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Glen 214

THE

# SONGS OF SCOTLAND

## ADAPTED TO THEIR APPROPRIATE MELODIES.

Illustrated with Bistorical, Biographical, and Critical Notices

## BY GEORGE FARQUHAR GRAHAM,

AUTHOR OF THE ARTICLE "MUSIC" IN THE SEVENTH EDITION OF THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA, ETC. ETC.

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## INTRODUCTION.

The great success of "The Songs of Scotland," published in Three Volumes by Messrs. Wood and Co., has led to the present work in One Volume, containing all the Songs and Airs that were given in those three volumes, with the addition of several popular Airs and Songs not included in that Collection, and two new Songs written for this volume by Mr. A. M. M'Laren. In the three volumes above mentioned, the airs were arranged for the voice and pianoforte, with copious Notes relative to the songs and melodies. In this volume, the airs are given with the words, but without a pianoforte accompaniment; and the footnotes are, with some few necessary alterations, the same as those appended to the text of the Collection in three volumes. The Editor has to acknowledge the careful labours of an able professional musician, Mr. J. T. Surenne, in the minute revision of the whole of the airs as they appeared in the proof-sheets of this volume. It is right to state this, because Mr. Surenne's name does not appear on the title-page as editor of the airs, it being thought inexpedient that the names of two editors should be printed there. The Messrs. Wood have been induced to publish this volume from a consideration of the fact, that a great many persons who can sing may be desirous to possess the airs and words in the compass of one volume, and separate from an instrumental accompaniment necessitating, in most cases, the concurrence of a singer and an instrumentalist. Thousands of Scottish men and women, at home and abroad, who love the lays of their native land, neither possess a pianoforte nor know how to play upon it, but can read printed music and sing from the book. For some years past the cultivation of vocal music in Scotland has been much promoted by the improvements introduced in Church Psalmody; and in this way a practical knowledge of vocal music is rapidly extending through the whole country. Forty years ago, not one in a hundred among the operative classes could read music. A new impulse and better methods of teaching, are now enabling a majority of all classes not only to sing popular airs from the book, but to join in Part-music, ecclesiastical or secular. The Scottish clergy, of all denominations, seem to unite heartily in promoting a practical knowledge of vocal music.

In the last century, several collections of airs—Scottish, English, Irish, Welsh, &c.—with words, but without any accompaniments, were published in England and Scotland, in the shape of pocket volumes. These were generally printed on coarse paper, with clumsy types, and with little attention to neatness or accuracy. The present work, from the press of Mr. Constable, contrasts strikingly with those old volumes, by showing the great improvement of music-type and other type-printing, even within the present century.

In the present Work, as in the three volumes of the "Songs of Scotland," we have had occasion to allude to Irish and English airs that had been introduced among our really Scottish national melodies; and, in every instance, we endeavoured to do justice to the true claims of England and Ireland. The appropriation by one country of melodies truly belonging to another, is no new thing in the history of music; and, at the present day, it would be impossible to settle

all the conflicting claims regarding national airs. As an instance of untenable claims, an English composer published, some years ago, an air as his own which became very popular; but the air was proved to be an old Italian melody, and the composer was compelled to alter the title-page of his song accordingly. If Irish or English airs have been formerly introduced into collections of Scottish music without due acknowledgment, in the "Songs of Scotland," published by the Messrs. Wood, the misappropriation has been always freely acknowledged. We regret to find that some Irish writers, not contented to claim their own unquestioned Irish airs, and to abuse the people of Scotland for stealing them, go so far as to claim for Ireland certain airs long considered as Scottish, and to which Ireland produces no better claim than mere assertion. For instance, Mr. Bunting, in his third collection of Irish Melodies, p. 95, is disposed to claim the air "Will ye go to the ewe-bughts, Marion?" as Irish; and refers to the air called "Sligo Tune," at page 86 of the plates—an air which has no resemblance at all to the Scottish air in question. Mr. Hardiman, lalso, besides accusations of other Scottish thefts from Ireland, accuses the Scots of having stolen the air of "Maggie Lauder" from the Irish. He gives the song in the original Irish, with a translation in verse by Thomas Furlong, (pages 154-163, vol. i.,) and at page 175, et seq., a note, of which we here quote a portion:—

"MAGGY LAIDIR. This inimitable description of an Irish feast, was written, in the seventeenth century, by John O'Neachtan, author of several poetical compositions in his native language, and is now printed from a transcript made in the year 1706. It is supposed to be delivered by the chairman, or president of the meeting; and of such a personage the reader may be enabled to form a tolerable idea, from a curious account of an individual of the aucient family of O'Leary, given by Mr. Townsend, author of the 'Statistical Survey of the County of Cork.' O'Leary long lived and lately died at Millstreet, a small town in the county of Cork, and he took a pride in being one of the last of his countrymen representing old families, who maintained the ancient hospitable way of living. 'He was known,' writes Mr. Townsend, 'only by the name of O'Leary. He lived in a small house, the lower part consisting of little more than a parlour and kitchen, the former of which, properly supplied with every article of good cheer, was open to every guest, and at every season; and, what will more surprise, this profusion was accompanied with perfect cleanliness and decorum. Ilis cellar, well stocked with good liquors, never knew the protection of a lock and key; for, as he said himself, nobody had any occasion to steal what any one might have for asking. It derived security, however, from other causes; from deference to his sway and respect for his person, both of which were universally felt and acknowledged within the circle of his influence. He was also a Justice of Peace for the county. The appearance of O'Leary was always sufficient to maintain order in fairs and meetings, and to suppress any spirit of disturbance, without the aid of soldier or constable. He possessed, indeed, some admirable requisites for a maintainer of the peace; for he was a very athletic man, and always carried a long pole, of which the unruly knew him to be no churl. To these good qualities, O'Leary added an inexhaustible fund of original humour and good-natured cheerfulness; and being very fond of the bottle himself, it was impossible to be long in his company sad or sober.' In many respects, O'Leary may be fairly taken as a genuine representative of the chairman of our lrish feast.

"In point of composition, Maggy Laidir is superior to O'Rourke's Feast, so humorously translated by Dean Swift. Here the chairmain only speaks throughout. His first toast is Old Ireland, under the name of Maggy Laidir; then the beauteous daughters of Erin; the ancient families of the four provinces, Leinster, Munster, Ulster, Connaught: the clergy, who have been always dear to the Irish; and, finally, he wishes disappointment to the foes, and success to the friends of the country. After these libations he becomes a little gay, and must have music. He calls on the harpers to strike up. As the glass circulates, conversation and noise increase. Finally, a quarrel, more Thracûm, ensues, which our elevated chairman, in the true Irish style of commanding peace, orders to be quelled by knocking down the combatants, and he concludes by alluding to his noble ancestry and kindred, to enforce his claim to respect and obedience.

"The air as well as the words of Maggy Laidir, though long naturalized in North Britain, is Irish. When our Scottish kinsmen were detected appropriating the ancient saints of Ireland, (would that they rid us of some modern ones,) they took a fancy to its music. Not satisfied with borrowing the art, they despoiled us of

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> See "Irish Minstrelsy," &c., by James Hardiman, M.R.I.A. Two volumes, 8vo. London, Joseph Robins, 1831.

many of our sweetest airs, and amongst others, that of Maggy Laidir. This name signifies in the original, strong or powerful Maggy, and by it was meant Ireland also, designated by our bards under the names of Shecla na Guira, Granna Weale, Roisin Dubh, &c. By an easy change, the adjective laidir, strong, was converted into Lauder, the patronymic of a Scotch family, and the air was employed to celebrate a famous courtesan of Crail."

We are quite at a loss to understand Mr. Hardiman's assertion, that "the air as well as the words of Maggy Laidir, though long naturalized in North Britain, is Irish." He offers no proof of the Irish origin of the air which, known in Scotland as "Maggie Lauder," bears no resemblance in style or construction to the airs of Ireland in the seventeenth century. Bunting does not give the air in any of his collections, but in his Third Collection, page 56, he alludes to it as an Irish air, and gives Hardiman as his authority. As to the words of the Scottish song "Maggie Lander," they have nothing in common with the Irish words and translation given by Mr. Hardiman, and certainly afford him no ground for calling Maggie "a celebrated courtesan of Crail." In Johnson's Scots Musical Museum, in six volumes, 1839, edited by the eminent antiquary David Laing, Esq., we find (vol. vi. pages 475-479, and 522-525) that the old Scottish song of Maggie Lauder was written about the year 1642, by Francis Semple, Esq. of Beltrees, in the county of Renfrew. Mr. Stenhouse says, page 477, "Gay introduced the air of Maggie Lauder in his musical opera of Achilles, printed in 1733. The same air had previously been used for a song, called Sally's New Answer, set to the tune of Mogey Louther, a sort of parody on Carey's Sally in our Alley, as well as for a song in the Quaker's Opera, written by Thomas Walker, and acted at Lee and Harper's Booth in Bartholomew Fair, anno 1728." Dr. Percy says that the air of Maggie Lauder was made at the time of the Reformation in Scotland, by metamorphosing a hymn-tune of the Latin service into a lively ballad-tune. Mr. Hardiman, vol. i. p. 177, alludes to O'Kane, the famous Irish harper, as having introduced into Scotland several airs adopted there; and mentions Thomas O'Conellan, "a celebrated Irish composer." whose brother Laurence visited Scotland about 1700, and carried thither several of his late brother Thomas's airs, among which were "Planxty Davis, since well known as the Battle of Killiecranky, and a prelude to the 'breach' of Aughrim, universally admired under the name of Farewell to Lochaber." In the Notes to the airs "Lord Ronald," and "Lochaber no more," in this Work, pp. 116, 117, we have pointed out the resemblance between them, and shewn the uncertainty that exists regarding the origin of both. The tune called in Scotland the Battle of Killieerankie<sup>1</sup> may be Irish, or may be Scottish. Vague tradition without documentary proof cannot settle its origin. Popular tunes, the dates of which are not fixed by written or printed copies, cannot be claimed with certainty by any nation, unless through the living testimony of their composers.

Mr. Hardiman (vol. i. pp. 353, 354) notices the very ancient song, "Sumer is icumen in," given by Dr. Burney, in his History of Music, (vol. ii.,) who is severely blamed for stating the music of that song in parts to be English, instead of Irish, as a writer quoted by Mr. Hardiman asserts that it is. That writer says:—"It is to our countryman, Dr. Young, the late lamented Bishop of Clonfert, that we are indebted for the restitution of our property in a sweet and touching melody. He proved that this very ancient tune of Burney, is no other than our Samhre teacht, or 'Summer is coming.' It had been handed down among the traditional melodies of the Irish harpers, rescued at the meeting in Belfast, and secured in the permanent characters of music in Bunting's Collection; its name imports its origin," &c. In reply to this claim, Englishmen may say, with perfect truth, that the first three or four notes only of the air

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> There are two different tunes known in Scotland under that name. One of them appears in the copy of the Leyden Lyra-Viol Book, in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh.

given by Burney, have anything in common with the Irish air, Samhre teacht, in Bunting's First Collection; and that in other respects the two airs do not at all resemble each other. The English song and air, "Sumer is icumen in," are given by William Chappell, Esq. of London, in the first Part of his new and interesting publication, "Popular Music of the Olden Time;" and, for reasons which he adduces, he dates that "First of National English Airs" about A.D. 1250.

We regret to find Mr. Hardiman a maintainer of the utterly erroneous doctrine that Don Carlo Gesualdo, Prince of Venoza, in the sixteenth century, improved Italian music by infusing into it the style of Scottish, or of Scoto-Irish melody. Mr. Hardiman says:—

" Ireland gave its music to Scotland, and thence it may be traced in the modern history of the art, imparting its beauties and sweetness to Italy. According to the poet Tassoni, the ancient music of the Scotch or Irish, and particularly the compositions of the first James of Scotland, was imitated by Gesualdus, the chief of the Italian composers, and greatest musical improver of the sixteenth century. The celebrated Geminiani frequently declared that the works of Gesualdus were his first and principal study. Hence probably his acknowledged partiality for Irish music, and his well-known admiration of the bard Carolan. Our countryman, Goldsmith, alludes to the opinion of Geminiani, 'that we have in the dominions of Great Britain no original music except the Irish.' See British Mag., 1760. It is amusing to see how our Scottish neighbours invariably treat this subject. Among others, Mr. Tytler in his Dissertation on Scottish Music, (Trans. Soc. Antig. of Scotland, vol. i. 475,) after noticing the imitations of James I. by Gesualdus, exclaims, 'How perfectly characteristic this of the pathetic strains of the old Scottish songs! what an illustrious testimony to their excellency!' But, quoting the following passage from Major, 'In cithara Hibernenses aut Silvestres Scoti, qui in illa arte præcipui sunt,' he says, 'To these sylvan minstrels I imagine we are indebted for many fine old songs which are more varied in their melody, and more regular in their compositions, as they approach nearer to modern times.' Here the ingenious investigator suppressed the word Hibernenses altogether, because it pointed out but too clearly the origin of these old Scottish songs." See vol. i. pp. viii, ix, x, of Mr. Hardiman's "Introduction."

We cannot allow this passage to remain unanswered. If Mr. Hardiman means to assert that Scotland derived all her ancient music from Ireland, we deny the proposition, and call upon him to prove it. We refer to our "Introduction" to "The Melodies of Ireland," published in 1854, by Messrs. Wood and Co. of Edinburgh. With regard to Mr. Hardiman's assertion that, in the sixteenth century, Irish or Scoto-Irish music "imparted its beauties and sweetness to Italy," in the musical compositions of the Neapolitan Prince Carlo Gesualdo of Venosa, we are convinced that Mr. Hardiman must be totally ignorant of the works of that composer, otherwise he never could have asserted anything so destitute of foundation. Patrick Murray, the fifth Lord Elibank, who died in 1778, was the first person who pointed out the passage since so often quoted from Alessandro Tassoni's "Pensieri Diversi," as affording a proof that the Italian composer, Carlo Gesualdo, Prince of Venosa, had imitated the Scottish style of music invented by James I. of Scotland. The passage in Tassoni's Pensieri is as follows:—"Noi ancora possiamo connumerar, tra nostri, Jacopo Rè di Scozia, che non pur cose sacre compose in canto, ma trovò da se stesso, una nuova musica lamentevole, e mesta, differente da tutte l'altre. Nel che poi è stato imitato da Carlo Gesualdo, Principe di Venosa, che in questa nostra età ha illustrato anch'egli la musica con nuove mirabili invenzioni."—Lib. x. cap. xxiii. Before going farther, we may remark that one of the most intelligent Italian critics says of Tassoni's Pensieri, "Nei quali non rade volte avanza paradossi piuttosto che ragionevoli opinioni." Mr. William Tytler was the first person who publicly, in his Dissertation, adduced the above passage from Tassoni, in support of the false opinion that Gesualdo had imitated the Scottish style in his musical compositions. That Gesualdo did nothing of the kind we have pointed out in the Note, page 49 of this volume. If Mr. Hardiman had examined that statement1 with the carefulness and musical knowledge requisite, or had employed some person qualified to examine it, he or his agent would have found not only that all the assertions which have been built upon the passage in Tassoni rest upon a misinterpretation of that passage, but, moreover, that the musical compositions of Carlo Gesualdo exhibit clearly the most complete refutation of those assertions. More as to this afterwards. As to Geminiani's acknowledged partiality for Irish music, being probably derived from his early study of Carlo Gesualdo's works, it would be as reasonable to say that a man's love of popular ballad-poetry originated in his study of Euclid's Elements, seeing that these contain just as much of poetry as Gesualdo's works contain of Irish or Scottish melody. Geminiani's assertion, recorded by Goldsmith, "that we have in the dominions of Great Britain no original music except the Irish," may have arisen from his ignorance of the national music of Great Britain, or from that ignorance combined with a desire to gain the goodwill of the Irish, among whom he spent the last two years of his life, dying at Dublin in 1762, aged 83.1 In the Notes to this volume we have shown that the musical opinions and assertions of Geminiani, as well as of Goldsmith, are utterly unworthy of the smallest credit.2 In farther proof of Goldsmith's incompetency to treat of musical subjects, we may quote his own confession of his miserable want of skill in music:-

"How often have I led the sportive choir
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire!

\* \* \* \* \* \*

And haply, though my harsh touch, faltering still,
But mock'd all tune and marr'd the dancers' skill,
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour."

THE TRAVELLER.

The French, in general, are not remarkable for fine musical ears; but in Goldsmith's case one is at a loss which to admire most, their want of musical feeling, or their abundance of kind feeling and national politeness towards the stranger who piped to them so execrably, and had his meal and bed for his pains. In others of his writings, we find him acknowledging that he knew very little of music. In one passage he says, that "every peasant in Italy was a better musician than he." That a man of Goldsmith's admirable literary talents should have presumed to write about music with equal ignorance and audacity, almost ceases to amaze us when we learn that he actually entertained the insane idea of going to the East, to decipher the inscriptions on the Written Mountains, though he was altogether ignorant of Arabic, or the language in which they might be supposed to be written. He was tempted by the salary of £300 per annum.4

With respect to the real meaning of the passage quoted from Tassoni's Pensieri Diversi, we have already shown in this volume (page 49) that the words, "Nel che poi è stato imitato da Carlo Gesualdo," &c., do not signify that Gesualdo imitated the new Scottish style of music invented by James I., but that he imitated the example of the Scottish king in inventing a new style of music, "plaintive and mournful, different from all other music." The last words of the quotation show this still more clearly, when it is said by Tassoni of Gesualdo, that "in our age he also has illustrated music by new and wonderful inventions," which could not have been said if he were a mere imitator of the style of music composed by James I. The rational interpretation of the passage is, therefore, that James I. and the Prince of Venosa were two distinguished

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Hardiman, in his note on "Eileen a Roon," (or "Rohin Adair,") says:—"Handel, as related by the venerable Charles O'Conor, in his Dissertations on the History of Ireland, declared that he would rather have been the author of 'Eileen a Roon' than of the most exquisite of his musical compositions."—Vol. i p. 328. It is absurd to imagine that Handel ever said any such thing except in jest. If he did say it—for he had much sly humour—he may possibly have visited Castle Blarney and kissed its famous stone; that stone of miraculous Influence, at which the witty and good-tempered Irish themselves are always ready to laugh. At page 366, vol. i., Mr. Hardiman takes a serious and angry view of the Blarney stone tradition.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> See pp 104, 109, 114, 122.

<sup>3</sup> See Prior's Life of Goldsmith, pp. 179, 180, 195.

cultivators of music, each of whom invented a new style of musical composition; the Neapolitan prince having been incited to new musical inventions by the example of the Scottish king. Mr. Hardiman himself leads us to perceive his motives for supporting all that has been written and spoken regarding the pretended imitation of Scottish music by the Prince of Venosa in his Italian compositions. "Ireland," says Mr. Hardiman, "gave its music to Scotland, and thence it may be traced in the modern history of the art, imparting its beauties and sweetness to Italy." Having assumed as a fact that the Scottish music is really Irish, he is at once ready to cherish the idea that Irish, or Scoto-Irish music was imitated by the Italian composers of the sixteenth century, and that it influenced and improved their style. In other parts of his book, Mr. Hardiman assures us that "many a neglected Irish bard possessed genius equally entitled to admiration" as that of our Scottish poet, Robert Burns; that the Irish language is sweeter and more musical than the Italian, and superior to it in many respects; and that certain Irish odes are equal to Sappho's love-strain, and to Anacreon's bacchanalian ode.

But to revert to the matter regarding old Scottish music and Carlo Gesualdo. Every reasonable person is aware that fanciful hypotheses and false assertions are not to be refuted effectually by anything but direct appeal to indisputable realities. We now bring the question to a test which cannot for a moment be demurred to by any honest and rational inquirer. In the beginning of the year 1855, we ascertained, from official authority at the University of Oxford, that the whole of the Prince of Venosa's published compositions, (Madrigals,) with the exception of the fifth volume, are still carefully preserved there in the Library of Christ Church. They consist of a reprint of the first and second books of these madrigals at Venice in 1603, by Scipione Stella; an edition of the third book published at Venice in 1619; an edition of the fourth book, printed at Venice in 1604; and a new edition of the sixth book, also published at Venice in 1616. Besides these printed copies of Carlo Gesualdo's compositions preserved at Oxford, there are thirteen of his Madrigals in MS., in the eighth volume of Dr. Charles Burney's Musical Extracts, preserved in the British Museum, London. The titles of these MS. copies of Gesualdo's Madrigals are:—

- 1. Caro amoroso.
- 2. Sento che nel partire.
- 3. Dall' odorate spoglie.
- 4. Madonna, io ben vorrei.
- 5. Sparge la morte.
- 6. Questa crudele e pia.
- 7. Beltà poichè t'assenti.

- 8. Ahi, già mi discoloro.
- 9. Resta di darmi noia.
- 10. Dolcissimo sospiro.
- 11. La morte mia, (Fragment.)
- 12. Moro, lasso, al mio duolo.
- 13. Tn piangi, O Filli mea.

But, besides these MS. copies, there exists in the same Library, a complete printed edition, in Score, of the whole six books of the Prince of Venosa's Madrigals; viz., the edition of these by Simone Molinaro, at Genoa, in 1613, in quarto. The Museum Catalogue reference is "G. 50. Gesnaldo (Carlo) Prince of Venosa;" followed by the title of the work.

Now, we invite all persons who may still persist in the erroneous belief that Carlo Gesualdo imitated the style of our Scottish melodies in his compositions, to go to the Library of Christ Church at Oxford, or to the Library of the British Museum at London, and to examine (with a competent knowledge of music) all these printed and manuscript copies of the Prince of Venosa's Madrigals, and then to declare, on their honour and conscience, whether or not they have been able to find in these madrigals any trace of Scottish melody, or anything even resembling any popular national melody whatsoever.

In concluding our answer to the assertions contained in the passage above quoted from Mr. Hardiman's work, we beg leave to remark that Mr. William Tytler did not "suppress" the word "Hiberneuses," (Hibernienses?) in his quotation from Major, or Mair, but gave it honestly; and merely insinuated that the "Sylvestres Scoti," mentioned by Mair, might possibly have been the composers of some of our best Scottish melodies, a supposition which we are not inclined to entertain. But while Mr. Hardiman blames Mr. Tytler for a "suppression," he himself takes no notice of a remarkable passage in Fordun's "Scotichronicon," lib. xvi. cap. xxviii., where we find the skill in harp-playing of James I. of Scotland thus recorded:--" In hoc patuit ipsum naturalem fore Scotum, ipsos etiam Hibernienses in modulationibus lyricis mirabiliter præcellentem." We have mentioned above, Mr. Hardiman's assertion that there have been many neglected Irish bards equal in genius to Burns. Why did he not prove this by giving specimens of their poetry in his work? He is not only desirous to deprive Scotland of her just share of musical reputation, but to obscure the bright fame of Burns by asserting that Ircland has had many such poets. It is remarkable that Thomas Moore, an Irish poet of no small celebrity, and possessed of some skill in music, made no mention of even one Hibernian poet equal to Burns, and entertained opinions very different from those of Mr. Hardiman, respecting the merits of the most ancient Irish music. Speaking of his visit to Edinburgh in 1826, Moore says:—

"Having thus got on Scottish ground, I find myself awakened to the remembrance of a name which, whenever song-writing is the theme, ought to rank second to none in that sphere of poetical fame. Robert Burns was totally unskilled in music; yet the rare art of adapting words successfully to notes, of wedding verse in congenial union with melody, which, were it not for his example, I should say none but a poet versed in the sister art ought to attempt, has yet, by him, with the aid of a music to which our own country's strains are alone comparable, been exercised with so workmanly a hand, as well as with so rich a variety of passion, playfulness, and power, as no song-writer, perhaps, but himself, has ever yet displayed. That Burns, however untaught, was yet, in ear and feeling, a musician, is clear from the skill with which he adapts his verse to the structure and character of each different strain. Still more strikingly did he prove his fitness for this peculiar task, by the sort of instinct with which, in more than one instance, he discerned the real and innate sentiment which an air was calculated to convey, though always before associated with words expressing a totally different feeling. Thus the air of a ludicrous old song, 'Fee him, father, fee him,' has been made the medium of one of Burns's most pathetic effusions; while, still more marvellously, 'Hey, tuttic tattie,' has been elevated by him into that heroic strain, 'Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled;' a song which, in a great national crisis, would be of more avail than all the eloquence of a Demosthenes."<sup>2</sup>

A writer in the *Dublin University Magazine* appears to take a view of the Irish song writers very different from that entertained by Mr. Hardiman. In a review of volumes v. and vi. of Thomas Moore's "Memoirs," &c., and after remarks on Moore in his forty-sixth year, we read in that Magazine as follows:—

"For the music of his country he had done more than it could have been possible for any one who did not combine great powers, both of musical and poetical expression, to have effected. The service thus tendered to the better literature of his country did not consist alone, or even chiefly, in associating his own exquisite words to that divine music, but in disuniting from it the vile words which, before his time, had been connected with all the Irish airs. We have somewhere heard it said of the Scottish music, that the devil supplied words to angelic music. If this was true of the music of Scotland, still more true was it of that of Ireland; and whether the union between Moore's words and the music of his country is, as we cannot but hope and believe, to be a permanent one or not, the old association between devilish words and angelic harmonics is for ever broken. Whenever we feel the sort of dissatisfaction with Moore which his earlier poetry is calculated to provoke, or when we are disposed to be angry with his rabid politics, we remember this, the greatest service which in modern times a poet has ever rendered to his country, and we feel that more than atonement has been made."

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> See p. 115 of this volume, and pp. vii, viii of Introduction to Wood's "Songs of Ireland."

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Moore's " Poetical Works," vol. v., Preface, x. zi, xii.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> For February 1854, p. 161.

Many of our best Scottish melodies have been long known and admired in Germany. Some of them have been published at Leipzig, well arranged for four male voices, with German words translated from the Scottish words, by Herr J. Dürrner, an able German musician now resident in Edinburgh.

Our limits warn us to close this Introduction; but we cannot conclude it without adverting to some printed criticisms on "Wood's Songs of Scotland," which we have not until now had an opportunity of refuting in print.

In the year 1849, Archibald Bell, Esquire, printed a small volume of 139 pages, a copy of which he obligingly sent to the Editor of this work. As Mr. Bell, in the course of his Notes, expressed some unfounded criticisms upon "Wood's Songs of Scotland," the Editor thought it necessary to reply to these criticisms; and, accordingly, wrote to Mr. Bell the following letter, which remains unanswered:—

"31, GILMORE PLACE, EDINBURGH, 16th July 1850.

"Sm,-I have to thank you for the copy of your 'Melodies of Scotland,' which did not reach me till this afternoon.

"I observe that you say, in your Note on 'The deuks dang o'er my daddie,' 'In Wood's Songs of Scotland, (vol ii. p. 8,) the present name is given to a quite different air, which is not adapted to the following words, and which the author has always heard called by the name of "My Highland Lassie, O." 'In the first place, you refer to p. 8 of the second, instead of the third volume of Wood. In the next place, you will find the air, as there given, in a great many collections, under the name of 'The deuks dang o'er my daddie,' from Oswald's Collection downwards. In the Notes upon it in Wood, vol. iii. p. 9, and Appendix, pp. 165, 166, you will find that the air has been claimed as English. I am at a loss to understand you when you say that the air in Wood is 'quite different' from the air to which Burns wrote the words 'The bairns gat out wi' an unco shout;' hecause, if you will turn up Johnson's Museum, vol. iv. p. 409, you will find there the very same air as that given in Wood's work. The same air with the same name appears in M'Gibbon's Collection, and in George Thomson's Collection, folio, vol. i. p. 37.

"With regard to 'The weary pund o'tow,' Mr. Stenhouse says:—'The humorous verses were supplied by Burns, on purpose for the Museum. The bard has only altered one word in his original manuscript, viz., suck, at the end of the third line of the second stanza, is scored through with his pen, and souk substituted as being more euphonial.' See Johnson's Museum, vol. iv. p. 325. In the Appendix to the second volume of Wood's work, you will find (p. 172) some farther information regarding 'The weary pund o'tow.'

"As to 'The Boatie rows,' you mistake when you say 'This heautiful melody is said, in Wood's Songs of Scotland (vol. ii. p. 3) to be the production of a Mr. Ewen, of Aherdeen,' &c. In the Note, vol. iii. p. 3, of Wood's work, it is not said that Mr. Ewen composed the air; though it is said, on the authority of Burns, that Mr. Ewen wrote the song.

"You say that 'Loch Erroch Side' 'has been printed in Wood's Scottish Songs (vol. i. p. 134) under the name of "The Lass o' Gowrie." In vol. ii. of Wood, p. 134, the air is called 'Loch Erroch Side;' the song is called 'The Lass o' Gowrie.'

"In your Note on 'My honnie Highland Lassie, O,' you make another attack upon me for giving the air, p. 8 of vol. iii. of Wood's Collection, 'under a title which the author cannot help considering as a misnomer, viz., "The deuks dang o'er my daddie." If you will read attentively what I have written ahove, as well as for Wood's work, regarding the air called in so many collections 'The deuks dang o'er my daddie,' you will see that I did not give it that name. It had that name in collections published before I was born; and, if the name is 'a misnomer,' you cannot blame me for it. Why you should consider the name as 'a misnomer,' is heyond my comprehension.—I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

" GEO. FARQUHAR GRAHAM.

"To Archibald Bell, Esq.," &c. &c.

<sup>1 &</sup>quot;Melodies of Scotland. By Archibald Bell, Esq. Edinburgh: Printed for Private Circulation. 1849." We do not know why Mr Dell calls his book "Melodies of Scotland," since it consists of songs in the Scotlish dialect, written for airs that are named, but that do not appear in the volume.

### THE SONGS OF SCOTLAND.

#### THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.



At bughts in the mornin', nae blithe lads are scornin', Lasses are lanely, and dowie, and wae; Nae daffin, nae gabbin, but sighin' and sabbin'; Ilk ane lifts her leglin, and hies her away.

At e'en in the gloamin', nae swankies are roamin'
'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play;
But ilk maid sits drearie, lamentin' her dearie,
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

In har'st at the shearin', nae youths now are jeerin', Bandsters are runkled, and lyart, or grey; At fair or at preachin', nae wooin', nae fleechin', The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

Dool for the order sent our lads to the Border,

The English for ance by guile wan the day;

The Flowers of the Forest that fought aye the foremost,

The prime of our land lie cauld in the clay.

We'll hae nae mair liltin' at the ewe milkin', Women and bairns are heartless and wae; Sighin' and moanin' on ilka green loanin', The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

"The Flowers of the Forest." The earliest known copy of this fine melody is that, in tablature, in the Skene MS., preserved in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates, Edinburgh; and which appears to have been written in the earlier part of the seventeenth century. The copy above printed, (by permission,) is from the translation of the Skene MS. made for the late Mr. William Dauney, Advocate, by the Editor of this work, and which appeared in Mr. Danney's Ancient Scottish Melodies. The old ballad, a lament for the disastrons field of Flodden, has been lost, with the exception of a line or two, incorporated in Miss Elliot's verses. Its place has been well supplied by the two lyrics which we give in this work, adapted to the ancient and the modern versions of the air. The earliest of these, that beginning "I've seen the smiling," (see p. 2,) was written by Miss Alison Rutherford, daughter of Robert Rutherford, Esq., of Fernylee, in Selkirkshire, who was afterwards married to Mr. Cockburn, son of the then Lord Justice-Clerk of Scotland. The second in point of time was that which we have given above. It was written by Miss Jane Elliot. sister of Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto, and was published anonymously about 1755. "From its close and happy imitation of ancient manners, it was by many considered as a genuine production of some old but long-forgotten minstrel. It did not, however, escape the eagle eye of Burns. 'This fine ballad,' says he, 'is even a more palpable imitation than Hardiknute. The manners are indeed old, but the language is of yesterday. Its author must very soon be discovered."-Reliques. It was so; and to Mr. Ramsay of Ochtertyre, Sir Walter Scott, Bart., and the Rev. Dr. Somerville of Jedburgh, we are indebted for the discovery. See Blackwood's edition of Johnson's Musical Museum, in 1839, vol. i., Illustrations, p. 64, ct seq., and p 122, et seq.\* Also Danney's Ancient Scottish Melodies, p. 152 of Dissertation, et passim.

<sup>\*</sup> To save room, future reference to these "Hustrations" will be abbreviated thus ;-- "Murcum Elustrations," adding the volume and page.

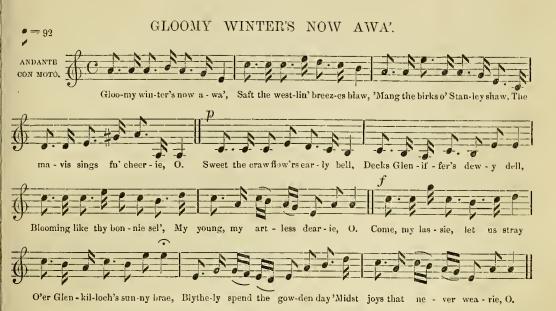
#### THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.



I've seen the morning with gold the hills adorning,
And the dread tempest roaring before parting day;
I've seen Tweed's silver streams
Glitt'ring in the sunny beams,
Grow drumlic and dark as they roll'd on their way.
O fickle fortune! why this cruel sporting?
O why thus perplex us, poor sons of a day?
Thy frowns cannot fear me,
Thy smiles cannot cheer me,
For the Flowers of the Forest are withered away.

"The Flowers of these verses." In our Note upon the old air, we have already mentioned Miss Rutherford, the authoress of these verses. She was born in 1710 or 1712; married Patrick Cockburn, Esq. of Ormiston, in 1731, and died at Edinburgh in 1794. Sir Walter Scott recounts the following anecdote of her:—"Mrs. Cockburn was a keen Whig. I remember having heard repeated a parody on Prince Charles's proclamation, in burlesque verse, to the tune of 'Clout the Caldron.' In the midst of the siege or blockade of the Castle of Edinburgh, the carriage in which Mrs. Cockburn was returning from a visit to Ravelstone was stopped by the Highland guard at the West Port; and as she had a copy of the parody about her person, she was not a little alarmed at the consequences; especially as the officer talked of searching the carriage for letters and correspondence with the Whigs in the city. Fortunately the arms on the coach were recognised as helonging to a gentleman favourable to the cause of the Adventurer, so that Mrs. Cockburn escaped, with the caution not to carry political squibs about her person in future."

"By the 'Forest' in this song, and in ancient Scottish story, is not meant the forest or the woods generally, but that district of Scotland anciently, and sometimes still, called by the name of The Forest. This district comprehended the whole of Scikirkshire, with a considerable portion of Peeblesshire, and even of Clydesdale. It was a favourite resort of the Scottish kings and nobles for hunting. The Forest boasted the best archers, and perhaps the finest men in Scotland. At the battle of Falkirk, in 1298, the men of the Forest were distinguished, we are told, from the other slain, by their superior stature and beauty."—Chambers' Scottish Songs.



Tow'ring o'er the Newton woods, Lav'rocks fan the snaw-white clouds; Siller saughs, wi' downy buds, Adorn the banks sae briery, O.

Round the sylvan fairy nooks, Feath'ry breckans fringe the rocks, 'Neath the brae the burnie jouks, And ilka thing is cheerie, O.

Trees may bud and birds may sing, Flowers may bloom and verdure spring, Joy to me they canna bring, Unless wi' thee, my dearic, O.

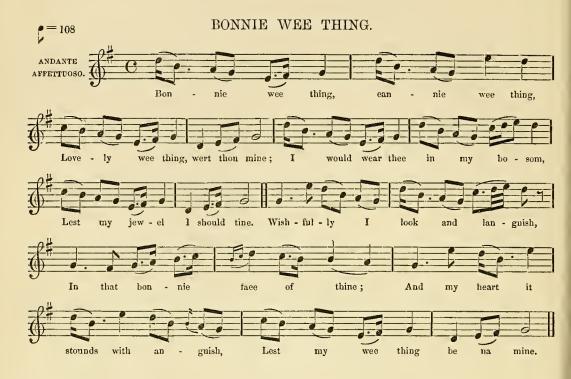
"GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWA"." The melody appears in Johnson's Museum, No. 594, differing in several notes from the air published as "Lord Balgonie's Favourite, a very old Highland tune," in Gow's Fourth Collection of Reels, &c. The set in Gow's Collection is the better of the two, and has been adopted in this work. We learn,—vol. vi., page 508 of Illustrations of Johnson's Musical Museum,—that Mr. Alexander Campbell, the editor of Albyn's Anthology, claimed this tune as his own composition. The question remains undecided between Messrs. Gow and Campbell. The words here given were composed by the late Robert Tannahill of Paisley, who died 17th May 1810, in the thirty-sixth year of his age.

The following clever song to the same air, was written in his early days, by Captain Charles Gray, R.M.:-

When the sun o'er Kelly-law
Lets the e'enin' shadows fa',
And the winds ha'e died awa',
I wander forth fu' cheerie, O.
Parted clouds ascend the sky,
Deeply dipt in Nature's dye;
To their nests the songster's fly,
'Mang bushes thick and briery, O.
Then the twinklin' star of May\*
Lights the seaman on his way;
So the hour o' gloamin' grey,
Lights me to my loved dearie, O.

When the blast o' winter chill
Blaws the drift o'er Renny-hill,
Snawy wreathes the hollows fill,
And ilka thing looks drearie, O.
Bare and leafless, Airdry woods,
Ravin' wi' the angry thuds,
Toss their branches to the cluds,
Wi' sugh fu' sad and eerie, O.
Winter! blaw thy wildest blast—
Be the sky wi' cluds o'ercast;
Let me clasp her at the last,
My fond, my faithfu' dearie, O!

\* The Isle of May, on which there is a light-house. It will be perceived that the scenery of this little descriptive song lies on the east of Fife, of which the author is a native.



In the following stanza the first four lines are sung to the second part of the air, and the burden or chorus to the first part.

Wit and grace, and love and beauty, In ac constellation shine!
To adore thee is my duty,
Goddess of this soul o' mine.
Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine;
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine.

"Bonnie wee thing," Mr. Stenheuse informs us that "These verses, beginning Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing, were composed by Burns, as he informs us, on his little idol, the charming lovely Davies.—Reliques. The words are adapted to the tune of 'The bonnie wee thing,' in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, book viii." See Museum Illustrations, vol. iv. p. 320. In the MS. Lute-book of Sir Robert Gordon of Straloch, dated 1627-9, there is a tune called "Wo betyd thy wearie bodie," which contains the rudiments of the air, "Bonnie wee thing." That lute-book was sent to the Editor in January 1839, in order that he night translate and transcribe from it what he pleased. The original has disappeared since the sale of the library of the late Mr. Chalmers of London, to whom it belonged. What the Editor transcribed from it, he sent to the Library of the Faculty of Advocates, Edinburgh, for preservation.

We subjoin a translation of the air "Wo betyd thy wearie bodie," above alluded to:-



## KIND ROBIN LO'ES ME.



The verses within brackets may be omitted.

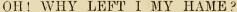
They speak of napkins, speak of rings, Speak of gloves and kissing strings, And name a thousand bonny things, And ca' them signs he lo'es me. But I'd prefer a smack of Rob, Sporting on the velvet fog, To gifts as lang's a plaiden wab, Because I ken he lo'es me.]

He's tall and soncy, 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 sister Mary said to me, Our courtship but a joke wad be, And I, or lang, be made to see, That Robin did na lo'e me.

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

[Till then let every chance unite, To weigh our love, and fix 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.]

"KIND ROBIN LO'ES NE." The words of this song, beginning "Robin is my only joe," were printed in David Herd's Ancient and Modern Songs, 1776. The tune bears marks of antiquity. Its composer is unknown. See Museum Illustrations, vol. v. p. 421. The last four lines seem to be a fragment of an older song to the same air. They will not sing to the modern version of the air, and therefore it has been thought that the genuine old air also was lost. But we have met with an old version of the air, which proves that the only difference between it and the modern one consisted in the occasional dividing of one note into two, in order to suit the greater number of syllables in each line of the modern song. If the first, third, and fifth bars (measures) are each made to consist of two minims, and the first two crotchets of the seventh bar be changed into one minim, the air will then be found to suit the last four lines of the song. This version of the air was discovered in the Macfarlane MS., a Collection made for the Laird of Macfarlane about 1740-43, and now in the possession of the Society of Antiquarics of Scotland. It consisted of three folio volumes, the first of which has unfortunately been lost, and the second mutilated by the date upon it being torn away.





The palm-tree waveth high,
And fair the myrtle springs,
And to the Indian maid
The bulbul sweetly sings;
But I dinna see the broom,
Wi' its tassels on the lea,
Nor hear the lintie's sang
O' my ain countrie

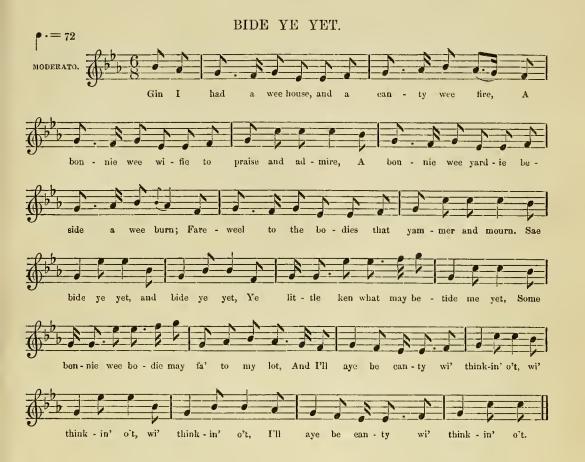
Oh! here no Sabbath bell
Awakes the Sabbath morn,
Nor song of reapers heard
Amang the yellow corn:
For the tyrant's voice is here,
And the wail of slaverie;
But the sun of freedom shines
In my ain countrie.

There's a hope for every woe,
And a balm for every pain,
But the first joys of our heart
Come never back again.
There's a track upon the deep,
And a path across the sea,
But the weary ne'er return
To their ain countrie.

<sup>1</sup> Glimpse.

2 Linnet.

"On! WHY LEFT I MY HAME?" In Johnson's Museum, vol. ii. No. 115, we find a tune called "The Lowlands of Holland," which remarkably resembles the tune here set to Mr. R. Gilfillan's words. The former tune was published by James Oswald, in 1742, and was ascribed to him by his sister and his daughter. The late Mr. William Marshall, butler to the Duke of Gordon, and remarkable for his natural musical talent, transformed Oswald's air into "Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey," to which Burns wrote the charming song, "Of a' the airts the wind can blaw." See Museum, Introduction to vol. i. p. 51; and Illustrations, vol. ii p. 115. Mr. Stenhouse erred in saying that the tune No. 116 in Johnson's Museum, was published by James Oswald in 1742; for, on looking into Oswald's Second Collection, we find, p. 25, "The low lands of Holand," a tune totally unlike the one under the same name in Johnson. The original of that tune, published by Oswald, is to be found in No. 17 of the Skeue MS.; a fact which at once demolishes Oswald's claim to the tune, and brings additional proof of his utter untrustworthiness. See p. 42, of this work for "The Lowlands of Holland," and p. 43, for "Of a' the airts the wind can blaw."



When I gang afield, and come hame at e'en,
I'll get my wee wifie fu' neat and fu' clean,
And a bonnie wee bairnie upon her knee,
That will cry papa or daddy to me.
Sae bide ye yet, &c.

An' if there should happen ever to be
A difference atween my wee wifie an' me,
In hearty good humour, although she be teas'd,
I'll kiss her and clap her until she be pleased.
Sae bide ye yet, &c.

<sup>&</sup>quot;BIDE VE YET." The age of this tune is not known. The verses here published appeared anonymously in D. Herd's Collection of Scottish Songs, about seventy years ago. Words to the same tune, beginning, "Alas, my son, you little know," were composed by Miss Jenny Graham, eldest daughter of William Graham of Shaw, Esq., in Annandale. Burns spoke highly of these words; which also were printed in Herd's Collection. See Museum Illustrations, vol. i. pp. 100 and 141.



Awake, sweet muse! the breathing spring With rapture warms; awake, and sing! Awake, and join the vocal throng Who hail the morning with a song; To Nanny raise the cheerful lay, O bid her haste and come away; In sweetest smiles herself adorn, And add new graces to the morn.

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

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

<sup>&</sup>quot;Roslin Castle." The composer of this melody is not known. It has been wrongly ascribed to James Oswald, who never laid any claim to it. In his Collection, it is not marked as one of his own tunes; and, indeed, it was published in a prior collection, McGibbon's, under the name of the "House of Glams." Oswald practised several unpardonable deceptions upon the public, by passing off tunes of his own as compositions of David Rizzio. His tricks of that kind are pointedly alluded to in a poetical epistle to him, printed in the Scots Magazine for October 1741. The verses here given, which Burns called "heautiful," were written by Richard Hewitt, a native of Cumberland, who died in 1764. When a boy, he was engaged to lead blind Dr. Blacklock; who, pleased with his intelligence, educated him, and employed him as his amanuensis. See Museum Illustrations, vol. 1., pp 5 and 108, and vol. iv., pp. 406, 407.



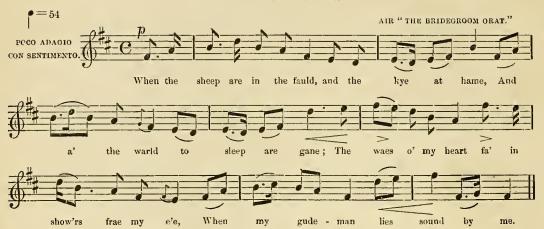
That day she smiled and made me glad,
No maid seem'd ever kinder;
I thought myself the luckiest lad,
So sweetly there to find her.
I tried to soothe my amorous flame,
In words that I thought tender;
If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,
I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flies the plain,
The fields we then frequented;
If c'er we meet, she shows disdain,
And looks as ne'er acquainted.
The bonnie bush bloom'd fair in May,
Its sweets I'll aye remember;
But now her frowns make it decay,
It fades as in December.

Ye rural powers, who hear my strains,
Why thus should Peggy grieve me?
Oh! make her partner in my pains,
Then let her smiles relieve me.
If not, my love will turn despair,
My passion no more tender;
I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair,
To lonely wilds I'll wander.

"The Bush addoon Traquare." Mr. Stenhouse says:—"This charming pastoral melody is ancient. It was formerly called 'The bonnie bush aboon Traquhair.' It appears in the Orpheus Caledonius, 1725, adapted to the same beautiful stanzas that are inserted in the Museum, beginning 'Hear me, ye nymphs, and every swain,' written by William Crawford, Esq., author of Tweedside, &c.; but the old song, it is believed, is lost." (See Museum Illustrations, vol. i. pp. 84, 85.) Mr. D. Laing, however, (ibid. pp. 113-115,) points out the error of Mr. Stenhouse and other editors who ascribe the song to William Crawfurd, (of Auchinames,) while it, "Tweedside," &c., were written by Robert Crawfurd, a cadet of the family of Drumsoy. It appears that this gentleman was drowned in returning from France in 1732. The bush, or clump of trees, that gave name to the tune, is said to have stood on a hill above the lawn of the Earl of Traquair's house in Peeblesshire. We think that the tune was probably written down at first for some musical instrument; as its compass is too great for ordinary voices. This is the case with many old Scottish melodies. It may also be remarked, that the accentuation of the words, as applied to the tune, is often faulty; but this seems to have been little heeded by our older singers, and writers of verses to music. We must now take these old things as we find them; and be thankful that they are not altogether lost.

#### AULD ROBIN GRAY.



Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and he sought me for his bride;
But saving a crown, he had naething beside;
To make that crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea—
And the crown and the pound were baith for me.

He had no been gane a week but only twa,

When my father brake his arm, and the cow was stown awa';

My mither she fell sick, and my Jamie at the sea,

And auld Robin Gray came a courting me.

My father couldna work, and my mither couldna spin; I toil'd day and night, but their bread I couldna win. Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in bis e'e, Said, "Jeanie, for their sakes, O marry me."

My heart it said nay—I look'd for Jamie back;
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wrack.
The ship it was a wrack, why didna Jamie dee?
And why do I live to say, wae's me?

My father urged me sair, my mither didna speak,
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break.
So they gi'ed him my hand, though my heart was at the sea,
And auld Robin Gray is gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,

When sitting sae mournfully [ae night] at the door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I couldna think it he,

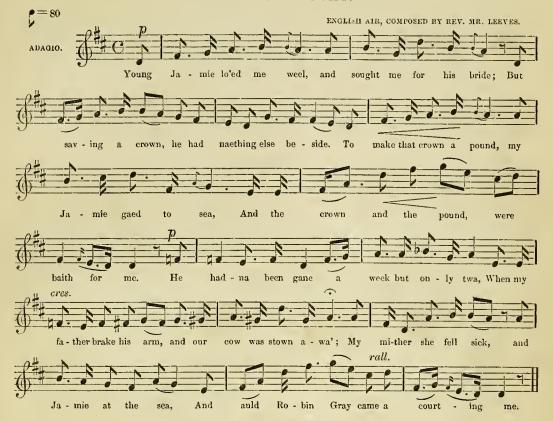
Till he said, I'u come back for to marry thee!

O sair did we greet, and meikle did we say,
We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away:
I wish I were dead, but I'm no like to dee;
Oh! why do I live to say, wae's me?

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

<sup>&</sup>quot;AULD ROBIN GRAY." (Old air, "The bridegroom grat.") The air appears to be old, and is the same to which the accompanying verses were written by Lady Anne Lindsay. See following Note.

#### AULD ROBIN GRAY.

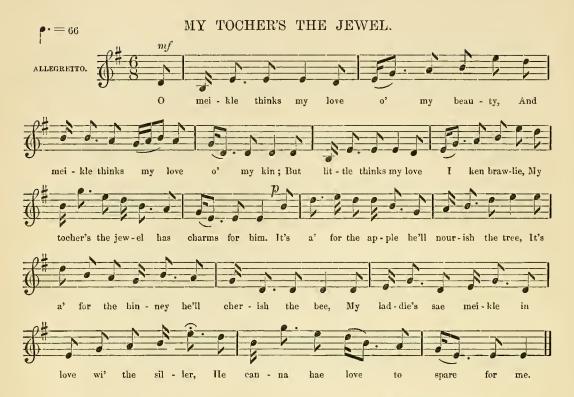


The rest of the verses are given with the old air.

"Auld Robin Gray." (Modern air.) The verses for the old air were written in 1770, or 1772, by Lady Anne Lindsay, eldest daughter of the Earl of Balcarras. A highly popular air to the same words was composed by the Rev. William Leeves, Rector of Wrington in Somersetshire. He tells us, than in 1770, having received a copy of the verses from the Honourable Mrs. Byron, he immediately set them to music. But, in a letter from Lady Anne Lindsay (then Barnard) to Sir Walter Scott, in July 1823, she says she composed the song "soon after the close of the year 1771." She, or Mr. Leeves, may have mistaken the year. Although not a Scottish melody, Mr. Leeves' air is given here on account of its great popularity. In the edition of Lady Anne's song, published by Sir Walter Scott in 1825, and dedicated to the Bannatyne Club, a continuation of the song, and a second continuation of it, are given, together with the letter above quoted. In that edition there are a good many alterations of the original words of the first part; though not, it is thought, for the better. See Museum Illustrations, vol. iii. pp. 230-235, and 310-312. Also Sir Walter Scott's edition of the song in 1825, with Lady Anne Barnard's interesting letter. In Burke's "Patrician," (No. 26, for June 1848, p. 531,) there is published a letter from the beautiful Miss Reay to the Rev. Mr. Hackman, by whom she was shot dead on 7th April 1779. In that letter, dated 10th December 1775, Miss Reay alludes to the song of "Auld Robin Gray," as being the composition of Lady Anne Lindsay. The passage is as follows: -- "But I will transcribe you a verse which I don't believe you ever heard me sing, though it's my favourite. It is said to be part of an old Scots ballad-nor is it generally known that Lady A. Lindsay wrote it. Since we have understood each other, I have never sung it before you, because it is so descriptive of our situation-how much more so since your cruelly kind proposal of yesterday! I wept like an infant over it this morning :-

""I gang like a ghost, and I do not care to spin,
I fain would think on Jamie, but that would be a sin;
I must e'en do my best a good wife to be,
For auld Robin Gray has been kind to me.'

My poor eyes will only suffer me to add, for God's sake, let me see my Jamie to-morrow. Your name also is Jamie."



Your proffer o' love's an arle-penny,
My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy;
But an ye be crafty, I am cunniu',
Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.

Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood, Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree, Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread, And ye'll erack your credit mi' mae nor me.

"My Tocher's the Jewel." Mr. Stenhouse says, "The words of this song, 'O meikle thinks my love o' my beauty,' were written by Burns, in 1790, for the Museum. They are adapted to a jig in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, book iii. p. 28, composed by him from the subject of an old air, in slow common time, called 'The highway to Edinburgh.' . . . Burns was mistaken in asserting, in the Reliques, that Gow, or any of his family, claimed this melody as their own composition; or even that it had been notoriously taken from 'The mucking o' Geordie's byre,' for it is nothing more than the subject of the old air of 'The highway to Edinburgh,' thrown into treble time." See Museum Illustrations, vol. iv. p. 304. There are three errors in this statement. 1st, Burns did not write the whole words of this song, but only a few of them, the others being old. This is given on the authority of Burns' sister, Mrs. Begg, who communicated the fact to Captain Charles Gray, R.M. 2d, Mr. Stenhouse is inconceivably wrong in stating that the tune is taken from the subject of an old air called "The highway to Edinburgh." There is no resemblance between the two tunes, except in two cadences. In Oswald's second Collection, dedicated to Frederick Prince of Wales, we find, p. 17. a tune called "The Black Eagle, by David Rizo," which is evidently the same, in all essentials, as "The highway to Edinburgh," given in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, book v., but not with the name of Rizzio. The same tune occurs in M'Gibbon's Collection, under the name of "The bonny black eagle;" but in the MS. Lyra-Viol Book of the celebrated Dr. John Leyden, in tablature, and dating about the close of the seventeenth, or the early years of the eighteenth century, we find-No. 35 of that MS .- a tune called "Women's work will never be done," which is only an older and much better set of the tune given by M'Gibbon and Oswald under the other names above-mentioned. This curious Leyden MS., which was supposed to be lost, when Mr. William Dauney published the Skene MS. in December 1838, was, in 1843, sent to the Editor of this work, with permission to copy and translate the whole. He has made a copy of the MS. for the Advocates' Library, in order to be preserved there. 3d, Mr. Stenhouse is equally wrong when he says, that Burns was mistaken in asserting that the tune, "My tocher's," &c., had been notoriously taken from "The mucking o' Geordie's byre." Burns was quite right, for the chief melodic forms of these two airs are almost identical; though the rhythm has been changed by additional measures interpolated in the former tune. The older tune is in three-four, and the derivative one in six-eight time, the former easily convertible into the latter.



How sweet this lone vale! All the beauties of Nature, In varied features, are here to be seen; The lowly spread bush, and the oak's tow'ring stature Are mantled in foliage of gay lovely green. Ah! here is the spot, (Oh! sad recollection!) It is the retreat of my Mary no more;—How kind, how sincere, was the maiden's affection—Till memory cease, I the loss must deplore.

How sweet this lone vale to a heart full of sorrow! The wall of distress I unheeded can pour; My bosom o'ercharged may be lighter to-morrow, By shedding a flood in the thick twisted bow'r. O Mary! in silence thou calmly reposest, The bustle of life gives no trouble to thee; Bemoaning my Mary, life only discloses A wilderness vacant of pleasure to me.

The following words, entitled "The Highland Emigrant," were written by a friend of the Publisher, for the same air, with some slight modifications of the melody in accentuation:—

The bills of my Highlands rise oft in my night-dreams, And seem to remind me how far I'm away! I see, in their cloud-mists, the ghosts of my Fathers, Who frown on my absence so far, far away! I see the glen-hamlet where Mary, my loved one, With tears parted from me that heart-breaking day! The morning sun shines, and I find I am lonely! My country, my friends, are all far, far away!

<sup>&</sup>quot;How sweet this lone Vale!" Mr. Stenhouse informs us that this song (that is, the first stanza) was written by the Honourable Andrew Erskine, brother of Thomas Earl of Kellie. Burns expressed his high admiration of this song. The author of the other stanzas is not known. Mr. Erskine was a lieutenant in the 71st regiment, and possessed considerable literary talent. Being unfortunately addicted to gambling, he met with severe losses, which appear to have urged him to commit suicide by drowning. His hody was found in the Firth of Forth in September 1793. The melody is a Gaelic one. See Museum Illustrations, vol. vi. pp. 490, 528, 529, and Blackie's "Book of Scottish Song,"—an excellent and extensive collection,—p. 442. With regard to the Earl of Kellie above alluded to, it is but tardy justice, in Scotland, to his musical talents, to remark, that he was the first Scotsman who ever composed orchestral overtures. He studied musical composition in Germany, under the elder Stamitz; and came home with more power on the violin, and more knowledge of musical composition, than most professors of his time possessed. Doctor Burney, who knew him, tells us this in his History of Music, vol. iv. page 677.



He's brave as brave can be;
Send him hame, send him hame;
He's brave as brave can be,
Send him hame.
He's brave as brave can be,
He wad rather fa' than flee;
But his life is dear to me;
Send him hame, send him hame;
Oh! his life is dear to me,
Send him hame.

Send him hame.

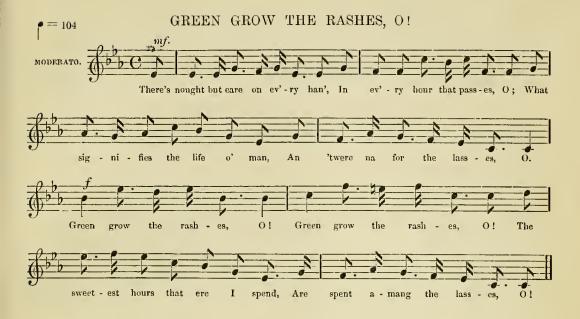
Our faes are ten to three;
Send him hame, send him hame;
Our faes are ten to three,
Send him hame.

Our faes are ten to three,
He mann either fa' or flee,
In the cause o' loyalty;
Send him hame, send him hame;
In the cause o' loyalty,
Send him hame.

Your love ne'er learnt to flee,
Bonnie dame, winsome dame;
Your love ne'er learnt to flee,
Winsome dame.
Your love ne'er learnt to flee,
But he fell in Germanie,
Fighting brave for loyalty,
Mournfu' dame, mournfu' dame;
Fighting brave for loyalty,
Monrnfu' dame.

He'll ne'er come o'er the sea;
Willie's slain, Willie's slain;
He'll ne'er come o'er the sea,
Willie's gane!
He'll ne'er come o'er the sea,
To his love 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!

<sup>&</sup>quot;My Love's in Germany." The air is an old favourite in the Lowlands of Scotland. The ballad on the celebrated pirate, Paul Jones, beginning, "Yon've all heard of Paul Jones, have you not? have you not?" was sung to the same air. The words, "My luve's in Germany, send him hame, send him hame," were written by Hector Macniell, Esq., a poet of very considerable talent. See Museum Illustrations, vol. iv. pp. 343, 344, and Blackie's Book of Scottish Song, p. 406. In September 1779, Paul Jones gave the people of Edinburgh, Leith, and other places, a dreadful fright, as the Editor, in his boyhood, has heard old persons mention. There is a Note about this remarkable man in the fifth volume of the seventh edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, p. 416, from which the following passage is extracted: - "This man, who had formerly been a servant in Lord Selkirk's house, had landed in 1778, and plundered it of the plate, but without doing any further mischief. The action, however, proved very disagreeable to his own party; and, at the desire of Dr. Franklin, the plate was afterwards restored. After this exploit he attempted to set fire to the town of Whitehaven, but without success. In 1779, he made a descent on the coast of Ireland, but without committing any act of hostility; his people, indeed, carried off some sheep and oxen, but their captain paid liberally for what they had taken. In the month of September 1779, he appeared in the Frith of Forth with several prizes, and advanced up above the island of Inchkeith, so as to be nearly opposite to Leith. His design was supposed to have been to burn the shipping there; but he was prevented from attempting this by a strong westerly wind; and such measures were also taken for the defence of the harbour, by erecting batteries and otherwise, that he would probably have miscarried, had any attempt been made by him."



The warldly race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them, O;
An' though at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
Green grow, &c.

Gie me a cannie hour at e'en, My arms about my dearie, O; An' warldly eares and warldly men, May a' gae tapsaltecrie, O. Green grow, &c. For you sae douce, wha 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. Green grow, &c.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears ller noblest work she classes, O; Her 'prentice han' she tried on man, And then she made the lasses, O. Green grow, &c.

¹ Tapsalteerie—topsy-turvy.

"Green grow the Rashes, O!" "The air of this song is old; a had set of it occurs in Oswald's first Collection, 1740; but he seems to have forgot that the tune had been used as a reel, as well as a song, in Scotland, time out of memory. . . . . The tune appears to have been also known by the title of 'Cow thou me the rashes green,' quoted in the Complaynt of Scotland, in 1549." See Museum Illustrations, vol. i. pp. 82, 83. The verses were written by Burns. In the MS. Lute-Book of Sir Robert Gordon of Straloch, 1627-29, mentioned in the Note upon "Bonnie wee thing," p. 4 of this work, is found, "Green greus ye rasses, A daunce;" and, in the same MS., another air, almost identical, named, "I kist her while she blusht." Both of these the Editor translated into modern notation for David Laing, Esq., who published them in his "Additional Illustrations" to Johnson's Museum, vol. i. pp. 138, 139.

The assertion made above by Mr. Stenhouse, that this air was formerly known under the name of "Cow thou me the rashes green," we believe to be altogether unfounded. He seems to have jumped to the conclusion, that because "rashes" were mentioned in both names, therefore the airs must be identical. We can, however, prove the contrary; for we have found, in a MS. of the sixteenth century, now in the British Museum, the words, "Colle thou me the rysshys grene," set twice over to different music. Airs these cannot be called, for they are altogether destitute of melody; they appear rather to be single parts of a piece intended for several voices. We need scarcely add they bear not the slightest resemblance to our Scottish tune.

## O TRUE LOVE IS A BONNIE FLOWER!



When first I saw thy bonnie face, Love's pawkie glances won me; Now cauld neglect and studied scorn, Have fatally undone me! Alas! I've lost, &c. Were our fond vows but empty air,
And made but to be broken?
That ringlet of thy raven hair,
Was't but a faithless token?
Alas! I've lost, &c.

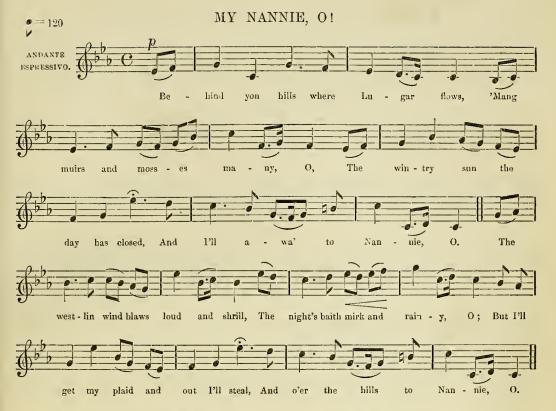
That's practised by the lover,
But nought, alas! when once it's lost,
Affection can recover.
Then break, my poor deluded heart,
That never can be cheerie;
But while life's current there shall flow,
Sae long I'll lo'e my dearie!

In vain I've tried each artfu' wile,

"O True Love is a Bonnie Flower." Air, "Twine weel the plaiden." Speaking of the verses to this air in Johnson's Museum, beginning, "O! I have lost my silken snood," Mr. Stenhouse says, "I remember an old lady who sang these verses to a very plaintive and simple air, in slow treble time, a copy of which, but corrupted with embellishments, appears in Oswald's Collection, No. 12, under the title of 'The lassie lost her silken snood.' Napier, who first published the song, being unacquainted, perhaps, with the original melody, adapted the verses to the same air which is inserted in Johnson's Museum. This song, though undoubtedly of considerable antiquity, is neither to be found in the Orpheus Caledonius, nor in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany." See Museum Illustrations, vol. i. p. 29.\* The excellent verses now given in this collection were written by the late Captain Charles Gray, R.M.—a well-known veteran in poetry, as well as in warfare; and one of the ablest of modern Scottish poets. This gentleman did much to rectify mistakes regarding the songs of Robert Burns, as well as the character of that extraordinary and unfortunate man. He died at Edinburgh, on 13th April 1851, much regretted by a wide circle of friends. Captain Gray's verses were written at the request of a Fifeshire lady,† with whom this air was a favourite, but who did not choose to sing the old words given in the collections of Johnson and others, as she considered them objectionable. We have been informed that this air was a great favourite with P. Urbani, who used frequently to sing it at his benefit concerts.

<sup>\*</sup> Napier's Sclection of Scottish Songs, first volume, was published in 1790. The airs were harmonized by Dr. Samuel Arnold, William Shield, F. H. Barthelemon, and Thomas Carter. His second volume of Scottish Songs was published in 1792; the airs harmonized by Joseph Haydn alone. In the first volume, page 26, is "Twine weel the plaiden," harmonized by Barthelemon, who was a singular character, and a Swedenbergian.

<sup>†</sup> The publishers have to acknowledge the kindness of the late Captain Gray in permitting them to grace their work with these verses, which are now for the second time printed in connexion with the air to which they are so admirably suited.



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

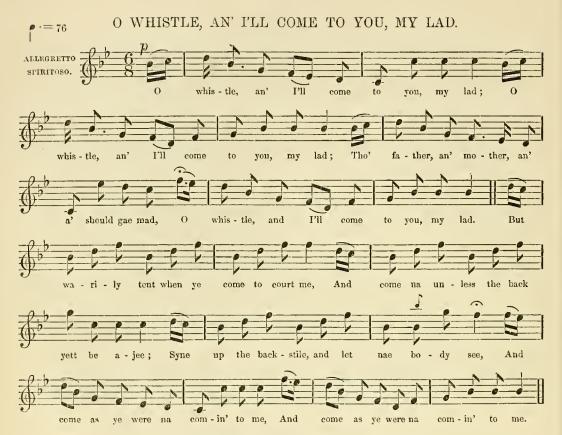
A country lad is my degree,
And few there he that ken me, O:
But what care I how few they be?
I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O.
My riches a's my penny fee,
And I maun guide it cannie, O:
But warld's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

Our auld gudeman delights to view

His sheep and kye thrive bonnie, O;
But I'm as blythe that hauds his plough,
And has nae care but Nannie, O.
Come weel, come wae, I carena by,
I'll tak' what heaven will send me, O;
Nae ither care in life hae I,
But live and love my Nannie, O.

<sup>&</sup>quot;My Nanne, O." Mr. Stenhouse characterizes the melody as a "fine old air," which it certainly is. It is one of the best of our Scottish melodies. The air, with other words, was published in the Orpheus Caledonius, 1725. The verses here given were written by Burns in his earlier days, and were composed in honour of a servant-girl, Agnes Fleming, at Calcothill, near Lochlea.\* Burns composed them expressly for the air of "My Nannie, O:" though in song No. 581 of Johnson's Museum, they are adapted to a different and very inferior melody. The Lugar, alluded to in the song, is a river in Ayrshire, which takes its rise in the Cumnock lakes, and discharges itself into the river Ayr, at Barskimming. See Museum Illustrations, vol. i. p. 91; and Burns' Works, by Allan Cunningham, vol iv. p. 10.

<sup>\*</sup> This word is generally spelled Lochlie in the district, and is pronounced with the accent on the first syllable.

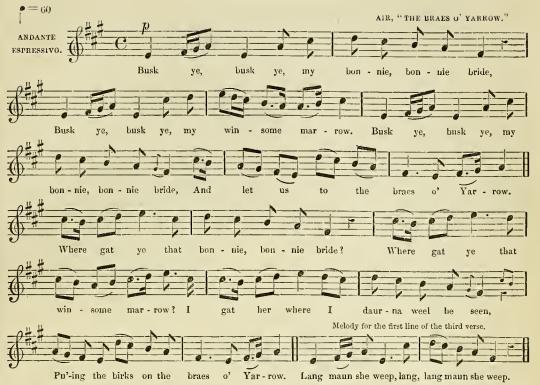


O whistle, an' I'll come to you, my lad,
O whistle, an' I'll come to you, my lad;
Tho' father, an' mother, an' a' should gae mad,
O whistle, an' I'll come to you, my lad.
At kirk or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
Gang by me as tho' that ye cared na a flie;
But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e,
Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me,
Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me.

O whistle, an' I'll come to you, my lad,
O whistle, au' l'll come to you, my lad;
Tho' father, au' mother, an' a' should gae mad,
O whistle, an' I'll come to you, my lad.
Ay vow an' protest that ye care na for me,
And whiles ye may lightlie my beauty a wee;
But court uae anither, tho' jokin' ye be,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me,
For fear that she wyle your faucy frac me.

<sup>&</sup>quot;O Whistle, An' l'al come to you. My Lad." Mr. Stenhouse says, "This air has generally been considered of Irish origin, because it was adapted to a song written by John O'Keefe, Esq., in his comic opera of 'The Poor Soldier,' which was first acted at Covent Garden, in 1783. The song begins, Since love is the plan, I'll love if I can. But the tune was composed by the late John Bruce, an excellent fiddle-player in Dumfries, upwards of thirty years before that period." . . . "This air was a great favourite of Burns. In 1787, he wrote the two stanzas in the Museum, and in August 1793, he added two more." The latter were added to the two former stanzas, for Mr. George Thomson's Collection. See Museum Illustrations, vol. ii. pp. 109, 110: and Blackie's Book of Scottish Song, p. 334.

## BUSK YE, BUSK YE.

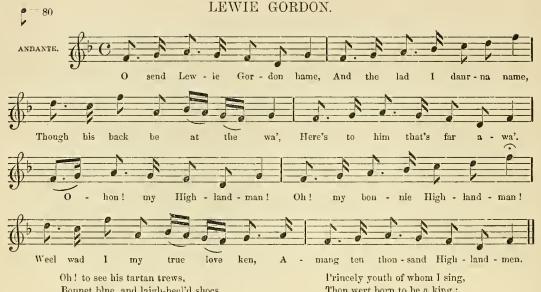


Weep not, weep not, my bonnie, bonnie bride,
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow;
Nor let thy heart lament to leave
Pu'ing the birks on the braes o' Yarrow.
Why does she weep, thy bonnie, bonnie bride?
Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?
And why daur ye nae mair weel be seen,
Pu'ing the birks on the braes o' Yarrow?

Lang mann she weep, lang, lang mann she weep,
Lang mann she weep wi' dule and sorrow,
And lang mann I nae mair weel be seen,
Pu'ing the birks on the braes o' Yarrow;
For she has tint her lover, lover dear,
Her lover dear, the cause o' sorrow;
And I hae slain the comeliest swain,
That e'er pu'ed birks on the braes o' Yarrow.

Fair was thy love, fair, fair indeed thy love!
In flowery bands thon didst him fetter;
Though he was fair, and well beloved again,
Than me he did not love thee better.
Busk ye then, busk, my bonnie, bonnie bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, and lo'e me on the banks o' the Tweed,
And think nae mair o' the braes o' Yarrow.

<sup>&</sup>quot;Busk ve, busk ve." The melody was formerly called "The brace o' Yarrow." In a MS. book of tunes in tablature for the Lyra-viol, which belonged to the celebrated Dr. John Leyden, there is a tune called "The lady's goune," which seems to be an old and simple set of "The brace o' Yarrow." That MS. was sent to the editor of the present work, in 1844, with permission to translate and transcribe it. The transcript he made of it was sent to the Library of the Faculty of Advocates, Ediuburgh. In the Orpheus Caledonius, 1725-33, there is a set of "Busk ye," which does not exhibit the wrong accentuation found in more modern versions, where the accent is painfully thrown upon the word "ye" in the first line. In the present edition that set has been restored, and the air now agrees in accent with the words. The verses here given are from a heautiful ballad written by William Hamilton of Bangour, who died in 1754, aged fifty. The ballad consists of thirty stanzas, and was first printed in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany. Eight of these stanzas have been selected on this occasion. These contain the essential parts of the story. The first three lines belong to an ancient ballad now lost.



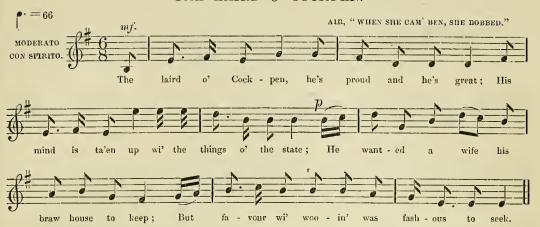
Oh! to see his tartan trews, Bounet blue, and laigh-heel'd shoes, Philabeg aboon his knee, That's the lad that I'll gang wi'. Ohon! my Highlandman, &c. Princely youth of whom I sing, Thou wert born to be a king; On thy breast a regal star Shines on loyal hearts afar! Ohon! my Highlandman, &c.

Oh! to see this wished for one Seated on a kingly throne! All our griefs would disappear; We should hail a joyful year! Ohon! my Highlandman, &c.

"LEWIE GORDON." This air is borrowed from the old tune of "Tarry woo," printed in M'Gibbon's first Collection, and reprinted in Johnson's Museum, No. 45; but we find no trace of the author of either tune. The words were written by the Rev. Alexander Geddes, D.D. The person alluded to as "the lad I daurna name," was the "Chevalier." See Museum Illustrations, vol. i. p. 90. Lewis Gordon, the hero of the song, was the third son of Alexander, second Duke of Gordon, and brother of Cosmo George, who succeeded to the title in 1728. He entered the Royal Navy, and became a lieutenant on board of a ship of war; but, on the breaking out of the rebellion in 1745, he followed the example his father had set him in 1715, by declaring for the Stuart family. He raised a regiment of two battalions; defeated the Royalists under the laird of Macleod at Inverury, (23d December 1745,) and then marched to Perth. After the battle of Culloden, he escaped abroad; was attainted in 1746, and died, unmarried, at Montreuil in France, on the 15th June 1754. See Douglas's Peerage. In a work recently published, there are some curious facts relative to Prince Charles Edward Stnart's capture of Carlisle, and his retreat from it. Among other things it is mentioned, that the Prince entered Carlisle seated on a white charger, and preceded by one hundred pipers. On the retreat, "The Highlanders crossed the Esk at Longtown, an hundred men a-breast; the river was swollen, and took them nearly breast high. There were at once two thousand of them in the river, and nothing of them was to be seen but their heads and shoulders. Holding one another by the neck of the coat, they stemmed the force of the stream, and lost not a man in the passage. The moment they reached the opposite side, the pipes struck up, and they danced reels till they were dry again." See "Authentic Account of the occupation of Carlisle in 1745, by Prince Charles Edward Stuart," Edited by George Gill Mounsey, Longman and Co. It appears from this, that in those turbulent times, the Scottish bag-pipers played a part of some importance. An assemblage of a hundred Highland bag-pipers would be a surprising phenomenon now a-days; even at the Edinburgh Competition of Pipers, where prizes are awarded to the most skilful.

After the fatal field of Culloden, the Prince's position became desperate. His hidings in the Highlands—where no one would betray him even for the large rewards offered for his apprehension—and his final escape to France, are matters familiar to most readers of history. John Hill Burton, Esq., Advocate, in his recently published "Lives of Simon Lord Lovat, and Duncan Forbes of Culloden;" London, Chapman & Hall, gives, (p. 247.) from a MS. of the late Mrs. Grant of Laggan, an interesting passage of the interview between the Prince and Lord Lovat, at the house of Gortuleg, near the fall of Foyers, just after the battle of Culloden. "The Prince and a few of his followers came to the house; Lovat expressed attachment to him, but at the same time reproached him with great asperity for declaring his intention to abandon the enterprise entirely. 'Remember,' said he, fiercely, 'your great ancestor, Robert Bruce, who lost eleven battles, and won Scotland by the twelfth.'"

### THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN.



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

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

He took the grey mare, an' rade cannilic, An' rapp'd at the yett o' Claverse-ha' Lee; "Gae tell mistress Jean to come speedily hen, She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen." Mistress Jean she was makin' the elder-flower wine; "An' what brings the Laird at sic a like time?"
She put aff her apron, an' on her silk goun,
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa' down

An' when she cam' ben, he bowed fu' low; An' what was his errand, he soon let her know. Amazed was the Laird when the lady said, Na! An' wi' a laigh curtsie, she turn'd awa'.

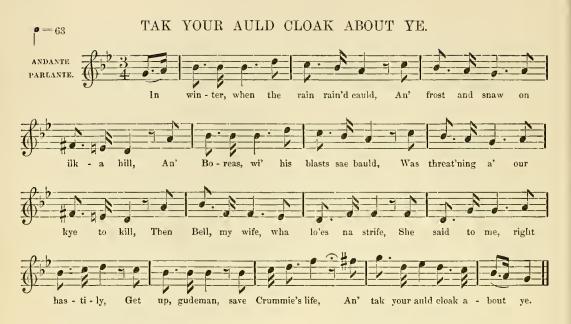
Dumfounder'd was he, but use sigh did he gi'e, He mounted his mare, and he rade cannilie; An' aften he thought, as he gaed through the gleu, She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.

"The Lard o' Cockpen." Mr. Stenhouse says, "The musical reader will scarcely require to be informed that this spirited air, ['When she cam' hen, she bobbed,'] of one simple strain, is among the oldest of our Scottish melodies. It is preserved in the first book of Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, with some of his own variations upon the air. It also appears in Mrs. Crockat's Manuscript Book of Tunes, dated 1709." See Museum Illustrations, vol. iv. pp. 326, 327. In Oswald's First Collection, dedicated to Frederick Prince of Wales, (p. 43.) we find "When she cam' ben, she bobed," in three-fourth time, and differing in some other respects from the set No. 353 of Museum. In Dr. John Leyden's MS. Lyra-Viol Book—referred to ante, p. 12—there is a tune, No. 77, entitled, "When she came ben," in a major key, and yet evidently the prototype of the two sets last mentioned, in minor keys. In most sets of the melody, the sharp seventh is given in the fourth measure. This, we think, is erroneous, and have therefore made the seventh natural in the present work; especially as we find our alteration supported by a set of the air published in James Oswald's "Curious Collection of Scots Tunes, &c.," 1740, dedicated to the Duke of Perth.

The clever and humorous stanzas given to the air, "When she came ben," in this work, are modern. They have been ascribed to Miss Ferrier, and to the late Sir Alexander Boswell; but we have no positive evidence of the authorship in either case. Two additional stanzas have lately appeared by another hand; as they are occasionally sung, we subjoin them.

An' now that the Laird his exit had made, Mistress Jean she reflecked on what she had said; "Oh! for ane l'll get better, it's wanr 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 an' arm to the kirk on the green; Now she sits in the ha' like a weel-tappit hen; But as yet there's nac chickens appeared at Cockpen.



My Crummie is a usefu' cow,
An' she is come o' a gude kin;
Aft has she wet the bairns's mou',
An' I am laith that she should tyne;
Get up, gudeman, it is fu' time,
The sun shines in the lift sae hie;
Sloth never made a gracious end,
Gae, tak your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was ance a gude grey cloak,
When it was fitting for my wear;
But now it's scantly worth a groat,
For I hae worn't this thretty year.
Let's spend the gear that we hae won,
We little ken' the day we'll die;
Then I'll be proud, sin' I hae sworn
To hae a new cloak about me.

In days when gude King Robert rang.
His trews they cost but half-a-croun;
He said they were a groat o'er dear,
An' ca'd the tailor thief and loun:
He was the king that wore the croun,
An' thou'rt a man of laigh degree:
It's pride puts a' the country doun;
Sae tak your auld cloak about ye.

1 Law, custom, privilege.—Jamieson.

Ilka land has its ain lauch,<sup>1</sup>
Ilk kind o' corn has its ain hool:
I think the world is a' gane wrang,
When ilka wife her man wad rule:
Do ye no see Rob, Jock, and Hab,
How they are girded gallantlie,
While I sit hurklin i' the asse?<sup>2</sup>
I'll hae a new cloak about me!

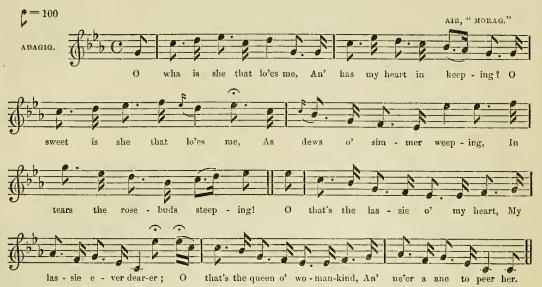
Gudeman, I wat it's thretty year
Sin' we did ane anither ken;
An' we hae had atween us twa
Of lads an' bonnie lasses ten:
Now they are women grown an' men,
I wish an' pray weel may they be;
An' if you'd prove a gude husband,
E'en tak your auld cloak about ye.

Bell, my wife, she lo'es nae strife,
But she would guide me, if she can;
An' to maintain an easy life,
I aft maun yield, though I'm gudeman:
Nocht's to be won at woman's han',
Unless ye gi'e her a' the plea;
Then I'll leave aff where I began,
An' tak my auld cloak about me.

<sup>2</sup> Ashes—by the fire.

<sup>&</sup>quot;TAK YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE." Mr. Ritson says in a Note, p. 219, vol. i. of his "Scotish Songs:" "Dr. Percy, though he supposes this to be originally a Scotish ballad, has given an ancient copy of it, from his folio MS. in the English idiom, with an additional stanza (the second) never before printed. See the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, &c., vol. i. p. 190." A stanza of the song, slightly altered, is sung by Jago in Othello, Act II. Scene 3, "King Stephen was a worthy peer," &c. The tune is ancient and excellent.

#### O WHA IS SHE THAT LO'ES ME?



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 the lassie o' my heart, &c.

If theu hadst heard her talking,
An' thy attentions plighted,
That ilka bedy talking
But her by thee is slighted,
An' thou art all delighted.
O that's the lassie o' my heart, &c.

If thou hast met this fair one;
When frae her thou hast parted,
If every other fair one,
But her, thou hast deserted,
An' thou art breken-hearted.
O that's the lassie o' my heart, &c.

"O WHA IS SHE THAT LO'BS ME?" This song was written by Burns for the Gaelic air called "Morag," which is the Highland name for Marien. Burns was so fond of the air, that, in 1787, he wrote two other sengs for it. One beginning "Loud blaw the fresty breezes," and the other, "Streams that glide in orient plains." The latter is less of a song than of stanzas in praise of Castle-Gordon, and in vituperation of Oriental despetism. "In Fraser's Gaelic airs, lately published, is another set of 'Morag,' in which the sharp seventh is twice introduced, in place of the perfect fifth, along with a variety of notes, graces, and a ritardando, not to be found in any of the older sets of this air, and which indeed are equally superfluous, as well as foreign to the genuine spirit of ancient Gaelic meledies." See Museum Illustrations, vol. ii. pp. 134-136. We may remark that in Fraser's set of "Morag," No. 119, p. 57, the members of the air do not occur in the same order as in Johnsen's set. They are transposed. Also, that the sharp seventh occurs twice in the notes of embellishment, as well as twice in the principal notes of the air. Allan Cunningham, in his edition of Burns' works, makes the following remarks upon the song "O wha is she that lo'es me," and its air "Morag:" "Of the air of 'Morag' Burns was passionately fond; yet it cannot be said that he was more than cemmonly successful in wedding it to words. The measure which the tune requires is cramp and difficult, and the sentiment is interrupted before it has well begun to flow. This song was found among the papers of Burns; the exact period of its composition is not known, nor has the heroine been named."

#### IT WAS UPON A LAMMAS NIGHT.



The sky was blue, the wind was still,

The moon was shining clearly, O:
I set her down wi' right good will.

Amang the rigs o' barley, O:
I ken't her heart was a' my ain;
I loved her most sincerely, O;
I kiss'd her ower and ower again,

Amang the rigs o' barley, O.

Corn rigs, &c.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace! Her heart was beating rarely, O; My blessings on that happy place, Amang the rigs o' barley, O! But by the moon and stars so bright,
That shone that hour so clearly, O!
She aye shall bless that happy night,
Amang the rigs o' barley, O!
Corn rigs, &c.

I hae been blithe wi' comrades dear;
I hae been merry drinkin', O;
I hae been joyfu' gath'rin' gear;
I hae been happy thinkin', O:
But a' the pleasures c'er I saw,
Tho' three times doubled fairly, O,
That happy night was worth them a',
Amang the rigs o' barley, O.
Corn rigs, &c.

"Corn Rigs." The above verses were written by Burns, in his earlier years, to the old tune of "Corn Rigs." It is said that Anuie Rouald, afterwards Mrs. Paterson of Aikenbrae, was the inspirer of the song. See Allan Cunningham's Works of Robert Burns, p. 341. In Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd," the song, "My Patie is a lover gay," is to the tune of "Corn Rigs." "There was a much older Scottish song, however, than that of Ramsay, adapted to this tune, of which the following lines are the chorus:—

'O Corn rigs, and rye rigs, And corn rigs are bonnie,' &c.

The tune appears in Craig's Collection, in 1730. Craig was a very old man when he published his Collection, for he was one of the principal violin-players at the Edinburgh concerts in 1695. Mr. Gay selected this tune for one of his songs in the musical opera of 'Polly,' beginning 'Should I not be bold when honour calls,' printed, but not acted, in 1729." See Museum Illustrations, vol. i. p. 96.



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

Although his daddie was nae laird, An' though I hae nae meikle tocher; Yet, rich in kindest, truest love, We'll tent our flocks by Gala water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,

That coft¹ contentment, peace, or pleasure;

The bands and bliss o' mutual love,

O that's the chiefest warld's treasure!

1 Bought.

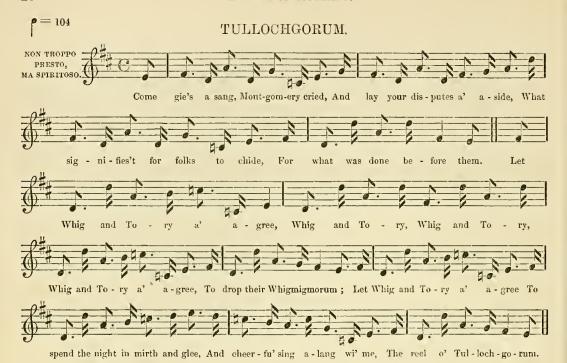
"Gala Waten." One of the most beautiful of our old Scottish melodies. It is somewhat singular, however, that it is not to be found in any of our earlier collections. Neil Stewart gives it under the name of "Coming thro' the broom," in his "Thirty Scots songs for a voice and harpsichord," a work probably published between 1780, 1790; the copy we have seen bears a manuscript date of 1783. Mr. Stenhouse says, "This tune was greatly admired by the celebrated Dr. Haydn, who harmonized it for Mr. William Whyte's Collection of Scottish Songs. On the MS. of the music, which I have seen, the Doctor expressed his opinion of the melody, in the best English he was master of, in the following short but emphatic sentence:—'This one Dr. Haydn favourite song.'" In January 1793, Burns wrote the verses here published to this air. The Gala river rises in Mid-Lothian, and after uniting with the Heriot, runs south, and falls into the Tweed about four miles above Melrose, and a short distance below Abbotsford. See Museum Illustrations, vol. ii. pp. 120-122. The last detached measure, to the words "Braw, hraw lads," does not belong to the original melody, but is inserted because the air is generally so sung at the present day. The singer may adopt or reject that additional measure.

The following is a portion of what Mr. Robert Chambers gives as probably the original song of "Gala Water:"-

"Out owre you moss, out owre you muir,
Out owre you bonnie bush o' heather,
O a' ye lads whae'er ye be,
Show me the way to Gala water.

\* \* \* \* \*

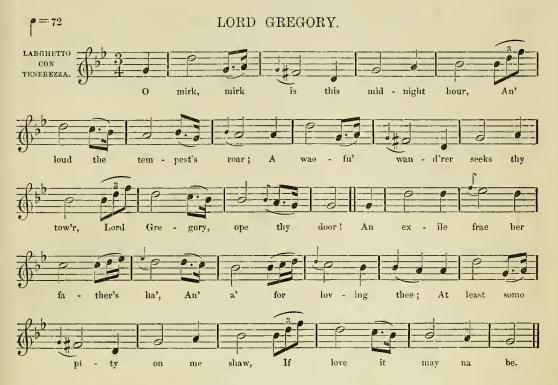
"Adieu, soor plooms o' Galashiels,
Fareweel, my father an' my mother;
For J'll awa' wi' the black herd lad,
Wha keeps bis flocks on Gala water.
Braw, braw lads o' Gala water,
Bonnie lads o' Gala water,
Let them a' say what they will,
The gree gaes ay to Gala water."



O, Tullochgorum's my delight, It gars us a' in ane unite, And ony sumph that keeps up spite, In conscience, I abhor him; For blythe and merry we'll be a', Blythe and merry, blythe and merry, Blythe and merry we'll be a', And make a happy quorum. For blythe and merry we'll be a', As lang as we hae breath to draw, And dance till we be like to fa', The reel o' Tullochgorum. What needs there be sae great a fraise, Wi' dringing dull Italian lays, l wadna gie our ain strathspeys For half a hunder score o' them. They're dowf and dowie at the best, Dowf and dowie, dowf and dowie, Dowf and dowie at the best, Wi' a' their variorum. They're dowf and dowie at the best, Their allegros, and a' the rest, They canna please a Highland taste, Compared wi' Tullochgorum. Let warldly worms their minds oppress Wi' fears o' want and double cess, And sullen sots themselves distress Wi' keeping up decorum. Shall we sae sour and sulky sit? Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,

Sour and sulky shall we sit, Like auld Philosophorum? Shall we sae sour and sulky sit, Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit, Nor ever rise to shake a fit To the reel o' Tullochgorum? May choicest blessings age attend Each honest open-hearted friend, And calm and quiet be his end, And a' that's gude watch o'er him. May peace and plenty be his lot, Peace and plenty, peace and plenty, Peace and plenty be his lot, And dainties a great store o' them. May peace and plenty be his lot, Unstain'd by any vicious spot, And may he never want a great, That's fond o' Tullochgorum! But for the silly fawning fool, Who loves to be oppression's tool, May envy gnaw his rotten soul, And discontent devour him! May dool and sorrow be his chance, Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow, Dool and sorrow be his chance, And nane say, Wae's me, for him. May dool and sorrow be his chance, And a' the ills that come frae France, Whae'er he be that winna dance The reel o' Tullochgorum.

<sup>&</sup>quot;Tullochoorum." The composer of the tune, a reel, is not known. Mr. Stenhouse says it is derived from an old Scottish song-tune, printed in Craig's Collection in 1730. The words were written by the Rev. John Skinner, pastor of the Episcopal Chapel at Langside, near Peterhead, Aberdeenshire. They were first printed in the Scots Weekly Magazine for April 1776, and were enthusiastically termed by Burns, the "first of songs!" The copy here given is that with the reverend author's last corrections, as printed in Museum Illustrations, vol. iii. pp. 283, 284. Mr. Skinner died in 1807, aged 86. See Museum Illustrations, vol. iii. pp. 281-284.



Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove
By honnie Irwin-side,
Where first I own'd that virgin-love
I lang, lang had denied?
How often didst thou pledge and vow
Thou wad for aye be mine:
An' my fond heart, itsel' sae true,
It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
An' flinty is thy breast—
Thou dart of heaven that flashest by,
O wilt thou give me rest!
Ye mustering thunders from above,
Your willing victim see!
But spare an' pardon my fause love,
His wrangs to heaven an' me!

"LORD GREGORY." "This is a very ancient Gallowegian melody." The air is No. 5 of Museum, and is the first in P. Urbani's Collection; but does not appear in any older collections. It is defective in rythmical structure, four measures alternating with three, in both strains.

Burns remarks, "It is somewhat singular, that in Lanark, Renfrew, Ayr, Wigton, Kirkcudbright, and Dumfriesshires, there is scarcely an old song or tune, which, from the title, &c., can be guessed to belong to, or to be the production of these counties. This, I conjecture, is one of these very few, as the ballad, which is a long one, is called, both by tradition and in printed collections, 'The Lass o' Lochroyan,' which I take to be Lochroyan, in Galloway." Reliques, p. 196. The words adopted in this collection, were written by Burns in 1793 for Mr. George Thomson's work. The song is founded upon the ballad above mentioned, "The Lass o' Lochroyan," which was first published in a perfect state by Sir Walter Scott in his Minstrelsy of the Border, vol. ii. p. 411. We subjoin a fragment of the original.—

"O open the door, Lord Gregory,
O open, an' let me in;
For the wind blaws thro' my yellow hair,
An' the rain draps o'er my ehin."
"Awa, awa, ye ill woman!
Ye're no come here for good;
Ye're but some witch or wil-warlock,
Or mermaid o' the flood."

\* \* \* \* \* \*

"O dinua ye mind, Lord Gregory,
As we sat at the wine,
We changed the rings frae our fingers,
An' I can shew thee thine?
O your's was gude, an' gude enough,
But ay the best was mine;
For your's was o' the gude red gowd,
But mine o' the diamond fine."

### O THOU BROOM! THOU BONNIE BUSH O' BROOM!



When wilt thou, thou bonnie bush o' broom, Grow on a foreign strand? That I may think, when I look on thee, I'm still in loved Scotland!

But ah! that thought can never more be mine Though thou beside me sprang, Nor though the lintie, Scotia's bird, Should follow wi' its sang. Thy branches green might wave at e'en,
At morn thy flowers might blaw;
But no to me, on the Cowdenknowes,
Nor yet by Ettrick-shaw.

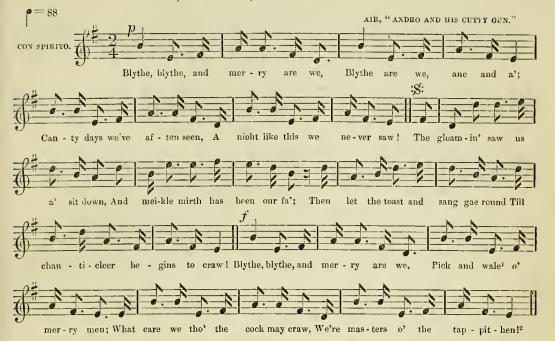
- O thou broom, thou bonnie bush o' broom! Sae sweet to memory;
- I maist could weep for days gane by When I think on days to be.

Scotland may ea' forth a sigh,
And thou, sweet broom, a tear,
But I'll no tak' thee frae the braes
To which thou'st lang been dear.

"The Broom o'the Cowdenknowes." "This is a very ancient and beautiful little air of one strain. The song to which the tune was originally united, with the exception of the chorus, is supposed to be lost. This is, in all probability, one of the Scottish tunes that were introduced into England, not long after the union of the Crowns, in 1603; for there is an ancient black-letter English ballad, 'To a pleasant Scotch tune, called the Broom of Cowdenknows.' The estate of Cowdenknows is situated on the east bank of the river Leader, about five miles north-east of Melrose." See Museum Illustrations, vol. i. pp. 73, 74. The beautiful verses here given are by Mr. Robert Gilfillan.

With regard to the melody given in this work, it is necessary to remark that Mr. Stenhouse takes no notice of one important variance in different printed editions of this very beautiful Scottish melody. In some older editions of the air, we find it begins on the second note of the scale, or *supertonic*, as it is technically and very *indistinctively* called in our confused and erroneous musical nomenclature. Thus in the Orpheus Caledonius, in M'Gibbon's Collections, in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, and in Francis Peacock's Collection of "Fifty favourite Scotch Airs," we find the air in question commencing on the second note of the scale ascending; and not on the tonic, or key-note, as occurs in other printed works, such as Watts' Musical Miscellany, and later publications. There is no doubt that the commencement on the second of the scale brings out a more pathetic expression, and a passage more characteristic of some peculiarities in Scottish national melodies. Therefore that commencement has been adopted in this work; while the more usual commencement has not been rejected, but is given at the ninth measure, where a second and more modern version of the air begins. The last two measures are an addition, sometimes introduced to make the air end on the tonic, or key-note.

## BLYTHE, BLYTHE, AND MERRY ARE WE.



The succeeding verses begin at the sign : S:

Wha cares though she had chappit twa! We're licht o' heart and winna part, Though time and tide may rin awa! Blythe, blythe, and merry are we-Hearts that care can never ding;3 Then let Time pass-we'll steal his glass, And pn' a feather frae his wing! Now is the witchin' time o' nicht, When ghaists, they say, are to be seen; And fays dance to the glow-worm's light Wi' fairies in their gowns o' green.

The auld kirk bell has chappit twal-

Blythe, blythe, and merry are we-Ghaists may tak' their midnicht stroll; Witches ride on brooms astride, While we sit by the witchin' bowl!

Tnt! never speir 4 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! Blythe, blythe, and merry are we-Blythe ont-owre the barley bree; And let me tell, the moon hersel' Aft dips her toom 5 horn i' the sea!

Then fill us up a social cup, And never mind the dapple dawn: Just sit awhile, the sun may smile, And syne 6 we'll see the gait 7 we're gaun! Blythe, blythe, and merry are we ;\_\_ See! the sun is keekin's ben; Gi'e Time his glass-for months may pass Ere sic a nicht we see again!

1 Choice.

<sup>2</sup> A measure containing a Scottish pint, that is, two English quarts. 6 Then.

3 Crush, depress. 8 Peeping.

5 Empty. 7 Road, way.

<sup>4</sup> Ask, inquire.

<sup>&</sup>quot;BLYTHE, BLYTHE, AND MERRY ARE WE." The air is supposed to be old, and sounds very like a bag-pipe tune. It is now impossible to trace the authorship of our older Scottish airs; but the Editor is disposed to believe that some of them may have been composed in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

The song is by the late Captain Charles Gray, R.M. Two stanzas of it were written for the first anniversary of the Musomanik Society of Anstruther, 1814. It appeared in the third volume of the "Harp of Caledonia," Glasgow, 1819, and subsequently in Mr. G. Thomson's "Melodies of Scotland," adapted to a Jacobite air. Its merit having obtained for it a place in these and many other collections, no apology is necessary for uniting it here to the lively melody in the very spirit of which it is conceived and written. Captain Gray's "jolly song," (as Mrs. Joanna Baillie called it,) -differing in some slight degree from that printed in bis "Lays and Lyrics"-baving received his final corrections, was published, by his express permission, in the first edition of Wood's "Songs of Scotland," and is here reprinted.



An' whar' gat ye that young thing,
My boy, Tammie?
I gat her down in yonder howe,
Smiling on a broomy knowe,
Herding ae wee lamb an' ewe,
For her puir mammie.

What said you to the bonnie bairn,
My boy, Tammie?
I praised her een, sae lovely blue,
Her dimpled cheek an' cherry mou';—
An' pree'd it aft, as ye may trow!—
She said, she'd tell her mammie.

I held her to my beatin' heart,
My young, my smilin' lammie!
I ha'e a house, it cost me dear,
I've walth o' plenishin' an' gear;
Ye'se get it a', wert ten times mair,
Gin ye will leave your mammie.

The smile gaed aff her bonnie faee—
I maunna leave my mammie.
She's gi'en me meat, she's gi'en me claes,
She's been my comfort a' my days:—
My father's death brought monie waes!—
I eanna leave my mammie.

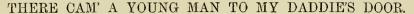
We'll tak' her hame, an' mak' her fain,
My ain kind-hearted lammie.
We'll gi'e her meat, we'll gi'e her claes,
We'll be her comfort a' her days.
The wee thing gi'es her hand, an' says—
There! gang an' ask my mammie.

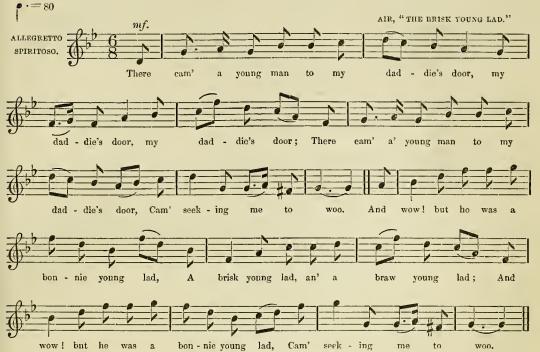
Ilas she been to the kirk wi' thee, My boy, Tammie? She has been to the kirk wi' me, An' the tear was in her e'e; For O! she's but a young thing, Just come frae her mammic.

"My BOY, TAMMIE." "This fine ballad, beginning, 'Whar' hae ye been a' day, my boy, Tammie?' was written by Hector Macneill, Esq. It first appeared in a Magazine, printed at Edinburgh in 1791, entitled 'The Bee,' which was conducted by his friend Dr. James Anderson. The melody to which the words are adapted is very ancient, and uncommonly pretty." See Museum Illustrations, vol. vi. p. 440. Mr. Stenhouse here says, that the melody is "very ancient." If so, the Editor may remark, that there is no evidence of its antiquity in its present form. It is rather surprising that Mr. Stenhouse, who bestowed so many years on the subject of Scottish melodies, should not have pereeived that the air of "My boy, Tammie," is a modern transformation of the tune called "Muirland Willie," to which last, Mr. Stenhouse refers in a Note on No. 369 of Museum, as appearing in Thomson's Orpheus Caledonius, iu 1725, and in Mrs. Crockat's MS. Collection, written in 1709, and in his possession. If any good musician will examine the melodic structure of "Muirland Willie," and compare it with that of "My boy, Tammie," he will be convinced that the latter is derived from the former, by a process of transformation not uncommon in popular melodies; i.e., by changing the time, and altering some of the notes, &c. There is besides an air in two-fourth time, (No. 501 of Museum,) which seems clearly to have been a dance-tune, also owing its origin to "Muirland Willie," at least in the first strain. In the second bar of Johnson's set of "Muirland Willie," the sixth of the seale is minor in ascending. The sixth of the scale is also minor throughout Napier's set of "My boy, Tammie," published in 1792, arranged by Haydn. It must be observed that the sets of "Muirland Willie," given by Craig, M'Gibbon, and Johnson, are not the same, note for note; but the principal melodic features are identical. Hector Macneill, being a singer as well as a poet, was no doubt well acquainted with "Muirland Willie," and possibly also with the air to which Burns wrote "My Peggy's face," in both of which he would find leading hints for the air to his excellent words. Although the present air does not appear in any collection until after Macneill's verses were written, something like it may have been sung to a silly old song, of which the following lines are a specimen :-

"Is she fit to soop the house, my boy, Tammie?

She's just as fit to soop the house, as the eat to eateh a mouse,
And yet she's but a young thing, new come frae her mammie."





But I was baking when he cam',
When he cam', when he cam';
I took him in and gied him a scone,
To thowe his frozen mon'.
And wow! but he was, &c.

I set him in aside the bink;<sup>2</sup>
I gied him bread and ale to drink;
But ne'er a blythe styme<sup>3</sup> wad he blink
Till he was warm an' fu'.
And wow! but he was, &c.

Gae, get you gone, you canldrife wooer;
Ye sour-looking, cauldrife wooer!
I straightway show'd him to the door
Saying, Come nae mair to woo.
And wow! but he was, &c.

There lay a deuk-dub before the door,
Before the door, before the door;
There lay a deuk-dub before the door,
An' there fell he, I trow!
And wow! but he was, &c.

Out cam' the gudeman, an heigh he shouted; Out cam' the gudewife, an' laigh she louted; An' a' the toun-necbours were gather'd about it; An' there lay he, I trow! And wow! but he was, &c.

Then ont cam' I, an' sneer'd an' smiled,
Ye cam' to woo, but ye're a' begniled;
Ye've fa'en i' the dirt, an' ye're a' befyled;
We'll ha'e nae mair o' you!
And wow! but he was, &c.

<sup>1</sup> A thin cake of wheat or harley meal.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Bench; long seat beside the fire in a country honse; seat of hononr.
"Want o' wyse men maks fules to sit on binkis."—Jameson.

<sup>3</sup> A particle; a whit; a transitory glance.

<sup>&</sup>quot;THERE CAM' A YOUNG MAN TO MY DADDIE'S DOOR." This song, which contains a good deal of vulgar humour, was published in Herd's Collection, in 1776. The author of the words is not known, and the date of the air is uncertain. The last line of the third stanza is one substituted by Allan Cunningham for the coarser line in the original.

#### A HIGHLAND LAD MY LOVE WAS BORN!



Wi' his philabeg an' tartan plaid,
An' gude claymore down by his side,
The ladies' hearts he did trepan,
My gallant, braw John Highlandman.
Sing hey, &c.

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

But, oh! they catch'd him at the last,
And bound him in a dungeon fast;
My curse upon them every one,
They've hanged my braw John Highlandmau!
Sing hey, &c.

- "A HIGHLAND LAD MY LOVE WAS BORN." This song, by Burns, occurs in his Cautata, "The Jolly Eeggars," after the following "Recitativo:"
  - "Then neist outspak a raucle earlin,
    Wha kent fu' weel to cleek the sterling,
    For mony a pursie she had hookit,
    And had in mony a well been dookit.

Her dove had been a Highland laddie; But weary fa' the waefu' wuddie! Wi' sighs and sobs she thus began To wail her braw John Highlandmau."

The song in "The Jolly Beggars" is to the tune "O an' ye were dead, gudeman," an old air, which probably suggested the more modern air of "The White Cockade," given to the song in the present publication. In the Museum Illustrations, vol. v. p. 366, Mr. Stenhouse gives what he says is a correct set of the original melody of "I wish that ye were dead, gudeman," "from a very old manuscript in his possession." He does not inform us of the date of that "very old" MS., nor does he say whence it came, or to whom it belonged before it came into his hands. He adds, "This tune must have been quite common in Scotland long before 1549; for it is one of the airs to which the Reformers sung one of their spiritual hymn." Mr. Stenhouse quotes the first stanza of this "spiritual hymn," which we decline to repeat, on account of its profane absurdity. Coarse, vulgar, "hand and glove" familiarity with the most sacred subjects, prevailed to a shocking extent in those days of the sixteenth century. In the third volume of Johnson's Museum, pp. 253, 254, Mr. Stenhouse says that O'Keefe selected the air of "The White Cockade" for one of his songs in the opera of "The Ilighland Reel," first acted at Covent Garden in 1788. The first, second, fourth, and fifth stanzas of Eurns' song in "The Jolly Beggars," have been selected for this work. The third and sixth stanzas are omitted.



Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our partin';
Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e:
Welcome now, summer, and welcome, my Willie;
The summer to nature, my Willie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the caves of your slumbers!

How your dread howling a lover alarms!

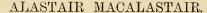
Wauken, ye breezes! row gently, ye billows!

And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

But, oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie, Flow still between us, thou wide roarin' main! May I never see it, may I never trow it, But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain!

"Here awa', there awa'." This simple and charming little melody was first published by James Oswald in his Caledonian Pocket Companion, Book vii. Its melodic structure is remarkable. The commencement indicates the major key of F, while the close is in D minor. We have seen such modulation in modern classical music, but only in the first strain of an Andante; the second strain reverting to the key first indicated, and concluding in it. In this Scottish melody there is, therefore, a curious peculiarity of modulation, which is not only free from harshness, but is pathetically pleasing and effective. It is a common error to believe that a melody must begin and end in one and the same key. There is no reason for that, save custom and arbitrary rules. If the modulation is smoothly and artistically managed, a melody may begin in one key and end in another relative key, without any real imprepriety; nay, often with good effect, as is shown in this very air. Technical and scholastic rules for the structure of music and poetry are continually liable to exceptions, which it is the province of genius to discover. The date of the composition of this air, or its author, cannot now be ascertained.

Burus' first version of his song, "Here awa', there awa'," was written in March 1793, and sent to Mr. George Thomson. Some alterations were proposed by the Honourable Andrew Erskine and Mr. George Thomson, in which Burns at first acquiesced. But, as Dr. Currie remarks in his edition of Burus' Works, "our poet, with his usual judgment, adopted some of these alterations, and rejected others. The last edition is as follows." This last edition given by Dr. Currie is the one here published. In his letter to Mr. George Thomson, April 1793, regarding "Here awa', there awa'," and some other songs, Burns thus expresses his opinion of what is essential to a song or a ballad—simplicity! "Give me leave to criticise your taste in the only thing in which it is in my opinion reprehensible. You know I ought to know something of my own trade. Of pathos, sentiment, and point, you are a complete judge; but there is a quality more necessary than either in a song, and which is the very essence of a ballad,—I mean simplicity; now, if I mistake not, this last feature you are a little apt to sacrifice to the foregoing."





The succeeding verses begin at the sign : S:—those within brackets may be omitted.

The miller Hab was fidgin' fain To dance the Highland fling his lane; He lap an' danced wi' might an' main, The like was never seen. Oh, Alastair, &c.

As round about the ring he whuds,3 An' cracks his thumbs, an' shakes his duds,4 The meal flew frae his tail in cluds, An' blinded a' their een. Oh, Alastair, &c.

[Neist ranchle-handed 5 smiddy Jock, A' blacken'd o'er wi' coom an' smoke, Wi' shauchlin'6 blear-e'ed Bess did yoke, That harum-scarum quean.

> Oh, Alastair, &c. [I trow the gantrees gat a lift; An' round the bicker flew like drift; An' Alastair that very nicht, Could scarcely stand his lane.

Oh, Alastair, &c.]

1 Bees from their hives

Oh, Alastair, &c.]

6 Shambling.

<sup>2</sup> Leap. 7 Moles. 3 Bounds. 8 Bashful, 4 Ragged clothes.

[He shook his doublet in the wind,

For he got haud o' winsome Kate,

To dance the Highland fling." Oh, Alastair, &c.

Now Alastair has done his best:

Wi' dancin' sae, I ween.

An' weary stumps are wantin' rest,

Forbye wi' drouth they're sair distress'd,

"Come here," quo' he, "I'll show the gate

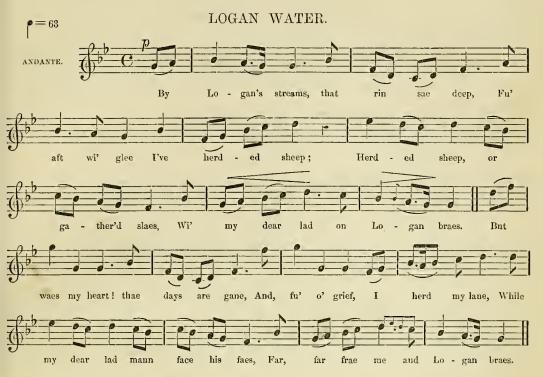
Oh, Alastair, &c.] Now wanton Willie was na blate,8

His feet like hammers strak the grund;

The very moudieworts7 were stunn'd, Nor kenn'd what it could mean.

> 5 Strong-handed. <sup>9</sup> The trestle upon which barrels are placed.

<sup>&</sup>quot;ALASTAIR MACALASTAIR." The author of this lively song has not been discovered. The air is a dance-tune, bearing considerable resemblance to "Mrs. Wemyss of Cuttlehill's Strathspey," composed by Nathaniel Gow, and also to the " Marquis of Huntly's Strathspey," a tune said to have been composed by Mr. Marshall, butler to the Duke of Gordon.



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

1 I wander melancholy and alone.

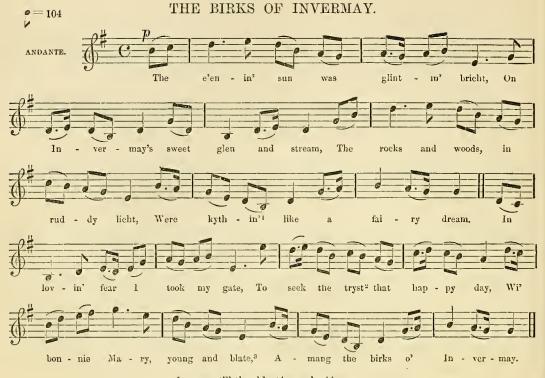
At e'en, when hope amaist is gane, I daunder dowie an' forlane, 'Or sit beneath the trystin'-tree, Where first he spak' o' love to me. O! could I see thate days again, My lover skaithless, 'an' my ain; Rever'd by friends, an' far frae faes, We'd live in bliss on Logan bracs!

<sup>2</sup> Unharmed.

"Logan Water." The melody is of considerable antiquity; pathetic, and very Scottish in its character. In the second strain of some printed sets, we find F twice introduced instead of F . The F is very clearly a modern interpolation; especially in the second measure of the second strain, where it occurs in the difficult and unvocal form of a leap from F to the augmented octave above, F in William Napier's Collection, 1790, we find (p. 17) the same air harmonized by F. H. Barthelemon, the celebrated French violinist. It is there in A minor, and G, the seventh of the scale, is, throughout, G . In some other sets, (M'Gibbon's and Oswald's,) the seventh of the scale is also minor throughout. We give the melody as it appears in older sets, and as it agrees with the true old Scottish tonalities.

The excellent song here published to the air of "Logan Water," was written by John Mayne, a native of Dumfries, who, in his earlier years, served an apprenticeship as a compositor to the Mcssrs. Foulis, the celebrated Glasgow printers. He afterwards went to London, and there was connected for many years with the "Star" newspaper. He was born in 1750, and died on the 14th March 1836. In the Preface to the edition of Mayne's poem, "The Siller Gun," London, 1836, dedicated to King William IV., we find a kind critical letter from the late talented Lord Woodhouselee, one of the Scottish Lords of Session, to John Mayne, dated 6th October 1808; and Mayne's interesting answer to that letter, of date, London, 19th December 1808. From this we qnote what Mayne himself says regarding some of his poems, and his ballad of "Logan Water:"—"You wish to know, my Lord, the names of such other pieces as I have written besides the poems of 'Glasgow' and the 'Siller Gnn.' There are but few of these in Scottish verse, and fewer still, I fear, that are worthy of your Lordship's notice. They consist generally of a single thought, suggested by the feeling and clothed in the language of the moment. The ballad of 'Logan Water' is of this description: it was written and circulated in Glasgow about the year 1781; inserted in the 'Star' newspaper, on Saturday the 23d of May 1789; thence copied and sung at Vauxhall, and published soon afterwards by a Music-dealer in the Strand."

Logan water, so famed in Scottish song, has its source among the hills which separate the parishes of Lesmahago and Muirkirk, in the south-west of Scotland; runs eastwards for eight miles, and unites with the river Nethan.



It wasna till the sklent \*-moon's shine
Was glancin' deep in Mary's e'e,
That, a' in tears, she said, "I'm thine,
And ever will be true to thee!"
Ae kiss, the lover's pledge, and then
We spak o' a' that lovers say,
Syne linger'd hameward through the glen.
Amang the hirks o' Invermay.

"The BIRKS of Invermay." Some doubts have been started whether the name should be "Invermay," or "Endermay;" but the preponderance of evidence seems to be in favour of "Invermay." The prefix "Inver," signifies the junction of one stream with another, or with an arm of the sea, &c.; as in the names Inverary, Inverness, &c.: the river Ary falling into Loch Fine, and the river Ness falling into the Moray Firth. In the present case, Invermay would signify the junction of the rivulet May with the river Earn, about five miles above the Bridge of Earn, and nine from Perth. The old family of Belsches of Invermay, takes its territorial designation from the place in question. The glen scenery is beautiful, and richly wooded with birches, &c., which shroud the May in its deep and rocky bed. David Mallet—originally Malloch, and of whose literary career and character we obtain some curious information from the Life of David Hume, lately published by John Hill Burton, Esq., Advocate—wrote the two stanzas beginning "The smiling morn, the hreathing spring," which have hitherto been united to this air. The additional stanzas usually appended to these are said to have been written by the Rev. Dr. Bryce of Kirknewton.

We never could perceive the beauty of Mallet's first stanza, and the fourth line seems to us to have as little meaning as any line of Pope's song by a person of quality, while some of the other amorous lines could hardly pass in our more fastidious state of society. As to Dr. Bryce's lines, they are ludicrously artificial and nonsensical. The Publishers have therefore adopted another song, more recently written, which is at least more simple and intelligible in its language.

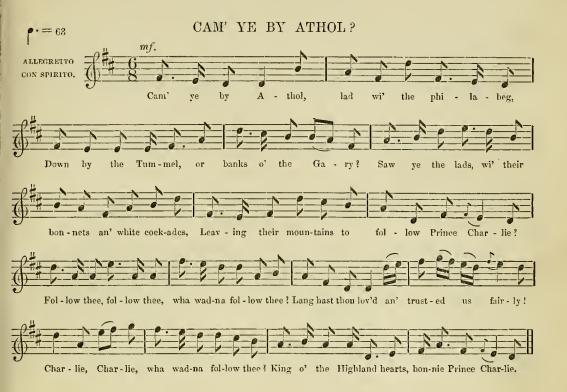
The author of the air and its date are unknown. It appears in William Thomson's Orpheus Caledonius, under the name of "The birks of Endermay." Ramsay altered this to "The birks of Invermay." M'Gibbon calls the air "The birks of Envermay." Oswald, to whom no confidence is due, has "Endermay." F. Peacock, No. 20, has "Invermay." Robert Bremner, First Book, pp. 4, 5, has "Invermay" in the title of the song, and "Endermay" in the title of the air.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Appeared as in.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Appointed place of meeting.

<sup>8</sup> Bashful.

<sup>4</sup> Slant, declining



ha'e but ae son, my gallant young Donald;
 But if I had ten, they should follow Glengarry;
 Health to M'Donald, and gallant Clan-Ronald,
 For these are the men that will die for their Charlie.
 Follow thee, follow thee, &c.

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

Down through the Lowlands, down wi' the whigamore, Loyal true Highlanders, down wi' them rarely; Ronald and Donald drive on wi' the braid claymore, Over the necks of the foes o' Prince Charlie. Follow thee, follow thee, &c.

<sup>&</sup>quot;CAN' YE BY ATHOL?" This song was written by James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, was set to music by Neil Gow, Jun., and appeared in "The Border Garland;" a work of which the first number only was published. The work seems to have been projected by Hogg, in order to give publicity to his own poetical and musical compositions. As no second number was published, it is to be presumed that the first number did not receive popular encouragement. Of the nine songs forming the first number, four were set to music by Hogg, three by "a friend of the Editor," and two were adapted to old airs.



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

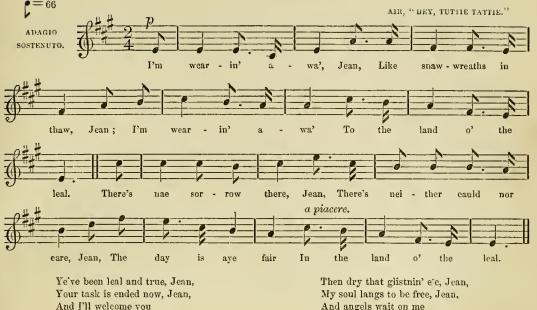
Though you've been false, yet while I live,
I'll lo'e nae maid but thee, Mary;
Let friends forget, as I forgive,
Thy wrongs to them and me, Mary;
So then, farewell! o' this be sure,
Since you've been false to me, Mary;
For a' the world I'd not endure
Half what I've done for thee, Mary.

"Thou are oane awa'." This melody is evidently derived from the old Scottish air "Haud awa' frae me, Donald," which was published so far back as 1657, in Johu Playford's "Dancing Master," under the title of "Welcome home, old Rowley." It affords another example of the alteration and remodelling of old airs, to which we have already adverted in Note, p. 12, and to which we shall again have occasion to advert in future Notes. The melody, as here given, is nearly the same as that published by Pietro Urbani at Ediuburgh, in his Collection of Scottish Airs, &c., about the close of the last century. Some of his redundant embellishments have been omitted. Urbani, a good singer and a good musician, had the merit of being the first person who attempted, at great cost, to get up some of Handel's Oratorios in Edinburgh and Glasgow in 1802; but the meritorious attempt was not encouraged, and Urbani was rnined. He afterwards went to reside in Dublin, and died there in 1816. The author of the verses is not known. They were printed anonymously in Urbani's Collection, and in Johnson's Museum.

As the transformation which the old air has undergone is curious, we subjoin it in the same key as the new air, to facilitate comparison.



### THE LAND O' THE LEAL.



And I'll welcome you To the land o' the leal. Onr bonnie bairn's there, Jean, She was baith gude and fair, Jean, And we grudged her sair To the land o' the leal.

Sorrow's sel' wears past, Jean, And joy is comin' fast, Jean, Joy that's aye to last In the land o' the leal.

And angels wait on me To the land o' the leal.

A' our friends are gane, Jean, We've lang been left alane, Jean, We'll a' meet again In the land o' the leal. Now, fare ye weel, my ain, Jean, This warld's eare is vain, Jean, We'll meet and aye be fain In the land o' the leal.

"The Land o' the Leal." The air has long been commonly ealled "Hey, thttie tattie," apparently from a passage in the last stanza of an anonymous song, snpposed to have been written about the beginning of last century, and snng to the air here given. The passage alluded to is-

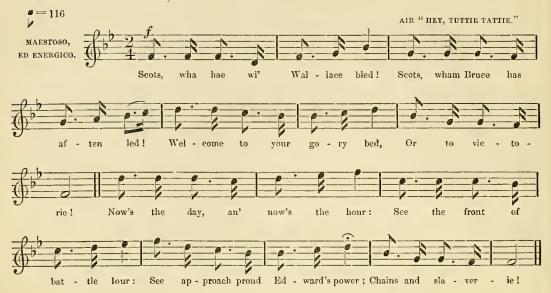
> "When you hear the pipe sound Tuttie tattie, to the drum," &e.

Burns speaks of the air as follows:—"I am delighted with many little melodies which the learned musician despises as silly and insipid. I do not know whether the old air, 'Hey, tuttie tattie,' may rank among this number; but well I know that with Frazer's hautboy, it has often filled my eyes with tears. There is a tradition, which I have met with in many places of Scotland, that it was Robert Bruce's march at the battle of Bannockburn."

In Sihbald's Chronicle of Scottish Poetry, published at Edinburgh in 1802, there is a set of "Hey, tuttic tattic," given under the name of "Hey, now the day dawis." It differs from Johnson's set, (No. 170 of Musenm,) not only in several notes, but in the relative position of the two strains into which the air is divided: in Johnson, the second strain being placed before the first. Mr. Stenhouse (Museum, vol. ii. pp. 162, 163) says, "The more ancient title of this tune was 'Hey, now the day dawis,' the first line of a song which had been a very great favourite in Scotland several centuries ago. It is quoted by Gawin Donglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, in the prologue to the thirteenth book of his admirable translation of Virgil into Scottish verse, which was finished in 1513. It is likewise mentioned by his contemporary, the poet Dunbar, and many others. This song was long supposed to be lost; but it is preserved in an ancient manuscript collection of poems belonging to the library of the College of Edinburgh." We think it very doubtful that the air of "Hey, tuttie tattie," and the air of "Hey, now the day dawis," were the same.

The excellent verses here given were published about the year 1800—the author is still unknown. The words were originally "I'm wearin' awa', John;" they seem to have been altered with the intention of making the song appear to be the parting address of Burns. There are many versions of it, and as one is not of more authority than another, we have selected what we conceive to be the best. The fifth and seventh stanzas have generally been omitted, and it is doubtful whether the latter be not an interpolation by a different hand. In "Lays from Strathearn," published in 1850, the authorship of "The Land o' the Leal" is elaimed for the late Lady Nairne.

# SCOTS, WHA HAE WI' WALLACE BLED.

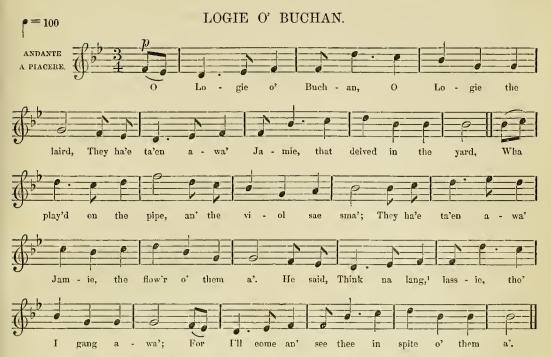


Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn an' flee!
Wha for Scotland's kiug an' law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes an' pains,
By our 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!

"Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled." We have already spoken of the air "Hey, now the day dawis," in the preceding Note. We have now to speak of the admirable words written for that air by Burns on 1st August 1793. It appears, that on 30th July 1793, Burns and his friend, Mr. John Syme, set out on horseback from the house of Mr. Gordon of Kenmure, for Gatehouse, a village in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright. "I took him," says Mr. Syme, "by the moor road, where savage and desolate regions extended wide around. The sky was sympathetic with the wretchedness of the soil; it became lowering and dark. The hollow winds sighed; the lightnings gleamed; the thunder rolled. The poet enjoyed the awful scene—he spoke not a word, but seemed wrapt in meditation. What do you think he was about? He was charging the English army along with Bruce at Bannockburn. He was engaged in the same manner on our ride home from St. Mary's Isle, and I did not disturb him. Next day, (2d August 1793,) he produced me the following address of Bruce to his troops, and gave me a copy for Dalzell."

Mr. Lockhart, in his "Life of Burns," gives a very interesting passage regarding Burns' visit to Bannockburn in August 1787, from some fragments of his journal that had come into Mr. Lockhart's hands. "Here (says Burns) no Scot can pass uninterested. I fancy to myself that I see my gallant countrymen coming over the hill, and down upon the plunderers of their country, the murderers of their fathers, noble revenge and just hate glowing in every vein, striding more and more eagerly as they approach the oppressive, insulting, bloodthirsty foe. I see them meet in glorious triumphant congratulation on the victorious field, exulting in their heroic royal leader, and rescued liberty and independence." Mr. Lockhart adds, "Here we have the germ of Burns' famous Ode on the Battle of Bannockburn." Burns' original words to the air that he chose himself, are much superior to his altered ones, adapted to a very paltry-air in Johnson's Museum, (No. 577.) or to "Lewie Gordon," in Mr. G. Thomson's Collection. We here give Burns' original words, with the air for which he composed them.



Though Sandie has owsen, has gear, and has kye, A house, an' a hadden, an' siller forbye,
Yet I'd tak' my ain lad, wi' his staff in his hand,
Before I'd ha'e him, wi' his honses an' land.
But simmer is comin', cauld winter's awa',

But simmer is comin', cauld winter's awa', An' he'll come an' see me in spite o' them a'. My daddie looks sulky, my minnie looks sour,
They gloom upon Jamie because he is puir:
Though I lo'e them as weel as a daughter should do,
They are no half sae dear to me, Jamie, as you.
He said, Think na lang, lassie, tho' I gang awa',
For I'll come an' see thee in spite o' them a'.

I sit on my creepie, an' spin at my wheel,
An' think on the laddie that lo'es me sae weel;
He had but ae saxpence, he brak it in twa,
An' he ga'e me the half o't when he gaed awa'.
But the simmer is comin', cauld winter's awa',
Then haste ye back, Jamie, an' bide na awa'.

1 Do not weary.

<sup>2</sup> The stocking of a farm: furniture of a house.

3 A low foot-stool,

"Logie o' Buchan." "Considerable liberties," says Mr. Stenhouse, "have been taken both with the words and music of this fine song in the Museum. On turning up the manuscript transmitted to Johnson, and comparing it with the song, as preserved in a curious collection which belonged to the late Mr. James Sibbald, bookseller in Edinburgh, now in the possession of the present Editor, he observes that Burns made several alterations on the old verses. These, however, do not always appear to be for the better; and the tune is evidently altered for the worse. The original air consists of one simple strain, and this is repeated for the chorus. It is here annexed with the old verses." See Museum Illustrations, vol. iv. pp. 336, 337. Mr. Stenhouse is quite right in saying that the tune in the Museum "is evidently altered for the worse." It is there a poor hybrid tune; while the set given by Mr. Stenhouse is good, national, and characteristic. The latter is the very set with which the Editor of this work was made familiar in his early childhood. It has been adopted in this work.

The date of the air of "Logic o' Buchan" is unknown. The date of the verses may be among the earlier years of the last century. Mr. Peter Buchan, formerly of Peterhead, now of Glasgow, states, in his "Gleanings of scarce old Ballads," Peterhead, 1825, that it was written by George Halket, a schoolmaster at Rathen, in Aberdeenshire, who died in 1756. Halket was a great Jacobite, and wrote various pieces in support of his party: one of the best known of these is the song called "Whirry, Whigs, awa', man." Another, now lost, called "A Dialogue between the Devil and George Il.," having fallen into the hands of the Duke of Cumberland, when on his way to Culloden, a reward of £100 was offered for the author, either dead or alive. The Logic mentioned in the song is situated in Crimond, a parish adjoining the one where Halket resided, and the hero of the piece was a James Robertson, gardener at the place (mansion-house) of Logic.



[The stanzas within brackets may be omitted in singing.]

My love lies in the sant sea,
And I am on the side,
Enough to break a young thing's heart
Wha lately was a bride;
Wha lately was a bonnie bride,
And pleasure in her e'e;
But the Lowlands o' Holland
Ha'e twinned my love and me.

[My love he built a bonnie ship,
And sent her to the sea,
Wi' seven score brave mariners
To bear her companie;
Threescore gaed to the bottom,
And threescore died at sea,
And the Lowlands o' Holland
Ha'e twinned my love and me.]

[My love he built anither ship, And sent her to the main, He had but twenty mariners, An a' to bring her hame;

<sup>1</sup> The contrary way.

But the weary wind hegan to rise, And the sea hegan to rout, And my love, and his bonnie ship, Tnrn'd widdershins ' about!]

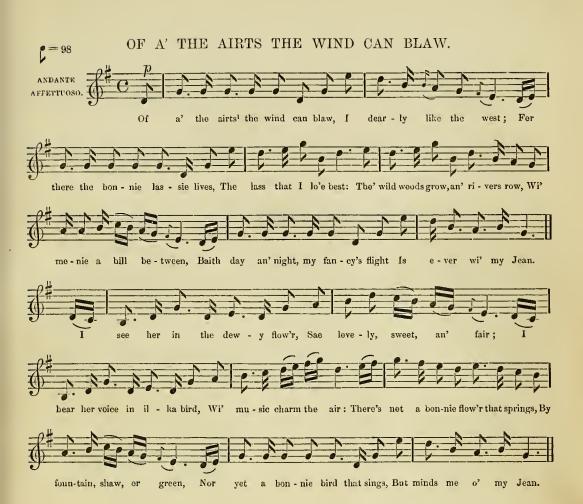
There sall nae coif<sup>2</sup> come on my head,
Nae kame come in my hair,
There sall neither coal nor candle lieht,
Come in my bower mair;
Nor sall I ha'e anither love,
Until the day I dee,
I never loved a love hut ane,
And he's drown'd in the sea.

[O, hand your tongue, my daughter dear, Be still, and be content,
There are mair lads in Galloway,
Ye needna sair lament.
O! there is nane in Galloway,
There's nane at a' for me;
For I never lo'ed a lad but ane,

<sup>2</sup> Cap, head-dress.

And he's drown'd in the sea ]

"THE LOWLANDS O' HOLLAND." This ballad is said to have heen composed, about the beginning of last century, by a young widow in Galloway, whose husband was drowned on a voyage to Holland. "The third verse in the Museum," say's Mr. Stenhouse, "is spurious nonsense, and Johnson has omitted the last stanza altogether." In Oswald's second Collection there is a tune called "The Lowlands of Holland," but it is quite different from the excellent air given by Johnson, and by Pietro Urbani, and is evidently modelled upon the air in the Skene MS., "My love she winns not here away." The late Mr. William Marshall, butler to the Duke of Gordon, borrowed his highly popular tune, "Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey," from "The Lowlands of Holland," as given by Johnson and Urbani. To Marshall's altered air, Burns wrote his charming song, "Of a' the airts the wind can blaw." Mr. Stenhouse says, "The Editor of the late Collection of Gaelie Airs in 1816, puts in a claim for 'The Lowlands of Holland' being a Highland air, and that it is called, 'Thuile toabh a sheidas goagh.' By writing a few Gaelie verses to each Lowland song, every Scottish melody might easily be transferred to the Highlands. This is rather claiming too much." See Museum Illustrations, vol. ii. p. 115. To this we have to add, that with admirable coolness, and without offering any evidence, the Editor of that Collection gives a "List of Highland Melodies already incorporated with Scottish song;" and among these we find "Wilt thou be my dearie?" "Coming through the rye;" "My Love's in Germany;" "Green grow the rashes;" "Wat ye wha's in yon town?" "Gloomy winter's now awa';" "Wat ye wha I met yestreen?" &c., in all twenty-five airs, which he claims as Highland! We had intended to make some farther remarks upon this most untenable claim; but perhaps the above may suffice for the present.



O blaw, ye westlin winds, blaw saft Amang the leafy trees; Wi' gentle gale, frae muir and dale, Bring hame the laden bees; An' bring the lassie back to me "Wi' her twa witchin' een;" Ae blink o' her wad banish care, Sae lovely is my Jean!

What sighs an' vows amang the knowes,
Ha'e 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!

1 Airt-direction, point of the compass.

<sup>&</sup>quot;OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW." As to this air, see Note, page 6, and also Note, page 42. The song is certainly one of Burns' best, so far as he wrote it. Captain Charles Gray, R.M., in his "Cursory Remarks on Scottish Song," says, that he believes "Burns did not write more than the first sixteen lines of this beautiful song." He also observes that the third and fourth stanzas were not found among Burns' MSS. after his death; and that none of his citors or commentators, except Allan Cunningham and Motherwell, have claimed them for Burns. Farther, that Dr. Currie in his edition of Burns, Mr. Stenhouse in "Johnson's Musical Museum," and Mr. David Laing in his additional notes to that work, do not mention these stanzas as of Burns' composition; and that Mr. George Thomson, in is "Melodies of Scotland," (edition of 1838,) has rejected them as spurious. By some they have been ascribed to William Reid, Bookseller, Glasgow; but Captain Gray is rather inclined to believe they were written by John Hamilton, Musicseller, Edinburgh.



His hymn o' love is singin', Nae warldly thocht has he; the lift<sup>4</sup> Is hut wi' true love ringin'.

<sup>1</sup> Timorous, affrighted.

2 Wealth.

3 Above.

4 Atmosphere, firmament.

5 Suffer, endure.

Maun tine 6 true love for dreams o' gowd,

Wha'd sell their love for gain;

An' live an' dee alane!

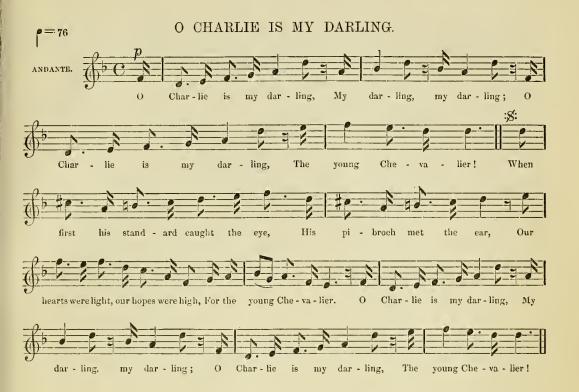
6 Loose.

"Alas! that I cam' o'er the muin." "This air is of undoubted antiquity. Burns says, 'Ramsay found the first line of this song, which had been preserved as the title of the charming air, and then composed the rest of the verses to suit that line. This has always a finer effect than composing English words, or words with an idea foreign to the spirit of the old title. When old titles convey any idea at all, they will generally be found to be quite in the spirit of the air.'—Burns' Reliques. This conjecture of Burns turns out to be amazingly correct." See Museum Illustrations, vol. i. pp. 18, 19. "It appears, however, that Ramsay was scarcely so fortunate [as to recover the first line of the old song.] What he found was something much less poetical—'The last time I came o'er the muir'—but a poor substitute for the impassioned ejaculation, 'Alas! that I cam' o'er the muir;' and therefore not very inspiring to the genius of the poet, who has certainly not educed from it anything more than a very namby-pamby sort of ditty."—Danney's "Ancient Scottish Melodies," p. 253. Referring to the Skene MSS., Mr. Stenhouse says, "In these collections, the identical tune of 'The last time I cam' o'er the muir,' occurs no less than twice, and one of the sets commences with the two first lines of the old song,—

'Alace! that I came o'er the moor, And left my love behind me.'"—Ibid. pp. 18, 19.

Here there are two mistakes. We have found the air in this MS. only once, and very far from being "identical" with the tune in Johnson's Museum, upon which Mr. Stenhouse's Note was written. This, with several other references which Mr. Stenhouse makes to tunes in the Skene MS., proves that he could not translate any of these tunes in tahlature, although he writes as if he had read and understood them.

Mr. Dauney's judicious remark on Allan Ramsay's song, has induced the Publishers to give to the air new verses, which have been written for this work by a friend.



The succeeding verses begin at the sign :S:

Then plaided chiefs eam' frae afar,
Girt in their fighting geir;
They nobly drew their swords for war
And the young Chevalier!
O Charlie is my darling, &c.

But they wha trust to Fortune's smile,
Ha'e meikle cause to fear;
She blinket blythe, but to beguile
Their young Chevalier!
O Charlie is my darling, &c.

Wae on Culloden's bloody field!

Dark source o' mony a tear;
There Albyn lost her sword and shield,

And her young Chevalier.

O Charlie is my darling, &c.

Now Scotland's "Flowers are wede away;"
Her mountain Pines are sere;
Her Royal Oak is gane for aye—
Our young Chevalier!
O Charlie is my darling, &c.

"C Charlie is my darling." It has been the fate of this air to undergo several odd transformations. James Hogg, in the second volume of his Jacobite Relics, p. 92, gives what he says is the original air. It is very different from the air No. 428 of Johnson's Museum, "modernized" by Mr. Stephen Clarke, a friend of Burns, and father of the late William Clarke, who succeeded him as organist of the Episcopal Chapel, Canongate, Edinburgh. Stephen Clarke was an Englishman, and seems to have been a worthy man, though but a medicere musician. By referring to the sets of this air given by Johnson, and by James Hogg, the reader will perceive how many liberties Stephen Clarke took with the original. Semitones introduced where tones were; and many other alterations. But the modern set here given is still more curious as an example of the transformations to which we have formerly alluded in Notes, pp. 6, 12, 23. It differs materially from Hogg's and Clarke's sets; but is more popular than either, and therefore we have adopted it. We cannot trace the history of its transformation to its present state, but we think it probable that this may be due to some popular singer within the last forty years.

The old song, even after all the emendations and additions of Burns, the Ettrick Shepherd, and Mrs. Grant of Laggan, is still scarcely above mediocrity. We have therefore adopted the excellent verses written for the air, and published some years ago by the late Captain Charles Gray, R.M. They contain his latest alterations.



"My will wi' you, fair Janet," he said, " It is baith bed and board; Some say that ye lo'e sweet Willie, But ye maun wed a French Lord."

Janet's awa' to her chamber, As fast as she could go;

Wha's the first ane that tapped there But sweet Willie, her jo?

"O we maun part this love, Willie, That has been lang between;

There's a French Lord coming o'er the sea, To wed me wi' a ring;

There's a French Lord coming o'er the sea, To wed and tak' me hame."

4: Willie he was scarce awa', And the lady put to bed,

When in and came her father dear, "Make haste, and busk the bride!"

"There's a sair pain in my head, father; There's a sair pain in my side;

And ill, O ill am I, father, This day for to be a bride."

"O, ye maun busk this bonnie bride, And put a gay mantle on ; For she shall wed this auld French Lord,

Gin she should dee the morn." \*

Some put on the gay green robes, And some put on the brown, But Janet put on the scarlet robes, To shine foremost through the town. And some they mounted the black steed, And some they mounted the brown,

But Janet mounted the milk-white steed, To ride foremost through the town,

"O wha will guide your horse, Janet? O wha will guide him best?"

"O wha but Willie, my true love; He kens I lo'e him best."

And when they cam' to Marie's kirk, To tye the haly ban',

Fair Janet's face look'd pale and wan', And her colour gaed and cam'.

When dinner it was past and done, And dancing to begin,

"O, we'll go take the bride's maidens, And we'll go fill the ring."

O, ben then came the auld French Lord, Saying, "Bride, will ye dance wi' me?"

"Awa', awa', ye auld French Lord, Your face I downa see."

O, ben theu came now sweet Willie, Saying, "Bride, will ye dance wi' me?"

" Ay, by my sooth, and that I will, Gin my back should break in three."

She hadna turn'd her thro' the dance, Thro' the dance but thrice, When she fell down at Willie's feet.

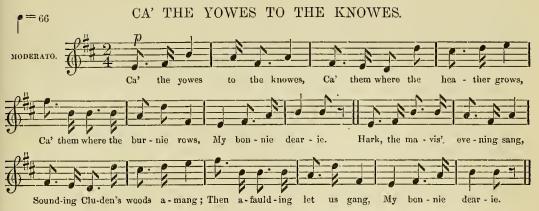
And up did never rise.

Willie's ta'en the key o' his coffer, And gi'en it to his man-

"Gae hame, and tell my mother dear, My horse he has me slain; Bid her be kind to my young son, For father he has nane."

The tane was buried in Marie's kirk, And the tither in Marie's quier; Out of the tane there grew a birk, And the tither, a bonnie brier.

<sup>&</sup>quot;FAIR JANET." The air of this ballad was obligingly given to the Publishers of this work by the late Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq. Mr. Sharpe published the ballad in his "Ballad Book," 1824. He there says, "This ballad, the subject of which appears to be very popular, is printed as it was sung by an old woman in Perthshire. The air is extremely beautiful." Motherwell also gives it in his "Minstrelsy," 1827, with some remarks.



We'll gang doun by Cluden side,
Through the hazels spreading wide
O'er the waves that sweetly glide,
To the moon sae clearly.
Yonder Cluden's silent towers,
Where, at moonshine midnight hours,
O'er the dewy bending flowers
The fairies dance sae cheerie.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear:
Thour't to love and heaven sae dear,
Nocht of ill may come thee near,
My bonnie dearie.
Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stoun my very heart;
I can die—but canna part,
My bonnie dearie.

"CA' THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES." In a letter to Mr. G. Thomson, September 1794, Burns says, "I am flattered at your adopting 'Ca' the yowes to the knowes,' as it was owing to me that it saw the light. About seven years ago, I was well acquainted with a worthy little fellow of a clergyman, a Mr. Clunie, who sung it charmingly; and, at my request, Mr. Clarke took it down from his singing. When I gave it to Johnson, I added some stanzas to the song, and mended others, but still it will not do for you. In a solitary stroll which I took to-day, I tried my hand on a few pastoral lines, following up the idea of the chorus, which I would preserve. Here it is with all its crudities and imperfections on its head." This is the song which we have given with the wild and pretty air which Burns thus rescued from oblivion. He saved many other good melodies from being lost; and, for this alone, Scotland owes him another debt of gratitude. This fact is not generally known, and is not alluded to by his biographers. Captain Charles Gray, R.M., in his "Cursory remarks on Scotlish Song," was the first to point out our obligations to Burns in this respect.

The Cluden, or Clouden, is a river in Dumfriesshire, which rises near the feet of the Criffel hills, and falls into the Nith, nearly opposite to Lincluden College.

Following up what we have quoted above from Burns, it may not be out of place here to state in his own words his ideas of music and song, and his mode of composing verses to airs that pleased him, or that were sent to him for verses. The passages are from his letters to Mr. George Thomson. "November 8, 1792. There is a peculiar rhythmus in many of our airs, and a necessity of adapting syllables to the emphasis, or what I would call the feature notes, of the tune, that cramp the poet, and lay him under almost insuperable difficulties." "September, 1793. Until I am complete master of a tune in my own singing, (such as it is,) I never can compose for it. My way is: I consider the poetic sentiment correspondent to my idea of the musical expression; then choose my theme; begin one stanza: when that is composed, which is generally the most difficult part of the business, I walk out, sit down now and then, look out for objects in nature around me, that are in unison or harmony with the cogitations of my fancy, and workings of my bosom; humming every now and then the air with the verses I have framed. When I feel my muse beginning to jade, I retire to the solitary fireside of my study, and there commit my effusions to paper, swinging at intervals on the hind legs of my elbow-chair, by way of calling forth my own critical strictures, as my pen goes on. Seriously, this at home, is almost invariably my way."

That Burns had a fine feeling for the simple melodies of his country, the following extracts will show:—"April, 1793. I have still several MS. Scots airs by me which I have picked up, mostly from the singing of country lasses. They please me vastly; but your learned lugs would perhaps be displeased with the very feature for which I like them. I call them simple; you would pronounce them silly." "September, 1793. You know that my pretensions to musical taste are merely a few of nature's instincts, untaught and untutored by art. For this reason, many musical compositions, particularly where much of the merit lies in counterpoint, however they may transport and ravish the cars of you connoisseurs, affect my simple lug no otherwise than merely as melodious din. On the other hand, by way of amends, 1 am delighted with many little melodies, which the learned musician despises as silly and insipid." "September, 1794. Not to compare small things with great, my taste in music is like the mighty Frederick of Prussia's taste in painting: we are told that he frequently admired what the connoisseurs decried, and always without any hypocrisy confessed his admiration," &c.



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!
Come every hill-plaid, &c.

Leave untended the herd,

The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterr'd,

The bride at the altar.
Leave the dear, leave the steer,

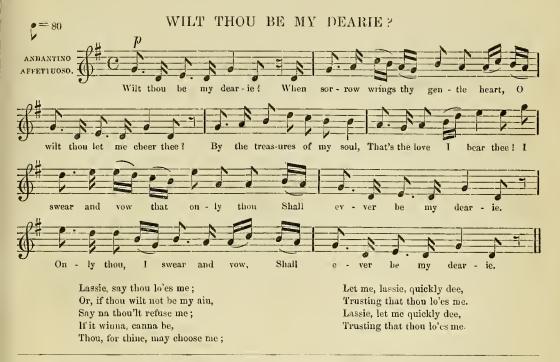
Leave nets and barges;
Come with your fighting gear
Broadswords and targes.

Leave the deer, leave the steer, &c.

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.
Faster come, faster come, &c.

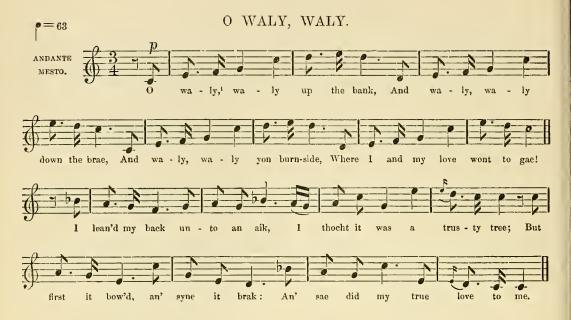
Fast they come, fast they come;
See how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle plume,
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set;
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Knell for the onset!
Cast your plaids, draw your blades, &c.

<sup>&</sup>quot;PIEROCH OF DONULL DHU." The air was long known under the name of "Lochiel's March." The words were written by Scott in 1816, for A. Campbell's "Albyn's Anthology," in the first volume of which they were published. In the Dissertation prefixed to Patrick M'Donald's Collection of Highland Airs, we find the following passage:—"A very peculiar species of martial music was in the highest request with the Highlanders. It was sometimes sung, accompanied with words, but more frequently performed on the bagpipe. And, in spite of every change, a pilrach, or craineachadh, though it may sound harsh to the ear of a stranger, still rouses the native Highlander, in the same way that the sound of the trumpet does the war-horse. Nay, it sometimes produced effects little less marvellous than those recorded of ancient music. At the battle of Quebec, in April 1760, whilst the British troops were retreating in great confusion, the General complained to a field-officer of Fraser's regiment, of the bad behaviour of his corps. 'Sir,' answered he, with some warmth, 'you did very wrong in forbidding the pipes to play this morning: nothing encourages Highlanders so much in a day of action. Nay, even now they would be of use.' 'Let them blow like the d—l then,' replied the General, 'if it will bring back the men.' And, the pipers being ordered to play a favourite craineachadh, the Highlanders, who were broken, returned the moment they heard the music, and formed with great alaerity in the rear."



"WILT THOU DE MY DEARIE?" Mr. Stenhouse says, "This charming little song was written by Burns for the Museum. It is adapted to the first strain of an old strathspey, called 'The Souter's daughter.' Burns, in a Note annexed to the words, says, 'Tune, The Souter's Daughter. N.B.—It is only the first part of the tune to which the song is to be set.' The 'Souter's Daughter' is printed in Bremner's Collection of Reels, in 1764. It also appears in Neil Gow and Son's Collection, and in several others." See Museum Illustrations, vol. v. p. 415.

We cannot refrain from pointing out here the utter falseness and absurdity of an opinion which has met with its ignorant abettors, and which arose from an old misinterpretation of a passage in Tassoni's "Pensicri Diversi," (Venice, 1646.) The passage is as follows:—"Noi ancora possiamo connumerar tra nostri Jacopo Rè di Scozia, che non pur cose sacre compose in canto, ma trovò da se stesso una nuova musica lamentevole, e mesta, differente da tutte l'altre. Nel che poi è stato imitato da Carlo Gesualdo, principe di Venosa, che in questa nostra età ha illustrato anch'egli la musica con nuove e mirabili invenzioni." Lib. x. c. xxiii. This passage has been erroneously interpreted as signifying that King James I. of Scotland composed our old Scottish melodies, and that he was imitated in the same style of composition by the Prince of Venosa. No documents exist to show the style of the sacred music that James is said by Tassoni to have composed, nor to show the style of that new plaintive and mournful music, different from all other music, which he is said to have invented. Tassoni's words plainly mean, not that the Prince of Venosa imitated the style of James' new music, but that he imitated the example of James in inventing a new plaintive and mournful music, different from all other music; and that this is the true meaning, is evident from the concluding words of the passage, where it is said that "in our age he also has illustrated music by new and wonderful inventions." We add only a few words to set the matter at rest. Carlo Gesualdo, Prince of Venosa in the Neapolitan States, was a remarkable composer of music in the latter part of the sixteenth century. Alessandro Tassoni, a Modenese, was born in 1565, and died in 1635. James I. was assassinated in 1437, in the forty-fourth year of his age. Fortunately, the compositions of the Prince of Venosa have been printed, and are therefore open to examination, and to comparison with Scottish melodies. They are very curious compositions-madrigals; but contain no melodies of any kind, but merely dry and crude harmonic combinations and modulations, some of which are very strange and original. Not one of the voice parts that we have examined contains anything in the least resembling any known Scottish melody, or anything else now named melody. Some of the best of the Prince of Venosa's compositions are given in the works of Padre Martini, Choron, &c.; and to these the Editor of this work refers the reader. It is high time that the received nonsense written about the imitation of Scottish melodies by the Prince of Venosa should be for ever set aside. That remarkable amateur, like several others of his countrymen about the same period, was striving to emancipate himself from the fetters of the old ecclesiastical tonalities and harmonies, which, till then, had confined the musical genius of all Europe to an inexpressive order of forms, with a few popular exceptions. The production of the modern tonalities—a major and a minor scale—and a revolution in musical melody and harmony—were due to the genius of Claudio Monteverde, an eminent Italian musician, at the close of the sixteenth, and the commencement of the seventeenth centuries.



O waly, waly, but love be bonnie
A little time while it is new;
But when it's auld it waxes cauld,
An' fades away like the mornin' dew.
O wherefore should I busk my heid,
Or wherefore should I kame my hair?
For my true love has me forsook,
An' says he'll never love mc 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,
An' shake the green leaves aff the tree?
O, gentle death, when wilt thou come?
For o' my life I am wearie.

Nor blawin' snaw's inclemencie;
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry;
But my love's heart's grown cauld to me.
When we cam' in by Glasgow toun,
We were a comely sicht to see;
My love was clad in the black velvet,
An' I mysel' in cramasie.3

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,

But had I wist, before I kiss'd,

That love had been sae ill to win,
I'd lock'd my heart in a case o' gold,

An' pinn'd it wi' a siller pin.
Oh, oh! if my young babe were born,

An' set upon the nurse's knee,
An' I mysel' were dead an' gane,

Au' the green grass growin' over me!

"O WALY, WALY." In Mr. Robert Chambers's Scottish Songs, there is a Note upon "Waly, waly," from which we give the following passage:—"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 at 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, 1827, under the title of 'Lord Jamie Douglas,') 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." Her father took her home, and she never again saw her husband. Her only son died, Earl of Angus, at the battle of Steinkirk.

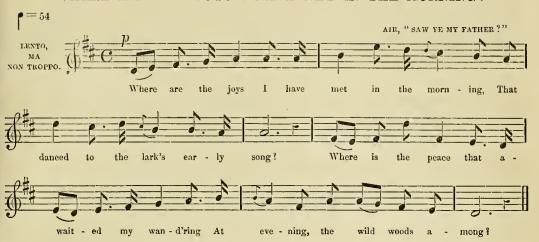
The air is beautiful and pathetic. It is undoubtedly ancient, though its date cannot be ascertained. The simplicity of the original has been spoiled by several flourishes introduced into it by tasteless and ignorant collectors. M'Gibbon, Oswald, Bremner, and others, have much to answer for in the matter of pseudo-embellishment of our finest old airs. We have removed from "Waly, waly," the absurd trappings hung about its neck by these men.

<sup>1</sup> An exclamation of distress-Alas.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Dress, arrange, adorn.

<sup>3</sup> Crimson.

### WHERE ARE THE JOYS I HAVE MET IN THE MORNING?



The last stanza may be omitted.

No more a-winding the course of yon river, And marking sweet flow'rets so fair; No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure, But sorrow and sad-sighing care.

Is it that summer's forsaken our valleys,
And grim surly winter is near?
No, no; the bees humming round the gay roses,
Proclaim it the pride of the year.

Fain would I hide what I fear to discover, Yet long, long too well have I known All that has caused this wreck in my bosom, Is Jennie, fair Jennie, alone.

[Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal, Nor hope dare a comfort bestow; Come then, enamour'd, and fond of my anguish, Enjoyment l'll seek in my woe.]

"Where are the Joys I have met in the Morning?" The air, "Saw ye my father?" does not appear in any very early musical publication. The old words first appeared in Herd's Collection, 1769. In a letter written in September 1793, to Mr. George Thomson, Burns expresses himself thus:—"'Saw ye my father' is one of my greatest favourites. The evening before last, I wandered out, and began a tender song, in what I think is its native style. I must premise that the old way, and the way to give most effect, is to have no starting-note, as the fiddlers call it, but to burst at once into the pathos. Every country girl sings, 'Saw ye my father,'" &c.

We have adopted this song of Burns' in the present work, and subjoin the old verses for those who may prefer them.

Saw ye my father, or saw ye my mither, Or saw ye my true love John?

I saw nae your father, I saw nae your mither, But I saw your true love John.

It's now ten at night, an' the stars gi'e nae light, An' the bells they ring ding-dang,

He's met wi' some delay that causes him to stay, But he will be here ere lang.

The surly auld carle did naething but snarl,
An' Johnnie's face it grew red,

Yet tho' he often sigh'd, he ne'er a word replied, Till a' were asleep in bed. Then up Johnnie rose, an' to the door he goes, An' gently tirl'd at the pin,

The lassie takin' tent, unto the door she went, An' she open'd an' lat him in.

An' are ye come at last! an' do I hold you fast! An' is my Johnnie true!

I have nae time to tell, but sae lang's I like mysel, Sae lang sall I like you.

Flee up, flee up, my bonnie grey cock, An' craw when it is day;

An' your neck shall be like the bonnie beaten gold, An' your wings of the silver grey.

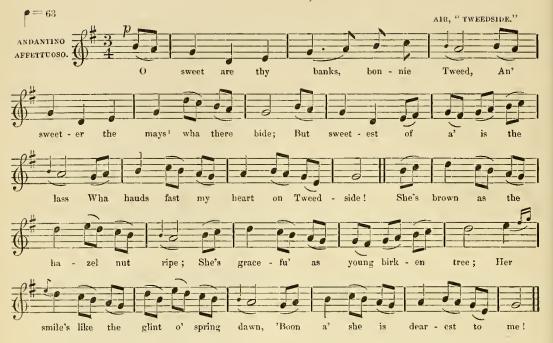
The cock proved false, an' untrue he was,

For he crew an hour owre soon:

The lassic thocht it day when she sent her love away,

An' it was but a blink o' the moon.

## O SWEET ARE THY BANKS, BONNIE TWEED!



I woo'd her when puirtith's cauld hand Lay sair on hersel' an' her kin; But though I had plenty o' gear, She ay said, "My tocher's to win!" O sweet are thy banks, bonnie Tweed!
And sweeter the mays wha there bide;
But sweetest of a' is the lass
Wha hauds fast my heart on Tweedside!

<sup>1</sup> Maids.

"Tweedside." The composer of this old and beautiful Scottish melody is unknown. Some persons, upon no foundation of evidence, have given to David Rizzio the credit of its composition. In the last century, James Oswald, a very unscrupulous man, ascribed several of our Scottish melodies to Rizzio, for the purpose of enhancing the value of his collections of Scottish airs in the eyes of the public. That Oswald frequently passed off his own tunes in private as the compositions of Rizzio, we learn from the following lines of a poem already alluded to in Note, p. 8:—

"When wilt thou teach our soft Æidian [Edinian?] fair To languish at a false Sicilian air; Or when some tender tune compose again, And cheat the town wi' David Rizo's name?"

In some of his publications, however, Oswald did not semple to claim these airs as his own. In consequence of this double mystification, old airs with the name of Rizzio attached to them came also to be considered as compositions of Oswald; and we are even told by his deceived relatives, (Museum Introduction, p. li.) that "The airs in this volume (second Collection) with the name of David Rizo affixed, are all Oswald's; I state this on the authority of Mrs. Alexander Cumming and my mother—his daughter and sister." Signed, "H. O. Weatherly." That most of these airs were in existence before Oswald was born, can be proved from MSS, and printed works. Besides, Oswald's own compositions want the simplicity of the old airs, and do not rise above mediocrity. Consequently, not even one of them has taken its place among the popular melodies of Scotland.

In Dr. Leyden's MS. Lyra-Viol Book, referred to hefore in Note, p. 12 of this work, we find (No. 75) a set of "Twide Syde," differing in some respects from the more modern sets, especially in the close. That close, which seems to us more truly Scottish in character, we have given in the present edition. A set of "Tweedside," differing little from the modern sets of the air, appears in a work of the famous Florentine violinist, F. M. Veracini, pp. 67-69, with variations. This is the first instance we have seen of a Scottish air introduced in the violin solos of any old Italian violinist. The air is not named in Veracini's work, but is merely indicated as "Scozzese," i.e., Scottish. This work of Veracini, which is now very rare, is entitled "Sonate Accademiche a violino solo e basso," &c., and is dedicated to the King of Poland. The verses here given were written for this work by a friend of the publishers.

### O PUIRTITH CAULD.



This world's wealth when I think on, lts pride, an' a' the lave² o't;
Fie, fie on silly coward man,
That he should be the slave o't.
O, why should fate, &c.

Her een, sae bonnie blue, betray
How she repays my passion;
But prudence is her owerword<sup>3</sup> aye,
She talks of rank an' fashion.
O, why should fate, &c.

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

How blest the humble cottar's fate!

He woos his simple dearie;

The silly bogles, wealth an' state,

Can never make them eerie.

O, why should fate, &c.

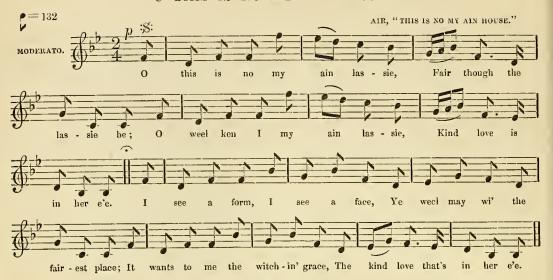
<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Poverty. <sup>2</sup> Rest, remainder. <sup>3</sup> Any word frequently repeated in conversation or otherwise. <sup>4</sup> Scarecrow, hugbear.

<sup>5</sup> Affrighted; affected with fear from whatever cause; but generally applied to the feeling inspired by the dread of ghosts or spirits.

<sup>&</sup>quot;O, Puirtith cauld, and restless Love." This charming song was written by Burns, and sent to Mr. George Thomson in January 1793. It was adapted to the air given to the comic song "I had a horse, an' I had nae mair," No. 185 of Johnson's Museum. Burns, with his usual tact and musical perception, seized upon the true character of that beautiful air, which is plaintive, and by no means adapted to a comic song. The air appears to be of cousiderable antiquity. Like several other old Scottish melodies, it begins in a major key, and ends in the nearest relative minor.

Mr. Robert Chambers, in his Scottish Songs, (1829,) says, "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 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"

## O THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE.



The succeeding verses begin with the Second Part of the Air, and end with the First Part.

She's bonnie, bloomin', straight, and tall,
An' lang has had my heart in thrall;
An' aye it charms my very saul,
The kind love that's in her e'e.
O this is no my ain lassie, &c.

A thief sae pawkie¹ is my Jean; She'll steal a blink by a' unseen; But gleg² as light are lover's een, When kind love is in the e'e. O this is no my ain lassie, &c.

It may escape the courtly sparks, It may escape the learned clerks; But weel the watchin' lover marks The kind love that's in her e'e. O this is no my ain lassie, &c.

1 Cunning, sly.

<sup>2</sup> Sharp, ready.

"O THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE." In the summer of 1795, Burns wrote these stanzas for Mr. George Thomson's Collection. James Hogg, in his Jacobite Relics, vol. i. pp. 57, 58, gives the old words, and says, p. 224, "The air to which I have set this song is not the original one; but it is the most popular, being always sung both to this song and 'This is no my ain lassie,' by Burns. For my part, I like the old original one much better." Hogg prints the original air on the same page; and his is a better set than the one given in Johnson's Museum, No. 216, where, at the end of the first and second strains, the introduction of the sharp 7th of the tonic spoils the whole character of the air. In the Museum Illustrations, vol. iii. p. 210, Mr. Stenhouse gives what he says is "the original air" of "This is no my ain house," from Mrs. Crockat's book, written in 1709. This is the air, with some modifications found in later copies, which has been adopted in the present work. As a vocal air, it is much preferable to that given by Johnson. We have retained the leap of the 5th in the fourth measure of the first strain, according to the Crockat MS. cited by Mr. Stenhouse.

In the Note, p. 16, allusion was made to the unfortunate career of Burns. The following nassages from the pen of his talented countryman, Thomas Carlyle, ("Heroes, and Hero-worship,") are given as flowers laid reverently on the tomb of the poet:-"The tragedy of Burns's life is known to all. Surely we may say, if discrepancy between place held and place merited constitute perverseness of lot for a man, no lot could be more perverse than Burns's. Among those second-hand acting figures, mimes for the most part, of the eighteenth century, once rose a giant Original Man; one of those men who reach down into the perennial deeps, who take rank with the heroic among men, and he was born in an Ayrshire hut. The largest soul in all the British lands came among us in the shape of a hard-handed Scottish peasant."—(P. 296.) "Burns appeared under every disadvantage: uninstructed, poor, born only to hard manual toil; and writing, when it came to that, in a rustic special dialect, known only to a small province of the country he lived in. Had he written even what he did write in the general language of England, I doubt not he had already become universally recognised as being, or capable to be, one of our greatest men. That he should have tempted so many to penetrate through the rough husk of that dialect of his, is proof that there lay something far from common within it. He has gained a certain recognition, and is continuing to do so over all quarters of our wide Saxon world; wheresoever a Saxon dialect is spoken, it begins to be understood, by personal inspection of this and the other, that one of the most considerable Saxon men of the eighteenth century was an Ayrshire peasaut, named Robert Burns."—(P. 298, third edition, 1846.)



The primrose I will pu', the firstlin' o' the year;
And I will pu' 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 pu' the buddin' rose, when Phœbus peeps in view, For its like a baulmy kiss o' her sweet bonnie mou; The hyacinth's for constancy, wi' its unchangin' 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.

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 pu' when the e'euin' star is near,
And the diamond-draps 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' love,
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 remove:

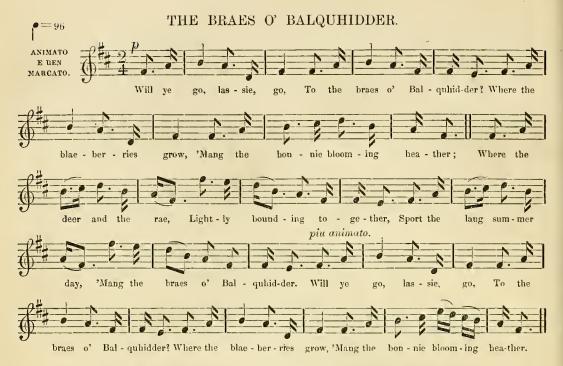
And this will be a posie to my ain dear May.

Professor Wilson, comparing "Heliodora's Garland," by Meleager, with "The Posie," by Burns, says, "The Scot surpasses the Greek in poetry as well as passion, his tenderness is more heartfelt, his expression is even more exquisite; for the most consummate art, even when guided by genius, cannot refine and burnish, by repeated polishing, the best selected words, up to the breathing beauty, that, warm from the fount of inspiration, sometimes colours the pure language of nature." See Allan Cunningham's Works of Burns, vol. iv. p. 236.

<sup>&</sup>quot;O Love WILL VENTURE IN," &c., was written by Burns for Johnson's Museum. In a letter to Mr. George Thomson, 19th October 1794, Burns says, "The Posie, in the Museum, is my composition; the air was taken down from Mrs. Burus' voice. It is well known in the west country; but the old words are trash." He remarked how closely it resembled in some passages, the air named "Roslin Castle," which he wrongly imagined that James Oswald had composed. See Note on "Roslin Castle," page 8 of this work. In Cromek's Reliques, Burns gives a specimen of the old song. The following is the first stanza:—

<sup>&</sup>quot;There was a pretty May,¹ and a milkin' she went, Wi' her red rosy cheeks, and her coal-black hair; And she has met a young man comin' o'er the bent,² With a double and adieu to thee, fair May."

<sup>2</sup> The open field.



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

When the rude wintry win'
ldly raves round our dwellin',
An' the roar o' the linn
On the night-breeze is swellin',—

Sae merrily we'll sing,
As the storm rattles o'er us,
Till the dear sheeling 'ring
Wi' the light liltin' chorus.
Will ye go, &c.

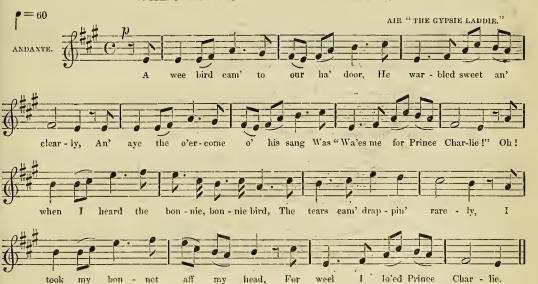
Now the summer is in prime,
Wi' the flowers richly bloomin',
An' the wild mountain thyme
A' the moorlands perfumin',—
To our dear native seenes
Let us journey together,
Where glad innocence reigns
'Mang the braes o' Balquhidder.
Will ye go, &c.

1 A shepherd's cottage; a hut.

"The Braes o' Balquinder." This song was written by Robert Tanuahill, a Paisley weaver, born in that town 3d June 1774. His death occurred on 17th May 1810, by suicide. His biographers assure us that this lamentable act arose from no pressure of poverty: "his means were always above his wants." His constitution was delicate; his temperament shy and morbidly sensitive; his sedentary occupation, and various griefs and disappointments, seem to have produced that mental alienation which clouded the latter days of his brief career. Noue but those who have well considered the insidious progress of mental alienation, and who truly feel how "fearfully and wonderfully we are made," can bestow a just tribute of pity and sorrow upon the solemn fate of poor Tanuahill. Who shall dare to say in his pride, "I am secured from this terrible visitation?" A very celebrated modern poet, in prosperous circumstances, but suffering under great mental depression, declared to a friend that he was determined to drown himself. Fortunately the poet's mind recovered its tone, and he died quietly in his bed. But he might have committed suicide, while labouring under that mental depression which seems so frequently to attend the temperament of genius.

In Captain S. Fraser's Collection of Melodies of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, 1816, we find, No. 77, Bochuiddar—Balquhidder—which is the air applied to Tannahill's song, with some slight differences, as found in vol. i. p. 49, of R. A. Smith's "Scottish Minstrel."

## WAE'S ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE.



Quoth I, "My bird, my bonnie, bonnie bird, Is that a sang ye borrow,

Are those some words ye've learnt by heart,

Or a lilt o' dool and sorrow?"

"Oh! no, no, no," the wee bird sang,

"I've flown sin' mornin' early,

But sie a day o' wind an' rain—

Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!

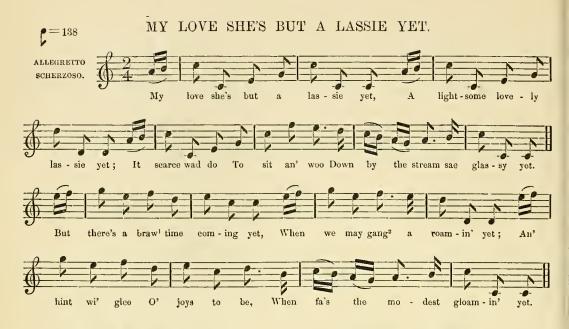
"On hills that are, by right, his ain, lle roves a lanely stranger, On every side he's press'd by want, On every side is danger; Yestreen I met him in a glen, My heart maist burstit fairly, For sadly changed indeed was he—Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!

"Dark night cam' on, the tempest roar'd
Lond o'er the hills an' valleys,
An' where was't that your Prince lay down,
Wha's hame should been a palace?
He row'd him in a Highland plaid,
Which cover'd him but sparely,
An' slept beneath a bush o' broom—
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

But now the bird saw some red coats,
An' he shook his wings wi' anger,
"Oh! this is no a land for me;
I'll tarry here nac langer!"
He hover'd on the wing a while
Ere he departed fairly,
But weel I mind the fareweel strain
Was, "Wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

Lilt-tune.

"Wae's me for Prince Charle." James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, in his Second Series of Jacobite Relics, pp. 192, 193, gives this song, and the air, "The Gypsie Laddie." He ascribes the words to "a Mr. William Glen, about Glasgow." It appears that this William Glen was a native of Glasgow, and for some time a manufacturer there, and that he died about 1824, in a state of poverty. He was the author of several other songs and poems. The air is given in Johnson's Museum, No. 181, under the title of "Johnny Faa, or the Gypsie Laddie," to the words of an old ballad beginning, "The gypsies cam' to our Lord's yett." On this Burns observes, that it is the only old song which he could ever trace as belonging to the extensive county of Ayr. This song is said to have been founded on a romantic adventure in an old Scottish family. Mr. Stenhonse, in his Note upon the song, (vol. ii. p. 175 of Museum,) gives a traditional history of the ballad. Mr. Finlay, in his "Scottish Ballads," Mr. William Dauney, in his "Ancient Melodies of Seotland," and Captain Charles Gray, R.M., in his "Currory Remarks on Scottish Song," all treat the story of Lady Cassillis' elopement as a malicious fiction, and produce proofs of its falsehood. The date of the air is not known, but it appears in the Skene MS. under the name of "Ladie Cassilles Lilt;" though the set there given has undergone considerable changes in the hands of modern editors, especially in the second strain.



She's neither proud nor saucy yet,
She's neither plump nor gaucy yet;
But just a jinkin', 4
Bonnie blinkin', 5
Hilty-skilty 6 lassie yet.
But O her artless smile's mair sweet
Than hinny or than marmalete; 7
An' right or wrang,
Ere it be lang,
I'll bring her to a parley yet.

I'm jealous o' what blesses her,
The very breeze that kisses her,
The flowery beds
On which she treads,
Though wae for ane that misses her.
Then O to meet my lassie yet,
Up in yon glen sae grassy yet;
For all I see
Are nought to me,
Save her that's but a lassie yet!

<sup>1</sup> Fine. <sup>2</sup> Go,

5 Looking, or smiling kindly.

<sup>3</sup> Large, expanded.

6 Thoughtlessly playful.

4 Shyly gamboling; dodging.

7 Marmalade.

"My Love she's but a Lassie vet." The song given in Johnson's Museum, and written by Burus, with the exception of the three lines which are old, is not exactly suitable to the more fastidious taste of the present day. Therefore, James Hogg's song, with the same title, has been chosen in preference for this work. It was first published in the Edinburgh "Literary Journal," and afterwards in the collection of "Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd," Blackwood, Edinburgh, 1831. It appears that the air to which Hogg's words, and the older words were sung, was also used as a dance-tune, under the name of "Lady Badinscoth's Reel." Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq., in his Note on No. 225 of Johnson's Museum, says, "The old title of this air was, 'Put up your dagger, Jamie.' The words to this air are in 'Vox Borealis, or the Northern Discoverie, by way of dialogue between Jamie and Willie,' 1641.

"'Put up thy dagger, Jamie,
And all things shall be mended,
Bishops shall fall, no not at all,
When the parliament is ended.
Which never was intended,
But only for to flam thee,
We have gotten the game,
We'll keep the same,
Put up thy dagger, Jamie.'

"'This song,' says the author, 'was plaid and sung by a fiddler and a fool, retainers of General Ruthven, Governor of Edinburgh Castle, in scorn of the Lords and the Covenanters, for surrendering their strongholds.'"



The rose upon the brier, by the waters running clear,

May have charms for the linnet or the bee;

Their little loves are blest, and their little hearts at rest, But my true love is parted from me.

My love is like the sun, that in the sky does run

For ever so constant and true;

But his is like the moon, that wanders up and down, And every month it is new.

All you that are in love, and cannot it remove,

I pity the pains you endure;

For experience makes me know, that your hearts are full of woe,

A woe that no mortal can cure.

"The Winter it is past." Mr. Stenhouse, in his Notes on Johnson's Museum, vol. ii. pp. 187, 188, says that he "has not yet been so fortunate as to discover who was the author of this plaintive pastoral song: but there are several variations between the copy inserted in the Museum, and the following stall edition of the ballad. . . . The plaintive little air to which this song is adapted, is inserted under the same title in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, Book vii." Mr. Laing, in his Additional Illustrations, id. p. 226, says, "Cromek found the first eight lines of this song among Burns's MSS.; and he published it as a 'Fragment' by the Ayrshire bard, obviously unaware that the entire song had been previously included in the present work." In the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, at his benefit on 24th October 1829, Nr. Braham sang "The winter it is past," with a touching effect that is still remembered by many.

The first eight lines of this song, as given in this work, are taken from the fragment published by Cromek. They contain the alterations made by Burns upon the older song, which are improvements, as will be perceived upon comparing these lines with those given in Johnson's Museum, and here quoted:—

"The winter it is past, and the summer's come at last, And the small birds sing on ev'ry tree;

The hearts of these are glad, but mine is very sad,

For my lover has parted from me.

"The rose upon the brier, by the waters running clear,

May have charms for the linnet or the bee;

Their little loves are blest, and their little hearts at rest,

But my lover is parted from me."

The first two lines of the third stanza, as given by Johnson, are so bad that we have adopted in their stead the corresponding lines in R. A. Smith's "Scottish Minstrel," which are certainly better than the following doggerel:—

"My love is like the sun, in the firmament does run,

For ever is constant and true."

In the edition given by Mr. Stenhouse, above-mentioned, the third stauza is as follows:-

"My love is like the sun,

That unwearied doth run,

Through the firmament, aye constant and true;

But his is like the moon,

That wanders up and down,

And is ev'ry month changing anew."



O Marion's a bonnie lass, And the blythe blink's in her e'e; And fain would I marry Marion, Gin Marion would marry me.

There's gowd in your garters,2 Marion, And silk on your white hause-bane; Fu' fain wad I kiss my 'Marion, At e'en, when I come hame.

There's braw lads in Earnslaw, Marion, Wha gape, and glow'r wi' their e'e, At kirk, when they see my Marion; But nane o' them lo'es like me.

I've nine milk-ewes, my Marion, A cow, and a hrawny quey;4

I'll gi'e them a' to my Marion Just on her bridal-day.

And ve'se get a green sev<sup>5</sup> apron, And waistcoat o' the London brown: And wow but ye will be vap'rin' Whene'er ye gang to the town.

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

Sae put on your pearlins,6 Marion, And kirtle o' the Cramasie:7 And soon as the sun's down, my Marion, I shall come west, and see ye.

1 To gather in with caution.

3 Stare.

7 Crimson.

"WILL YE GO TO THE EWE-RUGHTS, MARION?" The song and the air appear to be both old. The song is marked in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany (1724) as an old song with additions. It cannot now be ascertained who wrote the song, or who composed the air; but it seems very evident that the air has been hitherto wrongly given in its notation in all printed copies; and there is no existing ancient MS. containing the air to which we can refer. The printed copies of the air give an unrhythmical melody not suitable to the beseeching expression of the song. The prominent word and name "Marion," (pronounced in two syllables, "Maron,") is associated with short and jerking notes, which, besides being ill suited to the words, force the melody into an irregular rhythm. In the present edition, the air is reduced to regular rhythm, without changing one of the sounds of the received melody; while it is believed that the original melody is thus restored in its true supplicatory accentuation and emphasis on the word "Marion." Any good singer who tries the present set, will at once perceive the improvement in point of expression and of rbythmical construction. As to this point, we are willing to abide by the opinion of all the best-educated musicians of Europe. That there was extreme carelessness and ignorance on the part of the persons who noted down our old Scottish melodies in MS. books, we are prepared to prove from the oldest MSS. of our airs existing. In many cases appears barring at random, without the slightest regard to the true rhythm and melodic structure of the airs; and with no indication whatever of the relative duration of the sounds indicated by the letters of the old tablature. In cases of this kind, rational interpretation must be used. It does not follow, that because an air is wrongly noted, or tablatured, by ignorant writers, the air is wrong in its true and original form. This observation applies to MSS. and printed works of much greater importance than any that we allude to as containing wrongly written or printed Scottish airs. In the second volume of Thomson's Orpheus Caledonius, (1733,) we find an air under the title of "Will ye go to the ewe-bughts?" which bears a remote resemblance to the generally received air. It is by no means so vocal or melodions as the latter; but it affords another proof of the strange transformations that old Scottish airs have undergone in passing through the hands of different publishers. We have repeatedly alluded to these transformations. The air in the Orpheus Caledonius is in a pseudo-major key, while all other sets that we have seen are in a minor key.

<sup>&</sup>quot;At the time when the ladies were hoops, they also were finely embroidered garters for exhibition; because, especially in dancing, the hoop often shelved uside, and exposed the leg to that height."—R. Chanders. (See Traditions of Edinburgh, vol. ii. p. 57. e. 4 Heifer. 6 A home-made woollen stuff. 6 Ornaments of lace, (fit perté, hard twisted thread.)



Duncan fleech'd, 10 and Duncan pray'd,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig, 11
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Duncan sigh'd baith ont and in,
Grat 12 his een baith bleer'd 13 and blin', 14
Spak' o' lowpin' 15 o'er a linn, 16
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Time and chance are but a tide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Slighted love is sair 17 to bide, 18
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Shall I, like a fool, quo' he,
For a haughty hizzie 19 die?
She may gae to—France for me!
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

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

Duncan was a lad o' grace,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't,

Maggie's was a pitcous case,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan couldna be her death,

Swelling pity smoor'd 20 his wrath;

Now they're crouse 2t and canty 22 baith

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

```
2 Cast.
                                                3 Full.
I Tipsy.
                                                                       4 High.
                                                                                                 Askance,
7 Proud; saucy.
                                 8 Made; forced.
                                                                                                        10 Supplicated flatteringly.
                                                                  9 At a shy distance.
11 A remarkably large and lofty rock, rising in the Firth of Clyde, between the coasts of Ayrshire and Kintyre.
                        14 Blind
                                                15 Leaping.
                                                                       16 A waterfall; a precipice.
                                                                                                                  17 Sore; painful.
3 Bleared.
18 Bear; endure.
                                 19 A young girl.
                                                                  20 Smothered
                                                                                                                           22 Merry.
                                                                                               21 Cheerful.,
```

<sup>&</sup>quot;Duncan Gray." "It is generally reported," says Mr. Stenhouse, "that this lively air was composed by Duncan Gray, a carter or earman in Glasgow, about the beginning of last century, and that the time was taken down from his whistling it two or three times to a musician in that city. It is inserted both in Macgibbon and Oswald's Collections." See Museum Illustrations, vol. ii. page 148. The words given in this work are those written by Burns in December 1792.



I'd

wealth;

been

poor and

A

A leal light heart beat in my breast, My hands unstain'd wi' plunder; And for fair Scotia, hame again, I cheery on did wander. I thought upon the banks o' Coil, I thought upon my Nancy, I thought upon the witchin' smile That caught my youthful fancy. At length I reach'd the bonnie glen Where early life I sported; I pass'd the mill and trystin' thorn Where Nancy oft I courted. Wha spied I but my ain dear maid, Down by her mother's dwelling! And turn'd me round to hide the flood That in my e'e was swelling. Wi' altered voice, quoth I, Sweet lass, Sweet as you hawthorn's blossom, O! happy, happy may he be That's dearest to thy bosom! My purse is light, I've far to gang, And fain would be thy lodger, I've served my king and country lang: Tak' pity on a sodger. Sae wistfully she gazed on me, And lovelier was than ever; Quoth she, A sodger ance I loved, Forget him will I never!

Where

a'

field,

knap - sack

ed

tent

hum - ble

lang

my

Ye freely shall partake it; That gallant badge, the dear cockade, Ye're welcome for the sake o't! She gazed-she redden'd like a rose-Syne pale as ony lily; She sank within my arms, and cried, Art thou my ain dear Willie? By Him who made yon sun and sky, By whom true love's regarded, I am the man! and thus may still True lovers be rewarded. The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame, And find thee still true hearted; Though poor in gear, we're rich in love, And mair we'se ne'er be parted. Quoth she, my grandsire left me gowd, A mailin' plenish'd fairly; Then come, my faithfu' sodger lad, Thou'rt welcome to it dearly. For gold the merchant ploughs the main, The farmer ploughs the manor; But glory is the sodger's prize, The sodger's wealth is honour. The brave poor sodger ne'er despise, Nor count him as a stranger: Remember he's his country's stay, In day and hour of danger.

lodg

hon - est

Our humble cot and hamely fare,

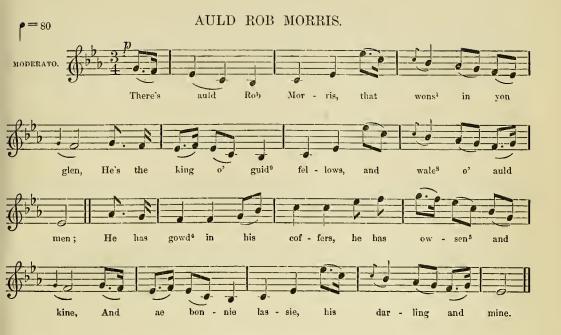
er;

sod

My

ger.

<sup>&</sup>quot;When wild War's deadly blast was blawn." This song was written by Burns, in the spring of 1793, to take place of unseemly old verses that used to be sung to the same air. Captain Charles Gray, R.M., in his "Cursory Remarks on Scottish Song," No. 15, thinks that the song was probably suggested by a casual meeting with "a poor fellow of a sodger," in a little country inn; which Burns mentions in a letter to John Ballantine, Esq. The air is probably much older than the date of Mrs. Crockat's MS., 1709, beyond which Mr. Stenhouse does not trace its antiquity. Gay chose the air for one of his songs in "Polly," printed in 1729.



She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May; She's sweet as the evening among the new hay; As blythe and as artless as the lamb on the lea, And dear to my heart as the light to the e'e.

But O! she's an heiress—auld Robin's a laird, And my daddie<sup>6</sup> has nocht but a cot-house and yard; A wooer like me maunna<sup>7</sup> hope to come speed; The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead.<sup>8</sup>

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

O had she but been of a lower degree, I then might ha'e hoped she wad smiled upon me; O, how past descriving 12 had then been my bliss, As now my distraction no words can express.

<sup>1</sup> Dwells.

<sup>2</sup> Good.

3 Choice.

4 Gold.

5 Oxen.

6 Father.
12 Describing.

8 Death.

9 Lone.

10 Ghost.

11 Would

"AULD ROB MORRIS." This air appears in tablature in the Leyden MS. Lyra-Viol Book, mentioned in the Note page 12 of this work. It differs a little from the sets given by Johnson and others. The set adopted by the arranger for this work is nearly the one given in Watts' Musical Miscellany, 1730. The neglect of the ordinary compass of voices, alluded to in Note page 9, occurs again in this air. The air was published in the Orpheus Caledonius, in 1725, and in Watts' Musical Miscellany, 1730, vol. iii. p. 174, and in Craig's Select Scottish Tunes, printed in the same year. Mr. D. Laing notices the air as occurring in Mr. Blaikie's MS., dated 1692, under the name of "Jock the Laird's Brother." In November 1792, Burns wrote for the air the words here given. The two first lines only belong to the old ballad given in Allan Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany.

<sup>7</sup> Must not.



"John Anderson, My Jo." In an old MS. written about 1560, and which belonged to Bishop Percy, some stanzas of the old song were preserved: they will be found in the "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," vol. ii. It appears, from tradition, that this John Anderson was the town-piper of Kelso, and a remarkable character. The air of "John Anderson, my jo," must be very old. It occurs in the Skene MS.; but the set there given (see No. 7 of Mr. Dauney's edition of that MS.) differs considerably from the modern sets. In the latter, the first two bars throw the air at once into a minor key, and the next two bars pass to the subtonic of that key; while the former has a remarkable vagueness of key in the first two bars of the melody. This vagueness of modulation in the set given in the Skene MS. savours of some old Romish Church chant, and seems to attest the greater antiquity of that set. Mr. Stenhouse, in his Notes on Johnson's Museum, says that "John Anderson, my jo," is found in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book; but it would appear that he had confounded that air with a very different one, "John, come kiss me now," which appears in the Virginal Book, with variations by Bird. Mr. Chappell, in his "Collection of National English Airs," No. 220, gives an air resembling "John Anderson," under the title of "Paul's Steeple," from Playford's "Dancing Master," 1650. Mr. Chappell says, that "another old name for this tune is, 'I am the Duke of Norfolk;'" but mentions nothing of its being found in the Virginal Book. Upon making minute inquiry, we find that in the Virginal Book there is no air under the title of "John Anderson, my jo." The air of "John, come kiss me now," is given by Mr. Chappell (No. 235) as found in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book, and in several old printed collections. It is an air in a major key, and quite different from the air of "John Anderson." In a collection of old Popular Swedish Ballads with the airs, published at Stockholm in 1816, ("Svenska Folkvisor," &c.,) No. I. of the first volume, is a melody in E minor, which, in several passages, reminds us strongly of "John Anderson." The Editor pointed this out to the late William Dauney, Esq., who alludes to the resemblance in his "Dissertation," prefixed to his edition of the Skene Manuscript.

The stanzas written by Burns for Johnson's Museum in 1789, are those which we give to the air. Other additional stanzas have been published; upon which Doctor Currie makes the following just observation:—" Every reader will observe that they are by an inferior hand, and the real author of them ought neither to have given them, nor suffered them to be given to the world, as the production of Burns." It is certainly far short of literary honour and honesty in any man to attempt to pass off, upon public credulity, his own spurious verses as the produce of a great poet. Burns has suffered much injustice of this kind.



Let ithers brag weel o' their gear,<sup>3</sup>
Their land and their lordly degree;
I carena for ought but my dear,
For he's ilka<sup>4</sup> thing lordly to me.
His words are sae sugar'd, sae sweet!
His sense drives ilk fear far awa'!
I listen, poor fool! and I greet;
Yet how sweet are the tears as they fa'!

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

"O Menie! the heart that is true
Has something mair costly than gear;
Ilk e'en it has naething to rue,
Ilk morn it has naething to fear.
Ye warldlings, gae heard up your store,
And tremble for fear ought ye tyne,<sup>6</sup>
Guard your treasures wi' lock, bar, and door,
True love is the guardian o' mine."

He ends wi' a kiss and a smile—
Wae's me, can I tak' it amiss!
My laddie's unpractised in guile,
He's free aye to daut' and to kiss!
Ye lasses wha lo'e to torment
Your wooers wi' fause scorn and strife,
Play your pranks—I ha'e gi'en my consent,
And this night I am Jamie's for life.

2 A short cloak.

8 Riches; goods.

4 Every.

5 Pining away.

6 Lose.

7 Caress.

<sup>1</sup> Bought.

<sup>&</sup>quot;I Lo'E NA A LADDIE BUT ANE." The first stanza of this song, as well as a second which is here omitted, are said, on the authority of Burns, to have been written by the Rev. Mr. Clunie of Borthwick. "In Ritson's Collection, the reader will find the letters J. D. prefixed to the song, which is directed to be sung to the tune of 'Happy Dick Dawson.' If J. D. be the initial letters of the composer's name, Burns must have been misinformed. The four supplementary stanzas, heginning 'Let ithers brag weel o' their gear,' were composed by Hector Macneil, Esq., before noticed. Mr. Macneil told me this himself. The musical reader will easily observe a striking affinity between the Scots air and the Irish tune called 'My lodging is on the cold ground.'" See Museum Illustrations, vol. iii. p. 251. Mr. Stenhouse is quite right as to the resemblance between these two tunes. As we wish to act on the right maxim of giving to every one his due, we have no hesitation in saying, that we believe this to be a mere modification of the Irish tune; although it has so long passed current in Scottish Collections as a Scottish air, as to be generally received as part of our national melodic property. Its structure shows it not to belong to ancient Scotland.



Fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,
Fee him, father, fee him;
Fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,
Fee him, father, fee him;
For he is a gallant lad,
And a weel-doin';
And a' the wark about the house
Gaes wi' me when I see him, quo' she,
Wi' me when I see him.

What will I do wi' him? quo he,
What will I do wi' him?
He's ne'er a sark upon his back—
And I hae nane to gi'e him.

I ha'e twa sarks into my kist,
And ane o' them I'll gi'e him;
And for a merk o' mair fee
Dinna stand wi' him, quo' she,
Diuna stand wi' him.

For weel do I lo'e him, quo' she, Weel do I lo'e him; For weel do I lo'e him, quo' she, Weel do I lo'e him.

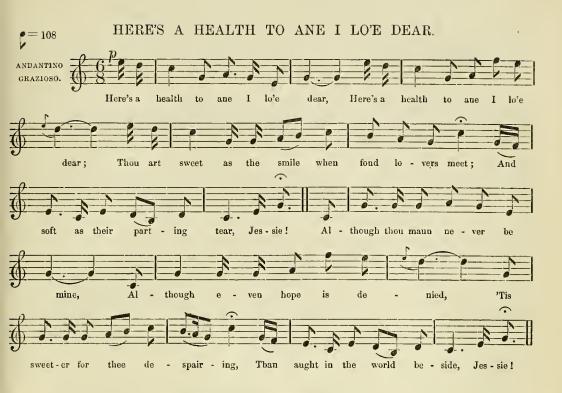
O fee him, father, fee him, quo' she, Fee him, father, fee him; He'll haud the pleugh, thrash in the harn, And crack wi' me at e'en, quo' she, And crack wi' me at e'en.

"Saw ve Johnne comin"?" "This song, for genuine humour, and lively originality in the air, is unparalleled. I take it to be very old."—Burns' Reliques. This observation has been hastily made; for the air, either when played or sung slowly, as it ought to be, is exceedingly pathetic, not lively. Burns afterwards became sensible of this; for, in one of his letters to Thomson, inserted in Currie's edition of his works, he says, "I enclose you Fraser's set of this tune; when he plays it slow, in fact he makes it the language of despair. Were it possible, in singing, to give it half the pathos which Fraser gives it in playing, it would make an admirable pathetic song. I shall here give you two stanzas in that style, merely to try if it will he any improvement." These stanzas begin "Thou hast left me ever, Jamie," &c. "Mr. Thomas Fraser, to whom Burns alludes, was an intimate acquaintance of the poet, and an excellent musician. He still lives, and is at present (1820) the principal oboe concerto player in Edinburgh, of which city he is a native. His style of playing the melodies of Scotland is peculiarly chaste and masterly." See Museum Illustrations, vol. i. pp. 5, 6. The Editor of the present work can speak of the abilities of Thomas Fraser as an excellent oboe player. For him, expressly, were written several solo passages in Orchestral Symphonies by the Editor, which were performed at the public Edinburgh "Fund Concerts," &c. Fraser died in 1825.

The following are the two stanzas written by Burns for this air, and sent to Mr. Thomson in September 1793:-

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 mann see thee never, Jamie,
I'll see thee never.

Thon hast me forsaken, Jamie,
Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,
Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,
Thou canst love anither jo,
While my heart is breaking:
Soon my weary e'en I'll close,
Never mair to waken, Jamie,
Ne'er mair to waken.

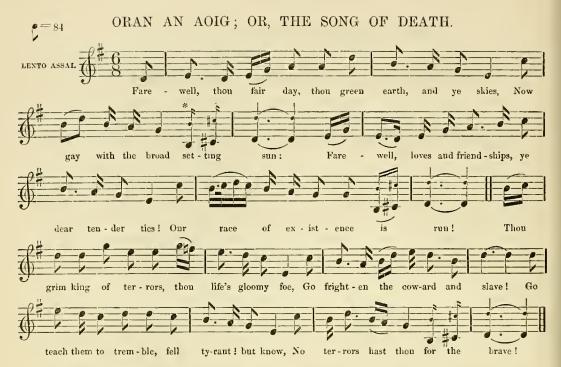


I mourn through the gay gaudy day,
As hopeless I muse on thy charms;
But welcome the dream o'sweet slumber,
For then I am lock'd in thy arms, Jessie!

I guess by the dear angel smile,
I guess by the love-rolling e'e;
But why urge the tender confession,
'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree?—Jessie!

"Here's a health to are I lo'e dear." In Blackie's "Book of Scottish Song," p. 133, is the following Note:—
"This exquisite little song was among the last Burns ever wrote. It was composed in honour of Jessie Lewars, (now Mrs. Thomson of Dumfries,) the sister of a brother exciseman of the poet, and one who has endeared her name to posterity by the affectionate solicitude with which she tended Burns during his last illness." Mr. Stenhouse, in vol. v. p. 371 of Museum, says that the air was communicated by Burns, but is not genuine. Mr. Stenhouse annexes a copy of the music in three-eight time, which he gives as correct, but does not say whence he derived it. The author of the tune is not known. It has little of a Scottish, and still less of an antique character. In Johnson's, and other more recent sets of the air, the rhythm is spoiled by an interpolation, to make it suit the metre of verses written by Burns, which do not correspond with the metre of the Jacobite song as given by Mr. Stenhouse; each stanza of which consists of three lines of eight syllables, and one of seven.

Burns himself strenuously opposed any alterations in national Scottish melodies. In a letter to Mr. Thomson, April 1793, in which he sends the song beginning "Farewell, thou stream that winding flows," he writes thus:—
"One hint let me give you—whatever Mr. Pleyel does, let him not alter one iota of the original Scottish airs; I mean in the song department; but let our national music preserve its native features. They are, I own, frequently wild and irreducible to the more modern rules; but on that very eccentricity, perhaps, depends a great part of their effect." In his answer to that letter, Mr. Thomson, 26th April 1793, says:—"Pleyel does not alter a single note of the songs. That would be absurd, indeed! With the airs which he introduces into the sonatas, I allow him to take such liberties as he pleases, but that has nothing to do with the songs."



Thou strik'st the dull peasant, he sinks in the dark,
Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name:

Thou strik'st the young hero, a glorious mark!

He falls in the blaze of his fame.

In the field of proud honour, our swords in our hauds, Our king and our country to save; While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,

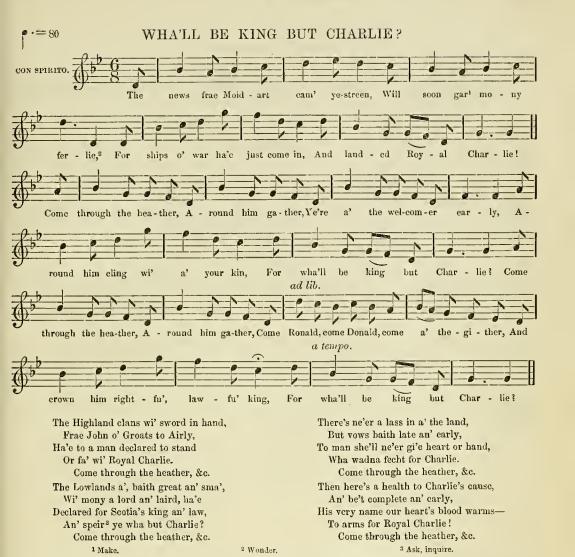
Oh, who would not die with the brave!

"Oran an Aoie; or, The Song of Death." In a letter addressed to Mrs. Dunlop, dated Ellisland, 17th December 1791, Burns says, "I have just finished the following song, which, to a lady, the descendant of many heroes of his truly illustrious line, and herself the mother of several soldiers, needs neither preface nor apology. Scene—a field of battle. Time of the day—evening. The wounded and the dying of the victorious army are supposed to join in the following Song of Death—'Farewell, thou fair day,' &c. The circumstance that gave rise to the foregoing verses, was looking over, with a musical friend, Macdonald's Collection of Highland Airs. I was struck with one, an Isle of Skye tune, entitled Oran an Aoig; or, The Song of Death, to the measure of which I have adapted my stanzas." In a recent work, entitled "The Romance of War, or the Highlanders in France and Belgium," by James Grant, Esq., late 62d Regiment, we find two very remarkable passages, one of which relates to the air Oran an Aoig. We quote from both. Speaking of the Gordon Highlanders, Mr. Grant, in his Preface, says, "Few, few indeed of the old corps are now alive; yet these all remember, with equal pride and sorrow,

'How upon bloody Quatre Bras, Brave Cameron heard the wild hurra Of conquest as he fell;'

and, lest any reader may suppose that in these volumes the national enthusiasm of the Highlanders has been overdrawn, I shall state one striking incident which occurred at Waterloo. On the advance of a heavy column of French infantry to attack La Haye Sainte, a number of the Highlanders sang the stirring verses of 'Bruce's Address to his army,' which at such a time, had a most powerful effect on their comrades; and long may such sentiments animate their representatives, as they are the best incentives to heroism, and to honest emulation." The following passage from the same work, relates to Colonel Cameron abovementioned, and to the air Oran an Aoig. Colonel Cameron of Fassifern, mortally wounded, is carried by some of his men and the surgeon, to a house in the village of Waterloo, to die. P. 163, et seq. Cameron addresses the piper: "'Come near me, Macvurich; I would hear the blast of the pipe once more ere I die. Play the ancient Death-Song of the Skye-men; my forefathers have often heard it without shrinking." "Oran an Aoig?" said the piper, raising his drones. The Colonel moved his hand, and Macvurich began to serew the pipes and sound a prelude on the reeds, whose notes, even in this harsh and discordant way, caused the eyes of the Highlander to flash and glare, as it roused the fierce northern spirit in his bosom. "He ordered that strange old tune to be played from the first moment I declared his wound to be mortal," said the surgeon in a low voice. "It is one of the saddest and wildest I ever heard."" For the real circumstances of Colonel Cameron's death at Waterloo, see letter from an officer (E. R.) in the United Service Magazine for June 1850.

<sup>\*</sup> Wherever this passage occurs, the upper notes may be sung, if the voice cannot reach the lower notes of the melody.



"WHA'LL DE KING DUT CHARLIE?" This air was published by Captain Simon Fraser in his "Airs and Melodies peculiar to the Highlands of Scotland and the Isles; Edinburgh, 1816." It is No. 136 of that work, the editor of which gives the following singularly curious Note upon it:—

"No. 136. This is a melody common to Ireland, as well as to the Highlands of Scotland,—but, having been known in this country since the 1745, as one of the incentives of rehellion; if originally Irish, some of the troops or partisans engaged for Charles from that country might have brought it over,—but the melody is simple and beautiful, assimilating itself very much to the style of either." The author of the words has not been discovered.

We subjoin the following particulars of the memorable landing of Prince Charles Edward:—"On the 19th July 1745, Charles cast anchor in Lochnanuagh, a small arm of the sea, partly dividing the countries of Moidart and Arisaig. . . . Charles came on shore upon the 25th; when the Doutelle, having landed her stores, again set sail for France. He was accompanied by only seven mea.—the Marquis of Tullibardine; Sir Thomas Sheridan, an Irish gentleman who had been tutor to the Prince; Sir John Macdonald, an officer in the Spanish service; Francis Strickland, an English gentleman; Kelly, an English clergyman; Æneas Macdonald, a banker in Paris, brother to Kinlochmoidart; and one Buchanan, a messenger. He first set foot on Scottish ground at Borodale, a farm belonging to Clanranald, close by the south shore of Lochnanuagh. Borodale is a wild piece of country, forming a kind of mountainous tongue of land betwixt two bays. It was a place suitable, above all others, for the circumstances and designs of the Prince, being remote and inaccessible, and, moreover, the very centre of that country where Charles's secret friends resided. It belongs to a tract of stern mountain land, prodigiously serrated by æstuaries, which lies immediately to the north of the débouché of the great Glen of Albyn, now occupied by the Calcdonian Canal."—Chambers' History of the Rebellion of 1745.



There sat1 a bottle in a bole,2 Beyont the ingle 3 low;4 And ay she took the tither souk, To drouk 5 the stourie 6 tow. The weary pund, &c.

Quoth I, For shame, ye dirty dame, Gae spin your tap o' tow! She took the rock, and wi' a knock, She brak it o'er my pow.7 The weary pund, &c.

4 Flame.

At last her feet, I sang to sce't, Gaed 8 foremost o'er the knowe ; 9 And or I wad 10 anither jad, I'll wallop in a tow!11 The weary pund, &c.

In Ayrshire, sit is generally used instead of stand. 6 Dusty.

7 Head. 8 Went. 2 A recess. 9 Hillock.

3 Fire. 19 E'er I wed. 5 To moisten.

11 Dangle in a rope,

<sup>&</sup>quot;The Weary fund o' tow." The tune and the title of this song are from Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, Book viii. The verses were written by Burns for Johnson's Museum. There is no trace of the author of the air, which is one of our best modern Scottish airs. Its structure shows it to be modern; that is to say, that it is not older than the earlier part of the eighteenth century. From the skilful way in which Burns composed verses to Scottish airs, we have long been of opinion that he must not only have had a musical ear, but must have had some practical knowledge of music. On mentioning our opinion to a friend, he confirmed it by facts which we are not at liberty to state, but which we bope he will soon give to the public.



In mirkest<sup>3</sup> glen, at midnight hour,
I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie, O;
If thro' 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 weary, O,
I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O!

The hour when the ewes are driven into the pen to be milked.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,

To rouse the mountain deer, my jo;
At noon the fisher seeks the glen,

Along the burn to steer, my jo;
Gi'e me the hour o' gloamin' gray,

It mak's my heart sae cheerie, O,
To meet thee on the lea-rig,

My ain kind dearie, O.

<sup>2</sup> Dull; exhausted.

3 Darkest, 4 Frightened.

"My ain kind dearie, O." James Oswald published the old melody in his Caledonian Pocket Companion, vol. iii. Its author is not known. It was more anciently called "The lea-rig," from a song beginning,

"I'll rowe thee o'er the lea-rig, My ain kind dearie, O; I'll rowe thee o'er the lea-rig, My ain kind dearie, O. Although the night were ne'er sae wat, And I were ne'er sae weary, O, I'll rowe thee o'er the lea-rig, My ain kind dearie, O."

The words here given to the air were written by Bnrns in October 1792. It will be seen that he availed himself of the fifth and sixth lines of the old song in his second stanza. In his letter to Mr. Thomson, sending two stanzas of the new song, he says, "Let me tell you, that you are too fastidious in your ideas of songs and ballads. I own that your criticisms are just; the songs you specify in your list have, all but one, the faults you remark in them; but who shall mend the matter? Who shall rise up and say—Go to, I will make a better? For instance, on reading over 'The lea-rig,' I immediately set about trying my hand on it, and, after all, I could make nothing more of it than the following, which heaven knows, is poor enough."

The following stanzas were written for this air by William Reid, Bookseller, Glasgow. Ferguson's song, of which they were intended to be a continuation, is scarcely fit for insertion here.—

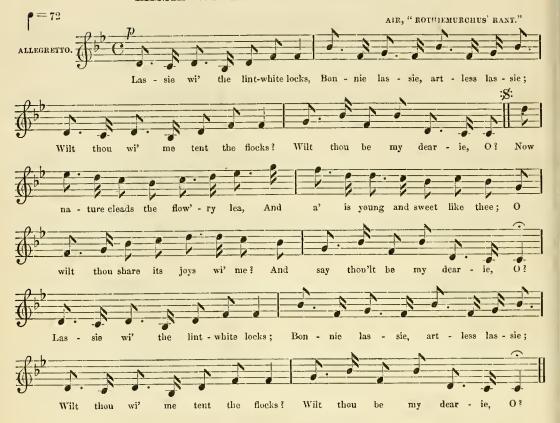
At gloamin', if my lane I be,
Oh, but I'm wondrous eerie, O:
And mony a heavy sigh I gi'e,
When absent frae my dearie, O;
But seated 'neath the milk-white thorn,
In ev'ning fair and clearie, O,
Enraptured, a' my cares I scorn,
When wi' my kind dearie, O.

Whare through the birks the burnie rows,
Aft ha'e I sat fu' cheerie, O,
Upon the bonnie greensward howes,
Wi' thee, my kind dearie, O.

I've courted till I've heard the craw Of honest chanticleerie, O, Yet never miss'd my sleep ava, Whan wi' my kind dearie, O.

For though the night were ne'er sae dark,
And I were ne'er sae weary, O,
I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.
While in this weary warld of wae,
This wilderness sae drearie, O,
What makes me blythe, and keeps me sae?
'Tis thee, my kind dearie, O!

### LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS.



The succeeding verses begin at the sign : S:

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

Lassie wi' the lint-white locks, &c.

When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,
The weary shearer's hameward way;
Thro' yellow waving fields we'll stray,
And talk o' love, my dearie, O.
Lassie wi' the lint-white locks, &c.

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

<sup>&</sup>quot;Lassie wi' the lint-white locks." Burus, in a letter to George Thomson, September 1794, makes the following observations:—"I am sensible that my taste in music must be inelegant and vulgar, because people of undisputed and cultivated taste can find no merit in my favourite tunes. Still, because I am cheaply pleased, is that any reason why I should deny myself that pleasure? Many of our strathspeys, ancient and modern, give me most exquisite enjoyment, where you and other judges would probably be showing disgust. For instance, I am just now making verses for 'Rothemurche's Rant,' an air which puts me in raptures; and, in fact, unless I be pleased with the tune, I never can make verses to it. Here I have Clarke on my side, [Stephen Clarke, an Englishman,] who is a judge that I will pit against any of you. 'Rothemurche,'\* he says, 'is an air both original and beautiful;' and on his recommendation, I have taken the first part of the tune for a chorus, and the fourth, or last part, for the song. I am but two stanzas deep in the work, and possibly you may think, and justly, that the poetry is as little worth your attention as the music." The sorg that Burns here alluded to was "Lassie wi' the lint-white locks," which he sent to Mr. Thomson in November 1794.

<sup>\*</sup> Rothiemurchus.

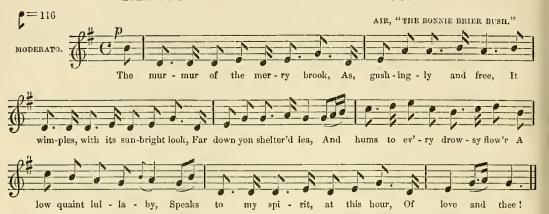


No cruel fair shall ever move My injured heart again to love; Through distant climates I must rove, Since Jeanie she has left me, O!

Ye powers above, 1 to your care Commit my lovely, charming fair; Your choicest blessings be her share, Though she's for ever left me, O!

<sup>&</sup>quot;FOR LACK OF GOLD." The author of this song was Adam Austin, M.D., an Edinburgh physician. Notwithstanding his threat in the second stanza of his song, he thought better, and married, on 17th September 1754, Miss Anne Sempill, sister of the Right Honourable Lord Sempill. This lady survived her husband nearly twenty years; Dr. Austin dying 28th November 1774, and his wife 27th November 1793. The lady alluded to in the song was Miss Jean Drummond of Megginch, who jilted the Doctor for James Duke of Atholl, whom she married 7th June 1749. She survived the Duke, and also her second husband, Lord Adam Gordon, and died 22d February 1795. Mr. Sharpe says, "There is a portrait of this fickle Duchess at Abercairney; anything but beautiful." See Museum Illustrations, vol. ii. pp. 153, and 214, 215. As to the air, see Note upon "The brier hush," p. 75 of this work.

### THE MURMUR OF THE MERRY BROOK.



The music of the gay green wood,

When every leaf and tree
Is coax'd by winds, of gentlest mood,
To utter harmony;
And the small birds, that answer make
To the winds' fitful glee,
Iu me most blissful visions wake,
Of love and thee.

The rose perks up its blushing cheek,
So soon as it can see,
Along the eastern hills, one streak
Of the sun's majesty:
Laden with dewy gems, it gleams
A precious freight to me,
For each pure drop thereon me seems
A type of thee.

[And when abroad in summer morn, I hear the blythe bold bee Winding aloft his tiny horn, (An errant knight perdy,) That winged hunter of rare sweets,
O'er many a far country,
To me a lay of love repeats,
Its subject—thee.]

And when, in midnight hour, I note
The stars so pensively,
In their mild beauty, onward float
Through heaven's own silent sea:
My heart is in their voyaging
To realms where spirits be,
But its mate, in such wandering,
Is ever thee.

[But, oh, the murmur of the brook,
The music of the tree;
The rose with its sweet shamefaced look,
The booming of the bee;
The course of each bright voyager,
In heaven's unmeasured sea,
Would not one heart pulse of me stir,
Loved I not thee!]

[The stanzas within brackets may be omitted.]

"THE MURNUR OF THE MERRY BROOK." This song was written by William Motherwell, and was published in his Poems, Glasgow, 1832. We have adapted it here to the melody of "The brier bush," as the words usually sung to that air are but indifferent. We subjoin them, however, in case they should be preferred to those we have given above. They are an improved version of the original song sent to Johnson's Museum by Burns. For an account of the air, see the next Note.

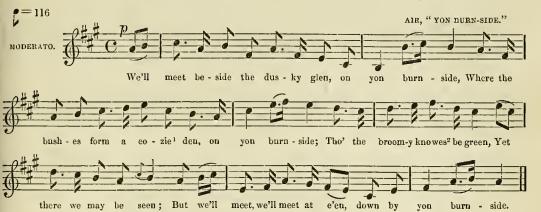
There grows a bonnie brier bush in our kail-yard; And white are the blossoms o't in our kail-yard: Like wee bit white cockauds for our loyal Hieland lads; And the lassies lo'e the bonnie bush in our kail-yard.

But were they a' true that were far awa'?
Oh! were they a' true that were far awa'?
They drew up wi' glaiket¹ Englishers at Carlisle ha',
And forgot auld frien's when far awa'.

Ye'll come nae mair, Jamie, where aft you've been; Ye'll come nae mair, Jamie, to Athole's Green; Ye lo'ed ower weel the dancin' at Carlisle ha', And forgot the Hieland hills that were far awa'.

He's comin' frac the North that's to fancy me, He's comin' frac the North that's to fancy me; A feather in his bonnet, a ribbon at his knee; He's a bonnic Hieland laddic, and you be na he.

# WE'LL MEET BESIDE THE DUSKY GLEN.



I'll lead thee to the birken bow'r, on yon burn-side, Sae sweetly wove wi' woodbine flow'r, on yon burn-side; There the mavis we will hear, And the blackbird singin' clear,

As on my arm ye lean, down by yon burn-side.

Awa', ye rude unfeeling crew, frae yen burn-side;
Those fairy scenes are no for you, by yen burn-side;
There fancy smooths her theme,
By the sweetly murnuring 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 foggy shroud o'er yon burn-side; Far frae the noisy scene, I'll through the fields alane;

There we'll meet, my ain dear Jean! down by yon burn-side.

Warm, snug, well sheltered.

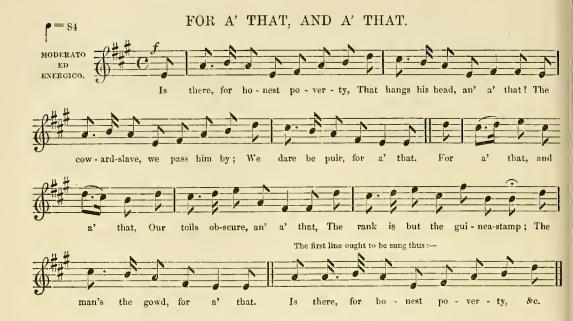
<sup>2</sup> Hillocks,

3 Twilight.

"We'll meet neside the dusky glen." This air is another version of "The brief bush," which seems to have been recovered by R. A. Smith. It was published by him in connexion with Tannahill's song, early in the present century. As the poet and the musician were intimately acquainted, the following extracts from a letter of R. A. Smith, (published in "The Harp of Renfrewshire,") may be interesting to the admirers of Tannahill's genius:—

"My first introduction to Tannahill was in consequence of hearing his song, 'Blythe was the time,' sung while it was yet in manuscript. I was so much struck with the beauty and natural simplicity of the language, that I found means shortly afterwards of being introduced to its author. The acquaintance thus formed, gradually ripened into a warm and steady friendship, that was never interrupted in a single instance till his lamented death." "It was only from his compositions that a stranger could form any estimate of his talents—his appearance indicated no marks of genius—his manner was rather distant, and it was but in company with a few with whom he was very intimate, that his conversation became animated: in a large assembly he appeared to great disadvantage; was quite uneasy, and seldom spoke, except to the person nearest him, if he happened to be an acquaintance."

The older version of "The brier bush," which we have given p. 74, was first published in the fifth volume of Johnson's Museum, about 1798. Mr. Stenhouse's Note upon the air and song, as given in the Museum, is as follows:—"This song, with the exception of a few lines, which are old, was written by Burns for the Museum. It is accordingly marked with the letter Z, to denote its being an old song with additions. Burns likewise communicated the air to which the words are adapted. It is apparently the progenitor of the improved tune, called 'For the lake of gold she's left me,' to which Dr. Austin's words are adapted, and which the reader will find inserted in the second volume of the Museum." See Museum Illustrations, vol. v. p. 432. Whatever part of these verses was written by Burns, is by no means worthy of his pen. Instead of the air communicated by Burns being "the progenitor" of the air called "For the lack of gold," &c., the reverse seems much more probable; since the melody of an old song, "For the lak of gold I lost her, 0," is given by Oswald in his "Pocket Companion." The air communicated by Burns secus but an altered fragment of the other; and was, perhaps, picked up by him from the singing of some country girl.



What the 'on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden-grey, 'an' a' that?
Gi'e fools their silks, an' knaves their wine;
A man's a man, for a' that;
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their tinsel show, an' a' that,
The honest man, the 'e'er sae puir,
Is king o' men, for a' that

Ye see you birkie, 2 ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a cuif, 3 for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
His ribbon, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks an' laughs at a' that.

<sup>1</sup> Cloth used by the peasantry, which has the natural colour of the wool.
<sup>4</sup> Try; attempt; venture.

A king can mak' a helted knight,
A marquis, duke, an' a' that;
But an honest man's abune his might—
Gude faith, he maunna fa'\* that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their dignities, an' a' that,
The pith o' sense, the pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

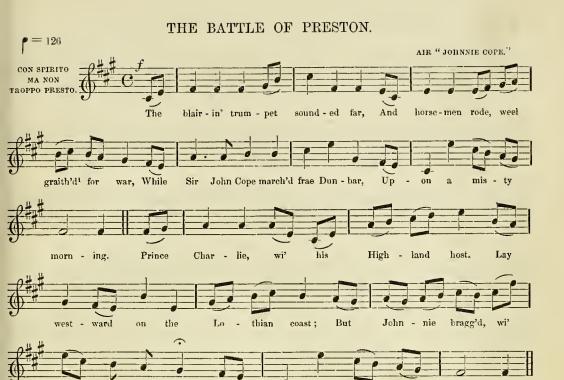
Then let us pray, that come it may,
As come it will, for a' that,
That sense an' worth o'er a' the earth,
May hear the gree, an' a' that;
For a' that, an' a' that,
It's comin' yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be, for a' that.

<sup>2</sup> A young fellow.
<sup>3</sup> A simpleton; a fool
<sup>5</sup> Pre-eminence; superiority.

<sup>&</sup>quot;For a' that, an' a' that." We have no information regarding the authorship of the air. Burns wrote two songs to it; one for the Museum, in 1789, beginning "Tho' women's minds, like winter winds;" and the other in 1794. The latter is the song we have adopted. Mr. Stenhouse speaks of this song as follows:—"In 1794, Burns wrote the following capital verses to the same air, which were handed about in manuscript a considerable time before they appeared in print. They unfortunately came out at a period when political disputes ran very high, and his enemies did not fail to interpret every sentence of them to his prejudice. That he was the zealous friend of rational and constitutional freedom, will not be denied; but that he entertained principles hostile to the safety of the State, no honest man that knew him, will ever venture to maintain. In fact, what happened to Burns, has happened to most men of genius. During times of public commotion, there are always to be found vile and dastardly scoundrels, who, to render themselves favourites with those in power, and push their own selfish views of interest and ambition, are ever ready to calumniate the characters, and misrepresent the motives and actions of their neighbours, however good, innocent, or meritorious." See Museum Illustrations, vol. iii. pp. 284, 285. In other editions, the melody begins with two semiquavers; for these we have substituted a quaver, as more manly and decided, and therefore better suited to the character of the words; and as the accentuation of the first line of the song requires a slight alteration of the melody, we have given the proper notation for it at the end of the air.

ing.

morn



rout

them

He'd

Lang ere the cock proclaim'd it day,
The Prince's men stood in array;
And, though impatient for the fray,
Bent low the knee that morning.
When row-dow roll'd the English drum,
The Highland bagpipe gi'ed a bum,
And told the mountain Clans had come,
Grim death and danger scorning.

a

boast.

mo

ny

Ilk hand was firm, ilk heart was true;
A shot! and down their guns they threw;
Then forth their dread claymores they drew,
Upon that fearfu' morning.
The English raised a loud huzza,
But durstna bide the brunt ava;
They waver'd—tnrn'd—syne ran awa',
Like sheep at shepherd's warning.

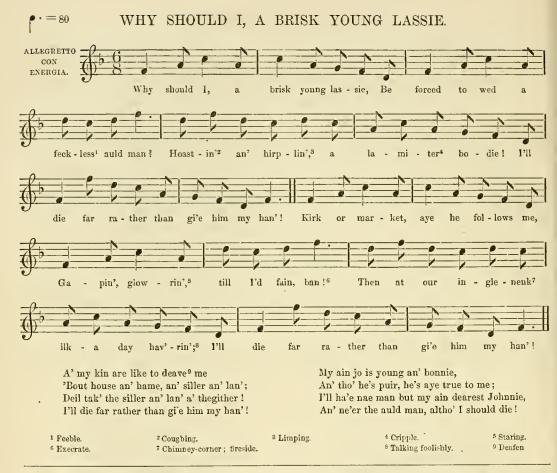
Fast, fast, their foot and horsemen flew;
And caps were mix'd wi' bonnets blue,
And dirks were wet—but no wi' dew,
Upon that dreadfn' morning.
Few stay'd—save ae devoted band—
To bide the blow frae Highland brand,
That swept around—and head and hand
Lopp'd, on that bluidy morning.

neist

What sad mishaps that few befell!
When faint had grown the hattle's yell,
Still Gardiner fonght—and fighting fell,
Upon that awesome morning!
Nae braggart—but a sodger he,
Wha scorn'd wi' coward loons to flee;
Sae fell aneath the auld thorn tree,
Upon that fatal morning!

1 Accoutred.

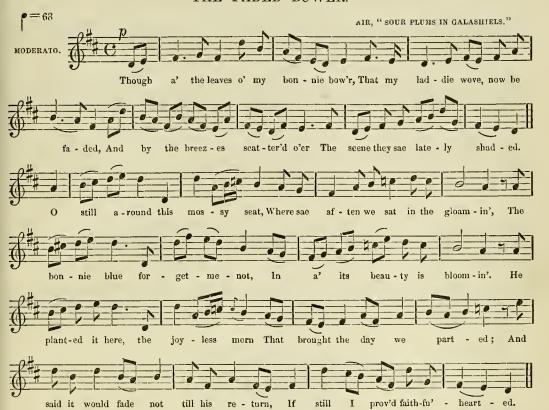
<sup>&</sup>quot;Johnnie Cope." "This old air," says Mr. Stenhouse, "which originally consisted of one strain, was formerly adapted to some silly verses of a song, entitled 'Fye to the hills in the morning.' The chorns, or burden of the song, was the first strain repeated an octave higher. An indifferent set of the tune, under the title of 'Johny Cope,' appears in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, vol. ix." See Museum Illustrations, vol. iii. p. 219. The verses given to the air in this work were written by the late Captain Charles Gray, R M.



"Why should I, a being young Lassie." The air is No. 48 of Mr. Dauney's edition of the Skene MS., and bears the title, "I will not goe to my bed till I suld die." The air is spirited and worth reviving; and the only liberty taken with it has been to reduce the extreme instrumental leaps in the Skene MS. to a vocal condition. The old words being lost, the verses here given to the air were written by a friend of the Publishers. The old title suggested the present verses. With regard to the irregularity of the rhythm, or rather metre, in these stauzas, the writer quotes thus from Moore:—"In the Preface to the fifth volume of 'The Poetical Works of Thomas Moore,' collected by himself, 1841, the following passage occurs:—'Those occasional breaches of the laws of rhythm, which the task of adapting words to airs demands of the poet, though very frequently one of the happiest results of his skill, become hlemishes when the verse is separated from the melody, and require, to justify them, the presence of the music to whose wildness or sweetness the sacrifice had been made. In a preceding page of this preface, I have mentioned a Treatise by the late Rev. Mr. Crowe, on English versification; and I remembr his telling me, in reference to the point I have just touched upon, that, should another edition of that work be called for, he meant to produce, as examples of new and anomalous forms of versification, the following songs from the Irish Melodies, 'Oh the days are gone when beauty bright,' 'At the dead hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly,' and, 'Through grief and through danger thy smile hath cheered my way.'"

In addition to Mr. Moore's remarks, allusion may be made to the irregular versification of the ancient Latin ballad-mongers—reciters and singers of Ballistea, whence our term Ballad—and even to the Latin hymns of the earlier Christian poets. We may also refer, passim, to the remarkable and now very scarce work on Music, written in Latin by the blind Spanish Professor of Music at Salamanca, Francis Salinas, and published there in 1577; especially to a passage in that work, page 356, where he gives a specimen of singular Spanish versification, together with the music sung to it. The words are "Perricos de mi señora, No me mordades agora." On this he makes the following observation—we translate:—"I have not found versification of this kind among either the Greeks or the Latins; nor do I think it is to be found among the French or the Italians. But it is credible that it was introduced among the Spaniards—together with many other customs and words and songs—by the Arabians, after they took possession of Spain, which they occupied for more than seven hundred years."

## THE FADED BOWER.

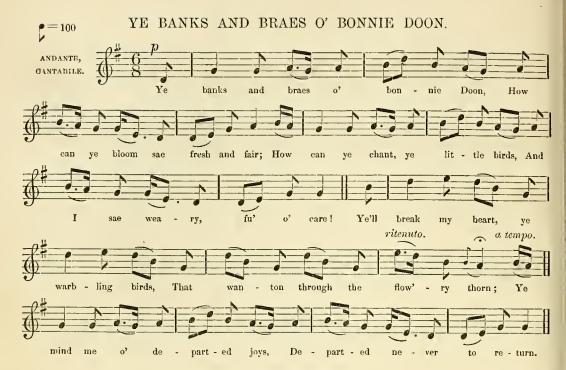


My heart still is true, and it shares my sigh,
When the breeze has ceased frae hlawing,
And it drinks oft a drop frae this lonely eye,
When nae dews frae heaven are fa'ing.
But his heart may be here, though his step be far
On the wilds o' the glens and moorlands,

While he thinks on the times when he wove for my hair,
O' the boughs and the blossoms the garlands:
And the bonnie, bonnie blue forget-me-not,
Shall spread not its leaves to lose them,
Till twined wi' my locks, on this blessed spot,
It fade on his beating bosom.

"The Faded Bower." Air, "Sour plums in Galashiels." The old title, says Burns, was probably the beginning of a song to this air, which is now lost. The tune of Galashiels was composed about the beginning of last century, 1700, by the laird of Galashiels' piper; and Mr. Cromek adds, that the piper of Galashiels was the subject of an unpublished mock-heroic poem by Hamilton of Bangour.—Reliques. In the Additional Illustrations to the Museum, Mr. Laing of the Signet Library gives a portion of a Journal kept by Alexander Campbell, the editor of Albyn's Anthology, when on a Border tour in 1816, for the purpose of collecting local tunes. This contains notices of the best Border pipers of the eighteenth eentury, taken down from the conversation of Mr. Thomas Scott, (the uncle of Sir Walter Scott,) who was himself a skilful performer on the Lowland or bellows pipe. One of these was Donald Maclean of Galashiels, "a capital piper, and the only one who could play on the pipe the old popular tune of 'Sour plums of Galashiels,' it requiring a peculiar art of pinching the back-note of the chanter with the thumb, to produce the higher notes of the melody in question." Sir Walter Scott records, that bis uncle, Thomas Scott, died in 1823, aged 90. He, "being a great musician on the Scotch pipes, had, when on his death-bed, a favourite tune played over to him by his son James, that he might be sure he left him in full possession of it. After hearing it, he hummed it over himself, and corrected it in several of the notes. The air was called, Sour plums in Galashiels."—Lockhart's Life of Scott, vol. i. This old tune first appears in the Orpheus Caledonius, 1725.

The old words, beginning, "Ab, the poor shepherd's mournful fate," were written by Hamilton of Bangour, and published by Ramsay in his Tea-Table Miscellany in 1725. The verses which we have adopted for this work were written by the Rev. Henry Scott Riddell, and are here published by his express permission.



Oft ha'e I roved by bonnie Doon,

To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its love,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.

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

"YE BANKS AND BRAES O' BONNIE DOON." In a letter to Mr. Thomson, November 1794, Burns says, "There is an air, 'The Caledonian Hunt's Delight,' to which I wrote a song that you will find in Johnson-'Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon;' this air, I think, might find a place among your hundred, as Lear says of his knights. Do you know the history of the air? It is curious enough. A good many years ago, Mr. James Miller, writer in your good town, a gentleman whom possibly you know, was in company with our friend Clarke; and talking of Scottish music, Miller expressed an ardent ambition to be able to compose a Scots air. Mr. Clarke, partly by way of joke, told him to keep to the black keys of the harpsichord, and preserve some kind of rhythm, and he would infallibly compose a Scots air. Certain it is, that, in a few days, Mr. Miller produced the rudiments of an air, which Mr. Clarke, with some touches and corrections, fashioned into the tune in question. Ritson, you know, has the same story of the black keys; but this account which I have just given you, Mr. Clarke informed me of several years ago. Now, to show you how difficult it is to trace the origin of our airs, I have heard it repeatedly asserted that this was an Irish air; nay, I met with an Irish gentleman who affirmed he had heard it in Ireland among the old women; while, on the other hand, a Countess informed me, that the first person who introduced the air into this country was a baronet's lady of her acquaintance, who took down the notes from an itinerant piper in the Isle of Man. How difficult then to ascertain the truth respecting our poesy and music! I, myself, have lately seen a couple of ballads sung through the streets of Dumfries, with my name at the head of them as the author, though it was the first time I had ever seen them." Very recently the publishers met with a sheet song, entitled, "List! list to my story," published without imprint about 1801, as the water-mark on the paper shows, and on which "Ye banks and brace o' bonnie Doon" is stated to be an Irish air.

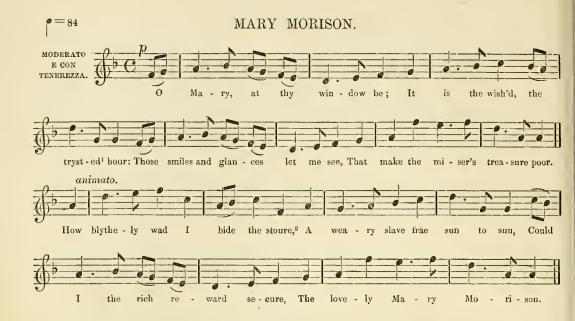
Another and an earlier version of this song was found by Cromek among Burns' papers, and was admitted into the "Reliques." It is even more simple and touching than the altered version; and it is said that whenever the genius of Burns was a topic of conversation, Cromek used to descant on the exquisite simplicity and force of his sentiments and language, and generally instanced the last two verses of the first copy of "The banks o' Doon," as a fine specimen of his natural powers. See Cunningham's Burns, vol. iv. p. 245.



Yet, oh! gin heaven in mercy soon
Would grant the boon I erave,
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.

<sup>&</sup>quot;The Waefu' Heart." Mr. Stenhouse's Note on this air is as follows:—"Both the words and music of this elegant and pathetic song were taken from a single sheet, printed at London about the year 1788, and sold by Joseph Dale, No. 19, Cornhill, 'sung by Master Knyvett.' From these circumstances, I am led to conclude that it is a modern Anglo-Scottish production, especially as it does not appear in any of the old collections of our songs. If it he an imitation of the Scottish style, however, it is a very successful one." See Museum Illustrations, vol. iii. p. 228. Patrick Maxwell, Esq., the editor of the Poetical Works of Miss Susanna Blamire, the "Muse of Cumberland," (Edinburgh, 1842.) has no doubt that she was the authoress of "The Wacfu' Heart." He says, "Having long had a settled conviction in my mind that the writer of 'The Siller Crown' was also the writer of 'The Wacfu' Heart;' and having ascertained beyond a doubt that the first-mentioned song was the production of Miss Blamire, I thought it would be useful to print the songs together, the better to examine their styles, and to see how closely they resembled each other in sentiment and expression. I think it cannot fail to strike every one, that the second song is a continuation of the first; had the 'Jamie' of the latter but been the 'Donald' of the former, the likeness would have heen perfect," &c. See "Memoir of Miss Blamire," pp. xl. xli. et seq.



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 you 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 thon break that heart of his,
Whase only faut is loving thee?
If love for love thou wilt na gi'e,
At least be pity to me shown,
A thocht ungentle canna he
The thocht of Mary Morison.

<sup>1</sup> Appointed; agreed upon.
<sup>2</sup> Dust; metaphorically—labour, hardship.
<sup>3</sup> Tigh; ened.—In some editions "trembling" is substituted for "stented."

"Mary Morison." In Johnson's Museum the air is called "The Miller;" and is there given with verses written by Sir John Clerk of Pennycnick, Bart., one of the Barons of the Court of Exchequer in Scotland, and a man of remarkable learning and accomplishments in his day. One of his younger sons was John Clerk of Eldin, Esq., distinguished for his work on "Naval Tactics," and the father of the late Lord Eldin, an eminent Scotlish lawyer. See Museum Illustrations, vol. ii. pp. 120, 203. The humorons verses by Sir John Clerk do not appear to us to be very suitable to the air, which is in a minor key, and of a tender and rather pathetic character. We have therefore substituted for them the words by Burns, which begin, "O Mary, at thy window be," and which were, as he says, "one of his juvenile works." He had written them to the air of "Bide ye yet;" and we think his having done so exhibits one of the very rare instances in which Burns did not perceive that the air was not well suited to the words that he wrote for it. The air of "The Miller," on the contrary, is well adapted to the song of "Mary Morison."

The author of the air is not known. Its date seems to belong to a period not earlier than the commencement of the last century. Captain Charles Gray, R.M., in his "Cursory Remarks on Scottish Song," introduces "Mary Morison" as follows:—"The late William Hazlitt, who wrote many works on the belles lettres, pays a high compliment to the genius of Burns, in his 'Lectures on the British Poets.' The passage has often been quoted, but as the memories of all the admirers of our Bard may not be so good as our own, we may be pardoned if we quote it again. 'Of all the productions of Burns, the pathetic and serious love-songs which he has left behind him, in the manner of the old ballads, are perhaps those which take the deepest and most lasting hold of the mind. Such as the lines on "Mary Morison," those entitled, "Jessie," and the song beginning, "Oh, my love is like a red, red rose."' Now, it so happens that 'My love,' &c., is an old ballad, which proves the discernment of Hazlitt as a critic."



Gin a body meet a body
Comin' frae the well,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body tell?
Ilka lassie has her laddie,
Ne'er a ane ha'e I;
But a' the lads they smile on me
When comin' thro' the rye.

Gin a hody meet a body
Comin' frae the town,
Gin a body greet a body,
Need a body gloom?
Ilka lassie has her laddie,
Nane they say ha'e 1;
But a' the lads they lo'e me weel,
And what the waur am 1?

Miss Stephens was accustomed to conclude the song with the following lines sung to the first part of the air:-

Amang the train there is a swain
I dearly lo'e mysel';
But whaur his hame, or what his name,
I dinna care to tell.

1 H.

2 Often sung "greet."

3 Each; every.

"Comin' thro' the Rye." There are three versions of this air inserted in Johnson's Museum, the first of which was probably communicated by Burns. As the second is the most popular, as well as the most characteristic, we have adopted it in this work. Mr. Stenhouse's Notes upon them are as follows:—"1st Set. This song was written by Burns. The air is taken from the third and fourth strains of the strathspey called 'The Miller's Daughter.' See Gow's First Collection."—"2d Set. The words and music of this song, beginning, 'Gin a body meet a body,' are parodied from the first set, which was published as a single sheet song before it was copied into the Museum. Mr. John Watlen, musician and music-seller, formerly in Edinburgh, now in London, afterwards altered the first strain of the former tune a little, and published it with the new words. His edition had a considerable run." The third version is adapted to the words, "I've been courting at a lass, these twenty days and mair." It hears a striking resemblance to the others; but is styled by Mr. Stenhouse, "Ah, ha! Johnnie, lad, you're nae sae kind's ye sud ha' heen." See Museum Illustrations, vol. v. p. 377.

The following stanzas are very frequently sung to this air; they were written by Mr. Dunlop, Collector of Customs, Port-Glasgow:—

Oh! dinna ask me gin I lo'e thee;
Troth, I daurna tell:
Dinna ask me gin I lo'e ye;
Ask it o' yoursel'.
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.



Whae'er ye be that woman love,
To this be never blind,
Nae ferlie<sup>5</sup> 'tis tho' fickle she prove,
A woman has't by kind.

1 Fool. 2 Plenty.

8 Riches; goods.

I mean an angel mind.

4 Lost.

Au angel form's fa'n to thy share,

'Twad been o'er meikle to [ha'e] gi'en thee mair-

5 Wonder.

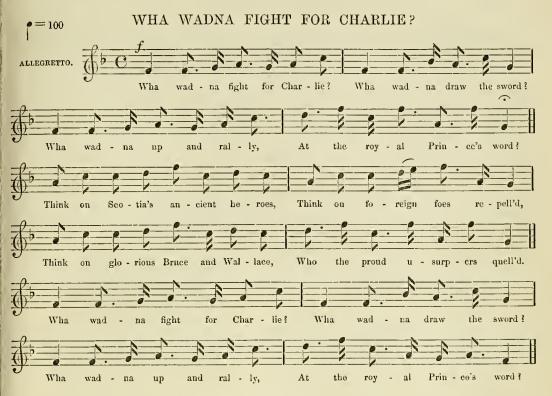
"She's fatr and fause." Mr. Stenhouse informs us, that "Burns picked up this charming old melody in the country, and wrote the verses to which it is so happily adapted in the Museum." See Museum Illustrations, vol. iv. p. 359. We have no doubt that this was the case, for Burns, as we have already had occasion to remark, was very successful in recovering old melodies that were but little known, and at once giving them a more extended circulation, by writing songs for them. In this instance, however, Oswald had already rescued the air from oblivion, by printing it in his Caledonian Pocket Companion, book iv., where it appears under the title of "The lads of Leith." In the first stanza of the song, the repetition of the word "gear" in rhyme is rather a blemish.

In his "Cursory Remarks on Scottish Song," No. 3, Captain Charles Gray, R.M., quotes Burns regarding "A Collection of Songs:"—"That volume was my vade mecum. I pored over them during my work, or walking to my labour, song by song, verse by verse—carefully noticing the true tender or sublime, from affectation or fustian; and I am convinced, that I owe to this practice most of my critic-craft, such as it is." Captain Gray thinks that this Collection of Songs, so much studied by Burns, was most probably the first or second edition of the "Scots Nightingale;" the second edition, "with one hundred modern songs," having been printed in 1779. Captain Gray gives reasons for his opinion by quotations; and, among others, quotes from the "Scots Nightingale," "The Address;" the last four lines of which seem to have suggested to Burns a striking idea in his song, "She's fair and fause."

The four last lines of the "Address" are-

"To bless is Heaven's peculiar grace;
Let me a blessing find:
And since you wear an angel's face,
Oh show an angel's mind!"

Burns, doubtless, borrowed the idea; but he improved it, as his verses shew. Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, and other great poets, were great borrowers—improving upon the ideas they adopted from others. The first poet who borrowed nothing from any one is yet unknown. In No. 4 of his Remarks, Captain Gray mentions another book,—"The Lark, being a Collection of the most celebrated and newest Songs, Scots and English, 1765,"—which also contains "The Address" above quoted; and thence infers, that "The Lark" may, still more probably, have been the Collection referred to by Burns.

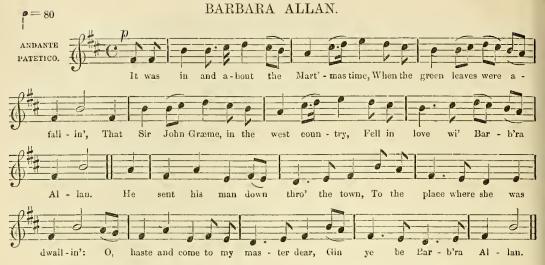


Rouse, rouse, ye kilted warriors!
Rouse, ye heroes of the north!
Rouse, and join your chieftain's hanners—
'Tis your Prince that leads you forth!
Shall we basely crouch to tyrants?
Shall we own a foreign sway?
Shall a royal Stuart he banish'd,
While a stranger rules the day?
Wha wadua fight, &c.

See the northern clans advancing!
See Glengarry and Lochiel!
See the brandish'd broadswords glancing!—
Highland hearts are true as steel!
Now our Prince has raised his banner,
Now triumphant is our cause,
Now the Scottish lion rallies—
Let us strike for Prince and laws.
Wha wadna fight, &c.

"Wha wadna fight for Charle?" James Hogg gives this song and air in the second series of his "Jacobite Relics of Scotlaud," pp. 100, 101; Edinburgh, William Blackwood; London, Cadell and Davies. 1821. Hogg's Note upon it, ibid. p. 305, is as follows:—"Song LIV. 'Wha wadna fight for Charlie?' is likewise a Buchan song, sent me by Mr. John Wallace. The air has the same name; but in the south is called, 'Will ye go and marry, Katie?" The air is evidently a strathspey. It is printed in Johnson's Museum, vol. v., with the words, "Will ye go and marry, Katie?" which appear to have been recovered and sent to the publisher of that work by Burns. In Gow's Second Collection of Strathspeys and Reels, it is called, "Marry Ketty."

Hogg does not say whether this lyric was sent to him as a real Jacobite war-song, written to rouse the clans to follow their Prince into the field, or whether it is merely a modern imitatiou. Internal evidence would lead us to the belief that its composition dates much nearer to 1845 than to 1745. To be an old song, it is too correct in rhymes, too refined in language, and it wants that characteristic of the Jacobite muse—unsparing abuse of the House of Ilanover.



O, hooly, hooly, rase she up
To the place where he was lyin',
And when she drew the curtain by—
Young man, I think ye're dyin'.

It's oh, I'm siek, I'm very very siek,
And it's a' for Barbara Allan.

O, the better for me ye'se never be,
Though your heart's blude were a spillin'.

Oh, dinna ye mind, young man, she said, When the red wine ye were fillin'. That ye made the healths gae round and round, And slichtit Barbara Allan?

He turn'd his face unto the wa',
And death was with him dealin':

1 Slowly.

Adieu, adieu, my dear friends a', And be kind to Barbara Allan.

And slowly, slowly rase she up,
And slowly, slowly left him,
And sighin', said, she could not stay,
Since death of life had reft him.

She hadua gane a mile but twa,
When she heard the deid-bell knellin',
And every jow 2 that the deid-bell gi'cd,
It cried, Woe to Barbara Allan.

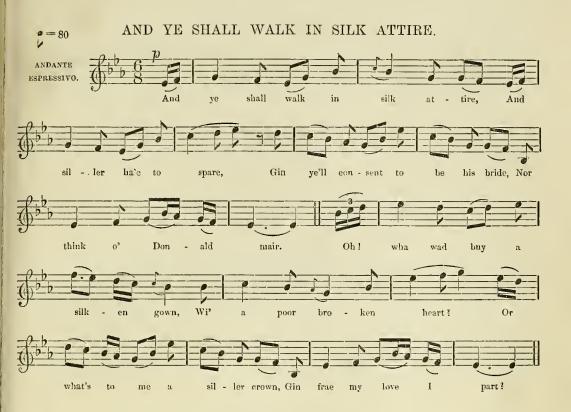
Oh, mother, mother, mak' my bed, And mak' it saft and narrow. Since my love died for me to-day, I'll die for him to-morrow.

2 Peal.

"BARDARA ALLAN." "This ballad is ancient. Bishop Percy had an old printed copy in his possession, which was entitled, 'Barbara Allan's Cruelty, or the Young Man's Tragedy,' reprinted in the third volume of his Ancient Songs and Ballads, at London in 1767. It is evidently an embellished edition of the old Scottish ballad in the Museum, which is taken verbatim from that preserved in Ramsay's Miseellany in 1724. The learned prelate's copy makes the heroine's residence at Scarlet Town, (the city of Carlisle, perhaps,) and calls the hero Jemmye Grove. In other respects the story is nearly the same in both ballads, and may possibly have had its origin from circumstances that really occurred. Be that as it may, it has been a favourite ballad at every country fire-side in Scotland, time out of memory. The strains of the ancient minstrel who composed this song may, indeed, appear harsh and unpolished when compared with modern refinements; nevertheless he has depicted the incidents of his story with such a bold, glowing, and masterly pencil as would do credit to any age. A learned correspondent informs me, that he remembers having heard the ballad frequently sung in Dumfriesshire, where it was said the catastrophe took place—that there were people of the name of Allan who resided in the town of Annan-and that, in some papers which he had seen, mention is made of a Barbara of that family; but he is of opinion she may have been baptized from the ballad." See Museum Illustrations, vol. iii. pp. 213, 214. In the Add. Illust., p. 300\*, C. K. Sharpe, Esq., writes as follows, regarding the preceding Note:—"In this Note Mr. Stenhouse alludes to me. Unluckily I lost the paper I found at Hoddam Castle, in which Barbara Allan was mentioned. I remember that the peasantry of Annandale sang many more verses of this ballad than have appeared in print, but they were of no merit, containing numerous magnificent offers from the lover to his mistress, and, among others, some ships in sight, which may strengthen the belief that this song was composed near the shores of the Solway. I need searcely add, that the name of Grahame, which the luckless lover generally bears, is still common in and about Annan."

Allan Cunningham remarks of this ballad:—"Never was a tale of love-sorrow so simply and so soon told; yet we learn all that we wish to know, and any further incidents would only cumber the narrative, and impair the effect. I have often admired the case and simplicity of the first verse, and the dramatic heauty of the second."

The melody bears marks of antiquity, from the nature of the tonality employed. Its author is unknown. We find in Mr. W. Chappell's "National English Airs," a melody of the same name, which is, however, quite different from the Scottish melody, besides being in a major key, and in three crotchet time.

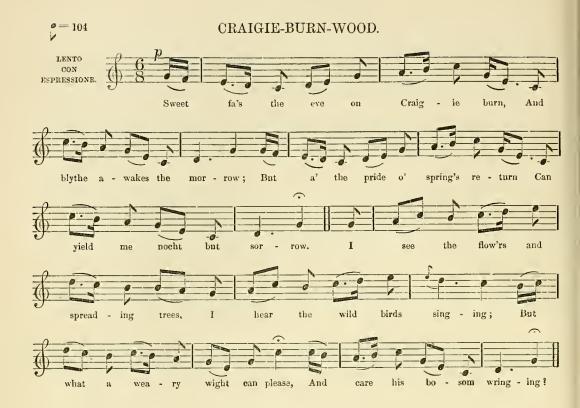


The mind whase every wish is pure,
Far dearer is to me;
And ere I'm forced to break my faith,
I'll lay me down and dee;
For I ha'e pledged my virgin troth,
Brave Donald's fate to share,
And he has gi'en to me his heart,
Wi' a' its virtues rare.

His gentle manners wan my heart,
He gratefu' took the gift;
Could I but think to see it back,
It wand he waur than theft.
For langest life can ne'er repay
The love he bears to me;
And ere I'm forced to break my troth,
I'll lay me down and dee.

"And the shall walk in silk attire." This song, also known under the title of "The Siller Crown," was written by Miss Susanna Blamire, of Cumberland. See Note upon "The waefu' heart," p. 81 of this work. Mr. Stenhouse says:—"This fine song was originally published by Napier as a single sheet song, from which it was copied into the Miseum; but neither the author nor the composer are yet known. An excellent parody of the older verses, by a modern hand, and set to a beautiful tune, composed by Miss Grace Corbet, is inserted in the sixth volume of the Muscum; see Notes on song No. 583, entitled 'O Mary, ye'se be clad in silk.' Urbani reprinted this latter song in his Collection, under the title of 'I'll lay me down and die.'" See Museum Illustrations, vol. iii. p. 225.

In the Number of Mr. Bentley's Miscellany for September 1848, we observe a letter to him from that talented writer, Mrs. Gore, in which she mentions that the melody of the ballad is hers. This melody, of course, cannot be the one published in Johnson's Musical Museum, in George Thomson's Collection, and now in this Collection. Mrs. Gore says, that in 1822 she added a stanza to the song, which was "at that time rendered popular by the exquisite singing of Miss M. A. Tree." She adds that she was then "ignorant of the authorship of the words, but soon afterwards found the whole ballad in the collected works of Robert Burns." Whoever published that Collection of Burns' Works—which is one we have not seen—must have assigned the song to Burns at random; as it was never claimed by him, nor for him by any of his recent editors. We refer to the edition of Miss Susanna Blamire's Poems, by Patrick Maxwell, Esq., for the evidence he adduces to show that Miss Blamire was the authorses of the song "And ye shall walk in silk attire."



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 you green leaves fade frae the tree,
Around my grave they'll wither.

Dr. Currie informs us, that "Craigie-burn-wood is situated on the banks of the river Moffat, and about three miles distant from the village of that name, celebrated for its medicinal waters. The woods of Craigie-burn and of Dumcrieff were at one time favourite hannts of Burns. It was there he met the 'Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,' and that he conceived some of his beautiful lyrics.' See Museum Illustrations, vol. iv. pp. 295, 296.

<sup>&</sup>quot;Craigie-Burn-Wood." Burns wrote his first version of this song to aid the eloquence of a Mr. Gillespie, who was paying his addresses to Jean Lorimer, then residing at Craigie-burn-wood, near Moffat. Neither the poet's verse nor the lover's language could prevail: the lady married an officer of the name of Whelpdale—lived with him a few months—quitted him in consequence of great provocation—and afterwards took up her residence in Dumfries. The song was re-written in 179-, for Mr. George Thomson's Collection, and the chorus, part of an old ballad, was discarded. Mr. Stenhouse tells us,—"The air called 'Craigie-burn-wood,' taken down from a country girl's singing, was considered by the late Mr. Stephen Clarke as one of our finest Scottish tunes. At the foot of the manuscript of the music of this song (written for Johnson's Museum) is the following note, in the hand-writing of Mr. Clarke:—
There is no need to mention the chorus. The man that would attempt to sing a chorus to this beautiful air, should have his throat cut to prevent him from doing it again!!" "It is remarkable of this air," says Burns, "that it (its name) is the confine of that country where the greatest part of our lowland music (so far as from the title, words, &c., we cau localize it) has been composed. From Craigie-burn, near Moffat, until one reaches the West Highlands, we have scarcely one slow air of any antiquity."—Reliques.



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

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

#### HER ANSWER.\*

O tell na me of wind and rain,
Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain!
Gae back the gate ye cam' again;
I winna let you in, jo.
I tell you now, this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
And, ance for a', this ae night,
I winna let you in, jo.

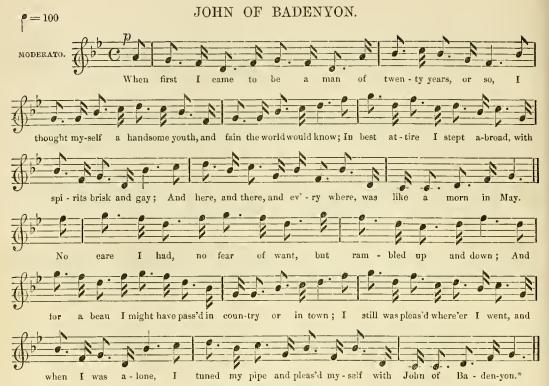
The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,
That round the pathless wand'rer pours,
Is nought to what poor she endures,
That's trusted faithless man, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

The sweetest flow'r that deck'd the mead,
Now trodden like the vilest weed,
Let simple maid the lesson read,
The weird may be her ain, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

The bird that charm'd his summer day,
Is now the cruel fowler's prey;
Let witless, trusting woman say,
How aft her fate's the same, jo.
I tell you now, this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night,
And, ance for a', this ae night,
I winna let you in, jo.

<sup>\*</sup> The first verse of the answer may be substituted for the last of the song; or a verse of each may be sung alternately.

<sup>&</sup>quot;O LET ME IN THIS AE NIGHT." "This tune is very old. There is a copy of it in square-shaped notes in a manuscript book for the Virginals, in the Editor's possession, under the title of, 'The newe gowne made.' The ballad beginning, 'O let me in this ae night,' was printed in Herd's Collection, in 1776; but it was retouched by Burns, to render it less objectionable, before Johnson would give it a place in the Museum." In 1795, Burns altered the old verses a second time, and wrote the lady's answer—both for Mr. George Thomson's work. "If the song, as it stands in Herd's Collection, has lost anything in point of wit and humour, it has at any rate gained much in respect of elegance and modesty by the judicious alterations of our bard." See Museum Illustrations, vol. iv. pp. 302-304. The old air, as well as the old words, has been subjected to alteration. It was rather lively, and possessed somewhat of a humorous cast, and in consequence was not so well adapted to give effect to the imploring character of Burns' verses as the modern version. We have therefore given the latter in this work.



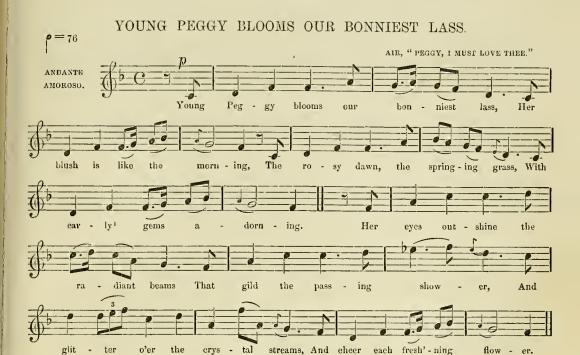
Now in the days of youthful prime, a mistress I must find;
For love, they say, gives one an air, and ev'n improves the mind:
On Phillis fair, above the rest, kind fortune fixed mine eyes;
Her piercing beauty struck my heart, and she became my choice.
To Cupid, now, with hearty pray'r, I offer'd many 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 lover's 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 mean; I hied me home, and tuned my pipe to John of Badenyon.

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 borrow'd 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 Badenyon.

\* Johnson and Stenhouse give "Badenyond;" while others give "Badenyon." The latter rhymes better with the final word of the seventh line of each stanza, unless the final d of "Badenyond" is silent.

<sup>&</sup>quot;JOHN OF BADENYON." The words are by the Rev. John Skinner, the author of the song of "Tullochgorum," already given in this work, p. 26. The tune is an old Highland strathspey. The fourth and sixth stanzas of the song have been omitted for want of space.



Her lips, more than the cherries bright,
A richer dye has graced them;
They charm th' admiring gazer's sight,
And sweetly tempt to taste them;
Her smile is, like the evening, mild,
When feather'd tribes are courting,
And little lambkins wanton wild,
In playful bands disporting.

Were Fortune lovely Peggy's foe, Such sweetness would relent her. As blooming spring unbends the brow Of surly, savage Winter. Detraction's eye no aim can gain, Her winning powers to lessen; And spiteful Euvy grins in vain, The poison'd tooth to fasten.

Ye powers of Honour, Love, and Truth,
From every ill defend her;
Inspire the highly-favour'd youth
The destinies intend her;
Still fan the sweet connubial flame,
Responsive in each bosom;
And bless the dear parental name
With many a filial blossom.

1 " Pearly," in some oditions.

The verses here given were written by Burns; they are now united to this air.

<sup>&</sup>quot;Peogy, I must love thee." Part of Mr. Stenhouse's Note upon this air and song is as follows:—"Mr. J. Stafford Smith, in his 'Musica Antiqua,' vol. iii. p. 183, gives this beautiful air as the composition of the celebrated Henry Purcell, because John Playford had printed it as such in his 'Musick's Handmaid,' published at London in 1689. The old Irish air called 'Lilliburlero,' is likewise given by Smith as Purcell's composition. But neither the Scotch nor the Irish air were (was) composed by Purcell, (although he might have put a bass to them for his old friend Playford,) nor have (has) either of them the smallest resemblance to any of the other compositions of this truly emineut master. The Scottish air appears in a very old manuscript music-book, now in the possession of the Editor, written in square or lozenge-shaped notes, under the title of 'Peggy, I must love thee,' in all probability long before Purcell was born. Of this aucient song nothing remains but the tune and the title, for the verses to which the air is adapted, both in the Orpheus Caledonius, and in the Scots Musical Museum, were the production of Allan Ramsay." "Musick's Handmaid," mentioned above, is a collection of "New Lessons and Instructions for the Virginals or Harpsiehord," and consists of two parts, the first of which was printed in 1678, the second in 1689. It is in the latter that this air occurs. There, it has no name attached to it, but is merely called "A new Scotch tune;" at the end of it is inscribed, "Mr. II. Purcell," but whether as the composer or arranger is not stated. The air is certainly Scottish in character, and bears a very marked resemblance in several passages to "An thou wert mine ain thing," and "Kiud Robin loes me." The most probable solution of the difficulty is, that the MS. old air mentioned by Mr. Stenhouse, contained the germ or rudiments of the flowing melody into which Pureell amplified it for Playford's Virginal Book, For an example of a similar transformation, see p. 38.



Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
[O] I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.
And fare thee weel, my only love,
And fare thee weel a while!

And I will come again, my love,
Though it were ten thousand mile!
Though it were ten thousand mile, my love!
Though it were ten thousand mile!
And I will come again, my love,
Though it were ten thousand mile!

1 Some editions have "sung,"

"O MY LOVE IS LIKE A RED RED ROSE." In a former Note, p. 82, we have already alluded to this being an old song, which Burns revised and extended for Johnson's Museum. The subject must at one time have been a favourite with our minstrels, for no less than three versions of it are given in the second volume of Burns' works, edited by Hogg and Motherwell. The first was furnished by Mr. Peter Buchan, who says,—"The song which supplied Burns with such exquisite ideas, was written by Lieutenant Hinches as a farcwell to his sweetheart." No farther information is given as to this gentleman; not even when or where he lived. This is unfortunate, for authorities are desireable in old songs as well as in graver matters. The next version is from a common stall ballad, picked up by Mr. Motherwell, entitled, "The turtle-dove, or True love's farewell." The third is taken from a small Garland, without date, but supposed to be printed about 1770, entitled, "The Horn fair Garland, containing six excellent new songs." This tract is believed to have been in the possession of Burns, as his name, in a boyish hand, is scrawled on the margin of the last page. The present song seems to owe some of its lines to Song VI., "The loyal lover's farewell to his sweetheart on going a long journey;" and Mr. Motherwell observes, "this song shows how tenaciously his (Burns') memory retained every idea which a rude ditty suggested to his creative mind."

In Johnson's Museum the song was set to two different airs, one a strathspey, called by Gow, "Major Graham," and the other a fine old melody of one strain, called, "Queen Mary's Lament." Neither of these has retained possession of the song, which is now invariably sung to a modern version of "Low down in the broom," the air to which it is adapted in this work. Sibbald, in his Chronicle of Scottish Poetry, vol. iii. p. 274, states it as his opinion, that to this tune was written, "My love murnis for me, for me," one of Wedderburne's "Psalms and Ballands of Godlie purposes." These spiritual songs were undoubtedly sung to the popular tunes of the day; but every attempt to identify the latter with any air now known, must, with perhaps a few exceptions, rest purely on conjecture. Wedderburne's "Gude and Godlie Ballates," are supposed to be alluded to in a Canon of the Provincial Council, 1549, which denounces severe punishments against those who kept in their possession "aliquos libros rythmorum seu cantilenarum vulgarium, scandalosa ecclesiasticorum, quamcunque haeresim in se continentia." See Sibbald, vol. iii. p. 258.



O'er thee I keep my lonely watch,
Intent thy lightest breath to catch,
Or, when thou wak'st, to see thee smile—
And thus my sorrow to beguile.
Baloo, my boy, thy mother's joy,
Thy father bred me great annoy;
Baloo, my boy, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sore to hear thee weep.

Twelve weary months have crept away Since he, upon thy natal day, Left thee and me, to seek afar A bloody fate in doubtful war. Baloo, my boy, lie still and sleep, It grieves me sore to hear thee weep; If thou'lt be silent, I'll be glad, Thy moaning makes my heart full sad.

I dream'd a dream but yester-night:—
Thy father slain in foreign fight;
He, wounded, stood beside thy bed—
His blood ran down upon thy head;
He spoke no word, but look'd on me—
Bent low, and gave a kiss to thee!
Baloo, baloo, my darling boy,
Thou'rt now alone thy mother's joy.

1 Instead of the nursery burden of "lillilu," &c, the singer may repeat the first two lines of the stanza.

<sup>&</sup>quot;Lady Anne Bothwell's Lament." "A fragment of this ancient and beautiful ballad," Bishop Percy informs us, "is inserted in his Manuscript Poems, written at least as early, if not before, the beginning of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, in 1558. It consists of seven stanzas of eight lines each. A more perfect version of the ballad, but evidently modernized, appears in Watson's first (third) Collection, printed at Edinburgh in 1711. This ballad, with the music, was afterwards published by Thomson in his Orpheus Caledonius in 1725, from whence it was copied into Johnson's Museum." See Museum Illustrations, vol. ii. pp. 124, 125. Mr. C. K. Sharpe, (Additional Illustrations, vol. ii. pp. 203-205,) states, that the personages of the ballad were Lady Anne Bothwell, daughter of the Bishop of Orkney, and her cousin, Colonel Alexander Erskine, son of the Earl of Mar. As he was killed in 1640, Bishop Percy must have made a mistake in his estimate of the date of his manuscript. The old ballad, though poetically meritorious, is so coarse in most of its stanzas as to be repugnant to modern feelings of propriety. We have, therefore, adopted only the first stanza of it, the additional stanzas here given having been written by a friend of the Publishers.



"Whistle o'er the Lave o't." "This fine air was formerly adapted to some witty, but indelicate verses, a fragment of which is preserved in Herd's Collection. The humorous song in the Museum, beginning, 'First when Maggie was my care,' was written by Burns in 1789, as a substitute for the old verses. The air was composed about the year 1720, by John Bruce, a musician of the town of Dumfries; and Oswald afterwards published it with variations in the last volume of his Caledonian Pocket Companion." See Museum Illustrations, vol. iii. p 236. John Bruce's title to be considered the composer of this air is at best very doubtful. We learn from John Mayne, who mentions him among his worthies in the "Siller Guu," 1836, that Bruce was born at Braemar—was engaged in the rebellion of 1745—was taken prisoner, and confined for some time in Edinburgh Castle—and afterwards settled in Dumfries, where he spent the remainder of his life. Mayne adds—"He is supposed by Burns to have been the composer of the favourite Scots air of 'Whistle o'er the lave o't.' This opinion is altogether erroneous; for, although John Bruce was an admirable performer, he never was known as a composer of music. The air in question was composed long before he existed."

In order to render the melody of the seventh bar (measure) more vocal, a slight alteration has been made upon it. This air affords examples of what has been called the "Scottish catch," or "snap," a characteristic of the strathspey, which, though not confined entirely to that species of dance music, is yet only occasionally met with in our old slow vocal airs. This peculiarity was seized upon during last century by the English imitators of Scottish music, and was used most unsparingly in their productions. Of this the Anglo-Scottish airs contained in the first volume of Johnson's Museum afford abundant proof; among these we may particularize "The banks of Tweed," "My dear Jockey," "Kate of Aberdeen," and "Sweet Annie frac the sea-beach came." The use or abuse of this "catch" was not confined, however, to imitations of Scottish airs, but was even introduced into the Italian Operatic music of the day. Writing of the London Opera in 1748, Dr. Burney, (History of Music, vol. iv. p. 457,) says,—"There was at this time too much of Scots catch, or cutting short the first of two notes in a melody, thus:—



Again, at p. 466, note (d), writing about Tito Manlio, an opera brought out by Abos, a composer of the Neapolitan school, in 1756, he says,—"The first air, however, is pleasing, 'Se che più amor,' but has too much repetition and Scots snap of the first two notes." And again, same page, note (c), giving some account of the airs in the pasticcio "Olimpiade," brought out in 1755, he says,—"Grandièver,' by Pergolesi, not in his best manner, nor without Scoticisms." As we have not seen the music here alluded to, we suppose that he refers to the "snap" or "catch" that he mentions elsewhere as being so prevalent. At p. 472, speaking of the Neapolitan school, he says,—"The Scots snap seems to have been contagious in that school at this time, (1759,) for all the three masters concerned in this opera, (Vologeso,) are lavish of it." The masters alluded to are Perez, Cocclii, and Jomelli.

# OH! THOU ART ALL SO TENDER.



Though long and deep my sorrow, all lonely thus may be, Oh! still my heart shall borrow a ray of joy from thee; To thee the charms seem given of earth that never sprung, The melting hymns of heaven are round thy spirit sung.

Then let thy form be near me, that I that form may see, I've tried to live, but eerie, I cannot live from thee;
Nor grudge deep kindness either, to soothe me when I sigh,
I know thou'lt give it rather than thou would'st see me die.

Though mine thou may'st be never, and ceaseless wees betide, Still nought on earth shall ever my love from thee divide; My mind may cease to cherish the hope of bliss to be, But of the hopes that perish the last shall breathe of thee.

"On! Thou are all so tender." This song was written by the Rev. Henry Scott Riddell. The air is that given in Johnson's Museum, vol. ii., under the name of "My love has forsaken me," and which is stated, by Mr. Stenhouse, to have been furnished for the Museum by Doctor Blacklock, about the close of 1787. It has somewhat of a Gaelic cast, and from the simplicity of its style, and the tonality on which it is composed, we would pronounce it to be considerably older than Dr. Blacklock's time.

As a preliminary to the consideration of Rizzio's alleged authorship of many Scottish melodies, we subjoin a few particulars of his life. We are told by Chalmers that David Rizzio \* was born at Turin, of poor parents; and that he came to Scotland in the suite of the Piedmontese Ambassador, towards the end of the year 1561. Soon afterwards he entered the service of Queen Mary, for we find that on the 8th January 1561-2, he received £50 Scots, as "virlet of the Queen's chalmer;" and again, three months later, £15, as "chalmer-chield," (page or usher.) The account given of his entrance into the Queen's household is, that a fourth singer was occasionally wanted to take a part in the performance of madrigals and other concerted vocal music, and that he, having a good voice and being skilled in music, was engaged to fill the situation. In this position he seems to have remained for several years, for in 1564 we find that four payments were made to him at the rate of £80 a year, still as "virlet." In 1565, the Queen's French Secretary having heen dismissed, Rizzio was appointed to succeed him, but did not long enjoy his new office, as he was murdered on the 9th March of the same year; having thus been little more than four years in the country.

<sup>\*</sup> Gr rather Riccio; for thus Queen Mary spells the name in writing an account of the murder to the Archbishop of Glasgow, then her Ambassador at the Court of France.



We twa ha'e run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans i fine,
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,
Sin' and lang syne.
For and lang syne, &c.

We twa ha'e paidelt<sup>2</sup> in the burn,<sup>3</sup>
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid ha'e roar'd,
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

And here's a hand my trusty fere,<sup>4</sup>
And gi'es a hand o' thine;
And we'll take a richt-gude-willie waught,<sup>6</sup>
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

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.
For auld lang syne, &c.

1 Daisies.

<sup>2</sup> Walked backwards and forwards.

5 Brook.

4 Companion.—In some editions the word is "friend."

5 A draught with right good will.

"AULD LANO SYNE" "Burns admitted to Johnson, that three of the stanzas of Lang-syne only were old; the other two being written by himself. These three stanzas relate to the cup, the pint-stoup, and a gude-willie waught; those two introduced by Burns have relation to the innocent amusements of youth, contrasted with the cares and troubles of maturer age." In introducing this song to Mrs. Dunlop of Dunlop, the daughter of Sir Thomas Wallace of Craigie, and a descendant of the race of Elderslie, the poet says:—"Is not the Scotch phrase, 'auld lang syne,' exceedingly expressive? There is an old song and tune (of this name) which have often thrilled through my soul.

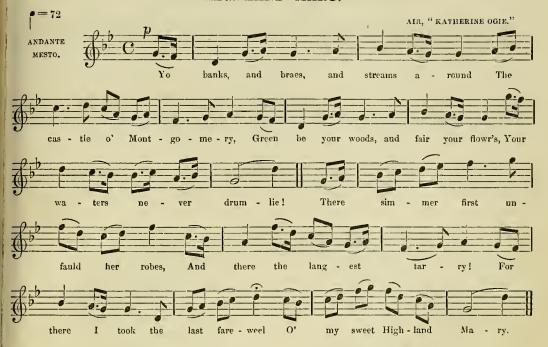
. . . Light be the turf on the breast of the heaven-inspired poet who composed this glorious fragment! There is more of the fire of native genius in it than in half-a-dozen of modern Bacchanalians!"

As Burns had mentioned that the old tune adapted to the song in Johnson's Museum was but mediocre, Mr. Thomson got the words arranged to the air, "I fee'd a lad at Michaelmas," to which they are now always sung. "Shield introduced it in his overture to the opera of Rosina, written by Mr. Brooks, and acted at Covent-Garden in 1783. It is the last movement of that overture, and in imitation of a Scottish bag-pipe tune, in which the oboe is substituted for the chanter, and the bassoon for the drone." In Cumming's Collection the air is found under the title of "The Miller's Wedding." Gow, in one collection, called it "The Miller's Daughter;" while in another he gave it the name of "Sir Alexander Don's Strathspey," in compliment to the late baronet of Newton-don, in the county of Roxburgh, who was both a good violin-player, and a steady patron of the musical art. See Museum Illustrations, vol. v. pp. 374, 375.

In Part III. of Watson's Collection of "Scots Poems," (1711,) pp. 71-74, there is an "Old Long Syne" of little merit.

y light of a marks

## HIGHLAND MARY.



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

Wi' monie a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder:
But, oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipp'd my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

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

<sup>&</sup>quot;Highlann Mary." Burns composed this song to the air of "Katherine Ogie." In a letter to Mr. George Thomson, dated 14th November 1752, he says:—"I agree with you that the song, Katherine Ogie, is very poor stuff, and altogether unworthy of so beautiful an air. I tried to mend it, but the awkward sound Ogie recurring so often in the rhyme, spoils every attempt at introducing sentiment into the piece. The foregoing song pleases myself; I think it is in my happiest manner; you will see at first glance that it suits the air. The subject of the song is one of the most interesting passages of my youthful days; and I own that I should be much flattered to see the verses set to an air which would insure celebrity. Perhaps, after all, 'tis the still glowing prejudice of my heart that throws a horrowed lustre over the merits of the composition." It appears that the air of Katherine Ogie, with the words, "As I went furth to view the plain," which are characterized by Burns as "very poor stuff," was sung with great applause by Mr. John Abell, one of the gentlemen of the Chapel-Royal, at his concert in Stationers' Hall, London, in the year 1680. Also, that it was printed with the music and words, by an engraver of the name of Cross, as a single sheet song, in the course of that year. The air appears as Scottish in D'Urfey's Pills, and various subsequent publications. It is found in the Leyden MS., a copy of which was presented by the Editor to the Library of the Faculty of Advocates, Edinburgh.



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

O! had I all that wealth
Hopetoun's high mountains ifill,
Insured long life and health,
And pleasure at my will;
I'd promise and fulfil
That none but bonnie she,
The lass of Patie's Mill,
Should share the same with me.

1 The Lead-hills, belonging to the Earl of Hopetoun.

"THE LASS OF PATIE'S MILL." Mr. Stenhouse, in his Note upon No. 20 of the Museum, gives a romantic account of the heroine of this song, from the Statistical Account of Scotland, which the reader may consult, if curious in matters so uncertain as old family traditions of the sixteenth century. From that account we learn that she was the only daughter of John Anderson, Esq., of Patie's Mill, in the parish of Keith-hall, and county of Aberdeen. That she was very heautiful and accomplished, and a rich heiress in prospect. That a Mr. Sangster, the Laird of Boddom, tried to carry off Miss Anderson, clandestinely, about the year 1550, and was disappointed, and soundly drubbed by her father. That she afterwards married a Mr. Anderson, who "composed a song in her praise, the air of which only is now preserved." All this may be true, or not; but Mr. Stenhouse's assertion, that "the air as has been shewn, is at least as old as the middle of the sixteenth century," cannot be received without written or printed evidence in musical notation; of which there is not a shadow. The air, No. 20 of Johnson's Museum, is very unlike a Scottish air of "the middle of the sixteenth century." So is the set given in the first volume of John Watts' "Musical Miscellany," London, 1729, page 97; while that set differs materially from Johnson's. All the sets of the air that we have seen, bear internal evidence—from certain passages and cadences—of modern structure, not earlier than the commencement of the eighteenth century. It is surprising that Mr. Stenhouse did not perceive this. Mr. Stenhouse adds, in his Note on this song and air, " Allan Ramsay adapted his modern words to the old melody, and transferred the heroine of his muse to the parish of Galston, in the county of Ayr, where a mill with a similar name was existing. Burns gives us the following account of this translocation, upon the authority of Sir William Cunningham of Robertland, Baronet, to whom the anecdote was communicated by the late John, Earl of Loudon :- 'The then Earl of Loudon, father of Earl John before-mentioned, had Ramsay at Loudon, and one day walking by the hanks of Irvine water, near New-Mills, at a place yet called Patie's Mill, they were struck with the appearance of a heautiful country girl. His Lordship observed that she would be a fine theme for a song. Allan lagged behind in returning to Loudon Castle, and at dinner produced this identical song." "-Burns's Reliques.

In this work the second stanza of Ramsay's song is omitted, for very obvious reasons.



When I gae out at e'en,
Or walk at morning air,
Ilk<sup>2</sup> rustling bush will seem to say
I used to meet thee there.
Then I'll sit down and cry,
And live aneath the tree,
And when a leaf fa's in my lap
I'll ca't a word frae thee.

I'll hie me to the bower
That thou wi' roses tied,
And where wi' mony a blushing bud
I strove mysel' to hide.

1 Make; cause.

And ca' to mind some kindly word
By ilka burn and tree!
Wi' sic thoughts i' my mind,
Time through the world may gae,
And find my heart in twenty years
The same as 'tis to-day.
'Tis thoughts that bind the soul,

Where I ha'e been wi' thee,

I'll doat on ilka spot

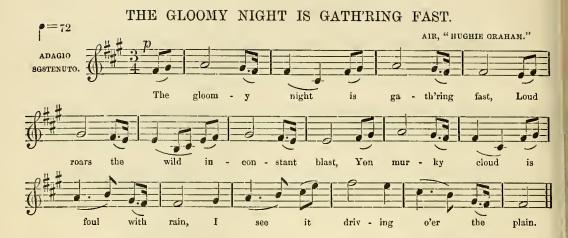
'Tis thoughts that bind the soul,
And keep friends i' the e'e;
And gin I think I see thee aye,
What can part thee and me!

<sup>2</sup> Move; change.

3 Each.

"What alls this heart o' mine?" The words are hy Miss Susanna Blamire; two of whose songs have already appeared in this work. See pp. 81, 87. The melody is old, and was formerly called, "My dearie, an' thou dee:" it appears in its simpler form in the Leyden MS., referred to supra, p. 12, &c. Mr. Patrick Maxwell, in his edition of Miss Blamire's poems, 1842, informs us, that she was born at Carden Hall, Cumberland, on 12th January 1747; that she passed a good deal of her time in Scotland—her eldest sister, Sarah, having married Colonel Graham of Duchray Castle and Ardoch; and that she died at Carlisle on 5th April 1794. Mr. Maxwell says of her:—"She had a graceful form, somewhat above the middle size, and a countenance, though slightly marked with the small-pox, beaming with good nature; her dark eyes sparkled with animation, and won every heart at the first introduction. She was called by her affectionate countrymen, 'a bonnie and varra lish young lass,'—which may be interpreted as meaning a beautiful and very lively young girl. Her affability and total freedom from affectation put to flight that reserve which her presence was apt to create in the minds of her humbler associates; for they quickly perceived that she really wished them happiness, and aided in promoting it by every effort in her power. She freely mingled in their social parties, called merry neets, in Cumberland; and by her graceful figure, elegant dancing, and kind-hearted gaiety, gave a zest to the entertainments, which, without her presence, would have been wanting."

We have had occasion to animadvert on the share that James Oswald had taken in the promulgation of a belief that Rizzio was the composer of some of our old Scottish melodies. Since writers, who ought to have acquired better information, have not only re-echoed Oswald's mis-statement, but have, besides, asserted that Rizzio was the originator of the Scottish style of melody, we consider it our duty to examine the question thoroughly, with the view of bringing it to a true conclusion. This will require more space than can be afforded to any single Note; we shall therefore present our materials in such paragraphs as they may naturally fall into. How or when such a belief originated, may be difficult to determine; but certainly there are no traces of it for a century and a half after Rizzio's death. During all that time there is no historical hint that Rizzio ever composed anything in any style of music; and not a vestige of any music, sacred or secular, is ascribed to him. Tassoni, his countryman, (born in 1565, the year of Rizzio's murder,) speaking of music, says, that James, King of Scotland, invented a new and plaintive style of melody. Whether this assertion be correct or not, is of no consequence to our present inquiry. In either case Tassoni's assertion is sufficient to show, not only that no claim had till then been set up in favour of Rizzio, but also that an earlier origin was then assigned to Scottish melody. We here exclude from consideration James VI., as he was King of England long before Tassoni died, (1635;) and we consider it probable that James I. was meant-he at least being known to have included music among his accomplishments, and being said to have been an excellent performer on the lute, the harp, and other instruments. (See p. 100 for the continuation of this inquiry.)



The hunter now has left the moor, The scatter'd coveys meet secure, While here I wander, press'd 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 rins 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.

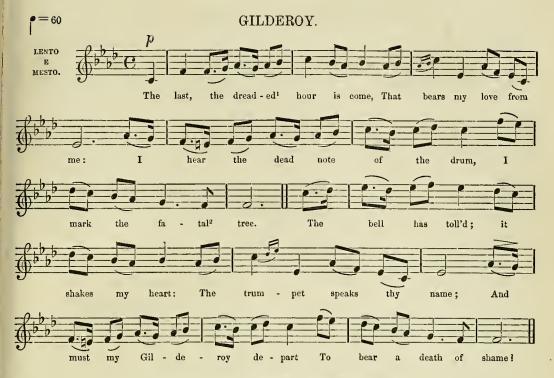
Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales, Her heathy moors and winding vales; The scene where wretched fancy roves, Pursuing past, unhappy loves!

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.

"The Gloomy Night is cath'ring fast." "I composed this song," says Burns, "as I convoyed my chest so far on the road to Greenock, where I was to embark in a few days for Jamaica. I meant it as my farewell dirge to my native land."—Reliques. This was in 1786. It appears that this song was set to music by his friend Mr. Allan Masterton, a Writing-master in Edinburgh. Masterton's air is mediocre enough, and is singularly unvocal and ill-suited to the words in the first part of the second strain. At that period, and long before, as well as long after, most of the amateur musicians in Great Britain were men who could merely play a little on some musical instrument, or sing a little, without any farther knowledge of music, or cultivation of their own musical capabilities, whatever these might be. Hence so many very indifferent Scottish melodies that infest our printed musical collections; mere imitations, and mostly affected and bad ones, of the better and more ancient Scottish airs; combining want of knowledge of musical composition with want of feeling and judgment.

The air to which Burns' words are given in this work, is found in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, under the name of "Drimon Duff;" in the Museum, vol. iv., it is set to the Border ballad, "Hughie Graham." We believe it to be an old Highland air, and that its original title was "Drumion Dubh," or "The Black Cow." Whatever its origin or its antiquity, it is undoubtedly Scottish, and is a very good and characteristic melody. For the old ballad of "Hughie Graham," see Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, vol. iii. edit. 1833.

We now return to Rizzio. From what we have already stated, and from what follows, we are inclined to believe that Rizzio's name was first connected with Scottish melody by his countrymen who were in England about the beginning of last century. We know that Italian music was then fashionable in London, and that Scottish song divided the public taste with it. Whether the flowing style of melody peculiar to the Lowland pastoral airs induced the belief that an Italian only could have written them, we do not pretend to say, but it is certain that Rizzio was first heard of as a composer in 1725, when Thomson published his Orpheus Caledonius. In this there are seven airs ascribed to Rizzio; "An thou wert mine ain thing," "Bessie Bell," "Auld Rob Morris," "The boatman," "The bush aboon Traquair," "The Lass o' Patie's Mill," and "Down the burn, Davie;" of these at least three certainly had not existed much above half a century, and the last was probably a very recent composition. Such is the earliest evidence in favour of Rizzio, and slight as it is, its authority is considerably lessened by the fact, that in the second edition of the Orpheus Caledonius, (1733,) Thomson, perhaps taking shame to himself for having been an accessory to the imposture, suppressed Rizzio's name entirely. (See p. 103 for a continuation of the subject.)



The stanzas within brackets may be omitted in singing.

[No bosom trembles for thy doom; No mourner wipes a tear; The gallows' foot is all thy tomb, The sledge is all thy bier.]

Oh, Gilderoy! bethought we then So soon, so sad to part, When first in Roslin's lovely glen You triumph'd o'er my heart?

Your locks they glitter'd to the sheen, Your hunter garb was trim; And graceful was the ribbon green That bound your manly limb!

[Ah! little thought I to deplore Those limbs in fetters bound; Or hear, upon the scaffold floor, The midnight hammer sound.] [Ye cruel, cruel, that combined The guiltless to pursue; My Gilderoy was ever kind, He could not injure you!]

A long adieu! but where shall fly Thy widow all forlorn, When ev'ry mean and cruel eye Regards my wo with scorn?

Yes! they will mock thy widow's tears, And hate thine orphan boy; Alas! his infant beauty wears The form of Gilderoy.

[Then will I seek the dreary mound That wraps thy mouldering clay, And weep and linger on the ground, And sigh my heart away.]

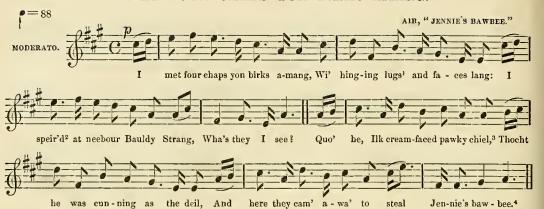
1 Orig., fatal. 2 Orig., gallows.—These words have been altered, not as improvements on the poetry, but merely as more suitable for singing.

"GILDEROY." With regard to the origin of the air, we have no information. It has a modern aspect in the current versions, which are nearly the same as that found in the Orpheus Caledonius, ed. 1733. The verses given in this work were written by our celebrated countryman, Thomas Campbell, and were adapted to the air, for the first time, in Wood's "Songs of Scotland," in 1848. The old ballad of Gilderoy seems to have been published about 1650. The current copy, with alterations, ascribed to Lady Wardlaw, the authoress of "Hardyknute," is much too long for a song; and is, besides, objectionable in other respects. The hero of the ballad, Gilderoy, was, it seems, a desperate freebooter in Perthshire, who, after committing many atrocities, was seized and hanged, with five of his followers, at the Gallowlee, between Leith and Edinburgh, in July 1638.

Lord Hailes, in his Annals of Scotland, vol. i., ed. 1797, speaking of an Irish chief, Gilrodh, who made an incursion into Scotland in 1233, appends a note regarding the name, p. 349—" Properly Gilruadh, that is, the red-haired lad. And bence the modern corrupted name of Gilderoy."



## I MET FOUR CHAPS YON BIRKS AMANG.



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 pappit's 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—Jennie's bawbee.

A Lawyer neist, wi' blatherin' gab,6
Wha specches wove like ony wab,
In ilk ane's corn aye took a dab,
And a' for a fee.
Accounts he owed through a' the toun,
And tradesmen's tongues nae mair could drown,
But now he thocht to clout his goun
Wi' Jennie's bawbee.

A Norland laird neist trotted up,
Wi' bawsand naig 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 thocht to pay what he was awn
Wi' Jennie's bawbee.

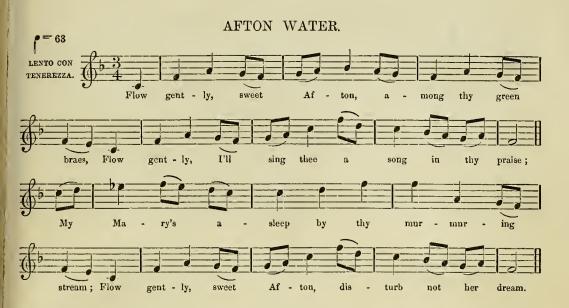
Drest up just like the knave o' clubs,
A THINO came neist, (but life has rubs,)
Foul were the roads, and fu' the dubs,
And jaupit' a' was he.
He danced up, squinting through a glass,
And grinn'd, "I' faith, a bonnic lass!"
He thought to win, wi' front o' brass,
Jennie's bawbee.

She bade the Laird gae kame his wig,
The Sodger 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 10 the dishclout to his tail,
And soused him wi' the water-pail,
And kept her bawbee.

Then Johnnie cam', a lad o' sense,
Although he had na mony pence;
And took young Jennie to the spence, 11
Wi' her to crack 12 a wee.
Now Johnnie was a clever chiel,
And here his suit he press'd sae weel,
That Jennie's heart grew saft as jeel,
And she birled 18 her bawbee.

1 Ears. 2 Asked. 3 Sly fellow. 4 Fortune: Scotice—tocher; literally—a half-penny. 5 Popped; dropped.
6 Babbling tongue. 7 Having a white spot on its forehead. 8 Puddles; pools. 9 Bespattered.
10 Pinned. 11 The inner apartment of a country house. 12 To chat. 13 Consented to share; to birl, means also to toss up.

"Jennie's Bawbee." This air has long been a favourite dancing tune; but it appears also to have been early adapted to words. A fragment of the old song is given by Herd, in his Collection of 1776: its merits are not great; but even had they been greater, it must still have been supplanted by the humorous verses which we give above. These were written by the late Sir Alexander Boswell, Bart., and were published by him anonymously in 1803. He afterwards presented them to Mr. George Thomson for his Collection of Scottish Melodies. Allan Cunningham, in his Songs of Scotland, 1825, gives Sir Alexander's verses with an additional stanza (the last) which did not appear in the earlier copies; whether it was an after-thought of the author himself, or was added by another, is uncertain. Sir Alexander Boswell was the eldest son of Dr. Johnson's biographer, and was born in 1775; he died 27th March 1822. He was distinguished as an amiable and spirited country gentleman, and also as a literary antiquary of considerable rerudition. Perhaps his taste in the latter capacity was greatly fostered by the possession of an excellent collection of old manuscripts and books, gathered together by his ancestors, and well known under the title of the "Auchinleck Library." From the stores of this collection, Sir Walter Scott published, in 1804, the romance of "Sir Tristrem," which is believed to be the carliest specimen extant of poetry by a Scotsman. Its author, Thomas of Erceldoune, called the Rhymer, flourished in the thirteenth century. See Chambers' Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen.



Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds through the glen, Ye wild whistling blackbirds, in you flow'ry den, Thou green-crested lap-wing, thy screaming forbear, I charge you, disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills, Far marked with the courses of clear-winding rills; There daily I wander, as morn rises high, My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye. How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below, Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow; There oft, as mild evening creeps o'er the lea, The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

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

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

"AFTON WATER." "This song was written by Burns, and presented by him, as a tribute of gratitude and respect, to Mrs. Stewart of Afton Lodge, for the notice she had taken of the bard, being the first he ever received from any person in her rank of life. He afterwards transmitted the verses, along with the beautiful melody to which they are adapted, to Johnson, the publisher of the Museum. Afton is a small river in Ayrshire, a tributary stream of the Nith. Mrs. Stewart inherited the property of Afton Lodge, which is situated upon its banks, in right of her father." See Museum Illustrations, vol. iv. p. 355. It does not appear whence Burns obtained the air, of which the author is unknown.

After the publication of the Orpheus Caledonius, (see p. 100,) we hear no more of Rizzio till the appearance of Oswald's Second Collection of Scottish Airs in 1742. There we find four of those airs, formerly ascribed to Rizzio by Thomson, passed over without any such ascription, while six others have the name of "Rizo" attached to them; those are, "The cock laird," "The last time I cam' o'er the muir," "Peggy, I must love thee," "The black eagle," "The lowlands of Holland," and "William's ghost;" the last of these airs being a composition of the day, perhaps even by Oswald himself. We thus see clearly enough that no dependence can be placed on these men—their pretended knowledge is mere assumption, which however it might have imposed on the credulous and the uninformed, will not bear the test of sober criticism. It is to be remarked, that both these works, the Orpheus Caledonius, and Oswald's Second Collection, appeared in London; and that the contemporaneous Edinburgh Collections, Allan Ramsay's, circa 1726, Adam Craig's, 1730, and William Macgibbon's, 1742, while they contain most, if not all the airs already named, do not make any mention whatever of Rizzio. On the contrary, Craig, in dedicating his work to the "Musical Society of Mary's Chappell," states, that the airs are "the native and genuine product of the country;" words which he would not have used without alluding in some way to Rizzio, had there been any tradition then current in Scotland connecting him with Scottish melody. (See p. 104 for a continuation of the subject.)



Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
O sweetly smile on somebody!
Frae ilka danger keep him free,
And send me safe my somebody.

Oh-hon, for somebody!
Oh hey, for somebody!
I wad do—what wad I not?—
For the sake o' somebody.

"For the sake o' somebody." In this work we have not adopted the set of the air given by Johnson in his Museum, but the long-received and established popular set of the air. The superiority of the latter is sufficient to justify this. Mr. Stenhouse says:—"The whole of this song, as printed in the Museum, beginning, 'My heart is sair, I daurna tell,' was written by Burns, except the third and fourth lines of stanza first, which are taken from Ramsay's song, under the same title and to the same old tune, which may also be seen in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion. To this work, Burns, in a note annexed to the manuscript song, refers Johnson for the music. Ramsay's verses are in the shape of a dialogue between a lover and his sweetheart; but they possess very little merit. The old air consists of one simple strain, ending on the third of the key. It is probable that the melody had been originally adapted to a much older set of verses than those of Ramsay, and that the old song consisted of stanzas of four, in place of eight lines each." See Museum Illustrations, vol. v. p. 383.

Having shown (p. 100) that Rizzio's name as a composer was not heard of for 160 years after his death, we shall now notice a few instances in which high merit is claimed for him as a melodist. Geminiani, in his "Treatise on good taste in the Art of Music," London, 1749, has the following strange passage:—"Two composers of music have appeared in the world, who, in their different kinds of melody, have raised my admiration; namely, David Rizzio and Gio. Baptista Lulli: of these, which stands highest is none of my business to pronounce; but when I consider that Rizzio was foremost in point of time, that till then melody was entirely rude and barbarous, and that he found means to civilize and inspire it with all the gallantry of the Scottish nation, I am inclinable to give him the preference." It is unnecessary for us to answer what we have already shown to be a fiction of recent origin. We shall merely place in opposition an extract from Dr. Campbell's Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland:—"That this music, or any one single Scottish air, was invented or composed by the unfortunate Rizzio, is only noticed here as an absurd fable, which having no support, merits no refutation." Geminiani's assertion, that "till the time of Rizzio melody was entirely rude and barbarous," is signally refuted by many ancient popular airs of France, Italy, and Germany. We may particularly refer to the airs, Nos. 14 and 16, of the Plates given in G. F. Graham's "Essay on Musical Composition," Edinburgh, 1838. One of these, a most graceful French air of the fifteenth century, we give below; the other is a free and elegant German melody of 1425.



See No. 14 of Plates of Essay on Musical Composition. (See p. 109 for a continuation of the subject.)

## KEEN BLAWS THE WIND O'ER DONOCHT-HEAD.



"Full ninety winters ha'e I seen,
And piped where gor-eoeks2 whirring flew,
And mony a day ye've danced, I ween,
To lilts which frae my drone I blew."
My Eppie waked, and soon she eried—
"Get up, gudeman, and let him in;
For weel ye ken the winter night
Was short when he began his din."

E'en though she bans and seaulds a wee; But when it's tuned to sorrow's tale, O, haith, it's doubly dear to me! "Come in, auld carle! I'll steer my fire, And mak' it bleeze a bonnie flame; Your blude is thin, ye've tint the gate,<sup>3</sup> Ye should nae stray sae far frae hame."

My Eppie's voice, O wow, it's sweet!

Twirls the door-latch.

2 Muir-cocks.

"Nae hame ha'e I," the Minstrel said,
"Sad party strife o'erturn'd my ha';
And, weeping, at the eve o' life
I wander through a wreath o' snaw."
"Wae's me, auld earle! sad is your tale—
Your wallet's toom —your elaithing thin;
Mine's no the hand to steek the door
When want and wae would fain be in."

We took him hen—we set him doun,
And soon the ingle bleezed fu' hie;
The auld man thought himself at hame,
And dried the tear-drap frae his e'e.
Anee mair the Minstrel waked a strain—
Nae merry lilt, but sad and slow;
In fancy's ear it seem'd to wail
A free-born nation's overthrow.

3 Lost the road.

4 Empty.

5 Close.

<sup>&</sup>quot;Keen blaws the wind o'er Donocht-Head." This song, with the exception of the last twelve lines, which were added by Captain Charles Gray, R.M., is thus noticed by Burns in a letter to Mr. George Thomson of 19th October 1794:—"Donocht-Head is not mine; I would give ten pounds it were. It appeared first in the Edinburgh Herald, and came to the editor of that paper with the Newcastle post-mark on it." In 1815 there was published at Newcastle, by S. Hodgson, an 8vo volume of 182 pages, entitled, "Poetry, fugitive and original, by the late Thomas Bedingfield, Esq., and Mr. George Pickering." In that volume, which was dedicated by its editor to "Walter Scott, Esq.," we find (pp. 57, 58) "Donocht-Head" given as by George Pickering, while some confirmation of the authorship is offered in pages 55, 56, introductory to the fragment. Pickering was born at Simonburn in Northumberland, in 1758; went abroad in embarrassed circumstances about 1798; returned in poverty to his native place after an absence of more than a quarter of a century; and died near Newcastle about 1830. It does not appear that Pickering ever resided in Scotland; and Donocht-Head, or Dunnet-Head, is a promontory on the coast of Caithness. The additional twelve lines by Captain Gray very happily complete the unfinished ballad.



She from her pillow gently raised

Her head, to ask who there might be,
And saw young Sandy shivering stand,
With visage pale, and hollow e'e.

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

Three stormy nights and stormy days
We toss'd upon the raging main;
And long we strove our bark to save,
But all our striving was in vain.

Even then, when horror chill'd my blood, My heart was fill'd with love for thee: The storm is past, and I at rest; So, Mary, weep no more for me!

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

"Mary's Dream." It appears that this song was written in 1772, by Mr. John Lowe, a native of Kenmore, in Galloway. He was the eldest son of the Hon. Mr. Gordon of Kenmore's gardener, and was educated at the parish school of Kells. When fourteen years old he was apprenticed to a weaver named Heron, father of Robert Heron, author of the History of Scotland, and other works. He afterwards received instructions from Mr. Mackay, school-master of Carsphairn. His abilities and good temper gained him friends, who enabled him, in 1771, to study Divinity in the University of Edinburgh. He became tutor in the family of Mr. M'Ghie's daughters, had been engaged to Mr. Alexander of poetical pieces, many of which are lost. Mary, one of Mr. M'Ghie's daughters, had been engaged to Mr. Alexander Miller, a surgeon, who was lost at sea. This sad event gave rise to the beautiful song of "Mary's Dream." In 1773, Mr. Lowe went to America, where he was for some time tutor in the family of a brother of the celebrated George Washington. He next opened an Academy in Fredericksburgh, Virginia, which he abandoned on taking orders in the Church of England. Unfortunately, he then married a Virginian lady, whose gross misconduct broke his heart, and caused his untimely death in 1798, in the forty-eighth year of his age. Mr. Cromek says, that "Mary's Dream" was originally composed by Lowe in the Scottish dialect, but afterwards given in the English form in which it is generally known. Mr. C. K. Sharpe declares this older version to be a forgery by Allan Cunningham. See Museum Illustrations, vol. i. pp. 37, 115.

The air is evidently modern, and not Scottish in its character, except in a few passages, where the "Scottish snap," as Burney calls it, is introduced. Mr. Stenhouse states, that it was composed by J. G. C. Schetky, the eminent violon-cello-player and composer, so long resident in Edinburgh; this, however, is flatly contradicted by a member of Mr. Schetky's family, to whom the Editor referred the question. Mr. John Mather, a very clever English musician and teacher of music, informed the Editor, on 22d October 1849, that this music and song were published about 1776, and that the author of the music was John Relfe.

### WELCOME ROYAL CHARLIE.



Lang, lang we look'd, frae year to year—
While gleams o' hope our hearts wad cheer—
That some kind breeze wad blaw you here,—
Our ain, our Royal Charlie.
But, O! ye've been lang o' comin', &c.

Be blest the day that saw you land,
And plant your banner on our strand;
We'll march where'er you may command—
And fight for Royal Charlie.
But, O! ye've been lang o' comin', &c.

Our Prince by right—our Prince by law!
We'll tak' you to your father's ha',
And crown you King among them a'—
Our leal—our Royal Charlie!
But, O! ye've been lang o' comin, &c.

Auld Scotland, frae her mountains dun,
Watch'd like a mither for her sou;
Ye've come at last—our cause is won—
Thrice welcome Royal Charlie!
But, O! ye've been lang o' comin', &c.

1 Untoward event.

2 "Lang watch'd for you her darling son;"-This line will suit the accentuation of the tune hetter.

"Welcome Royal Charle." The words beginning, "When France had her assistance lent," which are given in the second volume of "The Scottish Minstrel," to the air of "The auld wife ayont the fire," appeared to us so prosaic and spiritless, that we rejected them. Fortunately, the late Captain Charles Gray, R.M., was prevailed upon to write verses upon the same subject, to the same air, expressly for "Wood's Songs of Scotland." We are happy to give again his animated and characteristic song, which carries us back to the wild and sad days of the '45, and roust at once supersede the other milk-and-water "Welcome." It appears from Mr. Stenhouse's information, that the tune is found in Crockat's MS. Music-Book, written in 1709, under the name of "The old wife beyond the fire."

The song above noticed, "When France had her assistance lent," &c., is suggestive of some interesting historical facts. In 1744, France and England being at war, it seems to have occurred to the French ministry that a diversion in favour of their army in the Netherlands might be effected by an invasion of England. Accordingly, in that year Prince Charles Edward Stuart was called from Rome to Paris, where it was agreed that the French should land fifteen thousand soldiers in England under Marshal Saxe, Prince Charles having the chief command. But the French invading fleet was not only intercepted by an English fleet, but was dispersed by a tempest. At last, Charles rashly resolved to land in Scotland, with the sole support of his own name and private fortune, and the aid of the Jacobites who might join his standard on landing. He was dissuaded from the attempt, but persisted. On the 8th July 1745, he set sail in a frigate, the Doutelle, accompanied by a French ship of war, the Elizabeth. An English ship of war, the Lion, met these two ships—engaged the Elizabeth and disahled her. The Doutelle, having kept aloof in the action, made her escape and reached the island of South Uist. There M'Donald of Boisdale represented the madness of the enterprise so strongly to Charles, that the latter wished to give it up and return to France. But other counsel prevailed upon him to land at Moidart, on the 25th July 1745. There Cameron of Lochiel, after arguing in vain with Charles on the folly of the enterprise, at last joined him with noble devotedness, though against his own judgment. The future career of Charles we need not trace.



Ye roofs, where cold damps and dismay With silence and solitude dwell— How comfortless passes the day, How sad tolls the evening bell!

The owls from the battlements cry,
Hollow winds seem to murmur around,—
"O Mary, prepare thee to die!"
My blood it runs cold at the sound.

Unchanged by the rigours of fate,

I burn with contempt for my foes;

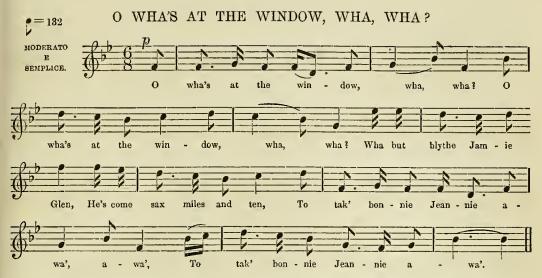
Though Fortune has clouded my state,

This hope shall enlighten its close.

False woman! in ages to come,
Thy malice detested shall be;
And when we are cold in the tomb,
The heart still shall sorrow for me.

"Queen Mary's Lament." Hitherto, in collections of Scottish songs and melodies, the author of these words and the author of the music have been said to he unknown. But even if the author of the words was unknown to the Editors of these collections, that did not justify them in altering the lines and transposing the stanzas of the original, so as to make a bad song out of a good one. The authoress of the words was Mrs. John Hunter, wife of the celebrated John Hunter, Surgeon, London—the youngest child of John Hunter of Kilbride, in the county of Lanark, Scotland, and brother of Dr. William Hunter, who built, at his own cost, the Anatomical Theatre and Museum in Great Windmill Street, London. Mrs. John Hunter was a daughter of Mr. Home, Surgeon to Burgoyne's regiment of light-horse. Her poetical talents are shown in her Poems, published in 1802, T. Payne, London. In that volume we find her own version of "I sigh and lament me in vain;" besides other songs set to music by Haydn—two of the finest of his vocal compositions. His music to "O tuneful voice," afterwards served as a model to Beethoven for his beautiful "Adelaida." Haydn, when in London, in 1791 and 1793, was a frequent and honoured guest in John Hunter's house.

After the second volume of "Wood's Songs of Scotland" was published, the late Mr. George Waterston sent to the Editor, for inspection, a half sheet of music, evidently printed many years ago, (probably about the end of last century,) and containing this song with the name of "Signor Giordani" affixed as the author of the music.



He has plighted his troth, and a', and a',
Leal love to gi'e, and a', and a';
And sae has she dune,
By a' that's abune,
For he lo'es her, she loe's him, 'bune a', 'bune a',
He lo'es her, she lo'es him, 'bune a'.

Bridal maidens are braw, braw,
Bridal maidens are braw, braw;
But the bride's modest e'e,
And warm cheek are to me,
'Bune pearlins and brooches, and a', and a',
'Bune pearlins and brooches, and a'.

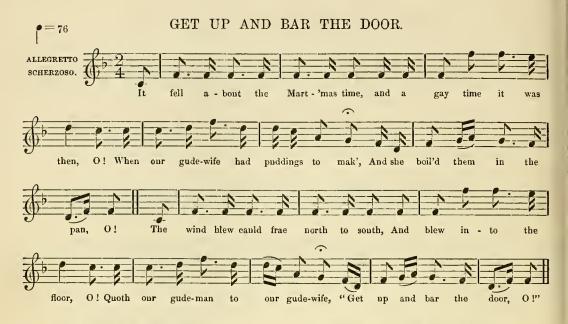
There's mirth on the green, in the ha', the ha',
There's mirth on the green, in the ha', the ha',
There's laughing, there's quaffing,
There's jesting, there's daffing,
And the bride's father's blythest of a', of a',
And the bride's father's blythest of a'.

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 eerie
When a' the lave's cheerie,
But it's just that she'll aye be awa', awa',
It's just that she'll aye be awa'.

"O WHA'S AT THE WINDOW, WHA, WHA?" The words of this song were written by Mr. Alexander Carlile of Paisley; the air is by the late Mr. R. A. Smith. The late Allan Cunningham also wrote words to the same air. In the sixteenth century, and early in the seventeenth, a window song of this kind seems to have been very popular in England. Some verses of it are sung in three of Beaumont and Fletcher's Plays; in "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," in "The Woman's Prize," and in "Monsieur Thomas." See also a parody in Wedderburne's "Godlie and Spiritnal Songs," 1590.

In Mr. Prior's edition of the works of Oliver Goldsmith, (London, Murray, 1837,) we find an "Essay on the different Schools of Music," upon which it is necessary to make some animadversions, as it contains most erroneous statements with regard to the music of Scotland. The Essay, indeed, as a whole, displays so much ignorance of the subject it professes to discuss, that, but for the deserved high reputation of the author in other respects, we would have passed it over as altogether unworthy of comment. After stating that the Italian school was founded by Pergolese, (!) and that of France by Lulli, Goldsmith says:—"The English school was first planned by Purcell. He attempted to unite the Italian manner that prevailed in his time with the ancient Celtic carol and the Scotch ballad, which probably had also its origin in Italy; for some of the Scotch ballads, 'The broom of Cowdenknows,' for instance, are still ascribed to David Rizzio."-Vol. i. p. 175. In one of his Notes, Goldsmith writes :- "It is the opinion of the melodious Geminiani, that we have in the dominions of Great Britain no original music except the Irish; the Scotch and English being originally borrowed from the Italians. And that his opinion in this respect is just, (for I would not be swayed merely by authorities,) it is very reasonable to suppose; first, from the conformity between the Scotch and ancient Italian music.\* They who compare the old French vaudevilles brought from Italy by Rinuccini, with those pieces ascribed to David Rizzio, who was pretty nearly contemporary with him, will find a strong resemblance, notwithstanding the opposite characters of the two nations which have preserved these pieces. When I would have them compared, I mean I would have their bases compared, by which the similitude may be most exactly seen. Secondly, it is reasonable, from the ancient music of the Scotch, which is still preserved in the Highlands, and which hears no resemblance at all to the music of the Low country. The Highland tunes are sung to Irish words, and flow entirely in the Irish manner. On the other hand, the Lowland music is always sung to English words." (See p. 114 for a continuation of the subject.)

<sup>\*</sup> This subject has been already discussed, p. 49.-En.



"My hand is in my husswyfskip,¹
Gudeman, as ye may see, O!
Au' it should na he barr'd this hundred year,
It's no be barr'd for me, O!"

They made a paction 'tween them twa, They made it firm and sure, O! Whaever spak the foremost word Should rise and bar the door, O!

Then by there came twa gentlemen,
At twelve o'clock at night, O!
And they could neither see house nor ha',
Nor coal nor candle light, O!

Now, whether is this a rich man's house, Or whether is it a poor, O? But never a word wad ane o' them speak, For barring o' the door, O!

And first they are the white puddings And then they are the black, 0! Tho' muckle<sup>2</sup> thought the gudewife to hersel', Yet ne'er a word she spak', O!

Then said the ane unto the other—
"Here, man, tak' ye my knife, O!
Do ye tak' aff the auld man's beard,
And I'll kiss the gudewife, O!"

"But there's nae water in the house, And what shall we do then, O!"

"What ails ye at the puddin' broo3
That boils into the pan, O!"

O up then started our gudeman, And an angry man was he, O!

"Will ye kiss my wife hefore my een, And scaud me wi' pudding broo, O?"

Then up and started our gudewife, Gied three skips on the floor, O!

"Gudeman, ye've spoken the foremost word, Get up and bar the door, O!"

1 The housewifeskip, or, rather, housewifeskep, was, in Scottish cottages, even within the last fifty years, a receptacle for meal or flour, formed of colls of straw-rope, somewhat like an inverted bee-hive, (Scoticè—skep,) and which stood handy for use in a corner of the room.

2 Much.

3 Juice or soup

<sup>&</sup>quot;Get up and definition of the foor." This exceedingly humorous Scottish ballad was recovered by old David Herd, and inserted in his Collection, vol. ii. p. 159, anno 1776. It appears to be an amplification of the fine old song called 'Johnie Blunt,' which will be found in the fourth volume of the Museum, p. 376, song 365. It is a curious circumstance that this ballad furnished Prince Hoare with the incidents of his principal scene in his musical entertainment of 'No Song no Supper,' acted at Drury-lane, London, 1790, (the music by Storace,) and since, at all the theatres of the United Kingdom, with great success. It still continues a favourite on the acting list. Mr. Hoare was also indebted to another old Scottish ballad for several other material incidents in the same piece, namely, 'The Freirs of Berwick,' written by Dunbar prior to the year 1568, as it is inserted in the Bannatyne Manuscript, in the Library of the Faculty of [Advocates] Edinburgh, of that date, and which Allan Ramsay afterwards modernized, in a poem called 'The Monk and the Miller's Wife.'" See Museum Illustrations, vol. iii. p. 292.



nae luck at a'; There's lit-tle plea-snre in the house, When our gudeman's a 
And gi'e to me my bigonet,<sup>2</sup>

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,

My bishops' satin gown,

For I maun tell the bailie's wife
That Colin's come to town.

My turkey slippers maun gae on,
My hose o' pearl blue;

"Tis a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's baith leal and true.

For there's nae luck, &c.

Rise up and mak's a clean fireside;
Put on the muckle pot;
Gi'e little Kate her button gown,
And Jock his Sunday coat:
And mak' their shoon as black as slaes,
Their hose as white as snaw;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's been lang awa'.
For there's nae luck, &c.

There's twa fat hens upon the bauk,
They've fed this month and mair;
Mak' haste and thraw their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare;
And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar<sup>3</sup> ilka thing look braw;
For wha can tell how Colin fared,
When he was far awa.'
For there's nae luck, &c.

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
His breath like caller air;
His very foot has music in't,
As he comes up the stair.
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought—
In troth, I'm like to greet.4
For there's nae luck, &c.

The cauld blasts o' the winter wind,
That thirled through my heart,
They're a blawn bye, I ha'e him safe,
Till death we'll never part:
But what puts parting in my head?
It may be far awa';
The present moment is our ain,
The neist's we never saw.
For there's nae luck, &c.

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content,
I ha'e nae mair to crave;
Could I but live to mak' him blest,
I'm blest aboon the lave:
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought—
In troth, I'm like to greet.
For there's nae luck, &c.

1 Reach, or stretch.

<sup>2</sup> A linen cap, or coif.

3 Make. 4 To shed tears.

δ Next.

6 Remainder.

<sup>&</sup>quot;THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE." Although this air is certainly a modern production, the author of it is not known. There has been much disputation regarding the authorship of the song; opinions are divided between William Julius Mickle, a native of Langholm, well known as the translator of the Lusiad, and Jean Adams, a teacher of a day-school at Crawford's-dyke, near Greenock.



The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn, And violets bathe in the weet o' the morn; They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw! They mind me o' Nannie—and Nannie's awa'.

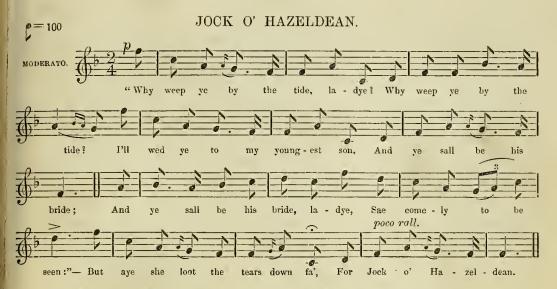
Thou laverock, that springs frae the dews of the lawn, The shepherd to warn of the grey-breaking dawn, And thou, mellow mavis, that hails the night-fa'; Give over for pity—my Nannie's awa'.

Come, autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey, And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay: The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw, Alane can delight me—my Nannie's awa'.

"My Nannie's awa"." Upon this song Captain Charles Gray, R.M., in his "Cursory Remarks on Scottish Song," gives the following Note. Before quoting it, we might perhaps venture to suggest, that Burns' admiration of Clarinda may find its remoter parallel in that of Petrarca, early in the fourteenth century, for the lady whom he has rendered so celebrated, in verse and prose, under the name of Laura. Petrarca, in his "Epistle to Posterity," calls his regard for Laura, "veementissimo, ma unico ed onesto." To say, that a very warm and sincere friendship cannot innocently subsist between a married woman and an unmarried man, is not only to contradict daily experience, but to utter a licentious libel upon human nature. Were such the case, many of the strongest heart-ties between friends and relatives must be at once torn asunder, never to reunite in this world.

"' My Nannie's awa',' is one of the sweetest pastoral songs that Burns ever wrote. He sent it to Mr. Thomson in December 1794, to be united to the old melody of, 'There'll never be peace till Jamie come hame.' In this song the Bard laments the absence of Mrs. M'Lehose, (Clarinda,) who had left Scotland to join her husband in the West Indies, in February 1792. We may be pardoned, perhaps, for saying a word or two about the lady whose beauty and accomplishments had so captivated our Bard, and inspired him with this and some others of his most beautiful love-songs. Burns, having published the second edition of his poems in 1787, was just about to leave Edinburgh when he was introduced to Clarinda. One of our Poet's biographers alleges, that he was very tolerant as to the personal charms of his heroines; but as to the wit, heauty, and powers of conversation of Clarinda, there can be no doubt. She seems to have completely fascinated him at the very first interview. That Mrs. M'Lehose was no ordinary person is proved by her letters, now printed along with those of Burns; and it is saying much for her, that they do not suffer from being placed in juxtaposition with those of the Bard. This romantic attachment between the poet and poetess was not of very long duration; but while it lasted, as many letters passed between them as form a goodly sized octavo volume! The germ of 'Nannie's awa'' is to be found in one of Clarinda's letters, (see Correspondence, &c., p. 185,) written thirty-five days after they became acquainted. They were about to part, and she says:- 'You'll hardly write me once a month, and other objects will weaken your affection for Clarinda; yet I cannot believe so. Oh! let the scenes of Nature remind you of Clarinda! In winter, remember the dark shades of her fate; in summer, the warmth, the cordial warmth of her friendship; in autumn, her glowing wishes to bestow plenty on all; and let spring animate you with hopes that your poor friend may yet live to surmount the wintry blust of life, and revive to taste a spring-time of happiness!' This passage, so heautifully descriptive, in the letter of his fair correspondent, was not overlooked by Burns. He says, in reply :-- There is one fine passage in your last charming letter-Thomson nor Shenstone never exceeded it, nor often came up to it. I shall certainly steal it and set it in some future production, and gct immortal fame by it. "Tis where you hid the scenes of Nature remind me of Clarinda." The poet was as good as his word. Some months after Clarinda had left this country, Burns, reverting to the passage we have quoted from her letter, made it his own by stamping it in immortal verse, bewailing the absence of Clarinda in a strain of rural imagery that has seldom or never been surpassed."

The air to which we have here united the words, we believe to be modern; yet we have not been able to trace it to any composer. Like many other airs, it probably owes its present form to several individuals. It appears to have passed or ally from one singer to another, until Mr. George Croall, Musicseller, Edinburgh, rescued it a few years ago from threatened oblivion.



"Now let this wilful grief be done,
And dry that check so pale:
Young Frank is chief of Errington,
And lord of Langley dale;
His step is first in peaceful ha',
His sword in battle keeu:"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa',
For Jock o' Hazeldean.
"A chain o' gold ye sall not lack,

For Jock o' Hazeldean.

"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;

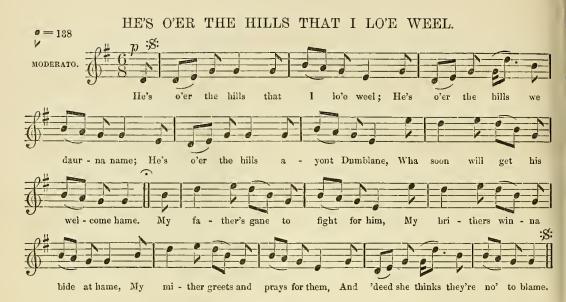
And you, the foremost o' them a',
Shall ride our forest queen:"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa',
For Jock o' Hazeldean.
The kirk was deck'd at morning-tide,
The tapers glimmer'd fair;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight were there;
They sought her baith by bower and ha';
The ladye was not seen!—
She's o'er the border and awa'
Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean!

"Jock o' Hazelgreen," but without documentary authority. It appears that Mr. Thomas Pringle gave, in Constable's Magazine, the first stanza of the present song, as that of an old ballad which he had heard his mother sing; and that Sir Walter Scott, upon inquiry, adopted that stanza as old, and added to it those that now make up his very popular song of "Jock o' Hazeldean," which he wrote for the first volume of Mr. Alexander Campbell's work, named "Albyn's Anthology." The melody, in an older and more Scottish form, occurs in the Leyden MS., No. 50, under the name of "The bony brow;" but we give the version of the air now more generally current. The melody published in Book Second of Jo. Playford's "Choice Ayres," London, 1679, appears to have been that sung to an imitation of a Scottish song by Thomas D'Urfey, in his comedy of "The Fond Husband, or the Plotting Sisters," acted in 1676; and closely resembles the air given in the Leyden MS. Mr. Stenhouse, in his Note upon "The glancing of her apron," No. 445 of Johnson's Museum, says:—"With regard to the tune to which the words were originally adapted, it is evidently a florid set of the old simple air of 'Willie and Annet,' which has lately been published in Albyn's Anthology, under the new title of 'Jock o' Hazeldean,' a ballad written by Sir Walter Scott."

Thomas Moore, in the Preface to the fifth volume of his Works collected by himself, London, 1841, remarks—that, "with the signal exception of Milton, there is not to be found, among all the eminent poets of England, a single musician,"—p. v. In the same Preface he touches, gently, upon Sir Walter Scott's deficiency of musical ear. The Editor of this work was personally acquainted with Sir Walter Scott, and had his own good-humoured confession that he was totally destitute of an ear for music. Sir Walter himself, in his "Autobiography," after speaking of his ineffectual attempts at sketching or drawing landscapes, says:—"With music it was even worse than with painting. My mother was anxious we should at least learn psalmody; but the incurable defects of my voice and ear soon drove my teacher to despair. It is only by long practice that I have acquired the power of selecting or distinguishing melodies; and although now few things delight or affect me more than a simple tune sung with feeling, yet I am sensible that even this pitch of musical taste has only been gained by attention and habit, and as it were by my feeling of the words being associated with the tune; although my friend Dr. Clarke, and other musical composers, have sometimes been able to make a happy union between their music and my poetry." See Lockhart's Life of Scott, vol. i. pp. 73, 74.

<sup>1</sup> A copy of that Leyden MS, was deposited by the Editor in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates on 26th November 1847.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> That teacher may have been ignorant and unskilful, as too many were in Scott's early days. They required to go to school themselves.—En.



[The succeeding verses begin with the second part of the melody.]

The Whigs may scoff, the Whigs may jeer, But, ah! that love maun be sincere Which still keeps true whate'er betide, An' for his sake leaves a' beside. He's o'er the hills, &c.

His right these hills, his right these plains; O'er Highland hearts secure he reigns, What lads e'er did, our lads will do;
Were I a lad, I'd follow him too.
He's o'er the hills, &c.
Sae noble a look, sae princely an air,
Sae gallant and bold, sae young and sae fair;

Oh! did you but see him, ye'd do as we've done; Hear him but ance, to his standard you'll run. He's o'er the hills, &c.

"HE'S O'ER THE HILLS THAT I LO'E WEEL." A modern Jacobite song—very popular of late years. Neither the author of the words nor the author of the music is known.

We now resume the Note, p. 109, supra. As to the opinion of "the melodious Geminiani," (whose music, by the way, is very dry and unmelodious,) it is, like every other opinion, to be valued only so far as it is supported by evidence. We therefore point to the Collections of Martiui, Paolucci, and Choron; in which are preserved specimens of ancient and modern Italian music—ecclesiastical and secular; in none of which can be found one single melody bearing the slightest resemblance to Scottish music. As to Rinuccini, who is said to have brought the "old French vaudevilles out of Italy," (!) the mention of him is evidently a mere subterfuge, for it is not pretended that his airs have any Scottish character. It is in their bases (!) that we are to seek for the pretended resemblance! This is almost too absurd for a serious answer. Every musician knows, that to any given simple bass may be written an air in the Italian or the Scottish, in the military or the pastoral styles; and every series of variations upon a given theme and bass by a skilful composer will afford examples of what may he done in this way. Goldsmith's absurdities regarding Purcell's style, as having been compounded of the Italian manner and the ancient Celtic carol and the Scotch ballad, we leave to be dealt with hy Purcell's countrymen as they think proper.

When Goldsmith, or rather Geminiani, asserts that there is "in the dominion of Great Britain no original music except the Irish," the Welsh music is quite left out of view. As to the Scottish "Highland tunes flowing entirely in the Irish manner," we refer to Edward Bunting's and Thomas Moore's Collections of Irish Melodies for disproof of the assertion. In short, it is evident that Goldsmith chose to write an Essay upon a subject of which he was profoundly ignorant. That talented and accomplished Irishman, Thomas Moore, speaks thus of the antiquity of Irish melodies:—"Though much has been said of the antiquity of our music, it is certain that our finest and most popular airs are modern; and perhaps we may look no farther than the last disgraceful century for the origin of most of those wild and melancholy strains, which were at once the offspring and solace of grief, and which were applied to the mind, as music was formerly to the body, 'decantare loca dolentia.' Mr. Pinkerton's of opinion, that not one of the Scotch popular airs is as old as the middle of the sixteenth century; and although musical antiquaries refer us for some of our melodies to so early a period as the fifth century, I am persuaded that there are few, of a civilized description, (and by this I mean to exclude all the savage 'Ceanans,' 'Cries,' &c.,2') which can claim quite so ancient a date as Mr. Pinkerton allows to the Scotch." (For a continuation of this subject, see p. 115.)

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Dissertation prefixed to the Second Volume of his Scottish Ballads.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Of which some genuine specimens may be found at the end of Mr. Walker's work upon Irisb Bards. Mr. Bunting has disfigured his last splendid volume by too many of these barbarous rhapsodies,



To the cove beside the rill, bonnie lassie, O,
Where the glens rebound the call
Of the roaring waters' fall,
Through the mountain's rocky hall, bonnie lassie, O.
O Kelvin banks are fair, bounie lassie, O,
When in summer we are there, bonnie lassie, O,
There, the May-pink's crimson plume
Throws a soft, but sweet perfume,
Round the yellow banks of broom, bonnie lassie, O.
Though I dare not call thee mine, bonnie lassie, O,
As the smile of fortune's thine, bonnie lassie, O,
Yet with fortune on my side,
I could stay thy father's pride,

And win thee for my bride, bonnie lassie, O.

Let us wander by the mill, bonnie lassie, O,

But the frowns of fortune lour, bonnie lassie, O,
On thy lover at this hour, bonnie lassie, O,
Ere yon golden orb of day
Wake the warblers on the spray,
From this land I must away, bonnie lassie, O.
Then farewell to Kelvin Grove, bonnie lassie, O,
And adieu to all I love, bonnie lassie, O,
To the river winding clear,
To the fragrant scented brier,
Even to thee, of all most dear, bonnie lassie, O,
When upon a foreign shore, bonnie lassie, O,
Should I fall midst battle's roar, bonnie lassie, O,
Then, Helen! shouldst thou hear
Of thy lover on his bier,
To his memory shed a tear, bonnie lassie, O.

"Kelvin Grove." It appears that this highly popular song was erroneously ascribed to Mr. John Sim in "The Harp of Renfrewshire," in which it was first published, but was soon after claimed by Mr. Thomas Lyle, Surgeon, Glasgow, who proved his title to it in a satisfactory manner. A Note on the verses, in Messrs. Blackie's "Book of Scottish Song," informs us, that "Kelvin Grove, a picturesque and richly wooded dell, through which the river Kelvin flows, lies at a very short distance to the north-west of Glasgow, and will in all probability soon he comprehended within the wide-spreading boundaries of the city itself. At one part of it (North Woodside) is an old well, called the Pear-Tree-Well, from a pear-tree which formerly grew over it. This used to be, and still is to some extent, a favourite place of resort for young parties from the city on summer afternoons." Mr. Lyle's own version of the song is here given, from pages 228, 229, of a Collection of Ballads and Songs, published by him in 1827. It has one stanza more than in "The Harp of Renfrewshire," and in other respects differs from the copy in that work. The air appeared in the second volume of "The Scottish Minstrel," where it is called "Kelvin Water." Its original name was, "O the shearin's no for you," which was the first line of a song now deservedly forgotten.

We now resume Mr. Moore's remarks, p. 114, supra. "But music is not the only subject on which our taste for antiquity is rather unreasonably indulged; and, however heretical it may be to dissent from these romantic speculations, I cannot help thinking that it is possible to love our country very zealously, and to feel deeply interested in her honour and happiness, without believing that Irish was the language spoken in Paradise; that our ancestors were kind enough to take the trouble of polishing the Greeks; or that Abaris the Hyperborean, was a native of the North of Ireland. By some of these archæologists it has been imagined that the Irish were early acquainted with counterpoint; and they endeavour to support this conjecture by a well-known passage in Giraldus, where he dilates, with such elaborate praise, upon the beauties of our national minstrelsy. But the terms of this eulogy are too vague, too deficient in technical accuracy, to prove that even Giraldus himself knew anything of the artifice of counterpoint. There are many expressions in the Greek and Latin writers which might be cited, with much more plausibility, to prove that they understood the arrangement of music in parts; yet I believe it is conceded in general by the learned, that however grand and pathetic the melody of the ancients may have been, it was reserved for the ingenuity of modern science to transmit 'the light of song' through the variegating prism of 'harmony.'"—See Irish Melodies, No. III. A Prefatory Letter to the Marchioness Dowager of D——. Dublin, January, 1810. (See p. 120 for the conclusion of this subject.)

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> See Advertisement to the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin. In the Preface to Wm. Shaw's Gaelic and English Dictionary, 4to, 1780, it is quite gravely asserted that Gaelic was the language originally spoken by Adam and Eve in Paradise—Ep.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> O'Halloran, vol. i. part i chap. 6.

<sup>8</sup> Id., ih. chap, 7.



What got ye frae your sweetheart, Lord Ronald, my son? What got ye frae your sweethcart, Lord Ronald, my son? I ha'e got deadly poison, mother, make my bed soon, For life is a burden that soon I'll lay down.

"LORD RONALD, MV SON." The two stanzas of the ancient ballad, sent by Burns to Johnson's Museum, together with the simple and pathetic melody, were recovered by Burns in Ayrshire. Sir Walter Scott, in his "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," gives six stanzas of the ballad as sung in Ettrick Forest, under the title of "Lord Randal." We refer to Sir Walter's remarks upon the ballad, and his reasons for preferring the name "Randal" to "Ronald." Sir Walter Scott refers to "a very similar song, in which, apparently to excite greater interest in the nursery, the handsome young hunter is exchanged for a little child, poisoned by a false stepmother." This nursery song is called "The croodlin' doo," i.e., "The cooing dove." Buchan, in his "Ballads of the North," gives a similar song, called "Willy Doo." In Jamieson's "Illustrations of Northern Antiquities," is found a fragment of a Suffolk version of the ballad, and also a translation of a German ballad, called "Grossmutter Schlangenkoechin," i.e., "Grandmother Adder-cook." Mr. Kinloch, in his "Ancient Scottish Ballads," 1827, gives another version of ten stanzas, under the name of "Lord Donald." Burns (Reliques) observes, that "this air, a very favourite one in Ayrshire, is evidently the original of Lochaber. In this manner most of our finest more modern airs have had their origin. Some early minstrel, or musical shepherd, composed the simple original air; which being picked up by the more learned musician, took the improved form it bears." We demur to Burns's theory of "musical shepherds," and "improved form of the simple original air by more learned musicians." But we have no reason to doubt Burns's opinion that the air of "Lord Ronald" was the original of "Lochaber." In Dr. John Leyden's MS. Lyra-Viol Book, formerly referred to in this work, p. 12, et passim, we find (No. 2) an air called "King James' March to Irland." It differs considerably from the air of "Lord Ronald," and from the more modern air of "Lochaber;" but still resembles both so strongly as to point to the same family origin. But the air of "Lord Ronald" consists of one strain, as happens in most of our oldest Scottish melodies; while "Lochaber," and "King James' March to Irland," consist each of two strains; thus throwing back the greater probability of antiquity upon "Lord Ronald." James II. landed at Kinsale in Ireland, on 12th March 1689. The Battle of the Boyne took place ou 30th June 1690, when James was defeated, and fied back to France. As to the name of "Limerick's Lamentation," given by the Irish to a modified version of the air of "Lord Ronald," the title may refer to the capitulation of Limerick to William's forces, soon after the Boyne battle; or to the taking of Limerick, in 1649, by Cromwell's troops, aided by pestilence and treachery.

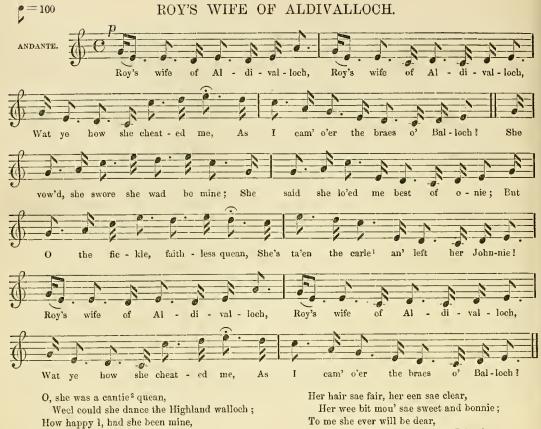


Though hurricanes rise, though rise every wind,
No tempest can equal the storm in my mind;
Though loudest of thunders on louder waves roar,
There's naething like leavin' my love on the shore.
To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pain'd;
But by ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd;
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave;
And I man deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeanie, maun plead my excuse; Since honour commands me, how can I refuse? Without it, I ne'er can have merit for thee; And losing thy favour I'd better not be.

I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame; And if I should chance to come glorious hame, I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er, And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

<sup>&</sup>quot;Lochaber no more." In the preceding Note upon "Lord Ronald," we have discussed the derivation of "Lochaber" from that tune, or from "King James' March to Irland," as in the Leyden MS. The received air of "Lochaber" is evidently of modern construction, because in it the fourth and the major seventh of the tonic (or key-note) are freely employed. The verses here given to the air of "Lochaber" were written by Allan Remsay. In the house of Mr. George Farquhar, Edinburgh, Robert Burns was a frequent and honoured guest. One evening there, Miss Farquhar (the late Mrs. Colonel Graham, Duddingstone, the Editor's mother) played the tune of "Lochaber," on the harpsichord, to Burns. He listened to it attentively, and then exclaimed, with tears in his eyes, "Oh, that's a fine tune for a broken heart!" Miss Farquhar stood so high in Burns's estimation, that he offered to write to her a journal of his intended tour in the Highlands of Scotland. A triffing circumstance prevented him from completing his offer of so valuable a communication.



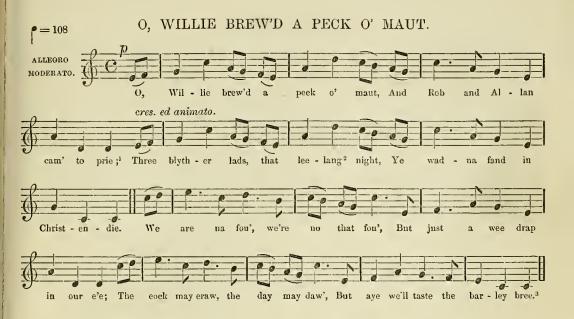
How happy 1, had she been mine, Or I been Roy of Aldivalloch. Roy's wife, &c.

I An old man.

Though she's for ever left her Johnnie. Rov's wife, &c.

2 Merry.

"Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch." This song was written by Mrs. Grant of Carron, afterwards Mrs. Dr. Murray of Bath. Burns also wrote verses for the same air, beginning, "Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?"—but the lady's verses have always held their ground to this day. David Laing, Esq., in his Additional Illustrations to Johnson's Museum, (vol. iv. pp. 368, 369,) says :- "Through the obliging inquiries of John P. Grant, Esq., (son of the late Mrs. Grant of Laggan,) I have since learned the following particulars respecting this lady. Her maiden name was Grant; and she was born near Aberlour, on the banks of the river Spey, about the year 1745. She was twice married, first to her cousin, Mr. Grant of Carron, near Elchies, on the river Spey, about the year 1763; and, secondly, to a physician in Bath, whose name is stated to have been Brown, not Murray. She died at Bath some time about 1814, and is not known to have written any other song than 'Roy's Wife.'" Mr. Laing is satisfied, from the authority of Mr. George Thomson and Mr. Cromek, that the lady's second husband was Dr. Murray of Bath. The tune is old, and was called "The Ruffian's Rant;" a name happily superseded by "Roy's Wife." We have no doubt that it is a Highland air. In several passages, modern improvers of our old melodies have, as usual, introduced flourishes that are incompatible with the simple character of this air. We have rejected these flourishes, as we shall always do, whenever we find them disfiguring our national Scottish airs. From the earlier part of the last century, the process of altering and pretended improving of these airs, seems to have gone on, up to a certain point, when it was found necessary to stop short in disguising them. The rage for embellishment as applied to these simple melodies, may be traced to the time when they became so fashionable in England, and got into the hands of public singers in London. For some hints on this subject, see Note, p. 94. Italian fioriture, of a particular kind, were not less liberally applied in those days to every melody than they have been of late years, with a change of form. National airs could not escape the contagion. The celebrated Catalani, on one of her first appearances in Edinburgh, about forty-five years ago, sang "Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch," with great applause. How she sang it we have no record; but we have no doubt that the powers of her magnificent voice were not subdued for the occasion. About thirty-five years ago, we became personally acquainted with Catalani, and conversed with her regarding her own art. We were struck with the childlike playfulness and simplicity of character in the great singer and actress. She bitterly lamented her want of early education; and added, (in her own language,) "I have talents that never were fully developed!"



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 moon—I ken her horn—
That's blinkin' in the lift<sup>4</sup> sae hie;
She shines sae bricht to wyle us hame,
But by my sooth she'll wait awee.<sup>5</sup>

Wha first shall rise to gang awa', A cuckold coward loon is he; Wha last beside his chair shall fa', He is the king amang us three.

<sup>1</sup> To taste, <sup>2</sup> Livelong. <sup>2</sup> Ale, beer—sometimes, whisky. <sup>4</sup> The firmament. <sup>5</sup> A short time—but here to be understood ironically.

"O, WILLIE RREW'D A PECK O' MAUR." In the autumn of 1789, Burns wrote this excellent convivial song, which his friend Allan Masterton, a writing-master in Edinburgh, set to music. Masterton died about the year 1800. The song was written on the occasion of a "house-warming" at William Nicol's farm of Laggan, in Nithsdale. "We had such a joyous meeting," says Burns, "that Mr. Masterton and I agreed, each in his own way, that we should celebrate the husiness." William Nicol was one of the masters of the High School of Edinburgh. He was Burns's companion in his tour of the Highlands, and died in the summer of 1797. Dr. Currie, in his Life of Burns, gives au interesting account of Nicol. The air, as composed by Masterton, appears in Johnson's Museum, vol. iii. p. 301; but that set has long been superseded by the one here given, which is an improvement on Masterton's air, by some unknown singer or arranger.

Captain Charles Gray, R.M., in No. XIV. of his "Cursory Remarks on Scottish Song," when speaking of Burns as having "contributed no less than two hundred and twenty-eight songs" to Johnson's Museum, adds—" we take credit to ourselves for being the first to claim for him the merit of his collecting and preserving above fifty Scottish melodies. This labour of love alone would have entitled Burns to the thanks and gratitude of his countrymen, had he done nothing else; but it was lost in the refulgent blaze of his native genius, which shed a light on our national song that shall endure as long as our simple Doric is understood. In the lapse of ages even the lyrics of Burns may become obsolete, but other bards shall rise, animated with his spirit, and reproduce them, if possible, in more than their original beauty and splendour. We hold our national melodies to be imperishable. As no one can trace their origin, it would be equally futile to predict their end. Their essence is more divine than the language to which they are wedded."



"To gang to the Hielands wi' you, Sir, Waud bring the saut tear to my e'e, At leaving the green glens and woodlands, And streams o' my ain countrie."

"Oh, I'll shew you the red-deer roaming,
On mountains where waves the tall pine;
And, far as the bound of the red-deer,
Ilk moorland and mountain is mine.

"A thousand elaymores I can muster,
Ilk blade and its bearer the same;
And when round their Chieftain they rally,
The gallant Argyle is my name."
There's daneing and joy in the Hielands,
There's piping and gladness and glee,
For Argyle has brought hame Leezie Lindsay,
His bride and his darling to be!

"Leezie Lindsay." The old air, probably Highland, was sent by Burns to Johnson, together with the first four lines of the song. Burns intended to send more verses, but never did. The other verses here given were written by Mr. Robert Gilfillan. The greater part of the old ballad of "Lizie Lindsoy" was sent by Professor Scott of Aberdeen to Robert Jamieson, Esq., who published the fragment in the second volume of his "Popular Ballads and Songs," 1806, pp. 149-153. Burns evidently had the first stanza of the old ballad in view, though he changed the fourth line—"And dine on fresh curds and green whey?"

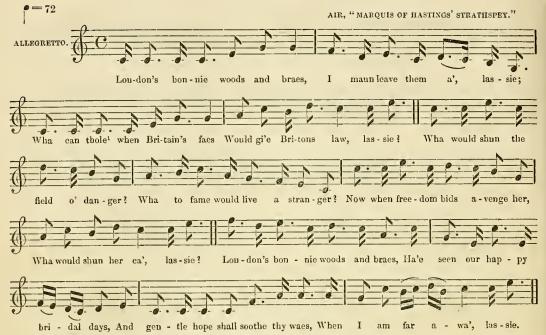
Referring to Note, p. 115, supra, we now conclude, for the present, our remarks upon Irish music. No Irishman can feel and admire more than we do, the beauty and originality of the best Irish melodies. They are, indeed, rare gems that sparkle brightly on Erin's laurel-wreath. But we regret that these fine melodies were not earlier collected by some skilful musician competent to a task so difficult. Irish airs were floating about Europe long before Edward Bunting's attempt was made to form a Collection of them in 1792, from the performances of the old Harpers then assembled at Belfast, from all parts of Ireland, and subsequently, when he visited some of those Harpers at their own dwellings. Bunting was then a very young man, having been born in February 1773. His biographer, in the Dublin University Magazine for 1847, states, (p. 67,) that on the occasion of the meeting of Harpers at Belfast in 1792, "Bunting was employed by the Committee of Directors to commit to writing the melodies of which they were, in many instances, the sole depositaries." The task committed to Bunting by the Directors he could not possibly perform on the spot, unless he were able to write down the notes of the airs and harmonies as fast as they were played—an impracticable feat, as every good musician well knows. So that unless those Harpers had played over the airs again and again to Bunting, and paused every now and then to give him time to write them down, measure by measure, his record of the airs taken on the spot at Belfast eannot be considered as authentie. Indeed, his biographer (loc. cit. p. 67) says, that the collecting of these airs "necessarily required a cultivation of his (Bunting's) powers, to enable him to effect it." Bunting himself says, (Preface to his third volume, 1840,) that "immediately after the termination of the meeting in 1792, he commenced forming his first collection. For this purpose he travelled into Derry and Tyrone, visiting Hempson, after his return to Magilligan in the former county, and spending a good part of the summer about Ballinascreen and other mountain districts in the latter, where he obtained a great number of admirable airs from the country people. His principal acquisitions were, however, made in the province of Connaught." His biographer (loc. eit. p. 70) tells us, regarding Bunting's second volume, published in 1809, that "he went on journeying, and collecting, and arranging what he gathered, . . . and having the provinces travelled by agents qualified to note down the melodies for him, as well as the original Irish words to which they were sung." We much doubt the efficiency of those agents in the musical department. It will be here observed that Bunting himself arranged or harmonized the airs for the pianoforte. Passing over at present the many harmonic erudities which all these arrangements exhibit, what shall we say of the gross deception which Bunting practised in 1815, upon "many of the most eminent musicians in Paris," when he deliberately and gravely assured them that the harmonies he played to the airs "were equally Irish, and contemporaneous with the airs themselves!"—(loc. cit. pp. 71, 72.) After that, who can have faith in Bunting? In the Introduction to "Wood's Songs of Scotland," pp. iii, iv, we have animadverted upon some of Bunting's untenable assertions.



The flow'ry Spring leads sunny Summer,
And yellow Autumn presses near;
Then in his turn comes gloomy Winter,
Till smiling Spring again appear.
Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,
Old Time and Nature their changes tell;
But never ranging, still unchanging,
I adore my bonnie Bell.

"THE SMILING SPRING COMES IN REJOICING." Mr. Stenhouse's Note is as follows: -- "This song, beginning, 'The smiling morn comes in rejoicing, is another production of Burns, who also communicated the air to which the words are united in the Museum." Museum Illustrations, vol. iv. p. 355. The song affords one of the most remarkable examples of irregular versification that we meet with in the poetry of Burns. In Note, p. 78, of this work, we have touched upon irregular verses written in order to suit certain airs, and have quoted Thomas Moore and others on the subject. But we must say that in this song Burns has not been so happy as usual in his adaptation of words to music. In several lines of the second stanza especially, there is unnecessary and unsuitable irregularity of metrical structure, which prevents the same notes being sung to the words of the second as to those of the first stanza. Above all, the last line of the second stanza consists of seven syllables, which cannot be sung to the same detached notes as the last line of the first stanza, consisting of nine syllables. The air, sent by Burns to the Museum, we think presents marks of an English Border melody, if not of an Irish tune. Mr. Moore, in the Preface to the fifth volume of his Poetical Works, 184I, has the following passage regarding Burns as a song-writer:—"Having thus got on Scottish ground, I find myself awakened to the remembrance of a name which, whenever song-writing is the theme, ought to rank second to none in that sphere of poetical fame. Robert Burns was wholly unskilled in music; yet the rare art of adapting words successfully to notes, of wedding verse in congenial union with melody, which, were it not for his example, I should say none but a poet versed in the sister art ought to attempt, has yet, by him, with the aid of a music, to which my own country's strains are alone comparable, been exercised with so workmanly a hand, as well as with so rich a variety of passion, playfulness, and power, as no song-writer, perhaps, but himself, has ever yet displayed." See pp. x, xi. Mr. Moore was misinformed when he said that "Burns was wholly unskilled in music." See pp. 47, 70, of this work.

### LOUDON'S BONNIE WOODS AND BRAES.



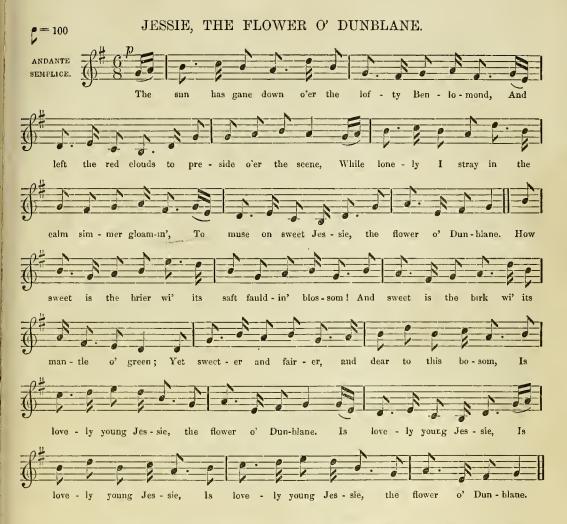
Hark! the swelling bugle rings,
Yielding joy to thee, laddie;
But the dolefu' bugle brings
Waefu' thoehts to me, laddie.
Lanely I may elimb the mountain,
Lanely stray beside the fountain,
Still the weary moments counting,
Far frae love and thee, laddie.
O'er the gory fields o' war,
Where Vengeanee drives his crimson car,
Thou'lt maybe fa', frae me afar,
And nane to close thy e'e, 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 faithfu' 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 peacefu' happy days,
As blythe's yon lichtsome lamb that plays
On Loudon's flow'ry lea, lassie.

1 Suffer; endure.

"Loudon's Bonnie Woods and Braes." These verses were written by Robert Tannahill, and appear to have been very popular for ten or twelve years before the close of the last European war. Loudon Castle, in Ayrshire, was the seat of the Earl of Moira, afterwards created Marquis of Hastings, while Governor-General of India in 1816. This song is said to be commemorative of his parting, upon foreign service, from his young wife the Countess of Loudon.

Referring to pp. 52, 95, 99, 100, 103, 104, 109, 114, 115, of this work, we think we have there shown satisfactorily that all ascriptions of the composition of Scottish melodies to Rizzio (or Riccio) are founded in error; and we now take leave of the subject by a short recapitulation of the facts. 1. Rizzio's name is not mentioned as a composer of music of any kind for a hundred and sixty years after his death. 2. He lived little more than four years in Queen Mary's household, and for much the greater part of that time in the capacity of a menial. 3. The Italian writer, Tassoni, makes no mention of Rizzio's pseudo-compositions. 4. Thomson, in his "Orpheus Caledonius," printed in London in 1725, was the first to ascribe seven Scottish airs to Rizzio; and, in the second edition of his work, 1733, ashamed of the imposture, entirely suppressed Rizzio's name. 5. James Oswald, a noted impostor, in his Second Collection of Scottish airs, also printed in London, again resumed the ridieulous deception regarding Rizzio, while the contemporaneous Edinburgh Collections of Ramsay, Craig, and M'Gibbon, make no mention of Rizzio. Craig, 1730, states that the airs are "the native and genuine product of the country." 6. We have shown Geminiani's opinions regarding Rizzio, and Scottish and other music, to be absurdly erroneous; and the opinions of his blind and ignorant follower, Oliver Goldsmith, to improve greatly in error and absurdity upon those of Geminiani and others. If any Rizzio MSS, should turn up, like the Skene, and Straloch, and Leyden, we should welcome them heartily as very wonderful curiosities.



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

Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the ev'ning, Thou'rt dear to the echocs 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 scem'd foolish and vain;
I ne'er saw a nymph I could ca' my dear lassie,

Till charm'd wi' sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.

Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
Amidst its profusion I'd languish iu paiu,
And reckon as uaething the height o' its splendour,
If wanting sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.

<sup>&</sup>quot;Jessie, the Flower o' Dunblane." The words were written by Robert Tannahill, of whom some account has been given in this work, pp. 3, 56, 75. Tannahill's words were immediately set to music by the late Robert Archibald Smith, who is also noticed, pp. 56, 75, 109. Smith was brought to Edinburgh in 1823, by the late Rev. Dr. Andrew Thomson, and appointed by him precentor in St. George's Church. He died at Edinburgh on 3d January 1829. Not a few of the airs which Smith gave in his "Scottish Minstrel," as ancient Scottish melodies, were actually of his own composition, as could even now easily be proved. Whatever may be a man's ingenuity in committing musical or literary hoaxes upon the public, the principle of such doings will not bear the slightest examination.



As the succeeding stanzas are each two lines longer than the first, it is necessary in singing them to repeat the second as well as the first strain of the melody. Another, and a very objectionable, mode is, however, more generally adopted; this is, to omit a portion of each stanza, and thus accommodate it to the music.

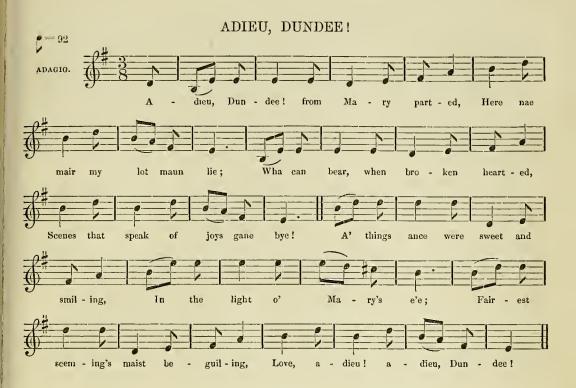
> Ance mair, gude be praised, round my ain heartsome ingle, Wi' the friends o' my youth I cordially mingle; Nae forms to compel me to seem wae or glad, I may laugh when I'm merry, and sigh when I'm sad. Nae falsehood to dread, and nae malice to fear, But truth to delight me, and friendship to cheer; Of a' roads to happiness ever were tried, There's nane half so sure as ane's ain fireside. My ain fireside, my ain fireside,

O there's nought to compare wi' ane's ain fireside.

When I draw in my stool on my cosey hearth-stane, My heart loups sae light I scarce ken't for my ain; Care's down on the wind, it is clean out o' sight, Past troubles they seem but as dreams of the night. I hear but kend voices, kend faces I see, And mark saft affection glent fond frae ilk e'e; Nae fleechings o' flattery, nae beastings o' pride, 'Tis heart speaks to heart at ane's ain fireside.

My ain fireside, my ain fireside, O there's nought to compare wi' ane's ain fireside.

"MY AIN FIRESIDE." In Cromek's "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song," these verses are ascribed to Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton, the authoress of "The Cottagers of Glenburnie," and various other prose works, chiefly relative to education. She was the sister of Captain Charles Hamilton, in the service of the East India Company, who was also an author. She died about 1817. The air is that given in Johnson's Museum under the title of "Todlen hame." This ancient air has been wrought into a variety of modern tunes, under different names; such as, "Armstrong's Farewell," "Robidh donna gorrach," "The days o' Langsyne," "Lude's Lament," "The death of the chief," &c. See Museum Illustrations, vol. iii. p. 258.



Like yon water saftly gliding,
When the winds are laid to sleep;
Such my life, when I confiding,
Gave to her my heart to keep!
Like yon water wildly rushing,
When the north wind stirs the sea;
Such the change, my heart now crushing—
Love, adieu! adieu, Dundee!

"ADIEU, DUNDEE!" The air is found in tablature in the Skene MS. already referred to in this work, p. iv. of Introduction, et passim. The late William Dauney, Esq., Advocate, who published the translation of the Skene MS., with an able Dissertation, &c., was one of the best amateur singers and violoncello players in Scotland. Soon after the publication of that work he went to Demerara, where he held the office of Solicitor-General. Universally esteemed for his abilities and his amiable manners and character, he had the prospect of rising there to higher honours, when the fever of the country cut him off prematurely on 28th July 1843. He was born on 27th October 1800. Before he left Scotland, he requested Mr. Finlay Dun and the Editor of this work to harmonize for him some of the airs from the Skene MS., to which words were to be written by two Edinburgh gentlemen. Three of these airs were accordingly published in 1838 in that form. "Adieu, Dundee!" was one of these. It is now reprinted by permission of Mrs. Dauney, the proprietress of the music, and of Charles Neaves, Esq., Advocate, Sheriff of Orkney, who is the author of the expressive and appropriate verses written for the old air at the request of his intimate friend the late Mr. Dauney. In the Museum Illustrations, vol. i. p 102, Mr. Stenhouse makes the following remarks upon the air of "Bonnie Dundee," as given, No. 99 of the Museum :- "This air appears in Skene's MSS. under the title of 'Adew, Dundee.' It is therefore certain that the song was a well-known favourite in Scotland long before the year 1598." As to the probable date of the Skene MS., we have already touched upon that subject, p. iv. of Introduction, and in the Note, p. 1 of this work. Mr. Stenhouse's assertion, that the air, "Bonnie Dundee," given in Johnson's Museum, appears in Skene's MS. under the title of "Adew, Dundee," is incorrect; and clearly proves that Mr. Stenhouse could not translate the tablature of the Skene MS. The two airs are by no means identical, as any one may easily see who takes the trouble to compare them together.



I saw na your wee thiog, I saw na your ain thing,
Nor saw l your true love down on you 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 milkwhite:

Dark was the blue o' her saft rolling e'e; Red were her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses: Sweet were the kisses that she ga'e 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 lo'ed onie till ance she lo'ed me.
Her name it is Mary; she's frae Castle-Cary:
Aft has she sat, when a bairn, on my knee:
Fair as your face is, wen't fifty times fairer,
Young braggart, she ne'er would gi'e 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 ga'e to me.
Sair gloom'd his dark brow, blood-red his cheek grew,
Wild flash'd the fire frae his red rolling e'e!—
Ye's rue sair this morning your hoasts and your scorning;
Defend ye, fause traitor! fu' loudly ye lie.

The belted plaid fa'ing, her white hosom shawing,
Fair stood the loved maid wi' the dark rolling e'e!
Is it my wee thing! is it my ain thing!
Is it my true love here that I see!
O Jamie, forgi'e me; your heart's constant to me;

I'll never mair wander, my true love, frae thee!

Awa' wi' beguiling, cried the youth, smiling:—
Aff went the bonnet; the lint-white locks flee;

"Saw ye my ain thing?" Mr. Stenhouse says,—"This charming ballad, beginning, 'Saw ye my wee thing? saw ye my ain thing?' was written by Hector Macneil, Esq., author of the celebrated poem of 'Will and Jean,' and several other esteemed works. It first appeared in a periodical publication, entitled 'The Bee,' printed at Edinburgh in May 1791. Mr. Macneil informed the writer of this article, that the tune to which his song is adapted in the Museum is the genuine melody that he intended for the words." See Museum Illustrations, vol. v. p. 393. The melody given in the Museum, No. 443, is entitled, "The wee thing, or Mary of Castle-Cary;" it is now quite unknown, having been supplanted in the public favour by the heautiful and well-known air, "Bonnie Dundee;" in a future page, however, we shall revive this forgotten melody, which ought not to be altogether lost sight of. "Bonnie Dundee" is nearly the same air as that which we have just before given from the Skene MS. with words by Charles Neaves, Esq., Advocate, under the title of "Adieu, Dundee!" The air, "Adew, Dundie," from the Skene MS., is the more simple and touching of the two. The Editor's translation of it was first published in Mr. Dauney's "Ancient Scottish Melodies," No. 24, p. 225. See Mr. Dauney's remarks upon the air, pp. 266, 267, of the same work.



Eessie's hair 's like a liut-tap,
She smiles like a May mornin',
When Pheebus starts frae Thetis' lap,
The hills wi' rays adornin';
White is her neck, saft is her hand,
Her waist and feet fu' genty,
Wi' ilka grace she can command:
Her lips, O, wow! they're dainty.

Mary's locks are like the craw,
Her e'en like diamond's glances;
She's aye sae clean, redd-up, and braw;
She kills whene'er she dances.

Blythe as a kid, wi' wit at will, She blooming, tight, and tall is, And guides her airs sae gracefu' still; O, Jove, she's like thy Pallas!

Young Bessie Bell and Mary Gray.
Ye unco sair oppress us;
Our fancies jee between ye twa,
Ye are sic bonnie lasses.
Wae's me! for baith I canna get;
To ane by law we're stinted;
Then I'll draw cuts, and tak' my fate,
And be wi' ane contented.

"Bessie Bell and Mary Gray." Mr. Stenhouse's Note upon this song is as follows:—"The first stanza of this song is old, the rest of it was written by Ramsay. Thomson adapted Ramsay's improved song to the old air in his Orpheus Caledonius, in 1725, from whence it was copied into the first volume of Watt's Musical Miscellany, printed at London in 1729. The tune also appears in Craig's Collection in 1730, and in many others subsequent to that period. The heroines of the song, viz., Miss Elizabeth Bell, daughter of Mr. Bell of Kinvaid, Perthshire, and Miss Mary Gray, daughter of Mr. Gray of Lyndock, are reported to have been very handsome young ladies, and very intimate friends. While Miss Bell was residing at Lyndock, on a visit to Miss Gray, in the year 1666, the plague broke out. With a view to avoid the contagion, they built a bower, or small cottage, in a very retired and romantic place called Burn-braes, about three-quarters of a mile from Lyndock house. Here they resided a short time; but the plague raging with increased fury, they at length canght the infection, after receiving a visit from a gentleman who was their mutual admirer; and here they both died. They were interred about half a mile from the mansionhouse; and Major Berry, the late proprietor of that estate, carefully enclosed the spot, and consecrated it to those amiable and celebrated friends. Lyndock is now the property of Thomas Graham, Lord Lyndock, the gallant hero of Barossa. Mr. Gay selected the tune of 'Bessie Bell and Mary Gray' for one of his songs in the Beggar's Opera, beginning, 'A curse attends that woman's love who always would be pleasing,' acted at London in 1728." See Museum Illustrations, vol. ii. pp. 122, 123. In the Additional Illustration, ibid. p. 203, C. K. Sharpe, Esq., writes thus:-"Bessie Bell and Mary Gray died of the plague, communicated by their lover, in the year 1645; see Pennant, and the Statistical Account of Scotland."

In the county of Tyrone, "a little to the south of Newton," [Newtown-Stewart,] "are two isolated rounded hills, called Bessy Bell and Mary Gray, names belonging to two well-known Scottish ballads, which the Irish assert the Scots have stolen from them, as they have many of their national airs and saints." Mr. Ainsworth adds:—"Tradition, however, despite of poetry, derives the first name from Baal, formerly propitiated by fires lit on the summit of this mountain, as he still is, in an indirect manner, on Midsummer's eve." See "Tyrone and Tyrconnell," by W. F. Ainsworth, Esq., p. 431 of Colburn's Magazine for December 1849.



On his gray yade, as he did ride,
Wi' dirk and pistol by his side,
He prick'd her on wi' meikle pride,
Wi' meikle mirth and glee,
Out o'er yon moss, out o'er yon muir,
Till he cam' to her daddie's door,
With a fal da ra, &c.

Gudeman, quoth he, be ye within?
I'm come your dochter's love to win,
I carena for making meikle din;
What answer gi'e ye me?
Now, wooer, quoth he, would ye light down,
I'll gi'e ye my dochter's love to win,
With a fal da ra, &c.

Now, wooer, sin' ye are lighted down.
Where do ye won, or in what town?
I think my dochter winna gloom,
On sic a lad as ye.
The wooer he stepp'd up the honse,
And wow but he was wond'rous crouse,
With a fal da ra, &c.

The maid put on her kirtle<sup>3</sup> brown,
She was the brawest in a' the town:
I wat on him she didna gloom,
But blinkit bounilie.
The lover he stended up in haste,
And gript her hard about the waist,
With a fal da ra, &c.

The maiden blush'd and bing'd 4 fu' law,
She hadna will to say him na,
But to her daddie she left it a',
As they twa could agree.
The lover gi'ed her the tither kiss,
Syne 5 ran to her daddie, and tell'd him this,
With a fal da ra, &c.

The bridal day it came to pass,
W' mony a blythsome lad and lass;
But siccan a day there never was,
Sic mirth was never seen.
This winsome couple straked hands,
Mess John ty'd up the marriage bands,
With a fal da ra, &c.

1 Dwell

<sup>2</sup> Brisk; lively.

3 An upper garment.

4 Curtsied.

5 Afterwards.

6 Such.

<sup>&</sup>quot;Muirland Willie." Mr. Stenhouse says:—"This very humorous ballad, beginning, 'Hearken, and I will tell ye how,' is published in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany in 1724, with the signature Z, to denote that it was then considered to be very old. It was likewise printed in Thomson's Orpheus Caledonins, with the music, in 1725. The tune also appears in Mrs. Crockat's Manuscript Collection, written in 1709, now in the Editor's possession." See Museum Illustrations, vol. iv. p. 342. With regard to this air, "Muirland Willie," the Editor refers to his Note on "My boy Tammie," (p. 30 of this work,) in which he points out different editions of "Muirland Willie," and states that "My boy Tammie" is a mere transformation of "Muirland Willie."

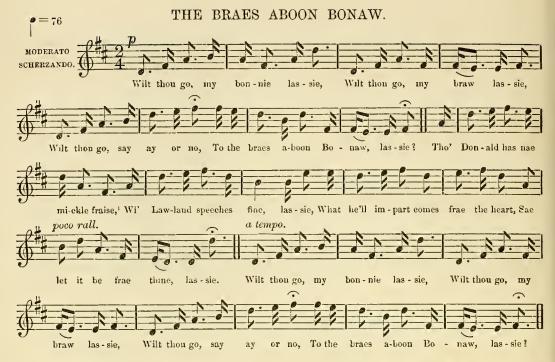


Life's storms may rudely blow, Laying hope and pleasure low: I'd ne'er deceive thee; I could never, never leave thee! Ne'er till my cheek grow pale, And my heart-pulses fail, And my last breath grieve thee, Can I ever, ever leave thee!

"I'LL NEVER LEAVE THEE." This heautiful air is unquestionably very old. Sibbald (Chronicle of Scottish Poetry, vol. iii. p. 275) is of opinion that the modern version of it is a little corrupted, and that the original air was intended to be sung to one of Wedderburne's Spiritual Ballads, (before 1549,) beginning,---

"Ah! my love! leif me not! Leif me not! leif me not! Ah! my love, leif me not, Thus mine alone!"

Although Mr. Stenhouse agrees in this opinion, we doubt whether its truth can be established by any existing evidence. (See our Note, p. 92.) Mr. Stenhouse's words are :-- "This (Sibbald's) opinion appears to be correct, for this identical tune is meutioned in Geddes' 'Saint's Recreation,' written in 1673, as appears from the approbations of the Rev. William Raitt, and the Rev. William Colvill, Primar of the College of Edinburgh, both of which are dated in August 1673. This work was afterwards printed in 1683. Several of Geddes' pious songs are directed to be sung to popular tunes, and he vindicates the practice in the following words:--- 'I have the precedent of some of the most pions, grave, and zealous divines in the kingdom, who, to very good purpose, have composed godly songs to the tunes of such old songs as these, The bonnie broom, I'll never leave thee, We'll all go pull the hadder, and such like, without any challenge or disparagement." See Museum Illustrations, vol. i. pp. 93, 94. In Mr. William Dauney's Dissertation, p. 38, there is a longer quotation from Geddes. The following passage of that quotation is too curious to be omitted :-- "It is alleged by some, and that not without some colour of reason, that many of our ayres or tunes are made by good angels, but the letters or lines of our songs by devils. We choose the part angelical, and leave the diabolical." The set of the air which we publish is chiefly taken from that given by Francis Peacock, No. 15 of his "Fifty favourite Scotch Airs," dedicated to the Earl of Errol, and printed in London about 1776. "It is, in our opinion, much superior to the ordinary versions, which have been corrupted by the insertion of embellishments altogether destructive of the beauty and simplicity of the ancient melody. Peacock was a dancing-master in Aberdeen, and a good player on the violin and violoneello. As the words usually sung to the air do not conform to it in their accentuation, and require besides an addition to the second strain, at variance with the rhythm, we have substituted other words written for this work by a friend of the publishers.



When simmer days cleed a' the braes,
Wi' blossom'd broom sae fine, lassie,
At milking sheel, we'll join the reel,
My flocks shall a' be thine, lassie.
Witt thou go, &c.

I'll bunt the roe, the hart, the doe,
The ptarmigan sae shy, lassie,
For duck and drake, I'll beat the brake,
Nae want shall come thee nigh, lassie.
Wilt thou go, &c.

For trout and par, wi' earny eare,
I'll wiley skim the fiee, lassie;
Wi' sie-like ebeer l'll please my dear,
Then eome awa' wi' me, lassie,
"Yes, l'll go, my bonnie laddie,
Yes, I'll go, my braw laddie,
Ilk joy and care wi' thee I'll share,
'Mang the braes aboon Bonaw, laddie."

Caioling discourse,

2 An out-house for catt'e

"The Braes aboon Bonaw." In the first volume of "The Seottish Minstrel," we find this song and air, but the editor of that work indicates that the author is unknown. Messrs. Blackie, in their "Book of Seottish Song," give the verses, with merely this Note:—"Written, and music arranged by W. Gilfillan." The air is obviously borrowed, in some measure, from the popular dance-tune of "Dunean Davidson," formerly called, "You'll aye be welcome back again." Mr. Stenhouse says of "Duncan Davidson," (Muscum Illustrations):—"This lively tune was inserted, about a century ago, in John Welsh's Caledonian Country Dances, book ii. p. 45. It is also to be found in Oswald's Pocket Companion, and several other old collections." "The Braes aboon Bonaw," with the air, was first printed as a single-sheet song.

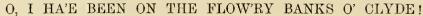
The Editor has been favoured with the following reply to his letter to Robert Gilfillan, Esq.:—"Leith, 14th March 1848. I regret I cannot give you any direct information regarding the author of 'The Braes aboon Bonaw.' Twenty-one years ago, R. A. Smith wrote me, inquiring if I were the author of the song. In reply, I answered that the song was written before I was born, and that my father, then living, believed it to be the composition of a second eousin of his own, who, in early life, went abroad, and died shortly after. The few families of Gilfillan in Scotland almost all count kin; the history of the clan being as follows:—Originally it belonged to the Isle of Mull; but, during the fendal wars, was overeome by a more powerful clan, and completely extirpated. Two of the widows, however, by a coincidence, bore each twin sons, from whom we have all sprung. . . . . My father wrote occasional verses on local subjects, but none of them were ever printed."



Though far away from thee, my love,
My thoughts will ever seek thy dwelling;
For distance cannot all remove
This faithful heart with fondness swelling!

And, should I fall, far, far from thee,
Amid the storm of warlike thunder,
My latest breathing words will be—
"O, wae's my heart that we should sunder!"

"O, WAE'S MY HEART THAT WE SHOULD SUNDER!" The oldest known fragmentary form of this beautiful air is found, under a different name, in the Skene MS., referred to passim in this work. There it is called, "To dance about the balzeis dubb," and consists of two strains; the first of four measures, the second of eight. It wants several of the passages introduced into the more modern sets, and the closes are different; but many of the essential features of the more modern sets are there. See No. 3 of translated airs in the late Mr. Dauney's "Ancient Scottish Melodics." Mr. Stenhouse, in his Note upon No. 131 of Johnson's Museum, says :-- "This tune occurs in Skene's MSS., written prior to 1598, under the title, 'Alace this night yat we suld sinder,' which was undoubtedly the first line of a very ancient song now lost." But this unqualified assertion affords additional proof of what we have repeatedly had occasion to state in the course of this work, viz., that Mr. Stenhouse did not understand the tablature of the Skene MS., and could not translate it. He does not take the least notice of "To dance about the balzeis dubb," which actually contains the commencement of the modern air, while "Alace this night yat we suld sinder," does not begin at all like the modern air, though it contains similar closes. Ramsay wrote two songs for the modern air. One, beginning "With broken words and downcast eyes," which was published with the music in the Orpheus Caledonius in 1725; and the other, heginning, "Speak on, speak thus, and still my grief," introduced by him as a song in his Gentle Shepherd. Neither of these songs possesses much poetical merit, and neither is well-suited to the melody. We have chiefly followed M'Gibbon's set of the air, and give it with new words written by a friend of the publishers.





His e'e is bright as the summer morn to me;
Its shade fa's light as the gloamin' on the lea:
It's no his manly bearing, it's no his noble air.—
But, oh! 'tis the soul that gives expression there!
We've wander'd 'mang the gowd-broom,' and by the river side,—
And, oh! in my heart, I think I'll be his bride!

1 Golden-broom.

"The Blue Bells of Scotland." The words of this song were written, and presented to the publishers, by that talented lady Miss Stirling Graham of Duntrune. We rejected the old words as very silly, and quite unworthy of the popular air to which they were adapted. "This song appears to be a parody of another written by Mrs. Grant of Laggan, beginning, 'O where, tell me where, is your Highland laddie gone?' on the Marquis of Huntly's departure for Holland, with the British forces under the command of the gallant Sir Ralph Ahercromby, in 1799. The words are adapted to a modern Scottish air." See Museum Illustrations, vol. vi. p. 480. The air given in Johnson's Museum is different from and inferior to that which we find adapted to Mrs. Grant's words in Mr. George Thomson's Collection, vol. iii. p. 135, and afterwards in R. A. Smith's Collection, vol. v. pp. 58, 59, to nearly the same words as those in Johnson's Museum, vol. vi. pp. 566, 567, with some verbal alterations, and the omission of the last stanza. We have, of course, chosen the better and the more popular of the two airs, and which appears to us to be of English composition, although hitherto claimed as Scottish. Mr. Stenhouse is in error when he says, that the song beginning, "O where, and O where does your Highland laddie dwell?" "appears to be a parody of another written by Mrs. Grant of Laggan," &c. On the contrary, Mrs. Grant's song has evidently been suggested by the words, No. 548 of Johnson, or by the words of a less delicate kind, given, pp. 12, 13, of Joseph Ritson's edition of "The North-country Chorister," entitled, "The new Highland lad," and beginning, "There was a Highland laddie eourted a Lawland lass." It consists of seven stanzas, and Ritson adds the following note:—"This song has been lately introduced upon the stage by Mrs. Jordan, who knew neither the words nor the tune." Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq., says, in the Museum, (vol. vi. pp. 526, 527,) "but there is another set of words, probably as old, which I transcribed from a 4to collection of songs in MS. made by a lady upwards of seventy years ago." It begins, "O, fair maid, whase aught that bonny bairn?" and is of the same character as the song above-mentioned given in "The North-country Chorister." The allusion to the Parson and the Clerk in each of these three songs, points out their English origin. In "The New Whim of the Night, or the Town and Country Songster for 1801," London, C. Sheppard, we find, p. 74, "Blue Bell of Scotland, sung by Mrs. Jordan," and p. 75, a parody upon it, called "Blue Bell of Tothill Fields," whose hero is a convict "gone to Botany Bay."



Donald Caird's come again!
Donald Caird's come again!
Gar the bagpipes hum amain,
Donald Caird's come again!
Donald Caird can wire a maukin,<sup>5</sup>
Kens the wiles o' dun-deer staukin';
Leisters kipper,<sup>6</sup> makes a shift
To shoot a muir-fowl i' the drift:
Water-bailifs, rangers, keepers,
He can wauk when they are sleepers;
Not for bountith, or reward,
Daur they mell wi' Donald Caird.

Donald Caird's come again!
Donald Caird's come again!
Tell the news in brugh and glen,
Donald Caird's come again!
Donald Caird can drink a gill,
Fast as hostler-wife can fill;
Ilka ane that sells gude liquor,
Kens how Donald hends a bicker:
When he's fou, he's stout and saucy,
Keeps the cantle o' the causey;
Highland chief and Lawland laird
Maun gi'e room to Donald Caird.

1 Caird, or Ceard, (Gaelic,) Tinker.

<sup>5</sup> To spear salmon with a three-pronged weapon.

10 Large pieces of cheese.

<sup>2</sup> Burgh. <sup>3</sup> Flatter.

<sup>7</sup> Drinks lustily.

11 Beware of the gallows.

Donald Caird's come again!
Donald Caird's come again!
Dinna let the Shirra ken
Donald Caird's come again!
Steek the anmrie, lock the kist,
Else some gear may weel be mist;
Donald Caird finds orra things
Where Allan Gregor fand the tings:
Dunts o' kebbuck, lotaits o' woo',
Whiles a hen and whiles a sow,
Webs or duds frae hedge or yard—
Ware the wuddie, local faird!

Donald Caird's come again!
Donald Caird's come again!
Diana let the Justice ken
Donald Caird's come again!
On Donald Caird the doom was stern,
Craig to tether, 12 legs to airn: 13
But Donald Caird, wi' muckle study,
Caught the gift to cheat the wuddie.
Rings o' airn, and bolts o' steel,
Fell like ice frae hand and heel!
Watch the sheep in fauld and glen,
Donald Caird's loose again!

4 A milk-pail.

8 Middle of the roadway.

12 Throat to the halter.

Snare a hare.
Shut the pantry.
L gs to fetters.

"Donald Caird's come again!" This spirited and humorons song was written by Sir Walter Scott for an air in the second volume of the work called "Albyu's Anthology," published in 1818, by Alexander Campbell. The tune given in that work to Sir Walter Scott's verses is called "Malcolm Caird's come again," and is by no means a good specimen of Highland melody, while the harmonical arrangement given to it is as barbarous as possible. The melody we give is quite modern, and some part of it may be traced to an air by George Frederick Handel, in the overture to his opera of "Alcina," which was first produced at Covent-Garden Theatre, London, on 16th April 1735. There was no style of his time that Handel could not imitate and improve. That air, in his overture to Alcina, shews how open Handel's ears were to all styles; like the ears of every great musician. In it he has not only imitated what Doctor Burney called the "Scots snap,"\* but has composed a very pleasing air, which might easily pass with many persons as Scottish. Mr. Alexander Campbell, the editor of "Albyn's Anthology," shewed to the late Captain C. Gray, R.M., the original MS. of "Donald Caird," in the hand-writing of Sir Walter Scott. It was written in a small hand, in double columns, on the back of an old letter; the last stanza standing by itself at the foot of the page. Sir Walter Scott, like Pope, often wrote passages of his works upon any pieces of paper that came to hand, as appeared from his MSS. formerly in the possession of the late Mr. John Ballantyne.

<sup>\*</sup> See page 94 of this work.



Maggie, quo' 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? If ye be Rob, I've heard of you, Live you upon the border? The lasses a', baith far and near, Have heard o' Rob the Ranter; I'll shake my foot wi' right gude will, Gif you'll blaw up your chanter.

<sup>1</sup> A beggarly knave.

Then to his bags be flew wi' speed, About the drone he twisted; Meg up and wallop'd o'er the green, For brawly could she frisk it. Weel done! quo' he-play up! quo' she; Weel bobb'd! quo' Rob the Ranter; 'Tis worth my while to play indeed, When I ha'e sie a dancer. Weel ha'e you play'd your part, quo' Meg, Your cheeks are like the crimson; There's nane in Scotland plays sae weel, Since we lost Habbie Simson.\* I've lived in Fife, baith maid and wife, These ten years and a quarter; Giu ye should come to Anster fair, Speir ye for Maggie Lauder.

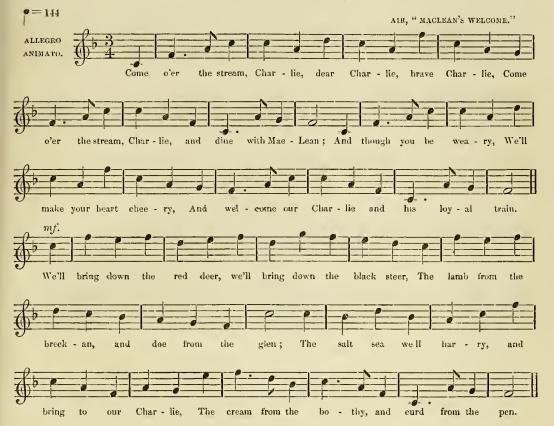
<sup>2</sup> An iodiscreet talker.

"Magole Lauder." "This comic ballad was written by Francis Semple of Beltrees, Esq.. in the county of Renfrew, about the year 1642. This fact is stated on the joint authorities of two of his descendants, viz., the late Mr. Semple of Beltrees, who died in 1789, and his relation, the late Mr. Semple of Edinburgh." Museum Illustrations, vol. vi. p. 475. The author of the air is not known, but it seems to have made its way to London in the beginning of the eighteenth century, having been sung in the Quaker's Opera, performed at Lee and Harper's booth in Bartholo mew Fair, in the year 1728, and also introduced in Gay's Opera of Achilles, printed in 1733. Whether Maggie Lauder was a real, or only an imaginary person, we cannot ascertain. In his highly humorous poem of "Anster Fair," Professor W. Tennant† has made Maggie Lauder his heroine, in the reign of James V. The scene of the poem is the burgh of Easter Anstruther, in the county of Fife, where three fairs were formerly held annually.

Mr. W. F. Ainsworth, in his paper quoted from in the Note to "Bessie Bell and Mary Gray," supra, p. 127, says:—
"The Irish are particularly indignant on the subject of 'Maggie Lauder,' of which sweet air the Scots are said to have despoiled them . . . . Mr. Hardiman, in his 'Irish Minstrelsy,' insists upon the immediate restitution of all stolen melodies, just as if they could be put into a box and sent by the railway." We Scots do not consider "Maggie Lauder" to be a "sweet air," although we think that it is a lively one. It is very unlike an Irish air, and we believe that no Irishman can ever prove that it is not Scottish, and that it is not a modern air. If, in the case of "Bessie Bell and Mary Gray," the word Bual is to be converted into "Bessie Bell," at the mere fancy of any Irishman, then there can be no end to the fanciful claims of Irishmen upon Scottish airs, and ballads also. Bunting attempted to claim, as Irish, the air of "Will you go to the ewebughts, Marion?" but his Irish air (p. 95 and No. 115 of his third Collection) has no likeness to the Scottish one. In our Notes to "The Songs of Scotland," we have always frankly ascribed to Ireland those airs which we really believed to be Irish, and which had hitherto been claimed by the Scots. In this respect we have acted with more liberality towards the Irish than has been shown by former editors of Scottish melodies.

See "The Life and Death of the Piper of Kilbarchan, Habbie Simson," in James Watson's Collection of Scots Poems, Eduburgh, 1713,
 Part i. pp. 32-35. That clever poem was written by Robert Semple, Esq., of Beltrees, the father of the author of "Maggie Lauder."
 † Professor of Oriental Languages in St. Mary's College, St. Andrews.

### COME O'ER THE STREAM CHARLIE.



Come o'er the stream, Charlie, dear Charlie, brave Charlie, Come o'er the stream, Charlie, and dine with MacLean; And though you be weary, we'll make your heart cheery, And welcome our Charlie and his loyal train.

And you shall drink freely the dews of Glen Sheerly, That stream in the star-light, when kings dinna ken; And deep be your meed of the wine that is red, To drink to your sire and his friend the MacLean.

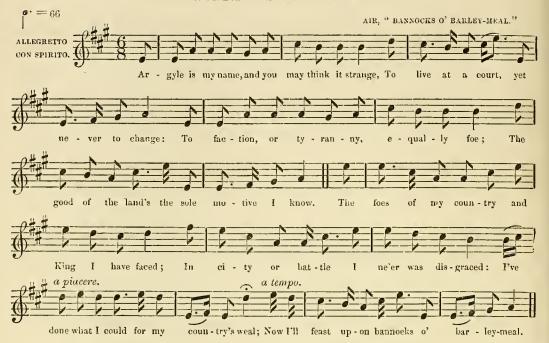
Come o'er the stream, Charlie, dear Charlie, brave Charlie, Come o'er the stream, Charlie, and dine with MacLean; And though you be weary, we'll make your heart cheery, And welcome our Charlie and his loyal train.

If aught will invite you, or more will delight you, 'Tis ready—a troop of our bold Highlandmen

Shall range on the heather, with bonnet and feather, Strong arms and broad elaymores, three hundred and ten.

<sup>&</sup>quot;Come o'er the stream, Charle." In "Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd," 1831, we find the following Note by James Hogg:—"I versified this song at Meggernie Castle, in Glen-Lyon, from a scrap of prose, said to be the translation, verbatim, of a Gaelic song, and to a Gaelic air, sung by one of the sweetest singers and most accomplished and angelic heings of the human race. But, alas! earthly happiness is not always the lot of those who, in our erring estimation, most deserve it. She is now no more, and many a strain have I poured to her memory."

#### ARGYLE IS MY NAME.



Ye riots and revels of London, adien!

And Folly, ye foplings, I leave her to you!

For Scotland I mingled in bustle and strife—

For myself I seek peace and an innocent life:

I'll haste to the Highlands, and visit each scene

With Maggie, my love, in her rocklay¹ o' green;

On the banks o' Glenaray what pleasure I'll feel,

While she shares my bannock o' barley-meal!

And if it chance Maggie should bring me a son,
He shall fight for his King as his father has done;
I'll hang up my sword with an old soldier's pride—
Oh, may he be worthy to wear't on his side!
I pant for the breeze of my loved native place,
I long for the smile of each welcoming face—
I'll aff to the Highlands as fast's I can reel,
And feast upon bannocks o' barley-meal.

A short cloak.

"Argyle is my Name." The words given in the present work were written by the late Sir Alexander Boswell of Auchinleck, but are only a modification of the older words. In his Note on No. 560 of the Museum, Mr. Stenhouse says:—"This ballad is universally attributed to John Campbell, the renowned Duke of Argyle and Greenwich, whose uncorrupted patriotism and military talents justly entitled him to be ranked among the greatest benefactors of his country. He died on the 4th of October 1743, in the sixty-third year of his age. The tune is of Gaelic origin." The present Editor would rather say that the tune is very probably of Irish origin. Certainly it has never been claimed by Ireland, nor ever appeared in any collection of Irish melodies. It may therefore be a Scottish imitation of the Irish style. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq., writes the following Note on the ballad, p. 523, vol. i. of Museum:—
"This song is older than the period here assigned to it; and if the name of Maggie is to be trusted, can only apply to the first Marquis of Argyle, whose wife was Lady Margaret Douglas, daughter of the Earl of Morton. He was so very notorious a coward, that this song could have been made by nobody but himself, unless to turn him into ridicule." Pope, in the Epilogue to his Satires, Dialogue ii., verses 86, 87, speaks thus in praise of the Duke of Argyle and Greenwich:—

"Argyll, the state's whole thunder born to wield, And shake alike the senate and the field."

One of his biographers says of him—"In private life the Duke's conduct was highly exemplary. He was an affectionate husband and an indulgent master. He seldom parted with his servants till age had rendered them incapable of their employments; and then he made provision for their subsistence. He was liberal to the poor, and particularly to persons of merit in distress: but though he was ready to patronize deserving persons, he was extremely cautious not to deceive any by lavish promises, or leading them to form vain expectations."



The next verse begins at the sign : S:

There's mony a lass has broke my rest,
That for a blink I ha'e lo'ed best;
But thou art queen within my breast
For ever to remain!
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.

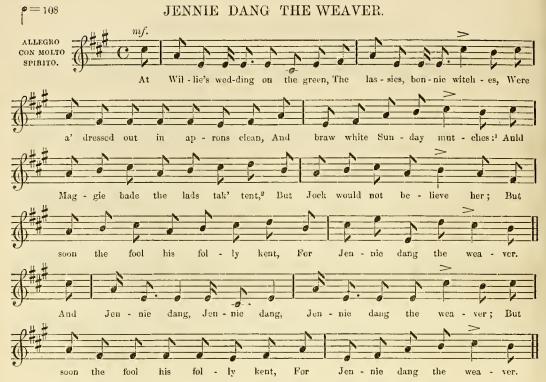
1 Palm of the band.

<sup>2</sup> A short time.

"O LAY THY LOOF IN MINE, LASS." "This song was written by Burns for the Museum. It is adapted to the favourite old tune, called *The Cordwainer's March*, which, in former times, was usually played before that ancient and useful fraternity at their annual procession on St. Crispin's day. The tune is also preserved in Aird's first volume of Select Airs, and other collections." See Museum Illustrations, vol. vi. pp. 491, 492. This air of "The Cordwainer's March" suggests to us a Russian air that resembles it in some leading passages, and is found in a MS. Collection of Russian airs, made in 1817-18, by Dr. William Howison of Edinburgh, when he was in Russia. We here quote the air, No. 29 of Dr. Howison's Collection, and obligingly sent to us by him at our request. The Russian title of the song for the air is translated, "I did not know for what."



This is an air of one strain, modulating half between A minor and E minor, on which last key it ends. In general, Russian airs in a minor key, if they consist of two strains, modulate from the minor to its next relative major; for example, from A to C—and in the second strain modulate back from the relative major to the original minor. We have more to say upon this subject, and upon minor keys, but must postpone our remarks to p. 140.



At ilka country dance or reel,
Wi' her he would be bobhin';
When she sat down—he sat down,
And to her would be gabbin';
Where'er she gaed, baith but and ben,
The coof<sup>4</sup> would never leave her;
Aye kecklin' like a clockin' hen,
But Jennie dang the weaver.
And Jennie dang, Jennie dang,
Jennie dang the weaver;
Aye kecklin' like a clockin' hen,
But Jennie dang the weaver.

1 Head-dresses for females,

<sup>2</sup> To be on one's guard.

Qno' he, My lass, to speak my mind,
In troth I needna swither;
You've bonnie een, and if your kind,
I'll never seek another;
He humm'd and haw'd, the lass cried, Peugh!
And hade the coof no deave her;
Syne snapt her fingers, lap and leugh,
And dang the silly weaver.
And Jennie dang, Jennie dang,
Jennie dang the weaver;
Syne snapt her fingers, lap and leugh,
And dang the silly weaver.

3 Outer and inner apartments of a house. 4 Simpleton.

"JENNIE DANG THE WEAVER." This humorons song was written by the late Sir Alexander Boswell, Bart., of Auchinleck, mentioned before, p. 102. As to the air. Mr. Stenhonse and others make no mention of its origin; but we quote the following very amusing Note from pp. 308, 309, of Mr. Hugh Paton's "Contemporaries of Burns," &c., Edinburgh, 1840:--" The origin of the air of 'Jennie dang the weaver,' is somewhat enrions. The Rev. Mr. Gardner, minister of the parish of Birse in Aberdeenshire, well known for his musical talent and for his wit, was, one Saturday evening, arranging his ideas for the service of the following day, in his little study, which looked into the conrt-yard of the manse, where Mrs. Gardner, secunda-for he had been twice married-was engaged in the homely task of 'beetling' the potatoes for supper. To unbend his mind a little, he took up his Cremona, and began to step over the notes of an air he had previously jotted down, when suddenly an altercation arose between Mrs. Gardner and Jock, the 'minister's-man' an idle sort of weaver from the neighbouring village of Marywell, who had lately been engaged as man-of-all-work about the manse. 'Here, Jock,' cried the mistress, as he had newly come in from the labours of the field, 'gae wipe the minister's shoon.' 'Na,' said the lout, 'I'll do nac sic thing: I cam' here to be yir ploughman, but no yir flunky; and I'll he d-d gif I'll wipe the minister's shoon! 'Deil confound yir impudence!' said the enraged Mrs. Gardner, as she sprung at him with a heavy culinary instrument in her hand, and giving him a hearty beating, compelled him to perform the menial duty required. The minister, highly diverted with the scene, gave the air he had just completed the title of 'Jennie dang the weaver.' This is supposed to have occurred about the year 1746." Sc non è vero, è hen trovato! On page 82 of the second volume of Wm. Thomson's "Orpheus Caledonius," published at London in 1733, we find a time ealled "Jenny beguil'd the Webster," which is the same, with a few slight differences, as that called "Jennie dang the Weaver."

#### THE BONNIE BLINK O' MARY'S E'E.



The chiel wha boasts o' warld's wealth
Is aften laird o' meikle care;
But Mary she is a' my ain,
And Fortune canna gi'e me mair.

Then let me stray by Cassillis' hanks, Wi' her, the lassie dear to me, And catch her ilka glance o' love, The bonnie blink o' Mary's e'e.

"The Bonnie Blink o' Mary's e'e." The words here given to the air of "I ha'e laid a herrin' in saut," were written by Richard Gall, a native of Linkhouse near Dunhar. They are printed in his Poetical Works, 1 vol. 8vo, Edinburgh, 1819. Gall was bred a carpenter, but afterwards served as a compositor in the printing-office of Mr. Ramsay, Edinburgh, and finally became Mr. Ramsay's clerk. He died in 1801, aged twenty-five.

"Mr. John Stafford Smith, in the first volume of his Musica Antiqua, published at Lendon in 1812, gives us the following words of 'A very popular song in the early part of Henry the Eighth's reign':---

'Joan, quoth John, when wyll this be?
Tell me when wilt thon marie me,
My corne, and eke my calf and rents,
My lands, and all my tenements?
Saie Jean, said John, what wilt thou doe?
I cannot come every day to woe.'

"Mr. Smith, in the same work, also gives the original air to these words, with a bass of his own composition, and affirms that the Scots have borrowed their old song of 'I canna come ilka day to woo,' from this English source. But there is not the smallest ground for such a conjecture. The old Scottish air is totally different from the English one. The former, which is uncommonly cheerful and lively, and extremely well adapted to the nature and spirit of the words, bears the marks of genuine antiquity; it commences on the third, and ends on the fifth of the key. The latter is a stiff and awkward tune, and is as opposite to the general style of the old Scottish airs as night is to day. The incidents in both songs are likewise totally different. The solitary line, 'I cannot come every day to woo,' is no doubt nearly the same in both copies; but if the composer of either of these songs did borrow a line at all, it is just as likely that the English poetaster took his line from the old humorous Scottish ballad, as that the minstrel who framed the latter borrowed a single phrase from such a composition as that published so lately for the first time by Mr. Smith. Is it not absurd to affirm that the Scots have laid claim to an English song, which has not the least affinity to their own Scottish song, either in sound or in sense? David Herd has preserved a fragment of a song, apparently still older than that inserted in the Museum which is here annexed.

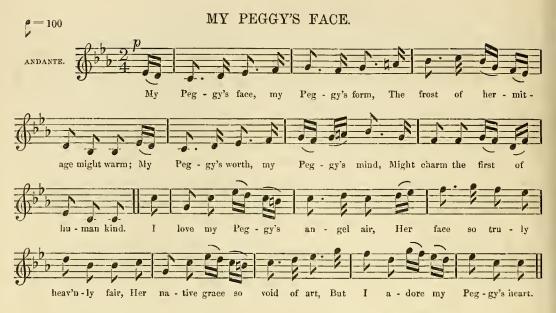
'I ha'e layen three herring a' sa't;

Bonnie lass, gin ze'll tak' me, tell me now;

And I ha'e brew'n three pickles o' mau't,

And I cannae cum ilka day to woo,''' &c.

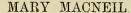
See Museum Illustrations, vol. iii. pp. 228, 229.

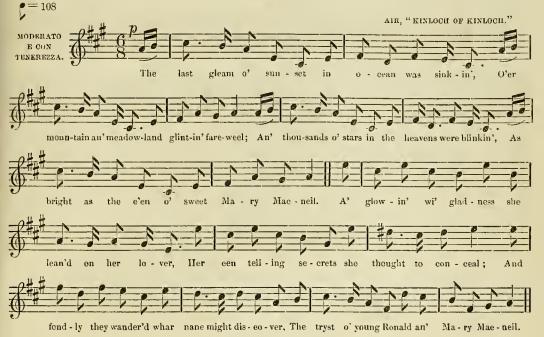


The lily's hue, the rose's dye, The kindling lustre of an eye; Who but owns their magic sway, Who but knows they all decay! The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
The generous purpose nobly dear,
The gentle look that rage disarms—
These are all immortal charms!

"My Peggy's Face." "This song was written by Burns in 1787, for the second volume of the Museum, but having been mislaid, it did not make its appearance till the publication of the last volume of that work. In a letter, inclosing the song and the fine air to which it is adapted, the bard thus addresses Mr. Johnson:—'Dear Mr. Publisher, I hope, against my return, you will be able to tell me from Mr. Clarke if these words will suit the tune. If they don't suit, I must think on some other air, as I have a very strong private reason for wishing them in the second volume. Don't forget to transcribe me the list of the Antiquarian music. Farewell.—R. Burns.' Burns alludes to the manuscript music in the library of the Antiquarian Society, Edinburgh. Mr. George Thomson has inserted this song in the third volume of his Collection; but the name of the heroine, in place of 'Peggy,' is changed for that of 'Mary,' and the words are directed to be sung to the tune called 'The ewie wi' the crooked horn.' These alterations, however, do not appear to he for the better. It will generally be found, that the tune which the poet himself had in view when composing a song, if not superior, is, at least, more in unison with the sentiments expressed, than any other that can be selected." See Museum Illustrations, vol. vi. pp. 439, 440.

Referring to Note, p. 137, supra, we resume, for a moment, the subject of Russian melodies. The musical instruments in common use among the Russian peasantry must have had much influence in the structure of their national airs. We must notice what we consider as a very erroneous theory, just broached by a lady of remarkable literary talent. Miss Harriet Martineau, in her "Eastern Life, Present and Past," recently published, makes some universal assertions regarding the "minor key," which we cannot receive as true, seeing that they are contradicted, in numerous cases, by facts well established. Miss Martineau says :- "I do not know whether all the primitive music in the world is in the minor key; but I have been struck by its prevalence among all the savage, or half-civilized, or uneducated people whom I have known. The music of Nature is all in the minor key-the melodies of the winds, the sea, the waterfall, birds, and the echoes of bleating flocks among the hills; and human song scems to follow the lead, till men are introduced at once into the new world of harmony and the knowledge of music in the major key. Our crew (Nile boatmen) sang always in unison, and had evidently no conception of harmony. I often wished that I could sing loud enough to catch their ear amidst their clamour, that I might see whether my second would strike them with any sense of harmony; but their overpowering noise made any such attempt hopeless. We are accustomed to find or make the music which we call spirit-stirring in the major key; but their spirit-stirring music, set up to encourage them at the oar, is all of the same pathetic character as the most deleful, and only somewhat louder and more rapid." In the first place, we should like to know if this clever writer is practically acquainted with music, and if she is aware of the elements of sound that constitute a minor key, or a major key? Next, we may ask, how any one of accoustical perceptions so obtuse as to be obliged to use an ear-trumpet, can possibly distinguish musical intervals, and the differences between major and minor ones? These are necessary questions preliminary. We shall resume this subject at p. 145.



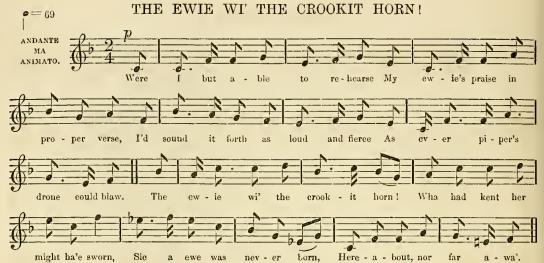


O! Mary was modest, and pure as the lily
That dew-draps o' mornin' in fragrance reveal;
Nae fresh bloomin' flow'ret in hill or in valley
Could rival the beauty of Mary Macneil.
She moved, and the graces play'd sportive around her;
She smiled, and the hearts o' the cauldest wad thrill;
She sang, and the mavis cam' listenin' in wonder,
To claim a sweet sister in Mary Macneil.

But ae bitter blast ou its fair promise blawin',
Frae spring a' its beauty au' blossoms will steal;
An' ae sudden hlight on the gentle heart fa'iu',
Inflicts the deep wound nothing earthly can heal.
The simmer saw Ronald on glory's path hiein'—
The autumu, his corse on the red battle-field;
The winter, the maiden found heart-broken, dyin';
An' spring spread the green turf o'er Mary Macneil!

<sup>&</sup>quot;MARY MACNELL." The author of this song was Erskine Conolly, a native of Craill, in Fifeshire. He was bred a bookbinder, and followed that occupation for some time, but eventually settled in Edinburgh as a Mcssenger-at-Arms.\* One of his old friends says of him:—"His gentle and amiable manners rendered him very popular, even in the exercise of his painful duties. Besides his song of 'Mary Macueil,' which appeared in the Edinburgh Intelligencer, 23d December 1840, Conolly wrote, 'We sat beside the trysting-tree,' published in the same paper, 16th December 1840, and, 'There's a thrill of emotion,' printed along with the two former in the third series of the 'Whistle Binkie,' by Mr. D. Robertson, Glasgow, in 1842. The poetical taleut shown in these, makes us regret that he did not write more in the same style. His occasional 'Addresses' in verse, delivered to the Chapters of the Musomanik Society of Anstruther, held in Edinburgh, will not soon be forgotten by those who mingled in these few but pleasant symposia. He died at Edinburgh on 7th January 1843, aged about forty-three." The air to which this song was written is called "Kinloch of Kinloch," and was composed by George Kinloch, Esq. of Kinloch. The second strain of the melody has been slightly altered in order to adapt it to the words.

<sup>\*</sup> Messengers-at-Arms are officers subservient to the Supreme Courts of Session and Justiclary in Scotland; and their proper business is to execute all Royal letters, either in civil or criminal cases.



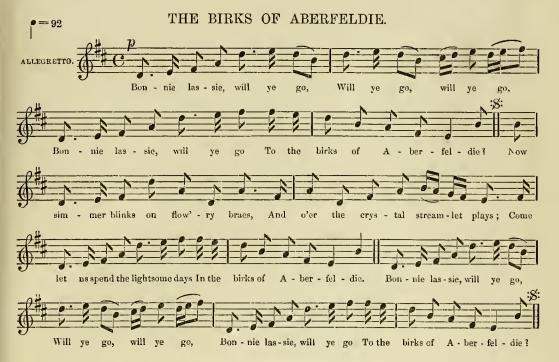
I never needed tar nor keil, To mark her upo' hip or heel; Her crookit hornie did as weel, To ken her by amang them a'. She never threaten'd scab nor rot, But keepit ay her ain jog-trot; Baith to the fauld and to the cot, Was never sweirt to lead nor ca'. Cauld nor hunger never dang1 her. Wind nor weet could never wrang her; Ance she lay an ouk 2 and langer Furth aneath a wreath o' snaw. When ither ewies lap the dyke, And ate the kail for a' the tyke. My ewie uever play'd the like, But tyc'd about the barn wa'. A better, or a thriftier beast, Nae honest man could weel ha'e wist; For, silly thing, she never mist To ha'e, ilk year, a lamb or twa. The first she had I ga'e to Jock, To be to him a kind o' stock; And now the laddie has a flock O' mair nor thirty head ava'. I lookit aye at even for her, Lest mischanter shou'd come o'er her, Or the foumart4 might devour her, Gin the beastie bade awa'. My ewie wi' the crookit horn Weel deserved baith gerse and corn; Sic a ewe was never born, Hereabout, or far awa'.

1 Overcame.

Yet, last ouk, for a' my keeping, (Wha can speak it without greeting?) A villain cam', when I was sleeping, Sta' my ewie, horn and a'. I sought her sair upo' the morn; And down aweath a buss o' thorn, I got my ewie's crookit horn, But my ewie was awa'. O! gin I had the loon that did it. Sworn I have, as weel as said it, Though a' the world should forbid it, I wad gi'e his neck a thra'. I never met wi' sic a turn As this, sin' ever I was born; My ewie wi' the crookit horn, Silly ewie, stown awa'. O! had she deid o' crook or cauld, As ewies do when they are auld, It wadua been, by mony fauld, Sae sair a heart to nane o's a'. For a' the claith that we ha'e worn, Frae her and hers sae aften shorn: The loss o' her we cou'd ha'e borne, Had fair strae-death ta'en her awa'. But thus, puir thing, to lose her life, Aneath a bluidy villain's knife; I'm really fley't that our gudewife Will never win aboon't ava. O! a' ye bards benorth Kinghorn, Call your muses up and mourn Our ewie wi' the crookit horn, Stowu frae's, an' fell't an' a'! 3 Nibbled. 4 A polecat.

"The Ewie wi' the Crookit horn." Mr. Stenhouse says:—"This excellent song, beginning, 'O were I able to rehearse,' is another production of the Rev. Mr. John Skinner. The verses are adapted to a fine lively Highland reel, of cousiderable antiquity, which received its name from a 'Ewie' of a very different breed; namely, the whisky-still, with its crooked, or rather spiral apparatus." Museum Illustrations, vol. iii. p. 287. Mr. Stenhouse gives the song, "with the author's last corrections," which, of course, we have adopted. In the Note upon "Tullochgorum," p. 26 of this work, we stated a few particu'ars regarding the Rev. Mr. Skinner.

<sup>2</sup> A week.



The following verses begin at the sign : S:

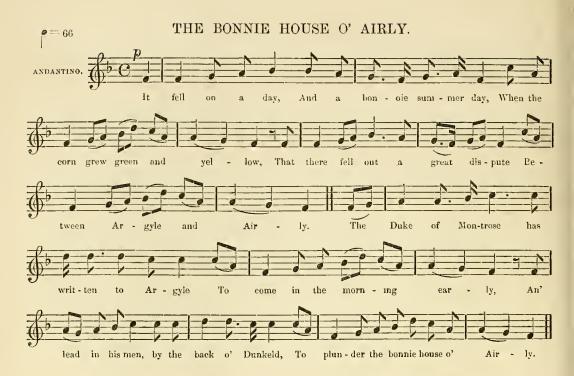
While o'er their head the hazels hing,
The little burdies blythely sing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing,
In the birks of Aberfeldie.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foamin' stream deep-roaring fa's,
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreadin' shaws,
The birks of Aberfeldie.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flow'rs,
White o'er the linn the burnic pours,
And, risin', weets wi' misty show'rs
The birks of Aberfeldie.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

Let fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely bless'd wi' love and thee,
In the birks of Aberfeldie.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

"The Birks of Aberfeldie." "This old sprightly air," says Mr. Stenhouse, "appears in Playford's 'Dancingmaster,' first printed in 1657, under the title of 'A Scotch Ayre.'" The words here given, except the chorus, which is old, were written by Burns for Johnson's Musical Museum, in September 1787, while standing under the Falls of Moness, near Aberfeldie, in Perthshire. Burns, at that time, was travelling in the Highlands of Scotland with his intimate friend William Nicol, one of the masters of the Edinburgh High School. Mr. Lockhart, in his Life of Robert Burns, chap. vi., records a remarkable trait of the pride and passion of William Nicol when Burns and he were together at Fochabers; and of Burns's kind self-denial and breach of etiquette with a Duke, in order to soothe his irritated friend. "Burns, who had been much noticed by this noble family when in Edinburgh, happened to present himself at Gordon Castle, just at the dinner hour, and being invited to take a place at the table, did so, without for a moment adverting to the circumstance that his travelling companion had been left alone at the inn in the adjacent village. On remembering this soon after dinner, he begged to be allowed to rejoin his friend; and the Duke of Gordon, who now for the first time learned that he was not journeying alone, immediately proposed to send an invitation to Mr. Nicol to come to the Castle. His Grace's messenger found the haughty schoolmaster striding up and down before the inn-door, in a state of high wrath and indignation, at what he considered Burns's neglect; and no apologies could soften his mood. He had already ordered horses; and the poet finding that he must choose between the ducal circle and his irritable associate, at once left Gordon Castle and repaired to the inn; whence Nicol and he, in silence and mutual displeasure, pursued their journey along the coast of the Moray Frith."-Lockhart's Life of Burns. Regarding the air, we have to observe, that in the earlier copies, the melody seems to have been disfigured by a misprint of the sixth note of the first measure, where three Ds occur consecutively, instead of D, E, D. In the present edition that wrong note has been altered.



The lady look'd o'er her window sae hie,
And, oh! but she look'd weary,
And there she espied the great Argyle
Come to plunder the bonnie house o' Airly.

"Come down, come down, Lady Margaret," he says,
"Come down and kiss me fairly,
Or before the morning clear day-light,
I'll no leave a standing stane in Airly."

"I wadna kiss thee, great Argyle,
I wadna kiss thee fairly,
I wadna kiss thee, great Argyle,
Gin you shouldna leave a stauding stane in Airly."

He has ta'en her by the middle sae sma', Says, "Lady, where is your drury'?"

"It's up and down the bonnie burn side, Amang the planting of Airly." They sought it up, they sought it down,
They sought it late and early,
And found it in the bonnie balm-tree
That shines on the bowling-green o' Airly.

He has ta'en her by the left shoulder,
And, oh! but she grat sairly,
And led her down to you green bank
Till he plunder'd the bonnie house o' Airly.

"O! it's I ha'e seven braw sons," she says,
"And the youngest ne'er saw his daddie,
And although I had as mony mae,
I wad gi'e them a' to Charlie.

"But gin my good lord had been at hame,
As this night he is wi' Charlie,
There durstna a Campbell in a' the west
Ha'e plunder'd the bonnie house o' Airly."

1 Treasuro.

"The Bonnie House o' Airly." When Montrose was driven out of Perth by Argyle in September 1644, he marched into Angus-shire, where he was joined by the old Earl of Airly and two of his sons, who never forsook him in success or disaster. During Montrose's retreat from the Castle of Fyvie in Aberdeenshire, we learn from Sir Walter Scott, (History of Scotland,) that "on the road he was deserted by many Lowland gentlemen who had joined him, and who saw his victories were followed with no better results than toilsome marches among wilds, where it was nearly impossible to provide subsistence for man or horse, and which the approach of winter was about to render still more desolate. They left his army, therefore, promising to return in summer; and of all his Lowland adherents, the old Earl of Airly and his sons alone remained. They had paid dearly for their attachment to the Royal cause, Argyle having (1640) plundered their estates, and burnt their principal mansion, the Bonnie house o' Airly,' situated on the river Isla, the memory of which conflagration is still preserved in Scottish song." We give the ballad as it is published in Messrs. Blackie's Book of Scottish Song, according to John Finlay's version:



Keekin' in the draw-well clear,
What if I should fa' in, then?
Syne¹ a' my kin will say and swear,
I drown'd mysel' for sin, then.
Haud² the better by the brae,³
Janet, Janet,
Haud the better by the brae,
My jo Janet.

Good Sir, for your courtesie,
Coming thro' Aberdeen, then,
For the love you bear to me,
Buy me a pair o' shoon, then.
Clout4 the auld, the new are dear,
Janet, Janet,
A pair may gain5 ye ha'f a year,
My jo Janet.

<sup>1</sup> Then. <sup>2</sup> Hold, <sup>3</sup> Bank.

But what if dancing on the green,
Au' skippin' like a mawkin',
If they should see my clouted sheen,<sup>6</sup>
Of me they will be taukin'.
Dance ay laigh,<sup>7</sup> an' late at c'en,
Janet, Janet,
Syne a' 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 pacing horse, then.
Pace upo' your spinning-wheel,
Janet, Janet,
Pace upo' your spinning-wheel,

6 Shoes

My jo Janet.

5 Suffice.

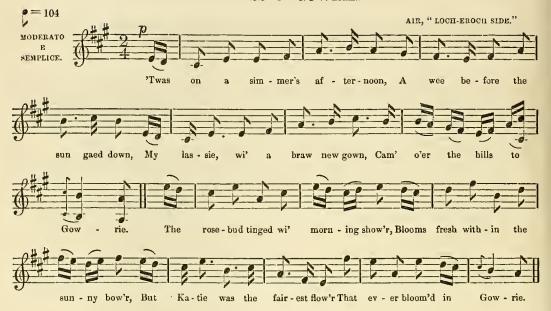
7 Low

"My Jo Janet." Mr. Stenhouse, in his Note upon this air in Johnson's Museum, says:—"The tune is very ancient: it is in Skene's MSS. under the title of 'The keiking glass.'" This is another astounding instance of Mr. Stenhouse's utter ignorance of the tablature in which the Skene MSS. are written. The air in these MSS. called "The keiking glasse," bears no resemblance whatever to "My jo Janet," or to any other Scottish tune. Had Mr. Stenhouse been able to decipher the Skene MSS., he might have found there some of the elements of "My jo Janet" under the title of, "Long er onie old man." In the Straloch MS. of 1627-29, we find another form of this, nearer to the modern air of "My jo Janet," under the name of "The old man." The verses here given are from Johnson's Museum. They appeared in the Orpheus Caledonius, and were afterwards retouched by Allan Ramsay. Johnson, however, from some scruple of delicacy, omitted the last stauza. In December 1793, Burns wrote his comic song, "My spouse Nancy," to the tune of "My jo Janet."

4 Patch

We resume from p. 140. Miss Martineau asserts, that "the music of Nature is all in the minor key; the melody of the winds, the sea, the waterfall, birds, and the echoes of bleating flocks among the hills." Now, let us take first the song of birds. In general it consists of intervals so shrill and minute as to be musically inappreciable to the human ear. It often resembles the chirping produced by turning rapidly the ground glass-stopper in the neek of a bottle. At other times it breaks out in bold and decided major intervals, as in the song of the blackbird, the thrush, and the linnet. The Editor of this work has, several times, written down the leading passages of the song of a blackbird singing among the trees near his window—all decidedly in a major key. The thrush, the same. Even the two notes sung by the cuckoo do not always form a minor third, but just as often a major one. As to "the melodies of the winds, the sea, the waterfall," we defy any musical ear to detect in the sounds so produced any appreciable musical intervals; ergo, neither minor nor major. The wild and melaneholy sound of the stormy wind rushing through a crevice, rises and falls by degrees inappreciable in practical music; somewhat as in the case of drawing the finger upwards and downwards upon the string of a violoncello, while the bow makes it vibrate. But all that has nothing to do with any minor or major key, musically understood. The same inappreciable transitions of pitch may be heard in the bellowing of a bull, the lowing of a cow, the neighing of a horse, and the cries of various beasts and birds. Even in the sawing of a piece of wood there is a production of sound varying in pitch; but no one would ever dream of referring it to a minor key or a major key. See p. 147 for a continuation of this subject.

# THE LASS O' GOWRIE.



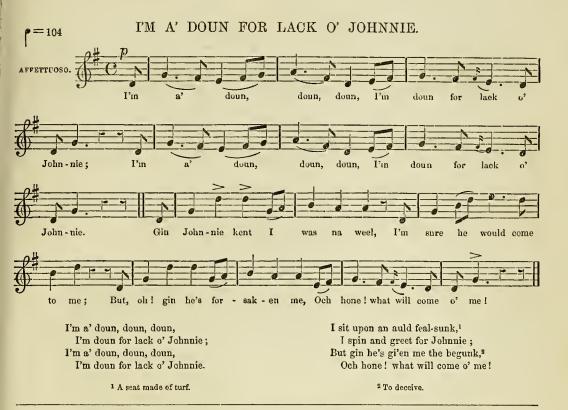
I praised her beauty loud an' lang,
Then round her waist my arms 1 flang,
And said, My dearie, will ye gang
To see the Carse o' Gowrie?
I'll tak' ye to my father's ha',
In yon green field beside the shaw;
I'll mak' you lady o' them a',
The brawest wife in Gowrie.

Saft kisses on her lips I laid,
The blush upon her cheeks soon spread,
She whisper'd modestly, and said,
I'll gang wi' ye to Gowrie!
The auld folks soon ga'e their consent,
Syne for Mess John they quickly sent,
Wha tyed them to their heart's content,
And now she's Lady Gowrie.

"The Lass o' Gowrie" The air is that more commonly called "Loch-Eroch Side," a favourite modern Strathspey, taken from the air of an old Scottish song and dancing tune, named, "I'm o'er young to marry yet." Loch Erocht, or Ericht, is a large lake in the north-west of Perthshire. The words here given to this air are from page 10 of a small pamphlet cntitled, "One hundred and fifty Songs," printed by David Halliday, Dumfries, about 1839. Halliday's version consists of three stanzas only, while some later versions contain five. Two of the stanzas of these later versions seem to us not only superfluous but objectionable; and therefore we have adopted Halliday's version, which contains also what we think a better reading of the first line of the second stanza. The song that evidently appears to have suggested the later one was published by Brash and Reid of Glasgow, without date, in one of their penny numbers of a Collection entitled "Poetry, Original and Selected." These numbers were afterwards published in four volumes 18mo, and in the third volume we find, "The gowd o' Gowrie; a Scots song never before published: tune—Dainty Davie," and beginning:—

"When Katie was scarce out nineteen,
O but she had twa coal-black een—
A bonnier lass ye couldna seen
In a' the Carse o' Gowrie."

It is believed that these words were written by Mr. William Reid, (of that firm of Brash and Reid,) the author of several popular Scottish songs. These words were afterwards published in Mr. Robert Chambers's edition of "The Scottish Songs collected and illustrated," vol. ii. pp. 512, 513. The tune indicated by Mr. Chambers is "Loch-Eroch Side." Burns wrote the heautiful words to the same air, beginning, "O stay, sweet warbling woodlark, stay."

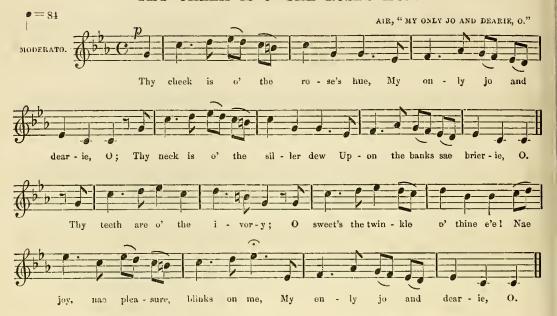


"I'm a' doun for lack o' Johnnie." The late Mr. Finlay Dun wrote to us as follows:—"With regard to the authorship of the words and air of the song, 'I'm a' doun for lack o' Johnnie,' I have been unable to procure any information. All that I can say about it is, that the song is known and sung in the North of Scotland." The air and words were communicated to Mr. Dun for Wood's "Songs of Scotland," and were never before published. We have no doubt that both are quite modern. Mr. Dun contributed his aid to the editing of a Collection of Gaelic Songs, published by Messrs. Wood and Co. of Edinburgh. It contains some excellent specimens of Scotlish melody not hitherto published. Mr. Dun's observations in the preface are well worthy of attention. We have no doubt that many good Scottish melodies may still exist, from oral tradition, in various parts of Scotland that are seldom visited by musical collectors.\* In searching for and collecting such relics of the olden time, the musical competency of the collector is of much more consequence than is generally supposed. He must not only be a good musician, but able to write down accurately, with due pauses, any air that he hears sung or played. Very few persons are able to do this—not one in a hundred, indeed, of amateur musicians. To do this, many persons not well skilled in music think that nothing more is required than to be able merely to sing, or to play upon some musical instrument. This is a great mistake; a very extensive knowledge of music is required for such a task. The want of such knowledge has produced the gross errors in many of our Collections of Scottish music.

We continue our remarks from p. 145. The dismal hootings of an owl have nothing to do with a minor or a major key in music; neither has the rising and falling yell of the whistle of a railway-engine, or the war-whoop of an American savage. The melancholy sough of the autumnal winds through the leafless branches of the forest trees, is only the voice of one of Nature's gigantic Æolian harps—incapable of being reduced to any system of musical sounds, and therefore helonging to neither minor nor major keys in music. Where there are no distinctly appreciable musical intervals produced in a certain fixed order, it proves mere ignorance of music to talk of vague indeterminate sounds as types of minor or major keys. We have dwelt upon this matter at some length, to hinder, if possible, dreamy persons from being greatly misled by the erroneous theory of an able writer, who always writes well, and to the purpose, upon any subject that she thoroughly understands. Doctor Burney, in his Preface to his History of Music, says:—"Indeed, I have long since found it necessary to read with caution the splendid assertions of writers concerning music, till I was convinced of their knowledge of the subject; for I have frequently detected ancients as well as moderns, whose fame sets them almost above censure, of utter ignorance in this particular, while they have thought it necessary to talk about it."

<sup>\*</sup> The Editor of this work has set on foot inquiries regarding ancient Border airs in the wild districts of Liddesdale, &c.; but has not yet gained so much information as he could desire, although his correspondents were as obliging as zealoua

#### THY CHEEK IS O' THE ROSE'S HUE.



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

When we were bairnies on yon brae,
And youth was blinkin' bonnie, O,
Aft we would daff the lee-lang day,
Our joys fu' sweet and monie, O.
Aft I wad chase thee o'er the lee,
And round about the thorny tree;
Or pu' the wild flowers a' for thee,
My only jo and dearie, O.

I ha'e a wish I canna tine, so 'Mang a' the cares that grieve me, O, A wish that thou wert ever mine, And never mair to leave me, O; Then I would dawt thee night and day, Nae ither warldly care I'd ha'e, Till life's warm stream forgat to play, My only jo and dearie, O.

1 Timorous

2 Sport.

3 To lose.

4 Caress.

"My only Jo and Dearle, O." "This beautiful song, which is another of the productions of the late Mr. Richard Gall, was written at the earnest request of Mr. Thomas Oliver, printer and publisher, Edinburgh, an intimate acquaintance of the author's. Mr. Oliver heard it sung in the Pantomime of Harlequin Highlander, at the Circus, and was so struck with the melody, that it dwelt upon his mind; but the only part of the words he recollected were—

'My love's the sweetest creature
That ever trod the dewy green;
Her cheeks they are like roses,
Wi' the op'ning gowan wet between.'

And having no way of procuring the verses he had heard, he requested Mr. Gall to write words to his favourite tune. Our young bard promised to do so; and in a few days presented him with this elegant song, in which the title of the tune is happily introduced at the close of every stanza." See Museum Illustrations, vol. vi. pp. 406, 407. In the Note upon "I ha'e laid a herrin' in saut," p. 139, we have given a brief account of Richard Gall.



Not the ocean's rage could wound me,
While her image fill'd my soul.

Cheerless o'er the wild heath wand'riug,
Cheerless o'er the wave-worn shore,
On the past with sadness pond'ring,

Me Ilope's visions charm no more.

"The Maid of Islax." The air appears in Gow's Fourth Collection, p. 20, under the name of "The Maid of Isla, a Strathspey," with the following Note:—"I am indebted to Colonel and Lady Charlotte Campbell for this beautiful air." In a small Collection of Songs by the late Sir Alexander Boswell, printed for Messrs. Manners and Miller, Edinburgh, 1803, Sir Alexander gives verses to "The Maid of Isla," and says:—"The air is a reel of the Island of Isla, brought over by Lady Charlotte Campbell. Like many others, when played slow it is very plaintive." The words which we give with the air are, in several publications, said to have been composed by Joseph Train, a native of the village of Sorn, in Ayrshire, and born in 1779. At pages 326, 327 of Blackie's "Book of Scottish Song," Glasgow, Edinburgh, London, 1843, the words of the song "Rising on the heaving billow," are decidedly ascribed to Joseph Train. But, after the publication of Vol. II. of Wood's "Songs of Scotland," the editor of that work received from the Rev. William Dunbar the following letter, in which he claims the authorship of the song in question:—

"Applegarth Manse, by Lockerbie, December 27, 1849.

Loud your loss my heart shall mourn;

"Sir,—My attention has been directed to Mr. Wood's edition of the 'Songs of Scotland,' edited by Mr. George Farquhar Graham, in which I am told—for I have not seen the work—that the song of 'The Maid of Isla' is inserted, and attributed to a Mr. Train as the author. The song was written by me nearly half a century ago, and I hope that, in the event of a new edition of the book being called for, the error will be rectified. If evidence of the truth of my claim were necessary, I could easily furuish it, and I doubt not that Mr. Train, if applied to, would readily disclaim the authorship. The thing itself is a trifle, and my sole reason for wishing the error corrected, is to vindicate myself in the eyes of those friends to whom I have given copies of the song, from the suspiciou of having put forth a false claim of authorship. Excuse this trouble, and believe mc, Sir, your obedient servant,

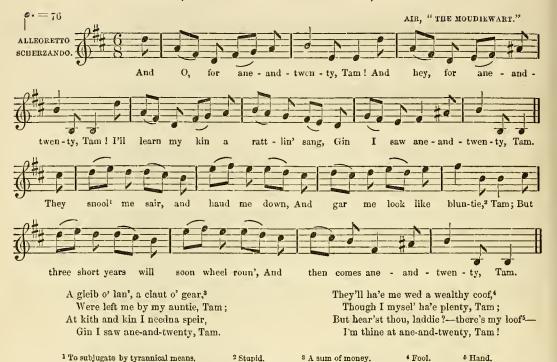
" WM, DUNBAR.

The last line of the song is altered by the reverend author.

Lightning's flash, or thunder's roll,

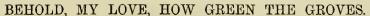
<sup>&</sup>quot;GEO. F. GRAHAM, Esq."

## AND O, FOR ANE-AND-TWENTY, TAM!



"Ann O, for ane-and-twenty, Tam!" Mr. Stenhouse gives the following Note upon this song and air:—"This comic song, the manuscript of which is before me, was written by Burns on purpose for the Museum. The subject of the song had a real origin. A young girl having been left some property by a near relation, and at her own disposal on her attaining majority, was pressed by her relations to marry an old rich booby. Her affections, however, had previously been engaged by a young man, to whom she had pledged her troth when she should become of age, and she of course obstinately rejected the solicitations of her friends to any other match. Burns represents the lady addressing her youthful lover in the language of constancy and affection. The verses are adapted to an old tune, called, The Moudiewort. In the 'Reliques,' Burns says, 'this song is mine.'" See Museum Illustrations, vol. iv. p. 327.

In the course of this work we have occasionally noticed the remarkable popularity of Burns' songs, and their influence upon his countrymen. One of the most striking instances on record is that given in the Note, p. 68, where we quote from James Grant, Esq., an incident during the battle of Waterloo. The following humble individual instance of Burns' influence is interesting, and was communicated to us by a respected literary friend, who, when a hoy, for amusement, took part in the harvest operations which be mentions. Our friend says :-- "It may not be uninteresting to you to know how strongly, if not extensively, the prose and poetical writings of Burns had taken possession of the minds of his countrymen; and many more instances than the one I give might be adduced as illustrative of this. The educated were not more enthusiastic concerning the Bard than were the peasantry, as the following short narrative will abundantly prove. It might be about the year 1811, that the harvest came suddenly upon us, and being resident with an uncle whose farm was situated in a landward district, many miles remote from any town, all hands were called on to assist. The ploughman was to be builder of the ricks, and your humble servant was to fork to him. He was an uncouth-looking man, with a very slender education, but possessed of great natural powers, and an extraordinary relish for wit and humour; so you may easily conceive how pleasantly the time flew by us. Bob (Robert Stevenson by name) delighted me with his scraps from Burns. We had plenty of leisure, and were not overwrought, luckily for my young arms; and I shall never forget how aptly he introduced his quotations, both grave and gay, (for Bob appreciated both,) and with what a gusto the more notable and pithy parts of the Bard were uttered by my pleasant fellow-labourer. This took place in Dumfriesshire, about thirty miles from the town of Dumfries, and you will see by the date, not many years after the lamented death of the Bard. I have said prose as well as poetry; the latter is nothing wonderful, but the former was, and remains with me a matter of greater astonishment, since Currie's edition was the only one at that time extant, and which could have been but seldom within Stevenson's reach to peruse with anything like leisure."





Let skilful minstrels sweep the string
In lordly lighted ha',
The shepherd stops his simple reed
Blythe in the birken shaw.¹
The princely revel may survey
Our rustic dance wi' scorn;
But are their hearts as light as ours
Beneath the milk-white thorn?

The shepherd in the flow'ry glen,
In hamely phrase will woo;
The courtier tells a finer tale—
But is his heart as true?
These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd to deck
That spotless breast o' thine;
The courtier's gems may witness love—
But 'tis na love like mine.

<sup>1</sup> A piece of flat ground at the bottom of a hill covered with short scraggy birches.

"Behold, My Love, how green the Groves." "Burns says:—'I have been informed that the tune of *Doun the burn, Davie*, was the composition of David Maigh, keeper of the blood slough-hounds belonging to the Laird of Riddel, in Tweeddale.'—*Reliques.* But he was prohably misinformed; for the tune occurs, note for note, in the Orpheus Caledonius, printed in 1725." See Museum Illustrations, vol. i. p. 78. Instead of Crawfurd's very objectionable words, given in the Museum to the air of *Doun the burn, Davie*, we give those written by Burns for the same air. It seems as if Burns had had in view the following song, though in a different measure, written by James Thomson, author of "The Seasons."

#### THE HAPPY SHEPHERD.

If those who live in shepherds' bow'rs
Press not the rich and stately bed,
The new mown hay and breathing flow'rs
A softer couch beneath them spread.

If those who sit at shepherd's board
Soothe not their taste by wanton art,
They take what Nature's gifts afford,
And take it with a cheerful heart.

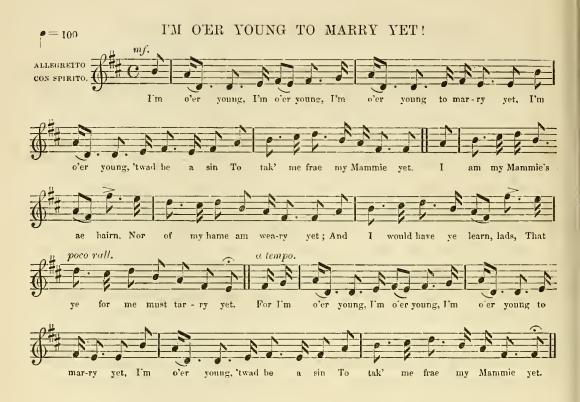
If those who drain the shepherd's bowl
No high and sparkling wines can boast,
With wholesome cups they cheer the soul,
And crown them with the village toast.

If those who join in shepherds' sport.

Gay dancing on the daisied ground,

Have not the splendour of a court,

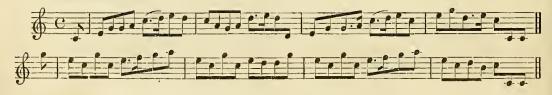
Yet love adorns the merry round.



I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young,
I'm o'er young to marry yet,
I'm o'er young, 'twad be a sin
To tak' me frac my Mammie yet;
For I've aye had my ain will,
Nane dared to contradict me yet,
And now to say I wad obey,
In truth I darna venture yet.
For I'm o'er young, &c.

"I'm o'er young to marry yet," The chorus of this song is old. The words and air here given are from Messrs. Wood and Co.'s "Vocal Gems of Scotland." They were rendered very popular in Edinburgh about the year 1836, by the arch manner in which they were sung by Miss Coveney, a youthful vocalist of considerable promise, whose career was soon after cut short by death. In Johnson's Museum we find a set of words with the same title, but in many respects unsuited to this work. Burus did not succeed well in bis attempt to mitigate and improve the rude old words. The air here given to the words is a more modern and popular tune. In R. Bremner's "Collection of Scots Reels or Country Dances," oblong 8vo, published in London about the middle of last century, we find the old tune, "I'm o'er young to marry yet," from which is evidently derived the excellent strathspey called, "Loch-Eroch Side," which will be found, p. 146, united to the song, "The Lass o' Gowrie."

The following is the old tune as given by Bremner :-





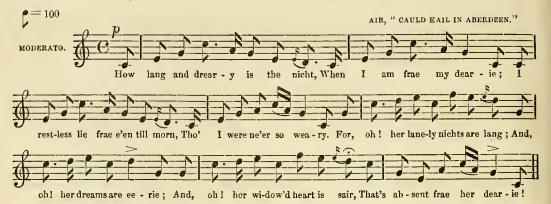
Such was my life's deceitful morning,
Such the pleasures I enjoyed:
But lang or 2 noon, loud tempests storming,
A' my flow'ry bliss destroy'd.
Though fickle fortune has deceived me,
She promised fair, and performed but ill;
Of mony a joy and hope bereaved me—
I hear a heart shall support me still.

1 Troubled

2 Before : ere.

"The Dream." "These two stanzas," says Burns, "I composed when I was seventeen: they are among the oldest of my printed pieces."-Reliques. Gilbert Burns says, that Robert's literary zeal slackened considerably after their removal to Tarbolton. "The seven years we lived in Tarbolton parish, (extending from the seventeenth te the twenty-fourth of my brother's age,) were not marked by much literary improvement," &c. Mr. Lockhart, writing of that period of Burns's life, says :- "Thus occupied with labour, love, and dancing, the youth 'without an aim,' found leisure occasionally to clothe the sufficiently various moods of his mind in rhymes. It was as early as seventeen, he tells us, that he wrote some stanzas which begin beautifully, 'I dream'd I lay where flow'rs were springing,' &c. On comparing these verses with those on 'Handsome Nell,' the advance achieved by the young bard in the course of two short years, must be regarded with admiration; nor should a minor circumstance be entirely everlooked, that in the piece which we have just been quoting, there occurs but one Scotch word. It was about this time, also, that he wrote a ballad of much less ambitious vein, which, years after, he says, he used to con over with delight, because of the faithfulness with which it recalled to him the circumstances and feelings of his opening manhood. 'My father was a farmer upon the Carrick border," " &c. See Lockhart's Life of Burns. It does not appear whence the air was obtained for Johnson. The cast of the air is not Scottish, and the Editor is of opinion that the barring ought to begin after the three first quavers, D, F, G, and not after the first D, as in former collections. With the exception of the barring, and of a slight alteration of notes in the twelfth measure, for the sake of simplicity, the air is presented as it stands in Johnson's Museum. With regard to the adaptation of the words to the air, several false accents occur; such as, "Gaily in," "List'ning to," &c., where the words in and to fall upon leng notes. Such errors are rare in Burns's later songs, when he had acquired more knowledge of the art of composing verses to music. His skill in this rare art quite puzzled the poet Moore, who erroneously supposed Burns to be entirely ignorant of music, as we have elsewhere mentioned.

### HOW LANG AND DREARY IS THE NICHT.



When I think on the lightsome days
I spent wi' thee, my dearie;
And now, what seas between us roar—
How can I he but eerie.

For oh!! her langly nights are lang.

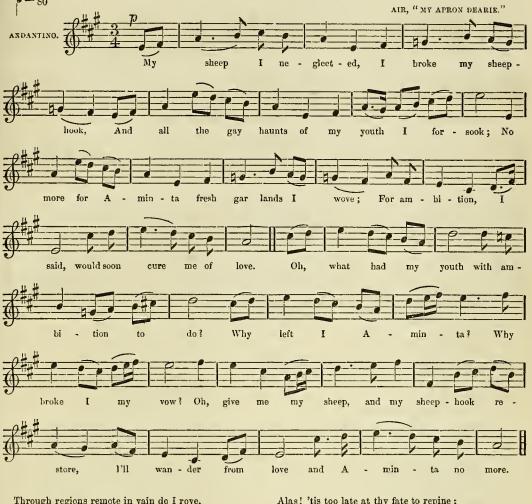
For, oh! her lanely nights are lang; And, oh! her dreams are eerie; And, oh! her widow'd heart is sair, That's absent frac her dearie! How slow ye move, ye heavy hours—
The joyless day, how dreary!
It was na sae ye glinted by
When I was wi' my dearie.
For, oh! her lanely nights are lang;
And, oh! her dreams are eerie;
And, oh! her widow'd heart is sair
That's absent frae her dearie!

"CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN." "This beautiful air does not appear in any of our old Collections by Thomson, Craig, M'Gibbon, or Oswald. It seems to have been modelled from the ancient tune in triple time, called, The sleepy body, like that of another from the same source, called, The Ploughman. See No. 165. For upwards of half a century, however, few if any of our tunes have been greater favourites with the poets than that of 'Cauld kail in Aberdeen.' Although this air, particularly when played slow, is rather of a tender and plaintive cast, yet most of the songs that have been adapted to it are of a very opposite description." See Museum Illustrations, vol. ii. p. 150. The song beginning, "How lang and dreary is the night," of three stanzas of six lines each, was written by Burns to a Highland air. Long afterwards, in October 1794, he altered that song to suit the air of "Cauld kail in Aberdeen," for Mr. George Thomson's work. This is the version here given. Most of the humorous songs written for this air are objectionably coarse, not excepting the one written by Burns's noble friend, the Duke of Gordon. We give the following merry lines written for the air by the late Mr. William Reid, Bookseller, Glasgow, not only because they are unobjectionable, but because they are good of their kind. He was a personal friend and great admirer of Burns, and published several pieces of poetry of considerable merit. David Laing, Esq., in his Additional Illustrations of Johnson's Museum, vol. ii. pages \*212, 213, says:—"Having been favoured by Mr. James Brash of Glasgow, (through the kind application of Mr. P. A. Ramsay,) with some particulars of Mr. Reid's history, I take this opportunity of inserting them, as a tribute of respect to his memory. He was remarkable for a fund of social humour, and was possessed of no inconsiderable poetical powers, with some of the eccentricities occasionally allied to genius. Mr. Reid was born at Glasgow on the 10th of April 1764. His parents were Robert Reid, baker in Glasgow, and Christian Wood, daughter of a farmer at Gartmore, in Perthshire. Having received a good education in his native city, he was originally employed in the type-foundery of Mr. Andrew Wilson, and afterwards served an apprenticeship with Messrs. Dunlop & Wilson, booksellers in Glasgow. He remained in their employment till the year 1790, when he commenced business as a bookseller, in partnership with the late Mr. James Brash; and, for a period of twenty-seven years, they carried on a most respectable business, under the well-known firm of 'Brash & Reid.' In a small publication which they issued in numbers, at one penny each, under the title of 'Poetry, Original and Sclected,' between the years 1795 and 1798, and which forms four volumes, there are several contributions of Mr. Reid. Most of his compositions were of an ephemeral kind, and it is to be regretted that no selection of them has ever appeared. lle died at Glasgow, 29th of November 1831."

There's cauld kail in Aberdeen,
And bannocks in Strathbogie—
But naething drives awa' the spleen
Sae weel's a social cogie.
That mortal's life nae pleasure shares,
Wha broods o'er a' that's fogie;
Whane'er I'm fasht wi' warldly cares,
I drown them in a cogie.

Thus merrily my time I pass,
With spirits brisk and vogie,
Blest wi' my buiks and my sweet lass,
My cronies and my cogie.
Then haste and gi'e's an auld Scots sang,
Siclike as Kath'rine Ogie;
A guid auld sang comes never wrang
When o'er a social cogie.

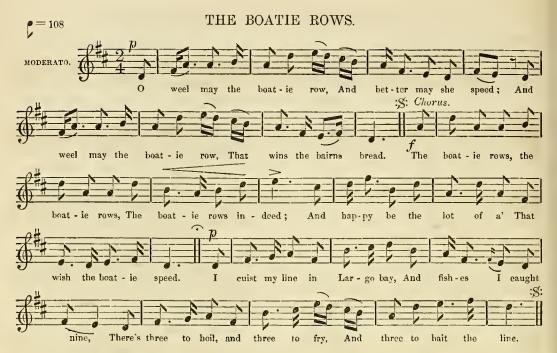
# MY SHEEP I NEGLECTED, I BROKE MY SHEEP-HOOK.



Through regions remote in vain do I rove,
And bid the wide ocean secure me from love;
Ah, fool! to imagine that aught can subdue
A love so well founded, a passion so true.
Oh, what had my youth with ambition to do?
Why left I Aminta? Why broke I my vow?
Oh, give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,
I'll wander from love and Aminta no more!

Alas! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine;
Poor shepherd, Aminta no more can be thine!
Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain,
The moments neglected return not again!
Oh, what had my youth with ambition to do?
Why left I Aminta? Why hroke I my vow?
Oh, give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,
I'll wander from love and Aminta no more!

<sup>&</sup>quot;My Apron Dearle." The words here given to this air were written for it by Sir Gilbert Elliot, third Baronet of Minto, and brother of Miss Jane Elliot, the authoress of "The Flowers of the Forest." (See p. 1 of this work.) Sir Gilbert Elliot's song, "My sheep I neglected," &c., appears to have been first printed in "The Charmer: a choice Collection of Songs, Scots and English. Edinburgh, printed for J. Yair, bookseller in the Parliament Close," 1749 and 1751, 2 vols. 12mo. The air is found in the Orpheus Caledonius, 1725. In Watts' Musical Miscellany, London, 1730, vol. iii., we find a version of the original air much more simple than that given in Johnson's Museum, or in any subsequent Collection. It consists of sixteen measures only, and we have rather adopted it, for the most part, than the more florid versions given in later editions. The version published by Craig at Edinburgh in 1730, contains a second part, added by himself, which is given in Johnson's Museum.



O weel may the boatic row
That fills a heavy creel,
And cleeds us a' frac head to feet,
And buys our parritch meal.
The boatic rows, the boatic rows,
The boatic rows indeed:
And happy be the lot of a'
That wish the boatic speed.

When Jamie vow'd he would be mine,
And wan frae me my heart,
O muckle lighter grew my creel!
He swore we'd never part.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel;
And muckle lighter is the lade
When love bears up the creel.

My kurtch¹ I put upon my head, And dress'd mysel' fu' braw; I trow my heart was dowf² and wae, When Jamie gaed awa:'

1 A linen cap, tying under the chin.

But weel may the boatic row, And lucky be her part; And lightsome be the lassic's care That yields an honest heart!

When Sawnie, Jock, and Janetie,
Are up and gotten lear,<sup>3</sup>
They'll help to gar the boatie row,
And lighten a' our care.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel;
And lightsome be her heart that bears
The murlain and the creel!

And when wi' age we are worn down,
And hirpling round the door,
They'll row to keep us dry and warm
As we did them before:
Then, weel may the boatic row,
That wins the bairns' bread;
And happy be the lot of a'
That wish the boatic speed!

<sup>2</sup> Melancholy.

3 Education.

"The Boatie Rows." "Burns informs us, that 'the author of this song, beginning, 'O weel may the boatie row,' was a Mr. Ewen of Aberdeen. It is a charming display of womanly affection mingling with the concerns and occupations of life. It is nearly equal to There's nae luck about the house.'—Reliques. This fine ballad is set to three different tunes in the Museum. The first four bars of the air, No. 425, are taken from the tune called, 'Weel may the keel row,' and all the rest from the tune of 'There's nae luck about the house.' The words, however, are seldom sung to this mongrel melody." See Museum Illustrations, vol. v. p. 380. Nearly three pages of the Additional Illustrations in the same volume, pp. 441-443, are occupied by a very curious notice regarding John Ewen, Esq., the reputed author of the song, who died at Aberdeen, in the eightieth year of his age, on 21st October 1821. Of the air given in this work, Mr. Stenhouse says:—"This fine modern air is the genuine tune of the ballad. Some years ago it was arranged as a glee for three voices, by Mr. William Knyvett of London, and has deservedly become very popular."—
Ibid., p. 380.

## I LOVE THEE STILL.



We once were equal in our love,

But times are changed for thee;

Now rich and great, while I am poor,

Thou art no mate for me—Donald!

I would not take thy offer'd hand,
Although it bore a crown;
Thy parents taunt me with thy wealth—
My poortith-pride's my own—Donald!

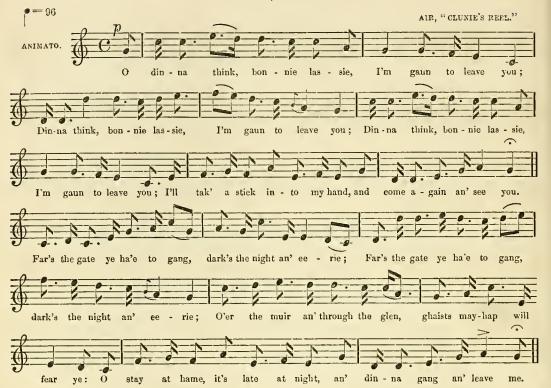
"I Love thee still." Mr. George Thomson introduced the air called "Donald," as Scottish or Irish, into his Collection, with words written by Burns for the tune of "Gilderoy." The air appears again, with a different close, in R. A. Smith's Scottish Minstrel, vol. iv. pp. 46, 47, with Burns's words slightly altered, and also with other words. The additional words given by R. A. Smith in his Scottish Minstrel to the air "Donald," are nothing but a new version, with verbal alterations, of the third and fourth stanzas of the song published in the Orpheus Caledonius, and in William Napier's Second Collection, 1792, to the air, "Haud awa' frae me, Donald." In modern versions, such as those in William Napier's Collection, and in R. A. Smith's Scottish Minstrel, the words to "Haud awa' frae me, Donald," have been Anglified and altered; probably at the time when Scottish songs were much in fashion in England. Hence might originate the idea that the air was Scottish. We are of opinion that the air "Donald" is not of Scottish growth, nor of Irish; but is the production of some English musician of the days of Shield and Arnold, and composed for some of the London concerts, about the close of the last century or the beginning of the present. However, with this caveat, we give it as it appears in several Scottish Collections. It has a flavour of Barthelemon's once popular air, "Durandarte and Belerma." The words given in this work are written by a friend of the Publishers.

The following are the two altered stanzas as given by R. A. Smith to the air, "Donald," in the Scottish Minstrel, vol. iv. p. 46:—

When first you courted me, I own,
I fondly favour'd you;
Apparent worth and high renown
Made me believe you true, Donald.
Each virtue then seem'd to adorn
The man esteem'd by me—
But now the mask's thrown off, I scorn
To waste one thought on thee, Donald.

O, then, for ever haste away,
Away from love and me;
Go seek a heart that's like your own,
And come no more to me, Donald.
For I'll reserve myself alone,
For one that's more like me;
If such a one I cannot find,
I'll fly from love and thee, Donald.

# O DINNA THINK, BONNIE LASSIE.



It's but a night an' half a day that I'll leave my dearie; But a night an' half a day that I'll leave my dearie; But a night an' half a day that I'll leave my dearie; When the sun gaes west the loch I'll come again an' see you.

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 waves an' winds do roar, I am wae and dreary; An' gin ye lo'e me as ye say, ye winna gang and leave me.

O dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave you; Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave you; Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave you; For let the warld gae as it will, I'll come again an' see you.

form a different reading in another publication; while in Johnson these two lines are:

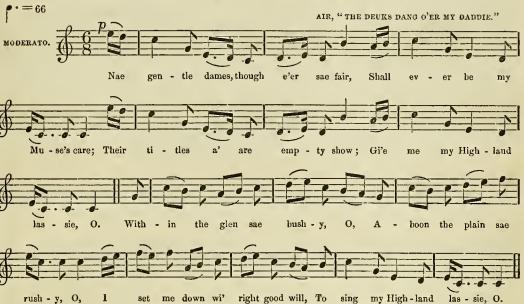
"Far's the gate ye ha'e to gang, dark's the night and eerie,

O stay this ae night wi' your love, an' dinna gang an' leave me."

<sup>&</sup>quot;O dinna think, Bonnie Lassie." Mr. Stenhouse gives the following note on this song:—"Hector Macneill, Esq., informed the editor that he wrote the whole of this song except the last verse, which the late Mr. John Hamilton, music-seller in Edinburgh, took the liberty to add to it, and to publish as a sheet soug. 'It was on this account,' Mr. Macneill added, 'that I did not include this song in collecting my poetical works for the uniform edition in two volumes, which has been given to the public.' For a similar reason he omitted another song, likewise written by him, beginning, My love's in Germany, send him hame, send him hame. The song of Dinna think, bonnie lassie, is adapted to a dancing tune, called Clunie's Reel, taken from Cumming of Granton's Reels and Strathspeys." See Museum Illustrations, vol. vi. p. 485. We have omitted the eight lines added by John Hamilton, and also some lines of useless repetition, such as, "Dinna gang, my bonnie lad," &c. We must observe that the two lines in the first stanza,—

<sup>&</sup>quot;O'er the muir, and through the glen, ghaists mayhap will fear ye,
O stay at hame, it's late at night, and dinna gang and leave me,"





Oh! were you hills and valleys mine, You palace and you gardens fine! The world then the love should know I bear my Highland lassie, O. Within the glen, &c.

But fickle fortune frowns on me,
And I maun cross the raging sea:
But while my crimson currents flow,
I'll love my Highland lassie, O.
Within the glen, &c.

Although through foreign climes I range, I know her heart will never change, For her bosom burns with honour's glow, My faithful Highland lassie, O. Within the glen, &c.

For her I'll dare the billows' roar,
For her I'll trace a distant shore,
That Indian wealth may lustre throw
Around my Highland lassie, O.
Within the glen, &c.

She has my heart, she has my hand,
By sacred truth and honour's band!
Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,
I'm thine, my Highland lassie, O.
Farewell, the glen sae bushy, O!
Farewell, the plain sae rushy, O!
To other lands I now must go
To sing my Highland lassie, O!

"The Deuks dang o'er my Daddie." Mr. Stenhouse's Note upon this air and song is as follows:—"This humorous ditty, beginning, 'The bairns gat out wi' an unco shout,' was written by Burns for the Museum. The hard, however, has introduced two or three lines from the old words, which it would have been better to have left out. This tune was probably introduced into England about the union of crowns in 1603; for it was well known in the early days of old John Playford, who published it, along with many other Scots tunes, in his Dancing Master, in 1657, under the title of the 'Buff Coat.' The import of the old Scottish name of the tune could not be generally, if at all, understood in England. Dr. Pepusch adapted Gay's song to this air, beginning, 'Why that languish? O, he's dead! O, he's lost for ever!' introduced in the musical opera of Polly, or the second part of The Beggar's Opera, in 1729." See Museum Illustrations, vol. iv. pp. 358, 359. In the Additional Illustrations to the same volume, p. 392\*, Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq., gives eight lines of "old words, from a 4to MS. Collection in my possession.—C. K. S." We have not room here for these words. The verses we publish are those by Burns, given by R. A. Smith to the air in his Scottish Minstrel. We cannot adopt the words that Burns wrote for the air.

### MY PEGGY IS A YOUNG THING.



My Peggy smiles sae kindly
Whene'er I whisper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown:
My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
It makes me blythe and bauld,
And naething gi'es me sic delight
As wanking o' the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae saftly
When on my pipe I play;
By a' the rest it is confest,
By a' the rest that she sings best:
My Peggy sings sae saftly,
And in her sangs are tauld,
Wi' innocence, the wale o' sense,
At wauking o' the fauld.

"Mr Peggy is a young thino." This song was written by Allan Ramsay, and published with the music in the Orpheus Caledonius, in 1725. It is one of the songs introduced by Ramsay into his Gentle Shepherd as an afterthought, from an idea that the success of Gay's "Beggar's Opera," arose from the songs and popular airs in it. There is an old song, beginning,—

"O will ye speak at our town
As ye come frae the fauld," &c.,

which probably suggested to Ramsay the burden of "The wanking o' the fauld;" but which, however humorous, is much too coarse for modern currency. The tune, "The wauking o' the fauld," bears marks of antiquity in its whole structure, and especially in the incomplete cadence upon the key-note, by the minor seventh of the scale, instead of the major; a peculiarity confined to the tonalities of ancient melodies. The "note-sensible," as the French writers named it, is one of the marked distinctions of modern airs and tonalities.



I mark, as I stand looking mournfully round,
You cloud drifted on by the rude northern wind,
Low dragging its folds o'er the darkening ground,
And leaving its path in sad shadow behind:
Ah! frail drooping cloud to these groves dost thou fice
To nestle and rest—in vain, ah, in vain!
Thou art torn, clinging fondly to turret and tree,
Away o'er the valley, dissolving in rain.

E'en so am I borne on my darkening way,
On helplessly hurried by Faction's rude blast,
While shines in the future no welcoming ray,
And glimmers, consoling, no light in the past:
Here, here was repose for my poor weary heart,
Release from its wrongs—relief from its fears;
Farewell!—Mary Stuart again must depart,
But clinging in fondness and melting in tears.

<sup>&</sup>quot;QUEEN MARY'S FAREWELL TO ALLOA." In the first volume of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," (1788,) we find the following information: -- "Alloa, or Alloway, is a sea-port town in Scotland, situate on the river Forth, five miles east of Stirling. It is remarkable for its fine castle, the seat of the Earl of Mar. The tower and lands of Alloa were exchanged by David II. King of Scotland, in the year 1365, with Thomas Lord Erskine, for the lands and estate of Strathgartney in Perthshire; and since that time the castle of Alloa has been the favourite residence of the family of Mar. The situation is uncommonly heautiful. The gardens here were the first that were laid out on a great scale in Scotlaud. They contain about forty acres. In this residence many of the Scottish princes received their education; and in it are preserved the cradle, golf-clubs, &c., of Henry Prince of Wales; the private signet of Mary Queen of Scots, and the child's-chair of James VI., her son." The air which is called "Alloa House" in James Oswald's "Caledonian Pocket Companion," and in others of his Collections, appears to have been composed by him. Several of its passages throw it beyond the compass of ordinary voices, and therefore such passages have here been transposed an octave lower than they are given in other collections. The Editor of the present work requested his friend Mr. A. M. M'Laren, Summertown, Oxford, to write verses for the air, who readily complied with the request by producing the very appropriate song "Queen Mary's Farewell to Alloa," written expressly for this work. The particulars of Queen Mary's visit to Alloa in July 1566, are given in "The Life of Mary Queen of Scots, by George Chalmers, F.R.S.S.A.," 2d edition, vol. i. sec. viii. p. 278. Mr. M'Laren was, in his boyhood, familiar with the whole scenery of Alloa and the adjacent country; and he mentions that "the stream alluded to in the first line" [of his song] "is the Devon-not Burns's Devon, which runs along the foot of the Ochils and falls into the Forth at Cambus, but a smaller stream, which, in a many-winding course through luxuriant copsewood, skirts the Mar Park, and falls into the Forth below Clackmannan."

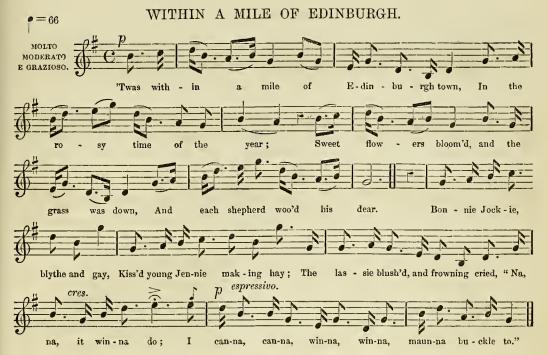
# FAREWELL, THOU STREAM THAT WINDING FLOWS.



Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown, I fain my griefs would cover:
The bursting sigh, the unweeting groan, Betray the hapless lover.
I know thou doom'st me to despair,
Nor wilt, nor canst relieve me;
But, oh! Eliza, hear one prayer—
For pity's sake forgive me.

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

<sup>&</sup>quot;FAREWELL, THOU STREAM THAT WINDING FLOWS." The words were composed by Burns in November 1794, and sent to Mr. George Thomson in a letter, in which the poet notices them thus:—"Now for my English song to 'Nancy's to the greenwood,' &c." We think that Burns's words suit the character of the air much better than the old humorous song, by an unknown author, beginning, "There Nancy's to the greenwood gane," published by Allan Ramsay in his Tea-Table Miscellany, and by Johnson in No. 50 of his Musical Museum. Mr. Stenhouse says, that the old song with the music appears in the first edition of the Orpheus Calcdonius in 1725, and adds:—"Mr. Gay selected this charming old Scottish air for one of his songs, beginning, 'In war we've nought but death to fear,' in his Musical Opera of Achilles, performed at Covent-Garden in 1733, after the author's death." We have repeatedly noticed the remarkable tact of Burns in suiting his songs to the character of the airs for which he wrote them. In this song he seems to have happily hit the real character of the air, "Nancy's to the greenwood gane." Mr. Stenhouse calls the old words "a fine old and exquisitely humorous Scottish song." After an attentive examination, we are quite unable to perceive its "exquisite humour," though it seems sufficiently vulgar.



Young Jockie was a wag that never wad wed,
Though lang he had followed the lass;
Contented she earn'd and eat her brown bread,
And merrily turn'd up the grass.
Bonnie Jockie, blythe and free,
Won her heart right merrily:
Yet still she blush'd, and frowning cried, "Na, na,
it winna do;
I canna, canna, winna, winna, maunna buckle to."

But when he vow'd he wad make her his bride,
Though his flocks and herds were not few,
She gi'ed him her hand and a kiss beside,
And vow'd she'd for ever be true.
Bonnie Jockie, blythe and free,
Won her heart right merrily:
At kirk she no more frowning cried, "Na, na, it
winna do;
I canna, canna, winna, winna, maunna huckle to."

"WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBURGH." In Playford's first volume of "Wit and Mirth," 1698, there appears an old Anglo-Scottish song, entitled, "Twas within a furlong of Edinborough town," supposed to be by Thomas D'Urfey. The air, in G minor, evidently English, also appears in the latter portion of the original volume of the Leyden MS., in ordinary notation, not in tablature; and is there named, "Two furlongs from Edinburgh town." We give this air below. The words here given are only a modern though improved version of the old verses, adapted to an air composed by Mr. James Hook, a very popular and prolific composer of his day. He was born at Norwich in 1746, and died in 1827, leaving two sons, the Rev. Dr. Hook, Prebendary of Winchester, and Theodore Edward Hook, the latter a man of most versatile talents—an improvisatore in music and poetry—a clever novelist and journalist. Theodore Hook died August 24, 1841. The following is the air, "Two furlongs from Edinburgh town:"—





I looked by the whinny knowe,
I looked by the firs sae green,
I looked owre the spunkie howe<sup>3</sup>—
And aye I thought ye wad ha'e been.
The ne'er a supper cross'd my craig,<sup>4</sup>
The ne'er a sleep has closed my e'en,
Och, hey! Johnnie lad,
Ye're no sae kind's ye should ha'e been.

Gin ye were waiting by the wood,
Then I was waiting by the thorn—
I thought it was the place we set,
And waited maist till dawning morn.
Sae be na vex'd, my bonnie lassie,
Let my waiting stand for thine,
We'll awa' to Craigton shaw,
And seek the joys we tint's yestreen.

An engagement to meet,

2 Sad.

8 Hollow ground haunted by the ignis fatuus.

4 Throat.

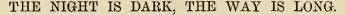
6 Lost.

"Och, Hey! Johnnie Lad." This song was written by Robert Tannahill, of whom we have given some account in pp. 56, 75. In Johnson's Museum, vol. iv. No. 375, there is a song beginning "Hey, how, my Johnnie lad, ye're no sae kind's ye sud ha'e been," reprinted from Herd's Collection of 1776. The author is anonymous. In Mr. Robert Jamieson's Popular Ballads and Songs, Edinburgh, 1806, vol. ii. pp. 330, 331, he gives a song composed by bimself, "to the old air." It begins, "Heich-how! my Johnnie lad, ye're nae sae kind's ye shou'd ha'e been." He says, in a Note:—"Heich-how! Johnnie lad, is a very popular air in Scotland; but the only words I have ever heard sung to it are those preserved in the first stanza of the above song, to the last two lines of which I have ventured to give a different cast from the traditionary ones." Tannahill's verses are adapted to the very popular old air which appeared under the title of "The lasses of the Ferry," in Bremner's Collection of Reels and Country Dances, published in 1764. It is the same air as is given, No. 357 of Johnson, to the words, "Hey, how, my Johnnie lad." In his Note upon No. 306 of Johnson, Mr. Stenhouse says that the verses there "are adapted to the old air of 'Ah, ha! Johnnie lad, ye're nae sae kind's ye su'd ha'e been.'" See Note upon "Comin' thro' the rye," p. 83. The following is the air, No. 306 of Johnson's Museum:—



The following is "The Miller's Wedding," a Strathspey, from Robert Bremner's Collection of "Scots Reels and Country Dances." Its resemblance to some of the other airs above-mentioned will be at once perceived. It is here transposed from D into G.





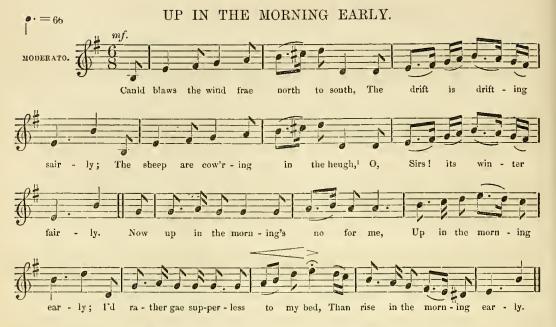


My sinking heart foretells my fate— No morn shall dawn for me! A deep snow-wreath must be my grave Upon this lonely lea!

My Mary and my little ones

No more around my neck shall fold
Their loving arms, until they rend
My snowy death-shroud cold!

"ON A BANK OF FLOWERS." Such is the title given to an air that has repeatedly appeared in Scottish Collections, hut was really composed by a German, John Ernest Gaillard. He was the son of a French perruque-maker, and was born at Zell, in Hanover, in 1687. He studied music under eminent masters—among others Farinelli and Steffani. He entered into the music service of Prince George of Denmark; and, on the marriage of that Prince, came to England, where he seems to have studied the language with care and success. On the death of Battista Draghi, he obtained the place of chapel-master, at Somerset House, to the Queen Dowager Catherine, widow of Charles II. This appointment was then a sinecure. He composed a Te Deum, a Jubilate, and three Anthems, which were performed at St. Paul's and the Chapel Royal on thanksgivings for victories obtained by Marlborough in the course of the War of the Succession. At one time his merits and interests afforded some reason to suppose that he would obtain the direction of the musical performances in England; but not being able to stand against Handel, or even Bononcini, he wisely declined the competition. In 1728, he published the Morning Hymn of Adam and Eve; since reprinted. About the year 1745 he had a concert for his benefit in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields' theatre, at which were performed the choruses to the Duke of Buckingham's two tragedies of Brutus and Julius Casar, set to music by himself, and a curious instrumental piece for twenty-four bassoons and four double-basses. He was an esteemed composer of both serious and dramatic music. In his opera of "The Royal Chace, or Merlin's Cave," is a song beginning "With early horn," which, when sung by Beard, was so enthusiastically received, that the opera had a run of upwards of one hundred nights. Several of his songs were published in Watts' Musical Miscellany. Among them "On a bank of flowers" appears in the first volume of that work, page 30. The words are very objectionable; and though Burns endeavoured to shape them into a better form for Johnson's Museum, we cannot adopt his version. The words here given are written by a friend of the Publishers. In 1742, Gaillard wrote and published an excellent English translation of Tosi's celebrated Italian treatise on singing. He died at London in the beginning of 1749.



Loud roars the blast among the woods,
And tirls the branches barely;
On hill and house hear how it thuds!<sup>2</sup>
The frost is nipping sairly.
Now up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early;
To sit a' nicht wad better agree
Than rise in the morning early.

The sun peeps owre yon southland hills,
Like ony timorous carlie,<sup>3</sup>
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 morning early?

<sup>1</sup> A dell; n ravine. <sup>2</sup> To beat; to strike. <sup>5</sup> Comfortable; snug.

Nae linties lilt on hedge or bush:
Poor things, they suffer sairly;
In cauldrife 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 4
Than rise in the morning early.

A cosie<sup>5</sup> house and canty wife,
Aye keep a body cheerly;
And pantries stow'd 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<sup>6</sup> on bank and brae,
When I rise in the morning early.

<sup>3</sup> A little man. <sup>4</sup> Endure. <sup>6</sup> Peep out, or shine.

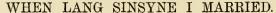
"Up in the morning early." In a Note upon this air as given in Johnson's Museum, No. 140, Mr. Stenhouse says:—"This air is also very ancient, and has even been a favourite in England for several generations, some of their old songs being adapted to it." Mr. Stenhouse then gives the anecdote about Purcell and the air "Cold and Raw," from Sir John Hawkin's History of Music, and Purcell's adaptation of it as a bass to a birth-day song for 1692, as it appears in Purcell's Orpheus Britannicus, vol. ii. p. 151 of Henry Playford's edition in 1702. The air as there given is by no means "note for note the same with the Scots tune" given in No. 140 of Johnson. Mr. Stenhouse concludes thus:—"Purcell, however, must have borrowed the idea of adapting the old air as a bass part for his song from John Hilton, who introduced the same tune into his 'Northern Catch' for three voices, beginning, 'I'se gae with thee, my sweet Peggy,' printed in 1652. In this humorous catch, the tune of 'Up in the morning early,' is adapted for the third voice. This tune was selected by Mr. Gay for one of the songs in The Beggar's Opera, beginning, 'If any wench Venus' girdle wear,' acted in 1728." See Museum Illustrations, vol. ii. pp. 131-133. Mr. Chappell, in his Collection, No. 121, gives two versions of "Cold and Raw" as English airs. But these differ somewhat from Purcell's and Johnson's sets of the disputed tune. The words were written by the late John Hamilton, Musicseller in Edinburgh.



Her brow is like the snaw-drift,
Her neck is like the swan,
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on;
That e'er the sun shone on,
And dark blue is her e'e;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
1'd lay me down and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying,
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;
And like winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet.
Her voice is low and sweet,
And she's a' the world to me;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dec.

"ANNIE LAURIE." We give the more modern version of the song. With regard to the other version, said to have been written about 150 years ago, Mr. Robert Chambers says, "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."—Chambers's Scottish Songs, Edinburgh, 1829, vol. ii. p. 294. We must observe, however, that the second stanza of the song, ascribed to Mr. Douglas, beginning, "She's backit like the peacock," is evidently borrowed, with modifications, from a stanza, not quotable, in an old version of "John Anderson, my Jo." The air of Annie Laurie is quite modern, ham's Note upon "Annie Laurie," in his "Songs of Scotland," Edinburgh, 1825, vol. iii. pp. 256, 257. "I found this song in the little 'Ballad Book,' collected and edited by a gentleman to whom Scottish literature is largely indebted --Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe of Hoddam. It is accompanied by the following notice:-- Sir Robert Laurie, first Baronet of the Maxwellton family, (created 27th March 1685,) by his second wife, a daughter of Riddell of Minto, had three sons and four daughters, of whom Anne was much celebrated for her beauty, and made a conquest of Mr. Douglas of Fingland, who is said to have composed the following verses under an unlucky star-for the lady married Mr. Ferguson of Craigdarroch.' I have only to add, that I am glad such a song finds a local habitation in my native place." Allan Cunningham quotes the song from Mr. Sharpe's "Ballad Book;" but we observe that that version differs in its readings from the one given by Mr. R. Chambers. The former reads-"Where I and Annie Laurie"-"I'd lay down my head and die"-"a peacock"-"a swan"-"may span;" while the latter reads-"Where me and Annie Laurie"-" I'll lay me down and die"-" the peacock"-" the swan"-" micht span."





My wife wad dress fu' brawly,
While I hut gaed wi' duddy claes;
My siller cam' in smally,
My shoon too lost their taes!

The bairnies ay were squallin',

The parritch-pat aye wanted meal;

My wife she aye was bawlin',

And ca'd me, "Ne'er-do-weel!"

Whan I rase i' the mornin',

To seek my weary wark frae hame,
My wife she aye was scornin'

My want o' gear, wi' blame.

Ae mornin' I said till her—
"I'm gaun to far Van-Diemen's land:"
My troth! that speech was plainly
What she might understand!

Aye since that day we never
Ha'e had ae word o' strife atween,
But she declares for ever,
"Offence she didna mean!"

I work wi' might an' will noo, Since a' is peace an' love at hame; The parritch-pat is aye sae fu' There's some left o'er for shame!

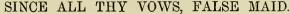
"AIKEN DRUM." We have been unable to obtain any satisfactory information regarding the origin of this air. Some persons consider it as one of the most ancient of our Scottish airs. We do not. In our hoyhood it used to be sung to ludicrous but unmeaning stanzas, beginning—

"There lived a man in our town,
In our town, in our town,
There lived a man in our town,
And his name was Aiken Drum."

We were told that this man were a strange coat, with buttons of "bawbee-baps," and that "he played upon a razor." James Hogg, in the second series of his "Jacobite Relics," page 22, gives another "Aiken Drum," which he interprets politically, with the aid of Sir Walter Scott—

"Ken ye how a Whig can fight, Aikendrum, Aikendrum," &c.

The air to which these political stanzas are set is quite different from the air here given, with words written for it by a friend of the Publishers. Hogg quotes also the first stanza of another Aiken Drum, in which that personage is said to have some from the moon. In Mr. R. Chambers's "Popular Rhymes of Scotland," there is a vigorous ballad of thirty stanzas about another Aiken Drum, called "The Brownie of Blednock," written by William Nicholson, a Dumfricsshire peasant.

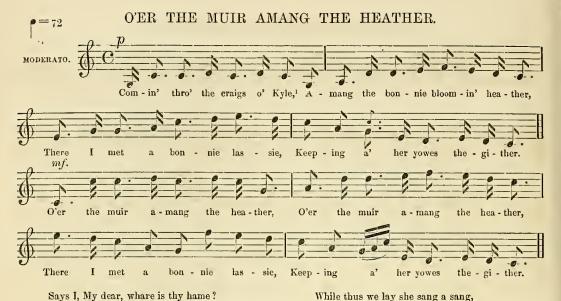




Have I not graven our loves On every tree In yonder spreading grove, Though false thou be? Was not a solemn oath Plighted betwixt us both, Thou thy faith, I my troth, Constant to be? Some gloomy place I'll find, Some doleful shade, Where neither sun nor wind E'er entrance had. Into that hollow cave There 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 for me; No grave do I require, Nor obsequie: 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!

<sup>&</sup>quot;Cromlet's Lilt." This is the common name of the song, though its proper name is "Cromleck's Lilt." Near the end of the sixtcenth century, young Chisholm of Cromleck and Miss Helen Murray, commonly called "Fair Helen of Ardoch," formed a strong mutual attachment. Helen's maternal grandfather, Murray of Strewan, was one of the seventeen sons of Tullibardane. Her father, Stirling of Ardoch, had a family consisting of no less than thirty-one children, so that fair Helen's dowry must have been a slender one, and Chisholm's love the more honourably disinterested. Mr. Stirling, her youngest brother, commonly styled the Tutor of Ardoch, died in 1715, at the extraordinary age of 111 years. Young Chisholm being obliged to go to France for a time, during his absence entrusted his letters to Helen to a friend near Dunblanc. This man played the traitor, suppressed Chisholm's letters, and misrepresented his conduct to Helen; while at the same time he misrepresented Helen's feelings and conduct to Chisholm. When he had destroyed the mutual confidence of the lovers, he then sought Helen for himself. It was at this time that Chisholm, still abroad, composed the affecting ballad called "Cromleck's Lilt." In brief, the grieved and persecuted Helen at last reluctantly allowed the marriage ceremony to be performed, but there her compliance ended. Cromleck arriving soon after, discovered the deep treachery of his pretended friend: the marriage was annulled, and fair Helen became the happy wife of her beloved Cromleck. Such is the tradition. For more minute particulars consult Museum Illustrations, vol. ii. pp. 185-187, and 222-226. The ballad of "Cromleck's Lilt," with the music, is inserted in the Orpheus Caledonius, 1725. The tune was selected by the Rev. William Geddes, in 1673, for one of the hymns in his "Saint's Recreation," which was afterwards printed at Edinburgh in 1683. This hymn is entitled "The Pathway to Paradise, or the Pourtraiture of Picty."



In muir or dale, pray tell me whether?

She says, I tent these fleecy flocks

That feed amang the bloomin' heather.

O'er the muir amang the heather;

She says, I tent these fleecy flocks

That feed amang the bloomin' heather.

We laid us down upon a bank,

Sae warm and sunny was the weather;

She left her flocks at large to rove

Amang the bonnie bloomin' heather.

O'er the muir amang the heather;

She left her flocks at large to rove

Amang the bonnie bloomin' heather.

While thus we lay she sang a sang,
Till echo rang a mile and farther;
And aye the burden o' the sang
Was, O'er the muir amang the heather.
O'er the muir amang the heather;
And aye the hurden o' the sang
Was, O'er the muir amang the heather;
And aye the hurden o' the sang
Was, O'er the muir amang the heather.
She charm'd my heart, and aye sinsyne
I couldna think on ony ither:
By sea and sky! she shall be mine,
The bonnie lass amang the heather.
O'er the muir amang the heather;
O'er the muir amang the heather;

By sea and sky! she shall be mine, The bonnie lass among the heather.

1 "The Craigs o' Kyle are a range of small bills about a mile south of the village of Coilton, in the parish of that name."—Paton.

<sup>&</sup>quot;O'ER THE MUIR AMANG THE HEATHER." In that curious and entertaining work, "The Contemporaries of Burns, and the more recent Poets of Ayrshire," published at Edinburgh in 1840, by Mr. Hugh Paton, Carver and Gilder to ller Majesty, &c., and which we have occasionally quoted in the Notes to this Collection, we find some information regarding the authoress of this song. We quote part of it, and refer the reader to the work itself, pp. 34-37. "Burns communicated this song to 'Johnson's Scots Musical Museum;' and in his 'Remarks on Scottish Songs and Ballads,' he states, in language somewhat rude, 'that it is the composition of a Jean Glover, a girl who . . . . has visited most of the correction-houses in the West. She was born, I believe, in Kilmarnock. I took the song down from her singing, as she was strolling with a sleight-of-hand blackguard through the country.' Though the song alluded to has been long popular, and copied into numerous Collections, this is all that has hitherto transpired respecting Jeanie Glover. That the song was her own we are left in no manner of doubt; for it must be inferred, from the positive statement of the Poet, that she had herself assured him of the fact. It is well that Burns expressed himself in decided language; for otherwise it would scarcely be credited, that one of our sweetest and most simple lyrics should have been the production of a person whose habits and course of life were so irregular. . . . . When at Muirkirk, we were fortunate enough to learn some particulars relative to Jeanie Glover. A niece of hers still resides there: and one or two old people distinctly remember to have seen her. She was horn at the Townhead of Kilmarnock, on the 31st October 1758, of parents respectable in their sphere. That her education was superior, the circumstances of her birth will not permit us to believe; but she was brought up in the principles of rectitude, and had the advantage of that early instruction which few Scottish families are without. She was remarkable for beauty-hoth of face and figure-properties which, joined to a romantic and poetic fancy, had no doubt their influence in shaping her future unfortunate career. She was also an excellent singer." Jean Glover died in 1801, in the town of Letterkenny, in Irelaud. The tune was published as a reel in R. Bremner's Collection, p. 77, about the year 1764, but differs there from Johnson's version in the "Museum."

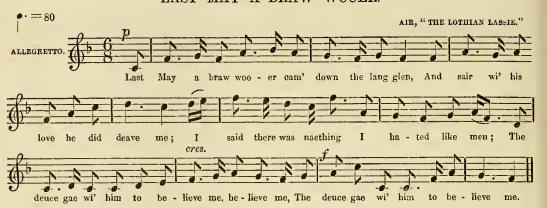


Ye Kelhurn groves, by spring attired,
Where zephyrs sport amang the flowers,
Your fairy scenes I've aft admired,
While jocund pass'd the sunny hours.
But doubly happy in your bowers,
When fragrance scents the dewy e'en,
I wander whare your streamlet pours,
To meet an' hail my bonnie Jean.

Let grandeur rear her lofty dome,
Let mad ambition kingdoms spoil,
Through foreign lands let avarice roam,
An' for her prize unceasing toil;
Give me fair nature's vernal smile,
The shelter'd grove and daisied green,
l'll happy tread my native soil,
To meet an' hail my bonnie Jean.

"Bonnie Jean." Mr. Stenhouse's Note is as follows: -- "This fine pastoral melody was in former times called 'My bonnie Jean of Aberdeen,' the last line of the chorus of a very old song which Ramsay had deemed inadmissible in his Collection. This poet, however, wrote the song in the Museum beginning 'Love's goddess in a myrtle grove,' in 1723, and Thomson adapted it to the old tune in his Orpheus Caledonius in 1725. Watts reprinted both the words and music in the first volume of his Musical Miscellany, in 1729, and the song has since appeared in various collections. Adam Craig, who was one of the principal violin-players at the concert held at Ediuburgh on St. Cecilia's Day, the 22d of November 1695, published a Collection of Old Scottish Airs in 1730, one of which is 'Bonny Jean of Aberdeen.' The reader will find a plan of this concert, with the names of the professional and amateur performers, inserted in the first volume of the Transactions of the Antiquarian Society of Edinburgh, and likewise in the Edinburgh Magazine, or Literary Miscellany for February 1792, communicated by the late William Tytler of Woodhouselee, Esq. Mr. Charles Coffey selected this air of 'My bonny Jean' for one of his songs, beginning, 'Long have I been with grief oppress'd,' in his musical opera of 'The Female Parson, or Beau in the Sudds,' acted at Haymarket Theatre in London, 1730. This opera was very justly condemned by the audience on the first night of its representation; but the author published it with the songs set to music, (among which there are several Scottish Melodies,) in the course of the same year." See Museum Illustrations, vol. i. pp. 57, 58. The set of the air in Watts (p. 118) differs a little from Johnson's in two or three passages, and seems to us the better set, except in the penultimate measure. We see no reason for the air being peculiarly considered as a "pastoral melody," any more than various other modern Scottish airs, which had fully as much relation to the town as to the country. The compass of the air is too extensive for most voices. We have not been able to trace satisfactorily the author of this song. In that valuable and excellent work, The Book of Scottish Song, p. 292, Messrs. Blackie give the words anonymously.

# LAST MAY A BRAW WOOER.



He spak' o' the darts e' my bennie black e'en, And vow'd for my love he was deein'. I said he micht dee when he liked for Jean; The guid forgi'e me for leein', for leein', The guid forgi'e me for leein'!

A weel-steckit mailin', himsel' o't the laird,
And marriage aff-hand, was his proffer.

I never loot on that I kenn'd it er cared;
But thocht I micht ha'e a waur<sup>2</sup> effer, waur offer,
But thocht I micht ha'e a waur offer.

But what do ye think, in a fortnicht er less—
The deil's in his taste to gang near her!—
He up the Gateslack to my black cousin Bess—
Guess ye how, the jaud! I could bear her, could bear her,
Guess ye how, the jaud! I could bear her!

But a' the next week, as I fretted wi' care, I gaed to the tryst o' Dalgarnock;

And wha but my braw fickle wooer was there?

Wha glewer'd as if he'd seen a warlock, a warlock,

Wha glower'd as if he'd seen a warlock.

And vow'd that I was his dear lassie.

Out ower my left shouther I gi'ed him a blink,<sup>4</sup>
Lest neebors micht say I was saucy;
My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
And vow'd that I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,

I speir'd for my cousin, fu' couthie<sup>5</sup> and sweet, Gin she had recovered her hearin'? And how my auld shoen fitted her shauchled<sup>5</sup> feet? Gude sauf us! how he fell a-swearin', a-swearin', Gude sauf us! how he fell a-swearin'.

He begged for gudesake! I wad he his wife,
Or else I wad kill him wi' serrow;
Sae, e'en to preserve the puir body in life,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrew,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

1 A well-stocked farm.

<sup>2</sup> Worse,

S Who stared.

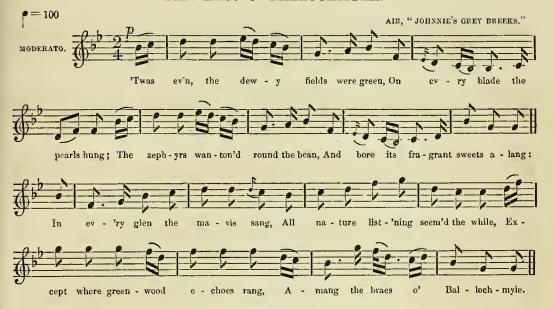
4 Smiling look.

5 Kindly.

6 Distorted.

"LAST MAY A BRAW WOOER." Mr. Stenhouse says :- "This humerous song was written by Burns in 1787, for the second volume of the Museum; but Johnsen, the publisher, who was a religious and well-meaning man, appeared fastidious about its insertion, as one or two expressions in it seemed semewhat irreverent. Burns afterwards made several alterations upon the song, and sent it to Mr. George Themsen for his Cellection, who readily admitted it into his second volume, and the seng soen became very popular. Johnson, however, did not consider it at all improved by the later alterations of our bard. It soen appeared to him to have lest much of its pristine humour and simplicity; and the phrases which he had objected to were changed greatly for the worse. He therefore published the song as originally written by Burns fer his werk. In order to enable the reader to judge hew far Jehnsen was, or was not correct, both editions of the song are here annexed." We have for the mest part adopted the earlier version of the seng, as it is the better of the twe. Mr. George Themson, in his Cellection, gives a reading of one line in the penultimate stanza which we do not follow-" And hew her new shoon fit her auld shauchled feet." Jehnsen's read ing is much better-" And how my auld shoon fitted her shauchled feet"-the phrase "auld shoon" being a sarcastic expression when applied to a discarded lever who pays his addresses to another fair one. Of the second edition of the song Mr. Stenheuse says, justly—"These alterations, in general, are certainly far from being in the happiest style of Burns. Indeed he appears to have been in bad health and spirits when he made them; for, in the letter inclosing the song, he says--' I am at present quite occupied with the charming sensations of the toothach, so have not a word to spare." Mr. Stenhouse adds—"It only remains to be observed that this song is adapted to the tune called, The Queen of the Lothians, the name of a curious old ballad, which is produced in the sixth volume of the Museum, and inserted after the modern words by Burns." Sce Museum Illustrations, vol. vi. pp. 460-463.

## THE LASS O' BALLOCHMYLE.



With careless step I onward stray'd,
My heart rejoic'd 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—
Perfection whisper'd, passing by,
Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle!

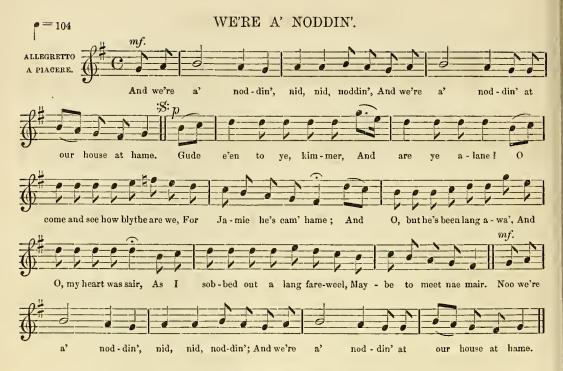
Fair is the morn in flowery May,
And sweet is night in Autumn mild,
When roving through the garden gay,
Or wandering in the lonely wild;
But Woman, Nature's darling child!
There all her charms she does compile;
Ev'n there her other works are foil'd
By the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

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

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

"The Lass o' Ballochmyle." In the second volume of the beautiful edition of Burns's works published by Messrs. Blackie and Son, we find, p. 13, the following passage in a long Note regarding this song:—"The brace of Ballochmyle extend along the right or north bank of the Ayr, between the village of Catrine and Howford bridge, and are situate at the distance of about two miles from Burns's farm of Mossgiel. They form the most important part of the pleasure-grounds connected with Ballochmyle House, the seat of Claud Alexander, Esq. of allochmyle, whose sister, Miss Wilhelmina Alexander, was the subject of the pocm. Bending in a concave form, a mixture of steep bank and precipice, clothed with the most luxuriant natural wood, while a fine river sweeps round beneath them, they form a scene of bewildering beauty, exactly such as a poet would love to dream in during a July eve." It appears that Burns composed the song in the spring of 1786, when he had wandered forth one evening on the banks of Ayr, as he says, "to view Nature in all the gaiety of the vernal year." He sent the song in a letter to Miss Alexander, dated 18th November 1786, which she did not answer, although she was proud of both, and preserved them most carefully.

In Oswald's Second Collection, published by John Simpson, London, we find, p. 6, a tune in three-fourth time, called "Jocky's gray breeches," and immediately following it the more modern tune in common time, evidently borrowed from the former, and probably manufactured from it by Oswald himself. It thus appears that the older version of the air, Johnnie's grey breeks, was in triple time.



The succeeding verses commence at the sign :S:

O sair ha'e I fought,
Ear' and late did I toil,
My bairnies for to feed and clead¹—
My comfort was their smile;
When I thocht on Jamie far awa',
An' o' his love sae fain,²
A bodin' thrill cam' through my heart
We'd maybe meet again.
Noo we're a' noddin', &c.

When he knocket at the door,
I thocht I kent the rap,
And little Katic cried aloud,
"My daddie he's cam' back!"
A stoun<sup>3</sup> gaed through my anxious breast,
As thochtfully I sat,
I rase—I gazed—fell in his arms,
And bursted out and grat.<sup>4</sup>
Noo we're a' noddin', &c.

1 Clotho.

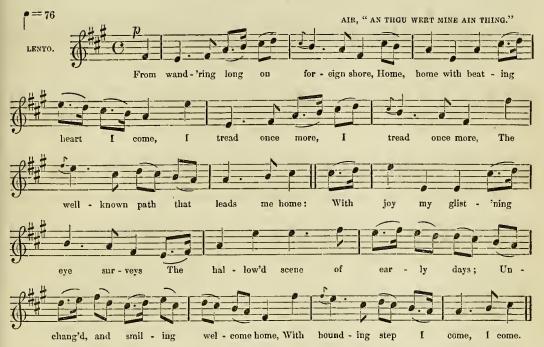
<sup>2</sup> Fond.

8 Pang.

4 Wept.

<sup>&</sup>quot;We're a' nordin'." Air, "Nid noddin'." The words are taken from page 31 of that copious and excellent Collection "The Book of Scottish Song," published by Messrs. Blackie and Son, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and London, 1843. Messrs. Blackie give three different versions of "Nid noddin':"—1. The coarse verses published in Johnson's Museum, and evidently founded on the original words to "John Anderson, my jo," preserved in Bishop Percy's old MS. of the sixteenth century; 2. Verses written by Allan Cunningham, for Mr. G. Thomson's Collection; 3. The verses which we have adopted as the best, and of which the author is unknown. About the year 1820 the air was very popular, and was sung at public concerts by several of the fashionable singers of that time. The original of part of the modern air appears in No. 523 of Johnson's Museum.

## THE HOMELESS HEART.



My home, my home I see once more,
So loved of old by mine and me;
A stranger stands beside the door—
Not that the face I yearn to see.
With lip that trembles in my fear
I ask for those I hold so dear,
And mark the stranger's careless eye
Glance coldly at the churchyard nigh.

With drooping head and fainting heart
I turn me from mine early home;
Again, though weary, I depart,
In other climes to range and roam:
Since far as I may roam and range,
No place can be so sad and strange
As this, when dear ones all are gone,
And homeless here I stand unknown.

"The Homeless Heart." Mr. Stenhouse observes that "Mr. John Stafford Smith, in his 'Musica Antiqua,' gives this beautiful air as the composition of the celebrated Henry Purcell, because John Playford had printed it as such in his 'Musick's Handmaid,' published at London in 1689." See Musenm Illustrations, vol. i. p. 2. We are able to prove, beyond all dispute, that Henry Purcell was not the composer of this air. Purcell was born in the year 1658, and died on 21st November 1695, aged 37. In the MS. Lute-book of Robert Gordon of Straloch, dated 1627-1629, we find the air, in a simple form of one strain, under the title of "An thou wer myn own thing." We give it here.



The airs trauscribed, by the writer of this note from the original Straloch MS., were presented by him, on 26th November 1847, to the Library of the Faculty of Advocates, Edinburgh, for preservation. The Straloch MS. belonged at one time to the late Dr. Charles Burney, Mus. Doc., and afterwards to the late James Chalmers, Esq. of London. It was purchased by some person, who cannot now be traced, at the sale of Mr. Chalmers's books and manuscripts. It is now probably lost or destroyed, and therefore the transcript in the Advocates' Library becomes so much the more valuable.

The modernized air, as given by Oswald, M'Gibbon, Peacock, Johnson, and others, consists of two strains; the second strain evidently added, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, to the original old air of one strain. The words here given to the air, were written expressly for this work by Mr. A. M. M'Laren, Summertown, Oxford, at the request of his friend the Editor.



She gaed by the stable, where Jamie was stanin';
Right sair was his kind heart the flittin' to see;
"Fare ye weel, Luey," quo' Jamie, an' ran in;—
The gatherin' tears trickled fast frae her e'e.
As down the burnside she gaed slow wi' her flittin',
"Fare ye weel, Lucy," was ilka hird's sang;
She heard the craw sayin't, high on the tree sittin',
An' robin was chirpin't the brown leaves amang.

"O what is't that pits my puir heart in a flutter?
An' what gars the tear come sae fast to my e'e?
If I wasna ettled? to be onic hetter,
Then what gars me wish onic better to be?
I'm just like a lammie that loses its mither;
Nor mither nor frien' the puir lammie can see;
I fear I hae left my bit heart a' thegither,
Nae wonder the tear fa's sae fast frae my e'e.

Yet that I will mind till the day that I die."

The lamb likes the gowan, wi' dew when it's droukit,
The hare likes the brake, an' the braird on the lea;
But Lucy likes Jamie—she turn'd and she lookit,
She thought the dear place she wad never mair see.
Ah! weel may young Jamie gang dowie an' cheerless!
An' weel may he greet on the bank o' the burn!

"Wi' the rest o' my claes I ha'e row'd up the ribbon, The honuie blue ribbon that Jamie ga'e me;

Yestreen when he ga'e me't, an' saw I saw sahbin',

It made me I neither could speak, hear, nor sec, He couldna say mair than just 'Fare ye weel, Lucy,'

I'll never forget the wae blink o' his o'e: Tho' now he said naething, hut 'Fare ye weel, Lucy,'

His bonnie sweet Lucy, sae gentle an' peerless, Lies cauld iu her grave, an' will never return.

1 To remove from one place to another.

<sup>2</sup> Designed.

s Woful glance.

<sup>&</sup>quot;LUCY'S FLITTIN"." This song was composed by William Laidlaw, a man held in great esteem by Sir Walter Scott, and who acted for some years as his hailiff at Abbotsford. Various interesting particulars regarding William Laidlaw are given in Mr. Lockhart's "Life of Sir Walter Scott," passim. Mr. Lockbart says, in Note I. page 346, of Cadell's edition, 1845:—"Mr. Laidlaw has not published many verses; but his song of 'Lucy's Flitting'—a simple and pathetic picture of a poor Ettrick maiden's feelings, in leaving a service where she had been happy—has long been, and must ever be, a favourite with all who understand the delicacies of the Scottish dialect, and the manners of the district in which the scene is laid." Mr. R. A. Smith, the composer of the air, we have already noticed in this volume, page 123. His air possesses no originality, but has been so long intimately associated with Mr. Laidlaw's verses, that we give it here as a popular tune.



Hame, hame, hame, O hame fain would I be, Hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie! The green leaf of loyalty's beginning for to fa', The bonnie white rose it is withering and a', But I'll water't with the blood of usurping tyrannie, Aud fresh it will blaw in my ain countrie.

Ilame, hame, hame, O hame fain would I be, Hame, hame, hame, to my ain countric! There's nought now from ruin my countrie can save, But the keys of kind heaven to open the grave, That all the noble martyrs who died for loyaltie May rise again and fight for their ain countrie.

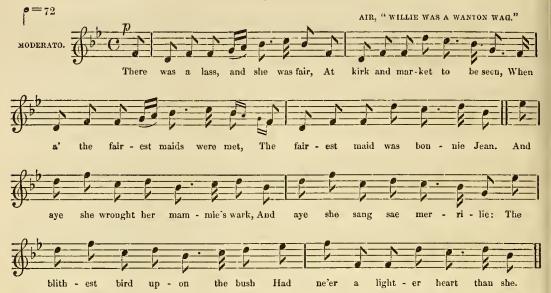
Hame, hame, hame, O hame fain would I be, Hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie! The great now are gane, a' who ventured to save; The new grass is growing aboon their bloody grave; But the sun through the mirk blinks blithe in my e'e, I'll shine on ye yet in your ain countrie.

"Hame, hame, hame!" In vol. iii. pp. 246, 247, of "The Songs of Scotland," edited by Allan Cunningham, we find a version of this song beginning, "It's hame, and it's hame." We have followed this version, omitting only the word "It's," which is an unmeaning word used by the country people in many parts of Scotland at the beginning of almost every song; and adopting from Blackie a better reading of the last line of the second stanza—that is, "And fresh it will blaw," instead of "And green it will grow." As the "white rose" is the flower mentioned, the words, "green it will grow," are not applicable. The following is Cunningham's Note appended to the words:—"This song is noticed in the introduction to the 'Fortunes of Nigel,' and part of it is sung by Richie Moniplies. It is supposed to come from the lips of a Scottish Jacobite exile. The old song of the same name had a similar chorus, and one good verse against the British fleet, which was then—and may it ever continue!—master of the sea; the poet prayed for very effectual aid:—

'May the ocean stop and stand, like walls on every side, That our gallant chiefs may pass, wi' heaven for their guide! Dry up the Forth and Tweed, as thou didst the Red Sea, When the Israelites did pass to their ain countrie.'"

In the first volume of Hogg's Jacobite Relics, Song LXXX., we find verses nearly corresponding with those given by A. Cunningham, but beginning, "Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be." Hogg's Note says:—"The air to which I have heard it sung very beautifully, seems to be a modification of the old tune of Mary Scott, the flower of Yarrow." The air given by Hogg to "Hame, hame," is a modification of "Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave you;" which again is borrowed from the air in triple time, "Mary Scot." The song is, in this work, adapted to a modern air which is evidently borrowed from "My love's in Germanie."

#### THERE WAS A LASS, AND SHE WAS FAIR.



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 naigies1 nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste, He dane'd wi Jeanie on the down; And lang e'er witless Jeanie wist, Her heart was tint,2 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 mak' her wecl again.

But didna Jeanie's heart loup 3 light, And didna joy blink in her e'e, As Robie tauld a tale o' love, Ae e'enin' 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 o' love : O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear; O canst thou think to fancy me! Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot, And learn to tent the farms wi' me?

At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge, Or naething else to trouble thee; But stray among 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.

1 Young horses.

<sup>2</sup> Lost.

3 Leap.

4 To take charge of; to watch.

"There was a Lass, and she was fair." Burns wrote this song to the tune of "Bonnie Jean," for Mr. G. Thomson's Collection. Mr. Thomson, however, adapted it to the tune of "Willie was a wanton wag," and we have here given it to the same air. The "Jeanie" thus celebrated by Burns, was Miss Jean Maemurdo, (afterwards Mrs. Crawford.) eldest daughter of John Macmurdo, Esq. of Drumlaurig. "I have not painted her," says Burns, "in the rank which she holds in life, but in the dress and character of a cottager." Burns himself considered this song as "in his best style;" and so it certainly is. About the beginning of last century, Mr. Walkingshaw of that ilk, near Paisley, wrote a very humorous song beginning, "Willie was a wanton wag;" which was published in the Orpheus Caledonius in 1725, along with the air which now bears that name. We give the old set of the air from Johnson's Museum, No. 137.

# ACCUSE ME NOT, INCONSTANT FAIR.

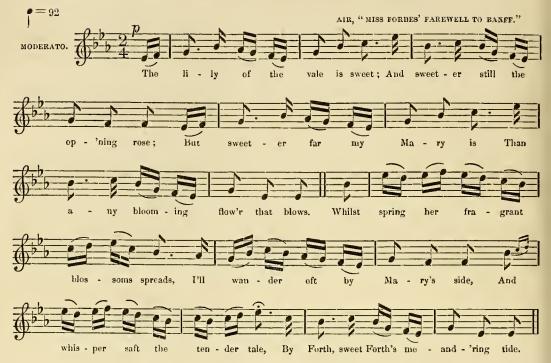


The fairest flower in nature's field Conceals the rankling thorn; So thou, sweet flow'r! as false as fair, This once kind heart has torn.

'Twas mine to prove the fellest pangs That slighted love can feel; 'Tis thine to weep that one rash act Which bids this long farewell.

"She rose and let me in." As we do not consider the old words, even as they were pruned and polished for Johnson, suitable for this work, we have adopted words written by Rohert Tannahill to the air of "Lord Gregory," and addressed by him to a fair one who bad forsaken him. Mr. Ritson, speaking of the old words in his Historical Essay on Scottish Song, page 60, says, "This is an English song of great merit, and has been Scotified by the Scots themselves. The modern air, a fine composition, probably by Oswald, is very different from that in the Pills." Upon this Mr. Stenhouse observes—" The air was composed long before Oswald was born, for a copy of it, in square-shaped notes, is inserted in an old MS. virginal book in the possession of the editor. The tune is here entitled, 'Shoe roasse and leit me in.' The same tune also appears in the Orpheus Caledonius in 1725. But could any person in his sound senses affirm that such lines as the following, in Playford's edition of the song, printed in his fourth volume of Choice Ayres and Songs,' with the music, in 1683, were not only English, but English of great merit too?" We decline giving the very coarse quatrain quoted by Mr. Stenhouse, who then proceeds thus: "The truth is, that the song was originally written by Francis Semple, Esq. of Beltrees, the Ambassador to Queen Elizabeth, in the reign of James the Sixth. A manuscript copy of Francis Semple's Poetical Works was, very lately, and, if living, may still be in the hands of one of his descendants, Mrs. Campbell of Paisley." See Museum Illustrations, vol. i. pages 86, 87. The editor of Messrs. Blackie's Book of Scottish Song, page 244, makes the following remarks upon Ritson's assertion above quoted, and upon the song in question :- "But the reverse happens to be the case, for it is a Scotch song, and has been Anglified by the Scots themselves. The original Scotch words are to be found, with the music, in Playford's 'Choice Ayres and Songs,' 1683, also (without the music) in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany, Herd's Collection, &c. What may be called the Anglified version (which we here give) first appeared in Johnson's Burns was mistaken in thinking that Ramsay was the author of this version-for Ramsay gives the original words with all their warmth and high colouring."

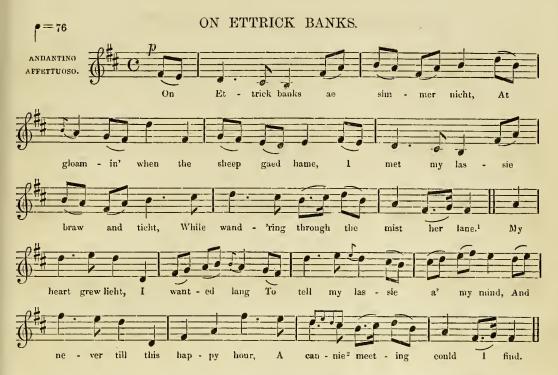
## THE LILY OF THE VALE IS SWEET.



There will we walk at early dawn,
Ere yet the sun begins to shine;
At eve oft to the lawn we'll tread,
And mark that splendid orb's decline.

The fairest, choicest flow'rs I'll crop,
To deck my lovely Mary's hair;
And while I live, I vow and swear,
She'll be my chief, my only care,

"THE LILY OF THE VALE IS SWEET." The air was published in the fourth part of Gow's Repository, p 5, under the title of "Miss Forbes' Farewell: by Mr. Isaac Couper of Banff." It is there in common time of four crotchets. The words are by Allan Ramsay. The air is one of the "Original slow Scots Strathspeys and Dances," published by Gow. In Captain Simon Fraser's Collection of Highland airs, he has some remarks upon Strathspeys, which we here quote: -- "Nos. 35 and 36. The Highlands of Banffshire, extending south of the Spey, have been long famous for the best dancers of the Strathspeys, which must have been well performed to inspire them sufficiently. In this district also lie the most picturesque scenery, the finest sporting-grounds and deer-forests, perhaps, in Great Britain, belonging to the Duke of Gordon, Earl of Fife, &c., long inaccessible to strangers from the badness of the roads and want of bridges." "No. 155. In passing through the district of Strathspey, the traveller may be apt to forget that among the long ranges of firwood and heath on each side, originated that sprightly style of performing and dancing the music which bears its name, now in universal request from the Spey to the Ganges. If the poets now take up the subject of some of the airs produced on its banks, it may become as renowned as a classic stream, as it is famous for giving birth to so much of our rational and captivating amusement." In a Note upon No. 3 of his Collection, Captain S. Fraser mentions Grant of Sheugly as a performer on the violin, bagpipe, and harp, and also a poet. "In appreciating the qualities of each instrument, he supposes they had quarrelled, and that he was called upon to decide the contest. In addressing a verse to his pipe, he observes,--' how it would delight him, on hearing the sound of war, to listen to her notes in striking up the gathering, to rally round the chief, on a frosty spring morning, whilst the hard earth reverberated all her notes, so as to be heard by the most distant person interested.' To the harp he says, - 'the pleasure which thy tones afford are doubled whilst accompanying a sweet female voice; or round the festive board, inspired by love or wine, I reach beyond my ordinary capacity, and feel the pleasure of pleasing.' But to his violin, which he calls by the literal name of the air, Mary George's daughter, and seems to have been his favourite, though held cheap by the other combatants, he says, - 'I love thee for the sake of those who do-the sprightly and bonny lasses-all of whom declare, that at wedding, dance, or ball, thou, with thy bass in attendance, canst have no competitor-thy music having the effect of electricity on those who listen to it.' And, on thus receiving their due share of praise, their reconciliation is convivially celebrated."



Said l, my lassie, will ye gae
To the Highland hills and be my bride?
I'll bigg³ thy bower beneath the brae,
By sweet Loch Gary's silver tide.
And aft as o'er the moorlands wide,
Kind gloamin' comes our faulds to steek,⁴
I'll basten down the green hill side,
Where curls our cozy cottage reek.

All day when we ha'e wrought eneuch,
When winter frosts and snaws begin,
Sune as the sun gaes west the loch,
At nicht when ye sit down to spin,
I'll serew my pipes, and play a spring,
And thus the weary nicht we'll end,
Till the tender kid and lamb-time bring
Our pleasant simmer back again.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
And gowans glent<sup>5</sup> o'er ilka field,
I'll meet my lass amang the broom,
And lead her to my simmer shield;
There, far frae a' their scornfn' din,
That make the kindly hearts their sport,
We'll laugh, and kiss, and dance, and sing,
And gar the langest day seem short!

Alone.

<sup>2</sup> Quiet; favourable.

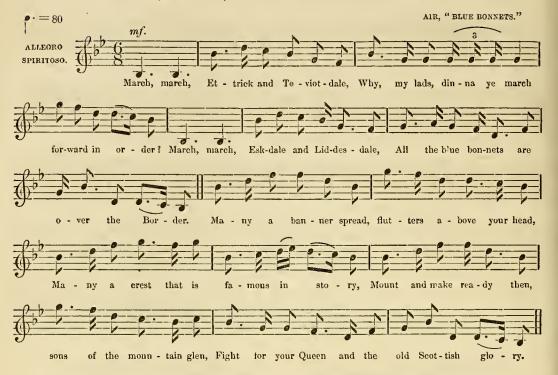
3 Baild.

4 Close; shut up.

5 Peep out; or sbine.

"On Ettrick Banks." Mr. Stenhouse's Note upon this song and air is as follows:—"This is another of those delightful old pastoral melodies which has been a favourite during many generations. It is inserted in the Orpheus Caledonius in 1725, with the same elegant stanzas that appear in the Museum, beginning, 'On Ettrick banks, as summer's night.' Ramsay has left no key to discover the author of the song: it does not appear, however, to be his; and indeed it is not claimed by his biographer as his composition. In the Museum, the fourth line of stanza first, in place of 'Came wading barefoot a' her lane,' was changed into 'While wand'ring through the mist her lane;' but I do not consider it any improvement on the elegant simplicity of the original. . . The Ettrick, of such poetical celebrity, is a river in Selkirkshire; it rises in the parish of the same name, and after a winding course of thirty miles in a north-east direction, during which it receives the Yarrow near Philiphaugh, falls into the Tweed three miles above Melrose." See Museum Illustrations, vol. i. pp. 85, 86. The version of the words here given is from J. M. Müller's "Vocal Gems of Scotland."

# MARCH, MARCH, ETTRICK AND TEVIOTDALE.



Come from the hills were your hirsels are grazing.

Come from the glen of the buck and the roe;

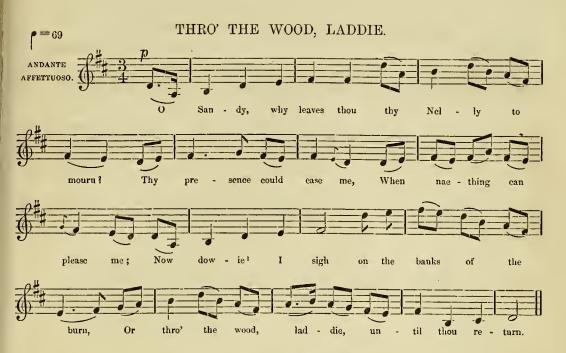
Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing;

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.

"March, March, Ettrick and Teviotdale." These verses appeared for the first time in Sir Walter Scott's novel, "The Monastery," published in 1820. They were evidently modelled upon an old Cavalier song, beginning, "March! march! pinks of election," which we find in the first volume of James Hogg's "Jacobite Relics of Scotland," pp. 5-7. The air given by Hogg to these old verses is a bad set of "Lesley's March," not at all corresponding with the air in Oswald's Second Collection, p. 33, although Hogg erroneously says that it "is copied from Mr. Oswald's ancient Scottish music." In Niel Gow's Second Collection of Reels, p. 5, we find an altered version of "Lesley's March," under the name of "Duplin House;" and from this the later versions of the air seem to have been taken with some changes. The version given by R. A. Smith to Sir Walter Scott's words is the one we have adopted as being the better known and more popular. Smith calls the air "Blue Bonnets," but it differs entirely from the air of that name, in common time, given by Oswald in his Second Collection, p. 5. We subjoin "Lesley's March" according to Oswald.





Though woods now are gay, and mornings so clear,
While lav'rocks are singing,
And primroses springing;
Yet none of them pleases my eye or my ear,
When thro' the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.

That I am forsaken, some sparena ot tell,
I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,
Baith ev'ning and morning;
Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
When thro' the wood, laddie, I wander mysel'.

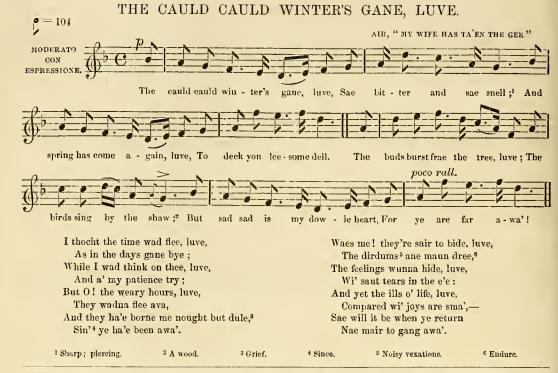
Then stay, my dear Sandy, noe lauger away,
But quick as an arrow
Haste here to thy marrow,
Wha's living in languor till that happy day,
When thro' the wood, laddie, we'll dance, sing, and play.

1 Sadly.

2 Hesitate not.

8 Troubled.

"Thro' the Wood, Ladde." Mr. Stenhouse's Note is as follows:—"This fine old tune is inserted in the Orphens Caledonius in 1725, adapted to a long hallad written by Ramsay, beginning 'As early I walk'd on the first of sweet May,' which is likewise printed in his Tea-Table Miscellany. In the Museum, the air is adapted to a song of two (?) stanzas, also written by Ramsay, beginning 'O Sandy, why leaves thou thy Nelly to mourn?" Dr. Blacklock communicated to Mr. Johnson a copy of the original verses to the same air, which are printed in the Museum after those of Ramsay. It ought to be observed here, that this old melody consisted only of one strain, and it is so printed in Thomson's Orpheus Caledonius. The second strain, which is only a repetition of the first, an octave higher, was added by Adam Craig in 1730; but it could only be intended for instrumental music. Few voices have a natural compass of more than twelve notes. When a tune exceeds this compass, the singer has reconrse to the falsetto, which requires great skill and management to produce even a tolerable effect. It would be much better, therefore, to leave out the second strain altogether in singing this song, as the compass of the first is sufficiently extensive, and the tune quite long enough without any second part." See Museum Illustrations, vol. ii. pages 141, 142. We have omitted the second strain of the air, and have also simplified the last notes in the first and ninth measures, which, in all the versions we have seen, contain an affected instrumental flourish.

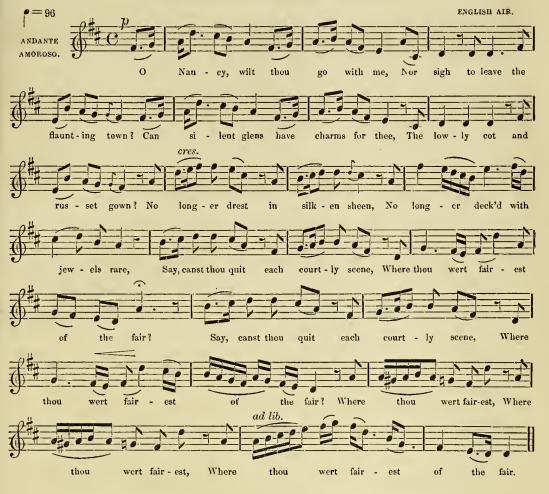


"The cauld cauld Winter's oane, Luve." With regard to the author of this song we have been favoured with the following information:—"The words are by Mr. William Train of Haddington, son of Mr. Joseph Train of Loch-Vale Cottage, Galloway—the friend and correspondent of Sir Walter Scott. Mr. W. Train was born at Newton Stewart, in Galloway, on 9th August 1816. He studied for the law; but, in 1838, became Cashier of the Southern Bank of Scotland in Dumfries—an establishment since merged in the Edinburgh and Glasgow Bank. He was, thereafter, for several years, an Inspector of an English Bank, and now holds the office of Government Surveyor of Stamps and Taxes for East-Lothian. Mr. Train compiled a Memoir of his father, which is prefixed to Mr. Train, senior's, History of the Isle of Man, and several of his poetical pieces have appeared in different works. The above verses were published in 'The Book of Scottish Song,' by Messrs. Blackie of Glasgow."

About the middle of last century a clever and humorous song, beginning, "A friend o' mine came here yestreen," was composed to the air, "My wife has ta'en the gee," and appears in Herd's Collection, 1769, without any author's name. It appears again in Johnson's Museum, vol. v. p. 422, with the air communicated by Burns, and called "My wife has ta'en the gee," and which is evidently borrowed from an older air called "The Miller," given, p. 82 of this work, to Burns's words, "Mary Morison." In Gow's Fifth Collection of Reels and Strathspeys, p. 32, we find an air called, "My wife has ta'en the gee," communicated to Gow by the late Alexander Gibson Hunter of Blackness, Writer to the Signet, Edinburgh. It is there said to be old, and may have been the air to which the words in Herd were originally sung. It does not resemble "The Miller," or the air sent by Burns to Johnson for the old words. The latter air is the one we have adopted in this work.



# O NANCY, WILT THOU GO WITH ME?



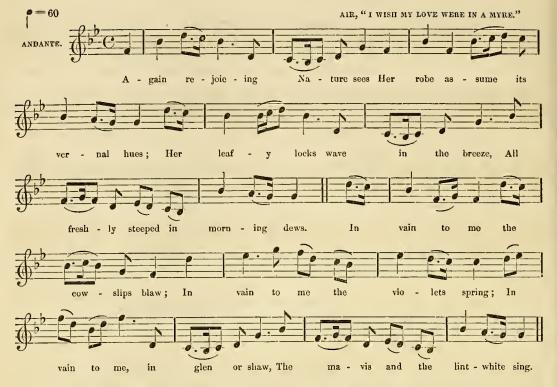
O Nancy! when thou'rt far away,
Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
Say, canst thou face the scorching ray,
Nor shrink before the wintry wind?
O can that soft and gentle mien
Extremes of hard-hip learn to bear;
Nor, sad, regret each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nancy! canst thou love so true, Through perils keen with me to go; Or when thy swain mishap shall rue, To share with him the pang of woc? Say, should disease or pain befall,
Wilt theu assume the nurse's care;
Nor, wistful, 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 breathless clay
Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear;
Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

<sup>&</sup>quot;O NANCY, WILT THOU GO WITH ME?" These words, by Thomas Percy, Bishop of Dromore, were set to music by Thomas Carter, an Irish musician, and sung at Vauxhall by Mr. Vernon, in 1773. We have inserted this very popular song for the purpose of proclaiming that it belongs to England, though a slightly Scotified version of it has been repeatedly published as a Scottish song. Those who prefer singing the latter, can easily make the alterations for themselves.

## AGAIN REJOICING NATURE SEES.



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

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

The shepherd steeks his faulding slaps,<sup>2</sup>
And o'er the moorland whistles shrill;
Wi' wild, unequal, wandering step,
I meet him on the dewy hill.

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

Come, winter, with thine angry howl,
And raging bend the naked tree;
Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,
When Nature all is sad like me.

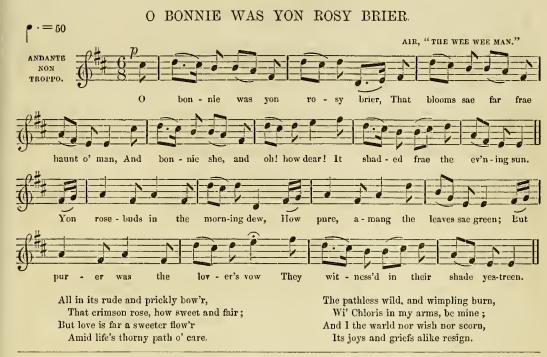
1 Watchful; attentive.

<sup>2</sup> To shut the gates of the sheepfold.

' I wish my love were in a myre, That I might pu' her out again.'

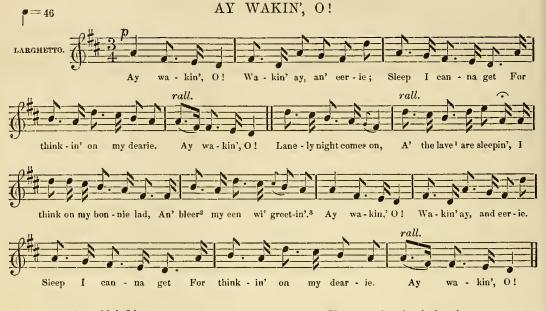
The remainder of this ditty, I believe, is lost." See Museum Illustrations, vol. i. p. 41. In the Museum, the words given to this air are, first, Ambrose Philips' translation of Sappho's Ode, "Blest as the immortal gods is he;" and, second, anonymous verses from Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany, beginning, "O lovely maid, how dear's thy power."

<sup>&</sup>quot;Acain rejoicing Nature sees." Allan Cunningham has the following Note on this song in his work called "The Songs of Sectland," &c., vol. iv. p. 32:—"I have removed from this fine song the idle encumbrance of an adopted chorus; it interrupted the flow of the narrative, and was at open war with the sentiment of each verse. The chorus was joyous and the song monrnful. It is one of the earliest printed lyries of Burns." Mr. George Thomson also omits the chorus in his Collection, as well as the fourth stanza. The latter omission is required, in order to have an even number of stanzas to the air. Mr. Stenhouse says:—"This old melody is inserted in a manuscript music-book, which, from an inscription, appears to have belonged to a 'Mrs. Crockat, in 1709,' now in the Editor's possession. The old song hegan,—



"O nonne was you Rosy Brier." These words were written by Burns, and sent by him to his friend M. Alexander Cunningham of Edinburgh, in a letter to Mr. George Thomson, in June or July 1795. In that letter Burns says:—"I inclose the sheet open, both for your inspection and that you may copy the song 'O bonny was you rosy brier.' I do not know whether I am right, but that song pleases me, and as it is extremely probable that Clarke's newly roused celestial spark will soon be smothered in the fogs of indulgence, if you like the song, it may go as Scottish verses to the air of 'I wish my love were in the mire;' and poor Erskine's English lines may follow." Mr. George Thomson published the song in the third volume of his Collection, to the air of "The wee wee man." David Herd, in his Collection, 1769, first published the singular fragment of "The wee wee man." It appeared for the first time with the music in Johnson's Museum, No. 370. John Finlay, in his "Scottish Historical and Romantic ballads," 1808, vol. ii. page 158, makes the following remark upon the air of "The wee wee man!"—"It is proper to add, that the air to which the fragment is sung is very beautiful, and still popular. If this (and I see no reason or doubt) be contemporary with the original poem, it is perhaps the most ancient of our legendary tunes."

We are not disposed to think the antiquity of this air much greater than that of the Irish "Garry Owen." Both seem to be of the same stock. Besides "The wee wee man," Mr. Finlay publishes a Northumbrian poem beginning "Als y yod on ay Mounday," copied from the Cotton MS. in the British Museum, (Julius A. V. 9) and containing the original of the Scottish "Wee wee man." Mr. Ellis, in the introduction to his "Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances," has some interesting observations upon the priority of the northern to the southern English dialect. Alluding to Mr. Scott's publication of Thomas of Erceldoun's Sir Tristrem, Mr. Ellis says, "He has also shown by a reference to ancient charters, that the Scottish minstrels of this early period enjoyed all the privileges and distinctions possessed by the Norman trouveurs, whom they nearly rivalled in the arts of narration, and over whom they possessed one manifest advantage in their familiar acquaintance with the usual scenes of chivalry:" . . . "Ettrick Forest, the Sylva Caledonia beloved by Merlin, whose remains are supposed to have been buried at Drummelziar, was included in the territories of Urien and Ywain. Galloway, according to Mr. Wbitaker, was the patrimony of the celebrated Gawain. At Stowe, in the vale of the Gala, (the Wedale or vallis sanctus of Nennius,) a few miles above Melrose, was the church of St. Mary's, where Arthur, as the British historian assures us, deposited a piece of the true Cross; and at Meigle in Angus, between Coupar and Forfar, tradition still points out the tomb of 'Dame Ganore,' the beautiful Guenever. The Scottish Minstrels, therefore, thus surrounded by the memorials of romance, and having easy access to the traditionary tales of Strathclyde and Cumbria, were likely to be considered as the most authentic depositaries of those narratives:" . . . . "the early eminence of the Scottish minstrels is proved by the authority of Robert de Brunne, and by that of Wyntown's Chronicle. As a further confirmation of this opinion, it may be added, that while Erceldoun, Kendal, and Hucheon, poets of the North, are celebrated by our early historians; while every ancient ballad bears testimony to the excellence of the minstrels from 'the North country;' and while our MSS, abound with metrical romances written in the northern dialect, we do not possess one, anterior to the time of Chaucer, which can with certainty be ascribed to a poet of South Britain."



Ay wakin', O!

Wakin' ay, an' eerie;

Sleep I eanna get

For thinkin' on my dearie.

Ay wakin', O!

Simmer's a pleasant time,

Flowers of ev'ry colour;

The water rins o'er the heugh,
And I long for my true lover.
Ay wakin', O!
Wakin' ay, an' eerie;
Sleep I canna get
For thinkin' on my dearic.
Ay wakin', O!

I The remainder

2 Inflame

3 Crying.

"Av wakin', O!" Allan Cunningham, in his Songs of Scotland, vol. ii. p. 231, says of "Ay wakin', O!"-"This song is the work of several hands, and though some of it is very ancient, it has been so often touched and retouched, that it is not easy to show where the old ends or the new commences. Most of the chorus is certainly old, and part of the second verse." The words we have adopted are part of those given by Mr. Stenhouse, in vol. iii. pp. 206, 207 of the Museum, as "all that is known to exist of the original verses." We give also the four lines added by Burns to the old words. They offer some variety to the singer, who must, however, repeat, before and after them, the four lines, "Ay wakin,' O!" &c, in order to suit the music. Mr. Stenhouse gives also a version of what he calls "the ancient air," though he does not tell us where he found it, and, consequently, offers no proof of his assertion. He says: "In Mr. George Thomson's Collection of Scottish Songs, the air of 'Ay wakin', O!' is enlarged so as to finish on the key note, and the time changed from triple to commou. The time, however, is far better in its native wildness and simplicity: both Tytler and Ritson were of opinion that this air, from its intrinsic evidence, was one of our oldest. melodies, and I see no reason to differ from them." The form which the air has assumed within the last thirty years has now taken possession of the popular ear, and we shall not try to displace it. The latter part of the air must remind the reader of the conclusion of "Gala Water," p. 25 of this work. In May 1795, Burns wrote for Mr. George Thomson a song "On Chloris being ill," to the tune "Ay wakin', O," beginning-" Long, long the night," and which appears in an altered form in Mr. G. Thomson's Collection.—The following is what Mr. Stenhouse gives as "the ancient air :"-



In The Keel Low s, german air by the Schetter.

Gallen Herring, by a ferman broadmarter.

197 The Willow Free" Celeappell's oblevations

208 The Island of Mull, by Early Eglinton fow;

214 Polwerf on the freen Burnstrong, English air July

220 the blune red rose. Cowald, 6.P.C. not carbin 1755.

233 Saw ye having kegin; liberary beggin how the Vanglone.

234 Gadie Vens, Davie 1783 heard his father, Mayinary roy,

236 Winding Carron, John M. Donald's history

239 Ggin my horse, Row Patrick Mucannald

Strattspy Vens to Have been

by the three first bars of The Cordwainer's

March in Aird; M. bolline

Mood's Songs of Scotland 1857.

191. Now weel my Boatie row weel

197. Ill bid my heart be still

208. The Island of Mull

214. Polwart on the Green.

220. The Blude led rose

233. Sow ye have my Peggie?

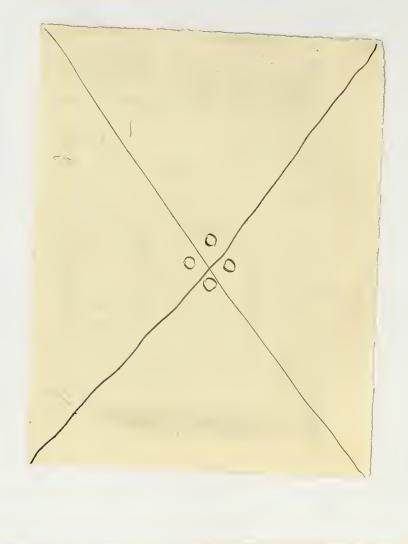
231. O gil. I were where gadie rins

236 Thun dark winding Carron

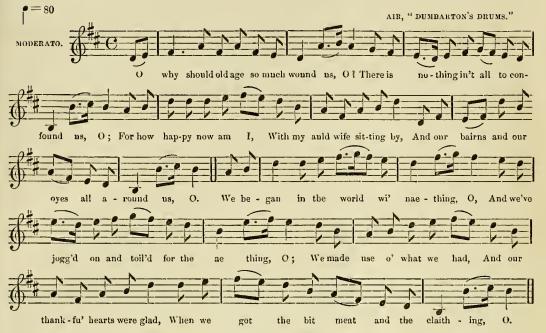
2390 gin my Love werd you red Rose.

See Hotes to the Above Songs

" page 175 for Straloch Mis.



# O! WHY SHOULD OLD AGE SO MUCH WOUND US, O?

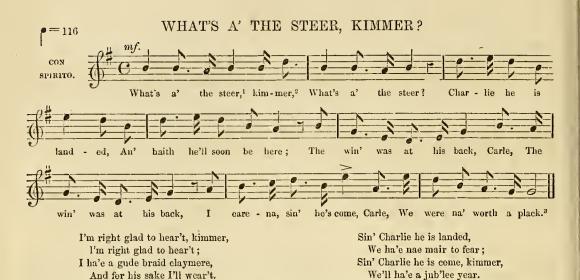


We have lived all our lifetime contented, O, Since the day we became first acquainted, O; It's true we've been but poor, And we are so to this hour, Yet we never pined nor lamented, O. We ne'er thought o' schemes to be wealthy, O, By ways that were cunning or stealthy, O; But we always had the bliss-And 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 yearlie, O. Among rich folks up and down, Both in country and in town, Who now live but scrimply and barely, O.

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, Whare 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 another, O. And when we leave this habitation, O. We'll depart with a good commendation, 0; We'll go band 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.

<sup>&</sup>quot;Dumbarton's Drums." In his "Scottish Songs," Mr. Robert Chambers has the following Note upon the song beginning "Dumbarton's drums beat bonnie, O." "There is an idea very generally prevalent, that by 'Dumbarton's Drums' are meant the drums of the garrison of Dumbarton; and Burns somewhere has the following absurd Note upon the subject:—'Dumbarton Drums is the last of the West Highland airs; and from Dumbarton, over the whole tract of country to the confines of Tweedside, there is hardly a tune or song that one can say has taken its origin from any place or transaction in that part of Scotland.' The truth is, that Dumbarton's Drums were the drums belonging to a British regiment, which took its name from the officer who first commanded it, to wit, the Earl of Dumbarton. This nobleman was a cadet of the family of Douglas, and being Commander of the Royal Forces in Scotland during the reigns of Charles the Second and James the Second, he bears a distinguished figure in the dark and blood-stained bistory of Scotland during that period. He suppressed the rebellion of Argyle in 1685. At the Revolution, he chose to accompany James the Second to France, where he died in 1692.—The song appeared in the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724." The song we give instead of that last mentioned, was written by the Rev. John Skinner, the author of "Tullochgorum," &c.

1 Disturbance; commotion.

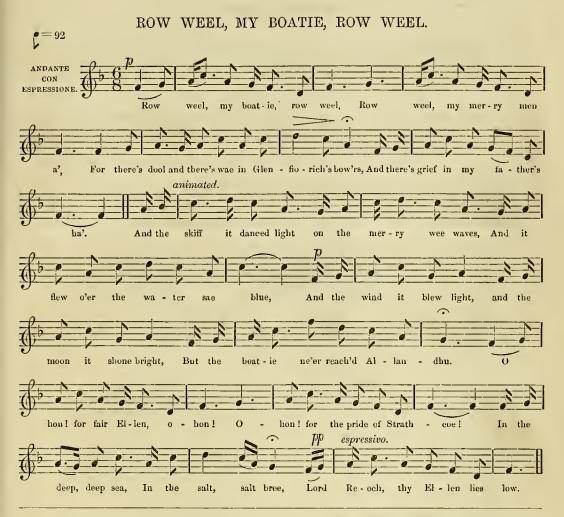


<sup>2</sup> Neighbour; Gossip. (Commère-French.)

3 The third part of a penny sterling.

"What's a' the steer, Kimmer?" The air seems to be a transformation of a strathspey, and the words were prebably suggested by verses called "The Lusty Carlin," published in Cremek's "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song," 1810, pp. 137, 138, and beginning, "What news to me, Carlin? What news to me? Enough o' news, quo the lusty Carlin, Best news that Ged can gi'e." These verses are given as expressing, roughly, the feelings of the peasantry of Scotland, on hearing of the extraordinary escape of Lord Maxwell of Nithsdale from the Tower of London. on 23d February 1715, "dressed in a woman's cleak and hood, which were for some time after called Nithsdales." The veritable account of that escape is printed by Mr. Cromek, from a copy of the original MS. letter by the Countess of Nithsdale to her sister, dated 16th April 1718, from Rome, and in the possession of Constable Maxwell, Esq. of Terreagles, a descendant of the family of Nithsdale. Some verses of a similar tener to those above alluded to are given by Allan Cunningham in the fourth volume of his edition of Burns's Works, Lenden, 1834. Cunningham gives the word "Cummer" instead of "Carlin," which occurs in the verses quoted by Cremek. The words and the nrusic here given are reprinted on account of the popularity which they obtained about the year 1825, by the public singing of Miss Stephens, afterwards Countess of Essex. Miss Stephens gave a long lease of popularity to this song, as well as to "We're a' nid neddin'," and other songs, all of which are still popular. Miss Stephens was one of the most admired of modern English singers. A notice of her, published in London in 1824, informs us that she was born in Lenden, and received her first instructions in singing from Lanza, under whose tuitien she remained for a considerable time. Lanza's slow and sure Italian method formed her power of voice and her intenation. While still under Lanza. she was brought out as a singer at the Pantheon. It appears that her father, getting impatient of the slowness of Lanza's precess of tuition, put her under Mr. Thomas Welsh, who used all means to bring her rapidly forward with éclat before the public; and that she made her début at Covent Garden Theatre "with brilliant approbation," as the critics then expressed themselves. The quality of her voice was said to be then (1824) more rich and full than that of any other public English singer. "The peculiar bent of her talent seems to be towards ballads and songs of simple declamation; in a word, towards that particular style which is generally esteemed to be purely English, though the fermation of the voice may have been conducted upon the principles of Italian teaching." The writer adds that "there are no other" than the Italian principles of voice training. We must observe that the departure frem these eld principles, and the rapid forcing system generally produced in England, and now in Italy, are the very causes of our having so few good singers. Too often vox et præterea nihil! Voices totally untrained and untaught. The late ingenious Doctor W. Kitchener, in his "Observations on Vocal Music," 1821, pp. 53, 54, speaks as follows of Ballad Music, and of Miss Stephens: - "The chef-d'œuvre of difficulty is a plain English Ballad, which is, 'when unaderned, adorned the most,' and, indeed, will hardly admit of any ernament beyond an Appoggiatura. This style of song is less understood than any (other?); and though apparently from its simplicity it is very easy, yet to warble a Ballad with graceful expression, requires as much real judgment and attentive consideration of every note and every syllable, as it does to execute the most intricate Brovura—the former is an appeal to the heart—the latter merely plays about the ear, and seldom excites any sensation beyond. Who would not rather hear Miss Stephens sing an old Ballad than any Bravura?—although her beautiful voice is equally calculated to give every effect to the most florid song" Miss Stephens became Countess of Essex 19th April 1838.\* To the honour of art, she is not the only female performer who has been raised by her own merits to the rank of nobility in Great Britain.

<sup>\*</sup> George Capel Coningsby, fifth and late Earl of Essex, born 13th November 1757, died without issue 23d April 1839.—See Lodge's Pecrage, 1844.



"Row WEFL, MY BOATIE, ROW WEFL." This song was first published under the name of "Ellen Boideachd," (Beautiful Ellen,) by John M'Fadyen, Musicseller, 15, Wilson Street, Glasgow. The words were written by Walter Weir, house-painter, an intelligent man and a learned Gaelic scholar. The subject of the words is taken from an old Gaelic story which the author got from his mother. The air was composed by R. A. Smith.

The title of this song reminds us of "O weel may the boatie row," No. 425 in Johnson's Muscum. In the former editions of "The Songs of Scotland," by Messrs. Wood, there was not room for a Note on the air to that song. We may now mention a fact not adverted to by Mr. Stenhouse in his Notes, viz.: that the German violoncellist and composer J. G. C. Schetky, about sixty years ago, published "The Keel Row" as a German air with variations. This was published on three pages of a sheet, by N. and M. Stewart, Parliament Square, and No. 40, South Bridge, Edinburgh. We subjoin the air as given by Schetky. It differs entirely in the second strain from Johnson's air.



We have been assured that the air "Caller herrin'," published in Gow's Collection, was composed by a German, the band-master of a regiment in Edinburgh Castle, upwards of fifty years ago. The air—an *Italian* one—to the song "Home! sweet home!" published as *English*, is another instance of false claims to airs that are popular.

# ROMANTIC ESK!



Save where the lintie, mournfully, Sabs sair aneath the rowan-tree, To see her nest, an' young anes a', By thoughtless riever 'borne awa'. Return, return the mourner's care, An' ease the bosom o' despair, Nor cleed your little heart in steel, For Nature bad' the lintie feel.

How fresh and fair, o' varied hue. Ilk tufted haunt o' sweet Buccleugh! What bliss ilk² green retreat to hail, Where Melville Castle cheers the vale;

1 Robber.

<sup>2</sup> Each.

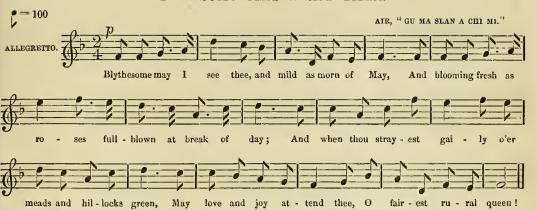
An' Mavisbank, sae rural gay, Looks bonnie down the woodland brae; But doubly fair ilk darling scene That screens the bowers o' Hawthorndean.

Now tent<sup>3</sup> the Pentlands, westlins seen, O'erspread wi' flowery pastures green; Where, stretching wide, the fleecy ewes Rin bleating round the sunny knowes; An' mony a little siller rill Steals gurgling down its mossy hill; An' vernal green is ilka tree On bonnie braes o' Woodhouselee.

3 Observe. 4 Little hills.

<sup>&</sup>quot;ROMANTIC Esk!" The words of this song were written by Richard Gall, of whom we gave a brief account, page 139 of this work. Mr. Stenhouse has the following remarks on the air, Museum Illustrations, vol. i. p. 15:- "Fy, gar rub her o'er wi' strae. This air is very ancient, but the precise era of its composition is unknown; but it is at least as old as the reign of Queen Mary, as it is inserted in a MS. music-book written in the old notation or tablature for the lute, about the heginning of the reign of her son and successor James VI. This fine old tune had remained very long a favourite in England; for, about the beginning of last century, it was adapted to an English song, beginning, 'How can they taste of joys or grief, Who beauty's powers did never prove.' Mr. Gay also selected it as a melody for one of his songs in his 'Musical Opera of Achilles,' heginning, 'Think what anguish,' which was performed at Covent Garden in 1733, after the author's decease. This song was sung by Miss Norsa, in the character of Deidamia." Thomson published this tune to Ramsay's verses in his Orpheus Caledonius in 1725; and Watts reprinted both in his "Musical Miscellany, vol. v., London, 1731." It is a pity that Mr. Stenhouse did not state what MS. in Tablature he alluded to. If he meant the Skene MS, there is no such air in it. The same remark will apply to the Straloch MS, of the existence of which, however, we doubt whether Mr Stenhouse was aware. These are the only Scottish MSS. in Tahlature extant of the date referred to. Mr. Stenhouse might have observed that the second strain of the air, as given by Watt, vol. v. pp. 76, 77, is not exactly the same as in Johnson. We have taken Johnson's version as the better of the two, and the more generally received.

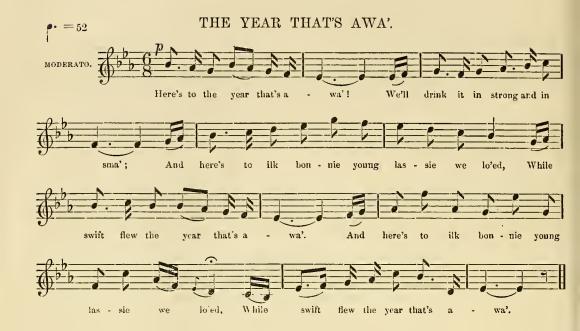
# BLYTHESOME MAY I SEE THEE.



When first I saw thee, lovely as lily of the vale,
And heard thy mellow warblings commingling with the gale,
I thought of seraphs hymning, in bowers of bliss above,
Their hallow'd strains harmonious of purest heavenly love.
'Twas then I first felt rapture, true love, and chaste desire,
Those tenderest sensations that wishes pure inspire:
'Twas then I fondly fancied, that such a form divine
Would yield all earthly joyance, were such an angel mine.
Full blythe then may I see thee, for aye, my winsome maid,
In every grace and virtue thy mind and frame array'd;
Thy guileless spirit playful, as innoccutly gay,
Be sprightly as the spring-time, and blooming fair as May.

"Blythesome may I see thee." This song, written by the late Alexander Campbell, and set to the Highland air, "Gu ma slan a chi mi," was published in the first volume of his Albyn's Anthology, in 1816. He there gives also a Gaelic song to the air, with a prose translation. The Gaelic song he names Oran Gaoil. In vol. iii. of Johnsou's Museum, p. 282, we find another "Oran Gaoil," a Gaelic song translated by a lady, set to "an original Highland melody," in triple time, \(\frac{3}{4}\), and entirely different from the air given by Mr. Campbell. Mr. Stenhouse, in his Note upon the song and air in Johnson, says, "The editor has never seen the original Gaelic song; but he has no reason to doubt that there may be such a one, and that the English version is correct enough. It may be remarked, however, that almost every Highland family of rank and fortune have long been in the habit of sending their children to the low country for their education, in which music has always been one of the principal ornamental branches. There cannot he a doubt, therefore, that the airs peculiar to Tweedside, Ettrick, Leader, Yarrow, Gala, &c., have been long as familiar to the Highlanders as to the inhabitants of those Lowland pastoral districts where they had their origin. Many of them, too, it is believed, have had the honour of being set to Gaelic verses. That the tune in question, however, is either of Irish or Gaelic extraction, seems to be very doubtful; for the editor has in his possession a very old manuscript, in square notes, in which this identical tune, or at least one very similar to it, is inserted under the name of 'Yo Auld Jew,' of which a copy is subjoined."





Here's to the sodger who bled,
And the sailor who bravely did fa';
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 friends 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.

"The Year that's awa." This song was written by "Mr. Dunlop, late Collector at the Custom-House of Port-Glasgow, and father of Mr. Dunlop, author of 'The History of Fiction.'" So says Mr. Robert Chambers in his Scottish Songs, vol. ii. p. 437. We republish the words given by Mr. Chambers, seeing that in two or three editions of them set to music, several of the lines have been altered. A misprint of "friend" for "friends," in the first line of the last stanza, is here corrected. The history of the air, so far as we can learn, is as follows:—"Mr. Robert Donaldson, printer in Greenock, now in Glasgow, having been reading Dunlop's poems, thought the song so good as to be worthy of an air; and calling upon Mr. W. H. Moore, then organist there, (now in Glasgow,) hummed over to him what he considered might be a melody suited for it. This Mr. Moore remodelled considerably, and published, probably about the year 1820. It was afterwards taken up by some of the public singers, and became very popular. Indeed it is still sung about New-year time."

There is another version of the air, which we subjoin on account of its being of less extensive compass than the original.



# THE LAWLAND LADS THINK THEY ARE FINE.



If I were free at will to choose

To be the wealthiest Lawland lady,
I'd tak' young Donald without trews,

With bonnet blue, and belted plaidie.

O my bonnie, &c.

The brawest¹ beau in burrows town,
In a' his airs, wi' art made ready,
Compared to him, he's but a clown,
He's finer far in tartan plaidie.
O my bonnie, &c.

O'er benty<sup>2</sup> hill wi' him l'll run, And leave my Lawland kin and daddie; Frae winter's cauld and summer's sun, He'll screen me wi' his Highland plaidie. O my bonnie, &c.

Few compliments between us pass;
I ca' him my dear Highland laddie,
And he ca's me his Lawland lass,
Syne<sup>3</sup> rows me in beneath his plaidie.
O my bonnie, &c.

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

<sup>1</sup> Gayest.

<sup>2</sup> A hill covered with coarse grass.

8 Afterwards.

"The Lawland Lads think they are fine." This melody, called "The New Highland Laddie," was composed by the celebrated English composer, Mich. Arne, to an English version of Ramsay's Highland Lassie. The words and music appeared in the Muses' Delight, p. 66, Liverpool, 1754. The "Old Highland Laddie" is quite a different air, which consisted originally of one strain, and was so published, with Ramsay's verses, in the Orpheus Caledonius in 1725. It is supposed to be very old, as it appears (according to Mr. Stenhouse) in a MS. collection of airs in 1687. We subjoin it. We omit the fifth stanza of Ramsay's verses, for sufficient reasons. William Napier, in his first Collection, 1790, also omits that stanza.





'Tis not beneath the burgonet,1 Nor yet beneath the crown, 'Tis not on couch of velvet, Nor yet on bed of down: 'Tis beneath the spreading birch, In the dell without a name, Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie, When the kye comes hame. There the blackbird bigs2 his nest For the mate he loves to see, And up upon the tapmost bough, Oh, a happy bird is he! Then he pours his melting ditty, And love 'tis a' the theme, And he'll woo his bonnie lassie When the kye comes hame. When the bluart's bears a pearl, And the daisy turns a pea, And the bonnie lucken gowan Has fauldit up his e'e, Then the laverock frae the blue lift Draps down, and thinks nae shame To woo his bonnie lassie When the kye comes hame. 1 A kind of helmet. 2 Builds.

Then the eye shines sae bright, The baill soul to beguile, There's love in every whisper, And joy in every smile; O, who would choose a crown, Wi' its perils and its fame, And miss a bonnic lassie When the kye comes hame? See yonder pawky shepherd That lingers on the bill-His yowes are in the fauld, And his lambs are lying still; Yet he downa gang to rest, For his heart is in a flame To meet his bonnie lassie When the kye comes hame. Awa' wi' fame and fortune-What comfort can they gi'e ?-And a' the arts that prey On man's life and libertie! Gi'e me the highest joy That the heart o' man can frame; My bonnie, bonnie lassie, When the kye comes hamc.

3 The bilberry. 4 Sly, artful.

"When the Kye comes hame." In "Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd, now first collected, Blackwood, Edinburgh, 1831," James Hogg himself writes the following notes upon this song:—"In the title and chorus of this favourite pastoral song, I choose rather to violate a rule in grammar, than a Scottish phrase so common, that when it is altered into the proper way, every shepherd and shepherd's sweetheart account it nonsense. I was once singing it at a wedding with great glee the latter way, ('when the kye come hame,') when a tailor, scratching his head, said, 'It was a terrible affectit way that!' I stood corrected, and have never sung it so again. It is to the old tune of 'Shame fa' the gear and the blathrie o't,' with an additional chorus. It is set to music in the Noctes, at which it was first sung, and in no other place that I am aware of." . . . . . "I composed the foregoing song I neither know how nor when; for when the 'Three Perils of Man' came first to my hand, and I saw this song put into the mouth of a drunken poet, and mangled in the singing, I had no recollection of it whatever. I had written it off-hand along with the prose, and quite forgot it. But I liked it, altered it, and it has been my favourite pastoral for singing ever since. It is too long to be sung from beginning to end; but only the second and antepenult verses [stanzas] can possibly be dispensed with, and these not very well neither." As we do not think that Hogg improved his song by altering it, we adopt the earlier version. The air to which Hogg adapted his words is not a true version of "The Blathrie o't," but one considerably altered.



They bid me cease to weep,
For glory gilds his name;
Ah! 'tis therefore I mourn—
He ne'er can return
To enjoy the bright noon of his fame.

While minstrels wake the lay For peace and freedom won, Like my lost lover's knell
The tones seem to swell,
And I hear but his death-dirge alone.
My cheek has lost its hue,
My eye grows faint and dim,
But 'tis sweeter to fade
In grief's gloomy shade,
Than to bloom for another than him.

"I'll bid my heart be still." This song was written by the late Mr. Thomas Pringle, author of "African Sketches," &c., who died in 1834. It was published with a Border air in the first volume of Albyn's Anthology, 1816. Mr. A. Campbell's note upon the air is as follows:—"This sweetly rural and plaintive air, like many others of the more ancient Border Melodies, has but one part, or rather one measure (strain). It was taken down by the editor, from the singing of Mr. Hogg, (the Ettrick Shepherd,) and his friend Mr. Pringle, author of the pathetic verses to which it is united. While this sheet was in its progress through the press, the young gentleman last mentioned received from his sister, Miss M. Pringle, Jedburgh, three stanzas of the original Border ditty, which was chanted to the melody here alluded to; and they are here subjoined, as a curious specimen of that quaint play on words which was so much in fashion during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. It is to the obliging zeal of this young lady for promoting the present work that the editor is indebted for the admirable melody to which Mr. Walter Scott has written 'Jock o' Hazeldean,' and likewise the fine original air to which her brother wrete 'The Banks o' Cayle '"—Albyn's Anthology, vol. i. p. 41. The following are the stanzas above alluded to:—

O once my thyme was young,
It flourish'd night and day;
But by there cam' a false young man,
And he stole my thyme away.
Within my garden gay
The rose and lily grew;

But the pride o' my garden is withered away,
And it's a' grown o'er wi' rue.

Farewell, ye fading flowers,
And farewell, honuie Jeau;
But the flower that is now trodden under foot
In time it may bloom again.

In Mr. Chappell's Collection of Ancient English Melodies, No. 95, "The Willow Tree" is an air that resembles this Border melody so much, as to make us believe that one is only a medification of the other.



Mr. Chappell says:—"This is one of the common ballad tunes, still sung about the counties of Derbyshire, Warwickshire, and Lancashire," &c. He asks if No. 106 of his collection (an air in § time) is the original of this tune. No. 95? The following is that No. 106, called, "Come open the door, sweet Betty."



# A ROSE-BUD BY MY EARLY WALK.



Within the bush, her covert nest,
A little linnet fondly prest,
The dew sat chilly on her breast
Sae early in the morning.
She soon shall see her tender brood,
The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,
Amang the fresh green leaves bedew'd,
Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeanie fair! On trembling string, or vocal air, Shall sweetly pay the tender care

That tends thy early morning.
So thou, sweet rose-bud, young and gay,
Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
And bless the parent's evening ray
That watch'd thy early morning.

1 A strip of land left unploughed.

<sup>&</sup>quot;A Rose-bud by My Early Walk." The subject of this song was Miss Cruickshanks, daughter of William Cruickshanks, one of the masters of the High School, in whose house Burns resided for some time during his visit to Edinburgh in 1787. In Johnson's Museum, No. 189, the words are published with an air composed by Mr. David Sillar, formerly merchant, and afterwards schoolmaster, at Irvine. Burns says, (in Reliques.) "He is the Davie to whom I address my printed poetical epistle in the measure of 'The Cherry and the Slae.'" Sillar's air has no merit except what it derives from the tune of "Johnnie Cope." We have adopted, for Burns's song, an air called "The Shepherd's wife," and which has appeared in several collections. It seems to have been suggested by the air of the same name, No. 362 of Johnson's Museum. We subjoin that air.



#### FAIR SCOTLAND! DEAR AS LIFE TO ME.



And thou hast ties around my heart—
Attraction deeper still;
The gifted Poet's sacred art,
The Minstrel's matchless skill:
Yea, every scene that Burns and Scott
Have touched with magic hand,
Is in my sight a hallowed spot,
Mine own distinguished land!

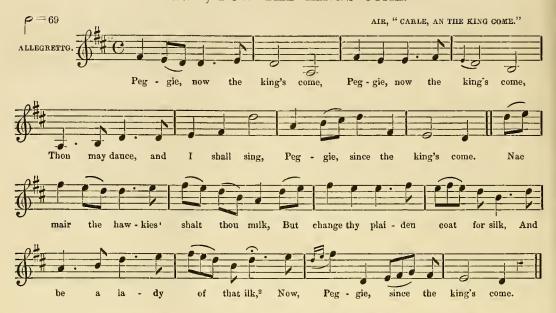
Loved country! when I muse upon
Thy dauntless men of old,
Whose swords in battle foremost shone
Beside thy Wallace bold,
And Bruce, who for our liberty
Did England's sway withstand—
I glory I was horn in thee,
My own ennobled land!

"FAIR SCOTLAND! DEAR AS LIFE TO ME." "The air of 'Pinkie House' was anciently called 'Rothes' Lament.' Of this old song, the melody and title are all that remain. It was printed in the Orpheus Caledonius in 1725, adapted to a hallad, one of the earliest compositions of Mr. David Mallet, beginning, 'As Sylvia in a forest lay.'" See Museum Illustrations, vol. i. p. 58. In the fifth volume of Watts' Musical Miscellany, pp. 174, 175, we find, "Tune, Pinkie House, by David Rizzio. The words by Mr. Mitchell." We have already, in the course of this Work, exposed the error and absurdity, as well as the wilful deception, of ascribing any of our Scottish melodies to David Rizzio. The version of the air as given in Watts differs slightly from the current modern versions in the 4th, 8th, 12th, and 15th measures, as shewn below.



The words to the air in Watts are sad stuff, beginning—" As love-sick Corydon beside a murm'ring riv'let lay," and proclaiming the griefs of Corydon and the cruelty of Cosmelia in strains pretty much on a level with Mitchell's other words to the same air—" By Pinkie House oft let me walk." We have chosen for the air three stanzas of an excellent song, written by Mr. Robert White, and published entire in Blackie's Book of Scottish Song, p. 90, with the following note:—"This beautiful national lyric is the production of Robert White of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and is here printed for the first time. Mr. White, though long resident in England, is a native of Scotland; and the verses were suggested by an inquiry made by Mr. Patrick Maxwell, the editor of Miss Blamire's poems, as to whether or not he was a Scotsman. To Mr. Maxwell, therefore, the public is indebted as the cause of so fine a piece being produced; and we, in particular, have to express our obligations to him for his kindness in forwarding it to 'The Book of Scottish Song,' as well as another heautiful poem by the same author, called 'The Mountaineer's Death,' which will be found in another part of the work." The three stanzas are here published by Mr. White's express permission.

# PEGGIE, NOW THE KING'S COME.



1 Cows. 2 " Of that ilk, of the same; denoting that he who is thus designed has a title the same with his surname."—Jamieson.

"Peggle, Now the King's come." Air, "Carle, an the king come." Mr. Stenhouse's Note is as follows:—"There are two songs to this old air in the Museum, the first, beginning, 'Peggy, now the king's come,' was written by Ramsay for Mause, one of the characters in his Gentle Shepherd. The second song, beginning, 'Carle, an the king come,' is partly old and partly modern, the second stanza being written by Burns. The remainder of the verses are said to have been composed during the usurpation of Cromwell. A more complete hut modernized copy of the song, however, may be seen in Hogg's Jacohite Relics, vol. i." See Museum Illustrations, vol. iii. pp. 24, 25. The air of "O'er the moor amang the heather," seems to us only a modification of "Carle, an the king come." The picture in verse given by Ramsay, Act II. Scene 3 of "The Gentle Shepherd," introductory to Mause's song, is pleasingly rustic:—

"A green kail-yard, a little fount,
Where water poplan springs;
There sits a wife with wrinkled front,
And yet she spins and sings."

It appears that after Ramsay had written his Gentle Shepherd without songs, he was induced, by the example and the success of Gay's "Beggar's Opera," to add songs and music to his own pastoral drama, but without the effect that he expected. There being only one stanza of Mause's song, we subjoin the "old words" as given in Johnson's Museum:—

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

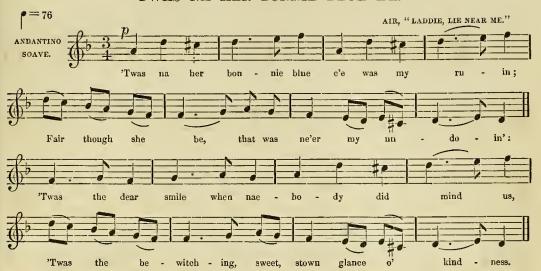
An somebodic were come again,
Then somebodic maun cross the main,
And every man shall ha'e his ain,
Carle, an the king come.
Carle, an the king come, &c.

I trow we swapped for the warse, We ga'e the boot an' better horse; And that we'll tell them at the cross, Carle, an the king come. Carle, an the king come, &c.

Coggie, an the king come,
Coggie, an the king come,
I'se be fou, and thou'se be toom,
Coggie, an the king come.
Coggie, an the king come, &c.

When George IV. visited Scotland in 1822, Sir Walter Scott wrote a humorous poem, commencing, "Carle, now the king's come," in the same measure as the present song. The allusions being local and only of temporary interest, we refer to his Poetical Works for it. See vol. i. p. 695, edit. 1847.

### 'TWAS NA HER BONNIE BLUE E'E.



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.

"Twas na her bonnie blue e'e." This song was written by Burns in 1795 for Mr. George Thomson's Collection, to the air of "Laddie, lie near me." Burns, in a letter to Mr. Thomson, dated September 1793, acknowledges receipt of a list of twenty songs for Mr. Thomson's Collection; and, with regard to "Laddie, lie near me," says:—"'Laddie, lie near me' must lie by me for some time. I do not know the air; and until I am complete master of a tune in my own singing, (such as it is,) I can never compose for it." The remainder of the passage we have already quoted in the note upon "Ca' the yowes to the knowes," p. 47 of this work. The air of "Laddie, lie near me" is old. In a note on "What's a' the steer, kimmer?" page 190, we had occasion to mention the merits of Miss Stephens as a singer. We then quoted from the late Dr. Kitchener's Observations on Vocal Music, and we now extract another interesting passage from the same little work.

"I hope that this essay will be useful at least in calling the attention of the composers and performers of vocal music to that consideration of the importance of the proper accent and emphasis of the words, which has been the foundation of the fame of all our very great composers and singers; and those who think that the proper pronunciation and expression of the poetry is the chef d'œuvre of singing, will judge with candour the observations which are now submitted to them by an amateur, whose zeal for the application of song to the noblest purposes has excited him to write down his sentiments on the subject .-- When the incomparable Madame Mara took leave of me ou her return to the Continent, I could not help expressing my regret that she had not taken my advice to publish those songs of Handel, (her matchless performance of which gained her that undisputed pre-eminence which she enjoyed,) with the embellishments, &c., with which she enriched them. This inimitable singer replied—'Indeed, my good friend, you attribute my success to a very different source than the real one—it was not what I did, but the manner in which I did it. I would sing six simple notes, and produce every effect I could wish-another singer may sing those very same notes with very different effect. I am sure it was to my expression of the words that I owe everything. People have often said to me-Madame Mara, why do you not introduce more pretty things, and passages, and graces, into your songs? I said, these pretty things, &c., are all very pretty, to be sure, but the proper expression of the words and the music is a great deal better.' This, and her extraordinary industry, were the secrets of her undisputed superiority. Her perseverance in her endeavours to please the public was indefatigable. She told me that when she was encored in a song-which she very often was-on her return home she seldom retired to rest without first inventing a new cadence for the next performance of it. Here is an example for young singers!"-Observations, &c. pp. 14-16. At Bologna, in 1819, the Editor was well acquainted with the late Cavaliere Girolamo Crescentini, then advanced in years, but at one time the greatest singer in Europe. When at the height of his celebrity, he was engaged in the Opera at Lisbon. So far from remaining satisfied with his superiority, or being rendered self-sufficient by the enthusiastic applause of the public, Crescentini, fatigned with his evening's exertions, used to return to his hotel and sit down to his harpsichord, at which he remained till a late hour, singing over again all the most remarkable songs of his part in the Opera, and devising new turns of expression, new embellishments, and new cadences, for the next public performance.

#### O THE EWE-BUGHTING'S BONNIE.



O the shepherds take pleasure to blow on the horn, To raise up their flocks i' the fresh simmer morn: On the steep ferny banks they feed pleasant and free— But alas! my dear heart, all my sighing's for thee!

O the sheep-herding's lightsome among the green brace, Where Cayle wimples clear 'neath the white-blossomed slaes, Where the wild-thyme and meadow-queen scent the saft gale, And the cushat croods<sup>3</sup> lessomely down in the dale.

There the lintwhite and mavis sing sweet frae the thorn, And blithe lilts the laverock aboon the green corn, And a' things rejoice in the simmer's glad prime— But my heart's wi' my love in the far foreign clime.

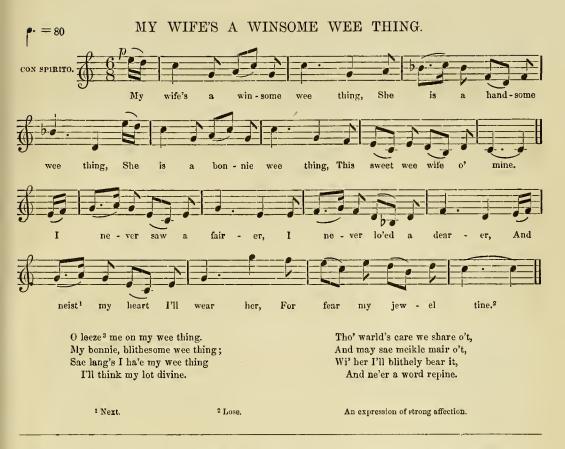
1 Bught .- A pen in which the ewes are milked.

<sup>2</sup> Singing or playing cheerfully.

3 Ringdove coos.

4 Lark.

<sup>&</sup>quot;O THE EWE-DUGHTING'S BONNIE." The words which we have adopted for the air of "The Yellow-hair'd Laddie" are the first two stanzas of a song written for that air by the late Thomas Pringle, and published in his Poetical Works, London, E. Moxon, 1838, pp. 170, 171. It is necessary to observe that Mr. Pringle's stanzas are of eight lines each, while only four lines are required for each time the air is sung. We are therefore obliged to divide the two stanzas into four. Mr. Pringle's note on the song is as follows:—"The first verse (stanza) of this song is old. It was transcribed by the editor from a fragment in the handwriting of the celebrated Lady Grisel Baillie, inclosed in a letter written from Scotland to her brother Patrick, who was at that time an exile in Holland, along with her father (afterwards Earl of Marchmont) and her future husband, Baillie of Jerviswood. The style is not unlike that of her own sweet song—'O were na my heart light, I wad dee.' The other verses (stanzas) are an attempt to complete the simple ditty in the same pastoral strain.—T. P." We have not given the old words usually sung to this air, because they are not only very mediocre as poetry, but also ill adapted to the accents of the melody. The air seems to be not older than the latter part of the seventeenth century. One of the most artificial versions of it that we have seen is Watts', in 1729, vol. i. p. 106, of his Musical Miscellany. One of the best, in several respects, is found in William M'Gibbon's Collection, oblong folio.



"My wife's a winsome wee thing." The air is of uncertain date, but was printed in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion. In a letter to Mr. George Thomson, dated 8th November 1792, Burns writes as follows:—"If you mean, my dear sir, that all the songs in your collection shall be poetry of the first merit, I am afraid you will find more difficulty in the undertaking than your are aware of. There is a peculiar rhythmus in many of our airs, and a necessity of adapting syllables to the emphasis, or what I would call the feature-notes of the tune, that cramp the poet, and lay him under almost insuperable difficulties. For instance, in the air, 'My wife's a wanton wee thing,' if a few lines smooth and pretty can be adapted to it, it is all you can expect. The following were made extempore to it; and though, on further study, I might give you something more profound, yet it might not suit the light-horse gallop of the air so well as this random clink." The lines referred to by Burns are those we have given to the air. On the difficulty of writing songs to airs we have already made some remarks in this work, p. 78, et passim.

In addition to the passage just quoted from Burns, we may observe that a very common fault of those who compose music to poetry, is neglect of the true accent and emphasis. Walker, in his Rhetorical Grammar, says,-" In verse, every syllable must have the same accent, and every word the same emphasis, as in prose: for, though the rhythmical arrangement of the accent and emphasis is the very definition of poetry, yet if this arrangement tends to give an emphasis to words which would have none in prose, or an accent to such syllables as have probably no accent, the rhythmus, or music of the verse, must be entirely neglected. Thus the article the ought never to have a stress, though placed in that part of the verse where the ear expects an accent." Sheridan says, "A good articulation consists in giving every letter in a syllable its due proportion of sound, according to the most approved custom of pronouncing it; and in making such a distinction between the syllables of which words are composed, that the ear shall without difficulty acknowledge their number, and perceive at once to which syllable each letter belongs. A good articulation is to the car in speaking what a fair and regular hand is to the eye in writing; and exactness in sounding the words rightly, corresponds to propriety in spelling; in both cases the understanding can comprehend what is offered to it with ease and quickness, and without being obliged to have recourse to painful attention. As accent marks the syllable in a word on which the greatest stress is laid, so emphasis points out the most significant word in the sentence. . . . . Were there no accents, words would be resolved into their original syllables; were there no emphasis, sentences would be resolved into their original words; and in this case, the hearer must be at the pains himself first, of making out the words, and afterwards their meaning," &c. We shall resume this subject in p. 208.

#### WHERE HA'E YE BEEN A' THE DAY?



When he drew his gude braid sword,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
Then he gave his royal word,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
That frae the field he ne'er would flee,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
But wi' his friend would live or dee,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

Weary fa' the Lawland loon,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
Wha took frae him the British erown,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
But blessings on the kilted clans,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
That fought for him at Prestonpans,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

"Where ha'e meen a' the dam?" In James Hogg's Jacobite Relies, second series, No. 105, p. 202, occurs a song beginning, "Geordie sits in Charlie's chair," to be sung to the air which is given to No. 63 of the same volume, called "The Highland Laddie." Hogg's version of the air differs from the one we have adopted. The song, No. 105, is horribly ludicrous, but we cannot give it entire, on account of the extreme coarseness of some of the stanzas. A modification of it is published in Mr. George Thomson's Collection, with two introductory stanzas not in llogg's edition. The stanza beginning, "Weary fa' the Lawland loon," is the second in Hogg's copy. As an additional soog, we give below the first and fourth stanzas (the best, and long enough for singing) of a humorous song published anonymously in Blackie's Book of Scottish Song, p. 262. Mr. Stenhouse, in his Note on "The Highland Laddie," (No. 468 of Johnson's Museum,) quotes two songs from a "Collection of loyal songs, poems, &c., 1750," and says,— "The air to which the foregoing songs are adapted is very spirited. It appears without a name in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, Book i. p. 36, under a slow air called 'The Highland Laddie.' But the old appellation of the air was 'Cockle Shells,' and (it) was known in England during the usurpation of Cromwell, for it is printed in Playford's 'Dancing Master,' first edition, in 1657." Mr. Stenhouse seems to confound together two very dissimilar airs. "Cockle Shells" is evidently the old version of the air which we have given above to the words beginning, "Where ha'e ye been a' (the) day?" but has nothing in common with the tune in Oswald to which Mr. Stenhouse refers. The air of "Cockle Shells" has a starting-note, and concludes on the sixth of the key; while the modern versions of the same air, under the name of "The Highland Laddie," or "Highland Laddie," omit the starting-note, and close upon the fifth of the key; thus destroying characteristic features of the melody. The tune called "The Lass of Livingston," is another version of "Cockle Shells."

To ha'e a wife and rule a wife,
Taks a wise man, taks a wise man;
But to get a wife to rule a man,
O that ye can, O that ye can.
So the wife that's wise we aye maun prize,
For they're few ye ken, they're scarce ye ken;
O Solomon says ye'll no fin' ane
In hundreds ten, in hundreds ten.

Sae he that gets a guid, guid wife,
Gets gear aneugh, gets gear aneugh;
An' he that gets an ill, ill wife,
Gets cares aneugh, gets fears aneugh.
A man may spen', an' ha'e to the en',
If his wife be ought, if his wife be ought:
But a man may spare, an' aye be bare,
If his wife be nought, if his wife be nought.

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



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

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword, And now I greet 1 round their green beds in the yird: It brak the sweet heart o' my faithfu' auld dame— There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

Now life is a burden that hows me down, Since I tint my hairns, and he tint<sup>2</sup> his crown; But till my last moments my words are the same— There'll never be peace till Jamic comes hame.

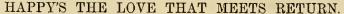
1 Weep.

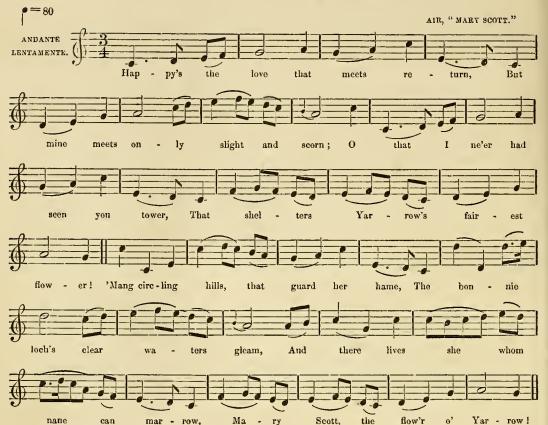
<sup>2</sup> Lost.

"There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame." These words were written by Burns for Johnson's Museum, where they appear, No. 315, to a modification of the tune, "There are few good fellows when Jamie's awa'," published by James Oswald in his first "Collection of curious Scots Tunes," dedicated to Frederick Prince of Wales, in 1742. In the Reliques, Burns mentions that this tune is sometimes called, "There's few good fellows when Willie's awa';" but he had never been able to meet with anything else of the song than the title. Mr. Stenhouse, in his Note upon the song and air in Johnson's Museum, does not advert to the differences between the air in the Museum and the air given by Oswald. The chief differences are in the sixth, tenth, thirteenth, and fourteenth measures as appears from Oswald's version here subjoined. The \$\mathbb{E}\$ E introduced in the tenth measure of the air in Johnson is harsh and erroneous; so that we have preserved the \$\mathbb{E}\$ E, which is found in both Oswald and M'Gibbon. The latter gives the chord of D major, decidedly, in the sixth and fourteenth measures. As Oswald's and M'Gibbon's versions have been superseded by Johnson's, we have adopted the latter, with the exception of the \$\mathbb{E}\$ E abovementioned. The second strain of the air in Oswald, M'Gibbon, and Johnson, being merely a repetition of the first an octave higher, and therefore beyond the compass of any ordinary voice, we have given the first strain only.

From p. 36 of Oswald's Collection abovementioned:-







Ah no! her form's too heavenly fair,
Her love the gods above must share;
While mortals with despair explore her,
And at a distance due adore her.
O lovely maid! my doubts beguile,
Revive and bless me with a smile:
Alas! if not, you'll soon debar a
Sighing swain the banks of Yarrow.

Be hush, ye fears, I'll not despair,
My Mary's tender as she's fair;
Then I'll go tell her all mine anguish,
She is too good to let me languish;
With success crown'd, I'll not envy
The folks who dwell above the sky;
When Mary Scott's become my marrow,
We'll make a paradise of Yarrow.

"Happy's the love that meets return." This is an old Border air, originally of one strain only. The second strain, which is ill adapted for singing, was added at the commencement of last century, and appeared in Thomson's Orpheus Caledonius, 1725. The words are by Allan Ramsay, but do him little credit. Mr. Stenhouse says,—"I have frequently heard the old song, in my younger days, sung on the banks of the Tweed. It consisted of several stanzas of four lines each; and the constant burden of which was, 'Mary Scott's the flower o' Yarrow.' This celebrated fair one was the daughter of Philip Scott of Dryhope, in the county of Selkirk. The old tower of Dryhope, where Mary Scott was born, was situated near the lower extremity of Mary's lake, where its ruins are still visible. She was married to Walter Scott, the laird of Harden, who was as renowned for his depredations, as his wife was for her beauty. . . . One of her descendants, Miss Mary Lilias Scott of Harden, equally celebrated for her heauty and accomplishments, is the Mary alluded to in Crawfurd's beautiful song of 'Tweedside.' Sir Walter Scott says, that the romantic appellation of the 'Flower of Yarrow' was in later days, with equal justice, conferred on the Miss Mary Lilias Scott of Crawfurd's ballad. It may be so, but it must have been confined to a very small circle indeed, for though born in her neighbourhood, I never once heard of such a circumstance, nor can I see any justice whatever in transferring the appellation of the 'Flower of Yarrow' to her descendant, who was born on the banks of the Tweed." See Museum Illustrations, vol. i. pp. 77, 78.

### I WISH I WAR WHERE EELIN LIES!



Curse on the hand that shot the shot, Likewise the gun that ga'e the crack; Fair Eelin in my arms scho lap, And deit for love of me.

O think na ye my heart was sair To see her lie, and speak na mair! There did scho swoon, wi' mickle care, On fair Kirkconnel lee.

I loutit down, my sword did draw; I cuttit him in pieces sma'; I cuttit him in pieces sma' On fair Kirkconnel lee. O Eelin fair, without compare, I'll mack a garland of thy hair, And wear the same for evermair, Until the day I dee.

l wish my grave were growin' green, A winding-sheet put o'er my een, And I in Eelin's arms lyin' On fair Kirkconnel lee.

O Eelin chast, thou wast modest; War I with thee I wad be blest; Where thou lies low, and tak'st thy rest, On fair Kirkconnel lee.

I wish I war where Eelin lies, For nicht and day on me scho cries; I wish I war where Eelin<sup>2</sup> lies, On fair Kirkconnel lee.

1 Wae may be sung Instead.

<sup>2</sup> Eelin for Helen is the spelling purposely used throughout by Mr. Sharpe.

"I wish I war where Ellin Lies." In his Note upon "I wish I were where Helen lies," Mr. Stenhouse says:—
"There are various editions of this hallad in Pinkerton's Scottish Poems, Sir Walter Scott's Border Minstrelsy,
Ritson's Scottish Songs, and other collections, but they all differ more or less from one another, and the several airs
to which the words have been adapted are also dissimilar. All of them are evidently modern, and totally different
from the simple and plaintive little air to which the editor has always heard the hallad sung in the south of Scotland."
Museum Illustrations, vol. ii. p. 143. Johnson also gives an air in his Museum, No. 155. We know not who will
hesitate to prefer to its meaningless melody and absurd emhellishments the simple and expressive air which we have
adopted for the words, and for which we are obliged to the kind attention of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq., of
Hoddam. The words are those given by Mr. Sharpe in his note upon No. 155 of Johnson's Museum, as "the genuine
words which he has heard sung hundreds of times in Annandale." On the 20th January 1849, the Editor received
from that gentleman the following communication:—

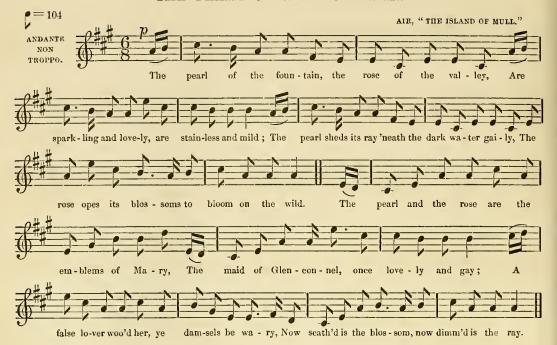
"28, DRUMMOND PLACE, Friday night.

"Dear Sir,—I inclose the music you wished for, to do with what you please. This is the Annandale air, which either is very pretty and expressive, or I am too partial to the music of my early days. I think ———— praises the common fal-de-ral printed with the words. I never could make head or tail of it!—Believe me, dear sir, most faithfully yours,

"CHAS. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE."

In the Additional Illustrations to Johnson's Museum, vol. ii. pp. 208-211, Mr. Sharpe gives a long note upon the ballad.

#### THE PEARL OF THE FOUNTAIN.



You have seen her when morn brightly dawn'd on the mountain,
Trip blythely along, singing sweet to the gale:
At noon, with her lambs, by the side of yon fountain;
Or wending, at eve, to her home in the vale.

With the flowers of the willow-tree blent are her tresses, Now, woc-worn and pale, in the glen she is seen Bewailing the cause of her rueful distresses,— How fondly he vow'd—and how false he has been.

"The Pearl of the Fountain." The air is found in Part Fourth, p. 10, of Neil Gow and Sons' Complete Repository, under the name of "The Island of Mull, by the Earl of Eglintoun." The words are published in Blackie's Book of Scottish Song, p. 359, with the name of "Munro" prefixed as their author. We are unable to obtain any information regarding this "Munro," evcu from Mr. Blackie himself. In a collection called "The Harp of Renfrewshire," Glasgow, 1820, we find song 204, beginning, "Thou must not linger, lovely one," ascribed to J. Munro; probably the same who wrote the song we here republish. From a passage in the introduction to "The Ballads and Songs of Ayrshire," 1846, pp. v, vi, it appears that the late Earl of Eglinton was not only a promoter of music, but also a first-rate performer on the violin and harp, and the composer of several popular dance tunes, among which "The Ayrshire Lasses" is still a favourite. He is understood to have been the author of a collection of music, published "by a young gentleman," about the end of last century, when he was Major Montgomery.

Referring to remarks upon accent and emphasis in Note, p. 201, and Note, p. 203, supra, we resume the subject for a moment for the sake of illustration. In Handel's noble Oratorio, "The Messiah," we find instances of wrong emphasis and accent, such as the following:—"He shall feed his flock;" "He was despised." In the latter song the emphasis is thrown four times upon the word man, while the words should be sung "a man of sorrow." In the Chandos Anthems, also, passim, there are many similar faults. For instance, in the first of these, the words "that the Lord is King," are thus wrongly accented, instead of "that the Lord is King." Even Purcell, so accurate in general, makes a great mistake in "Fairest isle." Dr. Arne was remarkably correct in his accent and emphasis. We have not space to give more examples; but what we have said is enough for intelligent readers. We have purposely selected these instances from Handel, because he was one of the greatest composers that ever existed; and because his works are now becoming better known and more deeply admired in England than they were during his lifetime. His errors in setting English words to music were excusable in a foreigner imperfectly acquainted with that language; but the same excuse cannot be extended to those English composers who so frequently misplace both accent and emphasis in their vocal compositions.



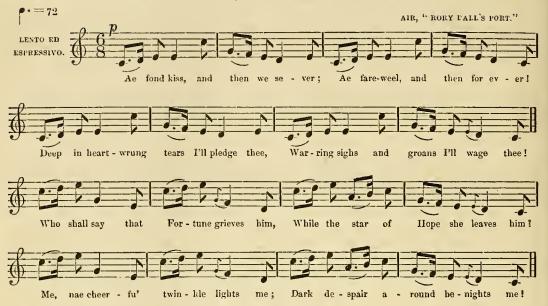
For though my father has plenty Of silver, and plenishing dainty, Yet he's unco sweir<sup>4</sup> To twine wi' his gear;<sup>5</sup> And sae we had need to be tenty.<sup>6</sup> Tutor my parents wi' caution;
Be wylie in ilka motion;
Brag weel o' your land,
And there's my leal hand,
Win them, I'll be at your devotion.

1 Dowry. <sup>2</sup> Blame. <sup>3</sup> Empty. <sup>4</sup> Unwilling. <sup>5</sup> Part with his money. <sup>6</sup> Watchful. <sup>7</sup> Faithful.

"My Mither's Ay Glowrin' ower Me." Mr. Stenhouse's Note upon No. 172 of Johnson's Museum is as follows:—
"This humorous little song, beginning, 'My mother's ay glowrin' ower me,' was also written by Allan Ramsay, as a sequel to his 'Young Laird and Edinburgh Katy.' It was first printed in the Tea-Table Miscellany in 1724. The verses are adapted to an ancient tune, in triple time, called A Health to Betty, which originally consisted of one strain, and is printed in this simple style in Thomson's Orpheus Caledonius in 1725. This tune appears to have been one of those which were introduced into England about the union of the crowns; for it is one of those collected and published by old John Playford, in his 'Dancing Master,' printed in 1657. The second strain is a modern addition." See Museum Illustrations, vol. ii. p. 169. In the older versions of the air, the seventh of the key is minor throughout. The imperfect close upon the second of the key is a peculiarity not often found in minor airs of any country. We have adopted the modern version of the air, which has become familiar to the public. The song mentioned above, to which Ramsay wrote as a sequel "My mither's ay glowrin' ower me," is not entirely his; the first stanza being the first of an old song not suited for modern singing. The first stanza, subjoined, tells enough to explain "Katy's answer" to "The Young Laird."

Now wat ye wha I met yestreen, Coming down the street, my jo? My mistress in her tartan screen. Pu' bonnie, braw, and sweet, my jo. My dear, quoth 1, thanks to the night That never wish'd a lover ill, Since ye're out of your mither's sight, Let's tak' a walk up to the hill.

# AE FOND KISS, AND THEN WE SEVER.



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

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, alas! for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

"AE FOND KISS, AND THEN WE SEVER." It appears that this song was written by Burns in 1790, for Johnson's Scottish Musical Museum; and that Burns, in his manuscript, desired the song to be set to the tune of "Rory Dall's Port," in Book viii. of Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion; which was done accordingly by Burns's friend, Stephen Clarke, organist of the Episcopal Chapel, Canongate, Edinburgh. The four last lines of the second stanza are unrivalled in condensed beauty and pathos. The air here given is No. 347 of Johnson's Museum, but transposed a major third below to suit ordinary voices. It is necessary to observe that there are several "Ports" quite different from this one, but also ascribed to Rory Dall. One of these is in Aird's Collection, and another in the Straloch and Skene MSS in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. In the Essay prefixed to the Rev. Mr. Macdonald's Collection of Highland Airs, and in Mr. John Gunn's work on the Highland Harp, there is some information regarding a celebrated blind Highland harper named Roderick Morison, commonly known as Rory Dall, or Blind Rory. It seems probable that the Rory Dall referred to by Mr. Gunn, as still living and composing "about the year 1650," was the same person who composed the Ports above mentioned. In Captain Simon Fraser's Collection of Highland Airs, No. 9, there is one called "The Cow Boy," which is evidently a much-spoiled version of the marked and characteristic air that we here give with Burns's words.



No effeminate customs our sinews unbrace, No luxurious tables enervate our race; Our lond-sounding pipe bears the true martial strain, So do we the old Scottish valour retain. Such our love, &c.

As a storm in the ocean when Boreas blows,
So are we enraged when we rush on our foes;
We sons of the mountains, tremendous as rocks,
Dash the force of our foes with our thundering strokes.
Such our love, &c.

We're tall as the oak on the mount of the valc,
Are swift as the roe which the hound doth assail,
As the full moon in antumn our shields do appear,
Minerva would dread to encounter our spear.
Such our love, &c.

Quebec and Cape Breton, the pride of old France, In their troops fondly boasted till we did advance; But when our claymores they saw us produce, Their courage did fail and they sued for a truce. Such our love, &c.

In our realm may the fury of faction long cease,
May our conneils be wise and our commerce increase,
And in Scotia's cold climate may each of ns find,
That onr friends still prove true and our beauties prove kind.
Then we'll defend onr liberty, our country and our laws,
And teach our late posterity to fight in Freedom's canse,
That they like our ancestors bold, for honour and applause,
May defy the French, with all their art, to alter our laws.

"In the Garn of Old Gaul." Mr. Stenhonse, in his Note on No. 210 of Johnson's Museum, says that this song was composed by the late Sir Harry Erskine of Torry, Baronet, and that it was printed in Herd's Collection, 1769 and 1776. Mr. David Laing corrects this by stating that "the writer of this song was Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Erskine, Baronet, but not of Torry, as erroneously stated at p. 202. He was the second son of Sir John Erskine of Alva, and succeeded to the baronetcy on the death of his elder brother. He was Deputy-Quartermaster-General, and succeeded his nucle, the Hon. General St. Clair, in the command of the Royal Scots, in 1762. He was long a distinguished member of the House of Commons. He died at York, when on his way to London, 9th of August 1765, &c. Mr. Laing also states that the song was previously printed in "The Lark," 1765. See Museum Illustrations, vol. iii. p. 298. We have no doubt that the gallant Baronet was much better skilled in fighting than in writing. Mr. Stenhouse further says, that "the air was composed by the late General John Reid, Colonel of the 88th Regiment of Foot, who has bequeathed a considerable sum for establishing a Professorship of Music in the University of Edinburgh."

# MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.



Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the north, The birth-place of valour, the country of worth; Wherever I wander, wherever I rove, The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow; Farewell to the straths and green valleys below; Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods; Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here, My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer; A-chasing the wild-deer, and following the roe, My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

"My Heart's in the Hichlands." In his Note upon No. 259 of Johnson, Mr. Stenhouse says:—"The first half stanza of this song (says Burns) is old—the rest is mine." See Reliques. Mr. C. K. Sharpe's additional note on the same No. of Johnson is as follows:—"I subjoin the pretty words of the old song, which was a favourite with Sir Walter Scott, from a stall copy in my possession." Instead of the air "Failte na moisg," to which the song is adapted in Johnson's Museum, we have adopted the much finer Gaelic air called "Crochallan," in R. A. Smith's Minstrel, but named "Crodh Chailean" by Captain Fraser in his collection. The air has an Irish cast.

#### THE SIRONG WALLS OF DERRY.

The day I first landed, it was on Irish ground, The tidings came to me from fair Derry town, That my love was married, and to my sad wee; And I lost my first love by courting too slow.

### (Chorus.)

Let us drink and go hame, drink and go hame, If we stay any longer we'll get a bad name; We'll get a bad name, and we'll fill ourselves fou, And the strong walls of Derry it's ill to go through.

When I was in the Highlands it was my use<sup>1</sup> To wear a hlue bonnet, the plaid, and the trews, But now since I'm come to the fair Irish shore, Adieu to Valenderry, and bonnie Portmore.

Let us, &c.

O, bonnie Portmore, thou shines where thou stands, The more I look on thee, the more my heart warms, But when I look from thee my heart is full sore, When I think on the lily I lost at Portmore.

Let us, &c.

O Donald, O Donald, O! where have you been?

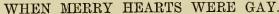
A-hawking and hunting; gar make my bed clean,
Go make my bed clean, and stir up the straw,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

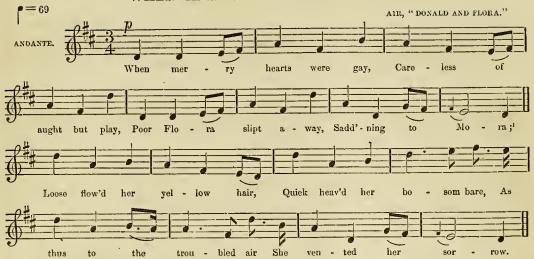
Let us, &c.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here, My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer, A-chasing the wild-deer, and following the doe, My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go. Let us, &c.

There is many a word spoken, but few of the best,
And he that speaks fairest lives longest at rest;
I speak by experience—my mind serves me so,
But my heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.
Let us, &c.

<sup>1</sup> Due in the original. Sir Walter Scott has written on the margin, "Use, perhaps."





"Loud howls the stormy west,
Cold, cold is winter's blast;
Haste then, O Donald! haste,
Haste to thy Flora!
Twice twelve long months are o'er,
Since on a foreign shore
You promis'd to fight no more,
But meet me in Mora.

"'Where now is Donald dear?'
Maids cry with taunting sneer,
'Say, is he still sincere
To his lov'd Flora?'
Parents upbraid my moan;
Each heart is turn'd to stone—
Ah! Flora, thou'rt now alone,
Friendless in Mora!

"Come then, O come away!
Donald, no longer stay;
Where can my rover stray
From his lov'd Flora?
Ah! sure he ne'er can be
False to his vows and me:
Oh, Heaven! is not yonder he
Bounding o'er Mora?"

"Never, ah wretched fair!"
(Sigh'd the sad messenger,)

"Never shall Donald mair Meet his lov'd Flora! Donald, thy love, lies low,
He sent me to soothe thy wo,
Weeping in Mora.
"Well fought our gallant men
On Saratoga's plain:

Cold as you mountain snow,

On Saratoga's plain;
Thrice fled the hostile train
From British glory.
But ah! though our foes did flee,
Sad was each victory:
Youth, love, and loyalty,
Fell far from Mora.

"'Here take this love-wrought plaid,"
Donald, expiring, said;
'Give it to yon dear maid
Drooping in Mora.
Tell her, O Allan, tell,
Donald thus bravely fell,
And that in his last Farewell
He thought on his Flora.'"
Mute stood the trembling fair,
Speechless with wild despair;

Mute stood the trembling fair,
Speechless with wild despair;
Then, striking her bosom bare,
Sigh'd out—"Poor Flora!
Ah, Donald! ah, well-a-day!"
Was all the fond heart could say:
At length the sound died away,
Feebly, in Mora.

1 "Mora is the name of a small valley in Atholl, so named by the lovers."

<sup>&</sup>quot;When merry hearts were oay." "This fine ballad," says Mr. Stenhouse, "is the composition of Hector Macneil, Esq., author of the celebrated poem of 'Will and Jean,' and other popular works. Mr. Macneil told me that he wrote this song to commemorate the death of his friend Captain Stewart, a gallant officer (betrothed to a young lady in Atholl) who fell at the battle of Saratoga in America, in the year 1777.... The words are adapted to a fine old Gaelic air. In the Museum the song is printed as it was originally written; but the author has subsequently altered and corrected some of the stanzas." Museum Illustrations, vol. iii. p. 238. The Editor of this work does not participate in Mr. Stenhouse's admiration of this song. The words are ill-adapted to the music in respect of accent and emphasis; and the ballad is too long for the patience of singer and hearers. The first three stanzas will probably be found quite enough for most listeners.

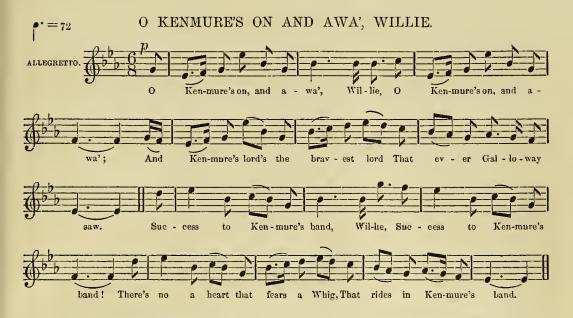
# AT POLWART ON THE GREEN.



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

<sup>1</sup> Saucy, malapert.

"AT POLWART ON THE GREEN." "Mr. Chalmers claims this song, beginning 'At Polwart on the Green,' as the production of Allan Ramsay. Burns, on the other hand, asserts it to have been written by a Captain John Drummond M'Gregor, of the family of Bochaldie. I should rather think that Mr. Burns had been misinformed; for Mr. Chalmers was at very great pains to procure authentic information relative to those songs in the Tea-Table Miscellany which were de facto written by Ramsay, and the Editor of the present work has a copy of the Orpheus Caledonius in 1733, where the letter R, in a pretty old hand, is prefixed to this song in the Index, to denote that it was written by Ramsay. Ramsay published it in his Tea-Table Miscellany in 1724, and the first four lines of the first verse (stanza), and the concluding lines of the last, are printed in Italics, to shew that they belonged to a much older song to the same air. Thomson adapted Ramsay's version of the song to the original air in his Orpheus Caledonius in 1725. Polwarth is the name of a small village in Berwickshire; in the middle of it are two ancient thorn trees, a few yards distant from each other, around which it was formerly the custom for every newly married pair, and the company invited to the wedding, to dance in a ring. From this circumstance originated the old song of 'Polwarth on the Green.' The air, under the title of Polwart on the Green, is inserted in Mrs. Crocket's book, written in 1709, and in Craig's Old Scottish Airs, in 1730. Gay selected this tune for one of his songs in the Opera of 'Polly,' beginning, 'Love now is nought but art;' printed, hut not acted, in 1729." See Mr. Stenhouse's Note in Museum Illustratious, vol. ii. pp. 176, 177. We have adopted the first and second stanzas only of the song, for reasons that will strike every reader acquainted with the whole three stanzas. We believe the air to be English.



Hore's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie,
Here's Kenmure's health in wine;
There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,
Nor yet o' Gordon's line.
O Kenmure's lads are men, Willie,
O Kenmure's lads are men;
Their hearts and swords are metal true,
And that their foes shall ken.

They'll live or die wi' fame, Willie,
They'll live or die wi' fame;
But soon, wi' sounding victoric,
May Kenmure's lord come hame.
Here's him that's far awa', Willie,
Here's him that's far awa';
And here's the flower that I lo'e best,
The rose that's like the snaw.

"O KENMURE'S ON AND AWA'." "The hero of this ballad," says Mr. Stenhouse, "was the Right Honourable William Gordon, Viscount Kenmure, Commander-in-Chief of the Chevalier's forces in the south-west of Scotland in 1715. Having left Kenmure at the head of about two hundred horsemen, and formed a junction with the troops under the command of General Forster, he marched as far as Preston in Lancashire. Here, however, his lordship surrendered himself a prisoner at discretion, and was appointed to be conducted, with many of his unfortunate followers, to London, in 1715. Arriving at Highgate, each of the prisoners was placed on horseback, with his arms firmly pinioned, and a foot-soldier holding the reins of his bridle. On the 9th of that month, General Tatton, who commanded the detachment, left Highgate with the prisoners, and proceeded to London, drums beating a victorious march, and the mob strengthening the chorus with the horrid din of marrow-bones, cleavers, and warming-pans. In this disgraceful triumph were the unhappy captives led through the streets of the city, amidst the hootings and insults of a barbarous rabble, and conducted to the several prisons assigned to receive them. Lord Kenmure and several other noblemen were committed to the Tower. He was afterwards tried, and (very unjustly, as some thought) beheaded on Towerhill, 24th February 1716. Burns transmitted the ballad, in his own handwriting, with the melody to which it is adapted, to Mr. Johnson. Cromek, in his 'Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song,' printed in 1810, has inserted three additional stanzas, which he pretends are of equal merit and antiquity with those in Ritson's Scottish Songs, (copied from the Museum,) but they are evidently spurious and modern. They are here annexed, however, for the reader's inspection.

'There's a rose in Kenmure's cap, Willie, There's a rose in Kenmure's cap; He'll steep it red in ruddie heart's bledc Afore the battle drap.

'He kiss'd his ladie's hand, Willic, He kiss'd his ladie's hand; But gane's his ladie-courtesie, When he draws his bludie brand.

'His ladie's check was red, Willie, His ladie's check was red; When she saw his steely jupes put on, Which smell'd o' deadly feud.'

It might rather have been supposed that the lady's checks would have assumed a pale in place of a red colour, situated as she was; and as to the expressions, ruddie heart's blede and ladie-courtesie, they seem inexplicable." See Museum Illustrations, vol. iv. pp. 338, 339.



The second verse commences at the sign : S:

Wha, in his wae days, were loyal to Charlie? Wha but the lads wi' the baunocks o' barley? Bannocks o' bear-meal, baunocks o' barley, Here's to the Highlandman's bannocks o' barley.

1 Fight.

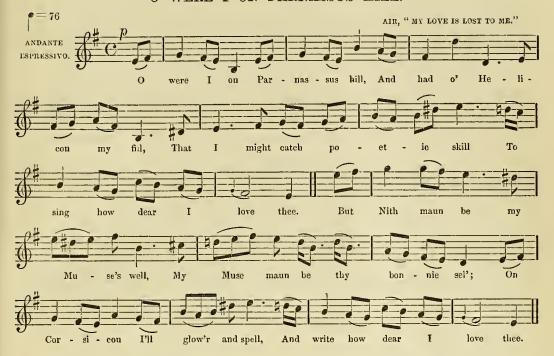
"Bannocks o' Bear-Meal." Mr. Stenhouse's Note is as follows:—"This fine old tune was originally called 'The Killogie;' but the words beginning, 'A Lad and a Lassie lay in a Killogie,' are inadmissible. In 1688, Lord Newbottle, eldest son of William Ker, Earl of Lothian, afterwards created Earl of Ancrum and Marquis of Lothian, wrote a satirical song on the Revolution, which was adapted to the same air. It was called 'Cakes of Crowdy.' A copy of this curious production may be seen in the first volume of Hogg's Jacobite Relies. Another song to the same tune, beginning, 'Bannocks of bear-meal, and bannocks of barley,' is still sung, but it possesses little merit. Burns wrote the stanzas in the Museum in the Jacobite style, in which he interwove the latter title of the song with the new words. Cromek, in his 'Nithsdale and Galloway Songs,' has the following remark:—'In the Scots Musical Museum there is but one verse and a half preserved of this song. One is surprised and incensed to see so many fine songs shorn of their very best verses for fear they should exceed the bounds of a page. The Editor (Cromek) has collected the two last heart-rousing verses, which he believes will complete the song.' Here they are:

And claw'd their back at Falkirk's fairly, Wha but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley? Wha, when hope was blasted fairly,

Stood in ruin wi' bonnie Prince Charlie, An' 'neath the Duke's bluidy paws dreed fu' sairly, Wha but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley?

If Cromek, or his Nithsdale friends who furnished him with the old songs for that work, had only looked into the Museum, they would have observed that the chorus is repeated to the first strain of the air, and the two remaining lines to the last, so that Burns's words are quite complete, and require the tune to be sung twice over. Nay more, they would have discovered that there was plenty of room on the plate, had Burns chosen to write a verse or two more. It is therefore to be hoped, for the credit of our bard, that his verses will never be united to the trash that Cromek has endeavoured to palm upon the country as the remnant of what he calls a heart-rousing old song. It is a curious fact, that Oswald has inadvertently copied the air twice in his Caledonian Pocket Companion. In the third volume of that work, it is printed under the title of 'Bannocks of bear-meal;' and, in the sixth volume, it again appears under the name of 'There was a Lad and a Lass in a Killogie,' from the first line of the old indelicate words alluded to." See Museum Illustrations, vol. v. pp. 419, 420. In an additional note upon the same song, ib., pp. \*456, \*457 Mr. Laing takes up the defence of Cromek, but we have not room to quote what he says.

# O WERE I ON PARNASSUS HILL.

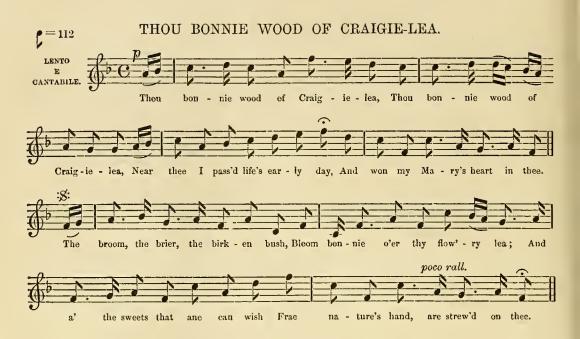


Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay;
For, a' the lee-lang simmer's day,
I couldna sing, I couldna say,
How much, how dear I love thee.
I see thee dancing ower the green,
Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
Thy tempting lips, thy roguish een—
By heaven and earth I love thee!

By night, by day—a-field, at hame—
The thoughts of thee my breast inflame '
And aye I muse and sing thy name—
I only live to love thee.
Though I were doomed to wander on,
Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
Till my last weary sand was run,
Till then—and then I'll love thee.

<sup>1</sup> Finely formed.

"O WERE I ON PARNASSUS HILL." Mr. Stenhouse has the following Note upon this song and air :-- "This song was written by Burns in 1789, on purpose for the Museum. It is adapted to the fine plaintive tune of 'My love is lost to me,' which was composed by Oswald, and published in the fifth volume of his Caledonian Pocket Companion, p. 25. Mrs. Burns is the lady alluded to by our poet." See Museum Illustrations, vol. iii. p. 241. J. G. Lockhart, Esq., in his Life of Burns, says,-" He brought his wife home to Elliesland about the end of November (1788); and few housekeepers start with a larger provision of young mouths to feed than did this couple. Mrs. Burns had lain-in this autumn, for the second time, of twins, and I suppose 'sonsy, smirking, dear-hought Bess,' accompanied her younger brothers and sisters from Mossgiel. From that quarter also Burns brought a whole establishment of servants, male and female, who, of course, as was then the universal custom amongst the small farmers, both of the west and of the south of Scotland, partook at the same table of the same fare with their master and mistress. Elliesland is beautifully situated on the banks of the Nith, about six miles above Dumfries, exactly opposite to the house of Dalswinton, and those noble woods and gardens amidst which Burns's landlord, the ingenious Mr. Fatrick Miller, found relaxation from the scientific studies and researches in which he so greatly excelled. . . . The poet was accustomed to say that the most happy period of his life was the first winter he spent at Elhesland, for the first time under a roof of his own, with his wife and children about him; and in spite of occasional lapses into the melancholy which had haunted his youth, looking forward to a life of well-regulated, and not ill-rewarded industry. It is known that he welcomed his wife to her roof-tree at Elliesland, in the song, 'I ha'e a wife o' my ain, I'll partake wi' naebody,' &c." . . . . "Another song was composed in honour of Mrs. Burns, during the happy weeks that followed her arrival at Elliesland-'O were I on Parnassus hill,' &c. In the next (the third) stanza, the poet rather transgresses the limits of connubial decorum; but, on the whole, these tributes to domestic affection are among the last of his performances that one would wish to lose." Lockhart's Life of Burns, chap. vii.



The following stanzas begin at the sign :S:

Far hen thy dark green plantings' shade,
The cushat' croodles am'ronsly;
The mavis, down thy bughted glade,
Gars echo ring frac ev'ry tree.
Thon bonnie wood, &c.

Awa', ye thoughtless, murd'ring gang,
Wha tear the nestlings ere they flee!
They'll sing you yet a eanty sang,
Then, O in pity let them be!
Thou bonnie wood, &c.

When winter blaws in sleety show'rs
Frae aff the Norlan hills sae hie,
He lightly skiffs thy bonnie bow'rs,
As laith to harm a flow'r in thee.
Thou bonnie wood, &c.

Though fate should drag me south the line,
Or o'er the wide Atlantie sea,
The happy hours I'll ever mind,
That I in youth ha'e spent in thee.
Thou bonnie wood, &c.

1 Ringdove.

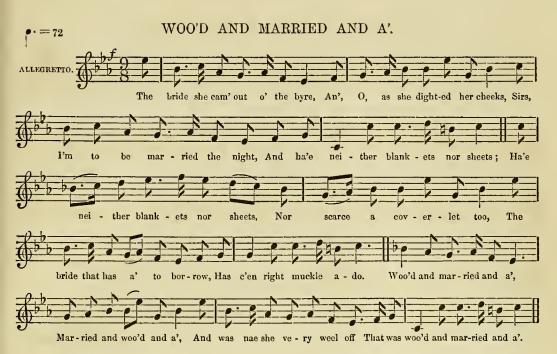
"Thou bonnie wood of Craigle-lea." The words of this song were written by Robert Taunahill. The air, which has been very popular, was composed by James Barr, a professional musician in Kilbarchan, who afterwards went abroad. In a Bacchanalian song of Tannahill's, called "The Five Friends," James Barr is thus commemorated in the fourth stanza:—

"There is blythe Jamie Barr, frae St. Barchan's toun, When wit gets a kingdom, he's sure o' the crown; And we're a' noddin', nid, nid, noddin', We're a' noddin' fu' at e'en.

In "The Poems and Songs of Robert Tannahill," edited by Mr. Philip A. Ramsay, Glasgow, 1838, we find that R. A. Smith says of this air,—"It is a very pleasing and natural melody, and has become, most deservedly, a great favourite all over the West-Kintra side. I think this little ballad possesses considerable merit; one of its stanzas strikes me as being particularly beautiful:—

'When winter blaws in sleety snow'rs,' &c.
'Harp,' Essay, p. xxxvii.

The scenery here so finely described, lies to the north-west of Paisley. Since Tannahill's time its beauty has been sailly impaired by the erection of a most unpoetical object, the gas-work."



Out spake the bride's father,
As he cam' in frae the pleugh;
O, hand your tongue, my dochter,
And ye'se get gear enengh;
The stirk stands i' th' tether,
And our bra' bawsint yade,¹
Will carry ye hame your coru—
What wad ye be at, ye jade?
Woo'd and married and a', &c.

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;
My gown was linsy-woolsy,
And ne'er a sark ava;
And ye ha'e ribbons and buskins,
Mae than ane or twa.
Woo'd and married and a', &c.

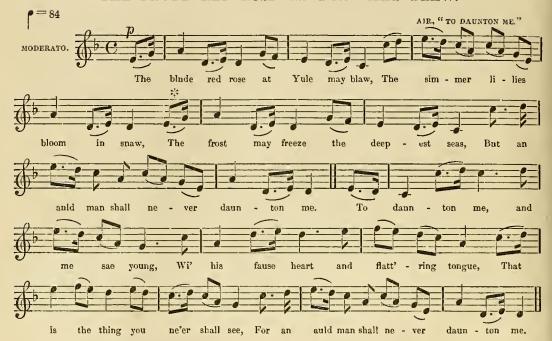
Out spake the bride's brither,
As he cam' in wi' the kye;
Poor Willie wad ne'er ha'e ta'en ye
Had he kent ye as weel as I;
For ye're baith proud and saucy,
And no for a poor man's wife;
Gin I canna get a better,
I'se ne'er tak' ane i' my life.
Woo'd and married and a', &c.

Out spake the bride's sister,
As she cam' in frac 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 should want
If I could get but a man.
Woo'd and married and a', &c.

<sup>1</sup> Frecklefaced mare.

<sup>&</sup>quot;Woo'd and married and a'." Mr. Stenhouse's Note is as follows:—"This humorous old song was omitted by Ramsay in his Tea-Table Miscellany, in 1724, although it was quite current in the Border long before his time. Oswald inserted the tune, and Herd the words, in their respective collections. The following verses to the same air, in the genuine spirit of the original, were written by Mrs. Scott of Dumbartonshire." We have not room for these verses, which begin, "The grass had nae freedom o' growing," and extend to eight stanzas. Mr. Stenhouse continues: "Mrs Grant of Laggan wrote an English parody of Mrs. Scott's song, which Mr. G. Thomson has inserted in his Collection, vol. iii." Mr Laing observes, that "Mr. Stenhouse, in his Illustrations, uniformly quotes Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany as having been published in 1724. The first volume certainly appeared at Edinburgh in that year; but the second, third, and fourth volumes were published separately, in 24mo, at various intervals," &c. See Museum Illustrations, vol. i. pp. 6-8, and 108\*. Mrs. Grant's song, above-mentioned, begins, "No house in the village could stow them." In this work, as in most other collections, the fourth stanza of the old words, beginning, "What's the matter, quo' Willie," is omitted on account of its coarseness. The melody, like some others pointed out in this work, passim, begins in a major key, and ends in its relative minor, a third below or a sixth above the tonic.

#### THE BLUDE RED ROSE AT YULE MAY BLAW.



For a' his meal and a' his maut,
For a' his fresh beef and his saut,
For a' his gowd and white monie,
An auld man shall never daunton me.
To daunton me, &c.

His gear may buy him kye and yowes, His gear may huy him glens aud knowcs; But me he shall not buy nor fee, For an auld man shall never daunton me. To daunton me, &c.

He hirples twa-fauld as he dow,
Wi' his teethless gab and his auld beld pow,
And the rain rains down frae his red blear'd e'e—
That auld man shall never daunton me.
To daunton me, &c.4

<sup>1</sup> Riches.

<sup>2</sup> To walk lamely.

3 Mouth.

4 This last stanza may as well be omitted in singing.

"To daunton me." This air is to be found in Book I. of Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, a work published in London not earlier probably than 1755, although 1740 is often incorrectly given as the date of its publication. The words, with the exception of a part of the chorus, were written by Burns, in 1787, for Johnson's Museum. From the illustrations to that work we quote the following Jacobite song, which is there said to have appeared "in a very rare and curious little book, entitled, 'A Collection of Loyal Songs, Poems, &c.,' printed in the year 1750, pp. 70 and 71." As each stanza contains only six lines, it will be necessary, in singing it, to begin the air at this mark (\*), so as to have four instead of eight bars in the first strain.

To daunton me, to daunton me,
Do you ken the things that would daunton me?
Eighty-eight and eighty-nine,
And a' the dreary years since syne,
With Cess, and Press, and Presbytry—
Gude faith, these had liken to ha'e daunton'd me.

But to wanton me, but to wanton me,
Do you ken the things that would wanton me?
To see good corn upon the rigs,
And banishment to a' the Whigs,
And right restored where right should he;
O! these are the things that would wanton me.

But to wanton me, but to wanton me; And ken ye what maist would wanton me? To see King James at Edinbrough cross, With fifty thousand foot and horse, And the usurper forced to flee— O this is what maist would wanton me!

# THERE WAS A LAD WAS BORN IN KYLE.



Our monarch's hindmost year but ane Was five-and-twenty days begun, 'Twas then a blast o' Janwar' win' Blew hansel in on Robin. For Robin was a rovin' boy, &c.

The gossip keckit<sup>1</sup> in his loof,<sup>2</sup>
Quo' scho, wha lives will see the proof,
This we'ly <sup>3</sup> boy will be nae coof,<sup>4</sup>
I think we'll ca' him Robin.
For Robin was a rovin' boy, &c.

1 Looked.

<sup>2</sup> Palm of the hand.

He'll ha'e misfortunes great and sma', But ay a heart aboon them a'; He'll be a credit till us a', We'll a' be proud o' Robin. For Robin was a rovin' boy, &c.

But sure as three times three mak' nine, I see by ilka score and line,
This chap will dearly like our kin',
So leeze me on thee, Robin.
For Robin was a rovin' boy, &c.

8 Large, thriving.

4 Fool.

<sup>&</sup>quot;There was a Lad was born in Kyle." This song was written by Burns; but the sixth stanza is omitted for obvious reasons. The old air of "O gin ye were dead, gudeman," consisted of one strain only. The second strain was taken from one of Oswald's variations of the original air, published in the fourth volume of his Caledonian Pocket Companion. The air appears from evidence to be of an older date than 1549.

#### O MOUNT AND GO.



The second verse begins at the mark : S.

When the vanquish'd foe Sues for peace and quiet, To the shades we'll go, And in love enjoy it. O mount and go, &c.

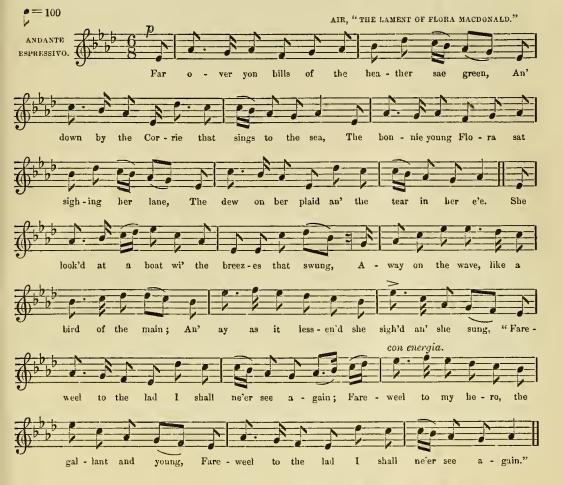
"O MOUNT AND GO." Mr. Stenhouse's Note upon No. 233 of Johnson's Museum is as follows:—"'The Captain's Lady.' This eurious old air may be seen in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, and other collections, under the title of 'Mount your Baggage.' In the Caledonian Country-dance Book, published about a century ago, by John Walsh of London, it is called, 'The Cadie Laddie.' The verses in the Museum, beginning, 'O mount and go,' were communicated by Burns; and although he does not acknowledge them, I have good reason to believe they were his own. The old ditty begins—

I will away,
And I will not tarry;
I will away,
And be a Captain's lady.
A Captain's lady
Is a dame of honour;

She has her maids
Ay to wait upon her—
To wait upon her,
And get all things ready.
I will away,
And be a Captain's lady.

In the third volume of Gow's Complete Repository, the reader will find the subject of this curious old melody, with a slight variation, transformed into a strathspey, called 'Dalry House.'" See Museum Illustrations, vol. iii. p. 219. The air given in Johnson, No. 233, consists, in the first strain, of three measures and three measures, of four crot-chets; and the same rhythm goes on in the twelve measures of the second strain. Though airs in this kind of rhythm occur, it depends upon the places of the cadences, perfect or imperfect, whether or not the effect of the rhythm may be satisfactory to the ear. In this case, we think that the composer of the air has mistaken its true rhythm, and has thrown into common time, and a halting rhythm, what should have been written in triple time, with a regular rhythm of two measures and two measures. We refer to Johnson, No. 233. In Mr. R. A. Smith's Scottish Minstrel, vol. ii. p. 74, we find a version of the air, still in common time, in which the halting rhythm is maintained in the first strain, but is changed in the second strain into four measures of regular rhythm. Mr. Smith has thrown the air into six strains, of which the fourth is merely a variation of the first; but we do not approve of these changes. In the present work the air has been thrown into  $\frac{3}{4}$  time; the ritmo zoppicante of the original has thus been got rid of, and the effect rendered more satisfactory to both singer and hearer.

### FAR OVER YON HILLS.



The moorcock that crows on the brows o' Ben-Connal,
He kens o' his bed in a sweet mossy hame;
The eagle that soars o'er the cliffs o' Clan-Ronald,
Unawed and unbunted his eyrie can claim;
The solan can sleep on the shelve of the shores;
The cormorant roost on his rock of the sea;
But, ah! there is one whose hard fate I deplore,
Nor house, ha', nor hame in his country has he;
The conflict is past, and our name is no more,
There's nought left but sorrow for Scotland an' me!

The target is torn from the arm of the just,

The helmet is cleft on the brow of the brave,

The claymore for ever in darkness must rust;

But red is the sword of the stranger and slave:

The hoof of the horse, and the foot of the proud,

Have trode o'er the plumes on the bonnet of blue:

Why slept the red bolt in the breast of the cloud

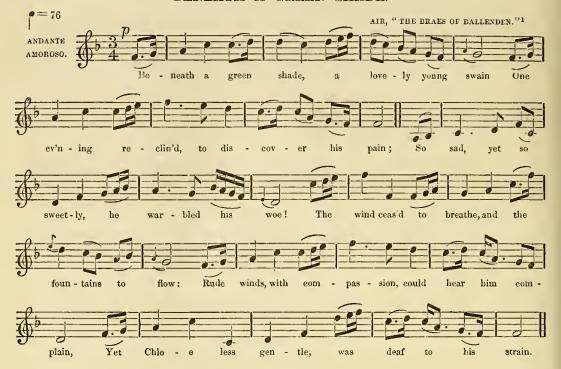
When tyranny revell'd in blood of the true?

Fareweel, my young hero, the gallant and good!

The crown of thy fathers is torn from thy brow.

<sup>&</sup>quot;Far over von Hills." James Hogg, in his second series of Jacobite Relics, gives this song and air as "The Lament of Flora Macdonald," with the following note:—"I got the original of these verses from my friend Mr. Niel Gow, who told me they were a translation from the Gaelic. but so rude that he could not publish them, which he wished to do on a single sheet, for the sake of the old air. On which I versified them anew, and made them a great deal better without altering one sentiment." In his "Songs," collected in 1831, Hogg reprints this under the title of "Flora Macdonald's Farewell," headed by the following note:—"Was composed to an air handed me by the late lamented Niel Gow, junior. He said it was an ancient Skye air, but afterwards told me it was his own. When I first heard the song sung by Mr. Morison, I never was so agreeably astonished,—I could hardly believe my senses that I had made so good a song without knowing it." In both these notes, the Shepherd's self-complacency is very amusing.

### BENEATH A GREEN SHADE.



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

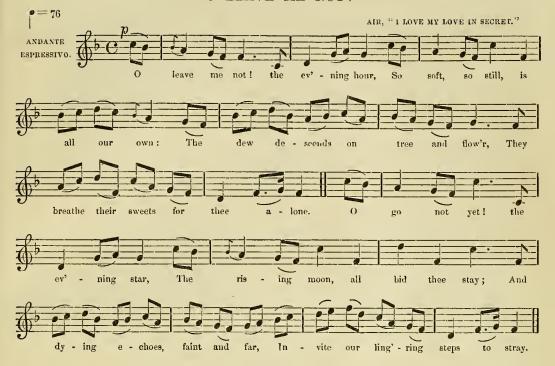
Through changes in vain relief I pursue,
All, all but conspire my griefs to renew;
From sunshine to zephyrs and shades we repair—
To sunshine we fly from too piercing an air,
But love's ardent fever burns always the same,
No winter can cool it, no summer inflame.

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

1 Also spelled Ballendyne and Ballendine; pronounced Ballendesn.

<sup>&</sup>quot;Beneath a green shade." The words were written by Thomas Blacklock, D.D., to the tune of "The Braes of Ballenden." This air has been by some erroneously ascribed to James Oswald, in the fifth volume of whose Caledonian Pocket Companion it appeared; but without any claim from Oswald to its authorship, by means of the asterism affixed to his own compositions in the Index to that work. It appears that the famous Italian singer, Giusto Ferdinando Tenducci, who arrived in Edinburgh on 15th May 1758, and resided there for some time, used to sing "The Braes of Ballenden," and other Scottish songs, with charming effect. These "bracs" lie towards the Sidlaw Hills, in the Carse of Gowrie.

### O LEAVE ME NOT!



Far from the city's noisy din,

Beneath the pale moon's trembling light,
That lip to press—those smiles to win—

Will lend a rapture to the night.

Let fortune fling her favours free

To whom she will, I'll ne'er repine,—

O, what is all the world to me,

While thus I clasp and call thee mine?

"O LEAVE ME NOT." The air, "'I love my love in secret,' is (says Mr. Stenhouse) inserted in Mrs. Crockat's MSS. written in 1709." It appears in the Collections of M'Gibbon and Oswald. The two songs given to it in Johnson's Museum are both indifferent. The very pretty song which we have selected is found on page 297 of "Rambling Rhymes," by Alexander Smart, new edition, Edinburgh, 1845, dedicated to Lord Jeffrey. Mr. Smart is a native of Montrose. He was first a clock and watch-maker, but this sedentary occupation disagreeing with his health, he became a letterpress printer. His "Rambling Rhymes" are thus characterized in a kind letter to him from Lord Jeffrey :-- "I had scarcely read any of your little book when I acknowledged receipt of it. I have now, however, gone through every word of it, and find I have more to thank you for than I was then aware of. I do not allude so much to the very flattering sonnet you have been pleased to inscribe with my name, as to the many passages of great poetical beauty, and to the still greater number expressive of (and inspired by) those gentle affections, and just and elevated sentiments, which it is so delightful to find in the works of persons of the middling class, on whose time the calls of a necessary, and often laborious, industry must press so heavily. I cannot tell you the pride and the pleasure I have in such indications, not of cultivated intellect only, but of moral delicacy and elegant taste, in the tradesmen and artisans of our country; and you will readily understand, therefore, both why I feel obliged to you for this new and remarkable proof of them, and disposed to do anything in my power to gratify and serve those in whom you take an interest." One of the songs given to this air, No. 204 of Johnson's Museum, was slightly altered by Burns from an old song. We subjoin the first four lines of the first stanza, which will justify our preference of Mr. Smart's words:-

"My Saudy gied to me a ring
Was a' beset wi' diamonds fine;
But I gied him a far better thing,
I gied my heart in pledge o' his ring."



Turn and see thy tartan plaidie
Rising o'er my breaking heart;
O my bonnie Highland laddie!
Wae was I with thee to part!
Joy of my heart, &c.

But thou bleeds!—O bleeds thou, beauty?
Swims thine eye in wo and pain?
Child of Honour! child of Duty!
Shall we never meet again?
Joy of my heart, &c.

1 Orig., Bloody red.

Yes, my darling, on thy pillow
Soon thy head shall easy lie;
Soon upon the sounding billow
Shall thy war-worn standard fly!
Joy of my heart, &c.

Then, again, thy tartan plaidie,
Then my bosom, free from pain,
Shall receive my Highland laddie,—
Never shall we part again!
Joy of my heart, &c.

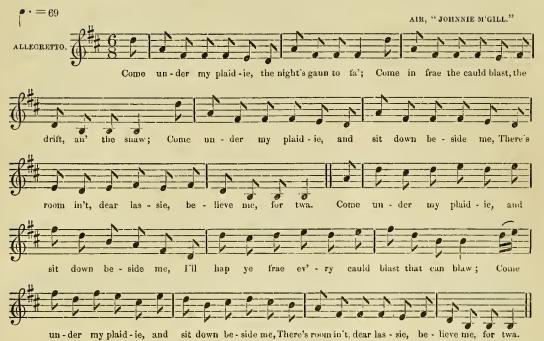
2 Orig., Agam.

3 My own.

"Red, red is the path to glory." The air and the words are from the second volume of "Albyn's Anthology," published by Alexander Campbell in 1818, pp. 22, 23. Mr. Campbell's note, p. 23, is as follows:—"Communicated by the learned and ingenious Dr. Robert Couper, late of Fochabers, who wrote the above stanzas to this beautiful old Highland melody, while his friend, the Marquis of Huntly, was wounded in Holland, anno 1799." R. A. Smith, in his Scottish Minstrel, vol. v. p. 84, says, "Lady G. Gordon picked up this beautiful air in the Highlands. The verses were written by Dr. Couper, at her desire, on the Marquis of Huntly when in Holland."

We take this opportunity of quoting some passages regarding airs of the Highlands of Scotland, which may be not unacceptable to our Southern neighbours, who are but little acquainted with that music. The Rev. Patrick M'Donald, Minister of Kilmore in Argyleshire, in his Preface to his Collection of Highland Airs, published in 1781, says: -- "In the Highlands of Scotland, the harp has long ceased to be the favourite instrument; and, for upwards of a century, has been seldom heard. The encouragement of the people has been transferred to the hagpipe, an instrument more congenial to the martial spirit of the country." Prefixed to the same collection is a Dissertation written by the Rev. Walter Young, Minister of Erskine in Renfrewshire. Dr. Young says :-- "Over all the Highlands there are various songs, which are sung to airs suited to the nature of the subject. But on the western coast, benorth Middle Lorn, and in all the Hebrides, luinigs are most in request. These are in general very short, and of a plaintive cast, analogous to their hest poetry; and they are sung by the women, not only at their diversions, but also during almost every kind of work where more than one person is employed, as milking cows, and watching the folds, fulling of cloth, grinding of grain with the quern or hand-mill, hay-making, and cutting down corn. The men, too, have iorrums, or songs for rowing, to which they keep time with their oars, as the women likewise do in their operations, whenever their work admits of it. When the same airs are sung in their hours of relaxation, the time is marked by the motions of a napkin, which all the performers lay hold of. In singing, one person leads the hand; but in a certain part of the tune he stops to take breath, while the rest strike in and complete the air, pronouncing to it a chorus of words and syllables generally of no signification. These songs generally animate every person present; and hence, when labourers appear to flag, a luinig is called for, which makes them for a time forget their toil, and work with redoubled ardour. In travelling through the remote Highlands in harvest, the sound of these little bands ou every side, 'warbling their native wood-notes wild,' joined to a most romantic scenery, has a very pleasing effect on the mind of a stranger. This is a practice both agreeable and useful; it alleviates labour, and preserves regularity and uniformity of application. Indeed, the most polished nations might imitate it with advantage. . . . . Like the other peculiarities of the Highlanders, the custom of singing these songs regularly at work is declining apace, especially in the eastern countries, and the districts which have much intercourse with the Lowlanders. Yet, less than a century ago, it was practised by their forefathers. However wild and artless some of the luinigs may be, and however ill others of them are sung by the common people, yet a number of beautiful original ones may still be collected in the Highlands. The greater part of them appear to be adapted to the harp, an instrument which was once in high estimation." Pp. 10, 11.

#### COME UNDER MY PLAIDIE.



Gae 'wa wi' your 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 might be my gutcher! auld Donald, gae 'wa. I'm gaun to meet Johnnie—he's young, and he's honnie, He's been at Meg's bridal, fu' trig² and fu' 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 fast 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 aye finely, To kirk or to market there'll few gang sae braw; 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 tell'd me, my mither and a', Ye'd mak' a gude husband, and keep me aye braw; It's true I lo'e Johnnie, he's gude and he's bonnie, But wae's me! ye ken he has naething ava! I ha'e little tocher, you've made a gude offer, I'm now mair than twenty, my time is but sma', Sae gi'e me your plaidie, I'll creep in beside ye. I thought ye'd been aulder than threescore and twa.

She crap in ayont him, beside the stane wa',
Whar Johnnie was list'nin', and heard her tell a';
The day was appointed, his proud heart it dunted,
And struck 'gainst his side as if burstin' in twa.
He wander'd hame weary, the night it was dreary;
And thowless, he tint his gate deep 'maug the 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 bra', They'll lie down wi' auld men o' fourscore and twa; The haill o' their marriage, is gowd and a carriage, Plain love is the cauldest blast now that can blaw! But lo'e them I canna, nor marry I winna, Wi' ony daft lassie, though fair as a queen; Till love ha'e a share o't, the never a hair o't, Shall gang in my wallet at morning or e'en."

1 Grandfather.

<sup>2</sup> Neat.

3 Fool.

4 Dress.

<sup>5</sup> Livery servants.

<sup>&</sup>quot;Come under My Plaidle." Mr. Stenhouse has the following note upon this song:—"This fine ballad is another production of my late friend, Hector Macneil, Esq., who has frequently been noticed in the course of this work. It is adapted to a lively air called 'Johnnie M'Gill,' after the name of its composer, Mr. John M'Gill, who was a musician in Girvan, Ayrshire. Burns likewise wrote some verses to the same tune, which are inserted in the third volume of the Museum. Vide Notes on Song No. 207." See Museum Illustrations, vol. vi. p. 467.

### ON CESSNOCK BANKS.



She's stately like yon youthful ash,
That grows the cowslip braes between,
And shoots its head above each bush;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her looks are like the sportive lamb,
When flow'ry May adorns the scene,
That wantons round its bleating dam;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her hair is like the carling mist
That shades the mountain side at e'en,
When flow'r-reviving rains are past;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

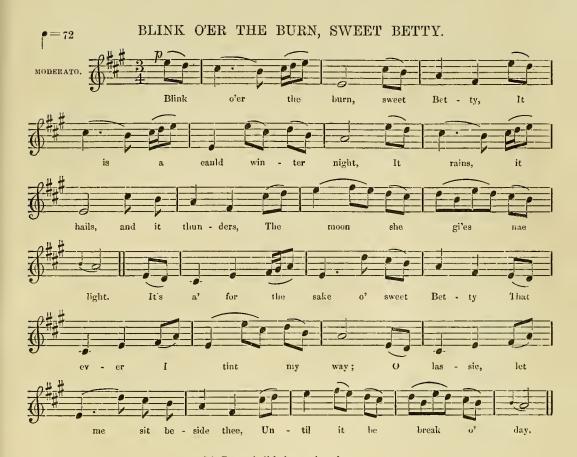
Her forehead's like the show'ry bow, When shining sunbeams intervene. And gild the distant mountain's brow; An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' cen.

Her voice is like the ev'ning thrush

That sings in Cessnock banks unseen,
While his mate sits nestling in the bush;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

But it's not her air, her form, her face, Tho' matching beauty's fabled queen, But the mind that shines in ev'ry grace, An' chiefly in her sparklin' cen.

"ON CESSNOOK BANKS THERE LIVES A LASS." The air is said by Mr. Stenhouse to be "a lively old Scotch measure, called 'Salt Fish and Dumplings;" but he does not mention where else it is to be found but in Johnson's Museum. It appears there, No 437, with two stanzas of very indifferent words by Burns, beginning, "I coft a stane o' haslock woo'," with a chorus, "The cardin' o't, the spinnin' o't," &c. The words we have adopted were written by Burns at a date not now ascertainable. In the beautiful edition of Burns's Works, published by Messrs. Blackie and Son of Glasgow, in 1844, the note given upon the song, vol. ii. p. 12, is as follows: -- "Cromek recovered this song from the oral communication of a lady in Glasgow, whom the bard early in life affectionately admired. He adds, that it is an early production. It contains more of simile than of passion. The young poet was perhaps desirous to display his ingenuity in likening the object of his affection to the most pleasing objects in nature: he called to mind the freshness of the morning dawn, and the twinkling of the dew-drop upon the lawn-the fragrant breeze of evening gently stirring the blossomed bean—the stateliness of the young ash—the spotless purity of the flowering hawthorn—the innocence of the sportive lambkin-and the sweet notes of the thrush as he cheers his mate with his evening songand to each of these he found a corresponding quality in the lass of Cessnock Banks. Who she was is not known." In Mcssrs. Blackie's "Book of Scottish Song," p. 116, they give a version of "Cessnock Banks" from the edition of Burns by Pickering, who offers it as "from the author's own manuscript." The version there printed is rather lengthy for a song, as it consists of thirteen stanzas; therefore we have adopted the shorter song given in their edition of Burns's Works above cited, although even that is too long for singing, and has been shortened by omitting two stanzas.

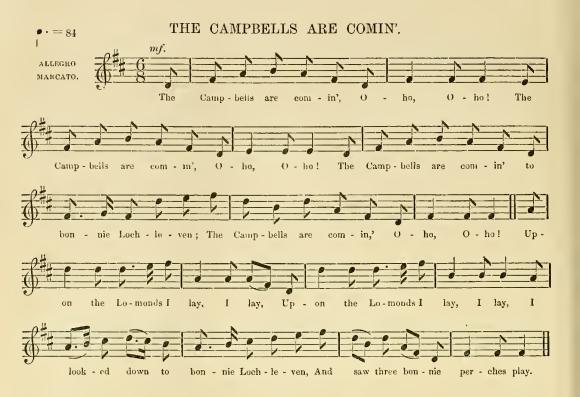


It's Betty shall bake my bread,
And Betty shall brew my ale;
And Betty shall be my love,
When I come o'er the dale.
Blink o'er the burn, sweet Betty,
Blink o'er the burn to me;
And while I ha'e life, my dear lassic,
My ain sweet Betty thou's be.

"BLINK O'ER THE BURN, SWEET BETTY." We have adopted the old words of the song, instead of those written by Joseph Mitchell, and published with the air in Johnson's Scottish Musical Museum. The seventh line of the first stanza contains, in the original, a phrase which is unsuitable to modern taste, and which we have therefore altered. It has been stated that the first line of the song, "Blink o'er the burn, sweet Betty," is quoted by Shakespeare in King Lear: but we do not find there these ipsissima verbu, though we find in Act III. Scene 6, Edgar saying,

"Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam? Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me."

With regard to the air, Mr. Stenhouse says nothing ef its probable age, nor does he note the discrepancies that are to be found in various versions of it. For example, in the third volume of Watts' Musical Miscellany, 1730, we find the air in a different shape from that given to it in Johnson. In Watts the passages are smooth, and have none of "the Scotch snaps" (see p. 94 of this work) found in Johnson. Nor are these "Scotch snaps" found in the versions of the air given by Oswald and M'Gibbon. Again, the word "burn" cannot be sung as one syllable to the passages given in Johnson and M'Gibbon, while it perfectly suits the single note (a minim) corresponding to it in Oswald's version of the air. We have, therefore, adopted Oswald's passage, and merely smoothed away the "snaps" in Johnson, without altering the real notes.



The Great Argyle, he goes before,

He makes the cannons and guns to roar;
Wi' sound o' trumpet, pipe, and drum,

The Campbells are comin', O-ho, O-ho!

The Campbells are comin', &c.

The Campbells they are a' in arms,

Their loyal faith and truth to show;
Wi' banners rattling in the wind,

The Campbells are comin', O-ho, O-ho!

The Campbells are comin', &c.

"The Campbells are comin', O-ho, O-ho!" Mr. Stenhouse's Note on this (No. 299 of Museum) is as follows:—
"In the index to the third volume of the Museum, this song is said to have been composed on the imprisonment of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, in the Castle of Lochleven, in 1567. The Earl of Argyle was on the Queen's party at the battle of Langside, in 1568, and, perhaps, the tune may have been the Campbells' quick-march for two centuries past; but, nevertheless, the words of the song contain intrinsic evidence that it is not much above a century old. In all probability it was written about the year 1715, on the breaking out of the rebellion in the reign of George I., when John Campbell, the great Duke of Argyle, was made Commander-in-chief of his Majesty's Forces in North Britain, and was the principal means of its total suppression. I have seen the tune, however, in several old collections" See Museum Illustrations, vol. iii. pp. 291, 292. See also the song, "The Clans are coming," in Hogg's second series of Jacobite Relics, and his note upon it, p. 289. We subjoin one from the first volume of James Aird's Selection of Airs, published at Glasgow about 1784. Another, slightly different, is found in Part I. of Gow and Son's Complete Repository.





Her heart, sae wae, was like to break,
While kneeling by the taper bright;
But ae red drap cam' to her cheek,
As shone the morning's rosy light.
Lord Nithsdale's bark she mot na see,
Winds sped it swiftly o'er the main;
"O ill betide," quoth that fair dame,
"Wha sic a comely knight had slain!"

Lord Nithsdale loved wi' mickle love;
But he thought on his countrie's wrang;
And he was deem'd a traitor syne,
And forc'd frae a' he loved to gang.
"Oh! I will gae to my loved lord,
He may na smile, I trow, bot' me;"
But hame, and ha', and bonnie bowers,
Nae mair will glad Lord Nithsdale's e'e.

1 Bot, without; as in the old motto, "Touch not the cat hot a glove."

"O Speed, Lord Nithsdale, speed ye fast." These verses were written, about the year 1820, by Robert Allan, a poetical weaver of Kilbarehan, in Renfrewshire. Allan was a friend of R. A. Smith, for whom he wrote a number of songs, some of which appeared in the Scottish Minstrel, and other musical publications. He died at New York, U.S., on 7th June 1841, eight days after his arrival there. Like other poets, he was often in difficulties; and, in order to relieve him upon one occasion, a little piece of curious mystification was practised on the publisher of the Scottish Minstrel by R. A. Smith, with the assistance of a rather celebrated poet. The mystification was entirely successful, and the result is very naïvely narrated by Smith in a letter to his friend. As to the air, it is, in the Scottish Minstrel, merely called "Lord Nithsdale;" the author is unknown. It bears some resemblance to "Waly, waly." The song alludes to the escape of Maxwell, Earl of Nithsdale, who was deeply involved in the rebellion of 1715. The first Earl of Nithsdale (or Nithisdale) was created in 1581. The last forfeited the title in 1715. Sir Walter Scott thus describes Nithsdale's escape :- "Lady Nithisdale, the bold and affectionate wife of the condemned Earl, having in vain thrown herself at the feet of the reigning monarch, to implore mercy for her husband, devised a plan for his escape of the same kind with that since practised by Madame Lavalette. She was admitted to see her husband in the Tower upon the last day, which, according to his sentence, he had to live. She had with her two female confidants. One brought on her person a double suit of female clothes. This individual was instantly dismissed, when relieved of her second dress. The other person gave her own clothes to the Earl, attiring herself in those which had been provided. Muffled in a riding-hood and cloak, the Earl, in the character of lady's-maid, holding a handkerchief to his eyes, as one overwhelmed with deep affliction, passed the sentinels, and being safely conveyed out of the Tower, made his escape to France. So well was the whole thing arranged, that after accompanying her husband to the door of the prison, Lady Nithisdale returned to the chamber from whence her Lord had escaped, and played her part so admirably as to give him full time to get clear of the sentinels, and then make her own exit. We are startled to find that, according to the rigour of the law, the life of the heroic Countess was considered as responsible for that of the husband whom she had saved; but she contrived to conceal herself."-History of Scotland.

### WHEN PHŒBUS BRIGHT THE AZURE SKIES.



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

Pan playing on his aiten reed,
And shepherds him attending,
Do here resort their flocks to feed,
The bills and haughs commending.
With cur and kent<sup>1</sup> upon the bent,
Sing to the sun good-morrow,
And swear nae fields mair pleasure yields,
Then Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

An house there stands on Leader-side, Surmounting my descriving, With rooms sae rair, and windows fair, Like Dædalus' contriving;

1 Shepherd's staff.

Men passing by do often cry, In sooth it hath nae marrow, It stands as sweet on Leader-side, As Newark does on Yarrow.

A mile below, wha lists to ride,
They'll hear the mavis singing,
Into Saint-Leonard's banks she'll bide,
Sweet birks her head o'erhanging;
The lintwhite<sup>2</sup> loud, and Progne proud,
With tuneful throats and narrow,
Into Saint-Leonard's banks they sing
As sweetly as on Yarrow.

The lapwing lilteth o'er the lee,
With nimble wing she sporteth,
But vows she'll flee frae tree to tree,
Where Philomel resorteth:
By break of day the lark can say,
I'll bid you a good-morrow,
I'll streek my wing, and, mounting, sing,
O'er Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

<sup>2</sup> Linnet.

"When Phæbus bright the azure skies." In Johnson's Museum the song given to the air of "Leader Haughs and Yarrow," is taken from Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany, where it appeared, anonymously, under the title of Sweet Susan. It begins, "The morn was fair, saft was the air," but has no great merit, and is destitute of the curious local interest of names and babitations belonging to the district celebrated in the old ballad, which is still sung in the south of Scotland. We have therefore given the old ballad. As it is too long for singing, in ordinary cases, half of the stanzas have been omitted. Mr. Stenhouse says in his Note, "Both the old ballad of 'Leader Haughs and Yarrow' and the tune are said to be the composition of Nicol Burn, a Border minstrel, who flourished about the middle of the sixteenth century." Mr. D. Laing observes, "There is no evidence for giving 'Minstrel Burn' the Christian name of Nicol, or making him flourish about the middle of the sixteenth century. His ballad belongs to the first half, or perhaps the middle of the following century. Mr. S. evidently had confounded him with Nicol Burne, a Roman Catholic Priest," &c. See Museum Illustrations, vol. iii. pp. 203, 298\*. The air, as given in Johnson's Museum, has certain ornamental flourishes that spoil its simplicity. We have rather followed, in general, the version given by William Napier in his Second Selection of Scots Songs, 1792.



O, how Peggie charms me! Ev'ry look still warms me, Ev'ry thought alarms me, Lest she love not me.

Peggie 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, And 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; 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!

"SAW YE NAE MY PEGGE?" Burns, in his Remarks on Scottish Song, says of this one:—"This charming song 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; but though it has a very great deal of merit, it is not quite ladies' reading. The original words, for they can scarcely be called verses, are still older, and are familiar, from the cradle, to every Scottish ear.

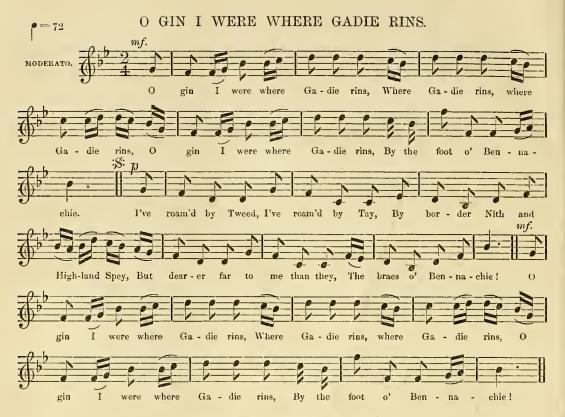
'Saw ye my Maggie, Saw ye my Maggie, Saw ye my Maggie Linkin' o'er the lea?

High kilted was she, High kilted was she, High kilted 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?' &c.

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 fireside circle of our peasantry, while that which I take to be the old song is in every shepherd's mouth. Ramsay, I suppose, had thought the old verses unworthy of a place in his Collection."

Mr. Stenhouse says, in his Note upon this song and air, No. 11 of Johnson's Museum:—"In Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany we find his song, called 'The Toast,' to the same tune, 'Saw ye my Peggy?' but he left out both of the old songs under this title to which Burns alludes. The first of these two songs is still extant, but the words are not fit to be sung in a drawing-room. The other, which is likewise older than Ramsay's time, was not inserted in any regular collection of Scottish songs till that of David Herd in 1769, from whence it was copied into Johnson's Museum. The melody, however, is inserted in the old manuscript music-book, in the editor's possession, before alluded to, and was also printed in the first edition of the Orpheus Caledonius, 1725." We must remark that "the old manuscript music-book" which Mr. Stenhouse so often refers to as being in his possession, is never particularly described. This seems an unaccountable omission. We do not know what became of Mr. Stenhouse's library after his death. Perhaps it may strike the reader that this air, "Saw ye nae my Peggie?" bears resemblance in its second strain to "Peggie, now the king's come." The two last strains of the air, as given in Johnson's Museum, and other works, have been omitted, because we consider them to be mere modern additions of no great merit.



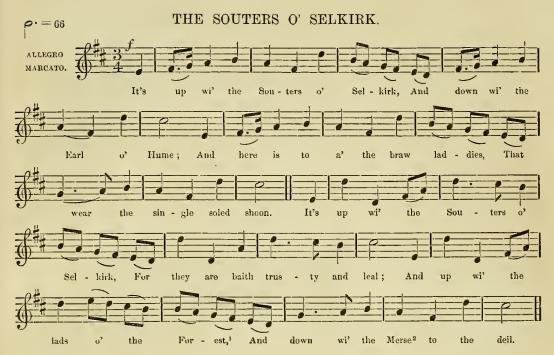
The other stanzas commence at the sign : S:

When simmer cleads the varied scene
Wi' licht o' gowd and leaves o' green,
I fain wad be where aft I've been—
At the foot o' Bennachie!
O gin I were, &c.

When winter winds blaw sharp and shrill,
O'er icy burn and sheeted hill,
The ingle neuk is gleesome still
At the foot o' Bennachie!
O gin I were, &c.

Though few to welcome me remain;
Though a' I loved are dead and gane;
I'll back, though I should live alane,
To the foot o' Bennachie!
O gin I were, &c.

"O GIN I WERE WHERE GADIE RINS." The words of this song were written by John Imlah, a native of Aberdeenshire, who, for many years, was one of the tuners and confidential travellers of Messrs. Broadwood of London. In 1845 he went to Jamaica to visit his brother, whom he had not seen since their boyhood; but was seized with fever a few weeks after his arrival, and died there on 9th January 1846. He published a volume of Songs and Poems, titled "May Flowers," in 1822, in which occurs a first version of the above song; and, in 1841, published another volume of Poems and Songs, from which we have extracted the words here given, omitting the third and fifth stanzas of the song. He contributed a good many songs to "Whistle Binkie," and to Messrs. Blackie's "Book of Scottish Song." The air has been long popular in the districts of Mar and the Garioch, according to the Rev. James Peters, who writes the account of the parish of Leslie, Aberdeenshire, in the new Statistical Account of Scotland. Mr. James Davie, Teacher of Music in Aberdeen, states that when he was a boy, nearly seventy years ago, he often heard his father play the air on the bellows-bagpipes, and that it was then no new air, and was named, "Where Gadie rins." He adds that he has seen the air, in an old printed Collection, under the title of "The Hessians' March." We have not been able to find a copy of that book. The Rev. Mr. Peters, in the Account above mentioned, gives an interesting anecdote of the song "Where Gady rins," as connected with one of the captures of Pondicherry; probably that of 1793. We think that the air has the character of a military quick step, and not of a song-tune, wheresoever it may have been composed. The Gadie, or Gady, is a streamlet that runs through the fertile valleys of Garioch, or Geary, and takes the name of Ury before it joins the Don, a little below the town of Inverury.



It's 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 Sonters o' Selkirk,
For they are baith trusty and leal;
And up wi' the men o' the Forest,
And down wi' the Merse to the deil.

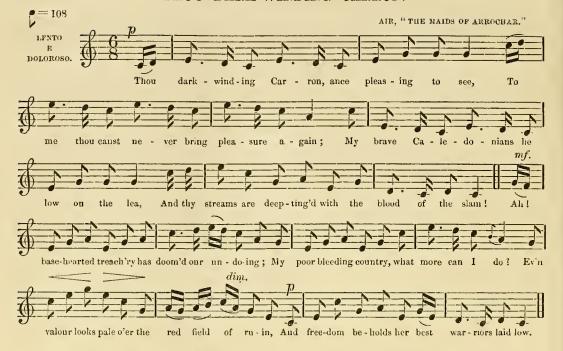
1 Selkirkshire, otherwise called Ettrick Forest.

O! mitres are made for noddles,
But feet they are made for shoon,
And fame is as sib to Selkirk,
As licht 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's there's water in Tweed.

<sup>2</sup> Berwickshire, otherwise called the Merse.

"THE SOUTERS O' SELKIRK." In a very long Note, of more than seven pages, upon No. 438 of Johnson's Museum, Mr. Stenhouse avails himself of Sir Walter Scott's "Dissertation" (as the latter calls it) on the song called "The Souters of Selkirk," in his Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border. Sir Walter says that "the song relates to the fatal battle of Flodden, in which the flower of the Scottish nobility fell around their sovereign, James IV. The ancient and received tradition of the burgh of Selkirk affirms, that the citizens of that town distinguished themselves by their gallantry on that disastrous occasion. Eighty in number, and headed by their town-clerk, they joined their monarch on his entrance into England. James, pleased with the appearance of this gallant troop, knighted the leader, William Brydone, upon the field of battle, from which few of the men of Selkirk were destined to return. They distinguished themselves in the conflict, and were almost all slain. The few survivors, on their return home, found, by the side of Lady-Wood Edge, the corpse of a female, wife to one of their fallen comrades, with a child sucking at her breast. In memory of this latter event, continues the tradition, the present arms of the burgh bear, a female, holding a child in her arms, and seated on a sarcophagus, decorated with the Scottish Lion; in the background a wood." See Border Minstrelsy. Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Stenhouse, by documentary evidence, refute Ritson's assertion that the Souters of Selkirk could not, in 1513, amount to eighty fighting men; and also Dr. Johnson's Aberdeen story, that the people learned the art of making shoes from Cromwell's soldiers. Scottish Acts of Parliament are quoted relative to "Sowters" and "cordoners," i.e., shoemakers, and the manufacture and exportation of boots and shoes, long before Cromwell was born. Also, it is shown that the appellation of "Souters" is given to the burgesses of Selkirk, whether shoemakers or not, "and appears to have originated from the singular custom observed at the admission of a new member, a ceremony which is on no account dispensed with. Some hog-bristles are attached to the seal of his burgess ticket; these he must dip in wine, and pass between his lips, as a tribute of his respect to this ancient and useful fraternity."-Stenhouse. Sir Walter Scott, when made Sheriff-Depute of Selkirkshire, went through this ceremony, and became a Souter of Selkirk. The yellow and green, mentioned in the second stanza of the song, are the liveries of the house of Home. Mr. Stenhouse states, that the original melody (of which, and of the words, he gives versions) is a bagpipe tune, which he heard sung and played by the Border musicians in his younger days.

### THOU DARK-WINDING CARRON.



Farewell! ye dear partners of peril, farewell! Though buried ye lie in one wide bloody grave, Your deeds shall ennoble the place where you fell, And your names be enroll'd with the sons of the brave! But 1, a poor outcast, in exile must wander; Perhaps, like a traitor, ignobly must die: On thy wrongs, O my country, indiguant 1 ponder; Ab! wo to the hour when thy Wallace must fly.

"Thou dark-winding Carron." This song was written by the late Robert Tannahill, of whom mention has been made in the Note to "The Braes of Balquhidder," p. 56. The song alludes to the hattle of Falkirk, fought on 22d July 1298, in which the army of Sir William Wallace, the famous Scottish patriot, was completely defeated by the superior English forces led by Edward I., and aided by the treachery of two apostate Scottish nobles, the Earls of Dunbar and Angus. In that battle, so fatal for a time to the independence of Scotland, were slain the distinguished Scottish warriors Sir John Stewart, Macduff, and Sir John the Grahame, the bosom friend of Sir William Wallace. A few years afterwards, in 1305, Wallace was betrayed to the English by his vile countryman Sir John Monteith; and was tried, condemned, and decapitated at London, his head being placed on a pinnacle on London Bridge, while his quarters were distributed over the kingdom. The Carron, named in the song, is a small river in Stirlingshire, that rises on the south side of the Campsie hills, and runs into the Frith of Forth below Falkirk. On the banks of that river are now the celebrated iron-foundries of Carron, established in 1760.

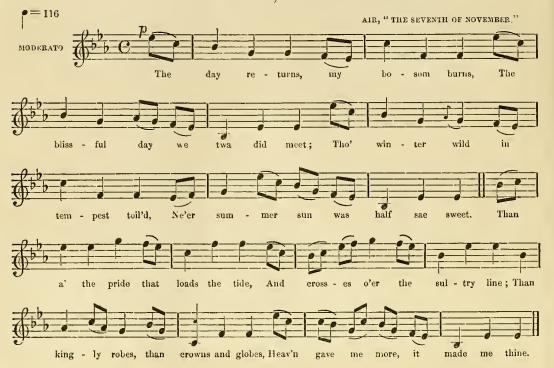
The air, which has long been very popular, was composed by John M'Donald, an eminent dancing-master at Dundee, and was published in Gow's Fourth Collection. Another air of his, "Arrochar House," appeared in Charles Duff's Collection; and from the names of these airs, Mr. Wighton of Dundee thinks that M'Donald was probably a native of the parish of Arrochar. According to Mr. Wighton's information, M'Donald was a good violinist, and composed a number of minuets and marches, some of which he published in a small Collection, dedicated to the Duchess of Atholl. Others of them were published in Charles Duff's Collection, besides eighteen tunes marked with M'Donald's initials. It appears that M'Donald was a fashionable teacher of dancing in Dundee, and so exclusive that he would admit into his school no pupils who did not belong to aristocratic families. In 1790 he went to Calcutta, where he became master of the ceremonies at dancing assemblies, and on 15th December 1792, married a Miss Catherine Wilkin, of Irish parentage; and succeeded so well in India, that he returned to Dundee with a fortune of upwards of twenty thousand pounds. He was again resident in Dundee in 1820, and died there on 13th June 1827, aged seventyfour. His widow—who was only fourteen years old at her marriage—died on 10th January 1851. They died childless. Arroquhar, or Arrochar, is a parish of Scotland extending over the northern part of Dumhartonshire. The village of Arrochar is romantically situate on the east shore of Loch Long, four miles west of Benlomond. Within the parish is Ben-Voirlich, rising 3180 feet above the sea-level. Of late years the village has grown into repute as a bathing-place; and, consequently, the building of houses is increasing.

### O RAGING FORTUNE'S WITHERING BLAST!



"O raging fortune's withering blast." These words were written by Burns in September 1785, but they were spoiled by having an O at the end of the second and fourth line of each stanza. He, at the same time, composed for them an air in the Scottish style, which, though he carried it long in his memory, he had not musical skill enough to write down. The ballad of Tunlane is so very long as to be unsuited for singing; and therefore we have employed Burns's words, though not composed for the air. Sir Walter Scott, in the second volume of his Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, (edition of 1802, pp. 167-227,) gives a dissertation on The Fairies of Popular Superstition, and particular illustrations of the Tale of the Young Tamlane. He refers (p. 225) to the copy of Thom Linn given in Johuson's Musical Museum, but states that his own copy is the most perfect that has appeared. However, a number of passages in his copy seem to have been composed by himself. He says, regarding this fairy tale:—"The following ballad, still popular in Ettrick Forest, where the scene is laid, is certainly of much greater antiquity than its phraseology, gradually modernized as transmitted by tradition, would seem to denote. The Tale of the Young Tumlane is mentioned in the Complaynt of Scotland; and the air to which it was chanted seems to have been accommodated to to a particular dance, for the dance of Thom of Lynn, another variation of Thomalin, likewise occurs in the same performance. Like every popular subject it seems to have been frequently parodied; and a burlesque ballad, beginning 'Tom o' the Lin was a Scotsman born,' is still well known." . . . . "In Scottish Songs, 1774, a part of the original tale was published under the title of Kerton ha', a corruption of Carterhaugh." . . . . "Carterhaugh is a plain at the conflux of the Ettrick and Yarrow in Selkirkshire, about a mile above Selkirk, and two miles below Newark Castle; a romantic ruin which overhangs the Yarrow, and which, we may suppose, was the habitation of our heroine's father. The peasants point out upon the plain those electrical rings which vulgar credulity supposes to be the traces of the fairy revels. Here, they say, were placed the stands of milk in which Tamlane was dipped in order to effect the disenchantment; and upon these spots, according to their mode of expressing themselves, the grass will never grow. In no part of Scot'and, indeed, has the belief in fairles maintained its ground with more pertinacity thau in Schkirkshire," &c. There are several versions of the air on the Border; and one of them that was sent to the Editor of this work some years ago, and lent to a friend, has unfortunately heen lost.

## THE DAY RETURNS, MY BOSOM BURNS.

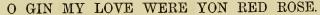


While day and night can bring delight,
Or nature aught of pleasure give;
While joys above my mind can move,
For thee, and thee alone, I live!
When that grim foe of life below,
Comes in between to make us part;
The iron hand that breaks our band—
It breaks my bliss, it breaks my heart!

"The day returns, my nosom burns." This song was likewise composed by Burns, as a tribute of gratitude and respect to one of the happiest and worthiest married couples in the world, Robert Riddell, Esq., of Glenriddell, and his lady. "At their fireside," says Burns, "I have enjoyed more pleasant evenings than at all the houses of fashionable people in this country put together, and to their kindness and hospitality I am indebted to many of the happiest hours of my life."—Reliques. The tune was composed by Mr. Riddell himself, and named the Seventh of November, which was the anniversary of his marriage. Mr. Cromek, Editor of the "Reliques of Burns," says, that when he visited Friar's Carse Hermitage, (on the late Mr. Riddell's estate,) so much celebrated by Burns, he was greatly shocked to find this little spot, that ought to have heen held sacred, almost gone to decay. The pane of glass, on which the poet had written his well-known "Lines," was removed; the floor was covered with straw; the door thrown open; and the trees, that had been planted at the entrance to this interesting place, were broken down and destroyed by cattle. Such was the late proprietor, Captain Smith's neglect of a spot, on the window of which Robert Burns had traced, with his own hand, this tender tribute to the memory of a departed friend.

"To Riddell, much-lamented mal;
This ivied cot was dear;
Wanderer, dost value matchless worth?
This ivied cot revere!"

How different the reverence of a poor old female cottager, living in a wretched hnt in the immediate neighbourhood of Ellisland! On being asked if she knew Burns: "Kend him! Ay did I! He was a great man for poems and making of beuks, and the like o' that; but he's dead now, pnir man!" See Museum Illustrations, vol. iii. page 214, 215. Mr. D. Laing (p. 302\*) mentions Mr. Riddell as "a musical amateur, and eminent antiquary."





O were my love yon lilac fair,
Wi' purple blossoms to the spring;
An' I a bird to shelter there,
When wearied on my little wing,—
How I wad 2 mourn when it was torn
By autumn wild and winter rude!
But I wad sing, on wanton wing,
When youthfu' May its bloom rencw'd.

1 Scared; frightened.

O were my love yon vi'let sweet,

That peeps frae 'neath the hawthorn spray;
An' I mysel' the zephyr's breath,

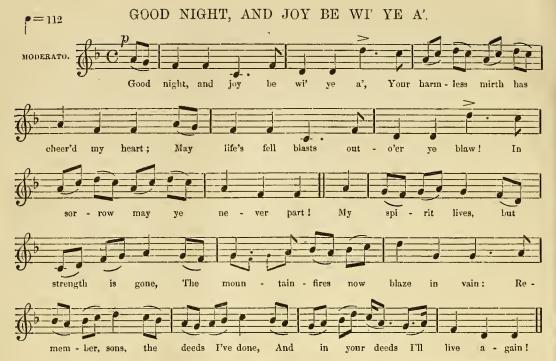
Amang its bonnie leaves to play,—
I'd fan it wi' a constant gale,
Beneath the noontide's scorching ray;
An' spriukle it wi' freshest dews,
At morning dawn and parting day.

2 Would.

"O OIN MY LOVE WERE YON RED ROSE." In a letter to Mr. G. Thomson, dated January 5, 1793, Burns says:—
"Do you know the following beautiful little fragment, in Wotherspoon's Collection of Scots Songs?" Burns then quotes the words, and proceeds to say:—"This thought is inexpressibly beautiful; and quite, so far as I know, original. It is too short for a song, else I would forswear you altogether, unless you gave it a place. I have often tried to eke a stanza to it, but in vain. After balancing myself for a musing five minutes, on the hind-legs of my elbow-chair, I produced the following. The verses are far inferior to the foregoing, I frankly confess; but if worthy of insertion at all, they might be first in place, as every poet who knows anything of his trade, will husband his best thoughts for a concluding stroke." Burns gives the new stanza he has written, beginning—

#### "O were my love you lilac fair," &c.

We give, with some requisite changes, the older stanza, and Burns's stanza, as well as an additional stanza, written by John Richardson, Esq., for Mr. George Thomson's Collection, vol. iv. p. 154. It appears that only the first four lines of the song, as published in Herd's Collection, are old. The old song consists of eight stanzas, in a style not agreeable to modern ideas of delicacy. The air is said to be very ancient, and to be of Highland origin. It was long ago sung to the old and indelicate words of a song beginning, "O gin my love were but a rose," from which the idea of the first two stanzas of "O gin my love were you red rose," was derived. The air is given in Johnson's Museum, vol. vi. page 581, to words by Mr. John Anderson, engraver of music in Edinburgh; and in R. A. Smith's Scottish Minstrel, vol. iii. page 56. In Johnson's Museum, No. 594, the air given to eight lines of the older words is called, in Gow's Fourth Collection, "Lord Balgonic's Favourite, a very old Highland Tune." Alexander Campbell, the Editor of "Albyn's Anthology," claimed the air as his own, and as published by him in 1791 or 1792. Be that as it may, the air seems to have been suggested by the first three bars of the very old tune called "The Cordwainer's March," which was published in the first volume of James Aird's Glasgow Collection, No. 176. See that March, No. 574 of Johnson's Museum, to words by Burns.



When on you muir our gallant clan
Frae boasting foes their banners tore,
Who show'd himsel' a better man,
Or fiercer waved the red claymore?
But when in peace—then mark me there,
When thro' the glen the wanderer came,
I gave him of our hardy fare,
I gave him here a welcome hame.

The auld will speak, the young maun hear,
Be canty, but be good and leal;
Your ain ills aye ha'e heart to bear,
Anither's aye ha'e heart to feel;
So, ere I set, I'll see you shine,
I'll see you triumph ere I fa';
My parting breath shall boast you mine,
Good night, and joy be wi' you a'.

1 Loyal, honest.

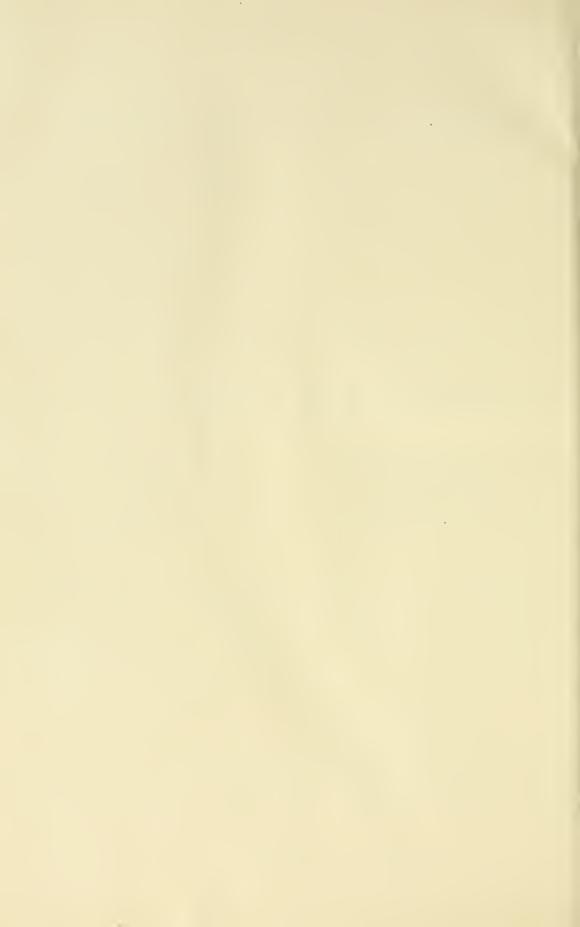
"Good Night, and Joy be wi' ye a'." These words were written by the late Sir Alexander Boswell, Bart., of Auchinleck, and published by him, anonymously, in a pamphlet containing some others of his songs, at Edinburgh, in 1803. The title of the song is "The old Chieftain to his sons." Of the air, Mr. Stenhouse says:—"This beautiful tune has, time out of mind, been played at the breaking up of convivial parties in Scotland. The principal publishers of Scottish Music have also adopted it, as their farewell air, in closing their musical works." There is a fragment of a song called "Armstrong's Goodnight," which Sir Walter Scott gave in his "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," with the following notice:—"The following verses are said to have been composed by one of the Armstrongs, executed for the murder of Sir John Carmichael of Edrom, Warden of the Middle Marches. The tune is popular in Scotlaud, but whether these are the original words will admit of some doubt—

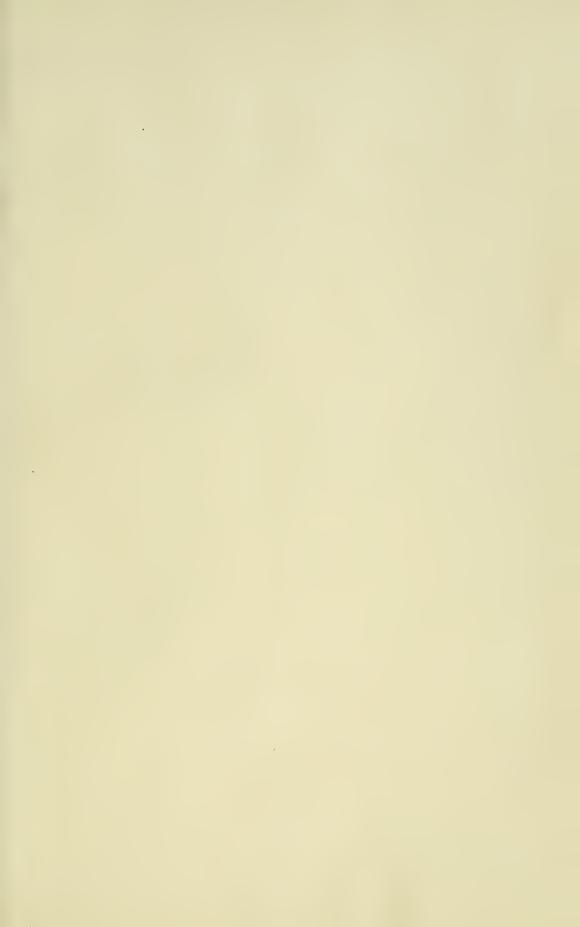
'This night is my departing night,
For here nae langer must I stay;
There's neither friend nor foe o' miue
But wishes me away.

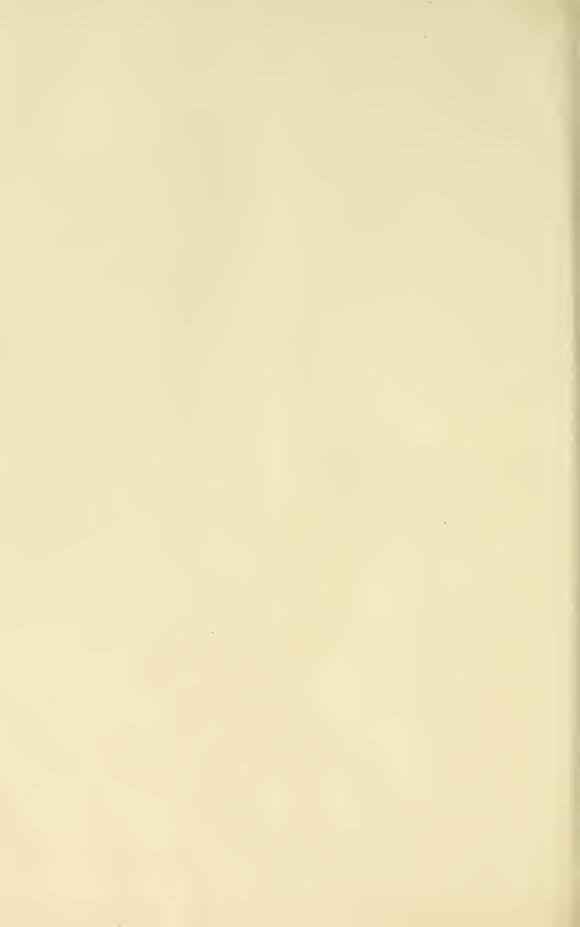
'What I have done thro' lack of wit, I never, never can recall; I hope ye're a' my friends as yet, Goodnight, and joy be wi' ye all!'

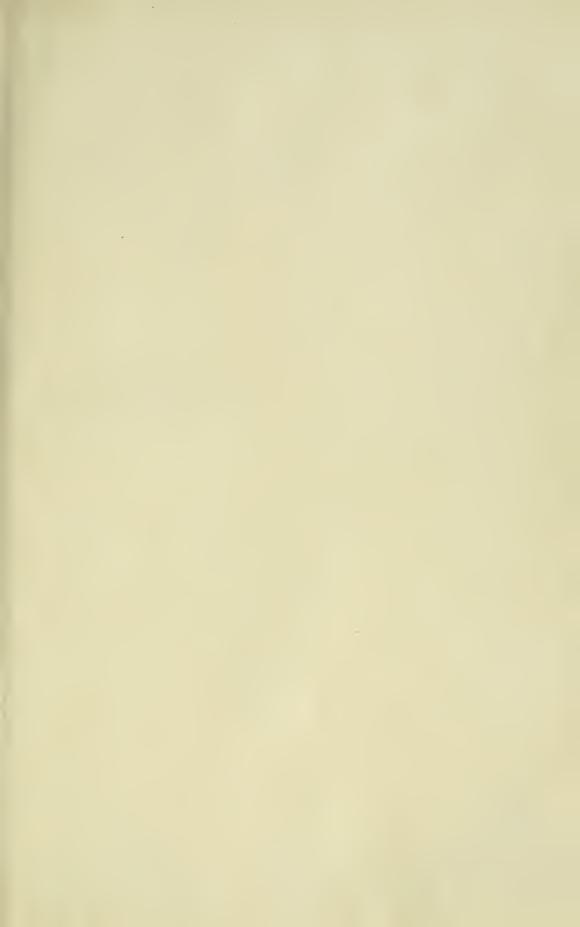
Sir John Carmichael, the Warden, was murdered 16th June 1600, by a party of borderers, at a place called Raesknows, near Lochmahen, whither he was going to hold a Court of Justice. Two of the ringleaders in the slaughter, Thomas Armstrong, called Ringan's Tum, and Adam Scott, called The Pecket, were tried at Edinburgh, at the instance of Carmichael of Edrom. They were condemned to have their right hands struck off, thereafter to be hanged, and their hodies gibbeted on the Borough Moor; which sentence was executed 14th November 1601." See Border Minstrelsy, vol. i. p. 105, edition of 1802.













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