

Glen. 217. a.





(THE)

SCOTISH MINSTREL

A SELECTION

from the

VOCAL MELODIES OF SCOTLAND

ANCIENT & MODERN

ARRANGED FOR THE

PIANO FORTE

—- B7----

R.A.SMITH.

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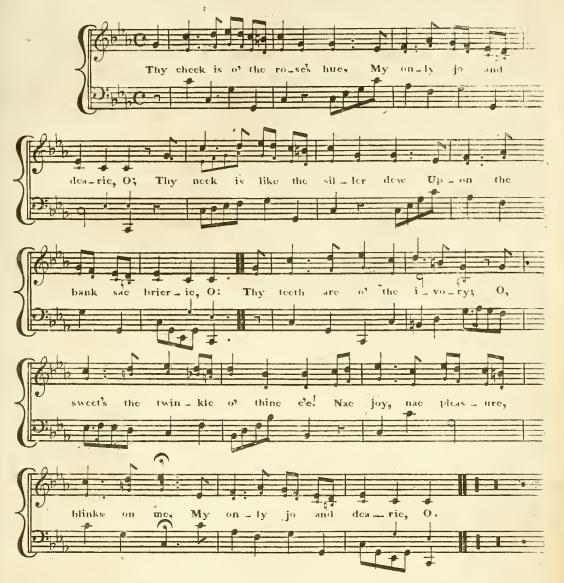
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THY CHEEK IS O'THE ROSES HUE.



The birdie sings upon the thorn
Its sang o' joy, fu' cheerie, O;
Rejoicing in the simmer morn,

Nac care to mak? it ceric, 0;
But little kens the sangster sweet,
Aught of the care I had to meet,
That gars my restless bosom beat,
My only jo and dearie, 0.

Whan we war bairnies on yon brac, An' youth was blinkin' bonnyO, Alt we wad daff the lee-lang day, Our joys fu' sweet and monie, O; Aft I wad chace thee o'er the lea,
And round about the thornie tree;
Or pu' the wild-flowers at for thee,
My only jo and dearie, O.

I has a wish I canna tine,

'Mang at the cares that grieve me,O;

I wish that thou wert ever mine,

And never mair to leave me, 0:

Then I wad daut thee night and day.

Nor ither warly care wad hae,

Till life's warm stream forgat, to play.

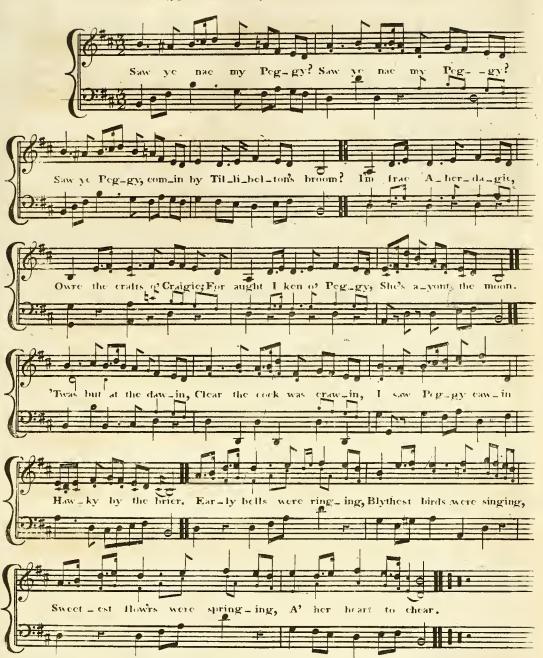
My only jo and dearie, 0.

D



Of race divine thou needs must be,
Since nothing earthly equals thee;
With angel pity look on me,
Wha only lives to love thee.
An thou were, &c.

To merit I no claim can make,
But that I love, and, for thy sake,
What man can do I'll undertake;
So dearly do I love thee.
An thou were, &c.



Now the tempest's blowin, Almond water's flowin, Deep and ford unknowin,

She main cross the day.
Almond water, spare her,
Safe to Lyndoch bear her,
Its braes neer saw a fairer,
Bess Bell nor Mary Gray.

Or but ance to see her Skaithless, far or near,

I'd gie Scotland's crown,
Bye-word blinds a lover =
Wha's you I discover? =
Just yere ain fair rover,
Stately stappin down,

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-coverd with snow.

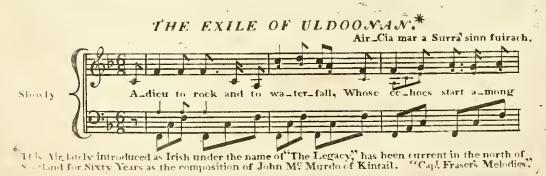
Farewell to the straths and green vallies below.

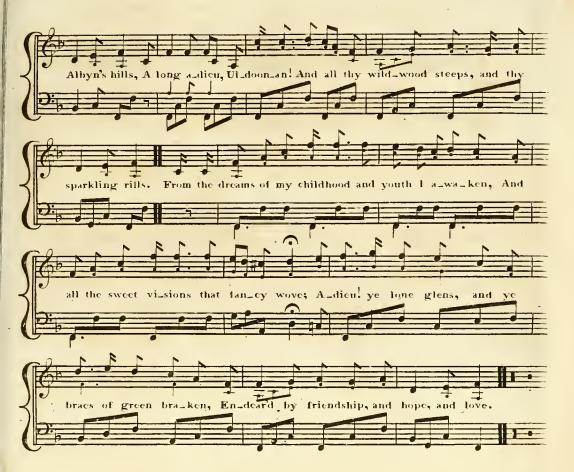
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging-woods.

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.

·马马子子子子子子子子子子子子子子子子





The stranger came, and adversity's wind

Blew cold and chill on my father's hearth;

I strove, but vainty, some shelter to find

Among the fields of my father's hirth:

But my desolate spirit shall never be severed

From the home where a sister and mother once smiled,

Though within its bare walls lies the roof-tree all shivered,

And mouldering rubbish is spread and piled.

I hear before me the waters roar;

I see the galley in yonder bay,

All ready and trim, she beckons the shore,

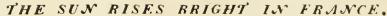
And seems to chide my longer stay.

Uldoonan! when lingering alar from thy valley,

At my pilgrimage close o'er the billowy brine.

Harps long will be strung, and new voices will hall thee,

Without devotion and love like mine.





Fu' beinly low'd my ain hearth,
And smil'd my ain Marie;

- O I've left at my heart behind.

 In my ain countrie!
- O I'm leal to high heaven,
 Which aye was leal to me!
 And it's there I'll meet you a' soon,
 Frac my ain countrie.





For my father he will not me own,
And my mother she neglects me;
And a? my friends hae lightlied me,
And their servants they do slight me.

But had I a servant at my command,
As aft times I've had many,
That wad rin wi' a letter to bonny Glenswood,
Wi' a letter to my rantin laddie.

Oh is he either a laird, or a lord?

Or is he but a cadie?

That ye do him ea? sac aften by name
Your bonny, bonny, rantin laddie.

Indeed he is baith a laird and a lord;
Think ye I married a cadie?
But he is the Earl o' bonny Aboyne,
And he is my rantin laddie.

O yese get a servant at your command,
As alt times ye've had many,
That sall rin wi? a letter to bonny Glenswood,
A letter to your rantin laddic.

When Lord Aboyne did the letter get,
O but he blinket bonie;
But, or he had read three lines of it,
I think his heart was sorry.

His face it reddened like a flame,
And grasping his sword sac massy,
O wha is this that daur be sac bauld,
Sac cruelly to use my lassic?

For her father he will not her know,
And her mother she does slight her,
And a her friends hae lightlied her,
And their servants they neglect her.

Go raise to me my live hundred men;
Make haste and make them ready;
With a milk-white steed under every ane,
For to bring hame my lady.

As they came in thro? Buchan-shire, They were a company bonny, With a gude claymore in every hand, And C but they shin'd bonny.





His wig mas like a drouket hen, Igo and ago;

The toil of like a goose pen, Sing, from igon ago.

And dinna ye ken Sir John Malcom, Igo and ago;

Gin he be wise enough I mistak him, Sing, irom igon ago.

And had ye weel fro Sandy Don,
Igo and ago;

He's muckle dalter nor Sir John,
Sing, irom igen ago.

To hear them of their travels talk, Igo and ago;

To gae to London's but a walk, Sing, irom igon ago.

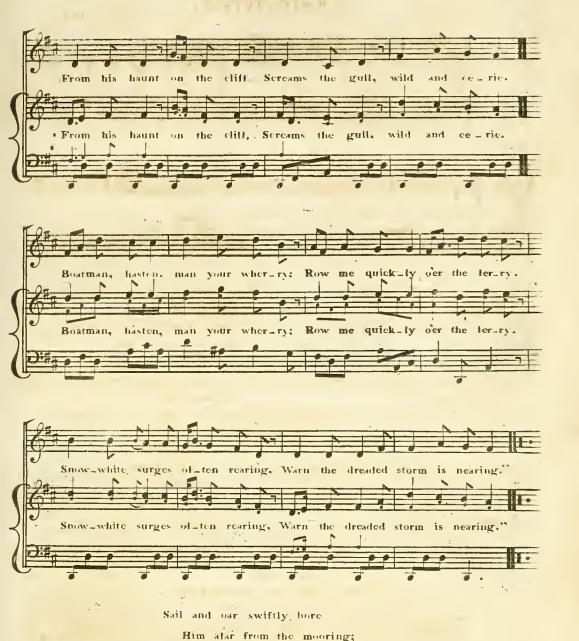
To see the wonders of the deep,
Igo and ago;

Would gar a man baith wail and weep, Sing, irom igon ago.

To see the Leviathan skip, lgo and ago;

An' wi' his tail ding owre a ship, Sing, irom igon ago.





But before he was o'er,

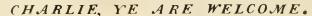
Winds and waves loud were roaring,

Soon, alas! the weltering billow,

Is his cold and restless pillow,

Where he sleeps without commotion,

Sheeted with the Ioam of occan.

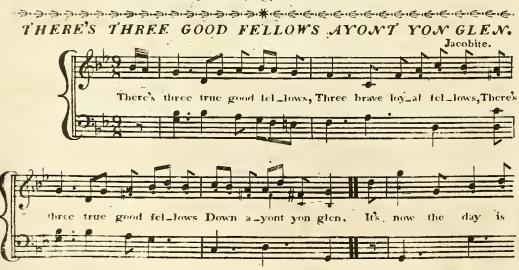




Charlie, we'll no name them, name them, name them; Charlie we'll no name them, we ken wha they be. The swords they are ready, ready; The swords they are ready, I trow, to mak them flee.

Charlie, ye'll get backing, backing, backing;
Charlie ye'll get backing, baith here and owre the sea:
The class they are gathering, gathering;
The class they are gathering, to set their kintra free.

Charlie it's the warning, warning; warning;
Charlie it's the warning we hear, owre hill and lea:
The colours they are flying, flying;
The colours they are flying, will lead to victorie.





Ken ye wha is running Wi' his Highlandmen? There's three true good fellows, &c.

'Tis he that's ay the foremost,
When the battle is warmest,
The bravest and the kindest
Of all Highlandmen.

There's three true good fellows, &c.

There's Sky's noble chieftain,
Hector and hold Evan,
Reoch, Bane Macrabach
And the true Maclean.
There's three true good fellows,

There's now no retreating,
The clans are a' waiting,
And ilk heart is beating
For honour and fame,
There's three true good fellows,
Whate'er they may tell us,
Thrice three good fellows
Down ayont you glen.



On you bonnie heather knowes:

We pledged our mutual vows,

And dear is the spot unto me;

Thos pleasure I had nane,

While I wander alane.

And my Jamie is far o'er the sea.

But why should I mourn,
The seasons will return,
And verdure again clothe the lea;
The flow rets shall spring,
And the saft breeze shall bring
My dear Laddie again back to me.

Thoustar, give thy light,
Guide my lover aright,
Frae rocks and frae shoals keep him free;
Now gold I hae in store,
He shall wander no more,
No, no more shall be sail o'er the sea.





Here ladies bricht were aften seen,

Here valient warriors trod;

And here great Knox has often been,

Who fear'd nought but his God!

But a are gane! the guid, the great,

And naething now remains,

But ruin sittin on thy wa's,

And crumblin downe the stanes!

Oh! mourn the woe, &c.

The lofty Ochills bricht did glow,

Tho' sleepin' was the sun;

But mornin's licht did sadly show

What ragin' flames had done;

Oh mirk, mirk, was the misty cloud,

That hangs o'er thy wild wood;

Thou wert like heauty in a shroud,—

And all was solitude.

Oh! mourn the woe, &c.

It is worthy of remark that the name of the hill on which the picturesque ruins of the Castle stand, signifys in Gaelic the hill of Care. the burn of Sorrow murmurs arround it; and the village D of Dollar lies at the foot of the glen.



O Father! O Father! an ye think it fit,
We'll send him a year to the College yet;
We'll sew a green ribban round about his hat,
And that will let them ken he's to marry yet.

Lady Mary Ann was a flower in the dew, Sweet was its smell, and bonie was its hue, And the langer it blossom'd the fairer it grew, For the lily in the bud will be bonier yet.

Young Charlie Cochran was the sprout of an aik, Bonic and bloomin, and straught was its make, The sun took delight to shine for its sake, And it will be the brag of the forest yet.

The simmer is gane when the leaves they were green, And the days are awa that we hae seen; But far better days, I trust will come again, For my bonie laddie's young, but he's growin yet.

MY AIN KIND DEARIE O.





There's wealth owre you green lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie O;
There's wealth owre you green lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie O.
It's neither land, nor gowd, nor braws,
Let them gang tapsey teerie O;
It's walth o' peace o' love, and truth,
My ain kind dearie O.

WHEN O'ER THE MUIR THE TWILIGHT GREY.

Same Air.

When o'er the muir the twilight grey
Spreads o'er the lawn sae eerie O,
And frae the hill the weary hind
Comes hame baith douf and weary O;
Out o'er the sward I tak my road,
Nae bog or hag can fear me, Jo,
To meet thee on the learing

My ain kind dearie O.

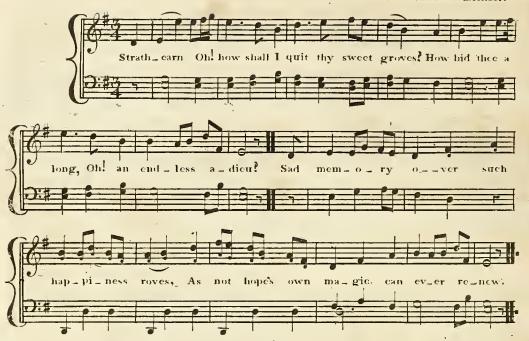
When labour's o'er, at close of day,
How blythsome is the ingle en';

The joke, the laugh, the langsyne crack,
Gaes roun? and roun? baith but and ben.
But frae their mirth I steal awa,
Altho? I'm wet an? weary O,

To meet thee on the lea-rig,... My ain kind dearie O. Tis sweet, in yonder lonely glen,
At gloamin when the moon shines hie,
To see the burnic trotting down
Out-oer the lin beneath the tree;
When at thy side upon the brae,
My heart grows light and cheery O,
Upon the trysting lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie O.

At morning sun the lavrock sings,
And in the air he tunes his lay,
And frac the scented dewy woods
The blackbird chaunts at close of day;
But at the gloamin', happy hour!
When a' is dull and dreary O,
O meet me on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie O.

Air_Miss Carmichael.



Sweet scene of my childhood, delight of my youth.

Thy far-winding waters, no more I must see;

Thy high-waving bowers, thy gay woodland flowers,

They wave now, they bloom now, no longer for me.

A HEAVENLY MUSE.

Same Air.

A heavenly muse in green Erin is singing,
His strains all scraphic ascend to the skies!
Fair blossoms of Eden, around him all springing,
The soft balmy ether perfume as they rise.

Sweet poet be true to thy lofty aspiring,

While bound by thy magic, the skies half unfurld,

Youth, beauty, and taste, are with rapture admiring;

Oh! spread not around them the fumes of this world!





"O dismal night!" she said, and wept;
"O night presaging sorrow!

O dismal night! she said, and wept;
"But more I dread to-morrow.

For now the bloody hour draws nigh;
Each host to Preston bending;
At morn shall sons their fathers slay,
With deadly hate contending.

"Even in the visions of the night,
I saw fell death wide sweeping,
And all the matrons of the land,
And all the virgins, weeping?
And now she heard the massy gates
Harsh on their hinges turning;
And now through all the eastle heard
The woeful voice of mourning.

Aghast, she started from her bed,
The latal tidings dreading.
"O, speak!" the cry'd, "my fathers slain!
I see, I see him bleeding!

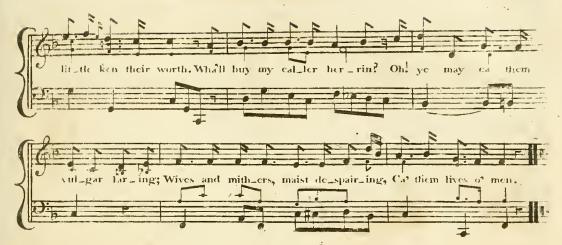
A pale corpse on the sullen shore,
At morn, fair maid, I left him;
Even at the thresh-hold of his gate,
The foe of life bereft him.

Bold, in the battle's front, he fell,
With many a wound deformed;
A braver knight, nor better man.
This fair Isle ne'er adorned.'
While thus he spoke, the grief-struck maid
A deadly swoon invaded;
Lost was the lustre of her eyes,
And all her beauty faded.

Sad was the sight, and sad the news,
And sad was our complaining;
But oh! for thee, my native land,
What woes are still remaining.
But, why complain, the hero's soul
Is high in heaven shining:
May providence defend our isle
From all our focs designing.

Music by Nath, Gow.





Wha'll buy caller herrin?

Bonnie fish and balesome farin';

Wha'll buy caller herrin;

Hauled thro? wind and rain?
A? our lads at herrin? lishin?,
Costly vampum, dinner dressin?,
Sole nor Turbot, how distressin?,
Fine folks scorn shoals o? blessin?.
Wha?ll buy caller herrin?
Ye may ca? them vulgar fairin?;
Buy my caller herrin,

Hauled thro' wind and rain.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin?

What they've cost ye're little carin';

Buy my caller herrin,

Aye the puir man's friend.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin?

What they've cost ye're little earin';

Siller canna pay

For the lives of honest men.

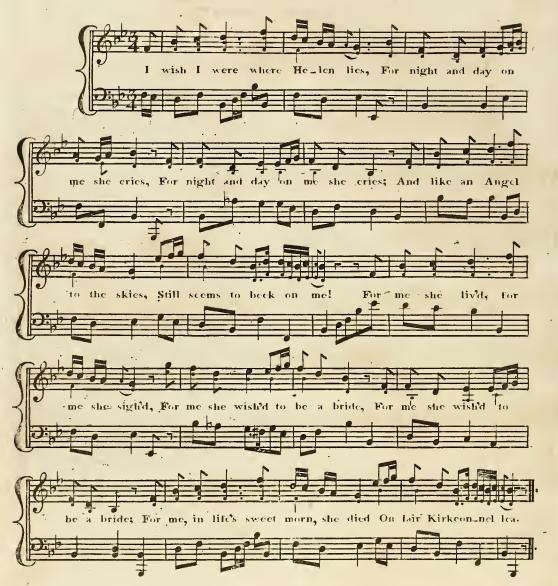
Wha'll buy caller herrin? &c.

When the creel o' herrin passes,
Ladies, clad in silks and laces,
Gather in their braw pelisses,
Cast their heads,&serew their laces,
Wha'll buy caller herrin? &c.

Wha'll buy caller herrin? &c.

Caller herrin's no to lightlie,
Ye can trip the spring lu' tightlie,
Spite o'.tauntin', flauntin', flingin',
Gow has set you a' a singin',

Wha'll buy caller herrin? &c.



As Helen on my arm reclin'd,
As rival, with a ruthless mind,
Took deadly aim at me;
My love, to disappoint the foe,
Rush'd in between me and the blow;
And now her corse is lying low,
On hair Kirkconnel lea.

O, when I'm sleepin' in my grave,

And o'er my head the rank weeds wave,

May he who life and spirit gave

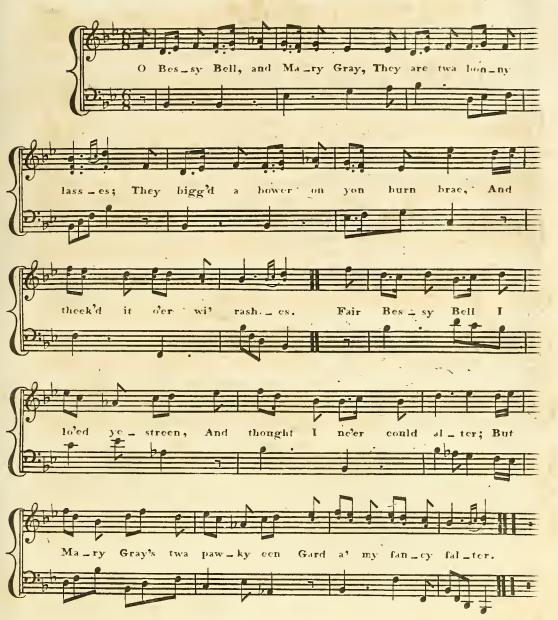
Unite my love and me!

Then from this world of doubts and sights,

My soul on wings of peace shall rise,

And joining Helen in the skies,

Forget Kirkconnel lea.



Now Bessy's hair's like a lint tap,
She smiles like a May morning,
When Pheebus starts frae Thetis' lap,
The hills with rays adorning.
White is her neck, soft is her hand,
Her waist and feet fu' genty;
With ilka grace she can command;
O wow, but she is dainty.

And Mary's locks are like a craw, Her een like diamonds glances; She's ay sac clean, redd up, and braw. She kills whene'er she dances: Blyth as a kid, with wit at will,
She, blooming, tight, and tall is:
And guides her air sae gracefu' still,
O Jove! she's like thy Pallas.

Dear Bessy Bell, and Mary Gray,
Ye unco sair oppress us,
Onr fancies jee between ye twa,
Ye are sic bonny lasses.
Wac's melfor baith I canna get;
To ane by law we're stented,
Then I'll draw cuts, and tak my fat,
And be with ane contented.

Da



Jenny she gaed up the stair,
Sac privily, to change her smock;
And ay sac loud as her mither flid rair,
Hey, Jenny, come down to Jock.

Jenny she came down the stair,
And she came bobbin andbeckin ben;
Her stays they were lacd, wher waist itwas jimp,
And a braw new-made manco gown.

Jocky took her by the hand;
O, Jenny, can ye fancy me?
My lather is dead & has left me some land,
And braw houses two or three:

And I will gie them a' to thee.

A haith, quo' Jenny, I fear you mock:
Then, foul fa' me, gin I scorn thee;
If ye'll he my Jenny, I'll be your Jock.

Jenny lookit, and sync she leugh;
Ye first maun get my mither's consent:
A weel, guidwife, and what say ye?
Quo' she, Jock, I'm weel content.

Jenny to her mither did say,
O mither, fetch us some gude meat;
A piece of the butter was kirn'd the day,
That Jocky and I thegither may eat.

Jocky unto Jenny did say,
Jenny, my dear, I want nac meat;
It was nac for meat that I came here,
But a' for the love of you, Jenny, my dear.

Jenny she gaed up the gait,
Wi' a green gown as side as her smock;
And ay sae loud as her mither did rair,
Vow, sirs! has nae Jenny got Jock.





And they hae tied him hand and foot,

And led him up thro? Stirling town;

The lads and lasses met him there,

Cried, Hughie Graham, thou art a loon.

O lowse my right hand free, he says,
And put my braid sword in the same;
He's no in Stirling town this day,
Daur tell the tale to Hughie Graham.

Up then bespake the brave Whitefoord,
As he sat by the bishop's knee,
Five hundred white stots I'll gie you,
If ye'll let Hughie Graham gae free.

O band your tongue, the bishop says,
And wi'your pleading let me be;
For, the ten Grahams were in his coat,
Hughic Graham this day shall die.

Up then bespake the fair Whitefoord,

As she sat by the bishop's knee,

Five hundred white pence I'll gie you,

If ye'll gie Hughie Graham to me.

O hand your tongue now lady, fair,

And wi' your pleading let it be,

Altho' ten Grahams were in his coat,

It's for my honor he mann die.

They've taen him to the gallows-knowe,

He looked to the gallows-tree;

Yet never colour left his check,

Nor ever did he blin' his c'e.

At length he looked round about,

To see whatever he could spy;

And there he saw his aidd Father,

And he was weeping bitterly.

O hand your tongue, my Father dear,
And wi' your weeping let it be;
Thy weeping's sairer on my heart,
Than a' that they can do to me

And ye may gie my brother John,

My sword that's bent in the middle clear,

And let him come at twelve o'clock,

And see me pay the bishop's mare.

And ye may gie my brother James

My sword that's bent in the middle brown,

And bid him come at lour o'clock,

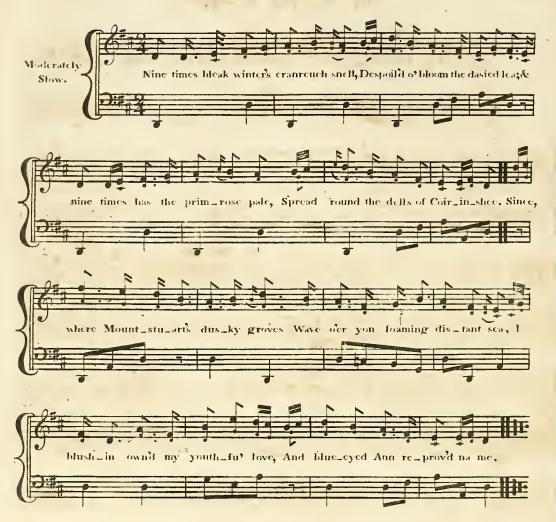
And see his brother Hugh cut down.

And ye may tell my kith and kin,

I never did disgrace their blood;

And when they meet the bishop's cloak,

To mak it shorter by the bood, 2



What hen could think our joys wad fade?

Love's dearest pleasure's a' we knew;

And not a cloud was seen to shade

The blissful scenes young fancy drew.

But ah! inistortune overcasts

Our fairest hopes full off we see.

Alas, I've borne her rudest blasts,

Yet blue-eyed Ann still smiles on me.

Now sale retird, no more I'll stray

Ambition's faithless path alang;

But calmly spend the careless day

Dunoon's green winding vales amang:

And olt I'll climb the hoary pile,

When spring revives each flower and tree,

To view you sweet-sequesterd isle,

Where blue-eyed Ann first smiled on me.







When Jamie vow'd he wad be mine,
And wan frac me my heart;
O mickle lighter grew my creel;
He swore we'd never part.
The boatic rows, the boatic rows,
The boatic rows fit' weel;
And mickle lighter is the load,
When love hears up the creel.

My kurtch I put upo' my head,
And dress'd mysel' fu' braw;
But, dowie, dowie was my heart
When Jamie gaed awa.
But weel may the boatic row,
And lucky be her part;
And lightsome be the lassie's care,
That yields an honest heart.

When Sandy, Jock, an Janetic,

'Are up an gotten lear,

They'll help to gar the boatic row,

And lighten a our care.

The boatic rows, the boatic rows,

The boatic rows fu weel;

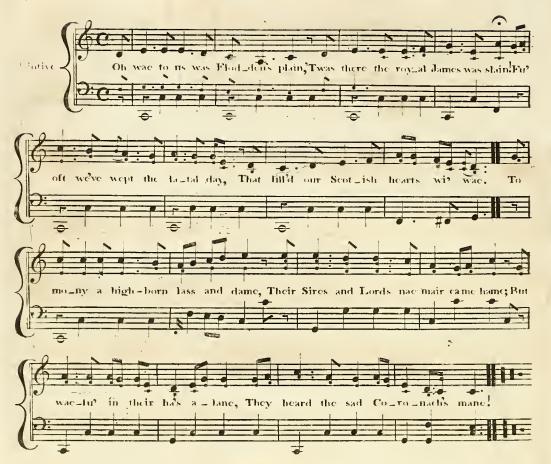
And lightsome be her heart, that bears

The nurrain an the creel.

When we are auld, and sair bow'd down,
And hirplin' at the door,They'll row, to keep us dry an' warm,
As we did them before.

Then weel may the boatic row,
And better may it speed;
And happy be the lot of a'

That wish the boatic speed.



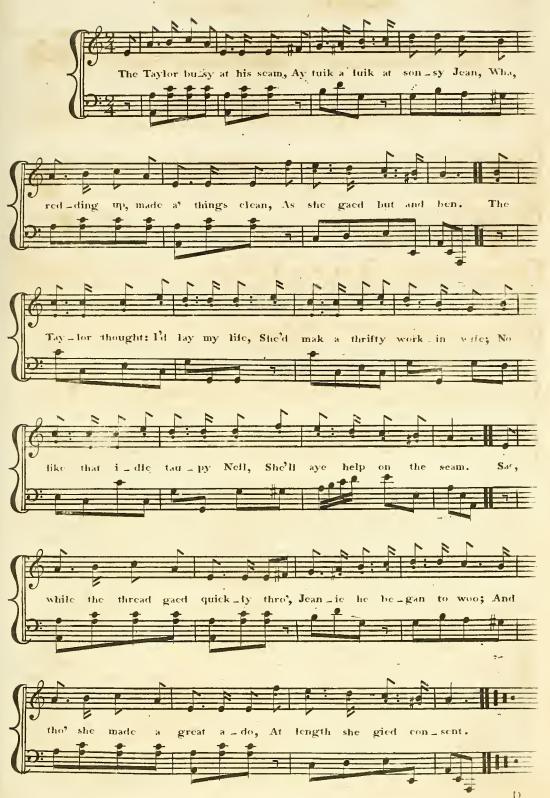
Coronachs, that not heavy now,
Are left to sing o'er thousands low;
Are rais'd o'er chiefs of noble name,
That with their King to battle came.
That round him there remained to die,
Fighting till death, right royally,
How many, that fought at morn so brave,
Before c'en-tide had found their grave.

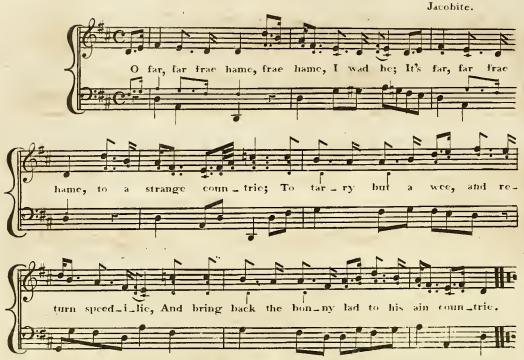
Oh there amongst fu' many a name,
Still dear to Scotland and to lame,
Brave Hume,* that led the right hand wing,
Sank down in death beside his King.
And with him fell his daughter's spouse,
The noble laird of Cockburn's house;
Two Sons, and twice four knights beside,
Of Cockburn's chieftain bravely died.

Raise, raise the loud Coronach's cry,
Let every Highland glen reply,
And sally let each lowland plain
Return the waefu sound again!
Our King is dead! let true hearts mourn;
Sad Scotland's choicest flow'rs are shorn.
Let Berwick's tow'rs be rob'd in gloom!
Let Lothian's sons lament their doom!

On Cockburn's and on Langton's tow'rs. The cloud of desolation low'rs. Their widows wail their perish'd lords, Whilst oft their bairns, in lisping words, Demand their Sire, whose face no more Shall bless with smiles, which once it wore, Those ha's shall neer be gay again, Their chiefs are in the battle slain.

Earl of Home. The chief of Cockburn (Son in law to Earl of Home) with his two sons, and cight knights of his name and kindred, died with their King. In Berwick and Lothian the Humes and Cockburns were chiefly settled. The two principal seats of the Cockburns, in Berwickshire, remains of which still exist, Cockburn (now Cockburns path Tower) had been in the family since the days of Macbeth.





O donkit be the Dutch in their ain sleepy sca,

Cadogan and all such, wherever they may be;

Wae worth the volunteers, and shame to them be,

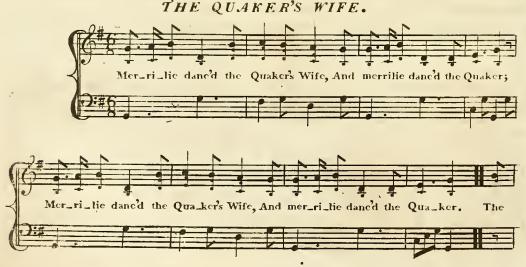
That wad fight against their Prince in his ain countrie.

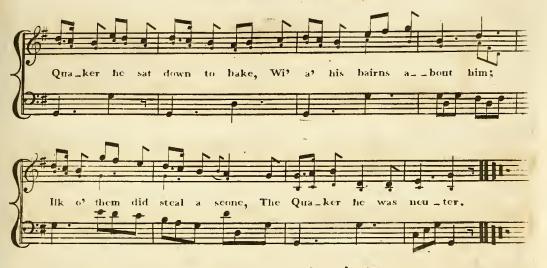
Blest be our royal King, from danger keep him free,

When he conquers all his foes that oppose his majesty;

And bless the duke of Mar, and all his cavalry,

Wha first began the war for the King and our countrie.





When ben then came the Quaker's Wife,
And O she was in a passion;
Bairns, says she, ye plague my life,
To steal is a very bad fashion;
Nac sooner can my back be turned,
But what the cakes are cat or burned;
O'a' that I left there's nane to be seen,
Ye' we caten the cakes and licket the cream.

BLYTHE HAE I BEEN ON YON HILL.

Same Air.

Blythe hae I been on you hill,
As the lambs before one;
Careless ilka thought, and free,
As the breeze flew der me.
Now nae langer sport and play,
Mirth or sang can please me;
Lesley is sae fair and coy;
Care and anguish seize me.

Heavy, heavy is the task,
Hopeless love declaring;
Trembling, I dow noright but glow'r,
Sighing, dumb, despairing.
If she winna case the thraws
In my bosom swelling,
Underneath the grass green-sod
Soon mann be my dwelling.

THE REGALIA.

We had the Crown without a head,
The Sceptre but a hand O;
The ancient warlike royal blade
Might be a willow wand O.
Gin they had tongues to tell the wrangs,
That laid them useless bye a';
Fu' weel I wot, there's ne'er a Scot
Could boast his theek was dry a'.

O for a touch o' Warlock's wand,

The bye-gane back to bring a,
And gie us ac lang simmer's day,
O' a true born Scotish King a.
We'd put the Crown upon his head,
The Sceptre in his hand a',
We'd rend the welkin wi' the shout,
Bruce and his native land a'.

Same Air.

The thistle ance it flourished fair,
An' grew maist like a tree a;

They've stunted down its stately tap,

That roses might luik hie a.

But the its head lie in the dust;
The stump is stout and steady;

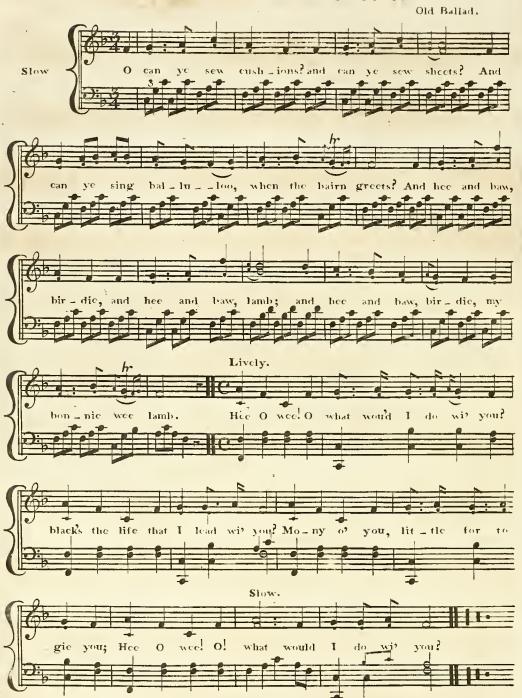
The thistle is the warrior yet;
The rose its techerd lady.

Then Hourish, thistle, flourish fair,

Tho' ye' we the crown nae langer,
They'll had the skaith that cross ye yet;
Your jags grow aye the stranger.
The rose it blooms in safter soil,

And strangers up could root it;
Aboen the grund was ne'er the hand,

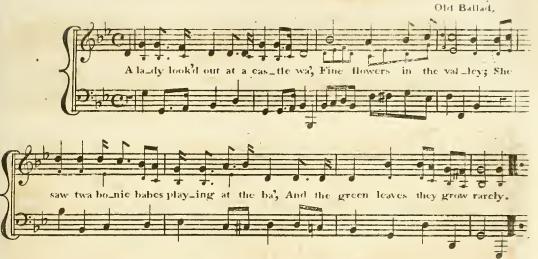
That pu'd the thistle out yet.



I biggit the cradle on the tree top,

And the wind it did blaw, and the cradle did rock.

And hee and baw, birdie, &c.



O my bonnie babes, an' ye were mine,
Fine flowers in the valley;
I would cleed ye i' the searlet sac tine,
And the green leaves they grow rarely.

I'd lay ye salt in beds o' down,

Fine flowers in the valley;

And watch ye morning, night, and noon,

And the green leaves they grow rarely.

O mither dear, when we were thine,
Fine flowers in the valley;
Ye didna cleed us i' the scarlet sac tine,
And the green leaves they grow rarely.

But ye took out yere little pen knife,
Fine flowers in the valley;
And parted us frac our sweet life,
And the green leaves they grow rarely.

Ye howkit a hole ancath the moon,
Fine flowers in the valley;
And there ye laid our bodies down,
And the green leaves they grow rarely.

Ye happit the hole wi'mossy stanes,
Fine flowers in the valley;
And there ye left our wee bit banes,
And the green leaves they grow rarely.

But ye ken weel, O mither dear,
Fine flowers in the valley;
Ye never cam that gate for fear,
And the green leaves they grow rarely.

Seven lang years ye'll ring the bell,
Fine flowers in the valley,
And see sie sights as ye darna tell,
And the green leaves they grow rarely.



For I've aye had my ain will,

Nane dar'd to contradict me, Sir,
And now-to say I wad obey,
In troth, I dar na venture, Sir.
I'm o'er young, &c.

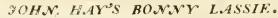
Fu? loud and shill the frosty wind

Blaws thro? the leafless timmers, Sir::

But if ye come this gate again,

l'll aulder be gin Simmer, Sir.

I'm o'er young, &c.

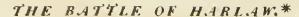


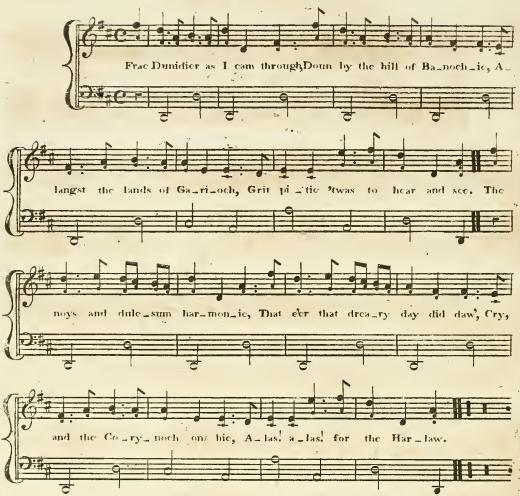




She's fresh as the spring, and sweet as Aurora,
When birds mount and sing, bidding day a goodmorrow:
The swart of the mead, enamell'd with daisies,
Look wither'd and dead, when twin'd of her graces.

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





I marviit quhat the matter meint, All folks war in a fiery fairy; I wist nocht qua was fac or friend, Zit 'quictly I did me, carrie. But sen the days of auld king Hairie, Sic slaughter was not herde nor sene; And thair I had noe tyme to tairy, For bissiness in Aberdene.

Thus as I walkit, on the way To Inverury as I went, I met a man, and bad him stay, Requeisting him to mak me quaint Of the beginning, and the event,

That happenit thair at the Harlaw. Then he entreited me tak tent

And he the truth should to me shaw.

Grit Donald of the Yles did claim Unto the lands of Ross some right, And to the Governour the came, Thaim for to haif gif that he micht; Quha saw his interest was but slicht, And thairfore answert wi' disdain; He hastit hame baith day and nicht, And sent nae bodward back again.

Of that answer Duke Robert gail, He vowed to God omnipotent, All the hale lands of Ross to hail; Or ells be graithed in his graif; He wald not quat his right for nocht; Nor be abusit like a slaif, That bargain sould be deirly boeht.

But Donald, right impatient

* Fought upon Friday July 24th 1411 against Donald of the Isles.

†Robert, Duke of Albany, uncle to king James 1. The account of this famous battle may be seen in our Scots histories.

7.6



She had nae run a mile or twa,

When she began to consider
The angering of her father dear,

The displeasing of her mither,
The slighting o' the silly bridegroom,
The weel warst o' the three;
Then, hey, play'up the rin-awa bride,
For she has taen the gee.

Her father and her mother
Ran after her wi? speed,
And ay they ran until they cam
Unto the water of Tweed;
And when they came to Kelso town,
They gart the clap gae thro?;
Then, hey, play up the rin_awa bride,
For she has taen the gee.

Saw ye a lass wi' a hood and a mantle,
The face o't lind up wi' blue;
The face o't lind up wi' blue;
And the tail lind round wi' green
Saw ye a lass, wi' a hood and a mantle
Sud been married on Tysday 'teen,
Then, hey, play up the rin-awa bride,
For she has taen the gree.

Now wally fu? fa? the silly bridegroom,

He was as salt as butter;

For, had she play'd the like to me,

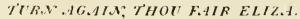
I'd neer made sic a splutter;

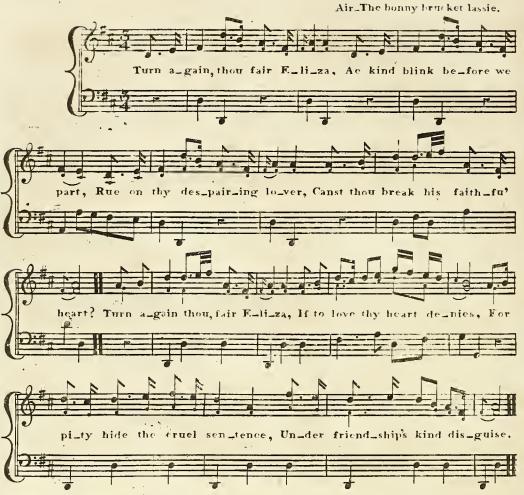
I'd taen a tune o? my hoboy,

And set my fancy free;

And, sync, play'd up the rin_awa bride,

And lutten her tak the gee.





Thee, dear maid, have I offended?

The offence is loving thee;

Canst thou wreck his peace for ever,

What for thine wad gladly dic?

While the life beats in my bosom,

Thou shalt mix in ilka throe;

Turn again, thou lovely maiden,

Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

Not the bee upon the blossom,

In the pride of sunny moon;

Not the little sporting fairy,

All beneath the summer moon;

Not the Poet, in the moment,

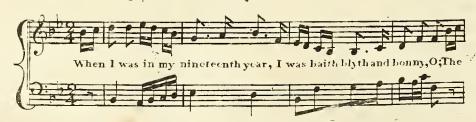
Fancy lightens in his ee,

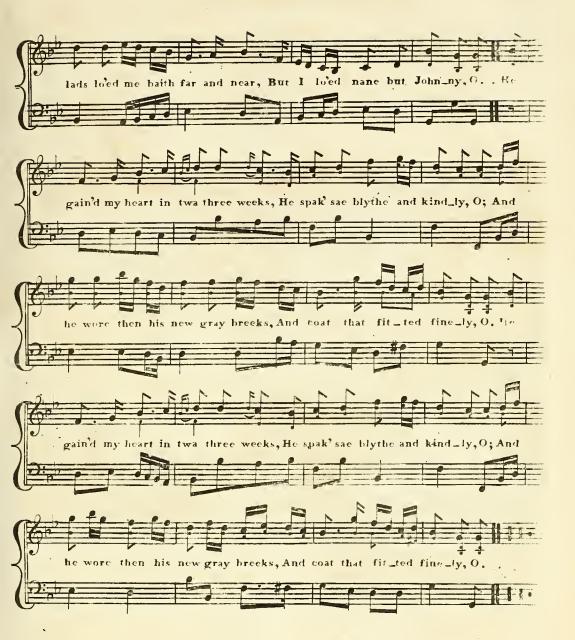
Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,

That thy presence gies to me.

عَلَى الْجَاءِ الْجَ

FOHNNY'S GRAY BREEKS.





His coat was blue, his waistcoat red,

His bannet just a thought a jee;

His bonny hair sae yellow,

Like goud it glittered in my ee;

His dimpled thin and rosy cheeks,

And face sae fair and ruddy, O,

I think ye canna wonder now,

That I loed weel my Johnny, O.

He waited for a year and mair,

Till Faither his consent wad gie;

His coat was tashed and thread-bare,

His breeks were clouted on the knee.

But gin I had a simmer's day,

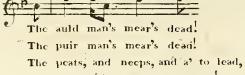
As I had right mony, O,

I'll spin a wab o' new gray,

And mak claes to my Johnny, O.

THE AULD MAN'S MEAR'S DEAD.

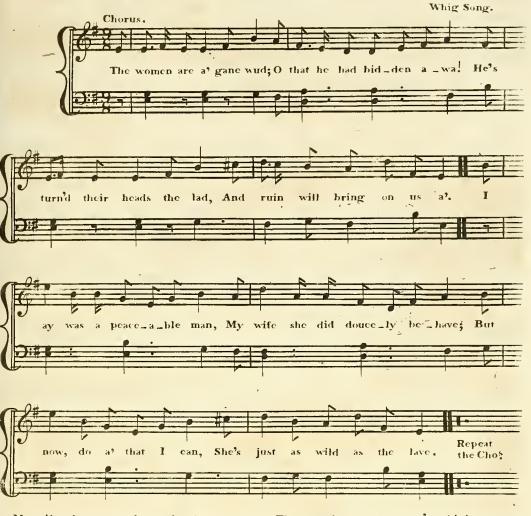




he peats, and neeps, and a to lead,
. And she is gane was me!
The auld, &c.

The puir man's head's sair,
Wi' greetin for his grey mear;
He's like to die himsel wi' care,
Aside the green kirk-yard.
The auld, &c.

He's thinkin on the bygane days,
And a' her douce and canny ways;
And how his ain gudewife, auld Meg,
Micht maist as weel been spared.
The auld, &c.



My wife she wears the cockaude,

The she kens tis the thing that I hate;
There's and too prined on her maid,

An' baith will tak their ain gate.

The women, &c.

I've liev'd a' my days in the strath;

Now Tories-infest me at hame;

An' tho' I tak nac part at a',

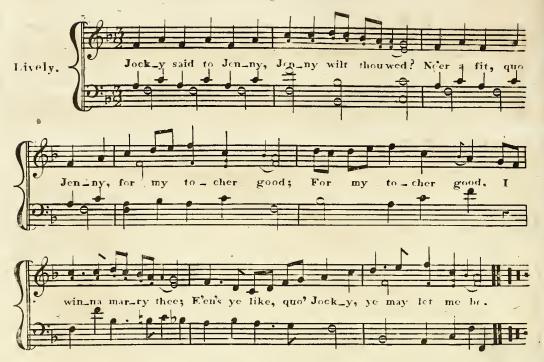
Baith sides do gie me the blame.

The women, &c.

The senseless creatures neer think,
What ill the lad would bring back;
We'd had the Pope and the Deil,
An' a' the rest o' his pack.
The women, &c.

The wild Hieland Lads they did pass,
The yetts wide open did flee;
They cat the very house bare,
And spiered nac leave o' me.
The women, &c.

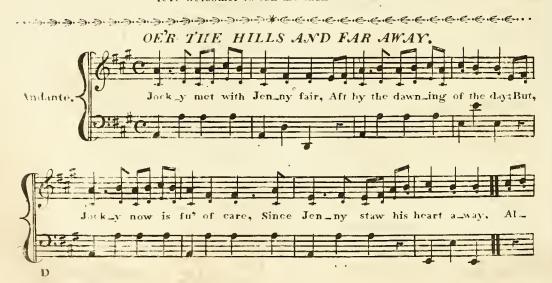
But when the red coats gaed bye,
D'ye think they'd let them alane;
They are the louder did cry,
Prince Charlie will soon get his ain.
The women, &c.

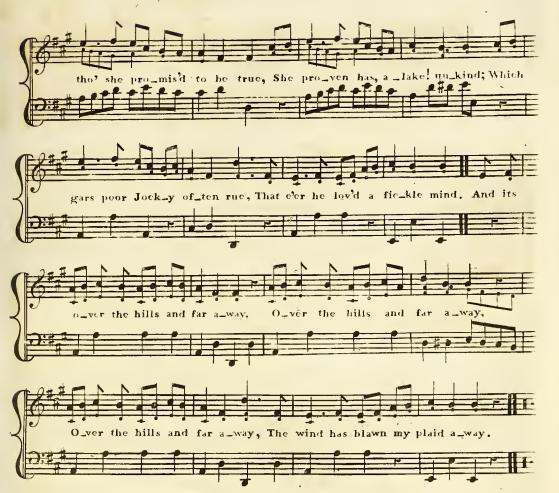


I hae gowd and gear, I hae land enough; I hae sax good owsen gauging in a pleugh; Ganging in a pleugh, and linking o'er the lee; And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

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

Jenny said to Jocky, gin ye winna tell, Ye shall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysell; Ye're a bonnylad, and I'm a lassie free, Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be.





Now Jocky was a bonny lad
As ever was born in Scotland fair;
But now, poor man! he's even gane wud,
Since Jenny has gart him despair.
Young Jocky was a piper's son,
And fell in love when he was young;
But at the springs that he could play,
Was over the hills, and far away.
And it's over the hills, &c.

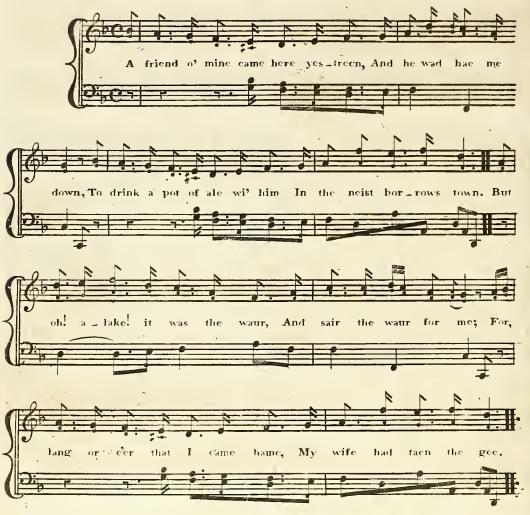
He sung: _When first my Jenny's face I saw, she seem'd sae fu' of grace, With meikle joy my heart was fill'd, That's now, alas! with sorrow kill'd. Oh! was she but as true as fair, 'Twad put an end to my despair; Instead of that she is unkind, And wavers like the winter wind.

And its o'er the hills, &c.

Ah! could she find the dismal wae, That for her sake I undergae, She could nae chuse but grant relief, And put an end to a' my grief. But, oh! she is as fause as fair,
Which causes a' my sighs and care;
But she triumphs in proud disdain,
And takes a pleasure in my pain.
And its der the hills, &c.

Hard was my hap to fa? in love
With ane that does sae faithless prove;
Hard was my fate to court a maid,
That has my constant heart betrayd.
A thousand times to me she swore,
She wad be true for evermore;
But, to my grief, alake. I say,
She staw my heart and ran away.
And its o'er the hills, &c.

Since that she will nae pity take,
I maun gae wander for her sake,
And, in ilk wood and gloomy grove,
I'll sighing sing, Adieu to love.
Since she is fause whom I adore,
I'll never trust a woman more;
Frae a' their charms I'll flee away,
And on my pipe I'll sweetly play.
And its o'er the hiis, &c.



We sat sac late, and drank sac stout,

The truth I tell to you,

That lang or ever midright came
We were a roaring fou.

My wile sits at the fire-side,

And the tear blinds ay her ee;

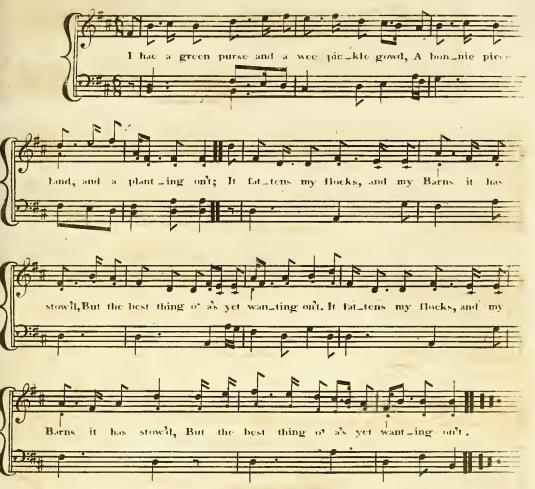
The neer a bed will she gae to,

But sit and tak the gee.

In the morning soon when I came down,
The neer a word she spake;
But mony a sad and sour look,
And ay her head she'd shake:
My dear, quoth I, what alleth thee,
To look sae sour on me;
I'll never do the like again,
Il you'll neer tak the gee.

When that she heard, she ran, she Hang
Her arms about my neek,
And twenty kisses, in a crack,
And poor wee thing she grat:
It you'll ne'er do the like again,
But bide at hame wi' me,
I'll lay my life I'se be the wile,
That's never tak the gee.

Air_Lothian Lass.



There's a but and a ben, a stable, a byre,
A gude kail yard, and a weel sneeket yet,
Wi' plenty o' peats to throw i' the fire;
But the best thing o' a's a-wanting yet.

I thought of a wife for ten years and mair,

But nane will answer that stops here about,

And I had nad time to gang here and there;

A wanter I am, and I'll bide sac, I doubt.

A bonny tame patrick I wared upon Bell,

A sweet singing mavis to Jeanie I geed,

To Betty I plainly did offer my sel;

She saw the green purse, but I didna succeed.

So I've done my duty; fareweel to all folly!

I tak up my buik, and I sit in my chair,
Wi' my red night-cap, my cat, and my colly,

Contented and cheerfu', tho' sixty and mair.



For a his meat and a his maut,
For a his frash beef and his saut,
For a his gold and white monie,
An auld man shall never daunton me.
To daunton me.

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

·からうからららららららららららんでんでんでんでんでんでんでんでんでんでん





Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,
The maid that I adore!

A boding voice is in my ear,
We part to meet no more, Eliza!

But the last throb that leaves my heart,
While death stands victor by,
That throb, Eliza, is thy part,
And thine that latest sigh, Eliza.

DONALD.

When first you courted me, I own,
I tondly 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 masks thrown off, I scorn
To waste one thought on thee, Donald.

O, then, forever 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.



As Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone;
My shoughts did evermore disdain
A rival on my strone.
He either fears his late too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.

But I will reign and govern still,

And always give the law,
And have each subject at my will,
And all to stand in awe;
But 2gainst my batt2ries, il I find
Thou storm or vex me sore,
And if thou set me as a blind,
12ll never love thee more.

And in the empire of thy heart,
Where I should solely be,
If others do pretend a part,
Or dare to share with me;
Or committees if thou erect,
Or go on such a score,
I'll smiling mock at the neglect,
And never love the more.

But if no faithless action stain

Thy love and constant word,

I'll make thee famous by my pen,

And glorious by my sword:

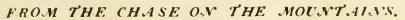
I'll serve thee in such noble ways,

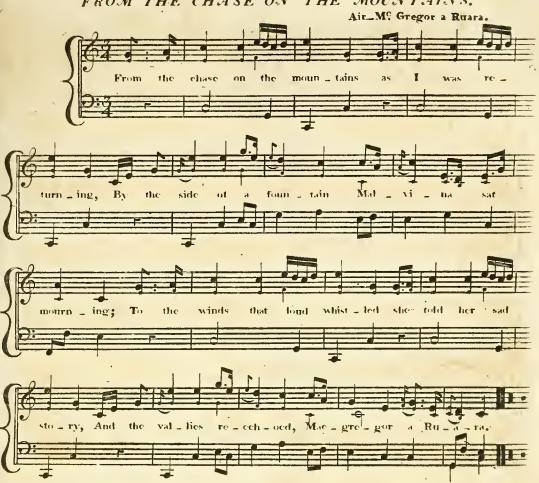
As neer was known before;

I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,

And love the more and more.







Like a flash of red light'ning o'er the heath came Macara, More fleet than the roe-buck on the lolty Beinn-lara; Oh where is Macgregor! Say where does he hover! Thou son of bold Calmar, why tarries my lover!

Then the voice of soft sorrow from his bosom thus sounded: Low lies your Macgregor, pale, mangled, and wounded. Overcome with deep slumber, to the rock I convey'd him, Where the sons of black malice to his foes have betray'd him.

As the blast from the mountain soon nips the fresh blossom, So died the fair bud of fond hope in her bosom;

Macgregor, Macgregor, bud echo resounded,

And the hills rung in pity, Macgregor is wounded.

Near the brook in the valley the green turl did hide her, And they laid down Macgregor sound sleeping beside her; Secure is their dwelling from foes and black slander, Near the roaring-loud waters their spirits of wander.



And of the bluidy Cardinal,
Ye surely had heard tell?

And the persecutin Bishop Sharpe,
And at that them beleft?

The licht that martyr'd Wishart saw, Red-risin oure the sea; I wat it soon cam to the land, And brake on the castelle hie.

The death the wicked Bishop dee'd,*
Some lolk will murder ca';
But, by a' it is agreed,.
That he is weel awa

* May 3d 1679.





Fareweel, Edinburgh, your philosophic men;
Your Scribes, that set ye a? to rights, and wield the golden pen;
The Session-court, your thrang resort, big wigs, and lang gowns a?;
And if ye dinna keep the peace, it's no for want o? law.
Fareweel, Edinburgh, and a? your glittering wealth;
Your Bernardswell your Calton hill what every breath is health
An', spite o' a? your fresh sea-gales, it ony chance to dee,
It's no for want o' recipe, the doctor, and the fee.

Fareweel, Edinburgh, your Hospitals, and Ha's,
The rich man's friend, the Cross lang kend, auld Ports, and city wa';
The Kirks that grace their honoured place, and peacefu as they stand;
Whare'er they're fund on Scotish grund, the bulwarks o' the land.
Fareweel, Edinburgh, your' sons o' genius fine,
That send your name on wings o' fame beyond the burnin line;
A name that's stood maist since the flood, and just whan its forgot,
Your bard will be forgotten too, your ain Sir Walter Scott.

Fareweel, Edinburgh, and a your daughters fair;
Your palace in the shelterd glen, your castelle in the air;
Your rocky brows, your grassy knows, and eke your mountain bauld;
Were I to tell your beauties a, my tale wad neer be tauld.
Now, fareweel, Edinburgh, where happy we have been;
Fareweel, Edinburgh, Caledonia's Queen.
Prosperity to Edinburgh wirevery risin sun.
And blessin's be on Edinburgh, till time his race has run.



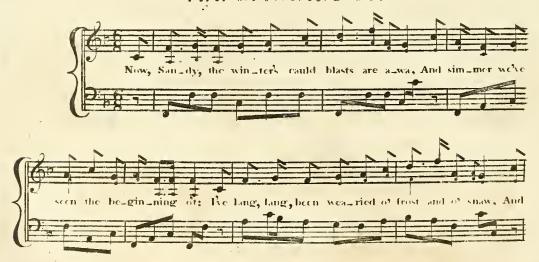
Will ye gang down the water-side, And see the waves so sweetly glide? Beneath the hazels spreading wide,

The moon it shines fur clearly.

Car the ewes, &c.

While waters wimple to the sea;
While day blinks in the lift sac hie;
Till clay-cauld death shall blind my ee,
Ye shall be my dearie.
Ca' the ewes, &c.

THE SPINNING O'T.





The mornings were cauld, and the keen frost and snaw
War blawin', I mind the beginning o't,
When ye gaed to wark, be it frost or be it thaw,
My task was nae less at the spinning o't:
But now we've a pantry, baith muckle and fu'
O'ilka thing guid for to gang in the mu';
A barrel o' ale, wi' some mant for to brew,
To mak us forget the beginning o't.

And when winter comes back, wi? the snell hail and rain,
Nac mair I sit down to the spinning ot.

Nor you gang to toil in the cauld fields again,
As little think on the beginning ot:

O' sheep we has scores, and o' kye twenty-five,
Far less we has seen wad made us fu' blythe;
But thrilt and industry maks poor fouk to thrive,
A clear proof o' that is the spinning o't.

Altho? at our marriage our stock was but sma?

And heartless and hard the beginning oft,

When ye was engaged the owsen to ca?,

And first my young skill tried the spinning oft;

But now we can dress in our plaidies sae sma?,

Fu? neat and fu? clean, gae to kirk or to ha?,

And look ay as blythe as the best of them a?,

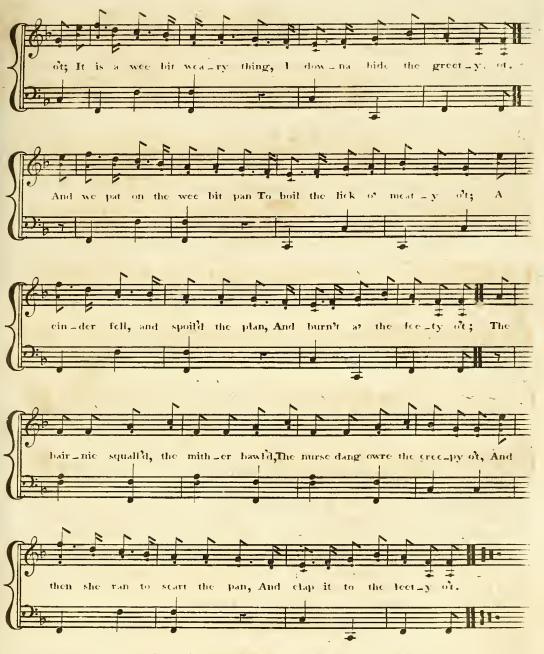
Sie luck has been at the beginning oft.



That day she smil'd, and made me glad;
No maid seem'd ever kinder;
I thought myself the luckiest lad,
So sweetly there to find her.
The honny hush bloom'd fair in May,
It's sweets I'll ay remember;
But now her frowns make it decay,
It fades as in December.

Ye rural pow'rs, 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.





Fu' sair it grat, the poor wee brat,
And ay it kick't the feety o't,
'Till poor wee elf, it tir'd itself,
And then began the sleepy o't,
The skirling brat has parritch gat,
When it gaed to the sleepy o't;
Tis wassome true, instead o'ts mou,
They're round about the feety o't.
We'll hap and row, &c.



He's marching on to Lon'on town,

To kick you doited earlie:

Wha but a king should wear a crown?

An' wha is king but Charlie?

Wha now dare say he was to blame?

Or, wha dare cry a parky?

Let him gae back the road he came,

Nac coward hearts for Charlie.

Our Highland and our lawland maids,

O but they like him dearly!

And weel they like the tartan plaids

That's buckled on for Charlie.

The bruilzie now is weel begun,

Then heart an' han' till't fairly;

Wi' Highland sword an' Highland gun,

We'll mak' a road for Charlie.

BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.





Wha will be a traitor knave? Wha can fill a cowards grave? Wha sae base as be a stave? Coward turn and flee! Wha for Scotland's king and law "Freedom's sword will strongly draw? Free-man stand, or Irec-man fat, Let him on' wi' me ·李母母母母母母母母母母母母母母母母母母母母母母母母母母母母母母母母母母

By oppressions woes and pains, By your sons in scryile chains! We will drain our dearest veins, But they shall be free! Lay the proud usurpers low-Tyrants fall in every foe! Liberty's in every blow. Forward! do, or die!

WATERLOO.

Same Air.

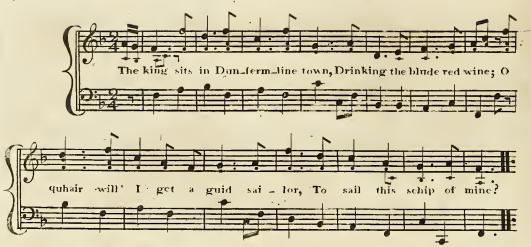
Revolving time has brought the day, That beams with glory's brightest ray, In hist'ry's page, or poets lay The day of Waterloo! Each British heart with ardour burns, As this resplendent day returns, While humbled France in secret mourns The day of Waterloo.

Then lift the brimful goblet high, While rapture beams in every eye. Let shouts of triumph rend the sky, The toast be Waterloo! To all who can the honor claim, From Wellington's immortal name To the humblest son of martial fame, Who fought at Waterioo.

Fill, fill the wine-cup yet again; But altered be the joyous strain; To those, the cup now silent drain, Who fell at Waterloo! Solt sigh, ye breezes, ver the grave, Where rests the relies of the brave. And sweetest Howrets o'er them wave, Who sleep on Waterloo.

From their ensanguin'd honour'd bed, The olive rears its peaceful head, Nurs'd by the sacred blood they shed At glorious Waterloo. In freedom's sacred cause to dic. In victory's embrace to lie. Who would not breathe his latest sigh, Like those at Waterloo.

SIR PATRICK SPENCE.



Up and spak an eldern knicht,
Sat. at the king's richt knee,
Sir Patrick Spence is the best sailor,
That sails upon the sea.

The king has written a braid letter, And sign'd it wi' his hand, And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence, Was walking on the sand.

The first line that Sir Patrick red,
A loud lauch lauched he;
The next line that Sir Patrick red,
The dear blinded his ce.

O quha is this has done this deid,

This ill deid done to me?

To send me out this time o' the zeir,

To sail upon the sea.

Mak haste, mak haste, my mirry men a?, Our guid schip sails the morne.
O say na sae, my master dear,
For I feir a deadle storme.

Late late yestreen I saw the new moon, Wi'the auld moon in her arme, And I feir, I feir, my dear master,

That we wull come to harme.

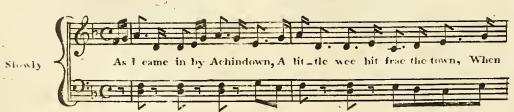
O our Scotch nobles were right laith, To weet their cork heel'd shoone; Bot, lang or a' the play was play'd, They wat thair heads aboone.

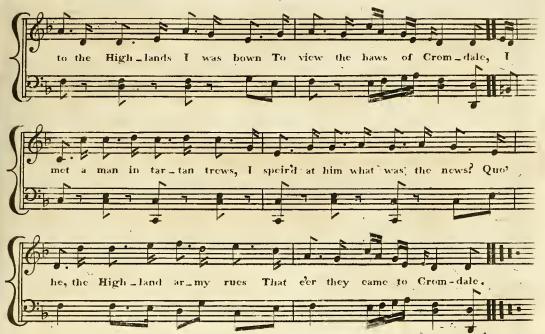
O lang, lang, may thair ladies sit
Wi' thair fans into their hand,
Or eir they see Sir Patrick Spence
Cum sailing to the land.

O lang, lang, may thair ladies stand
Wi' thair gold kems in thair hair,
Waiting for thair ain deir lordes,
For they'll see thame na mair.

Haff owre, haff owre to Aberdour, It's fiftie fadom deip; And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spence Wi' the Scotch lordes at his feit.

THE HAWS OF CROMDALE.





We were in bed, sir, every man, When the English host upon us came; A bloody battle then began

Upon the haws of Cromdale.

The English horse, they were so rude.

They bath'd their hoofs in Highland blood;

But our brave clans they boldly stood

Upon the haws of Cromdale.

But, alas we could no longer stay, For o'er the hills we came away, And sure we do lament the day

That c'er we came to Cromdale.
Thus the great Montrose did say,
Can you direct the nearest way,
For I will o'er the hills this day,
And view the haws of Cromdale,

Alas! my lord, you're not so strong;
You scarcely have two thousand men,
And there's twenty thousand on the plain,
Stand rank and file on Cromdale.

Thus the great Montrose did say, I say direct the nearest way, For I will over the hills this day.

And see the haws of Cromdale.

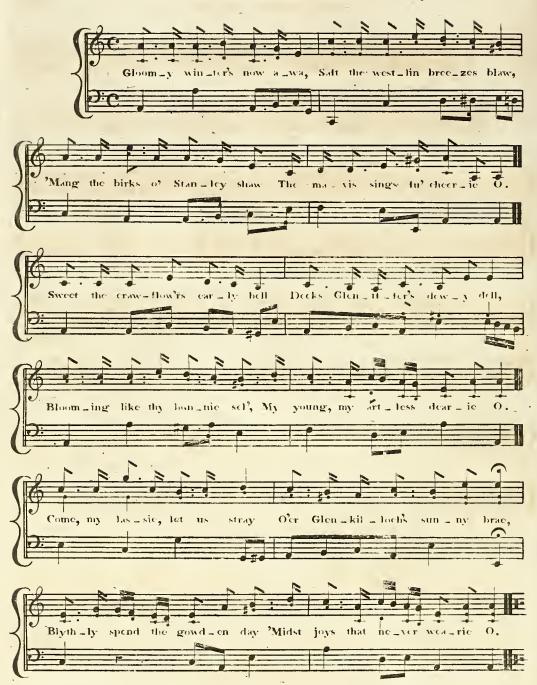
They were at dinner every man, When great Montrose upon them came; A second battle then began

Upon the haws of Cromdale.
The Grants, Mackenzies, and Mackays,
Soon as Montrose they did espy,
Of then they fought most vehimently
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

The MS Donalds they return'd again,
The Camerons did their standard join,
MS Intosh playd a bonny game
Upon the haws of Cromdale.
The MS Gregors lought like lions bold,
MS Phersons none could them controul,
MS Lauchlans lought like loyal souls
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

MC Leans, MC Dougals, and MC Neals,
So boldly as they took the field,
And made their enemies to yield
Upon the haws of Cromdale.
The Gordons boldly did advance,
The Frazers fought will sword and lance,
The Grahams they made their heads to dance
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

The loyal Stewarts with Montrosé,
So boldly set upon their foes,
And brought them down with Highland blows.
Upon the haws of Cromdale.
Of twenty thousand Cromwells men,
Five hundred fled to Aberdeen,
The rest of them lies on the plain
Upon the haws of Cromdale.



Towring o'er the Newton woods,
Lavrocks fan the snaw-white clouds,
Siller saughs, wi? downy buds,
Adorn the bank sae briery O:
Round the sylvan fairy nooks,
Feathery breekans tringe the rocks,
'Neath the brace the burnie jouks,
And ilka thing is cheery O.
Trees may bud, and birds may sing,
Flowers may bloom and verdure spring,
Joy to me they canna bring,
Unless wi? thee, my dearie O.



He took up a meikle stane,

And he flang?t as far as I could see;
Tho? I had been a Wallace wight,

I couldna lilten?t to my knee.

O wee, wee man, but thou be strong!

O tell me where thy dwelling be?

My dwelling?s down at you honny bower,

O will you go with me and see?

On we lap, and awa we rade,

Till we came to you bonny green;

We lighted down for to bait our horse,

And out there came a lady fine.

Four and twenty at her back,

And they were a' clad out in green;

Though the king of Scotland had been there,

The warst o' them might habeen his queen

On we lap, and awa we rade,

Till we came to you bonny ha?,

Where the roof was o' the bonny beaten gould,

And the Iloor was o' the crystal a'.

When we came to the stair foot,

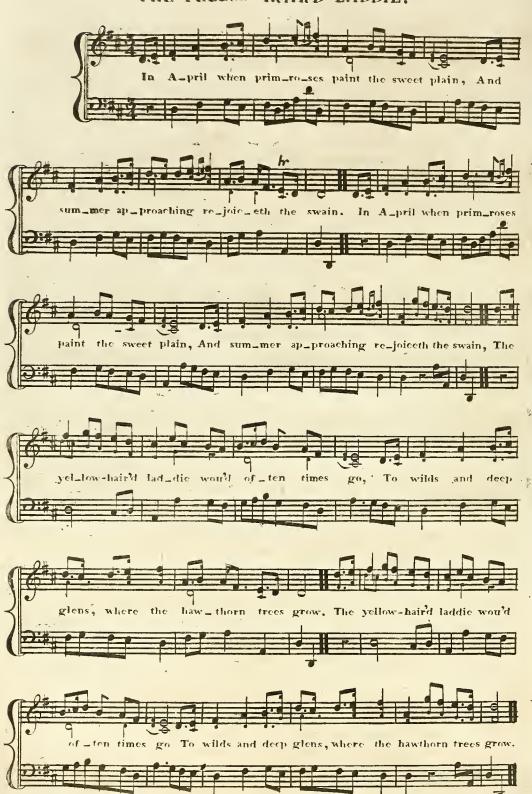
Ladies were dancing jimp and sma',

But, in the twinkling of an c'e,

My wee, wee man, was clean awa.

⁺Shathmont in old Scotch, means the fist closed with the thumb extended.

D



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

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

That Maddie, in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon was inconstant, and never spoke truth;
But Susie was faithful, good humour'd, and free,
And fair as the goddess who sprung from the sea.

That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great dow'r, Was aukwardly airy, and frequently sour.

Then sighing, he wish'd, would parents agree,
The witty sweet Susie his mistress might be.



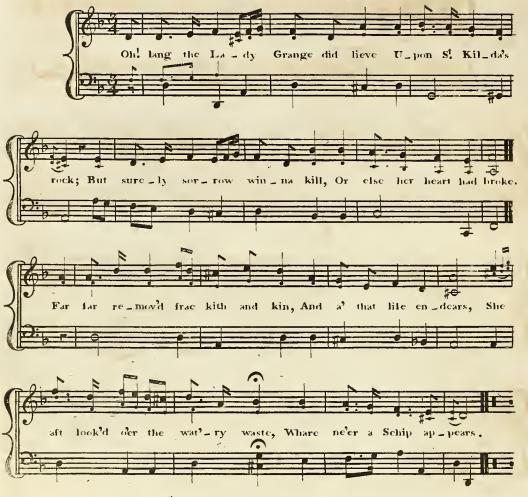
THE YELLOW HAIR'D LADDIE.

Same Air.

The yellow-hair'd laddie sat on you burn brae,
Cries, milk the ewes lassie, let name of them gae;
And ay as she milked, and ay as she sang,
The yellow-hair'd laddie shall be my goodman.
And ay as she milked, &c.

The weather is cauld, and my claithing is thin;
The ewes are new clipped they winna bught in;
They winna bught in, altho? I shou'd die,
O yellow-hair'd laddie, be kind and help me.
They winna bught in, &c.

The good wife cries butt the house, Jenny come ben;
The cheese is to mak, and the butter to kirn;
Tho? butter, and cheese, and a should be sour,
I'll crack wi? my love for ac half hour;
It's ae half hour, and we's e'en make it three;
When the yellow-hair'd laddie my Guidman shall be.



Olis it for my faither's erime
That I'm thus banish't far?
Or was it ony faut o' mine
That kindled civil war?
MC Leod and Lovat, weel I trow,
Hae wroght this treacherie;
But wherefore has their cruel spite
Faen on helpless me?

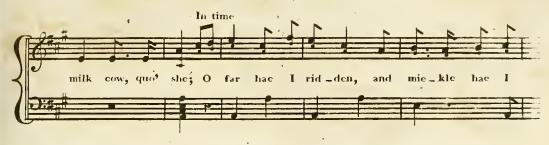
And thus she murned; fair Ladye Grange
Thus sped her life away;
The mornin sun it brought nae joy,
And night did close the day;
And nought was heard but sea-birds cry
To cheer her solitude;
Or the raging billows roar
That broke o'er rocks so rude.

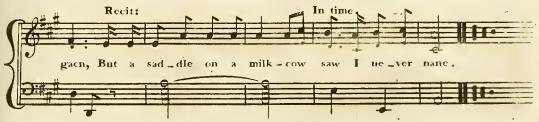
At length, a lav'ring wind did bring.
An auld and worthy pair,
Whase kindest charitie.
Her sorrows a' did share.
They taught her pridefu' heart to bend.
Aneath the chastening rod;
And then she kent her prison walls:
Had been a blest abode.

^{*}Cheisly of Dalry, who shot the Lord President, Sir George Lockhart about the 1706 for deciding a law suit against him.





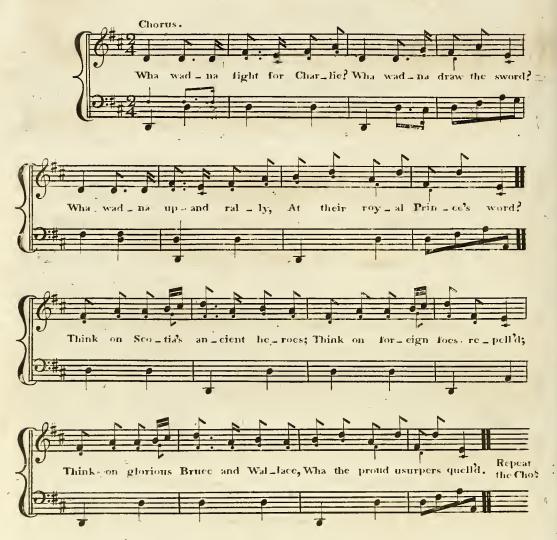




Hame cam ouregudeman at een, And hame cam he, And there he saw a siller gun, Whar nae sic gun sud be. How's this? and what's this? And how cam this to be? How cam this gun here Without the leave of me? Ye stupid auld doited carl, Ye're unco blind I see; It's but a bonnie parritch-stick My Minnie sent to me. Parritch-stick.quo'hc; ay, parritch-stick,quo'she; A clocken hen quo'he; a clocken hen,quo'she; Far hae I ridden, and mickle hae I seen, But siller munted parritch-sticks Saw I never hane.

"Hame cam oure gudeman at cen, And hame cam he, And there he saw a leather-cap, Whar nae cap sud be. How's this? and what's this?" And how cam this to be? How cam this bannet here,3 Without the leave of me? Ye're a silly auld donard bodie, And unco blind I see; It's but a tappit clocken hen My minnie sent to me. Far hae I ridden, and farer hae I graen, But white cockauds on clocken hens Saw I never name.

Ben the house gaed the gudeman, And ben gaed he, And there he spied a'Hieland plaid, Whar nae plaid sud be. How's this? and what's this? And how cam this to be? How cam the plaid here Without the leave o' me? Oh hooly, hooly, my gudeman, And dinna angered be; It cam wi' cousin M. Intosh Frac the north countrie. Your cousin quo he; aye cousin, quo she; Blind as ye may jibe me, I've sight enough to see, Ye're hidin tories in the house Without the leave o' me,



Rouse, rouse, ye kilted warriors;

Rouse ye heroes of the north;

Rouse, and join your chieftain's banners,

Tis your Prince that leads you forth.

Wha wadna fight, &c.

Shall we basely crouch to tyrants?

Shall we own a foreign sway?

Shall a royal Stuart be banish'd,

While a stranger rules the day.

Wha wadna fight, &c.

See the northern class advancing!
See Glengary and Lochiel!
See the brandish'd broad swords glancing,
'Highland hearts are true as steel!
Wha wadna fight, &c.

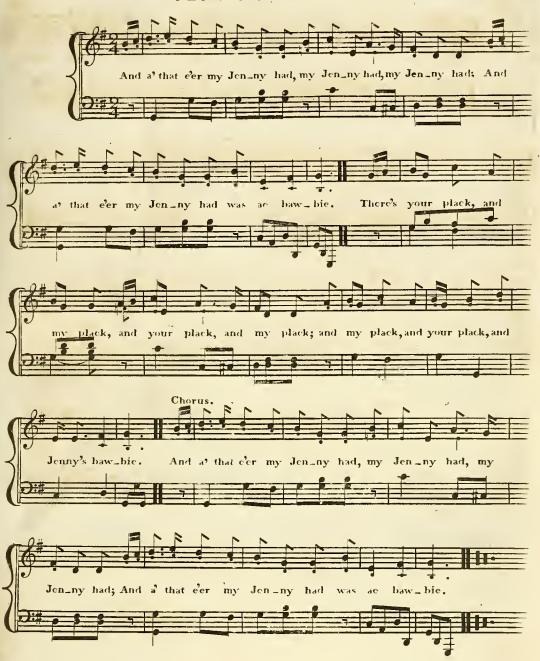
Now our prince has reard his banner;

Now triumphant is our cause;

Now the Scotish lion rallies,

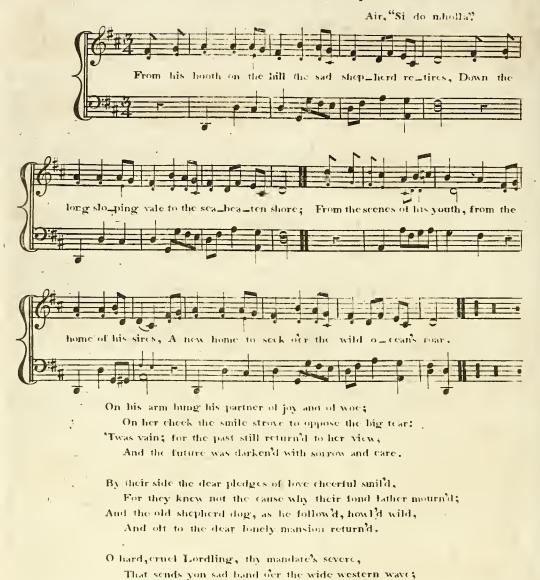
Let us strike for prince and laws.

Wha wadna fight, &c.



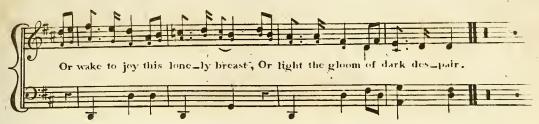
We'll pit it a' in the penny_pig,
The penny_pig, the penny_pig;
We'll pit it a' in the penny_pig,
And birl't a' three.

And at that der, &c.



O'er thy bier weeping Pity shall ne'er shed a tear, Nor love sadly sigh o'er thy dark narrow grave,





Oft to the winds my grief I tell;
They bear along the mournful tale.
To dreary echo's rocky cell,
That heaves it back upon the gale.

The little wild bird's merry lay,
That wont my lightsome heart to cheer,
In murmuring echoes dies away,
And melts like sorrow on my car.

The voice of joy no more can cheer,
The look of love no more can warm,
Since mute for aye's that voice so dear,
And clos'd that eye alone could charm.

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Lang, lang was he mine.

Lang, lang, but nac mair;

I maun-na repine,

But my heart it is sair.

His staff's at the wa,

Toom, toom is his chair!

The bannet an' a'!

And I maun be here.

But, O! he's at rest,

Why sud I compleen?

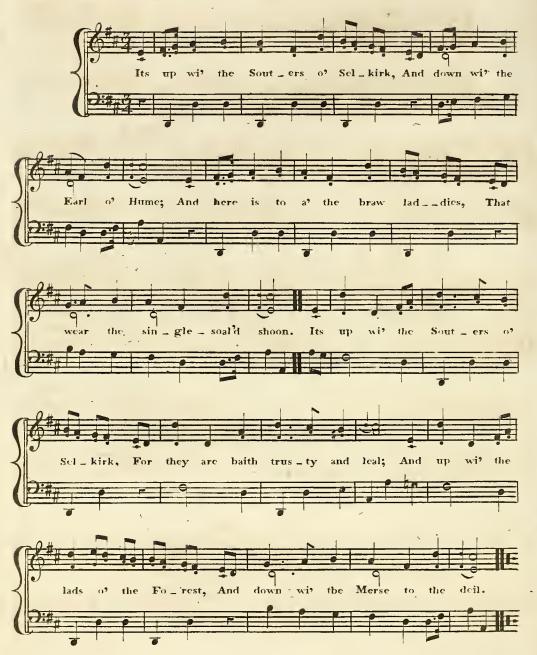
Gin my saul be blest,

I'll meet him again.

O! to meet him again.

What hearts neer were sair,
O! to meet him again,

To part never mair.



Fye upon yellow and yellow,

Fye upon yellow and green;

But up wi'the true blue and scarlet,

And up wi'the single soald sheen.

Up wi'the Souters 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.



The Sailor spreads the daring sail,

Thre' angry seas a feathing;

The jewels, gems o' foreign shores,

He gies, to please a Weman.

The Sodger fights o'er crimson fields,

In distant climates reaming;

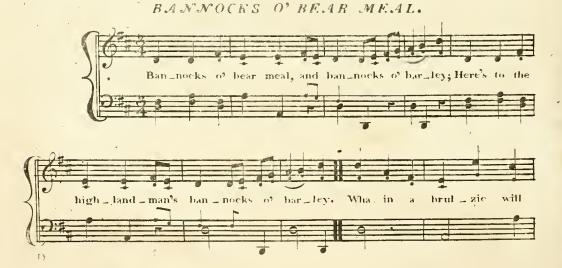
Yet lays, wi' pride, his laurels down,

Before all-conquering Weman.

A Monarch lea'es his golden throne,
Wi' other men in common,
He flings aside his grown, and kneets
A subject to a Woman.
Tho' I had a' c'er man possess'd,
Barbarian, Greek or Roman;
It wad nae a' be worth a strae,
Without my goddess, Woman.



He vow'd, and he promis'd,
And I did believe;
But, since that he's faithless,
'Tis folly to grieve.
Whether I get him, &c.





Wha, but the lads with the bannocks of barley?

Bannocks of bear meal, &c.

Wha was't, when hope was blasted fairly,

Stood in ruin with bonnic Prince Charlie?

And 'neath the Duke's bluidy paw dreed fut sairly?

And claw'd their backs at Falkirk tairly?

Wha for auld 'Geordie, at Egypt and Maida, Scotland's proud banner sac learless display'd_a? Broke the Invincible ranks blade to blade_a? Wha, but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley?

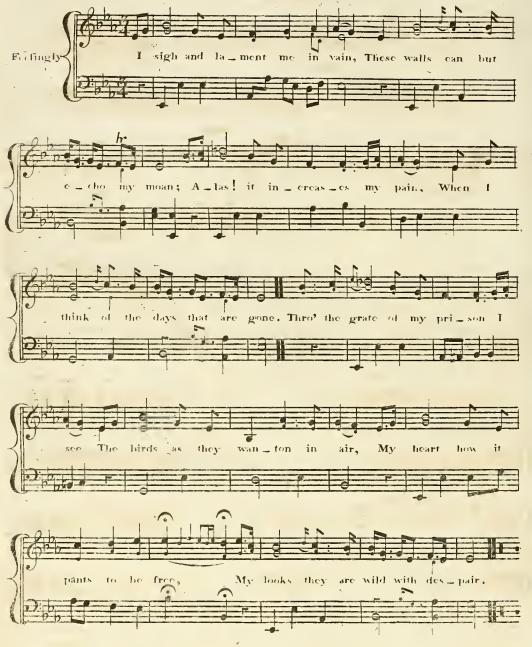
Wha, but the lads wil the bannocks of barley?

Bannocks of hear meal, &c.

Bannocks of bear meal, &c.

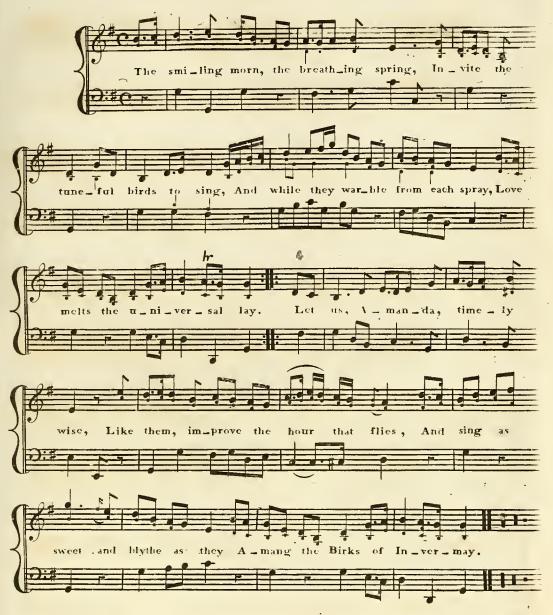
Wha on the Waterloo-heights waukened early?
Wha, when the bullets rain'd on them right sairly,
Charged back the faemen, an' stude their grund tairly?
Wha but the lads with the bannocks of barley?
Bannocks of bear meal, &c.

Wha, when the coward loons first gan to swither,
Poured like the bleeze of their ain mountain heather?
Wha frac the Eagles wing plucked its last feather?
Wha, but the lads wif the bannocks of barley?
Bannocks of bear meal, &c.



Above the oppress by my Fate,
I burn with contempt for my focs,
The Cortune has alter'd my state,
She neer can subdue me to those.
Ealse woman! in ages to come,
Thy malice detested shall be,
And when we are cold in the tomb,
Some heart still will sorrow for me.

Ye roots 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 count.



Behold the hills and vales around,
With lowing herds and flocks abound;
The wanton kids, and frisking lambs,
Gamhol and dance about their dams;
The busy bees, with humming noise,
And all the reptile-kind rejoice;
Let us, like them, rejoicing, stray.
About the Birks of Invermay.

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

For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear;
'At this thy living bloom will fade,
As that will strip the verdant shade;
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
The leather'd songsters are no more;
And when they droop, and we dreay.
Adieu the Birks of Invermay.



O lovely Polly Stewart!
O charming Polly Stewart!
There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May,
That's half sac sweet as thou art.
May he, whase arms shall fauld thy charms,
Possess a leal and true heart;
To him be given, to ken the heaven,
He grasps in Polly Stewart.

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O had your tongue, dochter, ye'll get better than he;
O say nae sae, mither, for that canna be;
Tho' Drumlie is richer, and greater than he,
Yet if I maun tak him, I'll certainly dee.

Where will I get a bonny boy, to win hose and shoon, Will gae to Glenogie, and cum shune again?

O here am I, a bonny boy, to win hose and shoon, Will gae to Glenogie, and cum shune again.

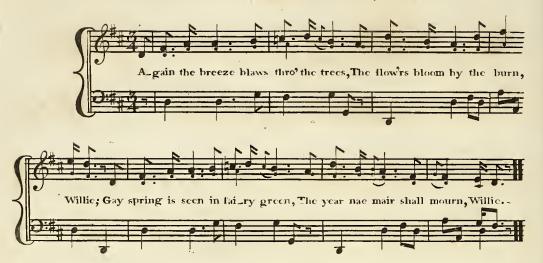
When he gaed to Glenogie, 'twas wash and go dine;
'Twas wash ye, my pretty boy, wash and go dine;
O 'twas ne'er my Faither's fashion, and it neer shall be mine,
To gar a Lady's hasty errand wait till I dine:

But there is, Glenogie, a letter to thee; The first line that he read, a low smile gae he; The next line that he read, the tear blindit his ec; But the last line that he read, he gart the table flee.

Gar saddle the black horse, gae saddle the brown;
Gar saddle the swiftest steed e'er rade frae a town;
But lang ere the horse was drawn, and brought to the green,
O bonny Glenogie was twa mile his lane.

When he cam to Glenfeldy's door, little mirth was there, Bonny Jean's Mother was tearing her hair; Ye're welcome, Glenogie, ye're welcome, said she; Ye're welcome, Glenogie, your Jeanie to see.

Pale and wan was she, when Glenogie gaed ben; But red and rosy grew she whene'er he sat down; She turned awa her head, but the smile was in her ee; O binna feared, Mither, I'll may be no dee.



The tender buds hang on the woods,
An' lowly slaethorn tree, Willie;
Its blossom spreads, nor cauld blast dreads,
But may be nipt like me, Willie.

The frien'less hare is chas'd nac mair;
She whids along the lea, Willie,
Thro' dewy show'rs the lavrock tow'rs,
An' sings, but not for me, Willie.

When far frae thee, a' nature's charms,
What pleasure can they gie, Willie?

My spring is past, my sky o'ercast;
It's sleepless nights wi' me, Willie.

Silent and shy, they now gae bye,
That us'd to speak wi' me, Willie;
Nae tale, nae sang, the hale day lang;
It's a' for loving thee, Willie.

Wi? wily art ye wan my heart,

That heart nac mair is free, Willie;
Then, O! be kind, sin? now its thine,

I had nac mair to gie, Willie.

But vain I've pled, for thou hast wed

A wealthier bride than me, Willie;

Now nought can heal the wound I feel,

But lay me down an' die, Willie.

By crystal-winding Cree, Willie;
When o'er my grave the green grass waves,
O wilt thou think on me, Willie.

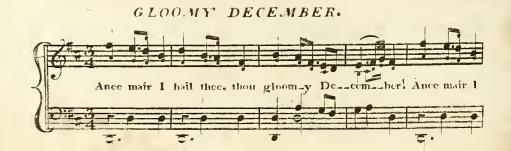


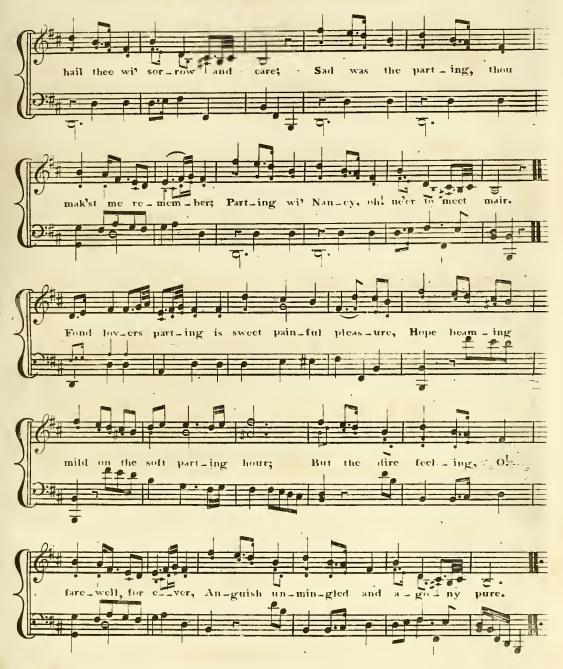
Comin' by the rockie O,
Comin' by the rockie O,
I licket out the pickle meat,
And play'd me wi' the pockie O.
The Colly dog he sat and growl'd,
But never stirr'd the poussie O;
But, waur than a', the mickle craw
Has taen and kill'd our poussie O.

THE BONNIE LAD THAT'S FAR AWA.



A pair of gloves he bought to me,
And silken snoods he gae me twa;
And I will, wear them for his sake,
The honnie lad that's far awa.
And I will, &c.





Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,

Till the last leaf o' the summer is flown;

Such is the tempest, has shaken my bosom,

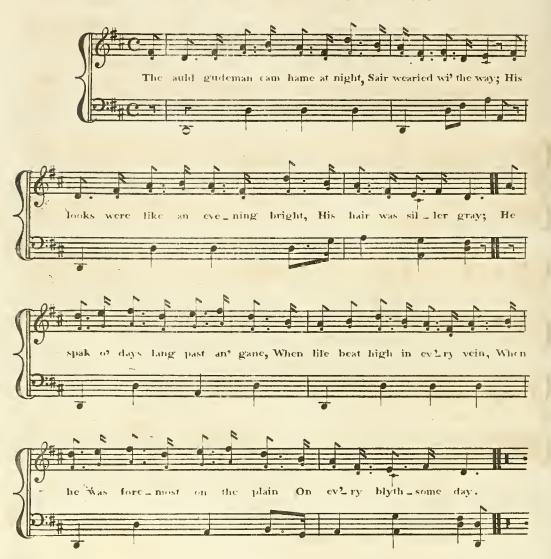
Till my last hope and last comfort is gene.

Still as I hail thee, thou gloomy December.

Still shall I hail thet wi' sorrow and care;

For sad was the parting, thou makes the remember;

Parting wi' Nancy; oh! ne'er to meet mair.



The life o' man's a winter day;
Look back, 'tis gane as soon;
But yet his pleasures halve the way,
An' Hy before 'tis noon.
But conscious virtue still maintains
The honest heart thro' toils an' pains,
An' hope o' better days remains,
An' hands the heart aboon.



They got to their leet, just as sure as a gun,
When-e'er they heard Charlie to Scotland was come.
"Haste, haste ye awa"; quo the auld wives wi' glee;
"O joy to the day Charlie cam owre the sea."

An' loons ye maun gae hame.

Whigs, fare ye a' weel, ye may scamper awa,

For haith here nae langer ye'll whip an' ye'll ca';

Nor mair look on Scotland wi' lightlifu' c'e,

For Charlie at last has come over the sea.

An' loons ye maun gae hame.

Our lang Scotish miles they will tire ye right sair,
An', aiblins, in mosses an' hogs ye will lair;
But, rest an' be thankfu' gin hame ye may see,
I rede ye that Charlie has come owre the sca.
An' loons ye mann gae hame.



Meg was blythe and Meg was bra,

Hech, hey, the wooin ot;

She had scorned ane or twa,

And ne'er tulk the ruen for't =

"Dummy lad, now yell can spay,

Tell me wha for life l'll hae?"

He has written Dunean Gray;

Fair fa' the wordin o't.

Meg bethought her it was time,

Hech, hey, the wooin o't;

Dearth o' words it was nae crime;

Hech, hey, the wooin o't;

Duncan yellow gow'd cou'd tell,

Walth had he o' maut an' meal,

She wad find the words hersell,

Hech, hey, the wooin o't.

TAK YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.





And she is come of a good kyne;
Of that she wet the bairns? mou,
And I am laith that she should tyne;
Get up, gudeman, it is fou time,
The sun shines in the lift sae hie;
Sloth never made a gracious end,

Gae tak your auld cloak about ye.

My Cromie is a usefu? cow,

My cloak was ance a good grey cloak,

When it was fitting for my wear;

But now its scantly worth a groat,

For I have worn't this thirty year;

Let's spend the gear that we have won,

We little ken the day we'll die;

Then I'll be prond, since I have sworn,

To ha'e a new cloak about me.

In days when our King Robert rang,
His trews they cost but half a crown;
He said they were a groat over dear,
And ca'd the taylor thief and loun.
He was the king that wore a crown,
And thou the man of laigh degree;
'Tis pride puts at the country down,
Sae tak thy auld cloak about ye.

Every land has its ain laugh,

Ilk kind of corn it has its hool,

I think the warld is a run wrang,

When ilka wife her man wad rule;

Do ye not see Rob, Jock, and Hab,

As they are girded gallantly,

While I sit hurkling in the asc?

I'll ha'e a new cloak about me.

Goodman, I wat 'tis thirty years

Since we did ane anither ken;

And we ha'e had, between us twa

Of lads and bonny lasses ten;

Now they are women grown and men,

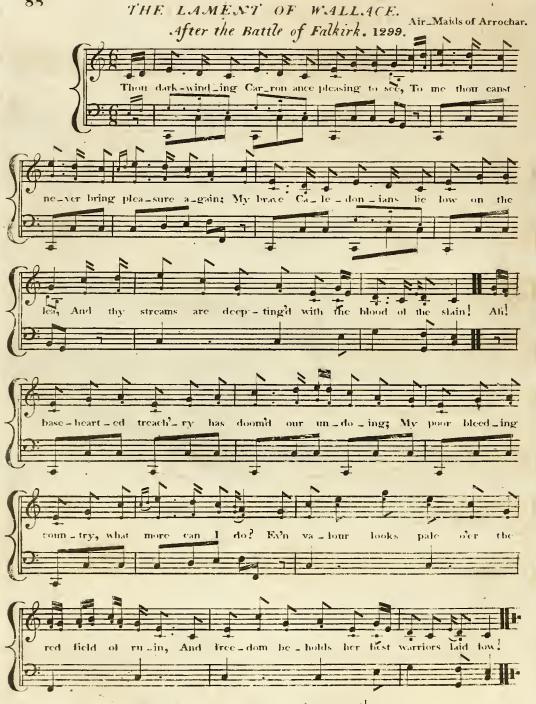
I wish and pray well may they be;

And if you prove a good husband,

E'en tak your auld cloak about ye.

Bell my wife, she loes na strife,
But she wad guide me, if she can,
And to maintain an easy life,
I alt maun yield, the I'm gudeman:
Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
Unless ye gie her a' the plea;
Then I'll leave aff whare I began.
And tak my auld cloak about me.





Farewell, ye dear partners of peril, farewell. Tho? buried we lie in one wide bloody grave, Your deeds shall ennoble the place where you tell, And your names be enroll'd with the sons of the brave. But I, a poor outeast, in exile must wander; Perhaps, like a traitor, ignobly must die: On thy wrongs, O my Country, indignant I ponder; All, whe to the hour when thy Wallace must lly.

2d Set.



I will twine thee a bow'r

By the clear silter fountain,

And I'll cover it o'er

Wi' the flow'rs o' the mountain;

I will range thro' the wilds,

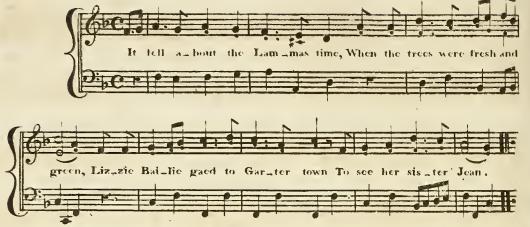
And the deep glens sae dreary,

And return wi' their spoils

To the bow'r o' my deary,

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

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



She'd no been lang in Garter town
Till she met wi? Duncan Graham,
Wha kindly there saluted her,
And wad convey her hame.

My bonny Lizzie Bailie, Ye's hac a tartan plaidie, Gin ye will gang alang wi' me And be a fligland Lady.

I'm sure they wad nae ca' me wise, Gin I wad, gang wi' you, Sir; For I can neither card nor spin, Nor yet milk ewe or cow, Sir.

My bonny Lizzie Bailie,

Let name of these things daunt ye;

Ye'll had nad need to card or spin;

Your mither weel can want ye.

And she's east all her heigh-heel'd shoon, 'Made o' the morroco leather,

Old Ballad.

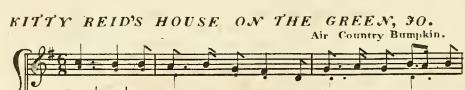
And she's put on the Highland brogues, To skip amang the heather.

And she's put aff her lowland braws,
Made o' the silk and satin,
And she's put on the worset gown,
To skip amang the breckin.

She wad nae hae a Lawland laird,
Nor be an English lady,
But she wad gang wi' Duncan Graham,
And wear a tartan plaidie.

She was nac ten miles frac the town,
When she began to weary,
And ayeshelooked back and cried,
Farewell to Castlecarry!

Now, was be to you, logger_heads,
That dwell near Castlecarry,
To let awa sie a bonny lass
Bauld Duncan'Graham to marry!



Hech, hey, the mirth that was there, the mirth that was there, the



Hech, hey, the fright that was there,

The fright that was there,

The fright that was there;

Hech, how, the fright that was there;

In Kitty Reid's house on the green, Jo.

The light glimmer'd in thro? a crack i' the wa',

An' a' body thought the lift it wad fa',

An' lads an' lasses they soon ran awa;

Frae Kitty Reid's house on the green, Jo.

Hech! hey! the dute that was there,

The dute that was there,

The dute that was there;

The birds and beasts it wauken'd them a'

In Kitty Reid's house on the green, Jo.

The wa' gaed a hurly and scatter'd them a',

The Piper, the Fidler, audd Kitty, and a';

The Kye fell a routin, the cocks they did eraw,

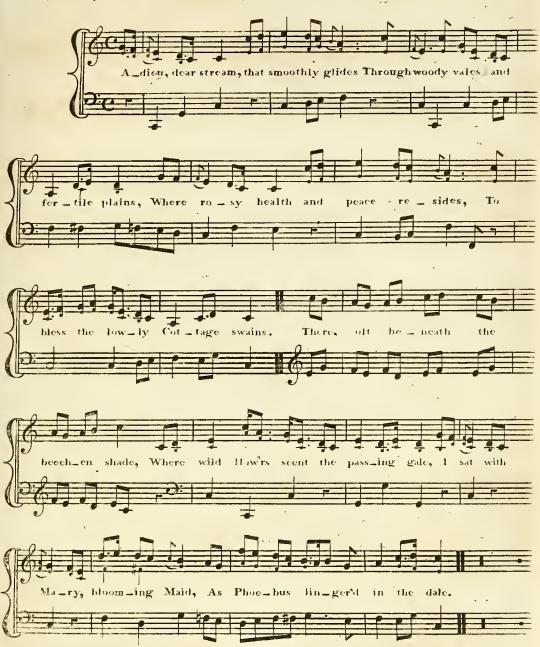
In Kitty Reid's house on the green, Jo.



Fee him, father, fee him, quo'she;
Fee him, father, fee him,
For he is a gallant lad,
And a weet 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, hussy?
What will I do wi'him?
He's ne'er a sark upon his back,
And I ha'e 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 of mair fee
Dinna stand wi' him, quo' she;
Dinna stand wi' him,

For weel do I loe him, quo'she;
Weel do I loe him;
O fee him, father, fee him, quo'she,
- Fee him, father, fee him;
Hell hand the plough, thrash in the barn,
And crack wi' me at e'en, quo'she;
track wi' me at e'en.



No more along thy flowery side,

I'll view the fishes eager spring

To catch the fly, which on thy tide,

Skims unconcernd, with playful wing.

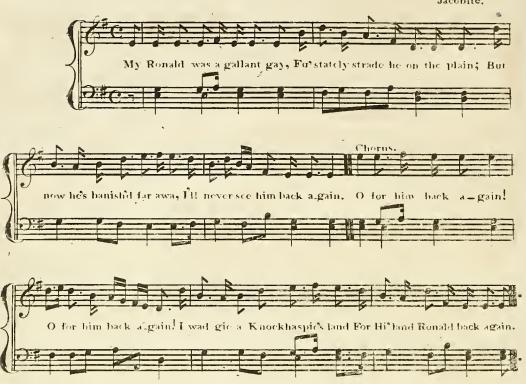
Those scenes for ever I'll hold dear,

Tho' hoary Ocean roll between,

And oft at eve will shed the tear,

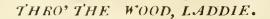
And heave the bursting sigh unseen.

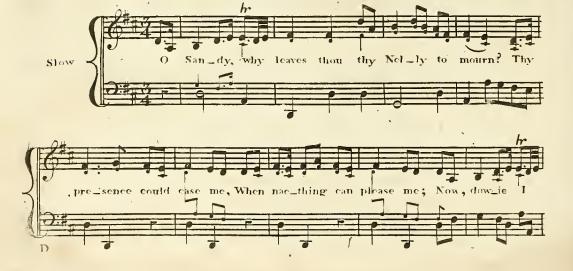
Jacobite.

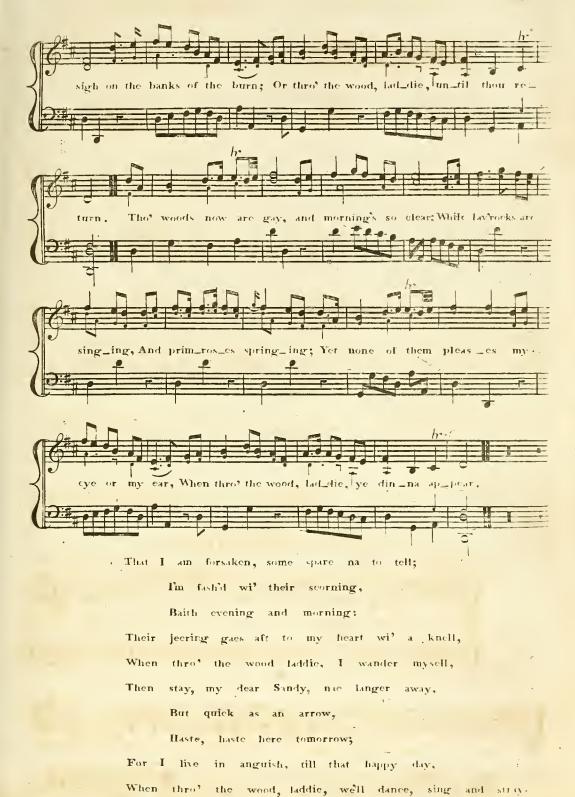


When a the lave gae to their bed, I wander dowie up the glen;
I set me down and greet my fill,
And ay I wish him back again.
O for him, &c.

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







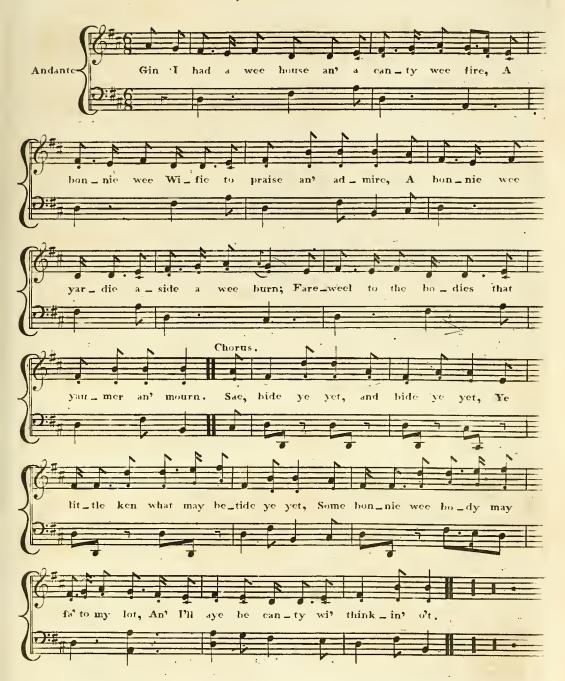




An we had but a bridal o't, An we had but a bridal o't, We'd leave the rest unto gude luck, Altho? there should betide ill o't, For bridal days are merry times, And young folks like the coming of, And Scribblers they bang up their rhymes, And Pipers they the humming o't.

The lasses like a bridal oft, The lasses like a bridal o't; Their braws maun be in rank and file, Altho? that they should guide ill ot. The boddom of the kist is then Turn'd up unto the inmost oft, The end that held the keeks sae clean Is now become the teemest oft.

The bangster at the threshing ot, The bangster at the threshing att. Afore it comes is fidgin fain, And ilka day's a clashin b't. The Pipers and the Fiddlers ot, The Pipers and the Fiddlers o't, Can smell a bridal unco far, And like to be the middlers oft.



When I gang afield and come hame at cen,
I'll get my wee Wifie fu' neat an' fu' clean,
Wi'a bonny 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 diffrence atween my wee Wifie an' me,
In hearty good humour, altho' she be teaz'd,
I'll kiss her, an' clap her, until she be pleas'd.
Sae bide ye yet, &c.

THE DUKE OF GORDON HAS THREE DAUGHTERS.



They had not been in Aberdeen
A twelvemonth and a day,
Till Lady Jean fell in love with Cap! Ogilvie,
And away with him she would gae.

Word came to the Duke of Gordon,
In the chamber where he lay,
Lady Jean has fell in love with Capt Ogilvie,
And away with him she would gae.

Go saddle me the black horse,"
And you'll ride on the grey,
And I will ride to bonny Aberdeen,
Where I have been many a day.,

They were not a mile from Aberdeen,
A mile but only ane,
Till he met with his two daughters walking,
But away was Lady Jean.

Where is your sister, maidens?
Where is your sister, now?
Where is your sister, maidens,
That she is not walking with you?

O pardon us, honoured father!
O pardon us! they did say,
Lady Jean is with Captain Ogilvie,
And away with him she will gae.

And when he came to Aberdeen, And down upon the green, There did he see Captain Ogilvie Training up his men. O wo to you, Captain Ogilvie, And an ill death thou shalt die, For taking awa my daughter Jean, Hanged thou shalt be.

Duke Gordon has wrote a broad letter, And sent it to the king, To cause hang Captain Ogilvie, If ever he hanged a man.

I will not hang Captain Ogilvie
For no lord that I see;
But I'll cause him to put off the lace and scarlet,
And put on the single livery.

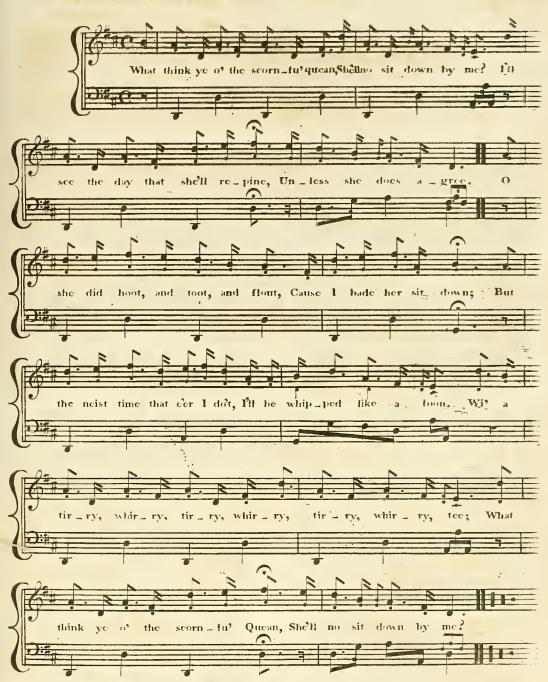
Word came to Captain Ogilvie,

In the chamber where he lay,
To east off the gold-lace and scarlet,
And put on the single livery.

If this be for bonny Jeany Gordon,
This penance I'll tak wi?;
If this be for bonny Jeany Gordon
All this and mair I:will dree.

Not a year but only three,
Till she had a babe in every arm,
And a third upon her knee.

O, but I'm weary of wandering!
O, but my fortune is bad!
It sets not the Duke of Gordon's daughter
To follow a soldier lad.



- I laid my head upo? my loof, I did na care a strac;
- I ken'd fu' weel, that in a joof Stand lang she wad na sae.
- At last a blythsome lass did cry, Come, Sandy, gic's a sang;
- O now, Meg Dorts, I'll fairly try, Your heart-strings for to twang. Wi' a tirry, &c.



Ten came cast, and ten came west,

Ten came rowin o'er the water,

Twa came down the lang dyke-side;

There's twa and thirty wooin at her.

Wooin at her, &c.

There's seven butt, and seven hen,

Seven in the pantry wie her;

Twenty head about the door;

There's ane and forty wooin at her.

Wooin at her, &c.

She sits queen amang them a?

Ilka chield expects to get her;

Gin she but let her thimble fa?

There like to knock their heads thegether.

Wooin at her, &c.

She's got pendles in her lugs,

Cockle-shells wad set her better;

High-heel'd shoon and siller tags,

And a' the lads are wooin at her.

Wooin at her, &c.

Be a lassie c'er sac black,
An' she hae the name o' siller,
Set her upon Tintock-tap,
The wind will blaw a man till her.
Wooin at her, &cc.

Be a lassie e'er sae fair,

An' she want the penny siller,

A file may fell her in the air,

Before a man be even till her.

Wooin at her, &c.



Now was be to thee, Huntly!

And wherefore did you sae?

I bade you bring him wi' you,

But forbade you him to slay.

I bade, &c.

He was a hraw gallant,

And he rid at the ring —

And the bonny Earl of Moray,

Oh! he might have been a king.

And the, &c.

He was a braw gallant,

And he play'd at the ba' —

And the bonny Earl of Moray /

Was the flower amang them a'.

And the, &c.

He was a braw gallant,

And he play'd at the glove —

And the bonny Earl of Moray

Oh! he was the Queen's true love.

And the, &c.

Oh! lang will his lady Look o'er the Castle Down,

Ere she see the Earl of Moray

Come sounding through the town.

Ere she, &c.

The bonnie Earl of Moray, here celebrated the handsomest man of his time was slain by Huntly in 1592.



Robin he comes hame at een,
Wi' pleasure glancin in his een;
He tells me a' he's heard an' seen,
And sync how he loes me.
There's some hae land, and some hae gowd,
And some wad hae them gin they could,
But a' I wish 'o' warld's guid
Is Robin aye' to 'loe me.

THE GATHERING OF THE CLANS.





The Laird o' Mac-Intosh is comin, M. Crabie and M. Leod is comin, M. Kenzic and M. Pherson's comin, And a' the wild M. Craws comin. Hark how the Clans are crying! See how the plaids are flying! There's Keppoch, and Clanronald, Wi' a' the Sandies, and the Donalds.

Atholes men they are comin,
Perth's men they are comin,
Glengary's men they're comin,
And a' the noble Grants are comin
The strang, the great, are comin on,
Lochiel, Lovat, Fergusson,
Appin, Cluny, and Maclean,
The big, the wee, the fat, the lean.

Nithsdale's comin, Kenmure's comin,
Derwentwater and Foster's comin,
Borland and Mac-Gregor's comin,
Mac-Gillavry and a's comin.
Mony a bonny Lord 1 see,
Cromarty and Ogilvie,
Lewie Gordon and Glenbucket,
The Whigs were ne'er in sic a rocket.

Wigton, Nairne, Withrington,
Earl Mar, depend upon,
There's Elcho, and Balmerino,
Kilmarnock's band we a' know;
Brave Kenmure he's comin,
Carnwarth he is runnin,
Primrose too o' Dunnypaice,
And mony mair will rin' the race.

Lords and Lairds, and a's comin,
Borland and his men's comin;
Blythe Cowhill he is comin,
And ilka Dunnywastle's comin,
fiark, now, the clans are near!
Wi's Pipers playing loud and clear,
The Whigs will find its nae fun,
When they fa' in wi's Donald Gun.

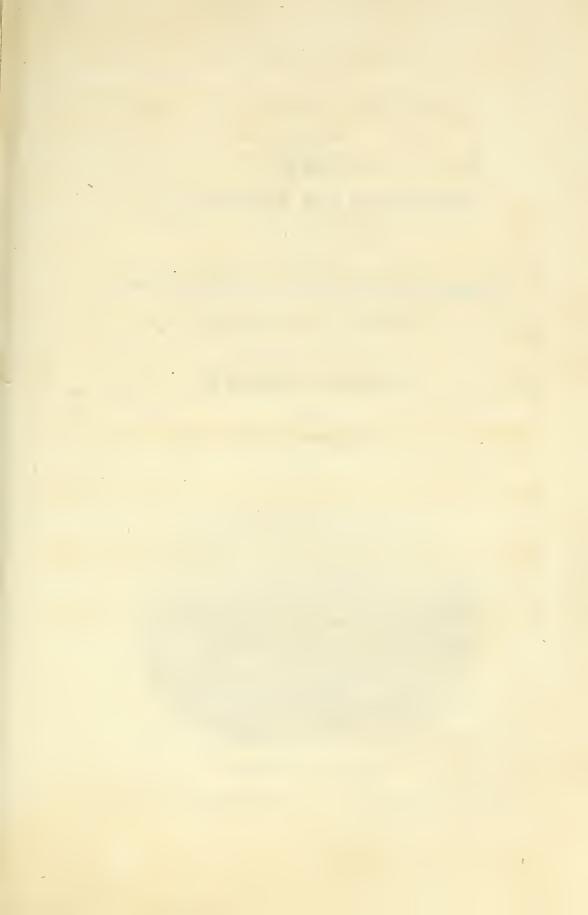
O! bravely do the lads fight,
Whan they ken they're in the right;
And, oh! it is a bonny sight
To see the hieland Clans comin!
They gloom, they glowr, they luik sae hig,
At every stroke they fell a whig—
They maun rin, or they'll be dead,
For a' the hieland Clans are comin.

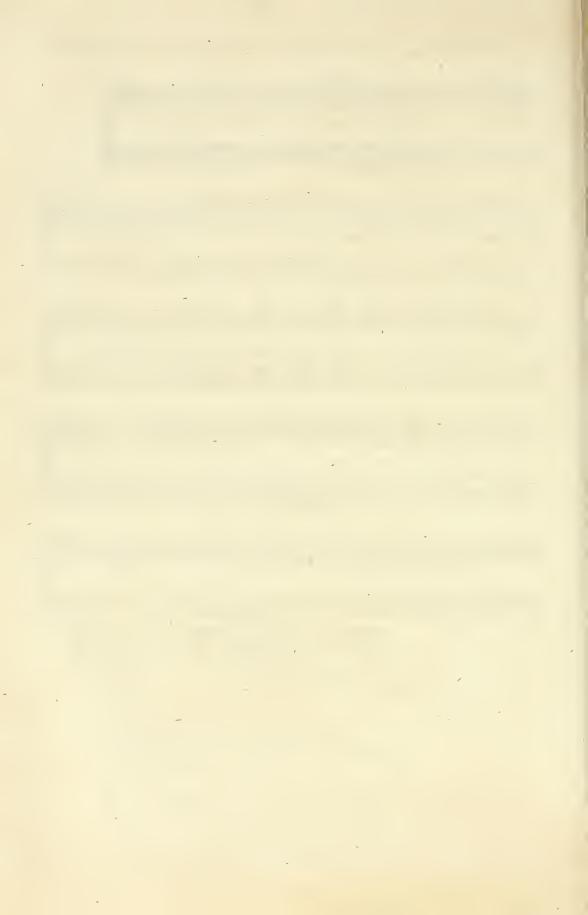
WE'RE A' NODDING AT OUR HOUSE AT HAME.



Weary fa? Kate, that she winna nod too; She sits i? the corner suppin? a? the broo; And when the bit bairnies wad een hae their share, She gi'es them the ladle, but noer a drap's there: For she's aye noddin, &c.

Now, fareweel, kimmer, and weel may ye thrive; They say the French is rinnine for t, and we'll have peace belyee.* The bear's is the brier, and the hay's is the stack, And as will be right wis gin Jamie were cum back: For we're as noddin, &c.







SCOTISH MINSTREL

A SELECTION

from the

VOCAL MELODIES OF SCOTLAND

ANCIENT & MODERN

ARRANGED FOR THE

PIANO FORTE

_____BY____

R.A.SMITH.

TOL.5

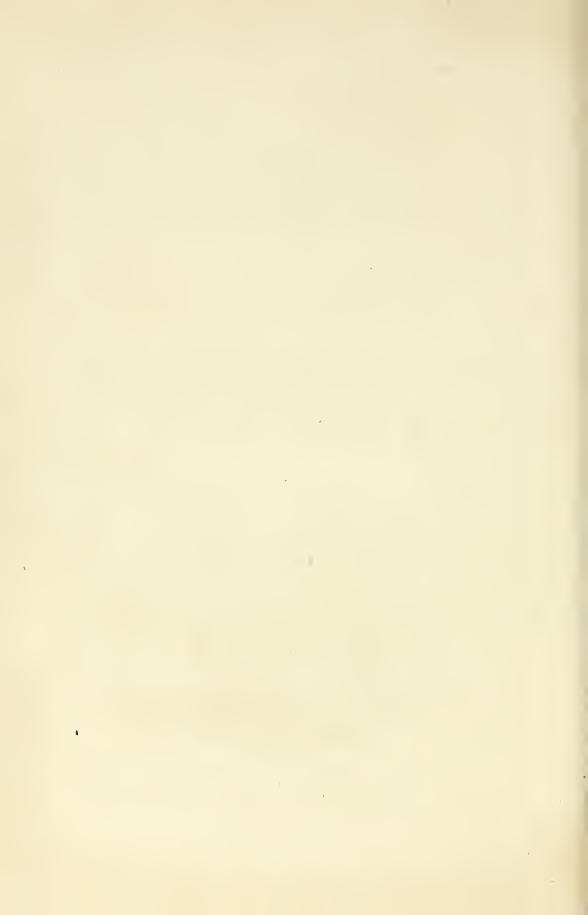


Entil at Stat Hall.

EDINBURGI

Published & Sold by ROB TPURDIE at his Music & Musical Instrument
Warchouse Nº70 Princes Street.

Price 8 5



ADVERTISEMENT TO VOLUME FIFTH.

In undertaking the present work, the Editors did not anticipate that it would occupy more than Three Volumes; but, as they proceeded, the materials increased upon their hands, and, from their copiousness and value, they were induced so far to depart from their original design as to publish a Supplementary Volume. a similar cause, joined with the flattering manner in which the previous Volumes. have been received by the public, the Fifth Volume of the Scotish Minstrel now They regret however to say, that even this addition, notowes its appearance. withstanding the pains they have taken in selection, does not embrace all they could wish to preserve of their collected materials. To fulfil their own wishes in this respect, and at the same time to give the public the most ample and best collection of Scotish Song Melodies yet extant, another Volume would still be necessary. Probably, at some future period, they may resume their labours, with the view of accomplishing this desirable object; and they have the most sanguine hopes of success, from the powerful co-operation and assistance they have been promised by Mr Smith and others of their best friends.

In this and the preceding Volumes will be found many little airs and fragments of song which have been collected with incredible industry in various parts of Scotland, and which are now, for the first time, given to the public in a shape less perishable than that of oral tradition.

With regard to their own opinion of the intrinsic merit of these genuine relics of ages long passed away, the Editors have nothing to add to what they have already expressed in the Preface to the First Volume. They flatter themselves, however, that many who cannot estimate the pains taken in recovering these pure effusions of nature, may yet relish the beautiful, simple, and unaffected pathos which pervades them. It would be unjust, were they in this place to omit mentioning how much they have been indebted to Mr Smith for his indefatigable exertions in collecting many of the airs and ballads in question; and they take the liberty of extracting a few sentences from one of his letters on the subject, which, more than any thing they themselves can say, will evince the share he has had in enriching the work, and the part he has uniformly taken in promoting its best interests.

"With reference to many of the Jacobite songs I have occasionally sent you, I formerly mentioned that the greater number was faithfully noted from the singing and recitation of Alister M'Alpine, a very old man who lived in the neighbourhood of Kilbarchan. I am truly sorry to inform you, that death has now deprived me of that almost exhaustless fund of song. Poor Alister died in winter last. The retentiveness of his memory, for one of such advanced years, was truly astonishing; and the enthusiasm and sincerity of feeling with which

"he sung these old snatches in favour of the 'Rightful King,' as he was wont to call the unfortunate Chevalier, seldom failed of awakening a sympathetic chord in the bosom of the hearer.—Several of the Highland melodies, which I believe have never been printed, were obtained from various sources;—some are the fruits of my own peregrinations through different parts of the Western High—lands;—and others have been sent to me by musical friends with whom I have been in habits of correspondence for some time past. Among those to whom I am indebted for some of the finest airs in the collection, I cannot help mentioning Mr Alan Ker, jun. of Greenock, and Mr John Malcolm of Dunfermline. Both of these gentlemen have, by their industrious research and enthusiastic ardour, happily succeeded in rescuing many a perishable memorial of forgotten song.

"Of the songs and melodies which will appear in the Fifth Volume, several were taken down literally from the singing, or crooning, of Janet Gillespie, an old woman yet living in the parish of Kilmalcolm. One of these I may particularize, namely, 'The Covenanter's Lament,' as being, in my opinion, an excellent song of its kind. The words to which the melody is allied do not seem of any antiquity, but they are as I received them:—the last stanza certainly contains a pretty sprinkling of real poetry:

- 'The martyrs' hill's forsaken,
 'In simmer's dusk sae calm,
 'There's nae gathering now, lassie,
 'To sing the e'ening psalm;
 'But the martyr's grave will rise, lassie,
 'Aboon the warrior's cairn,
 'An' the martyr soun' will sleep, lassie,
 'Aneath the waving fern.'
- "I have many other pieces yet in my possession, which, if ever the work should "embrace a Sixth Volume, I have no hesitation in saying, you will find as inter-"esting as any yet given."

Thus far have we ventured to account for the number of little airs interspersed through this collection, which have been gleaned from many various sources with the greatest fidelity, and which are now published, for the first time, in the fond hope of thereby contributing no inconsiderable addition to the melody of Caledonia.

As to the standard airs in this collection, the Editors have invariably preferred the sets that appeared to them to be the most original and unmixed, and that in no instance have they ventured (partly) to compose them, as has been lately done by some, who have had the presumption to give their own garbled sets of well-known Scotish melodies, and thereby to rob the music of those strong traits of national character which constitute its principal charm.

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The sun blinks sweetly on you shaw,			
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They lighted a taper,			
Thro' Cruikston Castle's lonely's wa's,			
Thus let the varied seasons pass,			
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MY DADDY IS A CANKER'D CARLE.

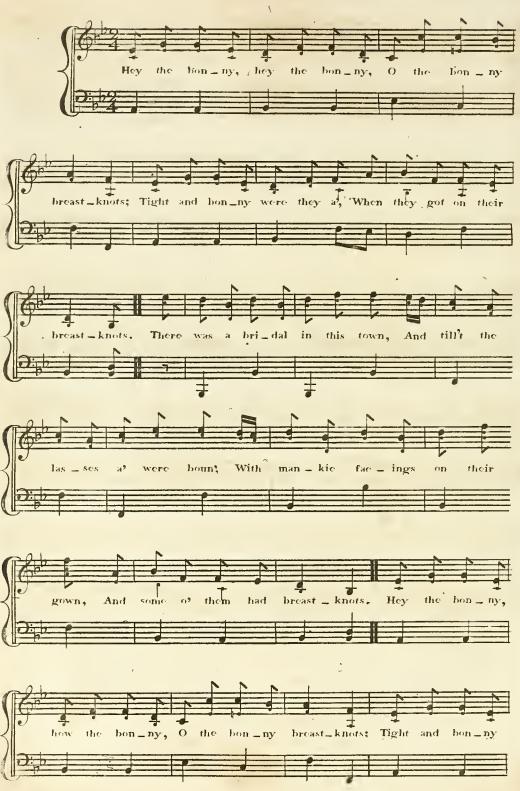


My auntie Kate sits at her wheel,
And sair she lightlies me;
But weel ken I it's a' envy,
For ne'er a jo has she.
But let them, &c.

My cousin Kate was sair beguild Wi? Johnny i? the glen; And aye sinsyne, she cries "Beware Of talse deluding men." But let them, &c.

· E

Gleed Sandy he came west ac night,
And spier'd when I saw Pate;
And aye-sin-syne the neighbours round,
They jeer me ear? and late.
But let them, &c.





At nine o'clock the lads conveen,

Some clad in blue, some clad in green,
Wi'glancing buckles in their sheen,
And flowers upon their waistcoats.

Hey the bonny, &c.

Forth came the wives a'wi' a phrase,

And wish'd the lassic happy days,

And muckle thought they o' her claise,

And 'specially the breast-knots.

Hey the bonny, &c.

Next, down their breakfast it was set,

Some barley-lippies of milk-meat,

It leiped them, it was sae het,

As soon as they did taste of.

Hey the bonny, &c.

When ilka are had clawd their plate,
The piper lad he looked blate;
Althor they said, that he should eat,
I trow, he lost the best of.
Hey the bonny; &c.

Sync forth they got a? wi? a loup,
O'er creeks, and deals and a; did coup,
Cry'd for a spring to raise their houp,
The bride she sought the breast-knot.
Hey the bonny, &c.

Fan they ty'd up their marriage band,

At the bridegroom's they neist did land,

Forth cam auld Madge wi' her split mawn,

And bread and cheese a hist o't.

Hey the honny, &c.

She took a quarter and a third,

And on the bride's head gae a gird,

Till farls flew athort the yird,

And parted round the rest o't.

Hey the bonny, &c.

The bride then by the hand they took,

Twice, thrice they led her round the crook;

Some said, goodwife, weel mat ye brook,

And some great count they east not.

Hey the bonny, &c.

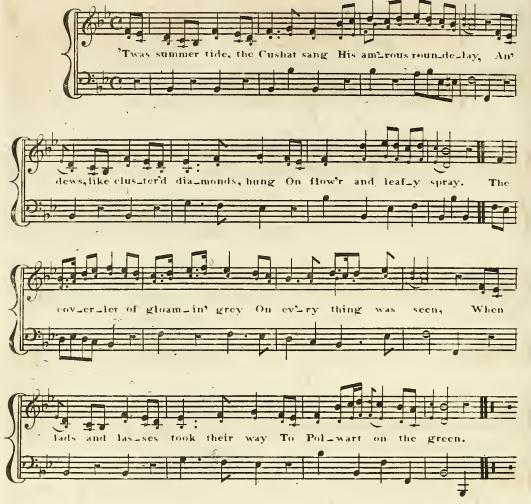
A' ran to kilns and barns in ranks,

Some sat on deals, and some on planks,

The piper lad stood on his shanks,

And dirled up the breast-knot.

Hey the bonny, &c.



And harmless revelry

Of young hearts all in unison

Wi' love's soft witcherie;

Their ha' the open daisled lea, —

While, frae the welkin sheen,

The moon shone brightly in the glee

At Polwart on the green.

Ė

The spirit-moving dance went on,

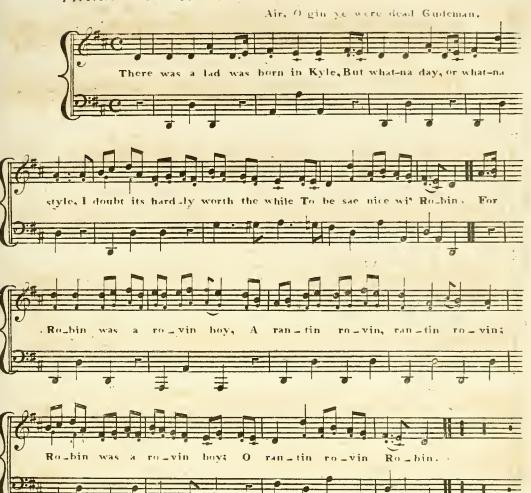
Dark cen and raven curls were there,
And cheeks o' rosy hue,
And finer forms without compare
Than peneil ever drew;
But ane wi' cen o' bonnie blue,
A' hearts confest the queen
And pride o' grace and beauty too,
At Polwart on the green.

The miser hoards his gouden store,
And kings dominion gain;
While others in the battle's roar
For honour's gewgaws strain.

Avaunt, such pleasures, false and vain —
Far dearet mine has been.

Among the lowly rural train
At Polwart on the green.

THERE WAS A LAD WAS BORN IN KYLE.



Our monarch's hindmaist year but ane Was five and twenty days begun; "Twas then a blast o' Janwar win' Blew hansel in on Robin.

For Robin, &c.

The gossip keekit in his loof;
Quo'scho, wha lieves will see the proof,
This waly boy will be nac cool,
I think we'll ca' him Robin.
For Robin, &c.

"He'll hae 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 Rubin, &c.

E

RED IS THE ROSE AND BONNIE, O.



1h! why did he love me, and leave these sweet plains; Red is the rose and honnie, O:

Where smiling contentment and peace ever reigns, But they'll ne'er bloom again for my Johnnie, O.

Nor to me will their beauties e'er pleasure impart; Red is the rose and bonnie, O:

For sunk is my spirits, and broken my heart; Soon I'll meet ne'er to part frae my Johnnie, O.

THE FLOWER OF LEVERN SIDE.





Thou bonnie flow'r on Levern side,
O gin thou'lt be but mine.
I'll tend thee wi' a lover's pride,
Wi' love that ne'er shall tine.
I'll take thee to my shelt'ring bow'r,
And shield thee trae the beating show'r;
Unharm'd by ought, thou'lt bloom secure
Frae a' the blasts that blaw.
Thy charms surpass the crimson dye
That streaks the glowing western sky;
But here, unshaded, soon thou'lt die,
And lane will be thy fa'.

THE RESERVE AND LABOR.



Ye gentle spirits of the vale,

To whom the tears of love are dear,

From dying lilies watt a gale,

And sigh my sorrows in her ear,

Oh! tell ber, what she cannot blame,

Tho lear my tongue must ever bind;

Oh! tell her, that my virtuous flame
Is as her spotless soul refind.

Not her own guardian angel eyes
With chaster tenderness his care;
Not purer her own wishes rise;
Not holier her own sighs in pray'r.
But it, at first, her virgin tear,
Should start at love's suspected name,
With that of friendship soothe her ear;
True love and friendship are the same-

8

FAREWELL TO GLEN-SHALLOCH.



I saw her last night,

'Mid the rocks that enclose them,
With a babe at her knee
And a babe at her bosom:
I heard her sweet voice
In the depth of my slumber,
And the song that she sung
Was of sorrow and cumber.

"Sleep sound, my sweet babe,
There is nought to alarm thee;
The sons of the valley
No power have to harm thee.
I'll sing thee to rest
In the balloch untrodden,
With a coronach sad
For the slain of Culloden,

"The brave were betrayed,
And the tyrant is daring
To trample and waste us,
Unpitying, unsparing.
Thy mother no voice has,
No feeling that changes,
No word, sign, or song,
But the lesson of vengeance."

"I'll tell thee, my son,

How our laurels are withering;

I'll gird on thy sword

When the Clansmen are gathering;

I'll hid them go forth

In the cause of true honor,

And never return

Till thy country hath won her.

"Our tow'r of devotion

Is the home of the reaver;
The pride of the ocean

Is fallen for ever:
The pine of the lorest,

That time could not weaken,
Is trod in the dust,

And its honours are shaken.

"Rise spirits of yore,
Ever dauntless in danger,
For the land that was yours
Is the land of the stranger.
O come from your caverns,
All bloodless and hoary!
And these fiends of the valley
Shall tremble before ye?





SAFTLY THE GENTLE BREEZE. Same Air.

Saltly the gentle breeze, steals thro? the leafy trees,
Down rins the burnie winding sae clearly;
The linnet sings on the tree, the lark soaring up sac hie,
When in the even? I meet wi? my dearie,
Broadly the setting sun his daily race has run,
Gilding the lofty hills, blooming sae cheerie;
Ilka field yellow seen, meadows sae lovely green.
When in the even? I meet wi? my dearie,

At the appointed hour I haste to the birken bow'r,
Nature all gleaming, nature all cheeric;
The eastern star appears, whilst spread the rosy briers,
When in the even' I meet wi' my dearle.
Can there be aught sae sweet, as when true lovers meet,
Meet at the trysting spot happy and cheerie;
Love dances in her ee, truth and sincerity,
When in the even' I meet wi' my dearle.



When in my youthful prime,
Correi and crag to climb,
Or towering cliff sublime,
Was my delight.
Scaling the cagles nest,
Wounding the raven's breast,
Skimming the mountain's crest,
Gladsome and light.

When, at the break of morn,
Proud o'er thy temples borne,
Kythed the red-deer's horn,
How my heart beat!
Then, when with stuoned leap
Roll'd he adown the steep,
Never did hero reap
Conquest so great.

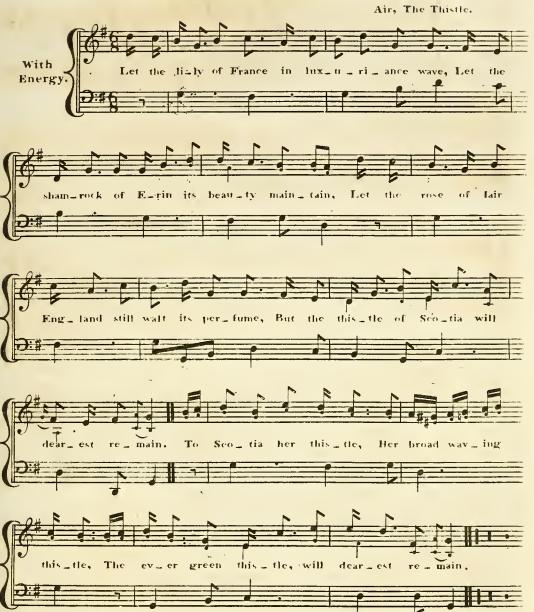
Then rose a bolder game,
Young Charlie Stuart came;
Cameron, that loyal name,
Foremost must be.
Hard then our warrior meed,
Glorious our warrior deed,
'Till we were doom'd to bleed
By treachery.

Then did the red blood stream, Then was the broad swords gleam Quench'd in fair freedom's beam,

No more to shine;
Then was the morning's brow
Red with the fiery glow,
Fell hall and hamlet low,
All that were mine.

Then was our maiden young,
First aye in battle strong,
Fir'd at her Prince's wrong,
Forc'd to give way.
Broke was the golden cup,
Gone Caledonia's hope;
Faithful and true men drop
Fast in the clay.

Far in a hostile land,
Stretch'd on a foreign strand,
Of has the tear-drop bland
Scorch'd as it fell.
Once was I spurn'd from thee,
Long have I mourn'd for thee,
Now I'm return'd to thee,
Hill of Lochiel.



'Twas the badge that our fathers triumphantly wore,
When they followed their sovereigns to vanquish the Dane,
The emblem our Wallace in battle aye bore ___
Then the thistle of Scotland must dearest remain.
To Scotia her thistle, &cc.

It blooms on our mountains, it blooms in the vale,
It blooms in the winter, in snow and in rain;
The type of her cons when rude seasons assail,
To Scotia her thistle vall dearest remain.
To Scotia her thistle, &c.



I' the mornin' we raise wi' the loud'-liltin' lark,

When he dried his dewy wings in the young sun-beam; An, wir hearts fur o luve, sent our praise up to heaven,

An' our prayers for what to Him best might seem;
An' she that's awa—wi' are uplifted ee—
Sought the blessin' o' the Lord on our industrie.

A' day-lang we toiled, but we never repined,—
Our dear mither loed us, our father aye was kind,
An' our hearts, then a' pure, were as light as the down
O' the thistle, whan it frolics wi' the wayward wind:
Whate'er Heaven sent we were gladsome to see,—
An' we ne'er thocht our day's daurk a drudgerie.

An' when gloamin' cam on, nicht's dark harbinger,

O! then cam the hours o' our innocent mirth,

When we gather'd wi' joy 'neath our cot's lowly roof —

An' wi' faces a' smilin' encircled the hearth.—

An' beguild the e'en wi' tales o' the deeds that wont to be,

Or wi' sangs o' our kintra's aidd minstrelsic.

An' O' it was sweet, when the nicht was gance.

To raise high the holy, Psalmodie.

An' to read, in the beuk, o' the luve o' our God,

/An' to kneel to him reverentlic;

An' to bless his name, wha has sworn to be

The puir man's God continuallie.

But, wae's my sad heart! that bricht days are a' gane,
An' a lang nicht o' sorrow an' sadness is nigh;
For the finger o' death touch'd the face o' my mither,
An' her well-spring o' life dribblet dry;
An' she slippet awa, like the mists that ye see
Stealin' upward to heaven sae bonnilie.

An' ere spring had spread its green owre her grave,
An unco woman sat in her auld arm chair;
His new wife, father ca'd her —an' he said she wad had
A mither's luve for us — an' a kind mither's caré: —
O how could she e'er be a mither to me,
That spak' o' the dead sae scornfullie!

Fu' sune on our stools her ain bairns were a' planted
Round the ingle, that erst burnt sae cheerilie;
An' frae hame we were driven and the door barr'd against a
To drift through a wild warld, wearilie;
An' O sad are the day's that the wretched maun dric.
Wha wander thro' the warld a' friendlesslie!

If ye ever rejoiced in the sweets of a hame;

If ye still had a mither to luve and to bless;

O pity, kind stranger, a puir beggar wean,

That has nad hame to seek and is mitherless!

O pity, kind stranger, and frad heaven high,

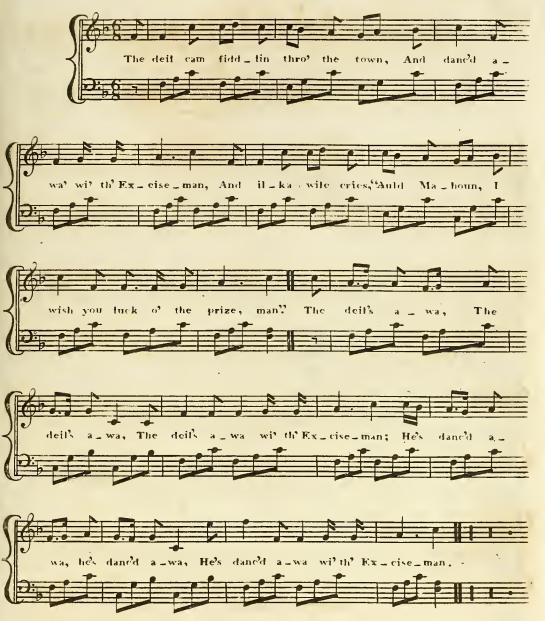
The God of the puir will bless thy charitie!



Wha wadna join our noble chief, The Drummond and Glengary, Macgregor, Murray, Rollo, Keith, Panmure, and gallant Harry.

Macdonald's men,
Clan-Ronald's men,
Mackenzie's men,
Macgillvary's men,
Strathallan's men,
The lowlan's men
Of Callander and Airly.

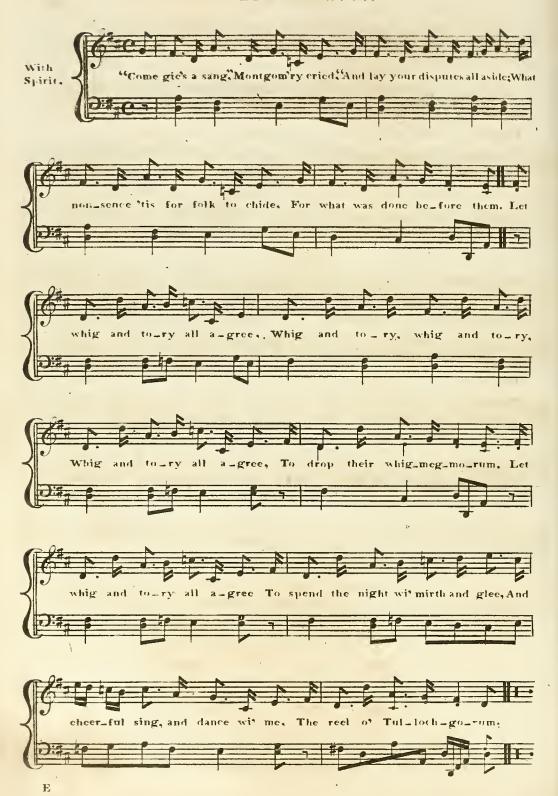
Fy! Donald, up and let's awa,
We canna langer parley,
When Jamie's back is at the wa',
The lad we lo'e sae dearly,
We'll go __we'll go
An' meet the foe,
An' fling the plaid,
An' swing the blade,
An' forward dash,
An' hack an' slash ___
An' lleg the German carlie.



We'll mak our mant and we'll brew our drink, We'll laugh, sing, and rejoice, man; And mony braw thanks to the mickle black doit, That danc'd awa wi' the Exciseman.

The deil's awa, &c.

There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,
There's hornpipes and strathspeys man,
But the ac best dance e'er cam to the land
Was the de'il's awa wi' the Exciseman,
The deil's awa, &c.



Tultochgorum's my delight,

It gars us at in ane unite, ...

And ony sumple that keeps up spite

In conscience I abhore him,

Blythe and merry we's he a',

Blythe and merry, blythe and merry,

Blythe and merry we's he a',

And make a cheerfu? quorum.

Blythe and merry we's be a?,

As lang as we ha'e breath to draw,

And dance, till we be like to fa',

The reel o' Tullochgorum.

There needs na be sae great a phraize Wi' droning dull Italian lays; I wadna gi'e our ain Strathspeys

For half a hundred score o' 'em;
They're douff and dowie at the best,
Douff and dowie, douff and dowie,
They're douff and dowie at the best,

Wi' a' their variorum;
They're douff and dowie at the best,
Their allegro's and a' the rest,
They cannot please a Highland taste,
Compard wi' Tullochgorum.

Let wardly minds themselves of press.

Wi' fear of want and double cess,

And silly sauls themselves distress.

Wi's keeping up decorum.

Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,

Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,

Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,

Like auld philosophorum?

Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,

Wi' neither sense, nor mirth nor wit.

And canna rise, to shake a fit,

At the reel of Tullochgorum.

May choicest blessing's still attend Each honest-hearted open friend, And calm and quiet be his end;

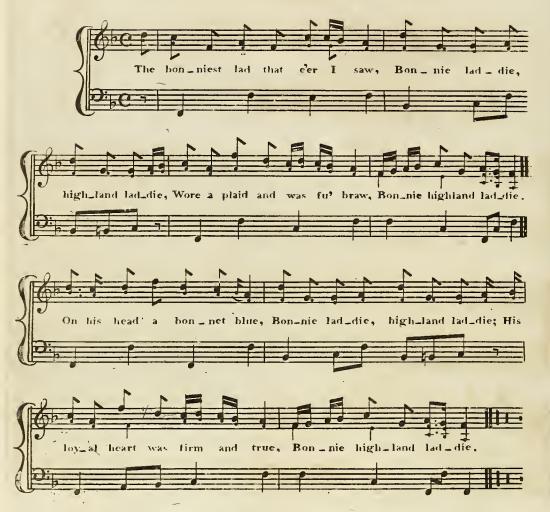
May peace and plenty be his lot,

Peace and plenty, peace and plenty.

May peace and plenty be his lot,

And dainties, a great store of em;
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Unstain'd by any vicious blot;
And may be never want a groat
That's fond of Tullochgorum.

But for the discontented fool,
Who wants to be oppression's tool,
May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
And discontent devour him.
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,
May dool and sorrow be his chance.
And honest souls abhore him;
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
And at the ills that come frac France,
Whoe'er he be, that winna dance
The reel of Tullochgorum!



Trumpets sound and cannons roar,
Bonnie lassie, lawland lassie,
And at the hills wit echos roar,
Bonnie lawland lassie.
Glory, honour, now invite,
Bonnie lassie, lawland lassie,
For freedom and my king to fight,
Bonnie lawland lassie.

The sun a backward course shall take.

Bonnie laddie, highland laddie,

Ere ought thy manly courage shake;

Bonnie highland laddie.

Go, for yoursel procure renown,

Bonnie laddie, highland laddie,

And for your lawful king his crown,.

Bonnie highland laddie.

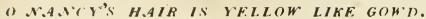


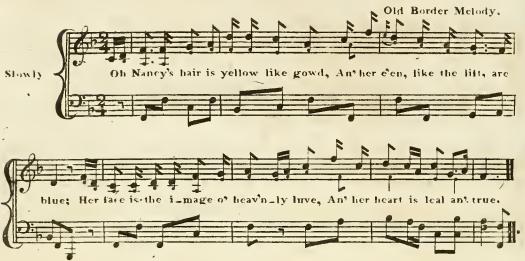
He said my dear, ye're soon a steer,
Cam ye to hear the lavrock's sang?

O wad ye gae alang wi' me;
An' wed a rantin Highlandman?
In simmer days on flow'ry braes,
When frisky is the ewe an' lamb,
l'se row ye in my tartan plaid,
Syne be yere rantin Highlandman.

"With heather bells that linely smells,
I'll deck yere hair sae fair an' lang.
It yell consent to scour the bent
Wi' me, a rantin Highlandman.
We'll hig a cot an' buy a stock,
Syne do the best that e'er we can;
Then come, my dear, ye needna fear
To trust a rantin Highlandman?

His words, so smart, gade to my heart,
And fain I wad a gien my han;
Yet durstna, least my mither should
Dislike a rantin Highlandman;
But I expect he will come back,
Then, tho? my kin wad scauld an? ban;
I'll o'er the hill, or where he will,
Wi' my young rantin Highlandman.





The innocent smile that plays on her cheek,
Is like the dawning morn;
An' the red, red blush, that across it flees,
Is sic as the rose neer has worn.

Il it's sweet to see the flickerin' smile.

Licht up her sparklin e'c.

It's holier far to see it dim'd.

Wi' the gushin' tear's saut bree.

'Twas na for a faithless tuve's fause vows,

Nor a brither upo' the wave,

That I saw them fa'— no, they were drapt

On an aged father's grave.

Tho? joy may dimple her bonnie mou,

An? dalfin may banish care,

In nae blythsome mood, nor hour o' bliss,

Will these een e'er glint sae fair.

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THE SUN IN THE WEST.





As the aik on the mountain resists the blast rairin,
Sae did he the brunt of the battle sustain,
Till treaching arrested his courage sae darin,
And laid him pale, lifeless, upon the drear plain!
Cauld winter the flower divests of its eleiden,
In summer again it blooms bonnie to see;
But naething, alas! can hale my heart bleedin.

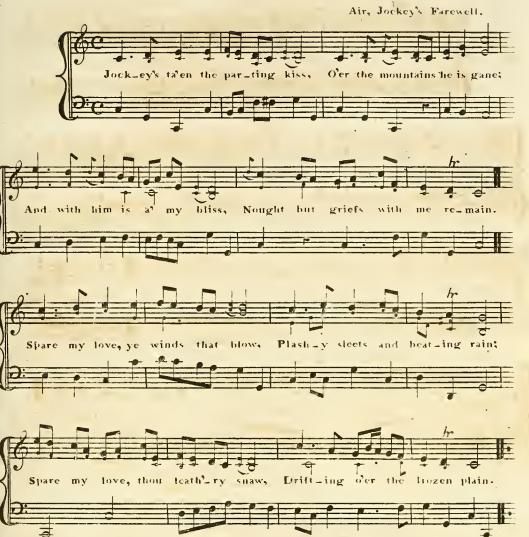
Drear winter remaining for ever wif me!



Eh! Davie, man, weill thou remembers the time,
When two brisk-young callands, and just in our prime,
The prince led us, conquer'd, and show'd us the way,
And many a brow chield we turn'd could on that day,
Still again I would venture this ould trunk-of mine,
Cou'd our General but lead, and we fight as langsyne.

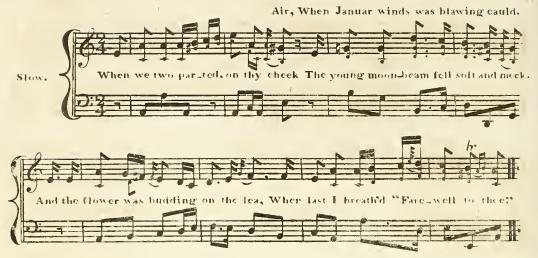
But garrison duty is a? we can do,
Tho? our arms are worn weak yet our hearts are still true;
We car'd na for dangers by land, or by sea,
For time is turn'd coward, and no you and me;
And tho? at our fate we may sadly repine,
Youth winna return, nor the strength of langsyne.

When after our conquests, it joys me to mind, How thy Jane carresold thee, and my Meg was kind; They shard of our danger, thosever so hard, And we card no for plunder when sic our reward; Even now they're resolv'd both their hames to resign, And will share the hard fate they were us'd to language.



When the shades of evening creep
O'er the day's fair gladsome e'es
Sound and safely may be sleep.
Sweetly blythe his wankening be.
He will think on her be loves,
Fondly he'll repeat her name;
For whare'er be distant roves
Jockey's heart is still at hame.

WHEN WE TWO PARTED.



But thou were number'd with the dead. Before that moon had wax'd and fled; And ere the flower had lost its blooms. The midnight dews were on the torob.

I saw thee not in that last hour
Which gave thee to the victor's power,
Nor heard the last recorded sigh
That 'scap'd thee in thine agony.

When thou wert borne upon thy bier,
I was not with the mourners near!
Where tears and dust wert strewd over thee,
Alas! that was no place for me!

The warmest heart that ever heat Lies cold beneath the winding-sheet. The fairest form carth ever knews is vanish'd like the morning dew.

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Veil'd in clouds the morning rose;
Nature seem'd to mourn the day;
Which consign'd before its close,
Thousands to their kindred clay.
How unfit for courtly ball,
Or the giddy testival,
Was the grim and ghastly view,
Ere evening clos'd on Waterloo!

Chasing o'er the currassier.

See the foaming charger flying!

Trampling, in his wild career.

All alike, the dead and dying!

See the bullets through his side.

Answerd by the spouting tide!

Helmet, horse, and rider too,

Roll on bloody Waterloo!

See the Highland warrior rushing,
Firm in danger, on the foe,
Till the life_blood warmly gushing,
Lays the plaided hero low!
His native pipe's accustom'd sound,
'Mid war's infernal concert drownd,
Cannot soothe his last adieu,

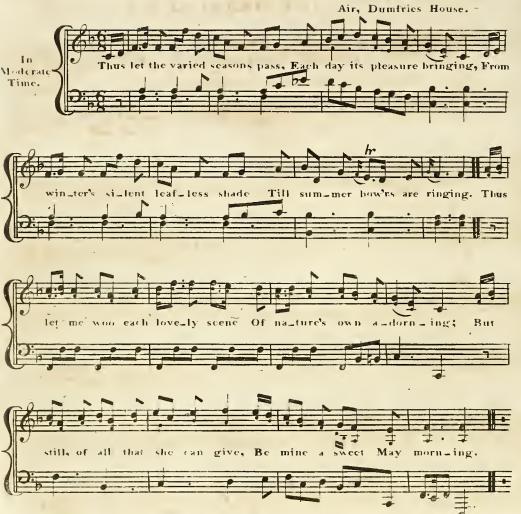
Or wake his sleep on Waterloo!

O!shiver'd be the recreant lyre,
That gave the base idea birth!
Other sounds, I ween were there,
Other music rent the air,
Other waltz the warriors knew,
When they closed at Waterloo.

Shall scenes like these the dance inspire,

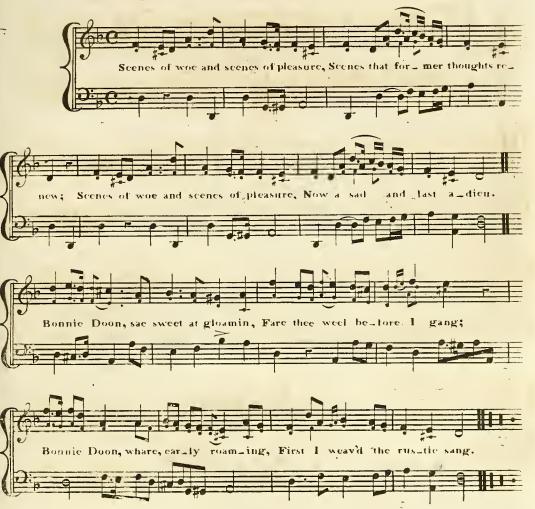
Or wake the enlivining notes of mirch?

Forbear—till time with lenient hand
Has sooth'd the pang of recent sorrow;
And let the picture distant stand,
The softening hue of years to borrow.
When our race has past away,
Hands unborn may wake the lay,
And give to joy alone the view.
Of Britain's fame at Waterloo.



Sweetest of months, that now unlocks
The summer's balmy treasures,
And gives a never-ending charm
To life and all its pleasures,
I greet thee with delighted heart,
All-other pleasures scorning,
And still, of all that earth can give,
Be mine a sweet May morning.

The murmurs of the fountain,
The lambkins sport upon the lea,
The tauns upon the mountain;
Nature throws, from the beechen tree.
Her robe of latest mourning,
and all is mirth, and merry giee,
tipon a sweet May morning.



Bowers, adieu! where love, decoying,
First enthratt'd this heart o' mine;
There the saltest sweets enjoying;
Sweets that mem'ry neer shall time.
Friends so near my bosom ever,
Ye ha'e render'd moments dear;
But atas! when forc'd to sever,
Then the stroke, O how severe!

Friends, that parting tear reserve it,

Tho? 'tis doubly dear to me;

Could I think I did deserve it,

How much happier would I be.

Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,

Scenes that former thoughts renew;

Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,

Now a sad and tast adicu!



"Now sing ye the death-song, and loudly pray

For the sonl of my knight so dear,

And call me a widow this wretched day,

Since the warning of God is near!

For the night-mare rides in my stranglid sleep—

The lord of my bosom is doom'd to die!

His valorous heart they have wounded deep,

And the blood-red tears shall his country weep

For William of Ellerslie."

Yet knew not his country that ominous hour,

Ere the fould matin bell had rung,

That the trumpet of death, on an English tower,

Had the dirge of her champion sung!

When his dungeon light lookd dim and red

On the high-born blood of a martyr slain.

No anthem was sung at his holy death-bed!

No weeping there was when his bosom bled,

And his heart was rent in twain!

Oh! it was not thus when his oaken spear

Was true to theknight forforn,

When hosts of a thousand were scatterd, like deer

At the blast of the hunter's horn.

When he strode o'er the wreck of each well fought held,

With the yellow-hair'd chiefs of his native land,

His spear was not shiver'd on helmet or shield,

And the sword that seem'd fit for archangel to wield,

Was light in his terrible kand.

Yet bleeding and bound, though the Wallace wight

For his much lov'd country die,

The bugle neer sung to a braver knight

Than William of Ellerslie.

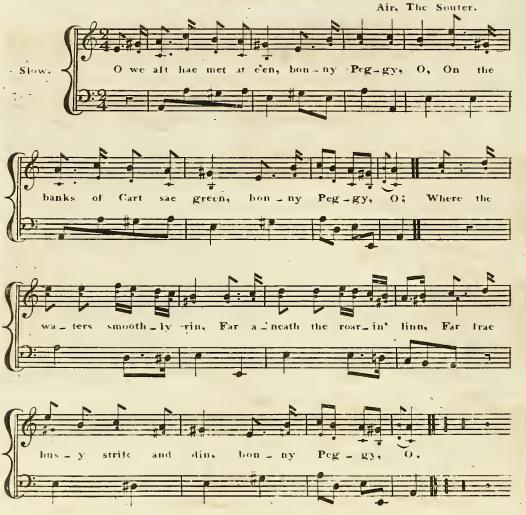
But the day of his glory shall never depart,

His heart unentomb'd shall with glory be palm'd.

From the blood streaming altar his spirit shall start,

Though the raven has fed on his mouldring heart,

A nobler was never embalm'd.



When the lately crimson west, bonny Peggy, O, In her darker robe was drest, bonny Peggy, O, And a sky of azure blue,

Deck'd with stars of golden hue,
Rose majestic to the view, bonny Peggy, O.

When the sound of flute or horn, bonny Peggy, O, On the gale of evening borne, bonny Peggy, O. We have heard in echocs die,
While the wave, that rippl'd by,
Sung a soft and sweet reply, bonny Peggy, O.

Now, alas! these scenes are o'er, bonny Peggy, O;
Now, alas! we meet no more, bonny Peggy, O;
No -oh! ne'er again, I ween,
Will we meet at summer c'en,
On the banks of Cart sae green, bonny Peggy, O.



Sae winning was her witching smile,
. Sae piercing was her coal black e'e.
She sairly wounded has my heart,
. That had na wist sic ills to dree:
In vain I strave wir hearty's charms,
. I could na keep my fancy free
She gat my heart sae in her thrall,
. The bonnie lass of Woodhouselce.

The bonnic knowes sae yellow as,
Whare alt is heard the hum of bees.
The meadow green and breezy hills
Where lambkins sport sae merrilie,
May charm the weary wandering swains.
When elening sun dips in the seas.
But as my heart, baith elen and morns.
Is with the lass of Woodhouselee.

The flowers that kiss the wimpling burn,
And dew_clad gowans on the lea,
The water-lily on the lake,
Are but sweet emblems at of thee;
And while in simmer smiles they bloom,
Sac lovely, and sac fair to see.
I'll woo their sweets e'en for thy sake,
The bonnie lass of Woodhouselse.

O BONNIE LASSIE COME OFER THE BURN.



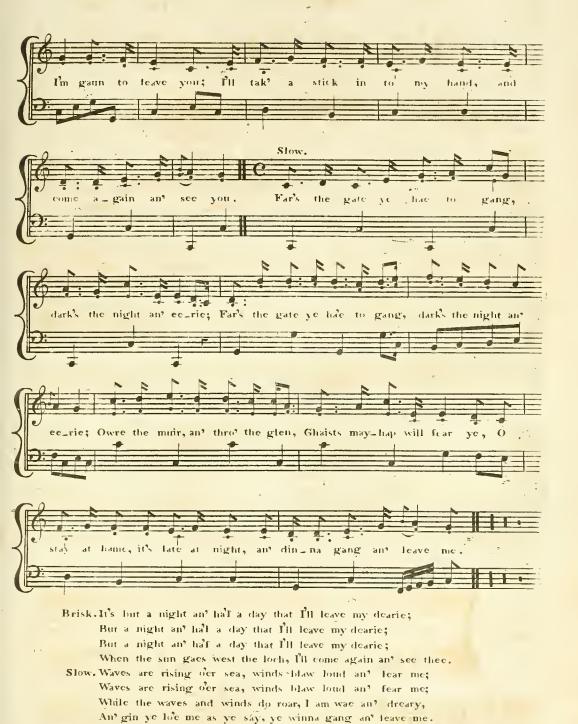
But I'll gie't to my lassie, and mair gin I had, II she'll be my dawtie, and sit on my plaid.

Two ewes and a lammie are a' my wee flock,

Two ewes and a lammie are a my wee flock, Yet I'd sell a lammie out of my sma' stock, And buy thee a head-lace, sae honny and braid, Gin ye would come, dawtie, and sit on my plaid.

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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 and see you.

E



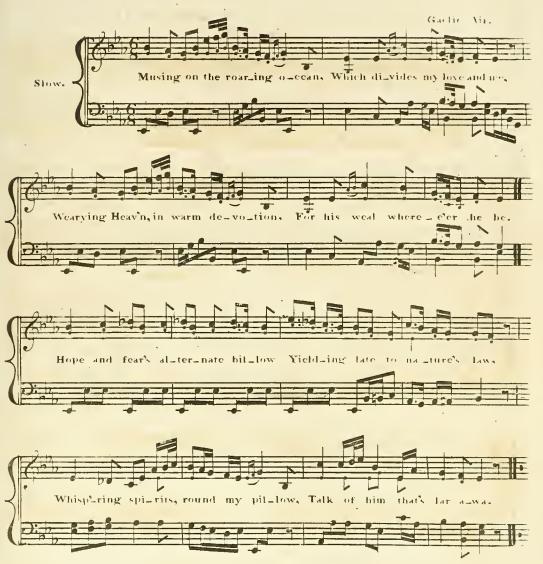
~ Lassie wi', &c.

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

Lassie wi', &e.

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

Lassie wi', &c. May neer the howling wintry blast Disturb my lassie's midnight rest, But foy reign in thy laithfut breast, 'To comfort thee, my dearie, O.



Ye who never shed a tear,
Ye who never shed a tear,
Care untroubled, joy surrounded,
Gaudy day to you is dear.
Gentle night, do thou beliriend me;
Downy sleep, thy curtain draw;
Spirits, kind, again attend me,
Talk of him that's far awa.



It's then the tear comes in my e'c,
As I sing the sweet psalm tune;
But there's name to join the melodie,
But blyttle langels aboon,

O! wae to thee, felt Claverhouse, To thine, an' a' the lave! Thou hast made me, a widow, sit Beside a bluidy grave.

Thou's made my hame sae desolate,

An' twere na my bairnies three,

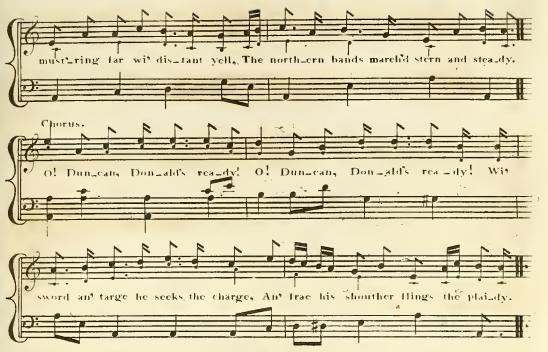
This sod wad sune be my resting place,

* * * * * * * *

My three sweet bairns, my bonnie bairns, Ye yet may live to see Far better days in Scotland Then is ordain'd for me.

I'll nurse thee for thy father's sake, Wi' the saut tear in my e'e. An' sit beside his bluidy grave





Nae mair we chase the fleet-foot roe,
O'er down an' dale, o'er mountain flyin;
But rush like tempests on the foe,
Thro' mingled groans the war-note cryin'.
O'. Duncan, Donald's ready! &c.

A prince is come to claim his ain,
A stem o' Stuart, frien'less Charlie;
What Highlan' han' its blade wad hain'
What Highlan' heart behint would tarry!
O! Duncan, Donald's ready! &c.

I see our hardy clans appear,

The sun back frae their blades is beamin';
The south'ren trump falls on my ear,

Their banner'd lion's proudly streamin',

Now, Donald, Duncan's ready!

Now, Donald, Duncan's ready!

Within his hand he grasps his brand;

Fierce is the fray, the field is bloody!

But lang shall Scotland rue the day,
She saw her Hag sae fiercely flying;
Culloden's hills were hills o' wae;
Her laurels torn, her warriors dying,
Duncan now nae mair is ready,
Duncan now nae mair is ready!
The brand is falen frae out his han',
His bonnet blue lies stain'd an' bluidy!

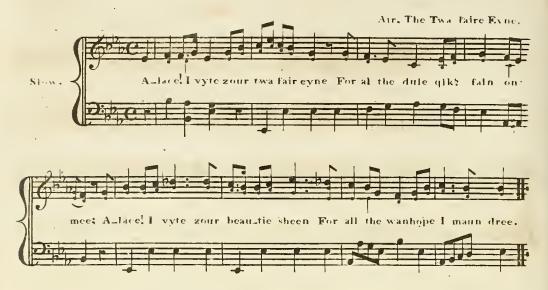
Fair Flora's game her love to seek;

Lang may she wait for his returnin';

The midnight dews ta on her check;

What han' shall dry her tears o mourin'?

Duncan now hae mair is ready, &c.



Ance I wes blythe as bird on reis.*

Nae lichter hert on erth did syng;

Now I am wed till miserys,

And thow the cause fra qlk thay spring.

O. had ye neir lukit kynd on mee.

Wi' zour twa faire bot treacherous eyne.

I neir had thocht of luvin thee,

My passioun had bot wondir bene.

Thow wild haif bin lyk ane of thay

Bright sternis qlk shimmer in the skie.

That eyne may luik upon for aye

In gladness qh!! it glintit by.

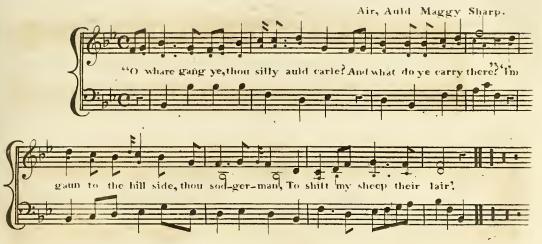
But, oh! alace! zour twa fair eyne

Thay glintit nocht lyk sternis on mee;
In suth that wer as bright and sheen,

But sik cauld glance that culd not gie-

O! waly now bi grene wid schay!
O! waly now bi banck and brae!
And waly bi the Abbay wa,
Whare I and my fause live did gae!

^{*} means a bough or branch of a tree in old scotish.



Ae stride or twa took the silly and carle, And a gude lang stride took he: "I trow thou be a feck auld carle, Will ye shaw the way to me?"

And he has gane wi' the silly auld carle
Adown by the greenwood side;
"Light down and gang, thou sodger man,
For here ye canna ride?"

He drew the reins o' his bonny grey steed, And lightly down he sprang; Of the comeliest scarlet was his weir-coat, Whare the gowden tassels hang.

He has thrown alf his plaid, the silly auld carle,
And his bonnet frae boon his bree,
And wha was it but the young Maxwell!
And his gude brown sword drew be.

"Thou killd my father, thou vile Southron,
And thou killd my brethren three,
Whilk brak the heart o' my ac sister,
I lov'd as the light o' my ec.

"Draw out your sword, thou vile Southron, Red wat wi' blude o' my kin; That sword it crappit the bonniest flower Ere lifted its head to the sun.

"There's ae sad stroke for my dear father,
There's twa for my brethren three;
And there's ane to thy heart for my ae sister,
Wham I lov'd as the light o' my c'e."

This ballad is founded on fact. A young Gentleman of the family of Maxwell, being an adherent of the Stuarts, suffered in the general calamity of his friends. After seeing his paternal house reduced to ashes, his father killed in its defence, his only sister, dying with grief for her fathers and three brothers slain, he assumed the habit of an old shepherd, and, in one of his excursions, singled out one of the individual men who had ruined his family. After upbraiding him for his cruelty, he slew him in single combat. The Air, which is very ancient, has generally been sung to a foolish ballad beginning "Auld Maggy."

Sharp lived on the brace tap."



Light of heart, thou quit'st thy song
As the welkin's shadows lour,
Whilst the beetle wheels along,
Humming to the twilight hour.
Not like thee, I quit the scene
To enjoy night's balmy dream;
Nor like thee, I wake again,
Smiling with the morning beam.





I was proud of the power
And the fame of my chief,
And to raise them was ever
The aim of my life;
And now in his greatness
He turns me away,
When my strength is decayed,
And my locks are worn grey.
Oh, fare thee well, &c.

Farewell the grey stones
Of my ancestors' graves,
I go to have mine
Of the foam of the waves;
Or to die unlamented
On Canada's shore,
Where none of my fathers
Were gather'd before,
Oh! fare thee well, &c.

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

MAC-DONALD'S GATHERING.



Gather, gather, gather,

From Lock Morer to Argyle; Come from Castle Tuirim,

Come from Moidart and the Isles. Macallan is the hero

That will lead you to the field; Gather bold Siolallain,

Sons of them that never yield.

Gather, gather, gather,

Gather from Lochaber glens; Mac-Hie-Rannail calls you;

Come from Taroph, Roy, and Spean.

Gather, brave Clan-Donuil,

Many sons of might you know; Lenochan's your brother,

Auchterechtan and Glencoe,

Gather, gather, gather,

'Tis your Prince that needs your arm; Though Mac Connel leaves you,

Dread no danger or alarm.

Come from field and foray,

Come from sickle and from plough; Come from cairn and correi,

From deer-wake and driving too.

Gather, bold Clan-Donuil;

Come with haversack and cord;

Come not late with meal and cake,

But come with durk, and gun, and sword.

Down into the lowlands,

Plenty bides by dale and burn; Gather, brave Clan-Domil,

Riches wait on your return.



The grove, thro' which we stray at morn.

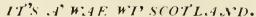
Will with its music make us glad;
The yellow gleam of setting beam,

Will still a softer influence shed:
And ev'ning, too, will bring its charms;

Such charms as soothe the lover's soul,
The moon's mild ray will sweetly play

On Yarrow's waters, as they roll.

We'll love with overflowing hearts,
And wrap us in a golden dream,
Tears of delight will dim the sight,
And Yarrow will an Eden seem.
Then let us leave the town my love,
And lay ourselves by Yarrows stream,
Where April gales adown the vales
Give softness to the lover's dream.





The sun sets sweet at elening;
But they are far awa;
Wha wad hae saved the thistles tap;
That now maun withering fal?
Yet the leaf hearts of Scotland;
Altho it may seem lang.
Will pray and hope that Heaven
May yet redress the wrang.





In the pulse of my heart I have nourish'd a care, That forbids me thy sweet inspiration to share; The noon of my youth, slow-departing I see, But its years, as they pass, bring no tidings of thee! O cherub content, at thy moss-cover'd shrine I would offer my vows, if Matida were mine; Could I call her my own, whom enraptur'd I see, I would breathe not a sigh but to friendship and thee.



The flowers grow bonnie on the bank,
Where down the waters fa?;
The birds sing bonnie in the bower,
Where red red roses blaw:
An' there wi' blythe and lightsome heart,
Whan day has closed his e'e,
I wander wi' my Marion,
Wha lo'es na ane but me.

Sie luve as mine an' Marion's,

O may it never fa'.

But blume aye like the fairest flower,

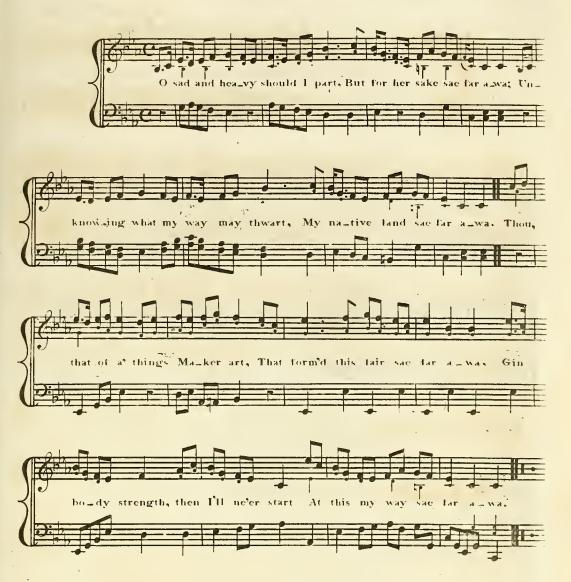
That grows in Locher-shaw:

My Marion I will ne'er forget,

Until the day I die,

For she has vow'd a solemn vow,

She lo'es na ane but me.



How true is love to pure desert,

So love to her sae far awa;

And nocht can heal my hosom's smart,

While, Oh, she is sae far awa.

Nane other love, nane other dart,

I feel, but her's sae far awa;

But fairer never touch'd a heart

Than her's, the fair sae far awa.



Out cam his mother dear, greeting tur sair,

And out cam his bonnie bryde riving her hair,

"My meadow lies green, and my corn is unshorn,

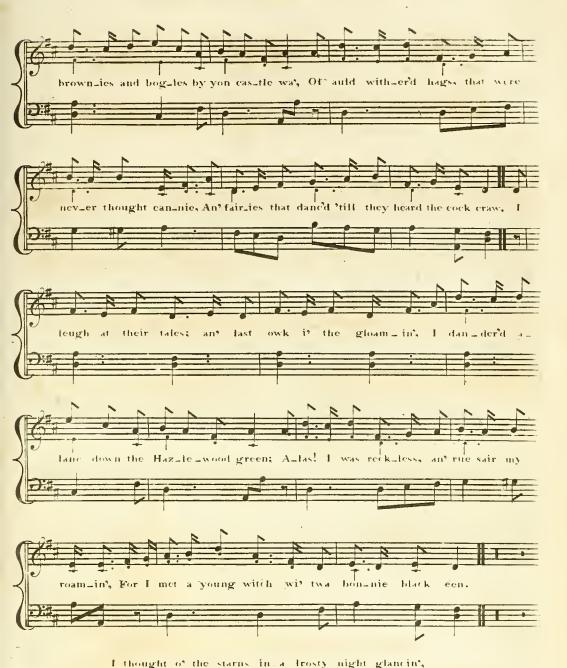
My barn is to build, and my baby's unborn?"

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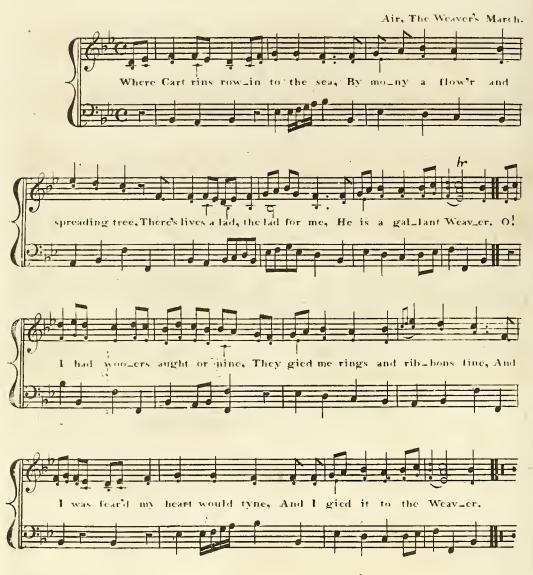
THE HAZLEWOOD WITCH.





Whan a' the lift round them is cloudless an blue;
I looked again, an my heart fell a dancing;
Whan I wad hae spoken, she glamour'd my mou'.
O wae to her cantrips! for dumpish'd I wander;
At kirk or at market there's nought to be seen;
For she dances afore me wherever I dander,
The Hazlewood witch wi' the bonny black cen-

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My daddie sign'd my tocher-band

To gie the lad that has the land,

But to my heart I'll add my hand,

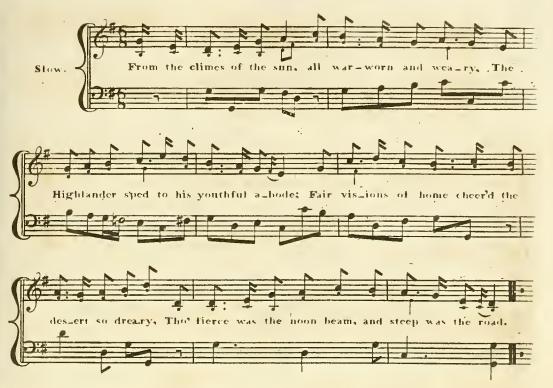
And give it to the Weaver..

While birds rejoice in feafy bowers;

While bees delight in opening flowers;

While corn grows green in simmer showers,

I love my gallant Weaver.



Till spent with the march, that still lengthen'd before him,
He stopped by the way in a sylvan retreat;
The light shady boughs of the birch-tree waved o'er him,
And the stream of the mountain fell soft at his feet.

He sunk to repose where the red heaths are blended,
One dream of his childhood his fancy past o'er;
But his battles are fought, and his march it is ended,
The sound of the bagpipe shall wake him no more.

No arm in the day of the conflict could wound hims

Though war launched her thunder in fury to kill;

Now the angel of death in the desert has found hims

Now stretched him in peace by the stream of the hill.

Pale Autumn spreads o'er him the leaves of the forest,
The fays of the wild chant the dirge of his rest;
And thou, little brook, still the sleeper deplorest.
And moistenest the heath-bell that weeps on his breast.

Many years ago, a poor Highland soldier, on his return to his native hills, faztigued, as it was supposed, by the length of the march and the heat of the weather, sat down under the shade of a birch-tree on the solitary road of Lowran, that winds along the margin of Loch Ken in Galloway. Here he was found dead, and the incident forms the subject of the above verses.



Beneath the gowden gloamin sky

The mavis mends his Loy.

The redbreast pours its sweetest strains

To charm the ling'ring day;

While weary yeldrins seem to wail

Their little nestlings torn,

The merry wren, frae den to den,

Gaes jinkin thro' the thorn,

The roses fauld their silken leaves,

The foxglove shuts its bell,

The honey-suckle and the birk

Spread fragrance thro? the dell.

Let others crowd the giddy court

Of mirth and revelry,

The simple joys that nature yields

Are dearer far to me.





Come der the stream, Charlie, &c..

And you shall drink freely the dews of Glen-Sheerly,

That stream in the star-light, when kings do not 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, &c.

If aught will invite you, or more will delight you,

'Tis ready, a troop of our hold Highlandman

Shall range on the heather, with bonnet and feather,

Strong arms and broad claymores, three hundred and ten.



"Maggy? quoth he, and by my bags,
I'm fidgin fain to see thee;
Sit down by me, my honnie bird,
In troth I winna steer thee;
For I'm a piper to my trade,
My name is Rob the Ranter;
The lasses loup as they were daft,
When I blaw up my chanter.

"Piper," quoth Meg, "hac we your bags;

Or is your drone in order!

If ye be Rob, Ive heard of you;

Live ye upon the border!

The lasses a, baith far and near,

Hac heard o' Rob the Ranter;

I'll shake my foot wi' right good-will,

Gif ye'll blaw up your chanter!

E

Then to his bags he flew wi's speed,
About the drone he twisted;
Meg up and wallop'd o'er the green,
For brawly could she frisk it.
"Weel done;"quoth he: play up;"quoth she:
"Weel bob'd;" quoth Rob the Ranter;
"Tis worth my while to play indeed,
When I hae sic a dancer."

"Weel hae you play'd your part," quoth Meg;
"Your cheeks are like the crimson;
There's nane in Scottand plays sae weel,
Since we lost Habby Simpson:
I've liv'd in Fife, baith maid and wife,
These ten years and a quarter;
Gin ye should come to Anst'er fair,
Spier ye lor Maggie Lauder."



Mally's meek, &c.

It were mair meet that those fine feet
Were weel lac'd πp in silken shoon.
And 'twere mair fit that she should sit
Within yon chariot gilt aboon.'

Mally's meek, &c.

Her yellow hair, beyond compare,

Comes trinkling down her swan-white neck,

And her two eyes, like stars in skies,

Would keep a sinking ship frae wreck.



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O what, lassie, what does your Hieland laddie wear?
O what, lassie, what does your Hieland laddie wear?
A scarlet coat and bannet blue, with bonnie yellow hair,
And nane in the warld can with my love compare.

O where, and O where is your Hieland laddie gane?
O where, and O where is your Hieland laddie gane?
He's gone to light for George our king, and left me all alanc.
For noble and brave's my loval Hielandman.

O when, and O when will your Hieland lad come ham? O when, and O when will your Hieland lad come ham? When e'er the war is over he'll return to me with fame. With the heather in his bannet, my gallant Hielandman.

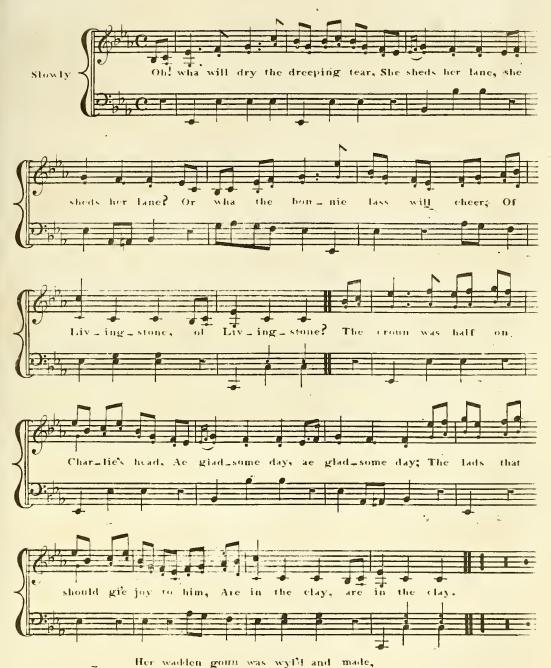
HER HAIR WAS LIKE THE CROMLA MIST.



O lovely were the blue-ey'd maids, That sung peace to the warrior's shade. That died the rustling heath among, But none so fair as Morna. Her hallow'd tears bedew'd the brake, That wav'd beside dark Orma's lake, Where wander'd lovely Morna-

Sad was the hoary minstrel's song, Where sat the lovely Morna. It slumber'd on the placid wave, It echo'd thro? the warrior's cave, And sigh'd again to Morna.

The hero's plumes were lowly laid; In Fingal's half each blue-ey'd maid Sung peace and rest to Morna. The harp's wild strain was past and gone, No more it whisper'd to the moan Of lovely dying Morna.



It neer was on, it neer was on;
Culloden field, his lowly bed,
She thought upon, she thought upon.
The bloom has faded frac her cheek
In youthfu' prime, in youthfo' prime;
And sorrows with ring hand has done
The deed o' time, the deed o' time.

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The larrock sings among the clouds,

The lambs they sport so cheery,

And I sit weeping by the birk,

O where art thou, my dearie?

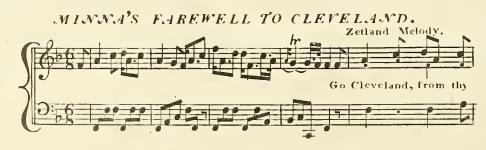
Aft may I meet the morning dew,

Lang greet till I be weary,

Thou canna, winna, gentle maid,

Thou canna be my dearie.

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'Tis not mid revelry and joy,

That Minna claims a thought from thee;
'Tis not mid wine-cups sparkling high,

That I would bid thee pledge to me!

But oh! mid war or tempest's roar,

When o'er the surge thy bark is borne,

Think on the maid on Zetland's shore,

Whose prayers are mingling with the storm.

And oh! if earthly joy can cheer

A heart fast wending to the grave,

Twill be thy much-lov'd name to hear

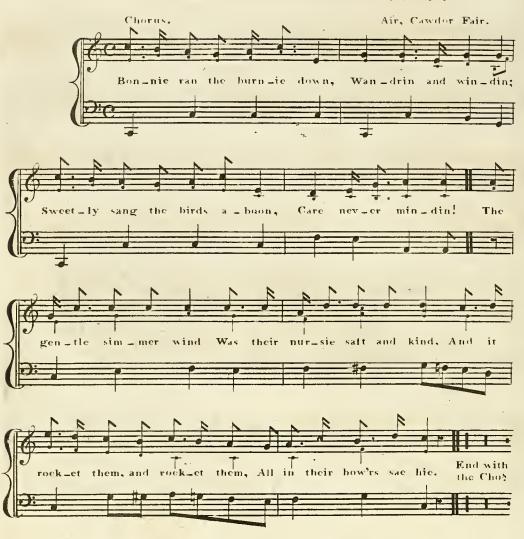
Enroll'd among the good and brave:

To hear a nation swell the praise

Of him, whose deeds of valour drew

The cheer that daring outlaws raised,

And plaudits from the shouting crew.





The mossy rock was there,
And the water lily fair,
And the little trout wad sport about,
All in the sunny beam.

Bonnie ran, &c.

The summer days be lang.

And sweet the birdies, sang,

The wintry night and chilling blight

Keep aye their cerie roun.

Bonnie ran. &c.

And then the burn's like a sea

Roarin and reamin;

Nae wee bit sangster's on the tree,

But wild birds screamin.

Bonnie ran, &c.

And my sweet sunny morn

Was like the ripplin burn.

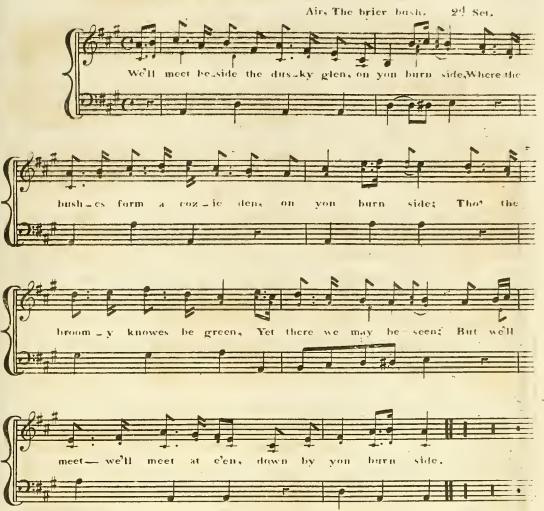
Or simmer breeze amang the trees,
And linties lilting blythe.

Oh! that the past I might forget,
Wandrin and weepin;

Oh! that aneath the hillock green

Sound I were sleepin!

WE'LL MEET BESIDE THE DUSKY GLE.Y.



I'll lead thee to the birkin bow'r, on you burn side, Sac sweetly wove wir woodbine flow'r, on you burn side;

There the roses bloom sae fair,

There seemely sports the hare,

There well pledge our love sencere, down by you burn side.

Awa', ye rude unfeeling crew, frae you burn side; Those fairy-scenes are no for you, by you burn side;

There lancy smooths her theme,

By the sweetly murm'ring streams

And the rock-lodg'd echoes skim, down by you burn side.

Now the planting taps are ting'd wil good, on you hurn side, And gloamin draws her foggy shroud ofer you burn side;

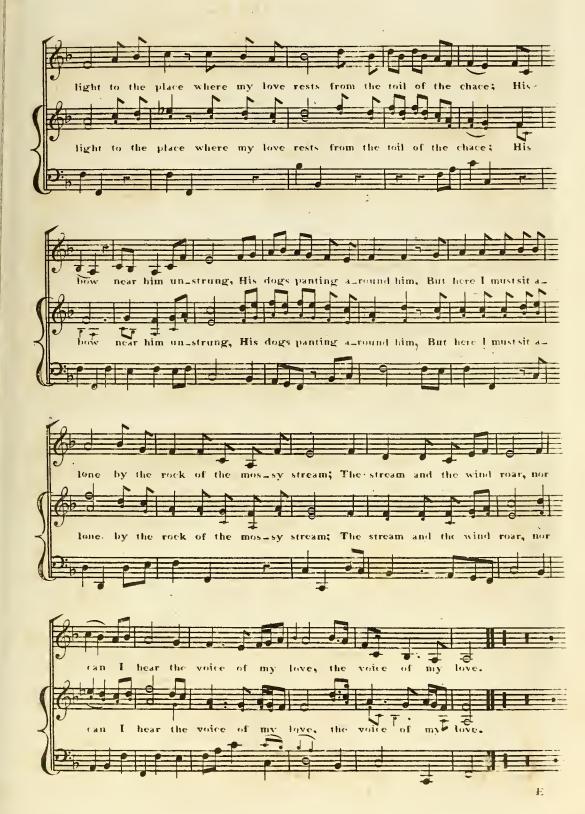
Far trae the noisy scene,

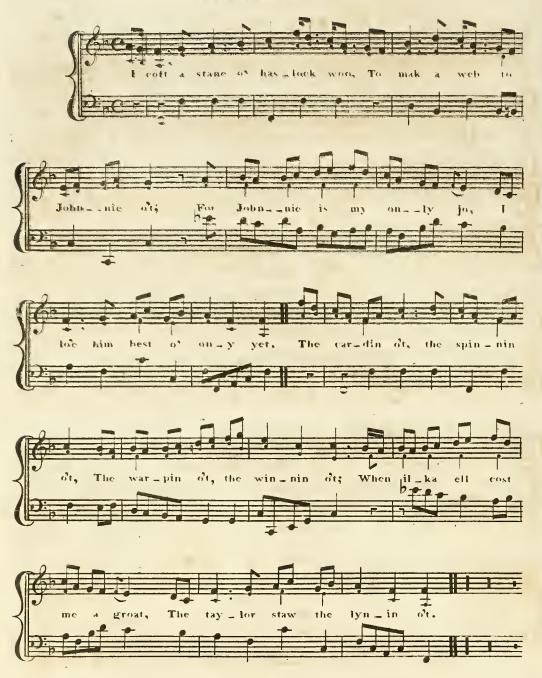
I'll through the fields alane;

There well meet-my ain dear Jean, down by you burn side.

E.





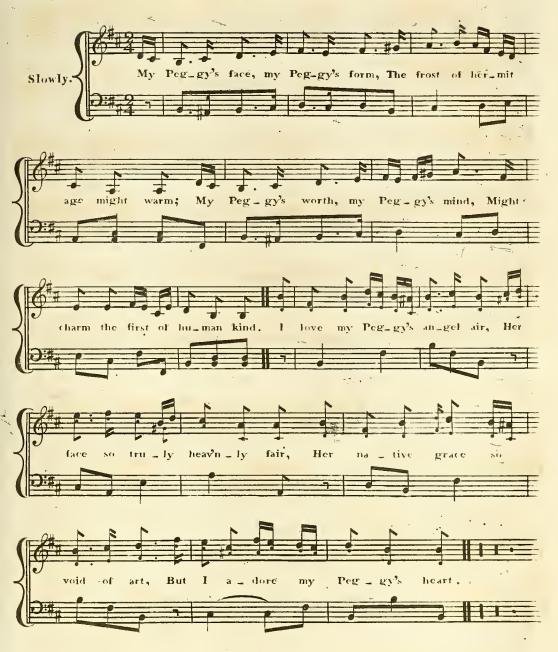


For though his locks be lyart gray,

And though his brow be held aboon,
Yet I has seen him, on a day,

The pride of a³ the parishen.

The cardin o't, &c.



The fily'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,

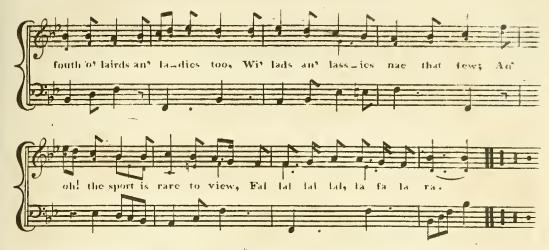
The generous purpose, nobly dear,

The gentle look that rage disarms;

These, these are all immortal charms.







There's mony a filly come in on the score, Fal lal, &c. Wi' galloping graith, clad afint an' afore, Fal lal, &c.

Our ancient wager for to win,

The prize nae less than forty pun';

To see them is the best o' fun, Fal lal, &c.

The rout the town officers held at command, Fal lal, &c. And baillies wi' halberts weel scour'd in their hand, Fal lal, &c.

To clear the course, the cause was gude, An' guide the rabble, wild an' rude, For ilka ane on tip-tac stood, Fal lal, &c.

Now Kirkfield frae braw Lesmahago came, Fal lal, &c. Our siller nac doubt, for to tak wi' him hame, Fal lal, &c.

But the he cam wi' noise an' din,
The beast was unco laith to rin;
In short the lad was ahin, Fal lal, &c.

An' Glentowin's horse he was sairly out-worn, Fal lal, &c. That mornin' he gat a haill lirlet o' corn, Fal lal, &c.

His groom kept him but carefessly,
Tho, had he ted him soberly
Twas thought he wad has won the gree, Fal Id, &c.

But Kingledore's mare she brak all at the first, Fal Ial, &c.

She was sae supple an's ae stout,

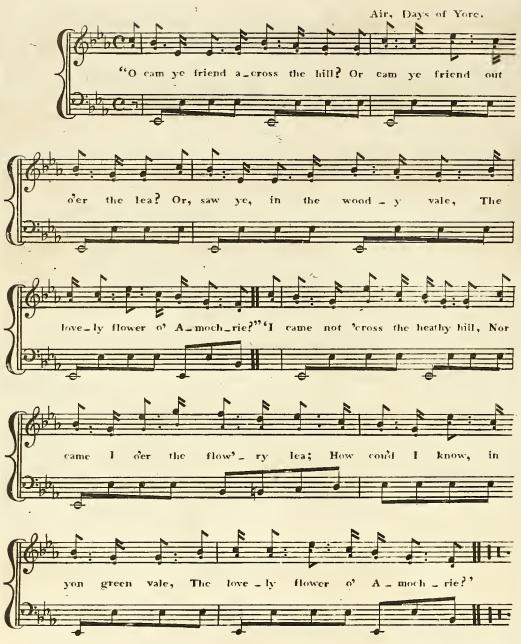
She led the lave a' round about,

An' cam in first as she gade out, Fal lal, &c.

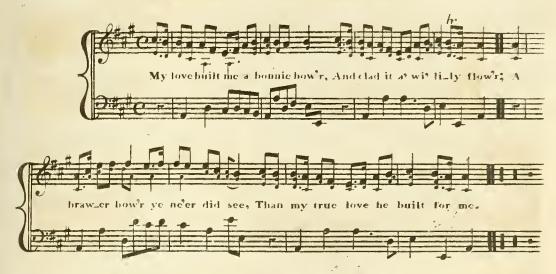
Now Glentowin's horse he could do nae mair, Fal lal, &c.
An' Kirkliel's o'er heavy to hae ony share, Fal lal, &c.

Set alf wir ar our dainty gears.

An' caper'd crously through fair, Fallal, &c.



"Saw ye Aurora at the dawn,
Or cloudless moon o'er waveless sea?
Oh, then you'd know, upon the lawn,
The lovely flower o' Amochrie,
Her cheeks the ruddy morning vie,
Her neck, the snaw sae fair to see,
Her e'en, the blue o' winter sky,
The lovely flower o' Amochrie."



There came a man by middle day, He spied his sport and went away, And brought the king at dead of night, Who brake my bow'r, and slew my khight.

He slew my knight, to me sae dear!

He slew my knight, and poin'd his gear!

My servants all for life did flee,

And left me in extremitie!

I sew'd his sheet, making my mane; I watch'd the corpse, myself alane; I watch'd his body night and day; No living creature came that way!

I took his body on my back,
And whiles I gaed, and whiles I sat;
I digg'd a grave and laid him in,
And hap'd him with the sod sae green!

But think ha ye my heart was sair,
When I laid the mould on his yellow hair!
O think ha ye my heart was wae,
When I turn'd about awa to gae!

Nac living man I'll, love again, Since that my lovely knight is slain! Wi' ae lock of his yellow hair I'll chain my heart for evermair!



My love he wears a bonnet,

A bonnet, a bonnet,

A shawy rose upon it,

A dimple on his chin.

O merry may the keel row, &cc.

ROB RORYSON'S BONNET.





Wi'a round rosy tap, like a meikle black-boyd, It was slouch'd just a kenning on either hand side; Some maintain'd it was black, some maintain'd it was blue, It had something o' baith as a body may trow. But, in sooth, I assure you, for ought that I baw, Still his bonnet had naething uncommon ava; Tho' the haill parish talk'd o' Rob Roryson's bonnet, 'Twas a' for the marvellous head that was in it.

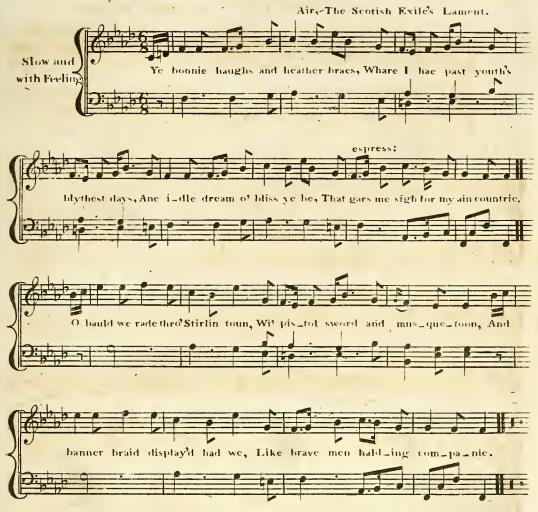
That head___let it rest___it is now in the mools, Tho? in lite a? the warld beside it were fools; Yet o? what kind o? wisdom his head was possest, Nane kend but himsel; sae there's nane that will miss't. But there's some still in life, wha eternally blame, Wha on buts and on ifs rear their fabric o? fame; To all such I inscribe this most beautiful sonnet. To crown them the heirs o? Rob Roryson's bonnet.

AMID LOCH CATRINE'S SCENERY WILD.



'Tis sweet when woodland echo rings,
Where purling streams meander;
But sweeter when my Mary sings,
As thro' the glens we wander.
The wild deer on the mountain side,
The fabl'd Elf or Fairy,
Or skiff that skims the crystal tide,
Moves not more light than Mary.

From lowland plains I've wander'd lar,
In endless search of pleasure,
Till, guided by some friendly star,
I found this lovely treasure.
Altho' my native home has charms,
Amang these hills I'll tarry;
And while life's blood my bosom warms,
I'll love my dearest Mary.

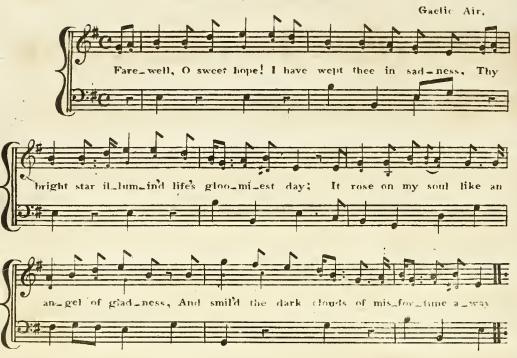


We left our luves, we left our hames,
We left our bairns and winsome dames,
And we drew our swords richt manfully
To back the king o' our ain countrie.
But Carlile yetts are wat wi blude,
Micht matches richt, and dooms the gude;
And gentle blude o' ilk degree
Has stained the hearths o' my ain countrie.

And dwyning in this fremit land,
Does feekless mak baith heart and hand,
And gars thir tears drap frae my de,
That neer sal the in my ain countrie.
O Carron brig is audd and worn,
Where I and my forbears were born;
But bonnie is that brig to see
By ane flemit frae his ain countrie.

And gladly to the listening car
Is borne the waters cruning clear,
Making a moan and melodic
That weds the heart to its ain countrie.
Of gin I were a wee wee bird,
To light adown at Randictuird,
And in Kirk o' Mure to close my e'e,
And fald my wings in my ain countrie.

FAREWELL, O SWEET HOPE.



In youth every prospect by pleasure was bounded,
And joy was the portion that destiny gave;
.'Twas pure as the lake by the mountains surrounded,
And warm as the sun-beam that danc'd on its wave.

Thy visions were transient as mists of the morning;
They shone on my sight like the rainbow of eve;
And the first tear of sorrow proclaimd the sad warning,
Those visions were sent to betray and deceive.

Peace, mild as the dew-drop descending at even,

Protected my bosom from sorrow and care;

But return'd to her throne in the mansion of heaven,

When each object was stamp'd by the hand of despair.

O'er the flowers of happiness, wither'd and blighted,
Fond memory lingers, and mourns their decay;
For the blossoms thy warmth and thy splendour delighted,
Expir'd in the hour that beheld thy last ray.





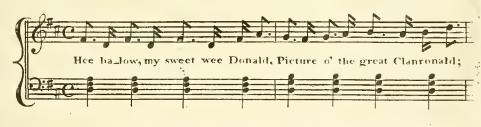
Thou knew'st my hopes how fair!

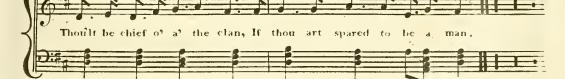
But all those hopes are blighted now,
They point but to despair.

Thus doom'd to ceaseless, hopeless love,
I haste to India's shore;
For here how can I longer stay, ...
And call thee mine no more!

Now, Mary, now the struggle's o'er,
And tho' I still must love,
Yet, Mary, here we meet no more,
O, may we meet above!

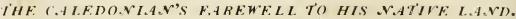
THE HIGHLAND BALOW.





Leeze me on thy bounic craigie, An' thou live thou'll lift a naigie, Travel the country thro' and thro', And bring hame a Carlyle cow.

Thro? the lawlands, o'er the border, Weel, my babie, may thou furder; Herry the louns o' the laigh countrie, Syne to the Highlands hame to me.





And I leed as a desolate one,
Fair land while I gaze upon thee!
No more shall that "sweet setting sun"
Ulumine those vallies for me!
Yet bright may your blossoming be,
And soft be the gush of your streams!
O! still in my slumbers will ye

O t still in my slumbers will ye

Be the land of my loveliest dreams.

The remembrance of thee will not wear,
Like the mist on thy mountains, away;
Or, as temples, that grandeur will rear,
To glitter and glance for a day.
But as towers are embedded for aye,
It shall stand on the top of my heart,
And over my fond fancy hold sway,
While memory her joys shall impart.



The ship that waits me from thy friendly diore, Graveys my body, but conveys no more.

My soul is thine, that spark of heavily flame, The better portion of my mingled frame, is wholly thine; that part I give to thee, That, in the temple of thy memory, The other ever may enshrined be.

HA'F YE SEEN, AT DAWN OF MORNING.



By the storm the rose is blasted,

Rain sweeps the fily frac the vale,

The tragrance of the brief flies wasted

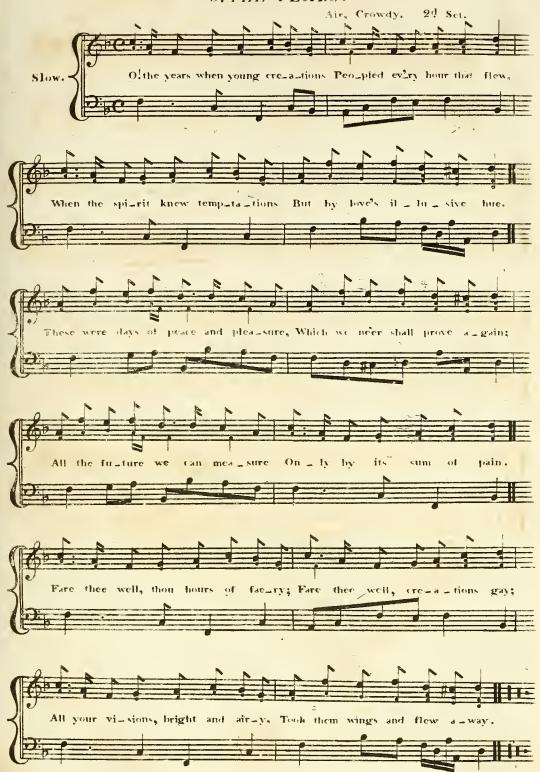
On the wings of autumn's gale.

Scasons ever are a-changing,

Buds to flowers, then flowers decay.

Autumn, summer's glory mourning,

Winter sweeps their pride away.





Turn and see thy tartan plant;
Rising der my breaking heart,
O my bonny highland taddie,
Wae was t, with thee to part.
Joy of my heart, Geordy agains?
Joy of my heart, Stu mo Run;

Ches own?

But then bleeds O bleeds thou, beauty?

Swims thy eye in wee and pain?

Child of honour! child of duty!

Shall'we never meet again?

Joy of my heart, Geordy again!

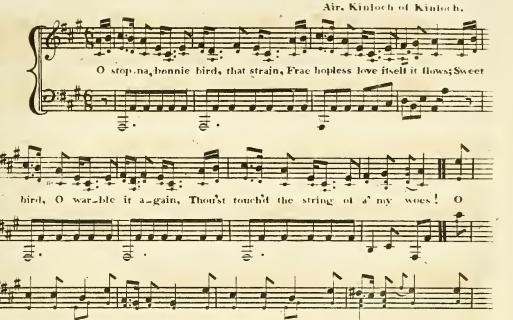
Joy of my heart, Stu mo Run!

Yes, my darling, on thy pillow,
Soon thy head shall easy ly;
Soon, upon the bounding billow,
Shall thy war-worn standard fly.
Joy of my heart, Geordy again,
Joy of, my heart, Stu mo Ran,

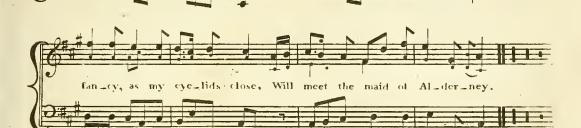
Then, again thy tartan plaidy,
Then, my bosom free from pain,
Shall receive my Highland laddie:
Never shall we part again.
Joy of my heart, Geordy again.

E Joy of my heart, Geordy again

Lady 6. Gordon, picked up this beautiful Air in the Highlands, the verses were written by D. Couper at her desire, on the Marquis of Hurtly when in Holland.



her



Couldst thou but learn frae me my grief,
Sweet bird, thoudst leave thy native grove,
And fly, to bring my soul relief,
To where my warmest wishes rove;
Soft as the cooings of the dove,
Thou'lt sing thy sweetest, saddest lay,
And melt to pity, and to love,
The bonny maid of Alderney.

Iull me with it to re-pose, I'll dream of

Well may I sigh and sairly weep;
Thy song sad recollections bring;
O! tly across the roaring deep,
And to my maiden sweetly sing;
'Twill to her faithless bosom bring
Remembrance of a sacred day;
But feeble is thy wee bit wing,
And far's the isle of Alderney.

Then, bonny bird, wi' mony a tear,
I'll mourn beneath this hoary thorn,
And thou wilt find me sitting here,
Ere thou canst hail the dawn o' morn.
Then, high on airy pinions borne,
Thou'lt chaunt a sang o' love and wae,
And soothe me, weeping at the scorn
O the sweet maid of Alderney.

And when around my wearied head,
Soft pillow'd where my fathers lie,
Death shall eternal poppies spread,
And close for aye my tearfu' eye.
Perch'd on some bonny branch on high,
Thou'lt sing thy sweetest roundelay,
And soothe my spirit passing by
To meet the maid of Alderney.

THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.



Their winding sheet the bluidy clay,

Their graves are growing green to see;

And by them lies the dearest lad

That ever blest a woman's e'e.

Now was to thee thou cruel lord,

A bluidy man I trow thou he;

For mony a heart thou hast made sair.

That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee.



Now a' is done that men can do,

And a' is done in vain:

My love and native land fareweel,

For I maun cross the main, my dear,

For I maun cross the main.

He turn'd him right and round about,
Upon the Irish shore,

And gavehis bridle-reins a shake,
With, adieu for evermore, my dear,
With, adieu for evermore.

The soger fracthe war returns,

The sailor fracthe main,

But I had parted frac my love.

Never to meet again, my dear,

Never to meet again.

When day is gane, and night is come,

And a' folk bound to sleep.

I think on him that's far awa

The lee-lang night, and weep, my dear,

The lee-lang night, and weep.

THE HIGHLANDER'S FAREWELL.



The glen, that was my father's own,
Must be by his forsaken;
The house, that was my father's home,
'Is levell'd with the bracken.
Ochon! ochon! our glory's o'er,
Stole by a mean deceiver!
Our hands are on the broad claymore,
But the might is broke for ever.

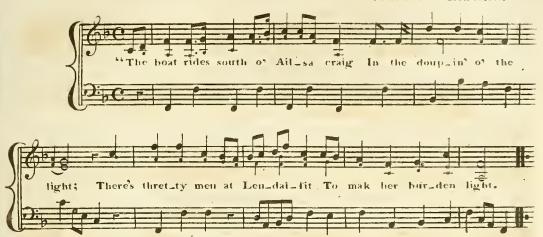
And thou, my prince, my injur'd prince,
Thy people have disown'd thee,
Have hunted, and have driv'n thee hence,
With ruin'd chiefs around thee.
Tho' hard beset, when I forget
Thy fate, young helpless rover,
This broken heart shall cease to beat,
And all its griefs he over.

Farewell, farewell, dear Caledon,
Land of the Gael no longer!

A stranger fills thy ancient throne,
In guile and treachery stronger.

The brave and just fall in the dust,
On ruin's brink they quiver,
Heaven's pitying ee is closed on thee,
Adicu! adieu lor ever.

Air, The lads o' Lendallit.



There's thretty naigs in Hazel-holm,
Wi' the halter on their head,
Will cadg'd this night, ayout you hight,
If wind and water speed.

Fy, reek ye out the pat an' spit,

For the roast, but an' the boil,

For wave-worn wight it is nae meet,

Spare feeding and sair toil.

O Mungo, ye've a cozie bield,
Wi' a butt ay an' a ben;
Can ye no live a lawfu' life,
An' ligg wi' lawfu men?

Gae blaw your win aneath your pat, it's blawn awa on me,

For, bag an' bark, shall be my wark
Untill the day I die.

Maun I hand by our hameart goods
An' foreign gear sae fine?

Maun I drink at the water wan;
An' France sae rife o' wine?

O weel I like to see thee, Kate,
Wi' the bairnie on thy knee;
But my heart is now wi' you gallant crew.
That push through the angry sea.

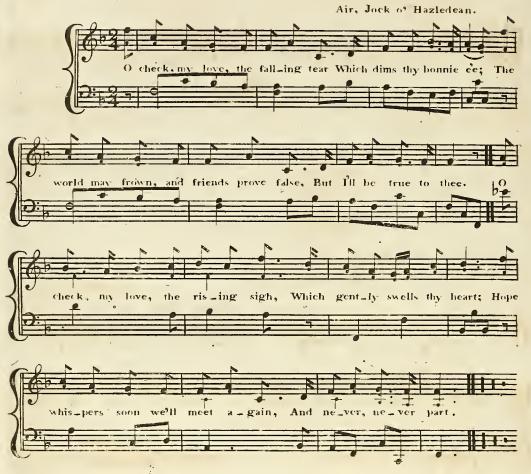
The jauping weet, the stented sheet.

The south-west stillest gowl.

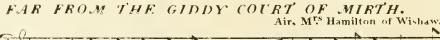
On a moonless night, it the timmer's tight.

Are the joys of a Smuggler's soul.

O CHECK MY LOVE, THE FALLING TEAR.



When far awa, that falling tear
Shall alt remember'd be,
The rising sigh which swells thy heart
Shall ne'er be lost on me.
Then check, my love, the falling tear
Which dims thy bonnic e'e;
The world may frown, and friends prove false,
But I'll be true to thee.







By dewy dawn, or sultry noon,
Or sober evening gray,
I'll olten quit the dinsome town
By Levern banks to stray;

Or from the upland's mossy brow Enjoy the fancy-pleasing view

Of streamlets, woods, and fields below,

A sweetly varied scene!

Give riches to the miser's care,

Let folly shine in fashion's glare,

Give me the wealth of peace and health, With all their happy train.



Now Phoebus, blinkit on the bent,

And o'er the knowes the lambs were bleating;
But he won my heart's consent

To be his ain at the neist meeting.

O my bonnie Highland lad,

My winsome, weetfar'd Highland laddie;

Wha wad mind the wind and rain,

Sae weel row'd in his tartan plaidie?



The chield who boosts o' warld's walth

Is aften laird o' meikle care;

But, Mary, she is a' mine ain.

Ah! tortune canna gie me mair!

Then tet me range by Cassillis banks.

Wi' her, the lassie dear to me.

And catch her ilka glance o' tove.

The bonnie blink o' Mary's c'e

THE PRIMROSE IS BONNIE IN SPRING.



When the night is a' sae calm,

An' comes the sweet twilight gloom,
Oh! it cheers my heart to meet

My lassie among the broom.

When the birds, in bush an' brake,

Do quit their blythe e'enin sang,
Oh! what an hour to sit

Thae gay gowden links amang.





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

The watch-dog's howling loads the blast,
And makes the nightly wand'rer eeric,
But when the lonesome way is past,
I'll to this bosom clasp my Mary.
Yes, Mary, tho' stern winter rave
With 2' his storms to keep me frac thee,
The wildest dreary night I'd brave
For ac sweet secret moment wir thee.



Gleus may be gilt wi' gowans rare,

The birds may fill the tree.

And haughs hae a' the scented ware

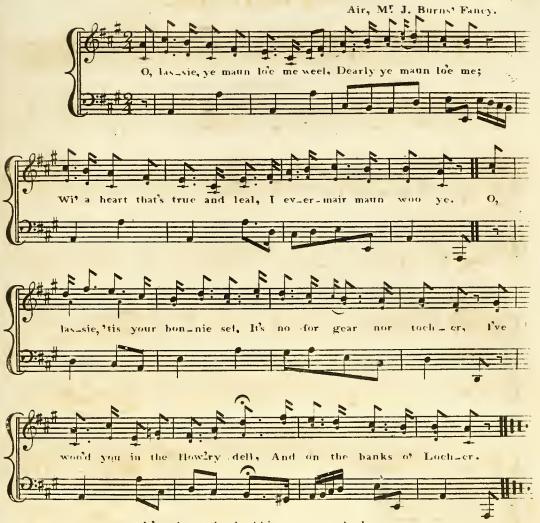
That simmer's growth can gie;

But the canty hearth, where cronies meet,

An' the darling o' our e'c.

That maks to us a warld complete;

O the ingle side's for me.



It's where the lambkins sport and play
Sae merry at the simmer;
It's where the birds sing at the day
Upon the leafy timmer;
Wit you, my fove, I like to gae,
A leaf, leaf heart to offer,
My fancy neer fractyou can stray,
Nor bonnie banks of Locher.

O, lassie, ye're sae fair to see,

I aye mann to'e ye dearly,

Your cheek's the rose upon the tree,

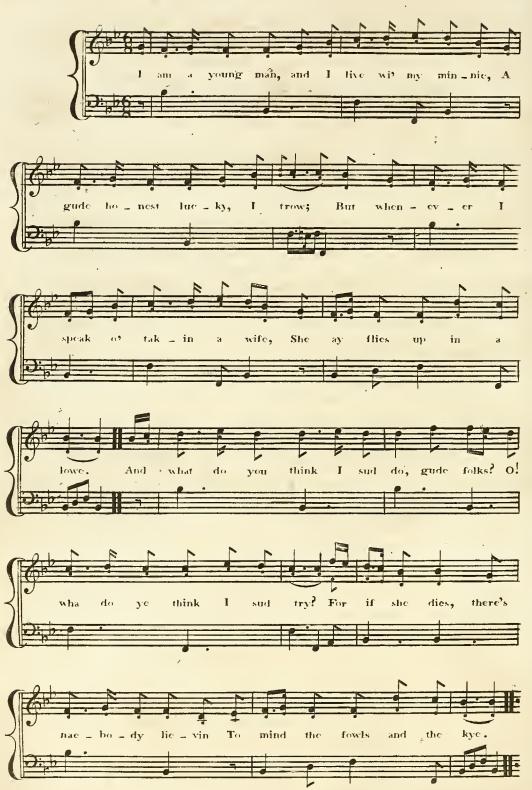
Amang the dew sae pearly.

A monarch's crown and at I'd gi'e,

And miser's gowden coffer,

For ae blink of Eliza's c'e

Upon the banks of Locher.



There's red headed Jenny that lieves at our side,

—At shearin she aye dings them 5°;

But her yera sight mither canna ahide,

And her a wild hissie does ca'.

And what do ye think, &c.

There's Mrs Mc Drunky a guid widow woman,

For wine makin she has the gree;

At kirnin her daughter is surely uncommon,

And either wad answer for me.

And what do ye think, &c.

My mither yestreen she pouther'd my head,

Till it was as white as the snaw;

She tuik her auld mutch and stuffed my gravet,

And pat in my breast prin and a:

An' what do ye think I'm to do, gude folks?

O! what do ye think I'm to do?

I'm gaun to the east to a braw weddin' least

To meet the M! Hullys, I trow.

Now gang awa Jamie, now gang to the bridal,

Ye ken yere to be the best man,

And Betty M! Huffy she is the best maid,

Speak up to her now like a man.

And what do ye think o' me, now, gude folks!

O! what do ye think o' me now!

I ken yera weel, it's a for the siller

That mither wad had me to woo.

And wow, but she was buskit braw,
Wir ribbons, and lace, ar set round her face,
And necklaces twa or three raw.

And what do ye think or me, now gude folks?

Of what do ye think I sud try?

For really I'm vext, and sairly perplext,

Whan I think or the fowls and the kye.

To please my mither, and speak up till her,

Lang I thought afore I wad try;

At length I spiered, if ever she heard

That we had twa dizen o' kye?

And what do ye think o' me, now gude folks?

O! keep me frae Betty sae I.

Wi' a toss o' her head, she answered indeed,

Wha cares for you, or your kye.

THE SUN IS SETTING ON SWEET-GLENGARY.



Down you gien ye never will weary,

The flowers are fair, and the leaves are green;

Bonnie lassic, ye maun be my dearie,

And the rose is sweet in the dew at elen.

Birds are singing fu? blythe and cheery,

The flowers are fair, and the leaves are green;

Bonnie fassie, on bank sae brierie,

And the rose is sweet in the dew at c'en.

In-yonder glen there's nacthing to fear ye,

The flowers are fair, and the leaves are green;
Ye cannot be sad, ye cannot be eeric,

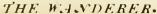
And the rose is sweet in the dew at e'en.

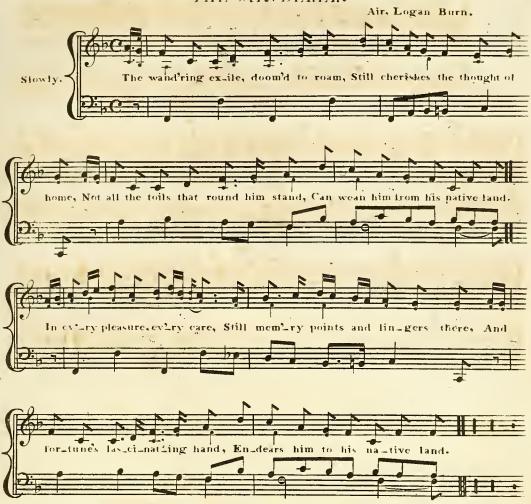
The water is wimpling by fur clearly,

The flowers are fair, and the leaves are green;

Onlye sall ever be my dearte,

And the rose is sweet in the dew at e'en.





Whilst whirlwinds blow and tempests rise. And thunders shake the troubled skies, His teet are on a foreign strand, His heart is in his native land. Whilst all is calm and peaceful seen, And nought disturbs the blue serene, He cannot yield to joys command, An exile from his native land.

But when, the storms of fortune past,
The wish'd-for haven gain'd at last,
With what delight his waving hand
Enraptur'd hails his native land.
Here tarry all his soul holds dear,
And all his fancy loves is here,
There are his friends his childhood plann'd
And this his lov'd, his native land.



Sleep soun, my babe, my bonnie bonnie babe,
An' blythe may thou lift thy waukenin' e'e;
But never again can this waefu' bosom ken
The peace that kind Heaven may gie to thee.

Oh! I maun thole the bitter, bitter scorn,
O' them who ance kindly smil'd on me;
An' I maun lea' my hame and parents dear,
To wander the warld in misery.

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THE DUMFRIES FOLUNTEERS.





O let us not, like snarling curs,
In wrangling be divided,
Till, slap! come in an unco loun,
And wi' a rung decide it:
Be Britain still to Britain true,
Amang oursels united:
For never but by British hands
Maun British wrangs be righted
For never but, &c.

The kettle of the kirk and state,

Perhaps a clout may fail inft;
But deil a foreign tinkler loun.

Shall ever caf a nail inft;
Our lather's blude the kettle bought!

And wha wad dare to spoil it?

By Heavens! the sacrilegious dog.

Shall luct be to boil it!

By Heavens, &c.

The wretch that would a tyrant own,
And the wretch his true-sworn brother,
Who would set the mob aboon the throne,
May they be tied together.
Who will not sing, 'God save the king!'
Shall hang as high's the steeple;
But while we sing, 'God save the king,'
We'll ne'er torget the people.
But while we sing, &c.

THE COVENANTERS LAMENT.



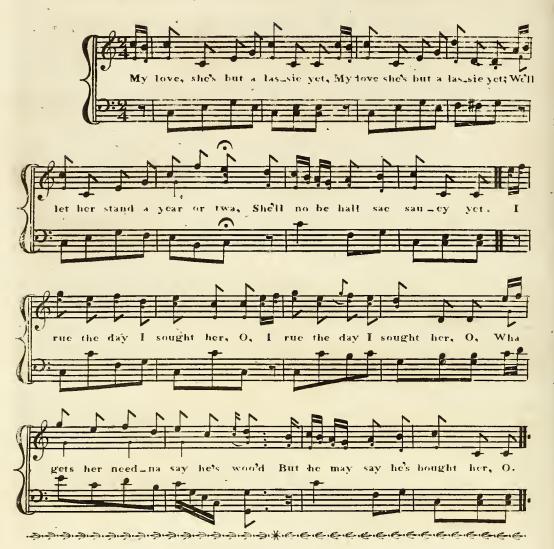
It's nacthing but a sword, Lassie,
A bluidy bluidy ane,
Waving owre puir Scotland
For her rebellious sin.
Scotland's a' wrang, Lassie,
Scotland's a' wrang;
It's neither to the hill nor glen,
Lassie we date gang.

The martyrs? hill's forsaken,
In simmer's dusk sae calm,
There's nae gathering now, Lassie,
To sing the e'ening psalm,
But the martyrs' grave will rise, Lassie,
Aboon the warrior's cairn,
An' the martyr soun, will sleep, Lassie,
Aneath the waving form.



For I have pledg'd my virgin troth
Brave Arthur's fate to share,
And he has gi'en to me his heart
Wi' a' its virtues rare.
The mind, whase every wish is pure,
Far dearer is to me;
And ere I'm fore'd to break my faith
I'll lay me down and die.

So, trust me, when I swear to thee
By a' that is on high,
Though ye had a' this warld's gear,
My heart ye could-na buy;
For langest life can ne'er repay
The love he hears to me;
And ere I'm forc'd to break my troth
I'll lay me down and idic.



WAS EVER HEART SAE FAIRLY TA'EN.

Same Air.

Was ever heart sac fairly ta'en,
By woman's wiles unwary, O,
And sac enthral'd as mine, by anc
Sac fair and sac camsteric, O?

O dule the waefu' drinkin' o't!

And the night I fell a thinkin' o't!

When first a glossy dark blue ee

Thrill'd through me wi' the blinkin' o't.

I kenna if it's lack o' luve,
Or want o' wit i' the lassie yet;
Whate'er it be, the day we'll see
She'll no be just sae saucy yet.

(THE)

SCOTISH MINSTREL

A SELECTION

from the

VOCAL MELODIES OF SCOTLAND

ANCIENT & MODERN

ARRANGED FOR THE

PIANO FORTE

R.A.SMITH.

VOI. 6



Entd at Stat: Hall,

EDINBURGE

Published & Sold by ROB PURDIE at his Music & Musical Instrument Warehouse N. 70 Princes Street.

Price 8/5



ADVERTISEMENT TO VOLUME SIXTH.

THE Editors of the Scotish Minstrel intimated, in an Advertisement prefixed to the Fifth Volume, that their collected materials were far from being exhausted, and, at the same time, announced their intention to add another Volume to the This they have now accomplished, and they flatter themselves, that, in point of interest and in value, it will lose nothing by a comparison with those which have preceded it. They have no longer to contend with many of the disadvantages which they experienced at the commencement of their labours; the distance of Mr Smith from Edinburgh, for instance, which rendered the necessary communication with him at once difficult and troublesome, having been obviated since his continued residence on the spot. Had they in like manner enjoyed the same advantage throughout the whole of the previous Volumes, they are confident they would not now have occasion to apologize for some occasional, although trivial, errors which had escaped their notice during the course of the publication. Should they, however, be called upon, at any after period, to send forth an improved edition of the Scotish Minstrel, they trust they will be enabled not merely to free it from being liable to such a charge, but, in many other respects, to render it still more deserving of the favourable regard which it has so liberally expcrienced, and to put it in competition with any existing Collection of the Melodies of Scotland.

As it seems as natural for Editors to say something for themselves, when about to take leave of the Public, as it is customary to bespeak its favour, they will avail themselves of this opportunity to say a few words in behalf of their favourite Minstrel. Like all his brethren, he is delighted with the layes of former times,—of which, among other ferly things,

"Some be of war and some of wo, Some of joy and mirth also, And some of treachery and of guile, And old adventures that fell the while, And many there are of fayrie, But most of love forsooth there be."*

^{*} See the introductory lines to the curious old legend, entitled Lai le Freine, composed by Marie de France, about the year 1240, of which there is an English translation of nearly a coeval date, familiar to the lovers of old metrical romance.

But fond as the Minstrel is of auld sangis, and ballads, and lilts, and rants of every description, he is, in an especial manner, partial to the legends of his native land, which are dear to every Scotish heart. In this Volume, the Reader will perceive, that he has been again gleaning from the same mountain-wilds, and musing "at the grey-stone of the martyr:"

"Sequestered haunts! so still, so fair,
That holy faith might worship there—
The shaggy gerse and brown heath wave
O'er many a nameless warrior's grave."

Yet, though the lyre of the Minstrel has often "thrilled the deepest notes of woe," when singing of a broken covenant, and the cruel persecution of his fathers, not less ardent has been his admiration of the firm and devoted conduct of the supporters of hereditary right, or his sympathy with loyalty in misfortune and exile. If, at times, he has been led astray by his feelings, whilst listening to the heartstirring pibroch, and catching the wild notes of the Gathering, he can only reply, in the words of the "Shepherd of the Forest,"

"Somehow my heart, with its covenant-tie, Was knit to the Hielands, I cou'dna tell why."

Of these very interesting remains the Minstrel has been fortunate in being able to preserve many which otherwise might have been suffered to perish. He has been equally assiduous in searching after fragments which relate to either the one party or the other,—whether they be such as concern those who, in the times of the fiery persecution, displayed as much resignation under suffering as boldness in the hour of danger, or of those who, nearer our own days, actuated by feelings which no generous heart will condemn, evinced the like heroic firmness and resolution, although called forth in a cause less fortunate and less holy, but over which integrity of principle, unshaken loyalty, and attachment to a hopeless cause in the midst of adversity, have contributed to shed so much lustre.

In concluding their labours, the Editors feel it as a duty binding on them, in a public manner to express the obligations they are under to the various contributors who have taken an interest in the publication. To many of them they are prevented from acknowledging the favours they have conferred, in consequence of their being ignorant of the quarters from whence they came, whilst others of their friends have thought fit to impose on them injunctions to silence. In such cases they can merely express, in general terms, how much they are indebted to their kindness; and if, in any instance, they have not availed themselves of such con-

tributions, they are not the less grateful for their gratuitous assistance.* In particular, the Editors would have felt happy in being permitted to enumerate the many original and beautiful verses that adorn their pages, for which they are indebted to the author of the much-admired song, "The Land of the Leal" (vol. 3),—but they fear to wound a delicacy which shrinks from all observation. Such reserve, however, they apprehend, does not apply in every instance; and they beg to return their best acknowledgments to the Ettrick Shepherd for his kind services, in

* We cannot forbear noticing one lilt, sent us anonymously, for the old tune of "Brose and Butter," as, whatever may be thought of the song, the melody is, we believe, nearly as great a favourite with some of our friends as it was with Charles II.; and we are sure our readers will readily excuse our insertion of an anecdote which has been brought to our remembrance, wishing, as we do, that, when they are in any difficulties, they may know how to use the power of musical association to as good purpose as the laird of Cockpen.

CHARLES 11. AND THE LAIRD OF COCKPEN.*

During the time of Oliver Cromwell's Protectorship, the principal residence of Charles II. was at the court of his sister in Holland. The laird of Cockpen, a staunch adherent to the House of Stuart, followed the prince thither, and attached himself to Charles' household. Cockpen, from his skill and proficiency in music, very much contributed to divert his royal master, by the impressive manner in which he played the favourite airs of his native country; but none pleased Charles so well as the time of "Brose and Butter." So partial was he to this air, that with "Brose and Butter" sounding in his ears he was lulled asleep at night, and with "Brose and Butter" awaked from his morning slumber. At the Restoration, Cockpen returned to Scotland, where he found that, in consequence of his attachment to the royal cause, his estate had been attainted. Many were the applications he made to have it put again in his possession, but all to no purpose. He at length went to London, but was coldly received by the courtiers, put off with fair promises, and in all his attempts to gain an audience of the king, he was haffled and thwarted. Having formed an intimacy, as a musician, with the organist of the kings' chapel, he solicited, and obtained, as a special favour, permission to perform on the organ before his majesty, at the royal chapel. Cockpen exerted his talents to the utmost, thinking to attract the attention of Charles, but all his efforts were unavailing. On the conclusion of the service, instead of a common voluntary, in a fit of despair he struck up "Brose and Butter," which no sooner caught the ear of the king than he flew to the organ-gallery. The regular organist perceiving the vivid flashes of Charles' eye, was seized with such a panic, that he fell on his knees and protested his innocence. "It was not me, please your majesty, it was not me!"-"You! you!" exclaimed the enraptured monarch, as he hastily passed him, - "You never could play any thing like it in your life."-Then addressing his old associate in exile,-" Odds fish, Cockpen! I thought you would have made me dance."-" I could have dauced to 'Brose and Butter' once with a light heart too," replied the performer,-" but my adherence to your majesty's interest has bereft me of the lands of Cockpen."-" You shall dance," said Charles,-" you shall dance, and be laird of Cockpen yet."-Accordingly the laird was immediately put in possession of his inheritance.

^{*} Baron Cockburn's hereditary property.

having furnished them with many of the wild flowers gathered from the hills and valleys of his pastoral district,—and they assure him, that they prize his thymy sweets more highly than the cultured plants of a regular parterre. To several of Mr Smith's personal friends the Minstrel is likewise under no inconsiderable obligations; and the Editors have much pleasure in offering their best thanks to Mr Motherwell of Paisley, for the permission he has so obligingly granted them, of publishing several choice pieces from his scarce and valuable MSS., amongst which they beg particularly to notice the fine Jacobite song, "Ye bonnie Haughs" (page 77, vol. 5), and the interesting ballad of the Mermayden (page 80 of the present Volume), with their original melodies. They have also to present thanks to Mr Robert Allan of Kilbarchan, who favoured them with many excellent original songs, as well as old fragments recovered by him from among the peasantry in the West of Scotland; and, in like manner, to Mr Daniel Weir of Greenock, and Mr William Chalmers of Paisley, from both of whom they have received several songs of considerable merit.

The Editors must now take leave of the Scotish Minstrel, having used their best endeavours to render the volumes worthy of a place in the library, as well as to appear in the drawing-room. In attempting to form an extensive collection of the national airs of their country, the task has been a source to them of no inconsiderable degree of pleasure; and they have the satisfaction of considering, that the principles upon which they have uniformly proceeded, and in conformity with which the work was originally projected, are such as entitle them, at least, to the approbation of those who join a regard to morality and virtuous enjoyment with the desire to encourage the exertions of native genius.

EDINBURGH, JANUARY 1824.

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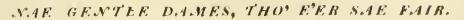
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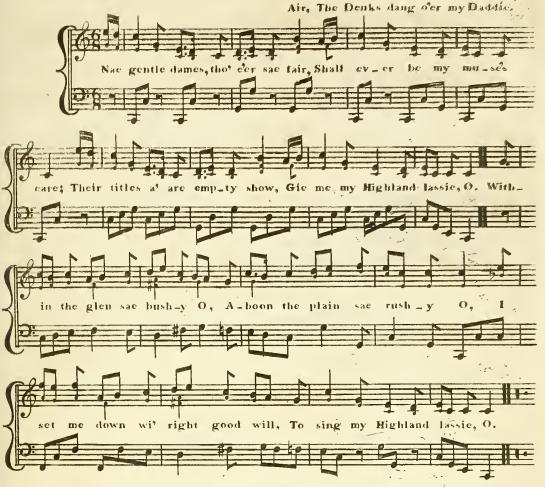
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O were you hills and vallies mine, You palace, and you gardens fine! The world then the love should know I bear my Highland lassie, O. Within the glen, &c.

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.

Altho? thro? 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.

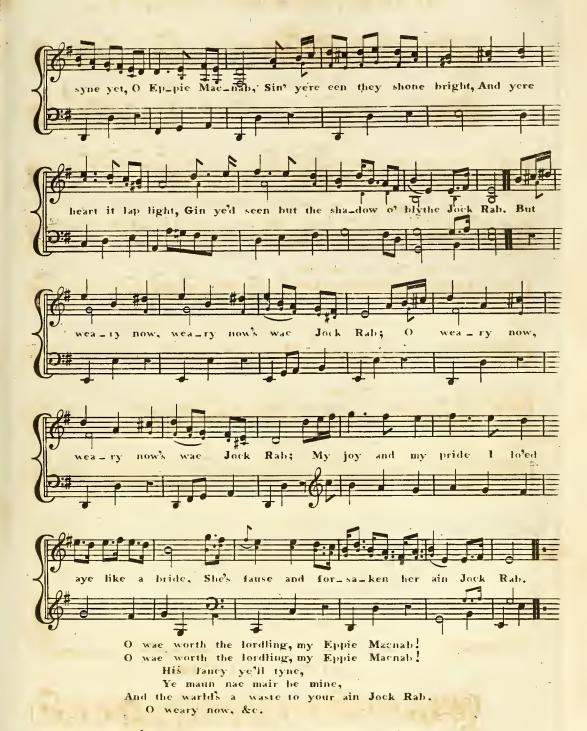
She has my heart, she has my hand, By sacred truth and honor's band! 'Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low, I'm thine my highland lassie, O. Farewell, the glen sae bushy, O. Farewell, the plain sae rashy, O; To other lands I now must go To sing my Highland lassie, O.



Nac mair ungen'rous wish I hae,
Nor stronger in my breast,
Than if I canna mak thee sac,
At least to see thee blest.
Content am I, if Heaven shall give
But happiness to thee;
And as wi? thee I'd wish to live,
For thee I'd bear to die,

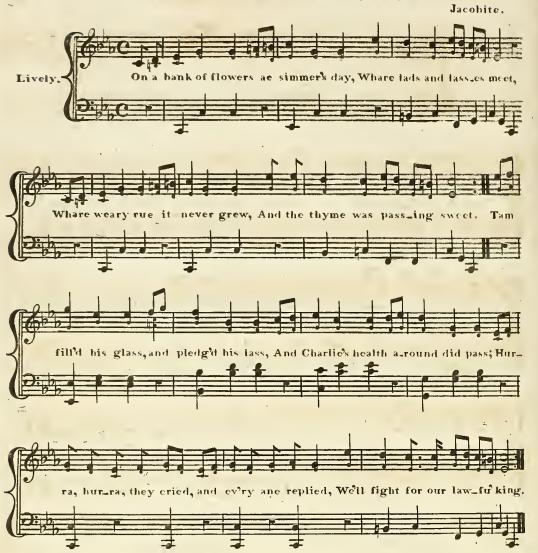
FPPIE MACNAB.





An' ye saw your wee bairnies now, Eppie Macnab,
Your mitherless bairnies now, Eppie Macnab,
They greet, and think shame,
Gin they hear but your name,
And they wring the heart's blude frae your ain Jock Rab.
O weary now, &c.

ON A BANK OF FLOWERS.



New-fangled lads, in their black cockauds,

Cast a gloom, like the darkness o' night,

True-hearted lads, wi' their white cockauds,

Cheer up like the morning light!

Then fill your glass, and pledge your lass,

That Charlie's health around may pass;

Hurra, hurra, they cried, and ev'ry ane replied,

We'll fight for our lawfu' king.



Rest, lovely babe, &c.

Oh! ance, and I could little think

A lot sae hard would e'er be thine.

As thus a mother's tears to drink!

For, baby, thou hast drunk o' mine.

Rest, lovely babe, &c.

O smile, my babe; for sic a smile
Thy lather aye put on to me;

O smile, my babe; and look the while, For thou look'st wi' thy father's ele-

Rest, lovely babe, &c.

O that this widow'd heart would beat

'Till thou in years badst upward grown!

That I might learn thy future fate,

Nor leave thee in the world alone.

FAREWELL TO FUNERY.



A thousand, thousand tender ties, Unite my country and my sighs; My heart within me almost dies, To think of leaving Funery.

Olt with infant steps I've roll'd, Where Fingal's eastle stood of old, And distend, while the shepherds told An ancient tale of Funery.

Olt have I sat at close of day, Where Ossian sung his martial lay, And view'd the sun's last setting ray, Wandering on Dununery.

Alt-na-Caillach, gentle stream!

That murmurs softly by the green;
What happy, joyous days, I've seen
Beside the stream of Funcry.

And must I leave those happy scenes!

Oh! see them spread the swelling sail;

Adicu! a while, my native plains,

I must depart from Funery.

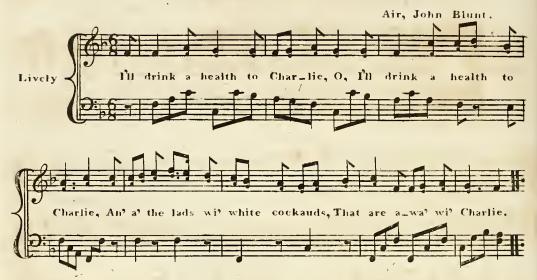




The happy hour may soon be near
That brings us pleasant weather:
The weary night of care and grief
May hae a joylu? morrow,
So dawning day has brought relief,
Fareweel our night of sorrow.

F

I'LL DRINK A HEALTH TO CHARLIE.



The day is come for Charlie, O,
The day is come for Charlie;
He's ta'en the field, an' a' maun yield
To Scotland and to Charlie.

Here's heart an' han' for Charlie, O, Here's heart an' han' for Charlie; There's no a whig, tho' e'er sae big, Will draw fornent prince Charlie.

Cope's run awa frae Charlie, O,
Cope's run awa frae Charlie;
He's run awa by morning's daw,
He durst na' meet prince Charlie.

My blessing be on Charlie, O,
My blessing be on Charlie,
An' may nae loon c'er wear the crown
That but belongs to Charlie.

I'll drink a health to Charlie, O,
I'll drink a health to Charlie,
An' a' the lads wi' white cockauds,
That are awa wi' Charlie.



Sair 1 pled, the? late, unfriendly,
Stang'd my heart wi? waes and dules,
That some faithfu? hand might kindly
Lay't amang my native mools.
Cronies dear, who late an early,
Ay to soothe my sorrows strave,
Think on ane who loes you dearly,
Doom'd to seek an unco grave.

Torn awa frac Scotia's mountains,
Far frac a' that's dear to dwall,
Maks my een twa gushin' fountains,
Dings a dirk in my puir saul,
Bracs o' breckan, hills o' heather,
Howms whare rows the gowden wave,
Blissfu' scenes, fareweel for ever,
I main seek an unco grave!

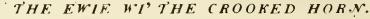


But him she loed did prove untrue,

With a heigh ho, the green hollan tree,

Whilk caus'd the May fur sair to rue, ...

And the broom nae mair bloom'd bonnie.







I neither needed tar nor keil,
To mark her upo' hip or heel;
Her crooked horn it did as weel,
To ken her by amang them a?
The ewie, &c.

Cauld or hunger never dang her,
Wind or rain could never wrang her;
Ance she lay a owk, an! langer,
Out aneath a wreath o' snaw.
The ewie, &c.

When other ewies lap the dyke,
And ate the kail for a the tyke,
My ewie never play'd the like,
But teas'd about the barn yard wa'.
The ewie, &c.

A hetter, nor a thriftier beast,
Nae honest man could weel hae wist;
For, silly thing, she never mist
To hae ilk year a lamb or twa.
The ewie, &c.

The first she had I gae to Jock,
To be to him a kind o' stock,
And now the laddic has a flock
Of mair than thirty head to ca'.
The ewic, &c.

The neest I gae to Jean, and now The bairn's sae braw, has fauld sae fu', That lads sae thick come her to woo, They're fain to sleep on hay or straw.

The ewie, &c.

I tooked ay at even for her,

For fear the fumart might devour her,

Or some mishanter had come o'er her,

Gin the beastic bade awa?.

The ewic, &cc.

Yet monday last, for a' my keeping, I canna speak it without greeting, A villain came when I was sleeping, And staw my ewic, horn, and a'.

The ewie, &c.

I sought her sair upo' the morn,
And down beneath a buss o' thorn
I got my ewie's crooked horn,
But ah! my ewie was awa!
The ewie, &c.

But an I had the loon that did it, I had sworn as weet as said it, Tho? a? the warld should forbid it, I wad gie his neck a thraw. The ewie, &c.

I never met wi' sic a turn

As this, since ever I was born,

My ewie wi' the crooked horn,

Puir silly ewie, stown awa.

The ewie, &c.

O had she died of crook or cauld, As ewies die when they are auld, It wadna been, by mony fauld, Sac sair a heart to anc o's a'.

The ewie, &c.

For a' the claith that we has worn, Frac her and her's sae aften shorn; The loss of her we could has borne, Had fair strac death tane her awa. The ewie, &c.

But, silly thing, to lose her life,
Aneath a greedy villain's knife.
I'm really fear'd that our goodwife
Sall never win aboon't ava.
The ewie, &.

O, a' ye bards beneath Kinghorn, Call up your muses, let them mourn, Our ewie, wi' the crooked horn, 'Is stown frae us, and fell'd, and a'! The ewie, &c.



I'm thinking, wi' sie a braw Iellow, In poortith I might mak a len'; What care I in riches to wallow, If I mauna marry Tam Glen!

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

My minnic does constantly deave me,
And bids me beware o' young men;
They Hatter, she says, to deceive me,
But wha can think sac o' Tam Gien.

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him, He'll gie me gude hunder marks ten; But, it it's ordain'd I maun take him, O, wha will I get but Tam Glen!

Yestreen, at the valentines dealing,

My heart to my mou gied a sten,

For thrice I drew ane without failing,

And thrice it was written Tam Glen.

The last Halloween I was waukin

My droukit sark sleeve, as ye ken,

His likeness cam up the house staukin,

And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen.

Come counsel, dear tittic, don't tarry,
I'll gie you my bonnie black hen,
Gif ye will advise me to marry
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

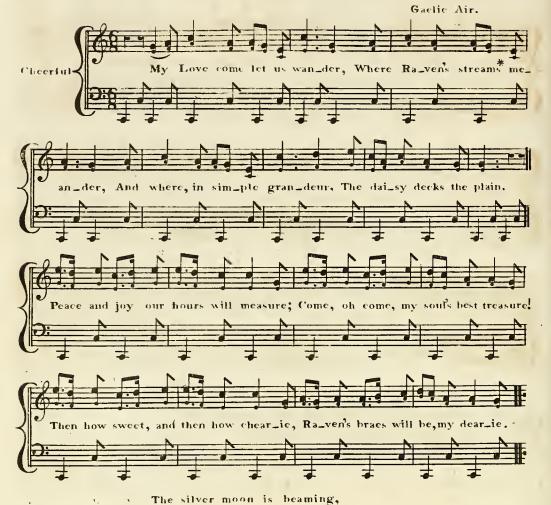


Thou strik'st the dull peasant, he sink's in the dark,
Nor saves even the wreck of a name!

Thou strik'st the young hero, a glorious mark!
He falls in the blaze of his fame.
In the field of proud honour, our swords in our hands
Our king and our country to save;

While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
O, who would not die with the brave!

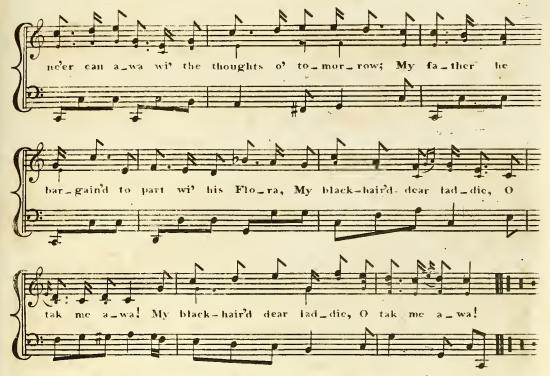
MY LOVE, COME LET US WANDER.



On Clyde her light is streaming,
And, while the world is dreaming,
We'll talk of love, my dear.
None, my Jean, will share this bosom,
Where thine image loves to blossom,
And no storm will ever sever
That dear flower, or part us ever.

*Raven's stream, in the neighbourhood of Greenock.





I flee frae the grey-headed faird an' my father,
I flee to my shepherd, who trips owre the heather;
We are were fur glad when at een we'd forgather;
My black-hair'd dear laddie, O tak me awa.
My black-hair'd, &c.

The story is tauld, an' her father's confounded;
The ha' wi' his rage an' rampagin' resounded;
The horn, an' the shout's spreadin' clamour, far sounded,
To tell whathe shepherd had carried awa.
To tell, &c.

Owre hill, stream, an' valley, through bramble an' brecken, They flew till the jugitives were overtaken; They've torn them asinder, their tender hearts breakin'; The black-haird poor shepherd they drave him awa. The black-haird, &c.

The shepherd he look'd in a sad sort o' languish,
An' Flora, owre-come, in a heart breakin' anguish,
Exclaim'd _"Trosty-headed laird ne'er shall extinguish
My love for the laddic they've driven awa''.
My love, &c.

Then Flora, my life's saul, refrain thy sad sorrow, Nor heed ye the purposed plan o' tomorrow, The dotard is doited, the shepherds dear Flora, Ere morning's grey dawnin' will have thee awa.

Ere morning's, &c.

The alterations in the words of this copy by the Author D. Tough.



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

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

How pleasant thy banks and green vallies below, Where wile in the woodlands the primroses blow; There oft, as mild evining weeps over the lea, The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

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

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



On you the blast, surcharged with rain and snow,
In winter's dismal nights no more shall beat;
Untelt by you the vertic sun may glow,
And scorch the panting earth with baneful heat.

The thundering drum, the trumpet's swelling strain Unheard, shall form the long embattled line; Unheard, the deep foundations of the main Shall tumble, when the hostile squadrons join.

What though no funeral pomp, no borrowed tear,
Your hour of death to gazing crowds shall tell,
Nor weeping friends attend your sable bier,
Who sadly listen to the passing bell!

What though no sculptur'd pile your name displays,
Like those who perish in their country's cause!
What though no epic muse in living lays,
Records your dreadful daring with applause!

Yet shall remembrance from Oblivion's veil
Relieve your scene, and sigh with grief sincere,
And soft Compassion, at your tragic tale,
In silent tribute pay her kindred tear.

THE ROVER O' LOCHRYAN.



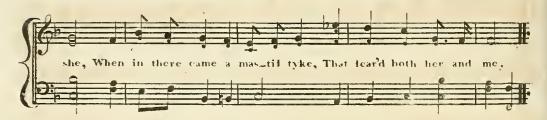


It's then that I look to the thickening rook,
An' watch by the midnight tide;
I ken the wind brings my rover hame,
An' the sea that he glories to ride.
O merry he sits 'mang his jovial crew,
Wi' the helm-heft in his hand,
An' he sings aloud to his hoys in blue
As his e'es upon Galloway's land...

""Unstent an' slack each reef and tack,
Gie her sail, boys, while it may sit;
She has roar'd thro' a heavier sea afore,
An' she'll roar thro' a heavier yet.
When landsmen sleep, or wake an' creep,
In the tempest's angry moan,
We dash thro' the drift, an' sing to the lift
O' the wave, that heaves us on'.'

MY LADY SITS WITHIN HER BOWER.*





A bloody battle soon began Between this dog and me; When I then fled below the bed, And thought he'd worried me. O had I here my master dear! A gallant young squire is he; He would soon popper your black sides, And rid the house of thee,

O Nero is thy name I said, And weel nam'd may ye he, Or ye'd neer hae bitten my Lady's linger, That he may force this surly tyke Or foughten sae sore wi' me.

O, Betty, call to me my page, . . Make haste and gar him flee, Out owre the Earn to flee.

O hold your peace, you little pug, For what use can ye be, But to lie in a lady's laps, . . Or catch a mouse or flee.

The little page he came, he ran, A great big besom had he, And soon he lore'd this surly tyke Out owre the Earn to flee,

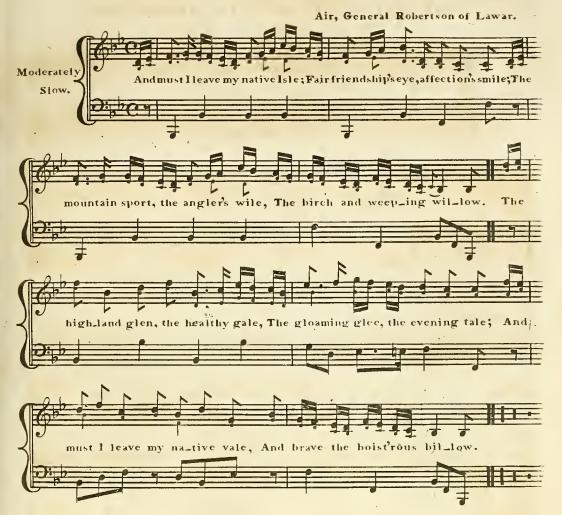
I know I am of little stature, And far far less than thee; But had I strength to my goodwill A dead dog ye should be,

Come all ye mickle mastif tykes, A warning take by me Neger meddle wij little gentle dogs That's born of high degree,

My father was an Earl's dog, My mother a Knight's was she, And it ill becomes a mastif tyke, To bite or snarl at me.

For I hae liv'd in this castle These seven years and near three. But such misfortunes ne'er befel Since Prim they called me.

^{*}This song, with its melody, was written from the singing of Mr. Maxwell Sen! of Brediland.



How sweet to climb the mountain high,
While dawning gilds the eastern sky;
Or in the shade at noon to lie
Upon the fell so airy.
And, when the sun is sinking low,
Thro'woodland walks to wander slow;
Or kindly in my plaid to rowe
My gentle rosy Mary.

My native Isle! I love thee well;
I love thee more than I can tell;
Accept my last, my sad farewell!
In thee I may not tarry.
What makes my bosom heave so high!
What makes the dew-drop gild mine eye!
Alas! that dew would quickly dry,
If 'twere not for my Mary.

O youth! thou season light and gay,
How soon thy pleasures melt away!
Like dream dispell'd by dawning day,
Or waking wild vagary.
The thrush shall quit the woodland dale,
The lav'rock cease the dawn to hail,
Ere I forget my native vale,
Or my sweet lovely Mary.



Wives and lasses, young and aged,
Think ha on each ither's fate;
Ilka ane it has it crosses;
Mortal joy was ne'er complete.
Ilka ane it has its blessings;
Peevish dinna pass them hye;
Seek them out like bonny berries,
Tho' among the thorns they lie.

 ^{2}TIS NAE VERY LANG SINSYNE.





But I'm blyth that my heart's my ain,
And I'll keep it a' my life,
Untill that I meet wi' a lad
Wha has sense to wale a good wife.
For though I say't mysell,
That shou'd nae say't, tis true,
The lad that gets me for a wife
He'll ne'er hae occasion to rue.

I gang ay fou clean and fou tosh,
As a' the neighbours can tell,
Though I've seldom a gown on my back
But sic as I spin mysell:
And when I am clad in my kourtsey,
I think mysell as braw
As Susie, wi' a' her pearling,
That's tane my laddie awa'.

But I wish they were buckled together,
And may they live happy for life;
Tho? Willie does slight me, and's left me,
The chield he deserves a good wife.
But O! I'm blyth that I've miss'd him,
As blyth as I weel can be;
For ane that's, sae keen o' the siller
Will never agree wi' me.

But, as the truth is, I'm hearty,

I hate to be scrimpit or scant;

The wee thing I had I'll mak use o't,

And had ane about me shall want.

For I'm a good guide o' the warld,

I ken when to hand and to gie;

For whinging and cringing for siller

Will never agree wi' me.

Contentment is better than riches,
An' he who has that has enough;
The master is seldom sae happy
As Robin, that drives the plough.
But if a young lad would cast up,
To mak me his partner for life;
If the chield has the sense to be happy,
Hell fa' on his feet for a wife.

F



When Love had fix'd his throne on earth,

Midst beauty's fond caresses, O,

His hours below mov'd dull and slow

Unless 'mang Paisley Lasses, O.

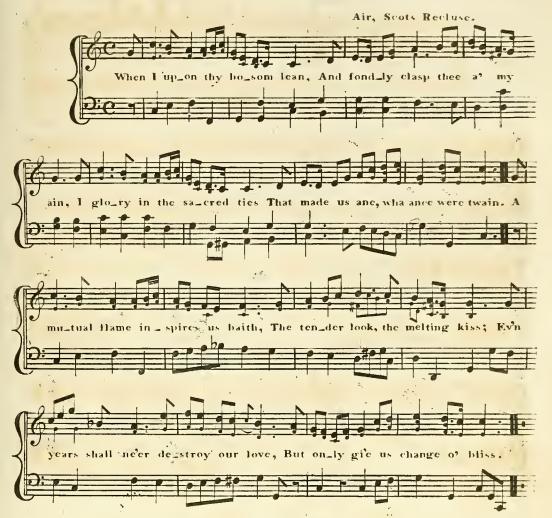
The witching face, in ev'ry place,

Like ghaists, our peace harasses, O;

But still we chace the lovely race

O' bonnie Paisley Lasses, O.

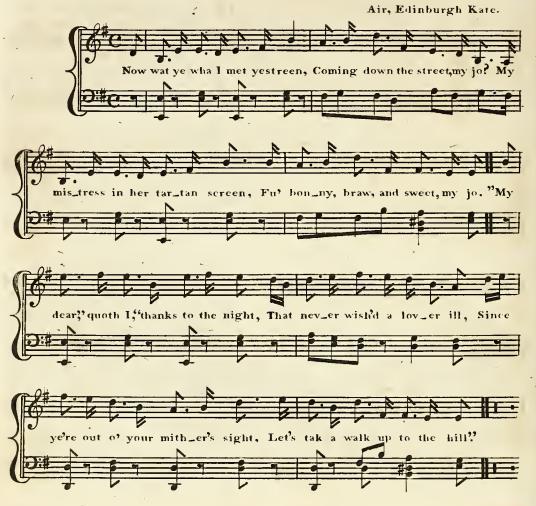
I see the belle, wi's silk and lace,
Wi's cornfu'e'e she passes, O;
But studied grace maun aye gie place
To bonnie Paisley Lasses, O.
Then, while in friendship's social ha'
We push aroun' the glasses, O;
Let's drink to them that charm us a';
The bonnie Paisley Lasses, O.



Hae I a wish? it's a' for thee;
I ken thy wish is me to please;
Our moments pass sae smooth away,
That numbers on us look and gaze.
Weel pleas'd they see our happy days,
Nor envy's sel' finds aught to blame;
And aye when weary cares arise
Thy bosom still shall be my hame.

I'll lay me there, and take my rest,
And if that aught disturb my dear,
I'll bid her daugh her cares away,
And beg her not to drap a tear.
Hae I a joy? it's a' her ain;
United still her heart and mine,
They're like the woodbine round the tree,
That's twin'd till death shall them disjoin.

THE YOUNG LAIRD AND EDINBURGH KATIE.



"O Katie, wilt thou gang wi' me,
And leave the dinsome town awhile?
The blossom's sprouting frae the tree,
And a' the simmer's gaun to smile:
The mavis, lintie, and the lark,

The bleating lambs, and whistling hind, In ilka dale, green shaw, and park,

. Will nourish health, and glad your mind?'

"Soon as the clear goodman of day

Bends down this morning draught o'dew, We'll ga'e to some burn-side and play,

And gather flowers to buskyour brow: We'll pour the daisies on the green,

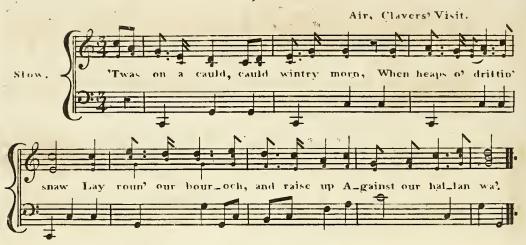
The lucken gowans frac the bog; Between hands now and then we'll lean,

And sport upon the velvet log?

"There's up into a pleasant glen,
A wee piece frac my father's tower,
A canny, saft, and flowery den,
Where circling birks have form'd a bower.
Whene'er the sun grows high and warm,
We'll to that cauler shade remove,
There sit, secure from ev'ry harm,
And breathe our constant vows o' love?'



For the my father has plenty
Of siller, and plenishing dainty,
Yet he's unco sweer
To twin wi' his gear,
And sae we had need to be tenty.
Tutor my parents wi' caution,
Be wylie in ilka motion;
Brag weel o yere land,
And there's my leal hand,
Win them, I'll be at your devotion.



My father sat wi? a thoughfu? e?e, His years lourscore and twa; But he had sworn to the covenant, The solemn league, and a?

"Lassie? quo'he, "your brethren three Are in the camp, whare nane But wha for the haly covenant Their solemn aith hae ta'en?"

"Lassie?' quo'he, "their travail's sair, An' we sit lowne an' calm; Bring down, bring down the haly beuk, We'll sing the mornin' psalm?'

An' we saug the mornin' psalm, until

The tears drapt frac our ee;

My father pray'd for the camp o' God,

I for my brethren three.

My father raise, wi' a wistfu' e'e, An' look'd o'er dale an' down, '''' "L'assie',' quo' he, "the cruel gledd Unto our nest bath flown?''

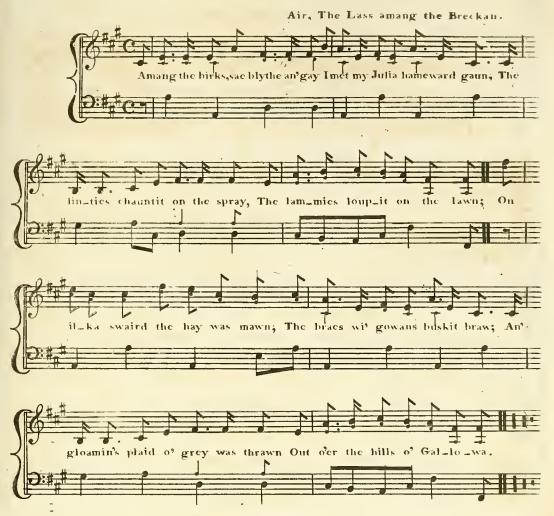
Clavers, an' a' his wicked men,
Our bouroch pranc'd it roun;
Wi' awlu' aiths they drew their swords,
* * * * * * *

"My father, could not hy grey hairs
Their bluidy hands restrain?
Note that their hearts too harden'd were,

But their is ane in heaven aboon,
That sic ill deeds can see.

* * * * * * * * *

F The memory of Claverhouse is universally detested in Scotland, from the eruel-



Wi' music wild the woodlands rang,
And fragrance wing'd alang the lee,
When down we sat, the flowers amang,
Upon the banks o' stately Dee:
My Julia's arms encircled me;
Then sweetly slade the hours awa,
Till dawning coost a glimmerin' ee
Upon the hills o' Gallowa.

"It isna owsen, sheep, an' kye,

It isna gowd, it isna gear,
This lifted c'e' wad hac', quo' 1,

"This warld's drumlic gloom to cheer;
But gie to me my Julia dear,

Ye powers, wha rowe this earthen ba';
An' O sae blythe through life I'll steer

Amang the hills o' Gallowa,

"When gloamin' daunders up the hill,
An' our gudeman ca's hame the cows.
Wi' her I'll trace the mossy rill
That through the rashes dimpled rows;
Or tint amang the scroggy knowes,
My birken pipe I'll sweetly blaw,
An' sing the streams, the straths, an' howes,
The hills an' dales, o' Gallowa.

"An? when auld Scotland's heathy hills,
Her rural nymphs an' jovial swains,
Her flow'ry wilds an' wimplin' rills,
Awake nac mair my canty strains.
Where friendship dwells an' freedom reigns.
Where heather blooms an' moor-cocks craw.
O dig my grave, an' lay my banes
Amang the hills o' Gallowa!"





Then let us leave the town, my love,
An's seek our country dwelling,
Where waving woods, and spreading How'rs
On ev'ry side are smiling.
We'll tread again the daisied green,
Where first your beauty mov'd me;
We'll trace again the woodland scene,
Where first ye own'd ye lov'd me;
We soon will view the roses blaw,
In a' the charms o' lancy;
For doubly dear these pleasures a',
When shar'd with you, my Nancy.



The sun is jogging down the brae,
Dimly through the mist he's shining,
And cranrough hoar creeps o'er the grass,
As day resigns his throne to e'ening.
Oft let me walk at twilight grey,
To view the face of dying nature,
Till spring again, wi' mantle green,
Delights the heart o' ilka creature.

MARY'S SMILES.



The rosy cheek may charm an hour,
But short's the pleasure it can gie;
For beauty fades like ony flower,
Or palls upo' the lover's e'e.
But virtue smiles aye sweet an' young,
Her beauties neither fade nor flee;
Thus Mary's charms my breast aye warms,
An' keeps the heart she's won frae me.

O what is wealth, an? what is fame?

Like beauty they may fade away;

An? what is friendship but a dream,

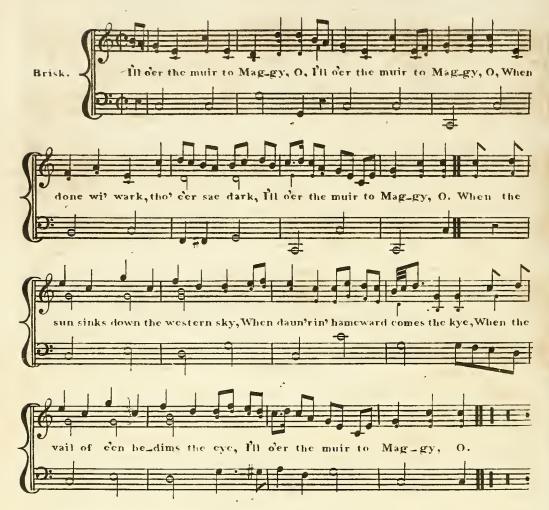
A vision aft that leads astray?

Sae then let fortune smile or frown,

Friends prove unkind, or faithfu? be,

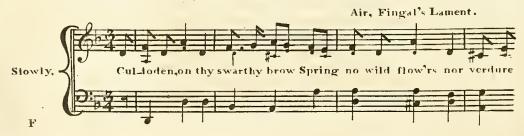
Still Mary's smiles, an? winning wyless

Will chear the heart she's won frae me.



I'll o'er the muir to Maggy, O,
I'll o'er the muir to Maggy, O;
I'll pass the den, and thro' the glen,
Syne o'er the muir to Maggy, O.
'When day is past I tak my kent,
And hie me o'er the heather bent;
I feel sie joy, and blythe content,
While o'er the muir wi' Maggy, O.

CULLODEN, or LOCHIEL'S FAREWELL.





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

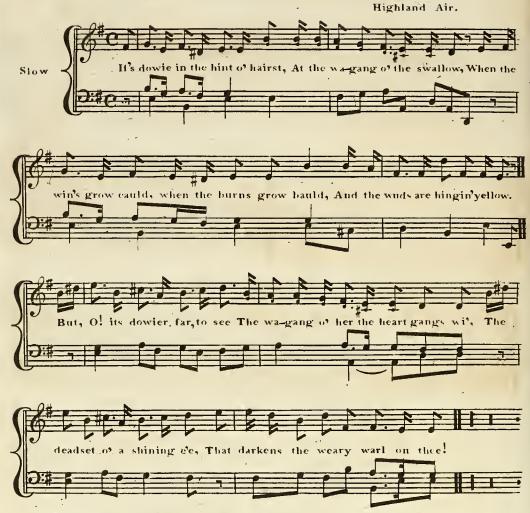
Where now thy honours, brave Lochiel!

The braided plume's torn from thy brow!
What must thy haughty spirit feel,
When skulking like the mountain roe!
While wild-birds chant from Lochy's bow'rs,
On April eve, their loves and joys,
The Lord of Lochy's loftiest tow'rs
To foreign lands an exile flies.

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

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

"Shades of the mighty and the brave!
Who, faithful to your Stuart, fell!
No trophies mark your common grave,
Nor dirges to your mem'ry swell.
But generous hearts will weep your fate,
When far has roll'd the tide of time;
And bards unborn shall renovate
Your fading fame in loftiest rhyme?"



There, was mickle luve atween us twa _____.

O! twa could ne'er be fonder;

'An' the thing on yird was never made

That could hae gart us sunder.

But the way o' Heaven's aboon a' ken ____.

An' we maun bear what it likes to sen ____.

It's comfort tho' to weary men,

That the warst o' this warl's waes maun en'.

There's mony things that come an' gae _____

Just kent and just forgotten,____

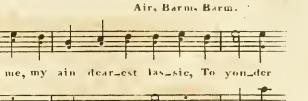
An' the flowers' that busk a bonnie brae,
Gin anither year lie rotten.

But the last look o' that lovely e'e ____

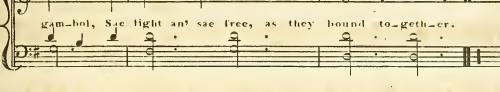
An' the dying grip she gae to me ____

They're settled like eternity ____

O, Mary! that I were wi' thee!







As softly murmurs the clear wimplin fountain;
The featherie breckan the green wood is deckin?;
Onsweet is the shade on the side of the mountain.

The warm purple haze comes up the strath glowing,

Leaving the dew sparkling clear on ilk blossom;

The Lark warbles cheerie, nac fear maks it cerie,

As gaily it spreads to the breeze its fair bosom.

The bonnie wee gowan adorns the green loanin?;

The sweet yellow primrose blooms fair i? the valley;

A' roun? us looks smiling; but naething sae wiling,

As the blythe look o' my ain bonny Aillie.

Now surly winter's fled o'er the black ocean,

Come, my dear lassie, tak share o' my plaidie;

The heather_bells blooming, the breeze sweet perfuming,

Will cheer, as ye six, by your ain Hielan laddie!



Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy wander'd, My eap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid; On chieftains departed my memory ponder'd, As daily I strayd thro? the pine-cover'd glade.



I sought not my home 'till the day's dying glory Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star, For fancy was cheer'd by traditional story Disclos'd by the natives of dark Loch-na-garr.



Shades of the dead, have I not heard your voices Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale? Surely the soul of the hero rejoices, And rides on the wind o'er his own Highland vale, Round Loch-na-garr while the stormy mist gathers, Winter presides in his cold icy car;

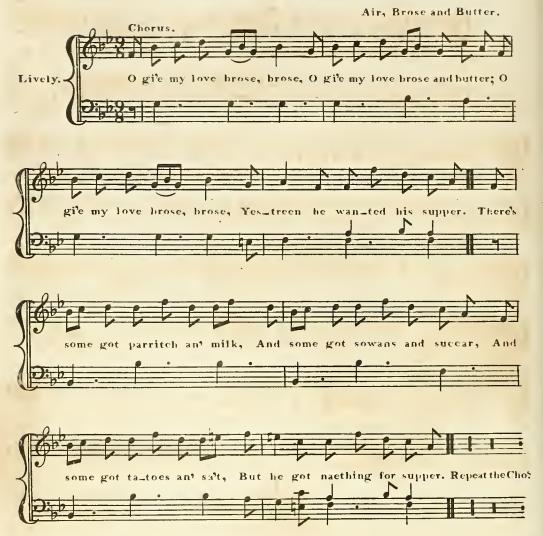


They dwell mid the tempests of dark Loch-na-garr.

Ill starr'd, tho' brave, did no vision foreboding Tell you that fate had forsaken your cause? Ah! were ye then destined to die at Culloden, Tho victory crown'd not your fall with applause? Still were ye happy in death's earthy slumbers; You rest with your clan in the eaves of Brae-mar; The pibroch resounds, to the piper's loud numbers, Your deeds to the echoes of wild Loch_na_garr.

Years have roll'd on, Loch-na-garr, since I left you! Years must elapse ere I see you again; Tho' nature of verdure and flowers has boreft you, Yet still thou art dearer than Albian's plan. England, thy beauties are tame and domestic To one who has rov'd on the mountains afar! Oh! for the crags that are wild and majestic, The steep-frowning glories of dark Loch-na-garr!

O GIE MY LOVE BROSE, BROSE.



For Charlie he drew the braid sword,

For Charlie he lost house and haddin',

For Charlie he fought on the sward,

For Charlie he bled at Culloden.

O gi'c my love brose, brose, &c.

The chief that was true to his Prince

May yet hale a hame and a steadin',

But the whigums that had little mense,

Will dree the weird of their reidin.

O gile my love brose, brose, &c.

WHEN SILENT TIME WI'LIGHTLY. FOOT.



As I drew near my ancient pile.

My heart heat a' the way,

Ilk place I pass'd seem'd yet to speak

Of some dear former day;

Those days that follow'd me afar,

Those happy days o' mine,

Which made me think the joys at hand

Were naething to lang syne.

Myivyd tow'rs now met my een,
Where minstrels us'd to blaw;
Nac friend stept forth wi' open arms,
Nac weel-ken'd face I saw;
Till Donald totter'd to the door,
Whom I left in his prime,
And grat to see the lad come back,
He hore about lang syne.

A new-sprung race of motley kind,

Would now their welcome pay;

Wha shudder'd at my gothic wa's,

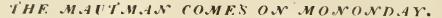
And wish'd my groves away;

"Cut, cut; they cry'd, "you gloomy trees,

Lay low you mournfut pine!"?

"Ah no! your fathers' names grow there—

Memorials of lang. syne!





"Gudeman, O dinna be vaunty,

The time's no far, I trow,

That we'll be blyth an' canty,

An' we'll get mant enew;

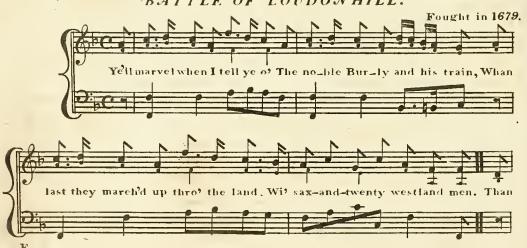
For Charlie he's on the sea,

An' soon will be on shore,

An' there's some may fear an' dree,

For we'll get mant galore.

 $BATTLE\ OF\ LOUDONHILL.$





We'll prosper at the gospel lads,
That are unto the west countrie,
Ay wicked Clavers to demean,
And aye an ill dead may be die.
For he's drawn up it battle rank,
And that baith soon and hastilie,
But they wha live till simmer cum,
Some bludie days for this will see.

But up spak cruel Clavers then,
Wi' hastic wit, and wicked skill,
"Gie fire on you westlan men,
I think it is my sovereign's will?"
But up bespake his Cornet then,
'Its be wi' nae consent o' me,
I ken I'll ne'er come back again,
And mony mae as weal as me.

'There is not anc o' a' you men,

But wha is worthy ither three,

There is not ane among them a'

That in his cause will stap to die.

And as Ior Burly, him I knaw,

He's anc o' honor, birth, and fame,

Gie him a sword unto his hand,

He'll fight thysel and ither ten?

Up spak wicked Clavers then,

I wat his heart it raise fu? hie,

And he has cryed that a? may hear,

"Man,ye,hae sair deceived me!

I never kend the like afore,

Na never since I cam frac hame,

That ye sac cowardly here should prove,

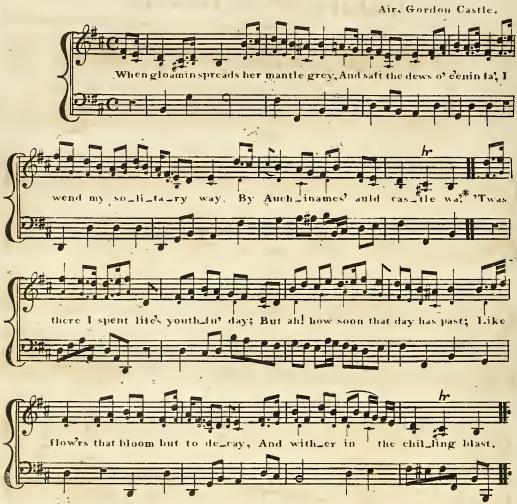
And yet cum o? a noble Graeme?"

But up bespak his Cornet then,
'Since that it is your honours will,
Myset'shall be the foremost man,
That will gie fire on Loudon Hill.
At your command I'll lead them on,
But yet wi' nae consent o' me,
For weel I kee I'll ne'er return,
And mony mair as weel as me!'

Then up he drew in battle rank,
I wat he had a bonny train;
But the first time that bullets flew,
Aye, he lost twenty o' his men.
Then back he cam the way he gaed,
I wat right soon and suddenlie;
He gae command amang his men,
And sent them back and bade them flee.

Then up cam Burly bauld and stout,
Wi's little train o' westland men,
Wha, mair than either ance or twice,
In Edinborough confin'd had been.
They have been up to Lonon sent,
And yet they'rea' cum safely down;
Sax troop o' horsemen they have beat,
And chased them into Glasgow toune.

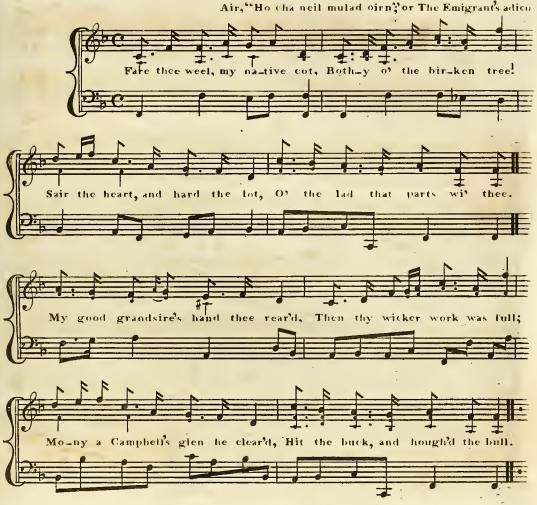
WHEN GLOAMIN SPREADS HER MANTLE GREY.



O happy days! what joy was mine,

While straying o'er thy beauteous wild,
Or on you sedgy bank reclined,
When morning dawn'd serenely mild.
The charm has fled! fond fancy's dream
And youth's fantastie days are o'er,
Shot-like the meteor's transient gleam,
That just appears, and is no more.

*The Barony of Auchinames lies on the south side of the village of Kilharchan, in the County of Renfrew. The Crawford family, some of whom are well
known in the history of Scotland, still hold the superiority. The old Castle,
the walls of which were about nine feet in thickness, stood for many years a
fine ruin; but it has lately been demolished for the purpose of building fences,
and a farm-house, which now stands upon its site. It was on one of the inmates, Nelly, that Robert Semple of Beltrees wrote the beautiful Scots song
"She rose and let me in."



In thy green and grassy crook

Mair lies hid than crusted stanes;
In thy bien and weirdly nook

Lie some stout Clan-Gillian banes.

Thou wast aye the kinsman's hame,

Routh and welcome was his fare;
But if serf or Saxon came,

He cross'd Murich's hirst nae mair.

Never hand in thee yet bred
Kendna how the sword to wield;
Never heart of thine had dread
Of the foray or the field;
Neer on straw, mat, bulk, or bed,
Son of thine lay down to die;
Every lad within thee bred.
Died beneath heaven's open de.

Charlie Stuart he cam here.

For our king, as right hecame;
Wha could shun the Bruce's heir?

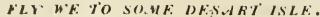
Wha could tyne our royal name?

Firm to stand, and free to fa';

Forth we march'd right valiantlie,
Gane is Scotland's king and law!

Woe to the Highlands and to me!

Freeman, yet I'll scorn to fret,
Here nae langer I maun stay;
But, when I my hame forget,
May my heart forget to play!
Fare thee weel, my father's cot,
Bothy o' the birken tree!
Sair the heart, and hard the lot,
O' the lad that parts wi' thee.





The? my friends deride me still,

Jamie, l'ill disown thee never;

Let them scorn me as they will,

l'il be thine—and thine for ever!

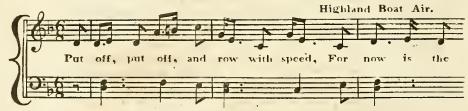
What are a' my kin to me,

A' their pride of pedigree?

What were life, if wanting thee?

And what were death, if we maun sever?

QUEEN MARY'S ESCAPE FROM LOCH-LEVEN CASTLE.





Those pondrous keys shall the kelpies keep, And lodge in their caverns dark and deep; Nor shall Loch-Leven's towers or hall, Hold thee, our lovely lady, in thrall; Or be the haunt of traitors, sold, While Scotland has hands and hearts so bold: Then steersman, steersman, on with speed, For now is the time and the hour of need!

Hark! the alarum bell hath rung,
And the warder's voice hath treason sung.
The echoes to the falconeis' roar,
Chime sweetly to the dashing oar:
Let tower, and hall, and battlements gleam,
We steer by the light of the taper's beam;
For Scotland and Mary, on with speed,
Now, now is the time and the hour of need.



"But when thou'rt far out-o'er the sea,
A fairer face, and pawkie e'e,
May steal that love ye've pledged to me,
An' thou forget thy dearie?'
'O never doubt, my Annie fair,
O never doubt my truth sincere;
I'll never fill that breast wi' care,
My life, my love, my dearie?

"When lightnings dart frac every cloud, And pealing thunders roar aloud, And rushing pours the rainy flood, Thy Annie will be ecrie?"
"When tempests rend the darkning sky, When rolling billows burst and fly, When death an horror meet ilk eye,
"I'll think upon my dearie."



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

How your dread howling a lover alarms!

Wauken, ye breezes; row gently, ye billows,

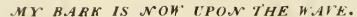
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

But, oh! if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,

Flow still between us, thou wide-roaring main,

May I never see it, may I never trow it,

But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain.





Let Lowland maids, in silken sheen,

Outshine the blooming Flora,

Give me, in tartan plaid, at een,

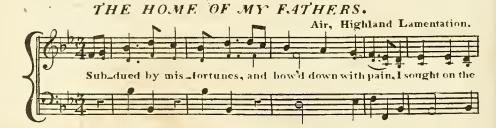
My bonnie Highland Nora:

For her I've climb'd the mountain's height,

And roam'd the summits airy,

For aye her smile could cheer the night

In bonnie green Glengary.





Twas his, deaf to pity, to tenderness dead,

The fallen to crush, and the humble to spurn;
But I staid not his scorn, from his mansion I fled,

And my beating heart vow'd never more to return.
When home shall receive me, one home yet I know,

O'er its gloomy recess see the pine branches wave;
'Tis the tomb of my fathers!—The world is my foe,

And all my inheritance now is a grave.

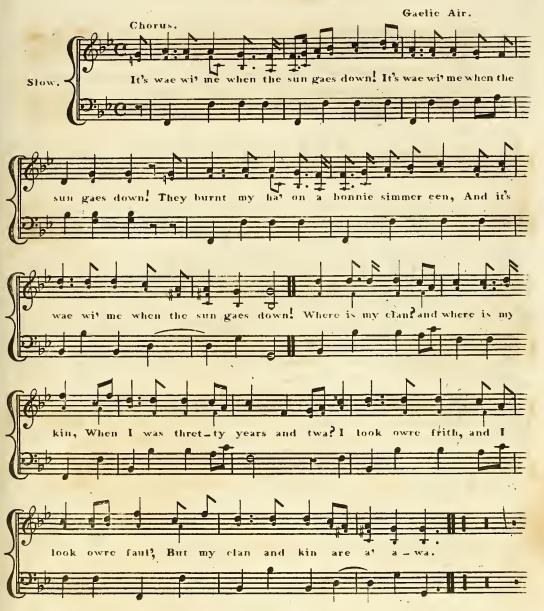
'Tis the tomb of my fathers, the grey-moistend walls Declining to earth, speak, emphatic, decay;
The gate off its hinges, and half-opening, calls "Approach, most unhappy, thy dwelling of clay?"
Alas! thou sole dwelling of all I hold dear,
How little this meeting once augurd my breast!
From a wanderer accept, oh, my fathers! this tear;
Receive him, the last of your race, to your rest!



O, sweetest minstrels! weet your pipe, .A tender soothin' note to blaw; Syne souf the Broom o' Cowdenknowes, Untike our ain, by nature made, Or"Roslin Castles" ruined wa. They bring to mind the happy days, Fu? aft I've spent wi? Jenny dear, Ah! now ye touch the very note, That gars me sigh, and drap a tear.

Your fremit lilts I downa bide, They never yield a charm for me; . Untike the salt delight they gie; For weel I ween they warm the breast, Though sair oppressed wi'poortith cauld; An' sae an auld man's heart they cheer, He tines the thought that he is auld.

O, sweetest minstrets! halt a wee, Anither lift afore ye gang; An' syne I'll close my wankrile ee, Enraptured wi' your bonny sang. They're gane! the moon begins to dawn; They're weary paidlin through the weet: They're gane, but on my ravished ear, The dying sounds yet thrill fu' sweet.



It's wae wi' me, &c.

Where is my clan? and where is my kin, That drew their swords at Charlie's ca? Frac the southland came a deadlie blast, And my clan and kin are a? as t.

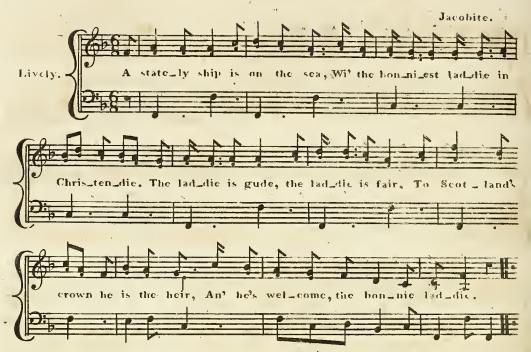
It's wae wi' me, &c.

Where is my clan? and where is my kin?

And, Cumberland, whare is my bonnie ha'?

O wae be aye upon thee and thine!

My clan and kin are a' awa.

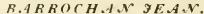


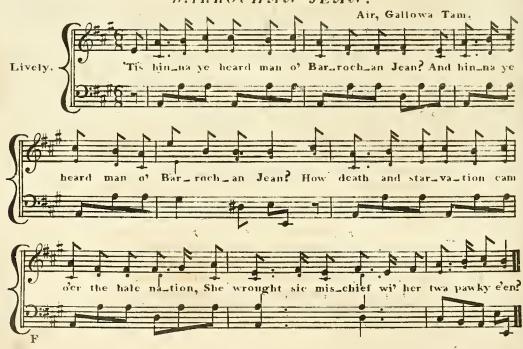
There's no a lady but likes him weel; There's no a heart but he can steal; He may na speak but a word or twa, An' the bravest clan will up an' draw

To fight for the bonnie laddie.

He's a sapling rare o' royaltie, The purest stem in Christendie, An' Scotland's heart is aye the same, An' to his ha' an' ancient hame

She'll welcome the bonnie laddie.







Frae the south and the north, o'cr the Tweed and the Forth, Sic coming and ganging there never was seen; The comers were cheery, the gangers were bleary, Despairing, or hoping for Barrochan Jean.

The earlies at hame were a girning and graining, The bairns were a greeting frae morning till e'en; They gat nought for crowdy but runts boil'd to sowdie, For naething gat growing for Barrochan Jean.

The doctors declared, it was past their describing;
The ministers said, 'twas a judgment for sin;
But they lookit sae blae, and their hearts were sae wae,
I was sure they were dying for Barrochan Jean.
The burns on road-sides were a' dry wi' their drinking,
Yet a' wadna sloken the drouth i' their skin;
A' around the peat-stacks, and against the dyke-backs,
E'en the winds were a' sighing, sweet Barrochan Jean.

The timmer ran done wi' the making o' coffins,

Kirk-yards o' their swaird were a' howkit fu' clean;

Dead lovers were packit like herring in barrels,

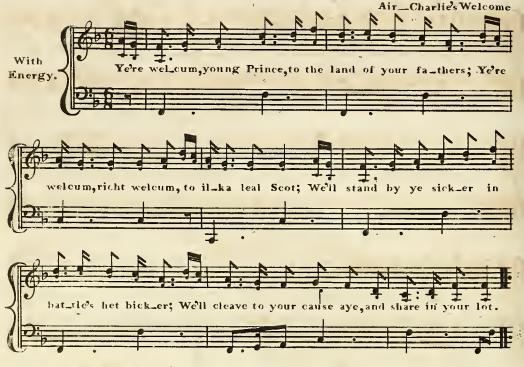
Sie thousands were dying for Barrochan Jean.

But mony braw thanks to the laird o' Glen-brodie,

The grass owre their graffs is now bonny and green,

He staw the proud heart of our wanton young lady,

And spoil'd a' the charms o' her twa pawky e'en.



Sing, wally! ye whigs, wha devour Charlie's bigging;
The Hielands are up, and the Lawlands are steering;
And hetly, I ween, they'll be at ye bedeen,
Wi' fire, gun, and braid sword, some smalthings a-speering.

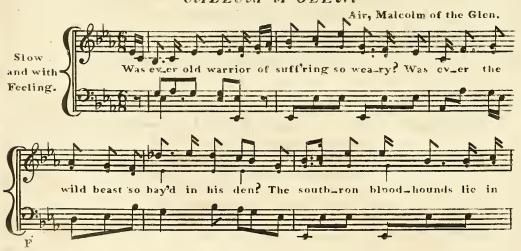
Blaw up our bagpipes, the slogan o' terror.

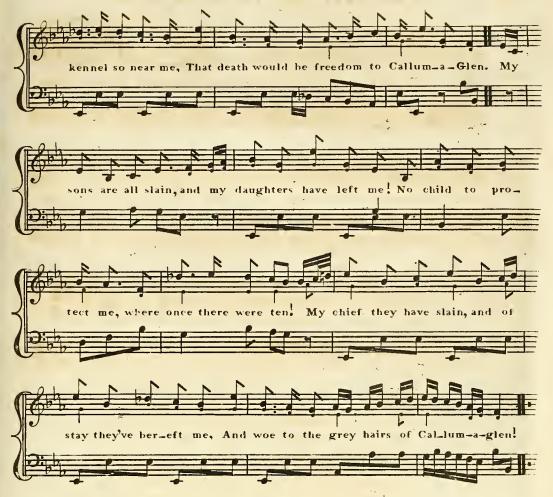
Schaw to the blue skies the banner o' Charlie;

Guid faith, wi' our claymores we'll pay them some auld scores,

And ca' for accquittance some morning fu' early.

CALLUM - A-GLEN.





The homes of my kinsmen are blazing to heaven,

The bright sun of morning has blushed at the view!

The moon has stood still on the verge of the even,

To wipe from her pale cheek the tint of the dew!

For the dew it lies red on the vales of Lochaber,

It sprinkles the cot, and it flows in the pen!

The pride of my country is fallen for ever!

Death, hast thou no shaft for old Callum-a-Glen?

The sun in his glory has look'd on our sorrow!

The stars have wept blood over hamlet and lea!

O, is there no day-spring for Scotland? no morrow

Of bright renovation for souls of the free?

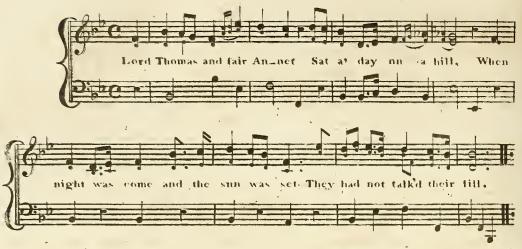
Yes: one above all has beheld our devotion,

Our valour and faith are not hid from his ken;

The day is abiding of stern retribution

On all the proud foes of old Callum-a-Glen!

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET.



Lord Thomas said a word in jest, Fair Annet took it ill; . Ah! I will never wed a wife Against my ain friends' will.

Gif ye will never wed a wife, A wife will ne'er wed ye. Sae he is hame to tell his mother, And kneel'd down on his knee.

O rede, O rede, mither, he says, A gude rede gie to me; O sall. I tak the nut-browne maid, And let fair Annet he?

The nut-browne bride has gowd and gear, Fair Annet she's gat nane, And the little bewtie fair Annet has, O it will soon be gane.

And he has to his brither gane: Now, brither, rede ye me, Ah! sall I marrie the nut-browne bride, And let fair Annet he?

The nut-browne bride has kye; I wad hae ye marrie the nut-brownebride, Let us gae to S! Marie's kirk, And east fair Annet by.

Her oxen may die it the house, billy, And her kye into the byre. And I sall has nacthing to mysell But a fat fadge by the fire.

And he has till his sister gane: Now, sister, rede ye me, O sall I marrie the nut browne-bride, And set fair Annet Iree?

Ise rede ve tak fair Annet, Thomas, And let the browne bride alane, Lest ye should sigh, and say, alas! What is this we brought hame?

No, I will tak my mither's counsel, And marrie me out o' hand, And I will tak the nut-browne bride, Fair Annet may leave the land.

Up then rose fair Annet's father, Twa hours or it were day, And he is gane into the bower-Wherein lair Annet lay.

The nut-browne bride has oxen, brother, Rise up, rise, up fair Annet, he says, Put on your silken sheen; And see that rich wedden.

My maids, gae to my dressing-room,
And dress to me my hair;
Whare e'er ye taid a plait before,
See ye lay ten times mair.

My maids gae to my dressing-room,
And dress to me my smock,
The one half is o' the holland fine,
The other o' needle work.

The horse fair Annet rode upon,
He amblit like the wind,
Wi's siller he was shod before,
Wi's burning gowd behind.

Four-and-twenty siller bells.

Were a' tied till his mane,

Wi'ac tift o' the norland wind.

They tinkled ane by ane,

Four-and-twenty gay gude knights
Rade by fair Annet's side,
And four-and-twenty fair ladies,
As gin she had bin a bride.

And when she cam to Marie's kirk,

She sat on Marie's stean;
The cleading that fair Annet had on
It skinkled in their een.

And whan she cam into the kirke,

She skimmer'd like the sun;

The belt that was aboute her waist

Was a' wi' pearles bedone.

And her een they were sae clear,
Lord Thomas he clear forgot the bride,
When fair Annet drew near.

He had a rose into his hand,

He gae it kisses three,

And reaching by the nut-browne bride,

Laid it on fair Annet's knee.

Up then spak the out-browne bride,
She spak wi' meikle spite,
And whair gat ye that rose-water
That does mak ye sac white?

That rose-water was made for me—
Was made for me my lane,
And I did get that rose-water.
Whare ye will neir get nane.

The bride she drew a long bodkin Frac out her gay head gear,
And strake fair Annet to the heart,
That word spak never mair.

And marvelit what mote be;

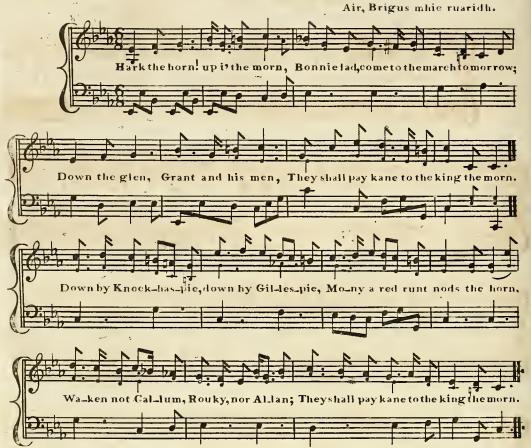
But whan he saw her dear heart's blude,
A' wood wroth waxed he.

He drew his dagger that was sae sharp,
That was sae sharp and meet,
And drave it into the nut-browne bride,
That fell deid at his feet.

Now stay for me, dear Annet, he said, Now stay, my dear, he cried, Then strake the dagger until his heart, And fell deid by her side.

Lord Thomas was buried without kirk wa,
Fair Annet within the quiere,
And o' the tane their grew a birk,
The other a bonny briere.

And ay they grew, and ay they threw,
As they wad fain be neare,
And by this ye may ken right weil,
They, wer twa luvers deare.



Round the rock, down by the knock,
Monnaughty, Tannachty, Moy, and Glentrive,
Brodie, and Balloch, and Ballindalloch,
They shall pay kane to the king belyve.
Let bark and brevin blaze o'er Strathaven,
When the red buflok is over the hourn;
Then shall the maiden dread, low on her pillow laid,
Who's to: pay kane to the king the morn.

Down the glen, true Highlandmen,
Ronald, and Donald, and rantin Roy,
Gather and drive, spare not Glentrive,
But gently deal with the lady of Moy.
Appin can carry through, so can Glengary too,
And fairly they'll part to the hoof and the horn;
But Keppoch and Dunain too, they must be look'd unto,
Ere they pay kane to the king the morn.

Rouse the steer, out of his lair,

Keep his red nose to the west away;

Mark for the seven, or sword of heaven;

And loud is the midnight sough of the Spey.

When the brown cock crows day upon the mottled brac,

Then shall our gallant prince hail the horn

That tells both to wood and cleuch, over all Badenoch,

Who's to pay kane to the king the morn.





When I see the plover rising,
Or the curlew wheeling,
Then I trow some bonnie lad
Is coming to my sheeling.
Why should I sit an' sigh,
While the green wood blooms sae bonnie?
Laverocks sing, flowrets spring,
A' but me are cheery.

My wee cot is blest and happy;
Oh?tis neat an? cleanly?
Sweet the brier that blooms beside it;
Kind the heart that's lanely.
Come away, come away,
Herd, or hind, or boatman laddie,
L hae cow, kid, and ewe,
Gowd and gear, to gain ye.

THE CORBIE AND THE CRAW.



And look'd owre the nest where he lay,
And gied a Haff wi' his rousty wings,
And cried where te? where te?

Corbie. "Te pike a dead man that's lying
Ahint you meikle stane?"

Craw. 'Is he fat, is he fat, is he fat?

If no, we may let him alone?

Corbie. "He cam frae merry England, to steal The sheep, and kill the deer?"

Craw. 'I'll come, I'll come, for an Englishman.

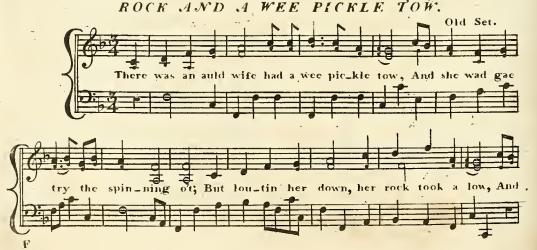
Is aye the best of cheer?

Corbie. "O we may breakfast on his breast,

And on his back may dine;

For the Jave a' fled to their ain countrie,

And they've ne'er been back sinsyne?'





1 has been a wife these three-score o' years,
And never did try the spinning o't;
But how I was sarked, foul fa' them that spiers,
To mind me o' the beginning o't.
The women are now a days turned sac braw,
That itk ane maun has a sark, some maun has twa;
But better the warld was when feint are ava
To lunder the first beginning o't.

Foul fa' them that ever advis'd me to spin!

It minds me o' the beginning o't;
I week might have ended as I had begun

And never have try'd the spinning o't.

But she's a wise wife wha kens her ain wierd,
I thought ares a day it wad never be spier'd;
How let you the low tack the rock by the beard,
When you gaed to try the spinning o't.

The spinning, the spinning, it gars my heart sab,

To think on the ill beginning oft.

I took in my head to make me a wab,

And this was the first beginning of.

But had I nine daughters as I had but three,

The safest and snundest advice I wad gie,

That they wad frae spinning still keep their hands free,

For fear of an ill beginning oft.

But if they, in spite of my counsel, wad run
The dreary sad task of the spinning of,
Let them find a loun seat light up by the sun,
Syne venture on the beginning of:
For whas done as I've done, alake and avow!
To busk up a rock at the check of a low;
They'll say that I had little wit in my pow;
The meikle deil tak the spinning of!



Nac mair your bonnie birken bowers,

Your streamlets lair, and woodlands gay, Can cheer the weary winged hours As up the glen I joyless stray:

For a'my hopes hae flown away,

And, when they reach'd their native skies, Left me, amid the world o' wae,

To weet the grave whare Julia lies.

It is na beauty's fairest bloom,

It is no maiden charms consigned, And hurried to an early tomb,

That wrings my heart and clouds my mind: But sparkling wit, and sense retind,

And spotless truth without disguise.

Makes me with sighs enrich the wind...

That fans the grave where Julia lies.

BESSY AND HER SPINNING WHEEL.



On ilka hand the burnies trot, And meet below my theekit cot; The scented birk and hawthorn white, Across the pool their arms unite. Alike to screen the birdie's nest, . And little fishes' ealler rest; . The sun blinks kindly on the biel' Where blythe f turn my spinning-wheel. Amuse me at my spinning-wheel.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail, And echo cons the dolefu' tale; The lintwhite in the hazel braes, Delighted, rival ither's lays; The craik amang the claver grey, The paitrick whirring o'er the ley, The swallow jinkin' roun my shiel',

Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy, Aboon distress, below envy, O wha wad leave this humble state, For a' the pride o' a' the great! Amid their flairing idle toys, . Amid their cumbrous dinsome joys, Can they the peace and pleasure lecl Of Bessy at her spinning-wheel?



Then let the sudden bursting sighs.

The heart_felt pang discover;

And in the keen, yet tender eye,

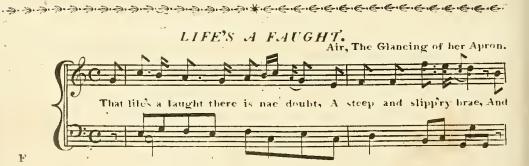
O read the imploring lover!

For well I know thy gentle mind

Disdains art's gay disguising,

Beyond what fancy e'er refin'd

The voice of nature prizing.





When poortith looks wi' sour disdain,

It frights a body sair,

And gars them think they neer will meet

Delight or pleasure mair.

But tho' the heart be eer sae sad,

And prest wi' joyless care,

Hope lightly steps in at the last,

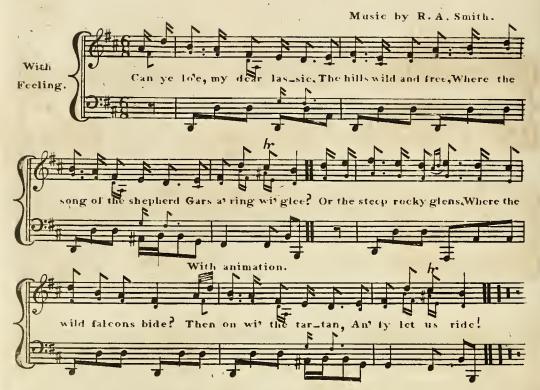
To fley awa' despair.

For love o' wealth let misers toil,
And fret baith late and air',
A cheerfu' heart has aye enough,
And whiles a mité to spare:
A leal true heart's a gift frae heav'n,
A gift that is maist rare;
It is a treasure o' itsel',
And lightens ilka care.

Let wealth and pride exalt themsels,
And boast of what they hae;
Compard will truth and honesty,
They are no worth a strac.
The honest heart keeps aye aboon,
Whateler the warld may say;
And laughs, and turns its shafts to scorp,
That ithers would dismay.

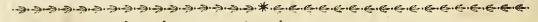
Sac let us mak? life's hurden light,
And drive ilk care awa;
Contentment is a dainty feast,
Altho' in hamely ha;
It gies a charm to ilka thing,
And mak's it look fu' braw;
The spendthrift, and the miser fierd,
It soars aboon them a?

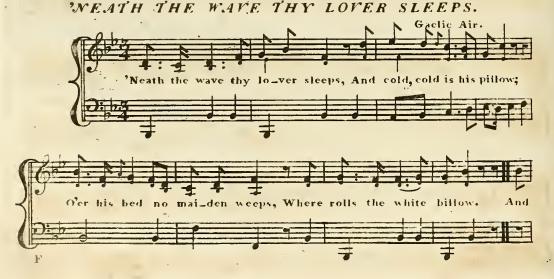
But there's ac thing among the lave:
To keep the heart in tune,
And but for that the weary spleen
Wad plague us late and soou;
A bonnic lass, a cauty wife,
For sic is nature's law;
Without that charmer of our lives,
There's scarce a charm lava.

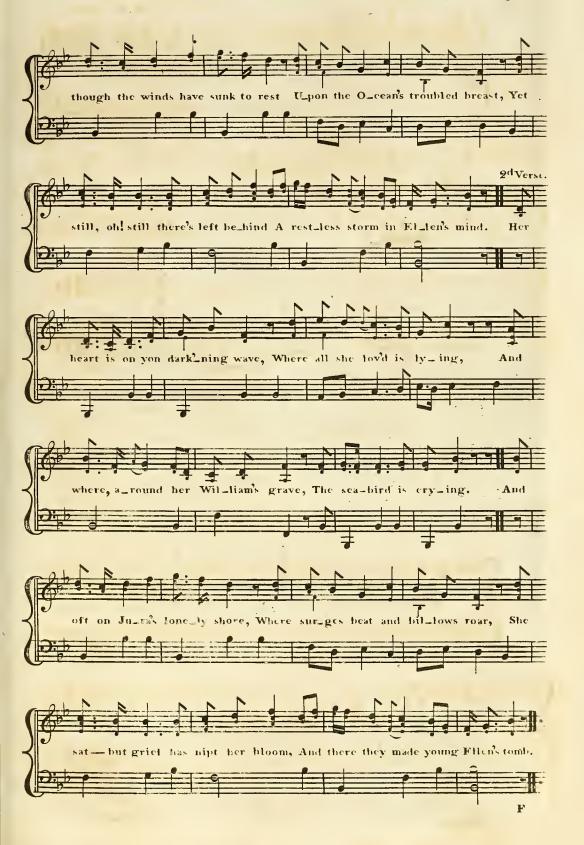


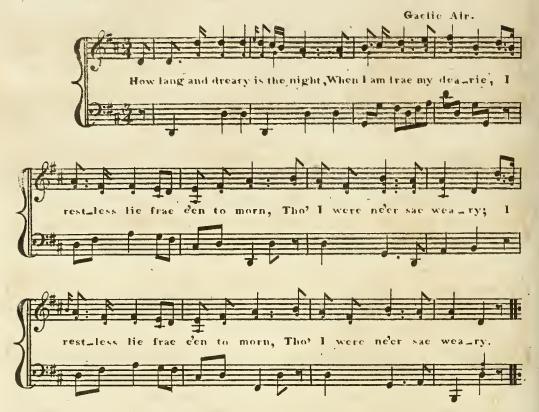
Can ye lo'e the knowes, lassie,
That ne'er war in riggs?
Or the bonnie lowne knowes,
Where the sweet Robin biggs?
Or the sang o' the Lintie,
When wooing his bride?
Then on wi' the tartan,
An' fy let us ride!

Can ye lo'e the burn, lassie,
That loups amang linns?
Or the bonnic green holms,
Whare it cannily rins?
Wi'a cantie bit housie,
Sae snug by its side?
Then on wi' the tartan,
An' fy let us ride!









When I think on the lightsome days
I spent wi' thee, my dearie;
And now what seas between us roar,
How can I be but eeric.
And now what seas, &c.

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,

The joyless day how dreary!

It was nae sae ye glinted by,

When I was wi' my dearie.

It was nae sae, &c.





O list you thrush, my Mary,
That warbles on the pine!
Its strain so light and airy,
Accords in joy with thine:
The tark that soars to heaven,
The sea-bird on the faem,
Are singing from morn 'till even,
Brave Cameron's welcome hame.

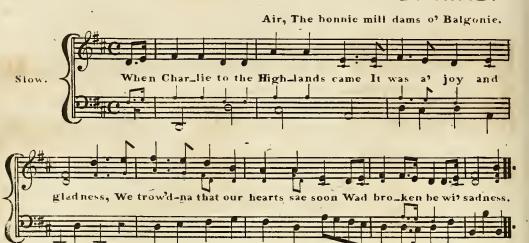
D'ye mind, my ain dear Mary,
When we hid in the tree,
And saw our Auchnacary,
. All flaming fearfully?
The fire was red, red glaring,
And rueln' was the pine
And aye you cried despairing,
. My father's ha's are gane!

I said, my ain wee Mary,
D'ye see yon cloud sae dun,
That sails aboon the carry,
And hides the weary sun?
Behind yon cloud sae dreary,
Beyond and far within,
There's ane, my dear wee Mary,
That views this deadly sin.

He sees this rucfu? reavery,
The rage of dastard knave;
He saw our deeds of bravery,
And he'll reward the brave.
Though a? we had was given
For loyalty and faith,
I still had hopes that heaven
Would right the heroes' scaith.

The day is dawned in heaven,
For which we at thought lang;
The good, the just, is given
To right our nation's wrang;
My ain dear Auchnacary,
I have thought lang for thee,
O sing to your harp, my Mary,
And sound its bonniest key.

CHARLIE TO THE HIGHLANDS CAME.

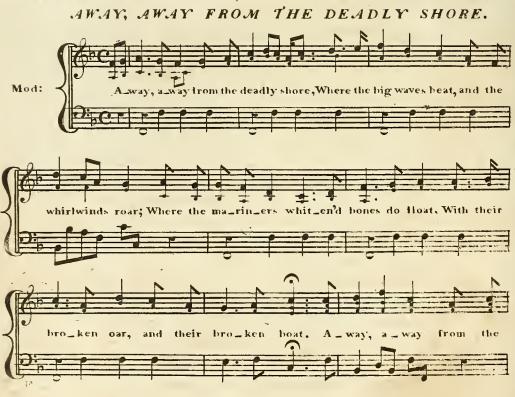


O why did heaven sae on us frown, And break our hearts wi'sorrow! Oit will never smile again, And bring a gladsome morrow!

Our dwellings, and our outlay gear, Lie smoking, and in ruin! Our bravest youths, like mountain deer, The foe is oft pursuing.

Our hame is now the barren rock, As if by heaven forsaken; Our shelter, and our canopy, The heather and the braken.

Oh! we maun wander far and near, And foreign lands maun bide in; Our bonnie glens, we loed sae dear, We daur nae langer bide in.





The Mermaid sits on the sea-girt rock,
And smiling she woos the tempests shock;
The breakers heave, and the surge it sweeps,
And with dreeping locks her watch she keeps.
Away, away from the deadly shore,
Where the big waves beat, and the whirlwinds roar.

She braids her hair with wreck and with weed,
And bids the mariner's bark to speed,
As high it is tost, or dips in the wave,
She beckons them to her sea-weed cave:
Away, away from the deadly shore,
Where the big waves beat, and the whirlwinds roar.

Her cave was ne'er lighted by moonlight beam,
Nor cheer'd by the morning's rudy leam;
Her light is the monsters' eyes which glare,
And the dead man's lamp that's lighted there:
Away, away from the deadly shore,
Where the big waves beat, and the whirlwinds roar.

The darkening mist is around her hung,
And the dead sea-bell hath the kelpies rung;
'Tis hollow and wild, 'tis a sound so sad,
As would wake the dead from their oozy bed:
Away, away from the deadly shore,
Where the big waves beat, and the whirlwinds roar.

Her evening chime is that deep-ton'd bell, That rings the struggling mariners' knell, And sounds in their ears so found and long, Like the lutaby of a deathless song: Away, away from the deadly shore, Where the big waves beat, and the whirlwinds roar.

The light nings Hash from the ebon cloud, and the distincts peal is deep and found;
Nor an earthly voice, nor an earthly sound is heard, but the spirits that sing around;
Away, away from the deadly shore,
Where the big waves beat, and the whirlwinds roar.

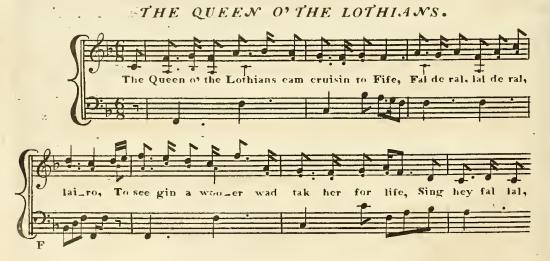
On the brow of the wave to the vault of heaven, The bark is tost, it is onward driven! By the dim dead-lights to the wide sea keep, 'It is death it is wreck ere the Mermaid sleep! Away, away from the deadly shore, Where the big waves beat, and the whirlwinds roar.

IN FAR DISTANT CLIMES.



The music of Scotia is sweet midst the scene;
But, ah! could you hear it when seas roll between;
'Tis then, and then only, the soul can divine __
The music that dwells in the songs of langsyne.

The spirit, when torn from earth's objects of love, Loses all its regrets in the chorus above; So in exile we cannot but cease to repine, When it hallows with extacy songs of langsyne.





She had na been lang at the brow o' the hill, Fal, &cc.

Till Jockie cam down for to visit Lochnell, Sing hey, &cc.

He took the aunt to the neuk of the har, _ Fal, &c.

Whare nacbody heard, and whare nacbody saw, _Sing hey, &c.

Madam, he says, I've thought on your advice _ Fal. &c. I wad marry your niece, but I'm Hey'd she'll be nice, _Sing hey, &c.

Jockie, she says, the wark's done to your hand, _ Fal, &c.

Ive spoke to my niece, and she's at your command, _ Sing hey, &c.

But troth, Madam, I canna woo, _ Fal, &c.
For aft I had tried it, and aye I fa thro; _ Sing hey, &c.

But, O dear Madam, and ye wad hegin, Fal, &c.
For I'm as fley'd to do it, as it were a sin, Sing hey, &c.

Jenny cam in, and Jockie ran out, _ Fal, &c.

Madam, she says, what hae ye been about, _Sing hey, &c.

Jenny, she says, I've been workin for you, _ Fal, &c.

For what do ye think, Jockie's come here to woo, _Sing hey, &c.

Now Jenny tak care, and dash na the lad, _ Fal, &c.

For offers like him are na ay to be had, _Sing hey, &c.

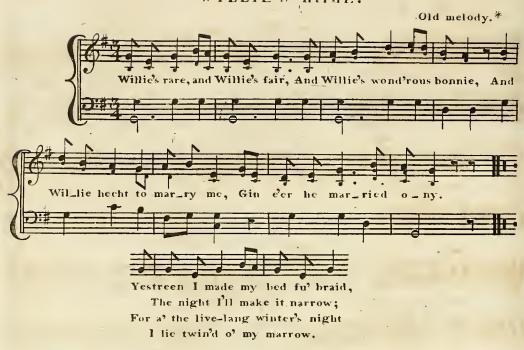
Madam, I'll tak the advice o' the wise, Fal, &c.

I ken the lad's worth, and I own he's a prize, Sing hey, &c.

Then she cries butt the house, Jockie come here, _Fal, &c. Ye've naething to do but the question to spier, _Sing hey, &c.

The question was spier'd, and the bargain was struck, Fals &c.

The neebors cam in and wish'd them gude luck, Sing hey, &c.



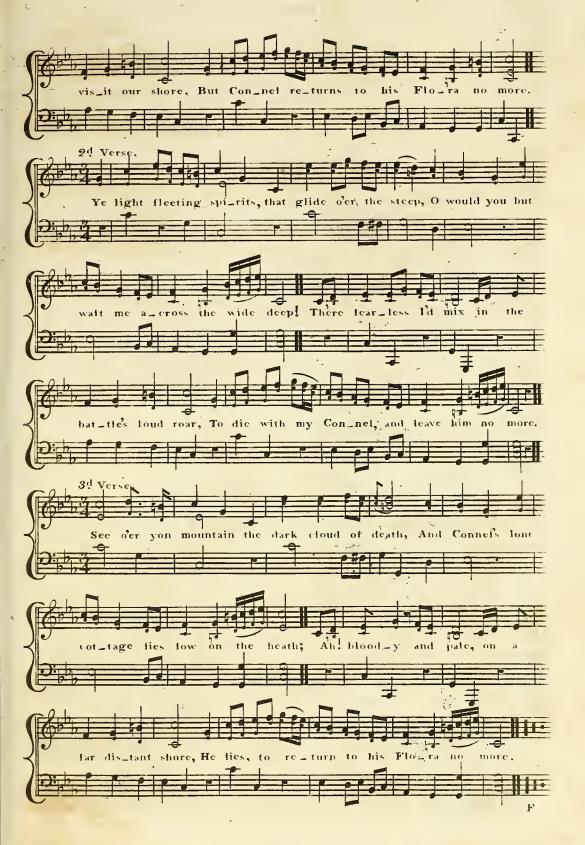
Oleam you by you water side?
Pud you the rose or lily?
Or, cam you by you meadow green?
Or, saw you my sweet Willie?

She sought him east, she sought him west,
She sought him braid and narrow,
And in the clifting o'a craig,
She fand him drown'd in Yarrow.

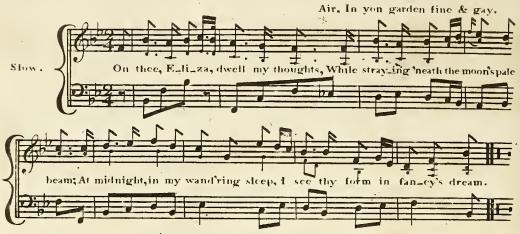
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* Written from the singing of M! W. Chalmer's, Paisley.





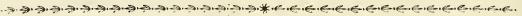
ON THEE, ELIZA, DWELL MY THOUGHTS.



I see thee in the rosy morn,
Approach as loose-robd heauty's queen;
The morning smiles, but thou art lost;
Too soon is fled the sylvan scene!

Still fancy fondly dwells on thee,
And adds another day of care;
What bliss were mine could fancy paint
Thee true, as she can paint thee fair!

O fly, ye dear deceitful dreams!
Ye silken cords that bind the heart;
Canst thou, Eliza, these intwines
And smile and triumph in the smart?





"It's now ten at night, and the stars gie nae light,
And the bells they ring, ding dong;
He's met wi' some delay, that causeth him to stay,
But he will be here ere lang?'

The surly auld carl did naething but snarl,
And Johnny's face it grew red;
Yet tho' he often sigh'd, he ne'er a word replied
Till all were asleep in bed.

Up Johnny rose, and to the door he goes,
And gently he tirled the pin;
The lassic, taking tent, unto the door she went,
And she open'd, and let him in.

. "And are you come at last? and do I hold you fast?

And is my Johnny true?"
!I ha'e nae time to tell, but sae lang's I lo'e mysel,

Sae lang shall I lo'e you'.

WHERE ARE THE FOYS?

Where are the joys I have met in the morning, That danc'd to the lark's early song? Where is the peace that awaited my wand'ring, At evening, the wild woods among.

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

Is it that simmer's forsaking our vallies,
And grim surly winter is near?
No. no, the bees, humming around their 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 Jeanie, fair Jeanie, alone.

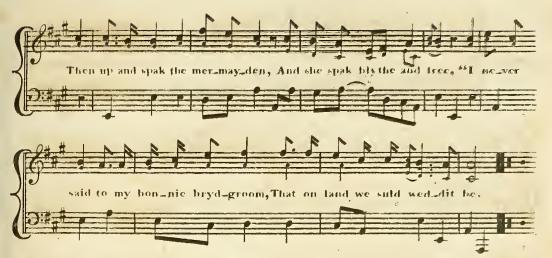
Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,
Nor hope dare a comfort bestow,
Come then, enamour'd, and fond of my anguish,
Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe.



Go to Berwick, Johnnie,
And regain your honour;
Drive them o'er the Tweed,
And shaw our Scotish hanner.
I am Rab the King,
And ye are Jock my brither;
But, before we lose her,
We'll a' there thegither.

 $THE\ MERMAYDEN.$





"Oh! I never said that ane erthlie preest
Our bridal blessing should gie,
And I never said that a landwart bouir
Should hald my luve and me?"

And whare is that preest, my bonnie maiden,
If ane erthlie wicht is na he?"

"Oh! the wind will sough, and the sea will rair,
When weddit we twa sall be?"

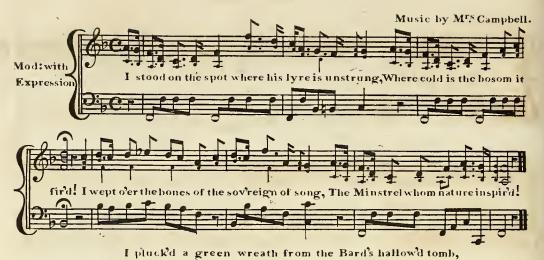
'And whare is that bouir, my bonnie maiden,
If on land it sutd na be?'

"Oh! my blythe bouir is low," said the mermayden,
"In the bonnie green hou's o' the sea:
My gay bouir is biggit o' the gude ships' keels,
And the banes o' the drown'd at sea;
The fisch are the deer that fill my parks,
And the water waste my drurie.

And my bouir is sklaitit wi? the big blue wave,
And paved wi? the yellow sand,
And in my chalmers grow bonnic white flowers
That never grew on land.
And have ye c'er seen, my bonnie brydgroom,
A leman on earth that wild gic
Aiker for aiker o? the red plough'd land,
As I'll gie to thee o? the sea?

The mune will rise in half ane hour,
And the wee bricht sterns will shine;
Then we'll sink to my bouir 'neath the wan water
Full lifty fathom and nine.'?
A wild, wild skreich, gied the fey brydgroom,
And a loud, foud lauch, the bryde;
For the mune rase up, and the twa sank down
Under the silver'd tide.

THE WREATH.*

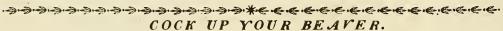


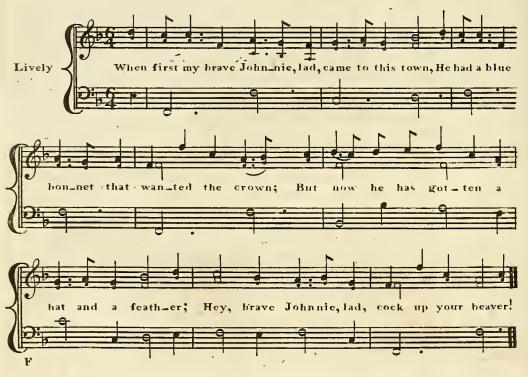
But it was not the wreath of his fame;
No, the wreath of his fame shall unfadingly bloom.

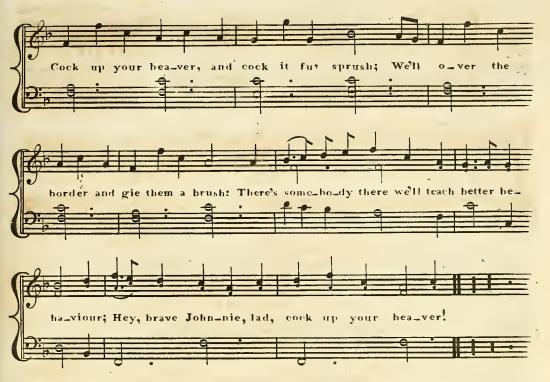
In the glory that circles his name!

Yes, Burns, while the children of Scotia shall heave
'A sigh o'er the grave of the bard!
To thee, native minstrel, affection shall weave
A wreath of eternal regard!

*Written at the suggestion of a Lady, who had visited the grave of Burns, and gathered some wild flowers from the turf which covered his mortal remains.







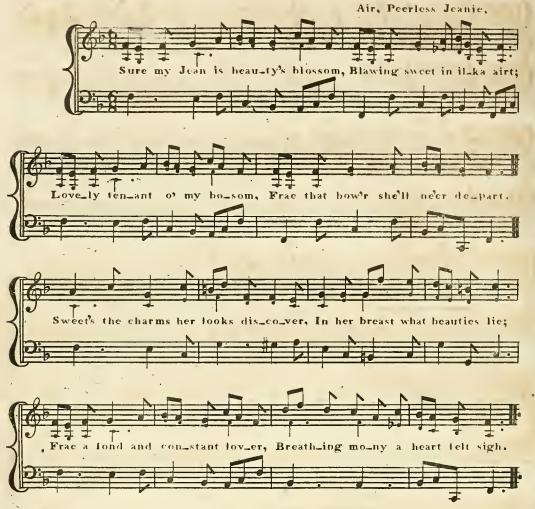
10 7

Cock it up right, and fauld it nae down,
And cock the white rose on the band of the crown;
Cock it on the right side, no on the wrang,
And yese be at Carlisle or it be lang.
There's somebody there that likes slinking and slav'ry;
Somebody there that likes knapping and knav'ry;
But somehody's coming will make them to waver;
Hey, brave Johnnie, lad, cock up your beaver!

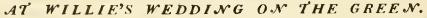
Sawney was bred wi? a broker o' wigs;
But now he's gaun southward to lather the whigs;
And he's to set up as their shopman and shaver;
Hey, brave Johnnie, lad, cock up your beaver!
Jockie was bred for a tanner, ye ken,
But now he's gaun southward to curry goodmen,
With Andrew Ferrara for barker and cleaver;
Hey, hrave Johnnie, lad, cock up your heaver!

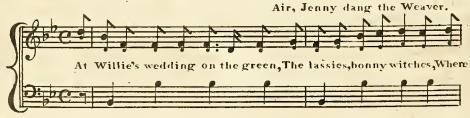
Donald was bred for a lifter o' kye,
A stealer o' deer, and a drover forbye;
But now he's gaun over the border a blink,
And he's to get red gowd to bundle and clink.
There's Donald the drover, and Duncan the caird,
And Sawney the shaver, and Logic the laird;
These are lads that will flinch frae you never;
Hey, brave Johnnie, lad, cock up your beaver!

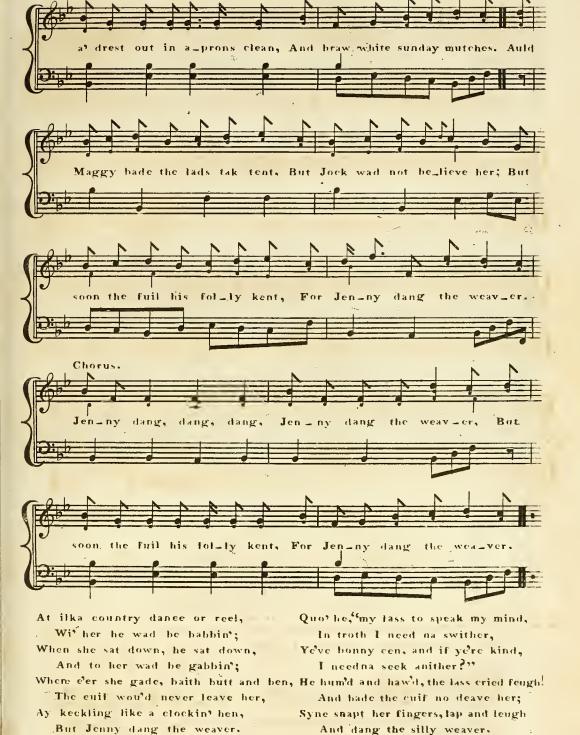
SURE MY JEAN IS BEAUTY'S BLOSSOM.



I ha'e seen the floweret springin',
Gaily on the sunny lea;
I ha'e heard the mavis singin'
Sweetly on the hawthorn tree:
But, my Jeanie, peerless dearie!
She's the flower attracts mine ee;
Whan she tunes her voice sae cheerie,
She's the mavis dear to me!







- And Jenny dang, &c.

Jenny dang, &c.



Bess should like a picture be,

Nailed to a wa? whar a? might see,

And muckle thought o? she wad be

And no kent for a gawkie.

Oh, steek your mouth then, cousin dear,

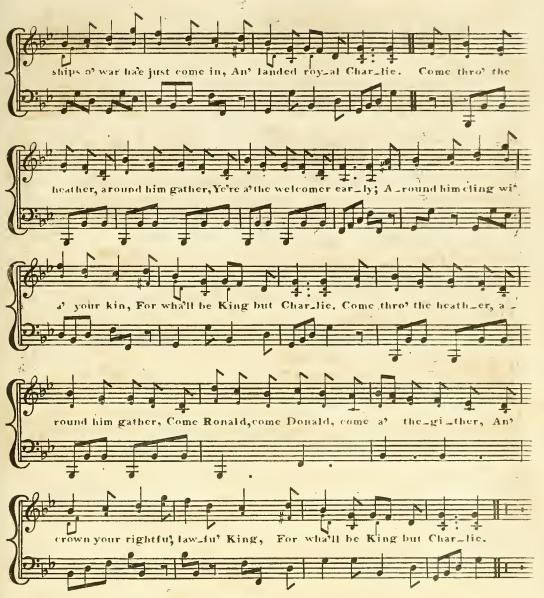
And nae mair havers let us hear;

Oh steek your mouth, and never fear,

Yese no be ca'd a gawkie.

WHA'LL BE KING BUT CHARLIE.





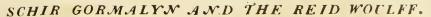
The Highland clans wi's sword in hand,
Frae John o' Groat's to Airly,
Ha'e to a man declard to stand,
Or fa', wi' royal Charlie.
Come thro' the heather, &c.

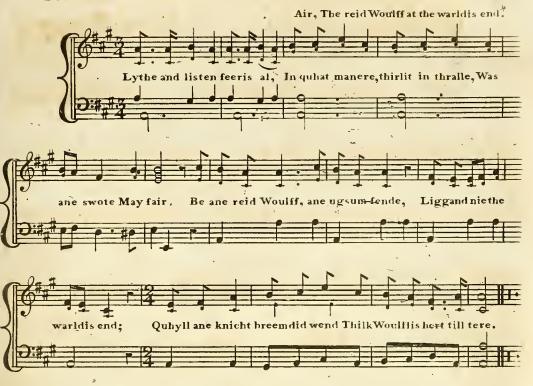
The Lowlands a', baith great an' sma',
Wi' mony a Lord an' Laird, ha'c
Declar'd for Scotia's King an' law,
An' speir ye, wha but Charlie.
Come thro' the heather, &c.

There's ne'er a lass in a' the land,
But vows baith late an' early,
To man she'll ne'er gie heart or hand,
Wha wadna fecht for Charlie.
Come thro' the heather, &c.

Then, here's a health to Charlie's cause,
An' be't compleat an' early,
His very name our heart's blood warms,
To arms for royal Charlie.
- Come thro' the heather, &c.







Then this burde bricht to bring
Frae the Woulflishalde indigne,
Did himsel boune;
His aventuris, grit to tell,
Dois mi weake witt precell,
Quhairfoir me rede you well,
His laude to roune.

* * * * * *

Gude Gormalyn bene pricken onne,
Ane Squyer be him ronne,
Stalwarth and fre.
Ouir forthis, holtis, and how,
Quhyll thay prochen till a lowe,
Brennand bauld on ane knowe,

Meruailous till see.

"Quhair wonnis thow knicht,
In armour clere dicht?"

Spak furth ane man.
'I gang' quod Gormalyn,
'Sum straunge aventur in,
Sua betide me hap and gyn,
Do quhat I can.

Quhat cace has happit the,
Sith sic dolore I see
Thorow this land gude?

Quhat bene this fyrie flare, Trubland the mokie aire, And sua moche of dispaire,

With teiris afflude?"

* * * * * * * *

*Deciphered, and put into modern Notation, from an old vellum MS in possession of Wm Motherwell Esq! a Gentleman whose indefatigable researches have rescued many a "Gem of the kind" from oblivion. Those who feel any inclination to see the remaining stanzas of this "marrow-bone for the tooth of the antiquary" may consult the pages of the "Harp of Renfrewshire" a work of considerable merit, published by M. John Lawrence Jun! of Paisley, where they will find a very interesting and ingenious account of the MS. in question.

MARY (UNNINGHAM.





Give owre, give owre wi'thy words o' mirth,

There's nae mirth in your heart;

To hide the deadlie thraws o' the breast,

Ye had na yet the art.

I ken ye lo'ed him wi? that luve,

That maidens aften rue;
Oh hard, hard was the heart, I wat,
That could be fause to you!

Wild is your e'e, Mary Cunningham!

Look na sae wild on me!

I cam to tell that your ance fause luve,

Is fause nae mair to ye.

Does he loe me yet? owre late, owre late,
Ye tell the blissfu? tale!

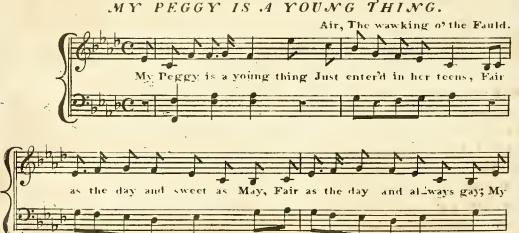
For the deadlie drug that burns my frame
Maun sune oer life prevail.

Forgi'e, forgi'e, Mary Cunningham!

Heav'n sair has punish'd my sin!

We'll part nac mair, but like bridegroom and bride

We'll sleep the cauld yird within.





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 blyth and bauld,

And naething gi'es me sic delight

As wawking o' the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae saftly
When on my pipe 1 play;
By a' the rest it is confest,
By a' the rest, that she sings best:
My Peggy sings sae saftly,
And in her sangs are tauld,
With innocence, the wale o' sense,
At wawking o' the fauld.

O FOR ANE AND TWENTY, TAM!



A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,

Was left me by my auntie, Tam;

At kith or kin 1 need-na spier,

An 1 saw ane an' twenty, Tam.

An' O for, &c.

They'll had me wed a wealthy coof,

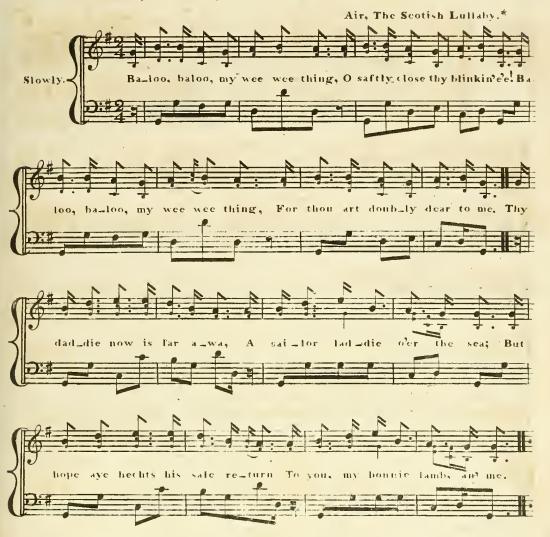
Tho'l mysel had plenty, Tam;

But hear'st thou, laddie, there's my loof,

I'm thing at ang any twenty, Tam.

An'O for, &c.

BALOO, BALOO, MY WEE WEE THING.



Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing.

O saftly close thy blinking ee!

Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing,

For thou art doubly dear to me.

Thy face is simple, sweet, and mild,

Like ony simmer elening fal;

Thy sparkling ele is bonnie black;

Thy neck is like the mountain snaw.

Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing,
O saltly close thy blinkin' e'e!
Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing,
For thou art doubly dear to me.
O but thy daddie's absence lang,
Might break my dowie heart in twa,
Wert thou ha left a dawtit pledge,

To steal the eerie hours awa.

^{*}This air is generally sung in Scotland by nurses when fulling children to sleep.

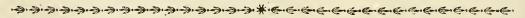
THE TOD.

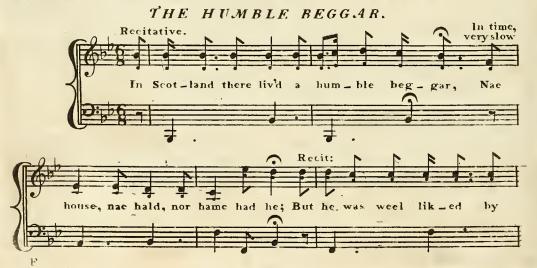


"I was down amang you shepherd's scroggs,
I'd like to been worried by his dogs,
But, by my sooth! I minded his hogs
The night I cam to the toun, O?"

He's taen the grey goose by the green sleeve,
"Eh, ye auld witch! hae langer shall ye live;
Your flesh it is tender, your banes I maun prieve,
For that I cam to the toun, O.?

Up gat the auld wife out o' her bed,
And out o' the window she shot her auld head,
'Eh, gudeman! the grey goose is dead,
An' the tod has been i' the toun, O!







A nivefu' o' meal, and handfu' o' groats, A daud o' a bannock, or herring bree, Cauld parritch, or the lickings o' plates, Wad mak him blythe as a beggar could be.

This beggar he was a humble heggar,
The feint a bit o' pride had he,
He wad a ta'en his awms in a bicker
Frae gentleman or puir bodie.

His wallets ahint and afore did hang,
In as good order as wallets could be;
A lang kail-gully hung down by his side,
And a meikle nowt-horn to rout on had he.

It happen'd ill, it happen'd waur,
It happen'd sae that he did die,
And wha do ye think was at his late-wake,
But lads and lasses of a high degree.

Some were blythe, and some were sad, And some they play'd at Blind Harrie; But suddenly up-started the auld carle, "I rede you! good folks, tak tent o' me."

Up gat Kate that sat i' the nook,
"Vow kimmer, and how do ye?"

Up he gat, and ca'd her limmer,
And ruggit and tuggit her cockernonie.

They houkit his grave in Duket's kirk-yard, E'eu fair fa' the companie; But whan they were gaun to lay him i' the yird, The feint a dead nor dead was he.

And when they brought him to Duket's kirk-yard,
He dunted on the kist, the boards did flee;
And when they were gaun to lay him i' the yird,
In fell the kist and out lay he.

He cry'd"I'm cauld, I'm unco cauld,"

Fu'fast ran the folk, and fu' fast ran he;
But he was first hame at his ain ingle-side,
And he helped to drink his ain dregie.



To hear him sing a canty air,

He filts it o'er sae charmingly,

That in a moment aft flies care

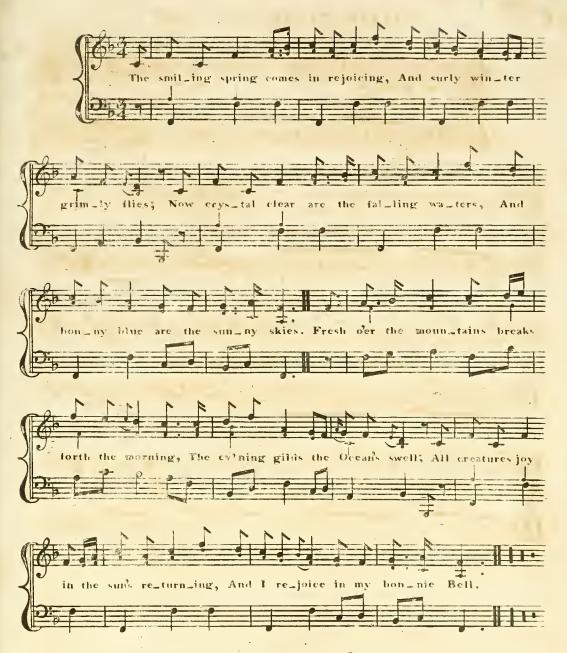
When Willie gets his wig a-jee.

Let drones croon o'er a winter night,

A fig for them whae'er they be,

For I cou'd sit till morning light,

Wi' Willie and his wig a-jee.

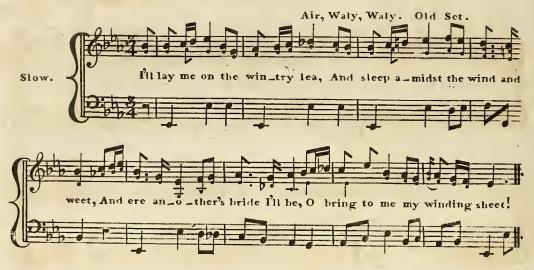


The thowery spring leads sunny summer,

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.

I'LL LAY ME ON THE WINTRY LEA.



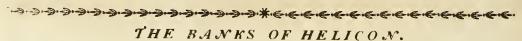
What can a hapless lassie do,

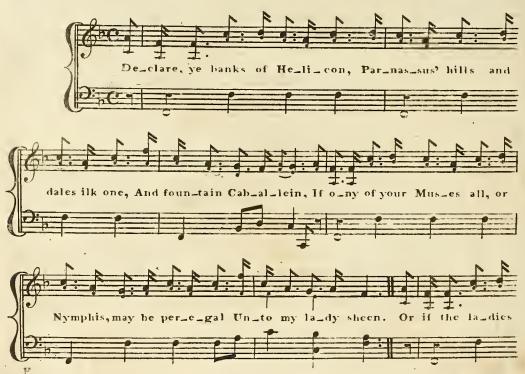
When ilka friend wad prove a loe,

Wad gar her break her dearest vow,

To wed wi? ane she canna lo?e!

* * * * * * * *







No, no, Forsooth was never none,
That with this perfect paragon
In beauty might compare;
The Muses would have given the gree
To her as to the A per se,
And peerless pearl preclare;
With qualities and form divine,
By nature so decored;
As Goddess of all feminine,
Of men to be adored;
So blessed, that wished
She is in all men's thought,
As rarest and fairest
That ever nature wrought.

"It would exceed our limits to give the rest of the words: the original is in the Pepys Collection in the University of Cambridge. The melody must have been a favourite with our ancestors; for the stanza is a very common one in the works of our early poets. Many compositions, to the tune of The Banks of Heticon, are to be found in the Bannatyne MS preserved in the library of the Faculty of Advocates at Edinburgh, compiled 1568. It is, probably, the most ancient Scots tune of which the original words remain? Edinburgh Vocal Magazine, 1797.



They've stain thy Father, my dear to'ed bairn!

They've stain him down in you bonnie lea,

While he was lifting his voice to heaven,

For Scottand's weal, and for thee and me!

I listen'd lang, and I listen'd late,

For the voice sac sweet and sac dear to me,

While thou my bairs, like an Angel slept,

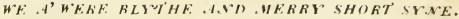
And the tear stood glistening in my ee,

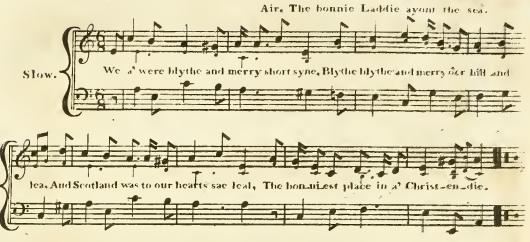
I listen'd lang, and I listen'd late,
For the voice sae sweet and sae dear to me!
But sair my heart foreboded, and said,
Thy Father, my bairnie, thou'lt never see.

For weel I ken'd o' puir Scotland's wrang,
An' a' the guilt and the treacherie!

And the han' and the sword that was lifted up,
Dooming the righteous a' to die!

* * * * * * * * * *





A white, white rose, grew on you hill tap,
The fairest flower in a? Christendie;
It was a? for a laddic wha was to come
In a bonnie boat frae yout the sea.

O lang I lookd frac you hill tap,

For the bonnie laddie ayout the sea;

I tented the leaves of the white, white rose,

To twine a wreath for the laddies bree.

The wind blew south, and the wind blew north, It brought the laddie trae yout the sea?

But the white, white rose, it has wither'd syne, Its leaves lie scatter'd upon the lea.

The bonnie white rose has wither'd syne, It's leaves lye scatter'd upon the lea, And the bonnie laddie, wha cam to wear't, Daur na bide in his ain countrie.

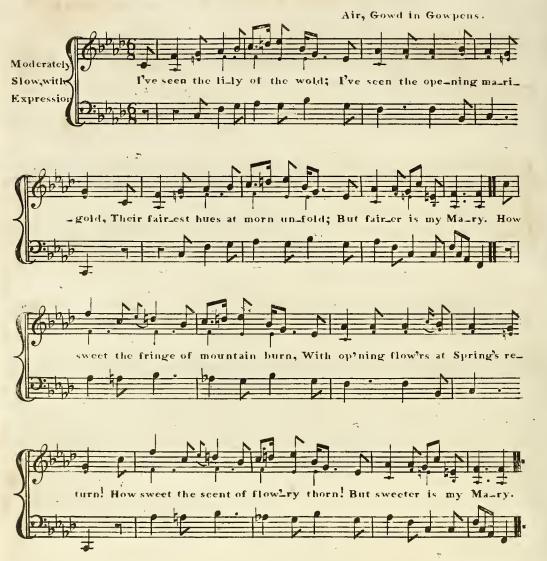
I'll gather the leaves of the bonnie white rose,
And dew the buds wif my watery ee,
I'll keep them af for the laddies sake,
The bonnie laddie ayout the sea.

A bonnie bird sits on you hill tap,
It sings at the simmers day to me,
I care no for the bonnie birds song,
For I think on the laddie ayout the sea.

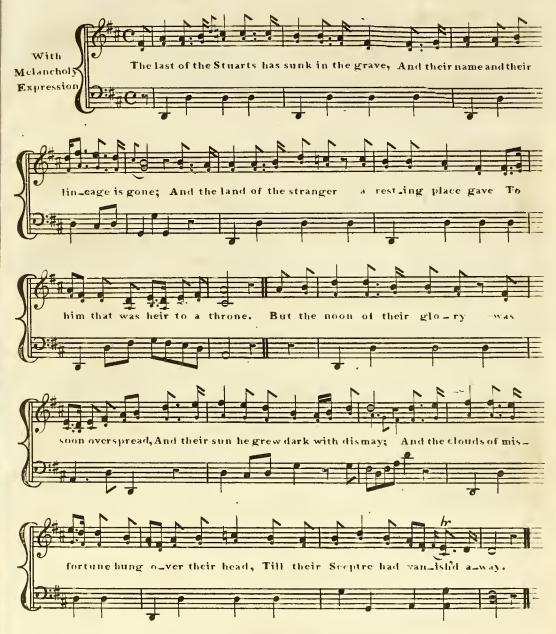
A bonnie bird sits on you hill tap,
It sings at the simmers day to me,
But 6h, gine its sang could wyle him back,
The bonnie laddie ayout the sea.

And aye I look out o'er the sea,
For oh, gin I saw the bonnie boat,

* * * * * * * * * * *



Her heart is gentle, warm, and kind;
Her form's not fairer than her mind;
Two sister beauties rarely join'd,
But join'd in lovely Mary.
As music from the distant steep,
As starlight on the silent deep,
So are my passions lull'd asleep
By love for bonnic Mary.

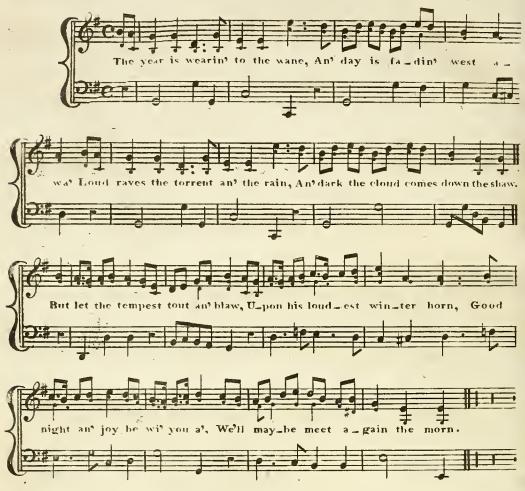


No more for their cause, shall the trumpet be blown, Nor their followers crowd to the field;

Their hopes were all wreck'd when Culloden was won, And the fate of their destiny seal'd.

Cold, cold is that heart which could stand o'er his grave, Nor think of their fate with a sigh,

That the glory of kings, like a wreck from the wave, Here lone and deserted must lie.



O we hae wander'd far an' wide,
O'er Scotia's land of firth an' fell,
An' mony a simple flower we've cull'd,
An' twined them wi' the heather-bell:
We've ranged the dingle an' the dell,
The hamlet an' the baron's ha',
Now let us tak a kind farewell,
Good night an' joy be wi' you a'.

Ye hae been kind as I was keen,
And follow'd where I led the way,
Till ilka poet's lore we've seen
Of this an' mony a former day.
If e'er I led your steps astray
Forgie your minstrel ance for a'
A tear fa's wi' his parting lay
Good night an' joy be wi' you a'.

END OF VOLUME SIXTH.



