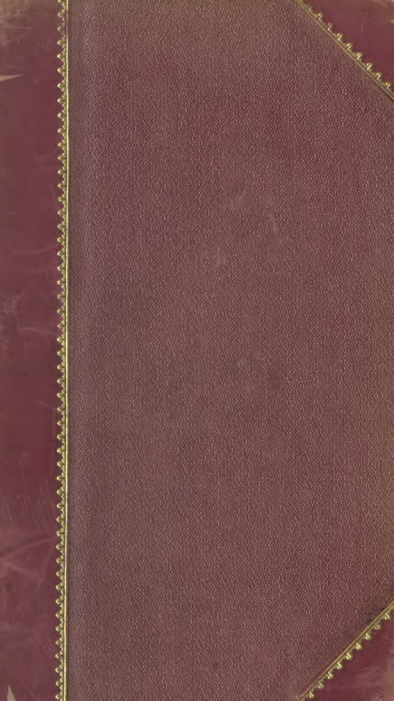








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A.A. Ritchie del et sc.

"Paddy Adam Glen"

+

WAYSIDE FLOWERS:

BEING

POEMS AND SONGS,

BY

ALEXANDER LAING.

Brechin

NEW EDITION, ENLARGED.

EDINBURGH:

J. MENZIES, PRINCES STREET.

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TO

CAPT. CHARLES GRAY, R.M.,

AUTHOR OF "LAYS AND LYRICS,"

THIS VOLUME

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY

HIS AFFECTIONATE FRIEND.

ALEX. LAING.

NOBLE.
LITERARY,
AND
PUBLIC PATRONAGE,
HAVING EXHAUSTED THE
First Edition
OF THIS VOLUME.
THE AUTHOR
FEELS HIMSELF WARRANTED
IN PUBLISHING A
Second Edition.

BRECHIN,

MDCCCL.

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SONNET,
ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR,

BY

ALEXANDER SMART,

AUTHOR OF "RAMBLING RHYMES."

DEAR LAING, there is a craving in the mind,
A longing after purer, better things,
Than life in all its varied phases brings,
Which we are doomed to seek, but never find :
Still that communion of congenial hearts,
Which long has blest the summer of our days,
And ripens now in autumn's mellow rays,
Sweet foretaste of a purer bliss imparts.
Friend of the poet and his humble song,
With all a brother's love I turn to thee,
Like " wayside flower," sequestered from the throng
In nature's quiet lanes ; and still I see
Reflected in thy charming lyric lays,
The pure and simple current of thy days.

POEMS.

WAYSIDE FLOWERS.

P O E M S.

ARCHIE ALLAN.

*"I've seen the smiling of fortune beguiling,
I've tasted her favours, and felt her decay."*

AY! poor ARCHIE ALLAN—I hope he's no poor!
A mair dainty neebour ne'er entered ane's door—
An' he's worn awa' frae an ill-doin' kin,
Frae a warld o' trouble, o' sorrow, an' sin.
Wad ye hear o' the hardships that Archie befell?
Then listen a-wee, an' his story I'll tell.

Now twice twenty towmonts, an' twenty are gane,
Sin' Archie an' I cou'd ha'e ranket as men—
Sin' we cou'd ha'e left ony twa o' our eild,
At a' kinds o' farm-wark, at hame or a-field ;
Sin' we cou'd ha'e carried the best bow o' bear,
An' thrown the fore-hammer out-owre ony pair.
Ah ! then we were forward, an' flinty, an' young,
An' never ance ken'd what it was to be dung ;
We were lang fellow-servants an' neebours fu' dear :
Fouk ne'er thocht o' flittin' then ilka half-year.

When he was the bridegroom, an' Mary his bride,
Mysel' an' my Jeanie were best man an' maid :
'Twas a promise atween us—they cou'dna' refuse—
Had our bridal been first, they had gotten the glo'es,

Aweel, they were married, an' mony were there,
An' Luvie never low'd on a happier pair ;
For Archie had nae woman's skaith he could rue,
An' Mary was sakeless o' breakin' her vow.
They had lo'ed ither lang, an' the day was to be,
When their ain gather'd penny wad set them up free ;
Sae clear o' the warld, an' cantie, an' weel,
They thrive out an' in like the buss i' the beil' ;
Their wants werena monie, their family was sma',—
Themsel's an' but ae lassie-bairn was a' ;

Sae wi' workin' an' winnin', wi' savin' an' care,
They gather'd an' gather'd nae that little gear.

Yet nae narrow bodies—nae niggards were they—
Nae slaves to the warld, to want—an' to ha'e;
Tho' they ken'd weel aneuch a' the bouk o' their ain,
They wad tak', they wad gi'e—they wad borrow or
len' ;

Whan a friend or a neebour gaed speerin' their weel,
They had meal i' the bannock, an' maut i' the yill ;
They had hearts that cou'd part, they had hands that
were free,

An' leuks that bade welcome an' warm as cou'd be ;
Gaed ye in—cam' ye out, they were aye, aye the same ;
There's few now-a-days 'mang our neebours like them!

Thus, blythesome an' happy, time hasten'd awa'
Till their dochter was twenty, or twenty an' twa ;
Whan she, a' the comfort an' hope o' their days,
Fell into some dowie, some ling'rin' disease ;
Lang ill was the lassie, an' muckle she bure,
Monie cures they gi'ed till her, but death winna cure ;
She dwyn'd like a gowan 'mang newly mawn grass ;
Some luvè disappointment, 'twas said, was the cause—
Ay ! happen what may, there maun aye be a mean :
Her grave wasna sad, an' her truf wasna green,

Whan Mary, her mither, a' broken an' pin'd
Wi' trachle o' body, wi' trouble o' mind,
Was reliev'd frae her sorrows—was also weel sair'd,
An' laid by her bairn i' the silent kirk-yard !

Oh ! sirs, sic a change !—it was waesome to see ;
But life's like a journey, an' changes maun be ;
Whan the day o' prosperity seems but at noon,
The nicht o' adversity often comes down :
I've lived till my locks are as white as the snaw,
Till the friends of my youth are a' dead an' awa' ;
At death-bed an' burial nae stranger I've been,
But sorrow like Archie's I've never yet seen ;
The death o' his lassie I ken'd it was sair,
Büt the death o' her mither was harder to bear ;
For a' that was lovely, an' a' that was leal,
He had lost i' the death o' his Mary Macneil !

Whan the buryin' was bye, an' relations a' gane,
Whan left i' the house, wae an' wearie his lane,
As a neebour wad do, I gaed yont the gate-end,
An hour i' the gloamin' wi' Archie to spend ;
For the fate o' our neebour may sune be our fa',
An' neebours are near us when kindred's awa' ;—
We spak' o' the changes that time ever brings,
Of the frail fadin' nature of a' earthly things,

Of life an' its blessings—that we ha'e them in len',
That the Giver, when he wills, has a right to his ain ;
That here though we ha'e nae continuin' han^{ts},
How the promise is sure i' the Peace-maker's name,
To them that wi' patience, wi' firmness an' faith,
Believe in His merits, an' trust in His death ;
To them—though the coffin, an' pale windin'-sheet,
Though the cauld grave divide them, in heaven they
shall meet—
Shall yet ha'e a blythe an' a blest meetin' there,
To ken separation an' sorrow nae mair.

Thus kindly conversin', we aften beguil'd
The hours o' the gloamin', till three summers smil'd ;
Till time in its progress had yielded relief,
Had dealt wi' his mem'ry an' lessen'd his grief—
Though nae like the man I had seen him, 'tis true,
Yet fell knief an' cantie my auld neebour grew.

Sometime then-about, as it happened to be,
I hadna seen Archie for twa weeks or three,
Whan ae night a near neebour woman cam' ben,
An says, “ Ha e ye heard o' the news that's a-gaun ?
It's been tell'd me sin' mornin' by mae fouk nor ane,
That our friend Archie Allan was beuket yestreen.”

“Aweel, aweel,” quo’ I, “it e’en may be sac,
There’s aye heart wi’ auld fouk, we’ll a’ get a day;”
But when it was tell’d wha the bride was to be,
I heard, but said naething—I thocht it a lie!

’Twas a’ very gude he shou’d marry agane,—
A man in a house is but drearie his lane;
But to think he wad ever tak’ ane for a wife,
Wha had liv’d sic a loose an’ a throwither life—
Wha had been far an’ near whar it cou’dna be nam’d,
An’ was come o’ a family but little esteem’d—
To think he wad tak’ her! I cou’dna believ’t—
But I was, and monie forbye were deceiv’t,
For the Sabbath thereafter, wha think ye was cried?
But Archibald Allan an’ Marg’ret Muresyde!

Weel, how they forgather’d an’ a’ what befel,
Tho’ it’s painful to speak o’t, ye’ll wish me to tell—
She cam’ in-about here as it happened to fa’,
An’ was nearest door neebour to him that’s awa’;
An’ secin’ a fu’ house an’ a free-hearted man,
That ken’dna the warld, wi’ her wiles she began—
Seem’d sober an’ decent as ony ye’ll see,
As quiet an’ prudent as woman cou’d be—
Was aye brawly busket, an’ tidy, an’ clean,
An’ aye at the kirk on the Sabbath was seen—

Was better nor monie, an' marrow't by few,
Till a' cam' about as she'd wish'd it to do ;
But scarcely her hand and her troth he had tane,
Till she kyth'd in her ain dowie colours agane—
They had a short courtship, a brief honeymune !—
It's aye ru'd at leisure what's ower rashly dune.

We've a' our ain fau'ts an' our failin's, atweel,
But Maggy Muresyde !—she's a bauld Ne'er-do-weel !
An' the warst o' it was, in an unlucky hour
She'd gotten ilk plack o' the purse in her pow'r ;
An' sune did she lift it, an' sune, sune it gaed—
In pennies 'twas gather'd, in pounds it was spread ;
Her worthless relations, an' ithers siclike,
Cam' in about swarmin' as bees till a bike ;
An' they feasted, an' drank, an' profan'd the blest
Name,

An' Sabbath an' Saturday—a' was the same.
Wacs me ! it was sair upon Archie to see
The walth he had won, an' laid up a' sac free,
To comfort an' keep him when ailin', or auld,
Sae squander'd by creatures sae worthless an' bauld ;
An' sair was he troubled to think o' their sin,
An' the awfu' account they wad ha'e to gi'e in ;
Yet griev'd as he was at the rash lives they led,
He durstna ance say—it was ill that they did !

But time an' your patience wad fail me to tell
How she spent an' abus'd baith his means an' himsel',
For constant an' on as the rin o' the burn,
Her hand it was never but in an ill turn—
Till siller, an' gear, an' a' credit were gane,—
Till he hadna a penny, or aught o' his ain ;
Till age an' vexation had wrinkl'd his brow,
Till he hadna a morsel to put in his mou' !

Aweel ! neither able to want nor to win,
Ae mornin' last week, ere the day-licht cam' in,
Thro' the lang eerie muirs, an' the cauld plashy snaw,
Wi' his staff in his hand he had wander'd awa'—
To seek a fa'n bit for his daily supply,
An' to thole the down-leuk o' the proud an' the high.
Oh ! had I but seen him when he gaed a-field,
I wad tane him inbye to my ain couthie beild ;
An' wi' my auld neebour shar'd frankly an' free,
My bannock, my bed, an' my hindmost bawbee !

How far he had gane—how he'd far'd thro' the
day,
What trials he had met wi', I canna weel say ;
But whan the grey hour o' the gloamin' fell down,
He sought the fire-side o' some distant farm-town—

Wi' the door hauffin's up, an' the sneck in his han',
He faintly enquir'd—wad they lodge a poor man?
The mistress gaz'd on him, an' drylie she spak',
“We may lodge you the nicht, but ye maunna come
back”—

Said beggars an' gang'rels were grown unco rife,
Speer'd what place he cam' frae—gin he had a wife?
Ay! that was a question!—O sirs, it was sair—
Had he no ha'en a *Wife*!—he had never been there!
Cauld, cauld at their backs thro' the evenin' he sat,
An' cauld was the bed an' the beddin' he gat,
The floor an' the roof-tree was a' they could spare,
An' he lay down, alas! but to rise never mair;—
Was he lang or sair ill, there was nane heard nor saw,
Gin day-light poor Archie had worn awa'!
Wha ance wad ha'e thocht it, that he wad ha'e been
A beggar—an' dee't in a barn a' his lane—
But we needna think *this* will, or *that* winna be,
For the langer we live the mae uncoss we see.

ROBIN AND JANET.

"Nae fleechin's o' flattery, nae boastin's o' pride,—

'Tis heart speaks to heart, at ane's ain bedside."

"'Tis wearin' late, Janet, O, rise frae your wheel,
I'm grown unco wearie—'tis bed-time, atweel;
For twice sin' the gloamin' the lamp has burnt dry,
An' the truff-neuk is toom o' it's evenin' supply.*
'Tis wearin' late, Janet, O, rise frae your wheel,
This day ye've dune weel aneuch—aye ye do weel."

"I watna weel, Robin, though aye doin' awa',
My winnin's but little, or naething ava."

"A woman does weel whan a penny she spares,
Whan she leuks ower the house, an' the family affairs;

* In remote places of the country, clocks and watches are not yet to be found in every cottage, nor even the old-fashioned hour-glass, so that the inmates often reckon their time in the winter evenings by the quantity of oil and fuel which are burned.

Gin the wife binna thrifty, the man canna thrive,
But aye late an' early ye needna to drive.
We've a sma' trifle sav'd, we've a weel plenish'd beild,
Come the day o' distress, or the evenin' o' eild;
Then why need ye toil on, and trachle sae sair?
I'll be aye doin' something—I'll win, an' ye'll wair."

" Ah! nae little winnin' ye've won i' your day,
An' nae little wairin' there's been i' the way;
We've brought up atween us a family o' ten,
An' they're a' wise an' warld-like women an' men;
But mair is our comfort to see and to find,
That our early instructions they a' keep in mind;
Their neebours esteem them, their maisters are
pleas'd,
Their parents are happy, sae Gudeness be prais'd."

" Ay! blest be His name!—the secd may be sown,
But the season is His, an' the increase alone,
Our advice we may gi'e, our example may show,
But grace an' gude conduct we canna bestow.
Now ye'll gi'e the fire and the lamp some supply,
An' I'll tak' the Beuk, an' the psalm-beuk inbye,
An' we'll read o' His gudeness, an' sing to his praise,
Wha has been, an' will aye be, the guide o' our ways."

AULD EPPIE.

"Ay, but ye're wise, and wiser far than we,
Or maist part o' the parish tells a lie."

AULD EPPIE, poor bodie, she wins on the brae,
In yon little cot-house aneath the auld tree;
Far aff frae a' ithers, an' fu', fu' o' flaws,
Wi' rough divot sunks haudin' up the mud wa's;
The storm-tattered riggin' a' row'd here an' there,
An' the reekit lum-framin' a' broken an' bare,
The lang raggit eaves hangin' down the laigh door,
An' ae wee bit winnock amaist happit ower;
The green boor-tree bushes a' wavin' aroun',
An' gray siller willow-wands kissin' the grun'!

"Auld Eppie's a weird-wife," sae runs the rude tale,
For ae nicht some chiels comin' hame frae their ale
Cam' in by her biggin', an' watchin' apart,
They saw Eppie turnin' the beuk o' black art;

An' O ! the strange sights an' the uncos that fell,
Nae livin' cou'd think o', nae language cou'd tell.
Nae body leuks near her, unless it may be
When cloudie nicht closes the day's doun' e'e,
That some, wi' rewards an' assurance, slip ben,
The weels an' the waes o' the future to ken !

Auld Eppie's nae weird wife, though she gets the
name ;

She's wae for hersel' but she's waeer for them ;
For tho' ne'er a frien'ly foot enters her door,
She's blest wi' a frien' in the Friend o' the Poor.
Her comfort she draws frae the VOLUME O' LIGHT,
An' aye reads a portion o't mornin' an' nicht—
In a' crooks an' crosses, she calmly obeys,
E'en seasons o' sorrow, are seasons o' praise ;
She opens an' closes the day on her knee—
'That's a' the *strange sicht* ony body can see.

JAMIE AND MARY.

" O happy love ! where love like this is found."

" THO' dowie's the winter, sae gloomie an' drear,
O! happy we've been thro' the dead o' the year ;
An' blythe to sic beild as the burnie-brae gave,
O! monie a nicht ha'e we stow'n frae the lave ;
Now the spring-time has ta'en the lang e'enin's awa',
We maunna be seen, an' less aften I'll ca'—
But May-day is comin' to mak' you my ain,
Sae think nae lang Mary till I come again.

" Our gigglet young lasses are sairly mista'en,
They ken at the Place wi' His Honour I've been,
An' ta'en the plough-haudin' o' bonny Broomlee,
But they ken na wha's comin' to haud it wi' me—
They ken i' the e'enin's I'm aften frae hame,
They say wi' a lass—'cause I leukna to them.
They jamph an' they jeer, an' they banter at me,
An' twenty they've guess'd o'—but never guess'd
thee."

“ I’ll wander alane by the lanely burn-brae,
I’ll think on you, Jamie, by nicht an’ by day,
Till the time come aroun’ that will mak’ you my ain ;
Ye’ll no be unfaithfu’—but how may I ken ?”

“ I’ll sing the haill day whan your ain house I’m
near,
I’ll whistle whan plewin’ as far’s you may hear ;
An’ aye whan I see you, gin naebody see,
I’ll blink to my lassie—my lassie to me ;
An’ aye till that time, baith at kirk an’ at fair,
In taiken o’ true-love, dear lassie, ye’ll wear
The green tartan rockley, my fairin’ to thee—
An’ I the white owerlay ye gifted to me.”

YOUNG ANNIE.

"Where shall the traitor rest—he the deceiver—

Who could win maiden's breast, ruin, and leave her?"

NAE soothing was heard to the sigh of her woes,
Nae sound but the sough of the sleeper arose,
As toss'd on her pillow, a' wet wi' her tears,
Young Annie was pouring her feelings an' fears ;
O keen was her mem'ry, an' keen was her pain ;
She rose up, an' lay down, an' rose up again ;
An' lang afore day-light, when nane heard or saw,
To the Linn of the Noran* she wander'd awa' !

"Ye days of my folly, when thoughtless I fell,
An' yielded to Willie my heart an' mysel',
Ye vows, ye endearments, why crowd on my mind ?
Deceiv'd an' forsaken, no rest can I find !

* A rapid romantic stream in Angus-shire.

The whisper already is blasting my fame,
But the birth of my baby will publish my shame;
An' neebour, an' friend, an' relation, an' a'
That ance wished me well, will now wish me awa'!"

Thus wailing she wander'd thro' wilds dark an' drear,
Till the deep roaring Linn's dizzy brink she came near;
The demon of ruin howl'd loud on the blast;
Despair had her last glimpse of reason owercastr;
As shoots the red fire-flaught wi' swift darting gleam,
She sprung frae the gray rock an' sunk in the stream.
The rain-drops were running frae hazel an' haw—
All nature was weeping for Annie awa'!

At ilka blythe meeting, at feast, an' at fair,
As frequent is Willie, as flaunting his air;
As thriving his mailen, as fair is his fame,
By neebours an' friends he is welcom'd the same;
Still fathers, an' mothers, an' daughters approve,
An' meet him wi' kindness, affection, an' love;
The licht heart, the blythe look, the loud laugh an' a',
Are nane the less Willie's though Annie's awa'

THE ADMONITION.

"Oh! that folk wad weel consider
What it is to tyne a name."

"Hech! lasses, ye're lichtsome—'tis braw to be
young,"

Quo' the eldren gudewife, wi' her ailments sair dung;
"Ye're thrang at your crack, about maybees an' men,
Ye're thinkin', nae doubt, about hames o' your ain;
An' why shou'd you no? I was ance young mysel',
An' sae weel's I've been married, my neebours can
tell!

"In jokin' an' jamphin' there's nae ony crime,
Yet youth is a tryin', a dangerous time;
Though now ye're as happy as happy can be,
Yet trouble may come i' the glint o' an e'e.
Whan roses wad seem to be spread i' your path,
Ye may look for the briers to be lurkin' aneath;
But do weel an' dree weel, there's nae ony fear,
The lot's unco hard the leal heart canna bear.

“ I’ve liv’d i’ the warld, baith maiden an’ wife,
An’ mony’s the change I ha’e seen i’ my life ;
Though some may na think it, it maksna to me,
There’s few for the better or likely to be.
When I was as young as the youngest o’ you,
The men were mair faithfu’, the women mair true ;
There wasna the folly an’ ill-fashion’d ways,
Amang the young fouk that we see now-a-days.

“ Yet, lasses, believe me, I’m happy wi’ you,
Ye’re thochtfu’ an’ prudent as mony, I trow ;
Though likes an’ ill mark, it’s a pleasure to me,
When I look to ithers, your conduct to see ;
I canna say flichter’d an’ foolish ye’ve been—
I canna say failin’s an’ faut’s ye ha’e nane,
The best has them baith as ye’ve aften heard tell,
They rade unco sicker that never ance fell ;
Sae mind your ain weakness, be wary an’ wise,
Let age an’ experience your conduct advise ;
An’ though it is said, youth an’ eild never gree,
There’s nae fear o’ flytin’ atween you an me.

“ It may be there’s some, though I’m sure nane o’
you,
Wad think wi’ sic things I ha’e little to do,

Wad think that behaviour was naething to me,
Gin servants were tenty, were worth meat an fee.
Wae's me ! is there ony to think sae inclined ?
They ken na the duties I've daily to mind ;
While I ha'e the fremmit my hallan within,
My bannock to brack, an' my errand to rin ;
The present, the future, their gude an' their gain,
I'm bound to look ower, as gin they were my ain ;
To see to their conduct a-field an' at hame,
To be, as it were, like a mither to them !

“ Ye mind the auld proverb, auld folk werena blate—
' Misfortune's mair owing to folly than fate ;'
Sae lasses, for ance, ye maun len' me your ear,
Frae me an' my counsel ye've naething to fear :
Look weel to the ford ere ye try to wade thro',
It's just atween tynin' an' winnin' wi' you ;
Ye've wooers about ye as mony's ye may,
Ye've hopes an' ye've wishes, as a' women ha'e ;
Ye're young, an' the lads, it wad seem, think ye fair,
But sma's your experience, I rede ye, BEWARE.
A woman's gude name is a treasure—a mine ;
But ance be imprudent, an' ance let it tyne,
Her lost reputation she canna regain—
Tak' care o' yoursel's, an' beware o' the men !”

THE WINTER EVENING.

"Cauld blaws the win' frae north to south,
O Sirs ! it's winter fairly."

THE winter's come to speer whar the simmer has
been ;

The frost sets in, an' the wind blaws keen ;
The snaw comes on, an' the mirk nicht fa's ;
An' drearie an' eerie the blin' drift blaws.

Are ye a' i' the house ? ha'e ye milk ? ha'e ye meal ?
For back an' for bed are ye a' sair'd weel ?
Ha'e ye fouth i' the neuk for the e'enin' fire ?
An' a simmer-won saxpence to spen' or to spare ?

Are the kye i' the byre ? are the sheep i' the cot ?
Is the roof-tree stark ? will the doors stan' out ?
Are the stacks a' tight, baith corn an' hay ?
It's a sair nicht thereout, an' lang till day.

Are ye a' roun' the blythe ingle cheek in a ring?
Ha'e ye new beuks to read? ha'e ye auld sangs to
sing?

It's a dreigh forenicht, but ye'll no think lang,
Wi' a crack an' a laugh, wi' a beuk an' a sang.

Did ye think when the birds sang blythe on the tree,
That their dumb time o' year wad be roun' in a wee?
Did ye mind when the simmer was sunny an' warm,
That winter wad come wi' the cloud an' the storm?

THE UNHAPPY FATHER.

*"Though mirth comes to many, it comes na to me,
It's my ain bairn's ruin that saddens my e'e."*

O! LASSIE, I think wi' a sair broken heart,
On the licht happy time that's awa',
When smiling ye sat on your fond mither's knee,
An' prattl'd an' lisped—"Mamma."
On the blythe happy days when ye play'd on the
green,
An' when I unyoked my team,
How ye left a' your play-things, an' totter'd an' ran,
An' met me at e'en coming hame.

Then, then I was happy, an' fond were the hopes
Affection sae feelingly drew;
The fears o' the future that vext me at times,
A' fled when I thocht upon you;
I thocht gin I liv'd to be helpless an' auld,
Gin second childhood I shou'd see,

Shou'd Providence spare, I had ane growin' up,
Wad then be a parent to me.

I taught you betimes, as a father shou'd do,
The path o' true virtue to prize;
An' as far as I cou'd, wi' the precepts I gave,
I gave you example likewise;
An' duly at morning an' evening I pray'd,
That Gudeness wad aye be your guide,
But ye've chosen to walk i' your ain wilfu' ways,
An' the blessing has yet been denied.

Ye've left me to see that I've rested my hopes,
On the perishing faith of a dream;
The dawn o' your promise, the day-spring o' life,
Ye've clouded wi' sin an' wi' shame.
O! lassie, I think wi' a sair broken heart,
On the licht happy time that's awa';
When smiling ye sat on your fond mither's knee,
An' prattl'd, an' lisped—"Mamma!"

THE FAMILY TREE.

A HIGHLAND LEGEND.

"Cut down these gloomy trees, they cried,
Lay low ye mournful pine."
"Ah, no! our fathers' names grow there,
Memorials of langsyne."

"OH! what did the fray begin about,
Dear mother tell to me?"
"It began about breaking a wither'd branch,
From our old, old family tree;
But a fatal weird, as old as itself,
Was told of the ancient tree,
That when a branch but broken was,
Our name would cease to be!

To shelter it from wind and storm,
And lengthen out our line,
We planted round the aged tree
The hardy forest pine;

We justly fear'd offended Heaven
Might lay the relic low,
We little thought he was on earth
Would strike the fatal blow !

No stranger came to urge our fate,
A kinsman did the deed ;
The hand that shar'd our friendly meal,
Has made our hearts to bleed.
Your father sought to be reveng'd,
But fell in the bloody fray,
And with you and me, my dear daughter,
Our name must pass away !"

THE BROWNIE OF FEARNDEN *

IN THE OLD SCOTTISH MANNER.

THAIR liv'd ane man on Norinsyde,
When Jamis helde his aine ;
He had ane maylen faire and wyde,
And servants nyne or tene.

He had ane servant dwellying neir,
Worthe all his maydis and men ;

* In the notes to Collin's "Ode on the popular superstitions of the Highlands," it is said, that "The Brownie formed a class of beings distinct in habit and disposition from the freakish and mischievous elves or fairies. In the day time, he lurked in remote recesses of the old houses which he delighted to haunt; and sedulously employed himself in discharging any laborious task which he thought might be acceptable to the family, to whose service he had devoted himself;"—and service similar to that narrated in the ballad was of very frequent occurrence. It is told of a Brownie, that on a certain occasion he had undertaken to gather the sheep into the bught by an early hour in the morning, and so zealously did he perform his task, that not only was there not one sheep left

And wha was this gyn ye wald speir ?
The Brownie of Fearnden !

Whan thair was corne to thrashe or dichte,
Or barn or byre to clene,
He had ane bizzy houre at nicht,
Atween the twall and ane ;

And though the sna' was never so deip,—
So wylde the wynde or rayne,
He ran ane errant in a wheip,
The Brownie of Fearnden !

Ae nicht the gudewyfe of the house
Fell sicke as sicke could be,
And for the skilly mammy-wife,
She wanted ane to gae ;

on the hill, but he had also collected a number of hares, which were found fairly penned along with them; upon being congratulated on his extraordinary success, he exclaimed, "Confound thae wee grae anes, they cost me mair trouble than a' the lave o' them." So disinterested was Brownie in his attachment, that any offer of reward, particularly of food or clothing, he invariably reckoned a hint from the family that they wisbed to dispense with his services, which he immediately transferred to another. He has likewise been known to abandon a beloved haunt, when often disturbed in his places of retirement, or when any observations were made on his appearance, which is said to have been "meagre, shaggy, and wild." It is therefore very probable, as we have no later tradition respecting the Brownie of the hallad, that the questions put to him by the *skilly wife* at the door of the farm house, occasioned his departure from his favourite Fearnden for ever.

The nicht was darke, and never a sparke
Wald venture down the glen,
For feir that he might heir or see
The Brownie of Fearnden !

But Brownie was na far to seeke,
For weil he heard the stryfe ;
And ablynis thocht, as weil he mychte,
They sune wald tyne the wyfe :

He affe and brankis the ryding mear,
And throch the wynde and rayne ;
And sune was at the skilly wyfe's,
Wha livit ower the den !

He pullit the sneke, and out he spake,
That she nicht bettere heare,
“ Thair is a mothere wald gyve byrth,
But hasna strengthe to beare :

O ryse ! O ryse ! and hape you weil,
To keip you fra the rayne.”
“ Whaur do you want me ?” quoth the wyfe,
“ O whaur but ower the den !”

When baithe waur mountit on the mear,
And ryding up the glen ;
“ O watt ye laddye,” quoth the wyfe,
“ Gyne we be neir the den ?

“ Are we com neir the den ?” she sayd ;
“ Tushe ! wyshte ye fule !” quoth he,
For waure na ye have in your armis,
This nicht ye winna see !”

They sune were landit at the doore,
The wyfe he handit down,
“ I’ve left the house but ae halfe houre,
I am a clever loun !”

“ What mak’s your feit sac brayd ?” quoth she,
“ And what sae reid your een ?”
“ I’ve wandert mony a weary foote,
And unco sichtis I’ve seen !

But mynd the wyfe, and mynd the weane,
And see that all gae richt ;
And keip the beyld of biggit lande,
Till ayne the mornying licht :

And gyne they speir wha brocht you heir,
'Cause they were scaunte of men !
Even tell them that you rade ahynt
The Brownie of Fearnden !”

BURNING OF AUCHINDOUN.*

“TURN again, my gallant chief,
Turn again, I bid you,
If you burn Auchindoun,
The Gordon will behead you.”

* The following are the particulars of the feudal broil, which resulted in the burning of this baronial residence at the close of the sixteenth century. These were the times when *might was right*—when the will of the Baron was the tenure by which life and property were held. How different from the period in which we have the happiness to live ! Early in the year 1592 the Mackintoshes, or Clan Chattan, having offended Gordon of Huntly and Strathbogie, to whom they were vassals, the latter vowed vengeance, which the former fearing, requested their chief to proceed to Auchindoun castle, the residence of their superior, and if possible to bring about a reconciliation. On his arrival there, Gordon was unfortunately from home : he was however introduced to his lady, to whom he told on what errand he had come, and pleaded for her intercession : but she replied that she was sure her lord would not be satisfied

"The Gordon may behead me,
 I will think of turning,
 When his haughty lady weeps,
 When Auchindoun is burning!"

The shepherd now had left the hill,
 The stormy wind was howling;
 And on the brow of Cairn-croome,*
 The cloud of night was scowling;

While in the deep and distant glen,
 The Fiddach, wildly wailing,

until the head of the chief of the clan Chattan was fixed on the castle gate. The chief, despising her threat, and bowing scornfully low before he should depart, she snatched a sword from the wall of the apartment, and severed his head from his body. His clan, on being informed of the murder, assembled under his son and successor, and marched to Auchindoun castle in the dead of night, which they plundered and set on fire. The lady made her escape, but several of the inmates perished in the flames. The ruins of the castle are still to be seen on the banks of the river Fiddach in Banffshire. The above verses were suggested by hearing recited the following fragment of an old ballad on the subject, which is probably all of it that tradition has preserved.

"Turn, Willie Mackintosh, turn, turn, I bid you;
 If you burn Auchindoun, Haudly will head you,"
 "Head me or hang me, that winna dey me,
 I'll burn Auchindoun, ere the life lea' me."

Coming ower Cairn-croome, and looking down, man,
 I saw Willie Mackintosh burn Auchindoun, man,
 Light was the mick hour at the day dawing;
 For Auchindoun was in flames ere the cock crawling!

* A hill near Auchindoun.

Of foes upon its woody banks,
Of coming woe was telling!

Anon was seen along the sky
A beam so bright approaching,
That on the middle hour of night
The day-light seem'd encroaching.

Then faintly on the stormy blast
Was heard the voice of mourning,
And then appeared the bursting flames—
Auchindoun was burning!

LORD SPYNIE.*

LORD SPYNIE,† ye may pu' the rose,
An' spare the lily flower,
When ye gae through the garden green,
To woo in ladye bower;

An' ye may pu' the lichtsome thyme,
An' leave the lanesome rue!
For lang an' sair will the ladye mourn
That ye gae there to woo!

* Early in the seventeenth century, when the Lindsays of Edzell, a branch of the great Angus clan of that name, resided at Edzell castle, the family then consisted, says the tradition on which these verses are founded, of two brothers, and their sister Lady Jane, who, it is said, was very beautiful and highly accomplished. Amongst her many suitors was young Lord Spynie, a distant relation of her own; but having gained her affections, he seduced and deserted her. Her elder brother, determined on revenging her wrongs, sought every opportunity of meeting the false lord. Sometime after he met him on the High Street of Edinburgh, and having told him that all the blood in his body could not wash out the stain in his sister's character, he plunged a dagger into his heart, and though the deed was done in open day, and in the presence of several persons, he was allowed to escape home. On the following

† This title has been dormant since the death of George, third lord, in 1672.

For ye will look an' talk o' luve,
An' kindly, kindly smile,
An' vow by grace, an' a' that's gude,
An' lay the luring wile.

'Tis sair to rob the bonnie bird
That makes you melodie;
'Tis cruel to win a woman's luve,
An' no ha'e luve to gi'e !

I wadna ha'e your wilfu' hand,
Though a' the earth were thine;
Ye've broken many a maiden's peace,
Ye've mair than broken mine.

I wadna ha'e your faithless heart,
'Tis no your ain to gi'e ;
But gin you ever think o' heaven,
Oh ! ye maun think o' me !

day a party of soldiers were sent to apprehend and bring him to justice, but on hearing of their approach, he removed from Edzell with a considerable number of adherents, to his castle of Invermark, a building of some strength, and situated nearly in the centre of the Grampian mountains, where he proposed defending himself. This scheme, however, he abandoned when the military made their appearance, and dismissing his followers, he assumed the dress of a peasant, and fled to the northern isles of Scotland, where, it is said, he died in obscurity and want. What became of his sister, tradition makes no mention. The lands of Edzell were forfeited in 1716, by the adherence of the Lindsays to the house of Stuart, and are now the property of the Right Honourable Lord Panmure.

LOCHABER NO MORE.*

MOUNTBATTOCK,† how dark is the cloud on thy brow,
How grateful its gloom to the valley below ;

* Written on hearing the following traditional account of one of the many predatory incursions of the Cateran into the Low Country, during the time, as Ross says, in his tale of "Helenore, or the Fortunate Shepherdess,"

" When teaming foulds or securing o' a glen,
Was ever deem'd the deed o' pretty men."

A party of these marauders from Lochaber, consisting of some forty or fifty men, having reached, on an autumn afternoon, the summit of a hill immediately above Glenesk, the most northerly parish in Forfarshire—seated themselves to take rest and refreshment, and to wait the fall of night before commencing the work of plunder ; being observed by the shepherds from the neighbouring heights, the alarm was given, and by the evening the most effective men of the glen were in arms, and had met together for the protection of their property. After dark, the Cateran descended and gave them battle, and in a short but severe skirmish which ensued, five of the inhabitants were killed, and about ten of them taken prisoners, who with the greater part of the cattle and sheep of the parish were driven to the Highlands. The parishioners never heard more of their flocks and herds ; but early in the following year, the captives were permitted to return home—a ransom of fifteen merks having been paid for each man. It is said that a ballad, giving the particulars more in detail, was long popular in the glen ; but nothing more is now remembered of it, except that each verse ended with the words, " Lochaber no more."

† A high mountain on the north of Glenesk.

For the hand of the Reaver has smitten so sore,
 The days of our mourning will never be o'er.
 He came in the night—he has taken and slain
 The wale of our flocks, and the flower of our men ;
 The maidens, the widows, and orphans deplore,
 And the hollow wind murmurs—Lochaber no more.

The fold now is silent, the shieling is still,
 No herd in the valley, no flock on the hill ;
 No gay singing maiden a-milking the cows,
 No blythe whistling shepherd a-bughting the ewes
 The sword of Gleneffock* is shining in red ;
 The down of the thistle with crimson is dyed ;

* The place of combat. The last incursion of the Cateran took place about 1707. Their leader was John Macgregor, better known in the low country by the name of the "Red Bull of Badenoch." He was a man of uncommon stature, strength, and daring, and with his gang, was long the terror of Strathmore. The place of their attack was Fearn, a parish about ten miles southwest of Glenesk, and contiguous to the Grampians. The assault, as usual, was made by night, and so complete was the work of plunder, that scarcely a single "hoof or horn" was left in the parish.

The ploughman raise to yoke his team,
 The team was stow'n awa' ;
 The maiden raise to milk her kye,
 But team was like sta'.

In the morning the parishioners assembled in the church-yard, having been called together by the ringing of the kirk bell, and learning from each other the extent of the depredation, they resolved to attempt recovering their property. Having procured arms, and chosen for their captain John Macintosh, farmer of Le-

The bloom of the heather is steeping in gore,
And the wild bee is humming—Lochaber no more!

denhenry, a bold, active young man, they commenced pursuit, and after a chase of ten or twelve miles over high and rugged mountains, the thieves, with the sheep and cattle, were overtaken at a place called the Water of Saughs, where a furious skirmish ensued, in which Macgregor was killed. When their chief fell, the Highlanders immediately fled, and from the want of a leader the band was broken up. The people of Fearn got possession again of all their property, but lost one of their men in the combat.

THE YOUNG MACLEAN.

FROM A TRADITION OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

THE young Maclean was brave and bold,
And like his sword, his tale was ready ;
And he did to the Lowlands come,
To wed a fair and winsome lady.

He rode upon a gallant grey,
With company his rank befitting ;
He had the lady's plighted faith,
And ween'd the bridal feast was waiting.

But up in haste her brother spake,
And oh ! his words were rude and many—
“ Ye well may take my cows and ewes,
But ye shall not have my sister Jenny ! ”

“ Oh spare ! oh spare ! the willing steed,—
There is a weight he may not carry ;

I've fondly woo'd, and fairly won,
The lady I have come to marry.

Our fathers lived in feud and fray,
Like meeting streams in fury swelling :
Now let us live in peace and love,
Like mingling waters gently welling."

Their peace was made, the pair were wed—
The feast was set, the guests were many ;
And they did to the Highlands go,
The young Maclean and Lady Jenny.

THE BONNY BOWER.

Written 3d June, 1845, the anniversary of the birth of Tannahill.*

WHERE Isla† winds her wavy stream,
 I've twin'd a bonny bower;
 Like blushing pair in wedded love,
 I've join'd the tree and flower;

*A life of this unfortunate poet will be found in the *Lives of eminent Scotsmen*," by Robert Chambers, and also in the edition of his poems and songs edited by the late P. A. Ramsay; but as the present volume may come into the hands of some who are not in possession of these works, and who may feel desirous to know the particulars of the life of one of our most popular song-writers, the subjoined sketch is given. It was originally written by the author for "The Songs, Ballads, and Fragments of Tannahill," recently published by Mr. Black, bookseller, Brechin.

Robert Tannahill was born at Paisley, June 3, 1774. His father was a mechanic, and accounted superior to those of his own class for intelligence. His mother is reported to have been "a person of great moral worth," and from her he is said to have inherited his poetical genius. Like himself, she was an ardent admirer of the beauties of nature, and equally fond of music and poetry.

The circumstances of the family requiring his labour, he was early apprenticed to his father's profession, which was that of a

† The Isla rises in the upper range of the Forfarshire Grampians, and falls into the Tay between Dunkeld and Perth, about forty miles from its source.

I brought them from the sunny south,
 Their native Lowlands fair,
 And green they grow, and bright they bloom,
 And scent our Highland air.

weaver. The little education he received was from his parents in the evenings, and at other intervals of their daily employment. His mother taught him reading, his father writing and the common rules of arithmetic. His grammatical knowledge he afterwards acquired from a grammar prefixed to a pocket dictionary.

He was early attached to poetry. In his tenth year he attempted the composition of verses; but, from his fourteenth to his twenty-fourth year, he seems to have neglected the muse altogether, or, at least, to have courted her with little solicitude. About the close of this period of his life, he became acquainted with the late Mr. R. A. Smith—the composer of some of our best modern Scottish melodies—and with other musical gentlemen of Paisley and its neighbourhood, whose names and designations he has recorded in his ballad of the “Five Friends.” By these gentlemen several of his songs were set to music, engraved, and published in single sheets, and in this way found an extensive circulation, and a most favourable reception. Encouraged by their success he continued to add to their number; and “Jessie, the Flower o’ Dunblane,” “London’s Bonnie Woods and Braes,” “The Lass of Arrantcennie,” and others of his most popular songs, soon afterwards made their appearance.

Poetry, particularly song writing, was now his “favourite and first pursuit;” but from a dignified and laudable spirit of independence, he pursued it amidst his daily toils, which he seldom or never neglected. An ink bottle hung on his loom post, other writing materials lay on a shelf beside him, and when a stanza or two were composed, he immediately committed them to manuscript, resumed his work, and again proceeded with his composition.

From this time till his melancholy death he was a contributor to the poetical department of the *Scots Magazine*, along with James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, and Allan Cunningham, who have both since so highly distinguished themselves in poetry and in traditional literature. To the *Poetical Magazine*, published by Vernon and Hood of London, in 1804-5, and to other respectable periodicals of the day, he also contributed many poetical and lyric pieces—to all of which he gave a “local habitation and a name,” by affixing his initials, and dating from Paisley.

His name was now generally known, and his merit as a song writer universally acknowledged. The newspapers and magazines quoted and praised his songs; and, in the theatre, at the concert, in the “farmer’s ha’,” and at the “cottar’s ingle cheek,” they were sung and admired.

The "birk" and "haw," from "Stanleyshaw,"
 Their grace and beauty blend;
 The "brier" and "slae," from "Craigie lea,"
 Their fringe and foliage lend;

But while delighting others with the beauty and variety of his productions, he was often himself subject to very indifferent health, and great depression of spirits—"to fever of body as well as of mind." With the many peculiarities and delicacies that belonged to the temperament of genius, he had in his constitution a tendency to consumption, of which his father and elder brother had died; and probably his health, both bodily and mental, was much injured—the one by his occupation making him lean on his chest, of the pain of which he frequently complained—the other by the unfortunate issue of an early and tender attachment, to which he feelingly alludes in his song of the "Farewell," and which had such an influence upon his after life, that he never again paid his addresses to any of the sex.

About this time, other circumstances also combined to injure his health, and to depress his spirits. His person had now become an object of curiosity; and strangers, and others desirous of seeing him, too frequently effected their purpose, by inviting him to a tavern—the consequences of which generally produced in his mind the most unhappy sensations. That this was the case is evident from a letter written at this time to a friend, in which he says, "That scribbling of rhymes has positively half ruined me. It has led me into a wide circle of acquaintance, of course into an involuntary habit of being oftener in a public house than can be good for anybody. Although I go there as seldom as possible yet how often have I sat till within my last shilling, and had then to return to my loom, sick and feverish; for if I indulge to the extent we have both seen in others, I am in — for two or three days afterwards." How painful the reflection, that those abilities which brought him so deservedly into notice should have exposed him to temptations which his kind and obliging nature could not resist—that he should have been led into company, and allured into habits, which had the most fatal effects upon his character and constitution.

The few songs which he composed after this period were all of the plaintive kind. From one oppressed with poverty, disease, and melancholy, cheerful strains were not to be expected. He still continued, however, to support himself and his aged mother "by the labours of the loom." His feelings were deeply interested by her widowed situation; and since the death of his father he had cheerfully shared with her his scanty earnings; for up to this moment his much-lauded lyrics had gained him nothing but a name.

It had frequently been suggested to him, with a view to the im-

The "meadow pink," from "Levern side,"
 Has spread a downy seat :
 The "crawflower blue," from "Killoch glen,"
 Blooms round the gay retreat.

provement of his pecuniary circumstances, to publish by subscription a volume of poems and songs. But diffidence, so often the characteristic of true genius, rendered him unwilling to make the attempt. He was afraid of being thought assuming by thus preferring his claims on public attention. At length, however, he reluctantly complied, and early in 1807 his collected works made their appearance, with a short advertisement prefixed, in which he thus modestly expresses his opinion of them.

"The author of the following poems and songs, from a hope that they possess some little merit, has ventured to publish them ; but, fully sensible of that blinding partiality with which writers are apt to view their own productions, he offers them to the public with unfeigned diffidence. When the man of taste and discrimination views them, he will no doubt find many passages that might have been better, but his censure may be qualified with the remembrance, that they are the effusions of an unlettered mechanic, whose hopes, as a poet extend no farther than to be reckoned respectable among the minor bards of his country."

The volume unfortunately failed to realize the hopes of the author, and to gratify the wishes of his friends. The subscription scarcely defrayed the expense of printing ; and the occasional sale was far from encouraging. This, perhaps, was partly owing to the songs being before published and in general circulation ; and to some of the poems being considered of rather inferior merit. He was now fully aware, though "long delayed and late resolved," that his book was prematurely published. In a letter to a friend he says, "I am confident had I waited a few years longer I would have presented a volume less exceptionable."

The fault of too early or too hasty publication is sometimes not soon repaired. Anxious, however, to retrieve his character as a poet, he arranged for the press a new edition of his works—excluding some, altering others, and adding a few pieces, which it is probable were more highly finished than any of his former productions. As he could not think of again publishing by subscription, the whole were submitted to a bookseller ; but he, either ignorant of their merit, or afraid to run the risk of the expenses, declined to purchase or to publish them. This was too much for the sensitive poet to bear. He imagined his friends and the public had combined against him—that his claims to genius would be impugned—and under the influence of these impressions he committed the whole of his writings to the flames, and gradually sunk into a state of the most confirmed and gloomy despondency.

The linnet sings her matin lay,
 The lark her morning song ;
 The "tuneful birds," from "Calderwood,"
 Have join'd our feather'd throng :

While in this "melancholy mood of mind," he received a visit from the Ettrick Shepherd, with whom he had frequently corresponded, and who had now made a long journey to see him. After a night spent together, Mr. Hogg took his departure, and Tannahill accompanied him a few miles on his way home. The parting was mournful, "Farewell," said the desponding poet, "we shall never meet again!" The words were prophetic—the heart-struck bard had already taken that rash resolve which was too surely to bring about their accomplishment. In a few days after, on the morning of the 17th of May, 1810, Robert Tannahill was found dead!

"The fall of this young poet," says Allan Cunningham, in the *Songs of Scotland*, "presents a lesson for those to read, who imagine that the gift of genius and all its accompanying sensibilities is a blessing and a pleasure; it is indeed a blessing, when it comes with corresponding power of mind and excellence of judgment, when he who possesses it can prepare himself for the insolence of criticism and the neglect of the world. But it is a curse and a torment when it is bestowed alone, and good judgment is withheld. I should be one of the last to ask for genius the protection of the great, but in the case of Tannahill a little patronage might have been spared—for little would have done; and the shame of sending him in poverty and in sorrow to an untimely grave, would not then have been added to the national reproach, which the history of Burns has brought on our country.

Of his songs it is said by the intelligent editor of the *Harp of Caledonia*, "that their great excellence consists in giving a happy expression to that mediocrity of feeling which, fortunately for themselves, taking mankind on the average, characterises ninety-nine out of the hundred. They will, of course, be always popular with the many; and while the exquisitely tender strains of Macneill, and the spirit-rousing effusions of Burns, are read and perused from an affectation of superior discernment, from a principle of imitation, or from mere vanity, the songs of Tannahill will be read and sung, and acted upon, till the incrustations of time render the language of all the three alike unintelligible, and the revolutions of society render their descriptions alike inapplicable."

"His person," says Mr. Struthers, the same worthy editor, "was rather under the middle size, and his appearance indicated no marks of genius. His powers of conversation were not great; but from the sympathy which he manifested in all that was said, his com-

The waterfall the chorus swells,
The merry echo rings,
And "Gloomy winter's now awa',"
The voice of nature sings.

Though we have harps of higher note,
And lyres of finer tone,
The Minstrel of "Gleniffer braes,"
Has made all hearts his own.
While nature, beauty, love, and truth,
Are sung in lyric theme,
Thy artless songs, O Tannahill!
Will live and gather fame.

pany was often very interesting. He was always ready, however, to speak in praise of depressed merit—in mitigation of the censure which the world is liberal in bestowing upon the unfortunate—against faithless friendship and disappointed love, of which he never spoke but with the keenness of one whose heart had been deeply wounded."

THE DEATH OF HELEN.

" 'Twas on the bloody field he met his fate,
And in the home of early happy love,
That her fond heart was broken."

My heart was so full when I gaz'd upon Helen,
So wild was her look, and so frantic her sigh,
The meltings of pity at sight so appalling,
But started, and trembled, and sunk in mine eye ;
And oh ! that the kings of the earth and the mighty
Had heard for a moment poor Helen complain ;
And oh ! that the men of the sword and the haughty
Had seen for a moment the heart-rending scene :

The banners of Albion slowly prevailing,
Wav'd proudly at length o'er the dread battle-
plain ;
But dear was the vict'ry to thousands—to Helen,
Her William was number'd and left with the slain.
The tidings—the shock—like the burst of a billow,
Were more than her frame and her feelings could
bear ;

Convulsive she sunk on her cold widow'd pillow,
Unconscious alike of her loss and despair!

One day thus departed—no change yet appearing,
When rung the wild echoes in seeming dismay;
The bells loudly pealing, the crowds madly cheering,
And shouting, "The vict'ry, the vict'ry, huzza!"
This thundering tumult her spirit arousing,
"The monsters, they mock at my sorrow!" she
cried;
The last throes of agony rending her bosom,
She screamed, "Oh! the battle—the battle!" and
died!

ON THE DEATH OF MACNEILL.

Author of "Will and Jean," &c.

"AH! well a day! the daisy flower,
The blushing rose becrimson'd ower,
The broomy brae, the green-wood bower,
 An' birken shaw,
May bloom their little lanely hour,
 An' fade awa'.

The eye that gleam'd their charms alang,
The heart that felt an' fram'd the sang
That through my echoing vallies rang,
 Are gane for aye,
Are gane, alas! an' laid amang
 The mould'ring clay!

Wha now will sing my nymphs an' swains,
Their rural loves, an' bridal scenes;
Of a' the waes an' bosom-pains

The wretched feel,
Wha now will sing in native strains,
Wi' moving skill?

Keen through my heart, like arrow, flew
The Bard o' Coila's last adieu:
But then the balm that heal'd anew,
I had witha';
I had Macneill to sing—but now
Macneill's awa'!"

Thus wailing on by bank an' burn,
Was Scotia heard, a' wae-forlorn;
For dearer son was never torn
Frae mortal breath,
An' fonder mother ne'er will mourn
The stroke o' death.

Ah! weel they lo'ed, on Achill brae,*
Array'd wi' flower an' forest gay—

* Macneill's Works; vol. ii. p. 151. 3d edition.

Frae early dawn till gloaming gray,
 They rov'd alang,
An' there the lo'esome summer's day,
 They rais'd the sang.

Ah! weel she lo'ed,—when burning pain
Shot through ilk nerve an' fever'd vein;
When far beyond th' Atlantic main,
 The Scottish Muse*
Inspir'd wi' hope, an' cheer'd again
 Wi' bright'ning views.

Ah! weel he lo'ed, an' dar'd to tell,
Her wav'ring youth o' "whisky's ill,"
To mark the way, an' learn the will,
 The happy mean,
He sang the melting moral tale
 O' "Will an' Jean."

Delightful lay! an' ever dear
Will be to feeling heart an' ear,

* Under the influence of a distressing state of health, the poem of the "Scottish Muse" was composed in the island of Jamaica, whither the author went with the view of trying the effects of a tropical climate.—Macneill's Works, vol. ii. p. 141.

While Abercromby's* glorious bier,
An' deathless fame,
An' proud Barossa's† field o' weir,
We boast to name.

Then, Scotia, drap thy darksome views ;
His echoing Harp‡ will sons arouse,
To soothe, an' cheer, an' deck thy brows,
Like sylvan queen,
Wi' graceful bay, an' laurel boughs,
Of lasting green !

* Macneill's Works, vol. i. p. 102.

† Do. vol. i. p. 123.

‡ Do. vol. i. p. 7.

ON THE DEATH OF JOSEPH GRANT.*

"The less of this cold world, the more of heaven ;
The brighter life, the earlier immortality."

HE came, a stranger from the north,
Enquiring for my weal,
He sat beside my humble hearth,
And shar'd my homely meal ;

* Joseph Grant was born of respectable parents in the parish of Upper Banchory, Kincardineshire. From his earliest years he was employed, on a small farm possessed by his father, in the various labours of tending the sheep and cattle, and "driving his team a-field." The little education he received was at the parish school, which he attended only a few winters, but by his own unaided efforts—by reading, reflection, and observation, he acquired a knowledge of language, of literature, and of "men, their manners and ways," remarkable for his years and opportunities. In 1828, he published "Juvenile Lays," a collection of poems and songs, and in 1830, "Kincardineshire Traditions," a small volume of ballads, both of which were favourably received. About this time he also became a contributor to various periodical publications. Several of his Tales and Sketches, which appeared in "Chambers's Edinburgh Journal," were publicly and highly approved of by these gentlemen.

And at my family altar we
Did often kneel together ;
I knew him well, he was with me
As one is with a brother.

Though humbly born, and lowly bred,
By lonely Highland hill,
The book of human life he read
With knowledge and with skill ;
But with a manner of his own,
So sadly sweet and tender,
There was a page on which alone
He lov'd to speak and ponder.

He spoke of want and all the woes
That feeling hearts have known,
Of young hope, blighted like a rose,
Before 'tis fully blown ;

In 1834, he published another little book of original ballads and songs, and subsequently in the same year, he sent to press, "Tales of the Glens," a work in prose, but before it was printed he was no more. After a serious illness of fifteen weeks, occasioned by having caught a severe cold, he died on the 14th of April, 1835, in his thirtieth year. To his mother, who had never left his sick-bed, he said immediately before his death, "I am going to leave this world, and you, mother, but I shall never die, I am going home." The volume he left in the press,—a few sheets of which were only printed at the time of his death,—was edited by the late James M'Cosh, Esq., editor of the "Northern Warder," &c., and published early

Of all the hapless sons of song
 That live in Scottish story,
 Of names that will continue long
 Our country's shame and glory.

He mourned their fate, he fear'd his own,
 And ah ! how just his fears ;
 Like hours of yesterday are gone
 His briefly number'd years ;
 And kinder, warmer heart than his,
 Was ne'er to minstrel given,
 And purer, holier sympathies
 Ne'er sought their native heaven.

Ah ! what avails the fever'd hour
 Of mental pain and toil,
 If earthly fame is not a flower
 That grows on earthly soil.

in 1836. With the profits arising from its sale, a stone has been placed over his remains in Strachan churchyard, Kincardineshire, on which there is a suitable inscription, and the following lines, by the author :—

" Though young in years, and not unknown to fame,
 Though worth and genius both had told his name ;
 Though hope was high, and certain honour near,
 Grant left the world without a sigh or tear ;
 Yea ! trusting in the Saviour's power to save,
 No sting had death, no terror had the grave ;
 His parting words, in prospect of the tomb,
 Were, " Dearest Mother, I am going home ! "

Though garlands deck the poet's grave,
Though men admire and wonder,
Say, does the dust such homage crave
That it may sleep the sounder?

END OF POEMS.

SONGS.



SONGS.

Æ HAPPY HOUR.

AIR—" *The Cock Laird.*"

THE dark grey o' gloamin',
The lone leafy shaw,
The coo o' the cushat,
The scent o' the haw ;
The brae o' the burnie
A' bloomin' in flower,
An' twa faithfu' lovers
Make æ happy hour.

A kind winsome wifie,
A clean canty hame,

An' smilin' sweet babies,
To lisp the dear name ;
Wi' plenty o' labour,
An' health to endure,
Make time to row round aye
The ae happy hour.

Ye, lost to affection,
Whom avarice can move
To woo an' to marry
For a' thing but love ;
Awa' wi' your sorrows,
Awa' wi' your store,
Ye ken na the pleasure
O' ae happy hour !

O LIGHT IS THE HEART AN' THE E'E.

AIR—"I lo'ed ne'er a laddie but one."

O LIGHT is the heart an' the e'e,
When the laddie we lo'e is our ain ;
An' licht is the toil o' the day,
When trystit to meet him at e'en.
An' sweet is the smile o' the sun,
When lads whistle blythe at the plough ;
But sweeter the blink o' the mune,
When wooers an' trysters are true.

Yestreen, where the toun winna tell,
My laddie was waitin' on me ;
Though fond as my laddie himsel',
Yet waitin' I wish'd him to be ;
He pu'd me low down on his knee,
His arms he around me did twine ;
An' press'd at my hand for a wee,
An' lean'd his warm cheek upon mine.

“Dear lassie,” he whisper’d, “now we
Ha’e stown this moment our lane ;
But had we the Martinmas fee,
We’ll e’en ha’e a house o’ our ain ;
Though we ha’e nae gowd to gae thro’,
We ha’e what the gowd canna buy”—
He gi’ed me a kiss o’ his mou’,
An’ tell’d me the lave in a sigh.

My bosom a’ lowin’ wi’ love,
I sigh’d an’ said naething ava,
For O, that sweet nicht was above
The sweetest that ever did fa’ !
An’ 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 !

LASS, GIN YE WAD LO'E ME.

AIR—" *Lass, gin I come near you.*"

" LASS, gin ye wad lo'e me,
Lass, gin ye wad lo'e me,
Ye'se be ladye o' my ha',
Lass, gin ye wad lo'e me.
A canty butt, a cozie ben,
Weel plenish'd ye may trow me ;
A brisk, a blythe, a kind gudeman—
Lass, gin ye wad lo'e me !"

" Walth, there's little doubt ye ha'e,
An' bidin' bein an' easy ;
But brisk an' blythe ye canna be,
An' you sae auld an' crazy.
Wad marriage mak' you young again ?
Wad woman's love renew you ?
Awa', ye silly doitet man,
I canna, winna lo'e you."

“ Witless hizzie, e'en's you like,
The ne'er a doit I'm carin' ;
But men maun be the first to speak,
An' wanters maun be speerin'.
Yet, lassie, I ha'e lo'ed you lang,
An' now I'm come to woo you ;
I'm no sae auld as clashes gang,
I think you'd better lo'e me !”

“ Doitet bodie ! auld or young,
Ye needna langer tarry,
Gin ane be loutin' ower a rung,
He's no for me to marry.
Gae hame an' ance bethink yoursel',
How ye wad come to woo me,
An' mind me i' your latter-will,
Bodie, gin ye lo'e me !”

ADAM GLEN.*

AIR—"Adam Glen."

PAWKIE Adam Glen,
Piper o' the clachan,
When he stoitet ben,
Sairly was he pechan;

* Adam Glen, author of the air to which the above verses were written, was long a favourite in every farmer's ha', village, and fair, in the west of Angus-shire. He was an excellent performer on the bag-pipe, a faithful reciter of our ancient ballads, and every way an eccentric character. In the memorable year of Mar's rebellion, he joined the battalion of his county on its march to Sheriffmuir; and

"When Angus's Fifemen
Ran for their life, man,"

he remained behind, winding his warlike instrument in the front and fire of the enemy, and fell on the field of battle, November 13th, 1715, in the ninetieth year of his age. A few months before his death he married his eighth wife, a maiden lady of forty-five, on which circumstance the song is founded. When rallied on the number of his wives, he replied in his own peculiar way, "Ae kist comin' in is worth twa gaun out."

Spak' a wee, but tint his win',
Hurklit down, an' hostit syne,
Blew his beik, an' dichtit's een,
An' whaisl't a' forfoughten.

But, his coughin' dune,
Cheerie kyth't the bodie,
Crackit like a gun,
An' leugh to Auntie Madie;
Cried, " My callans, name a spring,
'Jinglin' John,' or ony thing,
For weel I'd like to see the fling,
O' ilka lass an' laddie."

Blythe the dancers flew,
Usquebae was plenty,
Blythe the piper grew,
Tho' shakin' han's wi' ninety.
Seven times his bridal vow
Ruthless fate had broken thro',
Wha wad thocht his comin' now
Was for our maiden auntie.

She had ne'er been sought,
Cheerie hope was fadin',
Dowie is the thocht
To live an' dee a maiden.
How it comes we canna ken,
Wanters aye maun wait their ain,
Madge is hecht to Adam Glen,
An' sune we'll ha'e a weddin'.

JOHNNY'S GREY PLAID.

ATR—"Johnny's grey breeks."

I'VE coft a stane o' haslock woo,
To mak' a plaid to Johnny o't ;
For Johnny is my only jo,
I lo'e him best o' ony yet.
Gin kindness shou'd wi' kindness meet,
I'm mair in debt than mony, O ;
Wha freely gi'es, shou'd freely get—
I'll gi'e the plaid to Johnny, O.

I'll wile awa' wi' canny skill
The cardin' an' the spinnin' o't ;
I'll gi'e a tenty honest chiel'
The weavin' an' the wynnin' o't ;
An' syne I'll tak' a sunny day,
An' scour it clean an' bonny, O ;
An' o' the sonsy wab o' grey
I'll mak' a plaid to Johnny, O.

For lang an' weary is the way,
An' Johnny lo'es sae dearly, that
In comin' aye a courtin' me,
The laddie's late an' early out ;
An' aye the early mornin's raw,
An' aft the e'enin's rainy, O ;
But in a bizzy week or twa
I'll ha'e a plaid to Johnny, O.

My Johnny is the wale o' men,
There's nane sae leal an' canty yet,
That sic a laddie is my ain,
Indeed I'm unco vaunty o't.
I'll do the best to be a wife,
As gude an' kind as ony, O,
An' i' the stormy days o' life
I'll share the plaid wi' Johnny, O.

LASS OF LOGIE.

Original Air by D. G. Brown.

I'VE seen the smiling summer flower
Amang the braes of Yarrow ;
I've heard the raving winter wind
Amang the hills of Barra ;
I've wander'd Scotland o'er and o'er,
Frae Teviot to Strathbogie ;
But the bonniest lass that I ha'e seen—
Is bonny Jean of Logie.

Her lips were like the heather bloom,
In meekest dewy morning ;
Her cheeks were like the ruddy leaf,
The bloomy brier adorning ;
Her brow was like the milky flower,
That blossoms in the bogie ;
And love was laughing in her een—
The bonny lass of Logie.

I said, " My lassie, come wi' me,
My hand, my hame are ready ;
I ha'e a lairdship of my ain,
And ye shall be my ladye ;
I've ilka thing baith out and in,
To make you blythe and vogie ;"
She hung her head, and sweetly smil'd—
The bonny lass of Logie.

But she has smil'd, and fate has frown'd,
And wrung my heart with sorrow,
The bonny lass sae dear to me,
Can never be my marrow ;
For ah! she loves another lad,
The ploughman wi' his cogie ;
Yet happy, happy, may she be—
The bonny lass of Logie !

MY AIN WIFE.

AIR—"John Anderson my jo."

I WADNA gi'e my ain wife
For ony wife I sce ;
For O my dainty ain wife,
She's aye sae dear to me ;
A bonnier yet I've never seen,
A better canna be ;
I wadna gi'e my ain wife
For ony wife I see.

'Though beauty is a fadin' flower,
As fadin' as it's fair,
It looks fu' weel in ony wife,
An' mine has a' her share ;
She ance was ca'd a bonny lass—
She's bonny aye to me ;
I wadna gi'e my ain wife
For ony wife I see.

O couthy is my ingle cheek,
An cheery is my Jean ;
I never see her angry look,
Nor hear her word on ane ;
She's gude wi' a' the neebours roun',
An' aye gude wi' me ;
I wadna gi'e my ain wife
For ony wife I see.

But O her looks sae kindly,
They melt my heart outright,
When ower the baby at her breast
She hangs wi' fond delight ;
She looks intill its bonny face,
An' syne looks to me ;
I wadna gi'e my ain wife
For ony wife I see.

WAT YE WHA CAM' HERE YESTREEN.

AIR—"O as I was kiss'd yestreen."

O WAT ye wha cam' here yestreen ?
A lad that may fu' weel be seen,
My luck for gowd I wadna gi'e,
I'm just as blythe as blythe can be ;
His frien'ly bow, an' frank gude e'en,
He gi'ed them baith to sister Jean ;
But a' the time as I cou'd see,
His kindly looks he gi'ed to me.
His frien'ly bow, &c.

I wadna gi'e his looks yestreen,
For a' the blythesome sights I've seen ;

I've waited lang, an' wearied been,
But a' my fears were tint yestreen.
A father's house—a pantry fu'
O' meal to bake, an' maut to brew,
They're no to slight nor cast awa',
But his kindly looks are worth them a'.

A father's house, &c.

OUR GUDEMAN'S AYE FRAE HAME.

AIR—" *Our gudewife's aye i' the richt,*"

OUR gudeman's aye frae hame,
Aye frae hame, aye frae hame ;
Our gudeman's aye frae hame,
Drunken, doitet carlie !
Yet a' the wark about the toun,
Out an' in gaes brawly on,
Our Johnny's sic an unco loon,
For workin' late an' early !

I fee'd the chiel' at Candlemas,
At Candlemas, at Candlemas ;
I fee'd the chiel' at Candlemas,
To saw the aits an' barley ;

But Johnny's ready, young an' tough,
An' foremost aye at cart an' pleugh,
An' never thinks he works aneugh,
Tho' workin' late an' early!

The corbie-craw cam' here yestreen,
Cam' here yestreen, cam' here yestreen,
The corbie-craw cam' here yestreen,
An' croakit lang an' sairly.
O! were he fey that's nichtly fu',
Had mools an' maggots ance their duc,
Our Johnny maunna ha'e to rue,
His workin' late an' early!

JOHNNY, YE MAUN COME AGEN.

AIR—"Cameron's got his wife agen."

JOHNNY, ye maun come agen,
Johnny, ye maun come agen;
Jenny yet will be your ain,
Johnny, ye maun come agen.
What though the lassie hung her head,
An' ay or na she ne'er has said?
A waukin' dream is eithly read—
Johnny, ye maun come agen.
Johnny, ye maun, &c.

The loupin' thing that litts her cheek,
An' ties her tongue,—she canna speak,
Says—"Lad! ye'll get the heart ye seek"—
Johnny, ye maun come agen.
Johnny, ye maun, &c.

Now, as my lassie's young an' blate,
An' fleetchin' chiel's come ear' an' late,
I think we'll ha'e your bridal set—

Johnny, whan ye come agen.

Johnny, ye maun, &c.

The fient-a-haet that I shou'd ban,
Ye ha'e to do but tak' her han',
An' guide the gear her daddie wan—

Johnny, ye maun come agen.

Johnny, ye maun, &c.

O poortith aft mak's wedlock cauld;
But whan we're bein in byre an' fauld,
We grow in love as we grow auld—

Johnny, ye maun come agen.

Johnny, ye maun, &c.

THE BOROUGH-TOUN.

Original air by the late R. A. Smith.

'Twas on a cauld an' rainy day,
When comin' ower the hills o' Dee,
I met a lassie young an' gay,
Wi' rosy cheeks an' lily bree;
An' laith that sic a flower shou'd bloom,
Without the beild o' bush or tree:
I said, " My lassie, will ye come
An' dwell in Borough-toun wi' me?"
I said, " My lassie," &c.

O wha may think to stay the hand
That turns the page o' destinie?

The broken ship has come to land,
The stately bark has sunk at sea ;
But fain to woo, an' free to wed,
I'll bless the doom I ha'e to dree,
That ettled her, my Highland maid,
To dwell in Borough-toun wi' me !
That ettled her, &c.

MARY COWLEY.

AIR—"Allan Water."

MARY ance had mony a charm,
Few could boast o' half sae mony;
In ilka-day an' Sunday claes,
Mary aye was neat an' bonny:
But the fairest flower o' May,
Is no in a' the wreath o' July;
An' now amang the maidens gay,
Ye winna meet wi' Mary Cowley!

Mary ance had mony a lad,
Few cou'd boast o' half sae mony;
But ah! the silly fickle maid,
The newest aye was best o' ony.

Now the laddies woo nae mair,
Now the lassie rues her folly ;
An' dowie are the wearie days
An' lanely nichts o' Mary Cowley !

Lassie, I maun leave you too,
Though I lo'e you best o' ony ;
Ye ha'e wooers mony ane,
Ye winna ken the want o' Johnny !
Lassie, yet, afore we part,
O, tak' the lad that lo'es you truly,
Lest ye be left wi' shame an' wae,
To dree the fate o' Mary Cowley !

THE MAID O' MONTROSE.

AIR—"O tell me the way for to woo."

O SWEET is the calm dewy gloaming,
When saftly by Rossie-wood brae,
The merle an' mavis are hymning
The e'en o' the lang summer's day!
An' sweet are the moments when o'er the blue ocean,
The full moon arising in majesty glows;
An' I, breathing o'er ilka tender emotion,
Wi' my lovely Mary, the Maid o' Montrose.

The fopling sae fine an' sae airy,
Sae fondly in love wi' himsel',
Is proud wi' his ilka new dearie,
To shine at the fair an' the ball;

But gi'e me the grove where the broom's yellow
blossom

Waves o'er the white lily an' red smiling rose,
An' ac bonny lassie to lean on my bosom,
My ain lovely Mary, the Maid o' Montrose.

O what is the haill warld's treasure,
Gin nane o' its pleasures we prove?
An' where can we taste o' true pleasure,
Gin no wi' the lassie we love?
O sweet are the smiles an' the dimples o' beauty,
Where lurking the loves an' the graces repose;
An' sweet is the form an' the air o' the pretty,
But sweeter is Mary, the Maid o' Montrose.

O Mary, 'tis no for thy beauty,
Though few are sae bonny as thee;
O Mary, 'tis no for thy beauty,
Though handsome as woman can be.
The rose-bloom is gane when the chill autumn's
low'ring;
The aik's stately form when the wild winter blows;
But the charms o' the mind are the ties mair enduring,—
These bind me to Mary, the Maid o' Montrose.

THE HAPPY MOTHER.

AIR—" *Hills o' Glenorchy.*"

AN' O, may I never live single again,
I wish I may never live single again ;
I ha'e a gudeman, an' a hame o' my ain,
An' O, may I never live single again.
I've twa bonnie bairnies, the fairest of a',
They cheer up my heart when their daddie's awa' ;
I've ane at my foot, an' I've ane on my knee,
An' fondly they look, an' say " Mammie " to me.

At gloamin' their daddie comes in frae the plough,
The blink in his e'e, an' the smile on his brow,
Says, " How are ye, lassie, O, how are ye a',
An' how's the wee bodies sin' I gaed awa' ! "

He sings i' the e'enin' fu' cheery an' gay,
He tells o' the toil an' the news o' the day;
The twa bonnie lammies he tak's on his knee,
An' blinks ower the ingle fu' couthie to me.

O happy's the father that's happy at hame,
An' blythe is the mither that's blythe o' the name,
The cares o' the warld they fear na to dree,—
The warld is naething to Johnnie an' me.
Though crosses will mingle wi' mitherly cares,
Awa', bonnie lassies, awa' wi' your fears;
Gin ye get a laddie that's loving an' fain,
Ye'll wish ye may never live single again.

THE FLITTIN' TIME.

AIR—" *Jockie's ta'en the parting kiss.*"

My Jamie is the blythest lad
The maids o' Logie ever saw ;
My Jamie is a bloomin' lad,
But wae's my heart he's gane awa',
How lanely now the e'enin's seem
When lads aroun' the ingle draw ;
This flittin' time's a waefu' time,
It's ta'en my Jamie far awa'.

Then, cheery Hope, thy comfort len',
An' wing the lazy hours awa' ;
Till faithfu' Jamie come again,
When merry Yule-day* gathers a'.

* In rural districts where the bothy system has not yet been adopted, masters and servants live under the same roof, and form, as it were, one family ; those servants, therefore, who remove at the term of Martinmas, and who "leave welcome behind them," are generally invited back to their *Yule*, or Christmas dinner.

An' when he wins anither fee,
He'll plenish out a bonny ha' ;
O then how blythe, how blest I'll be,
When Jamie's mine for gude an' a'.

Sae surly Winter blaw your blast,
An' fling your toutin' horn awa' ;
An' canty Spring gae singin' past,
Wi' bird, an' bee, an' leafy shaw.
An' haste ye roun', luve-laughin' May,
Wi' pink an' gowan buskit braw,
My Jamie comes at Beltane-day,
To mak' me ladye o' his ha' !

THERE'S LADS TO BAITH OUR LASSES YET.

AIR—" *My love she's but a lassie yet.*"

THERE's lads to baith our lasses yet !
Our glaikit, gaukie lasses yet !
But ilka ane there ain maun get,
An' sae maun our twa lasses yet.
Yestreen atween the licht an' dark,
As they gaed out to dip their sark,*
Twa brankin' chiel's cam' in the gaet,—
There's lads to baith our lasses yet !

Ye ne'er ha'e seen sic lasses yet,
Sic geckin', gigglin' lasses yet,
As glourin' 'mang the ase they sit,
At castles i' the ingle yet :

* A Hallowe'en ceremony ; see Burns' Hallowe'en.

At ilka thing they hear an' see,
They ferlie an' they tee-hee-hee ;
As gin the mune had tint her gaet,
Or turn'd less like the lasses yet.

I wat we've unco lasses yet,
The crack is aye—our lasses yet,
Their want o' thrift, an' want o' wit,
Are ken'd to a' the parish yet.
O wearie fa' the world's gear !
The sonks an' bridle sell the mare !
Had they nae tocher-gude to get,
Nae lads wad sought our lasses yet.

There's lads to baith our lasses yet,
They've woo'd an' won our lasses yet ;
An' now they're bizzy ear' an' late.
Our buskin', bangin' lasses yet.
Wi' bridal haste they're in a creel :
The kimmers yet may baith do weel ;
They'll maybe, when the grace they get,
Mak' better wives than lasses yet !

AN' YE WERE MY AIN THING.

AIR—"*An' ye were my ain thing.*"

AN' ye were my ain thing,
I wad luvè you, I wad luvè you ;
An' ye were my ain thing,
How dearly wad I luvè you !
I'll gi'e the lealest gift to you,
A youthfu' heart that has to rue
Nae blighted luvè, nae broken vow,—
A heart will ever luvè you !
An' ye were, &c.

I ha'e nae woman's ill to dree ;
Nae second luvè I proffer thee ;
The tender heart I ha'e to gi'e,
Will ever, ever luvè you !
An' ye were, &c.

I ha'e nae gowd, I ha'e nae gear,
I ha'e nae mony words to wair ;
But, lassie, I ha'e meikle mair,
I ha'e a heart to luvè you !
An' ye were, &c.

I'll stem the tide, an' turn the stream
To win you wealth wi' honest fame
An' ilka e'en I'll bring you hame,
A heart that dearly luvès you !
An' ye were, &c.

JEAN OF ABERDEEN.

AIR—" *Miss Forbes's Farewell to Banff* "

YE'VE seen the blooming rosy brier,
On stately Dee's wild woody knowes ;
Ye've seen the op'ning lily fair,
In streamy Don's gay broomy howes :
An' ilka bonny flower that grows,
Amang their banks and braes sae green—
These borrow a' their finest hues
Frae lovely Jean of Aberdeen.

Ye've seen the dew-ey'd bloomy haw,
When morning gilds the welkin high ;
Ye've heard the breeze o' summer blaw,
When e'ening steals along the sky.

But brighter far is Jeanie's eye,
When we're amang the bras alane,
An' softer is the bosom-sigh
Of lovely Jean of Aberdeen.

Though I had a' the valleys gay,
Around the airy Bennochie;
An' a' the fleecy flocks that stray
Amang the lofty hills o' Dee;
While mem'ry lifts her melting ee,
An' hope unfolds her fairy scene
My heart wi' them I'd freely gi'e
To lovely Jean of Aberdeen!

WILLY'S WEDDIN'.

AIR—"Willy's Weddin'."

Busk ye, lasses, busk ye braw,
Busk, an' let's to Willy's weddin';
Ye canna think to bide at hame,
When we were a' sae frankly bidden.
Fouth an' scouth will baith be there,
To mak' a blythe an' merry meetin'—
Wi' hands sae fu', an' heart sae free,
O Willy's worth the wife he's gettin'.

Busk ye, lasses, i' your best,
Mak' ye a' fu' trig an' tidy;
Haud for ance your fingers gaun,
It's time an' mair that ye were ready.

Bridal days for nane will bide !

Haste ye, lasses ! are ye comin' ?

I think I see the dance begun,

I think I hear the fiddles bummin'.

Hey ! the reel o' Delvinside,

Hey ! the rant o' Tullibardine,

Hey ! the jig o' Ballangeich,

Hey ! the bob o' Fettercairn ;

Hey ! the kindly come-agen,*

Hey ! the jamphin' an' the jokin',

Hey ! the beddin' o' the bride,

An' hey ! the throwin' o' the stockin'.†

* It was common in the "olden-time" for the men to salute their partners with a kiss at the conclusion of every dance or reel, and this salutation was called the *come-agen*.

† "The practice of throwing the bridegroom or the bride's stocking, when they were going to bed, is well known : the person whom it lights on is to be next married of the company."—*Allan Ramsay*.

THE BLYTHESOME LAD.

AIR—" *His absence shall not alter me.*"

THE blythesome lad o' bonnie Dundee,
Sae young an' fair, sae frank an' free,
Wi' heart sae leal, an' love sae true,
O weel he kens the way to woo ;
At kirk an' fair he meets wi me,
An' aye he's kind as kind can be,
For love is come o' gentle kin,
An' is to keep as weel's to win.

I'm blythe an' happy as ane can be,
The sun wad seem to shine for me,—
There's nane may guess, an' nane shall ken,
The blissful hours we spent yestreen.
Though lads shou'd come in scores to woo,
Though monarchs at my feet shou'd bow,
I'll keep my heart an' fancy free,—
My blythesome lad o' bonnie Dundee.

WIFE O' WILLOWDENHA'.

Written to an unpublished Gaelic air.

THE waefu' gudewife o' the Willowdenha'
Was ance the beauty an' toast o' the parish,
Her daddie had deet, an' left her his a',
Her uncle had siller, an' she was his heiress—
Sic comin', an' gangin',
An' wooin', an' thrangin',
An' tynin', an' winnin',
Was ne'er i' your kennin'—
But the laddie that carry't the lassie awa',
Was Johnny Gilfillan o' Willowdenha'!

The lassie was bred in a braw borough-toun,
Whar fouth o' gude manners she learned fu' ready ;
Whar a' the new fashions frae Lon'on come doun,
Whar a' the young misses are fine as my lady,
Wi' ribbons an' ruffles,
Wi' feathers an' muffles,
Wi' fringes an' laces,
An' pearlin's an' braces—
Wi' ilka thing bonnie, an' ilka thing braw,
She dazzl't the fouks o' the Willowdenha'!

His daddie was vauntie, his minnie was vain,
They gi'ed to their Johnny the house an' the
 haudin';
An' mickle was gotten, an' plenty was gaun,
For the back an' the belly, the day o' the waddin'—
Wi' dautin' an' kissin',
Wi' keekin' an' dressin',
Wi' jauntin' an' callin',
An' rantin' an' ballin',
The day slippet ower, an' the nicht flew awa',
An' a' was fu' happy at Willowdenha'.

But wae to the wane o' the blythe hinnymune :
The luve o' the bonnie young lady miscarry't ;
When the daffin' was dune, she gaed a' out o' tunc,
An' she thocht it an unco thing now to be marry't—
An' thinkin' an' ruein ,
An' wishin' an' trewin',
An' frettin' an' sighin',
An' sabbin' an' cryin'—
The country was dull, an' the haudin' was sma',
An' sair did she weary o' Willowdenha' !

Tho' Johnny was young an' had siller fu' rife,
A braw plenish'd house, an' a weel stocket mailen,
Yet a' wadna pleasure his gentle gudewife,
An' happiness never wad enter his dwellin'—
Sae broken an' blearie,
An' daivert an' drearie,
An' gloomin' an' grievin',
An' dauntet an' driven—
He sought i' the houff, whar the drouthy louns ca',
For the peace that had fled far frae Willowdenha'.

At mornin' an' e'enin', at nicht an' at noon,
They wasted, they wair'd, an' they wrangl't wi'ither,
Till the siller, the gear, an' the credit gaed dune,
An' auld uncle's pennie was gi'en till anither;
Then waefu' an' wearie,
An' wilfu' an' eerie,
Wi' poverty pressin',
An' a' thing distressin'—
His honour the laird he cam' in wi' the law,
An' roupet the haudin' o' Willowdenha'.

THE TRYSTING TREE.

AIR — "*The Lass of Ballochmyle.*"

THE evening sun has closed the day,
And silence sleeps on hill and plain;
The yellow moon is on her way,
With a' her glinting starry train.
'The moment dear to love and me—
The happy moment now is near,
When by our lanely trysting tree,
I'll meet my lov'd Eliza dear.

Where mild the vernal mornings rise.
And meek the summer e'enings fa';
Where soft the breeze of autumn sighs,
And light the blasts of winter blaw:

Where Keithock winds her silver stream,
By birken tree and blooming thorn ;
Of love and bliss we fondly dream,
Till often dawns the early morn.

Her voice like warbled music sweet,
Would lead the minstrels of the grove ;
Her form, where a' the graces meet,
Would melt the coldest heart to love ;
Her wistfu' look, and winning smile,
So sweetly kind, so chastely gay,
Would sorrow's mirkest hour beguile,
And chase the deepest grief away.

My lov'd Eliza ! wert thou mine !
My own endear'd, endearing wife,
How blest ! around thy heart to twine,
In a' the changing scenes of life ;
Though beauty, fancy, rapture, flies
When age his chilling touch imparts
Yet time, while breaking other ties,
Will closer bind our hands and hearts.

DRUMLITHIE MARY.

AIR—" *Theniel Menzies' bonny Mary.*"

THERE'S bonny maids in Auchinblae,
Wi' haffet locks as brown's a berry ;
There's lasses fair in Laurencekirk,
Wi' bloomin' cheeks as red's a cherry ;
But yet wi' a' their waving locks,
Their rosy cheeks as ripe's the cherry,
There is na ane amang them a'
Like her, my dear Drumlithie Mary.

'Tis through the country far an' wide,
The worth an' beauty we've amang us,
An' wooers come frae ilka airth,
Baith Mearns men, an' lads o' Angus.

They come wi' licht an' blythesome looks,
They gang wi' heavy brows and bleary,—
The heart's already lost an' won,
Of her, my dear Drumlithie Mary.

The pretty maids are aften proud,
The beauteous dames are aften saucy;
But she, the wale o' womankind,
Is meek and mild, my darling lassie.
While valleys sink to join the sea,
While mountains rise to meet the carry,
“While life an' licht are dear to me,”
I'll love my ain Drumlithie Mary.

HILLS OF THE DEE.

AIR—"Harper of Mull."

THOUGH fair are the maids in the vale of Strathmore,
And sweetly the wild woodland melodies pour ;
Though flowery the meadow, and fragrant the grove,
And fondly they whisper, " O ! tarry and love ;"
The love they would own, they will never obtain,
I'll bid them farewell e'er the summer again ;
And then, my dear Ellen, I'll hasten to thee,
To wander no more from the hills of the Dee.

O ! bright is the landscape in memory's eye,
The valley so deep, and the mountain so high ;
The wild heath, the hazel, the birch and the pine,
The hill-born stream, and the rocky ravine ;
Where my hopes and affections with Ellen are stay'd,
Where in mutual endearment we often have stray'd,
From the first beam of day on the eastern sea,
To its last setting ray on the hills of the Dee.

GLEN-NA-H'ALBYN.*

AIR—" *O rest thee, my darling.*"

ON the airy Ben-nevis the wind is awake,
The boat's on the shallow, the ship on the lake;
Ah! now in a moment my country I leave;
The next I am far away, far on the wave!
O! fare thee well, fare thee well, Glen-na-h'Albyn!
O! fare thee well, fare thee well, Glen-na-h'Albyn!

I was proud of the power and the fame of my chief,
And to raise them was ever the aim of my life;

* "Glen-na-h'Albyn, or Glen-more-na-h'Albyn, the great Glen of Caledonia, is a name applied to the valley which runs in a direction from north-east to south-west, the whole breadth of the kingdom, from the Moray Firth at Inverness to the Sound of Mull, below Fort William, and is almost filled with lakes."

And now in his greatness he turns me away,
When my strength is decay'd and my locks worn grey
O fare thee well, &c.

Farewell, the grey stones of my ancestors' graves,
I go to my place 'neath the foam of the waves;
Or to die unlamented on Canada's shore,
Where none of my fathers were gather'd before!
O ! fare thee well, fare thee well, Glen-na-h'Albyn !
O ! fare thee well, fare thee well, Glen-na-h'Albyn !

THE BRAES OF MAR.*

AIR—" *Braes of Mar.*"

THE standard^b on the braes o' Mar,
Is up and streaming rarely ;
The gathering pipe on Loch-na-gar,
Is sounding lang and sairly,
The Highlandmen,
Frae hill and glen,

(a) This song was originally published in the *Scottish Minstrel*, a collection of united songs and music, edited by R. A. Smith, Edinburgh, 1824. The air is old and excellent, and is said to have been played on all occasions when the Earl assembled his clan, as it was on their march to the battle of Sheriff-muir, the subject of these verses, which was fought November 13, 1715.

(b) This standard was made by the Earl's lady, and is said to have been very elegant : the colour was blue, having on the one side the Scottish arms wrought in gold, and on the other the Scottish thistle, with these words beneath, " No Union," and on the top the ancient motto " Nemo me impune lacessit." It had pendants of white ribbon, one of which had these words written upon it, " For our wronged king, and oppressed country ;" the other ribbon had, " For our lives and liberties."

In martial hue,
 With bonnets blue,
 With belted plaids,
 And burnished blades,
 Are coming late and early.

Wha wadna join our noble chief,^c
 The Drummond^d and Glengarry,^e
 Macgregor,^f Murray,^g Rollo,^h Keith,ⁱ
 Panmure,^k and gallant Harry^l;
 Macdonald's men,
 Clan-Ranald's^m men,

(c) Erskine, Earl of Mar, commander-in-chief of the Chevalier's army. He proclaimed James the Eighth, and raised his standard at Castletoun of Brae-Mar, September 6, 1715. He died in France, 1732.

(d) Drummond, Marquis of Drummond, lieutenant-general of James's army, "a nobleman of great spirit, honour, and abilities." He died in France about 1717.

(e) Macdonald of Glengarry, "a brave and spirited chief," attainted.

(f) Macgregor, Rob Roy Macgregor, brother to the laird of Macgregor, and hero of the novel which bears his name.

(g) Murray, Marquis of Tullibardine, died in the Tower of London, 1746.

(h) Rollo, Lord Rollo, "a man of singular merit and great integrity;" he died in 1758.

(i) Keith, Earl Marischal of Scotland; died in Switzerland, 1771.

(k) Maule, Earl of Panmure; died in Paris, 1723.

(l) Harry Maule, brother to the Earl of Panmure, "who, with every personal accomplishment, possessed great intrepidity, military skill," &c.; died about 1740.

(m) Ronald Macdonald, captain of Clan-Ranald; "he was the most gallant and generous young gentleman among the clans." He fell on the field of battle.

Mackenzie's^a men,
Mackgillvary's^o men,
Strathallan's^p men,
The Lowlan' men
Of Callender^q and Airly.^r

Fy! Donald, up and let's awa',
We canna langer parley,
When Jamie's back is at the wa',
The lad we lo'e sae dearly.
We'll go, we'll go,
And seek the foe,
And fling the plaid,
And swing the blade,
And forward dash,
And hack and slash,
And fleg the German carlie.

(a) Mackenzie, Earl of Seaforth; died 1740.

(o) Mackgillvary; a name applied to the clans in general.

(p) Strathallan, Viscount Strathallan; he was taken prisoner at Sheriff-muir; pardoned; joined Prince Charles Stuart, and fell in the battle of Culloden, 1746.

(q) Callender, Livingston, Earl of Callender and Linlithgow; attainted.

(r) Airly, Ogilvie, eldest son of the Earl of Airly; attainted, but afterwards pardoned.

JOCK, RAB, AND TAM;

OR

NATURAL REQUISITES FOR THE LEARNED PROFESSIONS.

Original Air.

“OH! what’ll we do wi’ Jock, gudeman?

It’s like he’ll ne’er do weel;

He’s aye at the head of a’ mischief,

An’ just as cunnin’s the De’il.”

“Ah! heh! he’ll yet be a man, gudewife,

O’ whilk we’ll baith be proud,

We’ll gi’e the callan a while o’ the schule,

An’ he’ll be a lawyer gude!”

“ An’ what’ll we do wi’ Rab, gudeman
An’ how’ll he win his bread ?
To plough an’ saw, to shear an’ maw,
He hasna hands nor head !”
“ Ah ! hech ! he’ll yet be a man, gudewife,
O’ whilk we’ll baith be proud,
We’ll gi’e the callan a while o’ the schule,
An’ he’ll be a doctor gude !”

“ But what we’ll do wi’ Tam, gudeman,
It dings me maist of a’ !
A gapin’, glourin’, witless coof,
He’s gude for nocht ava !”
“ Ah ! hech ! he’ll yet be a man, gudewife,
O’ whilk we’ll baith be proud,
We’ll gi’e the callan a while o’ the schule,
An’ he’ll be a minister gude !”

JOHN BUCHAN.

AIR—" *Bannocks o' Barley-meal.*"

He's a douce-leukin', fair-spoken carle, John Buchan,
But nane i' the parish maun thraw wi' John Buchan;
He has power o' the laird, o' the parson, an' people,
The keys o' the kirk, an' the tow o' the steeple!

He has power o' the laird, &c.

Do ye want a new tack? are ye ca'd to the session?
Ha'e ye quarrel'd wi' neebours, an' i' the transgression,
Ha'e ye meetin' to haud i' the kirk, or the clachan?
Do ye want the bell rung? ye maun speak to John
Buchan!

Ha'e ye meetin' to haud, &c.

There's weight in his word! do ye wonder what's
made it?

I'll tell you that too, though it's nane to our credit;

He keeps the braw shop at the cross o' the clachan,
An' we're a' deep in debt to our merchant, John
Buchan!

He keeps the braw shop, &c.

An' the fear, an' the terror o' poindin' an' hornin',
An' turnin' us out at the bauld beagle's warnin',
Without bield or bannock, wi' scarce rag or rauchan,
Mak's the haill parish wag at the wind o' John
Buchan!

Without bield or bannock, &c.

ROSY CHEEKS AN' HAFFETS BARE.

AIR—"The lass that made the bed to me."

THE lasses o' the borough-toun,
Though fine an' airy aye to see ;
Wi' native beauty o' their ain,
An' a' that gowd an' siller gi'e ;
Wi' a' their lovely winning charms,
An' a' the bonny braws they wear,
They canna match the rural maids
Wi' rosy cheeks an' haffets bare.

I've seen them in the blythesome ha',
When lads were met, an' music come ;
I've led them in the lightsome dance,
At bridal feast an' harvest home.

I've mark'd their manner a' the while,
I've watch'd their ilka look wi' care,
An' sweetness says—"I luv to dwell
Wi' rosy cheeks an' haffets bare."

O cheery may their mornings rise,
An' happy may their e'enings fa',
An' wae betide the guilefu' tongue,
Wad steal their bosom-peace awa'.
May luv an' virtue lead the way,
An' airt them laddies gudc an' fair,
To win the lovely, peerless maids,
Wi' rosy cheeks an' haffets bare.

BLUE-E'ED MARY.

AIR—" *My only jo an' dearie, O.*"

MY only love I canna rue,
My bonny blue-e'ed Mary, O :
I ne'er will break the bosom-vow
I've plighted to my deary, O.
A fairer form I canna see,
A fairer face there canna be,
Nane bears a love sae leal as thee,
My bonny blue-e'ed Mary, O.

I'll wait thee in the greenwood glen,
Amang the braes sae briery, O,
For there the Noran leaps the linn,
An' tells me of my deary, O :

Thy hair's the glossy falling stream,
Thy brow, the pure, the milky feam,
Thy cheeks, the dimpling eddies seem,
My bonny blue-e-ed Mary, O.

I ne'er had love for ane but thee,
Amang the maids sae cheery, O ;
You ne'er lov'd ane but only me,
My ain, my dearest deary, O ;
My morn o' love, the morn o' thine,
An' a' our happy days sinsyne,
The chords o' mem'ry canna tyne,
My bonny blue-e-ed Mary, O.

While morning lifts his gowden eye,
An' glints ower a' sae cheery, O ;
While e'ening vails the face o' day,
An' starnies gild the carry, O ;
My only love, my bosom vow,
My plighted faith I'll never rue,
But live in love an' bliss wi' you,
My bonny blue-e-ed Mary, O.

THE LOVE THAT MEETS RETURN.

AIR—“*Bide ye yet.*”

WHERE low the winding Lemno fa's,
By rising bank, an' rocky brae,
Amang the birks an' blooming haws,
Around Finhaven's ruins grey ;
'Twas there of love I seal'd the vow,
On lips mair sweet than summer morn,
While sung the birds on ilka bough,
How blest the love that meets return !

Dear scenes, to mem'ry doubly dear,
Since Peggy now is a' my ain,
Your blest retreats in mind I bear,
An' woo my wooing ower again ;

I wander 'mang your woodlands gay,
I sit beneath the flow'ring thorn ;
An' still the wild birds wake the lay—
How blest the love that meets return !

Let wealth in fashion's circle shine,
Let rank display its blazon'd name ;
The bliss of mutual love is mine,
Than wealth or rank a richer gem :
It is the sunbeam shining forth,
In summer's early, dewy morn ;
It is the dawn of heav'n on earth,
The love—the love that meets return !

PETTICOAT WOOING.

AIR—"The Blythesome Bridal."

YE'LL come to the wooin', dear laddie,
Ye'll come to the wooin' at e'en ;
An' gin ye can win my auld daddie,
We'se sune mak' a bridal, I ween.
'Tis true we hae baith a beginnin',
Though nane o' his siller we see ;
But the gudewill is aye worth the winnin'
Whan there's mair than gude wishes to gi'e.

Your luve you may hang i' the widdie,
Your sighs you may stick to the wa' ;
They'll do wi' the dochter, my laddie,
But no wi' the daddie ava :

Ye'll crack awa' doucely an' canny,
Of markets, of farmin', an' flocks ;
Ye'll ruse up the days o' your granny,
Auld fashions, an' auld-fashion'd fouks.

An' whan ye maun wish him good-e'enin',
I winna be far out o' view,
I'll come frae my dairy or spinnin',
An' gang out the loanin' wi' you :
An' gin the auld bodie's nae gloomin',
Gin nane o' his tauntin' he flings,
Next Friday ye'll ca' i' the gloamin',
An' overly speak about things.

But gin ye see stormie looks brewin',
Ye'll to your auld stories again ;
An' we'll tak' anither week's wooin',
An' try him mair cannily then.
I've heard my ain mither declarin',
An' wha cou'd ha'e ken'd him sae weel ?
My father wad lead wi' a bairn,
But wadna be ca'd for the de'il.

MINISTER TAM.

AIR—"The Laird o' Cockpen."

OH! ken ye his reverence Minister Tam?
Oh! ken ye his reverence Minister Tam?
Wi' a head like a hog, an' a look like a ram,
An' these are the marks o' Minister Tam.

Oh! Minister Tam's mistane his trade,
The parish beadle he should ha'e been made,
The country clash i' the manse to tell,
To summon the session, an' ring the bell!

He's gotten a kirk, but he's preached it toom;
He ca's examines, but nane will come;
His elder bodies they daurna speak,
He's makin' an' brackin' them ilka week!

There's aye some Will-o'-the-wisp in his pow,
That keeps the country-side in a lowe;
There'll never be peace, an' that ye'll hear tell,
Till he hang as heigh as the parish bell!

AUNTIE KATE.

AIR—" *The weel-tocher'd lass.*"

" A BUSY life has been my lot,
A father's family a' my care,
An' nane will say but Katie Trot
Has done a mither's part an' mair ;
For bridals I did shape an' sew,
At births I took the nurse's seat,
An' niece an' nephew ca' me now,
Auld Auntie Kate ! auld Auntie Kate !
For bridals, &c.

" It's hard aneugh to feed the tyke,
An' get his bark and bite, I ween ;
But let them ca' me what they like,
My bridal day was set yestreen."
Strange things will happen now an' than ;
In Esk there's whyles an unco spate—
The auldest lass may get a man,
Like Auntie Kate ! like Auntie Kate !
Strange things, &c.

THE AULD GUDEWIFE.

"AIR—*Gregg's Pipes.*"

THE auld gudewife gaed out at e'en,
An' ower the craft her leefu' lane,
An' sought her kye, an' cried them hame,
An' ca'd them ilka ane by name.
"Come hame, ye jauds! the byre is clean,
Your lair is made o' the brakens green,
An' the yellow clover fills your sta';
Come hame, ye jauds! come here awa'.

"What hauds the house i' saip an' saut,
What buys the houps to brew the maut,
An' monie a needfu' thing forbye!
Atweel its just my four gude kye.
Better kye there's no i' the braes,
Brownie for butter, Brandie for cheese,
Hawkie for milk, Hornie for whey,
I w at fu' weel I'm proud o' my kye!"

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

AIR—" *John Anderson my jo.*"

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,
I wonder at the times,
I'm wae to think upon our pride,
Our folly and our crimes.
A change has now come ower the earth,
That's workin' muckle wo,—
We've need we had a better place,
John Anderson, my jo!

John Anderson, my jo, John,
Sin' we were bairns at play,
It wadna happen'd in a year,
What happens ilka day;

The fouks were then a' gude an' quiet,
An' mair they didna know,
But to please the parson an' the laird,
John Anderson, my jo !

John Anderson, my jo, John,
Ah ! now the change is great ;
They think an' speak wi' nae respect
About the Kirk an' State :
The pillars o' our favour'd land,
The mob wad lay them low.
Gude help's !—we canna help oursel's,
John Anderson, my jo !

John Anderson, my jo, John,
I think atween us baith,
That thing, ca'd Johnny Russell's Bill,
Has done nae little scaith.
It was a better warld, John,
Whan *bills* we didna know.
O, had we back "auld use an' wont,"
John Anderson, my jo !

HALKERTON'S CALF.

AIR—"Auld Rob Morris."

AN ill-deedy limmer is Halkerton's cow,
An' ower monie marrows has Halkerton's cow ;
But the auldest greybeard sin' he ken'd a pickstaff,
Ne'er heard o' a marrow to Halkerton's calf.

Whan the kailyard is out o' its best cabbage stock,
An' the hairst-rig is short o' a thrave or a stouk,
An' the stack has been eas'd o' the cannie-drawn sheaf,
The mark o' the cloven foot tells o' the thief.

He's doure i' the uptak', the de'il canna teach :
This wonderfu' calf has the rare gift o' speech ;
Has Scripture by heart, as the gowk has its leed,
An' fechts wi' his tongue for a kirk an' a creed.

At alehouse an' smiddy he rairs an' he cracks,
'Bout doctrines, an' duties, an' statutes, an' acts ;
At blythe-meat an' dredgy, yule-feast an' infare,
He's ready aff-hand wi' a grace or a prayer.

Ye may bleat like a sheep, an' we'll think it nae sin,
Ye may bray like an ass, an' we'll bear wi' the din ;
But the ae-fauld an' honest will cast you clean aff,
If ye e'er think o' croonin' like Halkerton's calk!

JOHN GUNN.

AIR—"John Tod."

He's a bauld beggar man, John Gun, John Gun,
He's a bauld beggar man, John Gun ;
O far he has been an' muckle he's seen,
An' mony an ill deed he's dune, John Gun,
An' mony an ill deed he's dune.

He's been 'mang the French, John Gun, John Gun,
Hes been 'mang the French, John Gun ;
But sune he cam' hame—he made little o' them,
They had vagrants enou' o' their ain, John Gun,
They had vagrants enou' o' their ain.

The fouks a' fear John Gun, John Gun,
The fouks a' fear John Gun ;
When he comes ben, ye'll hear nae din,
But our breath gaun thick out an' in, John Gun,
But our breath gaun thick out an' in.

An' how does he fend, John Gun, John Gun ?
An' how does he fend, John Gun ?
He fends unco' weel,—he gets milk, he gets meal ;
But no for his gude but his ill, John Gun,
But no for his gude but his ill.

NORAN BRAES.

AIR—" *Country lassie*."

AGAIN the birds on bush an' tree
Awake the echoes far an' near—
It is the voice of early spring,
That aye to me is doubly dear ;
For aft the lovely opening year
Has wak'd the melting wildwood lays,
Since Mary's love I sought to win
Amang the bonny Noran braes.

Though she had wooers mony ane,
Baith young an' fair, baith rich an' gay,
It's no the swift that get the prize,
It's no the strong that win the day ;

I wil'd the maiden's heart away,
An' nocht my hopes cou'd higher raise,
Not a' the wealth, had it been mine,
Amang the bonny Noran braes.

Though we ha'e little warld's gear,
I cheerfu' win my penny fee;
An' with contentment we ha'e mair
Than gowd an' gear can ever gi'e—
Sae rich in peace an' love are we,
That happy hames in coming days
Will tell o' Mary's bliss an' mine
Amang the bonny Noran braes.

THE INVITATION.

AIR—"Brigial Banks."

THE rising sun, with ruddy locks,
Is smiling o'er the sky ;
And brightly shine the silvery clouds,
With fringe of golden dye ;
The lark among their airy folds
Is singing shrill and deep,
And with his melting melody
Has lulled the wind asleep ;
While linnets in the dewy bush,
That woos the morning beams,
All lightly sit, as seeming loth,
To break the pearly gems.

All—all around, above—below,
Is harmony and peace,
Each living thing its fellow meets,
And thus their joys increase.
Then come, my dearest Anna, come—
Why should we rest apart?
Long have thy tell-tale eyes reveal'd
The feelings of thy heart.
And though our wishes and our hopes
We may not, cannot name—
The birds make love on every tree,
Come, let us learn of them.

THE HOPELESS EXILE.*

AIR—"Alas! for poor Teddy Macshane."

O! WHERE has the exile his home?

O! where has the exile his home?

Where the mountain is steep,

Where the valley is deep,

Where the waves of the Ohio foam;

Where no cheering smile

His woes may beguile—

O! there has the exile his home!

* This and the two following songs were written for the "Irish Minstrel," a collection of original songs, and selected airs from the vocal melodies of Ireland, ancient and modern, arranged for the piano-forte by R. A. Smith, Edinburgh, 1825.

O! when will the exile return?

O! when will the exile return?

When our hearts heave no sigh,

When our tears shall be dry,

When Erin no longer shall mourn;

When his name we disown,

When his mem'ry is gone—

O! then will the exile return!

SHEELAH IN SORROW.

AIR—“*Phelim O’ Neale.*”

“Ah! Sheelah in sorrow!
What is it, my dear?
My cabin is ready,
And full of good cheer;
Our friends are invited,
And now on their way,
And the parson will join us,
And bless us to-day.”

“I cannot be happy—
O! how can I be?
My father’s so cruel
To mother and me;

She gave me some trifle,
And what did he say ?
She would sure give me all
Ere she got me away."

" Oh ! Sheelah, my jewel,
Be good as you're fair ;
They are ailing and old,
They have little to spare ;
We are healthy and young,
We are loving and true,
And their blessing is all
That I wish for with you.

WEDDED LOVE.

AIR—"Carolans Receipt."

WE sought the green, the shady grove,
When life was young and love was new ;
We pledg'd the vows of purest love,
And with our years affection grew.
Now in the cot on yonder brow,
Around with folding ivy wove,
The Shannon's winding stream in view,
How bless'd we'll live in wedded love.

And though our fortune is but low,
Though we have yet but little store,
I'll wield the spade, and ply the hoe,
And strive to make that little more ;
And when my daily toil is o'er,
With cheerful heart I'll homeward move,
And smiling peace and plenty, sure.
Will bless the home of wedded love !

THE A, B, C.*

AIR—"Clean pease strae."

If ye'd be daddie's bonnie bairn,
An' mammie's only pet,
Your A B brod, an' lesson time,
Ye maunna ance forget ;
Gin ye would be a clever man,
An' usefu' i' your day,
It's now your time to learn at e'en
The A, B, C.

To win our laddie meat an' claes
Has aye been a' our care ;
To get you made a scholar neist
We'll toil baith late an' ear' ;

* This and the following song were written for "Nursery Songs," edited and published by David Robertson, Bookseller to her Majesty, Glasgow, 1844.

An' gin we need, an' ha'e our health,
We'll join the nicht to day,
Sae tak' your brod an' learn at e'en
The A, B, C.

Wha kens but ye may get a school,
An' syne ye'll win our bread?
Wha kens but in a pu'pit yet
We'll see you wag your head?
Our minister an' dominie
Were laddies i' their day,
An' had like you to learn at e'en
The A, B, C.

Now come an' read your lesson ower,
Till ance your supper cool;
O what would monie a laddie gi'e
To ha'e a father's school?
To be a mither's only care,
As ye are ilka day,
Shou'd mak' you like to learn at e'en
The A, B, C.

THE WAYSIDE FLOWER.

THERE'S a moral, my child,
In the wayside flower ;
There's an emblem of life
In its short-liv'd hour ;
It smiles in the sunshine,
And weeps in the shower ;
And the footstep falls
On the wayside flower !

Now see, my dear child,
In the wayside flower,
The joys and the sorrows
Of life's passing hour ;
The footstep of time
Hastens on in its power ;
And soon we must fall
Like the wayside flower !

Yet know, my dear child,
That the wayside flower
Shall revive in its season,
And bloom its brief hour ;
That again we shall blossom,
In beauty and power,
Where the foot never falls
On the wayside flower !

END OF SONGS.

SACRED PIECES.

SACRED PIECES.

"Harp of Zion, pure and holy:
Pride of Judah's eastern land!
May a child of guilt and folly
Strike thee with a feeble hand!"

JACOB'S DREAM.

On Bethel's plain the cloud of night
Had now begun to close,
When, journeying on his weary way,
The patriarch sought repose:
The earth was all the bed he found,
The stones his pillow were;
Yet blessed was his resting place,
His God was present there.

And there, in vision, he beheld,
A way from earth to heaven ;
And there the pledge of peace below,
And bliss above was given ;
And there the promise to himself,
Was spoken full and free,
“ In every place, where’er thou art
Behold, I am with thee !”

O would the God of Jacob make
For me my nightly bed,
I care not where I lay me down,
And rest my weary head !
His presence is in every place,
His power is still the same,
With Jacob’s pillow for my head,
To give me Jacob’s dream !

THE WORD OF THE LORD.

O, blest be the goodness and love of the Lord,
For the gift of his holy, his heavenly Word;
'Tis the ground of my hope, and the shield of my faith,
A lamp to my feet, and a light to my path.

How sweet is the hope that the Bible supplies,
In the day when the billows of trouble arise;
How happy the soul who in Jesus believes,
When the Father of Spirits the spirit receives.

The mother may leave the dear child of her love;
The hills may depart, and the mountains remove;
But blest be the Gift, and ador'd be the Giver,
"The Word of the Lord endureth for ever!"

REDEEMING LOVE.

Redeeming love ! what love to man !
Offer'd free to every one ;
When from innocence we fell,
When a prey to death and hell ;
When to help no hand was nigh,
When appear'd no pitying eye—
Thou descended from above,
Child of heaven ! redeeming love !

Redeeming love ! thy wondrous birth,
Thy gracious purposes on earth,
Thy power to sanctify and save,
Thy glorious victory o'er the grave !
Shall higher yet, and higher raise,
The song of universal praise,
On earth below, in heaven above,
Ineffable redeeming love !

Redeeming love ! in mercy shine,
On every step and trial of mine,
In the hidden walk of faith,
In the solemn hour of death,
Bear to heaven my happy soul,
There, while endless ages roll,
To sing with the redeem'd above,
“ Redeeming love !—Redeeming love !”

HOLINESS OF HEART.

O, ye that name the name of Christ,
That bow the knee in prayer,
And with the saints in fellowship
To Zion's courts repair ;
Who worship there the Holy One,
In whom ye live and move ;
And at his table celebrate
The Saviour's dying love !

O, see that in the sight of God,
As in the eyes of men,
Your faith, and hope, and zeal, and love,
And prayers are not in vain !
Know that the God of truth requires
TRUTH in the inward part ;
Man looks upon the outward man,
But God into the heart.

THE DESPONDING CHRISTIAN.

O! Father of mercy, and God of all grace,
Behold me from heaven, thine own dwelling place ;
For dark and desponding, in doubt and in fear,
I water my pillow with many a tear.

In the silent night watches, when all are asleep,
My soul with my Saviour communion would keep ;
But my faith is so weak, and my fears are so strong,
I feel not his presence the dreary night long !

O! Thou who first open'd the eyelids of day,
And made the young sun to rejoice on his way ;
Great Father of Lights ! this thick darkness remove,
And shine in my soul with the light of thy love !

HYMN FOR SATURDAY EVENING.

Another, and another day,
Another week has passed away ;
And now, O Lord, to thee I raise,
With grateful heart, my song of praise,
For blessings every evening shed,
Around my highly favour'd head ;
For mercies every morning new,
Abundant as the early dew.

O ! may the love bestow'd on me,
A growing love inspire to thee,
That I, in all the means of grace,
My Saviour's wondrous love may trace ;
That every motive, aim and end
Of mine, may to thy glory tend,
Lord ! grant the faith that works by love,
The hope that cometh from above.

When smiling suns illume my way,
I'll praise thee in the brightest day ;
When gloomy clouds obscure my sight,
I'll trust thee in the darkest night ;
On thee I'll rest my anxious mind,
And in thy favour comfort find,
Till life and all its cares shall cease,
Then, blessing thee, I'll die in peace !

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

The prayer of the humble,
Jehovah will hear ;
The praise of the thankful,
Is sweet to his ear ;
Then humbly implore him,
For pardon and peace ;
And thankfully praise him,
For mercy and grace.

The guilt of our nature,
The sins of each day,
May well make us humble,
And teach us to pray :
The birth-song of Bethlehem,
“ Glad tidings I bring,”
May well make us thankful,
And cause us to sing.

Yes, Jesus! our Saviour!
An altar we'll raise,
And offer the incense
Of prayer and praise,
The humble petition,
That grace may be given;
The grateful hosanna,
The foretaste of heaven!

SABBATH SCHOOL HYMN.

We love the Sabbath day,
We love the Sabbath school,
Where we are told of wisdom's way,
And taught the gospel rule.
The way of saving grace,
The rule in mercy given,
To guide us in the path of peace,
Of happiness and heaven.

Lord, crown with great success,
The work of Christian love,
Our Sabbath school and Sabbaths bless,
With blessings from above ;
And hasten thou the time,
Predicted in thy Word,
When young and old, of every clime,
Shall know and love the Lord !

GLORY OF THE LATTER DAY.

The glory of the latter day,
We long, O Lord, to see,
When men of every tribe and tongue
Shall worship only thee ;

When on the distant heathen lands
The gospel light shall shine,
And every heart and every voice
Shall own its power divine.

The night of ages now is past,
The idol-shadows fly,
And lo ! our longing eyes behold
The day-spring from on high.

O, Sun of Righteousness, arise
With healing in thy wings!
And pour abroad on all the earth
The day of glorious things.

END OF SACRED PIECES.

GLOSSARY:

OR EXPLANATION OF THE SCOTTISH WORDS AND PHRASEOLOGY
USED IN THE FOREGOING POEMS AND SONGS.

A.

A', all.

A B brod, board having the alphabet pasted on it.

Aboon, above.

Ae, one.

Aff, off; aff-hand, extempore, unpremeditated.

Afore, before.

Aft, after; oft, often.

Aik, the oak.

Ain, own.

Aits, oats.

Airt, airth; direction, point of the compass.

Aith, an oath.

Alane, alone.

Alang, along.

Amang, among.

An', and, if.

An' a', also ; I was there an' a', I was there also.

Ance, once.

Ane, one.

Aneath, beneath, as opposed to above.

Aneuch, enough.

Anither, another.

Ase, ashes.

Atween, between.

Aucht, to own, to possess.

Auld, old.

Auntie, aunt.

Ava, at all.

Awa', away.

Ayont, beyond.

B.

Bairn, child ; bairnie, diminutive of bairn.

Baith, both.

Ban, to use profane expressions.

Bang, to do anything in haste, to strive, to excel.

Bannock, cake made of oatmeal.

Bauld, bold, passionate.

Bawbee, a halfpenny.

Beagle, a sheriff's officer.

Beik, the nose.

Bein, wealthy, in comfortable circumstances.

Beltane, the third of May, or Rood-day.

Ben, inwards ; butt and ben, two adjoining apartments.

Beuk, a book.

Beuket, to have names enrolled for proclamation of marriage bans.

Bide, to abide, to stay, to wait for.

Beild, shelter.

Biggin', a building, a house.

Bike, a swarm, a nest of bees.

Birk, birch.

Bizzy, busy.

Blate, bashful, shy.

Blaw, to blow, to bloom, to boast.

Blearie, to have the eyes bedimmed with tears.

Blink, a short beam of sunshine, a glance with the eye expressive of regard.

Blythe, glad, happy.

Blythameat, an entertainment given after the birth of a child.

Bob, a person in the act of dancing is said to bob, name of a dance.

Bodie, person, used in contempt or familiarity.

Bonnie, beautiful, pretty.

Boor-tree, the elder tree.

Bouk, bulk, the body, quantity of any thing.

Bow, boll; bow o' bear, boll of barley.

Brae, the side of a hill, or bank.

Braid, broad.

Brakens, the fern.

Braw, fine in apparel, brave, excellent.

Breeks, breeches.

Bree, the eyebrow.

Brownie, a fabled being, said to frequent houses.

Bure, did bear.

Burn, small stream; burnie, diminutive of burn.

Busk, to dress, to deck.

Buss, bush; buss i' the beil', sheltered bush.

Bye, over, past; inbye, an invitation to enter a house.

Byre, a cow-house.

C.

- Ca', to call, to name, to drive.
Callan, a boy, a familiar term of kindness.
Canna, cannot.
Cannie, skilful, prudent.
Canty or cantie, cheerful.
Cam', did come.
Carry, the clouds in motion, the sky.
Cauld, cold.
Chiel' or chield, a fellow, a young man.
Clachan, a small village.
Claes, clothes ; claith, cloth.
Clashes, idle talk, scandal.
Coft, bought
Cog, wooden dish ; cogie, diminutive of cog.
Coof, a stupid fellow.
Corbie-craw, an ominous bird, a species of raven.
Cozie, warm, well sheltered.
Couthy or couthie, frank, kind, affable,
Crack, familiar conversation.
Craft, a field near a house.
Creel, a basket ; a witless person is said to be in a creel.
Cushat, the wood pigeon.

D.

- Dainty, agreeable, good humoured.
Dautin', fondling.
Dearie or deary, diminutive of dear.
Dee, to die ; deet, did die.
Dinna, do not.
Divot, turf, divot sunks, turf walls.
Doit, a copper coin, the twelfth part of an English penny.

Doitet, stupid, confused.
Dominie, a schoolmaster.
Douce, grave, sober.
Dowie, melancholy, sorrowful.
Dowin', fading.
Dredgy, a funeral entertainment.
Dree, to suffer, to endure.
Dung, to be overcome.
Durstna, dared not.
Dwyne, to waste, to pine.

E.

Ear', early.
E'e, eye ; een, eyes.
E'en, e'enin', evening.
E'en's, even as.
Eerie, lonely, frightful.
Eithly, easily.
Eild, age ; eldren, old age.
Ettle, to aim, to attempt, to mark.
Examines, examinations.

F.

Fa', to befall.
Faem, foam.
Fairin', a present on a fair day.
Fash, trouble, vexation.
Faut, fault.
Fee, to hire, wages for service.
Fecht, fight.
Fell, denoting degree ; as fell kneif, pretty well.
Fend, to shift, to support one's self.

Ferly, to wonder.
Fient-a-haet, an oath.
Fire-flaught, lightning.
Flinty, clever, active, stout.
Flit, to remove.
Fleetchin', flattering.
Fleg, to frighten.
Forbye, besides.
Forfoughten, to be overcome with fatigue.
Fouk, folk.
Fouth, plenty.
Frae, from.
Fremmet, foreign, not akin.
Fraise, to flatter.
Frien', friend.
Fu', full, drunk.

G.

Gae, to go.
Gaed, went, did go.
Gaet, road; gaet-end, neighbourhood.
Gane, gone.
Gang, to go.
Gangrel, an idle strolling person.
Gawkie, a foolish lazy young woman.
Gear, riches, furniture.
Geckin', tossing the head.
Gi'e to give.
Giftet, bestowed as a gift.
Gin, if, against.
Glaiket, wanton, foolish.
Glint, to peep, to glance.
Gloamin' the twilight.

Glo'es, gloves.
Gloomin', frowning.
Glowr, to stare.
Gowan, a field daisy.
Gowd, gold.
Gowk, the cuckoo, one easily imposed on.
Grannie or granny, grandmother.
Gude, good ; Gudeness, the Supreme Being.
Gudeman, husband, master of the house.
Gude-e'enin', good evening.

H.

Ha' hall.
Ha'e, have.
Haffet, the cheek, side of the head.
Haill, hale, whole, sound, healthy.
Hairst, harvest.
Hame, home ; hamely, homely, unaffected.
Han', hand.
Haud, to hold, to keep, to support.
Hawkie, a cow with a white face.
Hech ! an expression of surprise, sorrow, or fatigue.
Hecht, promised.
Heigh, high.
Here-awa', in this place.
Himself, himself.
Hornin' a Scotch law paper.
Houff, a favourite haunt.
Howe, a hollow.
Houps, hops, used in brewing.
Hurkle, to draw one's self together in a crouching manner.

I.

I', in.

Ilk, each; ilka, every; ilka-day, applied to the working days of the week.

Ill-deedy, mischievous.

Infare, marriage feast.

Ingle, ingle-side, the fire-place.

Intill, into, within.

I'se, I shall.

Ither, other, not the same.

It's, it is, 'tis.

I've, I have.

J.

Jaud, jade.

Jamphin' innocent mirth.

Jokin', jesting.

Jo, a sweetheart, a husband or wife.

K.

Kail, colworts, also a kind of soup.

Kail-stock, cabbage stock, the colwort plant.

Kail-yard, kitchen garden.

Ken, to know a person, not to be in doubt.

Kensna, knows not.

Kimmer, a female gossip.

Kist, a chest, a coffin.

Knief, cheerful, lively.

Knowes, little hills.

Kye, cows,

Kythe, to show, to appear as one really is.

L.

- Laigh, low.
Laddie, a youth ; diminutive of lad.
Lair, a place for lying in, or upon.
Lear, learning.
Laird, landlord, lord of the manor.
Lairdship, an estate.
Laith, loth, reluctant.
Laithfu', shy, modest, bashful.
Lammie, diminutive of lamb.
Lan', land.
Lane, single, solitary ; mylane, by myself.
Lanely, lonely.
Lang, long.
Langsyne, long ago.
Lassie, girl ; diminutive of lass.
Lat, to let, to allow.
Lave, the rest, the others, the remainder.
Leal, true, honest, faithful to trust.
Leed, language.
Len', lend.
Leugh, did laugh.
Leuk, to look.
Licht, light.
Linn, a waterfall.
Litt, to dye.
Lo'e to love a person or thing.
Lo'esome, lovely.
Loun, a clown, a cunning rogue.
Lowe, flame ; lowin', flaming.
Loup, to leap, a leap or spring.
Luck, good or bad fortune.

Lum, chimney.

Luve, love.

M.

Mae, more.

Mailen, a farm.

Mair, a greater quantity, a greater thing.

Maist, the greatest number, or quantity.

Maister, master.

Mak', make.

Mak'sna, it matters not.

Mammie, a childish term for mother.

Mane, to moan.

'Mang, among.

Manse, the parsonage house.

Marrow, a mate, an equal.

Maun, must ; maunna, must not.

Maut, malt.

Mavis, the thrush.

Maw, to mow.

Maybe, perhaps.

Meetin', meeting.

Meikle, muckle, large in quantity.

Merle, the blackbird.

Mistane, mistaken.

Mither, Mother.

Mony, monie, many.

Mools, the earth of a grave.

Mou', the mouth.

Muir, moor, or heath.

Myssel', myself, by myself.

N.

Na, no, not, nor.

Nae, no, not any.

Naething, nothing.

Nane, none.

'Neath, beneath.

Needna, need not.

Ne'er-do-weel, one incorrigible in wickedness or folly.

Neebour, neighbour.

Neuk, a nook, a corner.

Nicht, night.

Niest, next in place, nearest in situation.

Nieve, the fist.

No, not.

Nocht, nought.

Nor, than.

Now-a-days, now, in these days.

O.

O', of.

Ony, onie, any.

Or, is often used for ere, before,

O't, of it.

Oucht, aught; anything.

Out-ower, over, across, beyond.

Oursel's, ourselves.

Overly, carelessly.

Ower, over.

Owerlay, a cravat.

P.

Pantry, a press, a closet, a larder.

Pawkie, sly, artful, cunning.

Pechan, panting, breathing short.

Pennie, penny.

Pet, a favourite, a fondling of whatever sort.

Plaid, a worsted mantle.

Plack, two bodles, or the one-third of a penny, English.

Plashy, miry, full of dirty water.

Plenishin', furniture for a house.

Plew, to till with the plough.

Plough-haudin', as much land as can be tilled with one plough.

Poind, to distrain for debt.

Pow, the head.

Pu', to pull, to pluck.

R.

Ranket, ranked.

Rauchan, a plaid, or mantle.

Raw, cold, damp, applied to the weather.

Reel, a kind of dance.

Richt, right.

Rife, plenty.

Riggin', roof of a house.

Rockley, a mantle.

Roun', round.

Roup, to sell by auction.

Rung, heavy clumsy stick or staff.

S.

Sad, sadden, to consolidate.

Saft, soft.

Sair, sore ; sairly, sorely.

Sair'd, served.

Saxpence, a sixpence.

Scaith, harm.

Scouth, abundance, liberty.

Shear, to reap.

- Sheilin', a shepherd's hut.
She's, she is, she has.
Sic, such.
Sicht, sight.
Silly, weak in body or mind.
Siller, silver, money.
Sin', since, after, from some past period to the present.
Skilly, skilful.
Slae, the sloe.
Sma', small.
Smiddy, smithy, a smith's workshop.
Snaw, snow.
Sneck, a latch.
Sonsy, lucky, jolly, thriving in health.
Sough, sound of the wind, or of a person asleep.
Soun', sound.
Speer, to ask questions.
Spring, a cheerful tune.
Sta', stall for cattle.
Stack, rick of barley, &c.
Stane, stone.
Starn, a star.
Steek, to shut, to close.
Stoitet, walking like one infirm, reeling.
Stouk, a shock of corn, &c.
Stown, stolen.
Strae, straw.
Sunka, a kind of pad formerly used in place of a saddle.
Syne, after that, then.

T.

- Tane, taen; taken.
Tee-hee, a burst of laughter.

Tenty, careful, cautious.

Teugh, tough.

Thae, these.

Theekit, thatched.

Thegither, together.

Thocht, thought ; thoctfu', thoughtful.

Thrang, throng.

Thrave, throve ; thrived.

Thrave, in husbandry, twenty-four sheaves of corn, &c.

Thraw, to twist, to anger, to contradict.

Throwither, confused, out of order.

Till, to.

Tint, lost.

Tither, the other.

Tocher, a dowry.

Toom, empty.

Toun, a town.

Tout, to blow a horn, to make a noise.

Tow, a rope.

Towmonts, twelvemonths.

Trachle, fatigue.

Tryste, to make an appointment.

Twa, two.

'Twad, it would.

Tyne, to lose.

U.

Unco, strange, unknown.

Uncos, news.

Upo', upon.

Uptak', to comprehend, to take up, as in learning.

Usquebae, whisky.

V.

Voggie, vain, proud, conceited.

W.

Wa', wall.

Wab web.

Wad, would.

Wadna, would not.

Wae, woe, sorrow, waefu', woeful.

Waes me ! woes me.

Wair, to spend.

Wale, the choice.

Walth, wealth, plenty.

Waukin', to be awake.

Wanter, an unmarried person.

Wark, work.

Warl', warld, world.

Werena, were not.

Watna, wot not.

Waur, worse.

Wearie fa' ! woe befall.

Wean, a child.

Wee, little.

Weel, well, not sick.

Weet, rain, wetness.

Weir, war.

We'se, we shall.

Wha, who.

Whan, when.

Whar, where.

Wha's, who is.

Wheep, an instant.

Wi', with.

Widdie, a rope, the gallows.
Wife, diminutive of wife.
Win', or won, to dwell.
Winna, will not.
Winnock, window.
Winsome, pretty, winning, agreeable.
Wrang, wrong.
Wyte, fault, blame.

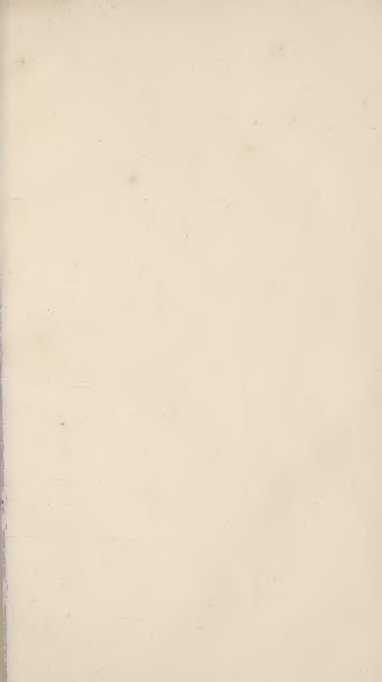
Y.

Ye, frequently used for you.
Ye'd, ye would, ye had.
Ye'll, ye will.
Ye're, you are.
Ye'se, ye shall.
Yestreen, yesternight.
Yill, ale.
Yont, beyond.
Yule, Christmas,

THE END.

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