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SCOTTISH SONGS;

COLLECTED AND ILLUSTRATED

BY

ROBERT CHAMBERS,

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

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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EDINBURGH:

Printed by Ballantyne and Company, for  
WILLIAM TAIT, 78 PRINCES STREET.

MDCCCXXIX.







## THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER, JAMIE.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Fee him, Father.*

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'st left thy lass for aye—  
 I maun see thee never, Jamie,  
 I'll see thee never.

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,  
 Thou hast me forsaken ;  
 Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,  
 Thou hast me forsaken.  
 Thou canst love another jo,  
 While my heart is breaking :  
 Soon my weary een I'll close,  
 Never more to waken, Jamie,  
 Never more to waken.\*

\* “ I enclose you,” says Burns to Mr Thomson, [*Correspondence*, No. XLII.] “ Frazer’s set of ‘ Fee him, father.’ When he plays it slow, he makes it, in fact, the language of despair. I shall here give you two stanzas in that style, merely to try if it will be any improvement. Were it possible, in singing, to give it half the pathos which Frazer gives it in playing, it would make an admirable pathetic song. I do not give these verses for any merit they have. I composed them at the time *Patie Allan’s mother died* ; *that was about the back of midnight* ; and by the lee-side of a bowl of punch, which had overset every mortal in company, except the hautbois and the muse.”

The editor of this work had the pleasure of hearing Mr Frazer play “ Fee him, father,” in the exquisite style above described, at his benefit in the Theatre-Royal, Edinburgh, 1822. After having for many years occupied the station of hautbois-player, in the orchestra of that place of amusement, he died in 1825, with the character of having been the very best performer on this difficult, but beautiful instrument, of his time, in Scotland.

## THE AULD STUARTS BACK AGAIN.

TUNE—*Auld Stuarts back again.*

THE auld Stuarts back again !  
 The auld Stuarts back again !  
 Let howlet Whigs do what they can,  
     The Stuarts will be back again.  
 Wha cares for a' their creeshie duds,  
 And a' Kilmarnock's sowed suds ?  
 We'll wauk their hides, and fyle their fuds,  
     And bring the Stuarts back again.

There's Ayr, and Irvine, wi' the rest,  
 And a' the cronies o' the west ;  
 Lord ! sic a scaw'd and scabbit nest,  
     And *they'll* set up their crack again !  
 But wad they come, or daur they come,  
 Afore the bagpipe and the drum,  
 We'll either gar them a' sing dumb,  
     Or " Auld Stuarts back again."

Give ear unto this loyal sang,  
 A' ye that ken the richt frae wrang,  
 And a' that look, and think it lang,  
     For auld Stuarts back again :  
 Were ye wi' me to chase the rae,  
 Out ower the hills and far away,  
 And saw the Lords come there that day,  
     To bring the Stuarts back again :

There ye might see the noble Mar,  
 Wi' Athole, Huntly, and Traquair,  
 Seaforth, Kilsyth, and Auldublair,  
     And mony mae, what reck, again.  
 Then what are a' their westlin' crews ?  
     We'll gar the tailors tack again :

Can they forstand the tartan trews,  
And “ Auld Stuarts back again !”



## SHE ROSE AND LET ME IN.

SEMPLE.

TUNE—*She rose and let me in.*

THE night her silent sable wore,  
And gloomy were the skies ;  
Of glitt’ring stars appear’d no more  
Than those in Nelly’s eyes.  
When to her father’s door I came,  
Where I had often been,  
I begg’d my fair, my lovely dame,  
To rise and let me in.

But she, with accents all divine,  
Did my fond suit reprove ;  
And while she chid my rash design,  
She but inflamed my love.  
Her beauty oft had pleased before,  
While her bright eyes did roll ;  
But virtue had the very power  
To charm my very soul.

Then who would cruelly deceive,  
Or from such beauty part ?  
I loved her so, I could not leave  
The charmer of my heart.  
My eager fondness I obey’d,  
Resolved she should be mine,  
Till Hymen to my arms convey’d  
My treasure so divine.

Now, happy in my Nelly’s love,  
Transporting is my joy ;

No greater blessing can I prove,  
 So blest a man am I :  
 For beauty may a while retain  
 The conquer'd flutt'ring heart ;  
 But virtue only is the chain,  
 Holds, never to depart.\*

~~~~~

## THE WEE WIFIKIE.

DR A. GEDDES.

TUNE—*The wee bit Wifkie.*

THERE was a wee bit wifikie was comin' frae the fair,  
 Had got a wee bit drappikie, that bred her muckle care ;  
 It gaed about the wifie's heart, and she began to spew :  
 O ! quo' the wifikie, I wish I binna fou.  
 I wish I binna fou, I wish I binna fou,  
 O ! quo' the wifikie, I wish I binna fou.

If Johnnie find me barley-sick, I'm sure he'll claw my  
 skin ;  
 But I'll lie doun and tak a nap before that I gae in.  
 Sittin' at the dyke-side, and takin' o' her nap,  
 By cam a packman laddie, wi' a little pack.  
 Wi' a little pack, quo' she, wi' a little pack,  
 By cam a packman laddie, wi' a little pack.

He's clippit a' her gowden locks, sae bonnie and sae  
 lang ;†  
 He's ta'en her purse and a' her placks, and fast awa he  
 ran :

\* Altered from the original, which appeared in the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724.

† During the last century, when borrowed locks were fashionable, pedlars used to buy hair from persons in humble life throughout the country, to be disposed of again to peruke-makers in large towns, for the purpose of being converted into wigs for fine ladies and gentlemen. I have been informed by an aged relative, that a particular individual, who lived about

And when the wifie wakened, her head was like a bee,  
Oh ! quo' the wifikie, this is nae me.

This is nae me, quo' she, this is nae me ;  
Somebody has been fellin' me, and this is nae me.

I met wi' kindly company, and birl'd my bawbee !  
And still, if this be Bessikie, three placks remain wi'  
me :

And I will look the pursie neuks, see gin the cunye  
be ;—

There's neither purse nor plack about me ! This is nae  
me.

This is nae me, &c.

I have a little housikie, but and a kindly man ;  
A dog, they ca' him Doussikie ; if this be me, he'll  
fawn ;

And Johnnie he'll come to the door, and kindly wel-  
come gie,

And a' the bairns on the floor-head will dance, if this  
be me.

Will dance, if this be me, &c.

The nicht was late, and dang out weet, and, oh, but it  
was dark ;

The doggie heard a body's fit, and he began to bark :  
O, when she heard the doggie bark, and kennin' it was  
he,

O, weel ken ye, Doussikie, quo' she, this is nae me. .  
This is nae me, &c.

When Johnnie heard his Bessie's word, fast to the door  
he ran :

Is that you, Bessikie ?—Wow, na, man !

a hundred years ago at Peebles, used to get a guinea every year from a  
“ *travelling merchant*, or pedlar, for her hair, which was of a particularly  
fine golden colour. Thus, the pedlar in the song was only prosecuting part  
of his calling, when he clipped all Bessikie's “ *gowden locks, sae bonnie*  
and sae lang.”

Be kind to the bairns a', and weil mat ye be ;  
 And fareweel, Johnnie, quo' she, this is nae me.  
 This is nae me, &c.

John ran to the minister ; his hair stood a' on end :  
 I've gotten sic a fricht, sir, I fear I'll never mend ;  
 My wife's come hame without a head, crying out most  
 piteouslie :

Oh, fareweel, Johnnie, quo' she, this is nae me !  
 This is nae me, &c.

The tale you tell, the parson said, is wonderful to me,  
 How that a wife without a head should speak, or hear,  
 or see !

But things that happen hereabout so strangely alter'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 man, 'tis neither you nor she.

Now Johnnie he cam hame again, and wow, but he was  
 fain,

To see his little Bessikie come to hersell again.  
 He got her sittin' on a stool, wi' Tibbock on her knee :  
 O come awa, Johnnie, quo' she, come awa to me ;  
 For I've got a drap wi' Tibbikie, and this is now me.

This is now me, quo' she, this is now me ;  
 I've got a drap wi' Tibbikie, and this is now me.

\* A Jacobite allusion, probably to the change of the Stuart for the Brunswick dynasty, in 1714.

## KATE OF ABERDEEN.

CUNNINGHAM.

TUNE—*Kate of Aberdeen.*

THE silver moon's enamour'd beam  
 Steals softly through the night,  
 To wanton with the winding stream,  
 And kiss reflected light.  
 To beds of state go, balmy sleep,  
 ('Tis where you've seldom been,)  
 May's vigils while the shepherds keep  
 With Kate of Aberdeen.

Upon the green the virgins wait,  
 In rosy chaplets gay,  
 Till morn unbar her golden gate,  
 And give the promised May.  
 Methinks I hear the maids declare,  
 The promised May, when seen,  
 Not half so fragrant or so fair  
 As Kate of Aberdeen.

Strike up the tabor's boldest notes,  
 We'll rouse the nodding grove ;  
 The nested birds shall raise their throats,  
 And hail the maid I love :  
 And see the matin lark mistakes,  
 He quits the tufted green ;  
 Fond bird ! 'tis not the morning breaks—  
 'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now lightsome o'er the level mead,  
 Where midnight fairies rove,  
 Like them the jocund dance we'll lead,  
 Or tune the reed to love :

For see the rosy May draws nigh,  
 She claims a virgin queen ;  
 And hark, the happy shepherds cry,  
 'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.\*



## THE LASS OF BALLOCHMYLE.

BURNS.

TUNE—*The Lass of Ballochmyle.*

'TWAS even, the dewy fields were green,  
 On ilka blade the pearls hang ;  
 The zephyr wanton'd round the bean,  
 And bore its fragrant sweets along :  
 In ev'ry glen the mavis sang ;  
 All nature list'ning seem'd the while,  
 Except where greenwood echoes rang,  
 Among the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step 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's eye,  
 Her air like Nature's vernal smile ;  
 The lily's hue, and rose's dye,  
 Bespake 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 wand'ring in the lonely wild ;  
 But woman, Nature's darling child !  
 There all her charms she does compile ;

\* From Mr Cromek's *Select Scottish Songs*, 2 vols. 1810. Cunningham, the author of the song, was a poor player in the north of England, and died about forty years ago.



Even there her other works are foil'd,  
By the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

Oh, had she been a country maid,  
And I the happy country swain,  
Though shelter'd in the lowest shed  
That ever rose on 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 dig the Indian mine.  
Give me the cot below the pine,  
To tend the flocks, or till the soil,  
And ev'ry day have joys divine,  
Wi' the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.\*

~~~~~

## WERE NA MY HEART LICHT I WAD DEE.

LADY GRIZZEL BAILLIE.†

TUNE—*Were na my heart licht.*

THERE was anes a may, and she loo'd na men :  
They biggit her a bouir doun i' yon glen ;

\* This song was written in praise of Miss Alexander of Ballochmyle. Burns happened one fine evening to meet this young lady, when walking through the beautiful woods of Ballochmyle, which lie at the distance of two miles from his farm of Mossgiel, near Mauchline. Struck with a sense of her passing beauty, he wrote this noble lyric ; which he soon after sent to her, enclosed in a letter, as full of delicate and romantic sentiment as itself. He was somewhat mortified to find, that either maidenly modesty, or pride of superior station, prevented her from acknowledging the receipt of his compliment.

† Daughter of the patriotic Patrick, first Earl of Marchmont, and wife of George Baillie, Esq. of Jerviswood ; a lady of singular talent and strength

But now she cries Dule and well-a-day !  
 Come down the green gate, and come here away.  
 But now she cries, &c.

When bonnie young Jamie cam ower the sea,  
 He said he saw naething sae lovely as me ;  
 He hecht me baith rings and monie braw things ;  
 And were na my heart licht I wad dee.  
 He hecht me, &c.

He had a wee titty that loo'd na me,  
 Because I was twice as bonnie as she ;  
 She raised such a pother 'twixt him and his mother,  
 That were na my heart licht I wad dee.  
 She raised, &c.

The day it was set, and the bridal to be :  
 The wife took a dwam, and lay down to dee.  
 She main'd, and she graned, out o' dolour and pain,  
 Till he vow'd he never wad see me again.  
 She main'd, &c.

His kin was for ane of a higher degree,  
 Said, what had he to do wi' the like of me ?  
 Albeit I was bonnie, I was na for Johnnie :  
 And were na my heart licht I wad dee.  
 Albeit I was bonnie, &c.

They said I had neither cow nor caff,  
 Nor dribbles o' drink rins through the draff,  
 Nor pickles o' meal rins through the mill-ee ;  
 And were na my heart licht I wad dee.  
 Nor pickles, &c.

His titty she was baith wylie and slee,  
 She spied me as I cam ower the lea ;

of mind, and adorned with all the domestic virtues. Her Memoirs, written by her daughter, Lady Murray of Stanhope, and lately published, form one of the most delightful volumes of the kind in the English language. She died, a widow, in 1746.

And then she ran in, and made a loud din ;  
 Believe your ain een an ye trow na me.  
 And then she ran in, &c.

His bonnet stood aye fou round on his brow ;  
 His auld ane look'd aye as well as some's new ;  
 But now he lets 't wear ony gate it will hing,  
 And casts himself dowie upon the corn-bing.  
 But now he, &c.

And now he gaes daundrin about the dykes,  
 And a' he dow do is to hund the tykes :  
 The live-lang nicht he ne'er steeks his ee ;  
 And were na my heart licht I wad dee.  
 The live-lang nicht, &c.

Were I young for thee as I hae been,  
 We should ha' been gallopin down on yon green,  
 And linkin it on yon lillie-white lea ;  
 And wow gin I were but young for thee !  
 And linkin it, &c.\*

---

## AULD ROB MORRIS,

BURNS.

TUNE—*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 coffers, and 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 ;

\* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724.

As blythe and as artless as the lambs on the lea,  
And dear to my heart as the licht o' my ee.

But, oh, she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird,  
And my daddie has nocht 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 deid.

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

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



## THE LAST TIME I CAM OWER THE MUIR.

RAMSAY.

TUNE—*The last time I cam ower the Muir.*

THE last time I cam ower the muir,  
I left my love behind me:  
Ye powers, what pains 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.

We stray'd beside yon wand'ring stream,  
And talk'd with hearts o'erflowing;

Until the sun's last setting beam  
 Was in the ocean glowing.  
 I pitied all beneath the skies,  
 Even kings, when she was nigh me ;  
 In raptures I beheld her eyes,  
 Which could but ill deny me.

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

In all my soul there's not one place  
 To let a rival enter :  
 Since she 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 ice shall roses grow,  
 Before I cease to love her.

The neist time I gang ower 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.\*

\* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724. It is known, however, that Ramsay wrote the song as a substitute for an older one, of which he retained only the first line.

## GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Grant's Strathspey.*

THERE'S nought but care on every hand,  
 In every hour that passes, O ;  
 What signifies the life o' man,  
 An 'twere na for the lasses, O ?  
 Green grow the rashes, O,  
 Green grow the rashes, O :  
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spent  
 Were spent among the lasses, O.

The warly race may riches chase,  
 And riches still may fly them, O ;  
 And though at last they catch them fast,  
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O !

Gie me a canny hour at een,  
 My arms about my dearie, O ;  
 And warly cares, and warly men,  
 May a' gang tapsalteirie, O !

For you sae douce, ye sneer at this,  
 Ye're nought but senseless asses, O ;  
 The wisest man the warld e'er saw,  
 He dearly lo'ed the lasses, O !

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears  
 Her noblest works she classes, O ;  
 Her 'prentice-hand she tried on man,  
 And then she made the lasses, O.\*

\* There is an old rude song to this air, having the same *overword*.

I subjoin, by way of curiosity, a German translation of this favourite Scottish song, which has been handed to me by a friend.

## GALA WATER.\*

BURNS.

TUNE—*Gala Water*.

THERE'S braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes,  
 That wander through the bluming heather ;  
 But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws,  
 Can match the lads o' Gala Water.

## DIE WEIBERCHEN.

SCHOTTISCHES LIED.

Es ist nur Sorge überall  
 In jeder Stund' der Irdischen ;  
 Das Leben wäre leerer Schall,  
 Verschönten's nicht die Weiberchen.  
 Grün sprosst das Binsenkraut,  
 Grün sprosst das Binsenkraut ;  
 Doch meine Tag', die fröhlichsten,  
 Verbring' ich bei den Weiberchen

Nach Reichthum jagt das Volk sich matt,  
 Doch sieht man stets den Reichthum fliehn  
 Und wer zuletzt erhascht ihn hat,  
 Geniesset auch nicht einmal ihn.

Nur eine Stund' an jedem Tag,  
 Die Arme um mein Liebchen schön,  
 Mag Erdenvolk und Erdenplag  
 Kopfüber dann, kopfunter gehn.

Doch wer mir das für Thorheit hält,  
 Ist von den Unvernünftigen ;  
 Der klügste Mann auf dieser Welt,  
 Der leibte stets die Weiberchen.

Fragt bei Natur, der Alten, an,  
 Und sie wird gern es Euch gestehn,  
 Ihr Lehrlingstück war nur der Mann,  
 Ihr Meisterwerk die Weiberchen.

B. WOLFF.

\* The original song of Gala Water was thus recited to me by a person resident in that interesting district of Scotland :

Bonnie lass o' Gala Water,  
 Braw, braw lass o' Gala Water !  
 I could wade the stream sae deep  
 For yon braw lass o' Gala Water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,  
 Abune them a' I loe him better ;  
 And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,  
 The bonnie lad o' Gala Water.

Although his daddie was nae laird,  
 And though I hae na mickle tocher ;  
 Yet rich in kindest, truest love,  
 We'll tent our flocks on Gala Water.

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

Sae fair her hair, sae brent her brow,  
 Sae bonnie blue her een, and cheerie,  
 The mair I kiss her cherry lips,  
 The mair I wish her for my dearie.  
 Bonnie lass, &c.

Ower yonder moss, ower yonder muir,  
 Through a' yon mossy muirs and heather,  
 O, I could rin, wi' heart sae licht,  
 Wi' my dear lassie to forgather !  
 Bonnie lass, &c.

It is otherwise given, as follows, in Herd's Collection, 1776 :

Braw, braw lads of Gala Water,  
 O, braw lads of Gala Water,  
 I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,  
 And follow my love through the water.

Sae fair her hair, sae brent her brow,  
 Sae bonnie blue her een, my dearie,  
 Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou',  
 I aften kiss her till I'm wearie.

Ower yon bank, and ower yon brae,  
 Ower yon moss amang the heather,  
 I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,  
 And follow my love through the water.

Down amang the broom, the broom,  
 Down amang the broom, my dearie ;  
 The lassie lost her silken snood,  
 That gart her greet till she was wearie.



## THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.

BURNS.

THE lovely lass o' Inverness,  
 Nae joy nor pleasure can she see,  
 For e'en and morn she cries, Alas !  
 And aye the saut tears blind her ee :  
 Drum Mossie muir, Drum Mossie day,  
 A waefu' day it was to me ;  
 For there I lost my father dear,  
 My father dear and brethren three.

Their winding-sheets, the bluidy clay ;  
 Their graves are growing green to see ;  
 And by them lies the dearest lad  
 That ever bless'd a woman's ee !  
 Now, wae to thee, thou cruel lord !  
 A bluidy man I trow thou be ;  
 For many a heart thou hast made sair,  
 That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee.

~~~~~

## GIN YE MEET A BONNIE LASSIE.

RAMSAY.

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

GIN ye meet a bonnie lassie,  
 Gie her a kiss and let her gae ;  
 But if ye meet a dirtie hizzie,  
 Fy, gar rub her ower wi' strae.  
 Be sure ye dinna quit the grip  
 Of ilka joy when ye are young,

Before auld age your vitals nip,  
And lay ye twa-fauld ower a rung.

Sweet youth's a blythe and heartsome time :  
Then, lads and lasses, while it's May,  
Gae pou the gowan in its prime,  
Before it wither and decay.  
Watch the saft minutes o' delight,  
When Jenny speaks below her breath,  
And kisses, layin' a' the wyte  
On you if she kep ony skaith.

Haith, ye're ill-bred, she'll smilin' say,  
Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook ;  
Syne frae your arms she'll rin away,  
And hide hersell in some dark neuk.  
Her lauch will lead ye to the place,  
Where lies the happiness ye want ;  
And plainly tell ye to your face,  
Nineteen nay-says are hauf a grant.

Now to her heavin' bosom cling,  
And sweetly tuilyie for a kiss ;  
Frae her fair finger whup a ring,  
As taiken o' a future bliss.  
These benisons, I'm very sure,  
Are of kind heaven's indulgent grant ;  
Then, surly carles, wheeshit, forbear  
To plague us wi' your whinin' cant ! \*

\* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724. Connected with this song, which few readers will require to be informed is a paraphrase, and a very happy one, of the celebrated "Vides ut alta" of Horace, the following anecdote may be told :—In a large mixed company which had assembled one night in the house of a citizen of Edinburgh, where Robert Burns happened to be present, somebody sung, "Gin ye meet a bonnie Lassie," with excellent effect, insomuch as to throw all present into a sort of rapture. The only exception lay with a stiff pedantic old schoolmaster, who, in all the consciousness of superior critical acumen, and determined to be pleased with nothing which was not strictly classical, sat erect in his chair, with a countenance full of disdain, and rigidly abstained from expressing the slightest symptom of satisfaction. "What ails *you* at the sang, Mr ———?" inquired an honest citizen of the name of Boog, who had been

## ANNIE LAURIE.\*

MAXWELTON banks are bonnie,  
 Where early fa's the dew ;  
 Where me and Annie Laurie  
 Made up the promise true ;  
 Made up the promise true,  
 And never forget will I ;  
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
 I'll lay me doun and die.

She's backit like the peacock ;  
 She's breistit like the swan ;  
 She's jimp about the middle ;  
 Her waist ye weel nicht span ;  
 Her waist ye weel nicht span,  
 And she has a rolling eye ;  
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
 I'll lay me doun and die.

particularly delighted with it. "Oh, nothing," answered the man of learning ; "only the whole of it is stolen from Horace."—"Houts, man," replied Mr Boog, "Horace has rather stown from the auld sang."—This ludicrous observation was met with absolute shouts of laughter, the whole of which was at the expense of the discomfited critic ; and Burns was pleased to express his hearty thanks to the citizen for having set the matter to rights. He seems, from a passage in Cromek's Reliques, to have afterwards made use of the observation as his own.

\* These two verses, which are in a style wonderfully tender and chaste for their age, were written by a Mr Douglas of Fingland, upon Anne, one of the four daughters of Sir Robert Laurie, first baronet of Maxwellton, by his second wife, who was a daughter of Riddell of Minto. As Sir Robert was created a baronet in the year 1685, it is probable that the verses were composed about the end of the seventeenth or the beginning of the eighteenth century. It is painful to record, that, notwithstanding the ardent and chivalrous affection displayed by Mr Douglas in his poem, he did not obtain the heroine for a wife : She was married to Mr Ferguson of Craigdarroch.—See "*A Ballad Book*," (printed at Edinburgh in 1824,) p. 107.

## LOVELY JEAN.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey.*

OF a' the airts 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' monie a hill between,  
 Baith day and night my fancy's flight  
 Is ever wi' my Jean.

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

O blaw, ye westlin winds, blaw soft,  
 Among the leafy trees !  
 Wi' gentle gale, frae muir and 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, amang 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.\*

SONG.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Humours of Glen.*

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

Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,  
 Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen :  
 For there, lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,  
 A-list'ning the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

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

The slave's spicy forests and gold-bubbling fountains  
 The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain ;  
 He wanders as free as the wind on his mountains,  
 Save love's willing fetters, the chains of his Jean.†

\* Burns wrote this song in compliment to Mrs Burns during their honeymoon. The air, with many others of equal beauty, was the composition of a Mr Marshall, who, in Burns's time, was butler to the Duke of Gordon.

† This beautiful song—beautiful for both its amatory and its patriotic sentiment—seems to have been composed by Burns during the period when he was courting the lady who afterwards became his wife. The present generation is much interested in this lady, and deservedly ; as, in addition to her poetical history, which is an extremely interesting one, she is a personage of the greatest private worth, and in every respect deserving to be esteemed as the widow of Scotland's best and most endeared bard. The

## THE BRISK YOUNG LAD.

TUNE—*Bung your eye in the morning.*

THERE cam a young man to my daddie's door,  
My daddie's door, my daddie's door ;

There cam a young man to my daddie's door,  
Cam seeking me to woo.

And wow ! but he was a braw young lad,  
A brisk young lad, and a braw young lad ;

And wow ! but he was a braw young lad,  
Cam seeking me to woo.

But I was baking when he came,  
When he came, when he came ;  
I took him in and gied him a scone,  
To thowe his frozen mou.

I set him in aside the bink ;  
I gae him bread and ale to drink ;  
And ne'er a blythe styme wad he blink,  
Until his wame was fou.

following anecdote will perhaps be held as testifying, in no inconsiderable degree, to a quality which she may not hitherto have been supposed to possess—her wit.

It is generally known, that Mrs Burns has, ever since her husband's death, occupied exactly the same house in Dumfries, which she inhabited before that event, and that it is customary for strangers, who happen to pass through or visit the town, to pay their respects to her, with or without letters of introduction, precisely as they do to the churchyard, the bridge, the harbour, or any other public object of curiosity about the place. A gay young English gentleman one day visited Mrs Burns, and after he had seen all that she had to show—the bedroom in which the poet died, his original portrait by Nasmyth, his family-bible, with the names and birth-days of himself, his wife, and children, written on a blank-leaf by his own hand, and some other little trifles of the same nature—he proceeded to intreat that she would have the kindness to present him with some relic of the poet, which he might carry away with him, as a wonder, to show in his own country. “ Indeed, sir,” said Mrs Burns, “ I have given away so many relics of Mr Burns, that, to tell ye the truth, I have not one left.”—“ Oh, you must surely have something,” said the persevering Saxon ; “ any thing will do—any little scrap of his handwriting—the least thing you please. All I want is *just a relic of the poet* ; and any thing, you know, will do for a relic.” Some further altercation took place, the lady reasserting that she had no relic to give, and he as repeatedly renewing his request. At length, fairly tired out with the man's importunities, Mrs Burns said to him, with a smile, “ 'Deed, sir, unless ye tak *mysell*, then, I dinna see how you are to get what you want ; for, really, *I'm* the only relic o' him that I ken o'.” The petitioner at once withdrew his request.

Gae, get you gone, you cauldrie wooer,  
 Ye sour-looking, cauldrie wooer!  
 I straghtway show'd him to the door,  
 Saying, Come nae mair to woo.

There lay a deuk-dub before the door,  
 Before the door, before the door;  
 There lay a deuk-dub before the door,  
 And there fell he, I trow!

Out cam the guidman, and high he shouted;  
 Out cam the guidwife, and laigh she louted;  
 And a' the toun-neebors were gather'd about it;  
 And there lay he, I trow!

Then out cam I, and sneer'd and smiled;  
 Ye cam to woo, but ye're a' beguiled;  
 Ye've fa'en i' the dirt, and ye're a' befyled;  
 We'll hae nae mair o' you!\*



### WEBSTER'S LINES.

OH, how could I venture to love one like thee,  
 And you not despise a poor conquest like me,  
 On lords, thy admirers, could look wi' disdain,  
 And knew I was naething, yet pitied my pain?  
 You said, while they teased you with nonsense and dress,  
 When real the passion, the vanity's less;  
 You saw through that silence which others despise,  
 And, while beaux were a-talking, read love in my eyes.

Oh, how shall I fauld thee, and kiss a' thy charms,  
 Till, fainting wi' pleasure, I die in your arms;  
 Through all the wild transports of ecstasy tost,  
 Till, sinking together, together we're lost!

\* From Herd's Collection, 1776.

Oh, where is the maid that like thee ne'er can cloy,  
Whose wit can enliven each dull pause of joy ;  
And when the short raptures are all at an end,  
From beautiful mistress turn sensible friend ?

In vain do I praise thee, or strive to reveal,  
(Too nice for expression,) what only we feel :  
In a' that ye do, in each look and each mien,  
The graces in waiting adorn you unseen.  
When I see you I love you, when hearing adore ;  
I wonder and think you a woman no more :  
Till, mad wi' admiring, I canna contain,  
And, kissing your lips, you turn woman again.

With thee in my bosom, how can I despair ?  
I'll gaze on thy beauties, and look awa care ;  
I'll ask thy advice, when with troubles opprest,  
Which never displeases, but always is best.  
In all that I write I'll thy judgment require ;  
Thy wit shall correct what thy charms did inspire.  
I'll kiss thee and press thee till youth is all o'er,  
And then live in friendship, when passion's no more.\*

\* This impassioned lyric is said to have been the composition of Dr Alexander Webster, one of the ministers of Edinburgh, who died in 1784. There is a tradition, that he wrote it in early life, in consequence of a lady of superior rank, whom he was engaged to woo for another, condescending to betray a passion for him. He was a young man about the year 1740, when he was distinguished by his concern in a strange species of religious madness, which possessed the people of Cambuslang in Lanarkshire, generally termed " The Cambuslang Wark."

I subjoin a different and less copious version, copied from the Scots Magazine for November, 1747. It is probable that this is the author's first draught of the song, and that it never was printed in any shape before.

O, how could I venture to love one like thee,  
Or thou not despise a poor conquest like me !  
On lords thy admirers could look with disdain,  
And though I was nothing, yet pity my pain !

You said, when they teased you with nonsense and dress,  
When real the passion, the vanity's less ;  
You saw through that silence which others despise,  
And, while beaux were prating, read love in my eyes.

Oh ! where is the nymph that like thee ne'er can cloy,  
Whose wit can enliven the dull pause of joy ;  
And, when the sweet transport is all at an end,  
From *beautiful mistress* turn *sensible friend* !



## COME UNDER MY PLAIDIE.

MACNIEL.

TUNE—*Johnny McGill.*

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

Gae 'wa wi' yere plaidie ! auld Donald, gae 'wa ;  
 I fear na the cauld blast, the drift, nor the snaw !  
 Gae 'wa wi' your plaidie ! I'll no sit beside ye ;  
 Ye micht be my gutcher ! auld Donald, gae 'wa.  
 I'm gaun to meet Johnnie—he's young and he's bonnie ;  
 He's been at Meg's bridal, fou trig and fou braw !  
 Nane dances sae lichtly, sae gracefu', or tichtly,  
 His cheek's like the new rose, his brow's like the snaw !

Dear Marion, let that flee stick to the wa' ;  
 Your Jock's but a gowk, and has naething ava ;  
 The haill o' his pack he has now on his back ;  
 He's thretty, and I am but three score and twa.  
 Be frank now and kindly—I'll busk ye ayæ finely ;  
 To kirk or to market there'll few gang sae braw ;

When I see thee I love thee, but hearing adore,  
 I wonder and think you a woman no more ;  
 Till mad with admiring, I cannot contain,  
 And kissing those lips, find you woman again.

In all that I write I'll thy judgment require ;  
 Thy taste shall correct what thy love did inspire.  
 I'll kiss thee and press thee till youth is all o'er,  
 And then live on friendship, when passion's no more.

A bien house to bide in, a chaise for to ride in,  
And flunkies to 'tend ye as aft as ye ca'.

My father aye tauld me, my mother and a',  
Ye'd mak a gude husband, and keep me aye braw ;  
It's true, I lo'e Johnnie ; he's young and he's bonnie ;  
But, wae's me ! I ken he has naething ava !  
I hae little tocher ; ye've made a gude offer ;  
I'm now mair than twenty ; my time is but sma' !  
Sae gie me your plaidie ; I'll creep in beside ye ;  
I thocht ye'd been aulder than three score and twa !

She crap in ayont him, beside the stane wa',  
Whare Johnnie was listnin', and heard her tell a' :  
The day was appointed !—his proud heart it dunted,  
And strack 'gainst his side, as if burstin' in twa.  
He wander'd hame wearie, the nicht it was drearie,  
And, thowless, he tint his gate 'mang the deep snaw :  
The howlet was screamin', while Johnnie cried, Women  
Wad marry auld Nick, if he'd keep them aye braw.

O, the deil's in the lasses ! they gang now sae braw,  
They'll lie down wi' auld men o' four score and twa ;  
The haill o' their marriage is gowd and a carriage ;  
Plain love is the cauldest blast now that can blaw.  
Auld dotards, be wary ! tak tent when ye marry ;  
Young wives, wi' their coaches, they'll whip and they'll  
ca',  
Till they meet wi' some Johnnie that's youthfu' and  
bonnie,  
And they'll gie ye horns on ilk haffet to claw.

## AULD ROBIN GRAY.

LADY ANNE LINDSAY.\*

TUNE—*Auld Robin Gray.*

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye at hame,  
 And a' the warld to sleep are gane ;  
 The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my ee,  
 When my gudeman lies sound by me.

\* The authorship of this beautiful ballad was for a long time disputed : it was, indeed, about thirty years ago, a sort of *questio vexata* among antiquaries and others ; insomuch that at one time somebody advertised in the newspapers that he would give twenty guineas to any one who should ascertain the point past a doubt. The question was not finally determined till the year 1823, when Lady Anne Barnard communicated, in a letter to Sir Walter Scott, a confession of the authorship, and a relation of the circumstances attending the composition of the ballad ; which letter has been since put into print by Sir Walter, along with an authenticated version of Auld Robin Gray, and its "Second Part," for the use of the members of the Bannatyne Club.

The ballad was written early in the year 1772, by Lady Anne Lindsay (afterwards Barnard,) at Balcarras, in Fifeshire, the residence of her ladyship's father, the Earl of Balcarras. The fair authoress, then a very young lady, was induced to write it, by a desire to see an old plaintive Scottish air, ("The Bridegroom grat when the sun gaed down,") which was a favourite with her, fitted with words more suitable to its character than the ribald verses which had always hitherto, for want of better, been sung to it. She had previously been endeavouring to beguile the tedium occasioned by her sister's marriage and departure for London, by the composition of verses ; but of all that she has written, either before or since, none have reached the merit of this admirable little poem. It struck her that some tale of virtuous distress in humble life would be most suitable to the plaintive character of her favourite air ; and she accordingly set about such an attempt, taking the name of Auld Robin Gray from an ancient *herd* at Balcarras. When she had written two or three of the verses, she called to her junior sister, (afterwards Lady Hardwicke,) who was the only person near her, and thus addressed her : "I have been writing a ballad, my dear ; I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes ; I have already sent her Jamie to sea—and broken her father's arm—and made her mother fall sick—and given her auld Robin Gray for her lover ; but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow within the four lines, poor thing ! Help me to one."—"Steal the cow, sister Anne," said the little Elizabeth. "The cow," adds Lady Anne in her letter, "was immediately *lifted* by me, and the song completed."

"Auld Robin Gray" was no sooner ushered into the world, than it became excessively popular. It was admitted into Herd's Collection of 1776, only four years after its composition ; and a dispute at once arose, as to whether it was a song of the sixteenth century, or one of the eighteenth. Some said it was a ballad by David Rizzio. The Antiquarian Society thought the question so important, that they sent an ambassador, a Mr Jerningham, to endeavour to worm the secret out of Lady Anne. But she scrupulously withheld a confession, not only to strangers, but even to her own nearest relations. Her reasons were twofold : she had a dread of being suspected of writing any thing, from seeing the shyness which it

*The original Jamie was a General. The heroine's name was Lady Margaret Lindsay. The story came after the death of Auld Robin - General Bridgman.*

Young Jamie loo'd me weil, and socht me for his bride ;  
 But saving a croun, he had naething else beside :  
 To mak that croun a pund, young Jamie gaed to sea ;  
 And the croun and the pund were baith for me.

He hadna been awa a week but only twa,  
 When my mother she fell sick, and the cow was stown  
     awa ;

My father brak his arm, and young Jamie at the sea,  
 And auld Robin Gray cam a-courtin' me.

My father couldna work, and my mother couldna spin ;  
 I toil'd day and nicht, but their bread I couldna win ;  
 Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and, wi' tears in his  
     ee,

Said, Jennie, for their sakes, Oh, marry me !

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

created in those who could write nothing ; and she felt, as a lady, that to confess having written "Auld Robin Gray" to the tune of "The Bridegroom grat when the sun gaed down," was likely to involve her in a dilemma of delicacy, which no lady should be exposed to, but especially a young one of quality. It was only when advanced to the extremity of old age, that she made the candid avowal from which this note has been derived.

To show the way Lady Anne was in the habit of speaking of her poem when the authorship was put to her, I may mention an anecdote, which I received from the gentleman concerned, and which may therefore be depended upon as authentic. This gentleman, having many opportunities to be in her ladyship's company—it was about the beginning of the present century—and feeling no little curiosity regarding her secret, at length, one evening, when she was on extremely cordial terms with him, thought he might venture to say, "By the by, Lady Anne, we have a very popular ballad down in Scotland, which every body says is by you : Auld Robin Gray, they call it—Is it really yours or not?"—"Indeed," answered her ladyship, with a gay coquettish smile, "I dinna think it was me. But, if it was, it's really sae lang sinsyne, that I've quite forgot !"

A gentleman of the name of Atkinson was much attached to Lady Anne before she was married. He was much older than she, and very rich. He used to say, that if Lady Anne would take him as an Auld Robin Gray, she might seek out for a Jamie when he was gone.

Her ladyship was married to Sir Andrew Barnard, the intimate friend of Dr Johnson. She died at her residence in Berkeley Square, London, on the 6th of May, 1825.

The tune of "The Bridegroom grat" has, since the composition of the ballad, been supplanted by one of still greater merit, to which it is now invariably sung. This modern air was composed by the Rev. W. Leeves, rector of Wrington, who died in they ear 1828, at the age of eighty. It may be proper, however, to add, that the first verse of Auld Robin Gray is still usually sung to the air of "The Bridegroom grat."

The ship it was a wreck—why didna Jamie dee ?  
Or why do I live to say, Wae's me ?

My father argued sair : my mother didna speak ;  
But she lookit in my face till my heart was like to break :  
Sae they gied him my hand, though my heart was in  
the sea ;  
And auld Robin Gray was gudeman to me.

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

Oh, sair did we greet, and mickle did we say ;  
We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away :  
I wish I were deid ! but I'm no like to dee ;  
And why do I live to say, Wae's me !

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin ;  
I daurna think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin ;  
But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,  
For auld Robin Gray is kind unto me.

~~~~~

## LANGSYNE.

MISS BLAMIRE.

TUNE—*Auld langsyne.*

WHEN silent time, wi' lightly foot,  
Had trod on thirty years,  
I sought my lang-lost home again,  
Wi' mony hopes and fears.  
Wha kens, thought I, if friends I left,  
May still continue mine ?

Or, if I e'er again shall see  
The joys I left langsyne ?

As I came by my father's tow'rs,  
My heart beat a' the way ;  
Ilk thing I saw put me in mind  
O' some dear former day :  
The days that follow'd me afar,  
Those happy days o' mine,  
Which gars me think the joys at hand  
Are naething to langsyne.

These ivy'd towers now met my ee,  
Where minstrels used to blaw ;  
Nae friend came forth wi' open arms,  
Nae weel-kenn'd face I saw ;  
Till Donald totter'd frae the door,  
Whom I left in his prime,  
And grat to see the laird come back,  
He bore about langsyne.

I ran through every weel-kenn'd room,  
In hopes to meet friends there ;  
I saw where ilk ane used to sit,  
And hang o'er ilka chair,  
Till warm remembrance' gushing tear  
Did dim these een o' mine :  
I steek'd the door, and sobb'd aloud,  
To think on langsyne.

A new-sprung race, of motley kind,  
Would now their welcome pay,  
Wha shudder'd at my Gothic waa's,  
And wish'd my groves away :  
Cut down these gloomy trees, they cried,  
Lay low yon mournful pine.  
Ah, no ! my fathers' names are there,  
Memorials o' langsyne.

To win me frae these waefu' thoughts,  
 They took me to the toun ;  
 Where soon, in ilka weel-kenn'd face,  
 I miss'd the youthfu' bloom.  
 At balls they pointed to a nymph  
 Whom all declared divine ;  
 But sure her mother's blushing face  
 Was fairer far langsyne.

Ye sons to comrades o' my youth,  
 Forgive an auld man's spleen,  
 Wha 'midst your gayest scenes still mourns  
 The days he ance has seen.  
 When time is past, and seasons fled,  
 Your hearts may feel like mine ;  
 And aye the sang will maist delight,  
 That minds you o' langsyne.

## LEADER HAUGHS AND YARROW.\*

NICOL BURNE.

TUNE—*Leader Haughs and Yarrow.*

WHEN Phœbus bright the azure skies  
 With golden rays enlight'neth,  
 He makes all nature's beauties rise,  
 Herbs, trees, and flowers he quick'neth :

\* This song is little better than a string of names of places. Yet there is something so pleasing in it, especially to the ear of "a south-country man," that it has long maintained its place in our collections. We all know what impressive verse Milton makes out of mere catalogues of localities.

The author, Nicol Burne, is supposed to have been one of the last of the old race of minstrels. In an old collection of songs, in their original state of *ballants*, I have seen his name printed as "Burne the violer," which seems to indicate the instrument upon which he was in the practice of accompanying his recitations. I was told by an aged person at Earlstoun, that there used to be a portrait of him in Thirlstane Castle, representing him as a dounce old man, leading a cow by a straw-rope.

Thirlstane Castle, the seat of the Earl of Lauderdale, near Lauder, is the castle of which the poet speaks in such terms of admiration. It derives the

Amongst all those he makes his choice,  
 And with delight goes thorow,  
 With radiant beams, the silver streams  
 Of Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

When Aries the day and night  
 In equal length divideth,  
 And frosty Saturn takes his flight,  
 Nae langer he abideth ;  
 Then Flora queen, with mantle green,  
 Casts aff her former sorrow,  
 And vows to dwell with Ceres' sell,  
 In Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

Pan, playing on his aiten reed,  
 And shepherds, him attending,  
 Do here resort, their flocks to feed,  
 The hills and haughs commending ;  
 With cur and kent, upon the bent,  
 Sing to the sun, Good-morrow,  
 And swear nae fields mair pleasures yield,  
 Than Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

A house there stands on Leader side,  
 Surmounting my describing,  
 With rooms sae rare, and windows fair,  
 Like Daedalus' contriving :  
 Men passing by do often cry,  
 In sooth it hath no marrow ;  
 It stands as fair on Leader side,  
 As Newark does on Yarrow.

massive beauties of its architecture from the Duke of Lauderdale, who built it, as the date above the door-way testifies, in the year 1674. The song must therefore have been composed since that era. It was printed in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*; which, taken in connexion with the last stanza, seems to point out that it was written at some of the periods of national commotion between the reign of the last Charles and the first George—probably the Union.

The *Blainslie oats* are still in repute, being used in many places for seed ; and Lauderdale still boasts of all the other pleasant farms and estates which are here so endearingly commemorated by the poet.



A mile below, who lists to ride,  
 Will hear the mavis singing ;  
 Into St Leonard's banks she bides,  
 Sweet birks her head owerhinging.  
 The lint-white loud, and Progne proud,  
 With tuneful throats and narrow,  
 Into St Leonard's banks they sing,  
 As sweetly as in Yarrow.

The lapwing lilteth ower the lea,  
 With nimble wing she sporteth ;  
 But vows she'll flee far from the tree  
 Where Philomel resorteth :  
 By break of day the lark can say,  
 I'll bid you a good morrow ;  
 I'll stretch my wing, and, mounting, sing  
 O'er Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

Park, Wanton-wa's, and Wooden-cleuch,  
 The East and Wester Maineses,  
 The wood of Lauder 's fair eneuch,  
 The corns are good in the Blainslies :  
 There aits are fine, and sald by kind,  
 That if ye search all thorough  
 Mearns, Buchan, Marr, nane better are  
 Than Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

In Burn-mill-bog and Whitslaid Shaws,  
 The fearful hare she haunteth ;  
 Brig-haugh and Braidwoodshiel she knaws,  
 And Chapel wood frequenteth :  
 Yet, when she irks, to Kaidslie Birks,  
 She rins, and sighs for sorrow,  
 That she should leave sweet Leader Haughs,  
 And cannot win to Yarrow.

What sweeter music wad ye hear,  
 Than hounds and beagles crying ?

The started hare rins hard with fear,  
 Upon her speed relying :  
 But yet her strength it fails at length ;  
 Nae bielding can she borrow,  
 In Sorrowless-fields, Clackmae, or Hags ;  
 And sighs to be in Yarrow.

For Rockwood, Ringwood, Spotty, Shag,  
 With sight and scent pursue her ;  
 Till, ah, her pith begins to flag ;  
 Nae cunning can rescue her :  
 Ower dub and dyke, ower sheuch and syke,  
 She'll rin the fields all thorough,  
 Till, fail'd, she fa's in Leader Haughs,  
 And bids fareweel to Yarrow.

Sing Erslington \* and Cowdenknowes,  
 Where Humes had anes commanding ;  
 And Drygrange, with the milk-white yowes,  
 'Twixt Tweed and Leader standing :  
 The bird that flees through Redpath trees  
 And Gladswood banks ilk morrow,  
 May chaunt and sing sweet Leader Haughs  
 And bonny howms of Yarrow.

But Minstrel Burne can not assuage  
 His grief, while life endureth,  
 To see the changes of this age,  
 Which fleeting time procureth :  
 For mony a place stands in hard case,  
 Where blythe folk kend nae sorrow,  
 With Humes that dwelt on Leader-side,  
 And Scotts that dwelt on Yarrow.

\* Earlston, formerly spelled Ereildoun. The editor thinks it proper here to mention, that this is the first copy of "Leader Haughs and Yarrow" in which any attempt has been made to spell the names of the places correctly. The spelling and punctuation hitherto adopted have been such as to render the song almost unintelligible.

## THE YOWE-BUCHTS, MARION.

TUNE—*The Yowebuchts.*

WILL ye go to the yowe-buchts, Marion,  
 And weir in the sheep wi' me?  
 The sun shines sweet, my Marion,  
 But nae hauf sae sweet as thee.  
 O, Marion's a bonnie lass,  
 And the blythe blink 's in her ee;  
 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;  
 Fou fain wad I kiss my Marion,  
 At een, when I come hame.  
 There's braw lads in Earnslaw, Marion,  
 Wha gape, and glower wi' their ee,  
 At kirk when they see my Marion;  
 But nane o' them lo'es like me.

I've nine milk-yowes, my Marion,  
 A cow and a brawny quey;  
 I'll gie them a' to my Marion,  
 Just on her bridal-day.  
 And ye'se get a green sey apron,  
 And waistcoat o' London broun;  
 And wow but we'se be vap'rin'  
 Whene'er ye gang to the toun.

I'm young and stout, my Marion;  
 Nane dances like me on the green:

\* At the time when the ladies wore hoops, they also wore finely-embroidered garters for exhibition; because, especially in dancing, the hoop often shelved aside, and exposed the leg to that height.—See *Traditions of Edinburgh*, vol. II. page 57.

And, gin ye forsake me, Marion,  
 I'll e'en gae draw up wi' Jean.  
 Sae put on your pearlins, Marion,  
 And kirtle o' cramasie;  
 And, as sune as my chin has nae hair on,  
 I will come west, and see ye.\*

~~~~~

## TODLIN HAME.

TUNE—*Todlin hame.*

WHEN I hae a saxpence under my thoom,  
 Then I get credit in ilka toun;  
 But, aye when I'm puir they bid me gang by;  
 Oh, poverty parts gude company!  
 Todlin hame, todlin hame,  
 Couldna my loove come todlin hame.

Fair fa' the gudewife, and send her gude sale!  
 She gies us white bannocks to relish her ale;

\* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724, where it is marked with the signature letter Q.

In a version of "The Yowe-buchts," popular in the south of Scotland, the following chorus is added:

Come round about the Merry-knowes, my Marion;  
 Come round about the Merry-knowes wi' me;  
 Come round about the Merry-knowes, my Marion;  
 For Whitsled is lying lee.

As Whitsled is a farm in the parish of Ashkirk, and county of Selkirk, while the Merry-knowes is the name of a particular spot on the farm, it is probable that the song is a native of that Arcadia of Scotland, the Vale of the Tweed.

It has been suggested to the editor, that, to readers of fastidious taste, the following would be a more acceptable version of the last stanza:

I'm young and stout, my Marion;  
 Nane dances like me on the green;  
 I could work a hail day, my Marion,  
 For ae blink o' your een.  
 Sae put on your pearlins, Marion,  
 And kirtle o' cramasie;  
 And, as sune as it is the gloamin,  
 I will come west, and see ye.

Syne, if that her tippeny chance to be sma',  
We tak' a gude scour o't, and ca't awa.

Todlin hame, todlin hame,  
As round as a neep come todlin hame.

My kimmer and I lay doun to sleep,  
And twa pint-stoups at our bed's feet;  
And aye when we waken'd we drank them dry :—  
What think ye o' my wee kimmer and I?

Todlin butt, and todlin ben,  
Sae round as my loove comes todlin hame

Leeze me on liquor, my todlin dow,  
Ye're aye sae gude-humour'd when weetin your mou'!  
When sober sae sour, ye'll fecht wi' a flee,  
That 'tis a blythe nicht to the bairns and me,  
When todlin hame, todlin hame,  
When, round as a neep, ye come todlin hame.\*



## THE ABSENT LOVER.

MISS BLAMIRE.

WHAT ails this heart o' mine?  
What ails this watery ee?  
What makes 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' fouk and change o' place  
May gar thy fancy jee.

\* From the Tea-Table Miscellany (1724), where it is marked as a song of unknown antiquity.

Then I'll sit down and moan,  
 Just by yon spreadin' tree,  
 And 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 mony a blushing bud,  
 I strove my love to hide.

I'll doat on ilka spot  
 Where I hae been wi' thee ;  
 I'll ca' to mind some fond love-tale,  
 By every burn and tree.  
 'Tis hope that cheers the mind,  
 Though lovers absent be ;  
 And when I think I see thee still,  
 I'll think I'm still wi' thee.

---

## TWEEDSIDE.

[OLD VERSES.]

LORD YESTER.\*

TUNE—*Tweedside*.

WHEN Maggy and I were acquaint,  
 I carried my noddle fu' hie ;

\* John, eventually second Marquis of Tweeddale, born in 1645—died 1713. This is evident from the dedication of Scott of Satchells' "History of the House of Scott," where the Marquis is complimented for his *poetical abilities*. He was a distinguished statesman in the reigns of William and Anne, and married the only daughter of the Duke of Lauderdale, considered the greatest heiress in the kingdom. He was one of the principal instruments in carrying through the Union, being at the head of the party called the *Squadrone Volante*. Macky, in his curious work of that period, describes him as a great encourager and promoter of trade and the welfare of his country. "He hath good sense," he adds, "is very modest, much a man of honour, and hot when piqued; is highly esteemed in his country, and may make a considerable figure in it now. He is a short brown man, towards sixty years old." The song must have been written

Nae lintwhite in a' the gay plain,  
 Nae gowdspink sae bonnie as she !  
 I whistled, I piped, and I sang ;  
 I woo'd, but I cam nae great speed ;  
 Therefore I maun wander abroad,  
 And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.

To Maggy my love I did tell ;  
 My tears did my passion express :  
 Alas ! for I lo'ed her ower weel,  
 And the women loe sic a man less.  
 Her heart it was frozen and cauld ;  
 Her pride had my ruin decreed ;  
 Therefore I maun wander abroad,  
 And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.

~~~~~

## TWEEDSIDE.

[MODERN VERSES.]

CRAWFORD.

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose !  
 How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed !  
 Yet Mary's, still sweeter than those,  
 Both nature and fancy exceed.  
 No daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,  
 Not all the gay flowers of the field,  
 Not 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 ;

before 1697, when he ceased to be Lord Yester, by succeeding his father. Neidpath Castle, near Peebles, which overhangs the Tweed, must be the locality of the song—that being then the property, and one of the residences, of the Tweeddale family. The song first appeared in Mr Herd's Collection, 1776.

The blackbird, and sweet cooing dove,  
 With music enchant ev'ry 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 tend a few sheep?  
 Do they never carelessly stray  
 While happily she lies asleep?  
 Should Tweed's murmurs lull her to rest,  
 Kind nature indulgin' my bliss,  
 To ease 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 do thy flocks stray?  
 Oh, tell me at morn where they feed?  
 Shall I seek them on sweet-winding Tay?  
 Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed? \*



## THE DEIL'S AWA WI' THE EXCISEMAN.

BURNS.

THE deil cam fiddling through the toun,  
 And danced awa wi' the exciseman;

\* Burns has stated the heroine of this song to have been Mary Stuart, a young lady of the Castlemilk family, afterwards Mrs Ritchie. But Sir Walter Scott, in his notes to the second canto of Marmion, asserts that it was written in honour of Mary Lillias Scott, of the Harden family, otherwise remarkable as the second Flower of Yarrow; a lady with whom he was acquainted at a period of her life when age had injured the charms which procured her that honourable epithet. The song appeared for the first time in the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724.



And ilka auld wife cried, Auld Mahoun,  
 I wish you luck o' the prize, man.  
 The deil's awa, the deil's awa,  
 The deil's awa wi' the exciseman ;  
 He's danced awa, he's danced awa,  
 He's danced awa wi' the exciseman !

We'll mak our maut, we'll brew our drink,  
 We'll laugh, sing, and rejoice, man ;  
 And mony braw thanks to the meikle black deil,  
 That danced awa wi' the exciseman.

There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,  
 There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man ;  
 But the ae best dance e'er cam to the land,  
 Was, The deil's awa wi' the exciseman.\*

\* Mr Lockhart, in his excellent *Life of Burns*, gives the following account of the composition of this poem :—" At that period, (1792), a great deal of contraband traffic, chiefly from the Isle of Man, was going on along the coasts of Galloway and Ayrshire, and the whole of the revenue-officers from Gretna to Dumfries, were placed under the orders of a superintendent residing in Annan, who exerted himself zealously in intercepting the descent of the smuggling vessels. On the 27th of February, a suspicious-looking brig was discovered in the Solway Frith, and Burns was one of the party whom the superintendent conducted to watch her motions. She got into shallow water the day afterwards, and the officers were enabled to discover that her crew were numerous, armed, and not likely to yield without a struggle. Lewars, a brother exciseman, an intimate friend of our poet, was accordingly sent to Dumfries for a guard of dragoons ; the superintendent, Mr Crawford, proceeded himself on a similar errand to Ecclefechan, and Burns was left, with some men under his orders, to watch the brig, and prevent landing or escape. From the private journal of one of the excisemen, (now in my hands,) it appears that Burns manifested considerable impatience while thus occupied, being left for many hours in a wet salt-marsh, with a force which he knew to be inadequate for the purpose it was meant to fulfil. One of his friends hearing him abuse Lewars in particular, for being slow about his journey, the man answered, that he also wished the devil had him for his pains, and that Burns, in the meantime, would do well to indite a song upon the sluggard. Burns said nothing ; but after taking a few strides by himself among the reeds and shingle, rejoined his party, and chanted to them the well-known ditty, ' The Deil's awa wi' the Exciseman.' Lewars arrived shortly after with the dragoons ; and Burns, putting himself at their head, waded, sword in hand, to the brig, and was the first to board her. The crew lost heart, and submitted, though their numbers were greater than those of the assailing force. The vessel was condemned, and, with all her arms and stores, sold by auction next day at Dumfries ; upon which occasion Burns, whose behaviour had been highly commended, thought fit to purchase four arronades, by way of trophy. But his glee," continues Mr Lockhart, " went a step farther ; he sent the guns with a letter to the French Com-

## TO DANTON ME.

TUNE—*To danton me.*

THE blude-red rose at Yule may blaw,  
 The summer lilies blume in snaw,  
 The frost may freezé the deepest sea ;  
 But an auld man shall never danton me !  
     To danton me, and me sae young,  
     Wi' his fause heart and flatterin' tongue !  
     That is the thing ye ne'er shall see ;  
     For an auld man shall never danton me.

For a' his meal, for a' his maut,  
 For a' his fresh beef and his saut,  
 For a' his gowd and white monie,  
 An auld man shall never danton me.

His gear may buy him kye and yowes,  
 His gear may buy him glens and knowes ;  
 But me he shall not buy nor fee ;  
 For an auld man shall never danton me.

He hirples twa-fauld, as he dow,  
 Wi' his toothless gab and auld bald pow,  
 And the rain rins down frae his red-blear'd ee :  
 That auld man shall never danton me.\*

vention, requesting that body to accept them as a mark of his admiration and respect. The present, and its accompaniment, were intercepted at the customhouse at Dover; and here, there appears to be little room to doubt, was the principal circumstance that drew on Burns the notice of his jealous superiors. We were not, it is true, at war with France; but every one knew and felt that we were to be so ere long; and nobody can pretend that Burns was not guilty, on this occasion, of a most absurd and presumptuous breach of decorum."

\* From Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum*, vol. II. 1788.

## TO DANTON ME.

[JACOBITE SONG.]

To danton me, and me sae young,  
 And guid King James's auldest son !  
 O, that's the thing that ne'er can be ;  
 For the man is unborn that'll danton me !  
 O, set me ance on Scottish land,  
 My guid braidsword into my hand,  
 My blue bonnet abune my bree,  
 And shaw me the man that'll danton me !

It's nae the battle's deadly stoure,  
 Nor friends proved false, that'll gar me cower ;  
 But the reckless hand o' povertie,  
 O, that alane can danton me.  
 High was I born to kingly gear,  
 But a cuif cam in my cap to wear ;  
 But wi' my braidsword I'll let him see  
 He's nae the man to danton me.

O, I hae scarce to lay me on,  
 Of kingly fields were ance my ain,  
 Wi' the muir-cock on the mountain bree ;  
 But hardship ne'er can danton me.  
 Up cam the gallant chief Lochiel,  
 And drew his glaive o' nut-brown steel,  
 Says, Charlie, set your fit to me,  
 And shaw me wha will danton thee !

## ROSLIN CASTLE.

HEWIT.

TUNE—*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 Nannie's charms the shepherd sung :  
 The hills and dales with Nannie rung ;  
 While Roslin Castle heard the swain,  
 And echoed back his 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 Nannie raise the cheerful lay ;  
 O, bid her haste and come away ;  
 In sweetest smiles herself adorn,  
 And add new graces to the morn !

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

Oh, 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 ! \*

~~~~~

### LUCY'S FLITTIN'.†

WILLIAM LAIDLAW.

'Twas when the wan leaf frae the birk-tree was fa'in',  
 And Martinmas dowie had wound up the year,  
 That Lucy row'd up her wee kist wi' her a' in't,  
 And left her auld maister and neebours sae dear :  
 For Lucy had served in the Glen a' the simmer ;  
 She cam there afore the flower blumed on the pea ;  
 An orphan was she, and they had been kind till her,  
 Sure that was the thing brocht the tear to her ee.

She gaed by the stable where Jamie was stannin' ;  
 Richt sair was his kind heart, the flittin' to see :  
 Fare ye weel, Lucy ! quo Jamie, and ran in ;  
 The gatherin' tears trickled fast frae his ee.  
 As down the burn-side she gaed slow wi' the flittin',  
 Fare ye weel, Lucy ! was ilka bird's sang ;  
 She heard the crow sayin't, high on the tree sittin',  
 And Robin was chirpin't the brown leaves amang.

Oh, what is't that pits my puir heart in a flutter ?  
 And what gars the tears come sae fast to my ee ?

\* Richard Hewit, the author of this song, was employed by the blind poet Blacklock to act as his leader or guide during his residence in Cumberland ; and for some years afterwards he served him as his amanuensis. I have not been able to perceive the song in any older collection than that of Herd, 1776. The air was composed by Oswald, about the beginning of the eighteenth century.

† It is a somewhat remarkable circumstance regarding this exquisitely pathetic and beautiful little poem, that its author has written hardly any other thing of any description.

If I wasna ettled to be ony better,  
 Then what gars me wish ony better to be?  
 I'm just like a lammie that loses its mither;  
 Nae mither or friend the puir lammie can see;  
 I fear I hae tint my puir heart a'thegither,  
 Nae wonder the tear fa's sae fast frae my ee.

Wi' the rest o' my claes I hae row'd up the ribbon,  
 The bonnie blue ribbon that Jamie gae me;  
 Yestreen, when he gae me't, and saw I was sabbin',  
 I'll never forget the wae blink o' his ee.  
 Though now he said naething but Fare ye weel, Lucy!  
 It made me I neither could speak, hear, nor see:  
 He could nae say mair but just, Fare ye weel, Lucy!  
 Yet that I will mind till the day that I dee.

The lamb likes the gowan wi' dew when its droukit;  
 The hare likes the brake and the braird on the lea:  
 But Lucy likes Jamie;—she turn'd and she lookit,  
 She thocht the dear place she wad never mair see.  
 Ah, weel may young Jamie gang dowie and cheerless!  
 And weel may he greet on the bank o' the burn!  
 For bonnie sweet Lucy, sae gentle and peerless,  
 Lies cauld in her grave, and will never return!



## THE JOLLIE BEGGAR.

SUPPOSED TO BE BY KING JAMES V.

TUNE—*The jollie beggar.*

THERE was a jollie beggar, and a beggin' he was boun',  
 And he took up his quarters into a landwart toun.  
 And we'll gang nae mair a-rovin', a-rovin' in the  
 nicht,  
 And we'll gang nae mair a-rovin', boys, let the moon  
 shine ne'er sae bricht:  
 And we'll gang nae mair a-rovin'.

He wad neither lie in barn, nor yet wad he in byre,  
But in ahint the ha' door, or else afore the fire.

The beggar's bed was made at e'en wi' gude clean strae  
and hay,  
And in ahint the ha' door, and there the beggar lay.

Up rose the gude man's dochter, and for to bar the door;  
And there she saw the beggar, standin' i' the floor.

He took the lassie in his arms, and to the bed he ran;  
O, hoolie, hoolie, wi' me, sir; ye'll wauken our gude-  
man.

The beggar was a cunnin' loon, and ne'er a word he  
spak,  
Until the cock began to crow; syne he began to crack.

Is there ony dowgs into this toun? maiden, tell me  
true.  
And what wad ye do wi' them, my hinnie and my  
dow?

They'll ryve a' my meal-pocks, and do me mickle wrang.  
Oh, dule for the dooin' o't! are ye the puir man?

Then she took up the meal-pocks, and flang them ower  
the wa';  
The deil gae wi' the meal-pocks, my maidenhead, and a'!

I took ye for some gentleman, at least the Laird o'  
Brodie;  
Oh, dule for the doin' o't! are ye the puir bodie?

He took the lassie in his arms, and gae her kisses three,  
And four-and-twenty hunder merks, to pay the nourice  
fee.

He took a horn frae his side, and blew baith loud and  
shrill,  
And four-and-twenty beltit knichts came skippin' ower  
the hill.

And he took out his little knife, loot a' his duddies fa',  
And he was the brawest gentleman that was amang  
them a'.

The beggar was a clever loun, and he lap shouther-hicht,  
And, aye for siccan quarters as I gat yesternicht !

And we'll gang nae mair a-rovin', a-rovin' in the  
nicht,

And we'll gang nae mair a-rovin', boys, let the moon  
shine ne'er sae bricht :

And we'll gang nae mair a-rovin'.\*



## THE GABERLUNYIE MAN.

SUPPOSED TO BE BY KING JAMES V.

TUNE—*The Gaberlunyie man.*

THE pawky auld carle cam ower the lee,  
Wi' monie gude-e'ens and days to me,  
Saying, Gudewife, for your courtesie,

Will ye lodge a silly puir man ?

The nicht was cauld, the carle was wat,  
And doun ayont the ingle he sat ;

My douchter's shouthers he 'gan to clap,  
And cadgily ranted and sang.

O, wow ! quo he, were I as free  
As first when I saw this countrie,  
How blythe and merry wad I be,  
And I wad never think lang !

\* From Herd's Collection, 1776.



He grew canty, and she grew fain ;  
 But little did her auld minnie ken  
 What thir sleet twa together were sayin',  
 When wooing they were sae thrang.

And O ! quo he, an ye were as black  
 As e'er the croun o' my daddie's hat,  
 It's I wad lay ye by my back,  
 And awa wi' me ye should gang.  
 And O ! quo she, an I were as white  
 As e'er the snaw lay on the dike,  
 I'd cleid me braw and lady-like,  
 And awa wi' thee I'd gang.

Between the twa was made a plot ;  
 They rase a wee afore the cock,  
 And wylily they shot the lock,  
 And fast to the bent are they gane.  
 Up i' the morn the auld wife rase,  
 And at her leisure pat on her claise ;  
 Syne to the servants' bed she gaes,  
 To spier for the silly puir man.

She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay ;  
 The strae was cauld—he was away ;  
 She clapped her hands, cried, Waladay !  
 For some o' our gear will be gane.  
 Some ran to coffers, and some to kists ;  
 But nocht was stown that could be mist.  
 She danced her lane, cried, Praise be blest,  
 I have lodged a leal puir man !

Since naething's awa, as we can learn,  
 The kirk's to kirk, and milk to yirne ;  
 Gae butt the house, and wauken my bairn,  
 And bid her come quickly ben.

The servant gaed where the dauchter lay :  
 The sheets were cauld—she was away,  
 And fast to her gudewife 'gan say,  
     She's aff wi' the gaberlunyie man !

Oh, fye gar ride, and fye gar rin,  
 And haste ye find thae traitors again ;  
 For she's be burnt, and he's be slain,  
     The wearifu' gaberlunyie man !  
 Some rade upo' horse, some ran a-fit,  
 The wife was wud, and out o' her wit ;  
 She couldna gang, nor yet could she sit,  
     But aye she cursed and she bann'd.

Meantime, far hind out ower the lee,  
 Fu' snug in a glen, where nane could see,  
 The twa, with kindly sport and glee,  
     Cut frae a new cheese a whang.  
 The prievin was gude—it pleased them baith ;  
 To loe her for aye he gae her his aith ;  
 Quo she, To leave thee I will be laith,  
     My winsome gaberlunyie man.

O, kend my minnie I were wi' you,  
 Ill-faurdly wad she crook her mou' ;  
 Sic a puir man she'll never trow,  
     After the gaberlunyie man.  
 My dear, quo he, ye're yet ower young,  
 And ha'na learn'd the beggars' tongue,  
 To follow me frae toun to toun,  
     And carry the gaberlunyie on.

Wi' cauk and keel I'll win your bread,  
 And spinles and whorles for them wha need ;  
 Whilk is a gentle trade indeed,  
     To carry the gaberlunyie on.

I'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,  
 And draw a black clout ower my ee ;  
 A cripple and blind they will ca' me,  
 While we'll be merry and sing.\*



## TRANENT MUIR.

ALEXANDER SKIRVING.

TUNE—*Killiecrankie*.

THE Chevalier, being void of fear,  
 Did march up Birslic brae, man,  
 And through Tranent, ere he did stent,  
 As fast as he could gae, man ;  
 While General Cope did taunt and mock,  
 Wi' mony a loud huzza, man ;  
 But ere 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 lowsed with devilish thuds, man :  
 Down guns they threw, and swords they drew,  
 And soon did chase them aff, man ;  
 On Seaton Crafts they bufft their chafts,  
 And gart them rin like daft, man.

The bluff dragoons swore, Blood and 'oons,  
 They'd make the rebels run, man ;  
 And yet they flee when them they see,  
 And winna fire a gun, man.

\* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, (1724,) where it is marked with the letter J.

They turn'd their back, the foot they brake,  
 Such terror seized them a', man ;  
 Some wet their cheeks, some fyled 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 saw't turn to earn'st,  
 They were not worth a louse, man :  
 Maist feck gaed hame—O, fy 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, where Hersell sate,  
 Un'wares did ding her ower, man ;  
 Yet wadna stand to bear a hand,  
 But aff fou fast did scour, man :  
 Ower Soutra hill, ere he stood still,  
 Before he tasted meat, man :  
 Troth, he may brag of his swift nag,  
 That bare him aff sae fleet, man.

And Simson keen, to clear the een  
 Of rebels far in wrang, man,  
 Did never strive wi' pistols five,  
 But gallop'd wi' 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 tane, 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 Gard'ner 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 his lot  
For to get mony a wound, man.  
Lieutenant Smith, of Irish birth,  
Frae whom he call'd for aid, man,  
Being full of dread, lap ower 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 weel 'tis kend  
His use and wont to lie, man ;  
The Teague is naught, he never fought,  
When he had room to flee, man.

And Cadell drest, amang 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 cor',  
And never took the field, man.

But gallant Roger, like a soger,  
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 nainsell  
Was ne'er sae pra pefore, 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 heads 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 away, man :  
In Seaton Sands, wi' nimble hands,  
They pick'd my pockets bare, man ;

But I wish ne'er to drie sic fear,  
For a' the sum and mair, man.\*

~~~~~

## MY NANIE, O.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

TUNE—*My Nanie, O.*

RED rowes the Nith 'tween bank and brae,  
Mirk is the nicht and rainie, O ;  
Though heaven and earth should mix in storm,  
I'll gang and see my Nanie, O :  
My Nanie, O, my Nanie, O !  
My kind and winsome Nanie, O !  
She halds my heart in love's dear bands,  
And nane can do't but Nanie, O.

In preachin'-time, sae meek she stands,  
Sae saint-like and sae bonnie, O,  
I canna get ae glimpse o' grace,  
For thieving looks at Nanie, O :  
My Nanie, O, my Nanie, O !  
The world's in love wi' Nanie, O !  
That heart is hardly worth the wear,  
That wadna love my Nanie, O.

\* From Herd's Collection, 1776. This was for a long time the only song regarding the Insurrection of 1745, which could be sung by either party without offence to the other. The author was a farmer near Haddington, and father to the late Mr Skirving, portrait-painter, of eccentric memory. There is a story told in connexion with the song, that proves the author to have been a man of great humour. The "Lieutenant Smith" of the ninth stanza thought proper, some time after, to send a friend to the honest farmer, requesting to have satisfaction for the injury which it had done to his honour. Skirving, who happened to be forking his dunghill at the moment the man arrived, first put that safe barrier between himself and the messenger, and then addressed him in these words: "Gang awa back to Mr Smith, and tell him that I hae na time to gang to Haddington to see him; but, if he likes to come here, I'll tak a look o' him; and if I think I'm fit to fecht him, I'll fecht him; and if no, I'll just do as he did—I'll rin awa!"

My breist can scarce conteen my heart,  
 When, dancin', she moves finely, O ;  
 I guess what heaven is by her eyes,  
 They sparkle sae divinely, O :  
 My Nanie, O, my Nanie, O !  
 The flower o' Nithisdale's Nanie, O !  
 Love looks frae 'neath her lang brown hair,  
 And says I dwell wi' Nanie, O.

Tell not, thou star at grey day-light,  
 O'er Tinwald-tap sae bonnie, O,  
 My fitsteps 'mang the mornin' dew,  
 When comin' frae my Nanie, O :  
 My Nanie, O, my Nanie, O !  
 Nane ken o' me and Nanie, O !  
 The stars and mune may tell't abune,  
 They winna wrang my Nanie, O.



## WE'RE A' NODDIN.

TUNE—*Nid noddin.*

O, WE'RE a' noddin, nid, nid, noddin,  
 O, we're a' noddin, at our house at hame.

How's a' wi' ye, kimmer ? and how do ye thrive ?  
 And how mony bairns hae ye now ?—Bairns I hae five.  
 And are they a' at hame wi' you ?—Na, na, na ;  
 For twa o' them's been herdin' sin' Jamie gaed awa.  
 And we're a' noddin, nid, nid, noddin ;  
 And we're a' noddin at our house at hame.

Grannie nods i' the neuk, and fends as she may,  
 And brags that we'll ne'er be what she's been in her day.



Vow ! but she was bonnie ; and vow ! but she was braw,  
And she had rowth o' wooers ance, I'se warrant, great  
and sma'.

And we're a' noddin, &c.

Weary fa' Kate, that she winna nod too ;  
She sits i' the corner, suppin' a' the broo ;  
And when the bit bairnies wad e'en hae their share,  
She gies them the ladle, but deil a drap's there.

And we're a' noddin, &c.

Now, fareweel, kimmer, and weel may ye thrive ;  
They sae the French is rinnin' for't, and we'll hae peace  
belyve.

The bear's i' the brear, and the hay's i' the stack,  
And a' 'll be right wi' us, gin Jamie were come back.

And we're a' noddin, &c.

## DUNCAN DAVISON.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Duncan Davison.*

THERE was a lass, they ca'd her Meg,  
And she held o'er the moor to spin ;  
There was a laddie follow'd her,  
They ca'd him Duncan Davison :  
The moor was dreigh, and Meg was skeigh ;  
Her favour Duncan couldna win ;  
For wi' the roke she shored to knock,  
And aye she shook the temper-pin.

As ower the moor they lightly foor,\*  
A burn ran clear, a glen was green ;

\* Went.

Upon the banks they eased their shanks,  
 And aye she set the wheel between;  
 But Duncan swore a holy aith,  
 That Meg should be a bride the morn—  
 And she took up her spinning graith,  
 And flang it a' out ower the burn.

We'll big a house, a wee wee house,  
 And we shall live like king and queen:  
 Sae blythe and merry's we will be,  
 When ye set by the wheel at e'en.  
 A man may drink, and no be drunk;  
 A man may fight, and no be slain;  
 A man may kiss a bonnie lass,  
 And aye be welcome back again.



## MY NATIVE 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 daddie is but poor, and my fortune is but sma';  
 Which gars me leave my native Caledonia.

When I think on days now gane, and how happy I hae  
 been,  
 While wandering wi' my dearie, where the primrose  
 blaws unseen;  
 I'm wae to leave my lassie, and my daddie's simple ha',  
 Or the hills and healthfu' breeze o' Caledonia.

But wherever I wander, still happy be my Jean!  
 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 favourin' breezes, till my native land I  
 view ;  
 Then I'll kneel on Scotia's shore, while the heart-felt  
 tear shall fa',  
 And never leave my Jean and Caledonia.

~~~~~

## SHE SAYS SHE LO'ES ME BEST OF A'.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Unagh's Lock.*

SAE flaxen were her ringlets,  
 Her eye-brows of a darker hue,  
 Bewitchingly o'erarching  
 Twa laughing een o' bonnie blue.  
 Her smiling, sae wyling,  
 Wad mak a wretch forget his woe ;  
 What pleasure, what treasure,  
 Unto those rosy lips to grow !  
 Such was my Chloris' bonnie face,  
 When first her bonnie face I saw ;  
 And, aye my Chloris' dearest charm,  
 She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Like harmony her motion ;  
 Her pretty ankle is a spy,  
 Betraying fair proportion,  
 Wad mak a saint forget the sky.  
 Sae warming, sae charming,  
 Her faultless form and gracefu' air ;  
 Ilk feature—auld nature  
 Declared that she could do nae mair.  
 Hers are the willing chains o' love,  
 By conquering beauty's sovereign law ;

And aye my Chloris' dearest charm,  
She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Let others love the city,  
And gaudy show at sunny noon ;  
Gie me the lonely valley,  
The dewy eve, and rising moon,  
Fair-beaming, and streaming,  
Her silver light the boughs amang ;  
While falling, recalling,  
The amorous thrush concludes her sang :  
There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove  
By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,  
And hear my vows o' truth and love,  
And say thou lo'es me best of a' ?



## HALF A PUND O' TOW.

FROM RECITATION.

TUNE—*The weary pund o' tow.*

I BOUGHT my maiden and my wife  
A half a pund o' tow,  
And it will serve them a' their life,  
Let them spin as they dow.  
I thought my tow was endit—  
It wasna weel begun !  
I think my wife will end her life  
Afore the tow be spun.

I lookit to my yarn-nag,  
And it grew never mair ;  
I lookit to my beef-stand—  
My heart grew wonder sair ;  
I lookit to my meal-boat,  
And O, but it was howe !

I think my wife will end her life  
Afore she spin her tow.

But if your wife and my wife  
Were in a boat thegither,  
And yon other man's wife  
Were in to steer the ruther ;\*  
And if the boat were bottomless,  
And seven mile to row,  
I think they'd ne'er come hame again,  
To spin the pund o' tow ! †



## THE SOCIAL CUP.

CHARLES GRAY, ESQ.

TUNE—*Andro and his cutty gun.*

THE gloamin saw us a' sit down,  
And mickle mirth has been our fa' ;  
But ca' the other toast aroun',  
Till chanticleer begins to crawl.  
Blythe, blythe, and merry are we,  
Blythe are we, ane and a' ;  
Aften hae we canty been,  
But sic a nicht we never saw.

\* Rudder.

† Besides the foregoing three stanzas, there is another, which appears to belong to the same song, but cannot be placed any where as a part of it : probably some intervening stanzas are lost. The delinquent housewife herself is introduced, endeavouring to borrow linen to make shirts for her husband, and promising restitution at a period synonymous, according to all appearance, with the Greek Calends :—

O weel's us a' on our gudeman,  
For he's comed hame,  
Wi' a suit o' new claes ;  
But sarkin he's got nane.  
Come lend to me some sarkin,  
Wi' a' the haste ye dow,  
And ye'se be weel pay'd back again,  
When aince I spin my tow.

The auld kirk bell has chappit twal ;  
 Wha cares though she had chappit twa !  
 We're licht o' heart, and winna part,  
 Though time and tide should rin awa.

Tut ! never speir how wears the morn,  
 The moon's still blinkin' i' the sky ;  
 And, gif like her we fill our horn,  
 I dinna doubt we'll drink it dry.

Should we gang by the Auld-Kirk-Latch,\*  
 Or round the haunted humlock knowe,  
 Auld Clootie there some chield might catch,  
 Or fleg us wi' a worricow !

Then fill us up a social cup,  
 And never mind the dapple dawn ;  
 Just sit a while, the sun may smile,  
 And light us a' across the lawn.



## THE CROOK AND PLAID.

HENRY S. RIDDELL.

I WINNA loe the laddie that ca's the cart and pleugh,  
 Though he should own that tender love that's only  
     felt by few ;  
 For he that has this bosom a' to fondest love betray'd,  
 Is the kind and faithfu' laddie that wears the crook and  
     plaid.

At morn he climbs the mountains wild, his fleecy flock  
     to view,  
 When the larks sing in the heaven aboon, and the  
     flowers wake 'mang the dew,

\* A haunted spot near Anstruther, in Fife, the residence of the author.

When the thin mist melts afore the beam, ower gair  
 and glen convey'd,  
 Where the laddie loves to wander still, that wears the  
 crook and plaid.

At noon he leans him down, high on the heathy fell,  
 When his flocks feed a' sae bonnilie below him in the  
 dell ;  
 And there he sings o' faithful love, till the wilds around  
 are glad ;  
 Oh, how happy is the laddie that wears the crook and  
 plaid !

He pu's the blooms o' heather pure, and the lily-flour  
 sae meek ;  
 For he weens the lily like my brow, and the heath-bell  
 like my cheek.  
 His words are soft and tender as the dew frae heaven  
 shed ;  
 And nane can charm me like the lad that wears the  
 crook and plaid.

Beneath the flowery hawthorn-tree, wild growing in  
 the glen,  
 He meets me in the gloamin' grey, when nane on earth  
 can ken ;  
 And leal and tender is his heart beneath the spreading  
 shade,  
 For weel he kens the way, I trow, to row me in his  
 plaid.

The youth o' mony riches may to his fair one ride,  
 And woo across a table his many-titled bride ;  
 But we will woo beneath the tree, where cheek to cheek  
 is laid—  
 Oh, nae wooer's like the laddie that rows me in his  
 plaid !

To own the tales o' faithfu' love, oh, wha wad no comply?  
 Sin' pure love gies mair o' happiness than aught aneath  
     the sky.

Where love is in the bosom thus, the heart can ne'er  
     be sad ;

Sae, through life, I'll loe the laddie that wears the  
     crook and plaid.



## MY WIFE'S A WANTON WEE THING.

TUNE—*My wife's a wanton wee thing.*

My wife's a wanton wee thing,  
 My wife's a wanton wee thing,  
 My wife's a wanton wee thing;  
     She winna be guided by me.

She play'd the loon ere she was married,  
 She play'd the loon ere she was married,  
 She play'd the loon ere she was married ;  
     She'll do't again ere she die !

She sell'd her coat, and she drank it,  
 She sell'd her coat, and she drank it,  
 She row'd hersell in a blanket ;  
     She winna be guided by me.

She mind't na when I forbade her,  
 She mind't na when I forbade her ;  
 I took a rung and I claw'd her,  
     And a braw gude bairn was she ! \*

\* From Johnson's Scots Musical Museum, vol. III. 1790. The two first stanzas, however, appear in Herd's Collection, 1776.



## MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING.

BURNS.

TUNE—*My wife's a wanton wee thing.*

SHE is a winsome wee thing,  
 She is a handsome wee thing,  
 She is a bonnie wee thing,  
 This sweet wee wife o' mine !

I never saw a fairer,  
 I never loo'd a dearer ;  
 And neist my heart I'll wear her,  
 For fear my jewel tine.

She is a winsome wee thing,  
 She is a handsome wee thing,  
 She is a bonnie wee thing,  
 This sweet wee wife o' mine.

The warld's wrack we share o't,  
 The warstle and the care o't ;  
 Wi' her I'll blythely bear it,  
 And think my lot divine.



## JOHNNIE'S GRAY BREEKS.

TUNE—*Johnie's gray breeks.*

WHEN I was in my se'ntein year,  
 I was baith blythe and bonnie, O ;  
 The lads lo'ed me baith far and near,  
 But I lo'ed nane but Johnie, O :  
 He gain'd my heart in twa three weeks,  
 He spake sae blythe and kindly, O ;

And I made him new gray breeks,  
That fitted him most finely, O.

He was a handsome fellow ;  
His humour was baith frank and free ;  
His bonnie locks sae yellow,  
Like gowd they glitter'd in my ee :  
His dimpled chin and rosy cheeks,  
And face sae fair and ruddy, O ;  
And then-a-days his gray breeks  
Were neither auld nor duddy, O.

But now they're threadbare worn,  
They're wider than they wont to be ;  
They're tash'd-like and sair torn,  
And clouted upon ilka knee.  
But gin I had a simmer's day,  
As I hae had right monie, O,  
I'd make a web o' new gray,  
To be breeks to my Johnnie, O.

For he's weel wordy o' them,  
And better, gin I had to gie,  
And I'll tak pains upo' them,  
Frae faults I'll strive to keep them free.  
To cleid him weel shall be my care,  
To please him a' my study, O !  
But he maun wear the auld pair  
A wee, though they be duddy, O.

For when the lad was in his prime,  
Like him there warn a monie, O.  
He ca'd me aye his bonnie thing,  
Sae wha wadna loe Johnnie, O ?  
O, I loe Johnnie's gray breeks,  
For a' the care they've gi'en me yet,  
And gin we live another year,  
We'll mak them hale between us yet.

## AND SAE WILL WE YET.

WATSON.

TUNE—*And sae will we yet.*

SIT ye doun here, my cronies, and gie us your crack ;  
 Let the win' tak the care o' this life on its back.  
 Our hearts to despondency we never will submit ;  
 For we've aye been provided for, and sae will we yet.  
     And sae will we yet, and sae will we yet,  
     And sae will we yet, and sae will we yet ;  
 Our hearts to despondency we never will submit,  
 For we've aye been provided for, and sae will we yet.

Let the miser delight in the hoarding of pelf,  
 Since he has not the saul to enjoy it himself ;  
 Since the bounty of Providence is new every day,  
 As we journey through life, let us live by the way.  
     Let us live by the way, &c.

Then bring us a tankard o' nappy gude ale,  
 For to comfort our hearts, and enliven the tale ;  
 We'll aye be the happier the langer we sit ;  
 For we've drank thegither monie a time, and sae will  
     we yet.  
     And sae will we yet, &c.

Success to the farmer, and prosper his plough,  
 Rewarding his eident toils a' the year through !  
 Our seed-time and harvest, we ever will get ;  
 And we've lippen'd aye to Providence, and sae will  
     we yet.  
     And sae will we yet, &c.

Long live the king, and happy may he be ;  
 And success to his forces by land and by sea !  
 His enemies to triumph we never will permit ;  
 Britons aye have been victorious, and sae will we yet.  
     And sae will we yet, &c.

Let the glass keep its course, and go merrily roun' ;  
 For the sun has to rise, though the moon it goes down :  
 Till the house be rinnin' roun' about, it's time enough  
     to flit ;

When we fell we aye got up again, and sae will we yet.  
 And sae will we yet, &c.



## DAINTY DAVIE.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Dainty Davie.*

Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers,  
 To deck her gay green birken bowers,  
 And now come 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.

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

When day, expiring in the west,  
 The curtain draws o' Nature's rest,  
 I'll flee to his arms I loe best,  
     And that's my dainty Davie.

## OH, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST.

BURNS.

OH, wert thou in the cauld blast,  
 On yonder lea, on yonder lea ;  
 My plaidie to the angry airt,  
 I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee :  
 Or did misfortune's bitter storms  
 Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,  
 Thy bield should be my bosom,  
 To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,  
 Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,  
 The desert were a paradise,  
 If thou wert there, if thou wert there.  
 Or were I monarch of the globe,  
 With thee to reign, with thee to reign ;  
 The brightest jewel in my crown  
 Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

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## AULD LANG SYNE.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Auld lang syne.*

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,  
 And never brought to min' ?  
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
 And days o' lang syne ?  
 For auld lang syne, my dear,  
 For auld lang syne,  
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,  
 For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,  
 And pu'd the gowans fine ;  
 But we've wander'd mony a weary fit,  
 Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl't in the burn,  
 Frae morning sun till dine ;  
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd,  
 Sin' auld lang syne.

And there's a hand, my trusty frien',  
 And gie's a hand o' thine ;  
 And we'll tak a richt gude-willie waught,  
 For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,  
 And surely I'll be mine ;  
 And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,  
 For auld lang syne.



## OLD LONG SYNE.

### FIRST PART.

SHOULD old acquaintance be forgot,  
 And never thought upon,  
 The flames of love extinguished,  
 And freely past and gone ?  
 Is thy kind heart now grown so cold  
 In that loving breast of thine,  
 That thou canst never once reflect  
 On old long syne ?

Where are thy protestations,  
 Thy vows, and oaths, my dear,

Thou mad'st to me and I to thee,  
 In register yet clear?  
 Is faith and truth so violate  
 To th' immortal gods divine,  
 That thou canst never once reflect  
 On old long syne?

Is't Cupid's fears, or frosty cares,  
 That makes thy spirits decay?  
 Or is't some object of more worth  
 That's stolen thy heart away?  
 Or some desert makes thee neglect  
 Him, so much once was thine,  
 That thou canst never once reflect  
 On old long syne?

Is't worldly cares, so desperate,  
 That makes thee to despair?  
 Is't that makes thee exasperate,  
 And makes thee to forbear?  
 If thou of that were free as I,  
 Thou surely should be mine;  
 If this were true, we should renew  
 Kind old long syne.

But since that nothing can prevail,  
 And all hope is in vain,  
 From these dejected eyes of mine  
 Still showers of tears shall rain:  
 And though thou hast me now forgot,  
 Yet I'll continue thine,  
 And ne'er forget for to reflect  
 On old long syne.

If e'er I have a house, my dear,  
 That truly is call'd mine,  
 And can afford but country cheer,  
 Or ought that's good therein;

Though thou were rebel to the king,  
 And beat with wind and rain,  
 Assure thyself of welcome, love,  
 For old long syne.

## SECOND PART.

My soul is ravish'd with delight  
 When you I think upon ;  
 All griefs and sorrows take the flight,  
 And hastily are gone ;  
 The fair resemblance of your face  
 So fills this breast of mine,  
 No fate nor force can it displace,  
 For old long syne.

Since thoughts of you do banish grief,  
 When I'm from you removed ;  
 And if in them I find relief,  
 When with sad cares I'm moved,  
 How doth your presence me affect  
 With ecstasies divine,  
 Especially when I reflect  
 On old long syne.

Since thou hast robb'd me of my heart,  
 By those resistless powers  
 Which Madam Nature doth impart  
 To those fair eyes of yours,  
 With honour it doth not consist  
 To hold a slave in pyne ;  
 Pray let your rigour, then, desist,  
 For old long syne.

'Tis not my freedom I do crave,  
 By deprecating pains ;



Sure, liberty he would not have  
 Who glories in his chains :  
 But this I wish—the gods would move  
 That noble soul of thine  
 To pity, if thou canst not love,  
 For old long syne.\*

~~~~~

### CROMLET'S LILT.

TUNE—*Robin Adair.*

SINCE all thy vows, false maid,  
 Are blown to air,  
 And my poor heart betray'd  
 To sad despair ;  
 Into some wilderness  
 My grief I will express,  
 And thy hard-heartedness,  
 Oh, cruel fair !

Have I not graven our loves  
 On every tree  
 In yonder spreading grove,  
 Though false thou be ?  
 Was not a solemn oath  
 Plighted betwixt us both,  
 Thou thy faith, I my troth,  
 Constant to be ?

Some gloomy place I'll find,  
 Some doleful shade,

\* From Watson's Collection of Scots Poems, Part III., 1711. This is, therefore, the oldest known set of verses to the popular air of "Auld Lang Syne."

Where neither sun nor wind  
 E'er entrance had.  
 Into that hollow cave  
 There will I sigh and rave,  
 Because thou dost behave  
 So faithlessly.

Wild fruit shall be my meat,  
 I'll drink the spring ;  
 Cold earth shall be my seat ;  
 For covering,  
 I'll have the starry sky  
 My head to canopy,  
 Until my soul on high  
 Shall spread its wing.

I'll have no funeral fire,  
 No tears, nor sighs ;  
 No grave do I require,  
 Nor obsequies :  
 The courteous red-breast, he  
 With leaves will cover me,  
 And sing my elegy  
 With doleful voice.

And when a ghost I am,  
 I'll visit thee,  
 Oh, thou deceitful dame,  
 Whose cruelty  
 Has kill'd the kindest heart  
 That e'er felt Cupid's dart,  
 And never can desert  
 From loving thee ! \*

\* The story which gave rise to this song is related by Burns. The heroine was one of the thirty-one children of Stirling of Ardoch, in Perthshire, a gentleman who seems to have lived in the reign of James the Sixth. On account of her great beauty, she was usually called Fair Helen of Ardoch. She was beloved by the eldest son of Chisholm of Cromlix, a family of the neighbourhood, which was so respectable as to have given more

## SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

BURNS.

TUNE—*She's fair and fause.*

SHE's fair and fause that causes my smart,  
 I loo'd her mickle and lang;  
 She's broken her vow, she's broken my heart,  
 And I may e'en gae hang.  
 A cuif cam in wi' rowth o' gear,  
 And I hae tint my dearest dear;  
 But woman is but warld's gear,  
 Sae let the bonnie lass gang.

Whae'er ye be that woman love,  
 To this be never blind,  
 Nae ferlie 'tis though fickle she prove;  
 A woman has't by kind:  
 O woman, lovely woman fair!  
 An angel's form's faun to thy share,  
 'Twad been ower mickle to hae gi'en thee mair,  
 I mean an angel mind.

than one bishop to Dumblane. During the foreign travels of this young gentleman, a person whom he had appoited to manage his correspondence with Fair Helen, conceived a strong passion for her, and resolved to supplant his friend. By prepossessing her with stories to the disadvantage of young Cromlix, and suppressing his letters, he succeeded in incensing both against each other. All connexion between them was consequently broken off, and the traitor soon after succeeded in procuring from her a consent to accept of himself for a husband. At the moment, however, when she was put into the bridal bed, conscience prevented the consummation of her lover's villainy. She started from his embraces, exclaiming that she had heard Cromlix's voice, crying, "Helen, Helen, mind me;" and no force or arguments could prevail upon her to resume her place. The injured Cromlix soon after came home, procured her marriage to be disannulled, and married her himself.

The song was published in the Tea-Table Miscellany (1724), with the signature letter X, which seems to mark all the songs in that collection supposed by the editor to be of English origin.

## SYMON AND JANET.\*

ANDREW SCOTT.

SURROUNDED wi' bent and wi' heather,  
 Where muircocks and plovers were rife,  
 For mony a lang towmond together,  
 There lived an auld man and his wife :  
 About the affairs o' the nation  
 The twasome they seldom were mute ;  
 Bonaparte, the French, and invasion,  
 Did sa'ur in their wizzins like soot.

In winter, whan deep were the gutters,  
 And nicht's gloomy canopy spread,  
 Auld Symon sat luntin' his cuttie,  
 And lowsin' his buttons for bed ;  
 Auld Janet, his wife, out a-gazing,  
 To lock in the door was her care ;  
 She, seeing our signals a-blazing,  
 Came rinnin' in ryvin' her hair :

O, Symon, the Frenchies are landit !  
 Gae look, man, and slip on your shoon ;  
 Our signals I see them extendit,  
 Like red risin' rays frae the moon.  
 What a 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 they're landit ava.

Our youngest son's in the militia,  
 Our eldest grandson's volunteer :

\* The author of this clever and lively song, which was occasioned by the false alarm of invasion, in 1803, at this day fills the humble office of bedlar in the parish of Bowden, Roxburghshire.

O' the French to be fu' o' the flesh o',  
 I too i' the ranks shall appear.  
 His waistcoat-pouch fill'd he wi' pouter,  
 And bang'd down his rusty auld gun;  
 His bullets he pat in the other,  
 That he for the purpose had run.

Then humped he out in a hurry,  
 While Janet his courage bewails,  
 And cried out, Dear Symon, be wary!  
 And teuchly she hung by his tails.  
 Let be wi' your kindness, cried Symon,  
 Nor vex me wi' tears and your 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, livin' or deed,  
 And if thou should fa', I'll dee wi' thee,  
 Or tie up thy wounds if thou bleed.  
 Quo Janet, O, keep frae the riot!  
 Last nicht, man, I dreamt ye was deid;  
 This aught days I tentit a pyot  
 Sit chatt'rin' upon the house-heid.

As yesterday, workin' my stockin',  
 And you wi' the sheep on the hill,  
 A muckle black corbie sat croaking;  
 I kend it forebodit some ill.  
 Hout, cheer up, dear Janet, be hearty;  
 For, ere the neist sun may gae down,  
 Wha kens but I'll shoot Bonaparte,  
 And end my auld days in renown.

Syne off in a hurry he stumped,  
 Wi' bullets, and pouter, and gun;

At's curpin auld Janet, too, humped  
 Awa to the neist neebour-toun :  
 There footmen and yeomen paradin',  
 To scour off in dirdum were seen ;  
 And wives and young lasses a' sheddin'  
 The briny saut tears frae their een.

Then aff wi' his bonnet got Symie,  
 And to the commander he gaes,  
 Quo he, sir, I mean to gae wi' ye,  
 And help ye to lounder our faes :  
 I'm auld, yet I'm teuch as the wire,  
 Sae we'll at the rogues hae a dash,  
 And fegs, if my gun winna fire,  
 I'll turn her but-end and I'll thrash.

Well spoken, my hearty old hero !  
 The captain did smilin' reply ;  
 But begg'd he wad stay till to-morrow,  
 Till day-licht should glent in the sky.  
 What reck, a' the stoure cam' to naething ;  
 Sae Symon, and Janet his dame,  
 Halescart, frae the wars, without skaithing,  
 Gaed, bannin the French, away hame.



## SPEAK ON, SPEAK THUS.\*

RAMSAY.

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

SPEAK on, speak thus, and still my grief :  
 Hold up a heart that's sinkin' under  
 These fears, that soon will want relief,  
 When Pate must from his Peggie sunder.

\* From the Gentle Shepherd. In this song Ramsay displays a degree of sentiment which he has nowhere else reached or attempted.

A gentler face, and silk attire,  
 A lady rich in beauty's blossom,  
 Alake, poor me, will now conspire  
 To steal thee from thy Peggie's bosom.

No more the shepherd, who excell'd  
 The rest, whose wit made them to wonder,  
 Shall now his Peggie's praises tell;  
 Oh! I can die, but never sunder.  
 Ye meadows, where we often stray'd,  
 Ye banks, where we were wont to wander,  
 Sweet-scented rocks, round which we play'd,  
 You'll lose your sweets when we're asunder.

Again, ah, shall I never creep  
 Around the knowe, with silent duty,  
 Kindly to watch thee while asleep,  
 And wonder at thy manly beauty?  
 Hear, Heaven, while solemnly I vow,  
 Though thou shouldst prove a wand'ring lover,  
 Through life to thee I shall prove true,  
 Nor be a wife to any other.



## MY JO JANET.

TUNE—*My Jo Janet.*

SWEET sir, for your courtesie,  
 When ye come by the Bass, then,  
 For the love ye bear to me,  
 Buy me a keekin' glass, then.  
 Keek into the draw-well,  
 Janet, Janet;  
 There ye'll see your bonnie sell,  
 My jo Janet.

Keekin' in the draw-well clear,  
 What if I fa' in, sir?  
 Then a' my kin will say and swear  
 I droun'd mysell for sin, sir.  
 Haud the better by the brae,  
     Janet, Janet;  
 Haud the better by the brae,  
     My jo Janet.

Gude sir, for your courtesie,  
     Comin' through Aberdeen, then,  
 For the love ye bear to me,  
     Buy me a pair o' sheen, then.  
 Clout the auld—the new are dear,  
     Janet, Janet;  
 Ae pair may gain ye hauf a year,  
     My jo Janet.

But, if, dancin' on the green,  
     And skippin' like a maukin,  
 They should see my clouted sheen,  
     Of me they will be taukin'.  
 Dance aye laigh and late at e'en,  
     Janet, Janet;  
 Syne their fauts will no be seen,  
     My jo Janet.

Kind sir, for your courtesie,  
     When ye gae to the Cross, then,  
 For the love ye bear to me,  
     Buy me a pacin' horse, then.  
 Pace upon your spinnin' wheel,  
     Janet, Janet;  
 Pace upon your spinnin' wheel,  
     My jo Janet.

My spinnin' wheel is auld and stiff,  
     The rock o't winna stand, sir;



To keep the temper-pin in tiff  
 Employs richt aft my hand, sir.  
 Mak' the best o't that ye can,  
     Janet, Janet ;  
 But like it never wale a man,  
     My jo Janet.\*



## ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.

MRS GRANT OF CARRON.

TUNE—*The Ruffian's Rant.*

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,  
 Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,  
 Wat ye how she cheated me,  
 As I came o'er the braes of Balloch ?

She vow'd, she swore, she wad be mine ;  
 She said she lo'ed me best of onie ;  
 But, ah ! the fickle, faithless quean,  
 She's ta'en the carle, and left her Johnie.

Oh, she was a canty quean,  
 And weel could dance the Hieland walloch !  
 How happy I, had she been mine,  
 Or I been Roy of Aldivalloch !

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 Johnie.

\* From the Tea-Table Miscellany (1724), where it is printed without any mark.

## THE WOOING OF JENNY AND JOCK.

TUNE—*Hey, Jenny, come down to Jock.*

ROB'S Jock cam to woo our Jenny,  
 On ae feast-day when he was fou ;  
 She buskit her, and made her bonnie,  
 When she heard Jock was come to woo :  
 She burnish'd her, baith breist and brow,  
 Made her as clear as ony clock.  
 Then spake our dame, and said, I trow  
 Ye're come to woo our Jenny, Jock !

Ay, dame, says he, for that I yearn  
 To lout my head, and sit down by you.  
 Then spak' our dame, and said, My bairn  
 Has tocher of her awn to gie you.  
 Te-hee ! quo Jenny ; Keek, I see you ;  
 Minnie, this man makes but a mock.  
 Why say ye sae ? now leeze me o' you !  
 I come to woo your Jenny, quo Jock.

My bairn has tocher o' her awn,  
 Although her friends do nane her lend :  
 A stirk, a staig, an acre sawn,  
 A goose, a gryce, a clocking-hen ;  
 Twa kits, a cogue, a kirn there-ben,  
 A kaim, but and a kaiming-stock ;  
 Of dishes and ladles nine or ten :  
 Come ye to woo our Jenny, Jock ?

A troch, a trencher, and a tap,  
 A taings, a tullie, and a tub,  
 A sey-dish, and a milking caup,  
 A graip into a gruiop to grub,  
 A shod-shool of a hollan club,  
 A froth-stick, can, a creel, a knock,

A brake for hemp, that she may rub,  
If ye will marry our Jenny, Jock.

A furm, a furlot, and a peck,  
A rock, a reel, a gay elwand,  
A sheet, a happer, and a sack,  
A girdle, and a gude wheel-band.  
Synne Jock took Jenny by the hand,  
And cried a banquet, and slew a cock ;  
They held the bridal upon land  
That was between our Jenny and Jock.

The bride, upon her wedding, went  
Barefoot upon a hemlock hill ;  
The bride's garter was o' bent,  
And she was born at Kelly mill.  
The first propine he hecht her till,  
He hecht to hit her head a knock,  
She becket, and she held her still ;  
And this gate gat our Jenny Jock.

When she was weddit in his name,  
And unto him she was made spouse,  
They hastit them sune hame again,  
To dinner at the bridal-house.  
Jenny sat jouking like a mouse,  
But Jock was kneef as ony cock ;  
Says he to her, Haud up your brows,  
And fa' to your meat, my Jenny, quo Jock.

What meat shall we set them beforn ?  
To Jock service loud can they cry ;  
Serve them wi' sowce and sodden corn,  
Till a' their wames do stand awry.  
Of swine's flesh there was great plenty,  
Whilk was a very pleasant meat ;  
And garlick was a sauce right dainty  
To ony man that pleased to eat.

They had sax laverocks, fat and laden,  
 Wi' lang kail, mutton, beef, and brose,  
 A wame of painches, teuch like plaiden,  
 With gude May butter, milk, and cheese.  
 Jenny sat up even at the meace,  
 And a' her friends sat her beside ;  
 They were a' served with shrewd service,  
 And sae was seen upon the bride.

\*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*

Now, dame, says Jock, your daughter I've married,  
 Although you hold it never so teuch,  
 Your friends shall see she's nae miscarried,  
 For I wat I have gear eneuch :  
 An auld gawed glyde fell over the heuch,  
 A cat, a crummie, and a cock ;  
 I wanted eight owsen, though I had the pleuch—  
 May not this serve your Jenny ? quo Jock.

I have guid fire for winter weather,  
 A cod o' caff wad fill a cradle,  
 A halter and a guid hay-tether,  
 A deuk about the doors to paidle ;  
 The pummel o' a guid auld saddle,  
 And Rob, my eme, hecht me a sock ;  
 Twa lovely lips to lick a ladle ;  
 Gif Jenny and I agree, quo Jock.

A treen spit, a ram-horn spoon,  
 A pair o' boots o' barkit leather,  
 A graith that's meet to cobble shoon,  
 A thraw-crook for to twine a tether ;  
 A sword, a swivel, a swine's blether,  
 A trump o' steel, a feather'd illock,  
 An auld skull-hat for winter weather,  
 And muckle mair, my Jenny, quo Jock.

I have a cat to catch a mouse,  
 A gerse green cloak, (but it will stenyie,)  
 A pitch-fork to defend the house,  
 A pair o' branks, a bridle reinye;  
 Of a' our store we need not plenyie,  
 Ten thousand flechs into a pock;  
 And is not this a waukrife menyie,  
 To gae to bed with Jenny and Jock? \*

~~~~~

## BONNIE LESLEY.

BURNS.

TUNE—*The Collier's bonnie Lassie.*

O, SAW ye bonnie Lesley,  
 As she gaed o'er the Border?  
 She's gane, like Alexander,  
 To spread her conquests farther.  
 To see her is to love her,  
 And love but her for ever;  
 For nature made her what she is,  
 And never made anither!

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,  
 Thy subjects we before thee:  
 Thou art divine, fair Lesley;  
 The hearts o' men adore thee.  
 The Deil he couldna scaith thee,  
 Or aught that wad belang thee;  
 He'd look into thy bonnie face,  
 And say, I canna wrang thee!

The Powers aboon will tent thee,  
 Misfortune shanna steer thee;

\* From Watson's Collection of Scots Poems, Part III., 1711.

Thou'rt like themselves sae lovely,  
 That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.  
 Return again, fair Lesley,  
 Return to Caledonie !  
 That we may brag we hae a lass  
 There's nane again sae bonnie.\*

~~~~~

## WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Willie brew'd a Peck o' Maut.*

O, WILLIE brew'd a peck o' maut,  
 And Rob and Allan cam' to prie ;  
 Three blyther lads, that lee lang night,  
 Ye wadna fund in Christendie.  
 We are na fou, we're no that fou,  
 But just a wee drap 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 mony a nicht we've merry been,  
 And mony mae we hope to be !

It is the mune—I ken her horn—  
 That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie ;  
 She shines sae bricht to wyle us hame,  
 But by my sooth she'll wait a wee.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,  
 A cuckold coward loun is he ;

\* Written in honour of Miss Lesley Baillie of Ayrshire, (now Mrs Cumming of Logie,) when on her way to England, through Dumfries.

Wha last beside his chair shall fa',  
He is the king amang us three.\*

~~~~~

## THE POSIE.

BURNS.

TUNE—*The Posie.*

OH, luve will venture in where it daurna weel be seen ;  
Oh, luve will venture in where wisdom ance has been ;  
But I will doun yon river rove, amang the wood sae  
green,  
And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pou, the firstlin o' the year ;  
And I will pou the pink, the emblem o' my dear ;  
For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without  
a peer :  
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll pou the buddin' rose, when Phœbus peeps in view,  
For it's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonnie mou ;  
The hyacinth's for constancy, wi' its unchanging blue :  
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

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

\* " This air is Masterton's ; the song mine. The occasion of it was this : —Mr William Nicol, of the High School, Edinburgh, during the autumn vacation, being at Moffat, honest Allan, who was at that time on a visit to Dalswinton, and I, went to pay Nicol a visit. We had such a joyous meeting, that Mr Masterton and I agreed, each in our own way, that we should celebrate the business." *Burns, apud Cromek's Select Scottish Songs*, vol. II. p. 135. Currie, who mentions that Nicol's farm was that of Laggan, in Nithsdale, adds, that " these three honest fellows—all men of uncommon talents, were in 1798 all under the turf."

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller grey,  
 Where, like an aged man, it stands at break o' day;  
 But the songster's nest within the bush I winna take  
 away:

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

The woodbine I will pou when the e'enin' star is near,  
 And the diamond-drops o' dew shall be her een sae clear;  
 The violet's for modesty, which weel she fa's to wear:  
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' luvè,  
 And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a' above,  
 That to my latest breath o' life the band shall ne'er re-  
 move:

And this will be a posie to my ain dear May.

~~~~~

## KIND ROBIN LO'ES ME.

TUNE—*Robin lo'es me.*

ROBIN is my only jo,  
 For Robin has the art to lo'e;  
 Sae to his suit I mean to bow,  
 Because I ken he lo'es me.  
 Happy, happy was the shower,  
 That led me to his birken bower,  
 Where first of love I fand the power,  
 And kenn'd that Robin lo'ed me.

They speak of napkins, speak of rings,  
 Speak of gloves and kissin' strings;  
 And name a thousand bonnie things,  
 And ca' them signs he lo'es me.  
 But I'd prefer a smack o' Rob,  
 Seated on the velvet fog,  
 To gifts as lang's a plaiden wab;  
 Because I ken he lo'es me.



He's tall and sonsie, frank and free;  
 Lo'ed by a', and dear to me;  
 Wi' him I'd live, wi' him I'd dee,  
     Because my Robin lo'es me.  
 My tittie Mary said to me,  
 Our courtship but a joke wad be,  
 And I or lang be made to see  
     That Robin didna lo'e me.

But little kens she what has been,  
 Me and my honest Rob between;  
 And in his wooing, O sae keen  
     Kind Robin is that lo'es me.  
 Then fly, ye lazy hours, away,  
 And hasten on the happy day,  
 When, Join your hands, Mess John will say,  
     And mak him mine that lo'es me.

Till then, let every chance unite  
 To fix our love and give delight,  
 And I'll look down on such wi' spite,  
     Wha doubt that Robin lo'es me.  
     O hey, Robin! quo she,  
     O hey, Robin! quo she,  
     O hey, Robin! quo she;  
     Kind Robin lo'es me.\*

~~~~~

## DIRGE OF A HIGHLAND CHIEF,

WHO WAS EXECUTED AFTER THE REBELLION OF  
 1745.

SON of the mighty and the free,  
 Loved leader of the faithful brave,

\* From Herd's Collection, 1776:

2 L 2



Was it for high-rank'd chief like thee  
 To fill a nameless grave?  
 Oh, hadst thou slumber'd with the slain,  
 Had glory's death-bed been thy lot,  
 Even though on red Culloden's plain,  
 We then had mourn'd thee not.

But darkly closed thy morn of fame,  
 That morn whose sunbeams rose so fair:  
 Revenge alone may breathe thy name,  
 The watch-word of despair.  
 Yet, oh, if gallant spirit's power  
 Has e'er ennobled death like thine,  
 Then glory mark'd thy parting hour,  
 Last of a mighty line.

O'er thy own bowers the sunshine falls,  
 But cannot cheer their lonely gloom;  
 Those beams that gild thy native walls  
 Are sleeping on thy tomb.  
 Spring on the mountains laughs the while,  
 Thy green woods wave in vernal air;  
 But the loved scenes may vainly smile—  
 Not e'en thy dust is there.

On thy blue hills no bugle's sound  
 Is mixing with the torrent's roar;  
 Unmark'd the red deer sport around—  
 Thou lead'st the chase no more.  
 Thy gates are closed, thy halls are still—  
 Those halls where swell'd the choral strain;  
 They hear the wild winds murmuring shrill,  
 And all is hush'd again.

Thy bard his pealing harp has broke—  
 His fire, his joy of song, is past!  
 One lay to mourn thy fate he woke,  
 His saddest, and his last.

No other theme to him is dear  
 Than lofty deeds of thine :  
 Hush'd be the strain thou canst not hear,  
 Last of a mighty line.\*



## WOOD, AND MARRIED, AND A'.

TUNE—*Woo'd, and Married, and a'.*

THE bride cam out o' the byre,  
 And, O, as she dighted her cheeks !  
 Sirs, I'm to be married the night,  
 And have neither blankets nor sheets ;  
 Have neither blankets nor sheets,  
 Nor scarce a coverlet too ;  
 The bride that has a' thing to borrow,  
 Has e'en right muckle ado.  
     Woo'd, and married, and a',  
     Married, and woo'd, and a' !  
 And was she nae very weel off,  
     That was woo'd, and married, and a' ?

Out spake the bride's father,  
 As he cam' in frae the pleugh ;  
 O, haud your tongue, my dochter,  
 And ye'se get gear eneugh ;  
 The stirk stands i' th' tether,  
 And our bra' bawsint yade,  
 Will carry ye hame your corn—  
 What wad ye be at, ye jade ?

Out spake the bride's mither,  
 What deil needs a' this pride ?  
 I had nae a plack in my pouch  
 That night I was a bride ;

\* From The Scottish Minstrel, 1824-8.

My gown was linsy-woolsy,  
 And ne'er a sark ava ;  
 And ye hae ribbons and buskins,  
 Mae than ane or twa.

What's the matter, quo Willie ;  
 Though we be scant o' claes,  
 We'll creep the closer thegither,  
 And we'll smoor a' the fleas :  
 Simmer is coming on,  
 And we'll get taits o' woo ;  
 And we'll get a lass o' our ain,  
 And she'll spin claiths anew.

Out spake the bride's brither,  
 As he came in wi' the kye ;  
 Poor Willie wad ne'er hae 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.

Out spake the bride's sister  
 As she came in frae the byre ;  
 O gin I were but married,  
 It's a' that I desire :  
 But we poor folk maun live single,  
 And do the best that we can ;  
 I dinna care what I shou'd want  
 If I cou'd get but a man.\*

\* From Herd's Collection, 1776.

## WOODED, AND MARRIED, AND A'

MRS SCOTT OF DUMBARTONSHIRE.

THE grass had nae freedom o' growin'  
 As lang as she wasna awa;  
 Nor in the toun could there be stowin'  
 For wooers that wanted to ca'.  
 Sic boxin', sic brawlin', sic dancin',  
 Sic bowin' and shakin' a paw;  
 The toun was for ever in brulyies:  
 But now the lassie's awa.  
     Wooded, and married, and a',  
     Married, and wooed, and a';  
 The dandalie toast of the parish,  
 She's wooed, and she's carried awa.

But had he a' kenn'd her as I did,  
 His wooin' it wad hae been sma':  
 She kens neither bakin', nor brewin',  
 Nor cardin', nor spinnin' ava;  
 But a' her skill lies in her buskin':  
 And, O, if her brows were awa,  
 She sune wad wear out o' fashion,  
 And knit up her huggers wi' straw.

But yesterday I gaed to see her,  
 And, O, she was bonnie and braw;  
 She cried on her gudeman to gie her  
 An ell o' red ribbon or twa.  
 He took, and he set down beside her  
 A wheel and a reel for to ca';  
 She cried, Was he that way to guide her?  
 And out at the door and awa.

The first road she gaed was her mither,  
 Wha said, Lassie, how gaes a'?

Quo she, Was it for nae ither  
 That I was married awa,  
 But to be set down to a wheelie,  
 And at it for ever to ca' ?  
 And syne to hae't reel'd by a chieldie  
 That's everly crying to draw.

Her mither said till her, Hech, lassie !  
 He's wisest, I fear, o' the twa ;  
 There'll be little to put in the tassie,  
 Gif ye be sae backward to draw ;  
 For now ye should work like a tiger,  
 And at it baith wallop and ca',  
 Sae lang's ye hae youdith and vigour,  
 And weanies and debt keep awa.

Sae swift away hame to your haddin' ;  
 The mair fule ye e'er came awa :  
 Ye maunna be ilka day gaddin',  
 Nor gang sae white-finger'd and braw ;  
 For now wi' a neebor ye're yokit,  
 And wi' him should cannilie draw ;  
 Or else ye deserve to be knockit—  
 So that's an answer for a'.

Young luckie thus fand hersell mither'd,  
 And wish'd she had ne'er come awa ;  
 At length wi' hersell she consider'd,  
 That hameward 'twas better to draw,  
 And e'en tak a chance o' the landin',  
 However that matters might fa' :  
 Folk maunna on freits aye be standin',  
 That's wooed, and married, and a'.\*

\* From Cromeek's Select Scottish Songs, 1810.

# PRINCE CHARLES AND FLORA MACDONALD'S WELCOME TO SKYE.

SAID TO BE FROM THE GAELIC.

TUNE—*Charlie's welcome to Skye.*

TERE are two ponny maitens, and tree ponny maitens,  
Come over te Minch, and come over te main,  
With te wind for teir way, and te corrie for teir hame ;  
Let us welcome tem pravely unto Skhee akain.  
Come along, come along, wit your poatie and your song,  
You two ponny maitens, and tree ponny maitens ;  
For te nicht it is dark, and te red-coat is gane,  
And you're pravely welcome unto Skhee akain.

TERE is Flora, my honey, so tear and so ponny,  
And one that is tall, and comely witall ;  
Put te one as my khing, and te other as my queen,  
Tey're welcome unto te isle of Skhee akain.  
Come along, come along, wit your poatie and your song,  
You two ponny maitens, and tree ponny maitens ;  
For te lhady of Macoulain she lieth her lane,  
And you're pravely welcome to Skhee akain.

HER arm it is strong, and her petticoat is long,  
My one ponny maiten, and two ponny maitens ;  
Put teir bed shall be clain on te heather most crain ;  
And tey're welcome unto te isle of Skhee akain.  
Come along, come along, wit your poatie and your song,  
You one ponny maiten, and two ponny maitens ;  
Py te sea-moullit's nest I will watch ye ower te main ;  
And you're tearly welcome to Skhee akain.

TERE'S a wind on te tree, and a ship on te sea,  
My two ponny maitens, and tree ponny maitens ;

On te lea of the rock shall your cradle be rock ;  
 And you're welcome unto te isle of Skhee akain.  
 Come along, come along, wit your poatie and your song,  
 My two ponny maitens, and tree ponny maitens :  
 More sound shall you sleep, when you rock on te deep ;  
 And you's aye pe welcome to Skhee akain.\*

## THE BATTLE OF SHERIFF-MUIR.<sup>1</sup>

TUNE—*We ran, and they ran.*

THERE'S some say that we wan,  
 And some say that they wan,  
 And some say that nane wan at a', man ;  
 But ae thing I'm sure,  
 That at Sheriff-muir  
 A battle there was, that 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,<sup>2</sup>  
 Not like frightened Leven,<sup>3</sup>  
 Which Rothes<sup>4</sup> and Haddington<sup>5</sup> saw, man ;  
 For they all, with Wightman,<sup>6</sup>  
 Advanced on the right, man,  
 While others took flight, being raw, man.

\* From the Jacobite Relics, 1821.

<sup>1</sup> Fought on the 15th of November, 1715, between the forces of King George I., under John Duke of Argyle, and those of "the Pretender," commanded by John Earl of Mar. The issue of this battle was uncertain, the right wings of both armies being successful, while both left wings were defeated. It is this winning and running, common to both parties, which forms the principal humour of the song.

<sup>2 3 4 5</sup> Lord Belhaven, the Earl of Leven, and the Earls of Rothes and Haddington, who all bore arms as volunteers in the royal army.

<sup>6</sup> Major-General Joseph Wightman, who commanded the centre of the royal army.



Lord Roxburgh<sup>7</sup> was there,  
 In order to share  
 With Douglas,<sup>8</sup> who stood not in awe, man,  
 Volunteerly to ramble  
 With Lord Loudoun Campbell;<sup>9</sup>  
 Brave Ilay<sup>10</sup> did suffer for a', man.

Sir John Shaw,<sup>11</sup> that great knight,  
 With broadsword most bright,  
 On horseback he briskly did charge, man;  
 An hero that's bold,  
 None could him withhold,  
 He stoutly encounter'd the targemen.

For the cowardly Whittam,<sup>12</sup>  
 For fear they should cut him,  
 Seeing glittering broadswords with a pa', man,  
 And that in such thrang,  
 Made Baird aid-du-camp,  
 And from the brave clans ran awa, man.

The great Colonel Dow,  
 Gaed foremost, I trow,  
 When Whittam's dragoons ran awa, man;  
 Except Sandy Baird,  
 And Naughton, the laird,  
 Their horse show'd their heels to them a', man.

Brave Mar and Panmure<sup>13</sup>  
 Were firm, I am sure;

<sup>7</sup> John, fifth Duke of Roxburgh, a loyal volunteer.

<sup>8</sup> Archibald, Duke of Douglas, who commanded a body of his vassals in the royal army.

<sup>9</sup> Hugh Campbell, third Earl of Loudoun, of the royal army.

<sup>10</sup> The Earl of Ilay, brother to the Duke of Argyle. He came up to the field only a few hours before the battle, and had the misfortune to be wounded.

<sup>11</sup> Sir John Shaw of Greenock, an officer in the troop of volunteers, noted for his keen Whiggish spirit.

<sup>12</sup> Major-General Whitham, who commanded the left wing of the King's army.

<sup>13</sup> James, Earl of Panmure.

The latter was kidnapp'd awa, man ;  
 But with brisk men about,  
 Brave Harry<sup>14</sup> retook  
 His brother, and laugh'd at them a', man.

Grave Marshall<sup>15</sup> and Lithgow,<sup>16</sup>  
 And Glengary's<sup>17</sup> pith, too,  
 Assisted by brave Logie A'mon',<sup>18</sup>  
 And Gordons the bright,  
 Sae boldly did fight,  
 The red-coats took flight and awa, man.

Strathmore<sup>19</sup> and Clanronald<sup>20</sup>  
 Cried still, " Advance, Donald !"   
 Till both of these heroes did fa', man ;  
 For there was sic hashing,  
 And broadswords a-clashing,  
 Brave Forfar<sup>21</sup> himsell got a claw, man.

Lord Perth<sup>22</sup> stood the storm,  
 Seaforth<sup>23</sup> but lukewarm,  
 Kilsyth<sup>24</sup> and Strathallan<sup>25</sup> not slaw, man ;  
 And Hamilton<sup>26</sup> pled  
 The men were not bred,  
 For he had no fancy to fa', man.

Brave, generous Southesk,<sup>27</sup>  
 Tullibardine<sup>28</sup> was brisk,

<sup>14</sup> The Honourable Harry Maule of Kellie, brother to the foregoing, whom he re-captured after the engagement.

<sup>15 16</sup> The Earls of Marischal and Linlithgow.

<sup>17</sup> The Chief of Glengary.

<sup>18</sup> Thomas Drummond of Logie Almond.

<sup>19</sup> The Earl of Strathmore, killed in the battle.

<sup>20</sup> The Chief of Clanranald.

<sup>21</sup> The Earl of Forfar—on the King's side—wounded in the engagement.

<sup>22</sup> James, Lord Drummond, eldest son of the Earl of Perth, was Lieutenant-general of horse under Mar, and behaved with great gallantry.

<sup>23</sup> William Mackenzie, fifth Earl of Seaforth.

<sup>24</sup> The Viscount Kilsyth.

<sup>25</sup> The Viscount Strathallan.

<sup>26</sup> Lieutenant-general George Hamilton, commanding under the Earl of Mar.

<sup>27</sup> James, fifth Earl of Southesk.

<sup>28</sup> The Marquis of Tullibardine, eldest son of the Duke of Athole.

Whose father, indeed, would not draw, man,  
 Into the same yoke,  
 Which served for a cloak,  
 To keep the estate 'twixt them twa, man.

Lord Rollo,<sup>29</sup> not fear'd,  
 Kintore<sup>50</sup> and his beard,  
 Pitsligo<sup>51</sup> and Ogilvie<sup>32</sup> a', man,  
 And brothers Balfours,  
 They stood the first stours ;  
 Clackmannan<sup>33</sup> and Burleigh<sup>34</sup> did claw, man.

But Cleppan<sup>35</sup> acted pretty,  
 And Strowan,<sup>36</sup> the witty,  
 A poet that pleases us a', man ;  
 For mine is but rhyme,  
 In respect of what's fine,  
 Or what he is able to draw, man.

For Huntly<sup>37</sup> and Sinclair,<sup>58</sup>  
 They baith play'd the tinkler,  
 With consciences black like a crow, man ;  
 Some Angus and Fife men,  
 They ran for their life, man,  
 And ne'er a Lot's wife there at a', man !

Then Lawrie, the traitor,  
 Who betray'd his master,  
 His king, and his country, and a', man,  
 Pretending Mar might  
 Give order to fight  
 To the right of the army awa, man ;

<sup>29</sup> Lord Rollo.

<sup>30</sup> The Earl of Kintore.

<sup>31</sup> Lord Pitsligo.

<sup>32</sup> Lord Ogilvie, son of the Earl of Airly.

<sup>33</sup> Bruce, Laird of Clackmannan—the husband, I believe, of the old lady who knighted Robert Burns with the sword of Bruce, at Clackmannan Tower.

<sup>34</sup> Lord Burleigh.

<sup>35</sup> Major William Clephane.

<sup>36</sup> Alexander Robertson of Struan, chief of the Robertsons.

<sup>37</sup> Alexander, Marquis of Huntly, afterwards Duke of Gordon.

<sup>58</sup> The Master of Sinclair.

Then Lawrie, for fear  
 Of what he might hear,  
 Took Drummond's best horse, and awa, man ;  
 'Stead of going to Perth,  
 He crossed the Firth,  
 Alongst Stirling Bridge, and awa, man.

To London he press'd,  
 And there he address'd,  
 That he behaved best o' them a', man ;  
 And there, without strife,  
 Got settled for life,  
 An hundred a-year to his fa', man.

In Borrowstounness,  
 He rides 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 pa', man.<sup>39</sup>

Rob Roy<sup>40</sup> stood watch  
 On a hill, for to catch  
 The booty, for ought that I saw, man ;  
 For he ne'er advanced  
 From the place he was stanced,  
 Till no more to do there at a', man.

So we all took the flight,  
 And Mowbray the wright,  
 But Lethem, the smith, was a braw man,

<sup>39</sup> These four stanzas seem to refer to a circumstance reported at the time ; namely, that a person had left the Duke of Argyle's army, and joined the Earl of Mar's, before the battle, intending to act as a spy ; and that, being employed by Mar to inform the left wing that the right was victorious, he gave a contrary statement, and, after seeing them retire accordingly, went back again to the royal army.

<sup>40</sup> The celebrated Rob Roy. This redoubted hero was prevented, by mixed motives, from joining either party : he could not fight against the Earl of Mar, consistent with his conscience, nor could he oppose the Duke of Argyle, without forfeiting the protection of a powerful friend.

For he took the gout,  
Which truly was wit,  
By judging it time to withdraw, man.

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 aff without music at a', man.

So there such a race was,  
As ne'er in that place was,  
And as little chase was at a', man ;  
From other they ran,  
Without touk of drum,  
They did not make use of a pa', man.

Whether we ran, or they ran,  
Or we wan, or they wan,  
Or if there was winning at a', man,  
There's no man can tell,  
Save our brave generall,  
Wha first began running awa, man,

Wi' the Earl o' Seaforth,  
And the Cock o' the North ;<sup>41</sup>  
But Florence ran fastest awa, man,  
Save the laird o' Phineven,<sup>42</sup>  
Who swore to be even  
Wi' any general or peer o' them a', man.  
And we ran, and they ran ; and they ran, and we  
ran ;  
And we ran, and they ran awa, man.<sup>43</sup>

<sup>41</sup> An honorary popular title of the Duke of Gordon.

<sup>42</sup> Carnegy of Finhaven.

<sup>43</sup> From Herd's Collection, 1776, except the sixth and the two last verses, which are added from the Jacobite Relics, although they contain a contradiction regarding the conduct of the Earl of Mar.

## THE BATTLE OF SHERIFF-MUIR.

BURNS.

TUNE—*The Cameronian Rant.*

O, CAM ye here the fecht to shun,  
 Or herd the sheep wi' me, man ;  
 Or was ye at the Shirra-muir,  
 And did the battle see, man ?  
 I saw the battle, sair and teuch,  
 And reekin red ran mony a sheuch ;  
 My heart, for fear, ga'e sough for sough,  
 To hear the thuds, and see the cluds,  
 O' clans frae wuds, in tartan duds,  
 Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three, man.

The red-coat lads, wi' black cockades,  
 To meet them were na slaw, man ;  
 They rush'd, and push'd, and bluid out-gush'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 broadswords clash'd,  
 And through they dash'd, and hew'd and smash'd,  
 Till fey men died awa, man.

But had you seen the philabegs,  
 And skyrin' tartan trews, man,  
 When in the teeth they daur'd 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 chase gaed frae the north, man ;  
I saw mysell, 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 huntit puir 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 guid-will  
That day their neebours' bluid to spill ;  
For fear, by foes, that they 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 enemies' hands, man.

Now wad ye sing this double flight,  
Some fell for wrang, and some for right ;

And mony bade the world gude night ;

Say pell and mell, wi' muskets' knell,

How Tories fell, and Whigs to hell

Flew aff in frightened bands, man.\*

\* Burns wrote this song upon the model of an old one, called " A Dialogue between Wili Lick-ladle and Tom Clean-cogue, twa shepherds, wha were feeding their flocks on the Ochil Hills, the day the battle of Sheriffmuir was fought ;" which may be found in many ordinary collections.

## THE CARLE HE CAM OWER THE CRAFT.

TUNE—*The Carle he cam ower the Craft.*

THE carle he cam ower the craft,  
 Wi' his beard new-shaven ;  
 He looked at me as he'd been daft,—  
 The carle trowed that I wad hae him.  
 Hout awa ! I winna hae him !  
 Na, forsooth, I winna hae him !  
 For a' his beard new-shaven,  
 Ne'er a bit o' me will hae him.

A siller brooch he gae me neist,  
 To fasten on my curchie nookit ;  
 I wore 't a wee upon my breist,  
 But soon, alake ! the tongue o't crookit ;  
 And sae may his ; I winna hae him !  
 Na, forsooth, I winna hae him !  
 Twice-a-bairn's a lassie's jest ;  
 Sae ony fool for me may hae him.

The carle has nae fault but ane ;  
 For he has land and dollars plenty ;  
 But, wae's me for him, skin and bane  
 Is no for a plump lass of twenty.  
 Hout awa, I winna hae him !  
 Na, forsooth, I winna hae him !  
 What signifies his dirty riggs,  
 And cash, without a man wi' them ?

But should my cankert daddie gar  
 Me tak him 'gainst my inclination,  
 I warn the fumbler to beware  
 That antlers dinna claim their station.  
 Hout awa ! I winna hae him !  
 Na, forsooth, I winna hae him !



I'm fleyed to crack the holy band,  
 Sae lawty says, I should na hae him.\*

~~~~~

## THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.†

DAVID MALLET.

TUNE—*The Birks of Invermay.*

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

For soon the winter of the year,  
 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 are no more ;  
 And when they drop, and we decay,  
 Adieu the birks of Invermay !

\* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724.

† Invermay is a small woody glen, watered by the rivulet May, which there joins the river Earn. It is about five miles above the bridge of Earn, and nearly nine from Perth. The seat of Mr Belsches, the proprietor of this poetical region, and who takes from it his territorial designation, stands at the bottom of the glen. Both sides of the little vale are completely wooded, chiefly with birches ; and it is altogether, in point of natural loveliness, a scene worthy of the attention of the amatory muse. The course of the May is so sunk among rocks, that it cannot be seen, but it can easily be traced in its progress by another sense. The peculiar sound which it makes in rushing through one particular part of its narrow, rugged, and tortuous channel, has occasioned the descriptive appellation of the *Humble-Bumble* to be attached to that quarter of the vale. Invermay may be at once and correctly described as the fairest possible little miniature specimen of cascade scenery.

The song appeared in the 4th volume of the Tea-Table Miscellany.

[REV. DR BRYCE OF KIRKNEWTON.]

The laverocks, now, and lintwhites sing,  
The rocks around with echoes ring ;  
The mavis and the blackbird vie,  
In tuneful strains, to glad the day ;  
The woods now wear their summer suits ;  
To mirth all nature now invites :  
Let us be blythesome, then, and gay,  
Among the birks of Invermay.

Behold the hills and vales around,  
With lowing herds and flocks abound ;  
The wanton kids and frisking lambs  
Gambol and dance around their dams :  
The busy bees, with humming noise,  
And all the reptile kind rejoice :  
Let us, like them, then, sing and play  
About the birks of Invermay.

Hark, how the waters, as they fall,  
Loudly my love to gladness call ;  
The wanton waves sport in the beams,  
And fishes play throughout the streams :  
The circling sun does now advance,  
And all the planets round him dance :  
Let us as jovial be as they,  
Among the birks of Invermay.

~~~~~

## THE MUCKIN' O' GEORDIE'S BYRE.

TUNE—*The muckin' o' Geordie's Byre.*

THE muckin' o' Geordie's byre,  
And the shoolin' the gruij sae clean,  
Has gar'd me weit my cheeks,  
And greit wi' baith my een.

It was ne'er my father's will,  
 Nor yet my mother's desire,  
 That e'er I should fyle my fingers,  
 Wi' muckin' o' Geordie's byre.

The mouse is a merry beast,  
 The moudiewort wants the een;  
 But the warld shall ne'er get wit,\*  
 Sae merry as we hae been.  
 It was ne'er, &c.†



## PATIE'S COURTSHIP.

TUNE—*Patie's Wedding.*

As PATIE came in frae the dale,  
 Drivin' his wedders before him,  
 He met bonnie Meg ganging hame—  
 Her beauty was like for to smooore him.

O Maggie, lass, dinna ye ken  
 That you and I 's gaun to be married?  
 I rather had broken my leg,  
 Before sic a bargain miscarried.

O Patie, lad, wha tell'd ye that?  
 I trow o' news they've been scanty:  
 I'm nae to be married the year,  
 Though I should be courted by twenty!

Now, Maggie, what gars ye to taunt?  
 Is 't 'cause that I haena a mailen?

\* *i. e.* Never be informed.

† From Herd's Collection, 1776.

The lad that has gear needna want  
For neither a half nor a haill ane.\*

My dad has a gude grey meare,  
And yours has twa cows and a filly ;  
And that will be plenty o' gear :  
Sae, Maggie, be na sae ill-willy.

Weel, Patie, lad, I dinna ken ;  
But first ye maun speir at my daddie ;  
You're as weel born as Ben,  
And I canna say but I'm ready.

We hae wealth o' yarn in clews,  
To mak me a coat and a jimpey,  
And plaidin' eneuch to be trews—  
Gif ye get it, I shanna scrimp ye !

Now fair fa' ye, my bonnie Meg !  
I'se e'en let a smackie gae wi' ye :  
May my neck be as lang as my leg,  
If I be an ill husband unto ye !

Sae gang your ways hame e'en now ;  
Mak ready gin this day fifteen days ;  
And tell your father frae me,  
I'll be his gude-son † in great kindness.

Maggie's as blythe as a wran,  
Bodin' the blast o' ill weather ;  
And a' the gaite singin' she ran,  
To tell the news to her father.

\* It was formerly customary in Scotland for two or more farmers to unite in leasing and cultivating one farm. There is a *mailen* in the neighbourhood of the town of Peebles, now occupied by one person, but which, little more than forty years ago, sustained and gave employment to three farmers, each of whom reared a large family.

† Son-in-law.

But aye the auld man cried out,  
 He'll no be o' that mind on Sunday.  
 There's nae fear o' that, quo' Meg ;  
 For I gat a kiss on the bounty.

And what was the matter o' that ?  
 It was naething out o' his pocket.  
 I wish the news were true,  
 And we had him fairly bookit.

For Patie's a very gude lad,  
 And wedders has little frae twenty,  
 And mony gude trifles beside ;  
 He's no to fling at, gin he want ye.

A very wee while after that,  
 Wha cam to our biggin but Patie ?  
 Dress'd up in a braw new coat,  
 And wow but he thocht himsell pretty !

His bonnet was little frae new,  
 And in it a loop and a slittie,  
 To draw in a ribbon sae blue,  
 To bab at the neck o' his coatie.

Then Patie cam in wi' a stend ;  
 Cried, Peace be under the biggin !  
 You're welcome, quo' William, Come ben,  
 Or I wish it may rive frae the riggin !

Come in your ways, Pate, and sit down,  
 And tell's a' your news in a hurry ;  
 And haste ye, Meg, and be dune,  
 And hing on the pan wi' the berry.

Quoth Patie, My news is na thrang ;  
 Yestreen I was wi' his honour ;

I've taen three rigs o' braw land,  
And bound mysell under a bonour :

And, now, my errand to you,  
Is for Maggie to help me to labour ;  
But I'm fear'd we'll need your best cow,  
Because that our haddin's but sober.

Quoth William, To harl ye through,  
I'll be at the cost o' the bridal ;  
I'se cut the craig o' the ewe,  
That had amaist dee'd o' the side-ill :

And that'll be plenty o' broe,  
Sae lang as our well is na reested,  
To a' the neebors and you ;  
Sae I think we'll be nae that ill feasted.

Quoth Patie, O that'll do weel,  
And I'll gie you your brose i' the mornin',  
O' kail that was made yestreen,  
For I like them best i' the forenoon.

Sae Tam, the piper, did play ;  
And ilka ane danced that was willin' ;  
And a' the lave they rankit through ;  
And they held the wee stoupie aye fillin'.

The auld wives sat and they chew'd ;  
And when that the carles grew nappy,  
They danced as weel as they dow'd,  
Wi' a crack o' their thooms and a happie.

The lad that wore the white band,  
I think they ca'd him Jamie Mather,  
He took the bride by the hand,  
And cried to play up Maggie Lauder.\*

\* This rude but humorous old song first appeared in Herd's Collection.

## JACKY LATIN.

[NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.]

HEY my Jack, howe my Jack,  
 Hey my Jacky Latin !  
 Because he couldna get a kiss,  
 His heart was at the breakin'.

A lad there cam to Peebles toun,  
 They ca'd him Jacky Latin ;  
 Pearlin bands upon his hands,  
 And, oh ! but he was handsome.

He's come vapourin' up the toun ;  
 He's come wi' sic an air !  
 And he's gane into a barber's shop,  
 For the dressin' o' his hair.

Up the gate, and down the gate,  
 And in the gaun hame,  
 A bonnie lass gied him the slicht,  
 And gar'd him gang his lane.

As he gaed down by Fernie-haugh,  
 And in by Scott's Mill,  
 There he saw the bonnie lass  
 Upon Cardrona Hill.

He had a merry wanton ee,  
 But and a wylie look ;  
 He thocht to tak the lassie's heart  
 Out frae her very bouk.

The version here given is composed of that which Mr Herd published, and another which appeared in the later work of Mr Robert Jamieson, Popular Ballads and Songs, 1806; the best lines and stanzas being adopted from each.

He's ta'en her by the mantle-neuk,  
 And bade her stand still ;  
 But she has gi'en a frisk about,  
 And whirl'd him ower the hill.  
 Hey my Jack, howe my Jack,  
 Hey my Jacky Latin !  
 Because he couldna get a kiss,  
 His heart was at the breakin' ! \*

~~~~~

## I CANNA WANT MY GRUEL.

TUNE—*Lass, gin I come near ye.*

THERE lived a man into the west,  
 And, oh ! but he was cruel !  
 Upon his waddin' nicht, at e'en,  
 He sat up and grat for gruel.

They brought to him a gude sheep's heid,  
 A napkin and a towel :  
 Gae, tak your whim-whams a' frae me,  
 And bring me fast my gruel.

[THE BRIDE SPEAKS.]

There is nae meal into the hous ;  
 What shall I do, my jewel ?  
 Gae to the pock, and shake a lock,  
 For I canna want my gruel.

There is nae milk into the hous ;  
 What shall I do, my jewel ?

\* This humorous old song is taken down from the recitation of an aged Peebles-shire lady, whose mother was its heroine. From various circumstances, it is probable that the real incident which gave rise to it took place at least ninety years ago. Fernie-haugh, Scott's Mill, and Cardrona Hill, are three places which successively occur on the south bank of the Tweed, immediately below Peebles.



Gae to the midden, and milk the soo ;  
For I winna want my gruel ! \*

~~~~~  
**TIBBIE FOWLER.†**

TUNE—*Tibbie Fowler.*

TIBBIE FOWLER o' the Glen,  
There's ower mony wooing at her ;  
Tibbie Fowler o' the Glen,  
There's ower mony wooing at her.  
Wooin' at her, pu'in' at her,  
Courtin' her, and canna get her ;  
Filthy elf, it's for her pelf  
That a' the lads are wooin' at her.

Ten cam east, and ten cam west ;  
Ten cam rowin' ower the water ;  
Twa cam down the lang dyke-side :  
There's twa-and-thirty wooin' at her.

There's seven but, and seven ben,  
Seven in the pantry wi' her ;  
Twenty head about the door :  
There's ane-and-forty wooin' at her !

She's got pendles in her lugs ;  
Cockle-shells wad set her better !  
High-heel'd shoon, and siller tags ;  
And a' the lads are wooin' at her.

\* This curious old folly is from the *Ballad-Book*, 1824.

† Said to have been written by the Rev. Dr Strachan, late minister of Carnwath, although certainly grounded upon a song of older standing, the name of which is mentioned in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*. The two first verses of the song appeared in *Herd's Collection*, 1776.

There is a tradition at Leith that Tibbie Fowler was a real person, and married, some time during the seventeenth century, to the representative of the attainted family of Logan of Restalrig, whose town-house, dated 1636, is still pointed out at the head of a street in Leith, called the Sheriff-brae. The marriage-contract between Logan and Isabella Fowler is still extant, in the possession of a gentleman resident at Leith.—*See Campbell's History of Leith*, note, p. 314.

Be a lassie e'er sae black,  
 Gin she hae the penny siller,  
 Set her up on Tintock tap,  
 The wind will blaw a man till her.

Be a lassie e'er so fair,  
 An she want the penny siller,  
 A flie may fell her in the air,  
 Before a man be even'd till her.

~~~~~

### JOCKIE SAID TO JENNY.

TUNE—*Jockie said to Jenny.*

JOCKIE said to Jenny, Jenny wilt thou wed ?  
 Ne'er a fit, quo Jenny, for my tocher-gude ;  
 For my tocher-gude, I winna marry thee.  
 E'en 's ye like, quo' Johnnie ; ye may let it be !

I hae gowd and gear ; I hae land eneuch ;  
 I hae seven good owsen gangin' in a pleuch ;  
 Gangin' in a pleuch, and linkin' ower the lea :  
 And, gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

I hae a gude ha' house, a barn, and a byre,  
 A stack afore the door ; I'll mak a rantin fire :  
 I'll mak a rantin fire, and merry shall we be :  
 And, gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

Jenny said to Jockie, Gin ye winna tell,  
 Ye shall be the lad ; I'll be the lass mysell :  
 Ye're a bonnie lad, and I'm a lassie free ;  
 Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be.\*

\* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, (1724,) where it is marked with the signature Z, indicating that it was then a song of unknown antiquity. Jockie and Jenny, it must be observed, were names which, for a long period previous to the early part of the last century, acted as general titles for every Scottish pair in humble life. The male name, in particular, was then invariably used by the English as appropriate to the personified idea of a Scotsman—exactly as Sandy is used at the present day.

# BLINK OVER THE BURN, SWEET BETTY.\*

TUNE—*Blink over the Burn, sweet Betty.*

IN simmer I maw'd my meadows,  
In harvest I shure my corn ;  
In winter I married a widow ;—  
I wish I was free the morn !

Blink over the burn, sweet Betty,  
Blink over the burn to me :  
Oh, it is a thousand pities,  
But I was a widow† for thee.



# WILL YE GANG TO THE HIGHLANDS.

TUNE—*The Yowe-buchts.*

WILL ye gang wi' me, Lizzy Lindsay,  
Will ye gang to the Highlands wi' me ?  
Will ye gang wi' me, Lizzy Lindsay,  
My bride and my darling to be ?

To gang to the Highlands wi' you, sir,  
I dinna ken how that may be ;  
For I ken nae the land that ye live in,  
Nor ken I the lad I'm gaun wi'.

O Lizzy, lass, ye maun ken little,  
If sae ye dinna ken me ;  
For my name is Lord Ronald MacDonald,  
A chieftain o' high degree.

She has kilted her coats o' green satin,  
She has kilted them up to the knee,  
And she's aff wi' Lord Ronald MacDonald,  
His bride and his darling to be.

\* From Herd's Collection, 1776.

† In Scotland, *widow* signifies male and female indiscriminately.

## HAUD AWA FRAE ME, DONALD.

TUNE—*Donald.*

DONALD.

O, COME awa, come awa,  
 Come awa wi' me, Jenny !  
 Sic frowns I canna bear frae ane,  
 Whase smiles ance ravish'd me, Jenny.  
 If you'll be kind, you'll never find  
 That ought shall alter me, Jenny ;  
 For ye're the mistress of my mind,  
 Whate'er you think of me, Jenny !

First when your sweets enslaved my heart,  
 Ye seem'd to favour me, Jenny ;  
 But now, alas ! you act a part  
 That speaks inconstancie, Jenny.  
 Inconstancie is sic a vice,  
 It's not befitting thee, Jenny ;  
 It suits not with your virtue nice,  
 To carry sae to me, Jenny.

JENNY.

O, haud awa, bide awa,  
 Haud awa frae me, Donald !  
 Your heart is made ower large for ane—  
 It is not meet for me, Donald.  
 Some fickle mistress you may find  
 Will jilt as fast as thee, Donald ;  
 To ilka swain she will prove kind,  
 And nae less kind to thee, Donald :

But I've a heart that's naething such ;  
 'Tis fill'd wi' honestie, Donald.  
 I'll ne'er love mony ; I'll love much ;  
 I hate all levitie, Donald.

Therefore nae mair, wi' art, pretend  
 Your heart is chain'd to mine, Donald ;  
 For words of falsehood ill defend  
 A roving love like thine, Donald.

First when you courted, I must own,  
 I frankly favour'd you, Donald ;  
 Apparent worth and fair renown  
 Made me believe you true, Donald :  
 Ilk virtue then seem'd to adorn  
 The man esteem'd by me, Donald ;  
 But now the mask's faun aff, I scorn  
 To ware a thocht on thee, Donald.

And now for ever haud awa,  
 Haud awa frae me, Donald !  
 Sae, seek a heart that's like your ain,  
 And come nae mair to me, Donald :  
 For I'll reserve mysell for ane,  
 For ane that's liker me, Donald.  
 If sic a ane I canna find,  
 I'll ne'er lo'e man, nor thee, Donald.

## DONALD.

Then I'm the man, and fause report  
 Has only tauld a lie, Jenny ;  
 To try thy truth, and make us sport,  
 The tale was raised by me, Jenny.

## JENNY.

When this ye prove, and still can love,  
 Then come awa to me, Donald !  
 I'm weel content ne'er to repent  
 That I hae smiled on thee, Donald ! \*

\* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724.

## HAUD AWA FRAE ME, DONALD.

TUNE—*Donald.*

O, WILL ye hae ta tartan plaid,  
 Or will ye hae ta ring, matam?  
 Or will ye hae ta kiss o' me?  
 And tat's a pretty ting, matam!  
 Haud awa, bide awa,  
 Haud awa frae me, Donald!  
 I'll neither kiss nor hae ta ring;  
 Nae tartan plaids for me, Donald!

O, see you not her ponny progues,  
 Her fecket-plaid, plue, green, matam?  
 Her twa short hose, and her twa spoigs,  
 And shouder-pelt apeen,\* matam?  
 Haud awa, bide awa,  
 Bide awa frae me, Donald!  
 Nae shouder-belts, nae trinkabouts,  
 Nae tartan hose for me, Donald!

Her can pe show a petter hough  
 Tan him tat wears ta croun, matam;  
 Hersell hae pistol and claymore,  
 To flie ta Lallant loon, matam.  
 Haud awa, haud awa,  
 Haud awa frae me, Donald!  
 For a' your houghs and warlike arms,  
 You're no a match for me, Donald.

Hersell hae a short coat pi pote,  
 No trail my feets at rin, matam;  
 A cutty sark of good harn sheet,  
 My motter she pe spin, matam.

\* Above.

Haud awa, haud awa,  
 Haud awa frae me, Donald ;  
 Gae hame and hap your naked houghs,  
 And fash nae mair wi' me, Donald.

Ye's ne'er pe pidden work a turn  
 At ony kind o' spin, matam ;  
 But shug your lenno in a skull,  
 And tidel Highland sing, matam.  
 Haud awa, haud awa,  
 Haud awa frae me, Donald !  
 Your jogging sculls and Highland sang  
 Will sound but harsh wi' me, Donald.

In ta morning, when him rise,  
 Ye's get fresh whey for tea, matam :  
 Sweet milk and ream as much you please,  
 Far sheeper tan Bohee, matam.  
 Haud awa, haud awa,  
 Haud awa frae me, Donald !  
 I winna quit my morning's tea—  
 Your whey will ne'er agree, Donald.

Haper Gaelic ye'se pe learn,  
 And tat's ta ponny speak, matam ;  
 Ye'se get a sheese, and putter kirn :  
 Come wi' me kin ye like, matam.  
 Haud awa, haud awa,  
 Haud awa frae me, Donald !  
 Your Gaelic and your Highland cheer  
 Will ne'er gae down wi' me, Donald.

Fait, ye'se pe get a siller protch,  
 Pe pigger tan ta moon, matam ;  
 Ye'se ride in currach \* 'stead o' coach,  
 And wow put ye'll pe fine, matam.

\* Boat.

Haud awa, haud awa,  
 Haud awa frae me, Donald !  
 For a' your Highland rarities,  
 Ye're no a match for me, Donald.

What 'tis ta way tat ye'll pe kind  
 To a pretty man like me, matam !  
 Sae lang's claymore hangs py my side  
 I'll nefer marry tee, matam !  
 O, come awa, come awa,  
 Come awa wi' me, Donald !  
 I wadna quit my Highland man ;  
 Frae Lawlands set me free, Donald ! \*

~~~~~

## DAME, DO THE THING WHILK I DESIRE.†

GET up, gudewife, don on your claise,  
 And to the market mak you boune :  
 'Tis lang time sin' your neebors rase ;  
 They're weel nigh gotten into the toune.  
 See ye don on your better gounne,  
 And gar the lasse big on the fyre.  
 Dame, do not look as ye wad frowne,  
 But doe the thing whilk I desyre.

I spier what haste ye hae, gudeman !  
 Your mother staid till ye war born ;

\* From Herd's Collection, 1776. Ritson expresses a conjecture, that this is the song to which the name and the tune originally belonged ; but as it did not appear in any collection till fifty years after the preceding song was published in the Tea-Table Miscellany, and as its language and humour evidently belong to a later age, I am tempted to think that the reverse was the case.

† This curious old song, which seems to belong to the same class of humorous Scottish compositions with the " Barring o' the Door" and " Tak your auld Cloak about ye," is given by Ritson, in his Scottish Songs, 1794, from a manuscript of Charles the First's time, in the British Museum, (Bib. Sloan. 1489.)



Wad ye be at the tother can,  
 To scoure your throat sae sune this morne?  
 Gude faith, I haud it but a scorne,  
 That ye suld with my rising mell;\*  
 For when ye have baith said and sworne,  
 I'll do but what I like mysell.

Gudewife, we maun needs have a care,  
 Sae lang's we wonne in neebors' rawe,  
 O' neeborheid to tak a share,  
 And rise up when the cocks does crowe;  
 For I have heard an auld said sawe,  
 "They that rise the last big on the fyre."  
 What wind or weather so ever blaw,  
 Dame, do the thing whilk I desyre.

Nay, what do ye talk of neeborheid?  
 Gif I lig in my bed till noone,  
 By nae man's shins I bake my breid,  
 And ye need not reck what I have done.  
 Nay, look to the clooting o' your shoone,  
 And with my rising do not mell;  
 For, gin ye lig baith sheets abune,  
 I'll do but what I will mysell.

Gudewife, ye maun needs tak a care  
 To save the geare that we hae won;  
 Or lye away baith plow and car,  
 And hang up Ring † when a' is done.  
 Then may our bairns a-begging run,  
 To seek their mister ‡ in the myre.  
 Sae fair a thread as we hae won!  
 Dame, do the thing whilk I require.

Gudeman, ye may weel a-begging gang,  
 Ye seem sae weel to bear the pocke:

\* Meddle.

† The dog.

‡ Supposed to signify money, or means of livelihood.

Ye may as weel gang sune as syne,  
 To seek your meat amang gude folke.  
 In ilka house ye'll get a locke,\*  
 When ye come whar your gossips dwell.  
 Nay, lo you luik sae like a gowke,  
 I'll do but what I list mysell.

Gudewife, you promised, when we were wed,  
 That ye wad me truly obey;  
 Mess John can witness what you said,  
 And I'll go fetch him in this day:  
 And, gif that haly man will say,  
 Ye'se do the thing that I desyre,  
 Then sall we sune end up this fray,  
 And ye sall do what I require.

I nowther care for John nor Jacke—  
 I'll tak my pleasure at my ease;  
 I care not what you say a placke—  
 Ye may go fetch him gin ye please.  
 And, gin ye want ane of a mease,  
 Ye may e'en gae fetch the deil frae helle;  
 I wad you wad let your japin cease,  
 For I'll do but what I like mysell.

Well, sin' it will nae better bee,  
 I'll tak my share or a' bee gane:  
 The warst card in my hand sall flee,  
 And, i' faith, I wait I can shifte for ane.  
 I'll sell the plow, and lay to wadd the waine,  
 And the greatest spender sall beare the bell:  
 And then, when all the gudes are gane,  
 Dame, do the thing ye list yoursell.

\* Handful.

## THE HAWTHORN TREE.

TUNE—*There grows a bonnie Brier Bush.*

O SWEET are the blossoms o' the hawthorn tree,  
The bonnie milky blossoms o' the hawthorn tree,  
When the saft wastlin wind, as it wanders ower the lea,  
Comes laden wi' the breath o' the hawthorn tree.

Lovely is the rose in the dewy month o' June,  
And the lily gently bending beneath the sunny noon ;  
But the dewy rose, nor lily fair, is half sae sweet to  
me,  
As the bonnie milky blossoms o' the hawthorn tree.

O, blythe at fair and market fu' aften hae I been,  
And wi' a crony frank and leal some happy hours I've  
seen ;  
But the blythest hours I e'er enjoy'd were shared, my  
love, wi' thee,  
In the gloamin', 'neath the bonnie bonnie hawthorn  
tree.

Sweetly sang the blackbird, low in the woody glen,  
And fragrance sweet spread on the gale, licht ower the  
dewy plain ;  
But thy saft voice and sighing breath were sweeter far  
to me,  
While whispering o' love beneath the hawthorn tree.

Auld Time may wave his dusky wing, and Chance may  
cast his die,  
And the rainbow-hues o' flatt'ring hope may darken in  
the sky,  
Gay summer pass, and winter stalk stern ower the fro-  
zen lea,  
Nor leaf nor milky blossom deck the hawthorn tree ;

But still'd maun be the pulse that wakes this glowing  
 heart of mine,  
 or me nae mair the spring maun bud, nor summer  
 blossoms shine,  
 And low maun be my hame, sweet maid, ere I be false  
 to thee,  
 Or forget the vows I breathed beneath the hawthorn  
 tree.



## THE POETS, WHAT FOOLS THEY'RE TO DEAVE US.

ROBERT GILFILLAN.

TUNE—*Fy, let us a' to the bridal.*

THE poets, what fools they're to deave us,  
 How ilka ane's lassie's sae fine ;  
 The tane is an angel—and, save us !  
 The neist ane you meet wi's divine !  
 And then there's a lang-nebbit sonnet,  
 Be't Katie, or Janet, or Jean ;  
 And the moon, or some far-awa planet's  
 Compared to the blink o' her een.

The earth an' the sea they've ransackit  
 For sim'lies to set off their charms ;  
 And no a wee flow'r but's attackit  
 By poets, like bumbees, in swarms.  
 Now, what signifies a' this clatter,  
 By chiels that the truth winna tell ?  
 Wad it no be settlin' the matter,  
 To say, Lass, ye're just like your sell ?

An' then there's nae end to the evil,  
 For they are no deaf to the din—  
 That like me ony puir luckless deevil  
 Daur scarce look the gate they are in !

But e'en let them be, wi' their scornin' :  
 There's a lassie whase name I could tell ;  
 Her smile is as sweet as the mornin'—  
 But whisht ! I am ravin' mysell.

But he that o' ravin's convickit,  
 When a bonnie sweet lass he thinks on,  
 May he ne'er get anither strait jacket  
 Than that buckled to by Mess John !  
 An' he wha—though cautious an' canny—  
 The charms o' the fair never saw,  
 Though wise as King Solomon's grannie,  
 I swear is the daftest of a'.

~~~~~

## WHEN JOHN AND ME WERE MARRIED.

TANNAHILL.

TUNE—*Clean pease strae.*

WHEN John and me were married,  
 Our hadding was but sma',  
 For my minnie, canker'd carline,  
 Wad gie us nocht ava.  
 I wair't my fee wi' cannie care,  
 As far as it wad 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 o' love made labour light ;  
 I'm sure you'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 live in cottage low,  
 As weel's in lofty ha'.  
 Sae, lassie, take the lad ye like,  
 Whate'er your minnie say,  
 Though ye should mak your bridal bed  
 O' clean pease strae.



## CAM YE BY ATHOLE.

HOGG.

CAM ye by Athole braes, lad wi' the philabeg,  
 Down by the Tummel, or banks of the Garry?  
 Saw ye my lad, wi' his bonnet and white cockade,  
 Leaving his mountains to follow Prince Charlie?  
 Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow thee?  
 Lang hast thou loved and trusted us fairly!  
 Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow thee?  
 King of the Highland hearts, bonny Prince  
 Charlie!

I hae but ae son, my brave young Donald!  
 But, if I had ten, they should follow Glengary:  
 Health to MacDonald and gallant Clan-Ronald,  
 For they are the men that wad die for their Charlie.  
 Charlie, Charlie, &c.

I'll to Lochiel, and Appin, and kneel to them;  
 Down by Lord Murray, and Roy of Kildarlie;  
 Brave MacIntosh he shall fly to the field with them;  
 They are the lads I can trust wi' my Charlie.  
 Charlie, Charlie, &c.

Down through the Lowlands, down wi' the Whigamore,  
 Loyal true Highlanders, down wi' them rarely!

Ronald and Donald, drive on with the braid claymore,  
Over the necks of the foes of Prince Charlie!  
Charlie, Charlie, &c.

## THERE GROWS A BONNIE BRIER BUSH.

TUNE—*There grows a bonnie Brier Bush.*

THERE grows a bonnie brier bush in our kail-yard,  
There grows a bonnie brier bush in our kail-yard;  
And on that bonnie bush there's twa roses I loe dear,  
And they're busy busy courting in our kail-yard.

They shall hing nae mair upon the bush in our kail-yard,  
They shall hing nae mair upon the bush in our kail-yard;  
They shall bob on Athole green, and there they will be  
seen,  
And the rocks and the trees shall be their safeguard.

O my bonnie bonnie flouirs, they shall bloom ower  
them a',  
When they gang to the dancin' in Carlisle ha';  
Where Donald and Sandy, I'm sure, will ding them a',  
When they gang to the dancin' in Carlisle ha'.

O what will I do for a lad, when Sandy gangs awa?  
O what will I do for a lad, when Sandy gangs awa?  
I will awa to Edinburgh, and win a penny fee,  
And see gin ony bonnie laddie 'll fancy me.

He's coming frae the north that's to marry me,  
He's coming frae the north that's to marry me;  
A feather in his bonnet, a rose abune his bree;  
He's a bonnie bonnie lad, an yon be he.\*

\* From Mr Hogg's Jacobite Relics.

## THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN.

TUNE—*The Laird o' Cockpen.*

THE Laird o' Cockpen, he's proud an' he's great ;  
 His mind is ta'en up wi' the things o' the state :  
 He wanted a wife his braw house to keep ;  
 But favour wi' wooin' was fashious to seek.

Doun by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,  
 At his table-head he thought she'd look well ;  
 M'Clish's ae daughter o' Claverse-ha' Lee,  
 A pennyless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel pouther'd, as guid as when new,  
 His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue ;  
 He put on a ring, a sword, and cock'd hat—  
 And wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that ?

He took the grey mare, and rade cannilie—  
 And rapped at the yett o' Claverse-ha' Lee ;  
 “ Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben :  
 She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen.”

Mistress Jean she was makin' the elder-flower wine ;  
 “ And what brings the Laird at sic a like time ?”  
 She put aff her apron, and on her silk gown,  
 Her mutch wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa down.

And when she cam ben, he boued fu' low ;  
 And what was his errand he soon let her know.  
 Amazed was the Laird, when the lady said, Na,  
 And wi' a laigh curtsie she turned awa.

Dumfounder'd he was, but nae sigh did he gie ;  
 He mounted his mare, and rade cannilie ;



And aften he thought, as he gaed through the glen,  
 “ She’s daft to refuse the Laird o’ Cockpen.”

And now that the Laird his exit had made,  
 Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had said ;  
 “ Oh ! for ane I’ll get better, it’s waur I’ll get ten—  
 I was daft to refuse the Laird o’ Cockpen.”

Neist time that the Laird and the lady were seen,  
 They were gaun arm in arm to the kirk on the green :  
 Now she sits in the ha’ like a weel-tappit hen,  
 But as yet there’s nae chickens appeared at Cockpen.\*



## THE KAIL-BROSE OF AULD SCOTLAND.

TUNE—*The Roast-beef of Old England.*

WHEN our ancient forefathers agreed wi’ the laird  
 For a wee piece o’ grund, 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 auld Scottish kail-brose.

When Fergus, the first of our kings, I suppose,  
 At the head of 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 of oatmeal on their backs to be brose ;  
     O ! the kail-brose, &c.

\* Supposed, with the exception of the two last verses, (which are supplementary,) to be the composition of the accomplished authoress of Marriage.

At our annual elections for bailies or mayor,  
 Nae kick-shaws, or puddings, or tarts, were seen there ;  
 But a cog o' gude brose was the favourite fare :  
     O ! the kail-brose, &c.

But when we remember the English, our foes,  
 Our ancestors beat them wi' very few blows ;  
 John Bull oft cried, O ! let us rin—they've got brose !  
     O ! the kail-brose, &c.

But, now that the thistle is joined to the rose,  
 And the English nae langer are counted our foes,  
 We've lost a great deal of our relish for brose :  
     O ! the kail-brose, &c.

Yet each true-hearted Scotsman, by nature jocose,  
 Likes always to feast on a cogue o' gude brose ;  
 And, thanks be to Heaven, we've plenty of those :  
     O ! the kail-brose of auld Scotland,  
     And O ! the auld Scottish kail-brose ! \*

\* Said to have been written by ——— Sheriff, an Aberdeenshire poet, who published two volumes of poems, and regarding whom the following anecdote is told :—

When Burns first came to Edinburgh, in the end of the year 1786, he applied to one of the most respectable printers in town, and ordered a quantity of prospectuses of the second edition of his poems. He had shaken off but little of his professional mould ; his dress was by no means gay ; and he had acquired a very small portion of the reputation he afterwards attained to. Of course, he did not appear in the eyes of an Edinburgh tradesman the most promising customer in the world. So much, indeed, had he the appearance of something the reverse, that when he called for his prospectuses, and began to talk of having the work itself printed, Mr ———, with great politeness of manner, hinted at a custom which obtained among men of his profession, namely, to require payment by advance, in the case of doing business for the first time with strangers. At this ungracious insinuation, the dark cheek of Burns flushed in a moment with the brightest crimson, and pulling a considerable quantity of money from his pocket, he eagerly demanded what he had to pay, tabled the amount, and instantly left the place, notwithstanding all that the printer could say in palliation of his suspicions.

A multitudinous impression of Burns's poems was issued next spring from a rival printing-house, and Mr ——— cursed the *mal-a-propos* cautiousness which had lost him so excellent and so promising a job. With the usual blindness of all persons connected with his profession, which supposes, that because one thing has succeeded, another thing of the same *external* nature will also succeed, he resolved not to let slip another opportu-

## OH, ARE YE SLEEPIN', MAGGIE?

TANNAHILL.

TUNE—*Sleepy 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 and rainy is the night;  
 No a starn in a' the carie;  
 Lightnings gleam athwart the lift,  
 And winds drive on wi' winter's fury.

Fearfu' soughs the boor-tree bank;  
 The rifted wood roars wild and drearie;  
 Loud the iron yett does clank;  
 And cry o' howlets maks me eerie.

Aboon my breath I daurna speak,  
 For fear I raise your waukrife daddy;  
 Cauld's the blast upon my cheek;  
 O rise, rise, my bonny lady!

nity of printing the effusions of a rustic muse. It fell to the lot of Mr Sliff to afford him this opportunity. The Aberdeenshire poet was one of the very first of those individuals who were encouraged by the success of Burns to attempt similar poetical publications. Mr ———, the printer, agreed, without a moment's hesitation, to undertake the risk of putting his lucubrations into the shape of a book. An enormous edition was printed in two duodecimo volumes. The work was published; but, alas for the calculations of the publisher, although the poetry possessed a very respectable degree of merit, and seemed to be exactly of the same sort with that of the Ayrshire bard, a tithe of it did not sell. The lucky moment and the lucky man were lost; and Mr ———, in addition to his former negative misfortune, had now to regret one of a positive nature, and which was ten times harder to bear.

This anecdote, the *poetical justice* of which is very striking, may be depended on as true, being derived from the memory of a respectable printer, who was in Mr ———'s employment at the time when the whole circumstances took place.

She oped the door; she let him in;  
 He cuist aside his dreepin' plaidie;  
 Blaw your warst, ye wind and rain,  
 Since, Maggie, now I'm in beside ye!

Now, since ye're waukin', Maggie,  
 Now, since ye're waukin', Maggie,  
 What care I for howlet's cry,  
 For boor-tree bank and warlock craggie!

~~~~~

## WE'LL MEET BESIDE THE DUSKY GLEN.

TANNAHILL.

TUNE—*There grows a bonnie Brier Bush.*

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 lover's joy,  
 While in other's arms they lie, down by yon burn-side.

Awa, ye rude unfeelin' crew, frae yon burn-side!  
 Those fairy scenes are no for you, by yon burn-side:

There fancy smooths her theme,  
 By the sweetly murmurin' stream,  
 And the rock-lodged echoes skim, down by yon burn-  
 side.

Now the plantin' taps are tinged wi' gowd on yon  
 burn-side,  
 And gloamin' draws her foggie 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.

~~~~~  
**LUCKY NANSY.**

MODERNISED BY LORD PRESIDENT FORBES.

TUNE—*Dainty Davie.*

WHILE fops, in saft Italian verse,  
 Ilk fair ane's een and breist rehearse ;  
 While sangs abound, and wit is scarce,  
 These lines I have indited :  
 But neither darts nor arrows, here,  
 Venus nor Cupid, shall appear ;  
 Although with these fine sounds, I swear,  
 The maidens are delighted.  
 I was aye telling you,  
 Lucky Nansy, Lucky Nansy,  
 Auld springs wad ding the new,  
 But ye wad never trow me.

Nor snaw with crimson will I mix,  
 To spread upon my lassie's cheeks ;  
 And syne the unmeaning name prefix,  
 Miranda, Cloe, Phillis ;

I'll fetch nae simile frae Jove,  
 My height of ecstasy to prove,  
 Nor sighing—thus—present my love  
 With roses eke and lilies.

But, stay—I had amaist forgot  
 My mistress, and my sang to boot,  
 And that's an unco faut, I wot ;  
 But, Nansy, 'tis nae matter :  
 Ye see I clink my verse wi' rhyme,  
 And ken ye that atones the crime ;  
 Forbye, how sweet my numbers chime,  
 And glide away like water !

Now ken, my reverend sonsy fair,  
 Thy runkled cheeks, and lyart hair,  
 Thy half-shut een, and hoddling air,  
 Are a' my passion's fuel ;  
 Nae skyring gowk, my dear, can see,  
 Or love, or grace, or heaven in thee ;  
 Yet thou hast charms enew for me ;  
 Then smile, and be na cruel.  
 Leeze me on thy snawy pow,  
 Lucky Nansy, Lucky Nansy ;  
 Dryest wood will eithest low,  
 And, Nansy, sae will ye now.

Troth, I have sung the sang to you,  
 Which ne'er anither bard wad do ;  
 Hear, then, my charitable vow,  
 Dear venerable Nansy :  
 But, if the world my passion wrang,  
 And say ye only live in sang,  
 Ken, I despise a slandering tongue,  
 And sing to please my fancy.  
 Leeze me on, &c.\*

\* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724.

## OLD KING COUL.

OLD King Coul was a jolly old soul,  
 And a jolly old soul was he ;  
 And old King Coul he had a brown bowl,  
 And they brought him in fiddlers three ;  
 And every fiddler was a very good fiddler,  
 And a very good fiddler was he :  
 Fiddle-diddle, fiddle-diddle, went the fiddlers three :  
 And there's no a lass in a' Scotland,  
 Compared to our sweet Marjorie.

Old King Coul was a jolly old soul,  
 And a jolly old soul was he ;  
 Old King Coul, he had a brown bowl,  
 And they brought him in pipers three :  
 Ha-diddle, how-diddle, ha-diddle, how-diddle, went the  
 pipers three ;  
 Fiddle-diddle, fiddle-diddle, went the fiddlers three :  
 And there's no a lass in a' the land,  
 Compared to our sweet Marjorie.

Old King Coul was a jolly old soul,  
 And a jolly old soul was he ;  
 Old King Coul, he had a brown bowl,  
 And they brought him in harpers three :  
 Twingle-twangle, twingle-twangle, went the harpers ;  
 Ha-diddle, how-diddle, ha-diddle, how-diddle, went the  
 pipers ;  
 Fiddle-diddle, fiddle-diddle, went the fiddlers three :  
 And there's no a lass in a' the land,  
 Compared to our sweet Marjorie.

Old King Coul was a jolly old soul,  
 And a jolly old soul was he ;  
 Old King Coul, he had a brown bowl,  
 And they brought him in trumpeters three :

Twarra-rang, twarra-rang, went the trumpeters ;  
 Twingle-twangle, twingle-twangle, went the harpers ;  
 Ha-diddle, how-diddle, ha-diddle, how-diddle, went the  
     pipers ;

Fiddle-diddle, fiddle-diddle, went the fiddlers three :  
 And there's no a lass in a' Scotland,  
     Compared to sweet Marjorie.

Old King Coul was a jolly old soul,  
 And a jolly old soul was he ;  
 Old King Coul, he had a brown bowl,  
 And they brought him in drummers three :  
 Rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub, went the drummers ;  
 Twarra-rang, twarra-rang, went the trumpeters ;  
 Twingle-twangle, twingle-twangle, went the harpers ;  
 Ha-diddle, how-diddle, ha-diddle, how-diddle, went  
     the pipers ;  
 Fiddle-diddle, fiddle-diddle, went the fiddlers three :  
 And there's no a lass in a' the land,  
     Compared to sweet Marjorie.\*



## OVER THE WATER TO CHARLIE.

[JACOBITE SONG.]

TUNE—*Over the Water to Charlie.*

COME, boat me ower, come, row me ower,  
 Come, boat me ower to Charlie ;  
 I'll gie John Ross another bawbee,  
 To ferry me ower to Charlie.  
     We'll over the water, and over the sea,  
     We'll over the water to Charlie ;  
 Come weel, come woe, we'll gather and go,  
     And live and die wi' Charlie.

\* From Herd's Collection, 1776.



It's weel I loe my Charlie's name,  
 Though some there be that abhor him ;  
 But O, to see Auld Nick gaun hame,  
 And Charlie's faes before him !

I swear by moon and stars sae bricht,  
 And the sun that glances early,  
 If I had twenty thousand lives,  
 I'd gie them a' for Charlie.

I ance had sons, I now hae nane ;  
 I bred them, toiling sairly ;  
 And I wad bear them a' again,  
 And lose them a' for Charlie !

---

### THE WAEFU' HEART.

TUNE—*The wae fu' heart.*

GIN livin' worth could win my heart,  
 You would not speak in vain ;  
 But in the darksome grave it's laid,  
 Never to rise again.

My wae fu' heart lies low wi' his,  
 Whose heart was only mine ;  
 And, oh ! what a heart was that to lose—  
 But I maun no repine.

Yet, oh ! gin heaven in mercy soon  
 Would grant the boon I crave,  
 And take this life, now naething worth,  
 Sin' Jamie's in his grave !

And see, his gentle spirit comes,  
 To show me on my way ;

Surprised, nae doubt, I still am here,  
Sair wondering at my stay.

I come, I come, my Jamie dear ;  
And, oh, wi' what gude will  
I follow, wheresoe'er ye lead !  
Ye canna lead to ill.

She said, and soon a deadly pale  
Her faded cheek possess'd ;  
Her waefu' heart forgot to beat ;  
Her sorrows sunk to rest.\*



## CUTTIE'S WEDDING.

TUNE—*Cuttie's Wedding.*

BUSK and go, busk and go,  
Busk and go to Cuttie's wedding !  
Wha wad be the lass or lad  
That wadna gang an they were bidden ?

Cuttie he's a lang man,  
O he'll get a little wifie ;  
But he'll tak on to the town loan  
When she taks on her fickie-fykie.

Cuttie he cam here yestreen ;  
Cuttie he fell ower the midden ;  
He wat the house, and tint his shoon,  
Courtin' at a cankert maiden.

He sat him doun upon the green,  
The lass cam till him wi' ae biddin' ;  
He says, Gin ye were mine, my dame,  
Monie ane's be at our weddin'.

\* From Johnson's Musical Museum, vol. III. 1790.

Busk and go, busk and go,  
 Busk and go to Cuttie's wedding !  
 Wha wad be the lass or lad  
 That wadna gang an they were bidden ? \*



## O, AN YE WERE DEID, GUIDMAN.

TUNE—*O, an ye were deid, Guidman.*

O, AN ye were deid, guidman,  
 And a green truff on your heid, guidman,  
 That I micht ware my widowheid  
 Upon a rantin Highlandman.

There's sax eggs in the pan, guidman,  
 There's sax eggs in the pan, guidman ;  
 There's ane to you, and twa to me,  
 And three to our John Highlandman.

There's beef into the pot, guidman,  
 There's beef into the pot, guidman ;  
 The banes for you, and the broe for me,  
 And the beef for our John Highlandman.

There's sax horse in the sta', guidman,  
 There's sax horse in the sta', guidman ;  
 There's ane to you, and twa to me,  
 And three to our John Highlandman.

There's sax kye in the byre, guidman,  
 There's sax kye in the byre, guidman ;  
 There's nane o' them yours, but there's twa o' them  
 mine,  
 And the lave is our John Highlandman's.†

\* This humorous old rant, which is sung to a very lively tune, is from Buchan's Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland. Edinburgh, 1828.

† From Herd's Collection, 1776.

## MAGGIE LAUDER.\*

SEMPLE.

TUNE—*Maggie Lauder.*

WHA 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 :  
 Richt 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 fidgin' 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, quo Meg, hae ye your bags,  
 Or is your drone in order ?

\* " This old song, so pregnant with Scottish naiveté and energy, is much relished by all ranks, notwithstanding its broad wit and palpable allusions. Its language is a precious model of imitation ; sly, sprightly, and forcibly expressive. Maggie's tongue wags out the nicknames of Rob the Piper with all the careless lightsomeness of unrestrained gaiety."—BURNS.

† " *Hallanshaker* is what the old people call a rambling mischievous fellow ; one who sods up the burns, ties the doors, and works other pranks of innocent merriment. The *hallan* is a bundle composed of the longest broom, entwisted with willows, placed movable to ward the wind from the door. The partition which divided the spence from the hall was frequently named ' the Hallan,' being formed of similar materials."—CROMEK.

‡ " Bladderskate ought to be *Blether-skyte*. ' Ye bletherin' loon,' ' Ye vile skyte,' are terms of familiar reproach still in use, and are innocently applied to those satiric rogues who have the art of mingling falsehood with truth with admirable art, annoying with it the sage remarks of the sober-minded and wise."—IDEM.

If ye be Rob, I've heard o' you ;  
 Live you upo' the Border ?  
 The lasses a', baith far and near,  
 Have heard o' Rob the Ranter ;  
 I'll shake my foot wi' richt gude 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 ower the green ;  
 For brawly could she frisk it !  
 Weel done ! quo he. Play up ! quo she.  
 Weel bobb'd ! quo Rob the Ranter ;  
 It's worth my while to play, indeed,  
 When I hae sic a dancer !

Weel hae ye play'd your part ! quo Meg ;  
 Your cheeks are like the crimson !  
 There's nane in Scotland plays sae weel,  
 Sin' we lost Habbie Simpson.\*  
 I've lived in Fife, baith maid and wife,  
 This ten years and a quarter ;  
 Gin ye should come to Anster Fair,†  
 Spier ye for Maggie Lauder.‡

\* A celebrated piper at Kilbarchan, Renfrewshire, whose memory and merits are preserved in an excellent elegy by Semple. He flourished about the middle of the seventeenth century.

† “ In consequence of an enthusiasm upon such subjects, the writer of these pages did not neglect, on visiting Anstruther, to ‘ spier for Maggie Lauder.’ He was pleased to find, that the inhabitants of the town have not only preserved the tradition of her existence, but even know the exact place of her residence. She lived, and practised (it seems) not the most reputable profession, in the *East Green of Anster*, a low street, connecting the town with the adjacent fishing-village of Cellardykes. Her house was a cot of one story, and stood upon the north side of the street, at the west end of two more modern little cottages, almost opposite to a tannery. The spot is now occupied by a garden, which extends a good way back. The house itself has not existed within the memory of the present generation ; but all the people concur in pointing out this as its site. It ought, however, to be mentioned, that, in opposition to the popular legend regarding this renowned lady, the Anstruther family have a tradition that she was a person of condition, and connected with their ancient house.”—*Picture of Scotland*, vol. 2, article FIFE.

‡ From Herd's Collection, 1776. It is certainly a startling fact, and one which militates strongly against the tradition of Semple's authorship, that the song does not appear in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*.

## THE QUEEN OF SLUTS.

[FROM RECITATION.]

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

I bocht my wife twenty milk-kye ;  
 Sing niddle, sing noddle, &c.  
 She sat i' the neuk till she drank them dry ;  
 Sing ben willie wallets, &c.

When she kirk'd, she kirk'd in a boot ;  
 Sing niddle, sing noddle, &c.  
 And, instead o' the kirk-staff, she stapp'd in her kute ;\*  
 Sing ben willie wallets, &c.

She roastit a hen, baith feathers and guts ;  
 Sing niddle, sing noddle, &c.  
 I think that my wife was the Queen o' Sluts !  
 Sing ben willie wallets, &c.

My wife she took a pain in her head ;  
 Sing niddle, sing noddle, &c.  
 And the Lord be praised ! for noo she is dead !  
 Sing ben willie wallets, &c.

I wish the morn may be a gude day ;  
 Sing niddle, sing noddle, sing noo, noo, noo !  
 To get the auld filthy slut hoistit away ;  
 Sing ben willie wallets, sing niddle, sing noddle ;  
 Sing niddle, sing noddle, sing noo, noo, noo !

\* Ankle.

## TAM O' THE LIN.

[FROM RECITATION.]

TAM o' the Lin is no very wise ;  
 Fa la, fa la, fa lillie !  
 He selt his sow, and boucht a gryce ;\*  
 Fa la, fa la, fa lillie !

The gryce gaed out, and never cam in ;  
 The deil gae wi' her ! quo Tam o' the Lin.  
 Sing lindly, tindly, fa la lindly,  
 Fa la, fa la, fa lillie !

Tam o' the Lin gaed up the gate, †  
 Fa la, fa la, &c.  
 Wi' fifty puddins on a plate !  
 Fa la, fa la, &c.

And ilka puddin had a pin ;  
 There's wood eneuch here ! quo Tam o' the Lin.  
 Sing lindly, tindly, &c.

Tam o' the Lin, and a' his bairns,  
 Fa la, fa la, fa lillie !  
 Fell i' the fire in other's arms ;  
 Fa la, fa la, fa lillie !

Oh ! quo the bunemost, I've got a het skin !  
 It's hetter below ! quo Tam o' the Lin.  
 Sing lindly tindly, fa la lindly,  
 Fa la, fa la, fa lillie !

\* A young sow.

† Street, way.

## BRUCE'S ADDRESS

TO HIS TROOPS BEFORE THE BATTLE OF  
BANNOCKBURN.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Hey tuttie taittie.*

SCOTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled !  
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led !  
Welcome to your gory bed,  
Or to victorie !

Now's the day, and 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 ?  
Let him turn and flee !

Wha, for Scotland's king and law,  
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,  
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',  
Let him follow 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 !  
 Let us do or die ! \*

\* Burns conceived this most spirited lyric while riding, along with Mr Syme of Dumfries, on a stormy night, (July or August 1793,) through the wilds which intervene betwixt Kenmure and Gatehouse, in Galloway. He adopted the air of "Hey tuttie taittie," because he had heard a tradition in different parts of Scotland, and especially near Stirling, that that was the air to which the Scottish troops marched, in going forward to encounter the English at the battle of Bannockburn.

The air of "Hey tuttie taittie" seems to be alluded to in the following curious poem, which appears to have been published, for the first and only time, in Watson's Collection of Scots Poems, 1711. It is one of a series of comic doggrels, which the collector represents as having been written upon a public-house, kept by one Peter Butter, at the gate of the Earl of Errol's Castle of Slaines, Aberdeenshire; which public-house was called, by the classical wits that frequented it, "Collegium Butterense." This particular individual of the set, which itself bears some resemblance to a song, is the address of a set of candidates to Alexander Crookshanks, patron of the College:—

Most worthy patron, we,  
 Praefati candidati,  
 With th' old schoolmen agree,  
 As we shall let you see,  
 O *Tite, Tute, Tati.*

'Twas Aristotle's wish,  
 Who glampet at the truth,  
 And tippled like a fish,  
 To drink well and to —,  
 And not to die for drouth.

The best of our great guns  
 Refresh'd himself when dry ;  
 To wit, John Scot of Duns,  
 Swept off so many ounce,  
 And gave his reasons why.

Both Cartes and Le Grand,  
 Though they did break no glasses,  
 To tippie did not stand :  
 So did Pope Hildebrand,  
 As every man confesses.

Mes. George Buchanan, yea  
 Et multi recentiores,  
 At ale and usquetae,  
 Sat sometimes night and day,  
 And told *Jus Regni* stories.

Since Cartes took his glass,  
 And so did Aristotle,  
 Let's call the College Lass :  
 When thirsty, he's an ass,  
 With's friend will baulk a bottle.

# SYMON BRODIE.

TUNE—*Symon Brodie.*

SYMON Brodie had a cow :

The cow was lost, and he couldna find her :

Let Mahomet drink wine,  
And Mercury drink nectar ;  
Set thou thy foot to mine,  
We'll hold our ale's as fine  
As Oliver's \* Protector.

The reader will find Burns's own opinion of this favourite war-song, in the following letter, which was written by him, at Dumfries, on the 5th of December 1793, to a country gentleman of Perthshire, who was residing there in command of a party of Fencibles. I am indebted for this very interesting document, which is here printed with all the literal peculiarities of the original, to Mr Stewart of Dalguise. It is perhaps one of the most characteristic letters Burns ever wrote :—

“ SIR,

“ Heated as I was with wine yesternight, I was perhaps rather seemingly impertinent in my anxious wish to be honoured with your acquaintance. You will forgive it: 'twas the impulse of heartfelt respect.—‘ He is the father of the Scotch County Reform, and is a man who does honour to the business, at the same time that the business does honour to him!’ said my worthy friend Glenriddel, to somebody by me, who was talking of your coming to this country with your corps.—Then, I replied, I have a woman's longing to take him by the hand, and say to him, Sir, I honour you as a man to whom the interests of humanity are dear, and as a Patriot to whom the Rights of your Country are sacred.

“ In times such as these, sir, when our Commoners are barely able, by the glimmer of their own twilight understandings, to scrawl a frank; and when Lords are—what gentlemen would be ashamed to be; to whom shall a sinking country call for help? To the *independant country gentleman!* To him who has too deep a stake in his country, not to be in earnest for her welfare; and who, in the honest pride of man, can view with equal contempt, the insolence of office, and the allurements of corruption.

“ I mentioned to you a Scots ode or song I had lately composed, and which, I think, has some merit. Allow me to enclose it. When I fall in with you at the Theatre, I shall be glad to have your opinion of it. Accept of it, sir; as a very humble, but most sincere tribute of respect, from a man, who, dear as he prizes Poetic Fame, yet holds dearer an Independent Mind.

“ I have the honor to be,

“ Sir,

“ Your very humble servt.

“ ROBT. BURNS.

“ Tuesday morning.”

---

\* “ A Bailie and Apothecary in Peterhead; a boon companion, not only for Crambe, but also refers to his father's keeping a brewery.”—*Note by the Collector.*

When he had done what man could do,  
 The cow cam hame, and her tail behind her.  
 Honest auld Symon Brodie,  
 Stupid auld doitit bodie !  
 I'll awa to the North countrie,  
 And see my ain dear Symon Brodie.

Symon Brodie had a wife,  
 And, wow ! but she was braw and bonnie ;  
 She took the dish-clout aff the buik,  
 And preen'd it to her cockernonie.  
 Honest auld Symon Brodie, &c.\*



## CRAIGIEBURN WOOD.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Craigieburn Wood.*

SWEET fa's the eve on Craigieburn,  
 And blythe awakes the morrow ;  
 But a' the pride o' spring's return  
 Can yield me nocht but sorrow.  
 I see the flowers and spreading trees,  
 I hear the wild birds singing,  
 But what a wearie wight can please,  
 And care his bosom wringing ?

Fain, fain would I my griefs impart,  
 Yet dare na for your anger ;  
 But secret love will break my heart,  
 If I conceal it langer.  
 If thou refuse to pity me,  
 If thou shalt love anither,

When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,  
Around my grave they'll wither.\*

~~~~~

## UP IN THE AIR.

RAMSAY.

TUNE—*Up in the Air.*

Now the sun's gane out o' sight,  
Beet the ingle, and snuff the light.  
In glens the fairies skip and dance;  
And witches wallop o'er to France.  
Up in the air,  
On my bonnie gray mare!  
And I see her yet, and I see her yet!

The wind's drifting hail and snaw  
Ower frozen hags, like a foot-ba';  
Nae starns keek through the azure slit;  
'Tis cauld, and mirk as ony pit.  
The man in the moon  
Is carousing aboon;  
D'ye see, d'ye see, d'ye see him yet?

Take your glass to clear your een.  
'Tis the elixir heals the spleen;  
Baith wit and mirth it will inspire,  
And gently beets the lover's fire.  
Up in the air,  
It drives away care;  
Hae wi' you, hae wi' you, hae wi' you, lads, yet!

\* The heroine of this song was a Miss Lorimer, who resided at Craighieburn, near Moffat, in Annandale, and who was the *Chloris* of so many other songs of Burns. It refers to a passion which Mr Gillespie, an intimate friend of the poet, entertained for Miss Lorimer. The lady afterwards married a Mr Whelpdale. The woods of Craighieburn and Dumcrieff, the last of which contained the seat of his respected editor, Dr Currie, were at one time favourite haunts of the poet.

Steek the doors ; keep out the frost ;  
 Come, Willie, gie's about your toast !  
 Fill it, lads, and tilt it out,  
 And let us hae a blythesome bout.  
     Up wi't ! there, there !  
     Dinna cheat, but drink fair.  
 Huzza, huzza, and huzza, lads, yet ! \*

~~~~~

## THROUGH THE WOOD, LADDIE.

TUNE—*Through the Wood, Laddie.*

O, SANDY, why leave thus thy Nelly to mourn ?  
     Thy presence could ease me,  
     When naething can please me ;  
 Now dowie I sigh on the bank o' the burn,  
 Or through the wood, laddie, until thou return.

Though woods now are bonnie, and mornings are clear,  
     While lavrocks are singing,  
     And primroses springing ;  
 Yet nane o' them pleases my eye or my ear,  
 When through the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.

That I am forsaken, some spare not to tell ;  
     I'm fash'd wi' their scornin'  
     Baith e'enin' and mornin' ;

\* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724. There is an old ballad (of which, however, I have been unable to procure a copy) that appears to have given the poet the first hint of this composition. It represents a tyrannical uncle pursuing a young gentleman, his nephew, who had just been paying his addresses to his cousin, the daughter of the said uncle. The youthful lover has had the good sense to leave behind a servant, or companion, with instructions to mislead the vengeful man, in case he should come up and inquire which way the fugitive had gone. When the uncle comes up, this individual answers to his inquiries, that the person he was in quest of—

—————“ is up in the air  
 On his bonnie gray mare,  
 And I see him, and I see him, and I see him yet.”

The effect of which bamboozling is such as to permit the lover's escape.

Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,  
When through the wood, laddie, I wander mysell.

Then stay, my dear Sandy, nae langer away ;  
But, quick as an arrow,  
Haste here to thy marrow,  
Wha's living in languor till that happy day,  
When through the wood, laddie, thegither we'll gae.\*

~~~~~

### BIDE YE YET.

TUNE—*Bide ye yet.*

OH, had I a house and a cantie wee fire,  
A bonnie wee wifie to praise and admire,  
A bonnie wee yardie beside a wee burn,  
Fareweel to the bodies that yammer and mourn,  
And bide ye yet, and bide ye yet,  
Ye little ken what may betide me yet ;  
Some bonnie wee bodie may fa' to my lot,  
And I'll aye be cantie wi' thinkin' o't.

When I gang a-field and come hame at e'en,  
I'll find my wee wifie fu' neat and fu' clean ;  
And a bonnie wee bairnie upon her knee,  
That 'll cry Papa, or Daddie, to me.

I carena a button for sacks fu' o' cash ;  
Let wizen'd auld bachelors think on sic trash :  
Gie me my dear lassie to sit on my knee ;  
A kiss o' her mou' is worth thousands to me.

And if there ever should happen to be  
A difference atween my wee wifie and me ;

\* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724.

In hearty good-humour, although she be teased,  
I'll kiss her and clap her until she be pleased.\*

~~~~~

## MARY MORISON.†

BURNS.

TUNE—*Bide ye yet.*

O, MARY, at thy window be ;  
It is the wished, the trysted hour :  
Those smiles and glances let me see  
That make the miser's treasure poor.  
How blythely wad I byde the stoure,  
A weary slave frae sun to sun,  
Could I the rich reward secure,  
The lovely Mary Morison !

Yestreen, when to the stented string  
The dance gaed through the lichtit ha',  
To thee my fancy took its wing—  
I sat, but neither heard nor saw.  
Though this was fair, and that was braw,  
And yon the toast o' a' the town,  
I sigh'd, and said amang them a',  
Ye are na Mary Morison.

O, Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,  
Wha for thy sake wad gladly dee ?  
Or canst thou break that heart of his,  
Whase only faut is loving thee ?  
If love for love thou wilt na gie,  
At least be pity to me shown ;

\* From Herd's Collection, 1776.

† The high sentiment of this song, and especially of its second verse, has been remarked by Mr Hazlitt in one of his critical publications.

A thocht ungentle canna be  
The thocht of Mary Morison.



## THE HIGHLAND WIDOW.

OH, I'm come to the Low Countrie,  
Ochon, ochon, ochrie!  
Without a penny in my purse  
To buy a meal to me.

It was na sae in the Highland hills,  
Ochon, ochon, ochrie!  
Nae woman in the country wide  
Sae happy was as me!

For there I had a score o' kye,  
Ochon, ochon, ochrie!  
Feeding on yon hill sae high,  
And bringing milk to me.

And there I had three score o' yowes,  
Ochon, ochon, ochrie!  
Skipping on yon bonnie knowes,  
And casting woo to me.

I was the happiest o' the clan,  
Sair, sair may I repine!  
For Donald was the bravest man,  
And Donald he was mine.

Till Charlie he cam o'er at last,  
Sae far, to set us free;  
My Donald's arm was wanting then,  
For Scotland and for me.



Their waefu' fate what need I tell !  
 Richt to the wrang did yield ;  
 My Donald and his country fell  
 Upon Culloden-field.  
 Ochon, ochon, oh, Donald, oh !  
 Ochon, ochon, ochrie !  
 Nae woman in this warld wide  
 Sae wretched now as me.\*

~~~~~

## A RED RED ROSE.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Low down in the Brume.*

O, MY luve's like a red red rose,  
 That's newly sprung in June ;  
 O, my luve's like the melodie,  
 That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,  
 Sae deep in luve am I ;  
 And I will love thee still, my dear  
 Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,  
 And the rocks melt wi' the sun ;  
 I will love thee still, my dear,  
 While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luve,  
 And fare thee weel a while !  
 And I will come again, my luve,  
 Though it were ten thousand mile.

\* From the Jacobite Relics, 1821.

# O, WHISTLE AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Whistle and I'll come to you, my Lad.*

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

But warily tent, when you come to court me,  
And come na unless the back-yett be ajee ;  
Syne up the back-stile, and let naebody see,  
And come as ye were na comin' to me,  
And come as ye were na comin' to me.  
O, whistle, &c.

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

Aye vow and protest that ye care na for me,  
And whyles ye may lichtly my beauty a wee ;  
But court na anither, though jokin' ye be,  
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me,  
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.  
O, whistle, &c.

# OH, GIN MY LOVE WERE YON RED ROSE.

TUNE—*Hughie Graham.*

OH, gin my love were yon red rose  
That grows upon the castle wa',  
And I mysell a drap o' dew,  
Into her bonnie breast to fa' !  
Oh, there, beyond expression blest,  
I'd feast on beauty a' the nicht ;  
Seated on her silk-saft faulds to rest,  
Till fleyed awa by Phœbus' licht.\*

[ADDITIONAL STANZA BY BURNS.]

O, WERE my love yon lilac fair,  
Wi' purple blossoms to the spring ;  
And I a bird to shelter there,  
When wearied on my little wing ;  
How I wad mourn when it was torn  
By autumn wild, and winter rude !  
How I wad sing on wanton wing,  
When youthfu' May its bloom renewed.

## PUIRTITH CAULD.

BURNS.

TUNE—*I had a Horse.*

O, PUIRTITH cauld, and restless love,  
Ye wreck my peace between ye ;

\* From Herd's Collection, 1776.

Yet puirtith a' I could forgie,  
 An 'twere na for my Jeanie.  
 O, why should fate sic pleasure have,  
 Life's dearest bands untwining?  
 Or why sae sweet a flower as love  
 Depend on Fortune's shining?

This world's wealth when I think on,  
 Its pride, and a' the lave o't;  
 Fie, fie on silly coward man,  
 That he should be the slave o't.

Her een, sae bonnie blue, betray  
 How she repays my passion;  
 But prudence is her owerword aye,  
 She talks of rank and fashion.

O, wha can prudence think upon,  
 And sic a lassie by him?  
 O, wha can prudence think upon,  
 And sae in love as I am?

How blest the humble cottar's lot!  
 He woos his simple dearie;  
 The sillie bogles, wealth and state,  
 Can never make them eerie.  
 Oh, why should fate sic pleasure have,  
 Life's dearest bands untwining?  
 Or why sae sweet a flower as love  
 Depend on Fortune's shining? \*

\* I have been informed, that Burns wrote this song in consequence of hearing a gentleman (now a respectable citizen of Edinburgh) sing the old homely ditty which gives name to the tune, with an effect which made him regret that such pathetic music should be united to such unsentimental poetry. The meeting, I have been further informed, where this circumstance took place, was held in the poet's favourite tavern, *Johnnie Dowie's*, in the Lawnmarket, Edinburgh; and there, at a subsequent meeting, the new song was also sung, for the first time, by the same individual.

## BONNY CHIRSTY.\*

RAMSAY.

How sweetly smells the simmer green ;  
 Sweet taste the peach and cherry ;  
 Painting and order please our een,  
 And claret makes us merry :  
 But finest colours, fruits, and flowers,  
 And wine, though I be thirsty,  
 Lose a' their charms and weaker powers,  
 Compared with those of Chirsty.

When wandering o'er the flowery park,  
 No natural beauty wanting,  
 How lightsome is't to hear the lark,  
 And birds in concert chanting !  
 But if my Chirsty tunes her voice,  
 I'm rapt in admiration ;  
 My thoughts with ecstasies rejoice,  
 And drap the haill creation.

Whene'er she smiles a kindly glance,  
 I take the happy omen,  
 And aften mint to make advance,  
 Hoping she'll prove a woman :

\* Spelled Christy in the original, but here altered to suit the ordinary pronunciation and the rhyme. The heroine of the song was Miss Christian Dundas, daughter of Sir James Dundas of Arniston, and married to Sir Charles Areskine of Alva, (who was born in 1615, and knighted in 1666.) She was the mother of Sir Charles Areskine of Alva, Lord Justice-Clerk of Scotland for some years previous to his death in 1765. As her son was born in 1680, we may conjecture that this lady flourished as "Bonny Chirsty" a good while before Ramsay's time; but the poet, who might have written the song in compliment to charms which, though then faded, were still celebrated, is known, from the "Orpheus Caledonius," to have only substituted it for an older song, now lost. A portrait of Lady Areskine, exhibiting such a degree of beauty and grace as fully to justify her common title of Bonny Chirsty, is still in the possession of her descendants. From the circumstance of Ramsay having commenced his collection with this song, it would appear that it was, out of all his compositions in this department of poetry, his own favourite.

But, dubious of my ain desert,  
 My sentiments I smother;  
 With secret sighs I vex my heart,  
 For fear she love another.

Thus sung blate Edie by a burn;  
 His Chirsty did o'erhear him:  
 She doughtna let her lover mourn,  
 But, ere he wist, drew near him.  
 She spak her favour with a look,  
 Which left nae room to doubt her;  
 He wisely this white minute took,  
 And flung his arms about her.

My Chirsty! Witness, bonnie stream,  
 Sic joys frae tears arising!  
 I wish this may na be a dream!  
 Oh, love the maist surprising!  
 Time was too precious now for tauk;  
 This point o' a' his wishes  
 He wadna with set speeches baulk,  
 But wared it a' on kisses.

~~~~~  
 MARY.

BURNS.

TUNE—*The Yowc-buchts.*

WILL ye go to the Indies, my Mary,  
 And leave auld Scotia's shore?  
 Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,  
 Across the Atlantic's roar?

Oh, sweet grow the lime and the orange,  
 And the apple on the pine;  
 But a' the charms o' the Indies  
 Can never equal thine.

I hae sworn by the heavens, my Mary,  
 I hae sworn by the heavens to be true;  
 And sae may the heavens forget me,  
 When I forget my vow!

O, plight me your faith, my Mary,  
 And plight me your lily-white hand;  
 O, plight me your faith, my Mary,  
 Before I leave Scotia's strand.

We hae plighted our troth, my Mary,  
 In mutual affection to join;  
 And curst be the cause that shall part us!  
 The hour and the moment o' time! \*

~~~~~

## FAIREST OF THE FAIR.

DR PERCY.

[SCOTTISH VERSION.]

TUNE—*Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me?*

O, NANNIE wilt thou gang wi' me,  
 Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?  
 Can silent glens have charms for thee,  
 The lowly cot and russet gown?  
 Nae langer drest in silken sheen,  
 Nae langer deck'd wi' jewels rare,  
 Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,  
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

\* When Burns was designing his voyage to the West Indies, he wrote this song as a *farewell* to a girl whom he happened to regard, at the time, with considerable admiration. He afterwards sent it to Mr Thomson for publication in his splendid collection of the national music and musical poetry of Scotland.

O Nannie, when thou'rt far awa,  
 Wilt thou not cast a look behind?  
 Say, canst thou face the flaky snaw,  
 Nor shrink before the winter wind?  
 O can that soft and gentle mien  
 Severest hardships learn to bear,  
 Nor, sad, regret each courtly scene,  
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nannie, canst thou love so true,  
 Through perils keen wi' me to gae?  
 Or, when thy swain mishap shall rue,  
 To share with him the pang of wae?  
 Say, should disease or pain befall,  
 Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,  
 Nor, wishful, those gay scenes recall,  
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,  
 Wilt thou receive his parting breath?  
 Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,  
 And cheer with smiles the bed of death?  
 And wilt thou o'er his much-loved clay  
 Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear?  
 Nor then regret those scenes so gay,  
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?



## THE BLACK BIRD. \*

[JACOBITE SONG.]

UPON a fair morning, for soft recreation,  
 I heard a fair lady was making her moan,

\* This song, which appeared in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany, is inserted here as a specimen of the allegorical poetry under which the Jaco-



With sighing and sobbing, and sad lamentation,  
 Saying, My black bird most royal is flown.  
 My thoughts they deceive me, reflections do grieve me,  
 And I am o'erburden'd wi' sad miserie;  
 Yet if death should blind me, as true love inclines me,  
 My black bird I'll seek out wherever he be.

Once into fair England my black bird did flourish;  
 He was the flower that in it did spring;  
 Prime ladies of honour his person did nourish,  
 Because he was the true son of a king:  
 But since that false fortune, which still is uncertain,  
 Has caused this parting between him and me,  
 His name I'll advance in Spain and in France,  
 And seek out my black bird wherever he be.

The birds of the forest all met together;  
 The turtle has chosen to dwell with the dove;  
 And I am resolved, in foul or fair weather,  
 Once in the spring to seek out my love.  
 He's all my heart's treasure, my joy and my pleasure;  
 And justly, my love, my heart follows thee,  
 Who art constant and kind, and courageous of mind;—  
 All bliss on my black bird, wherever he be!

bites, about the beginning of the last century, couched their treasonable sentiments. The allegory of this poem is curious enough. The *black bird* was one of the nick-names of the Chevalier de St George, being suggested by his complexion, which was so excessively dark as to form a miraculous contrast with the light fair countenance of his unfortunate son Charles. Ramsay, though said to have been a devout Jacobite, was so extremely cautious a man, that his admission of such a song into his collection is somewhat surprising; for, though its ostensible meaning be the most innocent in the world, the allegory is by no means so well managed as to conceal altogether the real meaning, while the decussation of the word blackbird into two words almost entirely neutralizes it. There can be no doubt, moreover, that the Jacobite ladies, in singing this lamentation for the foreign residence of their political idol, would pause upon the syllable *black*, with an emphasis equally significant and encearing. It would appear that the black complexion of the personage in question was a matter of great notoriety, and was much harped upon by his party; as in a ring, now in the possession of a Jacobite family in Forfarshire, there is a small parcel of his raven locks, with this flattering proverbial inscription—"The black man's the brauest."

In England my black bird and I were together,  
 Where he was still noble and generous of heart.  
 Ah ! woe to the time that first he went thither !  
 Alas ! he was forced from thence to depart !  
 In Scotland he's deem'd, and highly esteem'd ;  
 In England he seemeth a stranger to be ;  
 Yet his fame shall remain in France and in Spain ;—  
 All bliss to my black bird, wherever he be !

What if the fowler my black bird has taken !  
 Then sighing and sobbing will be all my tune ;  
 But if he is safe I'll not be forsaken,  
 And hope yet to see him in May or in June.  
 For him, through the fire, through mud and through mire,  
 I'll go ; for I love him to such a degree,  
 Who is constant and kind, and noble of mind,  
 Deserving all blessings, wherever he be !

It is not the ocean can fright me with danger,  
 Nor that like a pilgrim I wander forlorn ;  
 I may meet with friendship from one is a stranger,  
 More than of one that in Britain is born.  
 I pray Heaven, so spacious, to Britain be gracious,  
 Though some there be odious to both him and me.  
 Yet joy and renown, and laurels shall crown  
 My black bird with honour, wherever he be.

~~~~~

## JOHN OF BADENYON.

REV. MR SKINNER.

TUNE—*John o' Badenyon.*

WHEN first I came to be a man, of twenty years, or so,  
 I thought myself a handsome youth, and fain the world  
 would know ;

In best attire I stept abroad, with spirits brisk and gay ;  
And here, and there, and every where, was like a morn  
in May.

No care I had, no fear of want, but rambled up and down ;  
And for a beau I might have pass'd in country or in town :  
I still was pleased where'er I went ; and, when I was  
alone,

I tuned my pipe, and pleased myself wi' John o' Ba-  
denyon.

Now in the days of youthful prime, a mistress I must find ;  
For love, they say, gives one an air, and ev'n improves  
the mind :

On Phillis fair, above the rest, kind fortune fix'd mine  
eyes ;

Her piercing beauty struck my heart, and she became  
my choice.

To Cupid, now, with hearty prayer, I offer'd many a vow,  
And danced and sung, and sigh'd and swore, as other  
lovers do ;

But when at last I breathed my flame, I found her cold  
as stone—

I left the girl, and tuned my pipe to John of Badenyon.

When love had thus my heart beguiled with foolish  
hopes and vain,

To friendship's port I steer'd my course, and laugh'd  
at lovers' pain ;

A friend I got by lucky chance—'twas something like  
divine ;

An honest friend's a precious gift, and such a gift was  
mine.

And now, whatever may betide, a happy man was I,  
In any strait I knew to whom I freely might apply.

A strait soon came ; my friend I tried—he laugh'd, and  
spurn'd my moan ;

I hied me home, and tuned my pipe to John of Ba-  
denyon.

I thought I should be wiser next, and would a patriot turn,  
 Began to doat on Johnie Wilkes, and cry up parson  
     Horne ;

Their noble spirit I admired, and praised their noble zeal,  
 Who had, with flaming tongue and pen, maintain'd the  
     public weal.

But, ere a month or two had pass'd, I found myself  
     betray'd ;

'Twas Self and Party, after all, for all the stir they made.  
 At last I saw these factious knaves insult the very throne ;  
 I cursed them all, and tuned my pipe to John of Ba-  
     denyon.

What next to do I mused a while, still hoping to succeed ;  
 I pitch'd on books for company, and gravely tried to  
     read :

I bought and borrowed every where, and studied night  
     and day,

Nor miss'd what dean or doctor wrote, that happen'd  
     in my way.

Philosophy I now esteem'd the ornament of youth,  
 And carefully, through many a page, I hunted after  
     truth :

A thousand various schemes I tried, and yet was  
     pleased with none ;

I threw them by, and tuned my pipe to John of Ba-  
     denyon.

And now, ye youngsters every where, who wish to make  
     a show,

Take heed in time, nor vainly hope for happiness below ;  
 What you may fancy pleasure here is but an empty name ;  
 And girls, and friends, and books also, you'll find them  
     all the same.

Then be advised, and warning take from such a man  
     as me ;

I'm neither pope nor cardinal, nor one of high degree ;

You'll meet displeasure every where ; then do as I have  
done—

E'en tune your pipe, and please yourself with John of  
Badenyon.\*



## WALY, WALY, GIN LOVE BE BONNIE.†

TUNE—*Waly, waly.*

O WALY, waly up the bank,‡  
And waly, waly down the brae,  
And waly, waly yon burn-side,  
Where I and my love wont to gae !  
I lean'd my back unto an aik,  
I thought it was a trusty tree ;  
But first it bow'd, and syne it brak :  
Sae my true love did lichtly me.

\* From Johnson's Scots Musical Museum, vol. III. 1790.

† This beautiful old song has hitherto been supposed to refer to some circumstance in the life of Queen Mary, or at least to some unfortunate love affair which happened in her court. It is now discovered, from a copy which has been found as forming part of a ballad, in the Pepysian Library at Cambridge, (published in Motherwell's " Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern," Glasgow, 1827,) to have been occasioned by the affecting tale of Lady Barbara Erskine, daughter of John, ninth Earl of Mar, and wife of James, second Marquis of Douglas. This lady, who was married in 1670, was divorced, or at least expelled from the society of her husband, in consequence of some malignant scandals, which a former and disappointed lover, Lowrie of Blackwood, was so base as to insinuate into the ear of the Marquis. What added greatly to the distress of her case, she was confined in child-bed at the time when the base plot took effect against her. Lord Douglas never again saw her. Her father, on learning what had taken place, came to the house and conveyed her away. The line of the Douglas family has not been continued through her. Her only son died Earl of Angus, at the battle of Steinkirk, unmarried; and the late venerable Lord Douglas was grandson of her ladyship's husband by his *second* wife. It must be allowed to add greatly to the pathetic interest of the song, that it thus refers, not, as hitherto supposed, to an unfortunate amour, but to the more meritorious distresses of " wedded love."

‡ Waly, a Scottish exclamation of distress. The first verse may be thus paraphrased, for the behoof of the English reader: " Alas ! what reason have I to bewail my walks with my lover up yon bank, down yon brae, and along yon river side !"

O waly, waly, but love be bonnie  
 A little time while it is new ;  
 But when it's auld it waxes cauld,  
 And fades away like the morning dew.  
 O wherefore should I busk \* my heid,  
 Or wherefore should I kame my hair ?  
 For my true love has me forsook,  
 And says he'll never love me mair.

Now Arthur's Seat shall be my bed,  
 The sheets shall ne'er be press'd by me,  
 St Anton's Well † shall be my drink,  
 Since my true love has forsaken me.  
 Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,  
 And shake the green leaves aff the tree ?  
 O, gentle death, when wilt thou come ?  
 For of my life I am wearie ?

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,  
 Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie ;  
 'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry :  
 But my love's heart's grown cauld to me.  
 When we came in by Glasgow toun,  
 We were a comely sight to see ;  
 My love was clad in the black velvet,  
 And I mysell in cramasie.

But had I wist, before I wed, ‡  
 That love had been sae ill to win,  
 I'd lock'd my heart in a case of gold,  
 And pinn'd it wi' a siller pin.

\* Dress, arrange.

† Arthur's Seat is a hill near Edinburgh, forming part of the chase which surrounds the royal palace of Holyrood. St Anton's, or St Anthony's Well, is a small crystal spring proceeding from the side of Arthur's Seat, and taking its name from a hermitage half way up the hill, which it formerly supplied with water.

‡ " Kissed," in orig.

Oh, oh ! if my young babe were born,  
 And set upon the nurse's knee,  
 And I myself were dead and gane,  
 And the green grass growing over me ! \*



## THE WEE THING.

MACNEIL.

TUNE—*Bonnie Dundee.*

SAW ye my wee thing? saw ye my ain thing?  
 Saw ye my true love down on yon lea?  
 Cross'd she the meadow yestreen at the gloamin?  
 Sought she the burnie whar flow'rs the haw-tree?

Her hair it is lint-white ; her skin it is milk-white ;  
 Dark is the blue o' her saft-rolling ee ;  
 Red red her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses :  
 Whar could my wee thing wander frae me?—

I saw nae your wee thing, I saw nae your ain thing,  
 Nor saw I your true love down on yon lea ;  
 But I met my bonnie thing late in the gloamin,  
 Down by the burnie whar flow'rs the haw-tree.

Her hair it was lint-white ; her skin it was milk-white ;  
 Dark was the blue o' her saft-rolling ee ;  
 Red were her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses ;  
 Sweet were the kisses that she gae to me !—

It was na my wee thing, it was na my ain thing,  
 It was na my true love ye met by the tree :  
 Proud is her leal heart ! and modest her nature !  
 She never loed onie till ance she loed me.

\* This last line is substituted from an old nurse's copy, for one less delicate and pathetic, which has always hitherto been printed. The song appeared first in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, marked with the signature Z, indicating that the editor did not know its age.

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, war't fifty times fairer,  
 Young bragger, she ne'er would 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, and modest her nature,  
 Sweet were the kisses that she gae to me.—

Sairgloom'd his dark brow—blood-red his cheek grew—  
 Wild flash'd the fire frae his red-rolling ee !  
 Ye'se rue sair, this morning, your boasts and your  
 scorning :  
 Defend ye, fause traitor ! for loudly ye lie.—

Awa wi' beguiling ! cried the youth, smiling :  
 Aff went the bonnet ; the lint-white locks flee ;  
 The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing—  
 Fair stood the loved maid wi' the dark-rolling ee !

Is it my wee thing ! is it mine 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, dear laddie, frae thee !

\*\*\*\*\*

## OH! TELL ME HOW FOR TO WOO.

HECTOR MACNEIL.

TUNE—*Bonnie Dundee.*

OH tell me, oh tell me, bonnie young lassie,  
 Oh tell me, young lassie, how for to woo ?  
 Oh tell me, oh tell me, bonnie sweet lassie,  
 Oh tell me, sweet lassie, how for to woo ?



Say, maun I roose your cheeks like the morning?  
 Lips like the roses fresh moisten'd wi' dew?  
 Say, maun I roose your een's pawkie scorning?  
 Oh tell me, oh tell me, how for to woo?

Far hae I wander'd to see thee, dear lassie!  
 Far hae I ventured across the saut sea!  
 Far hae I ventured ower muirland and mountain,  
 Houseless and weary, slept cauld on the lea!  
 Ne'er hae I tried yet to mak luv to ony,  
 For ne'er loved I ony till ance I loved you;  
 Now we're alane in the green wood sae bonnie,  
 Oh tell me, oh tell me, how for to woo?

What care I for your wand'ring, young laddie!  
 What care I for your crossing the sea!  
 It was nae for naething ye left puir young Peggy;  
 It was for my tocher ye cam to court me.  
 Say, hae ye gowd to busk me aye gaudy?  
 Ribbons, and pearlins, and breist-knots enew?  
 A house that is cantie, wi' walth in't, my laddie?  
 Without this ye never need try for to woo.

I hae nae gowd to busk ye aye gaudy!  
 I canna buy pearlins and ribbons enew!  
 I've naething to brag o' house or o' plenty!  
 I've little to gie but a heart that is true.  
 I cam na for tocher—I ne'er heard o' ony;  
 I never loved Peggy, nor e'er brak my vow:  
 I've wander'd, puir fule, for a face fause as bonnie!  
 I little thocht this was the way for to woo!

Hae na ye roosed my cheeks like the morning?  
 Hae na ye roosed my cherry-red mou?  
 Hae na ye come ower sea, muir, and mountain?  
 What mair, my dear Johnie, need ye for to woo?  
 Far hae ye wander'd, I ken, my dear laddie!  
 Now that ye've found me, there's nae cause to rue;

Wi' health we'll hae plenty—I'll never gang gaudy :  
 I ne'er wish'd for mair than a heart that is true.

She hid her fair face in her true lover's bosom ;  
 The saft tear of transport fill'd ilk lover's ee ;  
 The burnie ran sweet by their side as they sabbit,  
 And sweet sang the mavis abune on the tree.  
 He clasp'd her, he press'd her, he ca'd her his hinnie,  
 And aften he tasted her hinnie-sweet mou' ;  
 And aye, 'tween ilk kiss, she sighed to her Johnie—  
 Oh laddie ! oh laddie ! weel weel can ye woo !

~~~~~

## O WHA IS SHE THAT LOES ME.

BURNS.

TUNE—" *Morag.*"

O WHA is she that loes me,  
 And has my heart a-keeping ?  
 O sweet is she that loes me,  
 As dews o' simmer weeping,  
 In tears the rose-bud steeping :  
     O that's the lassie o' my heart,  
     My lassie ever dearer ;  
     O that's the queen o' womankind,  
     And ne'er a ane to peer her.

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

If thou hadst heard her talking,  
 And thy attentions plighted,

That ilka body talking,  
 But her, by thee is slighted ;  
 And if thou art 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,  
 And thou art broken-hearted ;  
 Oh that's the lassie o' my heart,  
 My lassie ever dearer ;  
 Oh that's the queen of womankind,  
 And ne'er a ane to peer her.

~~~~~

## THE OLD MAN'S SONG.\*

THE REV. JOHN SKINNER.

TUNE—*Dumbarton's Drums.*

O ! WHY should old age so much wound us, O ?  
 There is nothing in't all to confound us, O ;  
 For how happy now am I,  
 With my old wife sitting by,  
 And our bairns and our oyes all around us, O.

\* The author of this excellent song, of whose mild and well-regulated mind it is a most faithful reflection, was a clergyman of the Scottish Episcopal Church at Longside, a village in Aberdeenshire, about six miles west from Peterhead. For the last fifty or sixty years of a life protracted beyond the usual span, this venerable man lived in a style of almost apostolic simplicity, in a lowly cottage, or farm-house of the old fashion, called Lin-shart, half a mile from the village where his little straw-clad chapel reared its modest form. The editor of this collection visited the place in 1826, when he had the satisfaction of finding the whole domicile in precisely the same order as when the poet lived in it. The primitive simplicity of the whole details furnished a most admirable commentary on the humble circumstances of the Episcopal clergy during the period of their depression, which succeeded the insurrection of 1745. The walls were, as the song relates, "not of stone and lime"—the floor was of earth—the chairs, tables, and beds, were composed of plain fir, or oak—the chimneys, according to a fashion still universal in the cottages of Buchan, were unprovided with grates. Around the walls of the principal room hung portraits, in water-

We began in the world wi' naething, O,  
 And we've jogged on and toiled for the ae thing, O;  
     We made use of what we had,  
     And our thankfu' hearts were glad,  
 When we got the bit meat and the claithing, O.

We have 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 pined nor lamented, O.

We ne'er thought o' schemes to be wealthy, O,  
 By ways that were cunning or stealthie, O;  
     But we always had the bliss—  
     And what farther 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 poor yellow steenies, O.

We have 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.

colours, of the poet, his wife, and children,—taken seventy years ago by a wandering artist, and now almost smoked out of countenance. In that humble place, during the period when it was unlawful for an Episcopalian clergyman to perform divine service to above four persons, Skinner had often read prayers and preached, with his own family around him, and his little congregation arranged on the outside of an open window—an expedient to elude the terms of the penal act.

It is told of this venerable man, that when he died, in 1808, he had the satisfaction of seeing not only his "oyes around him," but the children of these oyes. Some time before his death, he paid a visit with some of his family, when it was found that there were four *John Skinners* in company, all in direct descent; namely, the poet himself—his son, the late Bishop of Aberdeen—the present bishop—and an infant son of the latter right reverend gentleman.

Then why should people brag of prosperity, O?  
 A straitened 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 came together, O,  
 Where we've long been a father and mother, O;  
     And though not of stone 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 is nothing in't all to confound us, O;  
     For how happy now am I,  
     With my auld wife sitting by,  
 And our bairns and our oyes all around us! O.



## 'T WAS WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBURGH TOWN.

TUNE—*Within a mile of Edinburgh.*

'T WAS within a mile of Edinburgh town,  
 In the rosy time of the year;  
 Sweet flowers bloom'd, and the grass was down,  
 And each shepherd woo'd his dear.  
     Bonny Jockey, blythe and gay,  
     Kiss'd sweet Jenny, making hay,

The lassie blush'd, and frowning, cried "No, no, it  
will not do ;

I cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot, mannot buckle too."

Jockey was a wag that never would wed,

Though long he had followed the lass ;

Contented she earned and eat her brown bread,

And merrily turn'd up the grass.

Bonny Jockey, blythe and free,

Won her heart right merrily :

Yet still she blush'd, and frowning cried, "No, no, it  
will not do ;

I cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot, mannot buckle too."

But when he vow'd he would make her his bride,

Though his flocks and herds were not few,

She gave him her hand, and a kiss beside,

And vow'd she'd for ever be true.

Bonny Jockey, blythe and free,

Won her heart right merrily :

At church she no more frowning cried, "No, no, it  
will not do ;

I cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot, mannot buckle too."\*



## O ! JEANIE, THERE'S NAETHING TO FEAR YE.

HOGG.

TUNE—*Blue Bonnets over the Border.*

O ! MY lassie, our joy to complete again,

Meet me again in the gloamin, my dearie :

Low down in the dell let us meet again ;

O ! Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye :

\* From Johnson's Scots Musical Museum, Part I, 1787.

Come when the wee bat flits silent an' eerie ;  
 Come when the pale face o' nature looks weary.  
     Love be thy sure defence,  
     Beauty and innocence :  
 O ! Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye.

Sweetly blows the haw and the rowan-tree,  
     Wild roses speck our thicket so brierie ;  
 Still, still will our bed in the greenwood be ;  
     O ! Jeanie there's naething to fear ye :  
 Note when the blackbird o' singing grows weary,  
 List when the beetle bee's bugle comes near ye ;  
     Then come with fairy haste,  
     Light foot and beating breast :  
 O ! Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye.

Far, far will the bogle and brownie be ;  
     Beauty and truth they darena come near it.  
 Kind love is the tie of our unity ;  
     A' maun love it and a' maun revere it.  
 Love maks the song o' the woodland sae cheerie,  
 Love gars a' Nature look bonnie that's near ye ;  
     Love maks the rose sae sweet,  
     Cowslip and violet :  
 O ! Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye.



## WHA'LL BE KING BUT CHARLIE?

TUNE—*Wha'll be King but Charlie?*

THE news frae Moidart cam' yestreen,  
     Will soon gar mony ferlie ;  
 That ships o' war hae just come in,  
     And landed royal Charlie !  
     Come through the heather, around him gather ;  
     Ye're a' the welcomer early :  
     Around him cling, wi' a' your kin ;  
     For wha'll be king but Charlie ?

Come through the heather, around him gather,  
 Come Ronald, come Donald, come a' thegither ;  
 And crown your rightfu' lawfu' King,  
 For wha'll be King but Charlie ?

The Highland clans, wi' sword in hand,  
 Frae John o' Groats to Airly,  
 Hae to a man declar'd to stand,  
 Or fa', wi' royal Charlie.  
 Come through the heather, &c.

The Lowlands a,' baith great and sma',  
 Wi' mony a lord and laird, hae  
 Declar'd for Scotia's King an' law,  
 And spier ye wha but Charlie.  
 Come through the heather, &c.

There's ne'er a lass in a' the land,  
 But vows baith late and early,  
 To man she'll ne'er gie heart or hand,  
 Wha wadna fecht for Charlie.  
 Come through the heather, &c.

Then here's a health to Charlie's cause,  
 And be't complete and early ;  
 His very name my heart's blood warms :  
 To arms for royal Charlie !  
 Come through the heather, &c.

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## KELVIN GROVE.

JOHN LYLE.

TUNE—*Kelvin Grove.*

LET us haste to Kelvin grove, bonnie lassie, O ;  
 Through its mazes let us rove, bonnie lassie, O ;



Where the rose in all its pride  
 Decks the hollow dingle's side,  
 Where the midnight fairies glide, bonnie lassie, O.

We will wander by the mill, bonnie lassie, O,  
 To the cove beside the rill, bonnie lassie, O;  
 Where the glens rebound the call  
 Of the lofty waterfall,  
 Through the mountain's rocky hall, bonnie lassie, O.

Then we'll up to yonder glade, bonnie lassie, O,  
 Where so oft, beneath its shade, bonnie lassie, O,  
 With the songsters in the grove,  
 We have told our tale of love,  
 And have sportive garlands wove, bonnie lassie, O.

Ah! I soon must bid adieu, bonnie lassie, O,  
 To this fairy scene and you, bonnie lassie, O,  
 To the streamlet winding clear,  
 To the fragrant-scented brier,  
 E'en to thee of all most dear, bonnie lassie, O.

For the frowns of fortune low'r, bonnie lassie, O,  
 On thy lover at this hour, bonnie lassie, O:  
 Ere the golden orb of day,  
 Wakes the warblers from the spray,  
 From this land I must away, bonnie lassie, O.

And when on a distant shore, bonnie lassie, O,  
 Should I fall 'midst battle's roar, bonnie lassie, O,  
 Wilt thou, Helen, when you hear  
 Of thy lover on his bier,  
 To his memory shed a tear, bonnie lassie? O.\*

\* Kelvin Grove is a beautifully wooded dell, about two miles from Glasgow, forming a sort of *lovers' walk* for the lads and lasses of that city.

## BLUE BONNETS OVER THE BORDER.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

TUNE—*Blue Bonnets over the Border.*

MARCH, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale,  
 Why, my lads, dinna ye march forward in order ?  
 March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale ;  
 All the blue bonnets are over the Border.  
 Many a banner spread flutters above your head ;  
 Many a crest that is famous in story :  
 Mount and make ready, then, sons of the mountain glen ;  
 Fight for your Queen and the old Scottish glory.

Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing ;  
 Come from the glen of the buck and the roe ;  
 Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing ;  
 Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow.  
 Trumpets are sounding, war steeds are bounding ;  
 Stand to your arms, and march in good order.  
 England shall many a day tell of the bloody fray,  
 When the blue bonnets came over the Border.



## COMIN' THROUGH THE RYE.

TUNE—*Gin a Body meet a Body.*

GIN a body meet a body  
 Comin' through the rye,  
 Gin a body kiss a body,  
 Need a body cry ?  
 Ev'ry lassie has her laddie,  
 Nane, they say, hae I !

Yet a' the lads they smile at me,  
 When comin' through the rye.  
 Amang the train there is a swain  
 I dearly lo'e mysell ;  
 But whaur his hame or what his name,  
 I dinna care to tell.

Gin a body meet a body,  
 Comin' frae the town,  
 Gin a body greet a body,  
 Need a body frown ?  
 Ev'ry lassie has her laddie,  
 Nane, they say, hae I !  
 Yet a' the lads they smile at me,  
 When coming through the rye.  
 Amang the train there is a swain  
 I dearly lo'e mysell ;  
 But whaur his hame, or what his name,  
 I dinna care to tell.\*

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## THE YEAR THAT'S AWA.

MR DUNLOP.†

TUNE—*The Year that's awa.*

HERE'S to the year that's awa !  
 We will drink it in strong and in sma' ;  
 And here's to ilk bonnie young lassie we lo'ed,  
 While swift flew the year that's awa.  
 And here's to ilk, &c.

Here's to the sodger who bled,  
 And the sailor who bravely did fa' ;

\* An improved and purified modern version of an old song, which Burns inserted, with some variations of his own, in the fifth volume of the Musical Museum.

† Late Collector at the Custom-house of Port Glasgow, and father of Mr Dunlop, author of *The History of Fiction*.

Their fame is alive, though their spirits are fled  
 On the wings of the year that's awa.  
 Their fame is alive, &c.

Here's to the friend we can trust,  
 When the storms of adversity blaw ;  
 May they live in our song, and be nearest our hearts,  
 Nor depart like the year that's awa.  
 May they live, &c.



## HURRAH FOR THE BONNETS OF BLUE.

TUNE—*Hurrah for the Bonnets o' Blue.*

HERE'S a health to them that's awa,  
 Here's a health to them that's awa ;  
 And wha winna wish for good luck to our cause,  
 May never guid luck be their fa'.  
 It's guid to be merry and wise,  
 It's guid to be honest and true ;  
 It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,  
 And bide by the bonnets of blue.

Hurrah for the bonnets of blue !  
 Hurrah for the bonnets of blue !  
 It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,  
 And bide by the bonnets of blue.  
 Here's a health to them that's awa,  
 Here's a health to them that's awa ;  
 Here's a health to Charlie, the chief o' the clan,  
 Although that his band be sae sma'.

Here's freedom to him that would read,  
 Here's freedom to him that would write ;  
 There's nane ever fear'd that the truth should be heard,  
 But they whom the truth wad indite.

Hurrah for the bonnets of blue !  
 Hurrah for the bonnets of blue !  
 It's guid to be wise, to be honest and true,  
 And bide by the bonnets of blue.\*



## M'LEAN'S INVITATION TO PRINCE CHARLES.

HOGG.

COME o'er the stream, Charlie, dear Charlie, brave  
 Charlie,

Come o'er the stream, Charlie, and dine wi' M'Lean ;  
 And, though you be weary, we'll make your heart cheery,  
 And welcome our Charlie and his loyal train.

We'll bring down the track-deer, we'll bring down the  
 black steer,

The lamb from the bucht and the doe from the glen ;  
 The salt sea we'll harry, and bring to our Charlie,  
 The cream from the bothy, and curd from the pen.

And you shall drink freely the dews of Glen-sheerly,  
 That stream in the star-light when kings dinna ken ;  
 And deep shall your meed be of wine that is ruddy,  
 To drink to your sire, and his friend the M'Lean.

If aught will invite you, or more will delight you,  
 'Tis ready—a troop of our bold Highlandmen  
 Shall range o'er the heather, with bonnet and feather,  
 Strong arms and broad claymores, three hundred and  
 ten.

\* Altered by a modern hand, from a well-known song by Burns.

## OH! DINNA ASK ME GIN I LO'E YE.

TUNE—*Gin a Body meet a Body.*

OH! dinna ask me gin I lo'e thee;  
 Troth, I darna tell:  
 Dinna ask me gin I lo'e ye;  
 Ask it o' yoursell.

Oh! dinna look sae sair at me,  
 For weel ye ken me true;  
 O, gin ye look sae sair at me,  
 I daurna look at you.

When ye gang to yon braw braw town,  
 And bonnier lasses see,  
 O, dinna, Jamie, look at them,  
 Lest you should mind na me.

For I could never bide the lass,  
 That ye'd lo'e mair than me;  
 And O, I'm sure, my heart would break,  
 Gin ye'd prove false to me.

~~~~~

## BEWARE O' BONNIE ANN.

BURNS.

YE gallants braw, I rede ye right,  
 Beware o' bonnie Ann;  
 Her comely face sae fu' o' grace,  
 Your heart she will trepan.  
 Her een sae bright, like stars by night,  
 Her skin is like the swan;  
 Sae jimplly laced, her genty waist,  
 That sweetly ye might span.

Youth, grace, and love, attendant move,  
 And pleasure leads the van;  
 In a' their charms, and conquering arms,  
 They wait on bonnie Ann.  
 The captive bands may chain the hands,  
 But love enslaves the man;  
 Ye gallants braw, I rede ye a',  
 Beware o' bonnie Ann.\*



## JOCK O' HAZELDEAN.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

TUNE—*Jock o' Hazeldean.*

“WHY weep ye by the tide, ladye—  
 Why weep ye by the tide?  
 I'll wed ye to my youngest son,  
 And ye shall be his bride;  
 And ye shall be his bride, ladye,  
 Sae comely to be seen :”  
 But aye she loot the tears down fa',  
 For Jock o' Hazeldean.

“Now let this wilful grief be done,  
 And dry that cheek so pale :  
 Young Frank is chief of Errington,  
 And lord of Langley dale;  
 His step is first in peaceful ha',  
 His sword in battle keen :”  
 But ay she loot the tears down fa',  
 For Jock o' Hazeldean.

\* Written in compliment to Miss Ann Masterton, daughter of the author's friend, Allan Masterton, the “Allan” of “Willy brewed a peck o' Maut.” Miss Masterton afterwards became the wife of John Derbyshire, Esq. surgeon in London.

“ A chain o’ gold ye sall not lack,  
 Nor braid to bind your hair,  
 Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,  
 Nor palfrey fresh and fair;  
 And you, the foremost o’ them a’,  
 Shall ride our forest queen :”  
 But ay she loot the tears down fa’,  
 For Jock o’ Hazeldean.

The kirk was decked at morning-tide,  
 The tapers glimmered fair;  
 The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,  
 And dame and knight were there:  
 They sought her baith by bower and ha’;  
 The ladye was not seen!—  
 She’s o’er the border, and awa  
 Wi’ Jock o’ Hazeldean! \*

~~~~~

## THE LORD’S MARIE.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

THE Lord’s Marie has keppit her locks  
 Up wi’ a gowden kame;  
 And she has put on her net-silk hose,  
 And awa to the tryste has gane.  
 O saft saft fell the dew on her locks,  
 And saft saft on her brow,  
 Ae sweet drap fell on her strawberry lip,  
 And I kissed it aff, I trow.

“ O whare gat ye that leal maiden,  
 Sae jimpy-laced and sma?

\* The first stanza of this ballad is ancient. The rest was written for Albyn’s Anthology, a collection of Highland airs by Alexander Campbell.



O whare gat ye that young damsel,  
 Wha dings our lassies a' ?  
 O whare gat ye that bonnie bonnie lass,  
 Wi' heaven in her ee ?  
 O here's ae drap o' the damask wine,  
 Sweet maiden, will ye prie ?"

Fou white white was her bonnie neck,  
 Twist wi' the satin twine ;  
 But ruddie ruddie grew her hause,  
 When she sipped the blude-red wine.  
 " Come, here's thy health, young stranger doo,  
 Wha wears the gowden kame :  
 This nicht will mony drink thy health,  
 And ken na wha to name !"

" Play me up ' Sweit Marie,' " I cried ;  
 And loud the piper blew :  
 But the fiddler played ay *struntum strum*,  
 And down his bow he threw :  
 " Here's thy kind health i' the ruddie-red wine,  
 Fair dame o' the stranger land,  
 For never a pair o' blue een before,  
 Could mar my gude bow-hand."

Her lips were a cloven hinnie-cherrie,  
 Sae temptin' to the sicht ;  
 Her locks, ower alabaster brows,  
 Fell like the mornin' licht.  
 And, O ! her hinnie breath lift her locks,  
 As through the dance she flew ;  
 While love lauched in her bonnie blue een,  
 And dwalt on her comely mou.

" Lowse hings your broidered gowd garter,  
 Fair lady, daur I speak ?"  
 She, trembling, lift her silky hand  
 To her red red flushin' cheek.

“ Ye’ve drapp’d, ye’ve drapp’d your broach o’ gowd,  
 Thou lord’s dauchter sae gay !”  
 The tears o’erbrimmed her bonnie blue ee,  
 “ O come, O come away !”

“ O maid, undo the siller bar ;  
 To my chamber let me win :  
 And tak this kiss, thou peasant youth ;  
 I daurna let thee in.  
 And tak,” quoth she, “ this kame o’ gowd,  
 Wi’ my lock o’ yellow hair ;  
 For meikle my heart forebodes to me,  
 I never maun meet thee mair.”



## BONNIE LADY ANN.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

‘THERE’S kames o’ hinnie ’tween my luv’e’s lips,  
 And gowd amang her hair :  
 Her breists are lapt in a holy veil ;  
 Nae mortal een keek there.  
 What lips daur kiss, or what hand daur touch,  
 Or what arm o’ luv’e daur span,  
 The hinnie lips, the creamy lufe,  
 Or the waist o’ Lady Ann ?

She kisses the lips o’ her bonnie red rose,  
 Wat wi’ the blobs o’ dew ;  
 But nae gentle lip, nor semple lip,  
 Maun touch her ladie mou.  
 But a broidered belt, wi’ a buckle o’ gowd,  
 Her jimpy waist maun span :  
 Oh, she’s an armfu’ fit for heeven—  
 My bonnie Lady Ann.

Her bower casement is latticed wi' flowers,  
 Tied up wi' siller thread ;  
 And comely sits she in the midst,  
 Men's langing een to feed :  
 She waves the ringlets frae her cheek,  
 Wi' her milky milky hand ;  
 And her every look beams wi' grace divine ;  
 My bonnie Lady Ann.

The mornin' clud is tasselt wi' gowd,  
 Like my luv's broidered cap ;  
 And on the mantle that my luv wears,  
 Is mony a gowden drap.  
 Her bonnie ee-bree's a holy arch,  
 Cast by nae earthly han' !  
 And the breath o' heaven is atween the lips  
 O' my bonnie Lady Ann.

I wonderin' gaze on her stately steps,  
 And I beet a hopeless flame !  
 To my luv, alas ! she maunna stoop ;  
 It wad stain her honoured name.  
 My een are bauld, they dwell on a place  
 Where I daurna mint my hand ;  
 But I water, and tend, and kiss the flowers  
 O' my bonnie Lady Ann.

I am but her father's gardener lad,  
 And puir puir is my fa' ;  
 My auld mither gets my wee wee fee,  
 Wi' fatherless bairnies twa.  
 My lady comes, my lady gaes,  
 Wi' a fou and kindly han' ;  
 O their blessin' maun mix wi' my luv,  
 And fa' on Lady Ann.

## THE LEA-RIG.

BURNS.

TUNE—*The Lea Rig.*

WHEN o'er the hills the eastern star  
 Tells buchtin-time is near, my jo ;  
 And owsen frae the furrowed field  
 Return sae douff and weary, O ;  
 Down by the burn, where scented birks  
 Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,  
 I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,  
 My ain kind dearie, O.

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,  
 I'd rove and ne'er be eerie, O,  
 If through that glen I gaed to thee,  
 My ain kind dearie, O.  
 Although the night were ne'er sae wild,  
 And I were ne'er sae wearie, O,  
 I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,  
 My ain kind dearie, O.



## YOU'RE WELCOME, WHIGS.

YOU'RE welcome, Whigs, from Bothwell brigs !  
 Your malice is but zeal, boys ;  
 Most holy sprites, the hypocrites,  
 'Tis sack ye drink, not ale, boys ;  
 I must aver, ye cannot err,  
 In breaking God's command, boys ;  
 If ye infringe bishops or kings,  
 You've heaven in your hand, boys.

Suppose ye cheat, disturb the state,  
 And steep the land with blood, boys ;  
 If secretly your treachery  
 Be acted, it is good, boys.  
 The fiend himsell, in midst of hell,  
 The pope with his intrigues, boys,  
 You'll equalise in forgeries :  
 Fair fa' you, pious Whigs, boys.

You'll God beseech, in homely speech,  
 To his coat-tail you'll claim, boys ;  
 Seek lippies of grace frae his gawcie face,  
 And bless, and not blaspheme, boys.  
 Your teachers they can kiss and pray,  
 In zealous ladies' closet ;  
 Your wits convert by Venus' art ;  
 Your kirk has holy roset.

Which death will tie promiscuously,  
 Her members on the vail, boys ;  
 For horned beasts the truth attest,  
 That live in Annandale, boys.  
 But if one drink, or shrewdly think,  
 A bishop e'er was saved,  
 No charitie from presbytrie,  
 For that need once be craved.

You lie, you lust, you break your trust,  
 And act all kind of evil ;  
 Your covenant makes you a saint,  
 Although you live a devil.  
 From murders too, as soldiers true,  
 You are advanced well, boys ;  
 You fought like devils, your only rivals,  
 When you were at Dunkeld, boys.

Your wondrous things great slaughter brings,  
 You kill'd more than you saw, boys ;

At Pentland hills you got your fills,  
 And now you seem to crawl, boys.  
 Let Websters preach, and ladies teach  
 The art of cuckoldrie, boys ;  
 When cruel zeal comes in their tail,  
 Then welcome presbytrie, boys.

King William's hands, with lovely bands,  
 You're decking with good speed, boys ;  
 If you get leave you'll reach his sleeve,  
 And then have at his head, boys.  
 You're welcome, Jack, we'll join a plack,  
 To drink your last confusion,  
 That grace and truth you may possess  
 Once more without delusion.\*



## MY LUVE'S IN GERMANIE.

TUNE—*My luve's in Germanie.*

My luve's in Germanie ;  
 Send him hame, send him hame :  
 My luve's in Germanie ;  
 Send him hame.  
 My luve's in Germanie,  
 Fighting brave for royalty ;  
 He may ne'er his Jeanie see ;  
 Send him hame, send him hame ;  
 He may ne'er his Jeanie see ;  
 Send him hame.

He's as brave as brave can be ;  
 Send him hame, send him hame ;

\* This severe tirade upon the Presbyterians, from several allusions, as to the skirmish at Dunkeld, and to Webster, who was a popular preacher in Edinburgh at the close of the seventeenth century, seems to have been written between the years 1690 and 1700.

Our faes are ten to three ;  
 Send him hame.  
 Our faes are ten to three ;  
 He maun either fa' or flee,  
 In the cause of loyalty ;  
 Send him hame, send him hame ;  
 In the cause of loyalty ;  
 Send him hame.

Your luv ne'er learnt to flee,  
 Bonnie dame, winsome dame ;  
 Your luv ne'er learnt to flee,  
 Winsome dame.  
 Your luv ne'er learnt to flee,  
 But he fell in Germanie,  
 Fighting brave for loyalty,  
 Mournfu' dame, mournfu' dame ;  
 Fighting brave for loyalty,  
 Mournfu' dame.

He'll ne'er come ower the sea ;  
 Willie's slain, Willie's slain ;  
 He'll ne'er come ower the sea ;  
 Willie's gane !  
 He will ne'er come ower the sea,  
 To his luv and ain countrie.  
 This warld's nae mair for me ;  
 Willie's gane, Willie's gane ;  
 This warld's nae mair for me :  
 Willie's gane !



## BONNIE DUNDEE.

TUNE—*Bonnie Dundee.*

O WHARE did ye get that haver-meal bannock ?  
 O, silly auld body, O, dinna ye see,

I gat it frae a young brisk sodger laddie,  
 Between St Johnston and bonnie Dundee.  
 O, gin I saw the laddie that gae me 't !  
 Aft has he dandled me upon his knee ;  
 May heaven protect my bonnie Scots laddie,  
 And send him safe hame to his baby and me.

My blessings upon thy sweet wee lippie !  
 My blessings upon thy bonnie ee-bree !  
 Thy smiles are sae like my blythe sodger laddie,  
 Thou's aye be the dearer and dearer to me !  
 But I'll bigg a bowir on yon bonnie banks,  
 Where Tay rins wimpling bye sae clear ;  
 And I'll cleid thee in the tartan sae fine,  
 And mak' thee a man like thy daddie sae dear.\*

~~~~~

### JENNY'S BAWBEE.

[EARLIEST VERSES.]

TUNE—*Jenny's Bawbee.*

AND a' that e'er my Jenny had,  
 My Jenny had, my Jenny had ;  
 And a' that e'er my Jenny had,  
 Was ae bawbee.

There's your plack, and my plack,  
 And your plack, and my plack,  
 And my plack and your plack,  
 And Jenny's bawbee.

We'll put it a' in the pint-stoup,  
 The pint-stoup, the pint-stoup,  
 We'll put it in the pint-stoup,  
 And birle 't a' three.†

\* The second verse of this song is by Burns. The first is old.

† From Herd's Collection, 1776.



## THE JOLLY MILLER.

TUNE—*The Miller of Dee.*

THERE was a jolly miller once  
 Lived on the river Dee;  
 He wrought and sung from morn till night,  
 No lark more blythe than he.  
 And this the burden of his song  
 For ever used to be;  
 I care for nobody, no, not I,  
 If nobody cares for me.  
 And this, &c.

When spring began its merry career,  
 O, then his heart was gay;  
 He feared not summer's sultry heat,  
 Nor winter's cold decay.  
 No foresight marred the miller's cheer,  
 Who oft did sing and say,  
 Let others live from year to year,  
 I'll live from day to day.  
 No foresight, &c.

Then, like this miller, bold and free,  
 Let us be glad and sing;  
 The days of youth are made for glee,  
 And life is on the wing.  
 The song shall pass from me to you,  
 Around this jovial ring.  
 Let heart, and hand, and voice agree:  
 And so, God save our king.\*  
 The song, &c.

\* From an old MS. copy. The song seems to have been first printed in Herd's Collection, 1776.

## THE MAID THAT TENDS THE GOATS.

DUDGEON.\*

TUNE—*The Maid that tends the Goats.*

UP amang yon clifffy rocks,  
 Sweetly rings the rising echo,  
 To the maid that tends the goats,  
 Lilting o'er her native notes.  
 Hark, she sings, Young Sandy's kind,  
 And has promised aye to lo'e me;  
 Here's a broach I ne'er shall tine,  
 Till he's fairly married to me:  
 Drive awa, ye drone, time,  
 And bring about our bridal day.

Sandy herds a flock o' sheep;  
 Aften does he blaw the whistle,  
 In a strain sae saftly sweet,  
 Lammies list'ning darena bleat.  
 He's as fleet's the mountain roe,  
 Hardy as the Highland heather,  
 Wading through the winter snaw,  
 Keeping aye his flocks thegither;  
 But a plaid, wi' bare houghs,  
 He braves the bleakest norlan blast.

Brawly can he dance and sing,  
 Cantie glee, or Highland cronach;  
 Nane can ever match his fling,  
 At a reel, or round a ring.  
 Wightly can he wield a rung;  
 In a brawl he's aye the bangster:

\* The son, we are informed by Burns, of a respectable farmer in Berwickshire.

A' his praise can ne'er be sung  
 By the langest-winded sangster.  
 Sangs, that sing o' Sandy,  
 Seem short, though they were e'er sae lang.

~~~~~

## DONOCHT HEAD.

WILLIAM PICKERING.

KEEN blaws the wind ower Donocht Head,\*  
 The snaw drives snelly through the dale;  
 The gaberlunzie tirls my sneck,  
 And shivering tells his waefu' tale:  
 "Cauld is the nicht; O let me in,  
 And dinna let your minstrel fa',  
 And dinna let his winding-sheet  
 Be naething but a wreath o' snaw.

Full ninety winters hae I seen,  
 And piped where gorcocks whirring flew;  
 And mony a day ye've danced, I ween,  
 To lilts which frae my drone I blew."  
 My Eppie waked, and sune she cried,  
 "Get up, gudeman, and let him in;  
 For weel ye ken the winter nicht  
 Was short when he began his din."

My Eppie's voice, O wow it's sweet,  
 Ev'n though she bans and scaulds a wee;  
 But when it's tuned to sorrow's tale,  
 Oh haith, it's doubly dear to me!  
 "Come in, auld carle! I'll steer my fire;  
 I'll mak it bleeze a bonnie flame.  
 Your blude is thin; ye've tint the gate;  
 Ye shouldna stray sae far frae hame."

\* A mountain in the north of Scotland.

" Nae hame have I," the minstrel said ;  
 " Sad party-strife owerturned my ha' ;  
 And, weeping, at the close o' life,  
 I wander through a wreath o' snaw."  
 " Wae's me, auld carle ! sad is your tale ;  
 Your scrip is toom, your claithing thin :  
 Mine's no the hand to steek the door,  
 When want and wae wad fain be in."

Wi' tottering step he reached the spence,  
 Whar sune the ingle bleezed fu' hie :  
 The auld man thought himsell at hame,  
 While the tear stood twinkling in his ee.  
 He took his pipes, and played a spring ;  
 But, oh, it was a strain of woe ;  
 It spoke of Scotland's chiefs and king,  
 And wailed a nation's overthrow.\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## LASSIE, LIE NEAR ME.

DR BLACKLOCK.

TUNE—*Laddie, lie near me.*

LANG hae we parted been,  
 Lassie, my dearie ;  
 Now we are met again,  
 Lassie, lie near me.

\* The first three and a half stanzas of this poem were published, as a fragment, in Johnson's Musical Museum, Part IV, 1792 ; having been sent to the editor of that work in an anonymous letter, which bore, however, the Newcastle post-mark. They were at first attributed to Burns, but were afterwards discovered to be the composition of William Pickering, a poor North of England poet, who never wrote any thing else of the least merit. The additional lines have been presented to the editor of this work by their author, Captain Charles Gray, of the Royal Marines, author of the lively drinking song to the tune of " Andro and his Cutty Gun," inserted in another part of this collection.

Near me, near me,  
 Lassie, lie near me.  
 Lang hast thou lain thy lane ;  
 Lassie, lie near me.

A' that I hae endured,  
 Lassie, my dearie,  
 Here in thy arms is cured ;  
 Lassie, lie near me.\*



## THOU'RT GANE AWA.

TUNE—*Haud awa frae me, Donald.*

THOU'RT gane awa, thou'rt gane awa,  
 Thou'rt gane awa frae me, Mary :  
 Nor friends nor I could mak thee stay ;  
 Thou hast cheated them and me, Mary.  
 Until this hour I never thought  
 That ought would alter thee, Mary ;  
 Thou'rt still the mistress of my heart,  
 Think what thou wilt of 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 spake sincere, nor flattered much,  
 Nae selfish thoughts in me, Mary ;  
 Ambition, wealth, nor naething such :  
 No, I loved only thee, Mary.

Though you've been false, yet, while I live,  
 I'll loe nae maid but thee, Mary.

\* From Johnson's Musical Museum, Part III, 1790.

Let friends forget, as I forgive,  
 Thy wrongs to them and me, Mary.  
 So then, fareweel! Of this be sure,  
 Since you've been false to me, Mary;  
 For a' the world I'd not endure  
 Half what I've done for thee, Mary.\*

~~~~~

## WHEN SHE CAM BEN SHE BOBBIT.

TUNE—*The Laird o' Cockpen.*

O WHEN she cam ben she bobbit fu' law,  
 O when she cam ben she bobbit fu' law,  
 And when she cam ben, she kissed Cockpen,  
 And syne she denied that she did it at a'.

And wasna Cockpen richt saucy witha',  
 And wasna Cockpen richt saucy witha',  
 In leaving the dochter of a lord,  
 And kissing a collier lassie an' a'?

O never look doun, my lassie, at a',  
 O never look doun, my lassie, at a';  
 Thy lips are as sweet, and thy figure complete,  
 As the finest dame in castle or ha'.

Though thou hae nae silk and holland sae sma',  
 Though thou hae nae silk and holland sae sma',  
 Thy coat and thy sark are thy ain handywark,  
 And Lady Jean was never sae braw.†

\* From Johnson's Musical Museum, Part III, 1790.

† From Johnson's Musical Museum, Part IV, 1792. There is, however, an earlier and less delicate version in Herd's Collection, 1776. The present was probably improved for Johnson by Burns.

## THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING.

TUNE—*The Campbells are coming.*

THE Campbells are coming, O-ho, O-ho !  
 The Campbells are coming, O-ho !  
 The Campbells are coming to bonnie Lochleven !  
 The Campbells are coming, O-ho, O-ho !

Upon the Lomonds I lay, I lay ;  
 Upon the Lomonds I lay ;  
 I lookit down to bonnie Lochleven,  
 And saw three perches play.  
 The Campbells are coming, &c.

Great Argyle he goes before ;  
 He makes the cannons and guns to roar ;  
 With sound o' trumpet, pipe, and drum ;  
 The Campbells are coming, O-ho, O-ho !

The Campbells they are a' in arms,  
 Their loyal faith and truth to show,  
 With banners rattling in the wind ;  
 The Campbells are coming, O-ho, O-ho !\*



## MERRY HAE I BEEN TEETHING A HECKLE.

TUNE—*Lord Breadalbane's March.*

O MERRY hae I been teething a heckle,  
 And merry hae I been shapin a spune ;

\* From Johnson's Musical Museum, Part III, 1790 ; where it is insinuated, as an *on dit*, that it was composed on the imprisonment of Queen Mary in Lochleven Castle. The Lomonds are two well-known hills, overhanging Lochleven to the east, and visible from Edinburgh. The air is the well-known family tune or march of the Clan Campbell.

O merry hae I been cloutin a kettle,  
 And kissin my Katie when a' was dune.  
 O a' the lang day I ca' at my hammer,  
 And a' the lang day I whistle and sing;  
 A' the lang nicht I cuddle my kimmer,  
 And a' the lang nicht as happy's a king.

Bitter in dule I lickit my winnins,  
 O' marrying Bess, to gie her a slave:  
 Blest be the hour she cooled in her linens,  
 And blythe be the bird that sings over her grave!  
 Come to my arms, my Katie, my Katie,  
 And come to my arms, my Katie again!  
 Drucken or sober, here's to thee, Katie!  
 And blest be the day I did it again!\*

## WHISTLE OWER THE LAVE O'T.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Whistle ower the lave o't.*

FIRST when Maggie was my care,  
 Heaven, I thought, was in her air;

\* From Johnson's Musical Museum, Part III, 1790. The object of this song seems to be a delineation of the light sentiments which a gipsy or tinker may be supposed to entertain on the sacred subject of matrimony. That it is not overcharged, I can attest by an anecdote of a person in a similar rank in society—*Ginge'breid Ned*, who may be remembered by many of my readers as a noted figure at the south-country fairs, from thirty to forty years ago; it being his profession to deal in gingerbread. Ned had been married in his time to no fewer than seven wives, each of whom—at least scandal never asserted the contrary—had died before her successor came upon the carpet. Somebody asked the fellow one day what he thought of himself for having gone through such an immense number of spouses, or what was the chief impression of his mind on the subject. "Decd, sir," answered the man of gingerbread, "a' that I can say about it, is, that I aye got an auld kist wi' them, and they took away a new ane!" The first chest was that in which they brought their clothes, &c. (called in Scotland their *providing*;) the second was the coffin which transported them to the grave.



Now we're married—speir nae mair ;  
 But whistle ower the lave o't.  
 Meg was meek and Meg was mild,  
 Sweet and harmless as a child ;  
 Wiser men than me's beguiled ;  
 Sae, whistle ower the lave o't.

How we live, my Meg and me,  
 How we love, and how we gree,  
 I carena by how few may see ;  
 Sae, whistle ower the lave o't.  
 Wha I wish were maggots' meat,  
 Dished up in her winding-sheet,  
 I could write—but Meg maun see't ;  
 Sae, whistle ower the lave o't.\*

## MARY'S DREAM.

LOWE.

TUNE—*Mary's Dream.*

THE moon had climbed the highest hill,  
 Which rises o'er the source of Dee,  
 And from the eastern summit shed  
 Her silver light on 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,  
 Saying, " Mary, weep no more for me !"

She from her pillow gently raised  
 Her head, to ask who there might be,

\* Burns wrote this song for a very old and very popular Scottish air, which was formerly unprovided with verses that were fit for print.

And saw young Sandy shivering 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 tossed upon the raging main;  
 And long we strove our bark to save,  
 But all our striving was in vain.  
 Even then, when horror chilled my blood,  
 My heart was filled 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 crowed 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!"\*

\* From Johnson's Musical Museum, Part I, 1787. The song is known, however, to have been written about the year 1772. The author, John Lowe, was the son of the gardener at Kenmure Castle, in Galloway (the seat of Mr Gordon, father of the present Viscount Kenmure). Having studied for the church, he was, when still a young man, employed as tutor in the family of Mr MacGhie, of Airds, an estate situated near the confluence of the Dee and the Ken. Here he fell in love with the daughter of his employer. He seems to have been a young man of a somewhat romantic turn of mind; as the remains of a bower are shown among the woods in the peninsula formed by the junction of the two rivers, which he constructed with his own hands, as a retreat for poetical and contemplative recreation. While residing at Airds, the lover of his mistress's sister, a gentleman named Alexander Miller, was drowned at sea; which gave occasion to the song. Mary's Dream is one of those poetical gems which, conceived in a moment of peculiar inspiration, sometimes procure a name for their authors, notwithstanding the inferiority or the paucity of their other productions. Lowe may have written other songs and even long poems; but nothing is remembered besides this exquisite little ballad. His life was unfortunate. In pursuit of fortune, and neglecting his first passion at Airds, he went to America; where, having married a lady for whom he felt no great affection, he was rendered miserable for the rest of his life by regret for his

## THE LEA-RIG.

FERGUSSON.

TUNE—*The Lea-rig.*

WILL ye gang ower the lea-rig,\*  
 My ain kind dearie, O?  
 And cuddle† there sae kindly,  
 My kind dearie, O?  
 At thorny dike‡ and birken tree,  
 We'll daff§ and ne'er be weary, O;  
 They'll scug|| ill een frae you and me,  
 Mine ain kind dearie, O.

Nae herds, wi' kent or colly,¶ there,  
 Shall ever come to fear ye, O,  
 But laverocks, whistling in the air,  
 Shall woo, like me, their dearie, O.  
 While others herd their lambs and yowes,  
 And toil for warld's gear, my jo;  
 Upon the lee my pleasure grows,  
 Wi' thee, my kind dearie, O! \*\*

## THE DAY RETURNS—MY BOSOM BURNS.

BURNS.

TUNE—*The seventh of November.*

The day returns—my bosom burns—  
 The blissful day we twa did meet.

own faithlessness to Miss MacGhie, and chagrin for his wife's infidelity to himself. He died about the year 1798, aged forty-eight.

\* A ridge left fallow, between two others which bear grain.

† Caress mutually.

‡ Inclosure.

§ Disport.

|| Ward off.

¶ Shepherds, with staff and dog.

\*\* From Johnson's Musical Museum, Part I, 1787.

Though winter wild in tempest toiled,  
 Ne'er summer sun was half sae sweet.  
 Than a' the pride that loads the tide,  
 And crosses o'er the sultry line,  
 Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,  
 It gave me more—it made thee mine.

While day and night can bring delight,  
 Or nature aught of pleasure give,  
 While joys above my mind can move,  
 For thee, and thee alone, I live !  
 When that grim foe of life below  
 Comes in between to make us part,  
 The iron hand that breaks our band,  
 It breaks my bliss—it breaks my heart.\*

~~~~~

## MY SODGER LADDIE.

[THE SOLDIER'S DOXY'S SONG IN "THE JOLLY  
 BEGGARS."]

BURNS.

TUNE—*Sodger laddie.*

I ONCE was a maid, though I cannot tell when,  
 And still my delight is in proper young men ;  
 Some one of a troop of dragoons was my daddie,—  
 No wonder I'm fond of a sodger laddie.

The first of my loves was a swaggering blade,  
 To rattle the thundering drum was his trade ;

\* This song, which first appeared in Johnson's Musical Museum, Part iii, 1790, was written in compliment to Mr and Mrs Riddle, of Glenriddel, two of the poet's dearest and most valuable friends. The reader will observe that it is a sort of anniversary ode for the recurrence of the marriage day of this worthy couple.

His leg was so tight, and his cheek was so ruddy,  
Transported I was with my sodger laddie.

But the godly old chaplain left him in the lurch,  
The sword I forsook for the sake of the church ;  
He ventured the soul, and I risked the body ;  
'Twas then I proved false to my sodger laddie.

Full soon I grew sick of my sanctified sot,  
The regiment at large for a husband I got ;  
From the gilded spontoon to the fife I was ready,  
I asked no more than a sodger laddie.

But the peace it reduced me to beg in despair,  
Till I met my old boy at a Cunningham fair ;  
His rags regimental they fluttered so gaudy,  
My heart it rejoiced at my sodger laddie.

And now I have lived I know not how long,  
And still I can join in a cup and a song ;  
But whilst with both hands I can hold the glass steady,  
Here's to thee, my hero, my sodger laddie.



## SEE THE SMOKING BOWL BEFORE US.

[THE BARD'S SONG IN "THE JOLLY BEGGARS."]

BURNS.

TUNE—*Jolly mortals, fill your glasses.*

SEE the smoking bowl before us,  
Mark our jovial ragged ring !  
Round and round take up the chorus,  
And in raptures let us sing—

A fig for those by law protected,  
 Liberty's a glorious feast !  
 Courts for cowards were erected,  
 Churches built to please the priest.

What is title what is treasure,  
 What is reputation's care ?  
 If we lead a life of pleasure,  
 'Tis no matter how or where.

Life is all a variorum,  
 We regard not how it goes ;  
 Let them cant about decorum,  
 Who have characters to lose.

Here's to budgets, bags, and wallets !  
 Here's to all our wandering train !  
 Here's our ragged brats and callets !  
 One and all cry out, Amen !



## YOUNG JOCKIE.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Jockie was the blythest lad.*

YOUNG Jockie was the blythest lad,  
 In a' our town or here awa ;  
 Fu' blythe he whistled at the gaud,  
 Fu' lichtly danced he in the ha' !  
 He roosed my een sae bonnie blue,  
 He roosed my waist sae genty sma' ;  
 And ay my heart cam to my mou',  
 When ne'er a body heard or saw.

My Jockie toils upon the plain,  
 Through wind and weet, through frost and snaw;  
 And ower the lee I look fu' fain,  
 When Jockie's owsen hameward ca'.  
 And ay the nicht comes round again,  
 When in his arms he taks me a';  
 And ay he vows he'll be my ain  
 As lang as he has breath to draw.



## UP AND WAUR THEM A', WILLIE.\*

TUNE—*Up and waur them a', Willie.*

WHEN we went to the braes o' Mar,  
 And to the weaponshaw, Willie,  
 With true design to stand our ground,  
 And chase our faes awa, Willie,  
 Lairds and lords cam there bedeen,  
 And vow gin they were braw, Willie!  
 Up and waur† them a', Willie!  
 Up and waur them a', Willie!

But when our standard was set up,  
 Sae fierce the wind did blaw, Willie,  
 The royal nit upon the tap  
 Down to the ground did fa', Willie.  
 Then second-sighted Sandy said,  
 We'd do nae gude at a', Willie.‡  
 Up and waur, &c.

\* A Jacobite account of the rebellion of 1715, and in particular of the battle of Sheriffmuir. The tune, which, with the burden, may be older than the occasion of this song, is very popular, and has been applied to modern songs.

† Burns contends that this should be *warn*, in allusion to the Crantara, or warning of a Highland clan to arms. But I have preferred the word which is invariably used in the Lowlands. To *waur* is to worst or defeat.

‡ This is an historical fact.

But when the army joined at Perth,  
 The bravest e'er ye saw, Willie,  
 We didna doubt the rogues to rout,  
 Restore our king and a', Willie;  
 Pipers played frae richt to left,  
 "Fy, furich, Whigs, awa!"\* Willie.  
 Up and waur, &c.

But when we marched to Sherra-muir,  
 And there the rebels† saw, Willie,  
 Brave Argyle attacked our right,  
 Our flank and front and a', Willie.  
 Traitor Huntly soon gave way,  
 Seaforth, St Clair, and a', Willie.  
 Up and waur, &c.

But brave Glengary, on our right,  
 The rebels' left did claw, Willie.  
 He there the greatest slaughter made  
 That ever Donald saw, Willie.  
 And Whittam turned about for fear,  
 And fast did rin awa, Willie.  
 Up and waur, &c.

He had ca'd us a Highland mob,  
 Said he wad slay us a', Willie;  
 But we chased him back to Stirling brig,  
 Dragoons, and foot, and a', Willie!  
 At length we rallied on a hill,  
 And briskly up did draw, Willie.  
 Up and waur, &c.

But when Argyle did view our line,  
 And them in order saw, Willie,

\* A Jacobite pipe air.

† The army of King George, so called by the adherents of the Pretender.



He straught gaed to Dunblane again,  
 And back his left did draw, Willie;  
 And we to Auchterarder gaed,  
 To wait a better fa', Willie.  
 Up and waur, &c.

Now if ye spier wha wan the day,  
 I've telled ye what I saw, Willie;  
 We baith did fight, and baith did beat,  
 And baith did rin awa, Willie.  
 So there's my canty Highland sang  
 About the thing I saw, Willie.  
 Up and waur them a', Willie,  
 Up and waur them a', Willie.\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## WANDERING WILLIE.

[OLD VERSES.]

TUNE—*Wandering Willie.*

Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie!  
 Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame!  
 Lang have I sought thee, dear have I bought thee;  
 Now I have gotten my Willie again.

\* A version of this song, apparently from some stall copy, is in Herd's Collection. But, in forming the present edition, recourse has been had for better readings to two other copies, one of which is printed in the second volume of Johnson's Musical Museum, and the other in Cromek's Select Songs; the latter being a version which Burns wrote down from the singing of an eccentric character of the name of Tam Neil, who was precentor in the High Church, Edinburgh, while Dr Blair was minister, and who had an exquisite knack at singing old Scottish songs with appropriate expression.†

† Tam was a sort of humourist on his own bottom, besides. Dr Blair having been in the country one Sunday, happened to meet his precentor next morning on the street, as he was proceeding homewards. "Well, Tom," said the minister, "how did they come on in the church yesterday?"—"Deed, I believe, no very weel," answered Tam; "I was na there, doctor, ony mair than *yoursell*."

Through the lang muir I have followed my Willie ;  
 Through the lang muir I have followed him hame.  
 Whatever betide us, nought shall divide us ;  
 Love now rewards all my sorrow and pain.

Here awa, there awa, here awa, Willie !  
 Here awa, there awa, here awa, hame !  
 Come, love, believe me, nothing can grieve me,  
 Ilka thing pleases, when Willie's at hame.\*



## SWEET ANNIE FRAE THE SEA-BEACH CAME.

TUNE—*Sweet Annie frae the sea-beach came.*

SWEET Annie frae the sea-beach came,  
 Where Jocky speeled\* the vessel's side.  
 Ah ! wha can keep their heart at hame,  
 When Jocky's tossed abune the tide !  
 Far aff to distant lands he gangs ;  
 Yet I'll be true, as he has been :  
 And when ilk lass about him thrangs,  
 He'll think on Annie, his faithfu' ain !

I met our wealthy laird yestreen ;  
 Wi' gowd in hand he tempted me.  
 He praised my brow, my rolling een,  
 And made a brag o' what he'd gie.  
 What though my Jocky's far awa,  
 Tossed up and down the awesome main,  
 I'll keep my heart another day,  
 Since Jocky may return again.

\* From Herd's Collection, 1776.

† Climbed.

Nae mair, false Jamie, sing nae mair,  
 And fairly cast your pipe away.  
 My Jocky wad be troubled sair,  
 To see his friend his love betray.  
 For a' your songs and verse are vain,  
 While Jocky's notes do faithful flow.  
 My heart to him shall true remain :  
 I'll keep it for my constant jo.

Blaw saft, ye gales, round Jocky's head,  
 And gar your waves be calm and still !  
 His hameward sail with breezes speed,  
 And dinna a' my pleasure spill.  
 What though my Jocky's far away ;  
 Yet he will braw in siller shine.  
 I'll keep my heart another day,  
 Since Jocky may again be mine.

~~~~~

## SAW YE MY FATHER?

TUNE—*Saw ye my father?*

“ O SAW ye my father, or saw ye my mother,  
 Or saw ye my true love John ? ”

“ I saw not your father, I saw not your mother,  
 But I saw your true love John. ”

“ It's now ten at night, and the stars gie nae light,  
 And the bells they ring ding dong ;  
 He's met with some delay, that causeth him to stay ;  
 But he will be here ere long. ”

The surly auld carle did naething but snarl,  
 And Johnie's face it grew red ;  
 Yet, though he often sighed, he ne'er a word replied,  
 Till all were asleep in bed.

Up Johnie rose, and to the door he goes,  
 And gently tirl'd at the pin.  
 The lassie, taking tent, unto the door she went,  
 And she opened and let him in.

“ And are ye come at last, and do I hold ye fast ?  
 And is my Johnie true ? ”

“ I have nae time to tell, but sae lang's I like mysell,  
 Sae lang sall I love you. ”

“ Flee up, flee up, my bonnie grey cock,  
 And craw whan it is day :  
 Your neck shall be like the bonnie beaten gowd,  
 And your wings of the silver grey. ”

The cock proved fause, and untrue he was ;  
 For he crew an hour ower sune.  
 The lassie thought it day, when she sent her love away,  
 And it was but a blink o' the mune.\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE DO WI' AN AULD MAN ?

BURNS.

TUNE—*What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man ?*

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 puir Jeanie for siller and land.

He's always compleenin, frae mornin to e'enin ;  
 He hosts and he hirples the weary day lang ;

\* From Herd's Collection, 1776.

He's doilt, and he's dozent ; his blude it is frozen :  
 Oh, dreary's the time 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 of a' the young fellows :  
 Oh, dule 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.

\*\*\*\*\*

## NEIL GOW'S FAREWELL TO WHISKY.

TUNE—*Farewell to whisky.*

You've surely heard o' famous Neil,  
 The man that played the fiddle weel ;  
 I wat he was a canty chiel,  
     And dearly lo'ed the whisky, O !  
 And, aye sin he wore the tartan trews,  
 He dearly lo'ed the Athole brose ;  
 And wae was he, you may suppose,  
     To play farewell to whisky, O.

Alake, quoth Neil, I'm frail and auld,  
 And find my blude grow unco cauld ;  
 I think 'twad make me blythe and bauld,  
     A wee drap Highland whisky, O .  
 Yet 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 farewell to whisky, O.  
 But still I think on auld lang syne,  
 When Paradise our friends did tyne,  
 Because something ran in their mind,  
     Forbid like Highland whisky, O.

Come, a' ye powers o' music, come ;  
 I find my heart grows unco glum ;  
 My fiddle-strings will no play bum,  
     To say, Fareweel to whisky, O.  
 Yet I'll take my fiddle in my hand,  
 And screw the pegs up while they'll stand,  
 To make a lamentation grand,  
     On gude auld Highland whisky, O.

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## THE LAMMIE.

HECTOR MACNEILL.

TUNE—*Whar hae ye been a' day.*

WHAR hae ye been a' day,  
     My boy Tammy ?  
 I've been by burn and flow'ry brae,  
 Meadow green and mountain grey,  
 Courting o' this young thing,  
     Just come frae her mammy.

And whar gat ye that young thing,  
     My boy Tammy ?  
 I got her down in yonder howe,  
 Smiling on a bonny knowe,  
 Herding ae wee lamb and ewe,  
     For her poor mammy.

What said ye to the bonnie bairn,  
 My boy Tammy ?  
 I praised her een, sae lovely blue,  
 Her dimpled cheek and cherry mou ;—  
 I pree'd it aft, as ye may trow !—  
 She said she'd tell her mammy.

I held her to my beating heart,  
 My young, my smiling lammie !  
 I hae a house, it cost me dear,  
 I've wealth o' plenishen and gear ;  
 Ye'se get it a', were't ten times mair,  
 Gin ye will leave your mammy.

The smile gaed aff her bonnie face—  
 I maunna leave my mammy.  
 She's gien me meat, she's gien me claise,  
 She's been my comfort a' my days :—  
 My father's death brought monie waes—  
 I canna leave my mammy.

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 gies her hand, and says—  
 There ! gang and ask my mammy.

Has she been to the kirk wi' thee,  
 My boy Tammy ?  
 She has been to the kirk wi' me,  
 And the tear was in her ee :  
 For O ! she's but a young thing,  
 Just come frae her mammy.

## WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE?

BURNS.

TUNE—*The Sutor's Tochter.*

WILT thou be my dearie?  
 When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,  
 Wilt thou let me cheer thee?  
 By the treasures of my soul,  
 That's the love I bear thee!  
 I swear and vow that only thou  
 Shall ever be my dearie.  
 Only thou, I swear and vow,  
 Shall ever be my dearie.

Lassie, say thou lo'es me,  
 Or if thou wilt not be my ain,  
 Say na thou'lt refuse me:  
 If it winna, canna be,  
 Thou for thine may choose me,  
 Let me, lassie, quickly die,  
 Trusting that thou lo'es me.  
 Lassie, let me quickly die,  
 Trusting that thou lo'es me.

~~~~~

## ARMSTRONG'S GOODNIGHT.

TUNE—*Gude nicht, and joy be wi' ye a'.*

THIS night is my departing night;  
 For here nae langer must I stay:  
 There's no a friend or fae of mine,  
 But wishes that I were away.



My time is come ; I maun demit,  
 And frae your company reca' :  
 I hope ye're a' my friends as yet ;  
 Gude nicht, and joy be wi' you a' !

I've spent some time, I maun confess,  
 In your sweet civil companie ;  
 For ony offence that I hae dune,  
 I needs that I forgi'en may be.  
 What I hae dune for lack o' wit,  
 I never never can reca' ;  
 I hope ye're a' my friends as yet ;  
 Gude nicht, and joy be wi' you a'. \*

~~~~~

## FOR THE SAKE OF SOMEBODY.

[OLD VERSES.]

TUNE—*Somebody*.

For the sake of somebody,  
 For the sake of somebody,  
 I could wake † a winter nicht,  
 For the sake of somebody.

\* The first four and the last four lines of this composition were found by Burns as a fragment, and were by him very much and very justly admired, as giving the hint of some disastrous tale. They were published in the *Border Minstrelsy*, under the title of "Armstrong's Goodnight," with a note, quoting a tradition, by which they were said to have been composed by one of that celebrated predatory clan, executed for the murder of Sir John Carmichael of Edrom, warder of the middle marches, in the year 1600. Mr Buchan of Peterhead has latterly printed, in his "Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland," these esteemed lines, in company with twice as many, which, he thinks, may be supposed to complete the song, though they are in an inferior style of poetry and feeling. By a selection from Mr Buchan's additional matter, and a collation of the whole with the copies published in Johnson's Musical Museum, and the *Border Minstrelsy*, the present editor has endeavoured to make up a song of the ordinary length.

The air is very popular, and has been adopted by more than one modern poet, as a vehicle for verses.

† Watch.

I am gaun to seek a wife,  
 I am gaun to buy a plaidy;  
 I have three stane o' woo';  
 Carline,\* is thy daughter ready?  
 For the sake of somebody, &c.

Betty, lassy, say't thysell,  
 Though thy dame be ill to shoe:  
 First we'll buckle,† then we'll tell;  
 Let her flyte,‡ and syne come to.  
 What signifies a mother's gloom,  
 When love and kisses come in play?  
 Should we wither in our bloom,  
 And in simmer mak nae hay?

Bonny lad, I carena by,  
 Though I try my luck wi' thee,  
 Since ye are content to tie  
 The half-mark bridal-band § wi' me.  
 I'll slip hame and wash my feet, ||  
 And steal on linens fair and clean;  
 Syne at the trysting-place we'll meet,  
 To do but what my dame has done.

Now my lovely Betty gives  
 Consent in sic a heartsome gate,  
 It me frae a' my care relieves,  
 And doubts that gart me aft look blate.  
 Then let us gang and get the grace;  
 For they that have an appetite  
 Should eat; and lovers should embrace:  
 If these be faults, 'tis nature's wyte. ¶

\* Old woman.

† Marry.

‡ Scold.

§ A runaway marriage is commonly called a half-mark bridal, in Scotland, from the sum, probably, which was formerly given as hire to the clergyman.

|| Considered in Scotland an indispensable preliminary to marriage.

¶ From the Tea-Table Miscellany, where it is printed without any signature, being probably the production of the editor, of whose manner it bears many marks.

## SANDY O'ER THE LEE.

TUNE—*Sandy o'er the lee.*

I WINNA marry ony man but Sandy ower the lee,  
 I winna marry ony man but Sandy ower the lee;  
 I winna hae the dominie, for gude he canna be;  
 But I will hae my Sandy lad, my Sandy ower the lee:  
     For he's aye a-kissing, kissing, aye a-kissing me;  
     He's aye a-kissing, kissing, aye a-kissing me.

I winna hae the minister, for all his godly looks;  
 Nor yet will I the lawyer hae, for a' his wily crooks;  
 I winna hae the ploughman lad, nor yet will I the  
     miller,  
 But I will hae my Sandy lad, without a penny siller.  
     For he's aye a-kissing, &c.

I winna hae the soldier lad, for he gangs to the wars;  
 I winna hae the sailor lad, because he smells o' tar;  
 I winna hae the lord, or laird, for a' their meikle gear,  
 But I will hae my Sandy lad, my Sandy o'er the muir.  
     For he's aye a-kissing, &c.\*

~~~~~

## MY LOVE, SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET.

TUNE—*My Love is but a lassie yet.*

My love, she's but a lassie yet;  
 My love, she's but a lassie yet;  
 I'll let her stand a year or twa;  
 She'll no be half sae saucy yet.  
 I rue the day I sought her, O;  
 I rue the day I sought her, O;

From Johnson's Scots Musical Museum, Part III., 1790.

Wha gets her, needna say he's woo'd,  
But he may say he's bought her, O.

Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet,  
Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet;  
Gae seek for pleasure where ye will—  
But here I never miss'd it yet.

We're a' dry wi' drinking o't;  
We're a' dry wi' drinking o't;  
The minister kiss'd the fiddler's wife,  
And couldna preach for thinking o't.\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## TWINE YE WEEL THE PLAIDEN.

TUNE—*Twine ye weel the Plaiden.*

OH! I hae lost my silken snood,  
That tied my hair sae yellow;  
I've gi'en my heart to the lad I loo'd;  
He was a gallant fellow.  
And twine it weel, my bonnie dow,  
And twine ye weel the plaiden;  
The lassie lost her silken snood,  
In pu'in' o' the bracken.

He praised my een sae bonnie blue,  
Sae lily-white my skin, O;  
And syne he pried my bonnie mou,  
And swore it was nae sin, O.

\* From Johnson's Scots Musical Museum, Part III., 1790. This ditty affords a capital instance of the *mechant* spirit of Scottish song. The singer, during the first two or three verses, is apparently absorbed in the idea of holding a saucy fair one light in comparison with the joys of drinking; when all at once, without the least temptation, he is seized with a fit of irreverence for the clergy, and ends with a fling at that body, not less unjust than unprovoked.

But he has left the lass he looed,  
 His ain true love forsaken ;  
 Which gars me sair to greet the snood  
 I lost amang the bracken.\*

~~~~~

## THE PLOUGHMAN.

TUNE—*The Ploughman.*

THE ploughman he's a bonnie lad,  
 And a' his wark's at leisure ;  
 And, when that he comes hame at e'en,  
 He kisses me wi' pleasure.  
 Up wi't now,† my ploughman lad !  
 Up wi't now, my ploughman !  
 Of a' the lads that I do see,  
 Commend me to the ploughman.

Now the blooming spring comes on,  
 He takes his yoking early,  
 And, "whistling o'er the furrowed land," ‡  
 He goes to fallow clearly.

When my ploughman comes hame at e'en,  
 He's often wet and wearie ;  
 Cast aft the wet, put on the dry,  
 And gae to bed, my dearie.

\* From the Scots Musical Museum, Part I., 1787. Ritson, however, who gives it in his "Scottish Songs," 1794, professes to have copied it from "Napier's Collection," which was probably published earlier than the Musical Museum, though not so early as Herd's Collection (1776,) in which this song does not appear.

† A Scottish phrase of high exultation, which seems to be only used in songs :

"Up wi't, Ailie, Ailie,  
 Up wi't, Ailie, now !"  
*Old Song.*

‡ MILTON.

I will wash my ploughman's hose,  
 And I will wash his owerlay,  
 And I will make my ploughman's bed,  
 And cheer him late and early.

Merry but, and merry ben,  
 Merry is my ploughman;  
 Of a' the trades that I do ken,  
 Commend me to the ploughman.

Plough yon hill, and plough yon dale,  
 Plough yon faugh and fallow;  
 Wha winna drink the ploughman's health,  
 Is but a dirty fellow! \*

\*\*\*\*\*

## O, AY MY WIFE SHE DANG ME.

BURNS.

TUNE—*O, ay my Wife she dang me.*

O, AY my wife she dang me,  
 And aft my wife she banged me!  
 If ye gie a woman a' her will,  
 Gude faith, she'll soon owergang ye.

On peace and rest my mind was bent,  
 And, fool I was, I married;  
 But never honest man's intent  
 As cursedly miscarried!  
 O, ay my wife, &c.

Some sair o' comfort still at last,  
 When a' thir days are dune, man—

\* From Herd's Collection, 1776. A different version is in the Musical Museum, Part II.; and there is another, very much corrupted, in Cunningham's Songs of Scotland.

My pains o' hell on earth is past,  
 I'm sure o' heaven aboon, man.  
 O, ay my wife, &c.\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## ANNA.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Banks of Banna.*

YESTREEN I had a pint o' wine,  
 A place where body saw na;  
 Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine  
 The raven locks of Anna.  
 The hungry Jew in wilderness,  
 Rejoicing ower his manna,  
 Was naething to my hinny bliss,  
 Upon the lips of Anna.

Ye monarchs tak the east and west,  
 Frae Indus to Savannah!  
 Gie me within my straining grasp  
 The melting form of Anna.  
 There I'll despise imperial charms,  
 An empress or sultana,  
 While dying raptures, in her arms,  
 I give and take with Anna.

Awa, thou flaunting god of 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, withdrawn a';

\* From the Scots Musical Museum, Part VI., 1805.

And bring an angel pen to write  
My transports with my Anna.\*



## ON WI' THE TARTAN.

H. AINSLIE.

CAN ye loe, my dear lassie,  
The hills wild and free,  
Whar the sang o' the shepherd  
Gars a' ring wi' glee?  
Or the steep rocky glens,  
Where the wild falcons bide!  
Then on wi' the tartan,  
And fy let us ride!

Can ye loe the knowes, lassie,  
That ne'er war in rigs?  
Or on the bonnie lounè knowes  
Where the sweet robin biggs?  
Or the sang o' the lintie,  
Whan wooin his bride?  
Then on wi' the tartan,  
And fy let us ride!

Can ye loe the burn, lassie,  
That louns amang linns?  
Or the bonnie green howmes  
Where it cannillie rins?  
Wi' a cantie bit housie,  
Sae snug by its side?  
Then on wi' the tartan,  
And fy let us ride!

\* This song, like "Highland Mary," affords a strong proof of the power which poetry possesses of raising and subliming objects naturally mean and impure. Highland Mary was the dairy-maid of Coilsfield; Anna is said to have been something still meaner in the scale of society.



## THE TEARS I SHED MUST EVER FALL.

MRS DUGALD STEWART.

THE tears I shed must ever fall :

I mourn not for an absent swain ;  
For thoughts may past delights recall,  
And parted lovers meet again.

I weep not for the silent dead :

Their toils are past, their sorrows o'er ;  
And those they loved their steps shall tread,  
And death shall join to part no more.

Though boundless oceans roll'd between,

If certain that his heart is near,  
A conscious transport glads each scene,  
Soft is the sigh, and sweet the tear.  
E'en when by death's cold hand removed,  
We mourn the tenant of the tomb :  
To think that e'en in death he loved,  
Can gild the horrors of the gloom.

But bitter, bitter are the tears

Of her who slighted love bewails ;  
No hope her dreary prospect cheers,  
No pleasing melancholy hails.  
Hers are the pangs of wounded pride,  
Of blasted hope, of withered joy ;  
The flatt'ring veil is rent aside ;  
The flame of love burns to destroy.

In vain does memory renew

The hours once tinged in transport's dye ;  
The sad reverse soon starts to view,  
And turns the past to agony.

E'en time itself despairs to cure  
 Those pangs to ev'ry feeling due :  
 Ungenerous youth ! thy boast how poor,  
 To win a heart—and break it too.

No cold approach, no alter'd mien,  
 Just what would make suspicion start ;  
 No pause the dire extremes between,  
 He made me blest—and broke my heart.\*  
 From hope, the wretched's anchor, torn ;  
 Neglected and neglecting all ;  
 Friendless, forsaken, and forlorn ;  
 The tears I shed must ever fall.

~~~~~

## THE SOUTERS O' SELKIRK.

TUNE—*The Souters of Selkirk.*

It's up with the souters o' Selkirk,  
 And down wi' the Earl o' Hume !  
 And here is to a' the braw laddies  
 That wear the single-soled shoon !

Fye upon yellow and yellow,  
 And fye upon yellow and green ;  
 But up wi' the true blue and scarlet,  
 And up wi' the single-soled shoon.

It's up wi' the souters o' Selkirk,  
 For they are baith trusty and leal ;

\* The quatrain ending here was supplied by Burns, to make the stanzas suit the music. This beautiful poem first appeared in Johnson's Musical Museum, Part IV, 1792.

And up wi' the lads o' the Forest,  
And down with the Merse to the deil !\*

~~~~~

## O, MAY, THY MORN.

BURNS.

O, MAY, thy morn was ne'er sae sweet  
As the mirk nicht o' December ;

\* The first and third verse of this strange rant are from Johnson's Musical Museum, [vol. v, circa 1798.] The second verse is supplied from a copy published in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border. There are various ways of accounting for the origin and occasion of the song ; but it seems probable that the writer of the Statistical Account of the parish of Selkirk is right, when he says that it refers to a match at foot-ball which took place at some remote period between the Hume and Philiphaugh families, and in which the shoemakers of Selkirk acted a conspicuous part. The colours execrated in the second verse are those of the Earl of Hume's livery.

The following is an expanded version of the song from Mr Allan Cunningham's Collection :

Up with the souters of Selkirk,  
And down with the Earl of Home !  
And up wi' a' the brave lads,  
Wha sew the single-soled shoon !

O ! fye upon yellow and yellow,  
And fye upon yellow and green ;  
And up wi' the true blue and scarlet,  
And up wi' the single-soled shoon !

Up wi' the souters of Selkirk—  
Up wi' the lingle and last !  
There's fame wi' the days that's coming,  
And glory wi' them that are past.

Up wi' the souters of Selkirk—  
Lads that are trusty and leal ;  
And up with the men of the Forest,  
And down wi' the Merse to the deil !

O ! mitres are made for noddles,  
But feet they are made for shoon ;  
And fame is as sib to Selkirk  
As light is true to the moon.

There sits a souter in Selkirk,  
Wha sings as he draws his thread—  
There's gallant souters in Selkirk  
As lang there's water in Tweed.

For sparkling was the rosy wine,  
 And private was the chamber :  
 And dear was she, I darena name,  
 But I will aye remember ;  
 And dear was she, I darena name,  
 But I will aye remember.

And here's to them that, like oursell,  
 Can push about the jorum :  
 And here's to them that wish us weel ;  
 May a' that's gude watch o'er them !  
 And here's to them we darena tell,  
 The dearest o' the quorum ;  
 And here's to them we darena tell,  
 The dearest o' the quorum.

\*\*\*\*\*

## CHARLIE, HE'S MY DARLING.

[OLD VERSES.]

TUNE—*Charlie is my darling.*

'TWAS on a Monday morning,  
 Richt early in the year,  
 That Charlie cam to our toun,  
 The young Chevalier.

And Charlie he's my darling,  
 My darling, my darling ;  
 Charlie he's my darling,  
 The young Chevalier.

As he was walking up the street,  
 The city for to view,  
 O there he spied a bonnie lass,  
 The window looking through.

Sae licht's he jumped up the stair,  
 And tirl'd at the pin ;  
 And wha sae ready as hersell,  
 To let the laddie in !

He set his Jenny on his knee,  
 All in his Highland dress ;  
 For brawly weel he kenned the way  
 To please a bonnie lass.

It's up yon heathy mountain,  
 And down yon scroggy glen,  
 We daurna gang a-milking,  
 For Charlie and his men.\*



## STEER HER UP AND HAUD HER GAUN.

TUNE—*Steer her up and haud her gaun.*

O STEER her up and haud her gaun ;  
 Her mother's at the mill, jo :  
 But gin she winna tak a man,  
 E'en let her tak her will, jo.  
 Pray thee, lad, leave silly thinking ;  
 Cast thy cares of love away ;  
 Let's our sorrows drown in drinking ;  
 'Tis daffin langer to delay.

See that shining glass of claret,  
 How invitingly it looks !  
 Take it aff, and let's have mair o't ;  
 Pox on fighting, trade, and books !

\* From Johnson's Musical Museum, vol. v, circa 1798.

Let's have pleasure, while we're able ;  
 Bring us in the meikle bowl ;  
 Place't on the middle of the table ;  
 And let wind and weather gowl.

Call the drawer ; let him fill it  
 Fou as ever it can hold :  
 Oh, tak tent ye dinna spill it ;  
 'Tis mair precious far than gold.  
 By you've drunk a dozen bumpers,  
 Bacchus will begin to prove,  
 Spite of Venus and her mumpers,  
 Drinking better is than love.\*

~~~~~

## CLOUT THE CALDRON.†

TUNE—*Clout the Caldron.*

HAVE ye any pots or pans,  
 Or any broken chandlers?‡  
 I am a tinker to my trade,  
 And newly come frae Flanders,  
 As scant of siller as of grace ;  
 Disbanded, we've a bad run ;

\* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724.

† "A tradition is mentioned in 'The Bee,' that the second Bishop Chisholm of Dunblane used to say, that if he were going to be hanged, nothing would soothe his mind so much by the way, as to hear 'Clout the Caldron' played.

"I have met with another tradition, that the old song to this tune—

'Hae ye ony pots or pans,  
 Or ony broken chandlers ?

was composed on one of the Kenmure family, in the earlier times, and alluded to an amour he had, while under hiding, in the disguise of an itinerant tinker. The air is also known by the name of 'The blacksmith and his apron,' which, from the rhythm, seems to have been a line of some old song to the tune."—BURNS, apud *Cromek's Select Scottish Songs*, I, 11.

‡ Candlesticks.

Gar tell the lady of the place,  
 I'm come to clout her ca'dron.  
*Fa, adrie, diddle, diddle, &c.*

Madam, if you have wark for me,  
 I'll do't to your contentment ;  
 And dinna care a single flie  
 For any man's resentment ;  
 For, lady fair, though I appear  
 To every ane a tinker,  
 Yet to yoursell I'm bauld to tell,  
 I am a gentle jinker.

Love Jupiter into a swan  
 Turned, for his loved Leda ;  
 He like a bull ower meadows ran,  
 To carry off Europa.  
 Then may not I, as well as he,  
 To cheat your Argus blinker,  
 And win your love, like mighty Jove,  
 Thus hide me in a tinker ?

Sir, ye appear a cunning man ;  
 But this fine plot you'll fail in ;  
 For there is neither pot nor pan,  
 Of mine, you'll drive a nail in.  
 Then bind your budget on your back,  
 And nails up in your apron ;  
 For I've a tinker under tack,  
 That's used to clout my ca'dron.\*

\* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, where it is printed without any mark.

## THE BONNIE BRUCKET LASSIE.

JAMES TYTLER.

TUNE—*The bonnie brucket lassie.*

THE bonnie brucket lassie,  
 She's blue beneath the een;  
 She was the fairest lassie  
 That danced on the green.  
 A lad he loo'd her dearly;  
 She did his love return:  
 But he his vows has broken,  
 And left her for to mourn.

My shape, she says, was handsome,  
 My face was fair and clean;  
 But now I'm bonnie brucket,  
 And blue beneath the een.  
 My eyes were bright and sparkling,  
 Before that they turned blue;  
 But now they're dull with weeping,  
 And a', my love, for you.

My person it was comely;  
 My shape, they said, was neat:  
 But now I am quite changed;  
 My stays they winna meet.  
 A' nicht I slept soundly;  
 My mind was never sad;  
 But now my rest is broken  
 Wi' thinking o' my lad.

O could I live in darkness,  
 Or hide me in the sea,  
 Since my love is unfaithful,  
 And has forsaken me!



No other love I suffered  
 Within my breast to dwell ;  
 In nought I have offended,  
 But loving him too well.

Her lover heard her mourning,  
 As by he chanced to pass :  
 And pressed unto his bosom  
 The lovely brucket lass.  
 My dear, he said, cease grieving ;  
 Since that you lo'ed so true,  
 My bonnie brucket lassie,  
 I'll faithful prove to you.\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## FIENT A CRUM O THEE SHE FAWS.

ALEXANDER SCOTT.

RETURN hameward, my heart, again,  
 And bide where thou wast wont to be ;  
 Thou art a fool to suffer pain,  
 For love of ane that loves not thee.  
 My heart, let be sic fantasie ;  
 Love only where thou hast good cause,  
 Since scorn and liking ne'er agree ;  
 The fient a crum o' thee she faws.

\* From Johnson's Scots Musical Museum, Part I, 1787.

"The idea of this song," says Burns, "is to me very original: the first two lines of it are all of it that is old. The rest of the song, as well as those songs in the Museum [*Johnson's Musical Muscum*] marked T, are the works of an obscure, tippling, but extraordinary body of the name of Tytler, commonly known by the name of *Balloon Tytler*, from his having projected a balloon: a mortal, who, though he drudges about Edinburgh as a common printer, with leaky shoes and a sky-lighted hat; yet that same unknown drunken mortal is author and compiler of three-fourths of Elliot's pompous Encyclopædia Britannica, which he composed at half a guinea a-week!"

To what effect should thou be thrall?

Be happy in thine ain free will.

My heart, be never bestial,

But ken wha does thee good or ill.

At hame with me, then, tarry still,

And see wha can best play their paws;

And let the filly fling her fill;

For fient a crum o' thee she faws.

Though she be fair, I will not feinyie,\*

She's of a kind wi' mony mae;

For why, they are a felon menyie,†

That seemeth good, and are not sae.

My heart, take neither sturt nor wae,

For Meg, for Marjorie, or Mause;

But be thou blythe, and let her gae,

For fient a crum o' thee she faws.

Remember how that Medea

Wild for a sight of Jason gaed:‡

Remember how young Cressida

Left Troilus for Diomede:

Remember Helen, as we read,

Brought Troy from bliss unto bare wa's:

Then, let her gae where she may speed,

For fient a crum o' thee she faws.

Because she said I took it ill,

For her depart my heart was sair,

But was beguiled; gae where she will,

Beshrew the heart that first taks care:

But be thou wary, late and air,

This is the final end and clause,

And let her feed and fu'ly fare;

For fient a crum o' thee she faws.

\* Feign.

† Company.

‡ Went.

Ne'er dunt again within my breast,  
 Ne'er let her slights thy courage spill,  
 Nor gie a sob although she sneist :  
 She's fairest paid that gets her will.  
 She gecks as gif I meanted her ill,  
 When she glaiks pauchty in her braws ;  
 Now let her snirt and fyke her fill,  
 For fient a crum o' thee she faws.\*



## OH, WHAT A PARISH!

ADAM CRAWFORD.

TUNE—*Bonnie Dundee.*

O, WHAT a parish, what a terrible parish,  
 O, what a parish is that of Dunkell !  
 They hae hangit the minister, drowned the precentor,  
 Dung down the steeple, and drucken the bell !

Though the steeple was down, the kirk was still stannin ;  
 They biggit a lum where the bell used to hang ;  
 A stell-pat they gat, and they brewed Hieland whisky ;  
 On Sundays they drank it, and rantit and sang !

Oh, had you but seen how gracefu' it luikit,  
 To see the crammed pews sae socially join !  
 Macdonald, the piper, stuck up i' the poupit,  
 He made the pipes skirl sweet music divine !

\* Printed by Allan Ramsay, in his *Tea-Table Miscellany*, with the mark of an old song. It is to a later and more accurate editor, Mr David Laing of Edinburgh, that we are indebted for the discovery of the author's name. Alexander Scott lived in the time of Queen Mary, and was one of the brightest of that constellation of Scottish poets which preceded the dark age of the Religious Troubles. On account of the amatory nature of the greater part of his poetry, he is usually called "the Scottish Anacreon."

When the heart-cheerin spirit had mountit the garret,  
 To a ball on the green they a' did adjourn;  
 Maids, wi' their coats kiltit, they skipkit and liltit;  
 When tired, they shook hands, and a' hame did re-  
 turn.

Wad the kirks in our Britain haud sic social meetings,  
 Nae warning they'd need frae a far-tinkling bell;  
 For true love and friendship wad ca' them thegither,  
 Far better than roaring o' horrors o' hell.\*

~~~~~

### MY WIFE SHALL HAE HER WILL.

If my dear wife should chance to gang,  
 Wi' me, to Edinburgh toun,  
 Into a shop I will her tak,  
 And buy her a new gown.  
 But if my dear wife should haint† the charge,  
 As I expect she will,  
 And if she says, The auld will do,  
 By my word she shall hae her will.

If my dear wife should wish to gang,  
 To see a neebor or a friend,  
 A horse or a chair I will provide,  
 And a servant to attend.  
 But if my dear shall hain the charge,  
 As I expect she will,  
 And if she says, I'll walk on foot,  
 By my word she shall hae her will.

If my dear wife shall bring me a son,  
 As I expect she will,

\* Crawford, the inditer of this curious frolic, was a tailor in Edinburgh,  
 and the author of some other good songs.

† Save.

Cake and wine I will provide,  
 And a nurse to nurse the child.  
 But if my dear wife shall hain the charge,  
 As I expect she will,  
 And if she says, She'll nurs't hersell,  
 By my word she shall hae her will.\*



### PUIR AULD MAIDENS.

THERE are three score and ten o' us,  
     Puir auld maidens ;  
 There are three score and ten o' us,  
     Puir auld maidens ;  
 There are three score and ten o' us,  
 And nae a penny in our purse ;  
 Lame, blind, and comfortless,  
     Puir auld maidens.

It's very hard we canna get wed,  
     Puir auld maidens ;  
 It's very hard we canna get wed,  
     Puir auld maidens ;  
 It's hard that we canna get wed,  
 Or lie but in a single bed ;  
 Oh ! naething can be dune or said,  
     To comfort auld maidens.

O we are o' a willing mind,  
     Puir auld maidens ;  
 O we are o' a willing mind,  
     Puir auld maidens ;  
 O we are o' a willing mind,  
 Gin ony man wad be sae kind

\* This and the preceding song are copied from "the North Countrie Garland," 1824; a collection of old ballads almost as good as manuscript, since only thirty copies were printed.

As pity us that's lame and blind,  
Puir auld maidens.

It's very hard we canna get men,  
Puir auld maidens ;

It's very hard we canna get men,  
Puir auld maidens ;

It's very hard we canna get men,  
To satisfy a willing mind,  
And pity us that's lame and blind,  
Puir auld maidens.

But oh, gin we could hae our wish,  
Puir auld maidens ;

But oh, gin we could hae our wish,  
Puir auld maidens ;

But oh, gin we could hae our wish,  
We'd sing as blythe as ony thrush ;  
Something maun be dune for us,  
Puir auld maidens.

But we'll apply to James the Third,  
Puir auld maidens ;

But we'll apply to James the Third,  
Puir auld maidens ;

But we'll apply to James the Third,  
And our petition maun be heard,  
And for ilk dame a man secured,  
To puir auld maidens.\*

\* From Buchan's "Ancient Ballads and Songs," 2 vols. 8vo, 1828. Mr Buchan is of opinion that this strange ditty must be of four hundred years standing, because James the Third is mentioned in it. But this is extremely improbable; as not only may "James the Third" mean the old Chevalier, who was always so entitled by his friends, but the style of the poetry is evidently modern.

## THE WIDOW.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

THE widow can bake, and the widow can brew,  
 The widow can shape, and the widow can sew,  
 And mony braw things the widow can do;

Then have at the widow, my laddie.  
 With courage attack her, baith early and late :  
 To kiss her and clap her ye maunna be blate :  
 Speak well, and do better; for that's the best gate  
 To win a young widow, my laddie.

The widow she's youthfu', and never ae hair  
 The waur of the wearing, and has a good skair  
 Of every thing lovely; she's witty and fair,

And has a rich jointure, my laddie.  
 What could ye wish better, your pleasure to crown,  
 Than a widow, the bonniest toast in the town,  
 With, Naething but—draw in your stool and sit down,\*  
 And sport with the widow, my laddie.

Then till her, and kill her with courtesie dead,  
 Though stark love and kindness be all you can plead;  
 Be heartsome and airy, and hope to succeed

With the bonnie gay widow, my laddie.  
 Strike iron while 'tis het, if ye'd have it to wald;  
 For fortune ay favours the active and bauld,  
 But ruins the wooer that's thowless and cauld,  
 Unfit for the widow, my laddie.†

\* A proverbial phrase used in Scotland to describe the "*otium sine dignitate*," which a youthful adventurer generally experiences on marrying a well-jointured widow.

† From the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724.

# THE LOVER'S MORNING SALUTE TO HIS MISTRESS.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Deil tak the wars.*

SLEEP'ST thou or wak'st thou, fairest creature?  
 Rosy morn now lifts his eye,  
 Numbering ilka bud which Nature  
 Waters wi' the tears of joy:  
 Now through the leafy woods,  
 And by the reeking floods,  
 Wild Nature's tenants freely, gladly stray;  
 The lintwhite in his bower  
 Chants o'er the breathing flower;  
 The laverock to the sky  
 Ascends wi' sangs of joy,  
 While the sun and thou arise, to bless the day.

Phœbus gilding the brow o' morning,  
 Banishes ilka darksome shade,  
 Nature gladdening and adorning;  
 Such to me my lovely maid.  
 When absent frae my fair,  
 The murky shades o' care  
 With starless gloom o'er cast my sullen sky;  
 But when, in beauty's light,  
 She meets my ravished sight,  
 When through my very heart  
 Her beaming glories dart;  
 'Tis then I wake to life, to light, to joy.\*

\* Burns composed this song late in an evening of October 1794, as he was returning from a friend's house in the neighbourhood of Dumfries, where he had seen at dinner one of his favourite heroines, Miss Philadelphia Macmurdo.



## MY AULD MAN.

TUNE—*Saw ye my Father?*

IN the land of Fife there lived a wicked wife,  
 And in the town of Cupar then,  
 Who sorely did lament, and made her complaint,  
 Oh when will ye die, my auld man?

In cam her cousin Kate, when it was growing late,  
 She said, What's gude for an auld man?  
 O wheat-breid and wine, and a kinnen new slain;  
 That's gude for an auld man,

Cam ye in to jeer, or cam ye in to scorn,  
 And what for came ye in?  
 For bear-bread and water, I'm sure, is much better—  
 It's ower gude for an auld man.

Now the auld man's deid, and, without remeid,  
 Into his cauld grave he's gane:  
 Lie still wi' my blessing! of thee I hae nae missing;  
 I'll ne'er mourn for an auld man.

Within a little mair than three quarters of a year,  
 She was married to a young man then,  
 Who drank at the wine, and tippled at the beer,  
 And spent more gear than he wan.

O black grew her brows, and howe grew her een,  
 And cauld grew her pat and her pan:  
 And now she sighs, and aye she says,  
 I wish I had my silly auld man!\*

\* From Ritson's "Scottish Songs," 1793, into which the editor mentions that it was copied from some common collection, whose title he did not remember. It has often been the task of the Scottish muse to point out the evils of ill-assorted alliances; but she has scarcely ever done so with

## SAW YE MY PEGGY.

TUNE—*Saw ye my Peggy?*

SAW ye nae my Peggy,  
 Saw ye nae my Peggy,  
 Saw ye nae my Peggy,  
     Coming ower the lea?  
 Sure a finer creature  
 Ne'er was formed by Nature,  
 So complete each feature,  
     So divine is she!

O! how Peggy charms me;  
 Every look still warms me;  
 Every thought alarms me;  
     Lest she loe nae me.  
 Peggy doth discover  
 Nought but charms all over:  
 Nature bids me love her;  
     That's a law to me.

Who would leave a lover,  
 To become a rover?  
 No, I'll ne'er give over,  
     Till I happy be.  
 For since love inspires me,  
 As her beauty fires me,  
 And her absence tires me,  
     Nought can please but she.

When I hope to gain her,  
 Fate seems to detain her;

so much humour, and, at the same time, so much force of moral painting, as in the present case. No tune is assigned to the song in Ritson's Collection; but the present editor has ventured to suggest the fine air, "Saw ye my father," rather as being suitable to the peculiar rhythm of the verses, than to the spirit of the composition.

Could I but obtain her,  
 Happy would I be !  
 I'll lie down before her,  
 Bless, sigh, and adore her,  
 With faint looks implore her,  
 Till she pity me.\*

~~~~~

## THE BRIDAL O'T.

ALEXANDER ROSS.†

TUNE—*Lucy Campbell.*

THEY say that Jockey'll speed weel o't,  
 They say that Jockey'll speed weel o't,  
 For he grows brawer ilka day;  
 I hope we'll hae a bridal o't:

\* From Johnson's Musical Museum, vol. I., 1787. "This charming song," says Burns, [*Cromek's Reliques*,] "is much older, and indeed superior, to Ramsay's verses, 'The Toast,' as he calls them. There is another set of the words, much older still, and which I take to be the original one, as follows—a song familiar from the cradle to every Scottish ear:

Saw ye my Maggie,  
 Saw ye my Maggie,  
 Saw ye my Maggie,  
 Linkin ower the lea?

High-kiltit was she,  
 High-kiltit was she,  
 High-kiltit was she,  
 Her coat aboon her knee.

What mark has your Maggie,  
 What mark has your Maggie,  
 What mark has your Maggie,  
 That ane may ken her *be*? (by).

Though it by no means follows that the silliest verses to an air must, for that reason, be the original song, yet I take this ballad, of which I have quoted part, to be the old verses. The two songs in Ramsay, one of them evidently his own, are never to be met with in the fire-side circle of our peasantry; while that which I take to be the old song is in every shepherd's mouth."

† Author of the *Fortunate Shepherdess*, a dramatic poem in the Mearns dialect.

For yesternight, nae farther gane,  
 The back-house at the side-wa' o't,  
 He there wi' Meg was mirdin' \* seen ;  
 I hope we'll hae a bridal o't.

An we had but a bridal o't,  
 An we had but a bridal o't,  
 We'd leave the rest unto good luck,  
 Although there might betide ill o't.  
 For bridal days are merry times,  
 And young folk like the coming o't,  
 And scribblers they bang up their rhymes,  
 And pipers they the bumming o't.

The lasses like a bridal o't,  
 The lasses like a bridal o't ;  
 Their braws maun be in rank and file,  
 Although that they should guide ill o't.  
 The boddom o' the kist is then  
 Turned up into the inmost o't ;  
 The end that held the keeks sae clean,  
 Is now become the teemest o't.

The bangster at the threshing o't,  
 The bangster at the threshing o't,  
 Afore it comes is fidgin fain,  
 And ilka day's a clashing o't :  
 He'll sell his jerkin for a groat,  
 His linder for another o't,  
 And ere he want to clear his shot,  
 His sark'll pay the tother o't.

The pipers and the fiddlers o't,  
 The pipers and the fiddlers o't,  
 Can smell a bridal unco far,  
 And like to be the middlers o't :

\* Chatting, with familiar dalliance.

Fan \* thick and three-fauld they convene,  
 Ilk ane envies the tother o't,  
 And wishes nane but him alane  
 May ever see another o't.

Fan they hae done wi' eating o't,  
 Fan they hae done wi' eating o't,  
 For dancing they gae to the green,  
 And aiblins to the beatin o't:  
 He dances best that dances fast,  
 And louns at ilka reesing o't,  
 And claps his hands frae hough to hough,  
 And furls † about the feezings o't. ‡



## ROYAL CHARLIE.

TUNE—*The auld Wife ayont the fire.*

OUR gallant Scottish prince was clad  
 Wi' bonnet blue and tartan plaid,  
 And oh he was a handsome lad!

Nane could compare wi' Charlie.  
 The wale o' chiefs, the great Lochiel,  
 At Boradale his prince did hail;  
 And meikle friendship did prevail  
 Between the chief and Charlie.

\* When—the vulgar dialect of the north-east coast of Scotland.

† Whirls.

‡ From Johnson's Musical Museum, vol. III., 1790. The spirit of a vulgar Scottish wedding is here delineated with uncommon vivacity and force of expression. It may be noted, in particular, that nothing could be more correctly descriptive of the system of dancing which obtains at that and all other such assemblages than the last verse. It could only have been improved by some notice of the whoop, or *hoogh!* a wild, short cry which the male dancers utter at the more animated passages of the salutation—*dancing* it cannot be called—and which forms, perhaps, one of the most remarkable features in the performance.

O but ye've been lang o' coming,  
 Lang o' coming, lang o' coming,  
 O but ye've been lang o' coming;  
 Welcome, royal Charlie!

Arouse, ilk valiant kilted clan,  
 Let Highland hearts lead on the van,  
 And charge the foe, claymore in hand,  
 For sake o' royal Charlie.  
 O welcome, Charlie, ower the main;  
 Our Highland hills are a' your ain;  
 Thrice welcome to our isle again,  
 Our gallant royal Charlie!

Auld Scotia's sons, 'mang heather hills,  
 Can, fearless, face the warst of ills,  
 For kindred-fire ilk bosom fills,  
 At sight of royal Charlie.  
 Her ancient thistle wags her pow,  
 And proudly waves ower hill and knowe,  
 To hear our pledge and sacred vow,  
 To live or die wi' Charlie.

We daurna brew a peck o' maut,  
 But Geordie aye is finding faut;  
 We canna mak a pickle saut,  
 For want o' royal Charlie.  
 Then up and quaff, alang wi' me,  
 A bumper crowned wi' ten times three,  
 To him that's come to set us free;  
 Huzza for royal Charlie!

From a' the wilds o' Caledon,  
 We'll gather every hardy son,  
 Till thousands to his standard run,  
 And rally round Prince Charlie.  
 Come let the flowing quech go round,  
 And boldly bid the pibroch sound,

Till every glen and rock resound  
The name o' royal Charlie ! \*

~~~~~

## GOOD NIGHT, GOOD NIGHT !

JOANNA BAILLIE.

THE sun is sunk, the day is done,  
E'en stars are setting, one by one ;  
Nor torch nor taper longer may  
Eke out the pleasures of the day ;  
And, since, in social glee's despite,  
It needs must be, Good night, good night !

The bride into her bower is sent,  
The ribald rhyme and jesting spent ;  
The lover's whispered words, and few,  
Have bid the bashful maid adieu ;  
The dancing-floor is silent quite,  
No foot bounds there, Good night, good night !

The lady in her curtained bed,  
The herdsman in his wattled shed,  
The clansman in the heathered hall,  
Sweet sleep be with you, one and all !  
We part in hope of days as bright  
As this now gone—Good night, good night !

Sweet sleep be with us, one and all ;  
And if upon its stillness fall  
The visions of a busy brain,  
We'll have our pleasures o'er again,  
To warm the heart, and charm the sight :  
Gay dreams to all ! Good night, good night !

\* Copied, by Mr Thomson's kind permission, from his " Select Melodies of Scotland," (1822,) where it is stated to have been communicated to the editor in manuscript. The central part of the song was, however, printed several years before, as the composition of a gentleman of the name of Glen.

## I'LL NEVER LEAVE THEE.

RAMSAY.

JOHNNY.

THOUGH, for seven years and mair, honour should reave  
me

To fields where cannons rair, thou needsna grieve thee;  
For deep in my spirit thy sweets are indented;  
And love shall preserve ay what love has imprinted.  
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,  
Gang the world as it will, dearest, believe me!

NELLY.

Oh, Johnny, I'm jealous, whene'er ye discover  
My sentiments yielding, ye'll turn a loose rover;  
And nought in the world would vex my heart sairer,  
If you prove inconstant, and fancy ane fairer.  
Grieve me, grieve me, oh, it wad grieve me,  
A' the lang night and day, if you deceive me!

JOHNNY.

My Nelly, let never sic fancies oppress ye;  
For, while my blood's warm, I'll kindly caress ye:  
Your saft blooming beauties first kindled love's fire,  
Your virtue and wit mak it ay flame the higher.  
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,  
Gang the world as it will, dearest, believe me!

NELLY.

Then, Johnny! I frankly this minute allow ye  
To think me your mistress, for love gars me trow ye;  
And gin ye prove false, to yoursell be it said, then,  
Ye win but sma' honour to wrang a puir maiden.  
Reave me, reave me, oh, it would reave me  
Of my rest, night and day, if you deceive me!



## JOHNNY.

Bid ice-shogles hammer red gauds on the studdy,  
 And fair summer mornings nae mair appear ruddy;  
 Bid Britons think ae gate, and when they obey thee,  
 But never till that time, believe I'll betray thee.  
 Leave thee, leave thee! I'll never leave thee!  
 The starns shall gae withershins ere I deceive thee!\*



## THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

[OLD VERSES.]

TUNE—*The weary Pund o' Tow.*

THE weary pund, the weary pund,  
 The weary pund o' tow;  
 I thought my wife wad end her life  
 Before she span her tow.

I bought my wife a stane o' lint,  
 As good as e'er did grow,  
 And a' that she could mak o' that  
 Was ae weary pund o' tow.  
 The weary pund, &c.

There sat 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:

\* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724.

† *Sic*, in orig.; but the word, I believe, should be *drack*, which implies the act of making up a powdery, or other dry stuff, into a consistence by means of water. A woman, for instance, in baking oatmeal cakes, first *dracks* the meal with water.

She took the roke, and, wi' a knock,  
 She brak it ower my pow.  
 The weary pund, &c.

At length her feet—I sang to see it—  
 Gaed foremost ower the knowe;  
 And ere I wed another jade  
 I'll wallop in a tow.  
 The weary pund, &c.\*



## JENNY'S BAWBEE.

SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL, BART.

TUNE—*Jenny's Bawbee.*

I MET four chaps yon birks amang,  
 Wi' hinging lugs and faces lang:  
 I spiered at neebour Bauldy Strang,  
     Wha's thae I see?  
 Quo' he, ilk cream-faced pawky chiel,  
 Thought he was cunning as the deil,  
 And here they cam, awa to steal  
     Jenny's bawbee.

The first, a Captain to his trade,  
 Wi' skull ill-lined, but back weel-clad,  
 March'd round the barn, and by the shed,  
     And papped on his knee:  
 Quo' he, "My goddess, nymph, and queen,  
 Your beauty's dazzled baith my een!"  
 But deil a beauty he had seen  
     But—Jenny's bawbee.

\* From Thomson's "Select Melodies of Scotland," 1822.

A Lawyer neist, wi' blatherin gab,  
 Wha speeches wove like ony wab,  
 In ilk ane's corn aye 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.

A Norland Laird neist trotted up,  
 Wi' bawsend nag and siller whup,  
 Cried, " There's my beast, lad, haud the grup,  
     Or tie't till 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 *aw*n  
     Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

Drest up just like the knave o' clubs,  
 A THING came neist, (but life has rubs,)  
 Foul were the roads, and fu' the dubs,  
     And jaupit a' was he.  
 He danced up, squinting through a glass,  
 And grinn'd, " I' faith, a bonnie lass !"  
 He thought to win, wi' front o' brass,  
     Jenny's bawbee.

She bade the Laird gae kame his wig,  
 The Soger no to strut sae big,  
 The Lawyer no to be a prig,  
     The Fool he cried, " Tehee !  
 I kenn'd that I could never fail !"  
 But she preen'd the dishclout to his tail,  
 And soused him in the water-pail,  
     And kept her bawbee.\*

\* Extracted, by Mr Thomson's kind permission, from his " Select Melodies of Scotland."

# WHEN GLOAMIN O'ER THE WELKIN STEALS.

TUNE—*Jenny's Bawbee*.\*

WHEN gloamin o'er the welkin steals,  
And brings the ploughman frae the fiel's,  
Oh, Jenny's cot, amang the shiels,  
Is aye the hame to me.  
To meet wi' her my heart is fain,  
And parting gies me meikle pain;  
A queen and throne I would disdain  
For Jenny's ae bawbee.

Tho' braws she has na mony feck,  
Nae riches to command respec',  
Her rosy lip and lily neck  
Mair pleasure gie to me.  
I see her beauties, prize them a',  
Wi' heart as pure as new-blawn snaw;  
I'd prize her cot before a ha',  
Wi' Jenny's ae bawbee.

Nae daisy, wi' its lovely form,  
Nor dew-drap shining frae the corn,  
Nor echo frae the distant horn,  
Is half sae sweet to me!  
And if the lassie were my ain,  
For her I'd toil through wind and rain,  
And gowd and siller I would gain  
Wi' Jenny's ae bawbee.†

\* To be sung slow.

† This song, the composition (as I have been informed) of a clergyman in Galloway, was never before printed.

## PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu,  
 Pibroch of Donuil,  
 Wake thy wild voice anew,  
 Summon Clan Conuil.  
 Come away, come away,  
 Hark to the summons ;  
 Come in your war array,  
 Gentles and commons !

Come from deep glen, and  
 From mountain so rocky ;  
 The war-pipe and pennon  
 Are at Inverlochy.  
 Come every hill-plaid, and  
 True heart that wears one ;  
 Come every steel blade, and  
 Strong hand that bears one !

Leave the deer, leave the steer,  
 Leave nets and barges ;  
 Come with your fighting gear,  
 Broadswords and targes.  
 Leave untended the herd,  
 The flock without shelter ;  
 Leave the corpse uninterr'd,  
 The bride at the altar.

Come as the winds come, when  
 Forests are rended :  
 Come as the waves come, when  
 Navies are stranded.  
 Faster come, faster come,  
 Faster and faster :

Chief, vassal, page, and groom,  
 Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come ;  
 See how they gather :  
 Wide waves the eagle plume,  
 Blended with heather.  
 Cast your plaids, draw your blades,  
 Forward each man set ;  
 Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,  
 Now for the onset !



## BONNY LADDIE, HIGHLAND LADDIE.

[JACOBITE SONG.]

TUNE—*Bonny Laddie, Highland Laddie.*

WHERE hae ye been a' day,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ?  
 Saw ye him that's far away,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ?  
 On his head a bonnet blue,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
 Tartan plaid and Highland trews,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

When he drew his gude braidsword,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
 Then he gave his royal word,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
 That frae the field he ne'er would flee,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
 But wi' his friends would live or die,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

\* Written for Mr Thomson's excellent Collection, on the return of the Highland regiments from Waterloo.

Weary fa' the Lawland loon,  
     Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
 Wha took frae him the British crown,  
     Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;  
 But blessings on the kilted clans,  
     Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;  
 They fought for him at Prestonpans,  
     Bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

Geordie sits in Charlie's chair,  
     Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;  
 Deil cock him gin he bide there,  
     Bonny laddie, Highland laddie.  
 Charlie yet shall mount the throne,  
     Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;  
 Weel ye ken it is his own,  
     Bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

Ken ye the news I hae to tell,  
     Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ?  
 Cumberland's awa to hell,  
     Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;  
 When he cam to the Stygian shore,  
     Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
 The deil himsell wi' fright did roar,  
     Bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

Charon grim cam out to him,  
     Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
 Ye're welcome here, ye deevil's limb,  
     Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;  
 He towed him ower wi' curse and ban,  
     Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;  
 Whiles he sank and whiles he swam,  
     Bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

On him they pat a philabeg,  
     Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,

And in his lug they rammed a peg,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;  
 How he did skip, and he did roar,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie !  
 The deils ne'er saw sic fun before,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

They took him neist to Satan's ha',  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
 There to lilt wi' his grand-papa,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie.  
 Says Cumberland, I'll no gang ben,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
 For fear I meet wi' Charlie's men,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

Oh, nought o' that ye hae to fear,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
 For fient a ane o' them comes here,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie.  
 The deil sat girnin in the neuk,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
 Ryving sticks to roast the Duke,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

They clapped him in an arm-chair,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
 And fast in chains they bound him there,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;  
 And aye they kept it het below,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
 Wi' peats and divots \* from Glencoe, †  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

They put him then upon a speet,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,

\* Turfs.

† An allusion to the celebrated massacre.



And roasted him baith head and feet,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie.  
 They ate him up baith stoop and roop,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;  
 And that's the gate they served the Duke,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

\*\*\*\*\*

## DOES HAUGHTY GAUL INVASION THREAT?

BURNS.

[WRITTEN IN 1795.]

TUNE—*The Barrin o' the Door.*

Does haughty Gaul invasion threat ?  
 Then let the loons beware, sir,  
 There's wooden walls upon our seas,  
 And volunteers on shore, sir.  
 The Nith shall run to Corsincon,\*  
 And Criffel† sink in Solway,  
 Ere we permit a foreign foe  
 On British ground to rally.

O let us not, like snarling curs,  
 In wrangling be divided,  
 Till slap come in an unco loon,  
 And wi' a rung decide it.  
 Be Britain still to Britain true,  
 Among ourselves united ;  
 For never but by British hands  
 Must British wrongs be righted.

\* A high hill at the source of the Nith, in Dumfries-shire.

† A hill at the mouth of the same river, on the Solway Firth.

The kettle o' the kirk and state,  
 Perhaps a clout may fail in't ;  
 But deil a foreign tinkler loon  
 Shall ever ca' a nail in't.  
 Our fathers' blood the kettle bought,  
 And who would dare to spoil it ?  
 By heaven, the sacrilegious dog  
 Shall fuel be to boil it !

The wretch that would a tyrant own ;  
 And the wretch, his true-born brother,  
 Who'd set the mob aboon the throne ;  
 May they be damned together !  
 Who will not sing, " God save the King !"   
 Shall hing as high's the steeple ;  
 But while we sing, " God save the King !"   
 We'll ne'er forget the people.



## BESSY AND HER SPINNING WHEEL.

BURNS.

TUNE—*The bottom of the Punch Bowl.*

O LEEZE me\* on my spinning-wheel !  
 O leeze me on my rock and reel !  
 Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien,  
 And haps me feil† 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 ;

\* An exclamation of endearment.

† Covers me with a stuff agreeable to the skin.

The scented birk and hawthorn white  
 Across the pool their arms unite,  
 Alike to screen the birdie's nest,  
 And little fishes' caller rest ;  
 The sun blinks kindly in the biel,  
 Where blythe I turn my spinning-wheel.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,  
 And echo cons the doolfu' tale ;  
 The lintwhites in the hazel braes,  
 Delighted, rival ither's lays :  
 The craik amang the clover hay,  
 The paitrick whirring ower the lea,  
 The swallow jinkin' round 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 of a' the great ?  
 Amid their flaring idle toys,  
 Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys,  
 Can they the peace and pleasure feel  
 Of Bessy at her spinning-wheel ?

~~~~~

## ONE DAY I HEARD MARY SAY.

CRAWFORD.

TUNE—*I'll never leave thee.*

ONE day I heard Mary say,  
 How shall I leave thee ?  
 Stay, dearest Adonis, stay ;  
 Why wilt thou grieve me ?

Alas ! my fond heart will break,  
 If thou should leave me :  
 I'll live and die for thy sake,  
 Yet never leave thee.

Say, lovely Adonis, say,  
 Has Mary deceived thee ?  
 Did e'er her young heart betray  
 New love, that has grieved thee ?  
 My constant mind ne'er shall stray ;  
 Thou may believe me.  
 I'll love thee, lad, night and day,  
 And never leave thee.

Adonis, my charming youth,  
 What can relieve thee ?  
 Can Mary thy anguish soothe ?  
 This breast shall receive thee.  
 My passion can ne'er decay,  
 Never deceive thee ;  
 Delight shall drive pain away,  
 Pleasure revive thee.

But leave thee, leave thee, lad,  
 How shall I leave thee ?  
 Oh ! that thought makes me sad ;  
 I'll never leave thee !  
 Where would my Adonis fly ?  
 Why does he grieve me ?  
 Alas ! my poor heart will die,  
 If I should leave thee.\*

\* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724.

## LOVE INVITING REASON.

TUNE—" *Chami ma chattle, ne duce skar me.*"\*

WHEN innocent pastime our pleasure did crown,  
 Upon a green meadow, or under a tree,  
 Ere Annie became a fine lady in toun,  
 How lovely, and loving, and bonnie was she !  
 Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Annie,  
 Let ne'er a new whim ding thy fancy ajee ;  
 Oh ! as thou art bonnie, be faithfu' and cannie,  
 And favour thy Jamie wha doats upon thee.

Does the death of a lintwhite give Annie the spleen ?  
 Can tyning of trifles be uneasy to thee ?  
 Can lap-dogs and monkeys draw tears frae these een,  
 That look with indifference on poor dying me ?  
 Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Annie,  
 And dinna prefer a paroquet to me ;  
 Oh ! as thou art bonnie, be prudent and cannie,  
 And think on thy Jamie wha doats upon thee.

Ah ! should a new manteau or Flanders lace head,  
 Or yet a wee coatie, though never so fine,  
 Gar thee grow forgetfu', and let his heart bleed,  
 That anes had some hope of purchasing thine ?  
 Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Annie,  
 And dinna prefer your flageeries to me ;  
 Oh ! as thou art bonnie, be solid and cannie,  
 And tent a true lover that doats upon thee.

Shall a Paris edition of newfangled Sawney,  
 Though gilt o'er wi' laces and fringes he be,

\* I am asleep ; do not waken me.

By adoring himself, be adored by fair Annie,  
 And aim at those benisons promised to me ?  
 Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Annie,  
 And never prefer a light dancer to me ;  
 Oh ! as thou art bonnie, be prudent and cannie ;  
 Love only thy Jamie wha doats upon thee.

Oh ! think, my dear charmer, on ilka sweet hour,  
 That slade away saftly between thee and me,  
 Ere squirrels, or beaux, or foppery, had power  
 To rival my love and impose upon thee.  
 Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Annie,  
 And let thy desires a' be centred in me ;  
 Oh ! as thou art bonnie, be faithfu' and cannie,  
 And love ane wha lang has been loving to thee.\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## A HIGHLAND LAD MY LOVE WAS BORN.

[THE " RAUCLE CARLINE'S " SONG IN THE " JOLLY  
 BEGGARS." ]

BURNS.

TUNE—*O an ye were dead, guidman !*

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

Sing hey, my braw John Highlandman !  
 Sing ho, my braw John Highlandman !

\* This clever old song appears in the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724, without a mark.

There's not a lad in a' the land,  
Was match for my braw John Highlandman !

With his philabeg and tartan plaid,  
And gude claymore down by his side,  
The ladies' hearts he did trepan,  
My gallant braw John Highlandman.

We ranged a' from Tweed to Spey,  
And lived like lords and ladies gay ;  
For a Lawland face he feared none,  
My gallant braw John Highlandman.

They banished him beyond the sea ;  
But, ere the bud was on the tree,  
Adown my cheeks the pearls ran,  
Embracing my braw John Highlandman.

But, och ! they caught him at the last,  
And bound him in a dungeon fast ;  
My curse upon them every one,  
They've hanged my braw John Highlandman !

And now, a widow, I must mourn  
Departed joys that ne'er return,  
No comfort but a hearty can,  
When I think on John Highlandman.



## WHA'S AT THE WINDOW, WHA ?

ALEXANDER CARLYLE.

WHA'S at the window, wha, wha,  
O wha's at the window, wha, wha ?  
Wha but blythe Jamie Glen,  
He's come sax miles and ten,

To tak bonnie Jeanie awa, awa,  
To tak bonnie Jeanie awa.

Bridal maidens are braw, braw,  
O bridal maidens are braw, braw ;  
But the bride's modest ee,  
And warm cheek are to me,  
'Boon pearlins and brooches, an' a', an' a',  
'Boon pearlins and brooches, an' a'.

There's mirth on the green, in the ha', the ha',  
There's mirth on the green, in the ha', the ha' ;  
There's laughing, there's quaffing,  
There's jesting, there's daffing ;  
But the bride's father's blythest of a', of a',  
But the bride's father's blythest of a'.

It's no that she's Jamie's ava, ava ;  
It's no that she's Jamie's ava, ava,  
That my heart is sae wearie,  
When a' the lave's cheerie,  
But it's just that she'll aye be awa, awa,  
But it's just that she'll aye be awa.



## KATE O' GOWRIE.

TUNE—*Locherroch-side.*

WHEN Katie was scarce out nineteen,  
O but she had twa coal-black een ;  
A bonnier lass ye wadna seen,  
In a' the Carse o' Gowrie.  
Quite tired o' livin' a' his lane,  
Pate to her did his love explain,  
And swore he'd be, were she his ain,  
The happiest lad in Gowrie.



Quo' she, I winna marry thee  
 For a' the gear that ye can gie :  
 Nor will I gang a step ajie,  
     For a' the gowd in Gowrie.  
 My father will gie me twa kye ;  
 My mother's gaun some yarn to dye ;  
 I'll get a gown just like the sky,  
     Gif I'll no gang to Gowrie.

Oh, my dear Katie, say na sae ;  
 Ye little ken a heart that's wae ;  
 Hae there's my hand ; hear me, I pray,  
     Sin' thou'll no gang to Gowrie.  
 Since first I met thee at the sheil,  
 My saul to thee's been true and leal ;  
 The darkest night I fear nae deil,  
     Warlock, or witch, in Gowrie.

I fear nae want o' claes, nor nocht ;  
 Sic silly things my mind ne'er taught.  
 I dream a' nicht, and start about,  
     And wish for thee in Gowrie.  
 I lo'e thee better, Kate, my dear,  
 Than a' my riggs and out-gaun gear ;  
 Sit down by me till ance I swear,  
     Thou'rt worth the Carse o' Gowrie.

Syne on her mouth sweet kisses laid,  
 Till blushes a' her cheeks o'erspread ;  
 She sighed, and in soft whispers said,  
     O Pate, tak me to Gowrie !  
 Quo' he, let's to the auld fook gang ;  
 Say what they like, I'll bide their bang,  
 And bide a' nicht, though beds be thrang,  
     But I'll hae thee to Gowrie.

The auld fook syne baith gied consent :  
 The priest was ca'd : a' were content ;

And Katie never did repent  
 That she gaed hame to Gowrie.  
 For routh o' bonnie bairns had she;  
 Mair strappin lads ye wadna see;  
 And her braw lasses bore the gree  
 Frae a' the rest o' Gowrie.



## AE HAPPY HOUR.

LAING.

TUNE—*The Cock Laird.*

THE dark gray o' gloamin,  
 The lone leafy shaw,  
 The coo o' the cushat,  
 The scent o' the haw,  
 The brae o' the burnie,  
 A' blumin in flour,  
 And twa faithfu' lovers,  
 Mak ae happy hour.

A kind winsome wifie,  
 A clean cantie hame,  
 And smiling sweet babies,  
 To lisp the dear name;  
 Wi' plenty o' labour,  
 And health to endure,  
 Make time to row round ay  
 The ae happy hour.

Ye lost to affection,  
 Whom avarice can move  
 To woo and to marry  
 For a' thing but love;

Awa wi' your sorrows,  
 Awa wi' your store,  
 Ye ken na the pleasure  
 O' ae happy hour!



## O WHERE ARE YOU GOING, SWEET ROBIN?

O WHERE are you going, sweet Robin?  
 What makes you sae proud and sae shy?  
 I once saw the day, little Robin,  
 My friendship you would not deny.  
 But winter again is returning,  
 And weather both stormy and snell:  
 Gin ye will come back, little Robin,  
 I'll feed ye wi' moulins\* mysell.

When summer comes in, little Robin  
 Forgets all his friends and his care;  
 Away to the fields flies sweet Robin,  
 To wander the groves here and there.  
 Though you be my debtor, sweet Robin,  
 On you I will never lay blame;  
 For I've had as dear friends as Robin,  
 Who often have served me the same.

I once had a lover like Robin,  
 Who long for my love did implore;  
 At last he took flight, just like Robin,  
 And him I ne'er saw any more.  
 But should the stern blast of misfortune  
 Return him, as winter does thee,  
 Though slighted by both, little Robin,  
 Yet both of your faults I'll forgie.†

\* Crumbs.

† This fine sentimental song is copied from an anonymous sheet of music. It may be sung to the tune of *The Ewe-bughts*.

## THE DEY'S SONG.\*

ROBERT JAMIESON, ESQ.

Pbroo, pbroo ! my bonnie cow,  
 Pbroo, hawkie ! ho, hawkie !  
 Ye ken the hand that's kind to you,  
 Sae let the drappie go, hawkie.

Your caufie's sleepin in the pen,  
 Pbroo, hawkie ! ho, hawkie !

\* This is intended as a specimen of that kind of unpremeditated song, for which the Scottish Highlanders are so remarkable. The supposed scene being peculiar and characteristic, it will be proper to give some account of it, in order that the nature of the piece may be the better understood.

" On a very hot day in the beginning of autumn, the author, when a stripling, was travelling a-foot over the mountains of Lochaber, from Fort Augustus to Inverness; and when he came to the house where he was to have breakfasted, there was no person at home, nor was there any place where refreshment was to be had nearer than Duris, which is eighteen miles from Fort Augustus. With this disagreeable prospect, he proceeded about three miles further, and turned aside to the first cottage he saw, where he found a hale-looking, lively, tidy, little, middle-aged woman, spinning wool, with a pot on the fire, and some greens ready to be put into it. She understood no English, and his Gaelic was then by no means good, though he spoke it well enough to be intelligible. She informed him, that she had nothing in the house that could be eaten, except cheese, a little sour cream, and some whisky. On being asked, rather sharply, how she could dress the greens without meal, she good-humouredly told him, that there was plenty of meal in the croft, pointing to some unripe barley that stood dead-ripe and dry before the door; and if he could wait half-an-hour, he should have brose and butter, bread and cheese, bread and milk, or any thing else that he chose. To this he most readily assented, as well on account of the singularity of the proposal, as of the necessity of the time; and the good dame set with all possible expedition about her arduous undertaking.—She first of all brought him some cream in a bottle, telling him ' He that will not work, neither shall he eat; ' if he wished for butter, he must shake that bottle with all his might, and sing to it like a mavis all the time; for unless he sung to it, no butter would come. She then went to the croft; cut down some barley; burnt the straw to dry the grain; rubbed the grain between her hands, and threw it up before the wind, to separate it from the ashes; ground it upon a quern; sifted it; made a bannock of the meal; set it up to bake before the fire; lastly, went to milk her cow, that was reposing during the heat of the day, and eating some outside cabbage leaves ' ayont the hallan.' She sung like a lark the whole time, varying the strain according to the employment to which it was adapted. In the meanwhile, a hen cackled under the eaves of the cottage; two new-laid eggs were immediately plunged into the boiling pot; and in less than half-an-hour, the poor, starving, faint, and way-worn minstrel, with wonder and delight, sat down to a repast, that, under such circumstances, would have been a feast for a prince." Jamieson's Popular Ballads and Songs, II, 358, 360.

He'll soon win to the pap again ;  
 Sae let the drappie go, hawkie.  
 Pbroo, pbroo, &c.

The stranger is come here the day,  
 Pbroo, hawkie ! ho, hawkie !  
 We'll send him singin on his way ;  
 Sae let the drappie go, hawkie.

The day is meeth and weary he,  
 Pbroo, hawkie ! ho, hawkie !  
 While cozie in the bield were ye ;  
 Sae let the drappie go, hawkie.

He'll bless your bouk when far away,  
 Pbroo, hawkie ! ho, hawkie !  
 And scaff and raff ye ay shall hae ;  
 Sae let the drappie go, hawkie.

Sic benison will sain ye still,  
 Pbroo, hawkie ! ho, hawkie !  
 Frae cantrip, elf, and quarter ill ;  
 Sae let the drappie go, hawkie.

The stranger's blessing's lucky ay ;  
 Pbroo, hawkie ! ho, hawkie !  
 We'll thrive, like hainet girss in May ;  
 Sae let the drappie go, hawkie.

Pbroo, pbroo, my bonnie cow !  
 Pbroo, hawkie ! ho, hawkie !  
 Ye ken the hand that's kind to you,  
 Sae let the drappie go, hawkie.

## THE QUERN-LILT.\*

ROBERT JAMIESON, ESQ.

THE cronach stills the dowie heart ;  
 The jurram stills the bairnie ;  
 But the music for a hungry wame's  
 The grinding o' the quernie.  
 And loes me on my little quernie !  
 Grind the gradden,† grind it :  
 We'll a' get crowdie when it's done,  
 And bannocks steeve to bind it.

The married man his joy may prize,  
 The lover prize his arles ;  
 But gin the quernie gang na round,  
 They baith will soon be sar'less.  
 Sae loes me, &c.

The whisky gars the bark o' life  
 Drive merrily and rarely ;  
 But gradden is the ballast gars  
 It steady gang, and fairly.  
 Then loes me, &c.

Though winter steeks the door wi' drift,  
 And ower the ingle hings us,  
 Let but the little quernie gae,  
 We're blythe, whatever dings us.  
 Then loes me, &c.

And how it cheers the herd at e'en,  
 And sets his heart-strings dirlin,

\* The quern is a little hand-mill, still used in remote parts of the Highlands, and which was in the fifteenth century so common as to be then forbidden by an act of the Scottish legislature, on account of its interference with the prosperity of the thirl-mills.

† Gradden is the name given to the rough coarse meal produced by the quern.

When, coming frae the hungry hill,  
 He hears the quernie birlin !  
 Then loes me, &c.

Though sturt and strife, wi' young and auld,  
 And flytin but and ben be ;  
 Let but the quernie play, they'll soon  
 A' lown and fidgin-fain be.  
 Then loes me, &c.



## THE WREN.

TUNE—*Lennox' Love to Blantyre.*

THE wren scho lyes in care's bed,  
 In care's bed, in care's bed ;  
 The wren scho lyes in care's bed,  
 In meikle dule and pyne, O.  
 When in cam Robin Redbreist,  
 Redbreist, Redbreist ;  
 When in cam Robin Redbreist,  
 Wi' succar-saps and wine, O.

Now, maiden, will ye taste o' this,  
 Taste o' this, taste o' this ;  
 Now, maiden, will ye taste o' this ?  
 It's succar-saps and wine, O.  
 Na, ne'er a drap, Robin,  
 Robin, Robin ;  
 Na, ne'er a drap, Robin,  
 Though it were ne'er sae fine, O.

And where's the ring that I gied ye,  
 That I gied ye, that I gied ye;  
 And where's the ring that I gied ye,  
 Ye little cutty-quean, O?  
 I gied it till a soger,  
 A soger, a soger;  
 I gied it till a soger,  
 A true sweetheart o' mine, O.\*



## MY FATHER HAS FORTY GOOD SHILLINGS.

My father has forty good shillings,  
 Ha! ha! good shillings!  
 And never had daughter but I;  
 My mother she is right willing,  
 Ha! ha! right willing!  
 That I shall have all when they die.  
 And I wonder when I'll be married,  
 Ha! ha! be married!  
 My beauty begins to decay;  
 It's time to catch hold of somebody  
 Ah, somebody!  
 Before it be all run away.

My shoes they are at the mending;  
 My buckles they are in the chest;  
 My stockings are ready for sending:  
 Then I'll be as brave as the rest.  
 And I wonder, &c.

My father will buy me a ladle;  
 At my wedding we'll have a good song;

\* From Herd's Collection, 1776.



For my uncle will buy me a cradle, ?  
 To rock my child in when it's young.  
 And I wonder, &c.\*

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## LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY.

TUNE—*Love will find out the way.*

OVER the mountains,  
 And over the waves,  
 Under the fountains,  
 And under the graves,  
 Under floods that are deepest,  
 Which Neptune obey,  
 Over rocks which are steepest,  
 Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place  
 For the glow-worm to lie,  
 Where there is no space  
 For receipt of a fly ;  
 Where the midge dares not venture,  
 Lest herself fast she lay ;  
 If love come, he will enter,  
 And soon find his way.

\* From Scottish Songs, (2 vols. 1793,) collected by Ritson, who states that he copied it from an ordinary collection of which he did not preserve the name. He also states that he altered the word "it" in the last line of the first stanza, from "they," which was the original reading; adopting the former from an old English black-print ballad exactly resembling this, and of which the first verse ran as follows :

O when shall I be married,  
*Hogh, be married ?*  
 My beauty begins to decay :  
 'Tis time to find out somebody,  
*Hogh, somebody,*  
 Before it is quite gone away.

You may esteem him  
 A child for his might,  
 Or you may deem him  
 A coward for his flight ;  
 But if she whom love doth honour,  
 Be concealed from the day,  
 Set a thousand guards upon her,  
 Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him,  
 By having him confined ;  
 And some do suppose him,  
 Poor thing, to be blind ;  
 But if ne'er so close ye wall him,  
 Do the best that you may,  
 Blind love, if so ye call him,  
 Will find out his way.

You may train the eagle  
 To stoop to your fist ;  
 Or you may inveigle  
 The phoenix of the east ;  
 The lioness ye may move her  
 To give over her prey ;  
 But you'll ne'er stop a lover :  
 He will find out his way.\*

\* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, with emendations from a copy printed in Percy's Reliques of English Poetry. There is a third and greatly different copy in Forbes's Cantus, (Aberdeen, 1666,) and which, moreover, contains the following two additional stanzas :

“ If th' earth doth part them, hee'l soon course it o're ;  
 If seas do thwart them, hee'l swim to the shore :  
 If his love become a swallow,  
     In the air for to stay,  
     Love will find wings to follow,  
     And swift flee out his way.

There is no striving, to cross his intent,  
 There is no contriving, his plots to prevent ;  
 For if once the message greet him  
     That his true love doth stay,  
     Though demons come and meet him,  
     He will go on his way.”

## THE COUNTRY LASS.

TUNE—*Although I be but a country lass.*

ALTHOUGH I be but a country lass,  
 Yet a lofty mind I bear, O ;  
 And think mysell as rich as those  
 That rich apparel wear, O.  
 Although my gown be hame-spun grey,  
 My skin it is as saft, O,  
 As them that satin weeds do wear,  
 And carry their heads aloft, O.

What though I keep my father's sheep,  
 The thing that maun be done, O ;  
 With garlands o' the finest flowers,  
 To shade me frae the sun, O ?  
 When they are feeding pleasantly,  
 Where grass and flowers do spring, O ;  
 Then, on a flowery bank, at noon,  
 I set me doun and sing, O.

My Paisley piggy,\* corked with sage,  
 Contains my drink but thin, O ;  
 No wines did e'er my brains engage,  
 To tempt my mind to sin, O.†  
 My country curds and wooden spoon,  
 I think them unco fine, O ;  
 And on a flowery bank, at noon,  
 I set me doun and dine, O.

Although my parents cannot raise  
 Great bags of shining gold, O,

\* A species of pipkin, manufactured, I suppose, at Paisley.

† It is a very common notion to this day, among the humbler orders of people in Scotland, that the greater degree of licentiousness which they think obtains amongst the upper ranks, is occasioned by their better food, and especially by the use of strong drinks.

Like them whase daughters, now-a-days,  
 Like swine, are bought and sold, O :  
 Yet my fair body it shall keep  
 An honest heart within, O ;  
 And for twice fifty thousand crowns,  
 I value not a prin, O.

I use nae gums upon my hair,  
 Nor chains about my neck, O,  
 Nor shining rings upon my hands,  
 My fingers straight to deck, O.  
 But for that lad to me shall fa',  
 And I have grace to wed, O,  
 I'll keep a braw that's worth them a' ;  
 I mean my silken snood, O.\*

If canny fortune give to me  
 The man I dearly love, O,  
 Though we want gear, I dinna care,  
 My hands I can improve, O ;  
 Expecting for a blessing still  
 Descending from above, O ;  
 Then we'll embrace, and sweetly kiss,  
 Repeating tales of love, O.†

## BANNOCKS O' BARLEY.

TUNE—*Bannocks o' Barley.*

BANNOCKS o' bear-meal, bannocks o' barley !  
 Here's to the Highlandman's bannocks o' barley !

\* The *silken snood*, which occurs so frequently in Scottish poetry, was a narrow ribbon worn in former times by maidens of the humbler rank. As it was always abandoned on the loss of maidenly reputation, and changed for a curch, or cap, in case of matrimony, it has come to serve in poetry as the emblem of maidenhood.

† From the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, where it is marked as being an old song even at the time of the publication of that work.

Wha in a brulyie will first cry a parley?  
 Never the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley!  
 Bannocks o' bear-meal, bannocks o' barley!  
 Here's to the Highlandman's bannocks o' barley!

Wha, in his wae days, were loyal to Charlie?  
 Wha but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley?  
 Bannocks o' bear-meal, &c.\*

## GO TO BERWICK, JOHNIIE.

TUNE—*Go to Berwick, Johnie.*

Go to Berwick, Johnie;  
 Bring her frae the Border;  
 Yon sweet bonnie lassie,  
 Let her gae nae farther.  
 English loons will twine ye  
 O' the lovely treasure;  
 But we'll let them ken,  
 A sword wi' them we'll measure.

Go to Berwick, Johnie,  
 And regain your honour;  
 Drive them ower the Tweed,  
 And show our Scottish banner.  
 I am Rob the king,  
 And ye are Jock, my brither;  
 But, before we lose her,  
 We'll a' there thegither.†

\* From Johnson's Musical Museum, vol. V. circa 1798.

† This incomprehensible, though popular rant, is from Johnson's Musical Museum, vol. VI., 1803. Ritson, in his Scottish Songs, 1793, mentions, that he had heard it gravely asserted at Edinburgh, that "a foolish song, beginning,

Go, go, go, go to Berwick, Johnie!  
 Thou shalt have the horse, and I shall have the poney!

was made upon one of Wallace's marauding expeditions, and that the person thus addressed was no other than his *fidus Achates*, Sir John Graham."

## ROBIN SHURE IN HAIRST.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Robin shure in hairst.*

ROBIN shure \* in hairst ;  
 I shure wi' him :  
 Fient a heuk had I,  
 Yet I stack by him.  
 I gaed up to Dunse,  
 To warp a wab o' plaidin ;  
 At his daddie's yett,  
 Wha met me but Robin ?

Wasna Robin bauld,  
 Though he was a cottar,  
 Played me sic a trick,  
 And me the Eller's † dochter !

Robin promised me  
 A' my winter's vittle ;  
 Fient haet he had but three  
 Guse feathers and a whittle ! ‡



## THE AULD MAN.

TUNE—*The auld Man he cam o'er the lee.*

THE auld man he cam o'er the lee ;  
 Ha, ha, but I'll no hae him :

\* Pret. of *shear*, to reap.

† The Elder.

‡ Three pens and a penknife, a proper capital for a poor poet ! This ridiculous song, which Burns seems to have designed as a hit at his own character, was written for Johnson's Musical Museum ; from which work (Part VI. 1803) the present copy is extracted.

He cam on purpose for to court me,  
Wi' his auld beard newlin shaven.

My mother bade me gie him a stool;  
Ha, ha, but I'll no hae him:  
I ga'e him a stool, and he looked like a fool,  
Wi' his auld beard newlin shaven.

My mother she bade me gie him some pye;  
Ha, ha, but I'll no hae him:  
I ga'e him some pye, and he laid the crust by,  
Wi' his auld beard newlin shaven.

My mother she bade me gie him a dram;  
Ha, ha, but I'll no hae him:  
I ga'e him a dram o' the brandy sae strang,  
Wi' his auld beard newlin shaven.

My mother bade me put him to bed;  
Ha, ha, but I'll no hae him:  
I put him to bed, and he swore he wad wed,  
Wi' his auld beard newlin shaven.\*



## HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEM THAT'S AWA.

TUNE—*Here's a health to them that's awa.*

HERE'S a health to them that's awa,  
Here's a health to them that's awa;  
Here's a health to them that were here short syne,  
And canna be here the day.

It's gude to be merry and wise;  
It's gude to be honest and true;

\* From Johnson's Musical Museum, Part V. circa 1798.

It's gude to be aff wi' the auld love,  
Before ye be on wi' the new.\*

~~~~~

## HEY, CA' THROUGH.

TUNE—*Hey, ca' through.*

UP wi' the carles o' Dysart,  
And the lads o' Buckhaven,  
And the kimmers o' Largo,  
And the lasses o' Leven.  
Hey, ca' through, ca' through,  
For we hae muckle ado:  
Hey, ca' through, ca' through,  
For we hae muckle ado.

We hae tales to tell,  
And we hae sangs to sing;  
We hae pennies to spend,  
And we hae pints to bring.

We'll live a' our days;  
And them that comes behin',  
Let them do the like,  
And spend the gear they win.†

~~~~~

## HOW SWEET THIS LONE VALE.

HON. ANDREW ERSKINE.

*To a Gaelic air.*

How sweet this lone vale, and how soothing to feeling  
Yon nightingale's notes, which in melody melt!

\* From Johnson's Musical Museum, Part V. circa 1798

† From Johnson's Musical Museum, Part IV. 1792.



Oblivion of woe o'er my mind gently stealing,  
A pause from keen anguish one moment is felt.

The moon's yellow light o'er the still lake is sleeping ;  
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 shaded with gloom.\*



## O THAT I HAD NE'ER BEEN MARRIED.

TUNE—*Crowdie*.

O THAT I had ne'er been married !  
I wad never had nae care ;  
Now I've gotten wife and bairns,  
And they cry Crowdie evermair.  
Ance crowdie, twice crowdie,  
Three times crowdie in a day :  
Gin ye crowdie ony mair,  
Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away.

Waefu' want and hunger fley me,  
Glowrin by the hallan en' :  
Sair I fecht them at the door ;  
But aye I'm eerie they come ben.  
Ance crowdie, &c.†

\* From Johnson's Musical Museum, vol. VI. 1803.<sup>2</sup>

† The first verse of this song, and the chorus, were corrected for the Musical Museum by Burns. The second verse was entirely the composition of the poet.

## IN YON GARDEN.

TUNE—*In yon garden fine and gay.*

IN yon garden fine and gay,  
 Picking lilies a' the day,  
 Gathering flowers o' ilka hue,  
 I wistna then what love could do.

Where love is planted there it grows ;  
 It buds and blows like any rose ;  
 It has a sweet and pleasant smell ;  
 No flower on earth can it excel.

I put my hand into the bush,  
 And thought the sweetest rose to find ;  
 But pricked my finger to the bone,  
 And left the sweetest rose behind.\*



## FAIRLY SHOT O' HER.

TUNE—*Fairly shot o' her.*

O GIN I were fairly shot o' her !  
 Fairly, fairly, fairly shot o' her !  
 O gin I were fairly shot o' her !  
 If she were dead, I wad dance on the top o' her !

Till we were married, I couldna see licht till her ;  
 For a month after, a' thing aye gaed richt wi' her :  
 But these ten years I hae prayed for a wright to her—  
 O gin I were fairly shot o' her !

\* From Johnson's Musical Museum, Vol. VI, 1803.

Nane o' her relations or friends could stay wi' her:  
 The neebours and bairns are fain to flee frae her:  
 And I my ain sell am forced to gie way till her:  
 Oh gin I were fairly shot o' her!

She gangs aye sae braw, she's sae muckle pride in her;  
 There's no a gudewife in the haill country-side like her:  
 Wi' dress and wi' drink, the deil wadna bide wi' her:  
 Oh gin I were fairly shot o' her!

If the time were but come that to the kirk-gate wi' her,  
 And into the yird I'd mak mysell quit o' her,  
 I'd then be as blythe as first when I met wi' her:  
 Oh gin I were fairly shot o' her!\*

~~~~~

## GUDE ALE COMES.

BURNS.

TUNE—*The happy Farmer.*

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.

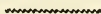
I had sax owsen in a pleuch,  
 And they drew teuch and weel eneuch:  
 I drank them a' just ane by ane;  
 Gude ale keeps my heart aboon.

Gude ale hauds me bare and busy,  
 Gars me moop wi' the servant hizzie,

\* From Johnson's Musical Museum, Vol. VI. 1803.

Stand i' the stool, when I hae done ; \*  
Gude ale keeps my heart aboon.

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 COLLIER'S BONNIE LASSIE.

RAMSAY.

TUNE—*The Collier's bonnie lassie.*

THE collier has a daughter,  
And O she's wondrous bonnie.  
A laird he was that sought her,  
Rich baith in lands and money.  
The tutors watched the motion  
Of this young honest lover :  
But love is like the ocean ;  
Wha can its depths discover !

He had the art to please ye,  
And was by a' respected ;

\* " Gars me work when I am dizzy :  
Spend my wage when a' is done."

*Variation in a stall copy.*

† This is not precisely an original composition of Burns's, but was only modified and trimmed up by him for the Musical Museum. The present version is from the Musical Museum, collated with one in Cromek's " Select Scottish Songs," where the following stanza is inserted instead of that beginning, " Gude ale hauds me bare and busy."

I had forty shillings in a clout,  
Gude ale gart me pyke them out ;  
That gear should moule I thought a sin ;  
Gude ale keeps my heart aboon.

" The song," says Burns, " sings to the tune called the Bottom of the Punch Bowl, of which a very good copy may be found in M'Gibbon's Collection." Cromek's Reliques.

His airs sat round him easy,  
 Genteel, but unaffected.  
 The collier's bonnie lassie,  
 Fair as the new-blown lillie,  
 Aye sweet, and never saucy,  
 Secured the heart o' Willie.

He loved, beyond expression,  
 The charms that were about her,  
 And panted for possession;  
 His life was dull without her.  
 After mature resolving,  
 Close to his breast he held her;  
 In softest flames dissolving,  
 He tenderly thus telled her:

My bonnie collier's daughter,  
 Let naething discompose ye;  
 It's no your scanty tocher,  
 Shall ever gar me lose ye:  
 For I have gear in plenty;  
 And love says, it's my duty  
 To ware what heaven has lent me  
 Upon your wit and beauty.\*

\* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724. We are informed by Burns that the first half stanza of this song is older than the days of Ramsay, and that the whole first verse of the original song runs thus:

The collier has a daughter, and O she's wondrous bonnie!  
 A laird he was that sought her, rich baith in lands and money.  
 She wadna hae a laird, nor wad she be a lady;  
 But she wad hae a collier, the colour o' her daddie.

Which was perhaps a wiser line of conduct on the part of "the Collier's Bonnie Lassie," than what we are led to suppose she adopted by Ramsay's song. A song somewhat similar is given in Johnson's Musical Museum, Part III. 1790. It is entitled,

#### MY COLLIER LADDIE.

TUNE—*The Collier's bonnie lass.*

Whare live ye, my bonnie lass,  
 And tell me what they ca' ye?

# JOCKEY FOU, AND JENNY FAIN.

TUNE—*Jockey fou, and Jenny fain.*

JOCKEY fou, Jenny fain ;  
Jenny was na ill to gain ;  
She was couthie, he was kind ;  
And thus the wooer tell'd his mind :

Jenny, I'll nae mair be nice ;  
Gie me love at ony price :  
I winna prig for red or white ;  
Love alane can gie delyte.

Others seek they kenna what,  
In looks, in carriage, and a' that ;  
Gie me love for her I court :  
Love in love makes a' the sport.

My name, she says, is Mistris Jean,  
And I follow the collier laddie.

See ye not yon hills and dales,  
The sun shines on sae brawlie ?  
They a' are mine, and they shall be thine,  
Gin ye'll leave your collier laddie.

Ye shall gang in gay attire,  
Weel buskit up sae gaudy,  
And ane to wait on every hand,  
Gin ye'll leave your collier laddie.

Though ye had a' the sun shines on,  
And the earth conceals sae lowly,  
I wad turn my back on you and it a',  
And embrace my collier laddie.

I can win my five pennies in a day,  
And spen't at nicht fu' brawlie ;  
And mak my bed in the collier's neuk,  
And lie down wi' my collier laddie.

Love for love is the bargain for me,  
Though the wee cot house should haud me,  
And the world before me to win my bread,  
And fair fa' my collier laddie.

Burns says of " My Collier Laddie," " I do not know a blyther old song than this." Cromeke's Select Scottish Songs, ii, 9.

Let love sparkle in her ee ;  
 Let her love nae man but me :  
 That's the tocher-gude I prize ;  
 There the lover's treasure lies.

Colours mingled unco fine,  
 Common notions lang sinsyne,  
 Never can engage my love,  
 Until my fancy first approve.

It is nae meat, but appetite,  
 That makes our eating a delyte ;  
 Beauty is at best deceit ;  
 Fancy only kens nae cheat.\*



## BONNIE JEAN.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Bonnie Jean.*

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

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

\* This spirited song, with the exception of the first stanza, is from the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, where it is printed with the signature Q, indicating that it was an old song, with additions. The fourth stanza is probably an addition by Burns, being from a copy in Johnson's Musical Museum, the work to which he contributed so many revised and improved editions of old Scottish songs.

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

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

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

As in the bosom o' the stream  
 The moonbeam dwells at dewy e'en,  
 So trembling, pure, was tender love,  
 Within the breast o' bonnie Jean.

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

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

The sun was sinking in the west,  
 The birds sang sweet in ilka grove ;  
 His cheek to hers he fondly prest,  
 And whisper'd thus his tale of love :

O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear ;  
 O canst thou think to fancy me ?



Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,  
And learn to tent the farms wi' me?

At barn nor byre thou shalt na drudge,  
Or naething else to trouble thee;  
But stray amang the heather-bells,  
And tent the waving corn wi' me.

Now what could artless Jeanie do?  
She had nae will to say him na:  
At length she blush'd a sweet consent,  
And love was aye between them twa.\*

~~~~~

## NANCY.

BURNS.

TUNE—*The Quaker's Wife.*

THINE am I, my faithful fair,  
Thine, my lovely Nancy;  
Every pulse along my veins,  
Every roving fancy.  
To thy bosom lay this heart,  
There to throb and languish;  
Though despair had wrung its core,  
That would heal its anguish.

Take away those rosy lips,  
Rich with balmy treasure:  
Turn away thine eyes of love,  
Lest I die with pleasure.

\* The heroine of this song was Miss Jean Maemurdo, of Dumfries, sister to the Miss Philadelphia Maemurdo, whom the poet has celebrated in so many of his songs. It is proper, however, to remark, that the poet has not painted her here in the rank she held in life, but in the dress and character of a cottager.

What is life when wanting love?  
 Night without a morning:  
 Love's the cloudless summer sun,  
 Nature gay adorning.



## THE LANDART LAIRD.

THERE lives a landart \* laird in Fife,  
 And he has married a dandily wife:  
 She wadna shape, nor yet wad she sew,  
 But sit wi' her cummers, and fill hersell fu'.

She wadna spin, nor yet wad she card;  
 But she wad sit and crack wi' the laird.  
 Sae he is down to the sheep-fauld,  
 And cleekit a wether † by the spauld. ‡

He's whirled aff the gude wether's skin,  
 And wrapped the dandily lady therein.  
 "I downa pay you, for your gentle kin;  
 But weel may I skelp my wether's skin. §



## KEEP THE COUNTRY, BONNIE LASSIE.

TUNE—*Keep the Country, bonnie Lassie.*

KEEP the country, bonnie lassie,  
 Keep the country, keep the country;  
 Keep the country, bonnie lassie;  
 Lads will a' gie gowd for ye:

\* Landward—that is, living in a part of the country at some distance from any town.

† Wedder.

‡ Shoulder.

§ This curious and most amusing old ditty is from Mr Jamieson's "Popular Ballads and Songs," 1806.

Gowd for ye, bonnie lassie,  
 Gowd for ye, gowd for ye :  
 Keep the country, bonnie lassie ;  
 Lads will a' gie gowd for ye.\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## HAP AND ROW THE FEETIE O'T.

WILLIAM CREECH. †

TUNE—*Hap and row the feetie o't.*

WE'LL hap and row, we'll hap and row,  
 We'll hap and row the feetie o't.  
 It is a wee bit weary thing :  
 I downa bide the greetie o't.  
 And we pat on the wee bit pan,  
 To boil the lick o' meatie o't ;  
 A cinder fell and spoil'd the plan,  
 And burnt a' the feetie o't.

Fu' sair it grat, the puir wee brat,  
 And aye it kicked the feetie o't,  
 Till, puir wee elf, it tired itself ;  
 And then began the sleepie o't.

The skirling brat nae parritch gat,  
 When it gaed to the sleepie o't ;  
 It's waesome true, instead o' t's mou',  
 They're round about the feetie o't.

\* From Herd's Collection, 1776.

† A gentleman long at the head of the bookselling trade in Edinburgh, and who had been Lord Provost of the city. A volume of his miscellaneous prose essays has been published, under the title of "Edinburgh Fugitive Pieces." He was not only remarkable for his literary accomplishments, but also for his conversational powers, which were such as to open to him the society of the highest literary men of his day.

## THE WEDDING DAY.

TUNE—*How can I be sad on my Wedding-day !*

ONE night as young Colin lay musing in bed,  
With a heart full of love and a vapourish head ;  
To wing the dull hours, and his sorrows allay,  
Thus sweetly he sang of his wedding day :

“ What would I give for a wedding day !  
Who would not wish for a wedding day !  
Wealth and ambition, I'd toss ye away,  
With all ye can boast, for a wedding day.

Should heaven bid my wishes with freedom implore  
One bliss for the anguish I suffered before,  
For Jessy, dear Jessy, alone I would pray,  
And grasp my whole wish on my wedding day !  
Blessed be the approach of my wedding day !  
Hail, my dear nymph and my wedding day !  
Earth smile more verdant, and heaven shine more gay !  
For happiness dawns with my wedding day.”

But Luna, who equally sovereign presides  
O'er the hearts of the ladies and flow of the tides,  
Unhappily changing, soon changed his wife's mind :  
O fate, could a wife prove so constant and kind !

“ Why was I born to a wedding day !  
Cursed, ever cursed be my wedding day.”  
Colin, poor Colin thus changes his lay,  
And dates all his plagues from his wedding day.

Ye bachelors, warned by the shepherd's distress,  
Be taught from your freedom to measure your bliss,  
Nor fall to the witchcraft of beauty a prey,  
And blast all your joys on your wedding day.

Horns are the gift of a wedding day ;  
Want and a scold crown a wedding day ;

Happy and gallant, who, wise when he may,  
Prefers a stout rope to a wedding day ! \*

## RATTLIN ROARING WILLIE.†

TUNE—*Rattlin roarin Willie.*

O RATTLIN roarin Willie,  
O he held to the fair,  
And for to sell his fiddle,  
And buy some other ware ;  
But parting wi' his fiddle,  
The saut tear blin't his ee ;  
And rattlin roarin Willie,  
Ye're welcome hame to me.

O Willie, come sell your fiddle,  
O sell your fiddle sae fine ;  
O Willie come sell your fiddle,  
And buy a pint o' wine.  
If I should sell my fiddle,  
The warl' wad think I was mad ;  
For mony a ranting day  
My fiddle and I hae had.

As I cam in by Crochallan,  
I cannily keekit ben ;

\* From Johnson's Musical Museum, Part II. 1788.

† Rattling Roaring Willie was the descriptive nickname of a musician of great celebrity, who lived, probably during the seventeenth century, on the Border, and who was at last executed at Jedburgh for murdering a brother in trade, whose nickname was *Sweet Milk*. A rude ballad on Rattling Roaring Willie, with some prose information regarding him, may be found in the Notes to the Lay of the Last Minstrel. Popular tradition in Liddisdale preserves another ballad regarding him, the first verse of which has been thus recited to the present editor :

Rattlin roarin Willie,  
Where have ye been so late ?  
I have been at my awin kind dearie's ;  
Sae weel as I ken the gate !

Rattlin roarin Willie  
 Was sitting at yon boord-en' ;  
 Sitting at yon boord-en',  
 And amang gude companie ;  
 Rattlin, roarin Willie,  
 Ye're welcome hame to me.\*

~~~~~

## DUSTY MILLER.

TUNE—*The Dusty Miller.*

HEY, the dusty miller,  
 And his dusty coat !  
 He will win a shilling,  
 Ere he spend a groat.  
 Dusty was the coat,  
 Dusty was the colour ;  
 Dusty was the kiss,  
 That I gat frae the miller !

Hey, the dusty miller,  
 And his dusty sack !  
 Leeze me on the calling  
 Fills the dusty peck ;  
 Fills the dusty peck,  
 Brings the dusty siller :  
 I wad gie my coatie  
 For the dusty miller.†

\* From Johnson's Musical Museum, Part II. 1788. This song was recovered by Burns, who added the last verse in compliment to William Dunbar, Esq. W. S. Edinburgh, Colonel of what was called the Crochallan corps, a club of wits, which took its rise at the time of the raising of the fencible regiments for the French Revolutionary War, and of which the poet was a member. It is worthy of remark, that there is a modern song in the Tea-Table Miscellany, to the tune of "Rantin roarin Willie."

† From Johnson's Musical Museum, Part II. 1788. This is one of the few old Scottish songs, of which it can be said that the sentiment is in every respect irreproachable.

## JUMPIN JOHN.

TUNE—*Jumpin John.*

HER daddie forbade, her minnie forbade ;  
 Forbidden she wadna be.  
 She wadna trow't, the browst she brewed,  
 Wad taste sae bitterlie.

The lang lad they ca' Jumpin John  
 Beguiled the bonnie lassie ;  
 The lang lad they ca' Jumpin John  
 Beguiled the bonnie lassie.

A cow and a cauf, a yowe and a hauf,  
 And thretty gude shillings and three ;  
 A very gude tocher, a cottarman's dochter,  
 The lass wi' the bonnie black ee.  
 The lang lad, &c.\*

~~~~~

## THE CAPTAIN'S LADY.

TUNE—*Mount your baggage.*

O MOUNT and go,  
 Mount and make you ready ;  
 O mount and go,  
 And be the captain's lady.

“ He will win a shilling,  
 Ere he spend a groat,”

is a passage of which it is impossible to speak in terms of sufficient laudation. There should be more songs in reference to domestic economy and domestic enjoyments, and a great deal fewer on the subject of antenuptial affection.

\* From Johnson's Musical Museum, Part II. 1788.

When the drums do beat,  
 And the cannons rattle,  
 Thou shalt sit in state,  
 And see thy love in battle.  
 O mount and go, &c.

When the vanquished foe  
 Sues for peace and quiet,  
 To the shades \* we'll go,  
 And in love enjoy it. †  
 O mount and go, &c.



## O DEAR! MINNIE, WHAT SHALL I DO?

TUNE—*O dear! mother, what shall I do?*

“ Oh dear ! minnie, what shall I do ?  
 Oh dear ! minnie, what shall I do ?  
 Oh dear ! minnie, what shall I do ? ”  
 “ Daft thing, doiled ‡ thing, do as I do.”

“ If I be black, I canna be lo'ed ;  
 If I be fair, I canna be gude ;  
 If I be lordly, the lads will look by me ;  
 Oh dear ! minnie, what shall I do ?

Oh dear ! minnie, what shall I do ?  
 Oh dear ! minnie, what shall I do ?  
 Oh dear ! minnie, what shall I do ? ”  
 “ Daft thing, doiled thing, do as I do.” §

\* Could the poet here mean the celebrated tavern called “ The Shades,” near London Bridge?

† From Johnson's Musical Museum, Part III. 1790.

‡ Stupid, with imbecility.

§ This amusing old thing is printed in Johnson's Musical Museum, (Part III. 1790,) as the ancient verses for an air which is there given with a song beginning, “ Oh dear Peggy, love's beguiling.”



## KILLIECRANKIE.

TUNE—*The braes o' Killiecrankie.*

WHERE hae ye been sae braw, lad ?  
 Where hae ye been sae brankie, O ?  
 Where hae ye been sae braw, lad ?  
 Cam ye by Killiecrankie, O ?  
 An ye had been where I hae been,  
 Ye wadna been sae cantie, O ;  
 An ye had seen what I hae seen  
 On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.

I've faught at land, I've faught at sea ;  
 At hame I faught my auntie, O ;  
 But I met the deevil and Dundee,  
 On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O !

The bauld Pitcur fell in a fur,  
 And Claverse gat a clankie, O ;  
 Or I had fed an Athole gled,  
 On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.\*

The superstitious notions which the girl entertains regarding the fates attached to particular complexions, are by no means discountenanced by the old oral poetry and proverbs of Scotland. The following, for instance, is a rhyme which one sometimes hears quoted by the country people, as a law upon the subject :

Lang and lazy,  
 Little and loud,  
 Red and foolish,  
 Black and proud.

\* From Johnson's Musical Museum, Part III. 1790 ; where it is marked with the letter Z, signifying that it was an old song, corrected and enlarged for that publication.

## DONALD COUPER.

TUNE—*Donald Couper and his man.*

Hey Donald, howe Donald,  
 Hey Donald Couper !  
 He's gane awa to seek a wife,  
 And he's come hame without her.

O Donald Couper and his man  
 Held to a Highland fair, man ;  
 And a' to seek a bonnie lass—  
 But fient a ane was there, man.

At length he got a carline gray,  
 And she's come hirplin hame, man ;  
 And she's fawn ower the buffet stool,  
 And brak her rumple-bane, man.\*



## LITTLE WAT YE WHA'S COMING !

TUNE—*Little wat ye wha'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 !

Duncan's coming, Donald's coming,  
 Colin's coming, Ronald's coming,  
 Dougal's coming, Lauchlan's coming,  
 Alister and a' 's coming !

\* From Johnson's Musical Museum, Part IV. 1792.

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 Maclean's coming,  
 The Gordons and Macgregor's coming,  
 A' the Duniewastles coming !

Little wat ye wha's coming,  
 Little wat ye wha's coming,  
 Little wat ye wha's coming ;  
 MacGilvray o' Drumglass is coming !

Winton's coming, Nithsdale's coming,  
 Carnwath's coming, Kenmure'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 o' Macintosh is coming,  
 Macrabie and Macdonald's coming,  
 The Mackenzies and Macphersons coming,  
 A' the wild MacCraws coming !

Little wat ye wha's coming,  
 Little wat ye wha's coming,  
 Little wat ye wha's coming ;  
 Donald Gun and a' 's coming !

They gloom, they glowr, they look sae big,  
 At ilka stroke they'll fell a Whig ;

\* Lowland and English partisans.

† A gentleman of Dumfriesshire.

They'll fright the fuds of the Pockpuds ;  
For mony a buttock bare's coming.

Little wat ye wha's coming,  
Little wat ye wha's coming,  
Little wat ye wha's coming ;  
Mony a buttock bare's coming !\*



## WIDOW, ARE YE WAUKIN ?

ALLAN RAMSAY.

TUNE—*Widow, are ye waukin ?*

O WHA's that at my chamber-door ?  
Fair widow, are ye waukin ?  
Auld carle, your suit give o'er,  
Your love lies a' in tauking.

\* From Johnson's Musical Museum, vol. VI. 1803. The following anecdote is humbly submitted as an illustration of the allusion to the Highland dress in the last line.

### *Bare-faced Rebellion.*

For some time after the suppression of the insurrection of 1745, it was customary in miscellaneous parties to argue whether the term "rebellion" was or was not applicable to that affair; the Whigs asserting that it was, and the Jacobites that it was not. One night, at a tea-drinking in the Old Town of Edinburgh, where this question was agitated, a Whig lady affirmed it to have been as "bare-faced"—that is, as unequivocal or certain, a rebellion as ever happened within the memory of man. In the heat of argument, she repeated this assertion several times: "It was a most bare-faced rebellion—as bare-faced a rebellion as could have happened—there never was a mair bare-faced rebellion!" The Honourable Andrew Erskine happened to be present; a gentleman who derived his predilections in favour of the House of Stewart at once from his father the Earl of Kelly, who had been "out in the Forty-five," and from his maternal grandfather, the famous Dr Pitcairn, than whom a more zealous cavalier never lived. When he heard this ludicrous re-iteration of the phrase "*bare-faced* rebellion," his mind was impressed with a grotesque idia which, though indelicate, he found it utterly impossible to keep to himself. Edging his chair towards the lady-disputant, he thus addressed her sideways, with the soft and sly expression peculiar to him:—"I'm no just clear, madam, that it could be ca'd a *bare-faced* rebellion; but weel I wat, there's naebody can dispute but it was a *bare-bottomed* ane." It is unnecessary to describe the convulsive roar of transport, which instantaneously burst from all quarters of the room, and beneath which the unhappy disputant was immediately obliged to retire.

Gie me a lad that's young and tight,  
 Sweet like an April meadow ;  
 'Tis sic as he can bless the sight  
 And bosom of a widow.

O widow, wilt thou let me in ?  
 I'm pawky, wise, and thrifty,  
 And come of a right gentle kin ;  
 I'm little mair than fifty.  
 Daft carle, ye may dicht your mouth ;  
 What signifies how pawky,  
 Or gentle-born ye be, bot youth ?  
 In love you're but a gawky.

Then, widow, let these guineas speak,  
 That powerfully plead clinkan ;  
 And if they fail, my mouth I'll steek,  
 And nae mair love will think on.  
 These court indeed ; I maun confess,  
 I think they make you young, sir,  
 And ten times better can express  
 Affection than your tongue, sir.\*

~~~~~

## MY GODDESS, WOMAN.

JOHN LEARMONT.†

OF mighty Nature's handy-works,  
 The common or uncommon,  
 There's nought through a' her limits wide  
 Can be compared to woman.

\* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, (1724,) where it is wittily entitled,  
 " The Auld Man's best Argument."

† Recently a gardener at Dalkeith.

The farmer toils, the merchant trokes,  
 From dawning to the gloamin';  
 The farmer's cares, the merchant's toils,  
 Are a' to please thee, woman.

The sailor spreads the daring sail  
 Through billows chafed and foaming,  
 For gems, and gold, and jèwels rare,  
 To please thee, lovely woman.  
 The soldier fights o'er crimson'd fields,  
 In distant climate roaming;  
 But lays, wi' pride, his laurels down,  
 Before thee, conquering woman.

The monarch leaves his golden throne,  
 With other men in common,  
 And lays aside his crown, and kneels  
 A subject to thee, woman.  
 Though all were mine, e'er man possess'd,  
 Barbarian, Greek, or Roman,  
 What would earth be, frae east to west,  
 Without my goddess, woman!



## WILL YE GO TO FLANDERS?

TUNE—*Will ye go to Flanders?*

WILL ye go to Flanders, my Mally, O?  
 Will ye go to Flanders, my Mally, O?  
     There we'll get wine and brandy,  
     And sack and sugar-candy!  
 Will ye go to Flanders, my Mally, O?

Will ye go to Flanders, my Mally, O,  
 And see the chief commanders, my Mally, O?

You'll see the bullets fly,  
 And the soldiers how they die,  
 And the ladies loudly cry, my Mally, O ! \*

~~~~~

### MY HEART'S MY AIN.

'Tis nae very lang sinsyne,  
 That I had a lad o' my ain :  
 But now he's awa to another,  
 And left me a' my lane.  
 The lass he's courting has siller,  
 And I hae nane at a' ;  
 And 'tis nocht but the love o' the tocher  
 That's taen my lad awa.

But I'm blythe that my heart's my ain ;  
 And I'll keep it a' my life,  
 Until that I meet wi' a lad  
 Wha has sense to wale a good wife.  
 For though I say't mysell,  
 That shouldna say't, 'tis true, †  
 The lad that gets me for a wife,  
 He'll hae nae occasion to rue.

I gang aye fou clean and fou tosh, ‡  
 As a' the neebours can tell ;  
 Though I've seldom a gown on my back,  
 But sic as I spin mysell.  
 But when I am clad in my curtsey,  
 I think mysell as braw

\* From Herd's Collection, 1776. It seems probable, however, that the song was written during some of the Continental wars, at an earlier period in the century.

† " Though I say't mysell, that shouldna say't," is a very common expression in Scotland, when one is obliged, by the current of conversation, to say any thing in his own favour.

‡ Neat.

As Susie, wi' a' her pearlins,  
That's taen my lad awa.

But I wish they were buckled thegither ;  
And may they live happy for life !  
Though Willie does slicht me, and's left m ,  
The chield, he deserves a gude wife.  
But oh, I'm blythe that I've missed him,  
As blythe as I weel can be ;  
For ane that's sae keen o' the siller,  
Will ne'er agree wi' me.

But as the truth is, I'm hearty ;  
I hate to be scrimpit or scant ;  
The wee thing I hae I'll mak use o't,  
And nae ane about me shall want.  
For I'm a gude guide o' the warld ;  
I ken when to haud and to gie :  
For whingin and cringin for siller  
Will ne'er agree wi' me.

Contentment is better than riches,  
And he wha has that has eneuch ;  
The master is seldom sae happy  
As Robin that drives the pleuch.  
But if a young lad wad cast up,  
To mak me his partner for life,  
If the chield has the sense to be happy,  
He'll fa' on his feet for a wife.\*

~~~~~

## ON A BANK OF FLOWERS.

BURNS.

TUNE—*On a bank of flowers.*

ON a bank of flowers, on a summer day,  
For summer lightly drest,

\* This excellent philosophical song is from Herd's Collection, 1776.



The youthful, blooming Nelly lay,  
 With love and sleep opprest ;  
 When Willie, wandering through the wood,  
 Who for her favour oft had sued ;  
 He gazed, he wished, he feared, he blushed,  
 And trembled where he stood.

Her closed eyes, like weapons sheathed,  
 Were sealed in soft repose ;  
 Her lips, still as she fragrant breathed,  
 It richer dyed the rose.  
 The springing lillie, sweetly prest,  
 Wild wanton kissed her rival breast.  
 He gazed, he wished, he feared, he blushed,  
 His bosom ill at rest.

Her robes, light waving in the breeze,  
 Her tender limbs embrace ;  
 Her lovely form, her native ease,  
 All harmony and grace :  
 Tumultuous tides his pulses roll,  
 A faltering ardent kiss he stole ;  
 He gazed, he wished, he feared, he blushed,  
 And sighed his very soul.

As flies the partridge from the brake,  
 On fear-inspired wings ;  
 So Nelly, starting, half awake,  
 Away affrighted springs ;  
 But Willie followed—as he should ;  
 He overtook her in the wood ;  
 He vowed, he prayed, he found the maid  
 Forgiving all and good ! \*

\* The subject of this song is taken from an old one, which begins in the same manner.

## UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

JOHN HAMILTON.

TUNE—*Up in the morning early.*

CAULD blaws the wind frae north to south;  
 The drift is driving sairly;  
 The sheep are cowerin in the heuch:  
 O! sirs, it's winter fairly.  
 Now up in the mornin's no for me,  
 Up in the mornin early;  
 I'd rather gae supperless to my bed,  
 Than rise in the morning early.\*

Loud roars the blast amang the woods,  
 And tirls the branches barely;  
 On hill and house hear how it thuds!  
 The frost is nipping sairly.  
 Now up in the mornin's no for me,  
 Up in the mornin early;  
 To sit a' nicht wad better agree,  
 Than rise in the mornin early.

The sun peeps ower yon southland hills,  
 Like ony timorous carlie,  
 Just blinks a wee, then sinks again;  
 And that we find severely.  
 Now up in the morning's no for me,  
 Up in the morning early;  
 When snaw blaws in at the chimley cheek,  
 Wha'd rise in the mornin early?

Nae linties lilt on hedge or bush:  
 Poor things, they suffer sairly;

\* Part of this stanza was taken from an old song, for some notice of which see the Introduction.

In cauldrie quarters a' the nicht ;  
 A' day they feed but sparely.  
 Now up in the morning's no for me,  
 Up in the morning early ;  
 A pennyless purse I wad rather dree  
 Than rise in the morning early.

A cosie house and canty wife,  
 Aye keep a body cheerly ;  
 And pantries stowed wi' meat and drink,  
 They answer unco rarely.  
 But up in the morning—na, na, na !  
 Up in the morning early !  
 The gowans maun glent on bank and brae,  
 When I rise in the mornin early.



## WILL YE GO TO SHERRAMUIR?

TANNAHILL.

TUNE—*We'll awa to Sherramuir, to haud the Whigs in order.*

WILL ye go to Sherramuir,  
 Bauld John of Innisture,  
 There to see the noble Mar,  
 And his Highland laddies ?  
 A' the true men o' the north,  
 Angus, Huntly, and Seaforth,  
 Scouring on to cross the Forth,  
 Wi' their white cockadies !

There you'll see the banners flare,  
 There you'll hear the bagpipes rair,  
 And the trumpet's deadly blare,  
 Wi' the cannon's rattle !

There you'll see the bauld M'Craws,  
 Cameron's and Clanronald's raws,  
 And a' the clans, wi' loud huzzas,  
 Rushing to the battle!

\*\*\*\*\*

## THE HARPER OF MULL.

TANNAHILL.

WHEN Rosie was faithful, how happy was I!  
 Still gladsome as summer the time glided by;  
 I played my harp cheerie, while fondly I sang  
 Of the charms of my Rosie the winter nights lang.  
 But now I'm as waefu' as waefu' can be,  
 Come simmer, come winter, 'tis a' ane to me;  
 For the dark gloom of falsehood sae clouds my sad soul,  
 That cheerless for aye is the Harper of Mull.

I wander the glens and the wild woods alane;  
 In their deepest recesses I make my sad mane;  
 My harp's mournful melody joins in the strain,  
 While sadly I sing of the days that are gane.  
 Though Rosie is faithless she's not the less fair,  
 And the thought of her beauty but feeds my despair:  
 With painful remembrance my bosom is full,  
 And weary of life is the Harper of Mull.

As slumb'ring I lay by the dark mountain stream,  
 My lovely young Rosie appear'd in my dream;  
 I thought her still kind, and I ne'er was more blest,  
 As in fancy I clasp'd the dear nymph to my breast.  
 Thou false, fleeting vision, too soon thou wert o'er;  
 Thou wakedst me to tortures unequall'd before;  
 But death's silent slumbers my griefs soon shall lull,  
 And the green grass wave over the Harper of Mull.

## WAKEN, LORDS AND LADIES GAY!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

WAKEN, lords and ladies gay!  
 On the mountain dawns the day;  
 All the jolly chase is here,  
 With hawk, and horse, and hunting spear.  
 Hounds are in their couples yelling,  
 Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling;  
 Merrily, merrily mingle they—  
 Waken, lords and ladies gay!

Waken, lords and ladies gay!  
 The mist has left the mountain gray;  
 Springlets in the dawn are streaming,  
 Diamonds in the brake are gleaming;  
 And foresters have busy been,  
 To track the buck in thicket green:  
 Now we come to chant our lay—  
 Waken, lords and ladies gay!

Waken, lords and ladies gay!  
 To the greenwood haste away:  
 We can show you where he lies,—  
 Fleet of foot and tall of size;  
 We can show the marks he made,  
 When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed;  
 You shall see him brought to bay:  
 Waken, lords and ladies gay!

Louder, louder chant the lay,  
 Waken, lords and ladies gay!  
 Tell them, youth, and mirth, and glee,  
 Run a course as well as we.  
 Time, stern huntsman! who can baulk?  
 Stanch as hound and fleet as hawk:

Think of this, and rise with day,  
Gentle lords and ladies gay!



## O MY LOVE IS A COUNTRY LASS.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

O MY love is a country lass,  
And I am but a country laddie ;  
But true love is nae gentleman,  
And sweetness is nae lofty lady.  
I mak my bed 'mang brackens green ;  
My licht's the mune, round, bricht, and bonnie ;  
And there I muse the simmer nicht  
On her, my leal and lovely Jeanie.

Her gown, spun by her ain white hand ;  
Her coat sae trim of snowy plaiden :  
Is there a dame in a' the land,  
Sae ladylike in silk and satin ?  
Though minstrel-love is a' my wealth,  
Let gowks love gold and mailins many,  
I'm rich eneuch when I have thee,  
My witty, winsome, lovely Jeanie.

O ! have ye seen her at the kirk,  
Her brow with meek devotion glowing ?  
Or got ae glance of her bright eye,  
Frae 'neath her tresses dark and flowing ?  
Or heard her voice breathe out such words  
As angels use—sweet, but not many ?  
And have ye dream'd of aught sinsyne,  
Save her, my fair, my lovely Jeanie ?

## KELLYBURNBRAES.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Kellyburnbraes.*

THERE lived a carle on Kellyburnbraes ;  
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme ;)   
 And he had a wife was the plague of his days ;  
 (And the thyme it is withered, and rue is in prime.)

Ae day, as the carle gaed up the lang glen,\*  
 He met wi' the deevil, says, “ How do ye fen' ? ”

“ I've got a bad wife, sir ; that's a' my complaint ;  
 For, saving your presence, to her ye're a saint.”

“ It's neither your stot nor your staig I shall crave ;  
 But gie me your wife, man, for her I maun have.”

“ O, welcome most kindly,” the blythe carle said ;  
 “ But if ye can match her, ye're waur than ye're ca'd ! ”

The deevil has got the auld wife on his back,  
 And like a poor pedlar he's carried his pack.

He carried her hame to his ain hallan door ;  
 Syne bade her gae in, for a bitch and a ———.

Then straight he makes fifty, the pick of his band,  
 Turn out on her guard, in the clap of a hand.

The carline gaed through them like ony wud bear :  
 Whae'er she got hands on cam near her nae mair.

A reekit wee deevil looks over the wa' ;  
 “ Oh help, master, help ! or she'll ruin us a'.”

\* The parenthetical lines of the first verse are repeated in all the succeeding stanzas.

The deevil he swore by the edge of his knife,  
He pitied the man that was tied to a wife.

The deevil he swore by the kirk and the bell,  
He was not in wedlock, thank heaven ! but in hell.

Then Satan has travelled again wi' his pack,  
And to her auld husband he's carried her back.

“ I hae been a deevil the feck o' my life ;  
    ( Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme ; )  
But ne'er was in hell till I met wi' a wife ;  
    ( And the thyme it is withered, and rue is in prime. ) \* ”

~~~~~

## PHILLIS THE FAIR.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Robin Adair.*

WHILE larks with little wing  
    Fanned the pure air,  
Tasting the breathing spring,  
    Forth I did fare ;  
Gay the sun's golden eye  
Peeped o'er the mountains high ;  
Such thy morn ! did I cry,  
    Phillis the fair.

In each bird's careless song  
    Glad I did share,  
While yon wild flowers among,  
    Chance led me there :

\* Burns confesses, in his Notes on Johnson's Musical Museum, that he composed this wildly humorous ditty out of “ the old traditionary verses.”



Sweet to the opening day,  
 Rosebuds bent the dewy spray ;  
 Such thy bloom ! did I say,  
 Phillis the fair.

Down in a shady walk,  
 Doves cooing were ;  
 I marked the cruel hawk  
 Caught in a snare ;  
 So kind may fortune be !  
 Such make his destiny,  
 He who would injure thee,  
 Phillis the fair !

~~~~~

## PEGGY AND PATIE.

[FROM THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.]

ALLAN RAMSAY.

TUNE—*The Yellow-haired Laddie.*

PEGGY.

WHEN first my dear laddie gaed to the green hill,  
 And I at ewe-milking first seyed my young skill,  
 To bear the milk bowie nae pain was to me,  
 When I at the bughting forgather'd with thee.

PATIE.

When corn-riggs waved yellow, and blue heather-bells  
 Bloomed bonny on moorland and sweet rising fells,  
 Nae birns, brier, or bracken, gave trouble to me,  
 If I found but the berries right ripened for thee.

PEGGY.

When thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the stane,  
 And cam aff the victor, my heart was aye fain :

Thy ilka sport manly gave pleasure to me,  
For nane can put, wrestle, or run swift as thee.

PATIE.

Our Jenny sings saftly the "Cowden Broom-knowes,"  
And Rosie lilts sweetly the "Milking the Ewes;"  
There's few "Jenny Nettles" like Nancy can sing;  
With, "Through the wood, Laddie," Bess gars our  
lugs ring :

But when my dear Peggy sings, with better skill,  
The "Boatman," "Tweedside," or the "Lass of the  
Mill,"

'Tis many times sweeter and pleasing to me ;  
For though they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.

PEGGY.

How easy can lasses trow what they desire,  
With praises sae kindly increasing love's fire !  
Give me still this pleasure, my study shall be  
To make myself better and sweeter for thee.



## THE ROVER OF LOCHRYAN.

H. AINSLIE.

THE Rover of Lochryan he's gane,  
Wi' his merry-men sae brave ;  
Their hearts are o' the steel, and a better keel  
Ne'er bowled ower the back of a wave ;

It's no whan the loch lies dead in its trough ;  
When naething disturbs it ava ;  
But the rack and the ride o' the restless tide,  
Or the splash o' the grey sea-maw ;

It's no when the yawl, and the licht skiff's, crawl  
 Ower the breast o' the siller sea ;  
 That I look to the west for the bark I lo'e best,  
 And the Rover that's dear to me.

But when that the clud lays its cheeks to the flood,  
 And the sea lays its shouther to the shore,  
 When the wind sings high, and the sea-whelps cry,  
 As they rise frae the whitening roar ;

It's then that I look through the blackening rook,  
 And watch by the midnight tide ;  
 I ken that the wind brings my rover hame,  
 On the sea that he glories to ride.

O, merry he sits 'mang his jovial crew,  
 Wi' the helm-haft in his hand ;  
 And he sings aloud to his boys in blue,  
 As his ee's upon Galloway's land.

“ Unstent and slack each reef and tack,  
 Gie her sail, boys, while it may sit :  
 She has roared through a heavier sea before,  
 And she'll roar through a heavier yet !

When landsmen sleep, or wake and creep,  
 In the tempest's angry moan,  
 We dash through the drift, and sing to the lift  
 O' the wave that heaves us on.

It's brave, boys, to see the morn's blythe ee,  
 When the night's been dark and drear ;  
 But it's better far to lie, and our storm-locks dry,  
 In the bosom o' her that is dear.

Gie her sail, gie her sail, till she buries her wale,  
 Gie her sail, boys, while it may sit :  
 She has roared through a heavier sea before,  
 And she'll roar through a heavier yet !”

## THE FORAY.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE last of our steers on the board has been spread,  
 And the last flask of wine in our goblets is red :  
 Up, up, my brave kinsmen !—belt swords and begone ;  
 There are dangers to dare, and there's spoil to be won !

The eyes that so lately mixed glances with ours,  
 For a space must be dim, as they gaze from the towers,  
 And strive to distinguish, through tempest and gloom,  
 The prance of the steeds and the top of the plume.

The rain is descending, the wind rises loud,  
 The moon her red beacon has veiled with a cloud—  
 'Tis the better, my mates, for the warder's dull eye  
 Shall in confidence slumber, nor dream we are nigh.

Our steeds are impatient—I hear my blythe grey ;  
 There is life in his hoof-clang and hope in his neigh ;  
 Like the flash of a meteor, the glance of his mane  
 Shall marshal your march through the darkness and rain.

The draw-bridge has dropped, and the bugle has blown ;  
 One pledge is to quaff yet—then mount and begone :  
 To their honour and peace that shall rest with the slain !  
 To their health and their glee that see Teviot again !

## TAM O' THE BALLOCH.

H. AINSLIE.

'TUNE—*The Campbells are coming.*

IN the Nick o' the Balloch lived Muirland Tam,  
 Weel stentit wi' brochan and braxie-ham ;  
 A breist like a buird, and a back like a door,  
 And a wapping wame that hung down afore.

But what's come ower ye, Muirland Tam ?  
 For your leg's now grown like a wheel-barrow tram ;  
 Your ee it's faun in—your nose it's faun out,  
 And the skin o' your cheek's like a dirty clout.

O ance, like a yaud, ye spankit the bent,  
 Wi' a fecket sae fou, and a stocking sae stent,  
 The strength o' a stot—the wecht o' a cow ;  
 Now, Tammy, my man, ye're grown like a grew.

I mind sin' the blink o' a canty quean  
 Could watered your mou and lichtit your een ;  
 Now ye leuk like a yowe, when ye should be a ram ;  
 O what can be wrang wi' ye, Muirland Tam ?

Has some dowg o' the yirth set your gear abreed ?  
 Hae they broken your heart or broken your head ?  
 Hae they rackit wi' rungs or kittled wi' steel ?  
 Or, Tammy, my man, hae ye seen the deil ?

Wha ance was your match at a stoup and a tale ?  
 Wi' a voice like a sea, and a drouth like a whale ?  
 Now ye peep like a powt ; ye glumph and ye gaunt ;  
 Oh, Tammy, my man, are ye turned a saunt ?

Come, lowse your heart, ye man o' the muir ;  
 We tell our distress ere we look for a cure :  
 There's laws for a wrang, and sa's for a sair ;  
 Sae, Tammy, my man, what wad ye hae mair ?

Oh ! neebour, it neither was thresher nor thief,  
 That deepened my ee, and lichtened my beef ;  
 But the word that makes me sae waefu and wan,  
 Is—Tam o' the Balloch's a married man !



## LOUDON'S BONNIE WOODS AND BRAES.

TANNAHILL.

LOUDON's bonnie woods and braes,  
 I maun leave them a', lassie ;  
 Wha can thole when Britain's faes  
 Would gie to Britons law, lassie ?  
 Wha would shun the field o' danger ?  
 Wha to fame would live a stranger ?  
 Now when freedom bids avenge her,  
 Wha would shun her ca', lassie ?  
 Loudon's bonnie woods 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 rings,  
 Yielding joy to thee, laddie ;  
 But the dolefu' bugle brings  
 Waefu' thochts to me, laddie.  
 Lanely I may climb the mountain,  
 Lanely stray beside the fountain,

Still the weary moments counting,  
 Far frae love and thee, laddie.  
 Ower the gory fields o' war,  
 Where vengeance drives his crimson car,  
 Thou may fa', frae me afar,  
 And nane to close thy ee, laddie.

Oh, resume thy wonted smile,  
 Oh, suppress thy fears, lassie ;  
 Glorious honour crowns the toil  
 That the soldier shares, lassie :  
 Heaven will shield thy faithful lover,  
 Till the vengeful strife is over ;  
 Then we'll meet, nae mair to sever,  
 Till the day we dee, lassie :  
 Midst our bonnie woods and braes,  
 We'll spend our peaceful happy days,  
 As blythe's yon lightsome lamb that plays  
 On Loudon's flowery lea, lassie.

~~~~~

### QUEEN MARIE.

[SAID TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY LORD DARNLEY, IN  
 PRAISE OF THE BEAUTY OF QUEEN MARY, BEFORE  
 THEIR MARRIAGE.\*]

You meaner beauties of the night,  
 Which poorly satisfy our eyes,  
 More by your number than your light,  
 Like common-people of the skies,  
 What are ye when the moon doth rise?

\* For some notice of the literary abilities of this unfortunate young man, see "The Life of Queen Mary, by H. G. Bell, Esq." published in Constable's Miscellany.

Ye violets, that first appear,  
 By your purple mantles known,  
 Like proud virgins of the year,  
 As if the Spring were all your own,  
 What are ye when the rose is blown?

Ye wandering chanters of the wood,  
 That fill the air with nature's lays,  
 Making your feelings understood  
 In accents weak—What is your praise,  
 When Philomel her voice shall raise?

You glancing jewels of the east,  
 Whose estimation fancies raise,  
 Pearls, rubies, sapphires, and the rest  
 Of glittering gems, what is your praise,  
 When the bright diamond shows his rays?

But ah, poor light, gem, voice, and sound,  
 What are ye if my Mary shine?  
 Moon, diamond, flowers, and Philomel,  
 Light, lustre, scent, and music tine,  
 And yield to merit more divine.

The rose and lily, the whole spring,  
 Unto her breath for sweetness speed;  
 The diamond darkens in the ring;  
 When she appears, the moon looks dead,  
 As when Sol lifts his radiant head.\*

\* Ramsay prints a version of this song, slightly different from the above, which he states himself to have copied from an old manuscript collection by an Aberdeenshire gentleman.



## MACGREGOR'S GATHERING.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

TUNE—*Macgregor's Gathering.*

THE moon's on the lake, and the mist's on the brae,  
 And the clan has a name that is nameless by day—  
 Then gather, gather, gather, Gregalich !

Our signal for fight, which from monarchs we drew,  
 Must be heard but by night, in our vengeful halloo—  
 Then halloo, halloo, halloo, Gregalich !

Glenorchy's proud mountains, Calchuirn and her towers,  
 Glenstrae, and Glenlyon, no longer are ours—  
 We're landless, landless, landless, Gregalich !

But, doomed and devoted by vassal and lord,  
 Macgregor has still both his heart and his sword—  
 Then courage, courage, courage, Gregalich !

If they rob us of name, and pursue us with beagles,  
 Give their roof to the flames, and their flesh to the  
 eagles—  
 Come then, Gregalich, come then !

While there's leaves on the forest, or foam on the river,  
 Macgregor, despite them, shall flourish for ever !  
 Then gather, gather, gather, Gregalich !

## THE FLOWER O' DUNBLANE.

TANNAHILL.

TUNE—*The flower of Dunblane.\**

THE sun has gane down on the lofty Ben Lomond,  
 And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,  
 While lonely I stray, in the calm summer gloamin,  
 To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.  
 How sweet is the brier, wi' its saft fauldin blossom!  
 And sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle o' green;  
 Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom,  
 Is lovely young Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.

She's modest as onie, and blythe as she's bonnie;  
 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' Dun-  
 blane.

Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy sang to the e'ening,  
 Thou'rt dear to the echoes of 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 seemed foolish and vain;  
 I ne'er saw a nymph I could ca' my dear lassie,  
 Till charmed 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.

\* This air, certainly one of the most successful of all modern imitations of the ancient Scottish melody, was the composition of Tannahill's friend, the late Mr R. A. Smith.

## BY JOVE!

TUNE—*When she cam ben she bobbie.*

COME, fill me a bumper, my brave jolly boys;  
Let's have no more female impert'nence and noise;  
For I've tried the endearments and pleasures of love,  
And I find they're but nonsense and whimsies, by Jove!

When, first of all, Betty and I were acquaint,  
I whined like a fool, and she sighed like a saint:  
But I found her religion, her face, and her love,  
Were hypocrisy, paint, and self-interest, by Jove!

Sweet Cecil came next, with her languishing air;  
Her outside was orderly, modest, and fair.  
But her soul was sophisticate; so was her love;  
For I found she was only a strumpet, by Jove!

Little double-gilt Jenny's gold charmed me at last:  
You know marriage and money together do best.  
But the baggage, forgetting her vows and her love,  
Gave her gold to a sniv'ling dull coxcomb, by Jove!

Come fill me a bumper, then, jolly brave boys;  
Here's a farewell to impert'nence and noise:  
I know few of the sex that are worthy my love;  
And, for strumpets and jilts, I abhor them, by Jove!\*

\* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, where it is marked by the signature L; the initial, no doubt, of one of the ingenious young gentlemen who favoured Ramsay with new songs to the old Scottish airs. It is very probable that Lauder was the person meant—William Lauder, originally a school-master at Dalkeith, but who afterwards distinguished himself in the literary world, by pretending to have detected Milton in stealing the plot of his *Paradise Lost* from an old Italian author. See *Chalmers's Life of Rudiman*.

## THE BONNY SCOT.

RAMSAY.

TUNE—*The Boatman.*

YE gales, that gently wave the sea,  
 And please the canny boat-man,  
 Bear me frae hence, or bring to me  
 My brave, my bonny Scot-man.  
 In haly bands we joined our hands,  
 Yet may not this discover,  
 While parents rate a large estate  
 Before a faithfu' lover.

But I loor chuse, in Highland glens  
 To herd the kid and goat, man,  
 Ere I could, for sic little ends,  
 Refuse my bonny Scot-man.  
 Wae worth the man, wha first began  
 The base ungenerous fashion,  
 Frae greedy views love's art to use,  
 While strangers to its passion !

Frae foreign fields, my lovely youth,  
 Haste to thy longing lassie,  
 Who pants to press thy balmy mouth,  
 And in her bosom hause thee.  
 Love gies the word ; then, haste on board ;  
 Fair winds and tenty boatman,  
 Waft o'er, waft o'er, frae yonder shore,  
 My blythe, my bonny Scot-man.\*

\* There is a tradition, mentioned by the Rev. James Hall, in his *Travels through Scotland*, [2 vols. 1807,] that the early song upon which Ramsay founded the above, was composed on the preference which Mary of Guise gave to our James V., as a husband, over the English Henry VIII.

## SONG.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Laddie, lie near me.*

'Twas na her bonnie blue ee was my ruin ;  
 Fair though she be, that was ne'er my undoin' :  
 'Twas the dear smile when naebody did mind us,  
 'Twas the bewitching, sweet, stown glance o' kindness.

Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me,  
 Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me ;  
 But though fell fortune should fate us to sever,  
 Queen shall she be in my bosom for ever.

Mary, I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest,  
 And thou hast plighted me love o' the dearest !  
 And thou'rt the angel that never can alter ;  
 Sooner the sun in his motion shall falter.

~~~~~

## THE ELECTION.\*

BURNS.

TUNE—*Fy, let us a' to the Bridal.*

FY, let us a' to Kirkcudbright,  
 For there will be bickering there,

\* This poem is here printed *for the first time*. Its interest must be considerably impaired in the eyes of a general reader, by the local and personal allusions in which it consists; but it is, nevertheless, well worthy of a place, as containing many things in Burns's very best manner.

For Murray's light horse are to muster ;  
And oh, how the heroes will swear !

And there will be Murray commander,  
And Gordon the battle to win :  
Like brithers they'll stand by each other,  
Sae knit in alliance and sin.

And there will be black-nebbed Johnnie,  
The tongue of the trump to them a' ;  
If he get na hell for his haddin',  
The deil gets nae justice ava !

And there will be Templeton's birkie,  
A boy no sae black at the bane ;  
But, as to his fine Nabob fortune,  
We'll e'en let the subject alane.

And there will be Wigton's new sheriff :  
Dame Justice fu' brawly has sped ;  
She's gotten the heart of a B——by,  
But what has become of the head ?

And there will be Cardoness' squire,  
So mighty in Cardoness eyes ;  
A wight that will weather damnation,  
For the devil the prey will despise.

And there will be Douglasses doughty,  
New christening towns far and near ;  
Abjuring their democrat doings,  
By kissing the doup of a peer.

And there will be Kenmure sae generous,  
Whose honour is proof 'gainst the storm ;  
To save them frae stark reprobation,  
He lent them his name to the firm.

But we winna mention Redcastle ;  
 The body, e'en let him escape :  
 He'd venture the gallows for silier,  
 An 'twere na the cost o' the rape.

And there is our King's Lord Lieutenant,  
 Sae famed for his grateful return ?  
 The billie is getting his questions,  
 To say in St Stephen's the morn.

And there will be lads of the gospel,  
 Muirhead, wha's as gude as he's true ;  
 And there will be Buittle's apostle,  
 Wha's mair o' the black than the blue.

And there will be folk frae St Mary's,\*  
 A house o' great merit and note :  
 The deil ane but honours them highly—  
 The deil ane will gie them his vote.

And there will be wealthy young Richard :  
 Dame Fortune should hing by the neck :  
 But for prodigal thriftless bestowing,  
 His merit had won him respect.

And there will be rich brither Nabobs ;  
 Though Nabobs, yet men o' the first.  
 And there will be Colliston's whiskers,  
 And Quintin, o' lads not the warst.

And there will be Stamp-office Johnnie—  
 Tak tent how you purchase a dram ;  
 And there will be gay Cassencarry ;  
 And there will be gleg Colonel Tam.

\* Meaning the family of the Earl of Selkirk, resident at St Mary's Isle, near Kirkcudbright.

And there will be trusty Kirrochtrie,  
 Whase honour is ever his sa':  
 If the virtues were packed in a parcel,  
 His worth might be sample for a'.

And can we forget the auld Major,  
 Wha'll ne'er be forgot in the Greys?  
 Our flattery we'll keep for some other;  
 Him only it's justice to praise.

And there will be maiden Kilkerran,  
 And also Barskimming's gude wight;  
 And there will be roaring Birtwhistle,  
 Wha luckily roars in the right.

And there, frae the Niddisdale border,  
 We'll mingle the Maxwells in droves,  
 Teuch Jockie, stanch Geordie, and Willie,  
 That granes for the fishes and loaves.

And there will be Logan M'D——l;  
 Sculduddery and he will be there;  
 And also the Scott o' Galloway,  
 Sodgering, gunpowder Blair.

Then hey! the chaste interest o' Broughton,  
 And hey for the blessings 'twill bring!  
 It may send Balmaghie to the Commons;  
 In Sodom 'twould make him a king.

And hey! for the sanctified M—r—y,  
 Our land wha wi' chapels has stored;  
 He foundered his horse among harlots,  
 But gied the *auld mare* to the Lord.



## STEER HER UP, AND HAUD HER GAUN.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Steer her up.*

O STEER her up and haud her gaun ;  
 Her mither's at the mill, jo ;  
 And gin she winna tak a man,  
 E'en let her tak her will, jo.

First shore her wi' a kindly kiss,  
 And ca' another gill, jo ;  
 And gin she tak the thing amiss,  
 E'en let her flyte her fill, jo.

O steer her up, and be na blate ;  
 And gin she tak it ill, jo,  
 Then lea' the lassie to her fate,  
 And time nae langer spill, jo.

Ne'er break your heart for ae rebut,  
 But think upon it still, jo,  
 That gin the lassie winna do't,  
 Ye'll find another will, jo.\*

\* This song, and the four which follow, are from Johnson's Musical Museum. It is somewhat strange that they should have been overlooked by Dr Currie, and still more so, that they should have also escaped the research of the many less scrupulous editors who have laboured since. They are not, perhaps, in Burns's best style; but, as Johnson's work is so rare as to render them almost as good as manuscript, their insertion here seems at least justifiable.

## THERE'S NEWS, LASSES.

BURNS.

THERE'S news, lasses, news,  
 Gude news hae I to tell;  
 There's a boat fu' o' lads  
 Come to our toun to sell.

The wean wants a cradle,  
 And the cradle wants a cod;  
 And I'll no gang to my bed,  
 Until I get a nod.

Father, quo' she, Mother, quo' she,  
 Do ye what ye can,  
 I'll no gang to my bed  
 Till I get a man.

I hae as gude a craft-rig  
 As made o' yird and stane;  
 And waly fa' the ley crap,  
 For I maun till't again.

~~~~~

## LAY THY LOOF IN MINE, LASS.

BURNS.

TUNE—*O lay thy loof in mine, lass.*

O LAY thy loof in mine, lass,  
 In mine, lass, in mine, lass;  
 And swear on thy white hand, lass,  
 That thou wilt be my ain.

A slave to love's unbounded sway,  
 He aft has wrought me muckle wae;

But now he is my deadly fae,  
Unless thou be my ain.

There's mony a lass has broke my rest,  
That for a blink I hae lo'ed best ;  
But thou art queen within my breast,  
For ever to remain.



## HERE'S TO THY HEALTH, MY BONNIE LASS.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Logan Burn.*

HERE'S to thy health, my bonnie lass !  
Gude nicht, and joy be wi' thee !  
I'll come nae mair to thy bouir door,  
To tell thee that I loe thee.  
Oh dinna think, my pretty pink,  
But I can live without thee :  
I vow and swear I dinna care  
How lang ye look about ye.

Thou'rt aye sae free informing  
Thou hast nae mind to marry ;  
I'll be as free informing thee,  
Nae time hae I to tarry.  
I ken thy friends try ilka means  
Frae wedlock to delay thee,  
Depending on some higher chance ;  
But fortune may betray thee.

I ken they scorn my low estate ;  
But that does never grieve me ;  
For I'm as free as ony he :  
Sma' siller will relieve me.



## I'LL SOON HAE A WIFE O' MY AIN.

ROBERT WHITLEY.

FRAE Clyde to the banks o' sweet Earn  
 I've travell'd fu' mony a lang mile ;  
 But thoughts o' my dearest lass Ailie  
 The wearisome hours did beguile.  
 The happy wae night that we parted,  
 She vow'd she wad constant remain :  
 My heart-strings a' dirl'd wi' fondness ;  
 I kiss'd and I kiss'd her again.

'Tis not that her cheeks are like roses,  
 Nor yet for her dark-rowing ee ;  
 'Tis not for her sweet comely features ;  
 These charms are a' naething to me.  
 The storms o' this life may soon blast them,  
 Or sickness may snatch them away ;  
 But virtue, when fix'd in the bosom,  
 Will flourish and never decay.

Nae langer I'll spend a' my siller ;  
 Nae langer I'll now lie my lane ;  
 Nae langer I'll hunt after lasses ;  
 I'll soon hae a wife o' my ain.  
 For mony a wild foot have I wander'd,  
 And mony a night spent in vain,  
 Wi' drinking, and dancing, and courting :  
 But I'll soon hae a wife o' my ain.

Her mother's aye roaring and flyting :  
 " I rede ye, tak tent o' that chiel ;  
 He'll no be that canny to leeve wi' ;  
 He'll ne'er be like douce Geordie Steele.

He's courtit far ower mony lasses ;  
 To slight them he thinks it gude fun ;  
 He'll mak but a sober half-marrow  
 Ye'd best rue before ye be bun'."

Though Geordie be laird o' a housie,  
 And brags o' his kye and his pelf,  
 And warld's gear I be right scant o' ;  
 A fig for't as lang's I've my health !  
 If ance I were kippled wi' Ailie,  
 She'll seldom hae cause to complain ;  
 We'll jog on through life aye right cannie,  
 When I get a wife o' my ain.

But if that my Ailie prove faithless,  
 And marry before I return,  
 I'll ne'er, like a coof, greet about her,  
 Nor yet for ae minute I'll mourn.  
 Awa straight to some other beauty  
 Without loss o' time I will hie,  
 And shaw to the lasses I'm careless,  
 Unless they're as willing as I.\*



## THE BONNIE BANKS OF AYR.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Banks of Ayr.*

THE gloomy night is gath'ring fast,  
 Loud roars the wild inconstant blast,  
 Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,  
 I see it driving o'er the plain.

\* The author of this song is a weaver at the village of Biggar, in Lanarkshire. The heroine's name was Alison Bogle.

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 her 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 billows, 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 scene 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 wrote this song, while conveying his chest so far on the road from Ayrshire to Greenock, where he intended to embark in a few days for Jamaica. He designed it, he says, as his farewell dirge to his native country.

## A SOUTH-SEA SONG.\*

RAMSAY.

TUNE—*For our lang bidding here.*

WHEN we cam to London toun,  
 We dreamed of gowd in gowpens† here,  
 And rantingly ran up and down,  
 In rising stocks to buy a skair : ‡  
 We daftly thought to row in rowth,  
 But for our daffin' § paid richt dear ;  
 The lave || will fare the waur in trowth,  
 For our lang bidding here.

But when we fand our purses toom, ¶  
 And dainty stocks began to fa',  
 We hung our lugs,\*\* and, wi' a gloom,  
 Girned at stock-jobbing, ane and a'.  
 If ye gang near the South-sea House,  
 The whilly-whas†† will grip your gear ;  
 Syne a' the lave will fare the waur  
 For our lang bidding here.

\* Written on the famous South-Sea Bubble, 1720.

† A *gowpen*, in the Scottish language, signifies as much as one can hold in both hands together.

‡ Share.

§ *Daffin'*—sportive behaviour. For instance, a late professor of the College of Edinburgh used to translate “*Dulce est desipere in loco,*” *weel-timed daffin'*.

|| The rest.

¶ Empty.

\*\* Ears.

†† *Whilly-wha* is an epithet of contempt, applied to a person who endeavours to deceive by the plenitude and glossiness of his language.



## THE HUSBAND'S SONG.

WILLIAM WILSON.

Wha my kettle now will boil,  
 Wha will cheer me wi' her smile,  
 Wha will lichten a' my toil,  
 When thou art far awa'?

Wha will meet me on the stair,  
 Wha will kiss me kindly there,  
 And lull to rest ilk earthly care,  
 When thou art far awa'?

When the day is at a close,  
 Wha will mak my wee drap brose,  
 Snodly mend my holley hose,  
 When thou art far awa'?

Wha will wi' my failings bear,  
 Wha my e'enin' psalm will share,  
 Wha will kneel wi' me in prayer,  
 When thou art far awa'?

When the nights grow lang and cauld,  
 And the wind blaws snell and bauld,  
 Wha her arms will round me fauld,  
 When thou art far awa'?

Wha will trigly mak my bed,  
 Draw my nichtcap o'er my head,  
 And kiss me when I down am laid,  
 When thou art far awa'?

Nane!—and dowie now I gang  
 Through the house the hale nicht lang,

Croonin ower some simple sang  
O' her that's far awa.

Now I downa bide to leuk  
Ayont the cheerless ingle neuk,  
Where aft I read the haly beuk  
To her that's far awa.

Haste, my dearest ! haste ye hame,  
Come, my ain beloved dame !  
Ferry over loch, sea, and stream,  
And ne'er gae mair awa !

~~~~~

## SONG.

JOHN GRIEVE.

TUNE—*Polwart on the Green.*

'Twas summer tide ; the cushat sang  
His am'rous roundelay ;  
And dews, like cluster'd diamonds, hang  
On flower and leafy spray.  
The coverlet of gloaming grey  
On every thing was seen,  
When lads and lasses took their way  
To Polwart on the Green.

The spirit-moving dance went on,  
And harmless revelry  
Of young hearts all in unison,  
Wi' love's soft witcherie ;  
Their hall the open-daisied lea,  
While frae the welkin sheen,  
The moon shone brightly on the glee  
At Polwart on the Green.

Dark een and raven curls were there,  
 And cheeks of rosy hue,  
 And finer forms, without compare,  
 Than pencil ever drew ;  
 But ane, wi' een of bonnie blue,  
 A' hearts confess'd the queen,  
 And pride of grace and beauty too,  
 At Polwart on the Green.

The miser hoards his golden store,  
 And kings dominion gain ;  
 While others in the battle's roar  
 For honour's trifles strain.  
 Away, such pleasures ! false and vain ;  
 Far dearer mine have been,  
 Among the lowly rural train,  
 At Polwart on the Green.



## MAGGIE'S TOCHER.

TUNE—*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 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 fay,  
 Or I part wi' my land.  
 Your tocher it shall be good,  
 There's nane shall hae its maik,  
 The lass bound in her snood,  
 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 richt 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 but 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 guid eneuch,  
 For that ye needna fear,  
 Twa good stilts to the pleuch,  
 And ye yoursell maun steer :  
 Ye sall hae twa guid 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' the wands,  
 And that sall be your coffer,

Wi' aiken woody bands,  
And that may haud your tocher.

Consider weel, gudeman,  
We hae but borrowed gear ;  
The horse that I ride on  
Is Sandy Wilson's mare ;  
The saddle's nane o' my ain,  
And thae's but borrow'd boots,  
And when 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 cogue o' swats,  
We'll mak nae mair toom roose.

I like you weel, young lad,  
For telling me sae plain ;  
I married when 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 cam till her ;  
The fiddler crap in at the fit,  
And they cuddled it a' thegither.\*

\* Printed in the Tea-Table Miscellany, (1724,) with the signature letter Z, indicating that it was then a song of unknown age.

## WILLIE WINKIE'S TESTAMENT.

TUNE—*Willie Winkie's Testament.*

My daddy left me gear eneuch,  
 A coatie and an auld beam-pleuch,  
 A nebbed staff, a nutting-tyne,  
 A fishing-wand, with hook and line ;  
 With twa auld stools, and a dirt-house,  
 A jukenet, scarce worth a louse,  
 An auld pat, that wants the lug,  
 A spurtle and a sowen-cogg.

A hempen heckle, and a mell,  
 A tar-harn, and a wether's bell,  
 A muck-fork, and an auld peat creel,  
 The spokes of our auld spinning wheel ;  
 A pair of branks, yea, and a saddle,  
 With our auld brunt and broken ladle,  
 A whang but and a snifle bit ;  
 Cheer up, my bairns, and dance a fit.

A flailing-staff, a timmer-spit,  
 An auld kirn, and a hole in it,  
 Yarn-winnles, and a reel,  
 A fetter-lock, a trump of steel,  
 A whistle, and a tup horn spoon,  
 Wi' an auld pair o' clouted shoon,  
 A timmer spade, and a gleg shear,  
 A bonnet for my bairns to wear.

A timmer tong, a broken cradle,  
 The pinnion of an auld car-saddle,  
 A gullie-knife, and a horse-wand,  
 A mitten for the left hand,

With an auld broken pan of brass,  
 \*       \*       \*       \*       \*  
 An auld band, and a hoodling-how ;  
 I hope, my bairns, ye're a' weel now.

Aft have I borne ye on my back,  
 With a' this riff-raff in my pack ;  
 And it was a' for want o' gear,  
 That gart me steal Mess John's grey mare :  
 But now, my bairns, what ails ye now,  
 For ye hae naigs enough to plow,  
 And hose and shoon fit for your feet ;  
 Cheer up, my bairns, and dinna greet.

Then with mysell I did advise,  
 My daddy's gear for to comprise ;  
 Some neighbours I ca'd in to see  
 What gear my daddy left to me.  
 They sat three quarters of a year,  
 Comprising of my daddy's gear ;  
 And when they had gien a' their votes,  
 'Twas scarcely a' worth four pounds Scots \*



## MY AIN COUNTRIE.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

THE sun rises bright in France,  
 And fair sets he ;  
 But he has tint the blythe blink he had  
 In my ain countrie.

\* From Herd's Collection, 1776.

O ! gladness comes to many,  
 But sorrow comes to me,  
 As I look o'er the wide ocean  
 To my ain countrie.

O ! it's not my ain ruin  
 That saddens aye my ee,  
 But the love I left in Galloway,  
 Wi' bonnie bairns three ;  
 My hamely hearth burnt bonnie,  
 And smiled my fair Marie :  
 I've left my heart behind me,  
 In my ain countrie.

The bud comes back to summer,  
 And the blossom to the tree,  
 But I win back—oh, never,  
 To my ain countrie.  
 I'm leal to the high heaven,  
 Which will be leal to me ;  
 And there I'll meet ye a' sune,  
 Frae my ain countrie.



## HALLOW FAIR.

TUNE—*Fy, let us a' to the bridal.*

THERE'S fouth o' braw Jockies and Jennies  
 Comes weel-buskit into the fair,  
 With ribbons on their cockernonies,  
 And fouth o' fine flour on their hair.  
 Maggie she was sae weel buskit,  
 That Willie was tied to his bride ;



The pownie was ne'er better whisket  
Wi' cudgel that hang frae his side.

But Maggie was wondrous jealous,  
To see Willie buskit sae braw ;  
And Sandy he sat in the alehouse,  
And hard at the liquor did ca'.  
There was Geordie, that weel loosed his lassie,  
He took the pint-stoup in his arms,  
And hugged it, and said, 'Trowth they're saucie,  
That loes na a guid-father's bairn.

There was Wattie, the muirland laddie,  
That rides on the bonnie grey cowl,  
With sword by his side like a cadie  
To drive in the sheep and the nowt.  
His doublet sae weel it did fit him,  
It scarcely cam down to mid-thie,  
With hair pouthered, hat, and a feather,  
And housing at curpen and tee.

But Bruckie played boo to Bassie,\*  
And aff scoured the cout like the wind :  
Puir Wattie he fell on the caussey,  
And birzed all the banes in his skin.  
His pistols fell out o' the hulsters,  
And were a' bedaubed wi' dirt ;  
The folk they cam round him in clusters ;  
Some leuch, and cried, Lad, was ye hurt ?

But cout wad let naebody steer him,  
He aye was sae wanton and skeigh ;  
The packmen's stands he overturned them,  
And garred a' the Jocks stand abeigh ;

\* The cow played boo to the horse.

Wi' sneerin behind and before him,  
 For sic is the mettle o' brutes,  
 Puir Wattie, and waes me for him,  
 Was fain to gang hame in his boots.

Now it was late in the e'ening,  
 And boughting-time was drawing near ;  
 The lasses had stanchd their greening  
 Wi' fouth o' braw apples and beer.  
 There was Lillie, and Tibbie, and Sibbie,  
 And Ceicy on the spinnle could spin,  
 Stood glowrin at signs and glass winnocks,  
 But deil a ane bade them come in.

Gude guide us ! saw ye ever the like o't ?  
 See, yonder's a bonnie black swan ;  
 It glow'rs as it wad fain be at us ;  
 What's yon that it hands in its hand ?  
 Awa', daft gowk, cries Wattie,  
 They're a' but a ruckle o' sticks ;  
 See, there is Bill-Jock and auld Hawkie,  
 And yonder's Mess John and auld Nick.

Quoth Maggie, come buy us our fairin' ;  
 And Wattie richt sleely could tell,  
 I think thou'rt the flower o' the clachan,—  
 In trowth, now, I'se gie thee mysell.  
 But wha wad ha' e'er thocht it o' him,  
 That e'er he had rippled the lint ?  
 Sae proud was he o' his Maggie,  
 Though she was baith scaulie and squint.\*

\* From Herd's Collection, 1776.

## SONG.\*

TUNE—*Bessy Bell and Mary Gray.*

FORGIVE me if I thought your looks  
 Did once some change discover ;  
 To be too jealous is the fault  
 Of every faithful lover.  
 My looks that keen resentment show,  
 Which you blame so severely ;  
 A' sign, alas, you little know  
 What 'tis to love sincerely.

The torments of a long despair  
 I could in silence smother ;  
 But 'tis a thing I cannot bear,  
 To think you love another.  
 My fate depends alone on you ;  
 I am but what you make me ;  
 Divinely blest if you prove true,  
 Undone if you forsake me.

~~~~~

## SONG

IN BURLESQUE OF PRINCE CHARLES'S MANIFESTO.

MRS COCKBURN.

TUNE—*Clout the Caldron.*

HAVE you any laws to mend ?  
 Or have you any grievance ?

\* This song, and the six songs and eight fragments which follow, are from a manuscript collection, made, during the decade of 1770-80, by a lady residing at Edinburgh. I am only permitted to mention that the compiler was an intimate friend of Mrs Catherine Cockburn, author of the later set of words to the tune of "the Flowers of the Forest," and of the burlesque on the Young Chevalier's Declaration, which immediately follows.

I am a hero to my trade,  
 And truly a most leal prince.  
 Would you have war, would you have peace,  
 Would you be free of taxes,  
 Come chapping to my father's door,  
 You need not doubt of access.

Religion, laws, and liberty,  
 Ye ken, are bonnie words, sirs :  
 They shall be a' made sure to you,  
 If you'll fecht wi' your swords, sirs.  
 The nation's debt we soon shall pay,  
 If ye'll support our right, boys ;  
 No sooner we are brought in play  
 Than all things shall be tight, boys.

Ye ken that, by an Union base,  
 Your ancient kingdom's undone,  
 That a' your ladies, lords, and lairds,  
 Gang up and live at London.  
 Nae langer that we will allow,  
 For, crack—it goes asunder—  
 What took sic time and pains to do ;  
 And let the warld wonder.

I'm sure, for seven years and mair,  
 Ye've heard o' sad oppression ;  
 And this is all the good ye got  
 By the Hanover succession.  
 For absolute power and popery,  
 Ye ken it's a' but nonsense :  
 I here swear to secure to you  
 Your liberty of conscience.

And, for your mair encouragement,  
 Ye shall be pardoned by-ganes ;  
 Nae mair fight on the Continent,  
 And leave behind your dry-banes.

Then come away, and dinna stay ;  
 What gars ye look sae landart ?  
 I'd have ye run, and not delay  
 To join my father's standard !\*



## DEAR AND A-WALY, HINNIE.

DEAR and a-waly, hinnie,  
 Dear and a-waly, die,  
 Dear and a-waly, hinnie,  
 It's braw milking the kye.

I'll hae nae mair sour-milk suppers,  
 I'll hae nae mair lappers o' kail ;  
 But I'll hae the bonnie young lad  
 That drinks the berry-brown ale.  
 Dear and a-waly, &c.

I'll hae nae mair sour-milk suppers,  
 I'll hae nae mair lappers o' whey ;  
 But I'll hae the bonnie young lad  
 That's carried my heart away.  
 Dear and a-waly, &c.

Summer's a seemly season ;  
 There's claver in ilka cleuch ;  
 Sae merrily sings the mavis ;  
 The burn rins ower the heuch.  
 Dear and a-waly, &c.

Sell hawkie, minnie,  
 Sell hawkie, ye ;

\* An anecdote connected with this song is printed in the Historical Essay at the beginning of the collection.

Sell hawkie, minnie,  
 And buy the beets to me.  
 Dear and a-waly, &c.

I'd rather sell my petticoat,  
 Though it were made o' silk,  
 Than sell my bonnie brown hawkie,  
 That gies us the wee soup milk.

~~~~~

### LORD BINNING.\*

SOME cry up little Hyndy† for this thing and for that,  
 And others James Dalrymple, though he be somewhat  
 fat ;  
 But, of all the pretty gentlemen of whom the town do  
 tell,  
 Emilius, Emilius, he bears away the bell.

Some cry up Ranting Rothes, whose face is like the  
 moon ;  
 Nor Highlander nor minister can put him out of tune.  
 But of all, &c.

Some cry up Binning's father‡ for fechtng at Dunblane ;  
 But Binning says it only was for fear of being taen.  
 But of all, &c.

\* This song must be just about a century old, as the Lord Binning to whom it alludes died in 1733, at the age of twenty-four. He was a youth of the greatest promise, and the author of the song of Robin and Nanny, which is included in this collection.

† The Earl of Hyndford, British Ambassador at the court of St Petersburg.

‡ John, sixth Earl of Haddington, who appeared as a volunteer on the King's side at the battle of Dunblane or Sheriffmuir, where he is said to have behaved with great gallantry.

Some cry up Earl Lauderdale, though he be grim and  
black ;  
For at the battle of Sheriffmuir he never turned his  
back.

But of all, &c.

Some cry up pretty Polwarth\* for his appearance great,  
For wi' his Orange Regiment the rebels he defeat.  
But of all, &c.

Some cry up the Laird o' Grant, 'cause he came fore-  
most in ;  
And others wee Balgony for naething but his chin.  
But of all, &c.

Some cry up our great General† for managing the war,  
Though at the battle o' Dunblane he pushed the foe  
too far.  
But of all, &c.

I have nae skill in politics ; therefore I haud my tongue ;  
But you'll think I hae gab enough, though I be some-  
what young.  
But I'll tell you a secret, my fairy Binning elf,  
Emilius, Emilius, I swear it is yourself !

~~~~~

## THERE'S A LAD IN THIS TOWN HAS A FANCY FOR ME.

TUNE—*The Tailor fell through the bed, thimbles and a'.*

THERE's a lad in this town has a fancy for me,  
There's a lad in this town has a fancy for me ;

\* Eldest son of the Earl of Marchmont.

† John, Duke of Argyle and Greenwich.

But they're nearer my heart that's farer frae me,  
And he's blacker that I loe better than he.

There's better and better providing for me,  
There's better and better providing for me,  
There's better and better providing for me;  
There's a coach and six horses a-riding for me.

~~~~~

## THE MASON LADDIE.

TUNE—*Sandy ower the lea.*

LEANING ower a window, and looking ower a mound,  
I spied a mason laddie, wha gave my heart a wound;  
A wound, and a wound, and a deadly wound gave he;  
And I wad wash his apron an he wad fancy me.

I winna hae the minister, for a' his many books;  
I winna hae the dominie, for a' his wylie looks;  
I will hae nane o' thae twa, though they wad fancy me;  
But my bonnie mason laddie he bears awa' the gree.

I winna hae the mautman, for a' his muckle sho'el;  
Nor will I hae the miller, for a' his mity meal;  
I wad hae nane o' thae twa, though they wad fancy me;  
For my bonnie mason laddie he's up the scaffold hie.

I winna hae the ploughman, that gangs at the pleuch;  
Nor yet will I the chaplain, though he has gear eneuch;  
I wad hae nane o' thae twa, though they wad fancy me;  
For my bonnie mason laddie has stown the heart frae me.

I winna hae the souter, that rubs upon the shoon;  
Nor yet will I the weaver, that gingles on the loom;



I wad hae nane o' thae twa, though they wad fancy me ;  
For my bonnie mason laddie he bears awa' the gree.

The smith that canna lay an axe is no a man o' craft ;  
The wright that canna seam a deal can scarcely lay a  
laft.

The lad that canna kiss a lass is no a lad for me ;  
But my bonnie mason laddie he can do a' the three.

~~~~~

## GALA WATER.

TUNE—*Gala Water.*

OUT ower yon moss, out ower yon muir,  
Out ower yon bonnie bush o' heather !  
O all ye lads, whae'er ye be,  
Show me the way to Gala Water.  
Braw, braw lads o' Gala Water,  
Bonnie lads o' Gala Water ;  
The Lothian lads maun ne'er compare  
Wi' the braw lads o' Gala Water.

At Nettle-flat we will begin,  
And at Halltree we'll write a letter ;  
We'll down by the Bower, and take a scour,  
And drink to the lads o' Gala Water.

There's Blindlie and Torwoodlee,  
And Galashiels is muckle better ;  
But young Torsonce he bears the gree  
Of a' the Pringles o' Gala Water.

Buckham is a bonnie place ;  
But Appletree-leaves is muckle better ;

But Cockleferry bears the gree  
 Frae ilka laird on Gala Water.

Lords and lairds came here to woo,  
 And gentlemen wi' sword and dagger ;  
 But the black-eyed lass o' Galashiels  
 Wad hae nane but the gree o' Gala Water.

Lothian lads are black wi' reek,  
 And Teviotdale lads are little better ;  
 But she's kiltit her coats abune her knee,  
 And gane wi' the lad o' Gala Water.

Though corn-rigs are gude to see,  
 Yet flocks o' sheep are muckle better ;  
 For oats will shake in a windy day,  
 When the lambs will play in Gala Water.

Adieu, sour ploods o' Galashiels,  
 Farewell, my father and my mother ;  
 For I'll awa' wi' the black herd lad  
 Wha keeps his flocks on Gala Water.  
 Braw, braw lads o' Gala Water,  
 Bonnie lads o' Gala Water !  
 Let them a' say what they will,  
 The gree gaes aye to Gala Water.\*

\* If this song be (what it probably is) the first song written to the tune of Gala Water, we must conclude that the celebrity of that district of Scotland in song and music, has been entirely owing to the charms of one *bonnie lass*. So much may one person do for a country.

## Fragments.

---

MAGGIE, my dow ; Maggie, my dow ;  
 John Abernethy is seeking you.  
 Gar steek the door, and let him stand,  
 Till I put on my curch o' lawn,  
 My curch o' lawn abune my hair ;  
 Syne Johnie will trow that I am fair.

~~~~~

TUNE—*New Year's Day.*

I'd rather hae a piece \* as a kiss o' my joe,  
 I'd rather hae a piece as a kiss o' my joe,  
 I'd rather hae a piece as a kiss o' my joe,  
 And I'm easy whether I get him or no.

~~~~~

My love's bonnie, bonnie, bonnie,  
 My love's bonnie and fair to see ;  
 And aye when I think on her weel-faured face,  
 Then in her company I would be.†

\* What children and labourers in England understand by the phrase "a crust of bread," is, in Scotland, known by the abbreviated epithet, "a piece."

† I have myself heard this elegant little erotic sung by an old woman at Peebles.

TUNE—*Joy gaed down the loaning wi' her.*

Joy gaed down the loaning wi' her,  
 And joy gaed down the loaning wi' her ;  
 She wadna hae me, but she's taen another,  
 And a' man's joy but mine gaed with her.

\*\*\*\*\*

TUNE—*The Deuks dang ower my daddie.*

THE nine-pint bicker's faun aff the bink,  
 And broken the ten-pint canny.  
 The wife and her cummers sat down to drink,  
 But ne'er a drap gae the goodmanny.  
 The bairns thay set up the cry,  
 The deuks hae dung ower my daddy !  
 There's nae muckle matter, quo' the gudewife,  
 For he was but a daidling bodie.

\*\*\*\*\*

TUNE—*Galloway Tam.*

BONNEYNESS gaed to the water to wash,  
 And Prettyness gaed to the barn to thrash.  
 Gar tell my master to pay me my fee,  
 For Prettyness winna let Bonnyness be.

\*\*\*\*\*

TUNE—*The Quaker's wife.*

THE quaker's wife sat down to bake,  
 And a' her bairns about her ;  
 Ilk ane got their quarter cake,  
 The miller gat his mou'ter.

Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily,  
 Merrily danced the quakers ;  
 Merrily danced the quaker's wife,  
 And merrily danced the quakers.

~~~~~

TUNE—*The Quaker's wife.*

ON Saturday my wife she died ;  
 On Sunday she was buried ;  
 On Mononday I courted a wife,  
 On Tuesday I was married.  
 On Wednesday I stealt a horse,  
 On Thursday was apprehended ;  
 On Friday I was condemned to die,  
 On Saturday I was hanged.

~~~~~

## WHEN THE SUN GAES DOWN.

WILLIAM WILSON.

WHEN the sun gaes down, when the sun gaes down,  
 I'll meet thee, bonny Mary, when the sun gaes down ;  
 I'll row my apron up, and I'll leave the reeky town,  
 And meet thee by the burnie when the sun gaes down.

By the burnie there's a bower ; we will gently lean us  
 there,  
 And forget in ither's arms every earthly care ;  
 For the chiefest o' my joys in this weary mortal roun',  
 Is the burn-side, wi' Mary, when the sun gaes down.

There the ruined castle tower on the distant steep ap-  
 pears,  
 Like a hoary auld warrior faded wi' years ;

And the burnie, stealin' by wi' a fairy silver soun',  
Will soothe us wi' its music, when the sun gaes down.

The burnside is sweet when the dew is on the flower,  
But it's like a little heaven at the trystin' hour !  
And wi' pity I would look on the chiel that wears a  
crown,  
When wi' thee, by the burnie, when the sun gaes down.

When the sun gaes down, when the sun gaes down,  
I'll meet thee by the burnie, when the sun gaes down ;  
Come in thy petticoattie and thy little drugget gown,  
And I'll meet thee, bonnie Mary, when the sun gaes  
down.

~~~~~

## CALLUM-A-GLEN.

FROM THE GAELIC, BY JAMES HOGG.

Was ever old warrior of suffering so weary ?  
Was ever the wild beast so bayed in his den ?  
The Southron bloodhounds lie in kennels so near me,  
That death would be freedom to Callum-a-Glen.  
My sons are all slain and my daughters have left me ;  
No child to protect me, where once there were ten :  
My chief they have slain, and of stay have bereft me,  
And wo to the grey hairs of Callum-a-Glen.

The homes of my kindred are blazing to heaven,  
The bright sun of morning has blushed at the view ;  
The moon has stood still on the verge of the even,  
To wipe from her pale cheek the tint of the dew :  
For the dew it lies red on the vales of Lochaber ;  
It sprinkles the cot and it flows from the pen.

The pride of my country is fallen for ever !  
 Death, hast thou no shaft for old Callum-a-Glen ?

The sun in his glory has looked on our sorrow,  
 The stars have wept blood over hamlet and lea :  
 Oh, is there no day-spring for Scotland ? no morrow  
 Of bright renovation for souls of the free ?  
 Yes : one above all has beheld our devotion ;  
 Our valour and faith are not hid from his ken ;  
 The day is abiding of stern retribution  
 On all the proud foes of old Callum-a-Glen.

~~~~~

## THE CHEVALIER'S LAMENT.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Captain O'Kaine.*

THE small birds rejoice in the green leaves returning ;  
 The murmuring streamlet runs clear through the  
 vale ;  
 The hawthorn trees blow in the dews of the morning ;  
 And wild scattered cowslips bedeck the green dale.  
 But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,  
 When the lingerin' moments are numbered by care ?  
 No flowers gaily springing,  
 Or birds sweetly singing,  
 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 !



## WILLIE WI' HIS WIG A-JEE.

O SAW ye Willie frae the west !  
 O saw ye Willie in his glee !  
 O saw ye Willie frae the west,  
     When he had got his wig a-jee !  
 There's " Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,"  
     He towers it up in sic a key ;  
 O saw ye Willie, hearty lad,  
     When he had got his wig a-jee !

To hear him sing a cantie air,  
     He lilts it ower sae charmingly,  
 That in a moment aff flies care,  
     When Willie gets his wig a-jee.  
 Let drones croon ower a winter night ;  
     A fig for them whoe'er they be ;  
 For I could sit till morning light,  
     Wi' Willie and his wig a-jee.\*



## MARY.

H. AINSLIE.

IT'S dowie in the hint o' hairst,  
 At the wa'-gang o' the swallow,

\* By a gentleman of the name of Chalmers, resident at Paisley.



When the wind grows cauld, and the burns grow bauld,  
 And the wuds are hingin' yellow ;  
 But oh, its dowier far to see  
 The wa'-gang o' her the heart gangs wi',  
 The dead-set o' a shinin' ee,  
 That darkens the wearie warld on thee.

There was mickle love atween us twa—  
 Oh, twa could ne'er be fonder ;  
 And the thing on yerd was never made  
 That could hae gart us sunder.  
 But the way o' Heav'n's abune a' ken—  
 And we maun bear what it likes to sen—  
 It's comfort, though, to wearie men,  
 That the warst o' this warld's waes maun en'.

There's mony things that come and gae—  
 Just kent and just forgotten—  
 And the flowers that busk a bonnie brae,  
 Gin anither year lie rotten.  
 But the last look o' that lovely ee,  
 And the dying grip she gae to me,  
 They're settled like eternitie—  
 Oh, Mary ! that I were wi' thee.



## YOUNG MAXWELL.

AIR—*Auld Maggie Sharp.*

O, WHERE gang ye, thou silly auld carle ?  
 And what do ye carry there ?  
 I'm gaun to the hill-side, thou sodger-man,  
 To shift my sheep their lair.

Ae stride or twa took the silly auld carle,  
 And a guid lang stride took he ;

I trow, thou be a feck auld carle ;  
Will ye shaw the way to me ?

And he has gane wi' the silly auld carle,  
Adown by the greenwood side ;  
Licht down and gang, thou sodger-man,  
For here ye canna ride.

He drew the reins o' his bonny grey steed,  
And lichtly down he sprang ;  
Of the comeliest scarlet was his weir-coat,  
Whaur the gowden tassels hang.

He has thrawn aff his plaid, the silly auld carle,  
And his bonnet frae 'bune his bree ;  
And wha was it but the Young Maxwell !  
And his guid broun sword drew he.

Thou killed my father, thou vile Southron,  
And thou killed my brethren three,  
Whilk brak the heart o' my ae sister,  
I loved as the light o' my ee.

Draw out your sword, you vile Southron,  
Red wat wi' blude o' my kin ;  
That sword it crappit the bonniest flouir  
E'er lifted its head to the sun.

There's ae sad stroke for my father dear,  
There's twa for my brethren three ;  
And there's ane to thy heart for my ae sister,  
Whom I loved as the light o' my ee.\*

\* This ballad is stated, in Mr R. A. Smith's "Scottish Minstrel," to be founded on fact. A young gentleman of the name of Maxwell, being an adherent of the house of Stuart, suffered in the general calamity of his friends. After seeing his paternal home reduced to ashes, his father killed in its defence, his only sister dying with grief for her father, and three brothers slain, he assumed the habit of a shepherd, and, in one of his excursions, singled out one of the individual men who had ruined his family. After upbraiding him for his cruelty, he slew him in single combat.

## MY AIN FIRE-SIDE.

O, I HAE seen great anes, and sat in great ha's,  
 'Mang lords, and 'mang ladies, a' covered wi' braws;  
 But a sight sae delightful, I trow, I ne'er spied,  
 As the bonnie blythe blink o' my ain fire-side.

My ain fire-side, my ain fire-side,  
 As the bonnie blithe blink o' my ain fire-side.

Ance mair, heaven be praised ! round my ain heart-  
 some ingle,

Wi' the friends o' my youth, I cordially mingle ;  
 Nae force now upon me, to seem wae or glad,  
 I may laugh when I'm merry, and sigh when I'm sad.

My ain fire-side, my ain fire-side,  
 O sweet is the blink o' my ain fire-side.

Nae falsehood to dread, nae malice to fear,  
 But truth to delight me, and kindness to cheer ;  
 O' a' roads to pleasure that ever were tried,  
 There's nane half sae sure as ane's ain fire-side.

My ain fire-side, my ain fire-side,  
 O sweet is the blink o' my ain fire-side.



## OUR LADYE'S BLESSED WELL.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

THE moon is gleaming far and near,  
 The stars are streaming free ;  
 And cold comes down the evening dew  
 On my sweet babe and me.  
 There is a time for holy song,  
 An hour for charm and spell,

And now's the time to bathe my babe  
In our Ladye's Blessed Well.

O thou wert born as fair a babe  
As light e'er shone aboon,  
And fairer than the gowan is,  
Born in the April moon ;  
First, like the lily pale ye grew,  
Syne like the violet wan ;  
As in the sunshine dies the dew,  
So faded my fair Ann.

Was it a breath of evil wind  
That harmed thee, lovely child ?  
Or was't the fairy's charmed touch  
That all thy bloom defiled ?  
I've watched thee in the mirk midnight,  
And watched thee in the day,  
And sung our Ladye's sacred song  
To keep the elves away.

The moon is sitting on the hill,  
The night is in its prime,  
The owl doth chase the bearded bat,  
The mark of witching time ;  
And o'er the seven sister-stars  
A silver cloud is drawn,  
And pure the blessed water is  
To bathe thee, gentle Ann.

On a far sea thy father sails  
Among the spicy isles ;  
He thinks on thee and thinks on me,  
And, as he thinks, he smiles ;  
And sings, while he his white sail trims,  
And severs swift the sea,

About his Anna's sunny locks,  
And of her bricht blue ee.

O blessed fountain, give her back  
The brightness of her brow !  
O blessed water, bid her cheeks  
Like summer roses glow !  
'Tis a small gift, thou blessed well,  
To thing divine as thee,  
But, kingdoms to a mother's heart,  
Fu' dear is Ann to me.

~~~~~

## DUNT, DUNT, DUNT, PITTIE PATTIE.

TUNE—*The yellow-haired laddie.*

ON Whitsunday morning,  
I went to the fair ;  
My yellow-haired laddie  
Was selling his ware ;  
He gied me sic a blithe blink,  
With his bonny black ee,  
And a dear blink, and a fair blink,  
It was unto me.

I wist not what ailed me,  
When my laddie cam in ;  
The little wee sternies  
Flew aye frae my een ;  
And the sweat it dropt down  
Frae my very ee-bree,  
For my heart aye played  
Dunt, dunt, dunt, pittie pattie.

I wist not what ailed me,  
When I went to my bed,

I tossed and I tumbled,  
 And sleep frae me fled.  
 Now, it's, sleeping and waking,  
 He's aye in my ee,  
 And my heart aye plays  
 Dunt, dunt, dunt, pittie pattie.\*

~~~~~

## THE SAILOR AND SHEPHERDESS.

SAILOR.

WHEN lightning parts the thunder-cloud,  
 That blackens all the sea,  
 And tempests sough through sail and shroud,  
 Ev'n then I'll think on thee, Mary.

SHEPHERDESS.

I wrap me in that keepsake plaid,  
 And lie down amang the snaw ;  
 While frozen are the tears I shed,  
 For him that's far awa, Willie !

SAILOR.

We sail past mony a bonny isle ;  
 Wi' maids the shores are thrang ;  
 Before my ee there's but ae smile,  
 Within my ear ae sang, Mary.

SHEPHERDESS.

In kirk, on every Sabbath-day,  
 For ane on the great deep,  
 Unto my God I humbly pray—  
 And while I pray, I weep, Willie.

\* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724.

## SAILOR.

The sands are bright wi' golden shells,  
 The groves wi' blossoms fair ;  
 And I think upon the heather-bells,  
 That deck thy glossy hair, Mary.

## SHEPHERDESS.

I read thy letters sent from far,  
 And aft I kiss thy name,  
 And ask my Maker, frae the war  
 If ever thou'lt come hame, Willie.

## SAILOR.

What though your father's hut be lown  
 Aneath the green hill-side ?  
 The ship that Willie sails in, blown  
 Like chaff by wind and tide, Mary ?

## SHEPHERDESS.

Oh ! weel I ken the raging sea,  
 And a' the steadfast land,  
 Are held, wi' specks like thee and me,  
 In the hollow of His hand, Willie.

## SAILOR.

He sees thee sitting on the brae,  
 Me hinging on the mast ;  
 And o'er us baith, in dew or spray,  
 His saving shield is cast, Mary.\*

\* From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, 1822.

## WHAT AILS THE LASSES AT ME?

ALEXANDER ROSS.\*

I AM a young bachelor winsome,  
 A farmer by rank and degree,  
 And few I see gang out more handsome,  
 To kirk or to market, than me.  
 I've outsgit, and insight, and credit,  
 And frae onie eelist I'm free;  
 I'm weel eneuch boarded and bedded—  
 What ails the lasses at me?

My bughts of good store are na scanty,  
 My byers are weel stocked wi' kye;  
 Of meal in my girnels there's plenty,  
 And two or three easements forbye.  
 A horse to ride out when they're weary,  
 And cock wi' the best they can see;  
 And then be ca't dauty and deary—  
 I wonder what ails them at me.

I've tried them, baith Highland and Lowland,  
 Where I a fair bargain could see;  
 The black and the brown were unwilling,  
 The fair ones were warst o' the three.  
 With jooks and with scrapes I've addressed them,  
 Been with them baith modest and free;  
 But whatever way I caressed them,  
 They were cross and were cankered wi' me.

There's wratacks, and cripples, and cranshanks,  
 And a' the wandoghts that I ken,

\* Author of an extended Scottish pastoral, entitled "The Fortunate Shepherdess." He was a contemporary and early friend of Beattie, who addressed a hobbling Scottish poem to him on the publication of his pastoral. He was schoolmaster of the wild parish of Lochlee, in Forfarshire, during the latter half of the last century.



Nae sooner they smile on the lasses,  
 Than they are taen far eneuch ben ;  
 But when I speak to them that's stately,  
 I find them aye taen wi' the gee,  
 And get the denial fu' flatly ;—  
 What think ye can ail them at me ?

I have a gude offer to make them,  
 If they would but hearken to me ;  
 And that is, I'm willing to take them,  
 Gin they wad be honest and free.  
 Let her wha likes best write a billet,  
 And send the sweet message to me ;  
 By sun and by moon, I'll fulfil it,  
 Though crooked or crippled she be !



## THE WANTON WIFE.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

NITH, trembling to the reaper's sang,  
 Warm glitter'd in the harvest sun,  
 And murmured down the lanesome glen,  
 Where a wife of wanton wit did won.  
 Her tongue wagged wi' unhaly wit,  
 Unstent by kirk or gospel bann ;  
 An' aye she wished the kirkyard mools  
 Green growing o'er her auld gudeman.

Her auld gudeman drapped in at e'en,  
 Wi' harvest heuk—sair toiled was he ;  
 Sma' was his cog and cauld his kail,  
 Yet anger never raised his ee ;  
 He blessed the little, and was blithe,  
 While spak the dame, wi' clamorous tongue,

O sorrow clap your auld beld pow,  
And dance wi' ye to the mools, gudeman.

He hang his bonnet on the pin,  
And down he lay, his dool to drie ;  
While she sat singing in the neuk,  
And tasting at the barley bree.  
The lark, 'mid morning's siller grey,  
That wont to cheer him warkward gaun,  
Next morning missed amang the dew  
The blithe and dainty auld gudeman.

The third morn's dew on flower and tree  
'Gan glorious in the sun to glow,  
When sung the wanton wife to mark  
His feet gaun foremost o'er the know.  
The first flight o' the winter's rime  
That on the kirkyard sward had faun,  
The wanton wife skiffed aff his grave,  
A-kirking wi' her new gudeman.

A dainty dame I wat was she,  
High brent and burnished was her brow,  
'Mang lint-locks curling ; and her lips  
Twin daisies dawned through honey dew.  
And light and loesome in the dance,  
When ha' was het, or kirn was won ;  
Her breasts twa drifts o' purest snaw,  
In cauld December's bosom faun.

But lang ere winter's winds blew by,  
She skirled in her lonesome bow ;  
Her new gudeman, wi' hazle rung,  
Began to kame her wanton pow.  
Her hearth was slokent out wi' care,  
Toom grew her kist and cauld her pan,  
And dreigh and dowie waxed the night,  
Ere Beltane, wi' her new gudeman.

She dreary sits 'tween naked wa's,  
 Her cheek ne'er dimpled into mirth;  
 Half-happit, haurling out o' doors,  
 And hunger-haunted at her hearth.  
 And see the tears fa' frae her een,  
 Warm happin down her haffits wan;  
 But guess her bitterness of saul  
 In sorrow for her auld gudeman!



## QUEEN MARY'S LAMENT.

BURNS.

Now nature hangs her mantle green  
 On ilka blooming tree,  
 And spreads her sheets o' daisies white  
 Out ower the grassy lea.

Now Phœbus cheers the crystal streams,  
 And glads the azure skies;  
 But nought can glad the weary wicht,  
 That fast in durance lies.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,  
 The primrose down the brae;  
 The hawthorn's budding in the glen,  
 And milk-white is the slae.

Now laverocks wake the merry morn,  
 Aloft on dewy wing,  
 The merle, in his noontide bower,  
 Makes woodland echoes ring.

The mavis, mild wi' mony a note,  
 Sings drowsy day to rest;

In love and freedom they rejoice,  
Wi' care nor thrall opprest.

The meanest hind in fair Scotland  
May rove these sweets amang ;  
But I, the Queen o' a' Scotland,  
Maun lie in prison strang.

I was the Queen o' bonnie France,  
Where happy I hae been ;  
Fu' lightly rase I in the morn,  
As blithe lay down at e'en.

And I'm the sovereign of Scotland,  
And mony a traitor there ;  
Yet here I lie in foreign bands,  
And never-ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman,  
My sister and my fae,  
Grim vengeance yet shall whet a sword,  
That through thy soul shall gae.

The weeping blood in woman's breast,  
Was never known to thee ;  
Nor the balm that draps on wounds of woe,  
From woman's pitying ee.

My son ! my son ! may kinder stars  
Upon thy fortune shine ;  
And may those pleasures gild thy reign,  
That ne'er would blink on mine.

God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,  
Or turn their hearts to thee ;  
And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,  
Remember him for me.

Oh, soon to me may summer suns  
 Nae mair licht up the morn !  
 Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds  
 Wave o'er the yellow corn.

And in the narrow house o' death  
 Let winter round me rave ;  
 And the next flowers that deck the spring  
 Bloom on my peaceful grave !



## DINNA THINK, BONNIE LASSIE.

TUNE—*The Smith's a gallant fireman.*

O DINNA think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave thee ;  
 Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave thee ;  
 Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave thee ;  
 I'll tak a stick into my hand, and come again and see  
 thee.

Far's the gate ye hae to gang ; dark's the night and  
 eerie ;  
 Far's the gate ye hae to gang ; dark's the night and  
 eerie ;  
 Far's the gate ye hae to gang ; dark's the night and  
 eerie ;  
 O stay this night wi' your love, and dinna gang and  
 leave me.

It's but a night and hauf a day that I'll leave my dearie ;  
 But a night and hauf a day that I'll leave my dearie ;  
 But a night and hauf a day that I'll leave my dearie ;  
 Whene'er the sun gaes west the loch, I'll come again  
 and see thee.

Dinna gang, my bonnie lad, dinna gang and leave me ;  
 Dinna gang, my bonnie lad, dinna gang and leave me ;  
 When a' the lave are sound asleep, I am dull and eerie ;  
 And a' the lee-lang night I'm sad, wi' thinking on my  
 dearie.

O dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave thee ;  
 Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave thee ;  
 Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave thee ;  
 Whene'er the sun gaes out o' sight, I'll come again  
 and see thee.

Waves are rising o'er the sea ; winds blaw loud and  
 fear me ;  
 Waves are rising o'er the sea ; winds blaw loud and  
 fear me.  
 While the winds and waves do roar, I am wae and  
 drearie,  
 And gin yeloe me as ye say, ye winna gang and leave me.

O never mair, bonnie lassie, will I gang and leave thee ;  
 Never mair, bonnie lassie, will I gang and leave thee ;  
 Never mair, bonnie lassie, will I gang and leave thee ;  
 E'en let the world gang as it will, I'll stay at hame  
 and cheer thee.

Frae his hand he coost his stick ; I winna gang and  
 leave thee ;  
 Threw his plaid into the neuk ; never can I grieve thee ;  
 Drew his boots, and flang them by ; cried, My lass, be  
 cheerie ;  
 I'll kiss the tear frae aff thy cheek, and never leave my  
 dearie.

# BONNIE MARY HAY.

— CRAWFORD.

BONNIE Mary Hay, I will loe thee yet;  
For thine eye is the slae, and thy hair is the jet;  
The snaw is thy skin, and the rose is thy cheek;  
O, bonnie Mary Hay, I will loe thee yet!

O, bonnie Mary Hay, will ye gang wi' me,  
When the sun's in the west, to the hawthorn tree,  
To the hawthorn tree, and the bonnie berry den?  
And I'll tell thee, Mary Hay, how I loe thee then.

O, bonnie Mary Hay, it is haliday to me,  
When thou art couthie, kind, and free;  
There's nae clouds in the lift, nor storms in the sky,  
Bonnie Mary Hay, when thou art nigh.

O, bonnie Mary Hay, thou mauna say me nay,  
But come to the bower by the hawthorn brae;  
But come to the bower, and I'll tell ye a' what's true,  
How, bonnie Mary Hay, I can loe nane but you.\*

~~~~~

# BEHAVE YOURSELL BEFORE FOLK.

TUNE—*Good morning to your night-cap.*

BEHAVE yoursell before folk,  
Behave yoursell before folk,  
And dinna be sae rude to me,  
As kiss me sae before folk.

\* From an amusing series of Scottish traditionary stories, entitled  
"Tales of my Grandmother," 1825.

It wouldna give me meikle pain,  
 Gin we were seen and heard by nane,  
 To tak a kiss or grant you ane ;  
     But gudesake ! no before folk.  
     Behave yoursell before folk,  
     Behave yoursell before folk,  
 Whate'er you do when out of view,  
     Be cautious aye before folk.

Consider, lad, how folks will crack,  
 And what a great affair they'll mak  
 O' naething but a simple smack  
     That's gien or taen before folk.  
     Behave yoursell before folk,  
     Behave yoursell before folk,  
 Nor gie the tongue o' auld or young  
     Occasion to come o'er folk.

I'm sure wi' you I've been as free,  
 As ony modest lass should be,  
 But yet it doesna do to see  
     Sic freedom used before folk.  
     Behave yoursell before folk,  
     Behave yoursell before folk,  
 I'll ne'er submit again to it—  
     So mind you that—before folk.

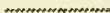
Ye tell me that my face is fair ;  
 It may be sae—I dinna care—  
 But ne'er again gar't blush sae sair  
     As ye hae done before folk.  
     Behave yoursell before folk,  
     Behave yoursell before folk,  
 Nor heat my cheeks wi' your mad freaks,  
     But aye be douce before folk.

Ye tell me that my lips are sweet ;  
 Sic tales, I doubt, are a' deceit :



At ony rate, its hardly meet  
 To prie their sweets before folk.  
 Behave yoursell before folk,  
 Behave yoursell before folk,  
 Gin that's the case, there's time and place,  
 But surely no before folk.

But gin ye really do insist  
 That I should suffer to be kiss'd,  
 Gae get a license frae the priest,  
 And mak me yours before folk.  
 Behave yoursell before folk,  
 Behave yoursell before folk,  
 And when we're ane, baith flesh and bane,  
 Ye may tak ten—before folk.



## THE BONNETS OF BONNIE DUNDEE.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

To the Lords of Convention, 'twas Clavers who spoke,  
 Ere the King's crown go down, there are crowns to be  
     broke,  
 So each cavalier, who loves honour and me,  
 Let him follow the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.

Come, fill up my cup, come, fill up my can,  
 Come, saddle my horses, and call up my men ;  
 Come, open the West Port, and let me gae free,  
 And it's room for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee.

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street ;  
 The bells are rung backward, the drums they are beat ;  
 But the provost, douce man, said, Just e'en let him be ;  
 The town is weel quit of that deil of Dundee.

Come, fill up, &c.

As he rode down the sanctified bends of the Bow,  
 Each carline was flyting and shaking her pow ;  
 But some young plants of grace, they looked couthie  
 and slee,

Thinking—Luck to thy bonnet, thou bonnie Dundee !  
 Come, fill up, &c.

With sour-featured saints the Grassmarket was panged,  
 As if half of the west had set tryste to be hanged ;  
 There was spite in each face, there was fear in each ee,  
 As they watched for the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.

Come, fill up, &c.

The cowls of Kilmarnock had spits and had spears,  
 And lang-hafted gullies to kill cavaliers ;  
 But they shrunk to close-heads, and the causeway left  
 free,

At a toss of the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.

Come, fill up, &c.

He spurred to the foot of the high castle rock,  
 And to the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke :  
 Let Mons Meg and her marrows three volleys let flee,  
 For love of the bonnets of bonnie Dundee.

Come, fill up, &c.

The Gordon has asked of him whither he goes—  
 Wheresoever shall guide me the soul of Montrose ;  
 Your Grace in short space shall have tidings of me,  
 Or that low lies the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.

Come, fill up, &c.

There are hills beyond Pentland, and streams beyond  
Forth ;

If there's lords in the Southland, there's chiefs in the  
North ;

There are wild dunniewassals three thousand times three,  
Will cry *Hoigh!* for the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.

Come, fill up, &c.

Away to the hills, to the woods, to the rocks,

Ere I own a usurper, I'll couch with the fox :

And tremble, false Whigs, though triumphant ye be,

You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me.

Come, fill up, &c.

He waved his proud arm, and the trumpets were blown,

The kettle-drums clashed, and the horsemen rode on,

Till on Ravelston crags, and on Clermiston lee,

Died away the wild war-note of bonnie Dundee.

Come, fill up my cup, come, fill up my can,

Come, saddle my horses, and call up my men ;

Fling all your gates open, and let me gae free,

For 'tis up with the bonnets of bonnie Dundee.\*

\* From an elegant little work entitled " The Christmas-Box for 1828."



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THE END.

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EDINBURGH :  
PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND COMPANY,  
PAUL'S WORK, CANONGATE.

















