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THE GLEN COLLECTION
OF SCOTTISH MUSIC

Presented by Lady Dorothea Ruggles-
Brise to the National Library of Scotland,
in memory of her brother, Major Lord
George Stewart Murray, Black Watch,
killed in action in France in 1914.

28th January 1927.







Alex^r. Walker Sculp^r Edin^g

ROBT TANNABILL.

Engraved for Colquhoun's Collection of Scotch Songs.

x Glen 1
THE

POCKET SONGSTER;

OR,

CALEDONIAN WARBLER.

K

A COLLECTION

OF

Popular Scotch Songs,

AND A SELECTION OF NEW ONES.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A VARIETY OF TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

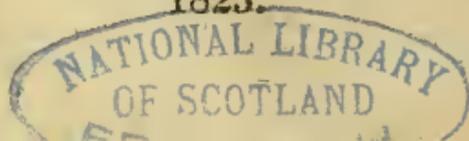
EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF TANNAHILL,

AND FOUR ELEGANT ENGRAVINGS.

EDINBURGH :

T. COLQUHOUN, 221, HIGH STREET; AND THE
PRINCIPAL BOOKSELLERS. ALSO BY PURVIS &
AITKEN, LYCEUM COURT, NELSON STREET, AND
THE PRINCIPAL BOOKSELLERS, GLASGOW.

1823.



ADVERTISEMENT.

WE express our sincere thanks to our Friends who have contributed to our Little Work, and at same time to advertise them that a number of pieces came to late for insertion in the place assigned; it will be seen throughout the Work, that the whole Songs have been classically arranged, and not wishing to break through the arrangements we had made, we have rather declined the insertion of them.

THE
Pocket Songster ;
OR,
CALEDONIAN WARBLER.

O, ARE YE SLEEPIN', MAGGIE.

O, are ye sleepin', Maggie ?

O, are ye sleepin', Maggie ?

Let me in, for loud the linn

Is roarin' o'er the warlock craigie !

MIRK an' rainy is the night,

No a starn in a' the carrie,

Lightnings gleam athwart the lift,

An' winds drive on wi' winter's fury

Fearfu' soughs the boor-tree bank,

The rifted wood roars wild an' drearie,

Loud the iron yett does clank,

An' cry o' howlets maks me eerie.

O, are ye sleepin', &c.

Aboon my breath I daurna speak,

For fear I rouse your waukrife daddie ;

Cauld's the blast upon my cheek,

O rise, O rise, my bonnie lady.

O, are ye sleepin', &c.

She opt the door, she let him in,
 He cuist aside his dreepin' plaidie :
 Blaw your warst, ye rain and win',
 Since, Maggie, now I'm in aside ye.
 Now since ye're wauken, Maggie,
 Now since ye're wauken, Maggie,
 What care I for howlets' cry,
 For boor-tree bank, or warlock craigie,
Tannahill.

~~~~~

### TAM GLEN.

My heart is a-breaking, dear tittie ;  
 Some counsel unto me come len' ;  
 To anger them a' is a pity,  
 But what will I do wi' Tam Glen ?  
To anger them, &c.

I'm thinkin', wi' sic a braw fallow,  
 In poortith I might mak a fen' ;  
 What care I in riches to wallow,  
 If I mauna marry Tam Glen.  
What care I, &c.

There's Lowrie, the laird o' Drumeller,  
 " Gude day to you," brute, he comes ben ;  
 He brags an' he blaws o' his siller,  
 But whan will he dance like Tam Glen ?  
He brags, &c.

My minnie does constantly deave me,  
 An' bids me beware o' young men ;  
 They flatter, she says, to deceive me ;  
 But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen ?  
They flatter, &c.

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,  
 He'll gie me gude hunder marks ten;  
 But if it's ordain'd I maun tak him,  
 O wha will I get but Tam Glen?  
 But if it's, &c.

Yestreen at the valentines dealin',  
 My heart to my mou' gied a sten;  
 For thrice I drew ane without failin',  
 An' thrice it was written, Tam Glen.  
 For thrice I, &c.

The last Hallowe'en I was waukin,  
 My droukit sark sleeve, as ye ken,  
 His likeness cam up the house staukin,  
 An' the vera gray breeks o' Tam Glen.  
 His likeness, &c.

Come counsel, dear tittie, don't tarry;  
 I'll gie ye my bonny black hen,  
 Gin ye will advise me to marry  
 The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.  
 Gin ye will, &c.

*Burns.*

~~~~~  
 MY NANNIE, O.

BEHIND yon hills where Lugar flows,
 'Mang moors an' mosses many, O,
 The wintry sun the day has clos'd,
 An' I'll awa to Nannie, O.
 The westlin' wind blaws loud an' shrill;
 The night's baith mirk an' rainy, O;
 But I'll get my plaid, out I'll steal,
 An' owre the hill to Nannie, O.

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

A country lad is my degree,
 An' few there be that ken me, O ;
 But what care I how few they be,
 I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O.
 My riches a's my penny-fee,
 An' I maun guide it cannie, O ;
 But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
 My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

Our auld gudeman delights to view
 His sheep an' kye thrive bonnie, O :
 But I'm as blithe that hauds his pleugh,
 An' has nae care but Nannie, O.
 Come weel, come wae, I carena by,
 I'll tak what Heaven will send me, O ;
 Nae ither care in life hae I,
 But live, an' love my Nannie, O. *Burns.*

~~~~~

### THE POSIE.

O LOVE will venture in, where it daurna weel be seen,  
 O love will venture in, where wisdom ance has been ;  
 But I will down yon river rove amang the wood sae  
 green,  
 An' a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,  
An' I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear;  
For she's the pink o' womankind, an' blooms with-  
out a peer;

An' a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose when Phœbus peeps in  
view,

For it's like a baummy kiss o' her sweet bonny mou'?  
The hyacinth's for constancy wi' its unchanging  
blue,

An' a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure, an' the lily it is fair,  
And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there;  
The daisy for simplicity an' unaffected air,  
An' a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu' wi' its locks o' siller gray,  
Where, like an aged man, it stands at break o' day,  
But the songster's nest within the bush I'll no tak  
away;

An' a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu' when the e'ening star is  
near,

An' the diamond-drap o' dew shall be her een sae  
clear;

The violet for modesty, which weel she fa's to  
wear;

An' a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' love,  
 An' I'll place it in her breast, an' I'll swear by a'  
     above,  
 That to my latest draught o' life the hand shall  
     ne'er remove ;  
 An' this will be a posie to my ain dear May.

*Burns.*

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### THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

Bonnie lassie, will ye go ?  
 Will ye go ? will ye go ?  
 Bonnie lassie, will ye go  
     To the Birks of Aberfeldy ?

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

While o'er their heads the hazels hing,  
 The little birdies blythely sing,  
 Or lightly flit on wanton wing,  
     In the Birks of Aberfeldy.  
     Bonnie lassie, &c.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,  
 The foaming stream deep-roaring fa's,  
 O'erhung, wi' fragrant spreading shaws,  
     The Birks of Aberfeldy.  
     Bonnie lassie, &c.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,  
 White o'er the linn the burnie pours,  
 An', rising, weets, wi' misty showers,  
 The Birks of Aberfeldy.  
 Bonnie lassie, &c.

Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,  
 They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,  
 Supremely blest, wi' love an' thee,  
 In the Birks of Aberfeldy.  
 Bonnie lassie, &c.

*Burns.*

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WHISTLE AN' I'LL COME TO YOU.

O whistle an' I'll come to you, my lad,
 O whistle an' I'll come to you, my lad;
 Though father an' mither an' a' should gae mad,
 O whistle an' I'll come to you, my lad.

BUT warily tent, when ye come to court me,
 An' comena unless the black-yett be a-jee;
 Syne up the back stile an' let naebody see,
 An' come as ye werena comin' to me,
 An' come, &c.
 O whistle, &c.

At kirk or at market whene'er ye meet me,
 Gang by me as though that ye cared nae a flie;
 But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black ee,
 Yet look as ye werena lookin' at me,
 Yet look, &c.
 O whistle, &c.

The sea-wraith's cry—the tumbling stream—
 The thunder's howl—the lightning's beam—
 The heavenly voice o' music seem

When bless'd wi' thee, my Lucy, O.
 G. F.

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### GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

Green grow the rashes, O ;  
 Green grow the rashes, O ;  
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,  
 Are spent amang the lasses, O.

THERE's nought but care on every han',  
 In every hour that passes, O ;  
 What signifies the life o' man,  
 An' 'twerena for the lasses, O.

Green grow, &c.

The war'ly race may riches chasc,  
 An' riches still may flee them, O ;  
 An' though at last they catch them fast,  
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

Green grow, &c.

Gie me a cannie hour at e'en,  
 My arms about my dearie, O ;  
 An' war'ly cares, an' war'ly men,  
 May a' gae tapsalteerie, O !

Green grow, &c.

For you sae douse, wha sneer at this,  
 Ye're nought but senseless asses, O;  
 The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,  
 He dearly lo'ed the lasses, O.  
 Green grow, &c.

Auld nature swears, the lovely dears,  
 Her noblest work she classes, O;  
 Her prentice hand she tried on man,  
 An' then she made the lasses, O.  
 Green grow, &c.

*Burns.*

~~~~~

MY DEARIE, O.

TUNE—*Rothemurchus' Rant.*

Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,
 Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,
 Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks?
 Wilt thou be my dearie, O?

Now nature cleeds the flowery lea,
 An' a' is young an' sweet like thee;
 O wilt thou share its joys wi' me,
 An' say thou'lt be my dearie, O?
 Lassie wi', &c.

An' when the welcome simmer-shower
 Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower,
 We'll to the breathing woodbine bower,
 At sultry noon, my dearie, O.
 Lassie wi', &c.

When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,
 The weary shearer's hameward way,
 Through yellow waving fields we'll stray,
 An' talk o' love, my dearie, O.
 Lassie wi', &c.

An' when the howling wintry blast
 Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest;
 Enclasped to my faithfu' breast,
 I'll comfort thee, my dearie, O.
 Lassie wi', &c.

Burns.

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## THE LASS OF GALLA WATER.

TUNE—*Galla Water.*

FAIR are the flowers on Yarrow braes,  
 Which blooming Flora deigns to scatter;  
 But sic a flower, the sun's bright rays  
 Ne'er shone on, but by Galla water.

Far hae I stray'd, an' monie seen,  
 Their praise I've sung, an' didna flatter;  
 But sure the like ne'er met my een,  
 As her I spied by Galla water.

I spier'd a herd, 'tending his ewes,  
 Where wast she dwelt? or wha begat her?  
 "She lives amang yon broomie knowes,  
 An's ca'd the flower o' Galla water."

O foul befa' the silly clown,  
 Wha may her get, an' disna daut her;  
 I wadna care the wretch to drown,  
 E'en in sweet-rinning Galla water.

Sweet is her face, her shape divine,  
 Proud may he be, indeed, wha's aught her;  
 I'd count mysel', were she but mine,  
 The richest far on Galla water.

But fare-thee-weel, thou peerless maid!  
 May envy ne'er thy fame bespatter;  
 Lang may'st thou, 'neath the verdant shade,  
 Still shine, the flower o' Galla water. *Bruce.*

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I GAED A WAEFU' GATE YESTREEN.

I GAED a waefu' gate yestreen,
 A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue;
 I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
 Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue.
 'Twas not her golden ringlets bright,
 Her lips like roses wet wi' dew,
 Her heaving bosom lily white,
 It was her een sae bonnie blue.

She talk'd, she smiled, my heart she wiled,
 She charm'd my soul I watna how;
 An' aye the stound, the deadly wound,
 Cam frae her een sae bonnie blue.

But spare I'll speak, an' spare I'll speed,
 She'll aiblins listen to my vow ;
 Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead
 To her twa een o' bonnie blue.

Burns.

~~~~~

COME TO THE COTTAGE.

TUNE—*Fly to the Desert.*

Come to the cottage, come with me,  
 Our rustic board is rude for thee ;  
 But noisy towns and gaudy glare,  
 With rural scenes who can compare ?

OUR hills are steep, yet o'er their sides,  
 The deer and roebuck swiftly glides,  
 While fleecy flocks and herds are scen,  
 In every field and meadow green.

Then come, &c.

The fertile meads, the hills and vales,  
 Are swept by sweet refreshing gales ;  
 The sun a genial warmth still holds,  
 Nor Afric heats nor Greenland colds.

Then come, &c.

Around our cot entwining blows  
 The honeysuckle and the rose ;  
 While water streaming from the hills,  
 Flows round in sweet meandering rills.

Then come, &c.

I'll wander through sweet groves with thee,  
 Recline beneath the shady tree,  
 We'll stray beside pure flowing springs,  
 Far happier than in courts of kings.  
 Then come, &c.

S.

~~~~~

MY ONLY JO AND DEARIE, O..

THY cheek is o' the rose's hue,
 My only jo and dearie, O ;
 Thy neck is like the siller dew,
 Upon the banks sae brierie, O,
 Thy teeth are o' the ivory,
 O sweet's the twinkle o' thine ee ;
 Nae joy, nae pleasure, blinks on me,
 My only jo and dearie, O.

The birdie sings, upon the thorn,
 Its sang o' joy, fu' cheerie, O,
 Rejoicing in the simmer morn,
 Nae care to mak it eerie, O ;
 But little kens the sangster sweet,
 Aught o' the cares I hae to meet,
 That gar my restless bosom beat,
 My only jo and dearie, O.

Whan we were bairnies on yon brae,
 And youth was blinking bonnie, O,
 Aft we wad daff the lee-lang day,
 Our joys fu' sweet and monie, O.

Aft I wad chase thee o'er the lee,
 And round about the thornie tree,
 Or pu' the wild flowers a' for thee,
 My only jo and dearie, O.

I hae a wish I canna tine,
 'Mang a' the cares that grieve me, O ;
 I wish that thou wert ever mine,
 And never mair to leave me, O ;
 Then I wad daut thee night and day,
 Nae ither war'ly care wad hae,
 Till life's warm stream forgat to play,
 My only jo and dearie, O.

Gall.

~~~~~  
 THIS IS NO MY AIN HOUSE.

THIS is no my ain house,  
 I ken by the rigging o't ;  
 Since with my love I've changed vows,  
 I dinna like the bigging o't.  
 For now that I'm young Robie's bride,  
 And mistress of his fireside,  
 My ain house I like to guide,  
 And please me with the trigging o't.

Then fareweel to my father's house,  
 I gang where love invites me ;  
 The strictest duty this allows,  
 When love with honour meets me.  
 When Hymen moulds us into ane,  
 My Robie's nearer than my kin,  
 And to refuse him were a sin,  
 Sac lang's he kindly treats me.

When I am in my ain house,  
 True love shall be at hand aye,  
 To make me still a prudent spouse,  
 And let my man command aye ;  
 Avoiding ilka cause of strife,  
 The common pest of married life,  
 That makes ane wearied of his wife,  
 And breaks the kindly band aye.

*Ramsay.*

~~~~~

CALEDONIA.

TUNE—*Humours of Glen.*

THEIR groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands
 reckon,
 Where bright-beaming summers exhale the per-
 fume ;
 Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
 Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow
 broom.

Far dearer to me are yon humble brown bowers,
 Where the blue-bell an' gowan lurk lowly un-
 seen ;
 For there, lightly tripping, amang the wild flowers,
 A-listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Though rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys,
 An' cauld Caledonia's blast on the wave ;
 Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud
 palace,
 What are they?—The haunt o' the tyrant and
 slave !

The slave's spicy forests, an' gold-bubbling fountains,

The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain ;
He wanders as free as the winds on his mountains,
Save love's willing fetters, the chains o' his Jean.
Burns.

~~~~~

### CA' THE EWES TO THE KNOWES.

Ca' the ewes to the knowes,  
Ca' them where the heather grows,  
Ca' them where the burnie rows,  
My bonnie dearie.

HARK! the mavis' evening sang  
Sounding Clouden's woods amang ;  
Then a-faulding let us gang,  
My bonnie dearie.  
Ca' the ewes, &c.

We'll gae down by Clouden side,  
Through the hazels spreading wide,  
O'er the waves that sweetly glide  
To the moon sae clearlie.  
Ca' the ewes, &c.

Yonder Clouden's silent towers,  
Where, at moonshine midnight hours,  
O'er the dewy bending flowers,  
Fairies dance sae cheerie.  
Ca' the ewes, &c.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear ;  
 Thou'rt to love an' heaven sae dear,  
 Nought of ill may come thee near,  
     My bonnie dearie.  
         Ca' the ewes, &c.

Fair an' lovely as thou art,  
 Thou hast stown my very heart ;  
 I can die—but canna part,  
     My bonnie dearie.  
         Ca' the ewes, &c.

*Burns.*

~~~~~  
 BONNY JEAN.

TUNE—*Duncan Davidson.*

THERE was a lass, an' she was fair,
 At kirk an' market to be seen ;
 When a' the fairest maids were met,
 The fairest maid was bonnie Jean.

An' aye she wrought her mammie's wark,
 An' aye she sang sae merrilie ;
 The blythest bird upon the bush,
 Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys
 That bless the little lintwhite's nest ;
 An' frost will blight the fairest flowers,
 An' love will break the soundest rest.

Young Robie was the brawest lad,
 The flower an' pride o' a' the glen ;
 An' he had owsen, sheep, an' kye,
 An' wanton naigies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,
 He danced wi' Jeanie on the down ;
 An' lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
 Her heart was tint, her peace was stown.

As in the bosom o' the stream,
 The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en,
 So trembling, pure, was tender love,
 Within the breast o' my ain Jean.

An' now she works her mammie's wark,
 An' aye she sighs wi' care an' pain ;
 Yet wistna what her ail might be,
 Or what wad mak her weel again.

But didna Jeanie's heart loup light,
 An' didna joy blink in her ee,
 As Robie tauld a tale o' love,
 Ae e'enin on the lily lea?

The sun was sinking in the west,
 The birds sung sweet in ilka grove ;
 His cheek to her's he fondly prest,
 An' whisper'd thus his tale o' love :

O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear ;
 O canst thou think to fancy me ?
 Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,
 An' learn to tent the farms wi' me ?

At barn or byre thou shaltna drudge,
 Or naething else to trouble thee,
 But stray amang the heather-bells,
 An' tent the waving corn wi' me.

Now what could artless Jeanie do ?

She hadna will to say him na :

At length she blush'd a sweet consent,

An' love was aye between them twa.

Burns.

LOVELY NANCY.

I'LL meet thee at the trystin tree,

Whan gloamin' gray steals owre the hill ;

The noisy hallan glad I'll lea',

For yon quiet glen, an' wimplin' rill.

An' will ye, Nancy, whan the moon

Mak's bricht the broomy heights an' howes,

Come yont the burn, I'll meet ye soon,

As I hae faulded in my ewes ?

What were this yirth, didna we ken

Some moment's rapture wi' its toil ;

What were this life, if upon men

Ne'er lichtit woman's saft kin' smile ?

Nancy ! fools may sneer at love

That haena hearts its warmth can cheer ;

I'm sure it cam frae heaven above

To mak us fit for that e'en here.

Then meet me at the trystin' tree,

I'll hap thee wi' my plaidie roun' ;

I'll play my pipe to pleasure thee,

An' love shall speak in ilka soun' :

The lavrock blythe at dawnin' sings,
 An' sweetly scents the heather bell;
 But gloamin's balmy hour aye brings
 Mair joy to me than I can tell!

T. A.

~~~~~  
 ANNA:

TUNE—*Banks of Banna.*

YESTREEN I had a pint o' wine,  
 A place whar body sawna;  
 Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine,  
 The raven locks o' Anna.

The hungry Jew, in wilderness,  
 Rejoicing o'er his manna,  
 Was naething to my honey bliss  
 Upon the lips o' Anna.

Ye monarchs, take the east and west,  
 Frae Indus to Savannah,—  
 Gie me within my straining grasp,  
 The melting form o' Anna.

Then I'll despise imperial charms,  
 An empress or sultana;  
 While dying raptures, in her arms,  
 I give and take wi' Anna.

Awa, thou flaunting god o' day!  
 Awa, thou pale Diana!  
 Ilk star, gae hide thy twinkling ray,  
 When I'm to meet my Anna.

Come in thy raven-plumage, night !  
 Sun, moon, and stars, withdraw a' !  
 And bring an angel-pen to write  
 My transport wi' my Anna !

*Burns.*

---

### THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,  
 Invite the tuneful birds to sing ;  
 And while they warble from each spray,  
 Love melts the universal lay.  
 Let us, Amanda, timely wise,  
 Like them employ the hour that flies ;  
 And in soft raptures waste the day  
 Amang the birks of Invermay.

For soon the winter of the year,<sup>s</sup>  
 And age, life's winter, will appear ;  
 At this thy living bloom will fade,  
 As that will strip the verdant shade ;  
 Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,  
 The feather'd songsters please no more ;  
 And when they droop, and we decay,  
 Adieu ! the birks of Invermay.

*Mallet.*

---

### HOW LANG AND DREARY.

TUNE—*Cauld Kail in Aberdeen.*

How lang an' dreary is the night,  
 When I am frae my dearie !  
 I restless lie frae e'en to morn,  
 Though I were ne'er sae weary.

For O, her lanely nights are lang,  
 An' O, her dreams are eerie;  
 An' O, her widow'd heart is sair,  
 That's absent frae her dearie.

When I think on the lightsome days  
 I spent wi' thee, my dearie,  
 An' now what seas between us roar,  
 How can I be but eerie?

For O, &c.

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours;  
 The joyless day how drearie;  
 It was nae sae, ye glinted by,  
 When I was wi' my dearie.

For O, &c.

*Burns.*

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### ROSLIN CASTLE.

'Twas in that season of the year,  
 When all things gay and sweet appear,  
 That Colin, with the morning ray,  
 Arose and sung his rural lay;  
 Of Nanny's charms the shepherd sung,  
 The hills and dales with Nanny rung,  
 While Roslin Castle heard the swain,  
 And echo'd back the cheerful strain.

Awake, sweet Muse, the breathing spring  
 With rapture warms, awake and sing,  
 Awake and join the vocal throng,  
 And hail the morning with a song:  
 To Nanny raise the cheerful lay,  
 O bid her haste and come away;

In sweetest smiles herself adorn,  
And add new graces to the morn.

O hark, my love ! on every spray  
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay ;  
'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,  
And love inspires the melting song :  
Then let my ravish'd notes arise,  
For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes,  
And love my rising bosom warms,  
And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

O come, my love, thy Colin's lay  
With rapture calls, O come away !  
Come while the Muse this wreath shall twine  
Around that modest brow of thine.  
O hither haste, and with thee bring  
That beauty blooming like the spring,  
Those graces that divinely shine,  
And charm this ravish'd heart of mine.

*Hewit.*

~~~~~

THE LASSIE O' MY HEART.

TUNE—*Morag.*

O WHA is she that lo'es me,
An' has my heart a keeping ?

O sweet is she that lo'es me,
As dews o' simmer weeping,
In tears the rose-buds steeping.

O that's the lassie o' my heart,
My lassie ever dearer ;

O that's the queen o' womankind,
An' ne'er a ane to peer her.

If thou shalt meet a lassie,
 In grace an' beauty charming,
 That e'en thy chosen lassie,
 Ere while thy breast sae warming,
 Had ne'er sic powers alarming,
 O that's, &c.

If thou hadst heard her talking,
 An' thy attention's plighted,
 That ilka body talking,
 But her, by thee is slighted;
 An' thou are all delighted,
 O that's, &c.

If thou hast met this fair one,
 When frae her thou hast parted,
 If every other fair one,
 But her, thou hast deserted,
 An' thou are broken-hearted,—
 O that's, &c.

Burns.

THE YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.

IN April, when primroses paint the sweet plain,
 And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain,
 The yellow-hair'd laddie would oftentimes go
 To wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn trees
 grow.

There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
 With freedom he sang his loves e'ning and morn;
 He sang with so soft and enchanting a sound,
 That sylvans and fairies, unseen, danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sung: "Tho' young Mary be fair,
Her beauty is dash'd with a scornful proud air ;
But Susie was handsome, and sweetly could sing,
Her breath like the breezes perfumed in the spring.

That Maddie, in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon was inconstant, and never spoke
truth ;

But Susie was faithful, good-humour'd, and free,
And fair as the goddess who sprung from the sea.

That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great
dower,

Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour ;
Then, sighing, he wish'd, that would parents agree,
The witty sweet Susie his mistress might be."

Ramsay.

THE ADIEU.

TUNE—*The Yellow-hair'd Laddie.*

AH ! can I behold, love, that heart-rending sigh,
And the tear that bedims my dear Mary's fond eye ?
Can I kiss those sweet lips of the coral's bright hue ?
And speak the sad word, lovely Mary, Adieu !

Can I view that fair face, and that form so divine,
Whom once flattering hope whisper'd soon would be
mine ?

Can I press to my bosom that heart that's so true ?
And speak the sad word, lovely Mary, Adieu !

Can I think on thy smile, when at twilight we met?
 And thy last killing glance, when next meeting was
 set?

The love-gliding hours, ah! how fleetly they flew!
 Ne'er thought I, dear Mary, to bid thee Adieu!

But while this fond bosom can breathe a fond strain,
 Or while in my mind recollections remain;
 With love, my fair maid, shall it breathe still to you,
 Though forc'd, lovely Mary, to sigh now—Adieu!

Bruce.

~~~~~

### THE ABSENT LOVER.

WHAT ails this heart o' mine?

What ails this watery ee?

What gars me aye turn cauld as death,  
 When I tak leave o' thee!

When thou art far awa,  
 Thou'lt dearer grow to me;

But change o' fook, an' change o' place,  
 May gar thy fancy jee.

Then I'll sit doun an' moan,  
 Just by yon spreading tree,  
 An' gin a leaf fa' in my lap,  
 I'll ca't a word frae thee.

Syne I'll gang to the bower,  
 Which thou wi' roses tied;

'Twas there, by monie a blushing bud,  
 I strove my love to hide.

I'll doat on ilka spot

Whare I hae been wi' thee ;

I'll call to mind some fond love-tale,

By every burn an' tree.

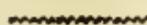
'Tis hope that cheers the mind,

Though lovers absent be ;

An' when I think I see thee still,

I'll think I'm still wi' thee.

*Miss Blamire.*



### MY MARY.

“ WILT thou gang, my artless maid,

Owre this dewy grassy glade,

To yonder coolin' woodland shade,

Wilt thou gang, my Mary.

“ Come an' scent the fragrant spring,

Hear the bonnie blackbirds sing

Sweet notes o' mirth an' joy, that ring

The woods an' glens, my Mary.

“ Sweet the eve, the sky serene,

Mild an' gracefu' ilka scene,—

Consenting words are in thy een,

Then come awa, my Mary.”

Now they wend the glade along,

Now they roam the woods among,

But Jamie heeds nor scene nor sang,—

He gazes on his Mary.

Bonnie maid he never saw  
 'Mang the country lasses a',  
 For rosy cheeks an' neck o' snaw,  
 Than modest, artless Mary.

“ Bonnie lass, my life wad be  
 Waefu' blank withouten thee ;  
 I'd tine a' joy—I'm sure I'd die,  
 Without my dearest Mary.

“ Though I haena walth nor gear,  
 Yet I hae a heart sincere,  
 An' constant love to thee, my dear,  
 My bonnie, bloomin' Mary.

“ Name, O name, without delay,  
 Whan 'ill be that happy day,  
 We'll homage to kind Hymen pay,  
 O name it, dearest Mary.”

Mary spak wi' lovely grace,—  
 Blushes reddening in her face,—  
 “ Dear Jamie, you the morn may place  
 Thy hand in that o' Mary.” W.

~~~~~

MY DADDIE FORBAD, &c.

WHEN I think on my lad,
 I sigh and am sad,
 For now he is far frae me :
 My daddie was harsh,
 My minnie was warse,
 That gart him gae yont the sea :

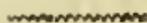
Without an estate,
 That made him look blate,
 And yet a brave lad is he :
 Gin safe he come hame,
 In spite of my dame,
 He'll ever be welcome to me.

Love speers nae advice
 Of parents o'er wise,
 That hae but ae bairn like me,
 That looks upon cash,
 As naithing but trash,
 That shackles what should be free.
 And though my dear lad
 Not ae penny had,
 Since qualities better has he ;
 Albeit I'm an heiress,
 I think it but fair is,
 To love him, since he loves me.

Then, my dear Jamie,
 To thy kind Jeanie,
 Haste, haste thee in o'er the sea,
 To her wha can find
 Nae ease in her mind,
 Without a blythe sight of thee.
 Though my daddie forbad,
 And my minnie forbad,
 Forbidden I will not be ;
 For since thou alone
 My favour hast won,
 Nane else shall e'er get it for me.

Yet them I'll not grieve,
 Nor without their leave
 Gie my hand as a wife to thee ;
 Be content with a heart,
 That can never desert
 Till they cease to oppose or to be.
 My parents may prove
 Yet friends to our love,
 When our firm resolves they see ;
 Then I with pleasure
 Will yield up my treasure,
 And a' that love orders to thee.

Ramsay.



O'ER THE MUIR AMANG THE HEATHER.

COMING through the craigs o' Kyle,
 Amang the bonnie blooming heather,
 There I met a bonnie lassie
 Keeping a' her ewes thegither.
 O'er the muir amang the heather,
 O'er the muir amang the heather ;
 There I met a bonnie lassie
 Keeping a' her ewes thegither.

Says I, My dear, where is your hame ?
 In muir or dale, pray tell me whether ?
 Says she, I tent thae fleecy flocks
 That feed amang the blooming heather.
 O'er the muir amang the heather,
 O'er the muir amang the heather ;
 Says she, I tent thae fleecy flocks
 That feed amang the blooming heather.

We laid us down upon a bank,
 Sae warm an' sunny was the weather ;
 She left her flock at large to rove
 Amang the bonnie blooming heather.
 O'er the muir amang the heather,
 O'er the muir amang the heather ;
 She left her flock at large to rove
 Amang the bonnie blooming heather.

While thus we lay, she sang a sang,
 Till echo rang a mile and farther ;
 An' aye the burden o' her sang
 Was, O'er the muir amang the heather.
 O'er the muir amang the heather,
 O'er the muir amang the heather ;
 An' aye the burden o' her sang
 Was, O'er the muir amang the heather.

She charm'd my heart, an' aye sinsyne
 I couldna think on ony ither :
 By sea an' sky, she shall be mine,
 The bonnie lass amang the heather.
 O'er the muir amang the heather,
 O'er the muir amang the heather ;
 By sea an' sky, she shall be mine,
 The bonnie lass amang the heather. *J. Glover.*

THE FAREWEEL.

TUNE—*Fee him, father, fee him.*

O fare-thee-weel, my bonnie lass,
 O fare-thee-weel, my dearie,
 O fare-thee-weel, my bonnie lass,
 O fare-thee-weel, my dearie.

Though mountains high may part us baith,
 Though roaring seas may sever,
 Believe me still, I'll keep my faith,
 Forget thee I will never, O,
 Forget thee I will never.

O tell me, dearest, ere we part,
 You'll constant be to me ;
 O tell me you will keep your heart,
 Aye true as mine to thee.
 Then though hard fate has doom'd it sae,
 That we a while maun sever ;
 O sune I hope will come the day,
 We'll meet again for ever, O,
 We'll meet again for ever.

S.

THE BRAW FICKLE WOOER.

TUNE—*The Lothian Lassie.*

LAST May a braw wooer cam down the lang glen,
 An' sair wi' his love he did deave me ;
 I said there was naething I hated like men !
 The deuce gae wi'm to believe me, believe me,
 The deuce gae wi'm to believe me.

He spak o' the darts o' my bonnie black een,
 An' vow'd for my love he was diein' ;
 I said he might die when he liked, for Jean.
 The gude forgie me for liein' ! for liein',
 The gude forgie me for liein' !

A weel-stocked mailen, himsel' for the laird,
 An' marriage, aff-hand, were his proffers :
 I never loot on that I ken'd it, or car'd,
 But thought I might get waur offers, waur offers,
 But thought I might get waur offers.

But what do ye think ? in a fortnight or less,
 The deil tak his taste to gae near her !
 He's up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess ;
 Guess ye how, the jade, I could bear her, could
 bear her,
 Guess ye how, the jade, I could bear her.

But a' the niest week as I fretted wi' care,
 I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarlock ;
 An' wha but my fine fickle wooer was there,
 Wha glowr'd as he'd seen a warlock, a warlock,
 Wha glowr'd as he'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shouther I geid him a blink,
 Lest neebors might say I was saucy ;
 My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
 An' vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
 An' vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin, fu' couthy an' sweet,
 Gin she had recover'd her hearin',
 An' how my auld shoon fitted her shachl't feet,
 Gude Lord ! how he fell a swearin', a swearin',
 Gude Lord ! how he fell a swearin'.

He begged, for gudesake ! I wad be his wife,
 Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow :
 So just to preserve the poor body in life,
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow. *Burns.*

~~~~~  
 HIGHLAND MARY.

TUNE—*Katherine Ogie.*

YE banks, and braes, and streams around  
 The castle o' Montgomery,  
 Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,  
 Your waters never drumly !  
 There simmer first unfaulds her robes,  
 And there they langest tarry ;  
 For there I took the last farewell  
 O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,  
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom,  
 As underneath their fragrant shade  
 I clasp'd her to my bosom !  
 The golden hours, on angel-wings,  
 Flew o'er me and my deary ;  
 For dear to me, as light and life,  
 Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,  
 Our parting was fu' tender ;  
 And, pledging aft to meet again,  
 We tore ourselves asunder :

But O! fell death's untimely frost,  
 That nipt my flower sae early!  
 Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,  
 That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,  
 I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!  
 And closed for aye the sparkling glance,  
 That dwelt on me sae kindly!  
 And mouldering now in silent dust,  
 That heart that lo'ed me dearly!  
 But still within my bosom's core  
 Shall live my Highland Mary.

*Burns.*

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### COME UNDER MY PLAIDY.

' COME under my plaidy, the night's gaun to fa';  
 Come in frae the cauld blast, the drift, an' the snaw;  
 Come under my plaidy, an' sit doun beside me;  
 'There's room in't, dear lassie! believe me, for twa.  
 Come under my plaidy, an' sit doun beside me:  
 I'll hap ye frae every cauld blast that can blaw;  
 Come under my plaidy, an' sit doun beside me,  
 'There's room in't, dear lassie! believe me, for twa.'

“ Gae 'wa wi' your plaidy! auld Donald, gae 'wa,  
 I fear nae the cauld blast, the drift, nor the snaw;  
 Gae 'wa wi' your plaidy, I'll no sit beside ye;  
 Ye may be my gutcher!—auld Donald, gae 'wa.

I'm gaun to meet Johnny, he's young and he's  
 bonny,  
 He's been at Meg's bridal, sae trig and sae braw!  
 Nane dances sae lightly! sae gracefu'! sae tightly!  
 His cheek's like the new rose, his brow's like the  
 snaw!"

' Dear Marion, let that flee stick fast to the wa',  
 Your Jock's but a gowk and has naething ava;  
 The hale o' his pack he has now on his back,  
 He's thretty, and I am but threescore and twa.  
 Be frank now, and kindly, I'll busk ye aye finely,  
 To kirk or to market they'll few gang sae braw;  
 A bien house to bide in, a chaise for to ride in,  
 An' flunkies to 'tend ye as aft as ye ca.'

" My father aye tauld me, my mother an' a',  
 Ye'd mak a gude husband, an' keep me aye braw,  
 It's true I lo'e Johnny, he's gude and he's bonny,  
 But, wae's me! ye ken he has naething ava!  
 I hae little tocher; you've made a gude offer;  
 I'm now mair than twenty; my time is but sma'!  
 Sae gie me your plaidy, I'll creep in beside ye—  
 I thought ye'd been aulder than threescore and  
 twa."

She crap in ayont him, aside the stane wa',  
 Where Johnny was list'ning, and heard her tell a';  
 The day was appointed!—his proud heart it dunted,  
 And strack 'gainst his side, as if bursting in twa:

He wander'd hame weary, the night it was dreary!  
 And, thowless, he tint his gate deep 'mang the snaw:  
 The howlet was screamin', while Johnny cried,  
     " Women  
 Wad marry Auld Nick, if he'd keep them aye braw.

O the de'il's in the lasses! they gang a' sae braw,  
 They'll lye doun wi' auld men o' fourscore and twa;  
 The hale o' their marriage is gowd an' a carriage,  
 Plain love is the cauldest blast now that can blaw!  
 But lo'e them I canna, nor marry I winna  
 Wi' ony daft lassie, tho' fair as a queen;  
 Till love has a share o't, the never a hair o't  
 Shall gang in my wallet at morning or e'en."

*Macneil.*

~~~~~

ROY'S WIFE O' ALDIVALLOCH.

Roy's wife o' Aldivalloch,
 Roy's wife o' Aldivalloch,
 Wat ye how she cheated me,
 As I cam o'er the braes o' Balloch.

SHE vow'd, she swore, she wad be mine;
 She said she lo'ed me best o' onie;
 But, ah! the faithless, fickle queen,
 She's ta'en the carle, an' left her Johnnie.
 Roy's wife, &c.

Her hair sae fair, her een sae clear,
 Her wee bit mou sae sweet and bonnie;
 To me she ever will be dear,
 Though she's for ever left her Johnnie.
 Roy's wife, &c.

But O, she was a canty queen,
 And weel could dance the Highland walloch ;
 How happy I, had she been mine,
 Or I been Roy o' Aldivalloch.

Roy's wife, &c.

Mrs Grant.

~~~~~

### FOR LACK OF GOLD.

FOR lack of gold she's left me, O !  
 Of all that's dear bereft me, O !  
 She me forsook for Atholl's duke,  
 To endless care she's left me, O !  
 A star and garter have more art,  
 Than youth, a true and faithful heart ;  
 For empty titles we must part ;  
 For glitt'ring show she's left me, O !

No cruel fair shall ever move  
 My injur'd heart again to love ;  
 Thro' distant climates I must rove,  
 Since Jeanie she has left me, O !  
 Ye powers above, I to your care  
 Commit my lovely, charming fair ;  
 Your choicest blessings be her share,  
 Tho' she's for ever left me, O !

*Dr Austin.*

~~~~~

THE LASS O' ARRANTEENIE.

FORLORN amang the Highland hills,
 'Midst nature's wildest grandeur,
 By rocky dens, an' woody glens,
 Wi' weary steps I wander.

The langsome way, the darksome day,
 The mountain mist an' rainie,
 Are nought to me when gaun to thee,
 Sweet Lass o' Arranteenie.

Yon mossy rosebud down the howe,
 Just op'ning fresh an' bonnie,
 Blinks sweetly 'neath the hazle-bough,
 An's scarcely seen by onie :
 Sae sweet, amidst her native hills,
 Obscurely blooms my Jeanie,
 Mair fair an' gay than rosy May,
 The flower o' Arranteenie.

Now from the mountain's lofty brow,
 I view the distant ocean ;
 There Av'rice guides the bounding prow,
 Ambition courts promotion ;
 Let Fortune pour her golden store,
 Her laurel'd favours many,
 Give me but this, my soul's first wish,—
 The Lass o' Arranteenie. *Tannahill.*

THIS IS NO MINE AIN LASSIE.

TUNE—*This is no mine ain House.*

This is no mine ain lassie,
 Fair though the lassie be ;
 O weel ken I mine ain lassie,
 Kind love is in her ee.

I SEE a form, I see a face,
 Ye weel may wi' the fairest place ;
 It wants, to me, the witching grace,
 The kind love that's in her ee.
 O this is no, &c.

She's bonnie, blooming, fresh, and tall,
 And lang has had my heart in thrall,
 And aye it charms my very saul,
 The kind love that's in her ee.
 O this is no, &c.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean,
 To steal a blink by a' unseen ;
 But gleg as light are lovers' een,
 When kind love is in her ee.
 O this is no, &c.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
 It may escape the learned clarks ;
 But weel the watching lover marks
 The kind love that's in her ee.
 O this is no, &c.

Burns.

~~~~~

### BROOM OF COWDENKNOWS.

How blythe was I ilk morn to see  
 My swain come o'er the hill ;  
 He leap'd the brook, and flew to me ;  
 I met him wi' good will.

O! the broom, the bonny bonny broom,  
 The broom o' the Cowdenknows ;  
 I wish I were wi' my dear swain,  
 Wi' his pipe and my ewes.

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,  
 When his flocks near me lay ;  
 He gather'd in my sheep at night,  
 And cheer'd me a' the day.  
 O! the broom, &c.

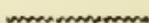
He tun'd his pipe and reed so sweet,  
 The birds sat list'ning by ;  
 The fleecy sheep stood still and gaz'd,  
 Charm'd with his melody.  
 O! the broom, &c.

While thus we spent our time by turns,  
 Betwixt our flocks and play,  
 I envy'd not the fairest dame,  
 Tho' e'er so rich and gay.  
 O! the broom, &c.

He did oblige me ev'ry hour ;  
 Cou'd I but faithfu' be ?  
 He stole my heart, cou'd I refuse  
 Whate'er he ask'd o' me ?  
 O! the broom, &c.

Hard fate, that I must banish'd be,  
 Gang heavily and mourn,  
 Because I lo'ed the kindest swain  
 That ever yet was born.

O! the broom, the bonny bonny broom,  
 Where lost was my repose ;  
 I wish I were wi' my dear swain,  
 Wi' his pipe and my ewes.

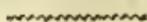


### MY PEGGY'S FACE.

My Peggy's face, my Peggy's form,  
 The frost of hermit age might warm ;  
 My Peggy's worth, my Peggy's mind,  
 Might charm the first of human kind,  
 I love my Peggy's angel air,  
 Her face so truly heavenly fair,  
 Her native grace so void of art,  
 But I adore my Peggy's heart.

The lily's hue, the rose's dye,  
 The kindling lustre of an eye ;  
 Who but owns their magic sway,  
 Who but knows they all decay !  
 The tender thrill, the pitying tear,  
 The generous purpose, nobly dear,  
 The gentle look, that rage disarms,  
 These are all immortal charms.

*Burns.*



### THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

THE lawlands lads think they are fine,  
 But O they're vain and idly gawdy ;  
 How much unlike the gracefu' mein,  
 And manly looks o' my Highland laddie.

O my bonny Highland laddie,  
 My handsome, charming, Highland laddie ;  
 My heaven still guard, and love reward  
 Our Lawland lass, and her Highland laddie.

If I were free at will to choose,  
 To be the wealthiest Lawland lady,  
 I'd take young Donald without trews,  
 Wi' bonnet blue, and belted plaidy.  
 O my bonny, &c.

The brawest beau in 'Burrow's-town,  
 In a' his airs, wi' art made ready,  
 Compar'd to him he's but a clown ;  
 He's finer far in's tartan plaidy.  
 O my bonny, &c.

O'er Benty hill wi' him I'll run,  
 And leave my Lawland kin and daddy ;  
 Frae winter's cauld, and summer's sun,  
 He'll screen me with his Highland plaidy.  
 O my bonny, &c.

A painted room, and silken bed,  
 May please a Lawland laird and lady ;  
 But I can kiss and be as glad,  
 Behind a bush in's Highland plaidy.  
 O my bonny, &c.

Few compliments between us pass,  
 I ca' him my dear Highland laddie,  
 And he ca's me his Lawland lass,  
 Syne rows me in beneath his plaidy.  
 O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,  
 Than that his love prove true and steady;  
 Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,  
 While Heaven preserves my Highland laddie.  
 O my bonny, &c. *Ramsay.*



### THE GAWKIE.

BLYTHE young Bess to Jean did say,  
 Will ye gang to yon sunny brae,  
 Where flocks do feed, and herds do stray,  
 And sport a while wi' Jamie?  
 Ah na, na lass! I'll ne'er gang there,  
 Nor about Jamie tak ae care,  
 Nor about Jamie tak ae care,  
 For he's ta'en up wi' Maggie.

For hark! and I will tell you, lass,  
 Did I not see your Jamie pass,  
 Wi' muckle gladness in his face,  
 Out o'er the muir to Maggie.  
 I wat he gae her monie a kiss,  
 And Maggie took them ne'er amiss;  
 'Tween ilka smack, pleas'd her wi' this—  
 That Bess was but a gawkie.

Whene'er a civil kiss I seek,  
 She turns her head and thraws her cheek;  
 And for an hour she'll scarcely speak;—  
 Wha'd no ca' her a gawkie?

But sure my Maggie has mair sense,  
 She'll gie a score without offence ;  
 Now gie me ane into the mense,  
 And ye shall be my dawtie.

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

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

It's wet wi' dew, and 'twill get rain,  
 And I'll get gowns when it is gane,  
 Sae ye may gang the gate you came,  
 And tell it to your dawtie.  
 The guilt appear'd in Jamie's cheek,  
 He cry'd, O cruel maid, but sweet !  
 If I shou'd gang another gate,  
 I ne'er cou'd meet my dawtie.

~~~~~  
THE FAITHFUL LOVER.

THE last time I came o'er the muir
I left my love behind me ;
Ye powers ! what pain do I endure,
When soft ideas mind me :
Soon as the ruddy morn display'd
The beaming day ensuing,
I met betimes my lovely maid,
In fit retreats for wooing.

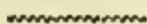
Beneath the cooling shade we lay,
Gazing and chastely sporting,
We kiss'd, and promis'd time away,
Till night spread her black curtain ;
I pitied all beneath the skies,
Ev'n kings, when she was nigh me ;
In raptures I beheld her eyes,
That could but ill deny me.

Should I be call'd where cannons roar,
Where mortal steel may wound me ;
Or cast upon some desert shore,
Where dangers may surround me ;
Yet hope again to see my love,
To feast on glowing kisses,
Shall make my care at distance move,
In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place
 To let a rival enter ;
 Since the excels in ev'ry grace,
 In her my love shall centre.
 Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
 Their waves the Alps shall cover ;
 On Greenland's ice shall roses grow,
 Before I cease to love her.

The next time I gang o'er the muir,
 She shall a lover find me,
 And that my faith is firm and pure,
 Though I left her behind me :
 Then Hymen's sacred bonds shall chain
 My heart to her fair bosom ;
 There, while my being does remain,
 My love more fresh shall blossom.

Ramsay.



LET ME IN THIS AE NIGHT.

O LASSIE, art thou sleepin' yet,
 Or art thou wakin', I would wait,
 For love has bound me, hand and foot,
 And I wou'd fain be in, jo.

O let me in this ae night,
 This ae, ae, ae night ;
 For pity's sake this ae night,
 O rise an' let me in, jo.

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet,
 Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet;
 Tak pity on my weary feet,
 And shield me frae the rain, jo.
 O let me in, &c.

The bitter blast that round me blaws,
 Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's;
 The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause
 Of a' my grief and pain, jo.
 O let me in, &c.

Burns.

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LOVELY BLOOMS A' NATURE FAIR.

TUNE—*Gloomy. Winter.*

LOVELY blooms a' nature fair,  
 Hear the warblers in the air  
 Welcome spring, they hae nae care,  
 An' welcome thee, my dearie, O.  
 Sweet they sing aroun' thy cot,  
 Where dull care ne'er entrance got,  
 Where I hope to fix my lot,  
 An' be forever near thee, O.  
 Can such joys as these by me  
 E'er, my love, forgotten be?  
 Na, na; but soon I hope that we  
 Shall be as one, my dearie, O.

May those paths where aft we've stray'd,  
 Flowery meads an' cooling shade,  
 Mind thee o' the vows we made,  
 Of constancy, my dearie, O.

Rest assur'd aye o' my love,  
 Constant, true, I'll ever prove,  
 Ne'er frae thee my mind can move,  
     My only hope, my dearie, O.  
 Ne'er may grief to thee be known,  
 Whom I fondly ca' my own ;  
 Joys unfading always crown  
     My fair young lass, my dearie, O.      M.

~~~~~  
 FOR THE SAKE O' SOMEBODY.

My heart is sair, I daurna tell,
 My heart is sair for somebody ;
 I could wake a winter night
 For the sake o' somebody.
 Oh-hon ! for somebody !
 Oh-hey ! for somebody !
 I could range the world around,
 For the sake o' somebody.

How aft I've wander'd by the burn,
 At gloaming hour, wi' somebody !
 An' listen'd to the tale o' love,
 Sae sweetly tald by somebody !
 Oh hon ! for somebody !
 Oh hey ! for somebody !
 Wing'd wi' joy the moments flew,
 Sae blest was I wi' somebody.

But now the tear-drap dims my ee,
 When'er I think o' somebody ;
 For weel I lo'e the bonny lad
 That's far awa ;—my somebody.

Oh hon ! for somebody !
 Oh hey ! for somebody !
 While I live I'll ne'er forget
 The parting look o' somebody.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
 O, sweetly smile on somebody !
 Frae ilka danger keep him free,
 An' send me safe my somebody.
 Oh-hon ! for somebody !
 Oh-hey ! for somebody !
 I wad do—what wad I not !
 For the sake o' somebody.

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THE MOON HAD CLIMB'D, &c.

TUNE—*Mary's Dream.*

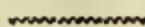
THE moon had climb'd the highest hill  
 Which rises o'er the source of Dee,  
 And from the eastern summit shed  
 Her silver light o'er tower and tree.  
 When Mary laid her down to sleep,  
 Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea ;  
 When soft and low a voice was heard  
 Say, " Mary, weep no more for me !"

She from her pillow gently rais'd  
 Her head, to ask who there might be—  
 She saw young Sandy shiv'ring stand,  
 With visage pale, and hollow ee ;

“ O Mary dear, cold is my clay,  
 It lies beneath a stormy sea ;  
 Far, far, from thee, I sleep in death ;  
 So, Mary, weep no more for me !

Three stormy nights and stormy days  
 We toss'd upon the raging main ;  
 And long we strove our bark to save,—  
 But all our striving was in vain.  
 Ev'n then, when horror chill'd my blood,  
 My heart was fill'd with love for thee :  
 The storm is past, and I at rest,  
 So, Mary, weep no more for me !

O maiden dear, thyself prepare,—  
 We soon shall meet upon that shore  
 Where love is free from doubt and care,  
 And thou and I shall part no more !”  
 Loud crow'd the cock, the shadow fled,  
 No more of Sandy could she see ;  
 But soft the passing spirit said,  
 “ Sweet Mary, weep no more for me !” *Lowe.*



GO, FETCH TO ME A PINT O' WINE.

TUNE—*The Old Highland Laddie.*

Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine,  
 An' fill it in a silver tassie,  
 That I may drink, before I go,  
 A service to my bonnie lassie.

The boat rocks at the peir o' Leith,  
 Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the Ferry,  
 The ship rides by the Berwick-law.  
 And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,  
 The glitt'ring spears are ranked ready,  
 The shouts o' war are heard afar,  
 The battle closes deep and bloody :  
 It's not the roar o' sea or shore,  
 Wou'd make me longer wish to tarry ;  
 Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar,  
 It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.

*Burns.*

~~~~~

THE HOUR IS PAST.

TUNE—*Mary's Dream.*

The hour is past, the day is gane,
 A dreary day it was to me,
 When Ella prest another's hand,
 An' left me like a lanely tree.
 I saw the rose bloom on her cheek,
 I lov'd the star that lights her ee,
 I priz'd her smile as simmer sweet,
 But sweeter when it smil'd on me.

Hope sung—my joys wad aye be fair,
 Slee fortune ne'er wad weet my ee,
 The joy our mother Eve ance knew,
 Wad be the joy o' mine an' me.

I look'd for joys fair as the moon,
 When night owrehangs the western day,
 But oh! the sang o' hope was false,
 My lovely Ella's wed away.

I gaed to see her in the ha'
 When mirth was past and strangers gane,
 I kist her lips sae rosie red,
 O sweet they were when a' our lane.
 I said, the fatal hour is past,
 O Ella, we'll ne'er meet again,
 The tears row'd gently down her cheeks,
 My heart was stung wi' burning pain.

James Pringle.

LOUDEN'S WOODS AND BRAES.

TUNE—*Moir's Welcome to Scotland.*

LOUDEN'S bonnie woods and braes,
 I maun leave them a', lassie ;
 Wha can thole whan Britain's faes
 Wad gie Britons law, lassie ?
 Wha wad shun the field o' danger ?
 Wha frae fame wad live a stranger ?
 Now, when Freedom bids avenge her,
 Wha wad shun her ca', lassie ?

Louden's bonnie banks and braes
 Hae seen our happy bridal days,
 And gentle hope shall soothe thy waes,
 When I am far awa, lassie.

Hark! the swelling bugle sings,
 Yielding joy to thee, laddie;
 But the dolefu' bugle brings
 Waefu' thought to me, laddie;
 Lanely I may climb the mountain,
 Lanely stray beside the fountain,
 Still the weary moments countin',
 Far frae love an' thee, laddie:
 O'er the gory field of war,
 Where Vengeance drives her crimson car,
 Thou'lt may be fa', frae me afar,
 An' nane to close thy ee, laddie.

O resume thy wonted smile!
 O suppress thy fears, lassie!
 Glorious honour crowns the toil
 That the sodger shares, lassie!
 Heaven will shield thy faithfu' lover,
 Till the vengefu' strife be over;
 Then we'll meet, nae mair to sever,
 Till the day we die, lassie;
 'Midst our bonnie woods an' braes,
 We'll spend our peacefu' happy days,
 As blythe's yon lightsome lamb that plays
 On Loudon's flowery lea, lassie. *Tannahill.*

THE LASS O' GOWRIE.

UPON a simmer's afternoon,
 A wee afore the sun gaed down,
 My lassie, in a braw new gown,
 Cam owre the hills to Gowrie.

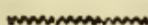
The rose-bud, ting'd wi' morning shower,
 Blooms fresh within the sunny bower ;
 But Kitty was the fairest flower,
 That ever bloom'd in Gowrie.

Nae thought had I to do her wrang,
 But round her waist my arms I flang,
 An' said, My dearie, will ye gang
 To see the Carse o' Gowrie.
 I'll tak ye to my father's ha',
 In yon green fields beside the shaw,
 I'll mak ye lady o' them a',
 The brawest wife in Gowrie.

A silken gown o' siller gray,
 My mither coft last new-year's day,
 An' busket me frae tap to tae,
 To keep me out o' Gowrie.
 Daft Will short syne cam courting Nell,
 An' wan the lass, but what befel ;
 An' whare's she gane, she kens hersel' ;
 She staid nae lang in Gowrie.

Sic thoughts, dear Kitty, ill combine
 Wi' beauty rare an' wit like thine ;
 Except yoursel', my bonnie queen,
 I care for nought in Gowrie.
 Sin' first I saw you in the sheil,
 To you my heart's been true an' leal,
 The darkest night I fear nae deil,
 Warlock or witch in Gowrie.

Saft kisses on her lips I laid,
 The blush upon her cheeks soon spread;
 She whisper'd modestly, and said,
 O Pate, I'll stay in Gowrie.
 The auld folks soon gae their consent,
 An' for Mess John they quickly sent,
 Wha tied them to their hearts' content,
 An' now she's Lady Gowrie.



MY BRAW JOHN HIGHLANDMAN.

TUNE—*O an' ye were dead, Gudeman.*

A HIGHLAND lad my love was born,
 The Lawland laws he held in scorn;
 But he was faithfu' to his clan,
 My gallant braw John Highlandman.

Sing, hey, my braw John Highlandman!
 Sing, ho, my braw John Highlandman!
 There's not a lad in a' the lan'
 Was match for my John Highlandman.

Wi' his philibeg an' tartan plaid,
 An' gude claymore doun by his side,
 The ladies' hearts he did trapan,
 My gallant braw John Highlandman.

Sing, hey, &c.

We ranged a' from Tweed to Spey,
 An' lived like lords an' ladies gay;
 For a Lawland face he feared nane,
 My gallant braw John Highlandman.

Sing, hey, &c.

They banish'd him beyond the sea ;
 But ere the bud was on the tree,
 Adoun my cheeks the pearls ran,
 Embracing my John Highlandman.

Sing, hey, &c.

But, O ! they catch'd him at the last,
 An' bound him in a dungeon fast ;
 My curse upon them every one,
 They've hang'd my braw John Highlandman.

Sing, hey, &c.

And now a widow, I must mourn
 The pleasures that will ne'er return ;
 Nae comfort but a hearty cann,
 When I think on John Highlandman.

Sing, hey, my braw John Highlandman !
 Sing, ho, my braw John Highlandman !
 There's not a lad in a' the lan'
 Was match for my John Highlandman.

Burns.

BONNIE PHEMIE.

TUNE—*Of a' the airts the wind can blaw.*

'MANG a' the maids wha 'tend the flocks,
 Or dance upon the green,
 My Phemie is the bonniest far
 That ever I hae seen.

Her gracefu' form, her modest air,
 E; a' maun be admired ;
 Her witchin' glance, her lovely smile,
 My heart wi' love has fir'd.

Blaw saftly now, ye westlin' winds,
 An' bring my lassie here ;
 O bring her to thae faithfu' arms,
 To which she's lang been dear.
 Nor let the rude tempestuous waves
 Alarm my Phemie's heart ;
 May she be safely brought to me,
 An' never shall we part.

S.

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 A WISH.

TUNE—*I had a horse, I had nae mair.*

I HAE ae wish, I haena mair,—  
 A wife baith gude and bonnie,  
 No ane that's puff'd wi' gear or lair,  
 But ane to cheer her Johnnie.  
 For gin I e'er turn frail or auld,  
 An' no a wife to cheer me,  
 My heart will sure grow unco cauld,  
 My spirits will get eerie.

I'd like to see my ain peat-fire  
 Blaze cheerilie an' charmin' ;  
 Oddsakes ! thae very words inspire  
 My saul wi' something warmin'.

It's grand!—I think I see my wife,  
 An' twa-three bairnies playin';  
 Whilk smooths the drearie vale o' life,  
 An' maks it worth the haein'.

But, O! I fear this is a dream,  
 Owre sweet to be a true ane;  
 An' though I gat o' heaven a gleam,  
 It shaws me a' my ruin.—  
 But stop!—I maunna tell sic lees,  
 A glorious thought does shine yet—  
 I'll gang to Katie o' Ferneze,  
 An' ask her to be mine yet.

P.

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### OCH HEY, JOHNNIE LAD.

Och hey, Johnnie lad,  
 Ye're no sae kind's ye should hae been;  
 Och hey, Johnnie lad!  
 Ye didna keep your tryste yestreen.  
 I waited lang beside the wood,  
 Sae wae an' weary a' my lane;  
 Och hey, Johnnie lad!  
 It was a waefu' night yestreen.

I looked by the whinnie knowe,  
 I looked by the firs sae green,  
 I looked by the spunkie howe,  
 An' aye I thought ye wad hae been.

The ne'er a supper crost my craig,  
 The ne'er a sleep has clos'd my een;  
 Och hey, Johnnie lad!  
 Ye're no sae kind's ye should hae been.

Gin ye war waitin' by the wood,  
 Its I was waitin' by the thorn;  
 I thought it was the place we set,  
 An' waited maist till dawnin' morn.  
 But be nae vext, my bonnie lass,  
 An' let my waitin' stan' for thine;  
 We'll awa to Craigton shaw,  
 An' seek the joys we tint yestreen. *Tannahill.*

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HOW SWEET IN JUNE.

TUNE—*Of a' the airts.*

How sweet in June the floweret grows,
 An' scents ilk sylvan dale:
 Thus blooms my fair ane, like the rose,
 Down by yon woody vale.
 Her modest power, like some sweet flower,
 Perfumed my youthfu' mind;
 While in my arms, in yon green bower,
 She vow'd she'd e'er be kind.

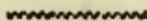
When Luna's silv'ry light, at e'en,
 Proclaims that a's at rest,
 Then I, in rapture, fly unseen
 To her whom I lo'e best.

My faithfu' fair, in charms array'd,
 Awaits the happy hour;
 I wander wi' my bonnie maid,
 In yon green leafy bower.

Then wi' my queen, our joys sae sweet,
 Seem harmony divine,
 Where violets grow we tak our seat,
 An' woodbines round us twine.
 Her sparklin' een my bosom cheer,
 They're like the diamond's hue;
 To me she's dear—I vow sincere
 For ever to be true.

An' thus, ilk day, wi' joys complete,
 While love doth reign supreme,
 Ilk day I'll wait, wi' patience sweet,
 Till Hymen calls her mine.
 Baith late an' ear', she's a' my care,
 My hop'd-for bosom friend;
 May love an' peace, for ever mair,
 Dwell in her spotless mind.

D. M.



MY MARY, DEAR DEPARTED SHADE.

TUNE—*Mary's Dream.*

THOU lingering star, with lessening ray,
 That lov'st to greet the early morn,
 Again thou usher'st in the day
 My Mary from my soul was torn.

O Mary, dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget?
 Can I forget the hallow'd grove?
 Where, by the winding Ayr, we met,
 To live one day of parting love.
 Eternity cannot efface
 Those records dear of transports past:
 Thy image at our last embrace,
 Ah! little thought we 'twas our last.

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd its pebbled shore,
 O'erhung with wild-woods thickening green;
 The fragrant birch an' hawthorn hoar
 Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene;
 The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
 The birds sang love on every spray;
 Till too, too soon the glowing west
 Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
 And fondly broods with miser care;
 Time but impression stronger makes,
 As streams their channels deeper wear.

O Mary, dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

DEAR HAPPY HOURS, ADIEU.

TUNE—*Of a' the airts the wind can blaw.*

AH! why does memory still retain
 Impressions aye sae dear?
 O why do I thus sigh in vain,
 An' shed the silent tear?
 Why mourn the hours that saft and sweet
 Sae lightly owre me flew?
 Or why sae aftentimes repeat,—
 Dear happy hours, adieu!

Ah me! they never shall return
 To ease this breast o' care,
 While love does aye as fiercely burn,
 Though blasted by despair.
 My short-lived bliss, it was sae sweet,
 I thought it lasting too,
 Which gars me aftentimes repeat,—
 Dear happy hours, adieu!

Nae mair my bosom lightly beats,
 Nor joy beams in my ee;
 Nae mair I seek the dear retreats,
 Where met my love an' me.
 A happier rival's blest complete
 Wi' her I thought sae true,
 Which gars me aftentimes repeat,—
 Dear happy hours, adieu!

Then, faithless lassie, O fareweel,
 An' happy may ye be;
 An' may ye ne'er the anguish feel,
 That's keenly felt by me.
 For till this heart doth cease to beat,
 It aye will doat on you,
 An' aften, aftentimes repeat,—
 Dear happy hours, adieu!

James Wilson.

A' BODY'S LIKE TO BE MARRIED.

As Jenny sat doun wi' her wheel by the fire,
 An' thought o' the time that was fast fleein' by,
 She said to hersel', wi' a heavy heigh-hee,
 O, a' body's like to be married but me!
 She said to hersel', &c.

My youthfu' companions are a' worn awa',
 An' though I've had woers mysel', ane or twa,
 Yet a lad to my mind I ne'er yet could see;
 O, a' body's like to be married but me!
 Yet a lad, &c.

There's Lowrie, the lawyer, wad hae me fu' fain,
 Wha has baith a house an' a yard o' his ain;
 But before I'd gang to it, I rather wad die;
 A wee stumpin' body! he'll never get me!
 But before, &c.

There's Dickie, my cousin, frae Lun'on come down,
 Wi' fine yellow buckskins that dazzled the toun ;
 But, poor deevil ! he ne'er got a blink o' my ee :
 O, a' body's like to be married but me !

But, poor deevil, &c.

But I saw a lad by yon saughie-burn side,
 Wha weel wad deserve onie queen for his bride ;
 Gin I had my will, soon his ain I wad be :
 O, a' body's like to be married but me !

Gin I had my will, &c.

I gied him a look, as a kind lassie should ;
 My friends, if they kend it, wad surely rin wud ;
 For though bonnie an' good, he's no worth a bawbee :
 O, a' body's like to be married but me !

For though bonny, &c.

'Tis hard to tak shelter behint a laigh dike ;
 'Tis hard to tak ane we never can like ;
 'Tis hard for to leave ane we fain wad be wi',
 Yet it's harder that a' should be married but me.

'Tis hard for to leave, &c.

Hamilton.

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### MARY O' CASTLE-CARY.

SAW ye my wee thing ? saw ye mine ain thing ?  
 Saw ye my true love down by yon lea ?  
 Cross'd she the meadow yestreen at the gloamin' ?  
 Sought she the burnie whare flowers the haw-tree ?

Her hair it is lint-white, her skin it is milk-white ;  
Dark is the blue o' her saft-rollin' ee !

Red, red her lip is, an' sweeter than roses :

Whare could my wee thing wander frae me ?

“ I sawna your wee thing, I sawna your ain thing,  
Nor I sawna your true-love down by yon lee :

But I met my bonnie thing late in the gloamin',

Down by the burnie, whare flowers the haw-tree.

Her hair it was lint-white, her skin it was milk-white,

Dark was the blue o' her saft-rollin' ee !

Red were her ripe lips, an' sweeter than roses ;

Sweet were the kisses that she gae to me.”

It wasna my wee thing, it wasna mine ain thing,

It wasna my true love ye met by the tree !

Proud is her leil heart, an' modest her nature :

She never lo'ed leman till ance she lo'ed me.

Her name it is Mary, she's frae Castle-Cary,

Aft has she sat, when a bairn, on my knee ;

Fair as your face is, wer't fifty times fairer,

Young braggart, she ne'er wad gie kisses to thee !

“ It was then your Mary, she's frae Castle-Cary,

It was then your true love I met by the tree ;

Proud as her heart is, an' modest her nature,

Sweet were the kisses that she gae to me.”

Sair gloom'd his dark brow, blood-red his cheek  
grew,

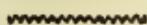
Wild flash'd the blood frae his red-rollin' ee :

Ye's rue sair, this mornin', your boasfin' an' scorn-  
in',

Defend, ye fause traitor, for loudly ye lie !

" Awa wi' begullin' then," cried the youth smilin' ;  
 Aff gaed the bonnet, the lint-white locks flee ;  
 The belted plaid fa'in', her white bosom shawin',  
 Fair stood the lov'd maid wi' the dark-rollin' ee !  
 Is it my wee thing ? is it my ain thing ?  
 Is it my true love here that I see ?  
 " O Jamie, forgie me ! your heart's constant to me,  
 I'll never mair wander, my true love, frae thee."

*Macneil.*



### THE HAPPY MEETING.

THERE was a maid, a maiden fair,  
 An' O but she was bonnie ;  
 An' weel she lo'ed a' day to gang  
 Wi' her ain true-love, Johnnie.  
 She wauner'd east, she wauner'd wast,  
 Fu' late, late in the gloamin',  
 Heaven's twirling blast blew o'er her head,  
 Her yellow locks a-combin' :

" O dool light on that waefu' day  
 Whan Johnnie gaed a roamin',  
 Frae love an' me, far o'er the sea,  
 Whare saut, saut waves are foamin'.  
 Couldna ye stay at hame wi' me,  
 An' let alane your roamin' ?  
 O haste thee hame, my heart is sair,  
 An' I'm a waefu woman.

An' ye had stay'd at hame wi' me,  
 I'd made your bed o' rushes,  
 An' laid it o'er wi' saft, saft down,  
 That grows amang the bushes."  
 Now she has, by the braid moonlight,  
 Whan nature a'thing hushes,  
 Spread out wi' care, his leafy bed,  
 O' saft, saft down an' rushes.

She turn'd her ee—wha should she see  
 But Johnnie, leil an' lovin' :  
 " Now I've come hame, my love," he cried,  
 " An' I've gi'en o'er my rovin' ;  
 An' I hae seen ye mak my bed  
 Sae carefu' an' sae cannie ;  
 Now o'er the sea, frae love an' thee,  
 I'll roam nae mair, my Annie." G. F.

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## HIGHLAND HARRY.

TUNE—*Highlander's Lament.*

My Harry was a gallant gay,  
 Fu' stately strode he on the plain ;  
 But now he's banish'd far away,  
 I'll never see him back again.

O for him back again !  
 O for him back again !  
 I wad gie a' Knockhaspie's land  
 For Highland Harry back again.

When a' the lave gae to their bed,  
 I wander dowie up the glen;  
 I sit me doun an' greet my fill,  
 An' aye I wish him back again.  
 O for him back, &c.

O were some villains hangit high,  
 An' ilka body had their ain,  
 Then I might see the joyfu' sight,  
 My Highland Harry back again.  
 O for him back, &c.

Sad was the day, an' sad the hour,  
 He left me in his native plain,  
 An' rush'd his much-wrong'd prince to join;  
 But, O! he ne'er came back again.  
 O for him back, &c.

Strong was my Harry's arm in war,  
 Unmatch'd on a' Culloden's plain;  
 But vengeance marks him for her ain,  
 I'll never see him back again.  
 O for him back, &c.

*Burns.*

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### THE FLOWER O' DUNBLANE.

THE sun has gane down o'er the lofty Benlomond,  
 And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene;  
 While lanely I stray in the calm simmer gloaming,  
 To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.

How sweet is the brier, wi' its saft faulding blossom,  
 And sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle o' green;  
 Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to th's bosom,  
 Is lovely young Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.

She's modest as ony, and blythe as she's bonny,  
 For guileless simplicity marks her its ain;  
 And far be the villain, divested o' feeling,  
 Wha'd blight, in its bloom, the sweet flower o'  
 Dunblane.

Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'ning,  
 Thou'rt dear to the echoes o' Calderwood glen;  
 Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,  
 Is charming young Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.

How lost were my days, 'till I met wi' my Jessie,  
 The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and vain;  
 I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,  
 Till charm'd wi' sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dun-  
 blane.

Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,  
 Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain;  
 And reckon as naething the height o' its splendour,  
 If wanting sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.  
*Tannahill.*

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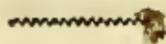
### THOU ART GANE AWA.

THOU art gane awa, thou art gane awa,  
 Thou art gane awa frae me, Mary!  
 Nor friends nor I could make thee stay,  
 Thou hast cheated them an' me, Mary;

Until this hour I never thought  
 That ought could alter thee, Mary;  
 Thou'rt still the mistress o' my heart,  
 Think what you will o' me, Mary.

Whate'er he said, or might pretend,  
 That staw that heart o' thine, Mary;  
 True love, I'm sure, was ne'er his end,  
 Or nae sic love as mine, Mary.  
 I spak sincere, nor flatter'd much,  
 Nae selfish thoughts in me, Mary;  
 Ambition, wealth, nor naething such;  
 No! I lov'd only thee, Mary.

Though you've been false, yet while I live,  
 I'll lo'e nae maid but thee, Mary;  
 Let friends forget, as I forgie,  
 Thy wrangs to them an' me, Mary.  
 So then, fareweel! o' this be sure,  
 Since you've been fause to me, Mary,  
 For a' the world I'd not endure  
 Hauf what I've done for thee, Mary.



## YARROW BRAES.

TUNE—*Galla Water.*

THERE'S braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes,  
 Wha wander through the blooming heather;  
 But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws,  
 Can match the lads o' Galla Water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,  
 Aboon them a' I lo'e him better ;  
 An' I'll be his, an' he'll be mine,  
 The bonnie lad o' Galla Water.

Although his daddie is nae laird,  
 An' though I haena mickle tocher—  
 Yet rich in kindest, truest love,  
 We'll tent our flocks by Galla Water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,  
 That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure ;  
 The bands an' bliss o' mutual love,  
 O that's the world's chiefest treasure! *Burns.*



## OH! WAE TO THE DAY.

TUNE—*Bonnie Dundee.*

OH! wae to the day, whan fause Corp'ral M'Iver  
 Cam hame frae the wars his auld mither to see ;  
 Ere then free frae sorrow, light-hearted an' cheerie,  
 Nae lass on the Spey was mair happy than me.  
 He loiter'd about an' drew up wi' my laddie,  
 He jeer'd at his garb, at his darg, an' his fee ;  
 He vaunted o' sodgers, o' honour an' brav'ry,  
 An' leugh at his love for a lassie like me.

Wi' black artfu' wiles he wan round my young  
 Donald,  
 An' lured him awa' owre the rude briny sea,  
 To lands whar het war an' fell slaughter were rag-  
 ing,  
 Far, far frae the Spey side, his kindred, an' me.

Now thowless an' dowie, there's nought can gie  
 pleasure,  
 At fair or at bridal I carena to be,  
 Whar joy in ilk face, an' content in ilk bosom,  
 Awakens the past an' proves waefu' to me.

The lav'rock at morn, an' the mavis at e'enin',  
 Hae tint a' their music sin' he gaed awa' ;  
 The flock-cover'd mountain, the pure siller fountain,  
 An' dear trystin' wood, hae nae charms now ava.  
 O black be the day whan fause Corp'ral M'Iver  
 Cam hame frae the wars his auld mither to see ;  
 Ere then free frae sorrow, light-hearted an' cheerie,  
 Nae lass on the Spey now's mair dowie than me.  
 G.

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THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

TUNE—*The mill, mill, O.*

WHEN wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
 And gentle peace returning,
 And een again with pleasure beam'd,
 That had been blear'd with mourning ;
 I left the lines, and tented field,
 Where lang I'd been a lodger,
 My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
 A poor but honest sodger.

A leal light heart beat in my breast,
 My hand unstain'd wi' plunder :
 And for fair Scotia, hame again,
 I cheery on did wander.

I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon her witching smile,
That caught my youthfu' fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonnie glen,
Where early life I sported ;
I past the mill, and trysting thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted :
Wha spied I but mine ain dear maid
Down by her mother's dwelling !
And turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quo' I, Sweet lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn blossom,
O ! happy, happy may he be,
That's dearest to thy bosom.
My purse is light, I've far to gang,
Fain wad I be thy lodger ;
I've serv'd my King and country lang,
Tak pity on a sodger.

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
And lovelier grew than ever ;
Quo' she, A sodger ance I lov'd,
Forget him shall I never :
Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
Ye freely shall partake it ;
That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
You're welcome for the sake o't.

She gaz'd—she redder'd like a rose—
 Syne pale like ony lily,
 She sank within mine arms, and cried,
 Art thou mine ain dear Willie?
 By him who made yon sun and sky,
 By whom true love's regarded,
 I am the man!—and thus may still
 True lovers be rewarded.

The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
 And find thee still true-hearted;
 Though poor in gear, we're rich in love,
 And mair we'se ne'er be parted.
 Quo' she. My grandsire left me gowd,
 A mailin plenish'd fairly;
 Come, then, my faithfu' sodger lad,
 Thou'rt welcome to it dearly.

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
 The farmer ploughs the manor;
 But glory is the sodger's prize,
 The sodger's wealth is honour:
 The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
 Nor count him as a stranger;
 Remember he's his country's stay,
 In day and hour of danger.

Burns.

LOCHABER NO MORE.

FAREWELL to Lochaber, and farewell, my Jean,
 Where heartsome with thee I have mony days been;
 But Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
 We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more.

These tears that I shed, they are all for my dear,
 And no for the dangers attending on weir;
 Though bore on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
 Maybe to return to Lochaber no more.

Though hurricanes rise, and rise every wind,
 They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind;
 Though loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,
 That's naething like leaving my love on the shore.
 To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pain'd;
 By ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd;
 And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
 And I maun deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeanie, maun plead my excuse,
 Since honour commands me, how can I refuse!
 Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee;
 And without thy favour I'd better not be!
 I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame,
 And if I hae luck to come gloriously hame,
 A heart I will bring thee with love running o'er,
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

Ramsay.

OH! WHEN THE DISMAL BLAST.

TUNE—*Mary's Dream.*

OH! when the dismal blast of war
 Again resounded through our land;
 To meet the tyrant foe afar,
 Our gallant soldiers got command.

They left their native peaceful shore,
 Their eager hearts for glory burn'd ;
 But, ah ! how many never more
 To weeping friends or home return'd.

From me my Henry too did part ;
 With heavy sighs we did embrace ;
 He strain'd me to his faithful heart ;
 I felt his tears bedew my face.
 'Tis not the battle's rage, he said,
 One moment's pain can give to me ;
 'Tis not the field makes me afraid ;
 My Jessie, dear, 'tis leaving thee.

Oh ! while I live, forget I'll ne'er,
 The parting look he cast on me ;
 A something whisper'd in my ear,
 That Henry more I ne'er should see.
 Too true it was, alas ! sad hour,
 My Henry fell, my bravest, best ;
 His faithful heart beats now no more,
 A foreign sod lies o'er his breast.

S.

LOVELY JEAN.

TUNE—*Miss Admiral Gordon.*

OF a' the arts the wind can blaw,
 I dearly like the west,
 For there the bonnie lassie lives,
 The lass that I lo'e best ;

Though wild woods grow, and rivers row,
Wi' mony a hill between,
Baith day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

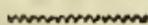
I see her in the dewy flower,
Sae lovely, sweet, an' fair ;
I hear her voice in ilka bird,
Wi' music charm the air :
There's not a bonnie flower that springs,
By fountain, shaw, or green ;
Nor yet a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

Upon the banks o' flowing Clyde,
The lasses busk them braw ;
But when their best they hae put on,
My Jeanie dings them a' ;
In hamely weeds she far exceeds
The fairest o' the town ;
Baith grave and gay confess it sae,
Though drest in russet gown.

The gamesome lamb, that sucks its dam,
Mair harmless canna be ;
She has nae faut (if sic we ca't)
Except her love for me ;
The sparkling dew of clearest hue,
Is like her shining een ;
In shape and air, wha can compare
Wi' my sweet lovely Jean ?

O blaw, ye westlin winds, blaw saft
 Among the leafy trees !
 Wi' gentle breath, frae muir an' dale,
 Bring hame the laden bees ;
 And bring the lassie back to me
 That's aye sae neat and clean ;
 Ae blink o' her wad banish care,
 Sae lovely is my Jean.

What sighs and vows, among the knowes,
 Hae past atween us twa !
 How fain to meet, how wae to part
 That day she gaed awa !
 The powers aboon can only ken,
 To whom the heart is seen,
 That nane can be sae dear to me,
 As my sweet lovely Jean.



THE BRAES OF YARROW.

TUNE—*Mary's Dream.*

“ THY braes were bonny, Yarrow stream !
 When on them first I met my lover ;
 Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream !
 When now thy waves his body cover.
 Then farewell now, O Yarrow stream !
 Thou art to me a stream of sorrow ;
 For never on thy banks shall I
 Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow !

He promised me a milk-white steed,
To bear me to his father's bowers ;
He promised me a little page,
To squire me to his father's towers ;
He promised me a wedding-ring,—
The wedding day was fixed to-morrow ;—
Now he is wedded to his grave,
Alas ! his watery grave, in Yarrow !

Sweet were his words when last we met,
My passion I as truly told him ;
Clasp'd in his arms, I little thought
That I should never more behold him !
Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost ;
It vanish'd with a shriek of sorrow ;
Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,
And gave a doleful groan through Yarrow !

His mother from the window look'd,
With all the longing of a mother ;
His little sister, weeping, walk'd
The green-wood path to meet her brother.
They sought him east, they sought him west,
They sought him all the forest thorough ;
They only saw the cloud of night,
They only heard the roar of Yarrow.

No longer from thy window look ;
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother !
No longer walk, thou lovely maid !
Alas ! thou hast no more a brother.

No longer seek him east or west,
 And search no more the forest thorough ;
 For, wandering in the night so dark,
 He fell a lifeless corpse in Yarrow.

The tear shall never leave my cheek,
 No other youth shall be my marrow ;
 I'll seek the body in the stream,
 And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow."

The tear did never leave her cheek,
 No other youth became her marrow ;
 She found his body in the stream,
 And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow.

Logan.

DAINTY DAVIE.

Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
 To deck her gay green-spreading bowers ;
 And now comes in my happy hours,
 To wander wi' my Davie.

Meet me on the warlock knowe,
 Dainty Davie, dainty Davie,
 There I'll spend the day wi' you,
 My ain dear dainty Davie.

The crystal waters round us fa',
 The merry birds are lovers a',
 The scented breezes round us blaw,
 A-wandering wi' my Davie.

Meet me, &c. . .

When purple morning starts the hare,
 To steal upon her early fare,
 Then through the dews I will repair,
 To meet my faithfu' Davie.
 Meet me, &c.

When day, expiring in the west,
 The curtain draws o' nature's rest,
 I flee to his arms I lo'e best,
 And that's my ain dear Davie.
 Meet me, &c.

Burns.

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### BELLA'S SENSIBILITY.

TUNE—*Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon.*

AND did her tender bosom throb,  
 And did she, too, convulsive sigh;  
 And did the trickling pearly drops  
 Bedim the lustre of her eye?

O prize that tear, and prize that sigh,  
 More rich than India's gems to thee;  
 For O they shew the full extent  
 Of Bella's sensibility.

The gift was thine; she held it dear,  
 The token of a bosom true;  
 And she might, when she lost the gift,  
 Think she might lose the giver too.  
 Then prize that tear, &c.

Then calm her fears, nor let her breast

E'er feel one agonizing throe ;

For that fair seat of virtuous love

Must never be the seat of woe.

Then prize that tear, &c.

*James Wilson.*

LOGIE O' BUCHAN.

O LOGIE o' Buchan, an' Logie the Laird,

They hae ta'en awa' Jamie, that delv'd in the yard,

Wha play'd on the pipe, an' the viol sae sma' ;

They hae ta'en awa' Jamie, the flower o' them a'.

He said, Thinkna lang, lassie, though I gang awa' ;

He said, Thinkna lang, lassie, though I gang awa' ,

For simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa' ,

An' I'll come an' see you in spite o' them a'."

Sandie has owsen, has gear, and has kye ;

A house an' a hadden, an' siller forbye :

But I'd tak my ain lad wi' his staff in his hand,

Before I'd hae him, wha has houses an' land.

He said, Thinkna lang lassie, &c.

My daddie looks sulky, my minnie looks sour ;

They frown upon Jamie, because he is poor :

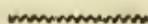
Though I lo'e them as well as a daughter should do,

Yet I lo'e them nae hauf sae weel, Jamie, as you.

He said, Thinkna lang lassie, &c.

I sit on my creepie, an' spin at my wheel,  
 I think on the laddie wha lo'ed me sae weel;  
 For he had but ae saxpence, he brak it in twa,  
 An' he gied me the hauf o't when he gaed awa'.

Then haste ye back, Jamie, an' bidena awa';  
 Then haste ye back, Jamie, an' bidena awa';  
 For simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa',  
 An' ye'll come an' see me, in spite o' them a'.



## BEAUTY BLOOMING IN ILK FEATURE.

TUNE—*Munro of Culcairn's Strathspey.*

BEAUTY blooming in ilk feature,  
 Lovely as the moistening rose;  
 Charms and blushes sweet as nature,  
 Canna yield my heart repose.

Pensive here forlorn I wander,  
 Cares annoy my troubled breast;  
 Clutha's streams, that sweet meander,  
 Cease your murmurs, be at rest.

Hush, ye winds, sae loudly railing,  
 Usher silence on your wings:  
 I faithful vow'd, but now bewailing,  
 Hopeless love nae pleasure finds.

Maria, canst thou, e'er disdaining  
 Sacred ties of love sincere ;  
 Scenes of bliss no more regaining—  
 Calder's flowery banks sae dear.

Smiling like yon rosy blossom,  
 O renew those vows again,  
 Quell this grief within my bosom,  
 Faithful evermore remain.

Yes, ye heavens, record this saying,  
 Charge me if I falsely prove :  
 Never, never, while I'm breathing,  
 Will I scorn Maria's love.

*Alex. M'Erwen.*

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ELLEN'S BLACK EE.

TUNE—*Bonnie Dundee.*

THE sun was retreatin' ahint the green mountain,
 The birdies were liltin' their sweet gloamin' lay,
 The fishes were sportin' within the pure fountain,
 A' nature was happy—a' nature was gay ;—
 When Johnnie, pair fallow ! by Kelvin did wauner,
 By floweret, an' breckan, an' wide-spreadin' tree ;
 He kentna ava where his footsteps did dauner,
 He thought o' the lustre o' Ellen's black ee.

The sweet-bloomin' Ellen—young Johnnie had
 woo'd her,
 But a' his fond courtship was useless an' vain ;
 O sair was his heart—for he lang, lang had lo'ed
 her—
 Yct Ellen aye laught at the 'plaints o' his pain.

The charms o' fair nature were a' lost on Johnnie,
 He caredna a fig for the stars sparklin' hie ;
 For naething appear'd hauf sae bright or sae bonnie,
 As the lustre—the lightning—o' Ellen's black ec.

O sair was his heart, an' his spirits were eerie,
 Bright hope had now set—alas ! never to rise ;
 He thought that his life wad be happy an' cheeric,
 But now the wild woodlands re-echo his cries :
 “ Lang, lang hae I lo'ed an' adored Ellen's beauty,
 Yet aye does she jeer, an' looks scornfu' at me ;
 Alas ! I am dowie, but aye its my duty,
 To gaze at the lightning o' Ellen's black ec.”

W.

~~~~~

### WITHIN A MILE O' EDINBURGH.

'Twas within a mile o' Edinburgh town,  
 In the rosy time o' the year,  
 Sweet flowers bloom'd, and the grass was down,  
 And each shepherd wooed his dear :  
 Bonnie Jockey, blythe and gay,  
 Kiss'd sweet Jenny making hay ;  
 The lassie blush'd, and frowning cry'd,  
 Na, na, it winna do,  
 I canna, canna, winna, winna, maunna buckle to.

Jockey was a wag that never would wed,  
 Though long he had follow'd the lass ;  
 Contented she earn'd and ate her brown bread,  
 And merrily turn'd up the grass :

Bonnie Jockey, blythe and free,  
 Won her heart right merrily ;  
 Yet still she blush'd, and frowning cry'd,  
     Na, na, it winna do,  
 I canna, canna, winna, winna, maunna buckle to.

But when he vow'd he wou'd make her his bride,  
 Though his flocks and herds werena few,  
 She gave him her hand, and a kiss beside,  
 And vow'd she'd for ever be true ;  
     Bonnie Jockey, blythe and free,  
     Won her heart right merrily ;  
 At kirk she nae mair frowning cry'd,  
     Na, na, it winna do,  
 I canna, canna, winna, winna, maunna buckle to.

*Ramsay.*



### LEWIE GORDON.

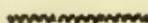
O SEND Lewie Gordon hame,  
 And the lad I darena name !  
 Though his back be at the wa',  
 Here's to him that's far awa.

O hon, my Highlandman !  
 O my bonnie Highlandman !  
 Weel wad I my true love ken  
 Amang ten thousand Highlandmen.

O, to see his tartan trews,  
 Bonnet blue, and laigh-heel'd shoes,  
 Philibeg aboon his knee !  
 That's the lad that I'll gang wi'.  
                                           O hon, &c.

This lovely youth of whom I sing,  
 Is fitted for to be a king :  
 On his breast he wears a star,  
 You'd take him for the god of war.  
                                           O hon, &c.

O, to see this princely one,  
 Seated on a royal throne !  
 Disaster a' wad disappear ;  
 Then begins the jub'lee year.  
                                           O hon, &c.



## WANDERING WILLIE.

HERE awa, there awa, wandering Willie,  
 Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame ;  
 Come to my bosom my ain only dearie,  
 Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our parting,  
 Fears for my Willie brought tears in my ee :  
 Welcome now simmer, and welcome my Willie,  
 The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave o' your slumber,  
 How your dread howling a lover alarms !  
 Wauken ye breezes, row gently ye billows,  
 And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

But O if he's faithless, and mindsna his Nannie,  
 Flow still between us, thou wide roaring main ;  
 May I never see it, may I never trow it,  
 But dying believe that my Willie's my ain !

*Burns.*

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THE DEATH OF JULIA.

TUNE—*Good night an' joy be wi' you a'.*

Lo ! purple morn wakes in the east,
 The sun now lifts his crimson ee,
 The lark awakes his gowden sang,
 An' ilka flower blooms bonnilie.
 An' fair's thy banks, O bonnie Clyde,
 Thy blue-bells ever pleaseth me ;
 They mind me o' my Julia's eye,
 But, oh ! it's shut for aye on me.

O Julia, dear, thy cheek is pale,
 That blossom'd like the blushing rose ;
 An' pale, O pale's thy lily brow,
 They point, ah ! doubly, a' my woes.
 Thy star-gem'd eye, an' ruby lip,
 Thy smile, like Eden, shown on me ;
 But, oh ! they're hid in endless night,
 An' left me wi' a wat'ry ee.

On thy green turf I lanely sit,
 While a' around is sunless gloom,
 An' listen aft to hear thee speak,
 But hope dwells nae in starless tomb.
 The owl screams wild frae castle wa',
 The stream fa's thund'ring owre the linn ;
 I hear the forest blast afar,
 But wilder roves my heart within.

O Julia dear, I gaze around
 On life's vain glitt'ring stage below,
 But O in vain I look to find
 A heart to soothe my stormy woe.
 Soon, soon, may death, wi' gentle hand,
 Break thy frail bands, mortality ;
 Then shall my soul, with eagle flight,
 Enraptur'd rise to heaven an' thee.

James Pringle.

BONNIE ANNA.

TUNE—*Hughie Graham.*

As I gaed loit'ring down the mead
 Ae bonny mild an' simmer day,
 I heard a shepherd tune his reed,
 An' birds sang blythe on ilka spray.

Scarce reach'd the sun his simmer height,
 While nature's sweets did a' regale,
 Till charming Anna, young and bright,
 Cam tripping up the sunny vale.

Wi' lightsome foot, and bosom bare,
 Wi' rosy cheek, and sparkling een,
 Wi' rising breast, an' ringlets fair,
 She was the Yarrow's lovely queen.

The flocks did bleet on Yarrow's side,
 Responsive to young Anna's sang ;
 Sweet flow'd the stream wi' gentle glide,
 An' sweet the cadence steal'd alang.

That day she proved my heart's delight,
 I wish'd to ca' her aye my ain ;
 But now when she is out o' sight
 My heart is fill'd wi' burning pain.

Mottershed.

THE LASS OF PEATIE'S MILL.

THE lass of Peatie's mill,
 So bonnie, blythe, and gay,
 In spite of all my skill,
 Hath stole my heart away :
 When tedding of the hay,
 Bare-headed on the green,
 Love 'midst her locks did play,
 And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms white, round, and smooth,
 Breasts rising in their dawn,
 To age it would give youth,
 To press them with his hand.

Through all my spirits ran
 An ecstasy of bliss,
 When I such sweetness fan'
 Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without the help of art,
 Like flowers which grace the wild,
 She did her sweets impart,
 Whene'er she spoke or smiled.
 Her looks they were so mild,
 Free from affected pride ;
 She me to love beguiled,
 I wish'd her for my bride.

O had I all the wealth
 Hopetoun's high mountains fill,
 Insured long life and health,
 And pleasures at my will ;
 I'd promise and fulfil,
 That none but bonny she,
 The lass of Peatie's mill,
 Should share the same with me.

Ramsay.

THE LAMMIE

WHAR hae ye been a' the day, my boy Tammie ?
 Whar hae ye been a' the day, my boy Tammie ?
 I've been by burn an' flowery brae,
 Meadow green, an' mountain grey,
 Courting o' this young thing, just come frae her
 mammie.

And whar got ye that young' thing, my boy Tammie?
 I gat her doun in yonder howe,
 Smiling on a broomie knowe,
 Herding a wee lamb an' ewe, for her poor mammie.

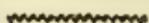
What said ye to the bonnie bairn, my boy Tammie?
 I prais'd her een sae lovely blue,
 Her dimpled cheek and cherrie mou':
 I pric'd it aft, as ye may trow,—She said, she'd tell
 her mammie.

I held her to my beating heart; “ My young my
 smiling lammie!
 I hae a house, it cost me dear;
 I've walth o' plenishing and gear;
 Ye'se get it a', war't ten times mair, gin ye will
 leave your mammie.”

The smile gade aff her bonnie face—“ I maunna
 leave my mammie;
 She's gi'en me meat, she's gi'en me claise,
 She's been my comfort a' my days;
 My father's death brought monie waes—I canna
 leave my mammie.”

“ We'll tak her hame and mak her fain, my ain
 kind-hearted lammie;
 We'll gie her meat, we'll gie her claise,
 We'll be her comfort a' her days.”
 The wee thing gied her hand and said, “ There,
 gang and ask my mammie.”

Has she been to the kirk wi' thee, my boy Tammie?
 She has been to the kirk wi' me,
 And the tear was in her ee,—
 But oh! she's but a young thing, just come frae
 her mammie. *Macneill.*



O WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN.

O WAT ye wha's in yon town,
 Ye see the e'ening sun upon?
 The dearest maid's in yon town,
 That e'ening sun is shining on.
 Now, haply, down yon gay green shaw,
 She wanders by yon spreading tree;
 How blest ye flowers that round her blaw!
 Ye catch the glances o' her e'e.
 How blest ye birds that round her sing,
 And wanton in the blooming year:
 But doubly welcome be the spring;
 The season to my Jeanie dear.

The sun blinks blythe in yon town,
 Amang the broomy braes sae green,
 But my delight in yon town,
 And dearest pleasure, is my Jean.
 Without my fair, not a' the charms
 O' paradise could yield me joy;
 But gie me Jeanie in my arms,
 And welcome Lapland's dreary sky.

My cave would be a lover's bower,
 Though raging winter rent the air,
 And she a lovely little flower,
 That I would tent and shelter there.

O sweet is she in yon town,
 The sinking sun's gaun down upon ;
 The dearest maid's in yon town
 His setting beam e'er shone upon.
 If angry fate be sworn my foe,
 And suff'ring I am doom'd to bear,
 I'd careless quit ought else below ;
 But spare, oh ! spare, my Jeanie dear.
 For while life's dearest blood runs warm,
 My thoughts frae her shall ne'er depart ;
 For as most lovely is her form,
 She has the truest, kindest heart.

Burns.

THE EWE-BUGHTS, MARION.

WILL ye go the ewe-bughts, Marion,
 And wear in the sheep wi' me ?
 The sun shines sweet, my Marion,
 But nae hauf sae sweet as thee.

My Marion's a bonnie lass,
 The blythe blink's in her ce ;
 And fain wad I marry Marion,
 Gin Marion wad marry me.

There's gowd in your garters, Marion,
 And silk on your white hause-bane;
 Fu' fain wad I kiss my Marion,
 At e'en when I come hame.

I've nine milk-ewes, my Marion,
 A cow and a brawney quey;
 I'll gie them a' to my Marion,
 Just on her bridal-day.

And yese get a green sey apron,
 And waistcoat o' Lon'on brown;
 Then vow but you will be vap'rin,
 When ye gang to the town.

I'm young and stout, my Marion,
 Nane dances like me on the green;
 And gin ye forsake me, Marion,
 I'll e'en draw up wi' Jean.

Sae put on your pearlins, Marion,
 Wi' kirtle of the cramasié,
 And sae soon's my chin has nae hair on,
 I'll come west and see thee.

LOCH-ERROCH SIDE.

As I cam by Loch Erroch side,
 The lofty hills surveying,
 The water clear, the heather blooms,
 Their fragrance sweet conveying,

I met, unsought, my lovely maid,
 I found her like May morning,
 With graces sweet, and charms so rare,
 Her person all adorning.

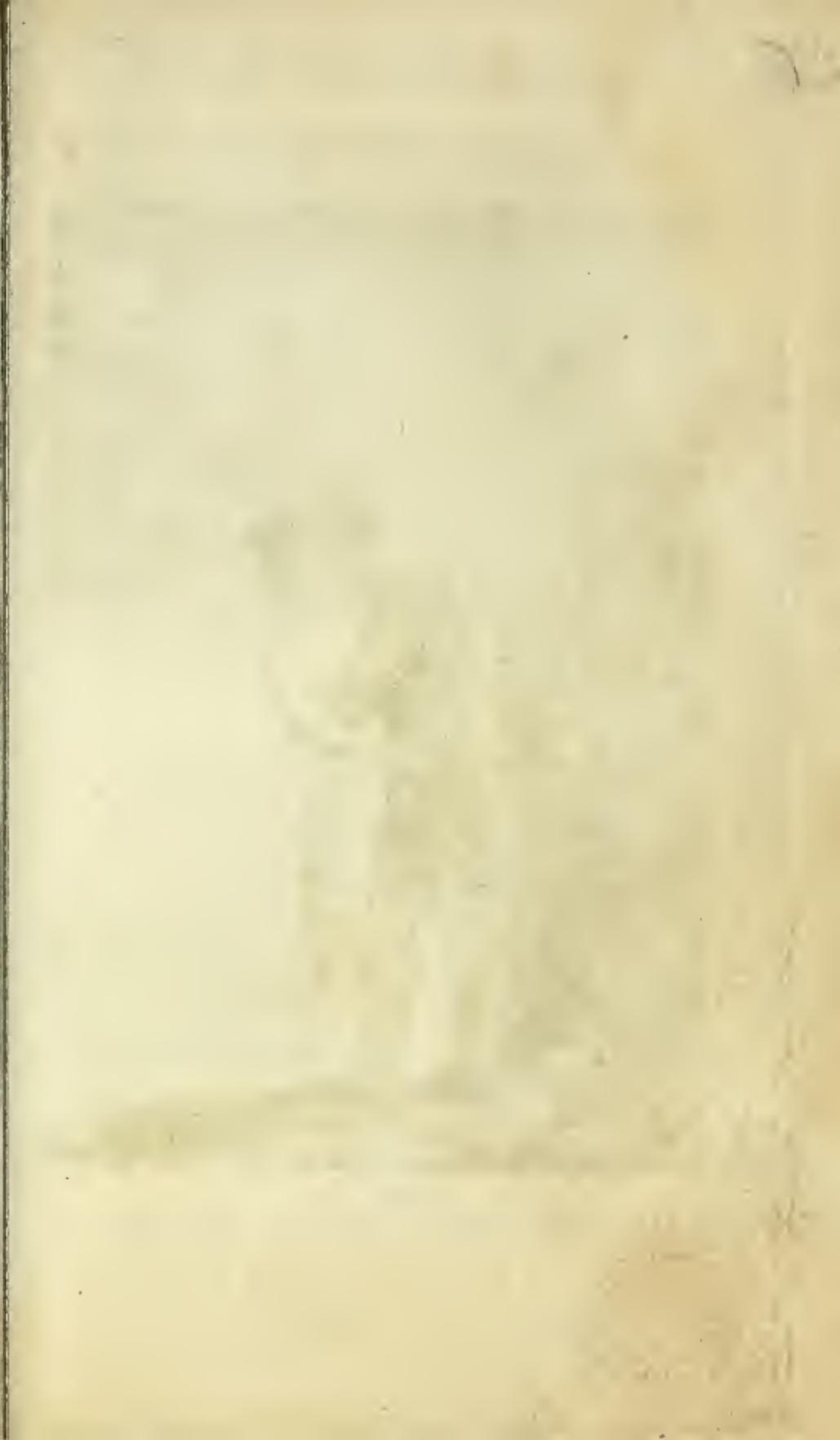
How kind her looks, how blest was I,
 While in my arms I press'd her !
 And she her wishes scarce conceal'd,
 As fondly I caress'd her.
 She said, if that your heart be true,
 If constantly you'll love me,
 I heed not cares, nor fortune's frowns,
 For nought but death shall move me.

But faithful, loving, true, and kind,
 For ever you shall find me,
 And of our meeting here so sweet,
 Loch-Erroch side will mind me.
 Enraptur'd then, my lovely lass,
 I cried, no more we'll tarry,
 But leave fair Loch-Erroch side,
 For lovers soon should marry.



THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE.

THE Catrine woods were yellow seen,
 The flowers decay'd on Catrine lee ;
 Nae lav'rock sang on hillock green,
 But nature sicken'd on the ee.



THE MEETING.



I press'd her to my beating heart,
My tears drapt on her lovely face.

Engraved for Colquhoun's Collection of Scotch Songs.

Through faded groves Maria sang,
 Hersel' in beauty's bloom the while ;
 An' aye the wild-wood echoes rang,
 Fareweel the braes o' Ballochmyle.

Low in yon wintery beds, ye flowers,
 Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair ;
 Ye birdies dumb, in with'ring bowers,
 Again ye'll charm the vocal air.
 Nae joys, alas ! for me are here,
 Nae pleasure find I in this soil,
 Until Maria 'gain appear,
 Fareweel the braes o' Ballochmyle.

Burns.

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### THE MEETING.

TUNE—*My only jo and dearie.*

LAST night as I gaed o'er yon hill  
 That looks across the boundless sea ;  
 The moon shone bright, an' a' was still,  
 But not the cares that troubled me.  
 Still as I thought on days that's bye,  
 My bosom heav'd a painfu' sigh ;  
 Wi' bitter anguish aft I'd cry,  
 Shall I ne'er see my Mary.

Ah ! did your cruel friends but ken,  
 The truest love I bore for thee ;  
 Or had their hearts felt hauf my pain,  
 Would they hae torn my love frae me.

O where to see thee can I gae,  
 Or how find out where now you stay ;  
 My heart is bursting as I say,  
 Shall I ne'er see my Mary.

As thus I mused and wander'd on,  
 A lassie cam within my view,  
 Full on her face the moon-beams shone ;  
 Her gracefu' form I thought I knew.  
 I started back an' look'd again,  
 Can I forget the modest mein :  
 Ye powers, I cried, it is my ain,  
 My lang lost lovely Mary.

The lassie look'd, an' gied a start,  
 She sunk within my fond embrace,  
 I press'd her to my beating heart,  
 My tears drapt on her lovely face.  
 It is my lassie that I see,  
 Ah, Mary, wilt thou ne'er leave me ;  
 Na, na, she said, I'll stay with thee,  
 An' ever be thy Mary.

S.

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### THE LASS O' BALLOCHMYLE.

TWAS even—the dewy fields were green,  
 On every blade the pearls hang ;  
 The zephyr wanton'd round the bean,  
 And bore its fragrant sweets along ;

In every glen the mavis' sang,  
 All nature listening seem'd the while,  
 Except where green wood echoes rang,  
 Among the braes o' Ballochmyle.

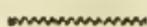
With careless steps I onward stray'd,  
 My heart rejoiced in nature's joy,  
 When musing in a lonely glade,  
 A maiden fair I chanced to spy ;  
 Her look was like the morning eye,  
 Her air like nature's vernal smile,  
 Perfection whisper'd, passing by,  
 Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle !

Fair is the morn in flowery May,  
 And sweet is night in Autumn mild ;  
 When roving through the garden gay,  
 Or wandering in the lonely wild :  
 But woman, nature's darling child !  
 There all her charms she does compile ;  
 Even there her other works are foil'd,  
 By the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

O, had she been a country maid,  
 And I the happy country swain,  
 Though shelter'd in the lowest shed,  
 That ever rose in Scotland's plain ;  
 Through weary winter's wind and rain,  
 With joy, with rapture, I would toil ;  
 And nightly to my bosom strain,  
 The bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.



Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep,  
 Where fame and honours lofty shine ;  
 And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,  
 Or downward seek the Indian mine ;  
 Give me the cot below the pine,  
 To tent the flocks or till the soil,  
 And every day have joys divine,  
 With the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle. *Burns.*



## THE DISCONSOLATE LOVER.

TUNE—*Bonnie Dundee.*

KEEN, keen blew the tempest, when Night, sullen  
 queen,  
 Had drawn her dark veil owre the beams o' the  
 sun ;  
 When Luna, fair wanderer, had fled from the scene,  
 An' Winter, its havock had truly begun :  
 In hopes to see Flora I stray'd from my home,  
 An' wander'd alane by the wind-beaten shore ;  
 But, ah ! cruel death had her laid in the tomb—  
 My fairest an' dearest, alas ! was no more !

How sad was my mind when I enter'd her cot,  
 When a'thing around me look'd dreary an'  
 hoar ;  
 The looks o' her parents ne'er can be forgot,  
 When they told me dear Flora I'd never see  
 more !

“Gone!” I exclaim’d, whilst my heart heav’d a  
 sigh,  
 An’ left me alane for to mourn an’ despair;  
 Fareweel to fond pleasure, her joys I deny,  
 Sin’ baith in ae comfort, alas! canna share.

Ah! soon will the cauld cell that binds lifeless  
 Flora,  
 Become the abode o’ her Henry an’ a’;  
 To live in this warl’ to me will be sorrow,  
 Ae grave is sufficient to haud us fond twa.  
 Fareweel, then, to life, sin’ to me it’s a pain!  
 Fareweel until time brings us baith to ae rest!  
 Fareweel for a while—till I see her again,  
 Where death canna part me frae her I lo’ed best!  
 D. M.

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O POORTITH CAULD.

TUNE—*I had a horse.*

O POORTITH cauld, and restless love,
 Ye break my peace between ye;
 Yet poortith a’ I could forgie,
 If ’twere not for my Jeanie.

O why should fate sic pleasures have,
 Love’s dearest band untwining!
 Or, why sae sweet a flower as love
 Depend on fortune’s shining!

This world's wealth, when I think o' t,
 It's pride, and a' the lave o' t;
 Fic, fie, on silly coward man!
 That he should be the slave o' t.
 O why should fate, &c.

Her een, sae bonnie blue, betray
 How she repays my passion;
 But prudence is her o'er-ward aye;
 She talks o' rank and fashion.
 O why should fate, &c.

O wha can prudence think upon,
 Wi' sic a lassie by him?
 O wha can prudence think upon,
 And sae in love as I am?
 O why should fate, &c.

How blest the humble cottar's fate!
 He woos his simple dearie;
 The silly bogles, wealth and state,
 Can never make him eerie.

Then why should fate sic pleasures have,
 Love's dearest band untwining?
 Or sic a tender flower as love
 Depend on fortune's shining! *Burns.*

THE FLOWER OF LEVERNSIDE.

YE sunny braes that skirt the Clyde,
 Wi' simmer flowers sae braw,
 There's ae sweet flower on Levern-side
 That's fairer than them a'.

Yet aye it draps its head in wae,
 Regardless o' the sunny ray,
 An' wastes its sweets frae day to day
 Beside the lanely shaw :
 Wi' leaves a' steep'd in sorrow's dew,
 Fause, cruel man, it seems to rue,
 Wha aft the sweetest flower will pu',
 That rend its heart in twa.

Thou bonny flower on Levern-side,
 O gin thou'lt be but mine ;
 I'll tend thee wi' a lover's pride,
 Wi' love that ne'er shall tine ;
 I'll tak thee to my sheltering bower,
 An' shield thee frae the beating shore,
 Unharm'd by ought thou'lt bloom secure
 Frae a' the blasts that blaw :
 Thy charms surpass the crimson dye
 That streaks the glowing western sky ;
 But here, unshaded, soon thou'lt die,
 And lane will be thy fa'.

Tannahill.

AULD ROB MORRIS.

THERE'S auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen,
 He's the king o' gude fellows, and wale o' auld men,
 He has gowd in his cofferz, he has owsen and kine ;
 And ae bonnie lassie, his darling and mine.

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May ;
 She's sweet as the ev'ning amang the new hay !
 As blythe and as artless as lambs on the lea,
 And dear to my heart as the light to my ee.

But oh ! she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird,
 And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and
 yard ;
 A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed ;
 The wounds I maun hide, that will soon be my dead.

The day comes to me, but delight it brings nane ;
 The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane ;
 I wander my lane like a night-troubled ghaist,
 And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.

O, had she but been of a lower degree,
 I then might hae hoped she wad smiled upon me !
 O, how past describing had then been my bliss,
 As now my distraction no words can express !

Burns.

CANST THOU LEAVE ME, &c.

TUNE—*Roy's Wife.*

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

Is this my plighted fond regard,
 Thus cruelly to part, my Katy?
 Is this thy faithful swain's reward—
 An aching broken-heart, my Katy!
 Canst thou, &c.

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

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### DUNCAN GRAY.

DUNCAN GRAY came here to woo, ha, ha, the woo-  
 ing o't,  
 On new-year's day when we were fou, ha, ha, the  
 wooing o't;  
 Maggie coost her head fu' heigh,  
 Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,  
 Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh, ha, ha, the woo-  
 ing o't.

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd, ha, ha, the  
 wooing o't.  
 Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig, ha, ha, the wooing o't.  
 Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,  
 Grat his een baith blear'd and blin',  
 Spak o' louping o'er a lin, ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Time and chance are but a tide, ha, ha, the woo-  
 ing o't,  
 Slighted love is sair to bide, ha, ha, the wooing o't;  
 Shall I like a fool, quo' he,  
 For a haughty hussy die?  
 She may gae to France for me, ha, ha, the woo-  
 ing o't.

How it comes let Doctors tell, ha, ha, the wooing o't.  
 Meg grew sick, as he grew well, ha, ha, the woo-  
 ing o't.  
 Something in her bosom wrings,  
 For relief a sigh she brings,  
 And oh! her een they spak sic things, ha, ha, the  
 wooing o't.

Duncan was a lad of grace, ha, ha, the wooing o't,  
 Maggy's was a ticklish case, ha, ha, the wooing o't.  
 Duncan could not be her death,  
 Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;  
 Now they're crouse and canty baith, ha, ha, the  
 wooing o't. *Burns.*

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### AULD ROBIN GRAY.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye at  
 hame,  
 And a' the weary warld to rest are gane,  
 The waes o' my heart fa' in show'ers frae my ee,  
 While my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his  
bride,

But saving a crown he had naething beside ;  
To mak the crown a pound my Jamie gaed to sea,  
And the crown and the pound were baith for me.  
He hadna been gane but a year and a day,  
When my father broke his arm, and our cow was  
stown away ;

My mother she fell sick, and my Jamie at the sea,  
And auld Robin Gray came a courting me.

My father couldna work, and my mother couldna  
spin,

I toil'd day and night but their bread I couldna  
win ;

Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and, wi' tears in  
his ee,

Said, Jenny, for their sakes, O marry me :

My heart it said na ; I look'd for Jamie back,  
But the wind it blew hard, and the ship it was a  
wreck ;

The ship it was a wreck,—why didna Jenny die ;  
O why was she spared to cry, Waes me !

My father argued sair, my mother didna speak,  
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to  
break ;

Sae I gae him my hand, but my heart was in the  
sea,

And auld Robin Gray is gudeman to me.

I hadna been a week, a week but only four,  
 When sitting sae mournfully ae night at the door,  
 I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I couldna think it he,  
 Till he said, I'm come hame, love, to marry thee.

O sair did we greet, and muckle did we say,  
 We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away :  
 I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to die,  
 How lang shall I live, to cry, O waes me !  
 I gang like a ghaist, and I dinna like to spin,  
 I darena think on Jamie, for that would be a sin ;  
 But I'll e'en do my best, a gude wife to be,  
 For auld Robin Gray is aye kind to me.

*Lindsay.*

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THE BANKS O' DOON.

YE banks an' braes o' bonny doon,
 How can ye bloom sae fresh an' fair ?
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,
 An' I sae weary, fu' o' care ?
 Ye'll break my heart, ye warbling birds,
 That wanton through the flowering thorn :
 Ye mind me o' departed joys,
 Departed, never to return.

Oft hae I rov'd by bonny Doon,
 To see the rose and woodbine twine ;
 And ilka bird sang o' its love,
 And fondly sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
 An' my fause lover stole my rose,
 But, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

Burns.

CRUIKSTON CASTLE'S LONELY WA'S.

THROUGH Cruikston Castle's lonely wa's,
 The wintry wind howls wild and dreary,
 Though mirk the cheerless evening fa's,
 Yet I hae vow'd to meet my Mary.
 Yes, Mary, though the winds should rave
 Wi' jealous spite to keep me frae thee,
 The darkest stormy night I'd brave,
 For æ sweet secret moment wi' thee.

Loud o'er Cardonald's rocky steep,
 Rude Cartha pours in boundless measure,
 But I will ford the whirling deep,
 That roars between me and my treasure.
 Yes, Mary, though the torrent rave
 Wi' jealous spite to keep me frae thee,
 Its deepest flood I'd bauldly brave,
 For æ sweet secret moment wi' thee.

The watch-dog's howling loads the blast,
 And makes the nightly wanderer eerie,
 But when the lonesome way is past,
 I'll to this bosom clasp my Mary.

Yes, Mary, though stern Winter rave,
 With a' his storms, to keep me frae thee,
 The wildest dreary night I'd brave,
 For ae sweet secret moment wi' thee.

Tannahill.

THE BONNY WEE THING.

TUNE—*Aha ! Johnny Lad.*

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

WISHFULLY I look and languish
 In that bonny face o' thine ;
 And my heart it sounds wi' anguish,
 Lest my wee thing bena mine.

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

Burns.

TIBBIE, I HAE SEEN THE DAY.

TUNE—*Invercauld's Reel.*

O Tibbie, I hae seen the day,
 Ye wadna been sae shy ;
 For lack o' gear ye lightly me,
 But troth, I carena by.

YESTREEN I met you on the moor,
 Ye spakna, but gaed by like stour ;
 Ye geck at me, because I'm poor,
 But fient a hair care I.

O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

I doubtna lass, but ye may think,
 Because ye hae the name o' clink,
 That ye can please me at a wink,
 Whene'er ye like to try.

O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

But sorrow tak him that's sae mean,
 Although his pouch o' coin were clean,
 Wha follows ony saucy quean
 That looks sae proud an' high.

O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

Although a lad were e'er sae smart,
 If that he want the yellow dirt,
 Ye'll cast your head anither airt,
 And answer him fu' dry.

O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

But if he hae the name o' gear,
 Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,
 Though hardly he for sense or lear,
 Be better than the kye.

O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

But, Tibbie, lass, tak my advice ,
 Your daddie's gear maks you sae nice ;
 The deil a ane wad spier your price,
 Were ye as poor as I.

O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

There lives a lass in yonder park,
 I wadna gie her under sark
 For thee, wi' a' thy thousan' mark ;
 Ye needna look sae high.
 O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

Burns.

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### MARIA, THE FAIREST OE MAIDS.

TUNE—*The Hills of Glenorchy.*

On Calder's green banks, how pleasant to wander,  
 While nature's array'd in the pomp o' her grandeur,  
 Wi' heart blythe and cheerie, to meet wi' my dearie,  
     Maria, the fairest of maids.

Bewitchingly comely, sae smiling and bonny,  
 Blythe as the morning, and smiling as ony,  
 Dear, dear to this bosom, is she the sweet blossom,  
     Maria, the fairest of maids.

Beauty sae winning, beguiling, ensnaring,  
 Displays in her features ; those fond looks declar-  
     ing  
 Sae virtuous her mind,—she's loving and kind,  
     Maria, the fairest of maids.

Fools may delight, and boast of their treasure,  
 But where is their comfort, or where is their plea-  
     sure ;  
 Much happier I rove, 'midst the blessings of love,  
     With Maria, the fairest of maids.

Now evening recoils o'er the visage of day,  
 Secluded, unseen, and unheeded we'll stray;  
 I long for my charmer, may nought ever harm her,  
     Maria, the fairest of maids.

But, hark! she is coming, I see her appearing;  
 Transported the moment of bliss, so endearing,  
 When heart joins to heart, never more will I part  
     With Maria, the fairest of maids.

*Alex. M'Ewen.*

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### THE BRAES OF BALQUHITHER.

LET us go, lassie, go  
 To the braes o' Balquhither,  
 Where the blae-berries grow  
 'Mang the bonnie Highland heather;  
 Where the deer and the rae  
 Lightly bounding together,  
 Sport the lang summer day  
 On the braes o' Balquhither.

I will twine thee a bower,  
 By the clear siller fountain,  
 And I'll cover it o'er  
 Wi' the flowers o' the mountain;  
 I will range through the wilds,  
 And the deep glens sae dreary,  
 And return wi' their spoils,  
 To the bower o' my deary.

When the rude wintry win'  
 Idly raves round our dwelling,  
 And the roar of the linn  
 On the night breeze is swelling,  
 So merrily we'll sing,  
 As the storm rattles o'er us,  
 'Till the dear sheeling ring  
 Wi' the light lilting chorus.

Now the summer is in prime,  
 Wi' the flowers richly blooming,  
 And the wild mountain thyme  
 A' the moorlands perfuming ;  
 To our dear native scenes  
 Let us journey together,  
 Where glad innocence reigns  
 'Mang the braes o' Balquhither.

*Tannahill.*

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### I WINNA GANG BÀCK TO MY MAMMY.

I WINNA gang back to my mammy again,  
 I'll never gae back to my mammy again ;  
 I've held by her apron these aught years an' ten,  
 But I'll never gang back to my mammy again.  
 I've held by her apron, &c.

Young Johnnie cam down i' the gloamin' to woo,  
 Wi' plaidie sae bonny, an' bannet sae blue :  
 " O come awa, lassie, ne'er let mammy ken :"  
 An' I flew wi' my laddie o'er meadow an' glen.  
 O come awa, lassie, &c.

He ca'd me his dawtie, his dearie, his dow,  
 An' pressed hame his words wi' a smack o' my mou';  
 While I fell on his bosom, heart-flichtered an' fain,  
 An' sighed out, " O Johnnie, I'll aye be your ain!"  
 While I fell on his bosom, &c.

Some lasses will talk to the lads wi' their ec,  
 Yet hanker to tell what their hearts really dree;  
 Wi' Johnnie I stood upon nae stappin'-stane,  
 Sae I'll never gang back to my mammy again.  
 Wi' Johnnie I stood, &c.

For mony lang year sin' I played on the lea,  
 My mammy was kind as a mither could be;  
 I've held by her apron these aught years an' ten,  
 But I'll never gang back to my mammy again.  
 I've held by her apron, &c. *Gall.*

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## JESSIE.

TUNE—*Bonny Dundee.*

TRUE-HEARTED was he, the sad swain o' the Yar-  
 row,

And fair are the maids on the banks o' the Ayr,  
 But by the sweet side o' the Nith's winding river,

Are lovers as faithfu' and maidens as fair.

To equal young Jessie seek Scotland all over:

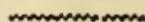
To equal young Jessie you'll seek it in vain.

Grace, beauty, and elegance, fetter her lover,

And maidenly modesty fixes the chain.

O fresh is the rose in the gay dewy morning,  
 And sweet is the lily at evening close ;  
 But in the fair presence o' lovely young Jessie,  
 Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.  
 Love sits in her smile, a wizard ensnaring ;  
 Enthron'd in her een he delivers his law ;  
 And still to her charms she alone is a stranger !  
 Her modest demeanour's the jewel of a'.

*Burns.*



## Æ NIGHT IN BONNY HARVEST TIME.

TUNE—*The mill, mill, O.*

Æ night in bonny harvest time,  
 When Luna shone fu' brightly,  
 And staries in the azure sky,  
 Were twinklin' sweet and brightly.  
 I wander'd through the bonny fields,  
 Where yellow corn was stookit ;  
 When tripin' owre the stibble cam,  
 A lass that blythely lookit.

Her form was fair, but fairer still,  
 Was this dear lassie's facie ;—  
 Ah ! happy he, that's loved by thee,  
 Fair maid, and can embrace ye.  
 Whare is your hame, my lovely maid,  
 Or how can I address ye ;  
 She dwalt down by yon burnie side,  
 And said her name was Jessie.

I press'd her gently to my breast,  
 And in my arms did fauld her,  
 The crimson blush spread owre her cheek,  
 When a' my love I tald her;  
 Ah! Jessie dear, I love thee true,  
 My honour I'll ne'er stain, love,  
 But happy wad I think mysel',  
 Could I ca' thee my ain, love.

Sae modestly she listen'd to  
 The loving vows I plighted,  
 She hung her head, she blush'd and said,  
 My love she ne'er wad slight it.  
 Too fast the time flew owre our heads,  
 That night as we were roamin';  
 I took her hame, and trysted her  
 To meet next night at gloamin'.

S.

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### OUR BONNY SCOTS LADS.

OUR bonny Scots lads, in their green tartan plaids,  
 Their blue-belted bonnets, and feathers sae braw,  
 Rank'd up on the green were fair to be seen,  
 But my bonny young laddie was fairest of a'.  
 His cheeks were as red as the sweet heather-bell.  
 Or the red western cloud looking down on the  
 snaw,  
 His lang yellow hair o'er his braid shoulders fell,  
 And the een o' the lasses were fix'd on him a'.

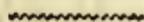
My heart sunk wi' wae on the wearifu' day.

When torn frae my bosom they march'd him awa',  
He bade me farewell, he cried " O be leel,"

And his red cheeks were wet wi' the tears that  
did fa'.

Ah! Harry, my love, though thou ne'er shouldst  
return,

Till life's latest hour I thy absence will mourn,  
And memory shall fade, like the leaf on the tree,  
Ere my heart spare ae thought on anither but  
thee. *Tannahill.*



## ONE SUMMER EVENING AS I ROAM'D.

TUNE—*O, are ye sleepin', Maggie.*

ONE summer evening as I roam'd

Atween Monkland and Castle-Cary,  
There first I met a bonnie lass,

My sweet, my charming, lovely Mary.

O my sweet, my charming Mary.

O my lovely, winsome Mary.

Cupid he has thrown a dart,

That's fill'd my heart with love to Mary.

My vows I paid unto this maid,

To them she did not seem contrary,  
But, oh! sad fate, they've try'd to break  
Those vows I plighted to my Mary.

O my sweet, &c.

A wicked viper whisper'd her,  
 That I intended to miscarry ;  
 And said, I'd one was dearer still ;  
 That soon I'd go and leave my Mary.  
 O my sweet, &c.

I was denied an interview  
 With my sweet charming lovely deary ;  
 Long has she been parted from me,  
 Nor can I hear aught of my Mary.  
 O my sweet, &c.

Oft have I tried to find her out,  
 But all attempts they do miscarry,  
 Yet still I hope the time will come  
 I shall again embrace my Mary.  
 O my sweet, &c.

Then never, never shall we part,  
 But happy I'll be with my deary ;  
 No envious wretch again shall come  
 Between me and my lovely Mary.  
 O my sweet, &c.

C.

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### I LO'E NE'ER A LADDIE BUT ANE.

TUNE—*Happy Dick Dawson.*

I LO'E ne'er laddie but ane,  
 He lo'es ne'er a lassie but me,  
 He promised to make me his ain,  
 And his ain I surely will be.

He coft me a rokely o' blue,  
 And a pair o' mittens sae green ;  
 The price was a kiss o' my mou',  
 And I paid him the debt yestreen.

My mither's aye making a fraise,  
 And says I'm o'er young for a wife ;  
 But lang e'er she counted my days,  
 My father had ta'en her for life.  
 Sae, mither, just settle your tongue,  
 And dinna be flyting sae bauld ;  
 For if we're not married when young,  
 We'll never be married when auld.

Let ithers brag weel o' their gear,  
 Their land, and their lordly degree ;  
 I carena for aught but my dear,  
 For he's ilka thing lordly to me :  
 His words are sae sugar'd and sweet !  
 His sense drives ilk fear far awa' !  
 I listen—poor fool ! and I greet ;  
 Yet how sweet are the tears as they fa' !

“ Dear lassie,” he cries, wi' a jeer,  
 “ Ne'er heed what the auld anes will say ;  
 Though we've little to brag of, ne'er fear,  
 What's gowd to a heart that is wae ?  
 Our laird has baith honours and wealth,  
 Yet see, how he's dwining wi' care ;  
 Now we, though we've naething but health,  
 Are cantie and leal evermair.

O Marion! the heart that is true  
 Has something mair costly than gear,  
 Ilk e'en it has naething to rue ;  
 Ilk morn it has naething to fear.  
 Ye wardlings ! gae, hoard up your store,  
 And tremble for fear aught ye tyne :  
 Guard your treasures wi' lock, bar, and door,  
 While thus in my arms I lock mine !"

He ends wi' a kiss and a smile,  
 Waes me ! can I tak it amiss,  
 When a lad sae unpractis'd in guile,  
 Smiles saftly, and ends wi' a kiss !  
 Ye lasses wha lo'e to torment  
 Your lovers wi' fause scorn and strife,  
 Play your pranks—for I've gi'en my consent,  
 And this night I'll tak Jamie for life.

*Macneill.*

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WHEN TREES DID BUD.

TUNE—*Down the burn, Davie.*

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,
 And broom bloom'd fair to see ;
 When Mary was complete fifteen,
 And love laugh'd in her ee ;
 Blythe Davie's blinks her heart did move
 To speak her mind thus free :
 " Gang down the burn, Davie, love,
 And I shall follow thee."

Now Davie did each lad surpass
 That dwelt on this burn side,
 And Mary was the bonniest lass,—
 Just meet to be a bride ;
 Her cheeks were rosie, red and white,
 Her een were bonnie blue ;
 Her looks were like Aurora bright,
 Her lips like dropping dew.

As down the burn they took their way,
 And through the flowery dale,
 His cheek to her's he aft did lay,
 And love was aye the tale :
 With, ' Mary, when shall I return,
 Sic pleasure to renew ?'
 Quoth Mary, " Love, I like the burn,
 And aye shall follow you."

Crawford.

HELEN'S LAMENT.

THE sun in the west fa's to rest in the e'ening,
 Ilk morning blinks cheerfu' upon the green lea,
 But, ah! on the pillow o' sorrow aye leaning,
 Nae mörning, nae e'ening, brings pleasure to me.
 O wacfu' the parting, when, smiling at danger,
 Young Allan left Scotia to meet wi' the fae!
 Cauld, cauld now he lies in a land amang strangers,
 Frae friends an' frae Helen for ever away.

As the aik on the mountain resists the blast rairing,
 Sae did he the brunt o' the battle sustain,
 Till treachery arrested his courage sae daring,
 An' laid him pale, lifeless, upon the drear plain.
 Cauld Winter the floweret divests o' its cleeding,
 In Simmer again it blooms bonny to see ;
 But naething, alas ! can e'er heal my heart bleeding,
 Drear Winter remaineth for ever wi' me. *Gall.*

THE BRAES O' GLENIFFER.

KEEN blows the wind o'er the braes o' Gleniffer,
 The auld castle's turrets are cover'd wi' snaw ;
 How chang'd frae the time when I met wi' my lover
 Amang the broom bushes by Stanley green
 shaw :
 The wild flowers o' summer were spread a' sae
 bonnie,
 The mavis sang sweet frae the green birken tree ;
 But far to the camp they hae march'd my dear
 Johnnie,
 And now it is winter wi' nature and me.

Then ilk think around us was blythesome and
 cheary,
 Then ilk think around us was bonnie and braw ;
 Now naething is heard but the wind whistling dreary,
 And naething is seen but the wide-spreading
 snaw.

The trees are a' bare, and the birds mute and dowie,
 They shake the cauld drift frae their wings as they
 flee,
 And chirp out their 'plaints, seeming wae for my
 Johnnie,
 'Tis winter wi' them, and 'tis winter wi' me.

Yon cauld sleety cloud skiffs along the black moun-
 tain,
 And shakes the dark firs on the stey rocky brae,
 While down the deep glens bawls the snaw-flooded
 fountain,
 That murmur'd sae sweet to my laddie and me.
 'Tis no its loud roar on the wintry wind swellin',
 'Tis no the cauld blast brings the tears i' my ee,
 For, O gin I saw but my bonnie Scots callan,
 The dark days o' winter were summer to me!
Tannahill.



THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

TUNE—*The blue bells of Scotland.*

' O WHERE, tell me where, is your Highland laddie
 gone?
 O where, tell me where, is your Highland laddie
 gone?'
 " He's gone with streaming banners, where noble
 deeds are done,
 And my sad heart will tremble till he come safely
 home.

He's gone with streaming banners, where noble
deeds are done,
And my sad heart will tremble till he come safely
home."

' O where, tell me where, did your Highland lad-
die stay ?

O where, tell me where, did your Highland laddie
stay ?'

" He dwelt beneath the holly-trees, beside the river
Spey,

And many a blessing follow'd him the day he gaed
away ;

He dwelt beneath the holly-trees, beside the river
Spey,

And many a blessing follow'd him the day he gaed
away."

' O what, tell me what does your Highland laddie
wear ?

O what, tell me what, does your Highland laddie
wear ?'

" A bonnet with a lofty plume, the gallant badge
of war,

And a plaid across the manly breast that yet shall
wear a star ;

A bonnet with a lofty plume, the gallant badge of
war,

And a plaid across the manly breast that yet shall
wear a star."

‘ Suppose, ah! suppose, that some cruel, cruel
 wonnd
 Should pierce your Highland laddie, and all your
 hopes confound !’
 “ The pipe would play a cheering march, the ban-
 ners round him fly,
 The spirit of a Highland chief would lighten in his
 eye ;
 The pipe would play a cheering march, the banners
 round him fly,
 And for his King and country dear with pleasure
 he would die.

But I will hope to see him yet in Scotland’s bonny
 bounds,
 But I will hope to see him yet in Scotland’s bonny
 bounds ;
 His native land of liberty shall nurse his glorious
 wounds,
 While wide through all our Highland hills his war-
 like name resounds.
 His native land of liberty shall nurse his glorious
 wounds,
 While wide through all our Highland hills his war-
 like name resounds.” *Mrs Grant.*

BEAUTY’S BLOSSOM.

SURE my Jean is beauty’s blossom,
 Breathing sweets in ilka airt ;
 She’s the tenant o’ my bosom,
 Frae that bower she’ll ne’er depart.

Sweet the charm her looks discover,
 In her breast what beauties lie,
 Frae a fond an' constant lover
 Wringing mony a deep-felt sigh.

I hae seen the floweret springing
 Gaily o'er the scented lea,
 I hae heard the mavis singing
 On yon spreading hawthorn tree ;
 But, my Jeanie, peerless dearie,
 She's the flower attracts my ee ;
 When she tunes her voice sae cheerie,
 She's the mavis dear to me.

Gall.

YE VERDANT BREEZES.

TUNE—*Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon.*

YE verdant breezes as ye skim
 Across the flowery verdant fields,
 O bear upon your sportive wings
 The choicest perfumes Flora yeilds ;
 And bear my sighs, and bear my prayers,
 Untainted, to my Jeanie's ear ;
 And tell her, though she scorns my love,
 She'll to my bosom aye be dear.

Ye little warblers, if alone
 She wanders through the shady grove,
 O tunc your most melodious notes,
 And wake her tender soul to love.

Ah ! then let recollection wake,
 And may that recollection be
 Attended by a weeping smile,—
 A tender thought—a sigh for me.

James Wilson.

~~~~~

### THE LANELY LOVER.

TUNE—*The Banks of the Shannon.*

AH ! Willie now is gane frae me,  
 Frae Anna gane afar,  
 An' to the saft delights o' love  
 Preferred the din o' war.  
 Nae mair at e'en, wi' heartsome glee,  
 Thegither we are seen ;  
 Nae mair we daff amang the lave,  
 Or wander o'er the green.

Now in a far aff foreign land,  
 My comely Willie strays,  
 An' soon, alack ! the chance o' war  
 May end his youthfu' days :  
 But weel I ken, though far awa',  
 His faithfu' breast does burn  
 Wi' glowing love, while here I lang  
 An' sigh for his return.

How dreary was that day to me,  
 When Willie gaed awa,  
 An' left me here !—the grief, I thought,  
 Wad break my heart in twa.

O may he lang, 'mang deadly faes,  
 Frae skaith be keepit free,  
 Till he again, wi' tearfu' joy,  
 Shall peacefu' Scotia see!

Ye gentle breezes, saftly blaw,  
 Ye gales, auspicious prove,  
 An' fill the wide-spread milk-white sails,  
 An' waft me back my love!  
 Till then, I'll seek the silent glade,  
 Or flowery-selvaged burn,  
 An' wi' the lanely birdies roam,  
 An' sigh for his return.

*Gall.*

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THE DEAR HIGHLAND LADDIE, O.

BLYTHE was the time when he fee'd wi' my father, O.
 Happy were the days when we herded thegither, O.
 Sweet were the hours when he row'd me in his
 plaidie, O,
 And vow'd to be mine, my dear Highland laddie, O.

But, ah! waes me! wi' their sodgering sae gaudy, O.
 The Laird's wyled awa' my braw Highland lad-
 die, O;
 Misty are the glens, and the dark hills sae cloudy, O,
 That aye seem'd sae blythe wi' my dear Highland
 laddie, O.

The blaе-berry banks now are lonesome and dreary, O,
 Muddy are the streams that gush'd down sae clearly, O;
 Silent are the rocks that echoed sae gladly, O,
 The wild melting strains o' my dear Highland laddie, O,

He pu'd me the crawberry, ripe frae the boggy fen,
 He pu'ed me the strawberry, red frae the foggy glen,
 He pu'd me the row'n frae the wild steep sae gid-dy, O,
 Sae loving and kind was my dear Highland laddie, O.

Fareweel, my ewes, and fareweel, my doggie, O,
 Fareweel, ye knowes, now sae cheerless and scrog-gie, O.

Fareweel, Glenfeoch, my mammie and my daddie, O,

I will lea' you a' for my dear Highland laddie, O.

Tannahill.

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### WITH BROKEN WORDS.

TUNE—*Wae's my heart that we should sunder.*

WITH broken words, and down-cast eyes,

Poor Colin spoke his passion tender;

And parting with his Grisy, cries,

“Ah! wae's my heart that we should sunder.

To others I am cold as snow,  
 But kindle with thine eyes like tinder ;  
 From thee with pain I'm forc'd to go—  
 It breaks my heart that we should sunder.

Chain'd to thy charms, I cannot range,  
 No beauty new my love shall hinder ;  
 Nor time nor place shall ever change  
 My vows, though we're obliged to sunder.  
 The image of thy graceful air,  
 And beauties which invite our wonder,  
 Thy lively wit, and prudence rare,  
 Shall still be present, though we sunder.

Dear nymph, believe the swain in this,—  
 You'll ne'er engage a heart that's kinder :  
 Then seal a promise with a kiss,—  
 Always to love although we sunder.  
 Ye Gods! take care of my dear lass,  
 That as I leave her I may find her :  
 When that blest time shall come to pass,  
 We'll meet again, and never sunder." *Ramsay.*



## A YOUTH, ADORN'D WITH EVERY ART.

TUNE—*Tears that must ever fall.*

A YOUTH, adorn'd with every art  
 To warm and win the coldest heart,  
 In secret, mine possest :—  
 The morning bud that fairest blows,  
 The vernal oak that straitest grows,  
 His face and shape exprest.

In moving sounds he told his tale,  
 Soft as the sighings of the gale  
     That wakes the flowery year.  
 What wonder he could charm with ease,  
 Whom happy nature form'd to please,  
     Whom love had made sincere.

At morn he left me,—fought, and fell,  
 The fatal evening heard his knell,  
     And saw the tears I shed :  
 Tears that must ever, ever fall ;  
 For, ah ! no sighs, the past recal,  
     No cries awake the dead !

*Mallet.*

~~~~~

WHEN SUMMER COMES.

TUNE—*The broom of Cowdenknows.*

WHEN summer comes, the swains on Tweed
 Sing their successful loves ;
 Around the ewes and lambkins feed,
 And music fills the groves.
 But my loved song is then the broom
 So fair on Cowdenknows ;
 For sure so sweet, so soft a bloom
 Elsewhere there never grows.

There Colin tuned his oaten reed,
 And won my yielding heart ;
 No shepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed
 Could play with half such art.

He sung of Tay, of Forth, and Clyde,
 The hills and dales around,
 Of Leader-haughs, and Leader-side,—
 Oh! how I bless'd the sound!

Yet more delightful is the broom
 So fair on Cowdenknows;
 For sure so fresh, so bright a bloom
 Elsewhere there never grows.
 Not Teviot braes, so green and gay,
 May wi' this broom compare;
 Not Yarrow banks, in flowery May,
 Nor the bush aboon Traquair.

More pleasing far are Cowdenknows,
 My peaceful happy home,
 Where I was wont to milk my ewes,
 At e'en among the broom.
 Ye powers that haunt the woods and plains
 Where Tweed with Tiviot flows,
 Convey me to the best of swains,
 And my loved Cowdenknows. *Crawford.*

~~~~~

### COME JESSIE, LOVE.

TUNE—*The yellow-hair'd Laddie.*

COME Jessie, love, gloamin' to night yields the  
 gree,  
 The braid Lammas moon rises red frae the sea;  
 On the wood-skirted tower gleams her silvery light,  
 And the mild e'ning star taps the verge o' the  
 height.

The last vesper notes o' the merl melt awa',  
 Fond echo repeats them wi' pith frae the shaw,  
 Whilst the night-breeze combinin' the scene to en-  
     dear,  
 Diffuses the fragrance—the sweets o' the brier.

Yet vain a' thae charms sae inviting to me,  
 If thae bena shared, dearest lassie wi' thee;  
 Then come to the bench 'neath the dark bour-tree  
     shade,  
 A screen frae the night-dews thou'lt find in my  
     plaid.

There, in love's artless language, I'll breathe the  
     fond strain,  
 O' a bosom as guileless, sweet lass, as thine ain,  
 And gladly resign a' that fortune can gie,  
 For ae heartnin' blink o' thy love-speakin' ee. G.

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### NOW BANK AN' BRAE.

Now bank an' brae are clad in green,  
 An' scattered cowslips sweetly spring;  
 By Girvan's fairy-haunted stream  
     The birdies flit on wanton wing;  
 By Cassillis' bank, e'ning fa's,  
     There let my Mary meet wi' me,  
 There catch her ilka glance o' love,  
     The bonny blink o' Mary's ee.

The chiel wha boasts o' warld's wealth  
 Is aften laird o' meikle care ;  
 But Mary she is a' my ain,  
 An' fortune canna gie me mair.  
 Then let me stray by Cassillis' banks,  
 Wi' her, the lassie dear to me,  
 An' catch her ilka glance o' love,  
 The bonny blink o' Mary's ee.

*Gall.*

## WE'LL MEET BESIDE THE DUSKY GLEN.

WE'LL meet beside the dusky glen, on yon burn  
 side,  
 Where the bushes form a cozie den, on yon burn  
 side,  
 Though the broomy knowes be green,  
 Yet there we may be seen,  
 But we'll meet— we'll meet, at e'en down by yon  
 burn side.

I'll lead thee to the birken bower, on yon burn side,  
 Sae sweetly wove wi' woodbine flower, on yon burn  
 side,  
 There the busy prying eye,  
 Ne'er disturbs the lovers' joy,  
 While in ithers' arms they lie, down by yon burn  
 side.

Awa', ye rude unfeeling crew, frae yon burn side,—  
 Those fairy-scenes are no for you, by yon burn side,  
     There fancy smooths her theme,  
     By the sweetly murm'ring stream.  
 And the rock-lodg'd echoes skim, down by yon burn  
 side.

Now the planting taps are ting'd wi' gowd, on yon  
 burn side,  
 And gloaming draws her foggy shroud o'er yon  
 burn side,  
     Far frae the noisy scene,  
     I'll through the fields alane,  
 There we'll meet—my ain dear Jean! down by yon  
 burn side. *Tannahill.*

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### AFTON WATER.

TUNE—*The yellow-hair'd Laddie.*

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,  
 Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;  
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,  
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds through the  
 glen,  
 Ye wild whistling blackbirds, in yon thorny den,  
 Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,  
 I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,  
 Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills!  
 There daily I wander as noon rises high,  
 My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green vallies below,  
 Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow!  
 There oft as mild evening weeps o'er the lea,  
 The sweet-scented birks shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,  
 And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;  
 How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,  
 As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear  
 wave!

Flow gently, sweet Afton, amang thy green braes,  
 Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;  
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,  
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

*Burns.*

~~~~~

AS I CAME THROUGH GLENDOCHART.

As I came through Glendochart vale,
 Where mists o'ertap the mountains gray,
 A wee bit lassie met my view,
 As cantily she held her way:
 But O sic love each feature bore,
 She made my saul wi' rapture glow!
 An' aye she spake sae kind an' sweet,
 I couldna keep my heart in tow.

O speakna o' your courtly queans !
 My wee bit lassie fools them a' :
 The little cuttie's done me skaith,
 She's stown my thoughtless heart awa'.

Her smile was like the gray-eed morn,
 Whan spreading on the mountain green ;
 Her voice saft as the mavis' sang ;
 An' sweet the twinkle o' her een ;
 Aboon her brow, sae bonny brent,
 Her raven locks waved o'er her ee ;
 An' ilka slee bewitching glance
 Conveyed a dart o' love to me.
 O speakna o' your courtly queans, &c.

The lasses fair in Scotia's isle,
 Their beauties a' what tongue can tell ?
 But o'er the fairest o' them a'
 My wee bit lassie bears the bell.
 O had I never marked her smile,
 Nor seen the twinkle o' her ee !
 It mightna been my lot the day,
 A waefu' lade o' care to dree.
 O speakna o' your courtly queans, &c.

Gall.

~~~~~  
 LOGAN BRAES.

TUNE—*Logan Water.*

O LOGAN swcetly didst thou glide,  
 That day I was my Willie's bride ;  
 And years sinsync hae o'er us run,  
 Like Logan to the simmer sun.

But now thy flowery banks appear,  
Like drumlie water dark and drear,  
While my dear lad maun face his faes,  
Far, far, frae me and Logan braes.

Again the merry month of May  
Has made our hills and vallies gay ;  
The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,  
The bees hum round the breathing flowers :  
Blythe morning lifts her rosy ee,  
And evening's tears are tears of joy ;  
My soul, delightless, a' surveys,  
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,  
Amang her nestlings sits the thrush ;  
Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,  
Or wi' his song her cares beguile :  
But I wi' my sweet nurslings here,  
Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,  
Pass widow'd nights and joyless days,  
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

O wae upon you men o' state,  
That brethren rouse to deadly hate !  
As ye mak mony a fond heart mourn,  
Sae may it on your heads return !  
How can your flinty hearts enjoy,  
The widow's tears, the orphan's cry :  
But soon may peace bring happy days,  
And Willie hame to Logan braes !

*Burns.*

## LOW DOWN IN THE BROOM.

My daddy is a canker'd carle,  
He'll no twine wi' his gear ;  
My minny she's a scolding wife,  
Hauds a' the house asteer.

But let them say, or let them do,  
It's a' ane to me ;  
For he's low down, he's in the broom,  
That's waiting on me.  
Waiting on me, my love,  
He's waiting on me ;  
For he's low down, he's in the broom,  
That's waiting on me.

My auntie Kate sits at her wheel,  
And sair she lightlies me ;  
But weel ken I, it's a' envy,  
For ne'er a jo has she.  
So let her say, &c.

My cousin Bess was sair beguil'd  
Wi' Johnny i' the glen ;  
And aye sin'-syne, she cries beware  
Of false deluding men.  
But let her say, &c.

Gleed Sandy he came west ae night,  
 And spier'd when I saw Pate ;  
 And aye sin'-syne the neighbours round,  
 They jeer me air and late.

But let them say, or let them do,  
 It's a' ane to me ;  
 For I'll gae to the bonny lad,  
 That's waiting on me ;  
 Waiting on me, my love,  
 He's waiting on me ;  
 For he's low down, he's in the broom,  
 That's waiting on me.

---

### WHEN EVENING SPREADS.

TUNE—*Life let us cherish.*

O my charming Mary,  
 Sweeter than the new-blown rose ;  
 For my lovely Mary,  
 My heart with love o'erflows.

WHEN ev'ning spreads its sable veil,  
 O'er hill, and field, and flowery dale,  
 With beating heart, I never fail,  
 To roam in search of Mary.  
 O my charming, &c.

With eager eyes I look around,  
 My heart beats quick at every sound,  
 As tripping lightly o'er the ground  
 I hope to meet my Mary.  
 O my charming, &c.

All gloomy cares are quite forgot,  
 And happy do I think my lot,  
 When in some lone sequester'd spot,  
 I wander with my Mary.  
 O my charming, &c.

And often when the thunder storm,  
 In Mary's breast would spread alarm,  
 With arms encircled round her form,  
 I shield my lovely Mary,  
 O my charming, &c.

### COUNTRY LASSIE.

IN summer when the hay was mawn,  
 An' corn wav'd green in ilka field,  
 While clover blooms white o'er the lea,  
 An' roses blaw in ilka bield;  
 Blythe Bessie in the milking shiel,  
 Says I'll be wed come o't what will,  
 Out spak a dame in wrinkled cild,  
 O, guid advisement comes nae ill.

It's ye hae wooers monie ane,  
 An' lassie, ye're but young, ye ken;  
 Then wait a wee, and cannie wale  
 A routhie butt, a routhie ben:  
 There's Johnnie o' the Buskie-glen,  
 Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre;  
 Tak this frae me, my bonnie hen,  
 It's plenty beets the lover's fire.

“ For Johnnie o' the Buskie-glen,  
 I dinna care a single flee;  
 He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye,  
 He has nae love to spare for me:  
 But blythe's the blink o' Robie's ee,  
 An' weel a-wat he lo'es me dear:  
 Ae blink o' him I wadna gie  
 For Buskie-glen an' a' his gear.”

O thoughtless lassie, life's a faught;  
 The canniest gate, the strife is sair;  
 But aye fu' han't is fechtin best,  
 A hungry care's an unco care:  
 But some will spend, and some will spare,  
 An' wilfu' folk maun hae their will;  
 Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,  
 Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill.

“ O gear will buy me rigs o' land,  
 An' gear will buy me sheep and kye;  
 But the tender heart o' leesome love,  
 The gowd and siller canna buy:

We may be poor—Robie and I,  
 Light is the burden love lays on ;  
 Content and love brings peace and joy,  
 What mair hae queens upon a throne?" *Burns.*

~~~~~

MINE AIN DEAR SOMEBODY.

TUNE—*Were I obliged to beg.*

WHEN gloaming treads the heels of day,
 And birds sit couring on the spray,
 Along the flowery hedge I stray
 To meet mine ain dear somebody.

The scented brier, the fragrant bean,
 The clover bloom, the dewy green,
 A' charm me, as I rove at e'en,
 To meet mine ain dear somebody.

Let warriors prize the hero's name,
 Let mad Ambition tower for fame,
 I'm happier in my lowly hame,
 Obscurely blest with somebody. *Tannahill.*

~~~~~

I MUST LEAVE THEE.

TUNE—*Roy's Wife.*

Fare-thee-well, for I must leave thee,  
 But, O, let not our parting grieve thee,  
 Happier days may yet be mine,  
 At least I wish them thine—believe me.

WE part—but by those dew-drops clear,  
 My love for thee will last for ever,  
 I leave thee ; but thy image dear,—  
 Thy tender smiles—will leave me never.  
 Fare-thee-well, &c.

O dry those pearly tears that flow—  
 One farewell smile before we sever ;  
 The only balm for parting woe  
 Is—fondly hope 'tis not for ever,  
 Fare-thee-well, &c.

Though dark and dreary lowers the night,  
 Calm and serene may be the morrow ;  
 The cup o' pleasure ne'er shone bright,  
 Without some mingling drops of sorrow.  
 Fare-thee-well, &c.

~~~~~  
 ANNA.

TUNE—*Lord Moira's Welcome.*

“ THE sward this night my couch must be,
 That starry vault my canopy,
 Secure repose, afar from me,
 My native glen and thee, Anna.

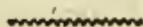
Ere wakes the orient blush of morn,
 Ere sparkling dew-drops gem the thorn,
 May sound my last Reveillé horn,*
 Nor eve return for me, Anna.

* The bugle which sounds at day-break.

Yet should, when charging on the foe,
 Fate lay thy faithful soldier low,
 His bosom's last departing thro',
 Shall vent a sigh for thee, Anna."

Prophetic proved the soldier's song,
 With morn rush'd forth war's vengeful throng :
 The cannons roar'd, and carnage strong
 In crimson ting'd the lea, Anna.

And when Britannia's shouts rose high
 For laurel wreathes o' victory,
 Was breathed thy soldiers latest sigh,
 That promised sigh for thee, Anna. G.



CAPTAIN O'KAIN.

Flow saftly, thou stream, through the wild-span-
 gled valley :

O green be thy banks, ever bonny an' fair,
 Sing sweetly ye birds, as ye wanton fu' gaily,
 Yet strangers to sorrow, untroubled by care :

The weary day lang

I list to your sang,

An' waste ilka moment, sad, cheerless, alang ;

Each sweet little treasure

O' heart-cheering pleasure

Far fled frae my bosom wi' Captain O'Kain.

Fu' aft on thy banks hae we pu'd the wild gowan,
 An' twisted a garland beneath the hawthorn ;

Ah! then each fond moment wi' pleasure was glow-
 ing,
 Sweet days o' delight, which can never return!
 Now ever, wae's me!
 The tears fills my ee,
 An' sair is my heart wi' the rigour o' pain;
 Nae prospect returning
 To gladden life's morning,
 For green waves the willow o'er Captain O'Kain.
Gall.

~~~~~

### WHY FAIR MAID.

TUNE—*The maid in Bedlam.*

AH! why fair maid, does sorrow dwell,  
 Within that breast of thine;  
 Ah! why those tears, O wilt thou tell,  
 That I may mingle mine.  
 "O stay your tender pity, stay,  
 It adds but to my grief,  
 Nor prob this aching heart, I pray,  
 But death can bring relief.

A sorrow dwells within my breast,  
 Which I can ne'er impart;  
 Death, death alone can bring me rest,  
 And ease my bursting heart!"  
 She lean'd her head upon my breast,  
 No tears again she shed,  
 For softly to the realms of rest,  
 Her grieved soul had fled.

## RESPONSIVE YE WOODS.

TUNE—*My time, O ye Muses.*

RESPONSIVE, ye woods, wing your echoes along,  
Till nature, all sad, weeping, listen my song,  
Till flocks cease their bleating, and herds cease to  
low,

And the clear winding rivulet scarce seems to flow.  
For fair was the flower that once gladden'd our  
plains,

Sweet rose-bud of virtue, adored by our swains;  
But fate, like a blast from the chill wintry wave,  
Has laid my sweet flower in yon cold silent grave.

Her warm feeling breast did with sympathy glow,  
In innocence pure as the new mountain snow;  
Her face was more fair than the mild apple bloom;  
Her voice sweet as hope whispering pleasure to  
come.

O Mary, my love! wilt thou never return!  
'Tis thy William who calls—burst the bands of thy  
urn!

Together we'll wander—poor wretch, how I rave!  
My Mary lies low in the lone silent grave.

Yon tall leafy planes throw a deep solemn shade  
O'er the dear holy spot where my Mary is laid,  
Lest the light wanton sunbeams obtrude on the  
gloom

That lorn-love and friendship have wove round her  
tomb.

Still there let the mild tears of nature remain,  
 Till calm dewy evening weep o'er her again ;  
 There oft I will wander—no boon now I crave,  
 But to weep life away o'er her dark silent grave.

*Tannahill.*

BY ALLAN STREAM, &c.

TUNE—*Allan Water.*

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

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

The haunt o' springs, the primrose brae,  
 The simmer joys, the flocks to follow ;  
 How cheery, through her shortening day,  
 Is autumn in her weeds o' yellow !

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

*Burns.*

---

### TWEED-SIDE.

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose?  
How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed?  
Yet Mary's still sweeter than those;  
Both nature and fancy exceed.  
Nor daisy, nor sweet blooming rose,  
Nor all the gay flowers of the field,  
Nor Tweed gliding gently through those,  
Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,  
The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,  
The blackbird and sweet cooing dove,  
With music enchant every bush.  
Come, let us go forth to the mead,  
Let us see how the primroses spring;  
We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,  
And love while the feather'd folk sing.

How does my love pass the long day?  
Does Mary not keep a few sheep?  
Do they never carelessly stray,  
While happily she lies asleep!

Tweed's murmers should lull her to rest;  
 Kind nature indulging my bliss,  
 To relieve the soft pains of my breast,  
 I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,  
 No beauty with her may compare,  
 Love's graces around her do dwell,  
 She's fairest where thousands are fair.  
 Say, charmer, where doth thy flocks stray,  
 Oh! tell me at noon where they feed,  
 Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,  
 Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

*Crawford.*

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### BARROCHAN JEAN.

TUNE—*Johnnie M'Gill.*

'Tis hinna ye heard, man, o' Barrochan Jean?  
 And hinna ye heard, man, o' Barrochan Jean!  
 How death and starvation came o'er the hail nation,  
 She wrought sic mischief wi' her twa pawky een;  
 The lads and the lasses were dying in dizzens,  
 The taen kill'd wi' love, and the tither wi' spleen,  
 The ploughing, the sawing, the shearing, the maw-  
 ing,  
 A' wark was forgotten for Barrochan Jean!

Frac the south and the north, o'er the Tweed and  
the Forth,

Sic coming and ganging there never was seen,  
The comers was cheery, the gangers was bleary,  
Despairing, or hoping for Barrochan Jean.

The carlins at hame were a' girning and graning,  
The bairns were a' greeting frae morning till e'en,  
They gat nought for crowdy, but runts boil'd to  
sowdie,

For naething gat growing for Barrochan Jean.

The doctors declared it was past their describing,  
The ministers said, 'twas a judgment for sin,  
But they looket sae blae, and their hearts were sae  
wae,

I was sure they were dying for Barrochan Jean.  
The burns on road-sides were a' dry wi' their drink-  
ing,

Yet a' wadna sloken the drouth i' their skin ;  
A' around the peat-stacks, and against the dyke  
backs,

E'en the winds were a' sighing, sweet Barrochan  
Jean.

The timmer ran done wi' the making o' coffins,  
Kirk-yards o' their sward were a' howkit fu' clean,  
Dead lovers were packit like herring in barrels,

Sic thousands were dying for Barrochan Jean.  
But mony braw thanks to the Laird o' Glen-brodie,  
The grass owre their graffs is now bonny and  
green,

He sta' the proud heart of our wanton young lady,  
And spoil'd a' the charms o' her twa pawky een.

*Tannahill.*

## BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY.

O BESSY BELL and MARY GRAY,  
 They are twa bonny lasses ;  
 They bigg't a bower on yon burn brae,  
 And theek't it owre wi' rashes.  
 Fair Bessy Bell I lo'ed yestreen,  
 And thought I ne'er could alter :  
 But Mary Gray's twa pawky een,  
 They gar my fancy falter.

Now Bessy's hair's like a lint-tap,  
 She smiles like a May morning,  
 When Phœbus starts from Thetis' lap,  
 The hills with rays adorning ;  
 White is her neck, saft is her hand,  
 Her waist and feet's fu' genty ;  
 With ilka grace she can command,—  
 Her lips, O wow ! they're dainty.

And Mary's locks are like the crow,  
 Her een like diamonds' glances ;  
 She's aye sae clean, rede up, and braw,—  
 She kills whene'er she dances :  
 Blythe as a kid, with wit at will,  
 She blooming, bright, and tall is ;  
 And guides her air sae gracefu' still,—  
 O Jove she's like thy Pallas !

Dear Bessy Bell, and Mary Gray,  
 Ye unco sair oppress us ;  
 Our fancies gee, between you twa,  
 Ye are sic bonny lasses :

Waes me! for baith I canna get;  
 To ane by law we're stented:  
 Then I'll draw cuts, and tak my fate,  
 And be with ane contented. *Ramsay.*

### THE HIGHLAND PLAID.

LOWLAND lassie, wilt thou go  
 Where the hills are clad with snow,  
 Where, beneath the icy steep,  
 The hardy shepherd 'tends his sheep?  
 Ill nor wae shall thee betide,  
 When row'd within my Highland plaid.

Soon the voice of cheery spring  
 Will gar a' our plantings ring;  
 Soon our bonnie heather braes  
 Will put on their summer claise;  
 On the mountain's sunny side,  
 We'll lean us on my Highland plaid.

When the summer spreads the flowers,  
 Busks the glens in leafy bowers,  
 Then we'll seek the cauler shade,  
 Lean us on the primrose bed;  
 While the burning hours preside,  
 I'll screen thee wi' my Highland plaid.

Then we'll leave the sheep and goat,  
 I will launch the bonny boat,

Skim the loch in canty glee,  
 Rest the oars to pleasure thee;  
 When chilly breezes sweep the tide,  
 I'll hap thee wi' my Highland plaid.

Lowland lads may dress mair fine,  
 Woo in words mair saft than mine;  
 Lowland lads hae mair of art,  
 A' my boast's an honest heart,  
 Whilk shall ever be my pride,  
 To row thee in my Highland plaid!

"Bonny lad, ye've been sae leal,  
 My heart would break at our fareweel,  
 Lang your love has made me fain,  
 'Take me—take me for your ain!"  
 'Cross the Firth, away they glide,  
 Young Donald and his Lowland bride.

*Tannahill.*

---

### GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWA'.

GLOOMY winter's now awa',  
 Saft the westling breezes blaw,  
 'Mang the birks o' Stanly shaw  
 The mavis sings fu' cheery O;  
 Sweet the crowflower's early bell  
 Decks Gleniffer's dewy dell,  
 Blooming like thy bonnie sel',  
 My young, my artless dearie O.

Come my lassie, let us stray  
 O'er Glenkilloch's sunny brae,  
 Blythely spend the gowden day,  
 'Midst joys that never weary O.

Towering o'er the Newton woods,  
 Lav'rocks fan the snaw-white clouds,  
 Siller saughs, with downy buds,  
 Adorn the banks sae briery O ;  
 Round the sylvan fairy nooks,  
 Feathery breckans fringe the rocks,  
 'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,  
 And ilka thing is cheery O ;  
 Trees may bud, and birds may sing,  
 Flowers may bloom, and verdure spring,  
 Joy to me they canna' bring,  
 Unless wi' thee, my dearie O.

*Tannahill.*

---

### WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE.

WHAT can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,  
 What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man ?  
 Bad luck on the penny that tempted my minnie  
 To sell her poor Jenny for siller an' lan' !  
 Bad luck on the penny, &c.

He's always compleenin' frae mornin' to e'enin',  
 He hosts and he hirples the weary day lang ;  
 He's doy'lt and he's dozin, his blude it is frozen,  
 O, dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man !

He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,  
 I never can please him, do a' that I can;  
 He's peevish, and jealous o' a' the young fellows,  
 O, dool on the day I met wi' an auld man!

My auld auntie Katie upon me taks pity,  
 I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan;  
 I'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heart-break  
 him,  
 And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.

*Burns.*

### OWRE THE MUIR, &c.

ONE morn in May, when fields were gay,  
 Serene and charming was the weather,  
 I chanced to roam some miles from home,  
 Far owre yon muir amang the heather.  
 I walk'd alang, I humm'd a sang,  
 My heart was light as ony feather;  
 A lovely lass I chanced to pass,  
 Was wading barefoot through the heather.

Owre the muir amang the heather,  
 Owre the muir amang the heather,  
 How blythe it is to range the muir,  
 And brush the dew frae blooming heather.

Her een sae fine, mair bright did shine  
 Than the maist clear unclouded weather,  
 A fairer form ne'er did adorn  
 A brighter scene amang the heather.

I said, fair maid, be not afraid,  
 Come sit ye down, let's talk thegither,  
 For ought, my fair, I do declare,  
 You've stole my heart amang the heather.

Owre the muir amang the heather,  
 Owre the muir amang the heather,  
 Gin I were king ye should be queen,  
 Sweet blooming maid amang the heather.

She answer'd me, right modestly,  
 " I go, kind sir, to seek my father,  
 His fleecy charge he 'tends at large,  
 Far owre yon hill amang the heather."  
 Away she flew out o' my view,  
 Her name, her hame, I ne'er could gather,  
 And left me for to sigh and pine,  
 The lovely maid amang the heather.

Owre the muir amang the heather,  
 Owre the muir amang the heather,  
 Till life's warm stream forget to play,  
 I'll love the lass amang the heather.

*Lewis.*

~~~~~

O ANNA, THOU FAIREST AN' DEAREST.

O ANNA, thou fairest an' dearest,
 My blessing upon thee befa',
 Though thy charms, to my heart ever nearest,
 Hae banished sweet comfort awa'.

Thy smile, like a sunny beam breaking,
 Bids hope through my soul brightly shine;
 But, Anna, reflection awaking,
 Aft whispers, thou wilt na be mine!

It isna thy raving locks waving,
 It isna the blink o' thy ee,
 It isna thy bosom saft heaving,
 That steals ilka pleasure frae me.
 Thy mind's fairer beauties appearing,
 Admiring, enraptured, I see;
 These, these my poor bosom are tearing,
 An' make me doat fondly on thee.

O Anna, if love, ne'er beguiling,
 Regard an' thy friendship can gain,
 Dispel then my grief wi' thy smiling,
 An' let me e'en ca' thee my ain.
 Without thee, each moment I measure,
 How dreary, how lifeless, an' lang!
 But wi' thee, O welcome each pleasure,
 An' fareweel each anguishing pang!

Gall.

~~~~~

### LAST NIGHT I MET.

TUNE—*O, Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me.*

LAST night I met my Jessie, fair,  
 Whare I had trysted her to be;  
 My heart is light, I feel nae care,  
 When Jessie's angel-form I see.

Yon fragrant grove we wander'd through,  
 Which lovers aft at een frequent ;  
 My tale o' love I tald sae true,  
 How to deceive, I ne'er yet kent.

The moon blink'd through the leafy trees,  
 As we gaed underneath their shade ;  
 They, rustlin' with the gentle breeze,  
 Drapt now and then a wither'd blade!  
 I clasp'd her to my faithfu' breast,  
 And vow'd I wad mak her my ain ;  
 Wi' beating heart, my love I prest,  
 To tell if I was loved again.

At length, wi' modest blush, and een  
 That spak far mair than she could do,  
 She sunk my open arms between,  
 " If I loved her, she loved as true."  
 Now by yon moon, my love, I swear,  
 And by yon twinklin' stars above,—  
 'Tis thou alane shalt be my dear,  
 Anither I shall never love. S.

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### O SAIR I RUE THE WITLESS WISH.

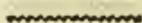
O SAIR I rue the witless wish,  
 That gar'd me gang wi' you at e'en,  
 And sair I rue the birken bush,  
 That screan'd us with its leaves sae green. M

And though ye vow'd ye wad be mine,  
 The tear of grief aye dims my ee,  
 For, Oh! I'm fear'd that I may tyne  
 The love that ye hae promis'd me!

While ithers seek their e'ening sports,  
 I wander, dowie, a' my lane,  
 For when I join their glad resorts,  
 Their daffing gies me meikle pain.  
 Alas! it wasna sae short syne,  
 When a' my nights were spent wi' glee;  
 But, Oh! I'm fear'd that I may tyne  
 The love that ye hae promis'd me.

“ Dear lassie, keep thy heart aboon,  
 For I hae wair'd my winter's fee,  
 I've coft a bonnie silken gown,  
 To be a bridal gift for thee.  
 And sooner shall the hills fa' down,  
 And mountain high shall stand the sea,  
 Ere I'd accept a gowden crown,  
 To change that love I bear for thee.”

*Tannahill.*



NEW SCOTCHIE BRAES.

O MITHER, spare thy cruel wrath,  
 It makes my heart sae sadly sair;  
 Nor think that absence can remove  
 My heftit love for Willie fair.

Return wi' me to Lochie braes,  
 To peacefu' haunts again return :  
 On Lochie braes love's ardent flame  
 First made my heart in anguish burn.

The tear aye trembles in my ee,  
 The bursting sigh aft bids it fa',  
 Sin' thou frae faithfu' Willie's arms  
 Hast banished me sae far awa'.  
 Think o' the pangs, wert thou bereft  
 O' the sweet bairnie on thy knee ;  
 Then, O forbear—forbear to part—  
 O, dinna part my love an' me!

*Gall.*

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FLY WE TO SOME DESERT ISLE.

FLY we to some desert isle,
 There we'll pass our days together,
 Shun the world's derisive smile,
 Wandering tenants of the heather ;
 Shelter'd in some lonely glen,
 Far removed from mortal ken,
 Forget the selfish ways o' men,
 Nor feel a wish beyond each other.

Though my friends deride me still,
 Jamie I'll disown thee never,
 Let them scorn me as they will,
 I'll be thine—and thine for ever.

What are a' my kin to me,
 A' their pride of pedigree?
 What were life, if wanting thee,
 And what were we, if we maun sever!

Tannahill.

ON THE SEAS AND FAR AWAY.

TUNE—*O'er the Hills, &c.*

How can my poor heart be glad,
 When absent frae my sailor lad?
 How can I the thought forgo,
 He's on the seas to meet the foe;
 Let me wander, let me rove,
 Still my heart is with my love;
 Nightly dreams and thoughts by day
 Are with him that's far away.

On the seas and far away,
 On stormy seas and far away;
 Nightly dreams and thoughts by day
 Are aye with him that's far away.

When in summer's noon I faint,
 As weary flocks around me pant,
 Haply in this scorching sun,
 My sailor's thundering at his gun:
 Bullets, spare my only joy!
 Bullets, spare my darling boy!
 Fate do with me what you may,
 Spare but him that's far away!

On the seas, &c.

At the starless midnight hour,
 When winter rules with boundless power :
 As the storms the forests tear,
 And thunders rend the howling air,
 Listening to the doubling roar,
 Surging on the rocky shore,
 All I can—I weep and pray,
 For his weal that's far away.

On the seas, &c.

Peace, thy olive wand extend,
 And bid wild war his ravage end,
 Man with brother man to meet,
 And as a brother kindly greet :
 Then may heaven with prosperous gales,
 Fill my sailor's welcome sails,
 To my arms their charge convey
 My dear lad that's far away.

On the seas, &c.

Burns.

MY MARY.

TUNE—*Invercauld's Reel.*

MY Mary is a bonnie lassie,
 Sweet as dewy morn,
 When fancy tunes her rural reed,
 Beside the upland thorn.

She lives ahint yon sunny knowe,
 Where flowers in wild profusion grow,
 Where spreading birks and hazels throw
 Their shadow o'er the burn.

'Tis not the streamlet skirted wood,
 Wi' a' its leafy bowers,
 That gars me wait in solitude
 Among the wild sprung flowers ;
 But aft I cast a langing ee,
 Down frae the banks out-owre the lea,
 There haply I my lass may see,
 As through the broom she scours.

Yestreen I met my bonnie lassie
 Coming frae the town,
 We raptured sunk in ither's arms
 And prest the breckans down ;
 The pairtrick sung his e'ening note,
 The rye-craik rispt his clam'rous throat,
 While there the heavenly vow I got,
 That erl'd her my own. *Tannahill.*

PEGGY WI' THE GOWDEN HAIR.

YE roses, fa' at my love's feet !
 Ye lilies, bend your heads an' die !
 Your bonny beauties, lang sae sweet,
 Are now for ever lost on me :
 For though ye sweetly bud an' blaw,
 To busk the valley blooming fair,
 There's ae sweet flower excels ye a',
 Young Peggy wi' the gowden hair.

I sigh at e'en, I sigh at morn;
 Nae peace hae I within my breast;
 I dander o'er the fields forlorn,
 To muse on her wham I lo'e best.
 Sweet, sweet she smiles, she's kind an' leal,
 There's nane like her amang the fair,
 Her bonny glance is love's saft seal,
 Young Peggy wi' the göwden hair.

Blaw, blaw ye winds! your nipping cauld
 Wi' cranreuch cleeds baith hill an' shaw;
 Your blasts I scorn—love glows sae bauld
 For her wha's stown my heart awa'.
 Ye Powers wha watch wi' tentie ee,
 An' blessings on us bodies skair,
 O grant ae watchless boon to me,
 Sweet Peggy wi' the göwden hair.

Gall.

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### BENEATH A BEECH'S GRATEFU' SHADE.

TUNE—*Peggy, I must love thee.*

BENEATH a beech's gratefu' shade,  
 Young Colin lay reclining,  
 He sigh'd, and seem'd to love a maid,  
 Without hopes of obtaining;  
 For thus the swain indulg'd his grief,—  
 Though pity cannot move thee,  
 Though thy hard heart gives no relief,  
 Yet, Peggy, I must love thee.

ay, Peggy, what has Colin done,  
 That thus you cruelly use him ?  
 'love's a fault, 'tis that alone  
 For which you should excuse him !  
 'Twas thy dear self first raised this flame,  
 This fire by which I languish ;  
 'Tis thou alone can quench the same,  
 And cool its scorching anguish.

For thee I leave the sportive plain  
 Where every maid invites me ;  
 For thee, sole cause of all my pain,  
 For thee, that only slights me.  
 This love that fires my faithful heart,  
 By all but thee's commended :  
 O wouldst thou act so good a part,  
 My grief might soon be ended.

That beauteous breast so soft to feel,  
 Seem'd tenderness all over ;  
 Yet it defends thy heart like steel,  
 'Gainst thy despairing lover.  
 Alas ! though should it ne'er relent,  
 Nor Colin's care e'er move thee,  
 Yet till life's latest breath is spent,  
 My Peggy, I must love thee.

*Crawford.*

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### MY DEAR FELLOW.

LANGSYNE, beside the woodland burn,  
 Among the broom sae yellow,  
 I lean'd me 'neath the milk-white thorn,  
 On nature's mossy pillow ;

A' 'round my seat the flowers were strew'd,  
 That frae the wild wood I had pu'd,  
 To weave mysel' a summer snood,  
 To pleasure my dear fellow.

I twined the woodbine round the rose,  
 Its richer hues to mellow,  
 Green sprigs of fragrant birk I chose,  
 To busk the sedge sae yellow.  
 The craw-flower blue, and meadow-pink,  
 I wove in primrose-braided link,  
 But little, little did I think  
 I should have wove the willow.

My bonnie lad was forced afar,  
 Tost on the raging billow,  
 Perhaps he's fa'en in bloody war,  
 Or wreck'd on rocky shallow.  
 Yet aye I hope for his return,  
 As round our wonted haunts I mourn,  
 And often by the woodland burn  
 I pu' the weeping willow. . . . . *Tannahill.*

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### THE HAZLEWOOD WITCH.

FOR mony lang year I hae heard frae my grannie,  
 Of brownies an' bogles by yon castle wa',  
 Of auld wither'd hags, that were never thought  
 cannie,  
 An' fairies that danced till they heard the cock  
 crow.

I leugh at her tales; an' last owk, i' the gloamin,  
 I dander'd, alane, down the Hazlewood green:  
 Alas! I was reckless, an' rue sair my roaming,  
 For I met a young witch, wi' twa bonny black  
 een.

I thought o' the starns in a frosty night glancing,  
 Whan a' the lift round them is cloudless an' blue;  
 I looked again, an' my heart fell a-dancing;  
 Whan I wad hae spoken, she glamour'd my mou'.  
 O wae to her cantrips! for dumpish'd I wander;  
 At kirk or at market there's nought to be seen;  
 For she dances afore me wherever I dander,  
 The Hazlewood Witch wi' the bonny black een.  
*Gall.*

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### YOUNG PEGGY BLOOMS.

TUNE—*Last Time I came o'er the Muir.*

YOUNG Peggy blooms our bonniest lass,  
 She's blushing like the mornin';  
 The rosy dawn, the springin' grass,  
 With pearly gems adornin'.  
 Her eyes outshine the radiant beams,  
 That glide the passing shower  
 And glitter on the crystal streams,  
 And cheer each freshening flower.

Her lips more than the cherry's bright,  
 A richer die hath graced them;  
 They charm th' admiring gazer's sight,  
 And sweetly tempt to taste them.

Her smiles are like the evening mild,  
 When feather'd pairs are courting,  
 And little lambkins wanton wild,  
 In playful bands disporting.

Were fortune, lovely Peggy's foe,  
 Such sweetness would relent her ;  
 As blooming spring unbends the brow  
 Of savage, surly winter.  
 Detraction's eye no arm can join  
 Her winning powers to lessen ;  
 And spiteful envy grins in vain  
 The poison'd tooth to fasten.

Ye powers of honour, love, and truth,  
 From every ill defend her ;  
 Inspire the highly-favour'd youth  
 The destinies intend her ;  
 Still fan the sweet connubial flame,  
 Responsive in each bosom ;  
 And bless the dear parental name,  
 With many a filial blossom.

*Burns.*

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O LASSIE, WILL YE TAK A MAN.

TUNE—*Whistle o'er the lave o't.*

O LASSIE, will ye tak a man,
 Rich in housing, gear, and lan',
 De'il tak the cash ! that I'soud ban,
 Nae mair I'll be the slave o't.

I'll buy you claise to busk you braw,
 A riding pony, pad and a',
 On fashion's tap we'll drive awa',
 Whip, spur, and a' the lave o't.

O poortith is a wintry day,
 Chearless, blirtie, cauld, and blae,
 But basking under Fortune's ray,
 There's joy whate'er ye have o't.
 Then gie's your hand ye'll be my wife,
 I'll make you happy a' your life,
 We'll row in love and siller rife,
 Till death wind up the lave o't.

Tannahill.

ETTRICK BANKS.

ON Ettrick banks ae simmer's night,
 At gloaming when the sheep drave hame,
 I met my lassie, braw and tight,
 Come widing barefoot a' her lane.
 My heart grew light; I ran, and flang
 My arms about her lily neck;
 I kiss'd and clapp'd her there fu' lang,
 My words they werena mony feck.

I said, my lassie, will ye gang
 To the Highland hills, some Earse to learn,
 And I'll gie thee baith cow and ewe,
 When ye come to the Brig o' Earn.

At Leith auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,
 And herrings at the Broomielaw;
 Cheer up your heart, my bonny lass,
 There's gear to win we never saw.

A' day when we hae wrought enough,
 When winter frosts and snaw begin,
 Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,
 At night when ye sit down to spin,
 I'll screw my pipes and play a spring;
 And thus the weary night will end,
 Till the tender kid and lambtime bring
 Our pleasant simmer back again.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
 And gowans glent o'er ilka field,
 I'll meet my lass amang the broom,
 And lead her to my simmer shield.
 There far frae a' their scornfu' din
 That mak the kindly heart their sport,
 We'll laugh, and kiss, and dance, and sing,
 And gar the langest day seem short.

BONNY BARBARA ALLAN.

It was in and about the Martimas time,
 When the green leaves were a-falling,
 That Sir John Græme in the west countrie,
 Fell in love wi' Barbara Allan.

He sent his man down through the town,
 To the place where she was dwelling;
 "O haste and cum to my master dear,
 Gin ye be Barbara Allan."

O hooly, hooly, raise she up,
 To the place where he was lying,
 And when she drew the curtain by,
 "Young man, I think you're dying."

'O its I'm sick, and very sick,
 And 'tis a' for Barbara Allan.'
 "O the better for me ye's never be,
 Though your heart's blood were a-spilling."

"O dinna ye mind, young man," said she,
 "When ye was in the tavern a-drinking,
 That ye made the healths gae round and round,
 And slighted Barbara Allan."

He turned his face unto the wa'
 And death was with him dealing,
 'Adieu, adieu, my dear friends a',
 Be kind to Barbara Allan.'

And slowly, slowly raise she up,
 And slowly, slowly left him;
 And sighing, said, "She could not stay,
 Since death of life had 'reft him."

She hadna gane a mile but twa,
 When she heard the dead-bell ringing,
 And ev'ry jow that the dead-bell gied,
 It cry'd, Woe to Barbara Allan!

“ O mother, mother, mak my bed,
 O mak it saft and narrow;
 Since my luve died for me to-day,
 I’ll die for him to-morrow.”

JAMIE O’ THE GLEN.

AULD Rob, the laird o’ muckle land,
 To woo me wasna very blate,
 But spite o’ a’ his gear he fand
 He came to woo a day owre late.

A lad sae blythe, sae fu’ o’ glee,
 My heart did never ken’,
 And nane can gie sic joy to me
 As Jamie o’ the glen.

My minnie grat like daft, and rair’d,
 To gar me wi’ her will comply,
 But still I wadna hae the laird,
 Wi’ a’ his ousen, sheep, and kye.

A lad sae blythe, &c.

Ah, what are silks and satins braw?
 What’s a’ his worldly gear to me?
 They’re daft that cast themsels awa’,
 Where nae content or love can be.

A lad sae blythe, &c.

I cou'dna bide the silly clash
 Came hourly frae the gawky laird!
 And sae, to stop his gab and fash,
 Wi' Jamie to the kirk repair'd.
 A lad sae blythe, &c.

Now ilka summer's day sae lang,
 And winter's clad wi' frost and snaw,
 And tunefu' lilt and bonny sang
 Aye keep dull care and strife awa'.
 A lad sae blythe, &c.

AS SWEET IS THE ROSE.

TUNE—*Lucy's Flitting.*

As sweet is the rose wi' its opening blossom,
 So sweet is the smile of my Mary to me ;
 Fu' aft to my breast I enraptured enfauld her,
 When straying at gloamin' along the green lea.
 Then though nature smiled, majestic in grandeur,
 Though sweet was ilk wild note that rang frae
 the tree,
 Though mild glow'd the sun when he sank 'neath
 the mountain,
 Yet dearer than these was the blink o' her ee.

This thrills through my heart-strings, it beats in
 my bosom,
 Wi' pleasure unceasing,—my soul turns to glee,
 For the blush o' her cheek shows a modest wee
 dimple,
 When the joy-beam o' love glows sweet in her ee.

There's nae cauld disdain,—there's nae pride wi'
my Mary,

Her mind is as pure as the new-drifted snaw ;
The golden-tip'd sun the new spring-day adorning,
Can ne'er be compared to my Mary ava.

She's guileless, she's artless, she's good, and she's
bonnie ;

But aft frae her ee draps the saft-fa'ing tear :
For her parents are poor, and they hae little siller,
But yet to my heart she will ever be dear.

I'll tak her and keep her, I'll love and caress her,
And cherish her aye till the day that I die ;
Contented we'll live, and gude fortune may bless
us,

And happy and cheery through life we will be.

G. F.

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### THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER.

TUNE—*Fee him, father, fee him.*

THOU hast left me ever, Jamie, thou hast left me  
ever,

Thou hast left me ever, Jamie, thou hast left me  
ever.

Aften hast thou vow'd that death only should us  
sever,

Now thou's left thy lass for aye—I maun see thee  
never, Jamie,

I maun see thee never.

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie, thou hast me forsaken,

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie, thou hast me forsaken.

Thou canst love anither jo, while my heart is breaking :

Soon my weary een I'll close—ne'er mair to waken,  
Jamie,

Ne'er mair to waken.

*Burns.*

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O BONNIE LASS, &c.

O SAY, bonnie lass, will you lie in a barrack,
And marry a sodger, and carry his wallet ;

O say, would you leave baith your mither and
daddie,

And follow the camp, wi' your sodger laddie.

“ O yes, bonnie lad, I will lie in a barrack,
And marry a sodger, and carry his wallet,

I'd neither ask leave of my mither or daddie,
But follow my dearest, my sodger laddie.”

O say, bonny lass, would you go a campaigning,
And bear a' the hardships of battle and famine ;
When wounded and bleeding, then wouldst thou
draw near me,

And kindly support, and tenderly cheer me ?

“ O yes, bonnie lad, I'll think naething o' it,
But follow my Henry, and carry his wallet ;

Nor dangers, nor famine, nor blood, can alarm me,
 My soldier is near me, and naething can harm
 me."

But say, bonnie lass, when I go into battle,
 Where dying men groan, and loud cannons
 rattle!

" O then, bonnie lad, I will share all thy harms ;
 And shouldst thou be kill'd, I will die in thy
 arms."

But say, bonnie lass, when I go, &c.

KITTY OF THE CLYDE.

A BOAT danced on Clyde's bonny stream,
 When winds were rudely blowing
 There sat what might a goddess seem
 The waves beneath her flowing.
 But no ; a mortal fair was she,
 Surpassing all beside,
 And youths aspired her choice to be,
 Sweet Kitty of the Clyde.

I saw the boatman spread a sail ;
 And while his daftness noting,
 The boat was upset by the gale,
 I saw sweet Kitty floating.
 I plunged into the silver wave,
 Wi' Cupid for my guide ;
 And thought my heart weel lost to save
 Sweet Kitty of the Clyde.

But Kitty's she's a high born fair,
 A lowly name I carry ;
 Nor can wi' Lordly Thanes compare,
 Who woo the maid to marry ;
 But shè nae scornfu' looks gies me,
 And joy may yet betide ;
 For hope dares flatter mine may be,
 Sweet Kitty of the Clyde.



THOU BONNY HAWTHORN.

Thou bonny hawthorn trystin tree,
 What blythesome hours I've spent near thee ;
 For whar does time sae lichtly flee,
 As 'neath the weel kent trystin tree ?

THE spring's first gowans roun' thee blaw,
 The balmiest dewes upon thee fa' ;
 Green, green's the knowe aneath thy shade,
 Whar aft he happ'd me wi' his plaid.
 Thou bonny, &c.

The Norlan blast, though e'er sae bauld,
 Near thee, at gloaming's never cauld,
 Or else the hearts are warm and leal
 O' them, at e'en, wha to thee steal.
 Thou bonny, &c.

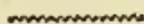
O sic was Jamie's! Surely mine,
 At least I hope sae, was as kin';
 For though he now be far awa',
 It yet is his, whate'er befa'!

Thou weel kent, weel lo'ed trystin tree,
 What hours beside thee now I dree;
 But though I sab an' lanely be,
 Thou'rt dear to me, thou trystin tree.

Though ye forget me, Jamie, no!
 I ne'er will lo'e anither jo;
 But ye'll come back frae owre the sea,
 An' meet me at the trystin tree!

Thou ne'er forgotten trystin tree,
 A heart I tint, an' wan near thee;
 The lave can in ye naething see,
 But memory maks ye dear to me.

T. A.



BLYTHE WAS SHE.

BLYTHE, blythe, and merry was she,
 Blythe was she but and ben;
 Blythe by the banks of Earn,
 And blyther in Glenturet glen.
 Blythe, &c.

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

Her looks were like a flower in May,
 Her smile was like a simmer morn;
 She tripped by the banks of Earn,
 As light's a bird upon a thorn.
 Blythe, &c.

Her bonny face it was as meek
 As ony lamb upon a lea;
 The e'ning sun was ne'er sae sweet
 As was the blink o' Phemie's ee.
 Blythe, &c.

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,
 And o'er the Lowlands I hae been;
 But Phemie was the blythest lass
 That ever trode the dewy green.
 Blythe, &c.

Burns.

FAREWELL FAIR DARLING.

TUNE—*Had I a heart for falsehood, &c.*

FAREWELL fair darling of my heart,
 The first that won my love,
 Would thou one smile to me impart,
 My youthful heart you'd move.
 Forgive, O dearest maid, forgive
 The wrongs I've done to thee;
 For while my pulse tells that I live,
 Thou'lt still be dear to me.

But should another lover find
 A place within thy breast,
 May he be always true and kind,
 And thou be truly blest.
 O then farewell, dear maid, farewell,
 Since we are doom'd to part ;
 How dear I love thee, none can tell,
 But He who sees the heart.

M.

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### CALEDONIA.

SAIR, sair was my heart, when I parted frae my  
 Jean ;  
 And sair, sair I sigh'd, while the tears stood in my  
 een ;  
 For my daddy is but poor, and my fortune is sae  
 sma',  
 It gars me leave my native Caledonia.

When I think on days gane, and sae happy I hae  
 been,  
 While wand'ring wi' my deary, where the primrose  
 blaws unseen,  
 I'm wae to leave my lassie, and my daddy's cot ava,  
 Or to leave the healthfu' breeze of Caledonia.

But wherever I do wander, still happy be my Jean,  
 May nae care disturb her bosom, where peace has  
 ever been ;

Then though ills on ills befa' me, for her I'll bear  
 them a',  
 Though aft I'll heave a sigh for Caledonia.

But should riches e'er be mine, and my Jeanie still  
 be true,  
 Then blaw, ye fav'ring breezes, till my native land  
 I view;  
 Then I'll kneel on Scotia's shore, while the heart-  
 felt tear shall fa',  
 And I'll never leave my Jean nor Caledonia.

*Burns.*

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WI' WAEFU' HEART.

TUNE—*Sweet Annie frae the sea-beach came.*

Wi' waefu' heart, and sorrowing ee,
 I saw my Jamie sail awa',
 O 'twas a fatal day to me,
 That day he pass'd the Berwick-Law.
 How joyless now seem'd all behind!
 I ling'ring stray'd along the shore:
 Dark boding fears hung on my mind
 That I might never see him more.

The night came on with heavy rain,
 Loud, fierce, and wild, the tempest blew;
 In mountains roll'd the awful main—
 Ah, hapless maid! my fears how true!

The landsmen heard their drowning cries,
 The wreck was seen with dawning day;
 My love was found, and now he lies
 Low in the isle of gloomy May.

O boatman! kindly waft me o'er,
 The cavern'd rock shall be my home;
 'Twill ease my burden'd heart, to pour
 Its sorrows o'er his grassy tomb;
 With sweetest flowers I'll deck his grave,
 And 'tend them through the langsome year;
 I'll water them, ilk morn and eve,
 With deepest sorrow's warmest tear.

Tannahill.

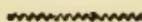
THE BARD.

TUNE—*The Brown Maid.*

THE Bard strikes his harp the wild valleys amang,
 Whare the tall aiken trees spreading leafy appear,
 While the murmuring breeze mingles sweet wi' his
 sang,
 An' wafts the sweet notes till they die on the ear:
 But Mary, whase presence sic transport conveys,
 Whase beauties my moments o' pleasure control,
 On the strings o' my heart ever wantonly plays,
 An' each languishing note is a sigh frae my soul!

Her breath is as sweet as the sweet-scented brier,
 That blossoms an' blaws in yon wild lanely glen;
 Whan I view her fair form, which nae mortal can
 peer,

A something o'erpowers me I dinna weel ken.
 What sweetness her snawy white-bosom displays!
 The blink o' her bonny black ee wha can thole!
 On the strings o' my heart she bewitchingly plays,
 An' each languishing note is a sigh frae my soul!
Gall.



MY PEGGY IS A YOUNG THING.

TUNE—*Wauking o' the Fauld.*

My Peggy is a young thing
 Just enter'd in her teens,
 Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
 Fair as the day, and always gay.
 My Peggy is a young thing,
 And I'm no very auld,
 Yet weel I like to meet her at
 The wauken o' the fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
 Whene'er we meet alane;
 I wish nae mair to lay my care,
 I wish nae mair of a' that's rare.
 My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
 To a' the lave I'm cauld;
 But she gars a' my spirits glow
 At wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly
 Whene'er I whisper love,
 That I look down on a' the town,
 That I look down upon a crown.
 My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
 It makes me blythe and bauld,
 And naething gies me sic delight
 As wauking o' the fauld.

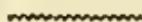
My Peggy sings sae saftly,
 When on my pipe I play ;
 By a' the rest it is confest,
 By a' the rest, that she sings best.
 My Peggy sings sae saftly,
 And in her sangs are tauld,
 With innocence, the wale o' sense,
 At wauking o' the fauld.

Ramsay.

BONNY DUNDEE.

' O WHAR gat ye that bonny blue bannet ?
 " O silly blind body canna ye see ?
 I gat it frae a bonny Scots callan,
 Atween St Johnstoun and bonny Dundee.
 An' O gin I saw the laddie that gae me't,
 Fu' aft has he doudled me on o' his knee ;
 But now he's awa', an' I dinna ken whar he's,
 O ! gin he were back to his minny and me.

My heart has nae room when I think on my dawtie ;
 His dear rosy haffets bring tears in my ee ;
 But now he's awa', an' I dinna ken whar he's,
 Gin we cou'd ance meet we's ne'er part till we die.
 An' O gin I saw but my bonny Scots callan,
 Fu' aft has he doudled me on o' his knee ;
 But now he's awa', an' I dinna ken whar he's,
 O ! gin he were back to his minny an' me.



AH ! MARY, SWEETEST MAID.

' AH ! Mary, sweetest maid, farewell !
 My hopes are flown, for a's to wreck,
 Heaven guard your love, and heal your heart,
 Though mine, alas ! they now maun break.'

" Dearest lad, what ill's betide !
 Is Willie to his love untrue !
 Pledged the morn to be your bride,
 Ah ! hae ye, hae ye ta'en the rue ?"

' Ye canna wear a ragged gown,
 A beggar wed wi' nought ava ;
 My kye are drown'd, my house is down,
 My last sheep lies aneath the snaw !'

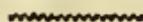
" Tellna me o' storm or flood,
 Or sheep a' smoor'd ayont the hill,
 For Willie's sake I Willie lo'ed,
 Though poor, ye are my Willie still."

‘ Ye canna thole the wind and rain,
 Nor wander friendless far frae hame,
 Cheer, cheer your heart, some richer swain
 Will soon blot out lost Willie’s name.’

“ I’ll tak my bundle in my hand,
 And wipe the dew-drap frae my ee,
 I’ll wander wi’ ye o’er the land,
 I’ll venture wi’ ye o’er the sea.”

‘ Pardon, love, ’twas a’ a snare—
 The flock’s are safe—we needna part,
 I’d forfeit them and ten times mair,
 To clasp thee, Mary, to my heart.’

“ Could ye wi’ my feelings sport,
 Or doubt a heart sae warm and true,
 I should wish mischief on ye for’t,
 But canna wish ought ill to you.”



LASSIE WI’ THE BRICHT BLUE EE.

TUNE—*Lassie wi’ the lint-white, &c.*

Lassie wi’ the bricht blue ee,
 Bonny Katty, canty Katty,
 Wilt thou lea’ Ledard for me,
 An’ aye be mine, my Katty?

I CANNA promise muckle gear,
 Nor silk nor crammassie to wear,
 My a's my troth—that's thine, my dear,
 'Then will ye lea' Ledard, Katty?
 Lassie, &c.

Although Lochard be bonny blue,
 An' Norlan hearts be warm and true,
 I'll mak amends for a' to you,
 Gin ye'll but lea' Ledard, Katty.
 Lassie, &c.

Ye weel may like the heather brae,
 Lo'e weel owre Hielan hills to stray;
 A heart that's leal's worth mair than they,
 Sae will ye lea' Ledard, Katty?
 Lassie, &c.

Though 'boon Lochard the lift's aye clear,
 The sun beams bonny a' the year,
 An' wimplin burnies murmur near,
 As if they wish'd thy stay, Katty.
 Lassie, &c.

Though gently there the western breeze,
 Like music whistles through the trees,
 Yet what are a' sic joys as these,
 To leal and constant truth, Katty?
 Lassie, &c.

The music o' the burnie's moan,
 The soughan breeze frae dark Loch Chon,
 What are they to the safe warm tone,
 The melody o' luvè, Katty?
 Lassie, &c.

O ! come, the town without thee's drear,
 What's a' its gauds when your sae near,
 What's a' its sports when you're no here ?
 Sae will ye lea' Ledard, Katty.
 Lassie, &c.

T. A.



O COME, DEAR ANNIE.

O COME, dear Annie, let us haste away,
 Where Arthur's seat doth raise its head on high !
 There let us wander, while the closing day
 With golden streakes doth paint the western sky.

Where rifted rocks, ting'd with refracted light,
 Their lofty heads, in awful grandeur rear ;
 And the transparent lake, reflecting bright
 The moon's pale image, from its water's clear.

O there, dear Annie, by pale luna's light,
 We'll fondly wander where we oft have been !
 Recal the scenes of many a former night,
 Those happy scenes still in remembrance seen.

Above those craggy rocks we'll take our seat,
 And for a while withdraw our aching eye's
 From the wide landscape spread beneath our feet,
 To plighted vows of love, those sacred ties.

H.

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### THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

I'VE heard a liling, at our ewes' milking,  
 Lasses a' liling before break o' day ;  
 But now there's a moaning, on ilka green loaning :  
 That our braw foresters are a' wede away.

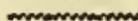
At bughts, in the morning, nae blythe lads are  
 scorning ;  
 The lasses are lonely, dowie, an' wae ;  
 Nae daffing, nae gabbing, but sighing an' sabbing ;  
 Ilk ane lifts her leglin, and hies her away.

At e'en, in the gloaming, nae swankies are roaming  
 'Mang stacks with the lasses, at bogle to play ;  
 But ilk maid sits drearie, lamenting her dearie—  
 The flowers o' the forest are a' wede away.

In har'st, at the shearing, nae younkers are jeering  
 The bandsters are wrunkled, lyart, an' gray ;  
 At fairs, or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching ;  
 Sin' our braw foresters are a' wede away.

O dool ! for the order sent our lads to the border ;  
 The English, for ance, by guile wan the day ;  
 The flowers o' the forest, that aye shone the foremost,  
 The prime o' the land, now lie cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair liling, at the ewes' milking ;  
 The women an' bairns are dowie an' wae :  
 Sighing an' moaning, on ilka green loaning—  
 Sin' our braw foresters are a' wede away.



## THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

TUNE—*Hey tuttie tuitee.*

I'm wearing awa', Jean,  
 Like snaw when it's thaw, Jean,  
 I'm wearing awa'  
 To the land o' the leal.  
 There's nae sorrow there, Jean,  
 There's nae cauld nor care, Jean,  
 The day is aye fair  
 In the land o' the leal.

Ye were aye leal and true, Jean,  
 Your task's ended now, Jean,  
 And I'll welcome you  
 To the land o' the leal.

Our bonny bairn's there, Jean,  
 She was baith gude and fair, Jean,  
 And we grudged her right sair  
 To the land o' the leal.

Then dry that tearfu' ee, Jean,  
 My soul lang's to be free, Jean,  
 And angels wait on me  
 To the land o' the leal.

Now, fare-ye-weel, my ain Jean,  
 This world's care is vain, Jean,  
 We'll meet, and aye be fain,  
 In the land o' the leal.



### RIPENING AUTUMN NOW IS GANE.

TUNE—*Gloomy Winter's now awa'.*

RIPENING autumn now is gane,  
 Winter scowls along the plain;  
 Silent is the lintie's strain  
 That join'd the lav'rock's, cheery O.  
 Cauld the pinching blast does blaw;  
 Rustling leaves in clusters fa';  
 On Pentland hills the wreaths o' snaw  
 Mak nature's face look dreary O.

Nae mair the heartsome blackbird's lays  
 Are warbled 'mang the leafy sprays  
 That deck'd the wild romantic braes  
 O' Hawthornden sae cheery O.

But whan the pale-faced moon, sae high,  
 Keeks through the clouds that shade the sky,  
 Is heard the howlet's eldrich cry  
 Frae Roslin Castle, eerie O.

Oh, winter ! haste to quit the stage,  
 Thou emblem meet of hoary age !  
 Young spring shall yet defy thy rage,  
 And smile on nature, cheery O.  
 Again the lintie blythe shall sing,  
 The lav'rock warbling soar on wing,  
 The wild flowers renovated spring,  
 The plain nae mair look dreary O.

G.

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### ELLEN MORE

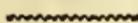
THE sun had kiss'd green Erin's waves,  
 The dark blue mountains tower'd between,  
 Mild evening's dews refresh'd the leaves,  
 The moon unclouded rose serene ;  
 When Ellen wander'd forth, unseen,  
 All lone her sorrows to deplore,  
 False was her lover, false her friend,  
 And false was hope to Ellen More.

Young Henry was fair Ellen's love,  
 Young Emma to her heart was dear,  
 No weal nor woe did Ellen prove,  
 But Emma ever seem'd to share ;

Yet, envious, still she spread the wile,  
 That sullied Ellen's virtue o'er,  
 Her faithful Henry spurn'd the while  
 His fair, his faithful Ellen More.

She wander'd down Loch-Mary side,  
 Where oft at evening hour she stole,  
 To meet her love with secret pride,  
 Now deepest anguish wrung her soul.  
 O'ercome with grief she sought the steep  
 Where Yarrow falls with sullen roar,  
 O pity, veil thy eyes and weep,  
 A bleeding corpse lies Ellen More.

The sun may shine on Yarrow braes,  
 And woo the mountain flowers to bloom,  
 But never can his golden rays,  
 Awake the flower in yonder tomb.  
 There oft young Henry strays forlorn,  
 When moonlight glides the abbey tower,  
 There oft from eve 'till breezy morn,  
 He weeps his faithful Ellen More.     *Tannahill.*



## COMPANION OF MY YOUTHFU' SPORTS.

TUNE—*Gilderoy.*

COMPANION of my youthfu' sports,  
 From love and friendship torn,  
 A victim to the pride of courts,  
 Thy early death I mourn.

Unshrouded on a foreign shore,  
 Thou'rt mould'ring in the clay,  
 While here thy weeping friends deplore  
 Corunna's fatal day.

How glows the youthful warrior's mind  
 With thoughts of laurels won,  
 But ruthless ruin lurks behind,  
 " And marks him for her own."  
 How soon the meteor ray is shed,  
 " That lures him to his doom,"  
 And dark oblivion veils his head  
 In everlasting gloom.

*Tannahill.*

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### THERE'S WAEFU' NEWS.

TUNE—*O wat ye wha's in yon town.*

THERE'S wae fu' news in yon town,  
 As e'er the warld heard ava ;  
 There's dole fu' news in yon town,  
 For Robie's gane an' left them a'.  
 How blythe it was to see his face  
 Come keeking by the hallan wa' !  
 He ne'er was sweer to say the grace,  
 But now he's gane an' left them a'.  
 He was the lad wha made them glad,  
 Whenever he the reed did blaw :  
 The lasses there may drap a tear,  
 Their funny friend is now awa'.

Nae daffin now in yon town ;  
 The browster-wife gets leave to draw  
 An' drink hersel, in yon town,  
 Sin' Robie gaed an' left them a'.  
 The lawin's canny counted now,  
 The bell that tinkled ne'er will draw,  
 The King will never get his due,  
 Sin' Robie gaed an' left them a'.  
 The squads o' chiels that lo'ed a splore  
 On winter e'enings, never ca' ;  
 Their blythesome moments a' are o'er,  
 Sin' Robie's gane an' left them a'.

Frae a' the een in yon town  
 I see the tears o' sorrow fa' :  
 An' weel they may, in yon town,  
 Nae canty sang they hear ava.  
 Their e'ening sky begins to lour,  
 The murky clouds thegither draw ;  
 'Twas but a blink afore a shower,  
 Ere Robie gaed an' left them a'.  
 The landwart hizzy winna speak ;  
 Ye'll see her sitting like a crow  
 Amang the reek, while rattons squeak——  
 Her dawtit Bard is now awa'.

But could I lay my hand upon  
 His whistle, keenly wad I blaw,  
 An' screw about the auld drone,  
 An' lilt a lightsome spring or twa,  
 If it were sweetest aye whan wat,  
 Then wad I ripe my pouch, an' draw,

An' steep it weel amang the maut,  
 As lang's I'd saxpence at my ca'.  
 For warld's gear I dinna care ;  
 My stock o' that is unco sma'.  
 Come, friend, we'll pree the barley-bree  
 To his braid fame that's now awa'.

Gall.

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### THE BONNIE BANKS OF AYR.

TUNE—*Roslin Castle.*

THE gloomy night is gath'ring fast,  
 Loud roars the wild, inconstant blast,  
 Yon murky cloud is full with rain,  
 I see it driving o'er the plain.  
 The hunter now has left the moor,  
 The scatter'd coveys meet secure,  
 While here I wander, prest with care,  
 Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The autumn mourns her ripening corn  
 By early winter's ravage torn ;  
 Across the placid azure sky,  
 She sees the scowling tempest fly :  
 Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,  
 I think upon the stormy wave,  
 Where many a danger I must dare,  
 Far from the bonnie banks of Ayr,

'Tis not the surging billow's roar,  
 'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore :  
 Though Death in every shape appear,  
 The wretched have no more to fear :  
 But round my heart the ties are bound,  
 That heart transpierced with many a wound ;  
 These bleed afresh those ties I tear,  
 To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.

Farewell old Coila's hills and dales,  
 Her heathy moors and winding vales ;  
 The scenes where wretched fancy roves,  
 Pursuing past, unhappy loves !  
 Farewell, my friends, farewell my foes,  
 My peace with these, my love with those ;  
 The bursting tears my heart declare ;  
 Farewell the bonnie banks of Ayr.

*Burns.*

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### FAREWELL TO A MASON LODGE.

TUNE—*Gude night and joy be wi' you a'.*

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

Oft have I met your social band,  
 And spent the cheerful, festive night ;  
 Oft, honour'd with supreme command,  
 Presided o'er the Sons of Light ;  
 And by that Hieroglyphic bright,  
 Which none but Craftsmen ever saw !  
 Strong memory on my heart shall write  
 Those happy scenes when far awa' !

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

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

*Burns.*

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### FAREWELL TO AYRSHIRE.

SCENES of woe and scenes of pleasure,  
 Scenes that former thoughts renew,  
 Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,  
 Now a sad and last adieu !

Bonny Doon sae sweet at gloaming,  
 Fare-thee-weel before I gang!  
 Boony Doon, whare, early roaming,  
 First I weaved the rustic sang!

Bowers, adieu! whare love decoying,  
 First enthrall'd this heart of mine;  
 There the safest sweets enjoying,  
 Sweets that memory ne'er shall tine.  
 Friends, sae near my bosom ever,  
 Ye hae render'd moments dear;  
 But, alas! whan forced to sever,  
 Then the stroke, oh! how severe.

Friends, that parting tear, reserve it,  
 Though 'tis doubly dear to me;  
 Could I think I did deserve it,  
 How much happier would I be!  
 Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,  
 Scenes that former thoughts renew,  
 Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,  
 Now a sad and last adieu!

*Gall.*

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DIRGE ON ROBERT BURNS.

LET grief for ever cloud the day,
 That saw our Bard borne to the clay;
 Let joy be banish'd every eye,
 And nature, weeping, seem to cry—
 "He's gone, he's gone! he's frae us torn!
 The ae best fellow e'er was born."

Let shepherds, from the mountain's steep,
 Look down on widow'd Nith, and weep,
 Let rustic swains their labours leave,
 And sighing, murmur o'er his grave—
 " He's gone, he's gone!" &c.

Let bonny Doon, and winding Ayr,
 Their bushy banks in anguish tear,
 While many a tributary stream,
 Pours down its griefs to swell the theme—
 " He's gone, he's gone!" &c.

All dismal let the night descend,
 Let whirling storm the forests rend,
 Let furious tempests sweep the sky,
 And dreary howling caverns cry—
 " He's gone, he's gone! he's frae us torn!
 The ae best fellow e'er was born!"
Tannahill.

THE OLD MAN'S SONG.

TUNE—*Dumbarton drums.*

O! WHY should old age so much wound us! O,
 There's nothing in't at all to confound us, O,
 For how happy now am I,
 With my old wife sitting by,
 And our bairns and our oys all around us, O.

We began the world wi' naething, O,
And we've jogg'd on, and toil'd for the ae thing, O ;
 We made use of what we had,
 And our thankful hearts were glad,
When we got the bit meat and the clæthing, O.

We hae lived all our lifetime contented, O,
Since the day we became first acquainted, O ;
 It's true we've been but poor,
 And we are so to this hour,
Yet we never repined nor lamented, O.

We ne'er thought of schemes to be wealthy, O,
By ways that were cunning or stealthy, O,
 But we always had the bliss,
 And what further could we wiss,
To be pleased wi' ourselves, and be healthy, O.

What though we canna boast of our guineas, O,
We have plenty of Jockies and Jeanies, O,
 And these I'm certain, are
 More desirable by far,
Than a pock full of yellow stainies, O.

We hae seen many a wonder and ferlie, O,
Of changes that almost are yearly, O,
 Among rich folks up and down,
 Both in country and in town,
Who now live but scrimply and barely, O.

Then why should folks brag of prosperity, O,
 A straiten'd life we see is no rarity, O,
 Indeed we've been in want,
 And our living been but scant,
 Yet we never were reduced to need charity, O.

In this house we first cam thegither, O,
 Where we've lang been father and mither, O,
 And though not of stane and lime,
 It will last us a' our time,
 And, I hope, we shall never need anither, O.

And when we leave this habitation, O,
 We'll depart with a good commendation, O,
 We'll go hand in hand, I wiss,
 To a better house than this,
 To make room for the next generation, O.

Then why should old age so much wound us, O,
 There's is naething in't at all to confound us, O,
 For how happy now am I,
 With my old wife sitting by,
 And our bairns and our oys all around us, O.

Rev. J. Skinner.

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## IS THERE FOR HONEST POVERTY.

TUNE—*For a' that, an' a' that.*

Is there for honest poverty,  
 Wha hangs his head an' a' that ;  
 The coward slave we pass him by,  
 And dare be poor for a' that !

For a' that, an' a' that,  
 Our toils obscure an' a' that,  
 The rank is but the guinea stamp,  
 The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,  
 Wear hoddin' gray, an' a' that?  
 Gie fools their silks, an' knaves their wine,  
 A man's a man for a' that.  
 For a' that, an' a' that,  
 Their tinsel show, an' a' that ;  
 An honest man, though e'er sae poor,  
 Is chief o' men, for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,  
 Wha struts an' stares, an' a' that ;  
 Though hundreds worship at his word,  
 He's but a cuif for a' that.  
 For a' that, an' a' that,  
 His ribband, star, an' a' that ;  
 The man of independent mind,  
 Can look, an' laugh at a' that.

The king can mak a belted knight,  
 A marquis, duke, an' a' that ;  
 An honest man's aboon his might,  
 Gude faith he maunna fa' that !  
 For a' that, an' a' that,  
 His dignities, an' a' that ;  
 The pith o' senes, an' pride o' worth,  
 Are grander far than a' that.

Then let us pray, that come it may,  
 As come it shall for a' that ;  
 That sense an' worth o'er a' the earth  
 Shall bear the gree, an' a' that.  
 For a' that, an' a' that,  
 Its comin' yet, for a' that ;  
 That man an' man, o'er a' the earth,  
 Shall brithers be an' a' that.

*Burns.*

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JAMIE, WI' HIS TARTAN PLAID.

TUNE—*Andro and his cutty gun.*

ON Hogmanai, as custom claims,
 Around the board we lichtit down,
 Wi' younkers, carles, an' winsome dames,
 The closing year wi' joy to crown :
 Whan started ben, wi' spunky sten,
 Like ony Hieland laird array'd,
 The wale o' social furthy men,
 Blythe Jamie, wi' his tartan plaid.

The laugh o' joy flew round about,
 Sae blythe were a' his face to see,
 The carles their snuff-mulls whiskit out,
 The brewster fill'd a bumper hie :
 He toom'd it aff, sync raised a sang,
 Nae minstrel e'er mair skill display'd :
 An' loud the dinsome plaudits rang,
 To Jamie, wi' his tartan plaid.

JAMIE WI' HIS TARTAN PLAID.



When started ben, wi' spunky sten,
Like ony highland laird array'd.

Engraved for Colquhoun's Collection of Scotch Songs.

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Whan Twal' the Clauchan bell did sound,
 And New-Year's morn gat welcome in,
 The mirth o' young an' auld was drown'd
 In rantin' Jamie's roarin' din.

Whan on the lasses lips sae sweet,
 The glowin' kisses thick were laid ;
 The loudest smacker in the leet,
 Was Jamie, wi' his tartan plaid.

Droll winsome tales an' jokes he'd broach,
 An' set them aff wi' sic an air,
 That crabbit carles wad hoast an' hotch,
 Wi' laughter till their sides were sair.
 An' then for wit, flash after flash,
 To glent like lightnin' still he made ;
 At aff-hand wit were nane sae gash,
 As Jamie, wi' his tartan plaid.

The bumper toasts he ca't about,
 I wat wi' muckle spunk an' glee ;
 Was aye the first to toom them out,
 An' twirl his glass that a' might see.
 An' whan our drinkers ceased to quaff,
 Sae doucely by their chair-feet laid,
 The cleverest cheil' to bear them aff,
 Was Jamie, wi' his tartan plaid.

Whan frae the misty sea the sun
 Cam furth the hours o' mirk to tame,
 Then wasna he the hinmost man
 Athort the lea to swagger hame.

Frae gloamin' till the larks sing hie,
 I've boused wi' monie a lightsome blade,
 But a' I ken maun yield the gree
 To Jamie, wi' his tartan plaid. G.

HOW SWEET THIS LONE VALE.

How sweet this lone vale, and how soothing to feel-
 ing,
 Yon nightingale's notes which in melody melt,
 Oblivion of woe, o'er my mind gently stealing,
 A pause from keen anguish a moment is felt.
 The moon's yellow light o'er the stilly lake sleep-
 ing;
 Ah! near the sad spot Mary sleeps in her tomb,
 Again the heart swells, the eye flows with weeping,
 And the sweets of the vale are all shadow'd with
 gloom. *Erskine.*

THE WORN SOLDIER.

THE Queensferry boatie rows light,
 And light is the heart that it bears,
 For it brings the poor soldier safe back to his home,
 From many long toilsome years.

How sweet are his green native hills,
 As they smile to the beams of the west,
 But sweeter by far is the sunshine of hope,
 That gladden's the soldier's breast.

I can well mark the tears of his joy,
 As the wave-beaten pier he ascends,
 For already, in fancy, he enters his home,
 'Midst the greetings of tender friends.

But fled are his visions of bliss,
 All his transports but rose to deceive,
 He found the dear cottage a tenantless waste,
 And his kindred all sunk in the grave.

Lend a sigh to the soldier's grief,
 For now he is helpless and poor,
 And, forced to solicit slender relief,
 He wanders from door to door.

To him let your answer be mild,
 And, O! to the sufferer be kind!
 For the look of indifference, the frown of disdain,
 Bear hard on a generous mind. *Tannahill.*

THE TRAVELLER'S RETURN.

WHEN silent time, wi' lightly foot,
 Had trod on thirty years,
 My native lan' I sought again,
 Wi' mony hopes and fears.

Wha kens gin the dear friends I left,
 Will still continue mine,
 Or gin I e'er again shall meet,
 The joys I left langsyne.

As I drew near my ancient pile,
 My heart beat a' the way ;
 Ilk place I pass'd seem'd yet to speak
 Of some dear former day ;
 'Those days that follow'd me afar,
 Those happy days o' mine,
 Which made me think that joys at hand
 Were naething to langsyne.

My ivy'd towers now met my view,
 Where minstrels used to blaw ;
 Nae friend stept forth wi' open arms,
 Nae weel-kend face I saw,
 Till Donald totter'd to the door,
 Whom I left in his prime,
 And grat to see the lad come back,
 He bore about langsyne.

I ran through ilka weel-kend room,
 In hopes to meet friends there ;
 I saw where ilk ane used to sit,
 And hung o'er ilka chair.
 Till saft oblivion drew her veil,
 Across these cen o' mine,
 I steck'd the door, and sabb'd aloud
 As I thought o' langsyne.

A new sprung race o' motley kind,
 Would now their welcome pay,
 Wha shudder'd at my Gothic wa's,
 And wish'd my groves away.
 Cut, cut, they cried, you gloomy trees,
 Lay low yon mournfu' pine;
 Ah no! your father's names grow there
 Memorials o' langsyne. *Miss Blamire.*

BONNY WOOD OF CRAIGIE LEA.

Thou bonny wood of Craigie lea,
 Thou bonny wood of Craigie lea,
 Near thee I pass'd life's early day,
 And won my Mary's heart in thee.

THE broom, the brier, the birken bush,
 Bloom bonny o'er the flowery lea,
 And a' the sweets that ane can wish
 Frae nature's hand are strew'd on thee.
 Thou bonny wood, &c.

Far ben thy dark green plantings shade,
 The cushat croodles am'rously,
 The mavis, down thy buighted glade,
 Gars echo ring frae every tree.
 Thou bonny wood, &c.

Awa', ye thoughtless, murd'ring gang,
 Wha tear the nestlings ere they flee!
 They'll sing you yet a canty sang,
 Then, O in pity let them be!
 Thou bonny wood, &c.

When winter blaws in sleety showers,
 Frae aff the Norlan hills sae hie,
 He lightly skiffs thy bonny bowers,
 As laith to harm a flower in thee.
 Thou bonny wood, &c.

Though fate should drag me south the line,
 Or o'er the wide Atlantic sea,
 The happy hours I'll ever mind,
 That I in youth hae spent in thee.
 Thou bonny wood, &c. *Tannahill.*

THE CHEVALIER'S LAMENT.

TUNE—*Captain O'Kain.*

THESE mall birds rejoice in the green leaves return-
 ing,
 The murmuring streamlet winds clear through
 the vale;
 The hawthorn trees blow in the dews of the morn-
 ing,
 And wild-scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green
 dale:

But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,
While the lingering moments are number'd by
care?

No flowers gaily springing, nor birds sweetly sing-
ing,

Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.

The deed that I dared could it merit their malice,
A king and a father to place on his throne?

His right are these hills and his right are these
valleys,

Where the wild beasts find shelter, but I can find
none.

But 'tis not my sufferings thus wretched, forlorn,

My brave gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I mourn:

Your deeds proved so loyal in hot bloody trial,

Alas! can I make it no better return! *Burns.*



FAREWELL THOU FAIR DAY.

FAREWELL thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye
skies,

Now gay with the broad setting sun!

Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties,

Our race of existence is run.

Thou grim king of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,

Go frighten the coward and slave!

Go teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! but know

No terrors hast thou to the brave.

Thou strik'st the dull peasant, he sinks in the dark,
 Nor saves even the wreck of a name :
 Thou strik'st the young hero, a glorious mark !
 He falls in the blaze of his fame.

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

EDINA! THOU DELIGHTFUL SEAT.

TUNE—*O Nannie, wilt thou gang wi' me.*

EDINA! thou delightful seat,
 Thou seat of beauty and of fame :
 To me nought now e'er sounds so sweet,
 Edina, as thy much-loved name !
 The sound is sweet, and yet ye powers,
 What sadness does it bring on me ;
 It conjures up the happy hours,
 Those hours, Edina! passed in thee.

Ah me! they never shall return,
 To cast on me one glad'ning ray ;
 But o'er their memory I must mourn,
 No hope gleams on my cheerless way.

No hope, that fair Edina's towers
 Shall e'er again be seen by me ;
 No hope, that e'er I'll pass such hours,
 As those, Edina ! pass'd in thee.

For far, oh ! far from thee I roam,
 And cheerless is each passing day ;
 No where have I to call a home,
 No friend beguiles my lonely way.
 Edina ! I'll ne'er see thy towers,
 Yet never from my mind they'll be ;
 But ah ! I ne'er shall pass such hours
 As those, Edina ! pass'd in thee. S.

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### NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

BUT are ye sure the news is true !  
 And are ye sure he's weel ?  
 Is this a time to ta'k o' wark ?  
 Ye jade, fling by your wheel !  
 Is this a time to ta'k o' wark,  
 When Colin's at the door ?  
 Rax me my cloak, I'll to the quay,  
 And see him come ashore.

For there's nae luck about the house,  
 There's nae luck ava ;  
 There's little pleasure in the house,  
 Whan our gudeman's awa'.

Rise up and mak a clean fire-side ;  
 Put on the muckle pat ;  
 Gie little Kate her cotton gown,  
 And Jock his Sunday's coat ;  
 And mak their shoon as black as slaes,  
 Their hose as white as snaw ;  
 It's a' to pleasure our gudeman,  
 He likes to see them braw.  
 For there's nae luck, &c.

There are twa hens into the crib,  
 Hae fed this month and mair,  
 Mak haste and thraw their necks about,  
 That Colin weel may fare ;  
 And spread the table neat and clean,  
 Gar ilka thing look braw,  
 It's a' for love o' our gudeman,  
 For he's been lang awa.  
 For there's nae luck, &c.

O gie me down my bigonet,  
 My bishop satin gown  
 And then gae tell the bailie's wife,  
 That Colin's come to town.  
 My Sunday's shoon they maun gae on,  
 My hose o' pearl blue ;  
 And a' to pleasure our gudeman,  
 For he's baith leal and true.  
 For there's nae luck, &c.

Sae sweet his voice, sae smooth his tongue,  
 His breath's like cauler air ;  
 His very tread has music in't,  
 As he comes up the stair.

And will I see his face again?  
 And will I hear him speak?  
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the joy,  
 In troth, I'm like to greet.  
 For there's nae luck, &c.

The cauld blast o' the winter wind,  
 That thirll'd through my heart,  
 Their a' blown by, I hae him safe,  
 Till death we'll never part:  
 But what puts parting in my head?  
 It may be far awa.  
 The present moment is our ain,  
 The neist we never saw.  
 For there's nae luck, &c.

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content;  
 I hae nae mair to crave;  
 Could I but live to mak him blest,  
 I'm blest aboon the lave.  
 And will I see his face again?  
 And will I hear him speak?  
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,  
 In troth, I'm like to greet.  
 For there's nae luck, &c. *Mickle.*

### TAK YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE

In winter when the rain rain'd cauld,  
 And frost and snaw on ilka hill,  
 And Boreas, wi' his blasts sac bauld,  
 Was threat'ning, a' our kye to kill,

Then Bell, my wife, wha lo'es nae strife,  
 She said to me, right hastily,  
 Get up, goodman, save Crummie's life,  
 And tak your auld cloak about ye.

My Crummie is a usefu' cow,  
 And she is come of a good kyne;  
 Aft has she wet the bairns' mou',  
 And I am laith that she should tyne;  
 Get up, gudeman, it is fu' time,  
 The sun shines frae the lift sae hie;  
 Sloth never made a gracious end,  
 Gae tak your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was ance a good grey cloak,  
 When it was fitting for my wear;  
 But now it's scantly worth a groat,  
 For I hae worn't this thretty year;  
 Let's spend the gear that we have won,  
 We little ken the day we'll die:  
 Then I'll be proud, since I hae sworn  
 To hae a new cloak about me.

In days when our king Robert rang,  
 His trews they cost but hauf-a-crown  
 He said they were a groat o'er dear,  
 And ca'd the tailor thief and loun;  
 He was the king that wore a crown,  
 And ye're a man of laigh degree,  
 'Tis pride puts a' the country down,  
 Sae tak your auld cloak about ye.

Every land has its ain laigh,  
 Ilk kind of corn has its ain hool,  
 I think the warld is a' run daft,  
 When ilka wife her man wad rule;  
 Do ye not see Rob, Jock, and Hab,  
 How they are girded gallantly,  
 While I sit hurklin in the ase;  
 I'll hae a new-cloak about me.

Gudeman, I wat, 'tis thretty years,  
 Since we did ane anither ken;  
 And we hae had, atween us twa,  
 Of lads and bonny lasses, ten:  
 Now they are women grown and men,  
 I wish and pray weel may they be;  
 And if you prove a gude husband,  
 E'en tak your auld cloak about ye.

Bell, my wife, she lo'es nae strife!  
 But she wad guide me, if she can,  
 And to maintain an easy life,  
 I aft maun yield, though I'm gudeman;  
 Nought's to be won at woman's hand,  
 Unless ye gie her a' the plea;  
 Sae I'll leave aff where I began,  
 And tak my auld cloak about me.

### THE BRAES O' DRUMLEE.

ERE eild wi' his blatters had warsled me down,  
 Or reft me o' life's youthfu' bloom,  
 How aft hae I gane, wi' a heart louping light,  
 To the knowes yellow tappit wi' broom!

How aft hae I sat i' the beild o' the knowe,  
 While the lav'rock mounted sae hie,  
 An' the mavis sang sweet in the plantings around,  
 On the bonny green braes o' Drumlee!

But, ah! while we daff in the sunshine o' youth,  
 We seena the blasts that destroy;  
 We countna upon the fell waes that may come,  
 An' eithly o'ercloud a' our joy.

I sawna the fause face that fortune can wear,  
 Till forced frae my country to flee,  
 Wi' a heart like to burst, while I sobbed "Fare-  
 weel  
 To the bonny green Braes o' Drumlee!

"Fareweel, ye dear haunts o' the days o' my youth,  
 Ye woods an' ye valleys sae fair;  
 Ye'll bloom whan I wander abroad like a ghaist,  
 Sair niddered wi' sorrow an' care.  
 Ye woods an' ye valleys, I part wi' a sigh,  
 While the flood it pours down frae my ee;  
 For never again shall the tear weet my cheek,  
 On the bonny green Braes o' Drumlee.

"O Time, could I tether your hours for a wee!  
 Na, na, for they flit like the wind!"——  
 Sae I took my departure, an' sauntered awa',  
 Yet aften looked wistfu' behind.  
 O sair is the heart o' the mither to twin  
 Wi' the baby that sits on her knee;  
 But sairer the pang, whan I took a last peep  
 O' the bonny green Braes o' Drumlee,

I heftit mang strangers years thretty-an'-twa,  
 But naething could banish my care;  
 An' aften I sigh'd whan I thought on the past,  
 Whare a' was sae pleasant an' fair;  
 But now, wae's my heart! whan I'm lyart an' auld,  
 An' fu' lint-white my haffet-locks flee,  
 I'm hamewards return'd wi' a remnant o' life,  
 To the bonny green Braes o' Drumlee.

Poor body! Bewildered, I scarcely dow ken  
 The haunts that were dear ance to me;  
 I yirded a plant in the days o' my youth,  
 An' the mavis now sings on the tree.  
 But, haith! there's nae scenes I wad niffer wi' thae;  
 For it fills my fond heart fu' o' glee,  
 To think how at last my auld banes they will rest  
 Near the bonny green Braes o' Drumlee.

*Gall.*

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JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

JOHN ANDERSON my jo, John, I wonder what you  
 mean,  
 To rise sae soon in the morning, and sit sae late at  
 e'en;  
 Ye'll blear out a' your een, John, and why should  
 you do so?  
 Gang sooner to your bed at e'en, John Anderson,  
 my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John, whan nature first  
 began  
 To try her canny hand, John, her master-work was  
 man ;  
 And you amang them a' John, sae trig frae tap to  
 toe,  
 She proved to be nae journey-work, John Anderson,  
 my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John, ye were my first  
 conceit,  
 And ye needna think it strange, John, though I ca'  
 ye trim and neat !  
 Though some folk say ye're auld, John, I never  
 think ye so,  
 But I think ye're aye the same to me, John Ander-  
 son, my jo.  
 John Anderson, my jo, John, we've seen our bairns'  
 bairns,  
 And yet my dear John Anderson, I'm happy in  
 your arms,  
 And sae are ye mine, John—I'm sure ye'll ne'er  
 say no,  
 Though the days are gane that we hae seen, John  
 Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John, what pleasure does  
 it gie,  
 To see sae many sprouts, John, spring up 'tween  
 you and me,  
 And ilka lad and lass, John, in our footsteps to go,  
 Makes perfect heaven here on earth, John Ander-  
 son, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John, when we were first  
 acquaint,  
 Your locks were like the raven, your bonny brow  
 was brent,  
 But now your head's turn'd bald, John, your locks  
 are like the snow,  
 Yet blessings on your frosty pow, John Anderson,  
 my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John, frae year to year  
 we've past,  
 And soon that year maun come, John, will bring  
 us to our last:  
 But letna that affright us, John, our hearts were  
 ne'er our foe,  
 While in innocent delight we lived, John Anderson,  
 my jo.  
 John Anderson, my jo, John, we clamb the hill  
 thegither,  
 And mony a canty day, John, we've had wi ane  
 anither;  
 Now we maun totter down, John, but hand in hand  
 we'll go,  
 And we'll sleep thegither at the foot, John Ander-  
 son, my jo.

*Burns.*

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### THE WANDERING BARD.

CHILL the wintry winds were blowing,  
 Foul the murky night was snowing,  
 Through the storm the Minstrel, bowing,  
 Sought the Inn on yonder moor.

All within was warm and cheary,  
 All without was cold and dreary,  
 There the wand'rer, old and weary,  
 Thought to pass the night secure.

Softly rose his mournful ditty,  
 Suiting to his tale of pity;  
 But the master, scoffing witty,  
 Check'd his strain with scornful jeer.  
 "Hoary vagrant, frequent comer,  
 Canst thou guide thy gains of summer?—  
 No, thou old intruding thrummer,  
 Thou canst have no lodging here."

Slow the Bard departed, sighing;  
 Wounded worth forbade replying;  
 One last feeble effort trying,  
 Faint he sunk no more to rise.  
 Through his harp, the breeze sharp ringing,  
 Wild his dying dirge was sighing,  
 While his soul, from insult springing,  
 Sought its mansion in the skies.

Now, though wintry winds be blowing,  
 Night be foul, with raining, snowing,  
 Still the traveller, that way going,  
 Shuns the Inn upon the moor.  
 Though within 'tis warm and cheary,  
 Though without 'tis cold and dreary,  
 Still he minds the Minstrel weary,  
 Spurn'd from that unfriendly door. *Tannahill.*

## THE BOATIE ROWS.

THE boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
 The boatie rows fu' weel :  
 Muckle luck attend the boats,  
 The murlain, and the creel.  
 Weel may the boatie row,  
 And better may't speed,  
 Weel may the boatie row,  
 That wins the bairns' bread.

I cuist my line in Largo bay,  
 And fishes I catch'd nine ;  
 'Twas three to boil, and three to fry,  
 And three to bait the line.  
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
 The boatie rows indeed,  
 And happy be the lot of a'  
 Who wishes her to speed.

O weel may the boatie row  
 That fills a heavy creel,  
 And cleads us a' frae head to feet,  
 And buys our porrich meal.  
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
 The boatie rows, indeed,  
 And happy be the lot of a'  
 That wish the boatie speed.

When Jamie vow'd he wad be mine,  
 And wan frae me my heart,  
 O muckle lighter grew my creel,  
 He swore we'd never part.  
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
 The boatie rows fu' weel,  
 And muckle lighter is the lade,  
 When love bears up the creel.

My kurtch I put upon my head,  
 And dress'd mysel' fu' braw,  
 I trow my heart was douf an' wae,  
 When Jamie gaed awa' ;  
 But weel may the boatie row,  
 And lucky be her part ;  
 And lightsome be the lassie's care,  
 That yields an honest heart.

When Sawney, Jock, and Janetie,  
 Are up, and gotten lear,  
 The'll help to gar the boatie row,  
 And lighten a' our care.  
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
 The boatie rows fu' weel,  
 And lightsome be her heart that bears  
 The murlin and the creel.

And when with age we're worn down,  
 And hirpling at the door,  
 The'll row to keep us dry and warm,  
 As we did them before.

Then weel may the boatie row,  
 She wins the bairns' bread;  
 And happy be the lot of a'  
 That wish the boatie speed.

*M'Ewen.*

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### THE MINSTREL.

KEEN blows the win' o'er Donocht-head,  
 The snaw drives snelly through the dale,  
 The Gaberlunzie tirls my sneck,  
 An', shiverin', tells his waefu' tale:

Cauld is the night, O let me in,  
 An' dinna let your minstrel fa',  
 An' dinna let his winding sheet  
 Be naething but a wreath o' snaw.

Full ninety simmers hae I seen,  
 An' pip't whar gorcocks whirring flew;  
 An' mony a day ye've danced, I ween,  
 To lilt that frae my drone I blew.

My Eppie wak't, an' soon she cried,  
 Get up, gudeman, an' let him in,  
 For weel ye ken the winter night  
 Seem't short when he began his din.

My Eppie's voice, O wow it's sweet!  
 E'en though she banns and scaulds a wee;  
 But when it's tuned to pity's tale,  
 O then it's doubly dear to me!

Come ben, auld carle, I'll rouse my fire,  
 An' mak it bleeze a bonnie flame;  
 Your blude is thin, ye've tint the gate;  
 Ye soudna stray sae far frae hame.

Nae hame hae I, the minstrel said,  
 Sad party strife o'erturn'd my ha',  
 An', weeping at the eve o' life,  
 I wander through the wreaths o' snaw.

## BESSY AND HER SPINNING-WHEEL.

TUNE—*Stirling Vale.*

O LEEZE me on my spinning-wheel,  
 O leeze me on my rock and reel;  
 Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bein,  
 And haps me fiel and warm at e'en.  
 I'll set me down, and sing and spin,  
 While laigh descends the simmer sun,  
 Blest wi' content, and milk and meal——  
 O leeze me on my spinning-wheel!

On ilka hand the burnies trot,  
 And meet below my theekit cot,  
 The scented birk and hawthorn white,  
 Across the pool their arms unite,  
 Alike to screen the birdie's nest,  
 And little fishes' cawler rest!  
 The sun blinks kindly on the biel',  
 Where blythe I turn my spinning-wheel.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,  
 And echo cons the doolfu' tale;  
 The lintwhite in the hazel braes,  
 Delighted, rival ither's lays;  
 The craik amang the claver hay,  
 The patrick whirring o'er the ley,  
 The swallow jinkin' roun my shiel',  
 Amuse me at my spinning-wheel.

Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy,  
 Aboon distress, below envy,  
 O wha wad leave this humble state,  
 For a' the pride o' a' the great!  
 Amid their flairing idle toys,  
 Amid their cumbrous dinsome joys,  
 Can they the peace and pleasure feel  
 Of Bessy at her spinning-wheel!

Burns.

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'TIS SWEET TO SEE.

TUNE—*Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon.*

'Tis sweet to see the beauteous spring  
 Give earth its rich and vernal hue;  
 'Tis sweet to see the blushing rose,  
 O'erspread with pearly drops of dew.  
 'Tis sweet to hear the linnet sing,  
 When wand'ring through the flowery field;  
 'Tis sweet to hear the instruments,  
 That purest harmony can yield!

'Tis sweeter far to see the fair,  
 For whom our heart with love hath burn'd;  
 'Tis sweeter far to see her blush,  
 And know our ardent love's return'd.  
 'Tis sweeter far to hear her sing  
 Some strain of heavenly melody;  
 'Tis sweeter far to hear her say,  
 She love's no soul on earth but thee. S.

WHEN JOHN AND ME WERE MARRIED.

TUNE—*Clean Pease-strae.*

WHEN John and me were married,  
 Our hading was but sma'.  
 For my minnie, canker't carling,  
 Wou'd gie us nocht ava;  
 I wair't my fee wi' canny care,  
 As far as it wou'd gae,  
 But weel I wat our bridal bed  
 Was clean pease-strae.

Wi' working late and early,  
 We're come to what you see,  
 For fortune thrave aneath our hands,  
 Sae eydent aye were we.  
 The lowe of love made labour light,  
 I'm sure ye'll find it sae,  
 When kind ye cuddle down, at e'en,  
 'Mang clean pease-strae.

The rose blooms gay on cairny brae,  
 As weel's in birken shaw,  
 And love will lowe in cottage low,  
 As weel's in lofty ha'.  
 Sae, lassie, take the lad ye like,  
 Whate'er your minnie say,  
 Though ye should make your bridal bed  
 Of clean pease-strae. *Tannahill.*

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THE BORDER WIDOW'S LAMENT.

My love built me a bonnie bower,
 And clad it a' wi' lily flower ;
 A brawer bower, ye ne'er did see,
 Than my true-love did build for me.

There came a man, by middle day,
 He spied his sport, and went his way ;
 He brought the King, at dead o' night,
 Wha brake my bower, and slew my knight.

He slew my knight, to me sae dear,
 He slew my knight, and poin'd his gear ;
 My servants all, for life did flee,
 And left me in extremitie.

I sew'd his sheet, making my mane ;
 I watch'd the corpse myself alane :
 I watch'd his body, night and day,
 No living creature came that way !

I took his body on my back,
 And whiles I gaed, and whiles I sat;
 I digg'd a grave, and laid him in,
 And happ'd him with the sod sae green!

But thinkna ye my heart was sair,
 When I laid the mould-on's yellow hair?
 O thinkna ye my heart was wae,
 When I turn'd round, away to gae?

Nae living man I'll love again,
 Since that my lovely knight is slain;
 Wi' ae lock o' his yellow hair
 I'll chain my heart for ever mair!

ADDRESS TO THE WOOD-LARK.

TUNE—*Locherrock Side*

O STAY, sweet warbling wood-lark, stay,
 Nor quit for me the trembling spray;
 A hapless lover courts thy lay,
 Thy soothing fond complaining.
 Again, again that tender part,
 That I may catch thy melting art;
 For surely that wad touch her heart,
 Wha' kills me wi' disdainin.
 Say, was thy little mate unkind,
 And heard thee as the careless wind?
 Oh, nocht but love and sorrow join'd,
 Sic notes o' woe could waukin.

Thou tells o' never-ending care;
 O' speechless grief; and dark despair!
 For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair:
 Or my poor heart is broken!

Burns.

RAB RORYSON'S BONNET.

TUNE—*The auld wife o' the glen.*

YE'LL a' hae heard tell o' Rab Roryson's bonnet,
 Ye'll a' hae heard tell o' Rab Roryson's bonnet,
 'Twas no for itsel', 'twas the head that was in it,
 Gar'd a' bodies talk o' Rab Roryson's bonnet.

This bonnet, that theekit his wonderfu' head,
 Was his shelter in winter, in summer his shade,
 And, at kirk or at market, or bridals, I ween,
 A braw gawcier bonnet there never was seen.

Wi' a round rosy tap, like a meikle blackboyd,
 It was sloush'd just a kening on either hand side,
 Some maintain'd it was black, some maintain'd it
 was blue,
 It had something o' baith as a body may trew.

But, in sooth, I assure you, for ought that I saw,
 Still his bonnet had naething uncommon ava,
 Though the hail parish talk'd o' Rab Roryson's
 bonnet,
 'Twas a' for the marvellous head that was in it.

That head—let it rest—it is now in the mools,
 Though in life a' the warld beside it were fools,
 Yet o' what kind o' wisdom his head was possest,
 Nane e'er kent but himsel', sae there's nane that
 will miss't. *Tannahill.*

THE LILY OF ST LEONARDS.

HAVE you seen in yonder glen?
 Far frae the haunts or tracts of men,
 Have you seen its fairest gem—
 The Lily of St Leonards?
 Lovely, sporting, young and gay,
 How she trips her rugged way!
 Glinting like the sunshine ray,
 O'er meadows and o'er craggs.

Have you seen her sylph-like form,
 Like the rainbow in the storm,
 Or the gilding of the morn,
 On hill or mountain brow?
 Have you seen her artless dance,
 Like the sparkling moonlight glance,
 That twitters in a fairy trance,
 O'er fields thick clad wi' snow?

Have you heard her morning sang
 Echoing woods and caves amang,
 Or answer'd by the dashing dang
 Of spouts and water driven?

Have you heard her evening prayer,
 When every thing was calm and fair,
 Breathing purer than the air,
 That wafted it to heaven?

Have you tried her angel mind,
 What, oh! what there could you find
 But generous passions strong and kind,
 And simple purity?

Simple, alas! untaught of ill,
 She yielded to a lover's will,
 He pluck'd the lily from the rill,
 To wither and to die!

Forgive ye whom our errors fin',
 She knew not what it was to sin,
 Her graces all were made to win,
 But none for to deny.

Forgive! for she has been forgiven!—
 She's paid the debt she owed to heaven;
 And does not malice 'gainst the livin'
 Turn mercy when they die?

THE BOATMAN.

THE boatman boldly push'd from shore,
 And spread his flapping sail;
 Ah! reckless of his coming fate,
 That linger'd in the gale.

Now bounding mid the boiling flood,
 His shallop cleaves her way,
 Her snorting bows the billows belch,
 And rear the drenching spray.

What prompts the boatman's ardent mind
 The mid-stream surge to seek ;
 When hearts unknown, to flinch are fain,
 To shelter in the creek ?

To-day the bridal feast is spread
 On Fortha's further side ;
 And soon to join in wedlock's bands,
 The bridegroom leads the bride.

This night the sprightly dance must wake
 For many a happy pair ;
 Yet marr'd would be the maiden's joys,
 Did he not foot it there.

And less replete the bridemen's glee,
 When round the healths they quaff,
 If not enliven'd by his jest,
 And mirth prolonging laugh.

Expectant of his coming sail,
 Impress'd with boding fear,
 His friends upon the sounding beach
 With anxious hearts appear.

And now the boatman's close-reef'd sail
 Heaves labouring, full in view ;
 Health's roseate tinge each cheek resigns
 To death's own pallid hue

For, lo! the death-fraught squall descends,
 The whelming surges swell,
 The sea-mew wailing, wakes his dirge,
 That crash his funeral knell.

The boatman rashly push'd from shore,
 And spread his flapping sail,
 Ah! reckless of his hapless fate,
 That linger'd in the gale. G.

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### FAREWELL TO FUNERY.

THE wind is fair, the day is fine,  
 And swiftly, swiftly runs the time;  
 I see the boat, I know her sign,  
 That wafts me far from Funery.

A thousand thousand tender ties  
 Unite my country and my sighs,  
 My heart within me almost dies,  
 To think of leaving Funery.

Oft with infant steps I've roll'd,  
 Where Fingal's castle stood of old,  
 And listen'd while the shepherds told  
 An ancient tale of Funery.

Oft have I sat at close of day,  
 Where Ossian sung his martial lay,  
 And view'd the sun's last setting ray,  
 Wandering on Dununery.

Alt-na-Caillach, gentle stream !  
 That murmurs softly by the green ;  
 What happy joyous days I've seen  
     Beside the stream of Funery.

And must I leave those happy scenes ;  
 Oh ! see them spread the swelling sail ;  
 Adieu ! a while, my native plains,  
     I must depart from Funery.

Farewell ye hills of storm and snow,  
 The wild resort of deer and roe ;  
 In peace your moorcocks now may crow,  
     Safe in the moor of Funery.

Must I pronounce that sacred name,—  
 Farewell my Father ! best of men,  
 Heaven's joys to thee remain,  
     Reverend man of Funery.

Mother ! a name forever dear,  
 Must I, must I leave thy care,  
 To view a world that's full of snare,  
     Far from thee and Funery.

Brothers, whom your grief conceal,  
 Sisters of my love, farewell !  
 Your tears suppress, your anguish quell,  
     Be happy still in Funery.

Archy ! my smiling darling child,  
 Your infant steps may heaven guide ;  
 On my return, O may I find  
     Thee smiling still in Funery.

No settled home on earth is found,  
 But all's a pilgrimage around,  
 Farewell a world of joyless sound,  
 Farewell, farewell to Funery.

But hope dispels this gloomy care,  
 That blessed scenes we yet shall share,  
 Happy as the days that were,  
 Within the manse of Funery.

*Morehead.*

### STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT.

THICKEST night o'erhang my dwelling!  
 Howling tempests o'er me rave!  
 Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,  
 Still surround my lonely cave!

Crystal streamlets gently flowing,  
 Busy haunts of base mankind,  
 Western breezes softly blowing,  
 Suit not my distracted mind.

In the cause of right engaged,  
 Wrongs injurious to redress,  
 Honour's war we strongly waged,  
 But the heavens denied success.

Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,  
 Not a hope that dare attend,  
 The wide world is all before us—  
 But a world without a friend.

*Burns.*

## BLYTHE AN' HAPPY ARE WE.

TUNE—*Andro and his cutty gun.*

Blythe, blythe, an' happy are we,  
 Cauld care is flegg'd awa';  
 This is but ae night o' our lives,  
 An' wha wad grudge though it were twa.

THE e'ening shade around is spread,  
 The chilling tempest sweeps the sky;  
 We're kindly met, an' warmly set,  
 An' streams o' nappy rinnin' by.  
 Blythe, &c.

While gettin' fou, we're great, I trow,  
 We scorn misfortune's sairest bangs;  
 The magic bowl can lift the soul  
 Aboon the world an' a' its wrangs.  
 Blythe, &c.

The days o' man are but a span,  
 This mortal life a passing dream,  
 Nought to illume the dreary gloom,  
 Save love an' friendship's sacred gleam.  
 Blythe, &c.

Then toom your glass to my sweet lass,  
 An' neist we'll turn it o'er to thine:  
 The glowin' breast that lo'es them best  
 Shall dearest ever be to mine.  
 Blythe, &c.

An' here's to you, my friend sae true,  
 May discord ne'er a feeling wound!  
 An' shou'd we flyte, ne'er harbour spite,  
 But in a bowl be't quickly drown'd.  
 Blythe, &c.

Now rap an' ring, an' gar them bring  
 The biggest stoupfu' yet we've seen:  
 Why shou'd we part, when hand an' heart  
 At ilka bumper grows mair keen?  
 Blythe, &c.

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### TODLEN BÛT, AND TODLEN BEN.

WHEN I've a saxpence under my thumb,  
 Then I'll get credit in ilka town;  
 But aye when I'm poor they bid me gang by:  
 O! poverty parts good company.  
 Todlen hame, todlen hame,  
 Cou'dna my love come todlen hame?

Fair-fa' the gudewife, and send her good sale,  
 She gies us white bannocks to drink her ale,  
 Syne that if her tippeny chance to be sma',  
 We'll take a good scour o't, and ca't awa'.  
 Todlen hame, todlen hame,  
 As round as a neep we'll come todlen hame.

My kimmer and I lay down to sleep,  
 Wi' twa pint stoups at our bed feet :  
 And aye when we waken'd we drank them dry :  
 What think ye o' my wee kimmer and I ?  
     Todlen but, and todlen ben,  
     Sae round as my love comes todlen hame.

Leeze me on liquor, my todlen dow,  
 Ye're aye sae good-humour'd when weeting your  
     mou' ;  
 When sober sae sour, ye'll fight wi' a flee ;  
 That its a blythe sight to the bairnies and me,  
     When todlen hame, todlen hame,  
     When round as a neep ye come todlen hame.

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### SCOTIA'S SONS.

TUNE—*Andro and his cutty gun.*

Blythe, blythe around the nappy,  
 Let us join in social glee ;  
 While we're here we'll hae a drappy,  
 Scotia's sons hae aye been free.

OUR auld forbears, when owre their yill,  
 And cantie bickers roun' did ca',  
 "Forsooth," they cried, "anither gill,  
 For sweer we are to gang awa."  
 Blythe, &c.

Some heartie cock would then hae sang  
 An auld Scotch sonnet aff wi' glee,  
 Syne pledged his cog—the chorus rang,  
 “Auld Scotia and her sons are free.”

Blythe, &c.

Thus cracks, and jokes, and sangs gaed roun',  
 Till morn the screens o' light did draw,  
 Yet driech to rise, the carles roun'  
 Cry'd “*Deuch-an-dhoris*, then awa.”

Blythe, &c.

The landlord then the nappy brings,  
 An toasts, ‘fu’ happy a’ may be,’  
 Syne tooms the cog—the chorus rings,  
 “Auld Scotia’s sons shall aye be free.”

Blythe, &c.

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

Blythe, &c.

*M’Phail.*

### WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT.

O, WILLIE brew'd a peck o' maut,  
 And Rob and Allan cam to pree:  
 Three blyther hearts, that lee-lang night,  
 Ye wadna find in Christendie.

We are na fou, we're nae that fou,  
 But just a drappie in our ee ;  
 The cock may crawl, the day may daw,  
 But aye we'll taste the barley bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,  
 Three merry boys I trow are we ;  
 And monie a night we've happy been,  
 And monie mae we hope to be !  
 We are na fou, &c.

It is the moon, I ken her horn,  
 That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie ;  
 She shines sae bright to wale us hame,  
 But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee !  
 We are na fou, &c.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,  
 A cuckold, coward loun is he !  
 Wha last beside his chair shall fa',  
 He is the king amang us three !  
 We are na fou, &c. *Burns.*

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### DRUNKEN WIFE O' GALLOWAY.

DOWN in yon meadow a couple did tarry,  
 The goodwife drank naething but sack and canary ;  
 The goodman complain'd to her friends right early,  
 O ! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly,  
 Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,  
 O ! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

First she drank Crommie, and syne she drank Garie,  
 And syne she drank my bonny gray marie,  
 That carried me through a' the dubs and the lairie.  
 O! gin, &c.

She drank her hose, she drank her shoon,  
 And syne she drank her bonny new gown;  
 She drank her sark that cover'd her rarely.  
 O! gin, &c.

Wad she drank her ain things, I wadna care,  
 But she drinks my claise I canna weel spare;  
 When I'm wi' my gossips, it angers me sairly.  
 O! gin, &c.

My Sunday's coat she's laid it in wad,  
 The best blue bonnet e'er was on my head;  
 At kirk and at market I'm cover'd but barely.  
 O! gin, &c.

My bonny white mittens I wore on my han's,  
 Wi' her neibour's wife she has laid them in pawns;  
 My bane-headed staff that I loo'd so dearly.  
 O! gin, &c.

I never was for wrangling nor strife,  
 Nor did I deny her the comforts of life;  
 For when there's a war I'm aye for a parley.  
 O! gin, &c.

When there's ony siller, she maun keep the purse;  
 If I seek but a bawbie, she'll scold and she'll curse;  
 She lives like a queen, I scrimped and sparely.

O! gin, &c.

A pint wi' her kimmers I wad her allow,  
 When she sits down, she gets hersel' fu',  
 And when she is fu' she is unco camstairie.

O! gin, &c.

When she comes to the street, she roars and she  
 rants,  
 Has no fear for her neibours, nor minds the house  
 wants;  
 She rants up some fool sang, Cheer up ye're heart  
 Charlie.

O! gin, &c.

When she comes hame she lays on the lads,  
 The lasses she ca's baith limmers and jades,  
 And ca's mysel' an auld cuckold carlic.

O! gin, &c.

### THE SOCIAL FEW.

TUNE—*Andro and his cully gun.*

Blythe, blythe, let's be thegither,

Happy we'll be ane an' a',

Though days are gane that we hae seen,

When we the bicker aft cou'd ea'.

The times are sairly changed now,  
 We hardly can get meat ava;  
 Yet let us hae anither gill,  
 Before we rise to gang awa'.

Blythe, &c.

Sae gies a sang to cheer us up,  
 An' let us join in chorus a',  
 For seldom we meet a' thegither,  
 An' sweer we are to gang awa'.

Blythe, &c.

Sae hear's to ilka social soul

Wha'll pledge us in a glass or twa ;

An' may we never want the heart

To gie ane when we hae't ava.

Blythe, &c.

C.

#### PARODY ON THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

The last glass of brandy was standing alone,  
 All its charming companions were emptied and  
 gone ;

No glass of its kindred—no wine-cup stood nigh,  
 To reflect back its lustre, or beam to the eye.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, here thus to  
 decay,

Since thy kindred have left thee, to them bear  
 away ;

Thus kindly the liquor I bore to my head,  
Then flung back the glass 'mongst the shiver'd and  
dead!

And I said, let me follow at pleasure's decay,  
Since from mirth's joyous circle each prop's fallen  
away;  
Then o'er my companions, dead-drunk scatter'd  
round,  
I stagger'd—I stumbled—and sunk to the ground.  
G.

### CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN.

THERE'S cauld kail in Aberdeen,  
And castocks in Stra'boggie,  
Where ilka lad maun hae his lass,  
But I maun hae my coggie.

For I maun hae my coggie, sirs,  
I canna want my coggie;  
I wadna gie my three-gird cog  
For a' the wives in Boggie.

Johnny Smith has got a wife  
Wha scrimps him o' his coggie:  
But were she mine, upon my life,  
I'd dook her in a boggie.

For I maun hae my coggie, sirs,

I canna want my coggie;

I wadna gie my three-gird cog

For a' the wives in boggie.

Twa or three todlin weans they hae,

The pride o' a' Stra'boggie;

Whene'er the totums cry for meat,

She curses aye his coggie;

Crying, wae betide the three-gird cog!

Oh, wae betide the coggie!

It does mair skaith than a' the ills,

That happen in Stra'boggie.

She fand him ance at Willie Sharp's;

And, what we maist did laugh at,

She brak the bicker, spilt the drink,

'And tightly gouff'd his haffet.

Crying, wae betide the three-gird cog!

Oh, wae betide the coggie!

It does mair skaith than a' the ills,

That happen in Stra'boggie.

Yet here's to ilka honest soul

Wha'll drink wi' me a coggie;

And for ilk silly whinging fool,

We'll dook him in the boggie.

For I maun hae my coggie, sirs,  
 I canna want my coggie;  
 I wudna gie my three-girdleog  
 For a' the queans in Boggie.

### AULD GUDEMAN, &c.

TUNE—*East Nook o' Fife.*

“ AULD gudeman, ye're a drunken carle, drunken  
 carle,  
 A' the lang day ye wink and drink, and gape and  
 gaunt;  
 Of sottish loons ye're the pink and pearl, pink and  
 pearl,  
 Ill-far'd, doited, ne'er-do-week.”

Hech, gudewife! ye're a flytin' body, flytin' body;  
 Will ye hae, but, gude be praised, the wit ye want;  
 The puttin' cow should be aye a doddy, aye a  
 doddy,  
 Makna sic an awsome reel.

“ Ye're a sow, auld man,  
 Ye get fou, auld man,  
 Fy shame, auld man,  
 To your wame, auld man,  
 Pinch'd I win, wi' spinnin' tow,  
 A plack to cleed your back and pow.”

It's a lie, gudewife,  
 It's your tea, gudewife ;  
 Na, na, gudewife,  
 Ye spend a', gudewife ;  
 Dinna fa' on me pell-mell,  
 Ye like a drap fu' weel yoursel'.

“ Ye's rue, auld gowk, your jest and frolic, jest  
 and frolic,  
 Dare ye say, goose, I ever liked to tak a drappy,  
 An' 'twerna just to cure the cholic, cure the cholic,  
 De'il a drap wad weet my mou'.”

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

“ I'm wrang, auld John,  
 Owre lang, auld John,  
 For nought, gude John,  
 We hae fought, gude John ;  
 Let's help to bear ilk ither's weight,  
 We're far owre feckless now to feight.”

Ye're right, gudewife,  
 The night, gudewife ;  
 Our cup, gude Kate,  
 We'll sup, gude Kate ;  
 Thegither frae this hour we'll draw,  
 And toom the stoup atween us twa !

*Boswell*

## THE COGGIE.

TUNE—*Cauld kail in Aberdeen.*

WHEN poortith cauld, and sour disdain,  
 Hang o'er life's vale sae foggie,  
 The sun that brightens up the scene,  
 Is friendship's kindly coggie.  
 Then, O revere the coggie, sirs,  
 The friendly, social coggie ;  
 It gars the wheels o' life rin light,  
 Though e'er sae doilt and cloggie.

Let pride in fortune's chariots fly,  
 Sae empty, vain, and voggie ;  
 The source of wit, the spring of joy,  
 Lies in the social coggie.  
 Then, O revere the coggie, sirs,  
 The independent coggie ;  
 And never snool beneath the frown  
 Of onie selfish roggie.

Poor modest worth, with heartless ee,  
 Sits hurkling in the boggie,  
 Till she asserts her dignity  
 By virtue of the coggie.  
 Then, O revere the coggie, sirs,  
 The poor man's patron coggie ;  
 It warsels care, it fights life's faughts,  
 It lifts him frae the boggie.

Gie feckless Spain her weak snail broo,  
 Gie France her weel spiced froggie,  
 Gie brither John his luncheon too,  
 But gie to us our coggie.

Then, O revere the coggie, sirs,  
 Our kind heart-warming coggie;  
 We doubly feel the social tie,  
 When just a wee thought groggie.

In days of yore our sturdy sires,  
 Upon their hills sae scroggie,  
 Glow'd with true freedom's warmest fires,  
 And fought to save their coggie.

Then, O revere the coggie, sirs,  
 Our brave forefather's coggie;  
 It rous'd them up to doughty deeds,  
 O'er which we'll lang be voggie.

Then, here's may Scotland ne'er fa' down,  
 A scringing coward doggie,  
 But bauldly stand, and bang the loon  
 Wha'd reave her of her coggie.

Then, O protect the coggie, sirs,  
 Our good auld mither's coggie;  
 Nor let her luggie e'er be drain'd  
 By onie foreign roggie.

*Tannahill.*

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### GUDEWIFE COUNT THE LAWIN.

GANE is the day, and mirk's the night,  
 But we'll ne'er stray for faut o' light,  
 For ale and brandy's stars and moon,  
 And blude-red wine's the risin' sun.

Then gudewife count the lawin,  
 The lawin, the lawin,  
 Then gudewife count the lawin,  
 And bring a coggie mair.

There's wealth and ease for gentlemen,  
 And semple-folk maun fecht and fen' ;  
 But here we're a' to ae accord,  
 For ilka man that's drunk's a lord.  
     Then gudewife count, &c.

My coggie is a haly pool,  
 That heals the wound o' care and dool ;  
 And pleasure is a wanton trout,  
 An' ye drink it a', ye'll find him out.  
     Then gudewife count, &c.

*Burns.*

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MY WIFE SHE'S TA'EN THE GEE.

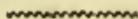
A FRIEND of mine came here yestreen,
 And he wou'd hae me down
 To drink a bottle of ale wi' him
 In the neist borrows town.
 But, O! indeed it was, Sir,
 Sae far the war for me ;
 For lang or e'er that I came hame
 My wife had ta'en the gee.

We sat sae late, and drank sae stōut,
 The truth I tell to you,
 That e'er the middle o' the night,
 We were a' roaring fou.

My wife sits at the fire-side,
 And the tears blinds aye her ee,
 The ne'er a bed will she gae to,
 But sit and tak the gee.

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

When that she heard, she ran, she flang
 Her arms about my neck;
 And twenty kisses in a crack,
 And, poor wee thing, she grat.
 If ye'll ne'er do the like again,
 But bide at hame wi' me,
 I'll lay my life I'se be the wife
 That ne'er will tak the gee.



LAST NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

TUNE—*Willie brew'd a peck o' maut.*

LAST new-year's day I chanced to meet
 Wi' twa-three social friends sae fain,
 An' we agreed to hae a bouse,
 We kentna if we'd meet again.

For we were laith, indeed, to part,
 A jovial crew met were we a',
 An' aye we drank the lea-lang night,
 An' sweer we were to gang awa.

The cog we did ca' aft about,
 We toom'd it aye, baith ane an' a';
 We never flinch'd, but to our posts,
 As lang as we could quaff at a'.
 For we were laith, &c.

The night we pass'd in mirth and fun,
 Joy beam'd fu' bright in ilka ee;
 The sang gaed round an' round about,
 An' jokes we crack'd wi' hamely glee.
 For we were laith, &c. C.

GIE ME BUT HIELAND WHISKY, O.

TUNE—*Green grow the rashes.*

Gie me but Hieland whisky, O!
 Gie me but Hieland whisky, O!
 I never fash mysel' wi' care,
 Gin I hae routh o' whisky, O!

It cheers the spirit, warms the blude,
 An' maks us skeigh an' vauntie, O;
 The very look o't does me gude,—
 The thocht o't maks me canty, O!

O for Hieland whisky, O !
 O for Hieland whisky, O !
 Friends it creates, an' southers strife :
 Auld Gilead's Balm was whisky, O !

This life is but a tiresome road,
 To gang alane is eerie, O ;
 What, whan we meet in friendship sweet,
 But whisky maks us cheerie, O !
 A waught o' Hieland whisky, O ;
 A waught o' Hieland whisky, O ;
 Whan owre life's brae we haud our way,
 There's naething cheers like whisky, O !

An' sic its powers, it maks ane brave,
 An' firm, an' bauld, an' frisky, O ;
 Ae waught gies freedom to the slave,
 An' poortith's drown'd in whisky, O !
 Just routh o' Hieland whisky, O ;
 Just routh o' Hieland whisky, O ;
 I'd face a hunner deils or mae,
 Whan primed wi' Hieland whisky, O !
T. A.



WEEL MAY WE A' BE.

TUNE—*Hey tuttie tuitee.*

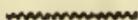
WEEL may we a' be,
 Ill may we never see ;
 Here's to the king
 And the good company.

Fill, fill a bumper high ;
 Drain, drain your glasses dry,
 Out upon him, fie ! O fie !
 That winna do't again.

Here's to the king, boys !
 Ye ken wha I mean, boys ;
 And every honest man, boys,
 That will do't again.
 Fill, fill, &c.

Here's to a' the chieftains
 Of the gallant Scottish clans ;
 They hae done it mair than anes,
 And they'll do't again.
 Fill, fill, &c.

When the pipes begin to strum
 Tuttie, tattie, to the drum,
 Out claymore, down the gun,
 And to the knaves again.
 Fill, fill, &c.



THE OLD MAN'S WISH.

WHEN the sun of my life is on the decline,
 And youth's sports and pleasures no more can be
 mine ;
 May I have a warm house in a neat country town,
 And a good easy horse to pad up and down.

May I govern my passions with absolute sway,
 And grow wiser and better as strength wears
 away,
 Without gout or the stone, by a gentle decay.

Some pleasing old authors may I have at my hand,
 And gay cheerful companions a jovial band ;
 Good pudding, stout ale, and a pint bottle of wine,
 May I have placed before me each day as I dine.
 May I govern my passions, &c.

With courage undaunted may I face my last day,
 And when I am gone may the better sort say,—
 In the morning when sober, in the evening when
 mellow,
 He's gone, and not left behind him his fellow !
 For he govern'd his passions with absolute sway,
 And grew wiser and better as strength wore
 away,
 Without gout or the stone, by a gentle decay.*
 S.

~~~~~

### O GUDE ALE COMES.

O GUDE ale comes, and gude ale goes,  
 Gude ale gars me sell my hose,  
 Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon,  
 Gude ale keeps my heart aboon.

\* The chorus and last stanza is old.

Gude ale keeps me bare and busy,  
 Gars me tipple till I be dizzy ;  
 And laugh in houp when a' is done—  
 Gude ale hauds my heart aboon.

I had six owsen in a pleugh,  
 They drew a' weel eneugh ;  
 I sell'd them just ane by ane,  
 Gude ale keeps my heart aboon.  
 I keptit sax groats for twa lang weeks,  
 Till they maist brunt my hodden brecks,  
 But I sloken'd the limmers, ane by ane,  
 Gude ale keeps my heart aboon.

Gude ale's the medicine oft spaed of,  
 The very stuff that life is made of,  
 Dropt in a receipt frae the moon,  
 To keep men's sinking hearts aboon.  
 I wish their fa' may be a gallows,  
 Winna gie gude ale to gude fallows,  
 And keep a soup to the afternoon,  
 Gude ale keeps my heart aboon.

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### MY KIMMER AND I.

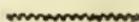
WHAN Kimmer and I were groom and bride,  
 We had twa pint stoups at our bed side ;  
 Sax times fu' and sax times dry,  
 And raise for drouth—my Kimmer and I.

My Kimmer and I gade to the fair,  
 Wi' twal pun' Scots, sarking to ware:  
 But we drank the gude brown hawkie dry,  
 And sarkless hame came Kimmer an' I.

My Kimmer and I gade to the town,  
 For wedding-breeks an' a wedding-gown;  
 But the sleekie auld priest he wat our eye  
 In sackcloth gowns—my Kimmer an' I.

My Kimmer and I are scant o' claes,  
 Wi' soups o' drink and soups o' brose;  
 But late we rise and soon gae lie,  
 And cantilie live—my Kimmer an' I.

My Kimmer is auld, my Kimmer is bent,  
 And I'm gaun louting owre a kent;  
 The well o' life is dribbling dry,  
 An' drouthie, drouthie's Kimmer an' I.



## ON HANDSEL MONDAY.

TUNE—*Gow's fareweel to whisky.*

ON handsel Monday when we meet,  
 I wat we are a jovial leet,  
 For blythe and merry we a get  
     On gude auld Hieland whisky, O.  
 Our friends they are collectit a',  
 I trow our meeting isna sma',  
 For we hae auld and young, and a'  
     To prec our Hieland whisky, O.

We hae our bairns' bairns a' here,  
 They come our auld hearts for to cheer,  
 Which keeps our house a' in a steer,  
     For aye they're at the whisky, O.  
 But blythe and happy we are a',  
 And aft the bicker round does ca'  
 To treat our nei'bour, ane and a',  
     Wi' routh o' Heiland whisky, O.

If ilka family were sae leal  
 And happy as we aye do feel,  
 When we thegither tak the fiel',  
     Wi' plenty o' gude whisky, O.  
 Then nane wad hae to fear, I trow,  
 The de'il, or ony siclike crew,  
 Our enemies they wad be few,  
     As lang's we'd Hieland whisky, O.      C.

~~~~~

THE COGGIE.

TUNE—*Locherroch Side.*

LET bardies tune the rural strain,
 And sing the loves o' nymph or swain,
 Or mourn the hapless lover's pain,
 That's slighted by his dearie.
 But me, nae tale o' love-sick dame,
 Shall lighten to the paths o' fame,
 My dearest joy, my only theme,
 Shall be a social coggie.

In morn o' life, wi' cantie glee,
 We mark wi' youthfu' fancy's ee,
 Our daddie's roun' the barley bree,
 Fu' couth an' unco cheerie.
 But when to manhood's height we speel,
 An' meet through life some hearty chiel',
 In friendship's glow, it's when we feel,
 The pleasures o' the coggie.

Through life, when fortune turns her wheel,
 And ruin's blast blaws roun' our biel,
 Nae frien'ly han' then near to shiel,
 But a' gae tapsalteerie ;
 E'en then, wi' some leal-hearted frien',
 Wha's life ance happier days hae seen,
 We baith on hope our sorrows lean,
 And cry, " anither coggie."

See lyart age, wi' joyless years,
 On life's dark brink wi' dowie fears,
 Nae fostering hope his bosom cheers,
 The prospect's dark and drearie :
 E'en then, when tales o' auld lang syne
 Bring youthfu' cantie days to min',
 'Mang former joys our cares we tyne,
 An' toom the cheering coggie.

Thus, ilka scene o' life we see
 Is strongly mark'd wi' social glee ;
 Then let us taste the joys that flee—
 In youth or age be cheerie.

Then roun' when social spirits join,
 An' hearts an' han's in friendship twine,
 Owre whisky, nappy yill, or wine,
 'Tis still a social coggie.

M. Phail.

ANDRO AND HIS CUTTY GUN.

BLYTHE, blythe, blythe was she,
 Blythe was she but and ben ;
 And weel she loo'd a Hawick gill,
 And leugh to see a tappit hen.
 She took me in, and set me down,
 And hecht to keep me lawing-free ;
 But, cunning carling that she was,
 She gart me birl my bawbie.

We loo'd the liquor well enough ;
 But waes my heart my cash was done,
 Before that I had quench'd my drouth,
 And laith I was to pawn my shoon.
 When he had three times toom'd our stoup,
 And the neist chappin new begun,
 Wha started in, to heeze our hope,
 But Andro, wi' his cutty gun.

The carling brought her kebbuck ben,
 With girdle-cakes weel toasted brown,
 Weel does the canny kimmer ken
 They gar the swats gae glibber down.

We ca'd the bicker aft about ;
 Till dawning we ne'er jee'd our bun,
 And aye the cleanest drinker out,
 Was Andro, wi' his cutty gun.

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

THE FIDDLER.

TUNE—*Todlen butt, an' todlen ben.*

WHA'S blyther than me, though the warld hauds
 me poor,
 An' thinks I'm ill aff, that I lie on the floor
 O' a barn mony a night, but I just sleep as soun',
 As some wha maun toss on a bedfu' o' down.
 Daunerin up, an' daunerin down,
 I keep daunerin aye 'tween the kintra an' town.

Let me gang where I like, aye a welcome I fin',
 For folk think fun an' me maun be very near kin,

Since when'er I screw up my thairm pins for a
reel,
The world's cankerin cares are pack'd aff to the
deil.

I gang daunerin up, an' daunerin down,
An' mak blythe in their turn baith the kintra
an' town.

Gie's a waught o' your nappy, *that* rosin's my bow,
An' gars me play wi' bir, though it whitens my
pow,

But music is drouthy,—the muses like drink,
Castaly was punch,—Helicon whisky skink.

Nócht's like lifting this up, an' pouring this
down,

Oh! it's that keeps me daunerin sae blythe up
an' down. T. A.

CONTENTED WI' LITTLE.

TUNE—*Lumps o' Puddings.*

CONTENTED wi' little, and cantie wi' mair,
When'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care,
I gie them a skelp as they're creeping alang,
Wi' a cog o' gude swats, an' an auld Scottish sang.

I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought ;
But man is a sodger, an' life is a faught.

My mirth an' gude humour are coin in my pouch,
An' my freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare
touch.

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

Blind chance, let her snapper an' stoyte on her
way;

Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae:
Come ease, or come travel; come pleasure or pain!
My warst word is,—Welcome an' welcome again.

Burns.

GOW'S FAREWEEL TO WHISKY.

You've surely heard o' famous Neil,
The man that play'd the fiddle weel,
I wat he was a canty cheil',

And dearly lo'ed the whisky, O.

And aye sin' he wore tartan trews,
He dearly lo'ed the Athol brose;

And wae was he, you may suppose,
To play fareweel to whisky, O.

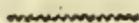
Alack, quoth Neil, I'm frail and auld,
And find my blude grows unco cauld,
I think 'twad mak me blythe and bauld,

A wee drap Hieland whisky, O.

The doctors they do a' agree,
 That whisky's no the drink for me :
 Saul ! quoth Neil, 'twill spoil my glee,
 Should they part me and whisky, O.

Though I can baith get wine and ale,
 And find my head and fingers hale,
 I'll be content, though legs should fail,
 To play fareweel to whisky, O.
 But still I think on auld lang syne,
 When Paradise our friends did tyne,
 Because something ran in their min',
 Forbid, like Hieland whisky, O.

Come, a' ye Powers o' Music ! come,
 I find my heart grows unco glum ;
 My fiddle-strings they'll no play bum,
 To say, Fareweel to whisky, O.
 I'll tak my fiddle in my hand,
 And screw the pegs up while they'll stand,
 To mak a lamentation grand,
 On gude auld Hieland whisky, O



THOUGH POVERTY PINCHES.

TUNE—*Todlen hame.*

THOUGH poverty pinches an' snirls me right sair,
 Yet the stoup an' the cappie will cure a' my care ;
 An' while I have a goat to clink in my fab,
 Or a wee drap o' whisky to gust my bit gab,

I gang todlen butt, an' todlen ben,
 An' cock up my nose 'mang the proudest
 o' men.

Although fickle fortune, that bliakin'-like bitch,
 Has kicket me out o' the hands o' the rich,
 An' cauket me down in her freaks an' her fun,
 To warsle through life wi' my nose to the grun,
 I'll gang todlen butt, an' todlen ben,
 An' I'll ne'er grudge a saxpence while I
 hae it to spen'.

Yet I'm whiles gye an' chawt when I think on my
 doom,
 Wi' my auld tatter'd coat, an' my pouches but
 toom;
 Yet I'll drown a' my care wi' the ither bit waught,
 Wi' the stoup an' the cappie I'll feight this life's
 faught.
 I'll gang todlen butt, an' todlen ben,
 An' it's nonsense to grudge if a body can
 fen'.

Yet I'd fain be a laird, wi' a fine carpet room,
 Wi' my ready bit saxpence under my thum';
 They can drink wi' the best, an' puir bodies like
 me,
 Though the cholic shou'd 'tack us, can ne'er get a
 pree.
 Yet we'll gang todlen butt, an' todlen ben,
 An' will aye be content wi' what fortune
 will sen'.

The neighbours, they say that I'm gi'en up to drink,
How the de'il can I get it, when I'm scant o' the
clink ;

For ye ken yoursel's what a cankert like gloom
Roger's triumph's on ilk face when our pouches are
toom.

I'll gang todlen butt, an' todlen ben,
An' they'll ne'er bid us taste o' their bonny
black hen.

Ye sour-looking sages, in vain do you blame
Puir todlen bodies for stachering hame ;
Wi' the spark in our throats we maun e'en hae a
douk,

Though baith purse an' cleading be sair in the pouk,
We'll gang todlen butt, an' todlen ben,
Though our coats be right tatter'd, they'll
aiblins men'.

Then round wi' the cappie, the stoupie, an' a',
It's time enough yet to gang todlen awa ;
For nae todlen body, e'er thought it a sin,
To gang todlen hame, baith doited an' blin'.
We'll gang todlen butt, an' todlen ben,
An' we'll stick by the stoupie for ever, Amen.

THE WEE WIFIEKIE.

THERE was a wee bit wifiekie, was comin' frae the
fair,
Had got a we ebit drappiekie, that bred her meikle
care ;

It gaed about the wifie's heart, and she began to
spew,

O! quo' the wee wifiekie, I wish I binna fou.

I wish I binna fou, quo' she, I wish I binna fou,

Oh! quo' the wee wifiekie, I wish I binna fou.

If Johnnie find me barley-sick, I'm sure he'll claw
my skin;

But I'll lie down and tak a nap before that I gae in.

Sitting at the dyke-side, and taking o' her nap,

By came a packman wi' a little pack,

Wi' a little pack, quo' she, wi' a little pack,

By came a packman wi' a little pack.

He's clippit a' her gowden locks sae bonnie and sae
lang;

He's taen her purse and a' her placks, and fast awa
he ran:

And when the wifie waken'd, her head was like a
bee,

Oh! quo' the wee wifiekie, this is nae me.

This is nae me quo' she, this is nae me,

Somebody has been felling me, and this is nae
me.

I met with kindly company, and birl'd my bawbee!

And still, if this be Bessukie, three placks remain
wi' me:

But I will look the pursie nooks, see gin the canzie
be;—

There's neither purse nor plack about me!—this is
nac me.

This is nae me, quo' she, this is nae me,
Somebody has been felling me, and this is nae
me.

But I have a little housiekie, and a kindly man,
A dog, they ca' him Dousiekie; if this be me he'll
fawn,
And Johnnie, he'll come to the door, and kindly
welcome gie,
And a' the bairns on the floor will dance if this be
me.

This is nae me, quo' she, this is nae me,
Somebody has been felling me, and this is nae
me.

The night was late, and dang out weet, and O but
it was dark;

The doggie heard a body's foot, and he began to
bark.

O when she heard the doggie bark, and kenning it
was he,

O weel ken ye, Dousiekie, quo' she, this is nae me,
This is nae me, quo' she, this is nae me,
Somebody has been felling me, and this is nae
me.

When Johnnie heard his Bessie's word, fast to the
door he ran;

Is that you, Bessukie?—Wow na, man!

Be kind aye to the bairns, and weel may ye be;

And fareweel, Johnnie, quo' she, this is nae me!

This is nae me, quo, she, this is nae me,
Somebody has been felling me, and this is nae
me.

John ran to the minister, his hair stood a' on end,
I've gotten sic a fright, sir, I fear I'll never mend;
My wife's come hame without a head, crying out
most piteously,

O fareweel, Johnnie, quo' she, this is nae me!
This is nae me, quo' she, this is nae me,
Somebody has been felling me, and this is nae
me.

The tale you tell, the parson said, is wonderful to
me,

How that a wife, without a head, could speak, or
hear, or see!

But things that happen hereabout, so strangely al-
ter'd be,

That I could maist wi' Bessie say, 'tis neither you
nor she.

Neither you nor she, quo' he, neither you nor she,
Wow na, Johnnie, 'tis neither you nor she.

Now Johnnie he came hame again, and oh! but he
was fain,

To see his little Bessukie come to hersel' again.

He got her sitting on a stool wi' Tibbuck on her
knee:

Oh! come awa, Johnnie, quo' she, come awa to me,
For I've got a nap wi' Tibbiekie, and this is now
me.

This is now me, quo' she, this is now me,
I've got a nap wi' Tibbiekie, and this is now me.

Dr. A. Geddes.

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### COGGIE, THOU HEALS ME.

DOROTHY sits i' the cauld ingle neuk,  
Her rosy red neb's like a labster tae,  
Wi' girning, her mou's like the gab o' the fleuk,  
Wi' smoking, her teeth's like the jet o' the slae.  
And aye she sings, weel's me, aye she sings, weel's  
me,  
Coggie, thou heals me, coggie, thou heals me,  
Aye my best friend, when there's ony thing ails  
me,  
Ne'er shall we part till the day that I die.

Dorothy ance was a weel-tocher'd lass,  
Had charms like her nei'bour's, and lovers anew,  
But she spited them sae, wi' her pride and her  
sauce,  
They left her for thirty lang summers to rue.  
Then aye she sang, waes me, aye she sang, waes  
me,  
O I'll turn crazy, O I'll turn crazy,  
Naething in a' the wide world can ease me,  
De'il tak the wooers—O what shall I do.

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AULD LANGSYNE.



And here's a hand my trusty friend,  
And gie's a hand o' thine.

*Engraved for Colquhoun's Collection of Scotch Songs.*

Dorothy, dozen'd wi' living her lane,  
 Pu'd at her rock, wi' the tear in her ee,  
 She thought on the braw merry days that were  
 gane,  
 And coft a wee coggie for company.  
 Now aye she sings, weel's me, aye she sings, weel's  
 me,  
 Coggie, thou heals me, coggie, thou heals me,  
 Aye my best friend, when there's ony thing ails  
 me,  
 Ne'er shall we part till the day that I die.

*Tannahill.*

~~~~~

AULD LANGSYNE.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to mind;
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And days o' langsyne.

For auld langsyne, my dear;
 For auld langsyne;
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld langsyne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
 And pu'd the gowans fine,
 But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
 Sin' auld langsyne.

For auld langsyne, &c.

We twa hae paidelt in the burn,
 When simmer days were prime,
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd
 Sin' auld langsyne.
 For auld langsyne, &c.

And there's my hand, my trusty friend,
 And gie's a hand o' thine,
 And we'll toom the stoup to friendship's growth,
 And auld langsyne.
 For auld langsyne, &c.

And surely you'll be your pint-stoup,
 As sure as I'll be mine,
 And we'll tak a right gude wallie-waught
 For auld langsyne.
 For auld langsyne, &c.

Gin e'er I chance to hae a house,
 And ony thing within,
 Ye're welcome aye to my fireside.
 For auld langsyne.
 For auld langsyne, &c.

THE DE'IL'S AWA WI' THE EXCISEMAN.

THE de'il cam fiddling through the town,
 And danced awa wi' the Exciseman ;
 And ilka auld wife cried, Auld Mahoon,
 We wish you luck o' the prize, man.

We'll mak our maut, and brew our drink ;
 We'll dance, and sing, and rejoice, man ;
 And mony thanks to the muckle black de'il,
 That danced awa wi' the Exciseman.

There's threesome reels, and foursome reels,
 There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man ;
 But the ae best dance that cam to our land,
 Was, the de'il's awa wi' the Exciseman.

We'll mak our maut, &c.

Burns.

THE BLUE-GOWN'S RANT.

TUNE—*Coggie thou heals me.*

AT Beltane, or Lantryne, or hairst time, I'm blythe,
 For routh o' good gabfu's are then to be got ;
 An' cheery I'm aye gin but ony thing kythe,
 Be't fresh or be't saut, frae the gaucy kail pot.

Spoon, coggie an' bicker, spoon, coggie an' bicker,
 O! ye mak me sicker, O! ye mak me sicker ;
 Gie me you rinnin owre, an' the storm may nicher,
 I carna a plack, gin there's croudy for me.

Gudewife, whar's the yill cask, gudeman, whar's
 the skreigh flash?

Gude eating mak's drouthy, an' fat brose are dry.
 Whisht bairns! a hale kistfu' o' questions ye would
 ask,

But Gudsake, wha'll eat an' speak baith,—faith no
 I.

Spoon, bicker an' coggie, spoon, bicker, an' coggie,
 It's ye mak me voggie, it's ye mak me voggie ;
 What care I though I lie in a barn or a boggie,
 Gin there be but plenty o' croudy for me !

Sheep's head, haggis, kail brose, fish or flesh, mak
 me cauntie,
 Gin there's o' them eneugh, O they never come
 wrang,
 I'm no unco dainty, gif I hae plenty ;—
 Gae 'wa ye daft gowks, for I'm done wi' my sang.

Cheese, croudy or bannock, cheese, croudy, or
 bannock,
 Gin they but cram the stomach, gin they but cram
 the stomach,
 Are a' ane to me ;—the auld carle o' Gargunnoch,
 Said, " Divots fill holes up, as weel's weel can be."
T. A.

JENNY'S BAWBEE.

I MET four chaps yon birks amang,
 Wi' hanging lugs and faces lang :
 I spier'd at nei'bour Bauldy Strang,
 What are they these we see ?
 Quoth he, ilk cream-faced pawky chiel
 Thinks himsel' cunnin' as the deil,
 And here they come, awa to steal
 Jenny's bawbee.

The first, a captain to his trade,
 Wi' ill-lined scull, but back weel clad,
 March'd round the barn, and by the shed,
 And papped on his knee :
 Quoth he, my goddess, nymph, and queen,
 Your beauty's dazzled baith my een !
 Though ne'er a beauty he had seen
 But Jenny's bawbee.

A Norland laird neist trotted up,
 Wi' bawsent naig and siller whip !
 Cried, Here's my horse, lad, haud the grup,
 Or tie him to a tree.
 What's gowd to me? I've walth o' lan'—
 Bestow on ane o' worth your han'.
 He thought to pay what he was awn
 Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

A lawyer neist, wi' bletherin' gab,
 And speeches wove like ony wab ;
 O' ilk ane's corn he took a dab,
 And a' for a fee :
 Accounts he owed through a' the town,
 And tradesmen's tongues nae mair could drown ;
 But now he thought to clout his gown
 Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

Quite spruce, just frae the washin' tubs,
 A fool cam neist, but life has rubs ;
 Foul were the roads, and fu' the dubs,
 And sair besmear'd was he :

He danced up, squintin' through his glass,
 And grinn'd, I' faith, a bonny lass,
 He thought to win, wi' front o' brass,
 Jenny's bawbee.

She bade the laird gae kame his wig,
 The sodger not to strut sae big,
 The lawyer not to be a prig ;
 The fool he cried, " Tee-hee !"
 I kend that I could never fail ;"
 But she prinn'd the dish-clout to his tail,
 And cool'd him wi' a water-pail,
 And kept her bawbee.

Then Johnnie cam, a lad o' sense,
 Although he hadna mony pence ;
 And took young Jenny to the spence,
 Wi' her to crack a wee.
 Now Johnnie was a clever chiel',
 And here his suit he press'd sae weel,
 That Jenny's heart grew saft as jeel,
 And birl'd her bawbee. *Boswell.*

HEY, FOR A LASS WI' A TOCHER.

TUNE—*Balinamona Ora.*

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

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

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

Then hey, &c.

And e'en when this beauty your bosom has blest,
 The brightest o' beauty may cloy when possess ;
 But the sweet yellow darlings, wi' Geordie imprest,
 The langer ye hae them—the mair they're carest.
 Then hey, &c. *Burns.*

I HAD A HORSE.

I HAD a horse, I had nae mair,
 I gat it frae my daddie ;
 My purse was light, my heart was sair,
 But my wit it was fu' ready.
 Sae I bethought me on a time,
 Outwittens o' my daddy,
 To fee mysel' to a Lawland laird,
 Wha had a bonny lady.

I wrote a letter, and thus began:

“ Madam, be not offended,
I’m o’er the lugs in love wi’ you.

And carena though ye kend it,
For I get little frae the laird,
And far less frae my daddy;
Yet I wad blythely be the man
Wad strive to please my lady.”

She read my letter, and she leugh:

“ Ye needna been sae blate man;
Ye might hae come to me yoursel’,
And tauld me a’ your state, man:
Ye might hae come to me yoursel’,
Outwittens o’ ony body,
And made John Goukstone o’ the laird,
And kiss’d his bonny lady.”

Then she pat siller in my purse,

We drank wine in a coggie;
She fee’d a man to rub my horse,
And wow but I was voggie!
But I ne’er gat sae sair a fleg
Since I came frae my daddy;
The laird came, rap, rap! to the yett,
When I was wi’ his lady!

Then she pat me behint a chair,

And happ’d me wi’ a plaidy;
But I was like to swarf wi’ fear,
And wish’d me wi’ my daddy.

The laird gaed out, he sawna me,
 I staid till I was ready :
 I promised, but I ne'er gaed back
 To see his bonny lady.

THE MILLER OF CHON.

TUNE—*Harper of Mull.*

NA, talkna o' laughing, ye ken na't ava,
 Since he wha was king o't, is cauld an' awa ;
 The best o' himsel' in the hale kintra-side,
 Wi' his jokes he tax'd gads till they a' got as wide
 As his ain sonsy mou. O ! there was ne'er a chiel,
 That had jibes half sae ready, or sang liltis sae weel ;
 The de'il wi' the lasses could nae better come on,
 For four wives, gaucy queans, had the Miller o'
 Chon.

Fair, wedding or waking, tryst, draigie, or kirn,
 Without him, was but like a wat ravell'd pirn ;
 He drank out the elders and auld carles blin',
 Then rade on the broose, an' was aye sure to win ;
 He danced wi' the bride, the auld kimmers he kist,
 While the youngsters were mad, if for fun he them
 miss'd ;
 Dinna whinge that he's gane, drink to him and
 dance on,
 A loud laugh's the best dirge for the Miller o'
 Chon.

Wha like him birred the bag-pipes, wha sang, but
indeed,

He had mair in his heels, then the feck in their
head!

Oh! he weel lik'd a joke, and he kept a bien house,
Meat an' malt, and a mairt, a bit grilse and a
grouse,

An' whan he shot, his auld mither would shu
Him a while up and down in a scull, to mak' true
What he swore ance, that though grinding corn was
a trade ill,

He poach'd nane since his mither rock'd him in a
cradle.

Toom a stoup on his yird, like him dry, an' dance
on,

Whisky tears are the best for the Miller o' Chon.
T. A.

MUIRLAND WILLIE.

HEARKEN, and I will tell you how
Young Muirland Willie came to woo,
Though he could neither say nor do,
The truth I'll tell to you.

But aye he cries, whate'er betide,
Maggy I'se hae to be my bride,
With a fal de ral lal, &c.

On his grey yad as he did ride,
Wi' durk and pistol by his side,
He prick'd her on wi' meikle pride,
Wi' meikle mirth and glee;

Out owre yon moss, out owre yon muir,
 Till he came to her daddy's door,
 With a fal de ral lal: &c.

Gudeman, quo' he, be ye within?
 I'm come your dochter's love to win;
 I carena for making meikle din;
 What answer gie ye me?
 Now, wooer, quo' he, gif ye'll come in,
 I'll gie ye my dochter's love to win,
 With a fal de ral lal, &c.

Now, wooer, sin' ye are lighted down,
 Whare do you won? or in what town?
 I think my dochter winna gloom
 On sic a lad as ye.
 The wooer he stept up the house,
 And wow but he was wond'rous crouse,
 With a fal de ral lal, &c.

I hae three owsen in a pleugh,
 Twa gude gaun yads, and gear eneugh;
 The place they ca' it Cadeneugh;
 I scorn to tell a lie.
 Besides, I hae, frae the great laird,
 A peat-pat, and a lang-kail-yard,
 With a fal de ral lal, &c.

The maid put on her kirtle brown,
 She was the brawest in a' the town;
 I wat on him she didna gloom,
 But blinkit bonnilie.

The wooer stended up in haste,
 And gript her hard about the waist,
 With a fal de ral lal, &c.

To win your love, maid, I'm come here,
 I'm young, and hae eneugh o' gear,
 And for mysel' you needna fear,
 Troth, try me when you like.
 He took off his bannet, and pat in his chew,
 He dighted his gab, and he pried her mou',
 With a fal de ral lal, &c.

The maiden blush'd, and bing'd fu' law ;
 She hadna will to say him na,
 But to her daddy she left it a',
 As they twa could agree.
 The lover he gae her the tither kiss,
 Syne ran to her daddy, and tell'd him this,
 With a fal de ral lal, &c.

Your dochter wadna say me na,
 But to yoursel she's left it a',
 As we could 'gree between us twa ;
 Sae, what'll ye gie me wi' her ;
 Now, wooer, quo he, I haena meikle,
 But sic's I hae ye's get a pickle,
 With a fal de ral lal, &c.

A kilnfu' o' corn I'll gie to thee,
 Three soums o' sheep, twa good milk kye ;
 Ye's hae the wedding-dinner free ;
 Troth, I dow do nae mair.

Content, quo' he, a bargain be't,
 I'm far frae hame, make haste, let's do't,
 With a fal de ral lal, &c.

The bridal-day it came to pass,
 Wi' mony a blythesome lad and lass ;
 But sickan a day there never was,
 Sic mirth was never seen :
 This winsome couple straiked hands,
 Mess John tied up the marriage-bands,
 With a fal de ral lal, &c.

And our bride's-maidens werena few
 Wi' tap-knots, lug-knots, a' in blue ;
 Frae tap to tae they were braw new,
 And blinkit bonnilie.
 Their toys and mutches were sae clean,
 They glanced in our lads' een,
 With a fal de ral lal, &c.

Sic hirdum-dirdum, and sic din,
 Wi' he o'er her, and she o'er him,
 The minstrels they did never blin',
 Wi' meikle mirth and glee ;
 And aye they bobbit, and aye they beck't,
 And aye their hands thegither met,
 With a fal de ral lal, &c.

MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET.

My love she's but a lassie yet,
 My love she's but a lassie yet :
 We'll let her stand a year or twa,
 She'll no be hauf sac saucy yet.

I rue the day I sought her, O;
 I rue the day I sought her, O;
 Wha gets her needna say, he's woo'd,
 But he may say he's bought her, O.

The deil's got in our lasses now;
 The deil's got in our lasses now;
 When ane wad trow they scarce ken what,
 They really mak us asses now.—
 She was sae sour and dorty, O;
 She was sae sour and dorty, O;
 Whene'er I spak, she turn'd her back,
 And sneer'd—Ye're mair than forty, O.

Sae slee she look'd, and pawky too!
 Sae slee she look'd, and pawky too!
 Though crouse a-field I gaed to woo,
 I'm hame come back a gawky now!
 I rue the day I sought her, O;
 I rue the day I sought her, O;
 Wha gets her needna say, he's woo'd,
 But he may swear he's bought her, O.

THE KEBBUCKSTON WEDDING.

Written to an ancient Highland air.

AULD Watty o' Kebbuckston brae,
 With lear an' reading o' books auld-farren,
 What think ye! the body came owre the day,
 An' tauld us he's gaun to be married to Mirren.

We a' gat a bidding,
 To gang to the wedding,
 Baith Johnnie an' Sandie, an' Nellié an' Nannie ;
 An' Tam o' the Knowes,
 He swears an' he vows,
 At the dancing he'll face to the bride wi' his
 graunie.

A' the lads hae trystet their joes,
 Slee Willie came up an' ca'd on Nellie ;
 Although she was hecht to Geordie Bowse,
 She's gi'en him the gunk an' she's gaun wi'
 Willie.

Wee collier Johnnie
 Has yocket his ponie,
 An's aff to the town for a lading o' nappy,
 Wi' fouth o' good meat
 To serve us to eat :
 Sae wi' fuddling an' feasting we'll a' be fu' happy.

Wee Patie Brydie's to say the grace,
 The body's aye ready at dredgies and weddings,
 An' flunkey M'Fee, o' the Skiverton place,
 Is chosen to scuttle the pies an' the puddings.
 For there'll be plenty
 O' ilka thing dainty,
 Baith lang kail an' haggis, an' every thing fitting,
 Wi' luggies o' beer,
 Our wizzens to clear,
 Sae the de'il fill his kyte wha gaes clung frae the
 meeting.

Lowrie has caft Gibbie Cameron's gun,
 That his auld gutcher bore when he follow'd
 Prince Charlie,
 The barrel was rustet as black as the grun,
 But he's ta'en't to ine smiddy an's fettled it
 rarelie.

 Wi' wallets o' pouter,
 His musket he'll shouter,
 An' ride at our head, to the bride's a' parading,
 At ilka farm town,
 He'll fire them three roun',
 Till the hale kintra ring wi' the Kebbuckston wed-
 ding.

Jamie an' Johnnie maun ride the brouse,
 For few like them can sit in the saddle:
 An' Willie Cobreath, the best of bows,
 Is trysted to jig in the barn wi' his fiddle,
 Wi' whisking an' flisking,
 An' reeling an' wheeling,
 The young anes are like to loup out o' the bodie,
 An' Nielie M'Nairn,
 Though sair forfairn,
 He vows that he'll wallop twa sets wi' the howdie.

Sawnie M'Nab, wi' his tartan trews,
 Has hecht to come down in the midst o' the
 caper,
 An' gie us three wallops o' merry shantrews,
 Wi' the true Highland fling o' M' Crimmon, the
 piper.

Sic hipping and skipping,
 An' springing an' flinging,
 I'se wad there's nane in the Lawlands can waff it !
 Faith! Willie maun fiddle,
 An' jirgum an' diddle,
 And screed till the sweat fa' in beads frae his haffet.

Then gie me your hand, my trusty good frien',
 An' gie me your word, my worthy auld kimmer,
 Ye'll baith come owre on Friday bedeen,
 And join us in ranting an' tooming the timmer.
 Wi' fouth o' good liquor,
 We'll haud at the bicker,
 An' lang may the mailing o' Kebbuckston flourish,
 For Watty's sae free,
 Between you an' me,
 I'se warrant he's bidden the hauf o' the parish.
Tannahill.

THE CARLE HE CAM O'ER THE CRAFT.

THE doitit auld carle cam o'er the craft,
 Wi' his auld beard newlin shaven ;
 He glowr't at me as he had been daft ;
 The carle trow'd that I wad hae him.
 Hout awa, I winna hae him !
 Na, na, I winna hae him ;
 The carle's fey to think that I
 Wi' a' his gowd and gear wad hae him.

He whaisled and hostit as he cam in,
 Wi' his auld beard newlin shaven;
 Syne wytit the reek and the frosty win',
 And glowr't at me as I wad hae him.
 Hout awa, &c.

Wi' welcome my minnie bade him come ben,
 Wi' his auld beard newlin shaven:
 He hunkirt him down like a clockin hen,
 And fleyr't at me as I wad hae him.
 Hout awa, &c.

He steer'd the ingle, an' dightit his beik,
 Wi' his auld beard newlin shaven;
 Says, Lassie wad ye a gudeman like,
 That lo'es you leal, gin ye wad hae him.
 Hout awa, &c.

Wi' horses and sheep, an' owsen and kye,
 An' cottar folk mail and kain to pay him;
 And fouth and rowth, and a heart forbye,
 As canty's a crick, gin ye wad hae him.
 Hout awa, &c.

Wi' a gude stane house, an' a pantry bein,
 An' chiel not chare to want them frae him;
 An' himsel' baith feirie and crouse at e'en,
 To cuddle wi' you, gin ye wad hae him.
 Hout awa, &c.

Gae 'wa, ye dozent poor body, gae 'wa,
 Wi' your auld beard newlin shaven;
 Blear'd, fusionless, fitless, and fey with a',
 How can the daft carle bid me hae him!
 Hout awa, &c.

Forsooth, threescore winna do for me,
 Wi' his auld beard newlin shaven;
 Auld gerrons they downa to labour lee,
 And a chiel' maun be stark or I hae him.
 Hout awa, &c.

Jamieson.

WILLIE WAS A WANTON WAG.

WILLIE was a wanton wag,
 The blythest lad that e'er I saw,
 At bridals still he bore the brag,
 And carried aye the gree awa;
 His doublet was o' Zetland shag,
 And wow! but Willie he was braw,
 And at his shoulder hang a tag,
 That pleas'd the lasses best o' a'.

He was a man without a clag,
 His heart was frank without a flaw,
 And aye whatever Willie said,
 It was still hadden as a law.

His boots they were made of the jag ;
When he went to the weaponshaw,
Upon the green nane durst him brag,
The fient a ane amang them a'.

And wasna Willie weel worth gowd,
He wan the love o' great and sma' ;
For after he the bride had kiss'd,
He kiss'd the lasses halesale a' ;
Sae merrily round the ring they row'd,
When by the hand he led them a',
And smack on smack on them bestow'd,
By virtue of a standing law.

And wasna Willie a great loon
As shyre a lick as e'er was seen ?
When he danced wi' the lasses round,
The bridegroom spier'd where he had been.
Quoth Willie, I've been at the ring,
Wi' bobbing baith my shanks are sair ;
Gae ca' your bride and maidens in,
For Willie he dow do nae mair.

Then rest ye, Willie, I'll gae out,
And for a wee fill up the ring ;
But, shame light on his souple snout,
He wanted Willie's wanton fling.
Then straight he to the bride did fare,
Says, weel's me on your bonny face,
Wi' bobbing Willie's shanks are sair,
And I'm come out to fill his place.

Bridegroom, she says, you'll spoil the dance,
 And at the ring you'll aye be lag,
 Unless like Willie ye advance,
 O ! Willie has a wanton leg :
 For we't he learns us a' to steer,
 And foremost aye bears up the ring ;
 We will find nae sic dancing here,
 If we want Willie's wanton fling.

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WOO'D AN' MARRIED AN' A'.

Woo'd an' married an' a'.  
 Woo'd an' married an' a' ;  
 And was she nae very weel aff,  
 Was woo'd an' married an' a' ?

THE bride cam out o' the byre,  
 An' O as she dighted her cheeks !  
 Sirs, I'm to be married the night,  
 An' has neither blankets nor sheets.  
 Has neither blankets nor sheets,  
 Nor scarce a coverlet too ;  
 The bride that has a' to borrow,  
 Has e'en right meikle ado.  
 Woo'd an' married, &c.

Out spake the bride's father,  
 As he cam in frae the pleugh :  
 O haud yer tongue, my dochter,  
 And ye's get gear enough ;

The stirk that stands i' th' tether,  
 And our brow bawsint yade,  
 Will carry ye hame your corn,  
 What wad ye be at, ye jade?  
 Woo'd an' married, &c.

Out spake the bride's mither,  
 What de'il needs a' this pride:  
 I had nae a plack in my pouch  
 That night I was a bride;  
 My gown was linsy-woolsy,  
 And ne'er a sark ava;  
 An' ye hae ribbons an' buskins,  
 Mae than ane or twa.  
 Woo'd an' married, &c.

What's the matter, quo' Willie,  
 Though we be scant o' claes,  
 We'll creep the nearer thegither,  
 And we'll smore a' the fleas:  
 Simmer is coming on,  
 And we'll get teats o' woo,  
 And we'll get a lass o' our ain,  
 And she'll spin claiths anew.  
 Woo'd an' married, &c.

Out spake the bride's brither,  
 As he cam in wi' the kye:  
 Poor Willie had ne'er a ta'en ye,  
 Had he kent ye-as weel as I;

For ye're baith proud and saucy;  
 And no for a poor man's wife;  
 Gin I canna get a better,  
 I'se ne'er tak ane i' my life.  
 Woo'd an' married, &c.

Out spake the bride's sister,  
 As she came in frae the byre;  
 O gin I were but married,  
 It's a' that I wad desire:  
 But we poor fook maun live single,  
 And do the best we can;  
 I dinna care what I shou'd want,  
 If I cou'd get a man  
 Woo'd an' married, &c.

## THE MUIRLAND LAIRD.

TUNE—*The Auld Gudeman.*

*Laird.*—I'LL hae my coat o' gude snuff brown,  
 My pouter'd wig to cowl my crown,  
 I'll deck me, Meg, and busk me fine,  
 I'm gaun to court a tocher'd quean.

*Meg.*—Your hosens, Laird, are baith to darn,  
 Your best sark's bleaching, (that's but harn),  
 Your coat's a' stour, your wig's to kame;  
 Troth, Laird, ye better bide at hame.

*Laird.*—Auld Punch will carry Jock, the lad,  
I'll ride mysel' the lang-tail'd yad,  
Wi' pistols at my saddle-tree,  
Weel-mounted, as a Laird should be.

*Meg.*—There's peats to cast, the hay's to cuile,  
The yad's run owre the muir a mile,  
The saddle's stown, auld Punch is lame,—  
Deed, Laird, ye better bide at hame.

Think Laird, awee, and look about,  
Your gear's a' thriving in and out—  
I'm wae to see ye courting dule—  
Wha kens but this same quean's a fool!

*Laird.*—Aye, aye, your drift's no ill to tell,—  
Ye fain wad hae me, Meg, yoursel' ;  
But sure as Blutterbog's my name,  
I'll court the lass, and bring her hame. *Boswell.*

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### AULD GUEDEMAN.

LATE in an evening forth I went,  
A little before the sun gaed down,  
And there I chanced by accident,  
To light on a battle new begun.  
A man and his wife was fa'en in a strife,  
I canna weel tell you how it began ;  
But aye she wail'd her wretched life,  
And cry'd ever, Alack my auld gudeman.

*He.*—Thy auld gudeman that thou tells of,  
The country kens where he was born,  
Was but a silly poor vagabond,  
And ilka ane leugh him to scorn ;  
For he did spend, and make an end  
Of gear that his forefathers wan,  
He gart the poor stand frae the door,  
Sae tell nae mair of thy auld gudeman.

*She.*—My heart, alack, is liken to break,  
When I think on my winsome John,  
His blinken eye, and gate sae free,  
Was naething like thee, thou dozen'd drone.  
His rosie face, and flaxen hair,  
And a skin as white as ony swan,  
Was large and tall, and comely withal,  
And thou'lt never be like my auld gudeman.

*He.*—Why dost thou pleen? I thee maintain  
For meal and mawt thou disna want ;  
But thy wild bees I canna please,  
Now when our gear 'gins to grow scant.  
Of household stuff thou hast enough,  
Thou wants for neither pot nor pan ;  
Of siclike ware he left thee bare,  
Sae tell nae mair of thy auld gudeman.

*She.*—Yes, I may tell, and fret mysel',  
To think on the blythe days I had,  
When he and I thegither lay  
In arms into a weel made bed :

But now I sigh and may be sad ;  
 Thy courage is cauld, thy colour wan,  
 Thou faulds thy feet, and fa's asleep,  
 And thou'lt never be like my auld gudeman.

Then coming was the night sae dark,  
 And gane was a' the light o' day ;  
 The carle was fear'd to miss his mark,  
 And therefore wad nae langer stay.  
 Then up he gat, and he ran his way,  
 I trow the wife the day she wan,  
 And aye the o'erword o' the fray,  
 Was ever, Alack, my auld gudeman.

### DONALD MACGILLAVRY.

TUNE—*Paddy o' Rafferty.*

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

Donald's run o'er the hill but his tether, man,  
 As he were wud, or stang'd wi' an ether, man,

When he comes back, there's some will look merrily,  
NEW TUNING OF JAMES W. GIBSON'S

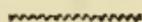
Here's to King James and Donald Macgillavry,  
 Come like a weaver, Donald Macgillavry,  
 Come like a weaver, Donald Macgillavry,  
 Pack on your back, and elwand sae cleverly;  
 Gie them full measure, my Donald Macgillavry.

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

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

Donald was mumpit wi' mirds and mockery;  
 Donald was blinded wi' blads o' property;  
 Arles ran high, but makings were naething, man;  
 Lord, how Donald is flyting and fretting, man!

Come like the devil, Donald Macgillavry ;  
 Come like the devil, Donald Macgillavry ;  
 Skelp them and scaud them, that proved sae un-  
     britherly.  
 Up wi' King James and Donald Macgillavry !



### THE EWIE WI' THE CROOKED HORN.

O WERE I able to rehearse,  
 My ewie's praise in proper verse,  
 I'd sound it forth, as loud and fierce  
     As ever piper's drone could blaw.  
 My ewie, wi' the crooked horn,  
 A' that kent her could hae sworn,  
 Sic a ewie ne'er was born  
     Here about, nor far awa.

I neither needed tar nor keel,  
 To mark her upon hip or heel,  
 Her crooked horn it did as weel,  
     To ken her by, amang them a'.  
 Cauld nor hunger never dang her,  
 Wind nor weet could never wrang her,—  
 Ance she lay a week and langer,  
     Forth aneath a wreath o' snaw.

When ither ewies lap the dyke,  
 And ate the kail for a' their pyke,  
 My ewie never play'd the like,  
     But teas'd about the barn wa'.

A better nor a thriftier beast,  
 Nae honest man need weel hae wist ;  
 For, silly thing ! she never mist  
 To hae ilk year a lamb or twa.

I looked aye at even for her,  
 Lest mishanter should come o'er her,  
 Or the fumart might devour her,  
 Gin the beastie stay'd awa.  
 My ewie, wi' the crooked horn,  
 Weel deserved baith girss and corn ;  
 Sic a ewie ne'er was born  
 Here about, nor far awa.

Yet, last week, for a' my keeping,—  
 I canna speak it without greeting,—  
 A villain came, when I was sleeping,  
 Stow my ewie, horn, and a'.  
 I sought her sair upon the morn,  
 And down, aneath a bush o' thorn,  
 I got my ewie's crooked horn,  
 But my ewie was awa !

O gin I had the loon that did it,  
 I hae sworn, as well as said it,  
 Though the parson should forbid it,  
 I wad gie his neck a thraw.  
 I never met wi' sic a turn  
 As this, sin' ever I was born ;  
 My ewie, wi' the crooked horn,  
 Silly ewie, stown awa !

O had she died o' croop or cauld,  
 As ewies die when they grow auld,  
 It wadna been, by mony fauld,  
   Sae sair a heart to ane o's a' ;  
 For a' the claith that we hae worn,  
 Frae her and her's, sae aften shorn ;  
 The loss o' her we could hae born  
   Had fair strae death ta'en her awa.

But thus, poor thing ! to lose her life,  
 Aneath a greedy villain's knife !  
 I'm really fley't that our gudewife  
   Will never win aboon't ava.  
 O ! a' ye bards a-north Kinghorn,  
 Ca' up your muses, let them mourn,  
 Our ewie, wi' the crooked horn,  
   'Stown frae us, fell'd and a'. : *Rev. J. Skinner.*

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### LASS GIN YE LO'E ME, TELL ME NOW.

I HAE laid a herrin' in saut,  
 Lass gin ye lo'e me, tell me now,  
 I hae brew'd a forpet o' maut,  
 An' I canna come ilka day to woo.  
 I hae a calf will soon be a cow,  
 Lass gin ye lo'e me, tell me now,  
 I hae a pig will soon be a sow,  
 An' I canna come ilka day to woo.

I've a house on yonder muir,  
 Lass gin ye lo'e me, tell me now,  
 Three sparrows may dance on the floor,  
 And I canna come ilka day to woo.  
 I hae a but, and I hae a ben,  
 Lass gin ye lo'e me, tell me now ;  
 I hae three chickens, and a fat hen,  
 And I winna come ilka day to woo.

I hae a hen wi' a happity leg,  
 Lass gin ye lo'e me, tell me now ;  
 Which ilka day lays me an egg,  
 And I canna come ony mair to woo.  
 I hae a kebbuck upon my shelf,  
 Lass gin ye lo'e me, tak me now ;  
 I douna eat it a' myself,  
 And I winna come ony mair to woo.



### TULLOCHGORUM.

COME gie's a sang, the lady cried,  
 And lay your disputes a' aside,  
 What signifies 't for folk to chide  
 For what's been done before them !  
 Let whig and torry a' agree,  
 Whig and torry, whig and torry,  
 Let whig and torry a' agree,  
 To drop their whigmegmorum ;

Let whig and torry all agree,  
 To spend the night with mirth and glee,  
 And cheerfu' sing along wi' me  
 The reel of Tullochgorum.

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

There needsna be sae great a phraize  
 Wi' droning dull Italian lays ;  
 I wadna gie our ane Strathspeys  
 For half a hundred score o' 'em.  
 They're douff and dowie at the best,  
 Douff and dowie, douff and dowie,  
 They're douff and dowie at the best,  
 Wi' a' their variorum ;  
 They're douff and dowie at the best,  
 Their allegro's and a' the rest,  
 They cannot please a Highland taste,  
 Compared wi' Tullochgorum.

Let warldly minds themselves oppress,  
 Wi' fear of want and double cess,  
 And silly sauls themselves distress,

Wi' keeping up decorum.

Shall wi' sae sour and sulky sit,  
 Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,  
 Shall wi' sae sour and sulky sit,

Like auld philosophorum.

Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,  
 Wi' neither sense, nor mirth nor wit,  
 And canna rise to shake a fit

At the reel o' Tullochgorum?

My choicest blessings still attend  
 Each honest-hearted open friend,  
 And calm and quiet be his end,

Be a' that's gude before him!

May peace and plenty be his lot,  
 Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,  
 May peace and plenty be his lot,

And dainties, a great store o' em;

May peace and plenty be his lot,  
 Unstain'd by any vicious blot;  
 And may he never want a groat

That's fond o' Tullochgorum.

But for the discontented fool,  
 Who wants to be oppressions tool,

May envy gnaw his rotten soul,  
 And discontent devour him.

May dool and sorrow be his chance,  
 Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,  
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,  
 And honest souls abhore him ;  
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,  
 And a' the ills that come frae France,  
 Whoe'er he be, that winna dance  
 The reel o' Tullochgorum !

*Rev. J. Skinner.*

### WILLIE WAG.

TUNE—*Roy's wife o' Aldivalloch.*

O WILLIE Wag the wae gae by ye !  
 Nae bonny lass can e'er deny ye ;  
 Ye dance and sing, and wi' them fling,  
 They lo'e ye though they sair misca' ye.  
 O Willie, &c.

The last time ye was o'er in Fife,  
 Ye gather'd a' the loons thegither,  
 Ye danced wi' widow, maid, and wife,  
 Was unco kind to ane anither.  
 O Willie, &c.

Ye had Lauder Meg, o' Anst'er town,  
 And Jenny Nettles o' the Cairny,  
 And Ranter Rab the piper loon,  
 And Wabster Jock and Patie Birneys  
 O Willie, &c.

Ye danced and sang frae e'en to morn,  
 Wi' mony a wanton lass and laddie;  
 Had a' the fiddlers o' Kinghorn,  
 And a' the pipers o' Kirkaldy.  
 O Willie, &c.

The wives at sixty year did sten':  
 They dang the youngsters a' thegither;  
 Nae lass or lad their houghs could ben'  
 Like honest Habby Simson's mither.  
 O Willie, &c. *Riddel.*

## THE AULD WIFE AYONT THE FIRE.

TUNE—*The auld wife ayont the fire.*

THERE was a wife won'd in yon glen,  
 And she had dochters, nine or ten,  
 That sought the house, baith butt and ben,  
 To find their mam a snishing.  
 The auld wife ayont the fire,  
 The auld wife aneist the fire,  
 The auld wife aboon the fire,  
 She died for lack of snishing.

Her mill into some hole had fawn,  
 What recks, quoth she, let it be gawn,  
 For I maun hae a young gudeman,  
 Shall furnish me with snishing.  
 The auld wife, &c.

Her eldest dochter said right bauld,  
Fye, mother, mind that now ye're auld,  
And if you with a younker wald,  
    He'll waste away your snishing.  
    The auld wife, &c.

The youngest dochter gae a shout,  
O mother dear! your teeth's a' out,  
Besides half-blind, ye hae the gout,  
    Your mill can haud nae snishing.  
    The auld wife, &c.

Ye lie, ye limmers, cries auld Mump,  
For I hae baith a tooth and stump,  
And will nae langer live in dump,  
By wanting of my snishing.  
    The auld wife, &c.

Thole ye, says Peg, that pauky slut,  
Mother, if you can crack a nut,  
Then we will a' consent to it,  
    That you shall have a snishing.  
    The auld wife, &c.

The auld ane did agree to that,  
And they a bistol-bullet gat ;  
She powerfully began to crack,  
    To won hersel' a snishing.  
    The auld wife, &c.

Braw sport it was to see her chow't,  
 And 'tween her gums sae squeeze and row't,  
 While frae her jaw the slaver flow'd,  
 And aye she curst poor stumpy.  
 The auld wife, &c.

At last she gae a desperate squeeze,  
 Which brak the lang tooth by the neeze,  
 And syne poor stumpy was at ease,  
 But she tint hopes o' snishing.  
 The auld wife, &c.

She of the task began to tirc,  
 And frae her dochters did retire,  
 Syne lean'd her down ayont the fire,  
 And died for lack o' snishing.  
 The auld wife, &c.

Ye auld wives notice well this truth,  
 As soon as ye're past mark o' mouth  
 Ne'er do what's only fit for youth,  
 And leave aff thoughts o' snishing.  
 The auld wife, &c.

Else, like this wife ayont the fire,  
 Your bairns against you will conspire;  
 Nor will you get, unless ye hire,  
 A young man wi' your snishing.

## BAILIE NICOL JARVIE'S JOURNEY.

TUNE—*The Quaker's Wife.*

YE may talk o' your Wallace, and sing o' your  
Bruce,

And brag o' your feighting, Red Reiver,  
But whare will ye fin' me a man o' sic use,  
As a thorough-bred Saut-Market weaver ;  
Let ance Nicol Jarvie come under your view,  
At hame whare the people adore me,  
Whare they made me a Bailie, and Counsellor too,  
Like my Father, the Deacon, before me.

The clavering chiel's in the Clachan, hard by,  
They'll no gie a body but hard words,  
My Conscience ! they'll find, if again we shall try,  
A Het Pocker's as gude as their Braid Swords.  
" It's as weel to let that flee stick fast to the wa' ;"  
For if they should chance to claymore me ;  
" Let sleepin' dogs lie," is the best thing ava,  
Said my Father, the Deacon, before me.

My poor Cousin Rab, and his terrible wife,  
Was sae proud that she chose to disown me :  
An' she thought naething o' a Magistrate's life,  
My Conscience ! she was just gaun to drown me.  
But if I again in her clutches should pop,  
Poor Matty may live to deplore me ;  
But were I at Glasgow, I'd stick by my shop,  
Like my Father, the Deacon, before me.

Now, to think o' them hanging a Bailie sae high,  
 'To be pick'd at by corbies and burdies!  
 But if I werè at Glasgow, my Conscience! I'll try,  
 Mak their necks fin' the weight o' their hurdies:  
 But stop, Nicol—stop, lad! na, that maunna be,  
 For if ane wad to hame safe restore ye,  
 In the Saut-Market, safe, I'll forget and forgie;  
 Like the Deacon, my Father, before me.

### THE GABERLUNZIE MAN.

The pawkie auld carle came o'er the lee,  
 Wi' mony good e'ens and days to me,  
 Saying, Gudewife, for your courtesy,  
 Will you lodge a silly poor man?  
 The night was cauld, the carle was wat,  
 And down ayont the ingle he sat;  
 My dochter's shoulders he 'gan to clap,  
 Aud cadgily ranted and sang.

O wow! quo' he, were I as free,  
 As first when I saw this country,  
 How blythe and merry wad I be!  
 And I wad never think lang.  
 He grew canty, and she grew fain;  
 But little did her auld minny ken  
 What thir slic twa thegither were say'ng,  
 When wooing they were sae thrang.

And O! quo' he, an' ye were as black  
 As e'er the crown of my daddy's hat,  
 'Tis I wad lay thee by my back,  
     And awa wi' me thou shou'dst gang.  
 And O! quo' she an' I were as white,  
 As e'er the snaw lay on the dike,  
 I'd cleed me braw and lady like,  
     And awa wi' thee I would gang.

Between the twa was made a plot ;  
 They raise a wee before the cock,  
 And willily they shot the lock,  
     And fast to the bent are they gane.  
 Upon the morn the auld wife raise,  
 And at her leisure pat on her claise;  
 Syne to the servant's bed she gaes,  
     To speer for the silly poor man.

She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay,  
 The strae was cauld, he was away,  
 She clapt her hand, cried, wal-a-day !  
     For some of our gear will be gane.  
 Some ran to coffers, and some to kists,  
 But nought was stown that cou'd be mist,  
 She danced her lane, cried, praise be blest  
     I have lodged a leal poor man.

Since naething's awa, as we can learn,  
 The kirn's to kirn, and milk to carn,  
 Gae but the house, lass, and waken my bairn  
     And bid her come quickly ben.

The servant gade where the dochter lay,  
 The sheets were cauld, she was away,  
 And fast to the gudewife 'gan to say,  
 She's aff wi' the gaberlunzie man.

O fye gar ride, and fye gar rin,  
 And haste ye find these traytors again ;  
 For she's be brunt, and he's be slain,  
 The wearifu' gaberlunzie man.  
 Some rade upon horse, some ran a fit,  
 The wife was wud, and out o' wit,  
 She cou'dna gang, nor yet cou'd she sit,  
 But aye she curs'd and she bann'd.

Mean time far hind out o'er the lee,  
 Fu' snug in a glen, where nane could see,  
 The twa wi' kindly sport and glee,  
 Cut frae a new cheese a whang :  
 The priving was good, it pleased them baith,  
 To lo'e her for aye, he gae her his aith,  
 Quo' she, To leave thee I will be laith,  
 My winsome gaberlunzie man.

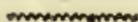
O kend my minny I were wi' you,  
 Ill far'dly wad she crook her mou',  
 Sic a poor man she'd never trow,  
 After the gaberlunzie man.  
 My dear, quo' he, ye're yet o'er young,  
 And hac nae learn'd the beggar's tongue  
 To follow me frae town to town,  
 And carry the gaberlunzie on.

Wi' cauk and keel I'll win your bread,  
 And spindles and whorles for them wha need,  
 Whilk is a gentle trade indeed,

To carry the gaberlunzie on.

I'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,  
 And draw a black clout o'er my ee,  
 A cripple or blind they will ca' me,  
 While we shall be merry and sing.

*King James V.*



### THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

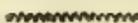
The weary pund, the weary pund,  
 The weary pund o' tow ;  
 I thought my wife would end her life  
 Before she span her tow.

I BOUGHT my wife a stane o' lint,  
 As gude as e'er did grow,  
 And a' that she could mak o' that,  
 Was ae poor pund o' tow.  
 The weary pund, &c.

There stood a bottle in a bole,  
 Ayont the ingle low,  
 And aye she took the tither sook  
 To drook the stoury tow.  
 The weary pund, &c.

“ For shame !” said I, “ you dirty dame,  
 Gae spin your tap o’ tow,”—  
 She took the rock, and wi’ a knock  
 She brak it owre my pow !  
 The weary pund, &c.

At length her feet,—I sang to see’t,—  
 Gaed foremost owre the knowe ;  
 And e’er I wed another jade,  
 I’ll wallop in a tow.  
 The weary pund, &c.



### WILLIE WASTLE.

WILLIE WASTLE dwalt on Tweed,  
 The spot they ca’d it Linkumdoddy,  
 Willie was a wabster gude,  
 Cou’d stown a clue wi’ ony body ;  
 He had a wife was dour and din,  
 O Tinkler Maggie was her mither ;  
 Sic a wife as Willie had,  
 I wadna gie a button for her.

She had an ee, she has but ane,  
 The cat has twa the very colour ;  
 Five rustie teeth, forbye a stump,  
 A clapper tongue wad deave a miller ;  
 A whiskin beard about her mou’,  
 Her nose and chin they threaten ither :  
 Sic a wife, &c.

She's bow-hough'd, she's hem shinn'd,  
 Ae limpin' leg, a hand-breed shorter;  
 She's twisted right, she's twisted left,  
 To balance fair in ilka quarter ;  
 She has a hump upon her breast,  
 The twin o' that upon her shouther :  
 Sic a wife, &c.

Auld baudrans by the ingle sits,  
 An' wi her loof her face a-washin',  
 But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,  
 She dights her grunzie wi a hushion ;  
 Her wailie nieves like midden creels,  
 Her face wad fyle the Logan-water ;  
 Sic a wife as Willie had,  
 I wadna gie a button for her

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### MAGGIE LAUDER.

WHIA wadna be in love,  
 Wi' bonnie Maggie Lauder !  
 A piper met her gaun to Fife,  
 And spier'd what was't they ca'd her :  
 Right scornfully she answer'd him,  
 Begone, you hallanshaker ;  
 Jog on your gate, you bladderskate,  
 My name is Maggie Lauder.

Maggie, quoth he, and by my bags,  
I'm fidging fain to see thee;  
Sit down by me, my bonnie bird,  
In troth I winna steer thee:  
For I'm a piper to my trade,  
My name is Rob the Ranter;  
The lasses loup as they were daft,  
When I blaw up my chanter.

Piper, quoth Meg, hae ye your bags;  
Or is your drone in order?  
If ye be Rob, I've heard of you,  
Live ye upon the border?  
The lasses a', baith far and near,  
Hae heard of Rob the Ranter;  
I'll shake my foot wi' right good-will,  
Gif ye'll blaw up your chanter.

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,  
About the drone he twisted;  
Meg up and wallop'd o'er the green,  
For brawly could she frisk it.  
Weel done, quoth he: Play up, quoth she:  
Weel bob'd, quoth Rob the Ranter;  
'Tis worth my while to play indeed,  
When I hae sic a dancer.

Weel hae you play'd your part, quoth Meg,  
Your cheeks are like the crimson;  
There's nane in Scotland plays sae weel,  
Since we lost Habby Simpson.

I've liv'd in Fife, baith maid and wife,  
 These ten years and a quarter;  
 Gin ye should come to Anst'er fair,  
 Spier ye for Maggie Lauder.

### THE AULD MAN'S MARE'S DEAD.

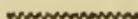
The auld man's mare's dead;  
 The poor man's mare's dead,  
 The auld man's mare's dead,  
 A mile aboon Dundee.

SHE was cut luggit, painch lippet,  
 Steel waimit, staincher fittit,  
 Chanler chaftit, lang neckit,  
 Yet the brute did die!  
 The auld man's mare's, &c.

Her lawnzie banes were knaggs and neuks,  
 She had the cleeks, the cauld, the crooks,  
 The jawpish and the wanton yeuks,  
 And the howks aboon her ee:  
 The auld man's mare's, &c.

" My master rade me to the town,  
 He tied me to a staincher roun',  
 He took a chappin to himsel',  
 But fient a drap gae me."  
 The auld man's mare's, &c.

The auld man's mare's dead,  
 The poor man's mare's dead,  
 The peats and touts and a' to lead,  
 And yet the jade did die!  
                   The auld man's mare's, &c.



### IT FELL ABOUT THE MARTINMAS.

It fell about the Martinmas time,  
 And a gay time it was then, O,  
 When our gudewife got puddings to mak,  
 And she boil'd them in the pan, O.

The wind, sae cauld, blew south and north,  
 And blew into the floor, O:  
 Quoth our gudeman, to our gudewife,  
 "Get up and bar the door, O."

"My hand is in my hussy's skap,  
 Gudeman, as ye may see, O,  
 An' it shou'dna be barr'd this hundred year  
 It's no be barr'd for me, O."

They made a paction 'tween them twa,  
 They made it firm and sure, O;  
 That the first word whae'er shou'd speak,  
 Shou'd rise and bar the door, O;

Then by there came two gentlemen,  
At twelve o'clock at night, O,  
And they could neither see house nor hall,  
Nor coal nor candle light, O.

Now, whether is this a rich man's house,  
Or whether is it a poor, O ;  
But ne'er a word wad ane o' them speak,  
For barring of the door, O.

And first they ate the white puddings,  
And then they ate the black, O ;  
Though muckle thought the gudewife to hersel',  
Yet ne'er a word she spak, O.

Then said the one unto the other,  
" Here, man, tak ye my knife, O,  
Do ye tak aff the auld man's beard,  
And I'll kiss the gudewife, O."

" But there's nae water in the house,  
And what shall we do then, O ?"  
" What ails you at the puddin' broo,  
That boils into the pan, O."

O up then started our gudeman,  
And an angry man was he, O :  
" Will ye kiss my wife before my een,  
And scad me wi' my pudding bree, O ?"

O up then started our gudewife,  
 Gied three skips on the floor, O:  
 " Gudeman, ye've spoken the foremost word,  
 Get up and bar the door, O."

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### THE COUNTRY BLACKSMITH.

TUNE—*Bonnie brucket lassie.*

The blacksmith blows his bellows,  
 An' aye he toils and sings:  
 Strike light, strike heavy, then he cries,  
 An' aye the anvil rings.  
 An' aye the anvil rings,  
 While the hammer he doth ply:  
 " By hammer in hand all arts do stand,"  
 His sign-board tells on high.  
 An' aye the anvil rings, &c.

The ploughman comes at e'ning  
 To tell his country tale,  
 The miller in the morning,  
 To pree the smith's good ale;  
 His blythsome wifie sits an' sings,  
 A-milking o' her cows,  
 An' his younkens sports fu' gaily  
 Among the broomy knowes.  
 An' aye the anvil rings, &c.

Beside his smiling cottage,  
 That decks the gowany green,  
 You see nae lordly castle  
 To mar the happy scene.  
 But mossie rock and warlock glen,  
 An' heather mantled hill,  
 An' wee wee rippling burnie  
 That drives the nei'bouring mill.  
 An' aye the anvil rings, &c.

His byre an' wee kail yardie,  
 His cantie Marion's smile,  
 His Jockies and his Jennies,  
 Smooth a' his weary toil.  
 A gude fu' purse, an' plenty darg,  
 Gars aye the anvil ring,  
 A country blacksmith is mair blest  
 Than Britain's gaudy king.  
 An' aye the anvil rings, &c.

*James Pringle.*

### THE BAD WIFE.

TUNE—*There's nae luck about the house.*

As soon as I got married, a happy man to be,  
 My wife turn'd out a sorry jade, we never could  
 agree,  
 For what I thought my greatest bliss was grief  
 without compare,  
 And a' the cause of my complaint, she's mine for  
 evermair.

For she's aye plague, plaguing, and she's aye  
plaguing me,  
She's aye plague, plaguing, and never lets me be.

About a week, or something less, a bonny thing  
she was,  
But e'er the second Sunday came she made me cry  
alas!

Oh! aftentimes I cry alas! 'tis needless here to tell,  
For a' the cause of my complaint the jade she kens  
hersel'.

And she's aye plague, plaguing, &c.

I daurna ca' my house mine ain, nor ony thing that's  
in't,

And if I chance to speak a word she flies like fire  
frae flint;

My very hair I daurna cut, my claise I daurna  
wear,

And o' baith claise and siller too, she keeps me  
naked bare.

And she's aye strip, stripping, &c.

Right weel she kens I loe a dainty dish o' meat,  
But she cooks it sae dirtily the de'il a bit I eat;

And if I turn my neck awry, or chance to shake  
my head,

She ca's me filthy loon, and says, 'I'm very ill to  
feed.

And she's aye starve, starving, &c.

When I am for soberness, she gangs distracted mad,  
 And when I am for merriment, O then she's always  
 sad ;

And when I wish to hear her speak, she silent sits  
 and dumb,

And when I am for quietness, she rattles like a drum.  
 And she's aye drum, drumming, &c.

Last night, my neighbour Tam and I went out our  
 throats to wet,

She thunder'd in my lugs sae loud I think I hear  
 her yet,

And when her barley-hoods are on, which aften is  
 the case,

The first thing that comes to her hand she dashes't  
 in my face.

And she's aye dash, dashing, &c.

That marriage is a paradise I've aften heard folks  
 tell,

But for my ain part, first and last, I think its waur  
 than hell,

And yet there is ae comfort left, ae comfort and  
 nae mair,

The pangs of death will break the bands, and bury  
 a' my care.

For she'll soon, soon bury, and she'll soon bury  
 me,

She'll soon, soon bury, and then she'll let me  
 be.

## MAGGIE'S TOCHER.

THE meal was dear short syne,  
 We buckled us a' thegither ;  
 And Maggie was in her prime  
 When Willie made courtship till her.  
 Twa pistols charged beguess,  
 To gie the courting shot ;  
 And syne came ben the lass,  
 Wi' swats drawn frae the butt.

He first speir'd at the gudeman,  
 And syne at Giles the mither,  
 An' ye wad gie's a bit land,  
 We'd buckle us e'en thegither.  
 My dochter ye shall hae,  
 I'll gie you her by the hand :  
 But I'll part wi' my wife, by my fae,  
 Or I part wi' my land.

Your tocher it sall be good,  
 There's nane sall hae its maik,  
 The lass bound in her snoud,  
 And Crummie wha kens her stake :  
 Wi' an auld bedding o' claes,  
 Was left me by my mither,  
 They're jet black o'er wi' flaes,  
 Ye may cuddle in them thegither.

Ye speak right weel, gudeman,  
 But ye maun mend your hand,  
 And think o' modesty,  
 Gin ye'll no quit your land.  
 We are but young, ye ken,  
 And now we're gaun thegither,  
 A house is butt and ben,  
 And Crummie will want her fother.

The bairns are coming on,  
 And they'll cry o' their mither!  
 We've neither pat nor pan,  
 But four bare legs thegither.  
 Your tocher's be good enough,  
 For that ye needna fear,  
 Twa good stilts to the pleugh,  
 And ye yoursel' maun steer!

Ye sall hae twa gude pocks  
 That ance were o' the tweel,  
 The tane to haud the groats,  
 The tither to haud the meal:  
 Wi' an auld kist made o' wands,  
 And that will be your coffer,  
 Wi' aiken woody bands,  
 And that may haud your tocher.

Consider weel, gudeman,  
 We hae but barrow'd gear,  
 The horse that I ride on  
 Is Sandy Wilson's mare;

The saddle's nane o' my ain,  
 And thae's but barrow'd boots,  
 And whan that I' gae hame,  
 I maun tak to my coots ;  
 The cloak is Geordy Watt's,  
 That gars me look sae crouse ;  
 Come, fill us a bottle o' swats,  
 We'll make nae mair toom roose,

I like you weel, young lad,  
 For telling me sae plain ;  
 I married whan little I had  
 O' gear that was my ain.  
 But sin' that things are sae,  
 The bride she maun come forth,  
 Though a' the gear she'll hae  
 'Twill be but little worth.

A bargain it maun be,  
 Fye cry on Giles the mither ;  
 Content am I, quo' she,  
 E'en gar the hizzie come hither.  
 The bride she gaed to her bed,  
 The bridegroom he came till her ;  
 The fiddler crap in at the fit,  
 And they cuddled it a' thegither.

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THE BREWER & GAUGER OUTWITTED.

LAST hogmanae night awa she took flight
 In haste wi' her pottle like stour
 To Allan M'Tonald's, a son o' Clan Ronald's,
 An' wha got te name o' a Brewer.

To get her quite fill'd, o' goot whisky tistill'd,
 A ting which she like very weel;
 But here is te loss, she haena a cross,
 But faith she pe try her to steal.

(*Spoken*).—Ho, ho, Allan, lad, (beating at the door), you petter pe gotten up and run, te kedger's coming toon te Trygate tere, wi' a great mony lads wi' her.—What? the gauger coming here.—Shust te kedger coming here.—Help me, what shall I do?—Och, och! what she too. I shoon tell you what she too; shust rin awa a' your pit, an' I'll tak sharge o' your whisky, lad.

Poor Allan is rinnin, nae kedger pe comin,
 What a goot toppportunity tis pe,
 I tink it nae sin, wi' tis cask to rin,
 O' Allan M'Tonald's goot whisky.
 Gaun into te town, a kedger come toon,
 Wha out o' his window had saw'd me,
 I ran frae te shad, but swift was te lad,
 For he catch'd me, an' swore he wad law'd me.

(*Spoken*).—Come, come, Sir, what have you got here.—O, your nonours tebedient servants, your shust the shentlemen I pe soughten, tis cask you see pe a teizure, and I pe sent wi' her to your nonour; you were to go toon and help tem to mak teizure o' te rest.—Where is the place?—Shust te first close as you turn Clay-torn street, ae stair heigh.—You can go up stairs with the cask to my house there, and I will go down and see what's go-

ing on.—Tinks I to hersel, she pe going too, (as soon's te shad's out o' sight), and te cask on my shouter too faith.

Och, Och! Mr Kedger, I'll wager, I'll wager,

You'll tink yoursel' happy, inteet,

But stop to te end, my faith if ye kenn'd,

You wudna pe runn'd wi' sic speed.

Now here too you see, is te end o' te spree,

We shust gaed awa paith tegiter ;

He gied to te place, and te like no te case,

And I shoon pe gat hame to my miter.

Alex. M'Ewen.

SCORNFU' NANCY.

NANCY's to the green wood gane,

To hear the gowdspink chatt'ring,

And Willie he has follow'd her,

To gain her love by flatt'ring.

But a' that he cou'd say or do,

She geck'd and scorned at him;

And aye when he began to woo,

She bade him mind wha gat him.

What ails ye at my dad, quoth he,

My minnie or my auntie ?

With croudy-mouddy they fed me,

Lang kail and ranty-tanty :

With bannocks of good barley meal,
 Of they there was right plenty,
 With chapped kail butter'd fu' weel;
 And was not that right dainty?

Although my daddy was nae laird,
 ('Tis daffin to be vaunty,)
 He keeps aye a good kail-yard,
 A ha'-house and a pantry;
 A gude blue bonnet on his head,
 An o'erlay 'bout his craigy;
 And aye until the day he died
 He rade on good shanks-naigy.

Now wae and wonder on your snout,
 Wad ye hae bonny Nancy?
 Wad ye compare yoursel' to me,
 A docken to a tansy?
 I hae a wooer o' my ain,
 They ca' him souple Sandy,
 And weel I wat his bonny mou'
 Is sweet like sugarcandy.

Now, Nancy, what needs a' this din?
 Do I no ken this Sandy?
 I'm sure the chief o' a' his kin
 Was Rab the beggar randy;
 His minny Meg upon her back
 Bare baith him and his billy;
 Will ye compare a nasty pack
 To me your winsome Willie?

My gutcher left a good braid-sword,
 Though it be auld and rusty,
 Yet ye may tak it on my word
 It is baith stout and trusty;
 And if I can but get it drawn,
 Which maun be right uneasy,
 I shall lay baith my lugs in pawn,
 That he shall get a heezy.

Then Nancy turn'd her round about,
 And said, Did Sandy hear ye
 Ye wadna miss to get a clout ;
 I ken he disna fear ye :
 Sae haud your tongue and say nae mair,
 Set somewhere else your fancy ;
 For as lang's Sandy's to the fore,
 Ye never shall get Nancy.

BANNOCKS O' BARLEY MEAL.

I AM an auld sodger just come frae the camp,
 And hame to the Highlands I am on a tramp ;
 My heart it beats light when I think on the shiel,
 Whare I fed upon bannocks o' barley meal.

In the cause o' my country (my breast's dearest
 wish),
 For ten years and mair, I've had mony a brush ;
 Now peace has reliev'd me, and hame I shall reel,
 To feast upon bannocks o' barley meal.

A drap o' gude whisky, and Nancy my dear,
 An auld vet'ran comrade to taste o' our cheer,
 Will be a reward for my toils in the fiel',
 Wi' plenty o' bannocks o' barley meal.

Of a' our auld feats at our leisure we'll crack,
 Syne cour down and sleep a' the night like a tap;
 Baith care and its cankers may gae to the deil,
 If I hae gude bannocks o' barley meal.

When cauld weather comes and the winds rudely
 blaw,
 And cleeds hill and valley whiles knee-deep wi'
 snaw;
 Wi' ease and content, I'm fu' snug in our shiel,
 Thrang feasting on bannocks o' barley meal.

In simmer, whan a' the cauld blasts flee away,
 I'll beak in the sun on the gowany brae;
 Sometimes to the pipe maybe shake my auld heel,
 Syne feed upon bannocks o' barley meal.

KAIL BROSE O' AULD SCOTLAND.

WHEN our ancient forefathers agreed wi' the laird,
 For a piece o' gude ground to be a kail-yard,
 It was to the brose that they paid their regard:
 O! the kail-brose o' auld Scotland,
 And O! the Scottish kail-brose.

When Fergus, the first of our Kings, I suppose,
 At the head o' his nobles had vanquish'd our foes;
 Just before they began, they'd been feasting on
 brose.

O! the kail-brose, &c.

Our sodgers were drest in their kilts and short hose,
 Wi' their bonnets and belts, which their dress did
 compose,

And a bag o' oat-meal on their backs to be brose.

O! the kail-brose, &c.

At our annual election for bailies or mayor,
 Nae kickshaws o' puddings or tarts were seen there;
 But a cog o' gude brose was the favourite fare.

O! the kail-brose, &c.

In days o' lang syne, when the English were foes,
 Our ancestors beat them wi' very few blows,
 John Bull often cried—Let us run, they've got
 brose!

O! the kail-brose, &c.

But now since the thistle is join'd to the rose,
 And the English nae langer are counted our foes,
 We've lost a great deal o' our relish for brose.

O! the kail-brose, &c.

Yet each true-hearted Scotsman, by nature jocose,
 Likes always to feast on a cog o' gude brose;
 And thanks be to heav'n we've yet plenty o' these.

O! the kail-brose, &c.

SCOTS WHA HAE, &c.

Scots! wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
 Scots! wham Bruce has aften led;
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to victorie!

Now's the day, an' now's the hour;
 See the front of battle lour;
 See approach proud Edward's power—
 Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave?
 Wha sae base as be a slave?
 Coward! turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law,
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
 Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
 Caledonian! on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains,
 By your sons in servile chains,
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be free.

Lay the proud usurpers low,
 Tyrants fall in every foe;
 Liberty's in every blow,
 Forward! do or die!

Burns.

THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE.

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

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

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

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

Burns.

UP AND WAR THEM A' WILLIE.

WHEN we went to the field of war,
 And to the weaponshaw, Willie,
 With true design to stand our ground,
 And chace our faes awa, Willie:

Lairds and lords cam there bedeen,
 And vow gin they were braw, Willie :
 Up and waur them a', Willie.
 War 'em, war 'em a', Willie.

And when our army was drawn up,
 The bravest e'er I saw, Willie,
 We did not doubt to rax the rout,
 And win the day and a' Willie.
 Pipers play'd frae right to left,
 Fy, furich-whigs awa, Willie.
 Up and war &c.

But when our standard was drawn up,
 So fierce the wind did blaw, Willie,
 The golden note down frae the top,
 Unto the ground did fa', Willie :
 Then second-sighted Sandy said,
 We'll do nae good at a', Willie.
 Up and war, &c.

When brawly they attack'd our left,
 Our front, and flank, and a' Willie ;
 Our bauld commander on the green,
 Our faes their left did ca', Willie,
 And there the greatest slaughter made,
 That e'er poor Tonald saw, Willie :
 Up and war, &c.

First when they saw our Highland mob,
 They swore they'd slay us a', Willie,
 And yet ane fyl'd his breiks for fear,
 And sae did rin awa, Willie.

We drave them back to Bonnybrigs,
 Dragons, and foot, and a', Willie.
 Up and war, &c.

But when their general view'd our lines,
 And them in order saw, Willie,
 He straight did march into the town,
 And back his left did draw, Willie :
 Thus we shew'd them the better gate
 To get a better fa', Willie.
 Up and war, &c.

And then we rally'd on the hills,
 And bravely up did draw, Willie ;
 But gin ye spear wha wan the day,
 I'll tell you what I saw, Willie :
 We baith did fight, and baith were beat,
 And baith did rin awa, Willie ;
 So there's my canty Highland sang
 About the thing I saw, Willie.
 Up in war, &c.

WELCOME, CHARLIE STUART.

You're welcome, Charlie Stuart,
 You're welcome, Charlie Stuart,
 You're welcome, Charlie Stuart,
 There's none so right as thou art.

HAD I the power to my will,
 I'd make thee famous by my quill;
 Thy foes I'd scatter, take, and kill,
 From Billingsgate to Duart.
 You're welcome, &c.

The sympathizing compliance
 Made them believe intriguing France;
 But woe's me for thy mischance,
 Which saddens every heart.
 You're welcome, &c.

Hadst thou Culloden battle won,
 Poor Scotland had not been undone
 Nor butcher'd been, with sword and gun,
 By Lockhart and such cowards.
 You're welcome, &c.

Kind Providence, to thee a friend,
 A lovely maid did timely send,
 To save thee from a fearful end,
 Thou charming Charlie Stuart.
 You're welcome, &c.

Great, glorious Prince, we firmly pray,
 That she and we may see the day,
 When Britons all, with joy, shall say,
 You're welcome, Charlie Stuart.
 You're welcome, &c.

Though Cumberland, the tyrant proud,
 Doth thirst and hunger after blood,
 Just Heaven will preserve the good
 To fight for Charlie Stuart.
 You're welcome, &c.

Whene'er I take a glass of wine,
 I drink confusion to the swine;
 But health to him that will combine
 To fight for Charlie Stuart.
 You're welcome, &c.

The Ministry may Scotland maul,
 But our brave hearts they'll ne'er enthrall;
 We'll fight like Britons, one and all,
 For liberty and Stuart.
 You're welcome, &c.

Then haste, ye Britons, and set on
 Your lawful king upon a throne;
 To H*****r we'll drive each one
 That will not fight for Stuart.
 You're welcome, &c.

KILLICRANKIE.

CLAVERS and his Highlandmen,
 Came down upon the raw man,
 Who being stout, gave many a clout:
 The lads began to clay then.

With sword and terge into their hand,
 Wi' which they werena slaw, man,
 Wi' mony a fearfu' heavy sigh
 The lads began to claw then.

O'er bush, o'er bank, o'er ditch, o'er stank;
 She flang amang them a', man;
 The butter-box got mony knocks,
 Their rigging's paid for a' then.
 They got their paiks, wi' sudden straiks,
 Which to their grief they saw, man;
 Wi' clinkum-clankum o'er their crowns,
 The lads began to fa' then.

Hur skipt about, hur leapt about,
 And flang amang them a', man,
 The English blades got broken heads,
 Their crowns were cleaved in twa then.
 The durk and door made their last hour,
 And proved their final fa', man,
 They thought the devil had been there,
 That play'd them sic a paw then.

The solemn league and covenant
 Came whigging up the hills, man,
 Thought Highland trews durst not refuse
 For to subscribe their bills then.
 In Willie's name they thought nac ane
 Durst stop their course at a', man,
 But hur nainsell, wi' mony a knock,
 Cry'd, Furich-whigs awa, man,

Sir Evan Du, and his men true,
 Came linking up the brink, man,
 The Hogan Dutch they feared such,
 They bred a horrid stink then.
 The true Maclean, and his fierce men,
 Came in amang them a', man ;
 Nane durst withstand his heavy hand,
 All fled and ran awa' then.

Oh, on a ri, oh, on a ri,
 Why should she lose King Shames, man,
 Oh, rig in di, oh, rig in di,
 She shall break a' her banes then.
 With furichinish, an' stay a while,
 And speak a word or twa, man,
 She's gie a straik, out o'er the neck,
 Before ye win awa then.

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

THE DAYS O' LANGSYNE.

WHEN war had broke in on the peace of auld men,
 And frae Chelsea to arms they were summon'd
 again,

Twa vet'rans grown grey, wi' their muskets sair
 fyl'd,
 Wi' a sigh were relating how hard they had toil'd:
 The drum it was beating, to fight they incline,
 But aye they looked back on the days o' langsyne.

Ey! Davie, man, weel thou remembers the time,
 When twa brisk young callans, and just in our prime,
 'The prince led us, conquer'd, and show'd us the
 way,
 And mony a braw chield we turn'd cauld on that
 day:
 Still again wad I venture this auld trunk o' mine,
 Could our gen'ral but lead, or we fight like lang-
 syne.

But garrison duty is a' we can do,
 Though our arms are worn weak, yet our hearts
 still are true;
 We fear'd neither danger by land or by sea,
 For time is turn'd coward, and no you and me;
 And though at our fate we may sadly repine,
 Youth winna return, nor the strength o' lang syne.

When after our conquests it joys me to mind,
 How thy Jean caress'd thee, and my Meg was kind;
 They shared a' our dangers though ever sae hard,
 Nor cared we for plunder when sic our reward;
 Ev'n now they're resolv'd baith their hames to re-
 sign,
 And to share the hard fate they were used to lang
 sync.

JOHNNY COPE.

TUNE—*Fly to the hills in the morning.*

Cope sent a challenge frae Dunbar,
Saying, Charlie meet me gin you daur,
And I'll learn you the art of war,
If you'll meet me in the morning.

Hey, Johnny Cope, are ye waking yet?
Or are your drums a-beating yet?
If ye were waking, I would wait
To gang to the coals in the morning.

When Charlie look't the letter upon,
He drew his sword the scabbard from,
Come, follow me, my merry men,
And we'll meet Johnny Cope in the morning.
Hey, Johnny Cope, &c.

Now, Johnny, be as good as your word,
Come let us try both fire and sword,
And dinna rin awa like a frightened bird,
That's chased frae it's nest in the morning.
Hey, Johnny Cope, &c.

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

Fy! now, Johnny, get up and rin,
 The Highland bagpipes mak a din;
 It's best to sleep in a hale skin,
 For 'twill be a bluiddie morning.

Hey, Johnny Cope, &c

When Johnny Cope to Dunbar came,
 They speer'd at him, Whare's a' your men?
 The deil confound me gin I ken,
 For I left them a' in the morning.

Hey, Johnny Cope, &c.

Now, Johnny, troth ye was nae blate,
 To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat,
 And leave your men in sic a strait,
 So early in the morning.

Hey, Johnny Cope, &c.

Ah! faith, quo' Johnny, I got a fleg,
 Wi' their claymores and philabegs,
 If I face them again, de'il break my legs,
 So I wish you a good morning.

Hey, Johnny Cope, &c.

THE DEFEAT.

FROM hill to hill the bugles sound
 The soul-arousing strain,
 The war-bred coursers paw the ground,
 And, foaming, champ the rein.

Their steel-clad riders bound on high,
 A bold defensive host,
 With valour fired, away they fly,
 Like light'ning, to the coast.

And now they view the wide-spread lines
 Of the invading foe,
 Now skill with British brav'ry joins,
 To strike one final blow.
 Now on they rush with giant stroke—
 Ten thousand victims bleed—
 They trample on the iron yoke
 Which France for us decreed.

Now view the trembling vanquish'd crew
 Kneel o'er their prostrate arms,
 Implore respite of vengeance due
 For all these dire alarms.
 Now, while Humanity's warm glow,
 Half weeps the guilty slain,
 Let Conquest gladden ev'ry brow,
 And god-like Mercy reign.

Thus Fancy paints that awful day—
 Yes, dreadful, should it come!
 But Briton's sons, in stern array,
 Shall brave its darkest gloom.
 Who fights, his native rights to save,
 His worth shall have its claim,
 The Bard will consecrate his grave,
 And give his name to fame, *Tannahil!*

AH! SCOTLAND, MY COUNTRY.

AH! Scotland, my country, ance mair shall I view
Your streams a' sae clear, and your mountains sae
blue:

A' lands I hae travell'd to me are the same,
But the land o' my birth, and the land o' my hame.
To Egypt farewell, and her sands a' sae bare,
Where fell Abercrombie, the pride o' the war ;
Ah! Scotland, my country, his loss ye maun mourn,
And the lads that gaed wi' him nae mair to return.

Ah! mither, dear mither, wi' joy will thou greet,
When first thy auld een thy poor Sandy shall meet ;
And Nannie, dear lassie, thy blushes will rise,
When I press thy soft breast as you sink in sur-
prise:

Come, lassie, gie o'er singing " de'il tak the wars !"
Behold thy ain lad come wi' siller and scars !
Nought has tempted thy sodger his love to resign ;
And his love and his siller, dear lassie are thine.

Cory.

~~~~~  
VITTORIA.

TUNE—*Whistle o'er the lave o't.*

Sing a' ye bards wi' loud acclaim,  
High glory gie to gallant Grahame,  
Heap laurels on our Marshal's fame,  
Wha conquer'd at Vittoria.

Triumphant freedom smiled on Spain,  
 An' raised her stately form again,  
 Whan the British lion shook his mane,  
 On the mountains of Vittoria.

Let blust'rin' Suchet crouselie crack,  
 Let Joseph rin the coward's track,  
 And Jourdan wish his baton back,  
 He left upon Vittoria.

If e'er they meet their worthy king,  
 Let them dance round him in a ring,  
 An' some Scotch piper play the spring  
 He blew them at Vittoria.

Gie truth an' honour to the Danc,  
 Gie German's monarch heart and brain ;  
 But aye in sic a cause as Spain,  
 Gie Britons a Vittoria.

The English rose was ne'er sae red,  
 The shamrock waved where glory led,  
 An' the Scottish thistle raised its head,  
 An' smiled upon Vittoria.

Loud was the battle's stormy swell,  
 Where thousands fought and mony fell ;  
 But the Glasgow heroes bore the bell  
 At the battle of Vittoria.

The Paris maids may ban them a',  
 Their lad's are maistly wede awa,  
 An' cauld an' pale as wreaths o' snaw  
 They lie upon Vittoria.

Wi' quakin' heart and tremblin' knees  
 The eagle standard-bearer flees,  
 While the "meteor flag" floats to the breeze,  
 And wantons on Vittoria.

Britannia's glory their was shown,  
 By the undaunted Wellington,  
 And the tyrant trembled on his throne,  
 Whan hearin' o' Vittoria.

Peace to the spirits of the brave,  
 Let a' their trophies for them wave,  
 An' green be our Cadogan's grave,  
 Upon thy field, Vittoria!  
 There let eternal laurels bloom,  
 While maidens mourn his early doom,  
 An' deck his lowly honour'd tomb  
 Wi' roses on Vittoria.

Ye Caledonian war-pipes play,  
 Barossa heard your Highland lay,  
 The gallant Scot show'd there that day  
 A prelude to Vittoria.

Shout to the heroes—swell ilk voice,  
 To them wha made poor Spain rejoice;  
 Shout Wellington an' Lynedoch, boys,  
 Barossa an' Vittoria!

*Glen.*

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### THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.

"O TELL me, Harper, wherefore flows  
 The wayward notes of wail and woe  
 Far down the desert of Glencoe,  
 Where none may list their melody?

Say harp'st thou to the mists that fly,  
Or to the dun deer glancing by,  
Or to the eagle that from high  
Screams chorus to thy minstrelsy.

“ No, not to these, for they have rest—  
The mist-wreath has the mountain crest,  
The stag his lair, the erne her nest,  
Abode of lone security.

But those for whom I pour the lay,  
Not wild wood deep, nor mountain gray,  
Not this deep dell that shrouds from day,  
Could scream from treach'rous cruelty.

“ Their flag was furl'd, and mute their drum,  
The very household dogs were dumb,  
Unwont to bay of guests that come  
In guise of hospitality.

His blithest notes the piper plied,  
Her gayest snood the maiden tied,  
The dame her distaff flung aside,  
To tend her kindly housewif'ry.

“ The hand that mingled in the meal,  
At midnight drew the felon steel,  
And gave the host's kind breast to feel  
Meed for his hospitality!

The friendly hearth which warm'd that hand,  
At midnight arm'd it with the brand  
That bade destruction's flames expand,  
Their red and fearful blazonry.

"Then woman's shriek was heard in vain,  
 Nor infancy's unpitied plain,  
 More than the warrior's groan, could gain  
 Respite from ruthless butchery!  
 The winter wind that whistled shrill,  
 The snows that night that cloak'd the hill,  
 Though wild and pityless, had still  
 Far more than southron clemency.

"Long has my harp's best notes been gone,  
 Few are its strings, and faint their tone,  
 They can but sound in desert lone  
 Their grey-hair'd master's misery."  
 Were each grey hair a minstrel string,  
 Each cord should imprecations fling,  
 Till startled Scotland loud should ring:  
 "Revenge for blood and treachery."

*Sir W. Scott.*

### M'PHERSON'S FAREWELL.

FAREWELL, ye dungeons dark and strong,  
 The wretch's destiny!  
 M'Pherson's time will not be long,  
 On yonder gallows-tree.  
 Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,  
 Sae dauntingly gaed he,  
 He play'd a spring, and danced it round  
 Below the gallows-tree.

O what is death but parting breath!  
 On many a bloody plain;  
 I've dared his face, and in this place,  
 I scorn him yet again!  
     Sae rantingly, &c.

Untie these bands frae off my hands,  
 And bring to me my sword;  
 And there's no a man in all Scotland,  
 But I'll brave at a word.  
     Sae rantingly, &c.

I've lived a life of sturt and strife;  
 I die by treacherie:  
 It burns my heart I must depart,  
 And not avenged be.  
     Sae rantingly, &c.

Now farewell light, thou sunshine bright,  
 And all beneath the sky!  
 May coward shame aye stain his name,  
 The wretch that dares not die!  
     Sae rantingly, &c.

*Burns.*

### DIRGE OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Why is Victory rob'd in the mantle of woe?  
 Why rises the murmur thus solemn and slow,  
 In the bright eye of valour, why shoots the dark  
 tear,  
 As pensive, he bends o'er the blood-crust'd spear?

O! who would not weep? In the land of the slave  
 Unaided, unpitied, has perish'd the brave,  
 And the boast of his country, the generous Moore,  
 All untimely has fallen on a far foreign shore.

'Twas vain that the genius of freedom's green isle  
 Bade the Ebro, the Tagus, exult in her smile,  
 While drench'd on their banks, in the life damping  
 dew,

A people were scatter'd desponding and few.

'Twas vain, that Britannia triumphant, afar,  
 Plow'd harsh through the red roaring surges of war,  
 Forgetful of glory, she weeps her loved Moore,  
 Who fell, and who sleeps, on a far foreign shore.

But cease thee, my country! thus hopeless to mourn,  
 Taking fire at his fame, every bosom shall burn,  
 Till round thee thy children, in danger be found  
 Like him thy protector, and like him renown'd;  
 And low with the stranger, though far be his tomb,  
 Still wide spreading, then, green the laurel shall  
 bloom,

And ages approving, shall point to thy Moore,  
 In glory, who fell on a far foreign shore.

### THE HIGHLAND MARCH.

In the garb of old Gaul, with the fire of old Rome,  
 From the heath-cover'd mountains of Scotia we  
 come;

Where the Romans endeavour'd our country to  
gain,  
But our ancestors fought, and they fought not in  
vain.

Such our love of liberty, our country and our laws,  
That like our ancestors of old, we'll stand by  
freedom's cause ;  
We'll boldly fight like heroes bold for honour and  
applause,  
And defy the French, with all their art, to alter  
our laws.

No effeminate customs our sinews unbrace ;  
No luxurious tables enervate our race ;  
Our loud-sounding pipe breaths the true martial  
strain,  
And our hearts still the old Scottish valour retain.  
Such our love, &c.

We're tall as the oak on the mount of the vale,  
And swift as the roc which the hound doth assail ;  
As the full moon in autumn our shields doth appear,  
Minerva would dread to encounter our spear.  
Such our love, &c.

As a storm in the ocean, when Boreas blows,  
So are we enrag'd, when we rush on our foes,  
We sons of the mountains, tremendous as rocks,  
Dash the force of our foes with our thundering  
strokes.  
Such our love, &c.

Quebec and Cape Briton, the pride of old France,  
 In their troops fondly boasted till we did advance ;  
 But when our claymores they saw us produce,  
 Their courage did fail, and they sued for a truce.  
 Such our love, &c.

In our realm may the faction of fury long cease,  
 May our counsels be wise, and our commerce  
 increase,  
 And in Scotia's cold climate may each of us find,  
 That our friends still prove true, and our beauties  
 prove kind.

Then we'll defend our liberty, our country, and  
 our laws,  
 And bring up our posterity to fight in freedom's  
 cause ?  
 That they, like our ancestors bold, for honour and  
 applause,  
 May defy the French, with all their arts, to alter  
 our laws.

*Sir Henry Erskine.*

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## FAREWELL TO M'KENZIE.

*From the Gaelic.*

Farewell to Mackeneth, great Earl of the North,  
 The Lord of Lochcarron, Glenshiel, and Seaforth,  
 To the chieftain this morning his course who  
 began,  
 Launching forth on the billows his bark like a  
 swan,

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KING AND THE TINKER.



Then up got the Tinker and hoisted his pack,  
His budgets with leather and tools on his back.

For a far foreign land he has hoisted his sail,  
Farewell to M'Kenzie, high chief of Kintail.

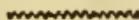
O swift be the galley, and hardy the crew,  
May her captain be skilful, her mariners true,  
In danger undaunted, unwearied by toil,  
Though the whirlwind should rise, and the ocean  
should boil :

On the brave vessel's gunnel I drank his bonail,  
And farewell to M'Kenzie, high chief of Kintail.

Awake in thy chamber, thou sweet southland gale,  
Like the sighs of his people breath soft on his sail ;  
Be prolong'd as regret, that his vassals must know,  
Be fair as their faith, and sincere as their woe :  
Be soft and so fair, an so faithful, sweet gale,  
Wafting onward M'Kenzie, high chief of Kintail.

Be his pilot experienced, and trusty and wise,  
To measure the seas and to study the skies ;  
May he hoist all his canvas from streamer to deck,  
But O ! crowd it higher when wafting him back—  
Till the cliffs of Skooroora, and Conan's glad vale,  
Shall welcome M'Kenzie, high chief of Kintail !

*Sir W. Scott.*



## KING AND THE TINKER.

Now to be brief let us pass by the rest,  
Who seldom or never were given to jest,  
And come to King James, the first on the throne,  
A pleasanter monarch sure never was known.

As he was a hunting his fair fallow dear,  
He dropt all his nobles, of them he got clear ;  
In search of new pleasures away he did ride,  
Till he came to an ale-house, hard by a wood-side.

And there with a tinker he chanced to meet,  
Who in this kind manner he loving did greet :  
What news, honest fellow, what's that in thy jug,  
Which under thine arm thou dost lovingly hug.

In troth, quoth the tinker, 'tis nappy good ale,  
With which to drink to thee I never will fail,  
For 'though that thy jacket be glorious and fine,  
I hope that my twopence is as good as thine.

By my life, quoth the king, and the truth thou hast  
spoke,  
And so he sat down with the tinker to joke ;  
He call'd for a pitcher, the tinker another,  
And so they set to it like brother and brother.

Whilst drinking, the king he was pleased to say,  
What news, honest fellow, come tell me I pray ;  
No news, quoth the tinker, I've chanced to hear,  
Save the king he is hunting his fair fallow deer.

I wish from my heart I so happy could be,  
Now while he is hunting the king I might see,  
For though I have travell'd the land many ways,  
I never yet saw the king all my days.

The king with a hearty loud laughter replied,  
I tell thee, good fellow, if thou canst but ride,  
And get up behind me, thee soon will I bring  
Into the royal presence of James our king.

But then, says the tinker, his lords will be drest  
So fine, that I will not know him from the rest ;  
They will, but I tell thee, when thou comest there  
The king will be cover'd, his nobles all bare.

Then up got the tinker and hoisted his pack,  
His budget, with leather and tools, on his back :  
They rode till they came to the merry Torwood,  
When the nobles came round them and bare-head-  
ed stood.

The tinker perceiving so many appear,  
Most softly did whisper the king in the ear,  
Now since they appear all so glorious and gay,  
Which is the king, friend, come tell me, I pray ?

The king to the tinker straight made this reply,—  
In truth, friend, he either must be you or I ;  
For the rest stand uncover'd and bare-headed round,  
This said, with his budgets he fell to the ground.

Like one who was frighten'd quite out of his wits,  
And straight on his knees he immediately gets,  
Imploring for mercy ; the king to him said,  
Thou art a good fellow so be not afraid :

Come tell me thy name?—It is John of the vale,  
 A mender of kettles, a lover of ale.  
 Then rise up, Sir John! for to honour you here  
 I make you a knight of three hundred a-year!

This was a brave thing for the tinker indeed,  
 And straight to the court he was hurried with speed,  
 Where all sorts of pleasures and happiness spring  
 From the royal presence of James our king.

### LACHIN-Y-GAIR.

AWAY ye gay landscapes; ye gardens of roses!  
 In you let the minions of luxury rove;  
 Restore me the rocks where the snow slake reposes,  
 For still they are sacred to freedom and love;  
 Yet Caledonia! beloved are thy mountains  
 Round their white summits though elements  
 war;  
 Though cataracts foam, 'stead of smooth-flowing  
 fountains,  
 I sigh for the valley of dark Loch-na-Garr.  
 Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy wander'd,  
 My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid;  
 On chieftains, long perish'd, my memory ponder'd,  
 As daily I trode through the pine-covered glade;

I sought not my home till the day's dying glory  
 Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star;  
 For fancy was cheer'd by traditional story,  
 Disclosed by the natives of dark Loch-na-Garr.

Shades of the dead! have I not heard their voices  
 Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale;  
 Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,  
 And rides on the wind, o'er his own Highland  
 vale.

Round Loch-na-Garr, while the stormy mist gathers,  
 Winter presides in his cold icy car;  
 Clouds there encircle the forms of my fathers  
 They dwell in the tempests of dark Loch-na-Garr.

Ill-starr'd, though brave, did no vision foreboding,  
 Tell you that fate had forsaken your cause,  
 Ah! were you destin'd to die at Culloden,  
 Victory crown'd not your fall with applause.  
 Still were you happy in death's early slumber,  
 You rest with your clan, in the caves of Braemar.  
 The pibroch resounds, to the piper's bold number,  
 Your deeds on the echoes of dark Loch-na-Garr.

Years have roll'd on, Loch-na-Garr, since I left you,  
 Years must elapse e'er I tread you again,  
 Nature of verdure and flowers has bereft you;  
 Yet still are you dearer than Albion's plain.  
 England! thy beauties are tame and domestic  
 To one who was roam'd on the mountains afar,  
 Oh, for the craggs that are wild and majestic,  
 The steep flowing glories of dark Loch-na-Garr.

Byron.

## BAULDY FRASER.

TUNE—*The Whigs o' Fife.*

My name is Bauldy Fraser, man;  
 I'm puir an auld, an pale an' wan,  
 I brak my shin, an' tint my han'

Upon Culloden lee, man.

Our Highland clans wur bauld an' stout,  
 An' thought to turn their faes about,  
 But gat that day a desperate rout,  
 An' owre the hills did flee, man.

Sic hurly-burly ne'er was seen,  
 Wi' cuffs, an' buffs, an' blinkit een,  
 While Highland swords, o' metal keen,  
 Wur gleamin' grand to see, man.

The cannons rowtit in our face,  
 An' brak our banes, an' rave our claes;  
 'Twas then we saw our ticklish case,  
 Atween the deil an' sea, man.

Sure Charlie an' the brave Lochiel,  
 Had been that time beside theirsel',  
 To plant us in the open fiel'

In the artillery's ee, man:

For had we met wi' Cumberland,  
 By Athol braes or yonder strand,  
 The blude o' a' the savage band  
 Had dy'd the German Sea, man.

But down we drappit dadd for dadd ;  
 I thought it should hae put me mad,  
 To see sae mony a Highland lad

Lie bluthrin' on the brae, man.

I thought we ance had won the fray,  
 We smasht ae wing till it gae way ;  
 But the other side had lost the day,  
 An' skelpit fast awa, man.

When Charlie wi' Macpherson met,  
 Like Hay, he thought him back to get ;  
 " We'll turn," quo' he, " an' try them yet ;  
 We'll conquer or we'll dee, man."

But Donald jumpit owre the burn,  
 An' sware an aith she wadna turn,  
 Or sure she wad hae cause to mourn ;  
 Then fast awa did flee, man.

Oh! had you seen that hunt o' death!  
 We ran until we tint our breath,  
 Aye looking back for fear o' skaith,  
 Wi' hopeless shinin' ee, man.

But Britain ever may deplore  
 That day upon Drumossie moor,  
 Whar thousands ta'en wur drench'd in gore,  
 Or hang'd out owre a tree, man.

O, Cumberland! what mean'd ye then,  
 To ravage ilka Highland glen?  
 Our crime was truth an' love to ane ;  
 We had nae spite at thee, man.

An' you or yours may yet be glad,  
 To trust the honest Highland lad;  
 The bonnet blue and belted plaid  
 Will stand the last o' three, man. *Hogg.*

### DONALD CAIRD'S COME AGAIN.

Donald Caird's come again;  
 Donald Caird's come again;  
 Tell the news in burgh and glen,  
 Donald Caird's come again.

DONALD CAIRD can lilt and sing;  
 Blythely dance the Highland fling;  
 Drink till the gudeman be blind,  
 Fleech till the gudewife be kind;—  
 Hoop a leglin, cloot a pan,  
 Crack a pow wi' ony man:  
 Teli the news in burgh and glen,  
 Donald Caird's come again.

Donald Caird's can wire a maukin,  
 Kens the wiles o' dun deer staukin:  
 Leisters kipper, maks a shift  
 To shoot a moorfowl in the drift.  
 Water-bailiff's, rangers, keepers,  
 He can wauk when you are sleepers:  
 Not for bounteth or reward  
 Dare ye mill with Donald Caird.

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

Steek the amrie, lock the kist,  
 Else some gear may weel be mist ;  
 Donald Caird finds orra things,  
 Where Allan Gregor fand the tings ;  
 Dunts o' kebbuck, taits o' woo,  
 Whiles a hen, and whiles a sow ;  
 Webs or duds frae hedge or yard.—  
 Ware the woody, Donald Caird.

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

Donald Caird's come again ;  
 Donald Caird's come again.  
 Dinna let the sheriff ken  
 Donald Caird's come again.

Sir W. Scott.

## ADMIRAL DUNCAN'S VICTORY.

TUNE—*Fy let us a' to the bridal.*

NAE mair need we sigh whan we reckon,  
 An' think on the days o' lang syne,  
 Whan bauld Scottish heroes, sae doughty,  
 Wi' laurels o' valour did shine;  
 For Duncan, a true Scottish callan,  
 Wha lang has been thirsting for fame,  
 Has yerkit our faes in a tulzie,  
 An' proved himsel' worthy the name.

The Frenchmen, thae ill-deedy bodies,  
 Wha never wère sound in the bane,  
 Wi' hearts maist as black as a kettle,  
 An' o' their auld tricks unco fain;  
 Wi' fleechin, an' Hornie's assistance,  
 Gart meikle-breek'd Dutchmen agree  
 Their ships a' wi' haste to untether,  
 An' meet Adie Duncan at sea.

But fook little ken, whan they travel,  
 What luckless mishaps may befa',  
 Or the Dutchmen wad ne'er been sac doited  
 As ventured frae Holland ava:  
 For Duncan, sae wily an' cunning,  
 Lay watching the time to begin;  
 Then belly-slaught banged in upon them,  
 An' gied them a weel-licked skin.

Wi' legs snapped aff, broken noddles,  
 (My fegs! 'twas a sad ravelled pirn!)  
 The Dutchmen endeavoured to rid for't,  
 But fand themsels snib'd in a girn.  
 They looked like gryces new-sticked,  
 Whan siccan mishanters they saw,  
 An' heartily d——d the French vermin,  
 Wha o' them had made a cat's paw.

Yet Frenchmen (wha'll ne'er be tongue-tacked),  
 Blaw aff at an anco degree;  
 Again 'bout Invasion they blether,  
 An' swear they'll be here in a wee.  
 But e'en let them, yammer an' ettle,  
 Britannia laughs at their scheme;  
 She has Tars, wha are Kings o' the Ocean,  
 An' Volunteer birkies at hame.

Whan Scotia's braid shield, o'er her mountains,  
 Sae terribly sounds the alarm,  
 Her sons, looking forward to glory,  
 Rush bravely to guard her frae harm;  
 'Mang the lave o' her trusty defenders,  
 Whase praise weel deserves to be sung,  
 There's Campbells, a race lang respected,  
 Frae Dermid, great warrior, sprung.

Eke Ferguson, Dewar, an' Fraser;  
 Buchanan, wha seeks Scotia's weal;  
 Macdougall (the famed Lord o' Lorn),  
 Macnab, an' Mackenzie, sae leal;

Wi' Gordon, Macleod, an' Macdonald,  
 Wha'll stand, but will ne'er turn awa;  
 An' bauldly to lead us to honour,  
 See Murray, the chief o' us a'.

Yes, we hae our bauld Highland laddies,  
 Wi' bannets set briskly aje,  
 Whase love for their Country's sae sicker,  
 Afore they forsake her they'll die.  
 Look round here! In ilka Scotch bosom,  
 A flame for auld Scotia does burn;  
 A flame which nae dastardly traitor,  
 Nor dangers, nor death, can o'erturn. *Gall.*

~~~~~  
THE THISTLE.

LET them boast of the country gave Patrick his
 fame,
 Of the land of the ocean, and Anglian name,
 With their red blushing roses, and shamrock sae
 green;
 Far dearer to me are the hills of the North,
 The land of the blue mountains, the birth place of
 worth,
 Those mountains where freedom has fix'd her abode,
 Those wide spreading glens, where no slave ever
 trode,
 Where blooms the red heather and thistle sae
 green.

Though rich be the soil, where blossoms the rose;
And bleak the high mountains, and covered with
snows,

Where blooms the red heather and thistle sae
green;

Yet for friendship sincere, and loyalty true,
And for courage so bold, which no foe could sub-
due,

Unmatch'd is our country, unrivall'd our swains,
And lovely and true are the nymphs on our plains;
Where rises the thistle—the thistle sae green.

Far famed are our sires in the battles of yore,
And many the *cairnies* that rise on our shore,
O'er the foes that invaded the thistle sae green;
And many a *cairnie* shall rise on our strand,
Should the torrent of war ever burst on our land;
Let foe come on foe, like wave upon wave,
We'll give them a welcome, we'll give them a grave,
Beneath the red heather and thistle sae green!

O! dear to our souls are the blessings of Heaven,
The freedom we boast of, the land which we live in,
The land of the thistle—the thistle sae green:

For that land and that freedom our fathers have
bled,

And we swear by the blood which our fathers have
shed,

That no foot of a foe shall e'er tread on their
grave;

But the thistle shall bloom on the bed of the
brave—

The thistle of Scotia!—the thistle sae green!

CULLODEN.

TUNE—*O! are ye sleeping, Maggie?*

The heath cock craw'd o'er muir an' dale,
 Red raise the sun, the sky was cloudy,
 While must'ring far, wi' distant yell,
 The north'ren bands march'd stern and steady.
 O! Duncan, Donald's ready!
 O! Duncan, Donald's ready!
 Wi' sword an' targe he seeks the charge,
 An' frae his shouther flings the plaidy!

Nae mair we chase the flee-foot roe,
 O'er down an' dale, o'er mountain flyin';
 But rush like tempests on the foe,
 Through mingled groans the war note cryin'.
 O! Duncan, Donald's ready! &c.

A prince is come to claim his ain,
 A stem o' Stuart, friendless Charlie;
 What Highland hand its blade wou'd hain,
 What Highland heart behint wou'd tarry?
 O! Duncan, Donald's ready, &c.

I see our hardy clans appear,
 The sun back frae their blades is beamin';
 The southern trump falls on my ear,
 Their banner'd lions proudly streamin'.

Now, Donald, Duncan's ready!
 Now, Donald, Duncan's ready!
 Within his hand he grasps his brand;
 Fierce is the fray, the field is bloody!

But lang shall Scotland rue the day,
 She saw her flag sae fiercely flying;
 Culloden's hills were hills o' wae;
 Her honour lost, her warriors dying,
 Duncan now nae mair is ready!
 Duncan now nae mair is ready!
 The brand is fa'en frae out his han',
 His bonnet blue lies stain'd and bluidy!

Fair Flora's gane her love to seek;
 Lang may she wait for his returnin';
 The midnight dews fa' on her cheek;
 What hand shall dry her tears o' mournin'?
 Duncan now nae mair is ready! &c.

Nicholson.

O KENMURE'S ON AND AWA, WILLIE.

O Kenmure's on and awa, Willie,
 O Kenmure's on and awa:
 An' Kenmure's lord's the bravest lord
 That ever Galloway saw.

Success to Kenmure's band, Willie!

Success to Kenmure's band!

There's no a heart that fears a whig,

That rides by Kenmure's hand.

Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie,

Here's Kenmure's health in wine;

There ne'er was a coward of Kenmure's blude,

Nor yet of Gordon's line.

O Kenmure's lads are men, Willie,

O Kenmure's lads are men;

Their hearts are swords o' metal true,

And that their faes shall ken.

They'll live or die wi' fame, Willie,

They'll live or die wi' fame;

But soon wi' sounding victorie

May Kenmure's lord come hame!

Here's him that's far awa, Willie,

Here's him that's far awa;

And here's the flower that I lo'e best,

The rose that's like the snaw.

TRANENT MUIR.

The Chevalier, being void of fear,

Did march up Birsle brae, man;

And through Tranent, e'er he did stent,

As fast as he could gae, man;

While General Cope did taunt and mock,
 Wi' mony a good huzza, man ;
 But e'er next morn proclaim'd the cock,
 We heard anither craw, man.
 The brave Lochiel, as I heard tell,
 Led Camerons on in cluds, man ;
 The morning fair, and clear the air,
 They loosed with devilish thuds, man ;

Down guns they threw, and swords they drew,
 And soon did chase them aff, man ;
 On Seaton Crafts they buft their chafts,
 And gart them rin like daft, man.
 The bluff dragoons swore blood and 'oons.
 They make the rebels run, man ;
 And yet they flee when them they see,
 And winna fire a gun, man :

They turn'd their back, their foot they brake,
 Such terror seiz'd them a' man ;
 Some wet their cheeks, some fyl'd their breeks,
 And some for fear did fa' man.
 The volunteers prick'd up their ears,
 And vow gin they were crouse, man,
 But when the bairns sawt turn to earn'st,
 They were not worth a louse, man.

Maist feck gade hame ; O fye for shame !
 They'd better stay'd awa, man,
 Than wi' cockade to make parade,
 And do nae good at a', man.

Menteith the great, when hersel' s—t,
 Un'wares did ding him o'er, man ;
 Yet wadna stand to bear a hand,
 But aff fou fast did scour, man,
 O'er Soutra hill, e'er he stood still,
 Before he tasted meat, man :
 Troth he may brag of his swift nag,
 That bare him aff sae fleet, man.

And Simpson keen to clear the een
 Of rebels far in wrang, man,
 Did never strive wi' pistols five,
 But gallop'd with the thrang, man ;
 He turn'd his back, and in a crack
 Was cleanly out of sight man ;
 And thought it best, it was nae jest
 Wi' Highlanders to fight, man.

'Mangst a' the gang nane bade the bang
 But twa, and ane was taen, man ;
 For Campbell rade, but Myrie staid,
 And sair he paid the kain, man ;
 Fell skelps he got, was waur than shot,
 Frae the sharp-edged claymore, man ;
 Frae many a spout came running out
 His reeking-het red gore, man.

But Gardiner brave did still behave,
 Like to a hero-bright, man ;
 His courage true, like him were few,
 That still despised flight, man ;

For king and laws, and country's cause,
 In honour's bed he lay, man;
 His life, but not his courage, fled,
 While he had breath to draw, man.

And Major Bowle, that worthy soul,
 Was brought down to the ground, man;
 His horse being shot, it was lot
 For to get mony a wound, man:
 Lieutenant Smith, of Irish birth,
 Frae whom he call'd far aid, man,
 Being full of dread, lap o'er his head,
 And wadna be gainsaid, man.

He made sic haste, sae spurr'd his beast,
 'Twas little there he saw, man;
 To Berwick rade, and safely said,
 The Scots were rebels a', man:
 But let that end, for well 'tis kend
 His use and wont to lie, man;
 The Teague is naught, he never faught,
 When he had room to flee, man.

And Caddell drest, among the rest,
 With gun and good claymore, man,
 On gelding grey he rode that way,
 With pistols set before, man;
 The cause was good, he'd spend his blood,
 Before that he would yield, man;
 But the night before, he left the core,
 And never faced the field, man.

But gallant Roger, like a sodger,
 Stood and bravely fought, man;
 I'm wae to tell, at last he fell,
 But mae down wi' him brought, man:
 At point of death, wi' his last breath,
 (Some standing round in ring, man,)
 On's back lying flat, he waved his hat,
 And cry'd, God save the King, man.

Some Highland rogues, like hungry dogs,
 Neglecting to pursue, man,
 About they faced, and in great haste
 Upon the booty flew, man;
 And they, as gain, for all their pain,
 Are deck'd wi' spoils of war, man;
 Fu' bauld can tell how her nainsel'
 Was ne'er sae braw before, man.

At the thorn tree, which you may see
 Bewest the meadow-mill, man;
 There mony slain lay on the plain,
 The clans pursuing still, man.
 Sic unco hacks, and deadly whacks,
 I never saw the like, man;
 Lost hands and feet cost them their deads,
 That fell near Preston-dyke, man.

That afternoon, when a' was done,
 I gaed to see the fray, man;
 But had I wist what after past,
 I'd better staid awa; man;

On Seaton Sands, wi' nimble hands,
 They pick'd my pockets bare, man ;
 But I wish ne'er to drie sic fear,
 For a' the sun and mair, man.

Skirvin.

DIRGE OF WALLACE.

They lighted a taper at the dead of night,
 And chaunted their holiest hymn ;
 But her brow and her bosom were damp with
 affright

Her eye was all sleepless and dim,—
 And the lady of Elderslie wep't for her lord,
 When a death-watch beat in her lonely room,
 When her curtain had shook of its own accord,
 And the raven had flap'd at her window board,
 To tell of her warior's doom.

Now sing ye the song, and loudly pray
 For the soul of my knight so dear ;
 And call me a widow, this wretched day,
 Since the warning of God is here.
 For a night-mare rides on my strangled sleep ;
 The lord of my bosom is doom'd to die ;
 His valourous heart they have wounded deep,
 And the blood-red tears shall his country weep
 For Wallace of Elderslie.

Yet knew not his country that ominous hour,
 Ere the loud matin bell was rung,
 That a trumpet of death on an English tower
 Had the dirge of her champion sung.
 When his dungeon light look'd dim and red
 On the high born blood of a martyr slain,
 No anthem was sung at his holy death bed,
 No weeping there was when his bosom bled,
 And his heart was rent in twain.

Oh ! it was not thus when his oaken spear
 Was true to the knight forlorn,
 And hosts of a thousand were scatter'd like deer,
 At the sound of the huntsman horn.
 When he strode o'er the wreck of each well fought
 field,
 With the yellow hair'd chiefs of his native land ;
 For his lance was not shiver'd, or helmet, or shield,
 And the sword that seem'd fit for archangel to
 wield,
 Was light in his terrible hand.

But bleeding and bound though the Wallace wight
 For his much loved country die,
 The bugle ne'er sung to a braver knight
 Than Wallace of Elderslie,
 But the day of his glory shall never depart,
 His head unintomb'd shall with glory be palm'd,
 From his blood streaming altar his spirit shall start,
 Though the raven has fed on his mouldering heart
 A nobler was never embalm'd.

T. Campbell, Esq.

LAIGH COUNTRY SANDY.

TUNE—*Woo'd and married and a'.*

My name it is Laigh-country Sandy,
 Ne'er fear'd for the face of a fae;
 By king and by country I'll stand aye,
 Whene'er they're threaten'd by wae.
 When arm'd an' placed in my station,
 To march, an' to front, an' to wheel,
 I'll fight for auld Scotland's salvation,
 Against baith the Dutch and the de'il.

King an' people an' a',
 Lords an' Commons an' a',
 Shall keep up their auld independence,
 Or Sandy shall fight till he fa'.

May I get my shouthers weel clankit,
 Gif e'er I tell ought but the truth;
 Your clans they can front it an' flank it,
 As weel as we lads o' the South;
 Though Cameron's braw lads! took the grumples,
 An' wadna own Geordie ava,
 Yet they'll hazard their necks an' their rumples,
 To chase the invaders awa.

Drums an' trumpets an' a',
 Trumpets an' drums an' a';
 They'll hazard their necks an' their rumples
 To chase the invaders awa.

Yet dinna think we are less faithfu'
 Than Donald's blue-bannetted core,
 Or yet o' our pallets mair faithfu',
 Sude Frenchman land on our shore.
 If e'er the tyrannical buckie,
 A sword in our country sude draw,
 We'll rally a', happie go luckie,
 An' chase the invaders awa.

Pikes an' batons an' a',
 Batons an' pikes an' a'
 We'll rattle the Corsican's shouthers
 Wi' pikes an' batons an' a'.

And Scotland was never sae tipsy,
 Nor strutted sae braw in her gear,
 Sin' that time the Catholic gipsy
 Held a' the hale kirks in a steer.
 For a' their religious bother,
 Baith kirkmen, seceders, an' a',
 They'll thraw their opinions a' through ither,
 An' thresh the invaders awa.

Whigs an' tories an' a',
 Tories an' whigs an' a',
 They'll drown a' their debates in a bumper,
 An' chase the invaders awa.

The black fook frae Symie, that weer us
 Wi' mony braw lang-nebbit words,
 Sude ony great danger come near us,
 Their books they will niffer for swords.

An' if the mischeivous birkie
 Into our dear country should come,
 They'll cast a' their creeds at their a—s,
 An row-de-dow, follow the drum.

Wigs an' cassocks an' a',
 Cassocks an' wigs an' a',
 They'll cleek up a rusty brown Janet,
 An' thunder the rascals awa.

The wives an' the lasses enraged,
 The grit anes as well as the poor,
 Their husbands and sweethearts engaged,
 They'll kick up a terrible stour.
 If ever they see the Sans Culotes,
 Their ladyships winna be slaw,
 O tankards an' plates to mak bullets,
 To pelt the invaders awa.

Tangs an' pokers an' a',
 Pokers an' tangs an' a';
 Wi true amazonian vigour,
 They'll pelt the invaders awa.

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## THE LAMENT OF WALLACE.

TUNE—*Maids of Arrochar.*

THOU dark winding Carron, once pleasing to see,  
 To me thou can'st never give pleasure again,  
 My brave Caledonians lie low on the lea,  
 And thy streams are deep-ting'd with the blood  
 of the slain.

Ah! base-hearted Treachery has doom'd our un-  
doing,

My poor bleeding country, what more can I do?  
Ev'n Valour looks pale o'er the red field of Ruin,  
And Freedom beholds her best warriors laid low.

Farewell, ye dear partners of peril! farewell!

Though buried ye lie in one wide bloody grave,  
Your deeds shall ennoble the place where ye fell,  
And your names be enroll'd with the sons of the  
brave.

But I, a poor outcast, in exile must wander,  
Perhaps, like a traitor, ignobly must die!

On thy wrongs, O my country! indignant I pon-  
der—

Ah! woe to the hour when thy Wallace must fly!  
*Tannahill.*

### SHERIFF-MUIR.

THERE'S some say that we wan,  
Some say that they wan,  
Some say that nane wan at a', man;  
But one thing I'm sure,  
That at Sheriff-muir,  
A battle there was, which I saw, man;  
And we ran, and they ran, and they ran, and we  
ran,  
And we ran, and they ran awa, man.

Brave Argyle and Belhaven,  
 Not like frightened Leven,  
 Which Rothes and Haddington saw, man;  
 For they all with Wightman,  
 Advanced on the right, man,  
 While others took flight, being raw, man.  
 And we ran, &c.

Lord Roxburgh was there,  
 In order to share  
 With Douglas, who stood not in awe, man,  
 Voluntarily to ramble  
 With Lord Louden Campbell,  
 Brave Ilay did suffer for a', man.  
 And we ran, &c.

Sir John Schaw, that great knight,  
 With broad-sword most bright,  
 On horseback he briskly did charge, man;  
 An hero that's bold,  
 None could him withhold,  
 He stoutly encounter'd the targemen.  
 And we ran, &c.

For the cowardly Whittam,  
 For fear they should cut him,  
 Seeing glittering swords with a pa', man,  
 And that in such thrang  
 Made Baird edicang,  
 And from the brave clans ran awa, man.  
 And we ran, &c.

Brave Mar and Panmure  
 Were firm, I am sure,  
 The latter was kidnapt awa, man;  
 With brisk men about,  
 Brave Harry retook  
 His brother, and laught at them a', man.  
 And we ran, &c.

Grave Marshall and Lithgow,  
 And Glengary's pith too,  
 Assisted by brave Loggia-man,  
 And Gordons the bright,  
 So boldly did fight,  
 The red-coats took flight and awa, man.  
 And we ran, &c.

Strathmore and Clanronald  
 Cry'd still, Advance Donald!  
 Till both these heroes did fa', man;  
 For there was such hashing,  
 And broad-swords a-clashing,  
 Brave Forfar himself got a claw, man.  
 And we ran, &c.

Lord Perth stood the storm,  
 Seaforth but lukewarm,  
 Kilsyth and Strathallan not slaw, man;  
 And Hamilton pled,  
 The men were not bred,  
 For he had no fancy to fa' man.  
 And we ran, &c.

Brave generous Southesk,  
 Tilebairn was brisk,  
 Whose father indeed would not draw, man,  
 Into the same yoke,  
 Which served for a cloak,  
 To keep the estate 'twixt them twa, man.  
 And we ran, &c.

Rord Rollo not fear'd,  
 Kintore and his beard,  
 Pitsligo and Ogilvie a', man ;  
 And brothers Balfours,  
 They stood the first showers,  
 Clackmannan and Burleigh did claw, man.  
 And we ran, &c.

But Cleppan acted pretty,  
 And Strowan the witty,  
 A poet that passes us a', man ;  
 For mine is but rhyme,  
 In respect of what's fine,  
 Of what he is able to draw, man.  
 And we ran, &c.

For Huntly and Sinclair,  
 They both play'd the tinkler,  
 With consciences black like a crow, man.  
 Some Angus and Fifemen,  
 They ran for their life, man,  
 And ne'er a Lot's wife there at a', man.  
 And we ran, &c.

Then Laurie the traitor, who betray'd his master,  
 Who betray'd his master, as he did a man,  
 His king and his country and a', man,  
 Pretending Mar might give orders to fight,  
 Give orders to fight, to the right of the army awa,  
 To the right of the army awa, man,  
 And we ran, &c.

Then Laurie, for fear  
 Of what he might hear,  
 Took Drummond's best horse and awa, man;  
 'Stead of crossing to Perth,  
 He crossed the Firth,  
 Alongst Stirling-bridge and awa, man,  
 And we ran, &c.

To London he press'd,  
 And there he address'd,  
 That he behav'd best of them a', man,  
 And there, without strife,  
 Got settled for life,  
 An hundred a-year to his fa', man,  
 And we ran, &c.

In Borrowstounness  
 He resides with disgrace,  
 Till his neck stand in need of a draw, man,  
 And then in a tether,  
 He'll swing from a ladder,  
 And go off the stage with a pal, man,  
 And we ran, &c.

Rob Roy stood watch  
 On a hill for to catch  
 The booty, for ought that I saw, man,  
 For he never advanced  
 From the place he was stanced,  
 'Till no more ado there at a', man.  
 For we ran, &c.

So we all took the flight,  
 And Moubray the wright;  
 But Letham the smith was a brow man,  
 For he took the gout,  
 Which truly was wit,  
 By judging it time to withdraw, man.  
 And we ran, &c.

And Trumpet M'Lean,  
 Whose breeks were not clean,  
 Through misfortune he happen'd to fa', man;  
 By saving his neck  
 His trumpet did break,  
 Came off without music at a', man.  
 And we ran, &c.

So there such a race was,  
 As ne'er in that place was,  
 And as little chase was at a', man;  
 For other they run,  
 Without tuck of drum;  
 They did not make use of a pa', man.  
 And we ran, &c.

## THE CHEVALIER'S MUSTER ROLL, 1716.

TUNE—*Tail Toddle.*

LITTLE wat ye wha's coming,  
 Little wat ye wha's coming,  
 Little wat ye wha's coming,  
 Jock and Tam and a's coming,  
 Duncan's coming, Donald's coming,  
 Colin's coming, Ronald's coming,  
 Dougal's coming, Lauchlan's coming,  
 Alaster and a's coming.

Little wat ye wha's coming,  
 Little wat ye wha's coming,  
 Little wat ye wha's coming,  
 Jock and Tam and a's coming  
 Borland and his men's coming,  
 The Camerons and M'Leans' coming,  
 The Gordons and M'Gregors' coming,  
 A' the Dunnywastles' coming.

Little wat ye wha's coming,  
 Little wat ye wha's coming,  
 Little wat ye wha's coming,  
 M'Gilvrey o' Drumglass is coming,  
 Wigton's coming, Nithsdale's coming,  
 Carnwath's coming, Kenmore's coming,  
 Derwentwater and Foster's coming,  
 Withrington and Nairn's coming.

Little wat ye wha's coming,  
 Little wat ye wha's coming,  
 Little wat ye wha's coming,  
 Blythe Cowhill and a's coming,  
 The Laird of M'Intosh is coming,  
 M'Crabie and M'Donald's coming,  
 The M'Kenzies' and M'Pherson's's coming,  
 A' the wild M'Craws' coming.

Little wat ye wha's coming,  
 Little wat ye wha's coming,  
 Little wat ye wha's coming,  
 Donald Gunn and a's coming.  
 They gloom, they glow'r, they look so big,  
 At ilka stroke they fell a whig;  
 They'll fright the fuds o' the Pockpuds,  
 For mony a buttock bare's coming.

### SYMON AND JANET.

Surrounded wi' bent and wi' heather,  
 Where muircocks and plivers are rife,  
 For mony a lang towmond thegither,  
 There lived an auld man and his wife;  
 About the affairs o' the nation,  
 The twasome they seldom were mute:  
 Buonaparte, the French, and invasion,  
 Did sour in their wizens like soot.

In winter, when deep ran the gutters,  
 And night's gloomy canopy spread,  
 Auld Symon sat luntin his cuttie,  
 And lousin his buttons for bed:  
 Auld Janet, his wife, out a-gazin,  
 To lock in the door was her care;  
 She, seein our signals a-blazin,  
 Cam rinin in, rivin her hair:

O Symon, the Frenchmen are landit!  
 Gae look man, and slip on your shoon;  
 Our signals, I see them extendit,  
 Like red-risen blaze o' the moon.  
 What plague! the French landit! quo' Symon,  
 And clash gaed his pipe to the wa':  
 Faith! then there's be loadin' and primin',  
 Quo' he, if there landit ava.

Our youngest son's in the militia,  
 Our auldest grandson's volunteer;  
 O' the French to be fu' o' the flesh o',  
 I too in the ranks shall appear.  
 His waistcoat pouch fill'd he with pouthier,  
 And bang'd down his rusty auld gun,  
 His bullets he pat i' the ither,  
 That he for the purpose had run.

Then humpled he out in a hurry,  
 While Janet his courage bewails,  
 And cried out, dear Symon, be wary,  
 And teughly she hang by his tails.

Let be wi' your kindness, quo' Symon,  
 Nor vex me wi' tears and wi' cares,  
 For, now to be ruled by a woman,  
 Nae laurels shall crown my grey hairs!

Then hear me, quo' Janet, I pray thee,  
 I'll 'tend thee, love, living or dead,  
 And if thou should fa', I'll die with thee,  
 Or tie up thy wounds if thou bleed.

Quo' Janet, O keep frae the riot!  
 Last night, man, I dreamt ye was dead;  
 This aught days I've tentit a pyot,  
 Sit chatt'ring upon the house head!

As yesterday workin my stockin,  
 And you wi' the sheep on the hill,  
 A muckle black corbie sat croakin;  
 I kend it foreboded some ill.

Hoot, chear up, dear Janet, be hearty,  
 For ere the next sun may gae down,  
 Wha kens but I'll shoot Buonaparte,  
 And end my auld days in renown!

Syne aff in a fury he stumbled,  
 Wi' bullets, an' pouter, an' gun;  
 At's curpin auld Janet too humped,  
 Awa to the neist neighb'rin' town:  
 There footmen an' yoemen paradin',  
 To scour aff in dirdum were seen,  
 An' wives an' young lasses a' sheddin'  
 The briny saut tears frae their een.

Then aff wi' his bannet got Symic,  
 An' to the coumander he gaes;  
 Quo' he, Sir, I mean to gae wi' ye,  
 An' help ye to lounder our faes:  
 I'm auld, yet I'm teugh as the wire,  
 Sae we'll at the rogues hae a dash,  
 An' fegs, if my gun winna fire,  
 I'll turn the butt-end, an' I'll thrash.

Well spoken, my hearty auld hero,  
 The captain did smiling reply;  
 But begg'd he wad stay till to-morrow,  
 Till day-light should glent in the sky.  
 What reck, a' the stour came to naething;  
 Sae Symon, an' Janet his dame,  
 Hale skart frae the wars, without skaithing,  
 Gaed, bannin' the French, awa hame.

*A. Scott.*

### SCOTIA'S GLENS.

TUNE—*Lord Ballandine's Delight.*—*New Set.*

'MONG Scotia's glens and mountains blue,  
 Where Gallia's lilies never grew,  
 Where Roman eagles never flew,  
 Nor Danish lions rallied;  
 Where skulks the roe in anxious fear,  
 Where roves the stately, nimble deer,  
 There live the lads to freedom dear,  
 By foreign yoke ne'er galled.

There woods grow wild on every hill ;  
 There freemen wander at their will ;  
 Sure Scotland will be Scotland still,  
     While hearts so brave defend her.  
 " Fear not, our Sov'reign liege," they cry,  
 " We've flourish'd fair beneath thy eye ;  
 For thee we'll fight, for thee we'll die,  
     Nor ought but life surrender.

Since thou hast watch'd our every need,  
 And taught our navy wide to spread,  
 The smallest hair from thy gray head  
     No foreign foe shall sever.  
 Thy honour'd age in peace to save,  
 The sternest host we'll dauntless brave,  
 Or stem the fiercest Indian wave,  
     Nor heart nor hand shall waver.

Though nations join yon tyrant's arm,  
 While Scotia's noble blood runs warm,  
 Our gude old man we'll guard from harm,  
     Or fall in heaps around him.  
 Although the Irish harp were won,  
 And England's roses all o'er-run,  
 'Mong Scotia's glens, with sword and gun,  
     We'll form a bulwark round him." *Hogg.*

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GUDE WALLACE.

O FOR my ain King, quo' gude Wallace,
 The rightfu' King of fair Scotland !
 Between me and my sovereign's blude,
 I think I see some ill seed sawn.

Wallace out owre yon river he lap,
 And he has lighted low down on yon plain,
 And he was aware of a gay ladie,
 As she was at the well washin'.

What tydins, what tydins, fair ladie, he says,
 What tydins hast thou to tell unto me ;
 What tydins, what tydins, fair ladie, he says,
 What tydins hae ye in the south countrie.

Low down in yon wee ostler house,
 There is fyfteen Englishmen,
 And they are seekin for gude Wallace,
 It's him to take, and him to hang.

There's nocht in my purse, quo' gude Wallace,
 There's nocht, not even a bare pennie,
 But I will down to yon wee ostler house
 Thir fyfteen Englishmen to see.

And when he cam to yon wee ostler house
 He bad benedicite be there ;
 He knelt, and on his bended knee,
 Their bounty kind he begg'd to share.

Where was ye born? auld crookit carle?
 Where was ye born, in what countrie?
 am a true Scot born and bred,
 And an auld crookit carle just sic as ye see.

I wad gie fyfteen shillings to onie crookit carle,
To onie crookit carle, just sic as ye,
If ye will get me gude Wallace,
For he is the man I wad very fain see.

He hit the proud captain along the chaft blade,
That never a bit o' meal he ate mair,
And he sticket the rest at the table where they sat,
And he left them a' lying sprawlin there.

Get up, get up, gudewife, he says,
And get to me some dinner in haste;
For it will soon be three lang days
Sin' I a bit o' meal did taste.

The dinner wasna weel readie,
Nor was it on the table set,
Till other fyfteen Englishmen,
Were a' lighted about the yett.

Come out, come out, now gude Wallace,
'This is the day that thou maun die;
I lippen nae sae little to God, he says,
Although I be but ill wordie.

The gudewife had an auld gudeman,
By gude Wallace he stiffly stood,
Till ten o' the fyfteen Englishmen,
Before the door lay in their blude.

The other five to the greenwood ran,
 And he hang'd these five upon a grain,
 And on the morn, wi' his merry men a',
 He sat at dine in Lochmaben town.

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WELCOME, ROYAL CHARLIE.

TUNE—*Auld Wife ayont the fire.*

AROUSE! arouse! ilk kilted clan,  
 Let Highland hearts lead on the van,  
 Forward wi' her dirk in hand,  
 To fight for royal Charlie.

Welcome, Charlie, owre the main,  
 The Highland hills are a' your ain,  
 Welcome to your ain again,  
 Welcome, royal Charlie.

Auld Scotia's sons 'mang Highland hills,  
 Can nobly brave the face o' ills;  
 For kindred fire ilk bosom fills,  
 At sight o' royal Charlie.

Welcome, Charlie, &c.

Her ancient Thistle wags her pow,  
 And proudly waves o'er dale and knowe,  
 To hear the oath and sacred vow—

“We'll live or die wi' Charlie”  
 Welcome, Charlie, &c.

Rejoiced to think nae foreign weed,  
 Shall trample on her hardy seed,  
 For weel she kens her sons will bleed,  
 Or fix his throne right fairly.  
 Welcome, Charlie, &c.

Amang the wilds o' Caledon,  
 Breathes there a base degenerate son,  
 Wha would not to his standard run,  
 And rally round Prince Charlie.  
 Welcome, Charlie, &c.

Then let the flowing queech go round,  
 And boldly bid the pibroch sound,  
 Till every glen and rock resound  
 The name o' royal Charlie.  
 Welcome, Charlie, &c.

### THE CHIEFTAIN'S RETURN.

The Gregarach is come again,  
 The Gregarach is come again,  
 Soun' the pibroch through the glen,  
 Roy Gregarach's come back again.

THE Lawland chain, the braid claymore,  
 The Sodger's gun, the dungeon door,  
 The roarin stream, the langsome mile,  
 Or Sassenach wi' Southron wile;

The Gregarach they cou'dna keep,  
 He swam the river, climb'd the steep,  
 An' to his clan an' Hielan glen,  
 Roy Gregarach is come again.

The Gregarach is come again,  
 The Gregarach is come again,  
 Soun' the welcome down the glen,  
 Roy Gregarach is hame again.

The sons o' Gregor now will shame  
 The mongrel blood o' Saxon Græme,  
 And poor like Endrick's winter roar,  
 Down "far Lochowe" on Callum More ;  
 As eagle from his eyrie driven,  
 We'll pounce, we'll scathe like forked levin,  
 And harry mail frae hill and plain,  
 For Gregarach is come again.

Roy Gregarach is come again,  
 Roy Gregarach is come again,  
 Craigcrostan now shall be his ain,  
 For he's got free and back again.

The lanesome "cave" he'll haunt nae mair,  
 Nor couch beside the red deer's lair,  
 Nor shelter in Balquidder's braes  
 Frae ban dog's yell, or Saxon faes,  
 There's no a Southron laird shall sleep  
 Secure in clachan, tower, or keep,  
 His mail unpaid M'Gregor's men,  
 For Gregarach's come hame again.

Roy Gregarach's come back again,  
 Roy Gregarach's come back again,  
 Tell the news on hill—in glen,  
 Gregarach's sel' is back again.

HOHENLINDEN.

TUNE—*O were I on Parnassus hill.*

ON Linden, when the sun was low,  
 All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow;  
 And dark as winter was the flow  
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly!

But Linden saw another sight,  
 When the drum beat at dead of night,  
 Commanding fires of death to light  
 The darkness of her scenery!

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,  
 Each horseman drew his battle blade,  
 And, furious, ev'ry charger neigh'd  
 To join the dreadful revelry!

Then shook the hills with thunder riven;  
 Then rush'd the steed to battle driven;  
 And louder than the bolts of heaven,  
 Far flash'd the red artillery!

But redder yet that light shall glow,  
 On Linden's hills of stained snow;  
 And bloodier yet the torrent flow  
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly!

'Tis morn; but scarce yon level sun  
 Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,  
 Where furious Frank and fiery Hun  
 Shout in their sulph'rous canopy!

The combat deepens,—On, ye brave!  
 Who rush to glory, or the grave!  
 Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave!  
 And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few, shall part where many meet!  
 The snow shall be their winding sheet;  
 And every turf beneath their feet,  
 Shall be a soldier's sepulchre! *Campbell.*

~~~~~

THE BATTLE OF SHERRIFF-MUIR.

TUNE—*Cameronian Rant.*

O CAM ye here the fight to shun,
 Or herd the sheep wi' me, man,
 Or was ye at the Sherrá-muir,
 And did the battle see, man?
 I saw the battle, sair and tough,
 And reekin'-red ran mony a sheugh,
 My heart for fear gae sough for sough,
 To hear the thuds, and see the cluds
 O' clans frae woods, in tartan duds,
 Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three, man.

The red-coat lads, wi' black cockades,
 To meet them werena slaw, man ;
 They rush'd and push'd, and blude outgush'd,
 And mony a bouk did fa', man :
 The great Argyle led on his files,
 I wat they glanced twenty miles ;
 They hough'd the clans like nine-pin kyles,
 They hack'd and hash'd, while broad-swords clash'd,
 And through they dash'd, and hew'd and smash'd,
 'Till fey men died awa, man.

But had you seen the philibegs,
 And skyrin tartan trews, man,
 When in the teeth they dared our whigs,
 And covenant true-blues, man :
 In lines extended lang and large,
 When bayonets opposed the targe,
 And thousands hasten'd to the charge,
 Wi' Highland wrath they frae the sheath
 Drew blades o' death, till, out o' breath,
 They fled like frightened doos, man.

O how deil Tam can that be true ?
 The chace gaed frae the north, man :
 I saw mysel', they did pursue
 The horsemen back to Forth, man ;
 And at Dunblane, in my ain sight,
 They took the brig wi' a' their might,
 And straight to Stirling wing'd their flight ;
 But cursed lot ! the gates were shut,
 And mony a hunted poor red-coat
 For fear amaist did swarf, man.

My sister Kate cam up the gate,
 Wi' crowdie unto me, man:
 She swore she saw some rebels run
 Frae Perth unto Dundee, man:
 Their left-hand general had nae skill,
 The Angus lads had nae good will
 That day their neebors' blude to spill;
 For fear, by foes, that thy should lose
 Their cogs o' brose, they scared at blows,
 And hameward fast did flee, man.

They've lost some gallant gentlemen,
 Amang the Highland clans, man;
 I fear my lord Panmure is slain,
 Or in his en'mies' hands, man.
 Now wad ye sing this double flight,
 Some fell for wrang, and some for right;
 And mony bade the world gude night;
 Sae pell and mell, wi' muskets knell;
 How tories fell, and whigs to h-ll,
 Fell aff in frightened bands, man. *Burns.*

~~~~~

### WAES ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE.

TUNE—*Johnny Faa.*

A WEE bird came to our ha' door,  
 He warbled sweet an' clearlie:  
 And aye the o'ercome o' his sang,  
 Was "waes me for Prince Charlie."

Oh! when I heard the bonnie, bonnie bird,  
 The tears cam drappin rarelie,  
 I took my bannet aff my head,  
 For weel I lo'ed Prince Charlie.

Quo' I, my bird, my bonnie, bonnie bird,  
 Is that a tale ye borrow;  
 Or is't some words ye've learnt by note,  
 Or a lilt o' dool an' sorrow?  
 "Oh! no, no, no," the wee bird sang,  
 "I've flown sin' mornin' earlie;  
 But sic a day o' win' an' rain:  
 Oh! waes me for Prince Charlie!

"On hills that are by right his ain,  
 He roams a lonely Stranger;  
 On ilka hand he's press'd by want,  
 On ilka side by danger:  
 Yestreen I met him in a glen,  
 My heart near bursted fairlie,  
 For sadly changed indeed was he:  
 Oh! waes me for Prince Charlie!

"Dark night came, the tempest howl'd  
 Out owre the hills and vallies:"  
 And whar was't that your Prince lay down  
 Wha's hame should been a Palace?  
 "He row'd him in a Highland plaid,  
 Which cover'd him but sparely,  
 An l slept beneath a bush o' broom;  
 Oh! waes me for Prince Charlie!"

But now the bird saw some red coats,  
 He shook his wings wi' anger ;  
 Oh ! this is no a land for me,  
 I'll tarry here nae langer :  
 A while he hover'd on the wing  
 Ere he departed fairly ;  
 But weel I mind the farewell strain,  
 'Twas—" Waes me for Prince Charlie !"

FAREWELL, YE STREAMS.

TUNE—*Lassie wi' the yellow Coatie.*

FAREWELL, ye streams, sae dear to me,  
 My bonny Cluden, Nith, an' Nee ;  
 Ye burns that row sae bonnilie,  
 Your siller waves nae mair I'll see.  
 Yet though frae your green banks I'm driven,  
 My saul away could ne'er be riven ;  
 For still she lifts her een to Heaven,  
 An' sighs to be again wi' thee.

Ye canty birds ayont the Tweed  
 Your skins wi' claes o' tartan cleed,  
 An' lilt alang the verdant mead,  
 Or blythely on your whistles blaw ;  
 An' sing auld Scotia's barns an' ha's ;  
 Her bourtree dikes an' mossy wa's ;  
 Her faulds, her bughts, an' birken shaws,  
 Whar love an' freedom sweetens a'.  
 Sing o' her carles, teugh an' auld ;  
 Her carlines grim, that flyte an' scauld ;  
 Her wabsters blythe, an' souters bauld ;  
 Her flocks an' herds sae fair to see.

Sing o' her mountains, bleak an' high;  
 Her fords, whar neighrin' kelpies ply;  
 Her glens, the haunts o' rural joy;  
 Her lasses liltin'g o'er the lee.

To you the darling theme belongs,  
 That frae my heart exulting spans;  
 O mind, amang your bonniest sangs,  
 The lads that bled for liberty.  
 Think on your auld forbears o' yore,  
 Wha dy'd the muirs wi' hostile gore;  
 Wha slavery's bands indignant tore,  
 An' bravely fell for you an' me.

My gallant brithers, brave an' bauld,  
 Wha haud the pleugh, or wake the fauld,  
 Until your dearest blude rin cauld,  
 Aye true unto your country be.  
 Wi' daring look her durk she drew,  
 An' coost a mither's ee on you;  
 Then letna onie spulzien crew  
 Her dear-bought freedom wrest frae thee.

*Cunningham.*

## THE GRECEAN'S SONG.

TUNE—*The Wounded Hussar.*

AH! say not ye rulers, ye tyrants of Greece,  
 Ah! say not that freedom defends our green  
 shore,  
 O tell not our sons that fair plenty was smiling,  
 Ah! freedom and plenty, alas! are no more.

We ask not for mercy from tyrants so cruel,  
 Our rights we demand, and our rights we shall  
 have :

We still shall inherit the blood of our fathers,  
 Who fell at famed Marathon,—their country to  
 save.

O hush'd be the trumpet that wakes the war-lion,  
 Fair Peace we adore thee with olive so green,  
 But say, shall brave millions aye bow to oppression,  
 And weep out existence in sorrow and pain :

No—mark the brave sons of the land of Columbia,  
 Their broad-spreading eagle fair freedom unfolds,  
 Their rich glowing vallies are sounding with glad-  
 ness ;  
 And each toiling peasant sweet plenty beholds.

O come, ye Spartans ! though dreary the prospect,  
 Come, for our children demand no delay ;  
 Arouse ! or our country will fall into ruins,  
 And grim-eyed oppression will hail the dark day.

Then rally, ye Greceans—thy chiefs, O famed  
 Luctra !

Still gaze on our sons, though enwrapt with a  
 chain ;

Arouse ! from thy fetters, fair land of the sages,  
 And boast not of famous Lucargous in vain.

*James Pringle.*

## Toasts, &c.

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The liberty of the press—the great bulwark of  
British liberty.

Sharp cats for the mice in the treasury.

Firmness in the senate, valour in the field, and for-  
titude on the waves.

All the honest reformers of our country.

Freedom for those who dare contend for it.

May the coward never wear a red coat, nor the  
hypocrite a black one.

The three estates—King, Lords, and Commons.

May the sword of justice be swayed by the hand  
of mercy.

Our constitution, as settled at the revolution.

May the thorn of the thistle and the rose

Be ever the portion of Great Britain's foes.

Annihilation to the trade of corruption.

Caledonia ! may it ever be the abode of freedom  
and the birth of heroes.

Improvement to our arts, and invention to our  
artists.

May truth and liberty prevail throughout the world.

May the sons of liberty be entitled to the daughters  
of virtue.

May our enemies never taste the union dish—  
roast-beef, cakes, puddings, and potatoes.

May our trade and manufactures be unrestrained  
by the fetters of monopoly.

May the sharp scythe of the law mow down all  
monopolizers.

Our country—may it continue to be the land of  
liberty to the end of the world.

Short parliaments and unbiased freeholders.

Religion without priestcraft, and politics without  
party.

Holy pastors, honest magistrates, and humane  
rulers.

May the blessings of peace still continue to us the  
blessings of plenty.

*Commerce* universally extended,

And *blood-stained wars* for ever ended.

In the voyage of life may content be our cabin  
passenger.

Love in a cottage, and envy to none.

Days of ease, and nights of pleasure.

Love without licentiousness, and pleasure without  
excess.

May *Lovers' vows* never end in *Lovers' quarrels*.

May those who find the way to get married, find a  
*cure for the heart-ache*.

The roses of love without the thorns.

The life we love with those we love.

Sincerity before marriage, and fidelity afterwards.

Beauty's best companion—*Modesty*.

Love and unity, and a good opportunity.

Love without fear, and life without care.

Life, love, liberty, and true friendship.

May the villain who robs my daughter of her virtue,  
out-live every friend.

May we kiss whom we please, and please whom  
we kiss.

May the honourable lover obtain the object of his  
wishes.

May the wings of love never lose a feather.

Success to the lover, and joy to the beloved.

Sweetbriers, and the agreeable rubs of life.

The single married, and the married happy.

The fountain of love and all its purity.

The companions of beauty—Modesty and love.

The greatest blessing heaven can send—*a good  
wife.*

When love attacks the heart, may honour be the  
proposer of a truce.

Sense to win a heart, and merit to keep it.

The union of two fond hearts.

The lass we love, and the friend we dare trust.

Laughing lovers to merry maids.

Love to one, friendship to few, and good-will to all.

Fair faces and fair game.

Health to the sick, honour to the brave, success to  
the lover, and freedom to the slave.

May we never weary o' weel-doing.

Friendship in marble, animosity in dust.

May the laws of friendship submit to love.

More friends and less need of them.

Friendship without formality, and love without  
flattery.

Fidelity to our friends, and feeling to our enemies.

May the hinges of friendship never rust.

May we never condemn that in a brother which we would pardon in ourselves.

May our evening's diversion bear the morning's reflection.

May we always have a friend and a bottle to give him.

May our love of the glass never make us forget decency.

Champaigne to our *real* friends and real *pain* to our sham friends.

When wine enlivens the heart, may friendship surround the table.

Cheerfulness in our cups, content in our minds, and competency in our pockets.

May the moments of mirth be regulated by the dial of reason.

Old wine and young women.

May mirth exalt the feast.

We meet to be merry, then let us part wise,  
Nor suffer the bottle to blind reason's eyes.

May our friend always possess the three h's—  
*health, honour, and happiness.*

Ability to serve a friend, and honour to conceal it.  
Our absent friends.

May we never see an old friend with a new face.

May we look forward with pleasure, and backward without regret.

May our actions ever evince this belief, that honesty is the best policy.

May the honest heart never feel distress.

May the wealth of rogues devolve on honest men.

May our injuries be written in sand, and our friendships on marble.

May the devil never pay visits abroad, nor receive company at home.

May we never want a bait when we fish for content.

May flattery never sit in the parlour, nor plain dealing be kicked out of doors.

May poverty be always a day's march behind us.

May our wants be reduced and our comforts multiplied.

May we never know want till relief is at hand.

May those *in place* be what they profess *out of place*.

A blush of detection to the lovers of deceit.

All fortune's daughters except the eldest—*Misfortune*.

All our wants supplied, and virtuous wishes satisfied.

A head to earn, and a heart to spend.

All tales but tell-tales.

All we wish and all we want.

All charitable institutions.

Frugality without meanness.

Great men lionest, and honest men great.

Good luck till we are tired of it.

Gratitude to acknowledge favours done.

Good trade, and well paid.

Hastiness in doing good, and tardiness in doing evil.

Integrity in those who wear the robe of justice.

In the comedy of life may errors be excepted.

Short shoon and lang corns to the enemies of Scotland.

Confusion to all backbiters.

Health, wealth, and wit to guide it.

May the tree of justice be planted in the centre of the earth, and its branches spread from pole to pole.

May opinion never float on the waves of ignorance.

May we never break a joke to crack a reputation.

May the pleasures of youth afford us consolation in old age.

May health paint the cheek, and sincerity the mind.

May our endeavours to please be always crowned with success.

May the heart that sympathizes in the distresses of another, never sorrow over its own misfortunes.

Fortune to the brave, and contentment to honesty.

The man that feels for sorrows not his own.

May we look around us with pleasure, and upward with gratitude.

May the *sunshine* of comfort dispel the clouds of care.

Gratitude to remember, and sense to forget.

Every thing of fortune but her instability.

Faith in every kind of commerce.

Heaven to those who wish for it, and repentance to those who do not.

May we always see our neighbour's distress with the eye of compassion.

Humanity in prosperity, and fortitude in distress.

Health of body, peace of mind, a clean shirt, and a guinea.

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