THERE'S MY THUMB, I'LL NE'ER BEGUILE THEE.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

My sweetest May, let love incline thee
T' accept a heart which he designs thee;
And as your constant slave regard it,
Syne for its faithfulness reward it.
'Tis proof a-shot to birth or money,
But yields to what is sweet and bonnie;
Receive it, then, with a kiss and smily;
There's my thumb, it will ne'er beguile ye.

How tempting sweet these lips of thine are!
Thy bosom white, and legs sae fine are,
That, when in pools I see thee clean 'em,
They carry away my heart between 'em.
I wish, and I wish, while it gaes duntin',
O gin I had thee on a mountain!
Though kith and kin and a' should revile thee,
There's my thumb, I'll ne'er beguile thee.

Alane through flow'ry howes I daunder,
Tenting my flocks, lest they should wander;
Gin thou'll gae alang, I'll daute thee gaylie,
And gi'e my thumb, I'll ne'er beguile thee.
O my dear lassie, it is but daffin',
To haud thy wooer up niff-naffin':
That Na, na, na, I hate it most vilely;
O say, Yes, and I'll ne'er beguile thee.

YE WATCHFUL GUARDIANS.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

Ye watchful guardians of the fair,
Who skiff on wings of ambient air,
Of my dear Delia take a care,
And represent her lover
With all the gaiety of youth,
With honour, justice, love, and truth;
Till I return, her passions soothe,
For me in whispers move her.

Be careful no base sordid slave,
With soul sunk in a golden grave,
Who knows no virtue but to save,
With glaring gold bewitch her.
Tell her, for me she was design'd,
For me who knew how to be kind,
And have mair plenty in my mind,
Than ane who's ten times richer.

Let all the world turn upside down,
And fools rin an eternal round,
In quest of what can ne'er be found,
To please their vain ambition;
Let little minds great charms espy,
In shadows which at distance lie,
Whose hop'd-for pleasure when come nigh,
Proves nothing in fruition:

But cast into a mould divine,
Fair Delia does with lustre shine,
Her virtuous soul's an ample mine,
Which yields a constant treasure.
Let poets in sublimest lays,
Employ their skill her fame to raise;
Let sons of music pass whole days,
With well-tuned reeds to please her.

THE LASS O' PATIE'S MILL.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

THE lass o' Patie's Mill,
Sae bonnie, blythe, and gay,
In spite of a' my skill,
She stole my heart away.
When teddin' out the hay,
Bareheaded on the green,
Love mid her locks did play,
And wanton'd in her een.

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

Oh! had I a' the wealth
Hopetoun's high mountains fill,
Insured lang life and health,
And pleasure at my will;
I'd promise, and fulfil,
That nane but bonnie she,
The lass o' Patie's Mill,
Should share the same wi' me.

DEAR ROGER, IF YOUR JENNY GECK.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

DEAR Roger, if your Jenny geck,
And answer kindness with a slight,
Seem unconcern'd at her neglect,
For women in our vows delight;
But them despise wha're soon defeat,
And with a simple face give way
To a repulse; then be not blate,
Push bauldly on and win the day.

These maidens, innocently young,
Say aften what they never mean;
Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,
But tent the language of their een;
If these agree, and she persist
To answer all your love with hate,
Seek elsewhere to be better blest,
And let her sigh when 'tis too late.

PEGGY AND PATIE.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

PEGGY.

WHEN first my dear laddie gaed to the green hill,
And I at ewe-milking first seyed my young skill,
To bear the milk bowie nae pain was to me,
When I at the bughting forgather'd with thee.

PATIE.

When corn-riggs waved yellow, and blue heather-bells
Bloom'd bonnie on moorland and sweet rising fells,
Nae birns, brier, or bracken, gave trouble to me,
If I found but the berries right ripened for thee.

PEGGY.

When thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the stane,
And cam' aff the victor, my heart was aye fain:
Thy ilka sport manly gave pleasure to me,
For nane can put, wrestle, or run swift as thee.

PATIE.

Our Jenny sings saftly the "Cowden Broom-knowes,"
And Rosie lilts sweetly the "Milking the Ewes,"
There's few "Jenny Nettles" like Nancy can sing;
With, "Through the wood, Laddie," Bess gars our lugs ring.

But when my dear Peggy sings, with better skill,
The "Boatman," "Tweedside," or the "Lass of the Mill,"
'Tis many times sweeter and pleasing to me,
For though they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.

PEGGY.

How easy can lasses trow what they desire,
With praises sae kindly increasing love's fire!
Give me still this pleasure, my study shall be
To make myself better and sweeter for thee.

CORN-RIGS ARE BONNY.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

My Patie is a lover gay;
His mind is never muddy;
His breath is sweeter than new hay;
His face is fair and ruddy.
His shape is handsome middle size;
He's stately in his walking;
The shining of his een surprise;
'Tis heaven to hear him talking.

Last night I met him on a bank,
Where yellow corn was growing;
There mony a kindly word he spake,
That set my heart a-glowing.
He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
And lo'ed me best of ony;
That gars me like to sing sinsyne,
O corn-rigs are bonny.

Let maidens of a silly mind
Refuse what maist they're wanting;
Since we for yielding are design'd,
We chastely should be granting.
Then I'll comply and marry Pate;
And syne my cockernony
He's free to touzle air or late,
When corn-rigs are bonny.

THE WAUKING O' THE FAULD.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

My Peggie is a young thing,
Just enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay:
My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm nae very auld,
Yet weel I like to meet her at
The wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly
Whene'er we meet alane,
I wish nae mair to lay my care,
I wish nae mair o' a' that's rare:
My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
To a' the lave I'm cauld;
But she gars a' my spirits glow
At wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly
Whene'er I whisper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown:
My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
It makes me blythe and bauld,
And naething gi'es me sic delight,
As wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae saftly,
When on my pipe I play;
By a' the rest it is confest,
By a' the rest that she sings best:
My Peggy sings sae saftly,
And in her sangs are tauld,
Wi' innocence the wale o' sense,
At wauking o' the fauld.

AT SETTING DAY.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

At setting day and rising morn,
With soul that still shall love thee,
I'll ask of heaven thy safe return,
With all that can improve thee.
I'll visit oft the birken bush,
Where first thou kindly told me
Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,
Whilst round thou didst enfold me.

To all our haunts I will repair,
By greenwood, shaw, or fountain;
Or where the summer day I'd share
With thee upon yon mountain.
There will I tell the trees and flowers,
From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
By vows you're mine, by love is yours
A heart which cannot wander.

WILLIE WAS A WANTON WAG.

ASCRIBED TO WILLIAM HAMILTON OF GILBERTFIELD,

THE Translator into "Modern Scots" of Blind Harry's Wallace. It appears in the TEA TABLE MISCELLANY, with the initials W. W., which Mr. David Laing considers to refer to Hamilton's sobriquet of Wanton Willie. Hamilton died in 1751. He contributed several pieces to Watson's collection of Scots Poems, 1706, and his rhyming epistles to Allan Ramsay are well known to every reader of Honest Allan's works. The song has also been ascribed to William Walkinshaw of Walkinshaw, but without any foundation.

WILLIE was a wanton wag,
The blythest lad that e'er I saw,
At bridals still he bore the brag,
An' carried aye the gree awa'.
His doublet was of Zetland shag,
And wow! but Willie he was braw,
And at his shoulder hang a tag,
That pleas'd the lasses best of a'.

He was a man without a clag,
His heart was frank without a flaw;
And aye whatever Willie said,
It still was hauden as a law.
His boots they were made of the jag,
When he went to the weaponschaw,
Upon the green nane durst him brag,
The feind a ane amang them a'.

And was na Willie weel worth gowd?
He wan the love o' great and sma';
For after he the bride had kiss'd,
He kiss'd the lasses hale-sale a'.
Sae merrily round the ring they row'd,
When by the hand he led them a',
And smack on smack on them bestow'd,
By virtue of a standing law.

And was nae Willie a great loun,
As shyre a lick as e'er was seen;
When he danc'd wi' the lasses round.
The bridegroom speir'd where he had been,
Quoth Willie, I've been at the ring,
Wi' bobbing, baith my shanks are sair;
Gae ca' your bride and maidens in,
For Willie he dow do nae mair.

Then rest ye, Willie, I'll gae out,
And for a wee fill up the ring.
But, shame lit on his souple snout,
He wanted Willie's wanton fling.

Then straught he to the bride did fare,
Says, Weels me on your bonnie face;
Wi' bobbing Willie's shanks are sair,
And I'm come out to fill his place.

Bridegroom, she says, ye'll spoil the dance,
And at the ring ye'll aye be lag,
Unless like Willie ye advance:
O! Willie has a wanton leg;
For wi't he learns us a' to steer,
And foremost aye bears up the ring;
We will find nae sic dancing here,
If we want Willie's wanton fling.

MACPHERSON'S RANT.

HERD'S COLLECTION.—Said to have been composed by James Macpherson, a notorious freebooter, while under sentence of death, though probably it is as genuine a piece of prison poetry as were the "last dying speeches and confessions," specimens of gallows prose. Macpherson was tried at Banff, and was executed there November 16, 1700. He appears to have been, according to tradition, an outlaw of the Robin Hood sort—robbing the rich and giving to the poor, and deterring his followers from all violent and cruel acts. He was betrayed by one of his band, who took that way of revenging a reprimand he received from his chief. Burns's celebrated "Macpherson's Rant" refers to the same personage.

I'VE spent my time in rioting,
Debauch'd my health and strength;
I've pillaged, plunder'd, murdered,
But now, alas, at length,
I'm brought to punishment direct;
Pale death draws near to me;
This end I never did project,
To hang upon a tree.

To hang upon a tree, a tree!
That cursed unhappy death!
Like to a wolf, to worried be,
And choaked in the breath.
My very heart wad surely break
When this I think upon,
Did not my courage singular
Bid pensive thoughts begone.

No man on earth that draweth breath,
More courage had than I;
I dared my foes unto their face,
And would not from them fly.

This grandeur stout I did keep out,
Like Hector, manfully;
Then wonder one like me so stout
Should hang upon a tree.

The Egyptian band I did command,
With courage more by far,
Than ever did a general
His soldiers in the war.
Being fear'd by all, both great and small,
I lived most joyfullie:
Oh, curse upon this fate of mine,
To hang upon a tree!

As for my life I do not care,
If justice would take place,
And bring my fellow-plunderers
Unto the same disgrace.
But Peter Brown, that notour leon,
Escaped, and was made free:
Oh, curse upon this fate of mine,
To hang upon a tree!

Both law and justice buried are,
And fraud and guile succeed;
The guilty pass unpunished,
If money intercede.
The Laird of Grant, that Highland saunt,
His mighty majestie,
He pleads the cause of Peter Brown,
And lets Macpherson die.

The destiny of my life, contrived
By those whom I obliged,
Rewarded me much ill for good,
And left me no refuge.
But Braco Duff, in rage enough,
He first laid hands on me;
And if that death would not prevent,
Avenged would I be.

As for my life, it is but short,
When I shall be no more;
To part with life I am content,
As any heretofore.
Therefore, good people all, take heed,
This warning take by me,
According to the lives you lead,
Rewarded you shall be.

TWEEDSIDE.

ROBERT CRAWFORD,

A CADET of the house of Drumsay in Renfrewshire. Very little is known of the events of his life. He is supposed to have been born about the year 1695, to have spent the greater part of his life abroad, and to have died in 1732 on his passage to this country from France.

The whole of the poems here given appeared in the TEA TABLE MISCELLANY. He had probably become acquainted with William Hamilton, of Bangour, during his sojourn on the Continent, for one of his songs, "look where dear Hamilla smiles," is addressed to Mrs. Hamilton, a relation of the poet's; and it was probably through Hamilton's influence that he contributed to Ramsay's work.

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

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

How does my love pass the long day?
Does Mary not tend a few sheep?
Do they never carelessly stray
While happily she lies asleep?
Should Tweed's murmurs lull her to rest,
Kind nature indulgin' my bliss,
To ease the soft pains of my breast,
I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

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

BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

ROBERT CRAWFORD.

HEAR me, ye nymphs, and ev'ry swain,
I'll tell how Peggy grieves me;
Though thus I languish and complain,
Alas! she ne'er believes me.
My vows and sighs, like silent air,
Unheeded, never move her;
At the bonnie bush aboon Traquair,
'Twas there I first did love her.

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.
I tried to soothe my am'rous flame;
In words that I thought tender:
If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame;
I meant not to offend her.

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

Ye rural 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.

LEADER HAUGHS AND YARROW.

ROBERT CRAWFORD.

THE morn was fair, saft was the air,
All nature's sweets were springing;
The buds did bow with silver dew,
Ten thousand birds were singing;
When on the bent with blythe content,
Young Jamie sang his marrow,
Nae bonnier lass e'er trod the grass,
On Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

How sweet her face, with ev'ry grace
In heav'nly beauty planted!
Her smiling een, and comely mien,
That nae perfection wanted.
I'll never fret, nor ban my fate,
But bless my bonnie marrow:
If her dear smile my doubts beguile,
My mind shall ken nae sorrow.

Yet though she's fair, and has full share
Of every charm enchanting,
Each good turns ill, and soon will kill
Poor me, if love be wanting.
O, bonnie lass! have but the grace
To think ere ye gae further,
Your joys maun flit, if you commit
The crying sin of murder.

My wand'ring ghaist will ne'er get rest,
And day and night affright ye;
But if ye're kind, with joyful mind,
I'll study to delight ye.
Our years around, with love thus crown'd,
From all things joy shall borrow:
Thus none shall be more blest than we,
On Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

O sweetest Sue! 'tis only you
Can make life worth my wishes,
If equal love your mind can move,
To grant this best of blisses.
Thou art my sun, and thy least frown
Would blast me in the blossom:
But if thou shine, and make me thine,
I'll flourish in thy bosom.

MY DEARIE IF THOU DEE.

ROBERT CRAWFORD.

Love never more shall give me pain,
My fancy's fix'd on thee;
Nor ever maid my heart shall gain,
My Peggie, if thou dee.
Thy beauties did such pleasure give,
Thy love's so true to me;
Without thee I shall never live,
My dearie, if thou dee.

If fate shall tear thee from my breast,
How shall I lonely stray!
In dreary dreams the night I'll waste,
In sighs the silent day.
I ne'er can so much virtue find,
Nor such perfection see:
Then I'll renounce all womankind,
My Peggie, after thee.

No new-blown beauty fires my heart,
With Cupid's raving rage;
But thine, which can such sweets impart,
Must all the world engage.
'Twas this that like the morning sun,
Gave joy and life to me;
And, when its destin'd day is done,
With Peggy let me dee.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
And in such pleasures share,
Ye who its faithful flames approve,
With pity view the fair:
Restore my Peggie's wonted charms,
Those charms so dear to me;
Oh, never rob them from those arms—
I'm lost if Peggy dee.

PEGGY, I MUST LOVE THEE.

ROBERT CRAWFORD.

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

Say, Peggy, what has Colin done,
That thus you cruelly use him?
If love's a fault, 'tis that alone,
For which you should excuse him:
'Twas thy dear self first rais'd this flame,
This fire by which I languish;
'Tis thou alone can quench the same,
And cool its scorching anguish.

For thee I leave the sportive plain,
Where every maid invites me;
For thee, sole cause of all my pain,
For thee that only slights me:
This love that fires my faithful heart
By all but thee's commended.
Oh! would thou act so good a part,
My grief might soon be ended.

That beauteous breast, so soft to feel,
Seem'd tenderness all over,
Yet it defends thy heart like steel,
'Gainst thy despairing lover.
Alas! tho' it should ne'er relent,
Nor Colin's care e'er move thee,
Yet till life's latest breath is spent,
My Peggy, I must love thee.

FAIREST MAID! I OWN THY POWER.

ROBERT CRAWFORD.

Look where my dear Hamilla smiles,
Hamilla! heavenly charmer;
See how wi' a' their arts and wiles
The loves and graces arm her.
A blush dwells glowing on her cheeks,
Fair feats of youthful pleasures,
There love in smiling language speaks,
There spreads his rosy treasures.

O fairest maid! I own thy power,
I gaze, I sigh, and languish,
Yet ever, ever will adore,
And triumph in my anguish.
But ease, O charmer! ease my care,
And let my torments move thee;
As thou art fairest of the fair,
So I the dearest love thee.

ONE DAY I HEARD MARY SAY.

ROBERT CRAWFORD.

One day I heard Mary say,
How shall I leave thee?
Stay, dearest Adonis, stay;
Why wilt thou grieve me?
Alas! my fond heart will break,
If thou should leave me:
I'll live and die for thy sake,
Yet never leave thee.

Say, lovely Adonis, say,
Has Mary deceived thee?
Did e'er her young heart betray
New love, that has grieved thee?
My constant mind ne'er shall stray;
Thou may believe me.
I'll love thee, lad, night and day,
And never leave thee.

Adonis, my charming youth,
What can relieve thee?
Can Mary thy anguish soothe?
This breast shall receive thee.
My passion can ne'er decay,
Never deceive thee;
Delight shall drive pain away,
Pleasure revive thee.

But leave thee, leave thee, lad,
How shall I leave thee?
Oh! that thought makes me sad;
I'll never leave thee!
Where would my Adonis fly?
Why does he grieve me?
Alas! my poor heart would die,
If I should leave thee.

DOWN THE BURN.

ROBERT CRAWFORD.

The third stanza is given as altered by Burns.

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

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

As down the burn they took their way,
And through the flow'ry dale;
His cheek to hers he aft did lay,
And love was aye the tale.
With, Mary, when shall we return,
Sic pleasure to renew?
Quoth Mary, Love, I like the burn,
And aye will follow you.

UNGRATEFUL NANNY.

LORD BINNING,

Eldest son of Thomas—sixth Earl of Haddington—was born in the year 1696, and died at Naples in 1732.

Did ever swain a nymph adore
As I ungrateful Nannie do?
Was ever shepherd's heart so sore?
Was ever broken heart so true?
My cheeks are swell'd with tears; but she
Has never shed a tear for me.

If Nannie call'd, did Robin stay,
Or linger when she bade me run?
She only had a word to say,
And all she ask'd was quickly done.
I always thought on her; but she
Would ne'er bestow a thought on me.

To let her cows my clover taste,
Have I not rose by break of day?
When did her heifers ever fast,
If Robin in his yard had hay?
Though to my fields they welcome were,
I never welcome was to her.

If Nannie ever lost a sheep,
I cheerfully did give her two;
Did not her lambs in safety sleep
Within my folds, in frost and snow?
Have they not there from cold been free?
But Nannie still is cold to me.

Whene'er I climb'd our orchard trees,
The ripest fruit was kept for Nan:
Oh, how these hands that drown'd her bees
Were stung! I'll ne'er forget the pain:
Sweet were the combs as sweet could be;
But Nannie ne'er look'd sweet on me.

If Nannie to the well did come,
'Twas I that did her pitchers fill;
Full as they were, I brought them home;
Her corn I carried to the mill:
My back did bear her sacks: but she
Could never bear the sight o' me.

To Nannie's poultry oats I gave;
I'm sure they always had the best;
Within this week her pigeons have
Eat up a peck of peas at least.
Her little pigeons kiss; but she
Would never take a kiss from me.

Must Robin always Nannie woo?
And Nannie still on Robin frown?
Alas, poor wretch! what shall I do,
If Nannie does not love me soon?
If no relief to me she'll bring,
I'll hang me in her apron string.

LUCKY NANCY.

HON. DUNCAN FORBES,

LORD PRESIDENT of the Court of Session, died 1747. An adaptation of an earlier song. It first appears in Ramsay's TEA TABLE MISCELLANY (marked as an old song with additions), where it is given to the tune of Dainty Davie.

WHILE fops, in saft Italian verse,
Ilk fair ane's een and breist rehearse
While sangs abound, and wit is scarce,
These lines I have indited.

But neither darts nor arrows, here,
Venus nor Cupid, shall appear;
Although with these fine sounds, I swear,
The maidens are delighted.
I was aye telling you,
Lucky Nancy, Lucky Nancy,
Auld springs wad ding the new,
But ye wad never trow me.

Nor snaw with crimson will I mix,
To spread upon my lassie's cheeks;
And syne the unmeaning name prefix,
Miranda, Cloe, Phillis;
I'll fetch nae simile frae Jove,
My height of ecstasy to prove,
Nor sighing—thus—present my love
With roses eek and lilies.

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

Now ken, my reverend sonsy fair,
Thy runkled cheeks, and lyart hair,
Thy half-shut een, and hoddling air,
Are a' my passion's fuel;
Nae skyring gowk, my dear, can see,
Or love, or grace, or heaven in thee;
Yet thou hast charms enew for me;
Then smile, and be na cruel.

Leeze me on thy snawy pow,
Lucky Nancy, Lucky Nancy;
Dryest wood will eithest low,
And, Nancy, sae will ye now.

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

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

WILLIAM HAMILTON OF BANGOUR,

One of the most refined poets of his day, was born in 1704. He was the second son of James Hamilton, of Bangour. He was educated, it is supposed, at the University of Edinburgh, for the bar, but does not seem to have entered into practice. In fact, his last biographer, Mr. James Paterson, is unable often to speak very decisively on many points of the greatest importance, his connection with the Jacobite Rebellion of 1745, for example; he seems, however, if not to have carried arms in favour of the Young Chevalier, to have given all his influence and talent to his service; and, after the fatal battle of Culloden, had to skulk about the Highlands in disguise for awhile, till he escaped to France. He returned after the country had quieted down, in 1749, and in the following year, through the death of his elder brother, he succeeded to the Bangour estate. He died at Lyons, in 1754, his remains being brought to Scotland and interred in Holyrood Abbey.

His poetry, though modelled upon the smooth affected style of his own age, is often natural and pleasing: he nowhere shows a straining after ideas, nor attempts the sensational in description, but as has been remarked, "his thoughts are always elegant and just; his figures bold and animated; his colouring warm and true." His principal defect, as a song writer, lies in his perpetual introduction in his songs of the heroes and heroines of mythology. It is not possible to make an Englishman or Scotchman accustomed to John Bull and his Sister Peg, and Jocky and Jenny, feel at all sentimental about Venus, Cupid, Pallas, or Minerva.

A. "Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride!
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow!
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride,
And think nae mair of the braes of Yarrow."

B. "Where gat ye that bonnie, bonnie bride?
Where gat ye that winsome marrow?"

A. "I gat her whare I daurna weel be seen,
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

Weip not, weip not, my bonnie, bonnie bride,
Weip not, weip not, my winsome marrow!
Nor let thy heart lament to leive
Pu'ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow."

B. "Why does she weip, thy bonnie, bonnie bride?
Why does she weip thy winsome marrow?
And why daur ye nae mair weel be seen,
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow?"

A. "Lang maun she weip, lang maun she, maun she weip,
Lang maun she weip wi' dule and sorrow,
And lang maun I nae mair weel be seen,
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

For she has tint her luver, luver deir,
Her luver deir, the cause of sorrow;
And I ha'e slain the comeliest swain
That e'er pu'd birks on the braes of Yarrow.

Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, red?
Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?
And why yon melancholious weids,
Hung on the bonnie birks of Yarrow?

What's yonder floats on the rueful, rueful flude?
What's yonder floats?—Oh, dule and sorrow!
'Tis he the comely swain I slew
Upon the dulefu' braes of Yarrow.

Wash, oh wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,
His wounds in tears o' dule and sorrow;
And wrap his limbs in mourning weids,
And lay him on the banks of Yarrow!

Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters, sad,
Ye sisters sad, his tomb wi' sorrow;
And weip around in waeful wise,
His hapless fate on the braes of Yarrow!

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield,
The arm that wrocht the deed of sorrow,
The fatal speir that pierced his briest,
His comely briest on the braes of Yarrow!

Did I not warn thee not to, not to love,
And warn from fight? But, to my sorrow,
Too rashly bold, a stronger arm thou met'st,
Thou met'st, and fell on the braes of Yarrow!

Sweit smells the birk; green grows, green grows the grass;
Yellow on Yarrow's braes the gowan;
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock;
Sweit the wave of Yarrow flowen!

Flows Yarrow sweit? as sweit, as sweit flows Tweed;
As green its grass; its gowan as yellow;
As sweit smells on its braes the birk;
The apple from its rocks as mellow!

Fair was thy love, fair, fair, indeed, thy love!
In flowery bands thou didst him fetter;
Though he was fair, and well beloved again,
Than me he never loved thee better.

Busk ye, then, busk, my bonnie, bonnie bride!
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow!
Busk ye, and lo'e me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the braes of Yarrow."

C. "How can I busk a bonnie, bonnie bride?
How can I busk a winsome marrow?
How can I lo'e him on the banks o' Tweed,
That slew my love on the braes of Yarrow?

Oh, Yarrow fields, may never, never rain,
Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover!
For there was basely slain my love,
My love, as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest—'twas my ain sewing;
Ah, wretched me! I little, little kenned,
He was, in these, to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white steed,
Unmindful of my dule and sorrow:
But, ere the too-fa' of the nicht,
He lay a corpse on the banks of Yarrow.

Much I rejoiced, that waefu', waefu' day;
I sang, my voice the woods returning;
But, lang ere nicht, the spear was flown,
That slew my love, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous, barbarous father do,
But with his cruel rage pursue me?
My luver's blude is on thy spear—
How canst thou, barbarous man, then, woo me?

My happy sisters may be, may be proud,
With cruel and ungentle scoffing—
May bid me seek, on Yarrow braes,
My luver nailed in his coffin.

My brother Douglas may upbraid,
And strive, with threat'ning words, to muve me;
My luver's blude is on thy spear—
How canst thou ever bid me luve thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of luve!
With bridal-sheets my body cover!
Unbar, ye bridal-maids, the door!
Let in th' expected husband-lover!

But who the expected husband, husband is?
His hands, methinks, are bathed in slaughter!
Ah, me! what ghastly spectre's yon,
Comes, in his pale shroud, bleeding, after?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down;
O lay his cold head on my pillow!
Take off, take off these bridal weids,
And crown my careful head with willow.

Pale though thou art, yet best, yet best beloved,
Oh, could my warmth to life restore thee!
Yet lie all night between my briests,—
No youth lay ever there before thee!

Pale, pale, indeed, oh lovely, lovely youth,
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,
And lie all night between my briests,
No youth shall ever lie there after!"

A. "Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride!
Return and dry thy useless sorrow!
Thy luver heids nocht of thy sighs;
He lies a corpse on the braes of Yarrow."

YE SHEPHERDS AND NYMPHS.

WILLIAM HAMILTON OF BANGOUR.

Ye shepherds and nymphs that adorn the gay plain,
Approach from your sports, and attend to my strain;
Amongst all your number a lover so true
Was ne'er so undone, with such bliss in his view.

Was ever a nymph so hard-hearted as mine?
She knows me sincere, and she sees how I pine;
She does not disdain me, nor frown in her wrath,
But calmly and mildly resigns me to death.

She calls me her friend, but her lover denies:
She smiles when I'm cheerful, but hears not my sighs,
A bosom so flinty, so gentle an air,
Inspires me with hope, and yet bids me despair!

I fall at her feet, and implore her with tears:
Her answer confounds, while her manner endears;
When softly she tells me to hope no relief,
My trembling lips bless her in spite of my grief.

By night, while I slumber, still haunted with care,
I start up in anguish, and sigh for the fair:
The fair sleeps in peace,—may she ever do so!
And only when dreaming imagine my woe.

Then gaze at a distance, nor farther aspire;
Nor think she should love whom she cannot admire:
Hush all thy complaining, and dying her slave,
Commend her to heaven, and thyself to the grave.

YE GODS! WAS STREPHON'S PICTURE BLEST?

WILLIAM HAMILTON OF BANGOUR.

Ye gods! was Strephon's picture blest
With the fair heaven of Chloe's breast?
Move softer, thou fond fluttering heart,
Oh gently throb,—too fierce thou art.
Tell me, thou brightest of thy kind,
For Strephon was the bliss design'd?
For Strephon's sake, dear charming maid,
Did'st thou prefer his wand'ring shade?

And thou, blest shade, that sweetly art
Lodged so near my Chloe's heart,
For me the tender hour improve,
And softly tell how dear I love.
Ungrateful thing! It scorns to hear
Its wretched master's ardent pray'r,
Engrossing all that beauteous heaven,
That Chloe, lavish maid, has given.

I cannot blame thee: were I lord
Of all the wealth those breasts afford,
I'd be a miser too, nor give
An alms to keep a god alive.
Oh smile not thus, my lovely fair,
On these cold looks, that lifeless air,
Prize him whose bosom glows with fire,
With eager love and soft desire.

'Tis true thy charms, O powerful maid,
To life can bring the silent shade:
Thou canst surpass the painter's art,
And real warmth and flames impart.
But oh! it ne'er can love like me,
I've ever lov'd, and lov'd but thee:
Then, charmer, grant my fond request,
Say thou canst love, and make me blest.

WHY HANGS THAT CLOUD UPON THY BROW?

WILLIAM HAMILTON OF BANGOUR.

Why hangs that cloud upon thy brow,
That beauteous heav'n erewhile serene?
Whence do these storms and tempests blow?
Or what this gust of passion mean?
And must then mankind lose that light
Which in thine eyes was wont to shine,
And lie obscur'd in endless night,
For each poor silly speech of mine?

Dear child, how could I wrong thy name?
Thy form so fair and faultless stands,
That could ill tongues abuse thy fame,
Thy beauty would make large amends!
Or if I durst profanely try
Thy beauty's powerful charms t' upbraid,
Thy virtue well might give the lie,
Nor call thy beauty to its aid.

For Venus ev'ry heart t' ensnare,
With all her charms has deck'd thy face,
And Pallas with unusual care,
Bids wisdom heighten every grace.
Who can the double pain endure?
Or who must not resign the field
To thee, celestial maid, secure
With Cupid's bow and Pallas' shield?

If then to thee such power is giv'n,
Let not a wretch in torment live,
But smile, and learn to copy heav'n,
Since we must sin ere it forgive.
Yet pitying heav'n not only does
Forgive th' offender and th' offence,
But even itself appeas'd bestows
As the reward of penitence.

AH! THE POOR SHEPHERD'S MOURNFUL FATE.

WILLIAM HAMILTON OF BANGOUR.

Ah, the poor shepherd's mournful fate,
When doom'd to love and doom'd to languish,
To bear the scornful fair one's hate,
Nor dare disclose his anguish!
Yet eager looks and dying sighs
My secret soul discover,
While rapture, trembling through mine eyes,
Reveals how much I love her.
The tender glance, the reddening cheek,
O'erspread with rising blushes,
A thousand various ways they speak
A thousand various wishes.

For, oh! that form so heavenly fair,
Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,
That artless blush and modest air
So fatally beguiling;
Thy every look, and every grace,
So charm, whene'er I view thee,
Till death o'ertake me in the chase
Still will my hopes pursue thee.
Then, when my tedious hours are past,
Be this last blessing given,
Low at thy feet to breathe my last,
And die in sight of heaven.

BROOM OF COWDENKNOWS.

Tea Table Miscellany, where it is printed with the initials, S. R., supposed by Mr. Chambers and others to refer to some personage of Ramsay's own time, and to whose position the authorship of a song would have been derogatory. The second set is by Crawford, a song writer, whose other productions are given in their proper place. The first set is undoubtedly founded upon an older song,* and the tune, which is certainly old, is

* A song, or ballad, "The Broom of the Cowdenknowes"—probably of a very early date—is printed in "Scott's Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border."

surmised to be representative of the "Brume, Brume on Hil," mentioned in the "Complaynt of Scotland," 1548. Mr. Chappell, as usual, claims it as of English origin.

The Cowdenknows are two hills at Lauderdale, Berwickshire.

How blythe ilk morn was I to see
The swain come o'er the hill!
He skipt the burn, and flew to me,
I met him wi' good will.

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

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,
While his flocks near me lay;
He gather'd in my sheep at night,
And cheer'd me a' the day,

O, the broom, &c.

He tuned his pipe and reed sae sweet,
The birds stood list'ning by;
Ev'n the dull cattle stood and gazed,
Charm'd wi' his melody.

O, the broom, &c.

While thus we spent our time by turns,
Betwixt our flocks and play,
I envied not the fairest dame,
Though e'er so rich and gay.

O, the broom, &c.

Hard fate! that I should banish'd be,
Gang heavily, and mourn,
Because I loved the kindest swain
That ever yet was born.

O, the broom, &c.

He did oblige me every hour;
Could I but faithfu' be?
He staw my heart; could I refuse
Whate'er he ask'd of me?

O, the broom, &c.

My doggie, and my little kit,
That held my wee soup whey,
My plaidie, broach, and crooked stick,
Maun now lie useless by.

O, the broom, &c.

Adieu, ye Cowdenknows, adieu!
Farewell a' pleasures there!
Ye gods, restore me to my swain,
It's a' I crave or care.
O, the broom, &c.

SECOND SET.

When summer comes, the swains on Tweed
Sing their successful loves,
Around the ewes and lambkins feed,
And music fills the groves.

But my loved song is then the broom
So fair on Cowdenknows;
For sure, so sweet, so soft a bloom,
Elsewhere there never grows.

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

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

Yet more delightful is the broom
So fair on Cowdenknows;
For sure, so fresh, so bright a bloom,
Elsewhere there never grows.

Not Tiviot braes, so green and gay,
May with this broom compare;
Not Yarrow banks in flowery May,
Nor the bush aboon Traquair.

More pleasing far are Cowdenknows,
My peaceful happy home,
Where I was wont to milk my ewes,
At e'en amang the broom.

Ye powers that haunt the woods and plains
Where Tweed and Tiviot flows,
Convey me to the best of swains,
And my loved Cowdenknows.

WILLIE'S RARE.

TEA TABLE MISCELLANY, where it is printed without any mark.

Willie's rare, and Willie's fair,
And Willie's wondrous bonny,
And Willie hecht to marry me,
Gin e'er he married ony.

Yestreen I made my bed fu' braid,
This night I'll make it narrow;
For a' the live-lang winter-night
I'll ly twin'd o' my marrow.

O came you by yon water side?
Pu'd you the rose or lily?
Or came you by yon meadow green?
Or saw ye my sweet Willie?

She sought him east, she sought him west,
She sought him braid and narrow;
Syne in the cleaving of a craig,
She found him drown'd in Yarrow.

TARRY WOO.

TEA TABLE MISCELLANY, probably written about that time on the remains of an older song. Mr. Chambers states that Sir Walter Scott, when at the Social Board, used to meet his turn for a song by giving a verse of "Tarry Woo." The tune is old, and the well-known air Lewie Gordon is adapted from it.

Tarry woo, tarry woo,
Tarry woo is ill to spin;
Card it weil, card it weil,
Card it weil, ere ye begin.
When it's cardit, row'd, and spun,
Then the work is haflins done;
But, when woven, dress'd, and clean,
It may be cleadin' for a queen.

Sing my bonnie harmless sheep,
That feed upon the mountains steep,
Bleating sweetly, as ye go
Through the winter's frost and snow.
Hart, and hynd, and fallow-deer,
No by half sae useful are:
Frae kings, to him that hauds the plou',
All are obliged to tarry woo.

Up, ye shepherds, dance and skip;
Ower the hills and valleys trip;
Sing up the praise of tarry woo;
Sing the flocks that bear it too;

Harmless creatures, without blame,
That clead the back, and cram the wame;
Keep us warm and hearty fou—
Leeze me on the tarry woo.

How happy is a shepherd's life,
Far frae courts and free of strife!
While the gimmers bleat and bae,
And the lambkins answer mae;
No such music to his ear!
Of thief or fox he has no fear:
Sturdy kent, and collie true,
Weil defend the tarry woo.

He lives content, and envies none:
Not even a monarch on his throne,
Though he the royal sceptre sways,
Has such pleasant holidays.
Who'd be king, can only tell,
When a shepherd sings sae well?
Sings sae well, and pays his due
With honest heart and tarry woo.

I WAS ONCE A WEEL-TOCHER'D LASS.

TEA TABLE MISCELLANY.

I WAS once a weel-tocher'd lass,
My mither left dollars to me;
But now I'm brought to a poor pass,
My step-dame has gart them a' flee.
My father, he's aften frae hame,
And she plays the deil with his gear;
She neither has lawtith nor shame,
And keeps the haill house in a steer.

She's barmy-faced, thriftless, and bauld,
And gars me aft fret and repine;
While hungry, half-naked, and cauld,
I see her destroy what's mine.
But soon I might hope a revenge,
And soon of my sorrows be free;
My poortith to plenty wad change,
If she were hung up on a tree.

Quoth Ringan, wha lang time had loo'd
This bonnie lass tenderlie,
I'll tak' thee, sweet May, in thy snood,
Gif thou wilt gae hame with me.

'Tis only yoursel' that I want;
Your kindness is better to me
Than a' that your stepmother, scant
Of grace, now has taken frae thee.

I'm but a young farmer, it's true,
And ye are the sprout of a laird;
But I have milk-cattle enow,
And ruth of good rucks in my yard.
Ye shall have nacthing to fash ye,
Sax servants shall jouk to thee:
Then kilt up thy coats, my lassie,
And gae thy ways hame with me.

The maiden her reason employ'd,
Not thinking the offer amiss,
Consented, while Ringan, o'erjoy'd,
Received her with mony a kiss.
And now she sits blythely singin',
And joking her drunken stepdame,
Delighted with her dear Ringan,
That makes her goodwife at hame.

ANDRO WI' HIS CUTTY GUN.

TEA TABLE MISCELLANY, where it is printed without any mark.

BLYTHE, blythe, and merry was she,
Blythe was she but and ben;
And weel she loo'd a Hawick gill,
And leugh to see a tappit hen.

She took me in, and set me down,
And hecht to keep me lawing-free;
But, cunning carline that she was,
She gart me birl my bawbee.

We loo'd the liquor well enough;
But waes my heart my cash was done,
Before that I had quench'd my drouth,
And laith I was to pawn my shoon.

When we had three times toom'd our stoup,
And the neist chappin new begun,
Wha started in, to heeze our hope,
But Andro wi' his cutty gun.

The carline brought her kebbuck ben,
With girdle-cakes weel toasted brown,
Weel does the canny kimmer ken
They gar the swats gae glibber down.

We ca'd the bicker aft about;
Till dawning we ne'er jeed our bum,
And aye the cleanest drinker out,
Was Andro wi' his cutty gun.

He did like ony mavis sing,
And as I in his oxter sat,
He ca'd me aye his bonnie thing,
And mony a sappy kiss I gat.

I ha'e been east, I ha'e been west,
I ha'e been far ayont the sun;
But the blythest lad that e'er I saw,
Was Andro wi' his cutty gun.

WHEN SPRING TIME RETURNS.

DR. A. WEBSTER,

One of the ministers of Edinburgh. He was born at Edinburgh in 1707, and died there in 1784.

The spring-time returns, and clothes the green plains,
And Alloa shines more cheerful and gay;
The lark tunes his throat, and the neighbouring swains,
Sing merrily round me wherever I stray:
But Sandy nae mair returns to my view;
Nae spring-time me cheers, nae music can charm;
He's gane! and, I fear me, for ever: adieu!
Adieu every pleasure this bosom can warm!

O Alloa house! how much art thou chang'd!
How silent, how dull to me is each grove!
Alane I here wander where ance we both rang'd,
Alas! where to please me my Sandy ance strove!
Here, Sandy, I heard the tales that you tauld,
Here list'ned too fond whenever you sung;
Am I grown less fair then, that you are turn'd cauld?
Or, foolish, believ'd a false flattering tongue?

So spoke the fair maid, when sorrow's keen pain,
And shame, her last fault'ring accents supprest;
For fate, at that moment, brought back her dear swain,
Who heard, and with rapture his Nelly addrest:
My Nelly! my fair, I come; O my love!
Nae power shall thee tear again from my arms,
And, Nelly! nae mair thy fond shepherd reprove,
Who knows thy fair worth, and adores a' thy charms.

She heard; and new joy shot thro' her saft frame;
And will you, my love! be true? she replied:
And live I to meet my fond shepherd the same?
Or dream I that Sandy will make me his bride?

O Nelly! I live to find thee still kind:
Still true to thy swain, and lovely as true:
Then adieu to a' sorrow; what soul is so blind,
As not to live happy for ever with you?

OH! HOW COULD I VENTURE.

DR. A. WBESTER.

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

Oh, how shall I fauld thee, and kiss a' thy charms,
Till, fainting wi' pleasure, I die in your arms;
Through all the wild transports of ecstasy tost,
Till, sinking together, together we're lost!
Oh, where is the maid that like thee ne'er can cloy,
Whose wit can enliven each dull pause of joy;
And when the short raptures are all at an end,
From beautiful mistress turn sensible friend?

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

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

I'VE SEEN THE SMILING.

MRS. COCKBURN,

DAUGHTER of Robert Rutherford of Fernylee, in Selkirkshire. She was born about 1712, and married in 1731, to Patrick Cockburn, a son of Cockburn of Ormiston, Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland. She survived her husband more than forty years. Sir Walter Scott has given us a very genial description of Mrs. Cockburn, as he saw her and heard about her in her later years. "Mrs. Cockburn," says he, "was one of those persons whose talents for conversation made a stronger impression on her contemporaries than her writings can be expected to produce. In person and features she somewhat resembled Queen Elizabeth, but the nose was rather more aquiline. She was proud of her auburn hair, which remained unbleached by time, even when she was upwards of eighty years old. She maintained the rank in the society of Edinburgh which French women of talent usually do in that of Paris, and her little parlour used to assemble a very distinguished and accomplished circle, among whom David Hume, John Horne, Lord Monboddo, and many other men of name were frequently to be found." This song (referring to commercial instead of warlike disasters among the men of the forest) appears in the LARK, 1765, and in HERD'S COLLECTION,—from which collection we take the copy here printed.

I'VE seen the smiling
Of Fortune beguiling;
I've felt all its favours, and found its decay:
Sweet was its blessing,
Kind its caressing;
But now 'tis fled—fled far away.

I've seen the forest
Adorned the foremost
With flowers of the fairest, most pleasant and gay;
Sae bonnie was their blooming!
Their scent the air perfuming!
But now they are wither'd and weeded away.

I've seen the morning
With gold the hills adorning,
And loud tempest storming before the mid-day.
I've seen Tweed's silver streams,
Shining in the sunny beams,
Grow drumly and dark as he row'd on his way.

Oh, fickle Fortune,
Why this cruel sporting?
Oh, why still perplex us, poor sons of a day?
Nae mair your smiles can cheer me,
Nae mair your frowns can fear me;
For the Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.