

DEATH SONG.

ROBERT BURNS.

Scene.—A field of battle.—Time of the day, evening.—The wounded and dying of the victorious army are supposed to join in the following song:—

FAREWELL, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,
 Now gay with the bright setting sun;
 Farewell loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties—
 Our race of existence is run!

Thou grim king of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe!
 Go, frighten the coward and slave;
 Go, teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! but know,
 No terrors hast thou to the brave!

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

Thou strik'st the young hero—a glorious mark!
 He falls in the blaze of his fame!

In the field of proud honour—our swords in our hands,
 Our king and our country to save—

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

BLYTHE, BLYTHE AND MERRY WAS SHE.

ROBERT BURNS.

CHORUS.

BLYTHE, blythe and merry was she,

Blythe was she butt and ben:

Blythe by the banks of Ern,

An' blythe in Glenturit glen.

By Auchtertyre grows the aik,

On Yarrow banks the birken shaw;

But Phemie was a bonnier lass

Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.

Her looks were like a flow'r in May,

Her smile was like a simmer morn:

She tripped by the banks o' Ern,

As light's a bird upon a thorn.

Her bonnie face it was as meek

As ony lamb upon a lea;

The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet

As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e.

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,

An' o'er the lowlands I ha'e been;

But Phemie was the blythest lass

That ever trod the dewy green.

THE DAY RETURNS.

ROBERT BURNS.

THE day returns, my bosom burns,
 The blissful day we twa did meet,
 Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd,
 Ne'er summer sun was half so sweet.
 Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
 An' crosses o'er the sultry line;
 Than kingly robes, than crowns an' globes,
 Heav'n gave me more—it made thee mine
 While day an' night can bring delight,
 Or nature aught of pleasure give,
 While joys above my mind can move,
 For thee, an' thee alone, I live.
 When that grim foe of life below
 Comes in between to make us part,
 The iron hand that breaks our band,
 It breaks my bliss—it breaks my heart!

AYE WAUKIN', O.

ROBERT BURNS.

SIMMER's a pleasant time,
 Flowers of every colour;
 The water rins o'er the heugh,
 An' I long for my true lover.
 Aye waukin', O,
 Waukin' still an' wearie;
 Sleep I can get nane
 For thinking on my dearie.
 When I sleep I dream,
 When I wauk I'm eerie:
 Sleep I can get nane
 For thinkin' on my dearie.
 Lanely night comes on,
 A' the lave are sleepin';
 I think on my bonnie lad,
 An' bleer my cen wi' greetin'.

SWEET FA'S THE EVE.

ROBERT BURNS.

SWEET fa's the eve on Craigieburn,
 An' blythe awakes the morrow;
 But a' the pride o' spring's return
 Can yield me nocht but sorrow,

I see the flowers an' spreading trees,
 I hear the wild birds singing ;
 But what a weary wight can please,
 An' care his bosom wringing ?

Fain, fain would I my griefs impart,
 Yet dare na for your anger ;
 But secret love will break my heart,
 If I conceal it langer.
 If thou refuse to pity me,
 If thou shalt love anither,
 When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,
 Around my grave they'll wither.

OH AYE MY WIFE SHE DANG ME.

ROBERT BURNS.

OH aye my wife she dang me,
 An' aft my wife did bang me,
 If ye gi'e a woman a' her will,
 Gude faith, she'll soon o'ergang ye.
 On peace an' rest my mind was bent,
 An' fool I was, I married ;
 But never honest man's intent
 As cursedly miscarried.

Some sair o' comfort still at last,
 When a' my days are done, man ;
 My pains o' hell on earth are past,
 I'm sure o' bliss aboon, man.
 Oh aye my wife she dang me,
 An' aft my wife did bang me,
 If ye gi'e a woman a' her will,
 Gude faith, she'll soon o'ergang ye.

LORD GREGORY.

ROBERT BURNS.

OH mirk, mirk is this midnight hour,
 An' loud the tempest's roar ;
 A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tower,
 Lord Gregory, ope thy door.
 An' exile frae her father's ha',
 An' a' for loving thee ;
 At least some *pity* on me shaw,
 If *love* it may na be,

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove,
 By bonnie Irwine side,
 Where first I own'd that virgin love
 I lang, lang had denied?
 How aften didst thou pledge an' vow
 Thou wad for aye be mine;
 And my fond heart, itsel' sae true,
 It no'er mistrusted thine.
 Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
 An' flinty is thy breast:
 Thou dart of heaven that flashest by,
 Oh wilt thou give me rest!
 Ye mustering thunders from above
 Your willing victim see!
 But spare an' pardon my fause love,
 His wrangs to Heaven an' me!

HEY, THE DUSTY MILLER.

ROBERT BURNS.

Hey, the dusty miller,
 And his dusty coat;
 He will win a shilling,
 Or he spend a groat.
 Dusty was the coat,
 Dusty was the colour,
 Dusty was the kiss
 That I got frae the miller.

Hey, the dusty miller,
 And his dusty sack:
 Leeze me on the calling
 Fills the dusty peck—
 Fills the dusty peck,
 Brings the dusty siller;
 I wad gi'e my coatie
 For the dusty miller.

DUNCAN GRAY.

ROBERT BURNS.

DUNCAN GRAY cam' here to woo,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
 On blythe Yule night when we were fu',
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Maggie coost her head fu' high,
 Look'd asklent an' unco skeigh,
 Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh;
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleech'd an' Duncan pray'd,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
 Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan sigh'd baith out an' in,
 Grat his een baith bleert an' blin',
 Spak' o' lowpin owre a linn;
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

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

How it comes let doctors tell,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
 Meg grew sick—as he grew hale,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 Something in her bosom wrings,
 For relief a sigh she brings;
 An' oh, her een, they speak sic things!
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 Maggie's was a piteous case,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 Duncan could na be her death,
 Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;
 Now they're crouse an' canty baith;
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

AULD ROB MORRIS.

ROBERT BURNS.

THERE'S auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen,
 He's the king o' gude fellows an' wale o' auld men
 He has gowd in his coffers, he has owsen an' kine,
 An' ae bonnie lassie, his darling an' mine,

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May;
 She's sweet as the ev'ning among the new hay;
 As blythe and as artless as the lambs on the lea,
 An' dear to my heart as the light to my e'e.
 But, oh! she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird,
 An' my daddie has naught but a cot-house an' yard;
 A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed,
 The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead.
 The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane;
 The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane:
 I wander my lane like a night-troubled ghaist,
 And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.
 Oh had she but been of a lower degree,
 I then might ha'e hop'd she wad smil'd upon me!
 Oh, how past describing had then been my bliss,
 As now my distraction no words can express!

AND OH! MY EPPIE.

ROBERT BURNS.

AND oh! my Eppie,
 My jewel, my Eppie!
 Wha wadna be happy
 Wi' Eppie Adair!
 By love, and by beauty,
 By law, and by duty,
 I swear to be true to
 My Eppie Adair!
 And oh! my Eppie,
 My jewel, my Eppie,
 Wha wadna be happy
 Wi' Eppie Adair?
 A' pleasure exile me,
 Dishonour defile me,
 If e'er I beguile thee,
 My Eppie Adair?

HAD I A CAVE.

ROBERT BURNS.

HAD I a cave on some wild distant shore,
 Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar
 There would I weep my woes,
 There seek my lost repose,
 Till grief my eyes should close,
 Ne'er to wake more!

Falsest of womankind, canst thou declare,
 All thy fond plighted vows—fleeing as air!
 To thy new lover hie,
 Laugh o'er thy perjury;
 Then in thy bosom try
 What peace is there!

MACPHERSON'S FAREWELL.

ROBERT BURNS.

FAREWELL, ye dungeons dark and strong,
 The wretch's destinie!
 Macpherson's time will not be long
 On yonder gallows-tree.
 Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
 Sae dauntingly gaed he;
 He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round,
 Below the gallows-tree.

Oh, what is death but parting breath!—
 On mony a bloody plain
 I've dar'd his face, and in this place
 I scorn him yet again!

Untie these bands from off my hands,
 And bring to me my sword:
 And there's no a man in all Scotland,
 But I'll brave him at a word.

I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife;
 I die by treacherie:
 It burns my heart I must depart,
 And not avenged be.

Now farewell light—thou sunshine bright,
 And all beneath the sky!
 May coward shame distain his name,
 The wretch that dares not die!

BONNIE ANN.

ROBERT BURNS.

YE gallants bright, I rede ye right,
 Beware o' bonnie Ann;
 Her comely face sae fu' o' grace,
 Your heart she will trepan.
 Her een sae bright, like stars by night,
 Her skin is like the swan;
 Sae jimply lac'd her genty waist,
 That sweetly ye might span,

Youth, grace, an' love attendant move,
 An' pleasure leads the van :
 In a' their charms, an' conquering arms,
 They wait on bonnie Ann.
 The captive bands may chain the hands,
 But love enslaves the man ;
 Ye gallants braw, I rede you a',
 Beware o' bonnie Ann !

HIGHLAND HARRY.

ROBERT BURNS.

My Harry was a gallant gay,
 Fu' stately strode he on the plain :
 But now he's banish'd far away,
 I'll never see him back again.
 Oh for him back again !
 Oh for him back again !
 I wad gi'e a' Knockhaspie's land
 For Highland Harry back again.

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

Oh were some villains hangit high,
 And ilka body had their ain !
 Then I might see the joyful sight,
 My Highland Harry back again.

SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

ROBERT BURNS.

SHE's fair and fause that causes my smart,
 I lo'ed her meikle an' lang ;
 She's broken her vow, she's broken my heart,
 And I may e'en gae hang.

A coof cam' in wi' routh o' gear,
 And I ha'e tint my dearest dear ;
 But woman is but warld's gear,
 Sae let the bonnie lass gang.

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

Oh woman, lovely woman fair!
 An angel form's fa'n to thy share,
 'Twad been ower meikle to gi'en thee mair—
 I mean an angel mind.

ROBIN SHURE IN HAIRST.

ROBERT BURNS.

CHORUS.

ROBIN shure in hairst,
 I shure wi' him;
 Fient a heuk had I,
 Yet I stack by him.

I gaed up to Dunse,
 To warp a wab o' plaiden;
 At his daddie's yett,
 Wha met me but Robin?

Was na Robin bauld,
 Though I was a cottar,
 Play'd me sic a trick,
 And me the ells's dochter?

Robin promis'd me
 A' my winter vittle;
 Fient haet he had but three
 Goose feathers and a whittle.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

ROBERT BURNS.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
 My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe—
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.
 Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
 The birth-place of valour, the country of worth;
 Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
 The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow
 Farewell to the straths and green valleys below:
 Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
 Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
 My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
 My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer:
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe—
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

TIBBIE DUNBAR.

ROBERT BURNS.

O wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
 O wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
 Wilt thou ride on a horse or be drawn in a car,
 Or walk by my side, sweet Tibbie Dunbar?

I carena thy daddie, his lands and his money,
 I carena thy kin, sae high and sae lordly;
 But sae thou wilt ha'e me, for better for waur,
 An' come in thy coatie, sweet Tibbie Dunbar!

HAPPY WE'VE BEEN A' THEGITHER.

ATTRIBUTED TO ROBERT BURNS.

HERE around the ingle bleezin',
 Wha sae happy and sae free?
 Tho' the northern wind blaws freezin',
 Frien'ship warms baith you an' me.
 Happy we are a' thegither,
 Happy we'll be ane an' a';
 Time shall see us a' the blyther
 Ere we rise to gang awa'.

See the miser o'er his treasure
 Gloating wi' a greedy e'e!
 Can he feel the glow o' pleasure
 That around us here we see?
 Can the peer in silk and ermine,
 Ca' his conscience half his own?
 His claes are spun an' edged wi' vermin
 Tho' he stan' afore a throne!

Thus then let us a' be tassing
 Aff our stoups o' gen'rous flame;
 An' while roun' the board 'tis passing,
 Raise a sang in frien'ship's name.

Frien'ship mak's us a' mair happy,
 Frien'ship gi'es us a' delight;
 Frien'ship consecrates the drappie,
 Frien'ship brings us here to night.

Happy we've been a' thegither,
 Happy we've been ane an' a';
 Time shall find us a' the blyther
 When we rise to gang awa'.

WHEN SHE CAM BEN SHE BOBBIT FU' LAW.

JOHNSON'S MUSEUM. Altered by Burns from an old and licentious ditty.

O WHEN she cam ben she bobbit fu' law,
 O when she cam ben she bobbit fu' law,
 And when she cam ben she kissed Cockpen,
 And syne she denied that she did it at a'.

And wasna Cockpen richt saucy witha',
 And wasna Cockpen richt saucy witha',
 In leaving the dochter of a lord,
 And kissing a collier lassie an a'?

O never look doun, my lassie at a',
 O never look doun, my lassie, at a';
 Thy lips are as sweet, and thy figure complete,
 As the finest dame in castle or ha'.

Though thou hae nae silk and holland sae sma',
 Though thou hae nae silk and holland sae sma',
 Thy coat and thy sark are thy ain handywark,
 And Lady Jean was never sae braw.

LIZZY LINDSAY.

JOHNSON'S MUSEUM. Adapted by Burns from an earlier song. Air,
 "The Ewe Buchts."

WILL ye gang wi' me, Lizzy Lindsay,
 Will ye gang to the Highlands wi' me?
 Will ye gang wi' me, Lizzy Lindsay,
 My bride and my darling to be?

To gang to the Highlands wi' you, sir,
 I dinna ken how that may be;
 For I ken nae the land that ye live in,
 Nor ken I the lad I'm gaun wi'.

O Lizzy, lass, ye maun ken little,
 If sae ye dinna ken me;
 For my name is Lord Ronald MacDonald,
 A chieftain o' high degree.

She has kilted her coats o' green satin,
 She has kilted them up to the knee,
 And she's off wi' Lord Ronald MacDonald,
 His bride and his darling to be.

THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING.

JOHNSON'S MUSEUM.

THE Campbells are coming, O-ho, O-ho !
 The Campbells are coming, O-ho !
 The Campbells are coming to bonnie Lochleven !
 The Campbells are coming, O-ho, O-ho !

Upon the Lomonds I lay, I lay ;
 Upon the Lomonds I lay ;
 I lookit doun to bonnie Lochleven,
 And saw three perches play.
 The Campbells are coming, &c.

Great Argyle he goes before
 He makes the cannons and guns to roar ;
 With sound of trumpet, pipe, and drum ;
 The Campbells are coming, O-ho, O-ho !
 The Campbells they are a' in arms,
 Their loyal faith and truth to show,
 With banners rattling in the wind ;
 The Campbells are coming, O-ho, O-ho !

DUNCAN GRAY.

JOHNSON'S MUSEUM. The old version, communicated by Burns and slightly altered by him.

WEARY fa' you, Duncan Gray,
 Ha, ha, the girdin' o't ;
 Wae gae by you, Duncan Gray,
 Ha, ha, the girdin' o't ;
 When a' the lave gae to their play,
 Then I maun sit the lee-lang day,
 An' jeeg the cradle wi' my tae,
 An' a' for the girdin' o't.

Bonnie was the Lammas moon,
 Ha, ha, the girdin' o't,
 Glowrin' a' the hills aboon,
 Ha, ha, the girdin' o't ;
 The girdin' brak', the beast cam' down,
 I tint my curch an' baith my shoon ;
 An', Duncan, ye're an unco loon,
 Wae on the bad girdin' o't.

But, Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith,
 Ha, ha, the girdin' o't,
 I'll bless you wi' my hindmost breath,
 Ha, ha, the girdin' o't.

Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith,
 The beast again can bear us baith,
 An' auld Mess John will mend the skaith,
 An' clout the bad girdin' o't.

JAMIE O' THE GLEN.

JOHNSON'S MUSEUM.

AULD Rob, the laird o' muckle land,
 To woo me was na very blate,
 But spite o' a' his gear he fand
 He came to woo a day owre late.
 A lad sae blythe, sae fu' o' glee,
 My heart did never ken,
 And nane can gi'e sic joy to me
 As Jamie o' the glen.

My minnie grat like daft, and rair'd,
 To gar me wi' her will comply,
 But still I wadna ha'e the laird,
 Wi' a' his ousen, sheep, and kyc.
 A lad sae blythe, &c.

Ah, what are silks and satins brow?
 What's a' his warldly gear to me?
 They're daft that cast themsel's awa',
 Where nae content or love can be.
 A lad sae blythe, &c.

I cou'dna bide the silly clash
 Came hourly frae the gawky laird!
 And sae, to stop his gab and fash,
 Wi' Jamie to the kirk repair'd.
 A lad sae blythe, &c.

Now ilka summer's day sae lang,
 And winter's clad wi' frost and snaw,
 A tunefu' lilt and bonnie sang
 Aye keep dull care and strife awa'.
 A lad sae blythe, &c.

 THE BREIST KNOTS.

JOHNSON'S MUSEUM. But considerably abridged.

HEY the bonnie, how the bonnie,
 Hey the bonnie breist-knots!
 Tight and bonnie were they a',
 When they got on their breist-knots.

There was a bridal in this town,
 And till't the lasses a' were boun',
 Wi' mankie facings on their gowns,
 And some o' them had breist-knots.

At nine o'clock the lads convene,
 Some clad in blue, some clad in green,
 Wi' glancin' buckles in their shoon,
 And flowers upon their waistcoats.

Forth cam' the wives a' wi' a phrase,
 And wished the lassie happy days;
 And meikle thocht they o' her claes,
 And 'specially the breist-knots.

MY LADDIE IS GANE.

JOHNSON'S MUSEUM.

My laddie is gane far away o'er the plain,
 While in sorrow behind I am forc'd to remain,
 Though blue-bells and violets the hedges adorn,
 Though trees are in blossom and sweet blows the thorn.
 No pleasure they give me, in vain they look gay,
 There's nothing can please me now Jockie's away;
 Forlorn I sit singing, and this is my strain—
 Haste, haste, my dear Jockie, to me back again.

When lads and their lassies are on the green met,
 They dance and they sing, and they laugh and they chat,
 Contented and happy, with hearts full of glee,
 I can't without envy their merriment see.
 Those pleasures offend me, my Shepherd's not there,
 No pleasure I relish that Jockie don't share;
 It makes me to sigh, I from tears scarce refrain,
 I wish my dear Jockie returned back again.

But hope shall sustain me, nor will I deplore,
 He promised he would in a fortnight be here;
 On fond expectation my wishes I'll feast,
 For love my dear Jockie to Jenny will haste.
 Then farewell each care, and adieu each vain sigh,
 Who'll then be so blest or so happy as I?
 I'll sing on the meadows and alter my strain,
 When Jockie returns to my arms back again.

MARY.

JOHNSON'S MUSEUM.

THOU art gane awa', thou art gane awa',
 Thou art gane awa' frae me, Mary!
 Nor friends nor I could make thee stay—
 Thou hast cheated them and me, Mary!

Until this hour I never thought
 That aught could alter thee, Mary;
 Thou'rt still the mistress of my heart,
 Think what you will of me, Mary.

Whate'er he said or might pretend,
 That stole the heart of thine, Mary,
 True love, I'm sure, was ne'er his end,
 Or nae sic love as mine, Mary.
 I spoke sincere, nor flattered much,
 Had no unworthy thoughts, Mary;
 Ambition, wealth, nor naething such;
 No, I loved only thee, Mary.

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

THE COLLIER LADDIE.

JOHNSON'S MUSEUM.

WHARE live ye, my bonnie lass,
 And tell me what they ca' ye?
 My name, she says, is Mistress Jean,
 And I follow the collier laddie.
 See ye not yon hills and dales,
 The sun shines on sae brawlie!
 They a' are mine, and they shall be thine,
 Gin ye'll leave your collier laddie.
 Ye shall gang in gay attire,
 Weel buskit up sae gawdy:
 And ane to wait on every hand,
 Gin ye'll leave your collier laddie.
 Though ye had a' the sun shines on,
 And the earth conceals sae lowly,
 I wad turn my back on you and it a',
 And embrace my collier laddie.
 I can win my five-pennies in a day,
 And spen't at night fu' brawlie:
 And make my bed in the collier's neuk,
 And lie down wi' my collier laddie.

Love for love is the bargain for me,
 Tho' the wee cot-house should haud me,
 And the warld before me to win my bread,
 And fair fa' my collier laddie.

HEY DONALD, HOWE DONALD.

JOHNSON'S MUSEUM. The air has been traced as far back as the seventeenth century.

HEY, Donald, howe Donald,
 Hey Donald Couper !
 He's gane awa' to seek a wife,
 And he's come hame without her.
 O Donald Couper and his man
 Held to a Highland fair, man ;
 And a' to seek a bonnie lass—
 But fient a ane was there, man.
 At length he got a carlin gray,
 And she's come hirplin' hame, man ;
 And she's fawn ower the buffet stool,
 And brak' her rumple-bane, man.

NURSERY SONG.

JOHNSON'S MUSEUM.

O CAN ye sew cushions,
 Or can ye sew sheets,
 Or can ye sing Ba-loo-loo,
 When the bairnie greets ?
 And hee and ba-birdie,
 And hee and ba-lamb,
 And hee and ba-birdie,
 My bonnie wee lamb.
 Hee-o, wee-o, what would I do wi' you ?
 Black's the life that I lead wi' you.
 O'er mony o' you, little for to gi'e you,
 Hee-o, wee-o, what would I do wi' you ?
 I've placed my cradle
 On yon holly top,
 And aye, as the wind blew,
 My cradle did rock.
 And hush-a-ba, baby,
 O ba-lilly-loo,
 And hee and ba-birdie,
 My bonnie wee doo !
 Hee-o, wee-o, what would I do wi' you ? &c.

O, AN YE WERE DEAD GUIDMAN.

JOHNSON'S MUSEUM.

O, AN ye were dead, guidman,
 O, an ye were dead, guidman,
 That I might wair my widowheid
 Upon a ranting Highlandman.

There's six eggs in the pan, guidman,
 There's six eggs in the pan, guidman;
 There's ane to you and twa to me,
 And three to our John Highlandman.

There's beef into the pot, guidman,
 There's beef into the pot, guidman;
 The banes to you, the broe to me,
 And the beef for our John Highlandman.

There's sax horse in the sta', guidman,
 There's sax horse in the sta', guidman;
 There's ane to you, and twa to me,
 And three to our John Highlandman.

There's sax kye in the byre, guidman,
 There's sax kye in the byre, guidman;
 There's nane o' them yours, but twa o' them mine,
 And the lave is our John Highlandman's.

A COGIE O' YILL.

ANDREW SHERIFF,

EDITOR of the Aberdeen Chronicle. He published in 1787, a Scottish Pastoral entitled "Jamie and Bess."

A COGIE o' yill,
 And a pickle aitmeal,
 And a dainty wee drappie o' whisky,
 Was our forefathers' dose,
 For to sweel down their brose,
 And keep them aye cheery and frisky.

Then hey for the whisky, and hey for the meal,
 And hey for the cogie, and hey for the yill,
 Gin ye steer a' thegither they'll do unco weel,
 To keep a chiel cheery and brisk aye.

When I see our Scots lads,
 Wi' their kilts and cockauds,
 That sae aften ha'e lounder'd our foes, man;
 I think to mysel',
 On the meal and the yill,
 And the fruits o' our Scottish kail brose, man,
 Then hey, &c,

When our brave Highland blades,
 Wi' their claymores and plaids,
 In the field drove like sheep a' our foes, man;
 Their courage and pow'r—
 Spring frae this to be sure,
 They're the noble effects o' the brose, man.
 Then hey, &c.

But your spyndle-shank'd sparks,
 Wha sae ill fill their sarks,
 Your pale-visaged milksops and beaux, man;
 I think when I see them,
 'Twere kindness to gi'e them—
 A cogie o' yill or o' brose, man.
 Then hey, &c.

What John Bull despises,
 Our better sense prizes,
 He denies eatin' blanter ava, man;
 But by eatin' o' blanter,
 His mare's grown, I'll warrant her,
 The manliest brute o' the twa, man.
 Then hey, &c.

THE BLACK EAGLE.

JAMES FORDYCE, D.D.,

AT one time Minister of Brechin, afterwards Minister of a Presbyterian Church in London. He published a volume of poems in 1786, in which is the following song, intended for a pathetic air of that name ("The Black Eagle") in Oswald's Collection of Scotch Tunes. He died in 1796, in his 76th year.

HARK! yonder cage lonely wails,
 His faithful bosom grief assails;
 Last night I heard him in my dream,
 When death and woe were all the theme.
 Like that poor bird I make my moan,
 I grieve for dearest Delia gone;
 With him to gloomy rocks I fly,
 He mourns for love and so do I.
 'Twas mighty love that tamed his breast,
 'Tis tender grief that breaks his rest;
 He droops his wings, he hangs his head,
 Since she he fondly loved was dead.
 With Delia's breath my joy expired,
 'Twas Delia's smiles my fancy fired;
 Like that poor bird I pine, and prove
 Nought can supply the place of love.

Dark as his feathers was the fate
 That robb'd him of his darling mate;
 Dimm'd is the lustre of his eye,
 That wont to gaze the sun-bright sky.
 To him is now for ever lost,
 The heartfelt bliss he once could boast;
 Thy sorrows, hapless bird, display,
 An image of my soul's dismay.

THE TOOM MEAL POCK.

JOHN ROBERTSON,

WRITTEN about the year 1793.

PRESERVE us a'! what shall we do,
 Thir dark unhallowed times?
 We're surely dreeing penance now,
 For some most awfu' crimes.
 Seditioun daurna now appear,
 In reality or joke,
 For ilka chiel maun mourn wi' me,
 O' a hinging toom meal pock.
 And sing, Oh waes me!

When lasses braw gaed out at e'en,
 For sport and pastime free,
 I seem'd like ane in paradise,
 The moments quick did flee.
 Like Venuses they a' appeared,
 Weel pouthered was their locks,
 'Twas easy dune, when at their hame,
 Wi' the shaking o' their pocks.
 And sing, O waes me!

How happy past my former days,
 Wi' merry heartsome glee,
 When smiling fortune held the cup,
 And peace sat on my knee;
 Nae wants had I but were supplied,
 My heart wi' joy did knock,
 When in the neuk I smiling saw
 A gaucie weel fill'd pock.
 And sing, Oh waes me!

Speak no ae word about reform,
 Nor petition Parliament,
 A wiser scheme I'll now propose,
 I'm sure ye'll gi'e consent—

Send up a chiel or twa like me,
 As a sample o' the flock,
 Whase hollow cheeks will be sure proof,
 O' a hinging toom meal pock.

And sing, Oh waes me!

And should a sicht sae ghastly like,
 Wi' rags, and banes, and skin,
 Ha'e na impression on yon folks,
 But tell ye'll stand ahin:
 O what a contrast will ye shaw,
 To the glowrin' Lunnun folk,
 When in St. James' ye tak' your stand,
 Wi' a hinging toom meal pock.

And sing, Oh waes me!

Then rear your hand, and glowr, and stare,
 Before yon hills o' beef,
 Tell them ye are frae Scotland come,
 For Scotia's relief;
 Tell them ye are the vera best,
 Wal'd frae the fattest flock,
 Then raise your arms, and Oh! display
 A hinging toom meal pock.

And sing, Oh waes me!

Tell them ye're wearied o' the chain
 That hauds the state thegither,
 For Scotland wishes just to tak'
 Gude nicht wi' ane anither.
 We canna thole, we canna bide,
 This hard unwieldy yoke,
 For wark and want but ill agree,
 Wi' a hinging toom meal pock.

And sing, Oh waes me!

THE WEE WIFUKIE.

DR. A. GEDDES,

Born at Banff in 1737, a Clergyman of the Roman Catholic Church. He died at London in 1802. His works, which are numerous, are chiefly of a Theological cast, and include a translation of the Sacred Scriptures.

THERE was a wee bit wifukie, was comin' frae the fair,
 Had got a wee bit drappukie, that bred her meikle care,
 It gaed about the wifie's heart, and she began to spew,
 O! quo' the wee wifukie, I wish I binna fou.

I wish I binna fou, quo' she, I wish I binna fou,
 Oh! quo' the wee wifukie, I wish I binna fou,

If Johnnie find me barley-sick, I'm sure he'll claw my skin;
 But I'll lie down and tak' a nap before that I gae in.
 Sitting at the dyke-side, and taking o' her nap,
 By came a packman laddie wi' a little pack,
 Wi' a little pack, quo' she, wi' a little pack,
 By came a packman laddie wi' a little pack.

He's clippit a' her gowden locks sae bonnie and sae lang;
 He's ta'en her purse and a' her placks, and fast awa' he ran:
 And when the wifie waken'd, her head was like a bee,
 Oh! quo' the wee wifukie, this is nae me,
 This is nae me, quo' she, this is nae me,
 Somebody has been felling me, and this is nae me.

I met with kindly company, and birl'd my bawbeo!
 And still, if this be Bessukie, three placks remain wi' me:
 But I will look the pursie nooks, see gin the cunyie be:—
 There's neither purse nor plack about me!—this is nae me.
 This is nae me, &c.

I have a little housukie, but and a kindly man;
 A dog, they ca' him Doussiekie; if this be me he'll fawn;
 And Johnnie, he'll come to the door, and kindly welcome gi'e,
 And a' the bairns on the floor-head will dance if this be me.
 This is nae me, &c.

The night was late, and dang out weet, and oh but it was dark,
 The doggie heard a body's foot, and he began to bark,
 Oh when she heard the doggie bark, and keenin' it was he,
 Oh weel ken ye, Doussie, quo' she, this is nae me.
 This is nae me, &c.

When Johnnie heard his Bessie's word, fast to the door he ran;
 Is that you Bessukie?—Wow na, man!
 Be kind to the bairns a', and weel mat ye be;
 And fareweel, Johnnie, quo' she, this is nae me!
 This is nae me, &c.

John ran to the minister, his hair stood a' on end,
 I've gotten sic a fright, Sir, I fear I'll never mend;
 My wife's come hame without a head, crying out most piteously,
 Oh fareweel, Johnnie, quo' she, this is nae me!
 This is nae me, &c.

The tale you tell, the parson said, is wonderful to me,
 How that a wife without a head could speak, or hear, or see!
 But things that happen hereabout, so strangely alter'd be,
 That I could maist wi' Bessie say, 'tis neither you nor she;
 Neither you nor she, quo' he, neither you nor she,
 Wow na, Johnnie man, 'tis neither you nor she,

Now Johnnie he cam' hame again, and oh! but he was fain,
To see his little Bessukie come to hersel' again.

He got her sittin on a stool, wi' Tibbuck on her knee:

Oh, come awa', Johnnie, quo' she, come awa' to me,
For I've got a nap wi' Tibbuckie, and this is now me.

This is now me, quo' she, this is now me,

I've got a nap wi' Tibbuckie, and this is now me.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

LADY ANN BARNARD,

DAUGHTER of James, Earl of Balcarres, was born in 1750. She married in 1793, Sir Andrew Barnard, librarian to George III. He died in 1807. Lady Ann survived to 1825, when she died at her house in London.

The song was originally written to a very old air, "The bridegroom grat when the sun gaed doun." The old air, however, is now discarded for the very beautiful one composed by the Reverend William Leeves, rector of Wrington, in Somersetshire.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye a' at hame,
When a' the weary world to sleep are gane,
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,
While my gudeman lies sound by me.

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

He hadna been awa' a week but only twa,
When my mither she fell sick, and the cow was stown awa;
My father brak his arm—my Jamie at the sea—
And Auld Robin Gray came a-courting me.

My father couldna work—my mither couldna spin;
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I couldna win;
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and, wi' tears in his e'e,
Said, "Jenny, for their sakes, will you marry me?"

My heart it said na, and I look'd for Jamie back;
But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack:
His ship it was a wrack! Why didna Jenny dee?
And wherefore was I spar'd to cry, Wae is me!

My father argued sair—my mither didna speak,
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break;
They gied him my hand, but my heart was in the sea;
And so Auld Robin Gray, he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been his wife, a week but only four,
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at the door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist—I couldna think it he,
Till he said, "I'm come hame, my love, to marry thee!"

O sair, sair did we greet, and mickle did we say:
 Ae kiss we took—nae mair—I bade him gang away.
 I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee;
 And why do I live to say, Wae is me!

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

MY ONLY JO AND DEARIE, O.

RICHARD GALL,

A NATIVE of Linkhouse, near Dunbar, where he was born in 1776. He served his apprenticeship as compositor, in the office of the *Edinburgh Evening Courant*, and continued in that office for some time after his apprenticeship was completed. He died in 1801, at the early age of twenty-five. His poems were published shortly after his death.

THY cheek is o' the rose's hue,
 My only jo and dearie, O;
 Thy neck is o' the siller dew
 Upon the bank sae brierie, O.
 Thy teeth are o' the ivory;
 O sweet's the twinkle o' thine ee:
 Nae joy, nae pleasure, blinks on me,
 My only jo and dearie, O.

The birdie sings upon the thorn
 Its sang o' joy, fu' cheerie, O,
 Rejoicing in the simmer morn,
 Nae care to mak' it eerie, O;
 Ah! little kens the sangster sweet
 Aught o' the care I ha'e to meet,
 That gars my restless bosom beat,
 My only jo and dearie, O.

When we were bairnies on yon brae,
 And youth was blinkin' bonnie, O,
 Aft we wad daff the lee-lang day,
 Our joys fu' sweet and monie, O.
 Aft I wad chase thee o'er the lee,
 And round about the thorny tree;
 Or pu' the wild flowers a' for thee,
 My only jo and dearie, O.

I ha'e a wish I canna tine,
 'Mang a' the cares that grieve me, O,
 A wish that thou wert ever mine,
 And never mair to leave me, O;
 Then I would dawt thee night and day,
 Nae ither warldly care I'd ha'e,
 Till life's warm stream forgat to play,
 My only jo and dearie, O.

O N B U R N S .

RICHARD GALL.

THERE'S waefu' news in yon town,
 As e'er the warld heard ava;
 There's dolefu' news in yon town,
 For Robbie's gane an' left them a'.

How blythe it was to see his face
 Come keeking by the hallan wa'!
 He ne'er was sweir to say the grace,
 But now he's gane an' left them a'.

He was the lad wha made them glad,
 Whanever he the reed did blaw:
 The lasses there may drap a tear,
 Their funny friend is now awa'.

Nae daffin now in yon town;
 The browster-wife gets leave to draw
 An' drink hersel', in yon town,
 Sin' Robbie gaed an' left them a'.

The lawin's canny counted now,
 The bell that tinkled ne'er will draw,
 The king will never get his due,
 Sin' Robbie gaed and left them a'.

The squads o' chiefls that lo'ed a splore
 On winter e'enings, never ca';
 Their blythesome moments a' are o'er,
 Sin' Robbie's gane an' left them a'.

Frae a' the een in yon town
 I see the tears o' sorrow fa',
 An' weel they may, in yon town,
 Nae canty sang they hear ava.

Their e'ening sky begins to lour,
 The murky clouds thegither draw;
 'Twas but a blink afore a shower,
 Ere Robbie gaed and left them a'.

The landwart hizzie winna speak;
 Ye'll see her sitting like a crow
 Amang the reek, while rattons squeak—
 Her dawtit bard is now awa'.

But could I lay my hand upon
 His whistle, keenly wad I blaw,
 An' screw about the auld drone,
 An' lilt a lightsome spring or twa.

If it were sweetest aye whan wat,
 Then wad I ripe my pouch, an' draw,
 An' steep it weel amang the maut,
 As lang's I'd saxpence at my ca'.

For world's gear I dinna care,
 My stock o' that is unco sma',
 Come, friend, we'll pree the barley-bree
 To his braid fame that's now awa'.

THE WAITS.

RICHARD GALL.

WHA's this, wi' voice o' music sweet,
 Sae early wakes the weary wight?
 O weel I ken them by their sough,
 The wand'ring minstrels o' the night.
 O weel I ken their bonnie lilt,
 Their sweetest notes o' melody,
 Fu' aft they've thrill'd out through my saul,
 And gart the tear fill ilka e'e.

O, sweetest minstrels! weet your pipe,
 A tender soothin' note to blaw;
 Syne souf the "Broom o' Cowdenknowes,"
 Or "Roslin Castle's" ruined wa'.
 They bring to mind the happy days,
 Fu' aft I've spent wi' Jenny dear:—
 Ah! now ye touch the very note,
 That gars me sigh, and drap a tear.

Your fremit lilt I downa bide,
 They never yield a charm for me:
 Unlike our ain, by nature made,
 Unlike the saft delight they gi'e;
 For weel I ween they warm the breast,
 Though sair oppress'd wi' poortith cauld;
 An' sae an auld man's heart they cheer,
 He tines the thought that he is auld.

O, sweetest minstrels! halt a wee,
 Anither lilt afore ye gang;
 An' syne I'll close my waukrife e'e,
 Enraptured wi' your bonnie sang.
 They're gane! the moon begins to dawn;
 They're weary paidlin' through the weat;
 They're gane! but on my ravished ear,
 The dying sounds yet thrill fu' sweet.

THE HAZLEWOOD WITCH.

RICHARD GALL.

FOR many lang year I ha'e heard frae my grannie,
 Of brownies an' bogles by yon castle wa',
 Of auld wither'd hags, that were never thought cannie.
 An' fairies that danced till they heard the cock crow,
 I leugh at her tales; an' last owk, i' the gloamin',
 I dander'd, alane, down the Hazlewood green:
 Alas! I was reckless, an' rue sair my roaming,
 For I met a young witch wi' twa bonnie black een.
 I thought o' the starns in a frosty night glancing,
 Whan a' the lift round them is cloudless and blue;
 I look'd again, an' my heart fell a dancing;
 Whan I wad ha'e spoken, she glamour'd my mou'.
 O wae to her cantraips! for dumpish I wander;
 At kirk or at market there's nought to be seen;
 For she dances afore me wherever I dander,
 The Hazlewood Witch wi' the bonnie black een.

I WINNA GANG BACK.

RICHARD GALL.

I WINNA gang back to my mammy again.
 I'll never gae back to my mammy again,
 I've held by her apron these aught years an' ten,
 But I'll never gang back to my mammy again.
 I've held by her apron, &c.

Young Johnnie cam' down i' the gloamin' to woo,
 Wi' plaidie sae bonnie, an' bannet sae blue:
 "O come awa', lassie, ne'er let mammy ken;"
 An' I flew wi' my laddie o'er meadow an' glen.
 O come awa', lassie, &c.

He ca'd me his dawtie, his dearie, his dow,
 An' press'd hame his words wi' a smack o' my mou';
 While I fell on his bosom, heart-flichtered an' fain,
 An' sigh'd out, "O Johnnie, I'll aye be your ain!"
 While I fell on his bosom, &c.

Some lasses will talk to the lads wi' their e'e,
 Yet hanker to tell what their hearts really dree;
 Wi' Johnnie I stood upon nae stappin'-stane,
 Sae I'll never gang back to my mammy again.
 Wi' Johnnie I stood, &c.

For mony lang year sin' I play'd on the lea,
 My mammy was kind as a mither could be;
 I've held by her apron these aught years and ten,
 But I'll never gang back to my mammy again.
 I've held by her apron, &c.

GLENDOCHART VALE.

RICHARD GALL.

As I came through Glendochart vale,
 Whare mists o'ertap the mountains grey,
 A wee bit lassie met my view,
 As cantily she held her way:
 But O sic love each feature bore,
 She made my saul wi' rapture glow!
 An' aye she spake sae kind and sweet,
 I couldna keep my heart in tow.
 O speak na o' your courtly queans!
 My wee bit lassie fools them a':
 The little cuttie's done me skaith,
 She's stown my thoughtles heart awa'.

Her smile was like the grey-e'ed morn,
 Whan spreading on the mountain-green;
 Her voice soft as the mavis' sang;
 An' sweet the twinkle o' her een:
 Aboon her brow, sae bonnie brent,
 Her raven locks waved o'er her e'e;
 An' ilka slee bewitching glance
 Conveyed a dart o' love to me.
 O speak na o' your courtly queans, &c.

The lasses fair in Scotia's isle,
 Their beauties a' what tongue can tell?
 But o'er the fairest o' them a'
 My wee bit lassie bears the bell.
 O had I never mark'd her smile,
 Nor seen the twinkle o' her e'e!
 It might na been my lot the day,
 A waefu' lade o' care to dree.
 O speak na o' your courtly queans, &c.