRAW WOOER.

BURNS.

TUNE—*The Lothian Lassic.*

LAST May a braw wooer cam' down the lang glen,
 And sair wi' his love he did deave me ;
 I said there was naething I hated like men :
 The deuce gae wi' him to believe me, believe me,
 The deuce gae wi' him to believe me !

He spak' o' the darts o' my bonnie black een,
 And vow'd for my love he was deein'.
 I said he micht dee when he liked for Jean ;
 The guid forgi'e me for leein', for leein',
 The guid forgi'e me for leein' !

A weel-stockit mailin', himsell for the laird,
 And marriage aff-hand, were his proffer.
 I never loot on that I kenn'd it or cared ;
 But thocht I micht hae a waur offer, waur offer,
 But thocht I micht hae a waur offer.

But, what wad ye think, in a fortnicht or less,—
 The deil's in his taste to gang near her !—
 He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess—
 Guess ye how, the jaud ! I could bear her, could bear
 her,
 Guess ye how, the jaud ! I could bear her !

But a' the neist week, as I fretted wi' care,
 I gaed to the tryst o' Dalgarnock ;

* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724.

And wha but my braw fickle wooer was there?
 Wha glowr'd as he had seen a warlock, a warlock,
 Wha glowr'd as he had seen a warlock.

Out ower my left shouther I gi'ed him a blink,
 Lest neebors nicht say I was saucy;
 My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I speir'd for my cousin, fou couthie and sweet,
 Gin she had recover'd her hearin' ?
 And how my auld shoon fitted her shauchled feet ?*
 Gude sauf us ! how he fell a-swearin', a-swearin',
 Gude sauf us ! how he fell a-swearin'.

He begged, for gudesake ! I wad be his wife,
 Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow ;
 Sae, e'en to preserve the puir body in life,
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow.



LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Rothiemurchus' Rant.*

LASSIE wi' the lint-white locks,
 Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,
 Wilt thou wi' me tend the flocks ?
 Wilt thou be my dearie, O ?

Now Nature cleads the flowery lea,
 And a' is young and sweet like thee
 O, wilt thou share its joys wi' me,
 And say thou'lt be my dearie, O ?
 Lassie wi', &c.

* In Scotland, when a cast-off lover pays his addresses to a new mistress, that new mistress is said to have got the auld shoon (old shoes) of the former one. Here the metaphor is made to carry an extremely ingenious sarcasm at the clumsiness of the new mistress's person.

And when the welcome simmer shower
 Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower,
 We'll to the breathing woodbine bower,
 At sultry noon, my dearie, O.

When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,
 The weary shearer's hameward way,
 Through yellow-waving fields we'll stray,
 And talk o' love, my dearie, O.

And when the howling wintry blast
 Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest,
 Enclasped to my faithful breast,
 I'll comfort thee, my dearie, O.



I'LL NEVER LOVE THEE MORE.

THE MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

My dear and only love, I pray
 That little world of thee,
 Be govern'd by no other sway
 But purest monarchy ;
 For if confusion have a part,
 Which virtuous souls abhor,
 I'll call a synod in my heart,
 And never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,
 And I will reign alone ;
 My thoughts did evermore disdain
 A rival on my throne.
 He either fears his fate too much,
 Or his deserts are small,
 Who dares not put it to the touch,
 To gain or lose it all.

But I will reign, and govern still,
 And always give the law,
 And have each subject at my will,
 And all to stand in awe :

But 'gainst my batt'ries, if I find
 Thou storm, or vex me sore,
 As if thou set me as a blind,
 I'll never love thee more.

And in the empire of thy heart,
 Where I should solely be,
 If others do pretend a part,
 Or dare to share with me ;
 Or committees if thou erect,
 Or go on such a score,
 I'll smiling mock at thy neglect,
 And never love thee more.

But if no faithless action stain
 Thy love and constant word,
 I'll make thee famous by my pen,
 And glorious by my sword.
 I'll serve thee in such noble ways,
 As ne'er was known before ;
 I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,
 And love thee more and more.*

~~~~~

### GENERAL LESLIE'S MARCH TO LONGMARSTON MOOR.

MARCH, march, why the deil dinna ye march ?  
 Stand to your arms, my lads ; fight in good order.  
 Front about, ye musketeers all,  
 Till ye come to the English Border.  
 Stand til't, and fight like men,  
 True gospel to maintain ;  
 The Parliament's blythe to see us a-coming ;  
 When to the kirk we come,  
 We'll purge it ilka room,  
 Frae Popish relics, and a' sic innovations,  
 That a' the world may see,  
 There's nane in the right but we,  
 Of the auld Scottish nation.

\* The earliest publication, in which I have observed this beautiful poem in print, is Watson's Collection of Scots Poems, Part III. 1711.



Jenny shall wear the hood,  
 Jockie the sark of God ;  
 And the kistfu' o' whistles, that maks sic a cleiro,  
 Our pipers braw,  
 Shall hae them a' ;  
 Whate'er come on it,  
 Busk up your plaids, my lads,  
 Cock up your bonnets.\*

~~~~~

MY LADY'S GOWN THERE'S GAIRS
 UPON'T.

BURNS.

My lady's gown there's gairs upon't,
 And gowden springs sae rare upon't :
 But Jennie's jimps and jerkinet,
 My lord thinks meikle mair upon't.

My lord a-hunting he is gane ;
 But hounds and hawks wi' him are nane ;
 By Colin's cottage lies his game,
 If Colin's Jennie be at hame.

My lady's white, my lady's red,
 And kith and kin o' Cassilis' blude ;
 But her ten-pund lands o' tocher gude
 Were a' the charms his lordship lo'ed.

Out ower yon muir, out ower yon moss,
 Where gor-cocks through the heather pass,
 There wons auld Colin's bonnie lass,
 A lily in a wilderness.

Sae sweetly move her genty limbs,
 Like music-notes o' lovers' hymns ;

* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, (1724,) where it is marked as a song of which the editor did not know either the age or the author. It seems to have been written by some sneering cavalier, as a quiz upon the Scottish army which marched to join the English Parliamentary forces, 1644, in terms of the Solemn League and Covenant, and which was so instrumental in winning for that party the decisive battle of Longmarston Moor.

The diamond-dew in her een sae blue,
Where laughing love sae wanton swims :

My lady's dink, my lady's dress'd,
The flower and fancy o' the West ;
But the lassie that a man lo'es best,
O, that's the lass to mak him blest.*

~~~~~

### LOW DOUN I' THE BRUME.†

TUNE—*Low doun i' the Broom.*

MY daddie is a cankert carle,  
He'll no twine wi' his gear ;  
My minnie she's a scauldin' wife,  
Hauds a' the house asteer.  
But let them say, or let them do,  
It's a' ane to me,  
For he's low doun, he's in the brume,  
That's waitin' on me :  
Waiting on me, my love,  
He's waiting on me :  
For he's low doun, he's in the brume,  
That's waitin' on me.

My auntie Kate sits at her wheel,  
And sair she lightlies me ;  
But weel I ken it's a' envy,  
For ne'er a joe has she.  
And let them say, &c.

My cousin Kate was sair beguiled  
Wi' Johnnie o' the Glen ;

\* The tune of this song is a most expressively blackguard version of the Reel of Tulloch, the full effect of which can only be given on the violin.

† " This song is said to be the production of James Carnegie, Esq. of Balnamoon, a beautiful estate upon the slope of the Grampians, about five miles north-west of Brechin. A correspondent, who has kindly furnished the substance of this notice, says, ' I have conversed with a worthy farmer of fourscore, who has lived on the Balnamoon estate from infancy. The garrulous old fellow observed, ' I kent the auld laird weel ; he was a curious body, and there's nae doubt but he made up the sang.' He was firmly attached to the House of Stuart, and went out in the forty-five. After the quelling of that unhappy rebellion, he lived for some time in the capacity of a shepherd to one of his hill-farmers ; but the interest of the Arbuthnot family, with which he was connected by marriage, soon restored him to his home and to the world.'—*Harp of Caledonia*, vol. II. p. 387.

And aye sinsyne she cries, Beware  
O' fause deluding men.

Gleed Sandy he cam wast yestreen,  
And speir'd when I saw Pate ;  
And aye sinsyne the neebors round  
They jeer me air and late.

~~~~~

THE BORDER WIDOW.*

My love he built me a bonnie bouir,
And clad it a' wi' lillie flour :
A brower bouir ye ne'er did see,
Than my true lover built for me.

* This fragment is usually regarded as a lament for the death of Cockburn of Henderland, a noted free-booter, whom King James V. hanged over the gate of his own tower, in one of his justiciary excursions through Ettrick Forest. Tradition says, he was surprised by the king while sitting at dinner. The remains of the free-booter's hold may be seen near the mouth of a wild stream which runs into St Mary's Loch, among the wilds which divide Tweeddale from Dumfries-shire; the adjacent country, now bleak and bare, once afforded shelter to the largest stags in Scotland. To the recesses of a wild glen, down which a mountain-stream gushes, the wife of Cockburn, it is said, retreated during the execution of her husband; and a seat, called the Lady's Seat, is pointed out, where she strove to drown, amid the roar of the cataract, the shouts which announced the close of his existence.

As the circumstances detailed in the song do not at all correspond with those of this traditionary tale, the Lament is perhaps to be referred to some more dreadful and more remote story of private outrage. Whatever might have been its occasion, few will deny it the merit of the most exquisitely appropriate pathos. And yet an ordinary reader will scarcely be able to appreciate, to its full extent, the misery of the situation of the widow after the death of her husband. If it be taken into account, that, besides the distress into which that event plunged her, and over and above the miserable loneliness of her situation, the horrors of superstition must also have environed her, a more fearful and more touching picture could not possibly be called up. It was the idea of the Scottish people, that if a corpse were left for a moment alone, it would rise up from its stiffened lair, and denote, by its convulsed visage, its resentment of that act of negligence. The widow, therefore, could not possibly leave her husband's side; at last, seeing no prospect of being relieved, she was obliged to perform his funeral obsequies with her own hands. A story is told in the south of Scotland, of a poor woman, whose husband died in a moorland place which was seldom visited, and who was therefore compelled to watch the corpse herself, with the dreary hope of being relieved in the course of a day or two. She went often to the door, like sister Ann, to see what she could see, and at last, happening to leave the door ajar, which produces the same effect with leaving the corpse alone, she was horror-struck, on turning back into the house, to observe her husband sitting up in his bed, glaring hideously, and gnashing his teeth with rage. The poor woman sat down, and cried bitterly, unable to remove her eye from that of the corpse, which seemed to possess a sort of horrible fascination. At length, to put an end to her distress, a priest, passing along the moor, happened to come in, and, by putting his finger into his mouth, and repeating the Lord's Prayer backwards, caused the corpse to fall back upon the bed, and behave himself as a dead man ought to do.

There cam a man at mid-day hour,
 He heard my song and he saw my bouir—
 And he brocht armed men that nicht,
 And brake my bouir and slew my knicht.

He slew my knicht, to me sae dear,
 And burnt my bouir, and drave my gear.
 My servants a' for life did flee,
 And left me in extremitie.

I sew'd his sheet and made my maen ;
 I watch'd his corpse, myself alane ;
 I watch'd by nicht and I watch'd by day ;
 No living creature came that way.

I bore his body on my back,
 And whyles I went and whyles I sat ;
 I digg'd a grave and laid him in,
 And happ'd him wi' the sod sae green.

But think na ye my heart was sair,
 When I laid the moul' on his yellow hair ;
 Oh, think na ye my heart was wae,
 When I turn'd about, away to gae ?

The man lives not I'll love again,
 Since that my comely knicht is slain.
 Wi' ae lock of his yellow hair
 I'll bind my heart for evermair.



THE WHITE COCKADE.

TUNE—*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's ta'en the field wi' his white cockade.

O, he's a ranting, roving blade !
 O, he's a brisk and a bonny lad !

Betide what may, my heart is glad
To see my lad wi' his white cockade.

O, leeze me on the philabeg,
The hairy hough, and garter'd leg !
But aye the thing that glads my ee,
Is the white cockade aboon the bree.

I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my reel,
My rippling kame, and spinning wheel,
To buy my lad a tartan plaid,
A braidsword and a white cockade.

I'll sell my rokely and my tow,
My gude grey mare and hawket cow,
That ev'ry loyal Buchan lad
May tak' the field wi' his white cockade.*



THE LOWLANDS OF HOLLAND.

TUNE—*The Lowlands of Holland.*

My love he's built a bonnie ship, and set her on the sea,
With seven score guid mariners to bear her companie.
There's three score is sunk, and three score dead at sea ;
And the Lowlands of Holland hae twined my love and
me.

My loye he built another ship, and set her on the main,
And nane but twenty mariners for to bring her hame ;
But the weary wind began to rise, and the sea began
to route ;
My love, then, and his bonnie ship, turn'd withershins †
about.

* The allusions in this song, which appeared in Herd's Collection (1776), prove it to be a decidedly Jacobite composition. It was probably written by some one of the loyal-minded ladies of Aberdeenshire, whose lover had left her to join the standard of Prince Charles, and who was accordingly very much distracted between her concern for her "brisk and bonny lad," and her anxiety to see that cause prosper, the badge of which he had chosen to assume. It is curious to observe her begin with a sort of lament for the step which he had taken, and end with a prayer, that every man in the district would do as he had done.

† In a direction contrary to the course of the sun.

There shall neither coif come on my head, nor kame
 come in my hair ;
 There shall neither coal nor candle-licht come in my
 bouir mair ;
 Nor will I love another man until the day I dee,
 For I never loved a love but ane, and he's drown'd in
 the sea.

O, haud your tongue, my daughter dear, be still and
 be content ;
 There are mair lads in Galloway, ye need na sair la-
 ment.
 O ! there is nane in Galloway, there's nane at a' for me ;
 For I never loved a love but ane, and he's drown'd in
 the sea.*

~~~~~

## THE LOWLANDS OF HOLLAND.

[ANOTHER VERSION.]

THE luvè that I hae chosen  
 I'll therewith be content ;  
 The saut sea will be frozen  
 Before that I repent ;  
 Repent it will I never  
 Until the day I die,  
 Though the Lowlands of Holland  
 Hae twined my love and me.

My luvè lies in the saut sea,  
 And I am on the side ;  
 Enough to break a young thing's heart,  
 Wha lately was a bride—  
 Wha lately was a happy bride,  
 And pleasure in her ee ;  
 But the Lowlands of Holland  
 Hae twined my love and me.

New Holland is a barren place,  
 In it there grows nae grain,

\* From Herd's Collection, 1776.

Nor ony habitation  
 Wherein for to remain ;  
 But the sugar canes are plenty,  
 And the wine draps frae the tree ;  
 But the Lowlands of Holland  
 Hae twined my love and me.

My love he built a bonnie ship,  
 And sent her to the sea,  
 Wi' seven score guid mariners  
 To bear her companie.  
 Three score to the bottom gaed,  
 And three score died at sea ;  
 And the Lowlands of Holland  
 Hae twined my love and me.\*

~~~~~

THE WAUKIN' O' THE FAULD.†

RAMSAY.

TUNE—*The Waukin' o' the Fauld.*

MY PEGGIE is a young thing,
 Just enter'd in her teens ;
 Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
 Fair as the day, and always gay :
 My PEGGIE is a young thing,
 And I'm nae very auld,
 And weel I like to meet her at
 The waukin' o' the fauld.

* From Laurie and Symington's Collection, 1792.

† This fine song describes the sentiments connected with a custom, now obsolete in the land. The Wauking of the Faulds, was a practice common in the pastoral districts of Scotland previous to the late changes in rural economy; when it was necessary to keep up a nocturnal watch upon the folds at a particular season of the year, in order to prevent the lambs from getting back to their dams, from which they had been recently weaned. On these occasions, the shepherd was always allowed to have the lass of his choice along with him; and as his vigils occurred at the pleasantest time of the year, when night is only a shadowy interval of day, the whole affair is said to have been one of the most agreeable things connected with pastoral life.

There is a tradition, that Allan Ramsay composed the tune to this song on the bag-pipe; though that seems scarcely possible, as the air extends to an octave and a sixth, five notes beyond the compass of at least the Highland chanter.

My Peggie speaks sae sweetly
 Whene'er we meet alane,
 I wish nae mair to lay my care,
 I wish nae mair o' a' that's rare :
 My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
 To a' the lave I'm cauld,
 But she gars a' my spirits glow
 At waukin' o' the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly
 Whene'er I whisper love,
 That I look doun on a' the toun,
 That I look doun upon a croun :
 My Peggie smiles sae kindly,
 It maks me blythe and bauld,
 And naething gies me sic delight
 As waukin' o' the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae softly
 When on my pipe I play,
 By a' the rest it is confest,
 By a' the rest, that she sings best :
 My Peggy sings sae softly,
 And in her sangs are tauld,
 With innocence, the wale o' sense,
 At waukin' o' the fauld.

~~~~~

## FOR THE SAKE OF SOMEBODY.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Somebody*.

My heart is sair—I daurna tell—  
 My heart is sair for somebody ;  
 I could wake a winter night,  
 For the sake of somebody.  
 Ochon, for somebody !  
 Och hey, for somebody !  
 I could range the warld round,  
 For the sake of somebody.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,  
 O, sweetly smile on somebody!  
 Frae ilka danger keep him free,  
 And send me safe my somebody.  
 Ochon, for somebody!  
 Och hey, for somebody!  
 I wad do—what wad I not!  
 For the sake of somebody.\*

~~~~~

**MY CHLORIS, MARK HOW GREEN
 THE GROVES.**

BURNS.

TUNE—*My Lodging is on the Cold Ground.*

My Chloris, mark how green the groves,
 The primrose banks how fair;
 The balmy gales awake the flowers,
 And wave thy flaxen hair.

The lav'rock shuns the palace gay,
 And o'er the cottage sings;
 For nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
 To shepherds as to kings.

Let minstrels sweep the skilfu' string
 In lordly lichtit ha';
 The shepherd stops his simple reed,
 Blythe, in the birken shaw.

The princely revel may survey
 Our rustic dance wi' scorn;
 But are their hearts as light as ours,
 Beneath the milk-white thorn?

The shepherd, in the flow'ry glen,
 In shepherd's phrase will woo;
 The courtier tells a fairer tale,
 But is his heart as true?

* Written on the model of a Jacobite song, the "somebody" of which was the old Chevalier.

These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd, to deck
 That spotless breast of thine;
 The courtier's gems may witness love,
 But 'tis na love like mine.

~~~~~

DONALD MACDONALD.

HOGG.

TUNE—*Woo'd and married and a'.*

MY name it is Donald Macdonald—  
 I live in the Highlands sae grand;  
 I've follow'd my banner, and will do,  
 Wherever my Maker has land.  
 When rankit amang the blue bonnets,  
 Nae danger can fear me ava;  
 I ken that my brethren around me  
 Are either to conquer or fa'.  
     Brogues, and brochan, and a',  
     Brochan, and brogues, and a';  
 And is na the laddie weel aff  
     Wha has brogues, and brochan, and a'?

Short syne we were wonderfu' canty,  
 Our friends and our country to see;  
 But since the proud Consul's grown vauntie,  
 We'll meet him by land or by sea.  
 Wherever a clan is disloyal,  
 Wherever our king has a foe,  
 He'll quickly see Donald Macdonald,  
 Wi' his Highlanders a' in a row.  
     Guns, and pistols, and a',  
     Pistols, and guns, and a';  
 He'll quickly see Donald Macdonald,  
     Wi' guns, and pistols, and a'.

What though we befreendit young Charlie?  
 To tell it I dinna think shame;  
 Puir lad! he cam to us but barely,  
 And reckon'd our mountains his hame.



It's true that our reason forbade us,  
 But tenderness carried the day;  
 Had Geordie come freendless amang us,  
 Wi' him we had a' gane away.  
     Sword, and buckler, and a',  
     Buckler, and sword, and a';  
 For George we'll encounter the devil,  
 Wi' sword, and buckler, and a'.

And O I wad eagerly press him  
 The keys o' the East to retain;  
 For should he gie up the possession,  
 We'll soon hae to force them again:  
 Than yield up an inch wi' dishonour,  
 Though it were my finishin' blow,  
 He aye may depend on Macdonald,  
 Wi' his Highlandmen all in a row.  
     Knees, and elbows, and a',  
     Elbows, and knees, and a';  
 Depend upon Donald Macdonald,  
 His knees, and elbows, and a'.

If Bonaparte land at Fort-William,  
 Auld Europe nae langer shall grane;  
 I laugh when I think how we'll gall him  
 Wi' bullet, wi' steel, and wi' stane:  
 Wi' rocks o' the Nevis and Garry  
 We'll rattle him aff frae our shore,  
 Or lull him asleep in a cairnie,  
 And sing him *Lochaber no more!*  
     Stanes, and bullets, and a',  
     Bullets, and stanes, and a';  
 We'll finish the Corsican callan'  
 Wi' stanes, and bullets, and a'.

The Gordon is gude in a hurry;  
 And Campbell is steel to the bane;  
 And Grant, and Mackenzie, and Murray,  
 And Cameron, will hurkle to nane;  
 The Stuart is sturdy and wannel;  
 And sae is Macleod and Mackay;  
 And I their gude-brither, Macdonald,  
 Sall never be last in the fray.

Brogues, and brochan, and a',  
 Brochan, and brogues, and a' ;  
 And up wi' the bonnie blue bonnet,  
 The kilt, and feather, and a'.\*

~~~~~

HIGHLAND HARRY.

My Harry was a gallant gay ;
 Fu' stately strode he on the plain ;
 But now he's banish'd far away,
 I'll never see him back again.
 Oh, for him back again !
 Oh, for him back again !
 I wad gie a' Knockhaspie's land
 For Highland Harry back again.

When a' the lave gae to their bed,
 I wander dowie up the glen ;
 I sit me down, and greet my fill,
 And aye I wish him back again.

Oh, were some villains hangit hie,
 And ilka body had their ain,
 Then I micht see the joyfu' sicht,
 My Highland Harry back again.

Sad was the day, and sad the hour,
 He left me in his native plain,
 And rush'd his much-wrong'd Prince to join ;
 But, oh ! he'll ne'er come back again !

Strong was my Harry's arm in war,
 Unmatch'd in a' Culloden's plain ;
 But vengeance marks him for her ain—
 I'll never see him back again. †

* This is remarkable, as being the first song its ingenious author ever wrote. It was composed, as some allusions in it testify, soon after the commencement of the last war, in 1803.

† The first three verses of this song, excepting the chorus, are by Burns. The air to which it is sung, is the Highlander's Farewell to Ireland, with some alterations, sung slowly.

TAM GLEN.

BURNS.

TUNE—*The muckin' o' Geordie's Byre.*

MY heart is a-breaking, dear tittie,
 Some counsel unto me come len';
 To anger them a' is a pity,
 But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

I'm thinkin', wi' sic a braw fallow,
 In puirtith we micht mak a fen';
 What care I in riches to wallow,
 If I maunna marry Tam Glen?

There's Lowrie, the laird o' Drumeller,
 Gude day to you, brute, he comes ben;
 He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
 But when will he dance like Tam Glen?

My minnie does constantly deave me,
 And bids me beware o' young men;
 They flatter, she says, to deceive me—
 But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him
 He'll gie me guid hunder merks ten;
 But, if it's ordain'd I maun tak him,
 O, wha will I get but Tam Glen?

Yestreen, at the Valentines dealin',
 My heart to my mou' gied a sten;
 For thrice I drew ane without failin',
 And thrice it was written—Tam Glen.

The last Hallowe'en I was waukin'
 My drookit sark-sleeve, as ye ken;
 His likeness cam up the house staukin',
 And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen.

Come, counsel, dear tittie, don't tarry ;
 I'll gie you my bonnie black hen,
 Gif ye will advise me to marry
 The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

~~~~~

## MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

BURNS.\*

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here—  
 My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer ;  
 A-chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,  
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.  
 Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,  
 The birth-place of valour, the country of worth ;  
 Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,  
 The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow ;  
 Farewell to the straths and green valleys below ;  
 Farewell to the forests and wild hanging woods ;  
 Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.  
 My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here ;  
 My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer,  
 Chasing the wild-deer and following the roe—  
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

~~~~~

THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

[WRITTEN AFTER THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN,
 1746.]

*
 SMOLLETT.

MOURN, hapless Caledonia, mourn
 Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn !

* Except the first four lines, which are old.

Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,
 Lie slaughter'd on their native ground.
 Thy hospitable roofs no more
 Invite the stranger to the door ;
 In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
 The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees afar
 His all become the prey of war ;
 Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
 Then smites his breast and curses life.
 Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,
 Where once they fed their wanton flocks ;
 Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain ;
 Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it, then, in every clime,
 Through the wide-spreading waste of time,
 Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
 Still shines with undiminish'd blaze ?
 Thy towering spirit now is broke ;
 Thy neck is bended to the yoke :
 What foreign arms could never quell,
 By civil rage and rancour fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay
 No more shall cheer the happy day ;
 No social scenes of gay delight
 Beguile the dreary winter night :
 No strains but those of sorrow flow,
 And nought is heard but sounds of wo ;
 While the pale phantoms of the slain
 Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

Oh, baneful curse ! oh, fatal morn,
 Accursed to ages yet unborn !
 The sons against their fathers stood,
 The parent shed his children's blood ;
 Yet when the rage of battle ceased,
 The victor's soul was not appeased ;
 The naked and forlorn must feel
 Devouring flames and murdering steel.

The pious mother, doom'd to death,
 Forsaken, wanders o'er the heath ;
 The bleak wind whistles round her head ;
 Her helpless orphans cry for bread :
 Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
 She views the shades of night descend ;
 And, stretch'd beneath the inclement skies,
 Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

Whilst the warm blood bedews my veins,
 And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
 Resentment of my country's fate
 Within my filial breast shall beat ;
 And spite of her insulting foe,
 My sympathizing verse shall flow :
 Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
 Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn ! *



THERE'S MY THUMB, I'LL NE'ER BEGUILÉ THEE.

RAMSAY.

TUNE—*There's my Thumb, I'll ne'er beguile thee.*

MY sweetest May, let love incline thee
 T' accept a heart which he designs thee ;
 And as your constant slave regard it,
 Syne for its faithfulness reward it.
 'Tis proof a-shot to birth or money,
 But yields to what is sweet and bonny ;
 Receive it, then, with a kiss and smily ;
 There's my thumb, it will ne'er beguile ye.

How tempting sweet these lips of thine are !
 Thy bosom white, and legs sae fine are,

* There is a literary tradition, that when Smollett first showed this song, the friend to whom it was imparted took the liberty of entering a remonstrance against the impropriety of expressing such a vehement feeling of resentment against the dominant powers ; when the indignant author, to show the firmness of his resolution on that score, retired, and immediately after reproduced the poem, with the addition of the last verse.

That, when in pools I see thee clean 'em,
 They carry away my heart between 'em.
 I wish, and I wish, while it gae duntin',
 O gin I had thee on a mountain!
 Though kith and kin and a' should revile thee,
 There's my thumb, I'll ne'er beguile thee.

Alane through flow'ry howes I dauder,
 Tenting my flocks, lest they should wander;
 Gin thou'll gae alang, I'll daute thee gaylie,
 And gie my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.
 O my dear lassie, it is but daffin,
 To haud thy wooer up niff-naffin:
 That Na, na, na, I hate it most vilely;
 O say, Yes, and I'll ne'er beguile thee.*

~~~~~

## CORN-RIGS ARE BONNY.†

RAMSAY.

TUNE—*Corn-rigs are bonny.*

My Patie is a lover gay;  
 His mind is never muddy;  
 His breath is sweeter than new hay;  
 His face is fair and ruddy.  
 His shape is handsome, middle size;  
 He's stately in his walking;  
 The shining of his een surprise;  
 'Tis heaven to hear him talking.

Last night I met him on a bauk,  
 Where yellow corn was growing;

\* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724.

† There is a set of music bells in the steeple of St John's Church at Perth, which play one of a series of lively Scottish airs every time the clock strikes. It so happened, one Sunday, at twelve o'clock, just as the minister below happened to use, with peculiar emphasis, the striking scripture metaphor, "Plough up the fallow ground of your hearts," that the music bells, much after the manner of an orchestra on the discharge of a toast at a public dinner, struck up the appropriate air, "Corn-rigs are bonny," to the infinite edification and no less amusement of the audience.—*Picture of Scotland, volume second, article Perthshire.*

There mony a kindly word he spake,  
 That set my heart a-glowing.  
 He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,  
 And lo'ed me best of ony ;  
 That gars me like to sing sinsyne,  
 O corn-rigs are bonny.

Let maidens of a silly mind  
 Refuse what maist they're wanting ;  
 Since we for yielding are design'd,  
 We chastely should be granting :  
 Then I'll comply and marry Pate ;  
 And syne my cockernony  
 He's free to touzle air or late,  
 Where corn-rigs are bonny.\*

~~~~~

SOGER LADDIE.

TUNE—*Soger Laddie.*

My soger laddie is over the sea,
 And he will bring gold and money to me ;
 And when he comes hame he'll make me a lady ;
 My blessing gang with my soger laddie.

My doughtie laddie is handsome and brave,
 And can as a soger and lover behave ;
 True to his country, to love he is steady ;
 There's few to compare with my soger laddie.

Shield him, ye angels, frae death in alarms,
 Return him with laurels to my longing arms.
 Syne frae all my care ye'll pleasantly free me,
 When back to my wishes my soger ye gie me.

O soon may his honours bloom fair on his brow,
 As quickly they must, if he gets his due :
 For in noble actions his courage is ready,
 Which makes me delight in my soger laddie.†

* From the Gentle Shepherd.

† From the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724.

AMBITION AND LOVE.

SIR GILBERT ELLIOT, OF MINTO, BART.

TUNE—*My apron, dearie.*

My sheep I neglected—I lost my sheep-hook,
 And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook ;
 No more for Amynta fresh garlands I wove ;
 For ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love.
 Oh, what had my youth with ambition to do ?
 Why left I Amynta ? Why broke I my vow ?
 Oh, give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,
 And I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.

Through regions remote in vain do I rove,
 And bid the wide ocean secure me from love !
 Oh, fool ! to imagine that aught could subdue
 A love so well-founded, a passion so true !

Alas ! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine ;
 Poor shepherd, Amynta can never be thine :
 Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain,
 The moments neglected return not again.*

~~~~~

## MY NANNIE'S AWA.

BURNS.

TUNE—*There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.*

Now in her green mantle blythe nature arrays,  
 And listens the lambkins that bleat ower the braes,  
 While birds warble welcome in ilka green shaw ;  
 But to me it's delightless—my Nannie's awa.

The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn,  
 And violets bathe in the weet o' the morn ;

\* First printed in Herd' Collection, 1776.

They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw !  
They mind me o' Nannie—and Nannie's awa.

Thou laverock, that springs frae the dewes of the lawn,  
The shepherd to warn of the grey-breaking dawn ;  
And thou mellow mavis, that hails the night-fa' ;  
Give over for pity—my Nannie's awa.

Come, autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey,  
And soothe me wi' tidings o' nature's decay :  
The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw,  
Alane can delight me—my Nannie's awa.

~~~~~

THE BROADSWORDS OF OLD SCOTLAND.

J. G. LOCKHART, ESQ.

TUNE—*The Kail-brose of Old Scotland.*

Now there's peace on the shore, now there's calm on
the sea,
Fill a glass to the heroes whose swords kept us free,
Right descendants of Wallace, Montrose, and Dundee.
Oh, the broadswords of old Scotland !
And oh, the old Scottish broadswords !

Old Sir Ralph Abercromby, the good and the brave—
Let him flee from our board, let him sleep with the
slave,
Whose libation comes slow while we honour his grave.
Oh, the broadswords, &c.

Though he died not like him amid victory's roar,
Though disaster and gloom wove his shroud on the
shore,
Not the less we remember the spirit of Moore.
Oh, the broadswords, &c.

Yea, a place with the fallen the living shall claim,
We'll entwine in one wreath every glorious name,

The Gordon, the Ramsay, the Hope, and the Graham,
All the broadswords, &c.

Count the rocks of the Spey, count the groves of the
Forth,
Count the stars in the clear cloudless heaven of the
north,
Then go blazon their numbers, their names, and their
worth,
All the broadswords, &c.

The highest in splendour, the humblest in place,
Stand united in glory, as kindred in race,
For the private is brother in blood to his grace.
Oh, the broadswords, &c.

Then sacred to each and to all let it be,
Fill a glass to the heroes whose swords kept us free,
Right descendants of Wallace, Montröse, and Dundee.
Oh, the broadswords of old Scotland!
And oh, the old Scottish broadswords!

~~~~~

## SONG COMPOSED IN AUGUST.

BURNS.

TUNE—*I had a horse, I had nae mair.*

Now westlin winds and slaughtering guns  
Bring autumn's pleasant weather;  
The muircock springs on whirring wings,  
Among the blooming heather.  
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,  
Delights the weary farmer;  
And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night,  
To muse upon my charmer.

The partridge loves the fruitful fells;  
The plover loves the mountains;  
The woodcock haunts the lonely dells,  
The soaring hern the fountains.

Through lofty groves the cushat roves,  
 The path of man to shun it ;  
 The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,  
 The spreading thorn the linnet.

Thus every kind their pleasure find,  
 The savage and the tender ;  
 Some social join, and leagues combine ;  
 Some solitary wander :  
 Avaunt, away ! the cruel sway,  
 Tyrannic man's dominion ;  
 The sportsman's joy, the murdering cry,  
 The fluttering, gory pinion.

But, Peggy dear, the evening's clear,  
 Thick flies the skimming swallow ;  
 The sky is blue, the fields in view,  
 All fading green and yellow :  
 Come let us stray our gladsome way,  
 And view the charms o' nature,  
 The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,  
 And every happy creature.

We'll gently walk and sweetly talk,  
 Till the silent moon shine clearly ;  
 I'll grasp thy waist, and fondly press't,  
 And swear I love thee dearly.  
 Not vernal showers to budding flowers,  
 Not autumn to the farmer,  
 So dear can be as thou to me,  
 My fair, my lovely charmer !

~~~~~

THE BIG-BELLIED BOTTLE.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Prepare, my dear Brethren, to the Tavern let's fly.*

No churchman am I, for to rail and to write ;
 No statesman or soldier, to plot or to fight ;

No sly man of business, contriving a snare ;
For a big-bellied bottle's the whole of my care.

The peer I don't envy—I give him his bow ;
I scorn not the peasant, though ever so low ;
But a club of good fellows, like those that are here,
And a bottle like this, are my glory and care.

Here passes the squire on his brother—his horse ;
There centum-per-centum, the cit with his purse ;
But see you " the Crown," how it waves in the air !
There a big-bellied bottle still eases my care.

The wife of my bosom, alas ! she did die ;
For sweet consolation to church I did fly ;
I found that old Solomon proved it fair,
That a big-bellied bottle's a cure for all care.

I once was persuaded a venture to make ;
A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck ;
But the pury old landlord just waddled up stairs,
With a glorious bottle, that ended my cares.

" Life's cares they are comforts,"* a maxim laid down
By the bard, what d'ye call him, that wore the black
gown ;
And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair,
For a big-bellied bottle's a heaven of care.

[STANZA ADDED IN A MASON LODGE.]

Then fill up a bumper, and make it o'erflow,
And honours masonic prepare for to throw ;
May every true brother of the compass and square
Have a big-bellied bottle when harass'd with care.

* Young's Night Thoughts.

SCORNFU' NANCY.

TUNE—*Nancy's to the Greenwood gane.*

NANCY'S to the greenwood gane,
 To hear the gowdspink chatt'ring ;
 And Willie he has follow'd her,
 To gain her love by flatt'ring :
 But, a' that he could say or do,
 She geck'd and scorned at him ;
 And, aye when he began to woo,
 She bad him mind wha gat him.

What ails ye at my dad, quoth he,
 My minnie or my auntie ?
 Wi' crowdy-mowdy they fed me,
 Lang-kale and ranty-tanty :
 Wi' bannocks o' gude barley-meal,
 Of thae there was richt plenty,
 Wi' chappit stocks fu' butter'd weel,
 And was not that richt dainty ?

Although my father was nae laird,
 'Tis daffin to be vaunt'y,
 He keepit aye a guid kale-yard,
 A ha' house, and a pantry :
 A guid blue bonnet on his head,
 An owerlay 'bout his craigie ;
 And aye, until the day he dee'd,
 He rade on guid shanks-naigie.

Now wae and wonder on your snout,
 Wad ye hae bonny Nancy ?
 Wad ye compare yoursell to me—
 A docken till a tanzie ?
 I hae a wooer o' my ain,
 They ca' him Souple Sandy ;
 And weel I wat his bonny mou'
 Is sweet like sugar-candy.

Now, Nancy, what need a' this din ?
 Do I no ken this Sandy ?

I'm sure the chief o' a' his kin
 Was Rab, the beggar-randy :
 His minny Meg, upon her back,
 Bare baith him and his billy ;
 Will ye compare a nasty pack
 To me, your winsome Willy ?

My gutcher left a guid braidsword :
 Though it be auld and rusty,
 Yet ye may tak' it on my word,
 It is baith stout and trusty ;
 And if I can but get it drawn,
 Which will be richt uneasy,
 I shall lay baith my lugs in pawn,
 That he shall get a heezy.

Then Nancy turn'd her round about,
 And said, Did Sandy hear ye,
 Ye wadna miss to get a clout ;
 I ken he disna fear ye :
 Sae haud your tongue, and say nae mair,
 Set somewhere else your fancy ;
 For as lang 's Sandy 's to the fore,
 Ye never shall get Nancy.*

~~~~~

## THE HIGHLAND QUEEN.

TUNE—*The Highland Queen.*

No more my song shall be, ye swains,  
 Of purling streams or flowrie plains ;  
 More pleasing beauties now inspire,  
 And Phœbus deigns the warbling lyre.  
 Divinely aided, thus I mean  
 To celebrate, to celebrate,  
 To celebrate my Highland Queen.

\* This clever song is marked in the Tea-Table Miscellany as one of the anonymous and old sort of which the editor knew nothing ; but I have been informed, upon good authority, that it was the composition of a Mr Ainslie, a small farmer at Carrington, near Dalkeith, who lived upwards of a century ago. It seems to present a just, as it certainly does a graphic picture of the food and dress of the rustic people of Scotland at that period.



In her sweet innocence you'll find,  
 With freedom, truth, and virtue join'd;  
 Strict honour fills her spotless soul,  
 And gives a lustre to the whole.

A matchless shape and lovely mien,  
 All centre in, all centre in,  
 All centre in my Highland Queen.

No sordid wish, or trifling joy,  
 Her settled calm of mind destroy;  
 From pride and affectation free,  
 Alike she smiles on you and me.

The brightest nymph that trips the green,  
 I do pronounce, I do pronounce,  
 I do pronounce my Highland Queen.

How blest that youth whom gentle fate  
 Has destined to so fair a mate,  
 With all those wondrous gifts in store,  
 To which each coming day brings more.

No man more happy can be seen,  
 Possessing thee, possessing thee,  
 Possessing thee, my Highland Queen.\*



## THE YOUNG LAIRD AND EDINBURGH KATIE.

RAMSAY.

TUNE—*Tartan Screen.*

Now wat ye wha I met yestreen,  
 Coming down the street, my joe?  
 My mistress, in her tartan screen,  
 Fu' bonnie, braw, and sweet, my joe!  
 My dear, quoth I, thanks to the night  
 That never wiss'd a lover ill,

\* From an old manuscript copy. The first printed collection in which it is observable, seems to be that of Herd, 1776. In the Scots Musical Museum, the "poetry and music both" are stated to have been "by a Mr M'Vicar, once of the Solbay man-of-war."

Sin' ye're out o' your mither's sicht,  
Let's tak' a walk up to the hill.\*

Oh, Katie, wilt thou gang wi' me,  
And leave the dinsome toun a while?  
The blossom's sprouting frae the tree,  
And a' creation's gaun to smile.  
The mavis, nightingale, and lark,  
The bleating lambs and whistling hynd,  
In ilka dale, green shaw, and park,  
Will nourish health, and glad your mind.

Sune as the clear gudeman o' day  
Does bend his mornin' draught o' dew,  
We'll gae to some burn-side and play,  
And gather flouirs to busk your brow.  
We'll pou the daisies on the green,  
The lucken-gowans frae the bog;  
Between hands, now and then, we'll lean  
And sport upon the velvet fog.

There 's, up into a pleasant glen,  
A wee piece frae my father's tower,  
A canny, saft, and flowery den,  
Which circling birks have form'd a bower.  
Whene'er the sun grows high and warm,  
We'll to the caller shade remove;

\* The Old Town of Edinburgh, now so degraded, but formerly a place of the highest fashion, is the locality of this fine song, of which the first verse contains a picture of certain customs which obtained a century ago in the capital of Scotland, but are now totally forgotten by all except the antiquary. A young country gentleman, walking up the High Street in the evening, encounters his mistress, no doubt a young lady of good birth as well as breeding, and recognises her even under the tartan garment, then used by all sorts of women as a veil, and against which, as affording peculiar facilities for intrigue, the whole vengeance of the town-council and the kirk-session had been directed in vain. He solicits her to walk with him up to *the hill*—the abbreviated popular phrase for the esplanade in front of Edinburgh Castle, which was then the only promenade at the command of the citizens, and a favourite place among lovers for nocturnal assignations. In their walk along the Castle Hill, he takes advantage of the situation to depict the delights of a summer residence in the country, which, in all its poetical and sunshine beauty, may be supposed to have contrasted strongly with the darkness and din of the city beneath, and therefore to have disposed the young lady very favourably to his suit.

It is quite as remarkable as it is true, that the mode of courtship among people of the middle ranks in Edinburgh has undergone a complete change in the course of no more than the last thirty years. It used to be customary for lovers to walk together for hours, both during the day and the evening, in the Meadows, or the King's Park, or the fields now occupied by the New Town; practices now only known to artizans and serving-girls.

The song appeared in the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724.

There will I lock thee in my arm,  
And love and kiss, and kiss and love.



MY MOTHER'S AYE GLOWRIN' OWER  
ME;

IN ANSWER TO THE YOUNG LAIRD AND  
EDINBURGH KATY.

RAMSAY.

TUNE—*My Mother's aye glowrin' o'er me.*

My mother's aye glowrin' ower me,  
Though she did the same before me;  
I canna get leave  
To look at my love,  
Or else she'd be like to devour me.

Right fain wad I tak' your offer,  
Sweet sir—but I'll tyne my tocher;  
Then, Sandy, ye'll fret,  
And wyte your puir Kate,  
Whene'er ye keek in your toom coffer.

For though my father has plenty  
Of silver, and plenishing dainty,  
Yet he's unco sweir  
To twine wi' his gear;  
And sae we had need to be tenty.

Tutor my parents wi' caution,  
Be wylie in ilka motion;  
Brag weel o' your land,  
And, there's my leal hand,  
Win them, I'll be at your devotion.

## DUETT—PHILLY AND WILLY.

BURNS.

TUNE—*The Sow's Tail.*

HE.

O PHILLY, happy be that day,  
 When, roving through the gather'd hay,  
 My youthfu' heart was stown away,  
 And by thy charms, my Philly.

SHE.

O, Willy, aye I bless the grove,  
 Where first I own'd my maiden love,  
 Whilst thou didst pledge the Powers above,  
 To be my ain dear Willy.

HE.

As songsters of the early year  
 Are ilka day more sweet to hear,  
 So ilka day to me more dear  
 And charming is my Philly.

SHE.

As on the brier the budding rose  
 Still richer breathes, and fairer blows,  
 So in my tender bosom grows  
 The love I bear my Willy.

HE.

The milder sun and bluer sky,  
 That crown my harvest cares wi' joy,  
 Were ne'er so welcome to my eye  
 As is a sight o' Philly.

SHE.

The little swallow's wanton wing,  
 Though wafting o'er the flow'ry spring,  
 Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring  
 As meeting o' my Willy.

HE.

The bee that, through the sunny hour,  
 Sips nectar in the opening flower,

Compared wi' my delight is poor,  
Upon the lips of Philly.

SHE.

The woodbine in the dewy weet,  
When evening shades in silence meet,  
Is not sae fragrant or sae sweet  
As is a kiss o' Willy.

HE.

Let fortune's wheel at random rin,  
And fools may tine, and knaves may win ;  
My thoughts are a' bound up in ane,  
And that's my ain dear Philly.

SHE.

What's a' the joys that gowd can gie !  
I care na wealth a single flee ;  
The lad I love's the lad for me,  
And that's my ain dear Willy.\*

~~~~~

O, WERE I ON PARNASSUS HILL.†

BURNS.

TUNE—*My Love is lost to me.*

O, WERE I on Parnassus Hill,
And had of Helicon my fill,
That I might catch poetic skill,
To sing how dear I love thee !
But Nith maun be my Muse's well,
My muse maun be thy bonnie sell,
On Corsincon I'll glowr and spell,
And write how dear I love thee.

* On resolving to write a new song for this well-known tune, Burns proposed that it should be a sort of duett between Mr George Thomson, for whose work he was to write it, and Mrs Thomson ; but as both Mr Thomson's first name, and that of Mrs Thomson, (Katherine,) were unfit for being introduced into a sentimental song, he eventually adopted the names of Willy and Philly, the last of which was a sort of favourite with the poet, on account of its being the abbreviated name of a lady whom he admired excessively, and in whose honour he wrote many other songs—Miss Philadelphia Macmurdo.


† Burns wrote this song, while settled at Ellisland, in honour of Mrs Burns.

Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay;
 For, a' the lee-lang simmer's day,
 I couldna sing, I couldna say,
 How much, how dear I love thee.
 I see thee dancing ower the green,
 Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
 Thy tempting lips, thy roguish een—
 By heaven and earth, I love thee!

By night, by day—a-field, at hame—
 The thoughts of thee my breast inflame!
 And aye I muse and sing thy name—
 I only live to love thee.
 Though I were doom'd to wander on,
 Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
 Till my last weary sand was run,
 Till then—and then I'll love thee.*

~~~~~

### CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

TUNE—*Charlie is my darling.* 

O, CHARLIE is my darling,  
 My darling, my darling,  
 O, Charlie is my darling,  
     The young Chevalier!

'Twas on a Monday morning,  
 Richt early in the year,  
 That Charlie cam to our town,  
     The young Chevalier.

As he came marching up the street,  
 The pipes play'd loud and clear,  
 And a' the folk cam rinnin' out  
     To meet the Chevalier.

\* It may be mentioned, that the compliment here paid to the heroine's dancing was no higher than deserved. Mrs Burns's dancing was exactly of that admirable sort which is found in almost all women of exquisitely symmetrical persons; a series of naturally graceful attitudes and motions, producing the most fascinating effect without the least apparent exertion; the apotheosis of handsomeness. Even at the present time (1826), I am informed that this very interesting and amiable lady continues to dance with extraordinary grace.

Wi' Highland bonnets cock'd ajee,  
 And braidswords shining clear,  
 They cam to fight for Scotland's right  
 And the young Chevalier.

They've left their bonnie Highland hills,  
 Their wives and bairnies dear,  
 To draw their sword for Scotland's lord,  
 The young Chevalier.

Oh! there were mony beating hearts,  
 And mony hopes and fears,  
 And mony were the prayers put up  
 For the young Chevalier.\*



## THE BANKS OF ALLAN WATER.

TUNE—*Allan Water.*

ON the banks of Allan water,  
 When the sweet spring-time did fall,  
 Was the miller's lovely daughter,  
 Fairest of them all.  
 For his bride a soldier sought her,  
 And a winning tongue had he ;  
 On the banks of Allan water  
 None so gay as she.

On the banks of Allan water,  
 When brown autumn spread its store,  
 There I saw the miller's daughter  
 But she smiled no more :  
 For the summer grief had brought her,  
 And her soldier false was he ;  
 On the banks of Allan water  
 None so sad as she.

On the banks of Allan water,  
 When the winter snow fell fast,

\* This spirited Jacobite song has been written, evidently at a very recent period, in imitation of a less delicate and poetical ditty with the same *overword* and chorus.

Still was seen the miller's daughter—  
 Chilling blew the blast ;  
 But the miller's lovely daughter  
 Both from cold and care was free ;  
 On the banks of Allan water  
 There a corse lay she.

~~~~~

ANNAN'S WINDING STREAM.

STEWART LEWIS.*

TUNE—*Gramachree.*

ON Annan's banks, in life's gay morn,
 I tuned " my wood-notes wild ;"
 I sung of flocks and flow'ry plains,
 Like nature's simple child.
 Some talk'd of wealth—I heard of fame,
 But thought 'twas all a dream,
 For dear I loved a village maid
 By Annan's winding stream.

The dew-bespangled blushing rose,
 The garden's joy and pride,

* Stewart Lewis was a native of Lockerby, in Dumfries-shire. In the earlier part of his life he was a merchant-tailor, but a dispute with his partner caused him afterwards to assume the more manly profession of arms. I remember seeing him in his old days, about the year 1810; when, having long given up all regular employment, he used to travel through the country, with a bundle of small pamphlets, containing his poems, which he subsisted by selling. He was a man of extravagant speech, and had at least one pretension to the character of a poet—that he held all persons of merely common sense in great scorn, and looked upon worldly prudence as next thing to villainy. His poetry had some merit; but if he had been a Shakspeare, or a Burns, he could not have had a higher notion of his dignity as a bard. His wife travelled with him; a little old woman, forming a strong contrast in her real appearance to the fanciful description of her in the above song. She was, however, a woman of prudence, and was devotedly attached to her husband. When seen along with him, with her modest figure, and her perpetual attempts to soften away the effects of his wild language, she looked like " dejected Pity" by the side of Revenge, in Collins's Ode, and was almost as interesting a picture. When she died, the poor poet almost went distracted with grief. One day, soon after that event, I found, on coming home, a letter lying for me, which had been left by him in my absence. It was scrawled from top to bottom in huge and wildly irregular characters; but the whole words which it contained were the following: " MY DEAR SIR, I AM MAD—STEWART LEWIS." He did not long survive his partner, but died in 1818, at Lockerby, in a state of incurable and almost insane melancholy, which had no other cause than grief for her death.

Was ne'er so fragrant nor so fair
 As her I wish'd my bride.
 The sparkling radiance of her eye
 Was bright as Phœbus' beam ;
 Each grace adorn'd my village maid
 By Annan's winding stream.

But war's shrill clarion fiercely blew—
 The sound alarm'd mine ear ;
 My country's wrongs call'd for redress—
 Could I my aid forbear ?
 No ;—soon, in warlike garb array'd,
 With arms that bright did gleam,
 I sigh'd, and left my village maid
 By Annan's winding stream.

Perhaps blest peace may soon return,
 With all her smiling train ;
 For Britain's conquests still proclaim
 Her sovereign of the main.
 When'er that wish'd event appears,
 I'll hail the auspicious gleam,
 And haste to clasp my village maid
 Near Annan's winding stream.

~~~~~  
 LEWIE GORDON.

GEDDES.\*

TUNE—*Lewie Gordon.*

O SEND Lewie Gordon hame,  
 And the lad I daurna name ;  
 Though his back be at the wa',  
 Here's to him that's far awa.  
 Ochon, my Highlandman !  
 O my bonnie Highlandman !  
 Weel would I my true love ken,  
 Amang ten thousand Highlandmen.

\* A Roman Catholic priest at Shenval, in the Enzie, Banffshire. "Lewie Gordon" was Lord Lewis Gordon, son of the Duke of Gordon, who raised a regiment and joined Prince Charles in 1745. By "the lad I daurna name," is meant Prince Charles Stuart, to whom the whole song, after the first line, evidently alludes.

O ! to see his tartan trews,  
 Bonnet blue, and laigh-heel'd shoes,  
 Philabeg aboon his knee !  
 That's the lad that I'll gang wi'.  
 Ochon, &c.

This lovely youth of whom I sing,  
 Is fitted for to be a king ;  
 On his breast he wears a star :  
 You'd tak' him for the god of war.  
 Ochon, &c.

O ! to see this princely one  
 Seated on a royal throne !  
 Disasters a' would disappear ;  
 Then begins the jub'lee year.  
 Ochon, &c.

~~~~~

O, HUSH THEE, MY BABY.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

TUNE—" *Gadil gu lo.*" *

O, HUSH thee, my baby ! Thy sire was a knight,
 Thy mother a lady, both lovely and bright ;
 The woods and the glens from these towers which we see,
 They all are belonging, dear baby, to thee.

O, fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows ;
 It calls but the warders that guard thy repose.
 Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,
 Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed.

O, hush thee, my baby ! The time soon will come,
 When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum ;
 Then hush thee, my darling ; take rest while you may ;
 For strife comes with manhood, and waking with day.

* " Sleep on till day."

OCH HEY, JOHNNIE LAD.

TANNAHILL.

Och hey, Johnnie lad,
 Ye're no sae kind's ye sou'd hae been ;
 Och hey, Johnnie lad,
 Ye didna keep your tryst yestreen.
 I waited lang beside the wood,
 Sae wae and weary a' my lane ;
 Och hey, Johnnie lad,
 It was a waefu' nicht yestreen !

I lookit by the whinny knowe,
 I lookit by the firs sae green ;
 I lookit ower the spunkie howe,
 And aye I thocht ye wad hae been.
 The ne'er a supper cross'd my craig,
 The ne'er a sleep has closed my een :
 Och hey, Johnnie lad,
 Ye're no sae kind's ye sou'd hae been.

Gin ye were waitin' by the wood,
 It's I was waitin' by the thorn ;
 I thocht it was the place we set,
 And waited maist till dawnin' morn.
 But be nae beat, my bonnie lass,
 Let my waitin' stand for thine ;
 We'll awa to Craigton shaw,
 And seek the joys we tint yestreen.

~~~~~

## OUR GUDEMAN CAM' HAME AT E'EN.

Our gudeman cam hame at e'en,  
 And hame cam he ;  
 And there he saw a saddle-horse,  
 Where nae horse should be.  
 Oh, how cam this horse here ?  
 How can this be ?

How cam this horse here,  
 Without the leave o' me ?  
     A horse ! quo' she !  
     Aye, a horse, quo' he.  
 Ye auld blind dotard carle,  
 And blinder mat ye be !  
 It's but a bonnie milk-cow,  
 My mither sent to me.  
     A milk-cow ! quo' he ;  
     Aye, a milk-cow, quo' she.  
 Far hae I ridden,  
     And muckle hae I seen ;  
 But a saddle on a milk-cow  
     Saw I never nane.

Our gudeman cam hame at e'en,  
     And hame cam he ;  
 He spied a pair o' jack-boots,  
     Where nae boots should be.  
 What's this now, gudewife ?  
     What's this I see ?  
 How cam thae boots here,  
     Without the leave o' me ?  
     Boots ! quo' she ;  
     Aye, boots, quo' he.  
 Ye auld blind dotard carle,  
 And blinder mat ye be !  
 It's but a pair o' water-stoups,  
     The cooper sent to me.  
     Water-stoups ! quo' he ;  
     Aye, water-stoups, quo' she.  
 Far hae I ridden,  
     And muckle hae I seen ;  
 But siller-spurs on water stoups  
     Saw I never nane.

Our gudeman cam hame at e'en,  
     And hame cam he ;  
 And there he saw a siller sword,  
     Where nae sword should be.  
 What's this now, gudewife ?  
     What's this I see ?

O how cam this sword here,  
 Without the leave o' me ?  
     A sword ! quo' she ;  
     Aye, a sword, quo' he.  
 Ye auld blind dotard carle,  
 And blinder mat ye be !  
 It's but a parridge-spurtle,  
 My minnie sent to me.  
     A parridge-spurtle ! quo' he ;  
     Aye, a parridge-spurtle, quo' she.  
 Weel, far hae I ridden,  
 And muckle hae I seen ;  
 But siller-handed parridge-spurtles  
 Saw I never nane.

Our gudeman cam hame at e'en,  
 And hame cam he ;  
 And there he spied a powder'd wig,  
 Where nae wig should be.  
 What's this now, gudewife ?  
 What's this I see ?  
 How cam this wig here,  
 Without the leave o' me ?  
     A wig ! quo' she ;  
     Aye, a wig, quo' he.  
 Ye auld blind dotard carle,  
 And blinder mat ye be !  
 'Tis naething but a clocken-hen  
 My minnie sent to me.  
     A clocken-hen ! quo' he ;  
     Aye, a clocken-hen, quo' she.  
 Far hae I ridden,  
 And muckle hae I seen,  
 But pouter on a clocken-hen  
 Saw I never nane.

Our gudeman cam hame at e'en,  
 And hame cam he ;  
 And there he saw a mickle coat,  
 Where nae coat should be.  
 How cam this coat here ?  
 How can this be ?

How cam this coat here,  
 Without the leave o' me ?  
 A coat ! quo she ;  
 Ay, a coat, quo' he.  
 Ye auld blind dotard carle,  
 And blinder mat ye be !  
 It's but a pair o' blankets  
 My minnie sent to me.  
 Blankets ! quo' he ;  
 Ay, blankets, quo' she.  
 Far hae I ridden,  
 And muckle hae I seen ;  
 But buttons upon blankets  
 Saw I never nane !

Ben gaed our gudeman,  
 And ben gaed he ;  
 And there he spied a sturdy man,  
 Where nae man should be.  
 How cam this man here ?  
 How can this be ?  
 How cam this man here,  
 Without the leave o' me ?  
 A man ! quo' she ;  
 Ay, a man, quo' he.  
 Puir blind body,  
 And blinder mat you be !  
 It's but a new milkin' maid,  
 My mither sent to me.  
 A maid ! quo' he ;  
 Ay, a maid, quo' she.  
 Far hae I ridden,  
 And muckle hae I seen,  
 But lang-bearded maidens  
 Saw I never nane.\*

~~~~~  
ETTRICK BANKS.

TUNE—*Ettrick Banks.*

ON Ettrick banks, ae simmer's nicht,
 At gloamin, when the sheep gaed hame,

* This admirable specimen of old Scottish humour first appeared in Herd's Collection, 1776.

I met my lassie braw and ticht,
 Come wading, barefoot, a' her lane :
 My heart grew licht—I ran—I flang
 My arms about her lily neck,
 And kiss'd and clapp'd her there fu' lang ;
 My words they werena mony feck.

I said, My lassie, will ye go
 To the Highland hills, the Erse to learn ?
 I'll gie thee baith a cow and ewe
 When ye come to the brig o' Earn.
 At Leith auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,
 And herrin at the Broomielaw ;
 Cheer up your heart, my bonnie lass,
 There's gear to win ye never saw.

All day, when we have wrocht eneuch,
 When winter frosts and snaw begin,
 Sune as the sun gaes wast the loch,
 At nicht, when ye sit down to spin,
 I'll screw my pipes, and play a spring :
 And thus the weary nicht will end,
 Till the tender kid and lamb-time bring
 Our pleasant simmer back again.

Syne, when the trees are in their blume,
 And gowans glent ower ilka fiel',
 I'll meet my lass amang the brume,
 And lead you to my summer shiel :
 Then, far frae a' their scornfu' din,
 That mak the kindly hearts their sport,
 We'll laugh and kiss, and dance and sing,
 And gar the langest day seem short.*

~~~~~

## MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL.

BURNS.

TUNE—*My tocher's the jewel.*

O MEIKLE thinks my love o' my beauty,  
 And meikle thinks my love o' my kin ;

\* This beautiful song made its first appearance in the Tea-Table Miscellany, where it is marked as a composition of indefinite age.



But little thinks my love I ken brawly  
My tocher's the jewel has charms for him.

It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree ;  
It's a for the hinnie he'll cherish the bee ;  
My laddie is sae in luvè wi' the siller,  
He canna hae love to spare for me.

Your proffer o' luvè's an airle-penny ;  
My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy :  
But an ye be crafty, I am cunning ;  
Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.

Ye're like the timmer o' yon rotten wood ;  
Ye're like the bark o' yon rotten tree ;  
Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread ;  
And you'll crack your credit wi' mae nor me.

## FAREWELL TO BONNIE TEVIOTDALE.

THOMAS PRINGLE.

OUR native land, our native vale,  
A long, a last adieu !  
Farewell to bonnie Teviotdale,  
And Cheviot's mountains blue !

Farewell, ye hills of glorious deeds,  
Ye streams renown'd in song !  
Farewell, ye braes and blossom'd meads,  
Our hearts have loved so long !

Farewell, the blythesome broomy knowes,  
Where thyme and harebells grow !  
Farewell, the hoary, haunted howes,  
O'erhung with birk and sloe !

The mossy cave, and mouldering tower,  
That skirt our native dell ;  
The martyr's grave, and lover's bower,  
We bid a sad farewell !

Home of our love ! our fathers' home !  
 Land of the brave and free !  
 The sail is flapping on the foam,  
 That bears us far from thee !

We seek a wild and distant shore,  
 Beyond the western main :  
 We leave thee to return no more,  
 Nor view thy cliffs again !

Our native land, our native vale  
 A long, a last adieu !  
 Farewell to bonnie Teviotdale,  
 And Scotland's mountains blue !



## OPEN THE DOOR TO ME, OH !

BURNS.\*

OH, open the door, some pity show,  
 Oh, open the door to me, oh !  
 Though thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true,  
 Oh, open the door to me, oh !

Cauld is the blast upon my pale cheek,  
 But caulder thy love for me, oh !  
 The frost that freezes the life at my heart,  
 Is nought to my pains frae thee, oh !

The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,  
 And time is setting with me, oh !  
 False friends, false love, farewell ! for mair  
 I'll ne'er trouble them nor thee, oh !

She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide,  
 She sees his pale corse on the plain, oh !  
 My true love, she cried, and sunk down by his side,  
 Never to rise again, oh !

\* Or rather, only mended by Burns.

## THE EWIE WI' THE CROOKIT HORN.

REV. JOHN SKINNER.

TUNE—*The ewie wi' the crookit horn.*

O, were I able to rehearse,  
 My ewie's praise in proper verse,  
 I'd sound it out as loud and fierce  
 As ever piper's drone could blaw.  
 My ewie wi' the crookit horn !  
 A' that kenn'd her would hae sworn,  
 Sic a ewie ne'er was born,  
 Hereabouts nor far awa.

She neither needed tar nor keel,  
 To mark her upon hip or heel ;  
 Her crookit hornie did as weel,  
 To ken her by amang them a'.

She never threaten'd scab nor rot,  
 But keepit aye her ain jog-trot ;  
 Baith to the fauld and to the cot,  
 Was never sweir to lead nor ca'.

A better nor a thriftier beast,  
 Nae honest man need e'er hae wish'd,  
 For, silly thing, she never miss'd  
 To hae ilk year a lamb or twa.

The first she had I gae to Jock,  
 To be to him a kind o' stock ;  
 And now the laddie has a flock  
 Of mair than thretty head and twa.

The neist I gae to Jean ; and now  
 The bairn's sae braw, has faulds sae fu',  
 That lads sae thick come her to woo,  
 They're fain to sleep on hay or straw.

Cauld nor hunger never dang her,  
 Wind or rain could never wrang her ;

Ance she lay an ouk and langer  
Forth aneath a wreath o' snaw.

When other ewies lap the dyke,  
And ate the kale for a' the tyke,  
My ewie never play'd the like,  
But teesed about the barn wa'.

I lookit aye at even for her,  
Lest mishanter should come ower her,  
Or the fuimart micht devour her,  
Gin the beastie bade awa.

Yet, last ouk, for a' my keeping,  
(Wha can tell o't without greeting?)  
A villain cam, when I was sleeping,  
Staw my ewie, horn and a'.

I socht her sair upon the morn,  
And down aneath a bush o' thorn,  
There I fand her crookit horn,  
But my ewie was awa.

But gin I had the loon that did it,  
I hae sworn as weel as said it,  
Although the laird himsell forbid it,  
I sall gie his neck a thraw.

I never met wi' sic a turn:  
At e'en I had baith ewe and horn,  
Safe steekit up; but, 'gain the morn,  
Baith ewe and horn were stown awa.

A' the claes that we hae worn,  
Frae her and hers sae aft was shorn;  
The loss o' her we could hae borne,  
Had fair-strae death ta'en her awa.

O, had she died o' croup or cauld,  
As ewies die when they grow auld,  
It hadna been, by mony fauld,  
Sae sair a heart to ane o' us a'.

But thus, puir thing, to lose her life,  
 Beneath a bluidy villain's knife ;  
 In troth, I fear that our gudewife  
 Will never get abune 't ava.

O, all ye bards benorth Kinghorn,  
 Call up your muses, let them mourn  
 Our ewie wi' the crookit horn,  
 Frae us stown, and fell'd and a' !

~~~~~

MEG O' THE MILL.

BURNS.

TUNE—*O bonnie lass, will you lie in a barrack.*

O, KEN ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten,
 An' ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten ?
 She has gotten a coof wi' a claut o' siller,
 And broken the heart o' the barley miller.

The miller was strappin', the miller was ruddy ;
 A heart like a lord, and a hue like a lady :
 The laird was a wuddiefu' bleerit knurl ;
 She's left the guid fallow, and ta'en the churl.

The miller he hecht her a heart leal and loving :
 The laird did address her wi' matter mair moving ;
 A fine pacing-horse wi' a clear-chain'd bridle,
 A whip by her side, and a bonny side-saddle.

O wae on the siller, it's sae prevailing ;
 And wae on the love that's fix'd on a mailin' !
 A tocher's nae word in a true lover's parle.
 But, Gie me my love, and a fig for the warl !

THE WHIGS O' FIFE.

TUNE—*The Whigs o' Fife.*

O WAE to a' the Whigs o' Fife,
 The brosy tykes, the lousy tykes,
 O wae to a' the Whigs o' Fife,
 That e'er they cam frae hell!

There's gentle John, and Jock the slorp,
 And skellied Jock, and bellied Jock,
 And curly Jock, and burly Jock,
 And lying Jock himsell.

Deil claw the traitors wi' a flail,
 That took the middens for their bail,
 And kiss'd the cow ahint the tail,
 That keaved at kings themsell.

At sic a sty o' stinking crew
 The fiends themselves were like to spew;
 They held their nose, and crook'd their mou',
 And doughtna bide the smell.

But gin I saw his face again,
 Thae hounds hae hunted ower the plain,
 Then ilka ane should get his ain,
 And ilka Whig the mell.

O for a bauk as lang as Crail,
 And for a rape o' rapes the wale,
 To hing the tykes up by the tail,
 And hear the beggars yell!
 O wae to a' the Whigs o' Fife,
 The brosy tykes, the lousy tykes,
 O wae to a' the Whigs o' Fife,
 That e'er they cam frae hell!*

* From the *Scottish Minstrel*, a collection of united songs and airs, by Mr R. A. Smith, 6 vols. 1823-8.

O LIGHT IS THE HEART AND THE EE.

LAING.

TUNE—*I lo'ed ne'er a laddie but anc.*

O LIGHT is the heart and the ee,
 When the laddie we loe is our ain;
 And licht is the toil o' the day,
 When trysted to meet him at e'en:
 And sweet is the smile o' the sun,
 When lichting the landscape anew;
 But sweeter the blink o' the mune,
 When lichtin' our lover in view.

Yestreen, by the howe in the vale,
 My laddie was waitin' on me;
 Though fond as my laddie himsell,
 Yet waitin' I wish'd him to be.
 He pu'd me low down on his knee,
 His arms he around me did twine;
 And press'd at my hand for a wee,
 And lean'd his warm cheek upon mine.

Dear lassie, he whisper'd, now we
 Hae stown this moment our lane;
 But had we the Martinmas fee,
 We'll e'en hae a house o' our ain.
 Though we hae nae gowd to gae through,
 We hae what the gowd canna buy;
 He gied me a kiss o' his mou',
 And tell'd me the lave in a sigh.

My bosom a' lowin' wi' love,
 I sigh'd and said naething ava;
 And O that sweet nicht was above
 The sweetest that ever did fa'!
 And sae will I lovingly strive
 To follow his wishes wi' mine,
 That yet, when in years we arrive,
 He'll think wi' delight on yestreen.

THE CYPRESS WREATH.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

O LADY, twine no wreath for me,
 Or twine it of the cypress tree ;
 Too lively glow the lilies light,
 The varnish'd holly's all too bright ;
 The May-flower and the eglantine
 May shade a brow less sad than mine :
 But, lady, weave no wreath for me,
 Or weave it of the cypress tree.

Let dimpled mirth his temples twine
 With tendrils of the laughing vine ;
 The manly oak, the pensive yew,
 To patriot or to sage be due.
 The myrtle-bough bids lovers live,
 But that Matilda will not give.
 Then, lady, twine no wreath for me,
 Or twine it of the cypress tree.

Let merry England proudly rear
 Her blended roses bought so dear ;
 Let Albin bind her bonnet blue
 With heath and hare-bell dipp'd in dew ;
 On favour'd Erin's crest be seen
 The flower she loves of emerald green :
 But, lady, twine no wreath for me,
 Or twine it of the cypress tree.

Strike the wild harp, while maids prepare
 The ivy meet for minstrel's hair ;
 And while his crown of laurel-leaves
 With bloody hand the victor weaves,
 Let the loud trump his triumph tell ;
 But when you hear the passing-bell,
 Then, lady, twine a wreath for me,
 And twine it of the cypress tree.

Yes, twine for me the cypress-bough ;
 But, O Matilda, twine not now !

Stay till a few brief months are past,
 And I have look'd and loved my last !
 When villagers my shroud bestrew
 With pansies, rosemary, and rue—
 Then, lady, weave a wreath for me,
 And weave it of the cypress-tree !

O WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOUN.

BURNS.

TUNE—*I'll gang nae mair to yon toun.*

O WAT ye wha's in yon toun
 Ye see the e'ening sun upon ?
 The fairest maid's in yon toun,
 That e'ening sun is shining on.
 Now haply down yon gay green shaw,
 She wanders by yon spreading tree ;
 How blest, ye flow'rs, that round her blaw !
 Ye catch the glances o' her ee.
 How blest, ye birds, that round her sing,
 And welcome in the blooming year !
 And doubly welcome be the spring,
 The season to my Jeanie dear !

The sun blinks blythe on yon toun,
 Amang yon broomy braes sae green ;
 But my delight, in yon toun,
 And dearest pleasure, is my Jean.
 Without my love, not a' the charms
 Of Paradise could yield me joy ;
 But gie me Jeanie in my arms,
 And welcome Lapland's drearie sky.
 My cave wad be a lover's bower,
 Though raging winter rent the air ;
 And she a lovely little flower,
 That I wad tent and shelter there.

O sweet is she in yon toun,
 The sinking sun's gane down upon ;

The dearest maid's in yon toun,
 His setting beam e'er shone upon.
 If angry fate be sworn my foe,
 And suffering I am doom'd to bear,
 I'll careless quit aught else below ;
 But spare, oh ! spare me Jeanie dear.
 For, while life's dearest blood runs warm,
 My thoughts frae her shall ne'er depart :
 For, as most lovely is her form,
 She has the truest, kindest heart.*

~~~~~

### THE BOATIE ROWS.†

TUNE—*The Boatie rows.*

O WEEL may the boatie row,  
 And better may she speed !  
 And weel may the boatie row,  
 That wins the bairns's bread !  
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
 The boatie rows indeed ;  
 And happy be the lot of a'  
 That wishes her to speed !

I cuist my line in Largo Bay,  
 And fishes I caught nine ;  
 There's three to boil, and three to fry,  
 And three to bait the line.  
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
 The boatie rows indeed ;  
 And happy be the lot of a'  
 That wishes her to speed !

O weel may the boatie row,  
 That fills a heavy creel,  
 And cleads us a' frae head to feet,  
 And buys our parritch meal.

\* This song was written upon Miss Lucy Johnstone, afterwards Mrs Oswald of Auchincruive, a most accomplished and lovely woman, who died in the prime of life at Lisbon. The poet, in his first fervour, thought of sending his song to the heroine, but immediately after gave up the idea ; because, said he, in a letter to Mr Syme, " perhaps what I offer as the honest incense of genuine respect, might, from the well-known character of poverty and poetry, be construed into some modification of that servility which my soul abhors."

† Stated by Burns to have been written by a Mr Ewen of Aberdeen.



The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
 The boatie rows indeed ;  
 And happy be the lot of a'  
 That wish the boatie speed.

When Jamie vow'd he would be mine,  
 And wan frae me my heart,  
 O muckle lighter grew my creel !  
 He swore we'd never part.  
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
 The boatie rows fu' weel ;  
 And muckle lighter is the lade,  
 When love bears up the creel.

My kurch I put upon my head,  
 And dress'd mysell fu' braw ;  
 I trow my heart was douf and wae,  
 When Jamie gaed awa :  
 But weel may the boatie row,  
 And lucky be her part ;  
 And lightsome be the lassie's care  
 That yields an honest heart !

When Sawnie, Jock, and Janetie,  
 Are up, and gotten lear,  
 They'll help to gar the boatie row,  
 And lighten a' our care.  
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
 The boatie rows fu' weel ;  
 And lightsome be her heart that bears  
 The murlain and the creel !

And when wi' age we're worn down,  
 And hirpling round the door,  
 They'll row to keep us hale and warm,  
 As we did them before :  
 Then, weel may the boatie row,  
 That wins the bairns's bread ;  
 And happy be the lot of a'  
 That wish the boat to speed !\*

\* From Johnson's Scots Musical Museum, volume the Fifth, published circa 1796.

It is customary to abridge this song when sung, by giving only the first, second, and sixth verses.

## THE ROSY BRIER.

BURNS.

TUNE—*The wee wee Man.*

O, BONNIE was yon rosy brier,  
 That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man ;  
 And bonnier she, and, ah, how dear !  
 It shaded frae the e'enin' sun.

Yon rose-buds in the mornin' dew,  
 How pure amang the leaves sae green ;  
 But purer was the lover's vow  
 They witness'd in their shade yestreen.

All in its rude and prickly bower,  
 That crimson'd rose, how sweet and fair !  
 But love is a far sweeter flower,  
 Amid life's thorny path o' care.

The pathless wild and wimplin' burn,  
 Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine ;  
 And I the world nor wish nor scorn,  
 Its joys and griefs alike resign.

~~~~~

O LET ME IN THIS AE NIGHT.

BURNS.

TUNE—*O let me in this ae night.*

O LASSIE, art thou sleeping yet ?
 Or art thou waukin', I would wit ?
 For love has bound me hand and foot,
 And I would fain be in, jo.
 O let me in this ae night,
 This ae, ae, ae night ;
 For pity's sake, this ae night,
 O rise and let me in, jo.

Out ower the moss, out ower the muir,
 I came this dark and drearie hour ;
 And here I stand without the door,
 Amid the pouring storm, jo.
 O let me in, &c.

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet ;
 Nae star blinks through the driving sleet ;
 Tak' pity on my wearie feet,
 And shield me frae the rain, jo.
 O let me in, &c.

The bitter blast that round me blaws,
 Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's ;
 The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause
 O' a' my grief and pain, jo.
 O let me in, &c.

HER ANSWER.

BURNS.

O TELL nae me of wind and rain,
 Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain !
 Gae back the gate ye cam again ;
 I winna let you in, jo.
 I tell you now, this ae night,
 This ae, ae, ae night ;
 And, ance for a', this ae night,
 I winna let you in, jo.

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,
 That round the pathless wand'rer pours,
 Is nought to what poor she endures,
 That's trusted faithless man, jo.
 I tell you now, &c.

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,
 Now trodden like the vilest weed ;
 Let simple maid the lesson read,
 The weird may be her ain, jo.
 I tell you now, &c.

The bird that charm'd this summer day,
 Is now the cruel fowler's prey ;
 Let witless, trusting woman say,
 How aft her fate's the same, jo.
 I tell you now, &c.



O STAY, SWEET WARBLING WOOD- LARK.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Loch-Erroch side.*

O STAY, sweet warbling wood-lark, stay,
 Nor quit for me the trembling spray !
 A hapless lover courts thy lay,
 Thy soothing fond complaining.
 Again, again that tender part,
 That I may catch thy melting art ;
 For surely that wad touch her heart,
 Wha kills me wi' disdainin'.

Say, was thy little mate unkind,
 And heard thee as the careless wind ?
 Oh, nocht but love and sorrow join'd,
 Sic notes of woe could wauken.
 Thou tells o' never-ending care,
 O' speechless grief, and dark despair ;
 For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair !
 Or my poor heart is broken !

THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE.

BURNS.

TUNE—*This is no my ain House.*

O THIS is no my ain lassie,
 Fair though the lassie be ;
 O weel ken I my ain lassie,
 Kind love is in her ee.

I see a form, I see a face,
 Ye weel may wi' the fairest place ;
 It wants to me the witching grace,
 The kind love that's in her ee.
 O this is no, &c.

She's bonnie, blooming, straight, and tall,
 And lang has had my heart in thrall ;
 And aye it charms my vera saul,
 The kind love that's in her ee.
 O this is no, &c.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean ;
 She'll steal a blink by a' unseen ;
 But gleg as light are lovers' een,
 When kind love is in the ee.
 O this is no, &c.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
 It may escape the learned clarks ;
 But weel the watching lover marks
 The kind love that's in her ee.
 O this is no my ain lassie, &c.

~~~~~  
 YOUNG LOCHINVAR.\*

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

O, YOUNG Lochinvar has come out of the west ;  
 Through all the wide Border his steed was the best ;

\* This admirable ballad, which first appeared in *Marmion*, is founded upon an old one, called "Katherine Janfarie."



And, save his good broadsword, he weapons had none :  
 He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.  
 So faithful in love, and so gallant in war !  
 There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stay'd not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone ;  
 He swam the Esk river, where ford there was none :  
 But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,  
 The bride had consented—the gallant came late—  
 For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,  
 Was to wed the fair Helen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby hall,  
 Among clansmen, and kinsmen, and brothers and all !  
 Then spake the bride's father, his hand on his sword,  
 (For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)  
 O, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,  
 Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?—

I long woo'd your daughter—my suit you denied ;  
 Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide ;  
 And now I am come, with this lost love of mine  
 To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.  
 There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,  
 That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar.

The bride kiss'd the goblet ; the knight took it up ;  
 He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup.  
 She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,  
 With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.  
 He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar :  
 Now tread we a measure ! said young Lochinvar.

One touch on her hand, and one word in her ear,  
 When they reach'd the hall-door, and the charger stood  
     near ;  
 So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,  
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung !  
 She is won ! we are gone, over bush, loch, and scaur ;  
 They'll have fleet steeds that follow, quoth young  
     Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby  
clan ;

Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they  
ran ;

There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,  
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.

So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,  
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar ?

~~~~~

BESSIE BELL, AND MARY GRAY.

RAMSAY.

TUNE—*Bessy Bell, and Mary Gray.*

O, BESSIE BELL, and Mary Gray,
They were twa bonnie lasses ;
They biggit a bouir on yon burn-brae,
And theekit it ower wi' rashes.
Bessie Bell I lo'ed yestreen,
And thocht I ne'er could alter ;
But Mary Gray's twa pawky een
Gar'd a' my fancy falter.

Bessie's hair's like a lint-tap,
She smiles like a May mornin',
When Phœbus starts frae Thetis' lap,
The hills with rays adornin' :
White is her neck, saft is her hand,
Her waist and feet fu' genty,
With ilka grace she can command :
Her lips, O, wow ! they're denty.

Mary's locks are like the craw,
Her een like diamonds glances ;
She's aye sae clean, redd-up, and brow ;
She kills whene'er she dances.
Blythe as a kid, wi' wit at will,
She blooming, tight, and tall is,
And guides her airs sae gracefu' still ;
O, Jove, she's like thy Pallas !

Young Bessie Bell and Mary Gray,
 Ye unco sair oppress us ;
 Our fancies jee between ye twa,
 Ye are sic bonnie lasses.
 Wae's me ! for baith I canna get ;
 To ane by law we're stentit ;
 Then I'll draw cuts, and tak' my fate,
 And be wi' ane contentit.*



O, THIS IS MY DEPARTING TIME.

TUNE—*Good night, and joy be wi' you a'.*

O, THIS is my departing time,
 For here nae langer maun I stay ;
 There's not a friend or foe o' mine
 But wishes that I were away.

What I hae done for lack o' wit,
 I never, never can recall !
 I hope you're a' my friends as yet ;
 Good night, and joy be with you all.†

* Ramsay has here converted into a very pretty and sprightly song, what was originally a very rude but pathetic little ballad. The story upon which that ballad was founded, has often been told. The common tradition is, that Bessie Bell and Mary Gray were the daughters of two country gentlemen in the neighbourhood of Perth, and an intimate friendship subsisted between them. Bessie Bell, daughter of the Laird of Kinnaird, was on a visit to Mary Gray, at her father's house of Lynedoch, (now the seat of Lord Lynedoch,) when the plague of 1666 broke out in the country. To avoid the infection, the two young ladies built themselves a bower in a very retired and romantic spot called the Burn-braes, about three quarters of a mile west from Lynedoch House, where they resided for some time—supplied with food, it is said, by a young gentleman of Perth, who was in love with them both. The disease was unfortunately communicated to them by their lover, and proved fatal. According to custom, in cases of the plague, they were not buried in the ordinary place of sepulture, but in a secluded spot, called the Dronach Haugh, at the foot of a brae of the same name, upon the bank of the river Almond. As the ballad says—

“ They thocht to lie in Methven kirk,
 Amang their noble kin ;
 But they maun lie on Lynedoch-brae,
 To beak forenent the sun.”

Some tasteful person, in modern times, has fashioned a sort of bower over the spot where the two ill-starred beauties were interred.

The song first appeared in the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724.

† From Herd's Collection, 1776.

*The Original
 "Illustrated Scot. Song"
 p. 29*

Lynedoch

THE LAD THAT'S FAR AWA.

BURNS.*

TUNE—*O'er the hills and far awa.*

O, HOW can I be blithe and glad,
 Or how can I gang brisk and braw,
 When the bonnie lad that I lo'e best
 Is o'er the hills and far awa ?

It's no the frosty winter wind,
 It's no the driving drift and snaw ;
 But aye the tear comes in my ee
 To think on him that's far awa.

My father pat me frae his door,
 My friends they hae disown'd me a' ;
 But I hae ane will take my part,
 The bonnie lad that's far awa.

A pair o' gloves he gae to me,
 And silken snoods he gae me twa ;
 And I will wear them for his sake,
 The bonnie lad that's far awa.

The weary winter soon will pass,
 And spring will clead the birken shaw ;
 And my sweet babie will be born,
 And he'll come hame that's far awa.

~~~~~

O, LOGAN, SWEETLY DIDST THOU  
 GLIDE.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Logan Water.*

O, LOGAN, sweetly didst thou glide,  
 That day I was my Willie's bride ;

\* Excepting the first stanza, which formed the commencement of an old song.

And years sinsyne hae ower us run,  
 Like Logan to the summer sun :  
 But now thy flowery banks appear  
 Like drumlie winter, dark and drear,  
 While my dear lad maun face his faes,  
 Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Again the merry month of May  
 Has made our hills and valleys gay ;  
 The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,  
 The bees hum round the breathing flowers :  
 Blythe morning lifts his rosy eye,  
 And evening's tears are tears of joy :  
 My soul, delightless, a' surveys,  
 While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,  
 Among her nestlings sits the thrush ;  
 Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,  
 Or wi' his sang her cares beguile :  
 But I, wi' my sweet nurslings here,  
 Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,  
 Pass widow'd nights and joyless days,  
 While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

O, wae upon you, men o' state,  
 That brethren rouse to deadly hate !  
 As ye make many a fond heart mourn,  
 Sae may it on your heads return !  
 How can your flinty hearts enjoy  
 The widow's tears, the orphan's cry ?  
 But soon may peace bring happy days,  
 And Willie hame to Logan braes !

---

## BOTHWELL BANK.

JOHN PINKERTON.

TUNE—*Bothwell Bank, thou blumest fair.*

ON the blythe Beltane, as I went  
 By mysell attour the green bent,



Whereby the glancin' waves of Clyde,  
Throch sauchs and hangin' hazels glide;  
There, sadly sittin' on a brae,  
I heard a damsel speak her wae :

" Oh, Bothwell Bank, thou blumest fair,  
But, oh, thou maks my heart fu' sair !  
For a' beneth thy holts sae grene  
My luv and I wad sit at e'en ;  
While primroses and daisies, mixt  
Wi' blue bells, in my locks he fixt.

" But he left me ae drearie day,  
And haply now lies in the clay ;  
Without ae sich his death to roun,  
Without ae flowir his grave to croun !  
Oh, Bothwell Bank, thou blumest fair,  
But, oh, thou maks my heart fu' sair." \*

\* In proof of the antiquity of at least the air to which this song is sung, and of its beautiful *owerword*, or burden, a story has been quoted from a work entitled "Verstegan's Restitution of Decayed Intelligence," which was printed at Amsterdam in the year 1605. In journeying through Palestine, at some period even then remote, a Scotsman saw a female at the door of a house lulling her child to the air of Bothwell Bank. Surprise and rapture took simultaneous possession of his breast, and he immediately accosted the fair singer. She turned out to be a native of Scotland, who, having wandered thither, was married to a Turk of rank, and who still, though far removed from her native land, frequently reverted to it in thought, and occasionally called up its image by chanting the ditties in which its banks and braes, its woods and streams, were so freshly and so endearingly delineated. She introduced the traveller to her husband, whose influence in the country was eventually of much service to him ; an advantage which he could never have enjoyed, had not Bothwell Bank bloomed fair to a poet's eye, and been the scene of some passion not less tender than unfortunate.

The bank itself, which has thus attracted so much honourable notice, is a beautifully wooded piece of ground, descending in a steep semicircular sweep from the foundations of Bothwell Castle (Lanarkshire) to the brink of the Clyde, which is there a river of noble breadth. Being situated at the distance of about eight or nine miles above Glasgow, it is a frequent summer Sunday resort for the lads and lasses of that city, the most cotton-spinning of whom cannot help enjoying the loveliness of the scene, set off as it is, in so peculiar a manner, by poetical association. It is the property of Lord Douglas ; forming, indeed, part of the finely wooded park which surrounds his lordship's seat of Bothwell.

## THE MILLER.

SIR JOHN CLERK OF PENNYCUICK.

TUNE—*Merry may the Maid be.*

O, MERRY may the maid be  
 That marries the miller !  
 For, foul day or fair day,  
 He's aye bringing till her.  
 H'as aye a penny in his pouch,  
 For dinner or for supper ;  
 Wi' beef, and pease, and melting cheèse,  
 An' lumps o' yellow butter.

*Spangye  
 where Larnie for  
 & Howd I ?*

Behind the door stand bags o' meal,  
 And in the ark is plenty,  
 And good hard cakes his mither bakes,  
 And mony a sweeter dainty.  
 A good fat sow, a sleeky cow,  
 Are standing in the byre ;  
 Whilst winking puss, wi' mealy mou,  
 Is playing round the fire.

Good signs are these, my mither says,  
 And bids me take the miller ;  
 A miller's wife's a merry wife,  
 And he's aye bringing till her.  
 For meal or maut she'll never want,  
 Till wood and water's scanty ;  
 As lang as cocks and cackling hens,  
 She'll aye hae eggs in plenty.

In winter time, when wind and sleet  
 Shake ha-house, barn, and byre,  
 He sits aside a clean hearth-stane,  
 Before a rousing fire ;  
 O'er foaming ale he tells his tale ;  
 And aye, to show he's happy,  
 He claps his weans, and dawtes his wife  
 Wi' kisses warm and sappy.\*

\* For another poetical effort of this accomplished baronet, see Traditions of Edinburgh, vol. I. article "House of the Earl of Eglintoun." This song first appeared in Yair's Charmer, 1751.

## KENMURE'S ON AND AWA, WILLIE.

TUNE—*Kenmure's on and awa.*

O, KENMURE'S on and awa, Willie,  
 O, Kenmure's on and awa ;  
 And Kenmure's lord's the bravest lord  
 That ever Galloway saw.

Success to Kenmure's band, Willie,  
 Success to Kenmure's band !  
 There's no a heart that fears a Whig,  
 That rides by Kenmure's hand.

Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie,  
 Here's Kenmure's health in wine !  
 There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,  
 Nor yet o' Gordon's line.

O, Kenmure's lads are men, Willie,  
 O, Kenmure's lads are men !  
 Their hearts and swords are metal true ;  
 And that their faes shall ken.

They'll live or die wi' fame, Willie,  
 They'll live or die wi' fame ;  
 But sune wi' sound and victorie  
 May Kenmure's lord come hame !

Here's *him* that's far awa, Willie,  
 Here's *him* that's far awa ;  
 And here's the flower that I lo'e best,  
 The rose that's like the snaw.\*

## O! AS I WAS KIST YESTREEN.

TUNE—*O, as I was kist yestreen.*

O, AS I was kist yestreen !  
 O, as I was kist yestreen !

\* From Cromck's Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song, 1810.

I'll never forget till the day that I dee,  
Sae mony braw kisses his grace gae me !

My father was sleeping, my mother was out,  
And I was my lane, and in cam the Duke :  
I'll never forget till the day that I dee,  
Sae mony braw kisses his grace gae me.

Kist yestreen, kist yestreen,  
Up the Gallowgate, down the Green :  
I'll never forget till the day that I dee,  
Sae mony braw kisses his grace gae me.\*



## THE LASS THAT MADE THE BED TO ME.†

BURNS.

WHEN Januar winds were blawin' cauld,  
Unto the north I bent my way,  
The mirksome nicht did me enfauld,  
I kend na where to lodge till day ;  
But by good luck a lass I met,  
Just in the middle of my care,  
And kindly she did me invite  
To walk into a chamber fair.

I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,  
And thank'd her for her courtesie ;  
I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,  
And bade her make the bed to me.

\* From Herd's Collection, 1776, where it is mentioned that the song was written "on the late Duke of Argyle." In Johnson's Scots Musical Museum the particular Duke of Argyle is more distinctly specified. The song is there said to have been "composed on an amour of John Duke of Argyle," the hero of Sheriff-muir, and whom Pope so justly described as

"Argyle, the state's whole thunder born to wield,  
And shake alike the senate and the field."

May it be possible, since Duke John is so confidently stated to have written the song beginning "Argyle is my name," that he may have also written this light-headed ditty?

† There is an older and coarser song, containing the same incidents, and said to have been occasioned by an adventure of Charles II., when that monarch resided in Scotland with the Presbyterian army, 1650—51. The affair happened at the house of Port-Lethem, in Aberdeenshire, and it was a daughter of the laird that made the bed to the king.

She made the bed baith wide and braid,  
 Wi' twa white hands she spread it down ;  
 She put the cup to her rosy lips,  
 And drank, Young man, now sleep ye soun.

She snatch'd the candle in her hand,  
 And from the chamber went wi' speed :  
 But I ca'd her quickly back again,  
 To lay some mair beneath my heid.  
 A cod she laid beneath my heid,  
 And served me with a due respect ;  
 And, to salute her wi' a kiss,  
 I put my arms about her neck.

Haud aff your hands, young man, she says,  
 And dinna sae uncivil be ;  
 It will be time to speak the morn,  
 If ye hae ony love for me.  
 Her hair was like the links o' gowd,  
 Her teeth were like the ivorie,  
 Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine,  
 The lass that made the bed to me.

Her bosom was the driven snaw,  
 Twa driftit heaps sae fair to see ;  
 Her limbs the polish'd marble stane,  
 The lass that made the bed to me.  
 I kiss'd her ower and ower again,  
 And aye she wistna what to say ;  
 I laid her 'tween me and the wa' ;  
 The lassie thocht na lang till day.

Upon the morrow, when we rase,  
 I thank'd her for her courtesie ;  
 And aye she blush'd, and aye she sigh'd,  
 And said, Alas ! ye've ruin'd me.  
 I clasp'd her waist, and kiss'd her syne,  
 While the tear stood twinklin' in her ee ;  
 I said, My lassie, dinna cry,  
 For ye aye shall mak the bed to me.

She took her mother's Holland sheets,  
 And made them a' in sarks to me ;



Blythe and merry may she be,  
 The lass that made the bed to me.  
 The bonnie lass that made the bed to me,  
 The braw lass that made the bed to me ;  
 I'll ne'er forget, till the day I dee,  
 The lass that made the bed to me.



### MY KIMMER AND I.

WHEN kimmer and I were groom and bride,  
 We had twa pint-stoups at our bedside ;  
 Sax times fu', and sax times dry,  
 And rase for drouth—my kimmer and I.

My kimmer and I gaed to the fair  
 Wi' twall pund Scots on sarkin to ware ;  
 But we drank the gude brown hawkie dry,  
 And sarkless cam hame my kimmer and I.

My kimmer and I gaed to the toun,  
 For wedding-breeks and a wedding-gown ;  
 But the sleekie auld priest he wat our eye  
 In sackcloth gowns—my kimmer and I.

My kimmer and I are scant o' claes,  
 Wi' soups o' drink and soups o' brose ;  
 But late we rise and soon gae lie,  
 And cantilie live my kimmer and I.

My kimmer is auld, my kimmer is bent,  
 And I'm gaun loutin ower a kent ;  
 The well o' life is dribblin dry,  
 And drouthie, drouthie are kimmer and I.\*

\* From Cromek's Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song, 1810.

## WHERE SHALL THE LOVER REST.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

WHERE shall the lover rest,  
 Whom the fates sever  
 From his true maiden's breast,  
 Parted for ever ?  
 Where, through groves deep and high,  
 Sounds the far billow,  
 Where early violets die  
 Under the willow.

There, through the summer day,  
 Cool streams are laving ;  
 There, while the tempest's sway,  
 Scarce are boughs waving ;  
 There thy rest shalt thou take,  
 Parted for ever,  
 Never again to wake,  
 Never, O never !

Where shall the traitor rest,  
 He the deceiver,  
 Who could win maiden's breast,  
 Ruin, and leave her ?  
 In the lost battle,  
 Borne down by the flying,  
 Where mingles war's rattle  
 With groans of the dying.

His wing shall the eagle flap  
 O'er the false-hearted ;  
 His warm blood the wolf shall lap  
 Ere life be parted ;  
 Shame and dishonour sit  
 By his grave ever ;  
 Blessing shall hallow it—  
 Never, O never !

## THE BRUME O' THE COWDENKNOWES.

TUNE—*The Brume o' the Cowdenknowes.*

How blyth, ilk morn, was I to see  
 My swain come ower the hill !  
 He skipt the burn and flew to me :  
 I met him with good will.  
 Oh, the brume, the bonnie, bonnie brume !  
 The brume o' the Cowdenknowes !  
 I wish I were with my dear swain,  
 With his pipe and my yowes.

I wanted neither yowe nor lamb,  
 While his flock near me lay ;  
 He gather'd in my sheep at night,  
 And cheer'd me a' the day.

He tuned his pipe, and play'd sae sweet,  
 The birds sat listening bye ;  
 E'en the dull cattle stood and gazed,  
 Charm'd with the melody.

While thus we spent our time, by turns,  
 Betwixt our flocks and play,  
 I envied not the fairest dame,  
 Though e'er so rich or gay.

Hard fate, that I should banish'd be,  
 Gang heavily, and mourn,  
 Because I loved the kindest swain  
 That ever yet was born.

He did oblige me every hour ;  
 Could I but faithful be ?  
 He stawe my heart ; could I refuse  
 Whate'er he ask'd of me ?

My doggie, and my little kit  
 That held my wee soup whey,  
 My plaidie, brooch, and crookit stick,  
 May now lie useless by.

Adieu, ye Cowdenknowes, adieu !  
 Fareweel, a' pleasures there !  
 Ye gods, restore me to my swain—  
 Is a' I crave or care.

Oh, the brume, the bonnie, bonnie brume !  
 The brume o' the Cowdenknowes !  
 I wish I were with my dear swain,  
 With his pipe and my yowes ! \*

\* This simple, delightful, and truly pastoral song, which may be set forward as the best specimen that can be given of that native poetry on which Scotland prides herself so much, appeared first in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1724; not as an anonymous and indefinitely antique composition, but with the signature S. R.; which seems to indicate the name of some author alive in Ramsay's time, but who, being probably a gentleman or lady under the restraints of society, desired to remain unknown. Although this song, however, may thus have been written so late as the beginning of the eighteenth century, there existed another, with the same *overword*, so early as the reign of Charles II. As copied from a black-letter sheet of that period, the following is its first verse and burden :

“ With, O the broom, the bonny broom;  
 The broom of Cowdenknowes !  
 Fain would I be in the north country,  
 To milk my daddie's ewes.”

I have, moreover, seen a Jacobite song, printed on a sheet at the time of the Rebellion of 1715; the burden of which looks so like a parody on that of the song published in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, that it is, in my opinion, sufficient to establish the fact, that the latter ditty (that printed in the text above) is at least nine years older than the era of Ramsay's publication.

“ O, the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,  
 The broom of the Coldingknowes !  
 O, had I back my king again,  
 Then would my heart rejoice !”

The reader may be further reminded, that the beautiful, though somewhat indelicate ballad, called the *Broom of the Cowdenknowes*, which relates to an amour between a young country gentleman and a milk-maid, and which is printed in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, may be a composition of much more remote date than either of these predecessors of the above song.

As the reader may be supposed anxious to know something of the place which has thus been the subject of so much poetry, the editor thinks it proper to inform him, that “ the Cowdenknowes,” or, as sometimes spelled in old writings, the *Coldingknowes*, are two little hills on the east side of the vale of *Lauderdale*, *Berwickshire*. They lie immediately to the south of the village of *Earlston*, celebrated as the residence of the earliest known Scottish poet, *Thomas the Rhymer*; and, though of slight elevation, they can be seen from a great distance along the vale of the *Tweed*, especially from the neighbourhood of *Melrose*. The etymology of the word *Coldon*, which has since been familiarised into *Cowden*, proves that they were covered with wood, or broom, at the early time when the Celts possessed the south of Scotland—*Choille-dun* signifying, in Gaelic, the wooded hill. There is a similar eminence, called *Coldon*, or *Cowden*, close by the shore of the *Lake of Menteith*, in *Perthshire*.—See *The Rev. Mr Stirling's Notes, Historical and Descriptive, on the Priory of Inchmahome*, p. 69.

Of the two hills which bear the general designation of the *Cowdenknowes*, the highest is called the *Black Hill*, on account of its being still covered with dark natural heath, while the lowest is termed the *White Hill*, because it is now subjected to the plough, and accordingly whitened with grain during a considerable portion of the year. It is believed by the people of the neighbourhood, that the broom, which has long been gone, would again spring up in all its wonted luxuriance, were it not for the sheep and the plough; and they instance, as a proof of their assertion,

## THE ROCK AND THE WEE PICKLE TOW.

MR ALEXANDER ROSS.\*

THERE was an auld wife had a wee pickle tow,  
 And she wad gae try the spinnin' o't;  
 She louted her doun, and her rock took a-low,  
 And that was a bad beginnin' o't.  
 She sat and she grat, and she flat and she flang,  
 And she threw and she blew, and she wriggled and  
     wrang,  
 And she chokit and boakit, and cried like to mang,  
 Alas, for the dreary beginnin' o't!

I've wanted a sark for these aught years and ten,  
 And this was to be the beginnin' o't;  
 But I vow I shall want it for as lang again,  
 Or ever I try the spinnin' o't.  
 For never since ever they ca'd as they ca' me,  
 Did sic a mishap and mishanter befa' me;  
 But ye shall hae leave baith to hang and to draw me,  
 The neist time I try the spinnin' o't.

that, some years ago, on the White Hill being left fallow for a short time, the native shrub actually did begin to reappear.

In the ballad of the Cowdenknowes, particular allusion is made to the *length* of the broom; and that it really was very long, is proved by the tradition of the people, who, it may be remarked, preserve as vivid, if not also as tender a recollection of it as the love-lorn heroine of the song. In its primitive state, say these faithful chroniclers, it grew so tall and so bushy, that a man might ride through it on horseback and not be seen from any spot in the neighbourhood. The editor himself has seen a stalk of the venerated plant, which happens to be preserved by a gentleman of that district, and he can attest, that it reached from the floor to the ceiling of a lofty room. This fact forms the best possible commentary on the song; for how many fragrant and secluded nooks, calculated for scenes of courtship, must there have been throughout such a territory, and by what greater cause of endearment could such a heroine have been inspired! These forests of broom were, moreover, in themselves extremely beautiful and interesting objects. Before the recent improvements in Scottish agriculture, there were to be seen everywhere throughout the country, whole districts which waved, a sea of glorious yellow, beneath the autumn wind; while, for miles around, the ground was covered by the blossoms which they shed. Burns, it may be conceived from his enraptured mention of "the lang yellow broom," must have regarded fields of this sort with far greater pleasure, than the comfortable "rigs of barley" which have come everywhere in their place; and really, without any disrespect to the dicta of political economy, it is not easy to condemn the preference.

\* Schoolmaster of Lochlee, in Aberdeenshire, in the dialect of which district he wrote "The Fortunate Shepherdess," and many other poems. The above song is so long, that I have been obliged to omit a great number of the duller stanzas. It is from Herd's Collection, 1776.



I hae keepit my house now these threescore o' years,  
 And aye I kept frae the spinnin' o't ;  
 But how I was sarkit, foul fa' them that speirs,  
 For it minds me upo' the beginnin' o't.  
 But our women áre now-a-days a' grown sae braw,  
 That ilk ane maun hae a sark, and some hae twa—  
 The warlds were better where ne'er ane ava  
 Had a rag, but ane at the beginnin' o't.

In the days they ca' yore, gin auld fouks had but won  
 To a surcoat, hough-syde,\* for the winnin' o't,  
 Of coat-raips weel cut by the cast o' their bum,  
 They never socht mair o' the spinnin' o't.  
 A pair o' gray hoggers weil cluikit benew,  
 Of nae other lit but the hue of the ewe,  
 With a pair o' rough mullions to scuff through the dew,  
 Was the fee they socht at the beginnin' o't.

But we maun hae linen, and that maun hae we,  
 And how get we that but by spinnin' o't ?  
 How can we hae face for to seek a great fee,  
 Except we can help at the winnin' o't ?  
 And we maun hae pearlins, and mabbies, and cocks,  
 And some other things that the ladies ca' smocks ;  
 And how get we that, gin we tak na our rocks,  
 And pow what we can at the spinnin' o't ?

'Tis needless for us to mak our remarks,  
 Frae our mither's miscookin' the spinnin' o't.  
 She never kenn'd ocht o' the gueed o' the sarks,  
 Frae this aback to the beginnin' o't.  
 Twa-three ell o' plaiden was a' that was socht  
 By our auld-warld bodies, and that bude be bought ;  
 For in ilka town siccan things wasna wrocht—  
 Sae little they kenn'd o' the spinnin' o't !

~~~~~  
GALLOWAY TAM.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

O, GALLOWAY TAM came here to woo—
 I'd rather we'd gi'en him the bawsand cow ;

* Hough-syde—that is, as long in the skirts as to reach the hams.

For our lass Bess may curse and ban
The wanton wit o' Galloway Tam!

O Galloway Tam came here to shear—
I'd rather we'd gi'en him the guid gray mare;
He kiss'd the gudewife, and dang the gudeman—
And that's the tricks o' Galloway Tam!

Galloway Tam rides far and near;
There's nane can graith wi' siccan gear;
The loons ca' out, wha sing the psalm,
"Room i' the stool for Galloway Tam!"

The howdie lifts frae the beuk her bree,
Says, "Blessings light on his pawkie ee!"
An' she mixes 'maist i' the holie psalm,
"O, Davie, thou wert a Galloway Tam."

~~~~~

## THE BRAES O' BALQUHITHER.

TANNAHILL.

LET us go, lassie, go  
To the braes of Balquhither,  
Where the blae-berries grow  
'Mang the bonnie Highland heather;  
Where the deer and the rae,  
Lightly bounding together,  
Sport the lang simmer day  
On the braes o' Balquhither.

I will twine thee a bower  
By the clear siller fountain,  
And I'll cover it o'er  
Wi' the flow'rs o' the mountain.  
I will range through the wilds,  
And the deep glens sae drearie,  
And return wi' the spoils  
To the bower o' my dearie.

When the rude wintry win'  
Idly raves round our dwelling,

And the roar of the linn  
 On the night-breeze is swelling,  
 So merrily we'll sing,  
 As the storm rattles o'er us,  
 Till the dear shieling ring  
 Wi' the light liltin' chorus.

Now the summer is in prime,  
 Wi' the flowers richly blooming,  
 And the wild mountain thyme  
 A' the moorlands perfuming.  
 To our dear native scenes  
 Let us journey together,  
 Where glad Innocence reigns  
 'Mang the braes o' Balquhither.



## THE HIGHLAND PLAID.

TANNAHILL.

LOWLAND lassie, wilt thou go  
 Where the hills are clad with snow,  
 Where, beneath the icy steep,  
 The hardy shepherd tends his sheep?  
 Ill nor wae shall thee betide,  
 When row'd within my Highland plaid.

Soon the voice of cheery spring  
 Will gar a' our plantins ring;  
 Soon our bonnie heather braes  
 Will put on their simmer claes;  
 On the mountain's sunny side,  
 We'll lean us on my Highland plaid.

When the summer spreads the flowers,  
 Busks the glen in leafy bowers,  
 Then we'll seek the caller shade,  
 Lean us on the primrose bed;  
 While the burning hours preside,  
 I'll screen thee wi' my Highland plaid.

Then we'll leave the sheep and goat  
 I will launch the bonnie boat,  
 Skim the loch in cantie glee,  
 Rest the oars to pleasure thee ;  
 When chilly breezes sweep the tide,  
 I'll hap thee wi' my Highland plaid.

Lowland lads may dress mair fine,  
 Woo in words mair saft than mine ;  
 Lowland lads hae mair o' art—  
 A' my boast's an honest heart ;  
 Which shall ever be my pride ;—  
 Oh, row thee in my Highland plaid.

Bonnie lad, ye've been sae leil,  
 My heart wad break at our fareweel ;  
 Lang your love has made me fain,  
 Tak me—tak me for your ain !  
 Cross the firth awa they glide,  
 Young Donald and his Lowland bride.



## THE BRAES O' GLENIFFER.

TANNAHILL.

KEEN blows the wind ower the braes o' Gleniffer,  
 The auld castle turrets are cover'd wi' snaw ;  
 How changed frae the time when I met wi' my lover,  
 Among the broom bushes by Stanley green shaw.  
 The wild flowers o' simmer were spread a' sae bonnie,  
 The mavis sang sweet frae the green birken tree ;  
 But far to the camp they hae march'd my dear Johnnie,  
 And now it is winter wi' nature and me.

Then ilk thing around us was blythesome and cheerie,  
 Then ilk thing around us was bonnie and braw ;  
 Now naething is heard but the wind whistling drearie,  
 And naething is seen but the wide-spreading snaw.  
 The trees are a' bare, and the birds mute and dowie,  
 They shake the cauld drift frae their wings as they  
 flee ;

And chirp out their plaints, seeming wae for my Johnnie;  
 'Tis winter wi' them and 'tis winter wi' me.

Yon cauld fleecy cloud skiffs along the bleak mountain,  
 And shakes the dark firs on the steep rocky brae,  
 While down the deep glen brawls the snaw-flooded  
 fountain,

That murmured sae sweet to my laddie and me.  
 It's no its loud roar, on the wintry winds swellin',  
 It's no the cauld blast brings the tear to my ee;  
 For, O! gin I saw but my bonnie Scots callan,  
 The dark days o' winter were simmer to me.



## THE BLACK COCK.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

GOOD-MORROW to thy sable beak,  
 And glossy plumage, dark and sleek;  
 Thy crimson moon and azure eye,  
 Cock of the heath, so wildly shy!  
 I see thee slily cowering through  
 That wiry web of silver dew,  
 That twinkles in the morning air,  
 Like casement of my lady fair.

A maid there is in yonder tower,  
 Who, peeping from her early bower,  
 Half shows, like thee, with simple wile,  
 Her braided hair and morning smile.  
 The rarest things, with wayward will,  
 Beneath the covert hide them still;  
 The rarest things, to light of day,  
 Look shortly forth, and shrink away.

A fleeting moment of delight  
 I sunn'd me in her cheering sight;  
 And short, I ween, the term will be  
 That I shall parley hold with thee.  
 Through Snowdon's mist red beams the day,  
 The climbing herd-boy chants his lay;



The gnat-flies dance their sunny ring,—  
Thou art already on the wing.

~~~~~

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

RAMSAY.

TUNE—*The Highland Laddie.*

THE Lowland lads they think they're fine,
But O they're vain and idly gawdy !
How much unlike the graceful mien
And manly looks of my Highland laddie.
O my bonnie Highland laddie,
My handsome, charming, Highland laddie !
May heaven still guard, and love reward,
The Lowland lass and her Highland laddie !

If I were free at will to choose
To be the wealthiest Lawland lady,
I'd take young Donald without trews,
With bonnet blue and belted plaidy.

The brawest beau in borrows-toun,
In a' his airs, with art made ready,
Compared to him, he's but a clown ;
He's finer far in's tartan plaidy.

O'er benty hill with him I'll run,
And leave my Lawland kin and daddy ;
Frae winter's cauld, and summer's sun,
He'll screen me with his Highland plaidy.

A painted room, and silken bed,
May please a Lawland laird and lady ;
But I can kiss, and be as glad,
Behind a bush, in's Highland plaidy.

Few compliments between us pass ;
I ca' him my dear Highland laddie ;
And he ca's me his Lawland lass,
Syne rows me in beneath his plaidy.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
 Than that his love prove true and steady,
 Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
 While Heaven preserves my Highland laddie.*

~~~~~

## BLYTHE, BLYTHE, AND MERRY ARE WE.

WILLIAM NICHOLSON.

TUNE—*Andro and his cutty gun.*

NOVEMBER winds blaw loud and shrill,  
 The bird chirms ower the leafless tree ;  
 The wintry blast is coming fast,  
 And loudly roars the restless sea.  
 Yet blythe, blythe, and merry we'll be,  
 Cauld care we'll fleg awa,  
 This is but ae nicht o' our lives,  
 And wha wad grudge though it were twa ?

We're met to drink our mother's health,  
 Yon carline by the heuch and cairn :  
 What though auld Scotland's hills be bleak,  
 She's foster'd mony a waly bairn.  
 Blythe, blythe, and merry are we,  
 Scotia's sons we're ane and a' :  
 This is but ae nicht o' our lives,  
 And wha wad grudge though it were twa ?

Far foreign climes may show their wines,  
 Their myrtle bowers, or orange-tree :  
 As proud our doughty thistle waves ;  
 For Scotia's sons hae aye been free.  
 Blythe, blythe, and merry are we,  
 Liberty's the best o't a' ;  
 This is but ae nicht o' our lives,  
 And wha wad grudge though it were twa ?

It maks na here for guid or gear,  
 We look to mind and manly worth ;

\* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724.

Dishonour blast the pridefu' wight,  
 Wha scorns his friend or land o' birth!  
 Dull, dull, and dowie be he,  
 Gout and vapours round him thraw;  
 There let him hug his worthless wealth,  
 While social glee flees far awa.

When gloamin' throws her sober grey  
 By broomy Ayr or birken Dee,  
 Sic scenes can soothe the festerin' mind,  
 Abune a' pleasures art can gie.  
 Blythe, blythe, and merry are we,  
 The heart aye bows to Nature's law;  
 This is but ae nicht o' our lives,  
 And wha wad grudge though it were twa?

Here's Byron's health, the chief o' bards,  
 Here's Byron's memory, three times three!  
 Wi' a' the rest, a tunefu' train—  
 Frae Homer down to hamely *me*!  
 Blythe, blythe, and merry were they,  
 Fill your glasses, toast them a';  
 Until the last nicht o' our lives  
 We winna let their memory fa'!\*

~~~~~

ROBIN AND NANNIE.

CHARLES LORD BINNING.

DID ever swain a nymph adore
 As I ungrateful Nannie do?
 Was ever shepherd's heart so sore?
 Was ever broken heart so true?
 My cheeks are swell'd with tears; but she
 Has never shed a tear for me.

If Nannie call'd, did Robin stay,
 Or linger when she bade me run?

* Written for and sung at an anniversary of the North British Society, Liverpool, and afterwards published in a volume by the ingenious author, entitled, *The Country Lass, and other Poems.*

She only had a word to say,
 And all she ask'd was quickly done.
 I always thought on her ; but she
 Would ne'er bestow a thought on me.

To let her cows my clover taste,
 Have I not rose by break of day ?
 When did her heifers ever fast,
 If Robin in his yard had hay ?
 Though to my fields they welcome were,
 I never welcome was to her.

If Nannie ever lost a sheep,
 I cheerfully did give her two.
 Did not her lambs in safety sleep,
 Within my folds in frost and snow ?
 Have they not there from cold been free ?
 But Nannie still is cold to me.

Whene'er I climb'd our orchard trees,
 The ripest fruit was kept for Nan :
 Oh, how these hands that drown'd her bees
 Were stung ! I'll ne'er forget the pain :
 Sweet were the combs as sweet could be ;
 But Nannie ne'er look'd sweet on me.

If Nannie to the well did come,
 'Twas I that did her pitchers fill ;
 Full as they were, I brought them home ;
 Her corn I carried to the mill :
 My back did bear her sacks ; but she
 Could never bear the sight o' me.

To Nannie's poultry oats I gave ;
 I'm sure they always had the best ;
 Within this week her pigeons have
 Eat up a peck of peas at least.
 Her little pigeons kiss ; but she
 Would never take a kiss from me.

Must Robin always Nannie woo ?
 And Nannie still on Robin frown ?

Alas, poor wretch ! what shall I do,
 If Nannie does not love me soon ?
 If no relief to me she'll bring,
 I'll hang me in her apron string.*

~~~~~

### PINKIE HOUSE.

TUNE—*Pinkie House.*

By Pinkie House oft let me walk,  
 And muse o'er Nelly's charms !  
 Her placid air, her winning talk,  
 Even envy's self disarms.  
 O let me, ever fond, behold  
 Those graces void of art—  
 Those cheerful smiles that sweetly hold,  
 In willing chains, my heart !

O come, my love ! and bring anew  
 That gentle turn of mind ;  
 That gracefulness of air in you  
 By nature's hand design'd.  
 These, lovely as the blushing rose,  
 First lighted up this flame,  
 Which, like the sun, for ever glows  
 Within my breast the same.

Ye light coquettes ! ye airy things !  
 How vain is all your art !  
 How seldom it a lover brings !  
 How rarely keeps a heart !  
 O gather from my Nelly's charms  
 That sweet, that graceful ease,  
 That blushing modesty that warms,  
 That native art to please !

\* This strange string of puns and antitheses is selected not so much on account of its humour, or other merit, as for the purpose of supplying a specimen of a peculiar style of composition, which extended itself at the beginning of the last century from the brilliant circle at Will's Coffeehouse to a set of Scottish gentlemen, who then first attempted to express themselves in English verse, and of course imitated the models supplied to them by Dryden's *Miscellanies* and such publications.

Charles Lord Binning was the son of Thomas, sixth Earl of Haddington, and the great-grandfather of the present earl. He died at Naples in 1732-3, "universally lamented."



Come then, my love ! O, come along !  
 And feed me with thy charms ;  
 Come, fair inspirer of my song !  
 Oh, fill my longing arms !  
 A flame like mine can never die,  
 While charms so bright as thine,  
 So heavenly fair, both please the eye,  
 And fill the soul divine ! \*

~~~~~

A WEARIE BODIE'S BLYTHE WHEN
 THE SUN GAES DOUN.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

TUNE—*Auld Robin Gray.*

A WEARIE bodie's blythe when the sun gaes down,
 A wearie bodie's blythe when the sun gaes down ;
 To smile wi' his wife, and to daut wi' his weans,
 Wha wadna be blythe when the sun gaes down ?

The simmer day's lang, and we're a' toil'd sair ;
 Frae sunrise to sunset's a dreich tack o' care ;
 But at hame for to daut 'mang our wee bits o' weans,
 We think on our cares and our toils nae mair.

The Saturday sun gangs aye sweetest down ;
 My bonnie boys leave their wark i' the town ;
 My heart loup licht at my ain ingle-side,
 When my kind blythe bairntime is a sittin' roun'.

The Sabbath morn comes, and warm lowes the sun,
 Ilk heart's fu' o' joy, a' the parishen roun',
 Round the hip o' the hill comes the sweet psalm-tune,
 And the auld folk a' to the preachin' are boun'.

The hearts o' the younkens loup lightsome to see
 The gladness that dwells in their auld grannie's ee ;

* From Herd's Collection, 1776.

Pinkie House, the seat of Sir John Hope, Bart., is a Scottish manor-house, in the taste of the time of King James the Sixth, situated in the midst of a fine old grove, close by the town of Musselburgh.

And they gather i' the sun, 'side the green haw-tree ;
Nae new-flown birds are sae mirthsome and hie.

Though my sonsie dame's cheeks nae to auld age are
preif,
Though roses that blumed there are smit in the leaf ;
Though the young blinks o' luve hae a' dee'd in her ee,
She is bonnier and dearer than ever to me !

Ance puirtith cam in yont our hallan to keek,
But my Jeanie was nursin' and singin' sae sweet,
That she laid down her pocks at another door-cheek,
And steppit blythely ben her auld shanks for to beek.

My hame is the mailin' weel-stockit and fu',
My bairns are the flocks and the herds which I loe ;
My Jeanie is the gowd and delight o' my ee ;
She is worth a hail mailin' o' lairdships to me.

O wha wad fade awa like a flower i' the dew,
And leave nae a sprout for kind heaven to pu' ?
Wha wad rot 'mang the mools like the trunk o' a tree,
Wi' nae shoots, the pride o' the forest to be ?

~~~~~

### ROYAL CHARLIE.

TUNE—*Whistle o'er the lave o't.*

AROUSE, arouse, each kilted clan !  
Let Highland hearts lead on the van,  
And forward, wi' their dirks in han',  
To fight for royal Charlie.  
Welcome, Charlie, o'er the main,  
Our Highland hills are a' your ain,  
Welcome to your Isle again ;  
O, welcome, royal Charlie !

Auld Scotia's sons, 'mang Highland hills,  
Can nobly brave the face o' ills ;  
For kindred fire ilk bosom fills,  
At sight o' royal Charlie.

The ancient thistle wags her pow,  
 And proudly waves ower dale and knowe,  
 To hear the oath and sacred vow—  
 We'll live and die wi' Charlie!

Rejoiced to think nae foreign weed  
 Shall trample on our kindred seed;  
 For weel she kens her sons will bleed,  
 Or fix his throne right fairly.

Among the wilds o' Caledon  
 Breathes there a base degenerate son,  
 Wha would not to his standard run,  
 And rally round Prince Charlie!

Then let the flowing quaich go round,  
 And loudly let the pibroch sound,  
 Till every glen and rock resound  
 The name of royal Charlie.



## JEAN'S BRICHT EE.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

OUR gudewife's awa—  
 Now's the time to woo,  
 For the lads like lasses,  
 And the lasses lads too.  
 The moon's beaming bricht,  
 And the gowan's in the dew,  
 And my love's by my side,  
 And we're a' happy now.

I hae wale o' lovers—  
 Nancie rich and fair,  
 Bessie brown and bonnie,  
 And Kate wi' curlin' hair,  
 And Bell young and proud,  
 Wi' gold abune her brow;  
 But my Jean has twa een  
 That pierce me through and through.

Sair she slichts the lads—  
 Three like to dee,  
 Four in sorrow listed,  
 And five flew to the sea.  
 Nigh her chamber-door  
 Lads watch a' nicht in dule—  
 Ae kind word frae my love  
 Wad charm frae Yule to Yule.

Our gudewife's come hame—  
 Mute now maun I woo ;  
 But my love's bricht glances  
 Shine a' the chamber through.  
 O sweet is her voice,  
 When she sings at her wark ;  
 Sweet the touch o' her hand,  
 And her vows in the dark !

~~~~~

LORD GREGORY.

#

BURNS.

OH, mirk, mirk is this midnight hour,
 And loud the tempests roar ;
 A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tower,
 Lord Gregory, ope thy door !

An exile frae her father's ha',
 And a' for loving thee ;
 At least some pity on me shaw,
 If love it may na be.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove
 By bonnie Irvine side,
 Where first I own'd that virgin love
 I lang lang had denied ?

How aften didst thou pledge the vow,
 Thou wad for aye be mine !
 And my fond heart, itsell sae true,
 It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
 And flinty is thy breast !
 Thou dart of heaven that flashes by,
 Oh, wilt thou give me rest !

Ye mustering thunders from above,
 Your willing victim see ;
 But spare and pardon my false love
 His wrongs to heaven and me ! *

~~~~~

### THE SPRING OF THE YEAR.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

GONE were but the winter cold,  
 And gone were but the snaw,  
 I could sleep in the wild woods,  
 Where primroses blaw.

Cold 's the snaw at my head,  
 And cold at my feet ;  
 And the finger of death 's at my een,  
 Closing them to sleep.

Let none tell my father,  
 Or my mother sae dear—  
 I'll meet them both in heaven  
 At the spring of the year.

~~~~~

BAULDY FRASER.

HOGG.

TUNE—*The Whigs o' Fife.*

MY name is Bauldy Fraser, man ;
 I'm puir and auld, and pale and wan ;
 I brak my shin and tint a han'
 Upon Culloden lee, man.

* This song was composed upon the subject of the well-known and very beautiful ballad, entitled "The Lass of Lochroyan."

See also Peter Pindar's new Country Lass Ballad

Our Highland clans were bauld and stout,
 And thought to turn their faes about,
 But gat that day a desperate rout,
 And ower the hills did flee, man.

Sic hurly-burly ne'er was seen,
 Wi' cuffs, and buffs, and blinded een,
 While Highland swords, o' mettle keen,
 War gleamin' grand to see, man.
 The cannons routit in our face,
 And brak our banes and rave our claes :
 'Twas then we saw our ticklish case
 Atween the hill and sea, man.

Sure Charlie and the brave Lochyell
 Had been that time beside theirsell,
 To plant us in the open fell
 In the artillery's ee, man :
 For had we met wi' Cumberland
 By Athol braes, or yonder strand,
 The bluid o' a' the savage band
 Had dyed the German sea, man !

But down we drappit dadd for dadd ;
 I thought it should hae put me mad,
 To see sae mony a Highland lad
 Lie blutherin' on the brae, man.
 I thocht we ance had won the fray ;
 We slash'd ae wing till it gae way,
 But the other side had lost the day,
 And skelpit fast awa, man.

When Charlie wi' Macpherson met,
 Like Hay he thought him back to get ;
 We'll turn, quo he, and try them yet ;
 We'll conquer or we'll dee, man !
 But Donald jumpit ower the burn,
 And sware an aith she wadna turn,
 Or sure she wad hae cause to mourn ;
 Then fast awa did flee, man.

O, had ye seen that brunt o' death !
 We ran until we tint our breath,

Aye lookin' back for fear o' skaith,
 Wi' hopeless shinin' ee, man.
 But Albyn ever may deplore
 That day upon Drummossie moor,
 When thousands ten were drench'd in gore,
 Or hang'd outower a tree, man.

O, Cumberland! what meant ye then
 To ravage ilka Highland glen?
 Our crime was truth and love to ane;
 We had nae spite at thee, man.
 And you and yours may yet be glad
 To trust the honest Highland lad;
 Wi' bonnet blue and beltit plaid,
 He'll stand the last o' three, man.

~~~~~

### THE RINAWAY BRIDE.

A LADDIE and a lassie fair  
 Lived in the south countrie;  
 They hae coost their claes thegither,  
 And wedded wad they be:  
 On Tuesday to the bridal feast  
 Came fiddlers flocking free—  
 But hey play up the rinaway bride,  
 For she has ta'en the gee.

She had nae run a mile or mair,  
 Till she 'gan to consider  
 The angering of her father dear,  
 The vexing of her mither;  
 The slighting of the silly bridegroom,  
 The warst of a' the three—  
 Then hey play up the rinaway bride,  
 For she has ta'en the gee.

Her father and her mither baith  
 Ran after her wi' speed;  
 And aye they ran and cried, How, Ann!  
 Till they came to the Tweed:

Saw ye a lass, a lovesome lass,  
 That weel a queen might be ?  
 O that's the bride, the rinaway bride,  
 The bride that's ta'en the gee.

And when they came to Kelso town,  
 They gaur'd the clap gang through ;  
 Saw ye a lass wi' a hood and mantle,  
 The face o't lined up wi' blue ?  
 The face o't lined up wi' blue,  
 And the tail turn'd up wi' green ;  
 Saw ye a lass wi' a hood and mantle,  
 Should hae been married on Tuesday 't e'en ?

O at the saft and silly bridegroom  
 The bridemaids a' were laughin' ;  
 When up there spake the bridegroom's man,  
 Now what means a' this daffin ?  
 For woman's love's a wilfu' thing,  
 And fancy flies fu' free ;  
 Then hey play up the rinaway bride,  
 For she has ta'en the gee.\*

~~~~~

THE BANKS OF FORTH.

TUNE—*Banks of Forth.*†

AWAKE, my love ! with genial ray,
 The sun returning glads the day.
 Awake ! the balmy zephyr blows,
 The hawthorn blooms, the daisy glows.
 The trees regain their verdant pride,
 The turtle woos his tender bride ;
 To love each warbler tunes the song,
 And Forth in dimples glides along.

Oh, more than blooming daisies fair !
 More fragrant than the vernal air !

* From Herd's Collection, 1776.

† The air of the Banks of Forth was by Oswald, composer of "Roslin Castle."

More gentle than the turtle dove,
 Or streams that murmur through the grove !
 Bethink thee all is on the wing,
 These pleasures wait on wasting spring ;
 Then come, the transient bliss enjoy,
 Nor fear what fleets so fast will cloy.*

SAE MERRY AS WE TWA HAE BEEN !

A LASS that was laden wi' care
 Sat heavily under a thorn ;
 I listen'd a while for to hear,
 When thus she began for to mourn :—
 Whene'er my own lover was near,
 The birds seem'd far sweeter to sing ;
 The cold nipping winter-time wore
 A face that resembled the spring.
 Sae merry as we twa hae been,
 Sae merry as we twa hae been !
 My heart is like for to break,
 When I think on the days we hae seen.

There was love in his sweet silent looks,
 There was love in the touch of his hand ;
 I liked mair the glance o' his ee,
 Then a' the green earth to command :
 A word, and a look, and a touch—
 Hard-hearted, oh ! how could I be ?
 Oh ! the cauldest lass i' the land
 Wad hae sigh'd and hae melted like me !
 Sae merry as we twa hae been,
 Sae merry as we twa hae been !
 I wonder my heart disna break,
 When I think on the days we hae seen.

But now he is far, far awa,
 Between us is the rolling sea ;
 And the wind that wafts pleasure to a',
 Brings nae word frae Willie to me.

* From Herd's Collection, 1776.

At night, when the rest o' the folk
 Are merrily seated to spin,
 I sit mysell under an oak,
 A-heavily sighing for him.
 Sae merry as we twa hae been,
 Sae merry as we twa hae been !
 My heart it will break ere the spring,
 As I think on the days that are gane.*

~~~~~

MARY SCOTT.

RAMSAY.

HAPPY'S the love which meets return,  
 When in soft flames souls equal burn ;  
 But words are wanting to discover  
 The torments of a hopeless lover.  
 Ye registers of Heaven, relate,  
 If looking o'er the rolls of Fate,  
 Did you there see me mark'd to marrow  
 Mary Scott, the Flower of Yarrow ?

Ah, no ! her form's too heavenly fair,  
 Her love the gods above must share ;  
 While mortals with despair explore her,  
 And at a distance due adore her.  
 O lovely maid ! my doubts beguile,  
 Revive and bless me with a smile :  
 Alas ! if not, you'll soon debar a  
 Sighing swain the Banks of Yarrow.

Be hush, ye fears, I'll not despair ;  
 My Mary's tender as she's fair ;  
 Then I'll go tell her all mine anguish ;  
 She is too good to let me languish :  
 With success crown'd, I'll not envy  
 The folks who dwell above the sky ;  
 When Mary Scott's become my marrow,  
 We'll make a paradise on Yarrow.†

\* From Herd's Collection, 1776.

† From the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724.



## KATHERINE OGIE.

As walking forth to view the plain,  
 Upon a morning early,  
 While May's sweet scent did cheer my brain,  
 From flowers which grow so rarely,  
 I chanced to meet a pretty maid ;  
 She shined, though it was foggy ;  
 I ask'd her name : sweet sir, she said,  
 My name is Katherine Ogie.

I stood a while, and did admire,  
 To see a nymph so stately ;  
 So brisk an air there did appear,  
 In a country maid so neatly :  
 Such natural sweetness she display'd,  
 Like a lillie in a bogie ;  
 Diana's self was ne'er array'd  
 Like this same Katherine Ogie.

Thou flower of females, beauty's queen,  
 Who sees thee, sure must prize thee ;  
 Though thou art drest in robes but mean,  
 Yet these cannot disguise thee :  
 Thy handsome air, and graceful look,  
 Far excels any clownish rogie ;  
 Thou art a match for lord or duke,  
 My charming Katherine Ogie.

O were I but some shepherd swain !  
 To feed my flock beside thee,  
 At boughting-time to leave the plain,  
 In milking to abide thee ;  
 I'd think myself a happier man,  
 With Kate, my club, and dogie,  
 Than he that hugs his thousands ten,  
 Had I but Katherine Ogie.

Then I'd despise the Imperial throne,  
 And statesmen's dangerous stations :  
 I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,  
 I'd smile at conquering nations :

Might I caress, and still possess  
 This lass, of whom I'm vogie ;  
 For these are toys, and still look less,  
 Compared with Katherine Ogie.

But I fear the gods have not decreed  
 For me so fine a creature,  
 Whose beauty rare makes her exceed  
 All other works in nature.  
 Clouds of despair surround my love,  
 That are both dark and fogie ;  
 Pity my case, ye powers above,  
 Else I die for Katherine Ogie.\*

~~~~~

AN THOU WERE MY AIN THING.

RAMSAY.

TUNE—*An thou were my ain thing.*

AN thou were my ain thing,
 I would lo'e thee, I would lo'e thee ;
 AN thou were my ain thing,
 How dearly would I lo'e thee !

I would clasp thee in my arms,
 I'd secure thee from all harms ;
 For above mortal thou hast charms :
 How dearly do I lo'e thee !
 An thou were, &c.

* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, (1724,) where it is printed without a mark.

There is, in Tom D'Urfey's Pills to Purge Melancholy, volume VI., a song called "Bonny Kathern Loggy," similar to "Katherine Ogie," in versification and also in incident, but much more gross, and evidently written, like almost all the rest of Tom D'Urfey's Scotch Songs, by an Englishman. The first verse, as here copied *verbatim et literatim* from the original, will probably be sufficient to satisfy the curiosity of the reader regarding it:—

As I cam down by Hay Land town,
 There was lasses many
 Sat in a rank, on either bank,
 And ane more gay than any ;
 Ise leekt about for ane kind face,
 And Ise spy'd *Willy Scroggy* ;
 Ise speir'd of him what was her name,
 And he caw'd her *Kathern Loggy*.

Of race divine thou needs must be,
 Since nothing earthly equals thee,
 So I must still presumptuous be,
 To show how much I lo'e thee !
 An thou were, &c.

The gods one thing peculiar have,
 To ruin none whom they can save ;
 O, for their sake, support a slave,
 Who only lives to lo'e thee !
 An thou were, &c.

To merit I no claim can make,
 But that I lo'e, and, for your sake,
 What man can more, I'll undertake,
 So dearly do I lo'e thee !
 An thou were, &c.

My passion, constant as the sun,
 Flames stronger still, will ne'er have done,
 Till fates my thread of life have spun,
 Which breathing out, I'll lo'e thee !
 An thou were, &c.*



CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN.

[EARLIEST VERSES.]

TUNE—*Cauld Kail in Aberdeen.*

CAULD kail in Aberdeen,
 And castocks in Strabogie ;
 Ilka lad has got his lass,
 Then see gie me my cogie !
 Then see gie me my cogie, sirs,
 I canna want my cogie ;
 I wadna gie the three-gird stoup
 For a' the queans in Bogie.

* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724.

Johnnie Smith has got a wife,
 Wha scrimps him o' his cogie ;
 Gin she were mine, upon my life,
 I'd douk her in a bogie.

Than here's to ilka honest life,
 Wha'll drink wi' me a cogie ;
 But as for ilka girnin' wife,
 We'll douk her in a bogie.

~~~~~

### CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN.

TUNE—*Cauld Kail in Aberdeen.*

THERE's cauld kail in Aberdeen,  
 And castocks in Strabogie;  
 Gin I but hae a bonnie lass,  
 Ye're welcome to your cogie.  
 And ye may sit up a' the night,  
 And drink till it be braid day-light  
 Gie me a lass baith clean and tight,  
 To dance the reel o' Bogie.

In cotillons the French excel,  
 John Bull loves country-dances ;  
 The Spaniards dance fandangos well,  
 Mynheer an all'mand prances :  
 In foursome reels the Scots delight,  
 At threesomes they dance wondrous light,  
 But twasomes ding a' out o' sight,  
 Danced to the reel o' Bogie.

Come, lads, and view your partners weel,  
 Wale each a blithesome rogie :  
 I'll tak' this lassie to mysell,  
 She looks sae keen and vogie.  
 Now, piper lad, bang up the spring ;  
 The country fashion is the thing,  
 To pree their mou's, ere we begin  
 To dance the reel o' Bogie.

Now ilka lad has got a lass,  
 Save yon auld doited fogie,  
 And ta'en a fling upon the grass,  
 As they do in Strabogie.  
 But a' the lasses look sae fain,  
 We canna think oursells to hain ;  
 For they maun hae their come-again,  
 To dance the reel o' Bogie.

Now a' the lads hae done their best,  
 Like true men o' Strabogie ;  
 We'll stop a while and tak' a rest,  
 And tipple out a cogie.  
 Come now, my lads, and take your glass,  
 And try ilk other to surpass  
 In wishing health to every lass,  
 To dance the reel o' Bogie.\*



## LOCH-ERROCH SIDE.

TUNE—*Loch-Erroch Side.*

As I cam' by Loch-Erroch side,  
 The lofty hills surveying,  
 The water clear, the heather blooms,  
 Their fragrance sweet conveying ;  
 I met, unsought, my lovely maid,  
 I found her like May morning ;  
 With graces sweet, and charms so rare,  
 Her person all adorning.

How kind her looks, how blest was I,  
 While in my arms I prest her !  
 And she her wishes scarce conceal'd,  
 As fondly I caress'd her :  
 She said, If that your heart be true,  
 If constantly you'll love me,

\* From the Scots Musical Museum, [vol. II. 1788,] where it is stated to be the composition of the D— of G—; that is to say, of the Duke of Gordon.



I heed not care nor fortune's frowns,  
For nought but death shall move me.

But faithful, loving, true, and kind,  
For ever thou shalt find me ;  
And of our meeting here so sweet,  
Loch-Erroch sweet shall mind me.  
Enraptured then, My lovely lass,  
I cried, no more we'll tarry !  
We'll leave the fair Loch-Erroch side,  
For lovers soon should marry.\*



### I'LL MAKE YOU FAIN TO FOLLOW ME.†

TUNE—*I'll mak ye be fain to follow me.*

As late by a sodger I happen'd to pass,  
I heard him courting a bonnie young lass :  
My hinnie, my life, my dearest, quo' he,  
I'll make you be fain to follow me.  
Gin I were to follow a poor sodger lad,  
Ilk ane o' our maidens would think I was mad ;  
For battles I never shall long to see,  
Nor shall I be fain to follow thee.

O come wi' me, and I'll make you glad,  
Wi' part o' my supper, and part o' my bed ;  
A kiss by land, and a kiss by sea,  
I think ye'll be fain to follow me.  
O care or sorrow no sodgers know,  
In mirth we march, and in joy we go ;  
Frae sweet St Johnston to bonnie Dundee,  
Wha wadna be fain to follow me ?

What heart but leaps when it lists the fife ?  
Ilk tuck o' the drum's a lease o' life—

\* From Johnson's Scots Musical Museum, vol. I. 1787. It is supposed to be the composition of James Tytler, the author of "The Bonnie Brucket Lassie."

† As altered and enlarged by Mr Cunningham, (Songs of Scotland, II. 340.) The original song is in the Musical Museum, vol. III. 1790.

We reign on earth, we rule on sea ;  
 A queen might be fain to follow me.  
 Her locks were brown, her eyes were blue,  
 Her looks were blithe, her words were few—  
 The lads o' Dumfries stood staring dumb,  
 When sweet Jenny Primrose follow'd the drum.

~~~~~

THE SILLER CROWN.

TUNE—*The Siller Crown.*

AND ye shall walk in silk attire,
 And siller hae to spare,
 Gin ye'll consent to be his bride,
 Nor think o' Donald mair.
 Oh, wha wad buy a silken gown,
 Wi' a puir broken heart ?
 Or what's to me a siller crown,
 Gin frae my love I part ?

The mind whase every wish is pure,
 Far dearer is to me ;
 And ere I'm forced to break my faith,
 I'll lay me down and dee ;
 For I hae pledged my virgin troth,
 Brave Donald's fate to share,
 And he has gi'en to me his heart,
 Wi' a' its virtues rare.

His gentle manners wan my heart,
 He gratefu' took the gift ;
 Could I but think to seek it back,
 It wad be waur than theft.
 For langest life can ne'er repay
 The love he bears to me ;
 And ere I'm forced to break my troth,
 I'll lay me down and dee.*

* From the Scots Musical Museum, vol. III. 1790.

O MARY, YE'SE BE CLAD IN SILK.

O MARY, ye'se be clad in silk,
 And diamonds in your hair,
 Gin ye'll consent to be my bride,
 Nor think on Arthur mair.
 Oh, wha wad wear a silken gown,
 Wi' tears blindin' their ee?
 Before I break my true love's chain,
 I'll lay me down and dee.

For I have pledged my virgin troth,
 Brave Arthur's fate to share ;
 And he has gi'en to me his heart,
 Wi' a' its virtues rare.
 The mind whase every wish is pure,
 Far dearer is to me ;
 And, ere I'm forced to break my faith,
 I'll lay me down and dee.

So trust me, when I swear to thee
 By a' that is on high ;
 Though ye had a' this world's gear,
 My heart ye couldna buy ;
 For langest life can ne'er repay
 The love he bears to me ;
 And ere I'm forced to break my faith,
 I'll lay me down and dee.*

~~~~~

## THE GALLANT AULD CARLE.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

A GALLANT auld carle a-courting came,  
 And ask'd, with a cough, was the heiress at hame ;  
 He was shaven smooth, with love-knots in his shoon,  
 And his breath was as cauld as the Hallowmass moon.

\* An imitation of the preceding song, from Laurie and Symington's Collection, 1792.

He has twa top-coats on, and a grey plaid ;  
 Be kind to him, maiden, he's weel array'd ;  
 His lairdship lies by the kirk-yard dyke,  
 For he'll be rotten ere I be ripe.

The carle camē ben with a groan and a cough,  
 And I was sae wicked and wilful as laugh :  
 He spoke of his lands, and his horses, and kye,  
 They were worth nae mair than a blink o' my eye.  
 He spoke of his gold—his locks, as he spake,  
 From the grey did grow to the glossy black :  
 And I scarce could say to the carle's gripe,  
 I doubt ye'll be rotten ere I be ripe.

~~~~~

LOGIE O' BUCHAN.

TUNE—*Logie o' Buchan.*

O, LOGIE o' Buchan, O, Logie, the laird,
 They hae ta'en awa Jamie that dived in the yard ;
 He play'd on the pipe and the viol sae sma' ;
 They hae ta'en awa Jamie, the flower o' them a'.
 He said, Think na lang, lassie, though I gang awa ;
 He said, Think na lang, lassie, though I gang awa ;
 For the simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa,
 And I'll come back and see thee in spite o' them a'.

O, Sandie has owsen, and siller, and kye,
 A house and a haddin, and a' things forbye ;
 But I wad hae Jamie, wi's bonnet in's hand,
 Before I'd hae Sandie wi' houses and land.

My daddie looks sulky, my minnie looks sour,
 They frown upon Jamie, because he is poor ;
 But daddie and minnie although that they be,
 There's nane o' them a' like my Jamie to me.

I sit on my creepie, and spin at my wheel,
 And think on the laddie that lo'ed me sae weel ;

He had but ae sixpence—he brak it in twa,
 And he gi'ed me the hauf o't when he gaed awa.
 Then, haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa,
 Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa ;
 Simmer is comin', cauld winter's awa,
 And ye'll come and see me in spite o' them a'.*

~~~~~

### BOATMAN, HASTE!

BOATMAN, haste, launch your skiff—  
 Row me quickly o'er the ferry ;  
 From his haunt on the cliff  
 Screams the gull, wild and eerie.  
 Boatman, haste, man your skiff—  
 Row me quickly o'er the ferry ;  
 Snow-white surges, often rearing,  
 Warn the dreaded storm is nearing.

Sail and oar swiftly bore  
 Him afar from the mooring ;  
 But, before he was o'er,  
 Winds and waves loud were roaring.  
 Soon, alas, the weltering billow,  
 Is his cold and restless pillow,  
 Where he sleeps without commotion,  
 Sheeted by the foaming ocean.†

\* "Logie o' Buchan" is stated by Mr Peter Buchan of Peterhead, in his *Gleanings of Scarce Old Ballads* (1827), to have been the composition of Mr George Halket, and to have been written by him while schoolmaster of Rathen, in Aberdeenshire, about the year 1736. "The poetry of this individual," says Mr Buchan, "was chiefly Jacobitical, and long remained familiar amongst the peasantry in that quarter of the country: One of the best known of these, at the present, is 'Wherry, Whigs, awa, man!' In 1746, Mr Halket wrote a dialogue betwixt George II. and the Devil, which falling into the hands of the Duke of Cumberland while on his march to Culloden, he offered one hundred pounds reward for the person or the head of its author. Mr Halket died in 1756.

† "The Logie here mentioned, is in one of the adjoining parishes (Cramond) where Mr Halket then resided; and the hero of the piece was a James Robertson, gardener at the place of Logie."

† From Smith's *Scottish Minstrel*.



## THE AULD CARLE'S WELCOME.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

How's a' wi' my auld dame,  
 My sonsie-dame, my mensfu' dame?  
 How's a' the folk at hame,  
 Wi' the canty auld gudeman, jo?  
 Sit down in peace, my winsome doo,\*  
 Though thin thy locks and beld † thy brow,  
 Thou once were armfu' fit, I trow,  
 To mense a kintra en', jo.

Ance on a day, in trystin time,  
 When in thy ee love blinkit prime,  
 And through our teens we bore the gree  
 In ilka kintra ha', jo;  
 The lasses gloom'd when thou did sing,  
 The lads lean'd roun' thee in a ring,  
 While blythely I took up the spring,  
 And bore the mense awa, jo!

An', haith! at kirns † we're canty yet,  
 Amang our bairnies' bonnie bairns;  
 At bridal shaw, or new house heat,  
 We thraw auld age awa, jo!  
 Though past the younkens' trysting prime,  
 Our pows though strew'd wi' winter's rime,  
 We've linket through a blythesome time—  
 The gouden age awa, jo!

A mirthfu' thing it is, an' blythe  
 To think on't yet, to think on't yet;  
 Though creeping to the grave belyve,  
 We're lifted wi' the thought, jo!  
 We've fouchten teuch, an' warstled sair,  
 Out through this world o' din and care,  
 An', haith! we've something mair than prayer  
 To help a poor bodie, jo!

\* Dove.

† The feast of harvest-home.

† Bald.

Reach me the Beuk, my winsome Jean,  
 My specks bring, and the bairns send in,  
 I'll wale a kind and halie thing  
 Seems written just for thee, jo !  
 " The gude auld folk God winna lea' !  
 Nor thraw their bairns on the wide kintrie ;" \*  
 Then blink fu' blythe, wi' uplift ee,  
 Sin' God has ta'en our han', jo ! †

~~~~~

HIE, BONNIE LASSIE!

TUNE—*Hie, Bonnie Lassie.*

HIE, bonnie lassie, blink over the burn,
 And if your sheep wander I'll gie them a turn ;
 Sae happy as we'll be on yonder green shade,
 If ye'll be my dawtie, and sit in my plaid.

A yowe and twa lammies are a' my hail stock,
 But I'll sell a lammie out o' my wee flock,
 To buy thee a head-piece, sae bonnie and braid,
 If ye'll be my dawtie, and sit in my plaid.

I hae a wee whittle made me a trout creel,
 And, oh, that wee whittle I likit it weel ;
 But I'll gie't to my lassie, and mair if I had,
 If she'll be my dawtie, and sit in my plaid.

I hae little siller, but ae hauf-year's fee,
 But if ye will tak' it, I'll gie't a' to thee ;
 And then we'll be married, and lie in ae bed,
 If ye'll be my dawtie, and sit in my plaid.

* " I have been young, and now am old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread."—*Psalm*, xxxvii. 25.

† From Cromek's Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song, 1810.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

TUNE—*Hey, tuttie, taittie.*

I'm wearing awa, Jean,
 Like snaw when it's thaw, Jean;
 I'm wearing awa, Jean,
 To the land o' the leal.
 There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
 There's nae cauld there, Jean,
 The day is aye fair, Jean,
 In the land o' the leal.

Ye were aye leal and true, Jean,
 Your task's ended now, Jean,
 And I'll welcome you
 To the land o' the leal.
 Our bonny bairn's there, Jean,
 She was baith guid and fair, Jean,
 And we grudged her right sair
 To the land o' the leal.

Then dry that tearfu' ee, Jean,
 My soul lang's to be free, Jean,
 And angels wait on me
 To the land o' the leal.
 Now, fare ye well, my ain Jean,
 This world's care is vain, Jean,
 We'll meet and aye be fain
 In the land o' the leal.



THE BANKS OF DOON.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Caledonian Hunt's delight.*

YE banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
 How can ye chant, ye little birds?
 And I sae weary fou o' care!

Ye'll break my heart, ye little birds,
 That wanton through the flow'ry thorn ;
 Ye mind me o' departed joys,
 Departed never to return.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,
 To see the rose and woodbine twine ;
 While ilka bird sang o' its luvie,
 And fondly sae did I o' mine.
 Wi' heartsome glee I pu'd a rose,
 The sweetest on its thorny tree ;
 But my fause love has stown the rose,
 And left the thorn behind wi' me.*

~~~~~

## HIGHLAND MARY.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Katherine Ogie.*

YE banks, and braes, and streams around  
 The Castle o' Montgomery !†  
 Green be your woods, and fair your flow'rs,  
 Your waters never drumlie !  
 There simmer first unfauld her robes,  
 And there the langest tarry !  
 For there I took the last fareweel  
 O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk !  
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom !  
 As, underneath their fragrant shade,  
 I clasp'd her to my bosom !  
 The golden hours, on angel wings,  
 Flew o'er me and my dearie ;  
 For dear to me, as light and life,  
 Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow and lock'd embrace,  
 Our parting was fu' tender ;

\* Burns wrote this song upon an unfortunate attachment between Miss K——, a kinswoman of his friend Gavin Hamilton, and a Captain M'——.  
 † Coilsfield House, near Mauchline; but poetically titled as above, on account of the name of the proprietor.

And, pledging aft to meet again,  
 We tore ourselves asunder :  
 But, oh ! fell death's untimely frost,  
 That nipt my flower sae early !  
 Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,  
 That wraps my Highland Mary !

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,  
 I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly !  
 And closed for aye the sparkling glance,  
 That dwelt on me sae kindly ;  
 And mouldering now in silent dust,  
 That heart that lo'ed me dearly !  
 But still within my bosom's core,  
 Shall live my Highland Mary.\*

~~~~~

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

BURNS.

THOU ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
 That lov'st to greet the early morn !
 Again thou usher'st in the day,
 My Mary from my soul was torn.

* This and the following song refer to Mary Campbell, one of Burns's earliest and most beloved mistresses. It affords a strange illustration of the power of a poetical mind, in elevating and adorning whatever it is pleased to regard with respect, that this girl, at the time Burns was acquainted with her, *was merely the dairy-woman at Coilsfield House*; a fact which I have long hesitated to divulge, in the fear that it may dispel from the mind of the reader much of the sentiment which he entertains regarding these glorious lyrics, while, on the other hand, it appeared to me too remarkable an instance of the power of poetry to be withheld. When this much-honoured young woman was about to pay a visit to her relations in Argyleshire, in order to arrange matters for her marriage with the poet, they met, by appointment, in a sequestered spot by the banks of the Ayr, where they spent the day in taking a farewell, and in exchanging assurances of mutual attachment and fidelity. Their adieu was performed with all those simple and striking ceremonials, which rustic sentiment has devised to prolong tender emotions, and to inspire awe. The lovers stood on each side of a small purling brook; they laved their hands in its limpid stream, and, holding a Bible between them, pronounced their vows to be faithful to each other. Mary carried that Bible with her, the poet having previously inscribed upon a blank leaf some testimonial of his affection. At the close of the following Autumn, she crossed the Frith of Clyde, to meet Burns at Greenock; but she had scarcely landed there, when she was seized with a malignant fever, which carried her off in a few days. Her grave is still shown in the churchyard of that town; and her mother resided there so lately as the year 1822.

Oh, Mary, dear departed shade !
 Where is thy place of blissful rest ?
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid ?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

That sacred hour can I forget ?—
 Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
 Where, by the winding Ayr, we met,
 To live one day of parting love ?
 Eternity will not efface
 Those records dear of transports past ;
 Thy image at our last embrace ;—
 Ah ! little thought we 'twas our last !

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
 O'erhung with wild woods thickening green ;
 The fragrant birch, the hawthorn hoar,
 Twined amorous round the raptured scene.
 The flowers sprung wanton to be prest,
 The birds sung love on every spray ;
 Till too, too soon the glowing west
 Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
 And fondly broods with miser care ;
 Time but the impression stronger makes,
 As streams their channels deeper wear.
 My Mary, dear departed shade !
 Where is thy place of blissful rest ?
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid ?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?*

* This admired lyric was composed, late in life, on the anniversary of the incident referred to in the foregoing song and note. Overpowered by his feelings, the poet retired from his family—it was at Ellisland—and, flinging himself upon a half-demolished stack in the farm-yard, lay upon his back the whole night, surveying the starry heavens above him, and forming in his mind the glowing lines of this most impassioned of all his compositions.

DOUN THE BURN, DAVIE.

W. M. CRAWFORD.

TUNE—*Down the Burn, Davie.*

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,
 And broom bloom'd fair to see ;
 When Mary was complete fifteen,
 And love laugh'd in her ee ;
 Blythe Davie's blinks her heart did move
 To speak her mind thus free :
 Gang down the burn, Davie, love,
 And I will follow thee.

Now Davie did each lad surpass
 That dwelt on this burnside ;
 And Mary was the bonniest lass,
 Just meet to be a bride :
 Her cheeks were rosie, red and white ;
 Her een were bonnie blue ;
 Her looks were like the morning bright,
 Her lips like dropping dew.

[ADDED BY BURNS.]

As down the burn they took their way,
 And through the flow'ry dale ;
 His cheek to hers he aft did lay,
 And love was aye the tale.
 With, Mary, when shall we return,
 Sic pleasure to renew ?
 Quoth Mary, Love, I like the burn,
 And aye will follow you.*

* Burns was informed that the air of this song was composed by David Maigh, who, in his time, had been keeper of the blood-hounds to the Laird of Riddel, in Roxburghshire. The song first appeared in the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724.

Also Hand I. 208

SIC A WIFE AS WILLIE HAD.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Tibbie Fowler.*

WILLIE WASTLE dwalt on Tweed,
 The place they ca'd it Linkumdoddie.
 Willie was a wabster gude,
 Could stown a clew wi' onie bodie.
 He had a wife was dour and din,
 O, Tinkler Madgie was her mother :
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wadna gie a button for her !

She has an ee, she has but ane,
 The cat has twa the very colour ;
 Twa rustie teeth, forbye a stump,
 A clapper tongue wad deave a miller ;
 A whiskin' beard about her mou' ;
 Her nose and chin they threaten ither :
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wadna gie a button for her !

She's bow-hough'd, she's hein-shinn'd,
 Ae limp'in' leg a hand-bread shorter ;
 She's twisted richt, she's twisted left,
 To balance fair in ilka quarter :
 She has a hump upon her breast,
 The twin o' that upon her shouther :
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wadna gie a button for her !

Auld baudrons * by the ingle sits,
 And wi' her loof her face a-washin' ;
 But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,
 She dichts her grunye † wi' a hushion. ‡
 Her walie neeves, || like midden creels ;
 Her face wad fyle the Logan Water :
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wadna gie a button for her !

* The cat.

† Mouth.

‡ Cushion.

|| Fists.

COWDENKNOWES.

CRAWFORD.

TUNE—*The Brume o' Cowdenknowes.*

WHEN summer comes, the swains on Tweed
 Sing their successful loves ;
 Around the ewes the lambkins feed,
 And music fills the groves.

But my loved song is then the broom
 So fair on Cowdenknowes ;
 For sure so sweet, so soft a bloom
 Elsewhere there never grows !

There Colin tuned his aiten reed,
 And won my yielding heart ;
 No shepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed
 Could play with half such art.

He sung of Tay, of Forth, of Clyde,
 The hills and dales around,
 Of Leader-haughs and Leader-side ;
 Oh, how I bless'd the sound !

Yet more delightful is the broom
 So fair on Cowdenknowes ;
 For sure so fresh, so fair a bloom,
 Elsewhere there never grows.

Not Teviot braes, so green and gay,
 May with this broom compare ;
 Not Yarrow's banks, in flow'ry May,
 Nor the Bush aboon Traquair.

More pleasing far are Cowdenknowes,
 My peaceful happy home,
 Where I was wont to milk my yowes
 At even, among the broom.

Ye powers, that haunt the woods and plains,
 Where Tweed with Teviot flows,
 Convey me to the best of swains,
 And my loved Cowdenknowes !*

~~~~~

### THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

BURNS.

# TUNE—*The Mill, Mill, O.*

WHEN wild war's deadly blast was blawn,  
 And gentle peace returning,  
 And eyes again wi' pleasure beam'd,  
 That had been blear'd wi' mourning ;  
 I left the lines and tented field,  
 Where lang I'd been a lodger ;  
 My humble knapsack a' my wealth ;  
 A poor but honest sodger.

A leal light heart beat in my breast,  
 My hands unstain'd wi' plunder ;  
 And for fair Scotia hame again,  
 I cheery on did wander.  
 I thought upon the banks o' Coil,  
 I thought upon my Nancy ;  
 I thought upon the witching smile,  
 That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonnie glen,  
 Where early life I sported ;  
 I pass'd the mill and trysting thorn,  
 Where Nancy oft I courted.  
 Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,  
 Down by her mother's dwelling ?  
 And turn'd me round to hide the flood  
 That in my ee was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, Sweet lass,  
 Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,  
 O ! happy, happy may he be,  
 That's dearest to thy bosom !

\* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724.



My purse is light, I've far to gang,  
 And fain wad be thy lodger ;  
 I've served my king and country lang :  
 Tak pity on a sodger.

Sae wistfully she gazed on me,  
 And lovelier grew than ever ;  
 Quoth she, A sodger ance I loved,  
 Forget him will I never.  
 Our humble cot and hamely fare,  
 Ye freely shall partake o't ;  
 That gallant badge, the dear cockade,  
 Ye're welcome for the sake o't.

She gazed—she redden'd like a rose—  
 Syne pale as ony lily ;  
 She sank within my arms, and cried,  
 Art thou my ain dear Willie ?  
 By Him, who made yon sun and sky,  
 By whom true love's regarded ;  
 I am the man ! and thus may still  
 True lovers be rewarded.

The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,  
 And find thee still true-hearted ;  
 Though poor in gear, we're rich in love,  
 And mair we'se ne'er be parted.  
 Quoth she, My grandsire left me gowd,  
 A mailin plenish'd fairly ;  
 Then come, my faithfu' sodger lad,  
 Thou'rt welcome to it dearly.

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,  
 The farmer ploughs the manor ;  
 But glory is the sodger's prize,  
 The sodger's wealth is honour.  
 The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,  
 Nor count him as a stranger :  
 Remember he's his country's stay,  
 In day and hour o' danger.\*

\* " Burns, I have been informed," says a clergyman of Dumfries-shire, in a letter to Mr George Thomson, editor of the *Select Melodies of Scotland*, " was one summer evening in the inn at Brownhill, with a couple

## THE WEE, WEE GERMAN LAIRDIE.

WHA the deil hae we gotten for a king,  
 But a wee, wee German lairdie?  
 And, when we gaed to bring him,  
 He was delving in his yardie:  
 Sheughing kail, and laying leeks,  
 But the hose, and but the breeks;  
 And up his beggar duds he cleeks—  
 This wee, wee German lairdie.

And he's clapt down in our gudeman's chair,  
 The wee, wee German lairdie;  
 And he's brought fouth o' foreign trash,  
 And dibbled them in his yardie.  
 He's pu'd the rose o' English loons,  
 And broken the harp o' Irish clowns;  
 But our thistle taps will jag his thumbs—  
 This wee, wee German lairdie.

Come up amang our Highland hills,  
 Thou wee, wee German lairdie,  
 And see the Stuarts' lang-kail thrive  
 We dibbled in our yardie:  
 And if a stock ye dare to pu',  
 Or haud the yoking o' a plough,  
 We'll break your sceptre o'er your mou',  
 Thou wee bit German lairdie.

Our hills are steep, our glens are deep,  
 Nae fitting for a yardie;  
 And our Norland thistles winna pu',  
 Thou wee bit German lairdie:  
 And we've the trenching blades o' weir,  
 Wad prune ye o' your German gear—  
 We'll pass ye 'neath the claymore's shear,  
 Thou feckless German lairdie!

of friends, when a poor way-worn soldier passed the window. Of a sudden it struck the poet to call him in, and get the recital of his adventures; after hearing which, he all at once fell into one of those fits of abstraction, not unusual to him. He was lifted to the region where he had his garland and his singing-ropes about him, and the result was this admirable song he sent you for 'The Mill, Mill, O.'

Auld Scotland, thou'rt ower cauld a hole  
 For nursin' siccan vermin ;  
 But the very dougs o' England's court  
 They bark and howl in German.  
 Then keep thy dibble in thy ain hand,  
 Thy spade but and thy yardie ;  
 For wha the deil hae we gotten for a king,  
 But a wee, wee German lairdie ? \*

~~~~~

MATRIMONIAL HAPPINESS.†

JOHN LAPRAIK.

WHEN I upon thy bosom lean,
 And fondly clasp thee a' my ain,
 I glory in the sacred ties
 That made us ane, wha ance were twain.
 A mutual flame inspires us baith,
 The tender look, the meltin' kiss :
 Even years shall ne'er destroy our love,
 But only gie us change o' bliss.

Hae I a wish ? it's a' for thee !
 I ken thy wish is me to please.
 Our moments pass sae sweet away,
 That numbers on us look and gaze ;
 Weel pleased they see our happy days,
 Nor envy's sell finds aught to blame ;
 And aye, when weary cares arise,
 Thy bosom still shall be my hame.

* A Jacobite song, evidently written immediately after the accession of George I., in 1714.

† This very beautiful song possesses an external distinction, on account of its having been eulogized by Burns, who, in consequence of hearing it sung at a rustic merry-meeting, commenced a series of lively epistles to its author, which may be found in his works.

Lapraik was portioner of Dalfram, near Muirkirk, in the eastern part of Ayrshire. He had attained a considerable age during the youth of his illustrious correspondent. The occasion of the song was this—"Lapraik, in a moment when he forgot whether he was rich or poor, became security for some person concerned in a ruinous speculation called the Ayr Bank, and was compelled to sell the little estate on which his name had been sheltered for many centuries. His securities were larger than the produce of his ground covered, and he found his way into the jail of Ayr when he was sixty years old. In this uncomfortable abode, his son told me, he composed this song : it is reconcilable with the account which he gave to Burns—that he made it one day when he and his wife had been mourning over their misfortunes."—*Cunningham's Songs of Scotland*, vol. iii. p. 282.

I'll lay me there and tak my rest :
 And, if that aught disturb my dear,
 I'll bid her laugh her cares away,
 And beg her not to drop a tear.
 Hae I a joy? it's a' her ain!
 United still her heart and mine ;
 They're like the woodbine round the tree,
 That's twined till death shall them disjoin.

~~~~~

POVERTY PARTS GUDE COMPANIE.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

TUNE—*Todlin hame.*

WHEN white was my o'erlay as foam o' the linn,  
 And siller was clinkin' my pouches within ;  
 When my lambkins were bleating on meadowand brae ;  
 As I gaed to my love in new cleeding sae gay,  
     Kind was she,  
     And my friends were free :  
     But poverty parts gude companie.

How swift pass'd the minutes and hours of delight !  
 The piper play'd cheerly, the crusie burn'd bright ;  
 And link'd in my hand was the maiden sae dear,  
 As she footed the floor in her holiday gear.  
     Woe is me,  
     And can it then be,  
     That poverty parts sic companie !

We met at the fair, we met at the kirk,  
 We met in the sunshine, and met in the mirk ;  
 And the sounds of her voice, and the blinks of her een,  
 The cheering and life of my bosom have been.  
     Leaves frae the tree  
     At Martinmas flee ;  
     And poverty parts sweet companie.

At bridal and infare I've braced me wi' pride ;  
 The *bruse* I hae won, and a kiss o' the bride ;

And loud was the laughter gay fellows among,  
 When I utter'd my banter and chorus'd my song.  
     Dowie to dree  
     Are jesting and glee,  
     When poverty parts gude companie.

Wherever I gaed the blythe lasses smiled sweet,  
 And mithers and aunties were mair than discreet,  
 While kebbuck and bicker were set on the board ;  
 But now they pass by me, and never a word.  
     So let it be,  
     For the worldly and slie  
     Wi' poverty keep nae companie.\*

~~~~~

WILLIE WAS A WANTON WAG.

WILLIAM WALKINGSHAW OF WALKINGSHAW.

TUNE—*Willie was a wanton Wag.*

WILLIE was a wanton wag,¹
 The blythest lad that e'er I saw :
 At bridals still he bore the brag,
 And carried aye the gree awa.
 His doublet was of Zetland shag,
 And wow but Willie he was braw ;
 And at his shouthers hung a tag
 That pleased the lasses best of a'.

He was a man without a clag ;
 His heart was frank, without a flaw ;
 And aye whatever Willie said,
 It still was hadden as a law.

* I have thought it advisable to degrade the final stanza of this excellent song to the bottom of the page, from a conviction, in which nine out of ten readers will join me, that it can only spoil the fine effect of its predecessors. It is as follows :—

But the hope of my love is a cure for its smart ;
 The spaewife has tauld me to keep up my heart ;
 For wi' my last sixpence her loof I hae cross'd,
 And the bliss that is fated can never be lost ;
 Cruelly though we
 Ilka day see
 How poverty parts good companie.

His boots they were made of the jag,
 When he went to the weapon-shaw ;
 Upon the green nane durst him brag,
 The fient a ane amang them a'.

And was not Willie weel worth gowd ?
 He wan the love o' grit and sma' ;
 For, after he the bride had kiss'd,
 He kiss'd the lasses haill-sale a'.
 Sae merrily round the ring they row'd,
 When by the hand he led them a' ;
 And smack on smack on them bestow'd,
 By virtue of a standing law.

And was na Willie a great loun,
 As shyre a lick as e'er was seen ?
 When he danced with the lasses round,
 The bridegroom spier'd where he had been.
 Quoth Willie, I've been at the ring ;
 Wi' bobbin', faith, my shanks are sair ;
 Gae ca' the bride and maidens in,
 For Willie he dow do na mair.

Then rest ye, Willie, I'll gae out,
 And for a wee fill up the ring ;
 But shame licht on his souple snout !
 He wanted Willie's wanton fling.
 Then straight he to the bride did fare,
 Says, Weel's me on your bonny face !
 With bobbin' Willie's shanks are sair,
 And I am come to fill his place.

Bridegroom, says she, you'll spoil the dance,
 And at the ring you'll aye be lag,
 Unless like Willie ye advance ;
 Oh, Willie has a wanton leg !
 For wi't he learns us a' to steer,
 And foremost aye bears up the ring ;
 We will find nae sic dancin' here,
 If we want Willie's wanton fling.*

* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724. As it is there signed by the initials of the author, there arises a presumption that he was alive, and a friend of Ramsay, at the period of the publication of that work.

THE AULD MAN'S MEAR'S DEAD.

TUNE—*The Auld Man's Mear's dead.*

'THE auld man's mear's dead ;
The puir body's mear's dead ;
The auld man's mear's dead,
A mile aboon Dundee.

There was hay to ca', and lint to lead,
A hunder hotts o' muck to spread,
And peats and truffs and a' to lead—
And yet the jaud to dee !

She had the fierceie and the fleuk,
The wheezloch and the wanton yeuk ;
On ilka knee she had a breuk—
What ail'd the beast to dee ?

She was lang-tooth'd and blench-lippit,
Heam-hough'd and haggis-fittit,
Lang-neckit, chandler-chafftit,
And yet the jaud to dee !*

* The late Rev. Mr C——, minister of the parish of Borthwick, near Edinburgh, (who was so enthusiastically fond of singing Scottish songs, that he used to hang his watch round the candle on Sunday evenings, and wait anxiously till the conjunction of the hands at 12 o'clock permitted him to break out in one of his favourite ditties,) was noted for the admirable manner in which he sung "Bonny Dundee," "Waly, waly, up yon bank," "The Auld Man's Mear's dead," with many other old Scottish ditties. One day, happening to meet with some friends at a tavern in Dalkeith, he was solicited to favour the company with the latter humorous ditty; which he was accordingly singing with his usual effect and brilliancy, when the woman who kept the house thrust her head in at the door, and added, at the conclusion of one of the choruses, "Od, the auld man's mear's dead, sure eneuch. Your horse, minister, has hanged itself at my door." Such was really the fact. The minister, on going into the house, had tied his horse by a rope to a hook, or ring, near the door, and as he was induced to stay much longer than he intended, the poor animal, either through exhaustion, or a sudden fit of disease, fell down, and was strangled. He was so much mortified by this unhappy accident, the coincidence of which with the subject of his song was not a little striking, that, all his life after, he could never be persuaded to sing "The Auld Man's Mear's dead" again.

THE BAIGRIE O'T.*

TUNE—*The Blathrie o't.*

WHEN I think on this warld's pelf,
 And how little o't I hae to myself,
 I sich and look doun on my thread-bare coat;
 Yet, the shame tak the gear and the baigrie o't!

Johnnie was the lad that held the pleuch,
 But now he has gowd and gear eneuch;
 I mind weil the day when he was na worth a groat—
 And the shame fa' the gear and the baigrie o't!

Jenny was the lassie that muckit the byre,
 But now she goes in her silken attire;
 And she was a lass wha wore a plaiden coat—
 O, the shame fa' the gear and the baigrie o't!

Yet a' this shall never danton me,
 Sae lang as I keep my fancy free;
 While I've but a penny to pay the t'other pot,
 May the shame fa' the gear and the baigrie o't! †

~~~~~

 THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND.

MRS GRANT.

TUNE—*The Blue Bells of Scotland.*

O WHERE, and O where, does your Highland laddie  
 dwell?  
 O where, and O where, does your Highland laddie dwell?  
 He dwells in merry Scotland, where the blue-bells  
 sweetly smell,  
 And oh, in my heart I love my laddie well.

\* "Shame fa' the gear and the baigrie o't," says Kelly, "is spoken when a young handsome girl marries an old man on account of his wealth." The phrase, however, seems here used in a still more illiberal sense.

† From Herd's Collection, 1776.

O what, lassie, what does your Highland laddie wear ?  
 O what, lassie, what does your Highland laddie wear ?  
 A scarlet coat and bannet blue, with bonnie yellow hair ;  
 And nane in the warld can wi' my love compare.

O where, and O where, is your Highland laddie gane ?  
 O where, and O where, is your Highland laddie gane ?  
 He's gone to fight for George, our king, and left us  
 all alane ;  
 For noble and brave's my loyal Highlandman.


O what, lassie, what, if your Highland lad be slain ?  
 O what, lassie, what, if your Highland lad be slain ?  
 O no ! true love will be his guard, and bring him safe  
 again ;  
 For I never could live without my Highlandman !

O when, and O when, will your Highland lad come hame ?  
 O when, and O when, will your Highland lad come hame ?  
 Whene'er the war is over, he'll return to me with fame ;  
 And I'll plait a wreath of flowers for my lovely High-  
 landman.

O what will you claim for your constancy to him ?  
 O what will you claim for your constancy to him ?  
 I'll claim a priest to marry us, a clerk to say Amen ;  
 And I'll ne'er part again from my bonnie Highlandman.\*

~~~~~

FEE HIM, FATHER.

 TUNE—*Fee him, Father.*

O, SAW ye Johnnie comin' ? quo she,
 Saw ye Johnnie comin' ?
 O, saw ye Johnnie comin' ? quo she,
 Saw ye Johnnie comin' ?
 O saw ye Johnnie comin' ? quo she,
 Saw ye Johnnie comin',
 Wi' his blue bonnet on his head,

* From Johnson's Scots Musical Museum, vol. VI. 1805.

And his doggie rinnin' ? quo she,
And his doggie rinnin'.

O, fee him, father, fee him, quo she,
Fee him, father, fee him ;
O, fee him, father, fee him, quo she,
Fee him, father, fee him ;
For he is a gallant lad,
And a weel-doin' ;
And a' the wark about the toun
Gangs wi' me when I see him, quo she,
Gangs wi' me when I see him.

O what will I do wi' him ? quo he,
What will I do wi' him ?
He has ne'er a coat upon his back,
And I hae nane to gie him.
I hae twa coats into my kist,
And ane o' them I'll gie him ;
And for a merk o' mair fee
Dinna stand wi' him, quo she,
Dinna stand wi' him :

For weel do I loe him, quo she,
Weel do I loe him ;
For weel do I loe him, quo she,
Weel do I loe him.
O, fee him, father, fee him, quo she,
Fee him, father, fee him ;
He'll haud the pleuch, thrash in the barn,
And crack wi' me at e'en, quo she,
And crack wi' me at e'en.*

~~~~~

### CRAIL TOUN.†

TUNE—*Sir John Malcolm.*

AND was ye e'er in Crail toun ?  
Igo and ago ;

\* From Herd's Collection, 1776.

† There is a somewhat different version of this strange song in Herd's Collection, 1776. The present, which I think the best, is copied from The Scottish Minstrel.



## CRAIL TOUN.\*

TUNE—*Sir John Malcolm.*

AND was ye e'er in Crail toun?  
 Igo and ago;  
 And saw ye there Clerk Dishington? †  
 Sing irom, igon, ago.

His wig was like a droukit hen,  
 Igo and ago;  
 The tail o't like a goose-pen,  
 Sing irom, igon, ago.

And dinna ye ken Sir John Malcolm?  
 Igo and ago;  
 Gin he's a wise man I mistak him,  
 Sing irom, igon, ago.

And haud ye weel frae Sandie Don,  
 Igo and ago;  
 He's ten times dafter nor Sir John,  
 Sing irom, igon, ago.

To hear them o' their travels talk,  
 Igo and ago;  
 To gae to London's but a walk,  
 Sing irom, igon, ago.

To see the wonders o' the deep,  
 Igo and ago,  
 Wad gar a man baith wail and weep,  
 Sing irom, igon, ago.

To see the leviathan skip,  
 Igo and ago,  
 And wi' his tail ding ower a ship,  
 Sing irom, igon, ago.

\* There is a somewhat different version of this strange song in Herd's Collection, 1776. The present, which I think the best, is copied from *The Scottish Minstrel*.

† The person known in Scottish song and tradition by the epithet Clerk Dishington, was a notary who resided about the middle of the last century in Crail, and acted as the town-clerk of that ancient burgh. I have been informed that he was a person of great local celebrity in his time, as an uncompromising humorist.

## MY ONLY JO AND DEARIE, O.

GALL.\*

TUNE—*My only jo and dearie, O.*

THY cheek is o' the rose's hue,  
 My only jo and dearie, O ;  
 Thy neck is o' the siller dew,  
 Upon the bank sae briery, O.  
 Thy teeth are o' the ivory,  
 O sweet's the twinkle o' thine ee :  
 Nae joy, nae pleasure blinks on me,  
 My only jo and dearie, O.

The birdie sings upon the thorn  
 Its sang o' joy, fu' cheery, O ;  
 Rejoicing in the simmer morn,  
 Nae care to make it eerie, O.  
 Ah, little kens the sangster sweet,  
 Aucht o' the care I hae to meet,  
 That gars my restless bosom beat,  
 My only jo and dearie, O.

When we were bairnies on yon brae,  
 And youth was blinkin' bonnie, O,  
 Aft we wad daff the lee lang day,  
 Our joys fu' sweet and monie, O.  
 Aft I wad chase thee ower the lee,  
 And round about the thorny tree ;  
 Or pu' the wild flowers a' for thee,  
 My only jo and dearie, O.

I hae a wish I canna tine,  
 'Mang a' the cares that grieve me, O ;  
 A wish that thou wert ever mine,  
 And never mair to leave me, O.  
 Then I wad daut thee night and day,  
 Nae ither warldly care I'd hae,  
 Till life's warm stream forgat to play,  
 My only jo and dearie, O.

\* Richard Gall, the son of a dealer in old furniture in St Mary's Wynd, Edinburgh, was brought up to the business of a printer, and died, at an early age, about the beginning of the present century.











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