

## THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

DAVID MALLET,

OR MALLOCH, a favourite poet of his time, born 1714; died 1765.

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

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

## THE LAWLANDS OF HOLLAND.

GIVEN from the copy in Johnson's Museum, omitting the spurious third verse there given, and adding the last which was omitted. Mr. Stenhouse was informed that it was composed by a young widow in Galloway, whose husband was drowned on a voyage to Holland. There is a fragment of the song given in Herd's Collection, and we may consider it to belong to the first half of the eighteenth century. The air was always very popular, and on it is founded Marshall's tune "Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey," to which Burns's beautiful song "Of a' the airts the win' can blaw" was written.

THE luvè that I had chosen,  
 I'll therewith be content,  
 The saut sea will be frozen  
 Before that I repent;  
 Repent it will I never  
 Until the day I dee,  
 Tho' the lawlands o' Holland  
 Ha'e twined my luvè and me.

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

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

My luv has built anither ship,  
 And sent her to the main,  
 He had but twenty mariners,  
 And a' to bring her hame ;  
 The stormy clouds did roar again,  
 The raging waves did rout,  
 And my luv, and his bonnie ship,  
 Turn'd widdershins about !

There shall nae mantle cross my back,  
 Nae comb come in my hair,  
 Neither shall coal or candle light  
 Shine in my bowit mair ;  
 Nor shall I ha'e anither luv,  
 Until the day I dee,  
 I never lo'ed a luv but ane,  
 And he's drown'd in the sea.

O, haud your tongue, my daughter dear,  
 Be still and be content,  
 There are mair lads in Galloway,  
 Ye need nae sair lament.  
 O! there is nane in Galloway,  
 There 's nane at a' for me,  
 For I never lov'd a lad but ane,  
 And he 's drown'd in the sea.

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### ROSLIN CASTLE.

HERD'S COLLECTION—probably written shortly after the time of Ramsay, as the stilted style of the love-lorn maid's address smacks of the affected manner then in vogue. The air, which is very beautiful, was published in "McGibbon's Collection of Scots Tunes."

FROM Roslin castle's echoing walls  
 Resound my shepherd's ardent calls,  
 My Colin bids me come away,  
 And love demands I should obey.  
 His melting strain and tuneful lay,  
 So much the charms of love display,  
 I yield—nor longer can refrain  
 To own my love, and bless my swain.

No longer can my heart conceal  
 The painful pleasing flame I feel,  
 My soul retorts the am'rous strain,  
 And echoes back in love again ;  
 Where lurks my songster ? from what grove  
 Does Colin pour his notes of love ?  
 O bring me to the happy bow'r,  
 Where mutual love may bliss secure.  
 Ye vocal hills that catch the song,  
 Repeating, as it flies along,  
 To Colin's ear my strain convey,  
 And say, I haste to come away.  
 Ye zephyrs soft that fan the gale,  
 Waft to my love the soothing tale ;  
 In whispers all my soul express,  
 And tell, I haste his arms to bless.

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#### MY LOVE WAS ONCE A BONNIE LAD.

SUPPOSED to have been written about the middle of the eighteenth century, but by whom it is impossible to say. The air, the well-known "Flowers of Edinburgh," appears in "Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion," 1742, but is probably of a much earlier date.

My love was once a bonnie lad,  
 He was the flower of a' his kin,  
 The absence of his bonnie face  
 Has rent my tender heart in twain.  
 I day or night find no delight ;  
 In silent tears I still complain ;  
 And exclaim 'gainst those my rival foes,  
 That ha'e ta'en from me my darling swain.  
 Despair and anguish fill my breast,  
 Since I have lost my blooming rose ;  
 I sigh and moan while others rest ;  
 His absence yields me no repose.  
 To seek my love I'll range and rove,  
 Through every grove and distant plain ;  
 Thus I'll ne'er cease, but spend my days,  
 To hear tidings from my darling swain.  
 There's naething strange in nature's change,  
 Since parents show such cruelty ;  
 They caused my love from me to range,  
 And know not to what destiny.  
 The pretty kids and tender lambs  
 May cease to sport upon the plain ;  
 But I'll mourn and lament in deep discontent  
 For the absence of my darling swain.

Kind Neptune, let me thee entreat,  
 To send a fair and pleasant gale;  
 Ye dolphins sweet, upon me wait,  
 And convey me upon your tail;  
 Heaven bless my voyage with success,  
 While crossing of the raging main,  
 And send me safe o'er to a distant shore,  
 To meet my lovely darling swain.  
 All joy and mirth at our return  
 Shall then abound from Tweed to Tay;  
 The bells shall ring and sweet birds sing,  
 To grace and crown our nuptial day.  
 Thus bless'd wi' charms in my love's arms,  
 My heart once more I will regain;  
 Then I'll range no more to a distant shore,  
 But in love will enjoy my darling swain.

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#### ARGYLL IS MY NAME.

SAID to have been written by John, Duke of Argyll (1678-1743), by one tradition; by another, the authorship is given to the celebrated James Boswell. Whoever may have written the song, and we cannot think that either of the parties was likely to have written it, there can be no doubt as to its referring to the Duke of Argyll, one of the principal characters in the "Heart of Midlothian." Tune—"Bannocks o' barley meal."

ARGYLL is my name, and you may think it strange,  
 To live at a court, yet never to change;  
 A' falsehood and flattery I do disdain,  
 In my secret thoughts nae guile does remain.  
 My king and my country's foes I have faced,  
 In city or battle I ne'er was disgraced;  
 I do every thing for my country's weal,  
 And feast upon bannocks o' barley meal.

Adieu to the courtie of London town,  
 For to my ain countrie I will gang down;  
 At the sight of Kirkaldy ance again,  
 I'll cock up my bonnet, and march amain.  
 O, the muckle deil tak' a' your noise and strife:  
 I'm fully resolved for a country life,  
 Whare a' the braw lasses, wha ken me weel,  
 Will feed me wi' bannocks o' barley meal.

I will quickly lay down my sword and my gun,  
 And put my blue bonnet and my plaidie on;  
 With my silk tartan hose, and leather-heel'd shoon,  
 And then I will look like a sprightly loon,

And when I'm sae dress'd frae tap to tae,  
 To meet my dear Maggie I vow I will gae,  
 Wi' target and hanger hung down to my heel;  
 And I'll feast upon bannocks o' barley meal.

I'll buy a rich garment to gi'e to my dear,  
 A ribbon o' green for Maggie to wear;  
 And mony thing brawer than that I declare,  
 Gin she will gang wi' me to Paisley fair.  
 And when we are married, I'll keep her a cow,  
 And Maggie will milk when I gae to plow;  
 We'll live a' the winter on beef and lang kail,  
 And feast upon bannocks o' barley meal.

Gin Maggie should chance to bring me a son,  
 He'll fight for his king, as his daddy has done;  
 He'll hie him to Flanders, some breeding to learn,  
 And then hame to Scotland, and get him a farm.  
 And there we will live by our industry,  
 And wha'll be sae happy as Maggie and me?  
 We'll a' grow as fat as a Norway seal,  
 Wi' our feasting on bannocks o' barley meal.

Then fare ye weel, citizens, noisy men,  
 Wha jolt in your coaches to Drury Lane;  
 Ye bucks o' Bear-garden, I bid you adieu,  
 For drinking and swearing, I leave it to you.  
 I'm fairly resolved for a country life,  
 And nae langer will live in hurry and strife;  
 I'll aff to the Highlands as hard's I can reel,  
 And whang at the bannocks o' barley meal.

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### IN THE GARB OF OLD GAUL.

SIR H. ERSKINE, BART., M.P.

Born about 1720. Son of Sir John Erskine, of Alva, Bart. He became commander of the "Royal Scots" Regiment in 1762, and died at York in 1765.

The tune was composed by General Reid, Colonel of the 88th Regiment, whose love for music led him to found the much-abused Chair of Music in the University of Edinburgh.

IN the garb of old Gaul, with the fire of old Rome,  
 From the heath-cover'd mountains of Scotia we come;  
 Where the Romans endeavour'd our country to gain,  
 But our ancestors fought, and they fought not in vain.

Such is our love of liberty, our country, and our laws,  
 That, like our ancestors of old, we'll stand in freedom's cause:  
 We'll bravely fight, like heroes bold, for honour and applause,  
 And defy the French, with all their art, to alter our laws.

No effeminate customs our sinews unbrace ;  
 No luxurious tables enervate our race ;  
 Our loud sounding pipe breathes the true martial strain,  
 And our hearts still the old Scottish valour retain.

Such is our love, &c.

We're tall as the oak on the mount of the vale,  
 And swift as the roe which the hound doth assail ;  
 As the full moon in autumn our shields do appear ;  
 Ev'n Minerva would dread to encounter our spear.

Such is our love, &c.

As a storm in the ocean, when Boreas blows,  
 So are we enrag'd when we rush on our foes ;  
 We sons of the mountains tremendous as rocks,  
 Dash the force of our foes with our thundering strokes.

Such is our love, &c.

Quebec and Cape Breton, the pride of old France,  
 In their numbers fondly boasted, till we did advance ;  
 But when our claymores they saw us produce,  
 Their courage did fail, and they sued for a truce.

Such is our love, &c.

In our realm may the fury of faction long cease,  
 May our councils be wise, and our commerce increase,  
 And in Scotia's cold climate may each of us find,  
 That our friends still prove true, and our beauties prove kind.

Then we'll defend our liberty, our country, and our laws,  
 And teach our late posterity to fight in freedom's cause ;  
 That they, like their ancestors bold, for honour and applause,  
 May defy the French, with all their arts, to alter our laws.

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### CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN.

WE give two versions here of this popular old song, the first appears in Herd's Collection, and is probably the oldest set of the words extant. We are unable to state the precise age of the second version, but it is mentioned by Burns as an old song.

#### I.

CAULD kail in Aberdeen,  
 And custocks in Strathbogie,  
 But yet I fear they'll cook o'er soon,  
 And never warm the cogie.  
 The lasses about Bogie gicht,  
 Their limbs they are sae clean and tight,  
 That if they were but girded right,  
 They'll dance the reel o' Bogie.

Wow, Aberdeen, what did you mean,  
 Sae young a maid to woo, sir?  
 I'm sure it was nae joke to her,  
 Whate'er it was to you, sir.  
 For lasses now are no sae blate  
 But they ken auld folk's out o' date,  
 And better playfare can they get  
 Than custocks in Strathbogie.

## II.

THERE's cauld kail in Aberdeen,  
 And custocks in Stra'bogie,  
 Where ilka lad maun ha'e his lass,  
 But I maun ha'e my cogie.  
 For I maun ha'e my cogie, sirs,  
 I canna want my cogie;  
 I widna gi'e my three-gir'd cog  
 For a' the wives in Bogie.

Johnny Smith has got a wife  
 Wha scrimps him o' his cogie:  
 But were she mine, upon my life,  
 I'd dook her in a bogie.  
 For I maun ha'e my cogie, sirs,  
 I canna want my cogie;  
 I wadna gi'e my three-gir'd cog  
 For a' the wives in Bogie.

Twa three todlin' weans they ha'e,  
 The pride o' a' Stra'bogie;  
 Whene'er the totums cry for meat,  
 She curses aye his cogie;  
 Crying, Wae betide the three-gir'd cog!  
 Oh, wae betide the cogie!  
 It does mair skaith than a' the ills  
 That happen in Stra'bogie.

She fand him ance at Willie Sharp's;  
 And, what the maist did laugh at,  
 She brak the bicker, spilt the drink,  
 And tightly gouff'd his haffet,  
 Crying, Wae betide the three-gir'd cog!  
 Oh, wae betide the cogie,  
 It does mair skaith than a' the ills  
 That happen in Stra'bogie.

Yet here's to ilka honest soul  
 Wha'll drink wi' me a cogie,  
 And for ilk silly whinging fool,  
 We'll dook him in a bogie.

For I maun ha'e my cogie, sirs,  
 I canna want my cogie :  
 I wadna gi'e my three gir'd cog  
 For a' the queans in Bogie.

LOGIE O' BUCHAN.

DISPUTED.

LADY Ann Barnard (authoress of Auld Robin Gray), and George Halket, of Aberdeen (author of "Whirry, Whigs, awa, &c."), have been given as the authors of this favourite song; and from the evidence which has been brought forward we think the claims of Halket must be admitted. He was schoolmaster at Rathen, in Aberdeenshire, and Mr. Peter Buchan considers the song to have been written by him in 1736. Halket was a Jacobite of the most intense description, and the sum of one hundred pounds was offered for his arrest by the Duke of Cumberland, in consequence of a pasquil he had written on George II. Halket died in 1756. The song first appeared in Johnson's Museum, along with its tune.

O LOGIE o' Buchan, O Logie the laird,  
 They ha'e ta'en awa' Jamie, that delved in the yard,  
 Wha play'd on the pipe, and the viol sae sma';  
 They ha'e ta'en awa' Jamie, the flower o' them a'.  
 He said, Think na lang lassie, tho' I gang awa';  
 He said, Think na lang lassie, tho' I gang awa';  
 The simmer is come, and the winter's awa',  
 And I'll come and see thee in spite o' them a'.

Tho' Sandy has owsen, and siller, and kye;  
 A house and a hadden, and a' things forbye:  
 Yet I'd tak' mine ain lad, wi' his staff in his hand,  
 Before I'd ha'e him, wi' the houses and land.  
 He said, Think nae lang, &c.

My daddie looks sulky, my minnie looks sour,  
 They frown upon Jamie because he is poor:  
 But daddie and minnie altho' that they be,  
 There's nane o' them a' like my Jamie to me.  
 He said, Think nae lang, &c.

I sit on my creepie, I spin at my wheel,  
 And think on my Jamie that lo'es me sae weel;  
 He had but ae saxpence, he brak it in twa,  
 And gi'ed me the hauf o't when he gade awa'.  
 Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa',  
 Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa',  
 The simmer is come, and the winter's awa',  
 And ye'll come and see me in spite o' them a'.



## HEY BONNIE LASSIE, BLINK OVER THE BURN.

REV. JAMES HONEYMAN.

"THIS popular song has hitherto appeared in all the collections as an anonymous production, but we have the authority of a highly esteemed correspondent for saying that it was written by the Rev. James Honeyman, minister of Kinneff, in Kincardineshire, who died at an advanced age, in or about the year 1779. Mr. Honeyman wrote other poetical pieces, but none of them came before the public except this song."—*Blackie's Book of Scottish Song.*

HIE, bonnie lassie, blink over the burn,  
 And if your sheep wander I'll gi'e them a turn;  
 Sae happy as we'll be on yonder green shade,  
 If ye'll be my dawtie, and sit in my plaid.

A yowe and twa lammies are a' my haill stock,  
 But I'll sell a lammie out of my wee flock,  
 To buy the a head-piece, sae bonnie and braid,  
 If ye'll be my dawtie, and sit in my plaid.

I ha'e a wee whittle made me a trout creel,  
 And, oh, that wee whittle I likit it weel;  
 But I'll gi'e't to my lassie, and mair if I had,  
 If she'll be my dawtie, and sit in my plaid.

I ha'e little silver, but ae hauf-year's fee,  
 But if ye will tak' it, I'll gi'e't a' to thee;  
 And then we'll be married, and lie in ae bed,  
 If ye'll be my dawtie, and sit in my plaid.

## TA HIGHLAND SHENTLEMAN

DOUGALD GRAHAM,

WAS born about the year 1724. He was long the public bellman of Glasgow and wrote a history of the Rebellion of 1745 in Verse, a work of little merit, but highly prized by the book collector on account of its scarcity. Dougald died in 1779. The song appears in Herd's Collection, 1776, where the old air Clout the Caudron is named as its tune. We do not know what authority there is for assigning the song to Graham.

HERSELL pe Highland shentleman,  
 Pe auld as Pothwell Prig, man;  
 And many alterations seen  
 Amang te Lawland Whig, man.  
 Fa a dra, diddle diddle dee, &c.

First when she to te Lawlands cam'  
 Nainsell was driving cows, man,  
 There was nae laws about him's nerse,  
 About te preeks or trews, man,

Nainsell did wear te philabeg,  
 Te plaid prick'd on her shouder ;  
 Te gude claymore hung py her pelt ;  
 Her pistol sharged with powder.

But for whereas these cursed preeks,  
 Wherewith her legs pe lockit ;  
 Ohon that ere she saw the day !  
 For a' her houghs pe prokit.

Every thing in te Highlands now  
 Pe turn'd to alteration ;  
 Te sodger dwall at our door cheek,  
 And tat pe great vexation.

Scotland be turn'd a Ningland now,  
 The laws pring in te caudger ;  
 Nainsell wad dirk him for his deeds,  
 But, och she fears te sodger.

Anither law came after tat,  
 Me never saw the like, man,  
 They mak' a lang road on te crund,  
 And ca' him Turnimspike, man !

And wow she pe a ponny road,  
 Like Loudon corn riggs, man,  
 Where twa carts may gang on her,  
 And no break ither's legs, man.

They charge a penny for ilka horse,  
 In troth she'll no be sheaper,  
 For nought but gaun upon the ground,  
 And they gi'e her a paper.

They tak' the horse then py te head,  
 And there they make him stand, man ;  
 She tell them she had seen the day  
 They had nae sic command, man.

Nae doubt nainsell maun draw her purse ;  
 And pay him what him like, man,  
 She'll see a shudgement on his toor,  
 That filthy turnimspike, man.

But she'll awa' to ta Highland hills,  
 Where deil a anc dare turn her,  
 And no come near te turnimspike,  
 Unless it pe to purn her.

## FOR LACK OF GOLD.

DR. AUSTIN,

BORN about 1726, a celebrated physician of his time, in Edinburgh. The song was composed upon Miss Jean Drummond, to whom he was engaged to be married. The lady, however, having attracted the attention of the Duke of Athol, jilted her first love and in 1749 became Duchess of Athol. Dr. Austin, does not seem to have always remained in the disconsolate state depicted in the song, for, in 1754 he married Ann Sempill, sister of Lord John Sempill. He died in 1774 leaving a large family. The air has been traced to 1692, and the song appears in "The Charmer," 1751.

For lack of gold she has left me, O,  
 And of all that's dear she's bereft me, O;  
 She me forsook for Athole's duke,  
 And to endless woe she has left me, O.  
 A star and garter have more art  
 Than youth, a true and faithful heart;  
 For empty titles we must part—  
 For glittering show she has left me, O.

No cruel fair shall ever move  
 My injured heart again to love;  
 Through distant climates I must rove,  
 Since Jeany she has left me, O.  
 Ye powers above, I to your care  
 Resign my faithless, lovely fair;  
 Your choicest blessing be her share,  
 Though she has ever left me, O.

## FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

MISS JANE ELLIOT,

DAUGHTER of Sir Gilbert Elliot, of Minto. She was born in 1727. The song here given was written about 1755, and long passed as an old ballad. Sir Walter Scott, in including it in his *Minstrelsy*, says, "The following well-known and beautiful stanzas, were composed, many years ago, by a lady of family in Roxburghshire. The manner of the ancient minstrels is so happily imitated, that it required the most positive evidence to convince the editor that the song was of modern date." Miss Elliot died at Mount Teviot, Roxburghshire, in 1805.

I've heard the liltin', at our yowe-milkin',  
 Lasses a-liltin', before the dawn o' day;  
 But now they are moaning, on ilka green loanin';  
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At buchts, in the morning, nae blythe lads are scorning,  
 The lasses are lonely, and dowie, and wae;  
 Nae daffin', nae gabbin', but sighing and sabbing,  
 Ilk ane lifts her leglin and hies her away.

In hairst, at the shearing, nae youths now are jeering,  
 The bandsters are runkled, and lyart and grey;  
 At fair, or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching—  
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At e'en, at the gloaming, nae swankies are roaming,  
 'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play;  
 But ilk ane sits drearie, lamenting her dearie—  
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

Dule and wae to the order sent our lads to the border!  
 The English, for ance, by guile wan the day;  
 The Flowers of the Forest, that foucht aye the foremost,  
 The prime o' our land, are cauld in the clay.

We hear nae mair liltin' at our yowe-milkin',  
 Women and bairns are heartless and wae;  
 Sighin' and moaning on ilka green loanin'—  
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

### MY SHEEP I NEGLECTED.

SIR GILBERT ELLIOT, BART.,

BORN 1729. He was educated for the Scottish Bar, was elected Member of Parliament for Roxburghshire, and became Treasurer of the Navy. His private character has been highly extolled by his friends; and in connection with his Parliamentary business, he showed himself to be highly accomplished, expert, and sagacious. He died in 1777.

Sir Gilbert belonged to an extraordinary family. His father was a poet; his sister, Miss Jean Elliot, has immortalized herself in the annals of Scottish song as authoress of "The Flowers of the Forest," and his son was made Governor-General of India, and became Earl of Minto.

This song first appeared in the "Charmer," 1749.

My sheep I neglected—I lost my sheep-hook,  
 And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook;  
 No more for Amynta fresh garlands I wove;  
 For ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love.  
 Oh, what had my youth with ambition to do?  
 Why left I Amynta? Why broke I my vow?  
 Oh, give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,  
 And I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.

Through regions remote in vain do I rove,  
 And bid the wide ocean secure me from love!  
 Oh, fool! to imagine that aught could subdue  
 A love so well founded, a passion so true!  
 Oh, what, &c.

Alas! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine;  
 Poor shepherd, Amynta can never be thine:  
 Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain,  
 The moments neglected return not again.  
 Oh, what, &c.

## THE SMILING PLAINS.

WILLIAM FALCONER,

AUTHOR of "The Shipwreck." Born at Edinburgh in 1730. He served his apprenticeship to the seafaring profession on board a Leith vessel. He early gave evidence of his genius as a poet, and attracting the patronage of the Duke of York, was appointed purser to the "Royal George," one of the finest ships in the Navy. In 1769 he was appointed to the "Aurora" frigate bound for India. The "Aurora" arrived in safety at the Cape of Good Hope, but after leaving there, was never afterwards seen or heard of.

THE smiling plains, profusely gay,  
 Are dress'd in all the pride of May;  
 The birds on every spray above,  
 To rapture wake the vocal grove.  
 But, ah! Miranda, without thee,  
 Nor spring nor summer smiles on me,  
 All lonely in the secret shade,  
 I mourn thy absence, charming maid.  
 O soft as love! as honour fair!  
 Serenely sweet as vernal air!  
 Come to my arms; for you alone  
 Can all my absence past atone.  
 O come! and to my bleeding heart  
 The sovereign balm of love impart;  
 Thy presence lasting joy shall bring,  
 And give the year eternal spring.

## THE RUN-AWAY BRIDE.

FROM THE "CHARMER," 1751.

A LADDIE and a lassie fair  
 Lived in the south countrie;  
 They ha'e coost their claes thegither,  
 And wedded wad they be:  
 On Tuesday to the bridal feast  
 Cam fiddlers flocking free—  
 But hey play up the rinaway bride,  
 For she has ta'en the gee.  
 She had nae run a mile or mair,  
 Till she 'gan to consider  
 The angering of her father dear,  
 The vexing of her mither;  
 The slighting of the silly bridegroom,  
 The warst of a' the three—  
 Then hey play up the rinaway bride,  
 For she has ta'en the gee.

Her father and her mither baith  
 Ran after her wi' speed;  
 And aye they ran and cried, How, Ann!  
 Till they came to the Tweed:  
 Saw ye a lass, a lovesome lass,  
 That weel a queen might be?  
 O that's the bride, the rinaway bride,  
 The bride that's ta'en the gee.  
 And when they came to Kelso town,  
 They gaur'd the clap gang through;  
 Saw ye a lass wi' a hood and mantle,  
 The face o't lined up wi' blue?  
 The face o't lined up wi' blue,  
 And the tail turn'd up wi' green;  
 Saw ye a lass wi' a hood and mantle,  
 Should ha'e been married on Tuesday 't e'en?  
 O at the saft and silly bridegroom  
 The bridemaids a' were laughin';  
 When up there spake the bridegroom's man,  
 Now what means a' this daffin'?  
 For woman's love's a wilfu' thing,  
 And fancy flies fu' free;  
 Then hey play up the rinaway bride,  
 For she has ta'en the gee.

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### HOOLY AND FAIRLY.

THE CHARMER. Edinburgh, 1751.

DOUN in yon meadow a couple did tarry:  
 The gudwife she drank naething but sack and canary;  
 The gudeman complain'd to her friends richt sairly—  
 Oh, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!  
     Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,  
     Oh! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!  
 First she drank Crummie, and syne she drank Gairie,  
 And syne she drank my bonnie gray marie,  
 That carried me through a' the dubs and the glairie—  
 Oh, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!  
 She drank her hose, she drank her shoon,  
 And syne she drank her bonnie new gown;  
 She drank her sark that cover'd her rarely—  
 Oh, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!  
 Wad she drink but her ain things, I wadna care,  
 But she drinks my claes that I canna weel spare;  
 When I'm wi' my gossips it angers me sairly—  
 Oh! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

My Sunday's coat she's laid it in wad,  
 And the best blue bonnet e'er was on my head;  
 At kirk or at mercat I'm cover'd but barely—  
 Oh! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

My bonnie white mittens I wore on my hands,  
 Wi' her neibour's wife she laid them in pawns;  
 My bane-headed staff that I looed sae dearly—  
 Oh, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

I never was for wranglin' nor strife,  
 Nor did I deny her the comforts o' life;  
 For when there's a war, I'm aye for a parley—  
 Oh, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

When there's ony money she maun keep the purse;  
 If I seek but a bawbee she'll scold and she'll curse;  
 She lives like a queen—I but scrimpit and sparely—  
 Oh! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

A pint wi' her cummers I wad her allow;  
 But when she sits down, she gets hersel' fou,  
 And when she is fou she is unco camstarie—  
 Oh, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

When she comes to the street she roars and she rants,  
 Has nae fear o' her neibours, nor minds the house wants;  
 She rants up some fule-sang, like, Up your heart, Charlie—  
 Oh, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

When she comes hame she lays on the lads,  
 The lasses she ca's baith bitches and jauds,  
 And ca's mysell an auld cuckold-carlie—  
 Oh, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

## NAE DOMINIES FOR ME LADDIE.

REV. NATHANIEL MACKAY,

MINISTER of Crossmichael, Kirkcudbright, where he died in 1781. It has also been attributed to the Rev. John Forbes, minister of Deer, Aberdeenshire, who died in 1769. We are unable to decide as to the merits of the candidates. Dr. Laing seems to favour the claim of Mr. Forbes, while Mr. Robert Chambers, and Mr. Stenhouse, prefer that of Mr Mackay.

I CHANC'D to meet an airy blade,  
 A new-made pulpiteer, laddie,  
 With cock'd up hat and powder'd wig,  
 Black coat and cuffs fu' clear, laddie:  
 A long cravat at him did wag,  
 And buckles at his knee, laddie  
 Says he, My heart, by Cupid's dart,  
 Is captivate to thee, lassie.

I'll rather chuse to thole grim death ;  
 So cease and let me be, laddie :  
 For what ? says he. Good troth, says I,  
 No dominies for me, laddie :  
 Ministers' stipends are uncertain rents  
 For ladies' conjunct-fee laddie :  
 When books and gowns are all cried down,  
 No dominies for me, laddie.  
 But for your sake I'll fleece the flock,  
 Grow rich as I grow auld, lassie ;  
 If I be spar'd I'll be a laird,  
 And thou's be Madam call'd, lassie.  
 But what if ye shou'd chance to die,  
 Leave bairns, ane or twa, laddie ?  
 Naething wad be reserv'd for them  
 But hair-mould books to gnaw, laddie.  
 At this he angry was, I wat,  
 He gloom'd and look'd fu' high, laddie :  
 When I perceived this, in haste  
 I left my dominie, laddie.  
 Fare ye well, my charming maid,  
 This lesson learn of me, lassie,  
 At the next offer hold him fast,  
 That first makes love to thee, lassie.  
 Then I returning hame again,  
 And coming down the town, laddie,  
 By my good luck I chanc'd to meet  
 A gentleman dragoon, laddie ;  
 And he took me by baith the hands,  
 'Twas help in time of need, laddie :  
 Fools on ceremonies stand,  
 At twa words we agreed, laddie.  
 He led me to his quarter-house,  
 Where we exchang'd a word, laddie :  
 We had nae use for black gowns there,  
 We married o'er the sword, laddie.  
 Martial drums is music fine,  
 Compar'd wi' tinkling bells, laddie ;  
 Gold, red and blue, is more divine  
 Than black, the hue of hell, laddie.  
 Kings, queens, and princes, crave the aid  
 Of my brave stout dragoon, laddie ;  
 While dominies are much employ'd  
 'Bout whores and sackcloth-gowns, laddie :  
 Away wi' a' these whining loons,  
 They look like Let me be, laddie ;  
 I've more delight in roaring guns ;  
 No dominies for me, laddie.



## SYMON BRODIE.

HERD'S COLLECTION.

SYMON BRODIE had a cow :  
 The cow was lost, and he couldna find her :  
 When he had done what man could do,  
 The cow cam' hame, and her tail behind her.  
 Honest auld Symon Brodie,  
 Stupid auld doitit bodie !  
 I'll awa' to the north countrie,  
 And see my ain dear Symon Brodie.

Symon Brodie had a wife,  
 And, wow ! but she was braw and bonnie.  
 She took the dish-clout aff the buik,  
 And preen'd it to her cockernonie.  
 Honest auld Symon Brodie, &c.

## TIBBIE FOWLER.

JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1787. A fragment appearing previously however in Herd's Collection, 1776, enables us to trace the song to an earlier time. It probably belongs to the middle of the eighteenth century, though Mr. Robert Chambers, from finding that a certain Isabella Fowler was married to a son of Logan of Restalrig in the sixteenth century, concludes thereby that it must refer to her, and dates accordingly.

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

Ten cam' east, and ten cam' west ;  
 Ten cam' rowin' ower the water ;  
 Twa cam' down the lang dyke-side :  
 There's twa-and-thirty woin' at her.  
 There's seven but, and seven ben,  
 Seven in the pantry wi' her ;  
 Twenty head about the door :  
 There's ane-and forty woin' at her.

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

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

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

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### BESS THE GAWKIE.

REV. JAMES MUIRHEAD, D.D.,

BORN 1742. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh for the ministry, and in 1770 was ordained minister of Urr, in Galloway. He died in 1808, in his sixty-eighth year. The song here given first appeared in Herd's Collection.

BLYTHE young Bess to Jean did say,  
 Will ye gang to yon sunny brae,  
 Whare flocks do feed, and herds do stray,  
 And sport awhile wi' Jamie?  
 Ah, na, lass! I'll no gang there,  
 Nor about Jamie tak' a care,  
 Nor about Jamie tak' a care,  
 For he's ta'en up wi' Maggie.  
 For hark, and I will tell you, lass,  
 Did I not see young Jamie pass,  
 Wi' meikle blytheness in his face  
 Out owre the muir to Maggie?  
 I wat he ga'e her monie a kiss,  
 And Maggie took them nae amiss:  
 'Tween ilka smack pleas'd her wi' this,  
 "That Bess was but a gawkie.

"For when a civil kiss I seek,  
 She turns her head and throws her cheek,  
 And for an hour she'll hardly speak:  
 Wha'd no ca' her a gawkie?  
 But sure my Maggie has mair sense.  
 She'll gi'e a score without offence;  
 Now gi'e me ane into the mense,  
 And ye shall be my dawtie."

'O Jamie, ye ha'e monie ta'en,  
 But I will never stand for ane  
 Or twa when we do meet again,  
 So ne'er think me a gawkie.'  
 "Ah, na, lass, that canna be;  
 Sic thoughts as thae are far frae me,  
 Or onie thy sweet face that see,  
 E'er to think thee a gawkie."

But, whisht, nae mair o' this we'll speak,  
 For yonder Jamie does us meet:  
 Instead o' Meg he kiss'd sae sweet,  
     I trow he likes the gawkie.  
 "O dear Bess, I hardly knew,  
 When I cam' by your gown sae new,  
 I think you've got it wet wi' dew."  
     Quoth she, 'that's like a gawkie;  
 'It's wat wi' dew, and 'twill get rain,  
 And I'll get gowns when it is gane;  
 Sae ye may gang the gate ye came  
     And tell it to your dawtie.'  
 The guilt appear'd in Jamie's cheek:  
 He cried, "O cruel maid, but sweet,  
 If I should gang anither gate,  
     I ne'er could meet my dawtie."  
 The lasses fast frae him they flew,  
 And left poor Jamie sair to rue,  
 That ever Maggie's face he knew,  
     Or yet ca'd Bess a gawkie.  
 As they gade owre the muir they sang,  
 The hills and dales wi' echo rang,  
 The hills and dales wi' echo rang,  
     "Gang o'er the muir to Maggie."

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### PINKIE HOUSE.

JOHN MITCHELL,

BORN 1749; a poet of some eminence of his time, but now forgotten. He was a great favourite of Sir Robert Walpole, the celebrated Whig Statesman. He died in 1738. Air—"Rothes' Lament."

BY Pinkie House oft let me walk,  
     And muse o'er Nelly's charms!  
 Her placid air, her winning talk,  
     Even envy's self disarms.  
 O let me, ever fond, behold  
     Those graces void of art—  
 Those cheerful smiles that sweetly hold,  
     In willing chains, my heart!  
 O come, my love! and bring anew  
     That gentle turn of mind;  
 That gracefulness of air in you  
     By nature's hand designed.  
 These, lovely as the blushing rose,  
     First lighted up this flame,  
 Which, like the sun, for ever glows  
     Within my breast the same.

Ye light coquettes! ye airy things!  
 How vain is all your art!  
 How seldom it a lover brings!  
 How rarely keeps a heart!  
 O gather from my Nelly's charms  
 That sweet, that graceful ease,  
 That blushing modesty that warms,  
 That native art to please!

Come then, my love! O, come along!  
 And feed me with thy charms;  
 Come, fair inspirer of my song!  
 Oh, fill my longing arms!  
 A flame like mine can never die,  
 While charms so bright as thine,  
 So heavenly fair, both please the eye,  
 And fill the soul divine!

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### THE ESK.

REV. JOHN LOGAN,

BORN 1749. Was for some time one of the ministers of Leith, and afterward a literary hack in London. He died in 1788. His poems have been collected along with his tragedy of Runnymede, and published in one volume.

WHILE frequent on Tweed and on Tay,  
 Their harps all the muses have strung,  
 Should a river more limpid than they,  
 The wood-fringed Esk flow unsung?  
 While Nelly and Nancy inspire  
 The poet with pastoral strains,  
 Why silent the voice of the lyre  
 On Mary, the pride of the plains?

O nature's most beautiful bloom  
 May flourish unseen and unknown:  
 And the shadows of solitude gloom  
 A form that might shine on a throne.  
 Through the wilderness blossoms the rose,  
 In sweetness retired from the sight;  
 And Philomel warbles her woes  
 Alone to the ear of the night.

How often the beauty is hid  
 Amid shades that her triumphs deny!  
 How often the hero forbid  
 From the path that conducts to the sky!

A Helen has pined in the grove ;  
 A Homer has wanted his name ;  
 Unseen in the circle of love,  
 Unknown to the temple of fame.

Yet let us walk forth to the stream,  
 Where poet ne'er wander'd before ;  
 Enamour'd of Mary's sweet name,  
 How the echoes will spread to the shore !  
 If the voice of the muse be divine,  
 Thy beauties shall live in my lay ;  
 While reflecting the forest so fine,  
 Sweet Esk o'er the valleys shall stray.

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### MARY'S DREAM.

JOHN LOWE,

BORN in 1750 at Kennmure, in Galloway, where his father was gardener. Showing, we suppose, superior talents in his youth, he was educated for the church. He became tutor in the family of Mr. M'Ghie of Airds, "wha had mony bonnie dochters:" one of whom captivated the tutor's fancy. The beautiful song here given was written at this period. A Mr. Miller, who was engaged to be married to one of the young ladies, was drowned at sea, an event which would now have been forgotten but for the exquisitely tender and pathetic song of Mary's Dream, which has given to it immortality. Lowe's life was unfortunate; giving up his love at Airds, he emigrated to America. He opened a school in Fredericksburgh, in Virginia, and afterwards took orders in the Church of England. He married a lady whose conduct, joined to other misfortunes, brought him to his grave in 1798, in his 48th year. Lowe wrote a number of other pieces, but none of them of any extra degree of merit. Like the author of the "Burial of Sir John Moore," his fame depends on one poem.

THE moon had climb'd the highest hill,  
 Which rises o'er the source of Dee,  
 And from the eastern summit shed  
 Her silver light on tower and tree ;  
 When Mary laid her down to sleep,  
 Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea ;  
 When soft and low, a voice was heard,  
 Saying, "Mary, weep no more for me !"

She from her pillow gently raised  
 Her head, to ask who there might be,  
 And saw young Sandy shivering stand,  
 With visage pale, and hollow e'e.  
 "O Mary dear, cold is my clay ;  
 It lies beneath a stormy sea.  
 Far, far from thee, I sleep in death,  
 So, Mary, weep no more for me !

- “ Three stormy nights and stormy days,  
 We tossed upon the raging main ;  
 And long we strove our bark to save,  
 But all our striving was in vain.  
 Even then, when horror chilled my blood,  
 My heart was filled with love for thee :  
 The storm is past, and I at rest ;  
 So, Mary, weep no more for me !
- “ O maiden dear, thyself prepare ;  
 We soon shall meet upon that shore,  
 Where love is free from doubt and care,  
 And thou and I shall part no more !”  
 Loud crowed the cock, the shadow fled :  
 No more of Sandy could she see.  
 But soft the passing spirit said,  
 “ Sweet Mary, weep no more for me !”

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### MY DADDIE IS A CANKERT CARLE.

FROM “The Lark,” Edin., 1765. It has been ascribed to Carnegie, of Balnamoon, Esq., but the sole authority for this statement was “a garrulous old fellow,” who had no doubt about it. (See Struthers’ Harp of Caledonia.)

My daddie is a cankert carle,  
 He’ll no twine wi’ his gear ;  
 My minnie she’s a scauldin’ wife,  
 Hauds a’ the house asteer ;  
 But let them say, or let them do,  
 It’s a’ ane to me,  
 For he’s low down, he’s in the brume,  
 That’s waitin’ on me :  
 Waiting on me, my love,  
 He’s waiting on me ;  
 For he’s low down, he’s in the brume,  
 That’s waitin’ on me.

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

My cousin Kate was sair beguiled  
 Wi’ Johnnie o’ the Glen ;  
 And aye sinsyne she cries, Beware  
 O’ fause deluding men ;  
 But let them say, &c.

Gleed Sandy, he cam' wast yestreen,  
 And speir'd when I saw Pate;  
 And aye sinsyne the neebors round  
 They jeer me air and late;  
 But let them say, &c.

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## H A L L O W F A I R .

ROBERT FERGUSSON,

THE predecessor of Burns, whose wayward life, and bitter end, is well known to every reader in Scotch Literature. He was born at Edinburgh in 1750, and after studying at the University of St. Andrew's for a short time, he changed his views as to his occupation, and returned to Edinburgh, where he was employed in a Lawyer's office. Poor Fergusson soon became mixed in all the wild life of the Metropolis, and the end of a short career of debauchery and excess was a mad-house, where he died at the early age of twenty-four. He was buried in the Canongate Church-yard, and one of the most affecting incidents in the life of Robert Burns is, that when he acquired a little money and fame, he hastened to erect a simple stone over the ashes of his "elder brother in misfortune." Fergusson's Poems have frequently been published in various forms.

THERE'S fouth o' braw Jockies and Jennies  
 Comes weel-buskit into the fair,  
 With ribbons on their cockernonies,  
 And fouth o' fine flour on their hair.  
 Maggie she was sae weel buskit,  
 That Willie was tied to his bride;  
 The pownie was ne'er better whisket  
 Wi' cudgel that hang frae his side.

But Maggie was wond'rous jealous,  
 To see Willie buskit sae braw;  
 And Sandy he sat in the alehouse,  
 And hard at the liquor did ca'.  
 There was Geordie, that weel looed his lassie,  
 He took the pint-stoup in his arms,  
 And hugged it, and said, Trough they're saucie,  
 That loes na a guid-father's bairn.

There was Wattie, the muirland laddie,  
 That rides on the bonnie grey cowt,  
 With sword by his side like a cadie  
 To drive in the sheep and the nowt.  
 His doublet sae weel it did fit him,  
 It scarcely cam' down to mid-thie,  
 With hair pouthered, hat, and a feather,  
 And hausing at curpen and tee.

But Bruckie played boo to Bessie,  
 And aff scoured the cout like the wind ;  
 Puir Wattie he fell on the caussey,  
 And birzed a' the banes in his skin.  
 His pistols fell out o' the hulsters,  
 And were a' bedaubed wi' dirt,  
 The folk they cam' round him in clusters ;  
 Some leuch, and cried, Lad, was ye hurt ?

But cout wad let naebody steer him,  
 He aye was sae wanton and skeigh ;  
 The packmen's stands he overturned them,  
 And garred a' the Jocks stand abeigh ;  
 Wi' sneerin' behind and before him,  
 For sic is the mettle o' brutes,  
 Puir Wattie, and wae's me for him,  
 Was fain to gang hame in his boots.

Now it was late in the e'ening,  
 And boughting-time was drawing near ;  
 The lasses had stanchd their greening  
 Wi' fouth o' braw apples and beer :  
 There was Lillie, and Tibbie, and Sibbie,  
 And Ceicy on the spindle could spin,  
 Stood glowrin' at signs and glass winnocks,  
 But deil a ane bade them come in.

Gude guide us ! saw ye e'er the like o't ?  
 See, yonder's a bonnie black swan ;  
 It glow'rs as it wad fain be at us ;  
 What's yon that it hauds in its hand ?  
 Awa', daft gowk, cries Wattie,  
 They're a' but a ruckle o' sticks ;  
 See, there is Bill-Jock and auld Hawkie,  
 And yonder's Mess John and auld Nick.

Quoth Maggie, Come buy us our fairin' ;  
 And Wattie richt sleely could tell,  
 I think thou'rt the flower o' the clachan,—  
 In trowth, now, I'se gi'e thee mysell.  
 But wha wad ha' e'er thocht it o' him,  
 That e'er he had rippled the lint ?  
 Sae proud was he o' his Maggie,  
 Though she was baith scaulie and squint.

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## THE LEE RIG.

ROBERT FERGUSSON.

WITH the exception of the third, fourth, and fifth stanzas, which were added by William Reid, a bookseller in Glasgow, a notice of whom is given elsewhere.

WILL ye gang o'er the lea rig,  
 My ain kind dearie, O;  
 And cuddle there fu' kindly,  
 Wi' me, my kind dearie, O!  
 At thorny bush, or birken tree,  
 We'll daff, and never weary, O;  
 They'll scug ill een frae you and me,  
 My ain kind dearie, O.

Nae herds wi' kent or colly there,  
 Shall ever come to fear ye, O;  
 But laverocks whistling in the air  
 Shall woo, like me, their dearie, O.  
 While ithers herd their lambs and ewes,  
 And toil for world's gear, my jo,  
 Upon the lee my pleasure grows  
 Wi' thee, my kind dearie, O.

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

Whare through the birks the burnie rows,  
 Aft ha'e I sat fir' cheerie, O,  
 Upon the bonnie greensward howes,  
 Wi' thee, my kind dearie, O,  
 I've courted till I've heard the crow  
 Of honest Chanticleerie, O,  
 Yet never miss'd my sleep ava,  
 When wi' my kind dearie, O.

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

## THE BANKS OF THE DEE.

GENERALLY ascribed to John Home, author of *Douglas*. The editor of *Blackie's Book of Scottish Song*, however, states it to have been written by John Tait, a writer to the Signet in Edinburgh, and to have been written in 1775 on the occasion of a friend leaving Scotland, to join the forces in North America. Tune *Langolce*.

'Twas summer, and softly the breezes were blowing,  
 And sweetly the nightingale sung from the tree;  
 At the foot of a rock, where the river was flowing,  
 I sat myself down on the banks of the Dee.  
 Flow on, lovely Dee, flow on, thou sweet river,  
 Thy banks, purest stream, shall be dear to me ever:  
 For there first I gain'd the affection and favour  
 Of Jamie, the glory and pride of the Dee.

But now he's gone from me, and left me thus mourning,  
 To quell the proud rebels—for valiant is he;  
 And ah! there's no hope of his speedy returning,  
 To wander again on the banks of the Dee.  
 He's gone, hapless youth, o'er the loud roaring billows,  
 The kindest and sweetest of all the gay fellows,  
 And left me to stray 'mongst the once loved willows,  
 The loneliest maid on the banks of the Dee.

But time and my prayers may perhaps yet restore him,  
 Blest peace may restore my dear shepherd to me;  
 And when he returns, with such care I'll watch o'er him,  
 He never shall leave the sweet banks of the Dee.  
 The Dee then shall flow, all its beauties displaying,  
 The lambs on its banks shall again be seen playing,  
 While I with my Jamie am carelessly straying,  
 And tasting again all the sweets of the Dee.

## BOTHWELL BANK.

JOHN PINKERTON,

THE distinguished Antiquary. He was born at Edinburgh in 1758, and died at Paris in 1825. His works are numerous and important, more especially in the department of Scottish poetry, in which he laboured long and well. Though terrible, however, in his denunciations of others for anything like dishonesty in literature, he could not resist passing a few of his own pieces into the midst of his collections of early poems; and the song here given first appeared in his *Select Scottish Ballads*, 1773, as the old words of the beautiful and ancient air of "Bothwell Bank." The trick, however, was too palpable to escape detection, and has fatally injured his position in the *History of Antiquarianism*.

ON the blyth Beltane, as I went  
 Be mysel' attour the green bet,  
 Wharby the crystal waves of Clyde,  
 Throch saughs and hanging hazels glyde;  
 There, sadly sitting on a brae,  
 I heard a damsel speak her wae.

"Oh, Bothwell Bank, thou blumest fair,  
 But, ah, thou mak'st my heart fou' sair!  
 For a' beneath thy holts sae grene  
 My luve and I wad sit at ene;  
 While primroses and daisies, mixt  
 Wi blue bells, in my loks he fixt.

"But he left me ae drearie day,  
 And haplie now sleeps in the clay,  
 Without ae sich his dethe to roun',  
 Without ae flouir his grave to croun!  
 Oh, Bothwell Bank, thou blumest fair,  
 But, ah, thou mak'st my heart fou' sair."

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### THE WAYWARD WIFE.

MISS JENNY GRAHAM,

A MAIDEN lady, who died at an advanced age at Dumfries, towards the middle of the last century.

ALAS! my son, you little know  
 The sorrows that from wedlock flow.  
 Farewell to every day of ease,  
 When you have gotten a wife to please.

Sae bide you yet, and bide you yet,  
 Ye little ken what's to betide you yet;  
 The half of that will gane you yet,  
 If a wayward wife obtain you yet.

[Your experience is but small,  
 As yet you've met with little thrall:]  
 The black cow on your foot ne'er trod,  
 Which gars you sing along the road.

Sae bide you yet, &c.

Sometimes the rock, sometimes the reel,  
 Or some piece of the spinning-wheel,  
 She will drive at you wi' good will,  
 And then she'll send you to the de'il,

Sae bide you yet, &c.

When I like you was young and free,  
I valued not the proudest she;  
Like you I vainly boasted then,  
That men alone were born to reign.

But bide you yet, &c.

Great Hercules, and Samson too,  
Were stronger men than I or you,  
Yet they were baffled by their dears,  
And felt the distaff and the sheers.

Sae bide you yet, &c.

Stout gates of brass, and well-built walls,  
Are proof 'gainst swords and cannon-balls,  
But nought is found, by sea or land,  
That can a wayward wife withstand.

Sae bide you yet, &c.

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#### OUR GOODMAN CAM' HAME AT E'EN.

HERD'S COLLECTION. An English version was recovered in Yorkshire  
by Mr. J. H. Dixon.

OUR goodman came hame at e'en,  
And hame came he;  
And there he saw a saddle horse,  
Where nae horse should be.

How came this horse here?  
How can this be?

How came this horse here  
Without the leave o' me?

A horse! quo' she:  
Ay, a horse, quo' he.  
Ye auld blind dotard carle,  
Blind mat ye be,  
'Tis naething but a bonny milk cow,  
My minny sent to me.

A milk cow! quo' he:  
Ay, a milk cow, quo' she.  
Far hae I ridden,  
And meikle hae I seen,  
But a saddle on a cow's back  
Saw I never nane.

Our goodman came hame at e'en,  
And hame came he;  
He spy'd a pair of jackboots,  
Where nae boots should be.

What's this now, goodwife?

What's this I see?

How came these boots there

Without the leave o' me?

Boots! quo' she:

Ay, boots, quo' he.

Shame fa' your cuckold face,

And ill mat ye see,

It's but a pair of water stoups

The cooper sent to me.

Water stoups! quo' he:

Ay, water stoups, quo' she.

Far hae I ridden,

And farer hae I gane,

But siller spurs on water stoups

Saw I never nane.

Our goodman came hame at e'en,

And hame came he;

And then he saw a [siller] sword,

Where a sword should nae be:

What's this now, goodwife?

What's this I see?

O how came this sword here

Without the leave o' me?

A sword! quo' she:

Ay, a sword, quo' he.

Shame fa' your cuckold face,

And ill mat ye see,

It's but a parridge spurtle

My minnie sent to me.

A parridge spurtle! quo' he:

Ay, a parridge spurtle, quo' she.

Weil, far hae I ridden,

And muckle hae I seen;

But siller-handed spurtles

Saw I never nane.

Our goodman came hame at e'en,

And hame came he;

There he spy'd a powder'd wig,

Where nae wig should be.

What's this now, goodwife?

What's this I see?

How came this wig here

Without the leave o' me?

A wig! quo' she:  
 Ay, a wig, quo' he.  
 Shame fa' your cuckold face,  
 And ill mat you see,  
 'Tis naething but a clocken hen  
 My minnie sent to me.  
 [A] clocken hen! quo' he:  
 Ay, [a] clocken hen, quo' she.  
 Far hae I ridden,  
 And muckle hae I seen,  
 But powder on a clocken-hen  
 Saw I never nane.  
 Our goodman came hame at e'en,  
 And hame came he;  
 And there he saw a muckle coat,  
 Where nae coat shon'd be.  
 O how came this coat here?  
 How can this be?  
 How came this coat here  
 Without the leave o' me?  
 A coat! quo' she:  
 Ay, a coat, quo' he.  
 Ye auld blind dotard carle,  
 Blind mat ye be,  
 It's but a pair of blankets  
 My minnie sent to me.  
 Blankets! quo' he:  
 Ay, blankets, quo' she.  
 Far hae I ridden,  
 And muckle hae I seen,  
 But buttons upon blankets  
 Saw I never nane.  
 Ben went our goodman,  
 And ben went he;  
 And there he spy'd a sturdy man,  
 Where nae man should be.  
 How came this man here?  
 How can this be?  
 How came this man here  
 Without the leave o' me?  
 A man! quo' she:  
 Ay, a man, quo' he.  
 Poor blind body,  
 And blinder mat ye be,  
 It's a new milking maid,  
 My mither sent to me.

A maid! quo' he:  
 Ay, a maid, quo' she.  
 Far hae I ridden,  
 And muckle hae I seen,  
 But lang-bearded maidens  
 I saw never nane.

### PATIE'S WEDDIN'.

HERD'S COLLECTION. No trace of author or era can be found, but it is probably of an earlier date than the publication of Herd.

As Patie cam' up frae the glen,  
 Drivin' his wedders before him,  
 He met bonnie Meg ganging hame—  
 Her beauty was like for to smooere him.  
 O Maggie, lass, dinna ye ken  
 That you and I 's gaun to be married?  
 I had rather had broken my leg,  
 Before sic a bargain miscarried.  
 O Patie, lad, wha tell'd ye that?  
 I think o' news they've been scanty:  
 I'm nae to be married the year,  
 Though I should be courted by twenty!  
 Now, Maggie, what gars ye to taunt?  
 Is 't 'cause that I ha'ena a mailen?  
 The lad that has gear needna want  
 For neither a half nor a haille ane.  
 My dad has a gude grey meare,  
 And yours has twa cows and a filly;  
 And that will be plenty o' gear:  
 Sae, Maggie, be na sae ill-willy.  
 Weel, Patie, lad, I dinna ken;  
 But first ye maun speir at my daddie;  
 You're quite as weel born as Ben,  
 And I canna say but I'm ready.  
 We ha'e walth o' yarn in clews,  
 To mak' me a coat and a jimpey,  
 And plaidin' eneuch to be trews—  
 Gif I get ye, I shanna scrimp ye!  
 Now fair fa' ye, my bonnie Meg!  
 I'se e'en let a smackie fa' on ye:  
 May my neck be as lang as my leg,  
 If I be an ill husband unto ye!  
 Sae gang your ways hame e'en now;  
 Mak' ready gin this day fifteen days,  
 And tell your father fra me,  
 I'll be his gude-son in great kindness.

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

But aye the auld man cried out,  
 He'll no be o' that mind on Sunday.  
 There's nae fear o' that quo' Meg;  
 For I gat a kiss on the bounty.  
 And what was the matter o' that?  
 It was naething out o' his pocket,  
 I wish the news were true,  
 And we had him fairly bookit.

A very wee while after that,  
 Wha cam' to our biggin but Patie?  
 Dress'd up in a braw new coat,  
 And wow but he thocht himsel' pretty!  
 His bonnet was little frae new,  
 And in it a loop and a slittie,  
 To draw in a ribbon sae blue,  
 To bab at the neck o' his coatie.

Then Patie cam' in wi' a stend;  
 Cried, Peace be under the biggin!  
 You're welcome, quo' William, Come ben,  
 Or I wish it may rive frae the riggin'!  
 Now draw in your seat, and sit down,  
 And tell's a' your news in a hurry:  
 And haste ye, Meg, and be dune,  
 And hing on the pan wi' the berry.

Quoth Patie, My news is nae thrang;  
 Yestreen I was wi' his honour;  
 I've ta'en three rigs o' braw land,  
 And bound myself under a bonour;  
 And, now, my errand to you,  
 Is for Maggie to help me to labour;  
 But I'm fear'd we'll need your best cow,  
 Because that our haddin's but sober.

Quoth William, To harl ye through,  
 I'll be at the cost o' the bridal,  
 I'se cut the craig o' the ewe,  
 That had amaist dee'd o' the side-ill:  
 And that'll be plenty o' bree,  
 Sae lang as our well is na reested,  
 To a' the neebours and you;  
 Sae I think we'll be nae that ill feasted.



Quoth Patie, O that'll do well,  
 And I'll gie you your brose i' the mornin',  
 O' kail that was made yestreen,  
 For I like them best i' the forenoon.  
 Sae Tam, the piper, did play;  
 And ilka ane danced that was willin';  
 And a' the lave they rankit through;  
 And they held the wee stoupie aye fillin'.  
 The auld wives sat and they chew'd;  
 And when that the carles grew nappy,  
 They danced as well as they dow'd  
 Wi' a crack o' their thooms and a happie.  
 The lad that wore the white band,  
 I think they ca'd him Jamie Mather,  
 He took the bride by the hand,  
 And cried to play up Maggie Lauder.

### BANKS OF FORTH.

HERD'S COLLECTION.

AWAKE, my love! with genial ray,  
 The sun returning glads the day.  
 Awake! the balmy zephyr blows,  
 The hawthorn blooms, the daisy glows,  
 The trees regain their verdant pride,  
 The turtle woos his tender bride;  
 To love each warbler tunes the song,  
 And Forth in dimples glides along.  
 Oh, more than blooming daisies fair!  
 More fragrant than the vernal air!  
 More gentle than the turtle dove,  
 Or streams that murmur through the grove!  
 Bethink thee all is on the wing,  
 These pleasures wait on wasting spring;  
 Then come, the transient bliss enjoy,  
 Nor fear what fleets so fast will cloy.

### THE HUMBLE BEGGAR.

HERD'S COLLECTION.

In Scotland there lived a humble beggar,  
 He had neither house, nor hald, nor hame,  
 But he was weel liked by ilka bodie,  
 And they ga'e him sunkets to rax his wame.  
 A nivefu' of meal, a handfu' of groats,  
 A daad of bannock, or herring brie,  
 Cauld parridge, or the lickings of plates,  
 Wad mak' him as blythe as a beggar could be.

This beggar he was a humble boggar,  
 The feint a bit of pride had he,  
 He wad a ta'en his a'ms in a bikker,  
 Frae gentleman, or poor bodie.  
 His wallets ahint and afore did hang,  
 In as good order as wallets could be :  
 And a lang kail-gooly hang down by his side,  
 And a meikle nowt-horn to rout on had he.  
 It happen'd ill, it happen'd warse,  
 It happen'd sac that he did die ;  
 And wha do you think was at his late-wake,  
 But lads and lasses of a high degree.  
 Some were blythe and some were sad,  
 And some they play'd at Blind Harrie ;  
 But suddenly up-started the auld carle ;  
 I redd ye, good folks, tak' tent o' me.  
 Up gat Kate that sat i' the nook,  
 Vow kimmer, and how do ye ?  
 Up he gat, and ca't her limmer,  
 And ruggit and tuggit her cockernonic.  
 They houkit his grave in Duket's kirk-yard,  
 E'en far frae the companie :  
 But when they were gaun to lay him i' the yird,  
 The feint a dead nor dead was he.  
 And when they brought him to Duket's kirk-yard,  
 He dunted on the kist, the boards did flee :  
 And when they were gaun to put him i' the yird,  
 In fell the kist, and out lap he.  
 He cried, I'm cauld, I'm unco cauld ;  
 Fu' fast ran the fock, and fu' fast ran he :  
 But he was first hame at his ain ingle side,  
 And he helped to drink his ain dirgie.

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### THE DECEIVER.

HERD'S COLLECTION.

WITH tuneful pipe and hearty glee,  
 Young Watty wan my heart ;  
 A blyther lad ye couldna see,  
 All beauty without art.  
 His winning tale  
 Did soon prevail  
 To gain my fond belief ;  
 But soon the swain  
 Gangs o'er the plain,  
 And leaves me full, and leaves me full,  
 And leaves me full of grief.

Though Colin courts with tuneful sang,  
 Yet few regard his mane;  
 The lasses a' round Watty thrang,  
 While Colin's left alane:  
   In Aberdeen  
   Was never seen  
 A lad that gave sic pain;  
   He daily wooes,  
   And still pursues,  
 Till he does all, till he does all,  
 Till he does all obtain.

But soon as he has gain'd the bliss,  
 Away then does he run,  
 And hardly will afford a kiss,  
 To silly me undone:  
   Bonnie Katy,  
   Maggy, Beaty,  
 Avoid the roving swain,  
   His wyly tongue  
   Be sure to shun,  
 Or you like me; or you like me,  
 Like me will be undone.

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### GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR.

HERD'S COLLECTION.

It fell about the Martinmas time,  
 And a gay time it was than,  
 When our gudewife got puddings to mak',  
 And she boil'd them in the pan.  
 The wind sae cauld blew south and north,  
 And blew into the floor:  
 Quoth our gudeman to our gudewife,  
 "Gae out and bar the door."  
 "My hand is in my hussy'f skap,  
 Gudeman, as ye may see,  
 An' it shou'd nae be barr'd this hundred year,  
 It's no be barr'd for me."  
 They made a paction 'tween them twa,  
 They made it firm and sure;  
 That the first word whae'er shou'd speak,  
 Shou'd rise and bar the door.  
 Then by there came twa gentlemen,  
 At twelve o'clock at night,  
 And they could neither see house nor hall,  
 Nor coal nor candle light.

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

And first they ate the white puddings,  
 And then they ate the black,  
 Tho' muckle thought the gudewife to hersel',  
 Yet ne'er a word she spak'.

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

"But there's nae water in the house,  
 And what shall we do than?"

"What ails you at the puddin' broo,  
 That boils into the pan?"

O up then started our gudeman,  
 And an angry man was he;  
 "Will ye kiss my wife before my een,  
 And scad me wi' pudding bree?"

Then up and started our gudewife,  
 Gied three skips on the floor:  
 "Gudeman, ye've spoken the foremost word,  
 Get up and bar the door."

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### AS I WAS A-WALKING.

HERD'S COLLECTION.

As I was a walking ae May morning,  
 The fiddlers an' youngsters were making their game,  
 And there I saw my faithless lover,  
 And a' my sorrows return'd again.

Well since he is gane, joy gang wi' him;  
 It's ne'er be he shall gar me complain:  
 I'll cheer up my heart, and I will get anither;  
 I'll never lay a' my love upon ane.

I could na get sleeping yestreen for weeping,  
 The tears ran down like showers o' rain;  
 An' had na I got greiting my heart wad a broken;  
 And O! but love's a tormenting pain.

But since he is gane, may joy gae wi' him;  
 It's never be he that shall gar me complain;  
 I'll cheer up my heart, and I will get anither;  
 I'll never lay a' my love upon ane.

When I gade into my mither's new house,  
 I took my wheel and sat down to spin,  
 'Twas there I first began my thrift;  
 And a' the woovers came linking in.  
 It was gear he was seeking, but gear he'll na get;  
 And its never be he that shall gar me complain:  
 For I'll cheer up my heart, and I'll soon get anither;  
 I'll never lay a' my love upon ane.

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### WANDERING WILLIE.

HERD'S COLLECTION.

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

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### JOCKY HE CAME HERE TO WOO.

HERD'S COLLECTION. Two verses have necessarily been omitted.

JOCKY he came here to woo,  
 On ae feast-day when we were fu';  
 And Jenny pat on her best array,  
 When she heard Jocky was come that way.  
 Jenny she gaed up the stair,  
 Sac privily to change her smock;  
 And ay sac loud as her mother did rair,  
 Hey, Jenny, come down to Jock.  
 Jenny she came down the stair,  
 And she came bobbin and bakin ben;  
 Her stays they were lac'd, and her waist it was jump,  
 And a bra' new-made manco gown.  
 Jocky took her by the hand,  
 O Jenny, can ye fancy me?  
 My father is dead, and he 'as left me some land,  
 And bra' houses twa or three.

And I will gi'e them a' to thee,  
 A haith, quo' Jenny, I fear you mock !  
 Then foul fa' me gin I scorn thee ;  
 If ye'll be my Jenny, I'll be your Jock.

Jenny lookit, and syne she leugh,  
 Ye first maun get my mither's consent.  
 A weel, goodwife, and what say ye ?  
 Quo' she, Jocky, I'm weel content.

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

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

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

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## A CANTY SANG.

HERD'S COLLECTION.

GIN I had a wee house and a cantie wee fire,  
 A bonnie wee wifie to praise and admire,  
 A bonnie wee yardie beside a wee burn,  
 Fareweel to the bodies that yammer and mourn.  
 And bide ye yet, and bide ye yet,  
 Ye little ken what may betide me yet ;  
 Some bonnie wee bodie may be my lot,  
 And I'll aye be cantie wi' thinking o't.

When I gang afield and come hame at e'en,  
 I'll get my wee wifie fu' neat and fu' clean ;  
 And a bonnie wee bairnie upon her knee,  
 That'll cry papa, or daddie, to me.

And if there ever should happen to be  
 A difference atween my wee wifie and me ;  
 In hearty good-humour, although she be teased,  
 I'll kiss her and clap her until she be pleased.

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