

## FY, LET US ALL TO THE BRIDAL.

FRANCIS SEMPLE, OF BELTREES,

WHO died about 1682, the last of a family of poets; one of whom wrote the "Packman's Paternoster," and another immortalised Habbie Simpson, the Town Piper of Kilbarchan. The authorship of this song has also been claimed for Sir William Scott, of Thirlestane. It first appeared in Watson's Collection, 1706; the version here given has been altered a little.

Fy, let us a' to the bridal,  
 For there'll be liltin' there;  
 For Jock's to be married to Maggie,  
 The lass wi' the gowden hair.  
 And there'll be langkale and parridge,  
 And bannocks o' barley meal;  
 And there'll be guid saut herrin'  
 To relish a cog o' guid ale.  
 Fy, let us a', &c.

And there'll be Sandie the souter,  
 And Will wi' the mickle mou';  
 And there'll be Tam the bluter,  
 And Andrew the tinkler, I trow.  
 And there'll be bow-leggit Robbie,  
 Wi' thumless Katie's gudeman;  
 And there'll be blue-cheekit Dobbie,  
 And Lawrie, the laird o' the land.

And there'll be sow-libber Patie,  
 And plookie-fac'd Wat o' the mill;  
 Capper-nosed Francie, and Gibbie,  
 That wins in the howe o' the hill.  
 And there'll be Alaster Sibbie,  
 That in wi' black Bessie did mool;  
 Wi' sneevlin' Lillie, and Tibbie,  
 The lass that sits aft on the stool.

And there'll be Judan Maclowrie,  
 And blinkin' daft Barbara Macleg;  
 Wi' flae-luggit shairnie-faced Lawrie,  
 And shangie-mou'd haluket Meg.  
 And there'll be happer-hipp'd Nancie,  
 And fairy-faced Flowrie by name,  
 Muck Maudie, and fat-luggit Grizzie,  
 The lass wi' the gowden wame.

And there'll be Girnagain Gibbie,  
 And his glaikit wife Jenny Bell;  
 And misle-shinn'd Mungo Macapie,  
 The lad that was skipper himsell.

There lads and lasses in pearlings  
 Will feast in the heart o' the ha',  
 On sybows, and reefarts, and carlins,  
 That are baith sodden and raw.

And there'll be fadges and brachen,  
 And fouth o' gude gabbocks o' skate,  
 Powsoudie, and drammock, and crowdie,  
 And caller nowt-feet on a plate:  
 And there'll be partens and buckies,  
 And whytens and speldins enew,  
 And singit sheep-heads and a haggis,  
 And scadlips to sup till ye spew.

And there'll be gude lapper-milk kebbucks,  
 And sowens, and farles, and baps,  
 Wi' swats and weel-scraped painches,  
 And brandy in stoups and in caups;  
 And there'll be meal-kail and kustocks,  
 Wi' skink to sup till ye rive;  
 And roasts to roast on a brander,  
 Of flouks that were taken alive.

Scrapped haddocks, wilks, dulce, and tangle,  
 And a mill o' good sneeshin' to prie;  
 When weary wi' eatin' and drinkin',  
 We'll rise up and dance till we dee.  
 Fy, let us a' to the bridal,  
 For there'll be liltin' there;  
 For Jock's to be married to Maggie,  
 The lass wi' the gowden hair.

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### MAGGIE LAUDER.

FRANCIS SEMPLE OF BELTREES. (?)

THE Authorship of this piece has been hotly disputed by several critics "learned in ballad lore," but on very flimsy grounds. Mr. Chambers thinks it smacks of the pen which produced "Wanton Willie."

WHA wadna be in love  
 Wi' bonnie Maggie Lauder?  
 A piper met her gaun to Fife,  
 And speir'd what was't they ca'd her;—  
 Right scornfully she answer'd him,  
 Begone you hallanshaker!  
 Jog on your gate, you bladderskate,  
 My name is Maggie Lauder.

Maggie quo' he, and by my bags,  
 I'm fidgin' fain to see thee;  
 Sit down by me, my bonnie bird,  
 In troth I winna steer thee:  
 For I'm a piper to my trade,  
 My name is Rob the Ranter;  
 The lasses loup as they were daft,  
 When I blaw up my chanter.  
 Piper, quo' Meg, ha'e ye your bags?  
 Or is your drone in order?  
 If ye be Rob, I've heard of you,  
 Live you upo' the border?  
 The lasses a', baith far and near,  
 Have heard o' Rob the Ranter;  
 I'll shake my foot wi' right gude will,  
 Gif you'll blaw up your chanter.  
 Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,  
 About the drone he twisted;  
 Meg up and wallop'd o'er the green,  
 For brawly could she frisk it.  
 Weel done! quo' he—play up! quo' she;  
 Weel bobbed! quo' Rob the Ranter;  
 'Tis worth my while to play indeed,  
 When I ha'e sic a dancer.  
 Weel ha'e you play'd your part, quo' Meg,  
 Your cheeks are like the crimson;  
 There's nane in Scotland plays sae weel,  
 Since we lost Habbie Simpson.  
 I've lived in Fife, baith maid and wife,  
 These ten years and a quarter;  
 Gin' ye should come to Anster fair,  
 Speir ye for Maggie Lauder.

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#### LEADER HAUGHS AND YARROW.

In the Roxburghe Ballads this song is signed "The words of Barne the Violer," and supposed by Mr. Chambers to be Nicol Burne, a wandering minstrel of the seventeenth century. It also appeared in the Tea Table Miscellany.

"This song," says Mr. Chambers, "is little better than a string of names of places, yet there is something so pleasing in it, especially to the ear of a 'South country man,' that it has long maintained its place in our collections."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

What sweeter musick wad ye hear,  
 Than hounds and beigles crying ?  
 The started hare rins hard with fear,  
 Upon her speed relying :  
 But yet her strength it fails at length,  
 Nae bielding can she borrow,  
 In Sorrel's fields, Cleckman, or Hags,  
 And sighs to be in Yarrow.

For Rockwood, Ringwood, Spoty, Shag,  
 With sight and scent pursue her,  
 Till, ah ! her pith begins to flag,  
 Nae cunning can rescue her :  
 O'er dub and dyke, o'er seugh and syke,  
 She'll rin the fields all thorow,  
 Till fail'd she fa's in Leader Haughs,  
 And bids farewell to Yarrow.

Sing Erslington and Cowdenknows,  
 Where Homes had anes commanding ;  
 And Drygrange with the milk-white ews,  
 'Twixt Tweed and Leader standing :  
 The bird that flees through Reedpath trocs,  
 And Gledswood banks ilk morrow,  
 May chant and sing sweet Leader Haughs,  
 And bonny howms of Yarrow.

But Minstrel-Burne cannot assuago  
 His grief while life endureth,  
 To see the changes of this age,  
 That fleeting time procureth :

For mony a place stands in hard case,  
 Where blyth fowk kend nae sorrow,  
 With Homes that dwelt on Leader-side,  
 And Scots that dwelt on Yarrow.

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OMNIA VINCIT AMOR.

TEA TABLE MISCELLANY, 1724.—A copy is also in the Roxburghe Collection, from a broadside of the period. Mr. Chambers considers it a composition of Minstrel Burne.

As I went forth to view the spring,  
 Which Flora had adornèd  
 In gorgeous raiment, everything  
 The rage of winter scornèd,  
 I cast mine eye, and did espy  
 A youth that made great clamour,  
 And, drawing nigh, I heard him cry,  
 Ah, Omnia vincit amor!

Upon his breast he lay along,  
 Hard by a murm'ring river,  
 And mournfully his doleful song  
 With sighs he did deliver;  
 Ah! Jeany's face was comely grace,  
 Her locks that shine like lammer,  
 With burning rays have cut my days;  
 For Omnia vincit amor.

Her glancy een like comets' sheen,  
 The morning sun outshining,  
 Have caught my heart in Cupid's net,  
 And makes me die with pining.  
 Durst I complain, nature's to blame,  
 So curiously to frame her,  
 Whose beauties rare make me with care  
 Cry, Omnia vincit amor.

Ye crystal streams that swiftly glide,  
 Be partners of my mourning,  
 Ye fragrant fields and meadows wide,  
 Condemn her for her scorning;  
 Let every tree a witness be,  
 How justly I may blame her;  
 Ye chanting birds, note these my words,  
 Ah! Omnia vincit amor.

Had she been kind as she was fair,  
 She long had been admired,  
 And been ador'd for virtues rare,  
 Wh' of life now makes me tired.

Thus said, his breath began to fail,  
 He could not speak, but stammer;  
 He sigh'd full sore, and said no more,  
 But Omnia vincit amor.

When I observ'd him near to death,  
 I run in haste to save him,  
 But quickly he resign'd his breath,  
 So deep the wound love gave him.  
 Now for her sake this vow I'll make,  
 My tongue shall aye defame her,  
 While on his hearse I'll write this verse,  
 Ah! Omnia vincit amor.

Straight I consider'd in my mind  
 Upon the matter rightly,  
 And found, though Cupid he be blind,  
 He proves in pith most mighty.  
 For warlike Mars, and thund'ring Jove,  
 And Vulcan with his hammer,  
 Did ever prove the slaves of love;  
 For Omnia vincit amor.

Hence we may see the effects of love,  
 Which gods and men keep under,  
 That nothing can his bounds remove,  
 Or torments break asunder;  
 Nor wise, nor fool, need go to school  
 To learn this from his grammar:  
 His heart's the book where he's to look  
 For Omnia vincit amor.

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### BARBARA ALLAN.

TEA TABLE MISCELLANY.—“I remember,” says Mr. C. Kirkpatrick Sharpe, “that the peasantry of Annandale sang many more verses of this ballad than have appeared in print, but they were of no merit—containing numerous magnificent offers from the lover to his mistress—and, amongst others some ships, in sight, which may strengthen the belief that this song was composed near the shores of the Solway.”—*Additional Illustrations to Stenhouse*, p. 300.

It was in and about the Martinmas time,  
 When the green leaves were a-falling,  
 That Sir John Graham, in the west countrie,  
 Fell in love wi' Barbara Allan.

He sent his man down through the town,  
 To the place where she was dwallin'.  
 Oh, haste and come to my master dear,  
 Gin ye be Barbara Allan.

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

It's oh, I'm sick, I'm very very sick,  
 And its a' for Barbara Allan.  
 Oh, the better for me ye'se never be,  
 Though your heart's bluid were a-spillin'.

Oh, dinna ye mind, young man, she said,  
 When ye was in the tavern a-drinkin',  
 That ye made the healths gae round and round,  
 And slichtit Barbara Allan?

He turned his face unto the wa',  
 And death was with him dealin':  
 Adieu, adieu, my dear friends a',  
 And be kind to Barbara Allan.

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

She hadna gane a mile but twa,  
 When she heard the deid-bell ringin',  
 And every jow that the deid-bell gied,  
 It cried, Woe to Barbara Allan.

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

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### CROMLET'S LILT.

THE tradition on which this song is based is as follows:—Helen, daughter of William Stirling (of the family of Ardoch), was beloved by Sir James Chisholm of Cromlet, who, having to visit France, arranged with a friend to convey his letters to his mistress. This individual in the course of his missions to the young lady, fell in love with her himself, and, by dint of well-plied stories reflecting on Chisholm's conduct, and by withholding his letters, caused her to renounce her absent lover, and consent to become his own wife. The song here given is said to have been composed by Chisholm at this period. The tradition winds up in the good old style. On the marriage evening, while the dance went through the ha', Chisholm entered the house, killed his rival, cleared his own good name, and in due time married the lady.



Mr. Maidment questions the supposition of the song being written by Sir James, and probably with reason. The song appears with music in Thomson's *Orpheus Caledonius*, and it is generally agreed that both words and music are very ancient, and probably of the reign of James VI.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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### JOHN HAY'S BONNIE LASSIE,

SAID to have been written in honour of the Lady Margaret, eldest daughter of the First Marquis of Tweeddale. This Lady became the wife of the Third Earl of Roxburghe. It is supposed to have been composed about 1670. Her husband was drowned in 1682, she survived till 1753, when she died at Broomlands, near Kelso, at the ripe age of 96. The authorship of this piece was long ascribed in Literary circles to Allan Ramsay (in whose Tea Table Miscellany it first appeared), and in the traditions of Tweedside to a working Joiner, who is supposed to have loved the lass without daring to "discover his pain."

By smooth-winding Tay a swain was reclining,  
 Aft cried he, Oh, hey! maun I still live pining  
 Mysel' thus away, and daurna discover  
 To my bonnie Hay, that I am her loyer?

Nae mair it will hide; the flame waxes stranger;  
 If she's not my bride, my days are nae langer:  
 Then I'll take a heart, and try at a venture;  
 May be, ere we part, my vows may content her.

She's fresh as the spring, and sweet as Aurora,  
 When birds mount and sing, bidding day a good morrow:  
 The sward of the mead, enamell'd with daisies,  
 Looks wither'd and dead, when twined of her graces.

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

The mair that I gaze, the deeper I'm wounded;  
 Struck dumb with amaze my mind is confounded:  
 I'm all in a fire, dear maid, to caress ye;  
 For a' my desires is John Hay's bonnie lassie.

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## O, WALY, WALY!

TEA TABLE MISCELLANY, where it is marked as old. Nothing definite is known as to the age or personages of this song. Mr. Stenhouse and others considered it to belong to the age of Queen Mary, and to refer to some affair of the court; while Mr. Robert Chambers considers it to refer to Lady Barbara Erskine, wife of John 2nd Marquis of Douglas. The lady was married in 1670, and "owing, there can be little doubt, to his lordship's unworthy conduct, the alliance was productive of misery to the lady. She had even to bewail that her own honour was brought into question, chiefly, it would appear, through the influence of a chamberlain over her husband's mind. At length, a separation, with a suitable provision, left her in the worst kind of widowhood, after she had brought the marquis one son (subsequently first commander of the Cameronian regiment, and who fell at the battle of Steenkirk)."—*Songs of Scotland prior to Burns*, p. 280.

O waly, waly up the bank,  
 And waly, waly down the brae,  
 And waly, waly yon burnside,  
 Where I and my love went to gae.  
 I lean'd my back unto an aik,  
 I thought it was a trusty tree,  
 But first it bow'd, and syne it brak,  
 Sae my true love did lightly me.

O waly, waly, but love be bonny  
 A little time, while it is new;  
 But when 'tis auld it waxeth cauld,  
 And fades away like the morning dew.  
 O wherefore shou'd I busk my head?  
 Or wherefore shou'd I kame my hair?  
 For my true love has me forsook,  
 And says he'll never love me mair.

Now Arthur Seat shall be my bed,  
 The sheets shall ne'er be fyl'd by me:  
 Saint Anton's well shall be my drink,  
 Since my true love's forsaken me.  
 Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,  
 And shake the green leaves off the tree?  
 O gentle death, when wilt thou come?  
 For of my life I am weary.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,  
 Nor blawing snaw's inclemency;  
 'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,  
 But my love's heart grown cauld to me.  
 When we came in by Glasgow town,  
 We were a comely sight to see;  
 My love was clad in the black velvet,  
 And I mysel' in cramasie.

But had I wist, before I kiss'd,  
 That love had been sae ill to win,  
 I'd lock'd my heart in a case of gold,  
 And pinn'd it wi' a siller pin.  
 Oh, oh, if my young babe were born,  
 And set upon the nurse's knee,  
 And I mysel' were dead and gane,  
 For a maid again I never shall be.

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### KATH'RINE OGIE.

TEA TABLE MISCELLANY.—Collated with a copy in Stenhouse's Illustrations to Johnson's Museum. This song can be traced to the time of Charles II., when it was sung by John Abell, a musical favourite of the Merry monarch. Several broadsides have been found, published with the air about 1680. Gay wrote a song for the air for one of his operas, and a miserable parody of the words may be found in Durfey's "Pills to Purge Melancholy." Mr. Robert Chambers considers this an Anglo-Scottish production, like "'Twas within a mile o' Edinburgh Town;" but we cannot think that he has satisfactorily made out a case. Burns's "Highland Mary" is to the same tune.

As walking forth to view the plain,  
 Upon a morning early,  
 While May's sweet scent did cheer my brain,  
 From flowers which grew so rarely,  
 I chanc'd to meet a pretty maid,  
 She shin'd tho' it was foggie:  
 I ask'd her name: Kind sir, she said,  
 My name is Kath'rine Ogie.

I stood a while, and did admire,  
 To see a nymph so stately:  
 So brisk an air there did appear  
 In a country maid so neatly:  
 Such nat'ral sweetness she display'd,  
 Like a lily in a bogie;  
 Diana's self was ne'er array'd  
 Like this same Kath'rine Ogie.

Thou flow'r of females, beauty's queen,  
 Who sees thee sure must prize thee;  
 Though thou art drest in robes but mean,  
 Yet these cannot disguise thee;  
 Thy mind sure, as thine eyes do look,  
 Above each clownish rogie;  
 Thou'rt match for laird, or lord, or duke,  
 My bonnie Kath'rine Ogie.

O! if I were some shepherd swain,  
 To feed my flock beside thee ;  
 And gang with thee alang the plain,  
 At buchtin to abide thee.  
 More rich and happy I could be  
 Wi' Kate, and crook, and dogie,  
 Than he that does his thousands see,  
 My winsome Kath'rine Ogie.

Then I'd despise th' imperial throne,  
 And statesmen's dang'rous stations,  
 I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,  
 I'd smile at conqu'ring nations,  
 Might I caress, and still possess  
 This lass of whom I'm vogie,  
 For they're but toys, and still look less,  
 Compar'd with Kath'rine Ogie.

I fear for me is not decreed  
 So fair, so fine a creature,  
 Whose beauty rare makes her exceed  
 All other works of nature.  
 Clouds of despair surround my love,  
 That are both dark, and foggie ;  
 Pity my case, ye Powers above!  
 I die for Kath'rine Ogie.

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### SILLY AULD MAN.

HERD'S COLLECTION —Mr. Robert Chambers (Scottish Songs, vol. 1, p. 134) makes this song to belong to the reign of Charles II., and gives it as the composition of one of the Covenanting clergy, who, to deceive a body of military who were in pursuit of him, assumed the dress and air of an idiotic beggar, and after a due amount of dancing and capering in the midst of the soldiers, treated them to these verses composed "on the spur of the moment." This versatile gentleman succeeded in effecting his escape. What truth there be in this legend we know not, but the generality of the preachers of the Covenant are generally depicted as men of a different stamp. However, the song, as we have it, bears evident marks of antiquity.

I AM a puir silly auld man,  
 And hirplin' ower a tree ;  
 Yet fain, fain kiss wad I,  
 Gin the kirk wad let me be.

Gin a' my duds were aff,  
 And guid háill claes put on,  
 O, I could kiss a young lass  
 As weel as ony man.

## THE BRIDE CAM' OUT O' THE BYRE.

HERD'S COLLECTION—although of much older date, being current in the border long before the time of Ramsay. (See Stenhouse's Illustrations.) The air has always been popular, and numerous versions of the song have been written.

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

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

Out spake the bride's mither,  
 What deil needs a' this pride?  
 I had nae a plack in my pouch  
 That night I was a bride;  
 My gown was linsy-woolsy,  
 And ne'er a sark ava;  
 And ye ha'e ribbons and buskins,  
 Mae than ane or twa.

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

Out spake the bride's brither,  
 As he came in wi' the kic;  
 Poor Willie had ne'er a' ta'en ye,  
 Had he kent ye as weel as I;

For you're baith proud and saucy,  
 And no for a poor man's wife;  
 Gin I canna get a better,  
 Ise never tak ane i' my life.  
 Out spake the bride's sister,  
 As she came in frae the byre;  
 O gin I were but married,  
 It's a' that I desire:  
 But we poor fo'k maun live single,  
 And do the best we can;  
 I dinna care what I shou'd want,  
 If I could but get a man.

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### ANNIE LAURIE.

DOUGLASS OF FINGLAND,

COMPOSED, it is said, upon one of the daughters of Sir Robert Laurie, of Maxwellton (1685), who, however, was not sufficiently charmed by the song to become his wife. First printed by Mr. C. K. Sharpe in 1824.

MAXWELTOWN banks are bonnie,  
 Where early fa's the dew;  
 Where me and Annie Laurie  
 Made up the promise true;  
 Made up the promise true,  
 And never forget will I;  
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
 I'll lay me down and die.  
 She's backit like the peacock,  
 She's breistit like the swan,  
 She's jump about the middle,  
 Her waist ye weel nicht span;  
 Her waist ye weel nicht span,  
 And she has a rolling eye;  
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
 I'll lay me down and die.

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### A COUNTRY LASS.

TEA TABLE MISCELLANY, where it is marked as an old song. It first appears in Dufey's "Pills to Purge Melancholy," published at London about 1700, where it is directed to be sung to the tune of "Cold and Raw." Ramsay, however, refers it to "its ain tune."

ALTHOUGH I be but a country lass,  
 Yet a lofty mind I bear, O;  
 And think mysel' as rich as those  
 That rich apparel wear, O;

Although my gown be hame-spun grey,  
 My skin it is as soft, O,  
 As theirs that satin weeds do wear,  
 And carry their heads aloft, O.

What though I keep my father's sheep,  
 The thing that maun be done, O;  
 With garlands o' the finest flowers,  
 To shade me frae the sun, O?  
 When they are feeding pleasantly,  
 Where grass and flowers do spring, O;  
 Then, on a flowery bank, at noon,  
 I set me down and sing, O.

My Paisley piggy, corked with sage,  
 Contains my drink but thin, O;  
 No wines did e'er my brains engage,  
 To tempt my mind to sin, O.  
 My country curds and wooden spoon,  
 I think them unco fine, O;  
 And on a flowery bank, at noon,  
 I set me down and dine, O.

Although my parents cannot raise  
 Great bags of shining gold, O,  
 Like them whase daughters, now a-days,  
 Like swine, are bought and sold, O;  
 Yet my fair body it shall keep  
 An honest heart within, O;  
 And for twice fifty thousand crowns,  
 I value not a prin, O.

I use nae gums upon my hair,  
 Nor chains about my neck, O,  
 Nor shining rings upon my hands,  
 My fingers straight to deck, O.  
 But for that lad to me shall fa',  
 And I have grace to wed, O,  
 I'll keep a brow that's worth them a';  
 I mean my silken snood, O.

If cannie fortune give to me  
 The man I dearly love, O,  
 Though he want gear, I dinna care,  
 My hands I can improve, O;  
 Expecting for a blessing still  
 Descending from above, O;  
 Then we'll embrace, and sweetly kiss,  
 Repeating tales of love, O.



## THE AULD GOODMAN.

TEA TABLE MISCELLANY, where it is initialed as an old song. It also appears with music in Thomson's *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1725. The woman's comparison between her auld guidman (first husband) and her new, is very amusing, and edifying to any man about to take up the same position.

LATE in an evening forth I went,  
 A little before the sun gade down,  
 And there I chanc'd by accident  
 To light on a battle new begun.  
 A man and his wife was fa'in' in a strife,  
 I canna well tell ye how it began ;  
 But aye she wail'd her wretched life,  
 And cry'd ever, Alake my auld goodman !

HE.

Thy auld goodman that thou tells of,  
 The country kens where he was born,  
 Was but a silly poor vagabond,  
 And ilka ane leugh him to scorn ;  
 For he did spend, and make an end  
 Of gear that his fore-fathers wan,  
 He gart the poor stand frae the door,  
 Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

SHE.

My heart, alake, is liken to break,  
 When I think on my winsome John :  
 His blinkan eye, and gate sae free,  
 Was naething like thee, thou dosend drone ;  
 His rosie face, and flaxen hair,  
 And a skin as white as ony swan,  
 Was large and tall, and comely withall,  
 And thou'lt never be like my auld goodman.

HE.

Why dost thou pleen ? I thee maintain,  
 For meal and mawt thou disna want ;  
 But thy wild bees I canna please,  
 Now when our gear 'gins to grow scant.  
 Of household stuff thou hast enough,  
 Thou wants for neither pot nor pan ;  
 Of siclike ware he left thee bare,  
 Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

SHE.

Yes, I may tell, and fret mysell,  
 To think on these blyth days I had,  
 When he and I together lay  
 In arms into a well-made bed.

But now I sigh, and may be sad,  
 Thy courage is cauld, thy colour wan,  
 Thou falds thy feet, and fa's asleep,  
 And thou'lt ne'er be like my auld goodman.  
 Then coming was the night sae dark,  
 And gane was a' the light of day ;  
 The carle was fear'd to miss his mark,  
 And therefore wad nae langer stay :  
 Then up he gat, and he ran his way,  
 I trowe the wife the day she wan,  
 And ay the o'erword of the fray  
 Was ever, Alake my auld goodman !

### AULD ROB MORRIS.

TEA TABLE MISCELLANY, 1724, where it is marked as an old song, with additions. The air has been found in an old MS. collection, dated 1692.

#### MOTHER.

AULD Rob Morris that wons in yon glen,  
 He's the king o' guid fallows, and wale o' auld men ;  
 He has fourscore o' black sheep, and fourscore too ;  
 Auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun lo'e.

#### DAUGHTER.

Haud your tongue, mother, and let that abee ;  
 For his cild and my cild can never agree :  
 They'll never agree, and that will be seen ;  
 For he is fourscore, and I'm but fifteen.

#### MOTHER.

Haud your tongue, dochter, and lay by your pride,  
 For he is the bridegroom, and ye'se be the bride ;  
 He shall lie by your side, and kiss you too ;  
 Auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun lo'e.

#### DAUGHTER.

Auld Rob Morris, I ken him fu' weel,  
 His back sticks out like ony peat-creel ;  
 He's out-shinn'd, in-kneéd, and ringle-eyed too ;  
 Auld Rob Morris is the man I'll ne'er lo'e.

#### MOTHER.

Though auld Rob Morris be an elderly man,  
 Yet his auld brass will buy you a new pan ;  
 Then, dochter, ye should na be sae ill to shoe,  
 For auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun lo'e.

#### DAUGHTER.

But auld Rob Morris I never will ha'e,  
 His back is so stiff, and his beard is grown gray ;  
 I had rather die than live wi' him a year ;  
 Sae mair o' Rob Morris I never will hear.

## JOCKY SAID TO JENNY.

TEA TABLE MISCELLANY, where it is marked as an old song.

JOCKY said to Jenny, Jenny wilt thou do't?  
 Ne'er a fit, quo' Jenny, for my tocher-gude;  
 For my tocher-gude, I winna marry thee.  
 E'en 's ye like, quo' Johnnie; ye may let it be!  
 I ha'e gowd and gear; I ha'e land encuch;  
 I ha'e seven good owsen gangin' in a pleuch;  
 Gangin' in a pleuch, and linkin' ower the lea:  
 And gin ye winna tak' me, I can let ye be.  
 I ha'e a gude ha' house, a barn, and a byre,  
 A stack afore the door; I'll mak' a rantin fire:  
 I'll mak' a rantin fire, and merry shall we be:  
 And, gin ye winna tak' me, I can let ye be.  
 Jenny said to Jocky, Gin ye winna tell,  
 Ye shall be the lad; I'll be the lass mysell:  
 Ye're a bonnie lad, and I'm a lassie free;  
 Ye're welcomer to tak' me than to let me be.

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 TODLIN' HAME.

TEA TABLE MISCELLANY.

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

Fair fa' the gudewife, and send her gude sale!  
 She gi'es us white bannocks to relish her ale;  
 Syne, if that her tippeny chance to be sma',  
 We tak' a gude scour o't, and ca't awa'.  
 Todlin' hame, todlin' hame,  
 As round as a neep come todlin' hame.

My kimmer and I lay down to sleep,  
 Wi' twa pint stoups at our bed's feet;  
 And aye when we waken'd we drank them dry:—  
 What think ye o' my wee kimmer and I?  
 Todlin' butt, and todlin ben,  
 Sae round as my loove comes todlin' hame.

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

## JENNY'S BAWBEE.

HERD'S COLLECTION.

AND a' that e'er my Jenny had,  
 My Jenny had, my Jenny had;  
 And a' that e'er my Jenny had,  
 Was ae bawbee.

There's your plack, and my plack  
 And your plack, and my plack,  
 And my plack, and your plack,  
 And Jenny's bawbee.

We'll put it in the pint-stoup,  
 The pint-stoup, the pint-stoup,  
 We'll put it in the pint-stoup,  
 And birle 't a' three.

## MAGGIE'S TOCHER.

TEA TABLE MISCELLANY, where it is marked as of unknown antiquity.

THE meal was dear short syne,  
 We buckled us a' thegither;  
 And Maggie was in her prime,  
 When Willie made courtship till her.

Twa pistols charg'd by guess,  
 To gi'e the courting shot;  
 And syne came ben the lass,  
 Wi' swats drawn frae the butt.

He first speir'd at the gudeman,  
 And syne at Giles the mither,  
 An' ye wad gie's a bit land,  
 We'd buckle us e'en thegither.

My dochter ye shall ha'e,  
 I'll gi'e you her by the hand;  
 But I'll part wi' my wife, by my fac,  
 Or I part wi' my land.

Your tocher it s'all be good,  
 There's nane s'all ha'e its maik,  
 The lass bound in her snood,  
 And Crummie wha kens her stake:

Wi' an auld bedding o' claes,  
 Was left me by my mither,  
 They're jet black o'er wi' flaes,  
 Ye may cuddle in them thegither.

Ye speak right weel, gudeman,  
 But ye maun mend your hand,  
 And think o' modesty,  
 Gin ye'll no quit your land.

We are but young, ye ken,  
 And now we're gaun thegither,  
 A house is but and ben,  
 And Crummie will want her fother.  
 The bairns are coming on,  
 And they'll cry, O their mither!  
 We've neither pat nor pan,  
 But four bare legs thegither.

Your tocher's be good enough,  
 For that ye needna fear,  
 Twa good stilts to the pleugh,  
 And ye yoursel' maun steer:  
 Ye s'all ha'e twa guid pocks  
 That anes were o' the tweel,  
 The tane to haud the groats,  
 The tither to haud the meal:  
 Wi' an auld kist made o' wands,  
 And that sall be your coffer,  
 Wi' aiken woody bands,  
 And that may haud your tocher.

Consider weel, gudeman,  
 We ha'e but barrow'd gear,  
 The horse that I ride on  
 Is Sandy Wilson's mare;  
 The saddle's nane o' my ain,  
 And thae's but borrow'd boots,  
 And whan that I gae hame,  
 I maun tak' to my coots;  
 The cloak is Geordy Watt's,  
 That gars me look sae crouse;  
 Come, fill us a cogue o' swats,  
 We'll mak' nae mair toom roose.

I like you weel, young lad,  
 For telling me sae plain,  
 I married whan little I had  
 O' gear that was my ain.  
 But sin' that things are sac,  
 The bride she maun come forth,  
 Tho' a' the gear she'll ha'e  
 'Twill be but little worth.  
 A bargain it maun be,  
 Fye cry on Giles the mither;  
 Content am I, quo' she,  
 E'en gar the hizzie come hither.

The bride she gaed to her bed,  
 The bridegroom he came till her,  
 The fiddler crap in at the fit,  
 And they cuddl'd it a' thegither.

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### THE PLOUGHMAN.

HERD'S COLLECTION. It appears also in Johnson's MUSEUM, re-touched by Burns.

THE ploughman he's a bonnie lad,  
 And a' his wark's at leisure,  
 And when that he comes hame at c'en,  
 He kisses me wi' pleasure.  
 Then up wi't now, my ploughman lad,  
 And hey, my merry ploughman;  
 Of a' the lads that I do see,  
 Commend me to the ploughman.

Now the blooming Spring comes on,  
 He takes his yoking early,  
 And whistling o'er the furrowed land,  
 He goes to fallow clearly.  
 Then up wi't now, &c.

When my ploughman comes hame at c'en,  
 He's aften wat and weary;  
 Cast aff the wat, put on the dry,  
 And gae to bed, my dearie.  
 Then up wi't now, &c.

I will wash my ploughman's hose,  
 And I will wash his o'erlay:  
 I will mak' my ploughman's bed,  
 And cheer him late and early.  
 Merry butt, and merry ben,  
 Merry is my ploughman,  
 Of a' the trades that I do ken,  
 Commend me to the ploughman.

Plough yon hill, and plough yon dale,  
 Plough your faugh and fallow,  
 Wha winna drink the ploughman's health,  
 Is but a dirty fellow.  
 Merry butt, and &c.

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## O GIN MY LOVE WERE YON RED ROSE.

FROM HERD'S MS.

O GIN my love were yon red rose,  
 That grows upon the castle wa',  
 And I mysel' a drap of dew,  
 Down on that red rose I would fa'.  
 O my love's bonnie, bonnie, bonnie;  
 My love's bonnie and fair to see:  
 Whene'er I look on her weel-far'd face,  
 She looks and smiles again to me.

O gin my love were a pickle of wheat,  
 And growing upon yon lily lee,  
 And I mysel' a bonnie wee bird,  
 Awa' wi' that pickle o' wheat I wad flee.  
 O my love's bonnie, &c.

O gin my love were a coffer o' gowd,  
 And I the keeper of the key,  
 I wad open the kist whene'er I list,  
 And in that coffer I wad be.  
 O my love's bonnie, &c.

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 THE EWE-BUCHTS, MARION.

TEA TABLE MISCELLANY. Dr. Percy inserted it in his Reliques.

WILL ye gae to the ewe-buchts, Marion,  
 And wear in the sheep wi' me?  
 The sun shines sweet, my Marion,  
 But nae half so sweet as thee.

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

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

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

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

And ye'se get a green sey apron,  
 And waistcoat o' London broun;  
 And wow but ye'se be vap'rin'  
 Whene'er ye gang to the toun.

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

Sae put on your pearlins, Marion,  
 And kirtle o' cramasie;  
 And, as sune as my chin has nae hair on,  
 I will come west, and see ye.

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### I'LL GAR OUR GUEDEMAN TROW.

AN early song, given by Mr. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, in his *Ballad Book*, 1824.

I'LL gar our gudeman trow  
 I'll sell the ladle,  
 If he winna buy to me  
 A bonnie side-saddle,  
 To ride to kirk and bridal,  
 And round about the town;  
 Stand about, ye fisher jauds,  
 And gi'e my gown room!

I'll gar our gudeman trow  
 I'll tak' the fling-strings,  
 If he winna buy to me  
 Twal bonnie gowd rings;  
 Ane for ilka finger,  
 And twa for ilka thoom;  
 Stand about, ye fisher jauds,  
 And gi'e my gown room!

I'll gar our gudeman trow  
 That I'm gaun to die,  
 If he winna fee to me  
 Valets twa or three,  
 To bear my train up frae the dirt,  
 And ush me through the town;  
 Stand about ye fisher jauds,  
 And gi'e my gown room!



## DUMBARTON'S DRUMS.

TEA TABLE MISCELLANY. "Dumbarton's Drums" were the drums belonging to a British regiment, which took its name from the officer who first commanded it, to wit, the Earl of Dumbarton. This nobleman was a cadet of the family of Douglas, and being commander of the Royal Forces in Scotland, during the reigns of Charles II. and James II., he bears a distinguished figure in the dark and blood-stained history of Scotland during that period.—*Chambers.*

DUMBARTON'S drums beat bonnie, O,  
 When they mind me of my dear Johnnie, O;  
     How happie am I  
     When my soldier is by,  
 While he kisses and blesses his Annie, O!  
 'Tis a soldier alone can delight me, O,  
 For his graceful looks do invite me, O;  
     While guarded in his arms,  
     I'll fear no war's alarms,  
 Neither danger nor death shall e'er fright me, O.

My love is a handsome laddie, O,  
 Genteel, but ne'er foppish nor gaudy, O.  
     Though commissions are dear,  
     Yet I'll buy him one this year,  
 For he'll serve no longer a cadie, O.  
 A soldier has honour and bravery, O;  
 Unacquainted with rogues and their knavery, O,  
     He minds no other thing  
     But the ladies or the king;  
 For every other care is but slavery, O.

Then I'll be the captain's lady, O,  
 Farewell all my friends and my daddy, O;  
     I'll wait no more at home,  
     But I'll follow with the drum,  
 And whene'er that beats I'll be ready, O.  
 Dumbarton's drums sound bonnie, O,  
 They are sprightly like my dear Johnnie, O;  
     How happy shall I be  
     When on my soldier's knee,  
 And he kisses and blesses his Annie, O.

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## BRING A' YOUR MAUT.

CHAMBERS' SCOTTISH SONGS, 1829. Sung to Mr. Robert Chambers by a friend. The chorus is as old as the seventeenth century, as it appears in a manuscript of that period, formerly in the possession of Mr. Constable, publisher. A song, entitled *The Mautman*, similar to this, is given by Ramsay in his *Tea Table Miscellany*.

SOME say that kissing 's a sin,  
 But I think it's nane ava,  
 For kissing has wonn'd in this warld,  
 Since ever that there was twa.  
 O, if it wasna lawfu',  
 Lawyers wadna allow it;  
 If it wasna holy,  
 Ministers wadna do it.  
 If it wasna modest,  
 Maidens wadna tak' it;  
 If it wasna plenty,  
 Puir folk wadna get it!  
 Bring a' your maut to me,  
 Bring a' your maut to me;  
 My draff ye'se get for ae pund ane,  
 Though a' my deukies should dee.

## TWEEDSIDE.

LORD YESTER,

BORN 1645, a distinguished Statesman of his time, being one of the most active promoters of the Union in 1702. He became Marquis of Tweeddale in 1697, and died in 1713. The song first appears in Herd's Collection, 1776. The air is very beautiful, and is traditionally ascribed to the unfortunate David Rizzio.

WHEN Maggy and me were acquaint,  
 I carried my noddle fu' hie,  
 Nae lintwhite in a' the gay plain,  
 Nae gowdspink sae bonnie as she!  
 I whistled, I piped, and I sang;  
 I woo'd, but I cam' nae great speed;  
 Therefore I maun wander abroad,  
 And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.  
 To Maggy my love I did tell;  
 My tears did my passion express:  
 Alas! for I lo'ed her ower weel,  
 And the women lo'e sic a man less.  
 Her heart it was frozen and cauld;  
 Her pride had my ruin decreed;  
 Therefore I maun wander abroad,  
 And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.

## WERE NA MY HEART LICHT.

LADY GRIZZEL BAILLIE.

BORN 1665, daughter of Sir Patrick Home, Earl of Marchmont, and married in 1692, to George Baillie of Jerviswood. Her devotion to her father and her husband when both were outlawed and hunted down by King James II., gives us a picture which has not been surpassed even in romance. She died in London in 1746, at the ripe age of eighty-one. The song here given (from the *Tea Table Miscellany*), and the following are the only songs of this lady which have been published—though several others are said to be extant in a manuscript volume.

There was anes a maid, and she loo'd na men ;  
 She biggit her bonnie bower down i' yon glen,  
 But now she cries dool, and well-a-day :  
 Come down the green gate, and come here away.  
 But now she, &c.

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

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

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

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

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

His titty she was baith wylie and slee,  
 She spied me as I cam' ower the lea ;  
 And then she ran in, and made a loud din ;  
 Believe your ain cen an ye trow na me.  
 And then she ran in, &c.

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

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

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

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### O, THE EWE-BUCHTIN'S BONNIE.

LADY GRIZZEL BAILLIE.

AN air for this song was composed by Mr. Sharpe of Hoddam (father of the celebrated Antiquary), at the very early age of seven years.

O, the ewe-buchtin's bonnie, baith e'ening and morn,  
 When our blithe shepherds play on the bog-reed and horn ;  
 While we're milking, they're liltin', baith pleasant and clear—  
 But my heart's like to break when I think on my dear.

O the shepherds take pleasure to blow on the horn,  
 To raise up their flocks o' sheep soon i' the morn ;  
 On the bonnie green banks they feed pleasant and free,  
 But, alas, my dear heart, all my sighing's for thee !

---

### HERE AWA', THERE AWA'.

HERD'S COLLECTION.

HERE awa', there awa', here awa', Willie !  
 Here awa', there awa', haud awa' hame !  
 Lang have I sought thee, dear have I bought thee ;  
 Now I have gotten my Willie again.

Through the lang muir I have followed my Willie ;  
 Through the lang muir I have followed him hame  
 Whatever betide us, nought shall divide us ;  
 Love now rewards all my sorrow and pain.

Here awa', there awa', here awa', Willie !  
 Here awa', there awa', haud awa' hame !  
 Come, love, believe me, nothing can grieve me,  
 Ilka thing pleases, when Willie's at hame.

## YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.

TEA TABLE MISCELLANY—the air was published in 1709. Ramsay, who seems to have been fond of the air, composed two songs to it.

THE yellow-hair'd laddie sat down on yon brae,  
 Cried, Milk the yowes, lassie, let nane o' them gae;  
 And aye as she milkit, she merrily sang,  
 The yellow-hair'd laddie shall be my gudeman.  
 And aye as she milkit, she merrily sang,  
 The yellow-hair'd laddie shall be my gudeman.

The weather is cauld, and my claithing is thin,  
 The yowes are new clipt, and they winna bucht in;  
 They winna bucht in, although I should dee:  
 Oh, yellow-hair'd laddie, be kind unto me.

The gudewife cries butt the house, Jennie, come ben;  
 The cheese is to mak', and the butter's to kirn.  
 Though butter, and cheese, and a' should gang sour,  
 I'll crack and I'll kiss wi' my love ae half hour.  
 It's ae lang half hour, and we'll e'en mak' it three,  
 For the yellow-hair'd laddie my husbman shall be.

## A COCK-LAIRD.

APPEARED in a more licentious form in Thomson's ORPHEUS CALEDONIUS. The version here given has been altered a little, and we must say for the better. Its authorship has often been given to Ramsay, but seemingly without foundation.

A COCK-LAIRD, fu' cadgie,  
 Wi' Jennie did meet;  
 He hawsed, he kiss'd her,  
 And ca'd her his sweet.  
 Wilt thou gae alang wi' me,  
 Jennie, Jennie?  
 Thou'se be my ain lemmane,  
 Jo Jennie, quo' he.

If I gae alang wi' thee,  
 Ye maunna fail  
 To feast me wi' caddels  
 And guid hackit kail.  
 What needs a' this vanity,  
 Jennie? quo' he;  
 Is na bannocks and dribly-beards  
 Guid meat for thee?

Gin I gang along wi' you,  
 I maun ha'e a silk hood,  
 A kirtle-sark, wyliecoat,  
 And a silk snood,  
 To tie up my hair in  
 A cockernonie.  
 Hout awa', thou's gane wud, I trow,  
 Jennie! quo' he.

Gin ye'd ha'e me look bonnie,  
 And shine like the moon,  
 I maun ha'e katlets and patlets,  
 And cam'rel-heel'd shoon;  
 Wi' craig-claiths and lug-babs,  
 And rings twa or three.  
 Hout the deil's in your vanity,  
 Jennie! quo' he.

And I maun ha'e pinner,  
 With pearlins set roun',  
 A skirt o' the paudy,  
 And a waistcoat o' brown.  
 Awa' wi' sic vanities,  
 Jennie, quo' he,  
 For eurches and kirtles  
 Are fitter for thee.

My lairdship can yield me  
 As muckle a-year,  
 As haud us in pottage  
 And guid knockit bear;  
 But, havin' nae tenants,  
 Oh, Jennie, Jennie,  
 To buy ought I ne'er have  
 A penny, quo' he.

The Borrowstown merchants  
 Will sell ye on tick;  
 For we maun ha'e braw things,  
 Although they should break:  
 When broken, frae caro  
 The fools are set free,  
 When we mak' them lairds  
 In the Abbey, quo' she.

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