

AULD LANG SYNE.

LADY NAIRNE,

Was born at the house of Gask, in Perthshire, on the 16th July, 1766. Her father, Laurence Oliphant of Gask, was one of the staunchest Jacobites, had followed Prince Charlie through the '45, and never spoke of King George otherwise than as the Elector of Hanover.

She married in 1806 Captain W. N. Nairne, a second cousin, and son of one of the unfortunate adherents of the young chevalier. He was the representative of the attainted title of Lord Nairne, in the honours of which, however, he was reinstated in 1824. He died in 1830. Lady Nairne survived him till 1845, when she died in the house of Gask in her seventy-ninth year. To Dr. Rogers, the lovers of Scottish song are indebted for a collected edition of her songs, accompanied by a full and interesting biography. (London, 1869.)

No one was more frightened of a literary reputation than Lady Nairne. Her best songs appeared first in print in Smith's "Scottish Minstrel," 1824, under the assumed initials of B. B., and so close was her secret guarded that even the publisher and editor of that work were unaware of the name and position of their contributor. Her best songs have been admitted into all collections of our National Minstrelsy since that time without any hint as to the author. This, however, is now changed, and Lady Nairne has taken her place as a song writer beside Burns, Hogg, and Tannahill.

WHAT gude the present day can gi'e,
 May that be yours an' mine;
 But beams o' fancy sweetest rest
 On auld lang syne.

On auld lang syne, my dear,
 On auld lang syne,
 The bluid is cauld that winna warm
 At thoughts o' lang syne.

We twa hae seen the simmer sun,
 And thought it aye would shine;
 But mony a cloud has come between,
 Sin auld lang syne.

Sin auld lang syne, &c.

But still my heart beats warm to thee,
 And sae to me does thine,
 Blest be the pow'r that still has left
 The frien's o' lang sang.

O' auld lang syne, &c.

CALLER HERRIN.

LADY NAIRNE.

WHA'LL buy my caller herrin'?
 They're bonnie fish and dainty fairin',
 Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
 New drawn frae the Forth.

When ye were sleepin' on your pillows,
 Dream'd ye aught o' our pair fellows,
 Darkling as they fac'd the billows,
 A' to fill the woven willows?
 Buy my caller herrin',
 New drawn frae the Forth.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
 They're no brought here without brave daring,
 Buy my caller herrin',
 Haul'd thro' wind and rain.
 Wha'll buy my caller herrin', &c.?

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
 Ye may ca' them vulgar fairin',
 Wives and mithers maist despairin'
 Ca' them lives o' men.
 Wha'll buy, my caller herrin', &c.?

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

Caller herrin's no got lightlie,
 Ye can trip the spring fu' tightlie,
 Spite o' tauntin', flauntin', flingin',
 Gow has set you a' a-singin'.
 Wha'll buy my caller herrin', &c.?

Neighbour wives, now tent my tellin',
 When the bonnie fish ye're sellin',
 At ae word be in ye're dealin',
 Truth will stand when a' thing's failin'.
 Wha'll buy my caller herrin', &c.?

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

LADY NAIRNE.

O, SAY is there ane wha does not rejoice,
 To hear the first note o' the wee' birdie's voice,
 When in the grey mornin' o' cauld early spring,
 The snaw draps appear an' the wee birdies sing.
 The voice o' the spring, O, how does it cheer!
 The winter's awa, the summer is near.

In your mantle o' green, we see thee, fair spring,
 O'er our banks, an' our braes, the wild flowers ye fling;
 The crocus sae gay, in her rich gowden hue;
 The sweet violets hid 'mang the moss an' the dew;
 The bonnie white gowan, an' oh! the white brier,
 A' tell it is spring, an' the summer is near.

An' they wha' in sorrow or sickness do pine,
 Feel blythe wi' the flowers an' sunshine o' spring;
 Tho' aft in dear Scotia, the cauld wind will blaw,
 An' cow'r a' the blossoms wi' frost and wi' snaw,
 Yet the cloud it will pass, the sky it will clear,
 An' the birdies will sing, the summer is near.

JOHN TOD.

LADY NAIRNE.

He's a terrible man, John Tod, John Tod,
 He's a terrible man, John Tod;
 He scolds in the house, he scolds at the door,
 He scolds in the very hie road, John Tod,
 He scolds in the very hie road.

The weans a' fear John Tod, John Tod,
 The weans a' fear John Tod;
 When he's passing by, the mothers will cry,
 Here's an ill wean, John Tod, John Tod,
 Here's an ill wean, John Tod.

The callants a' fear John Tod, John Tod,
 The callants a' fear John Tod;
 If they steal but a neep, the laddie he'll whip,
 And it's unco weel done o' John Tod, John Tod,
 And it's unco weel done o' John Tod.

And saw ye nae little John Tod, John Tod?
 O saw ye nae little John Tod?
 His shoon they were re'in, and his feet they were seen,
 But stout does he gang on the road, John Tod,
 But stout does he gang on the road.

How is he fendin', John Tod, John Tod?
 How is he wendin', John Tod? -
 He is scourin' the land wi' his rung in his hand,
 And the French wadna frighten John Tod, John Tod,
 And the French wadna frighten John Tod.

Ye're sun-burnt and batter'd, John Tod, John Tod,
 Ye'er tautit and tatter'd John Tod;
 Wi' your auld strippit cowl ye look maist like a fule;
 But there's nouse in the linin', John Tod, John Tod,
 But there's nouse in the linin', John Tod.

He's weel respeckit, John Tod, John Tod,
 He's weel respeckit, John Tod;
 Though a terrible man, we'd a' gang wrang,
 If e'er he should leave us, John Tod, John Tod,
 If he should leave us, John Tod.

THE TWA DOOS.

LADY NAIRNE.

THERE were twa doos sat in a dookit,
 Twa wise-like birds, and round they lookit,
 An' says the ane unto the ither,
 What do you see, my gude brither?

I see some pickles o' gude strae,
 An' wheat some fule has thrown away;
 For a rainy day they should be boukit,
 Sao down they flew frae aff their dookit.

The snaw will come, an' cour the grund,
 Nae grains o' wheat will then be fund,
 They picket a' up an a' were boukit,
 Then roun' an' roun' again they lookit.

O lang he thocht an' lang he lookit,
 An' aye his wise-like head he shook it,
 I see, I see, what ne'er should be,
 I see what's seen by mair than me.

Wae's me there's thochtless lang Tam Gray,
 Aye spendin' what he's no to pay;
 In wedlock, to a taupie hookit,
 He's ta'en a doo, but has nae dookit.

When we were young, it was nae sae;
 Nae rummulgumshion folk now hae:
 What gude for them can ere be lookit,
 When folk tak doos that hae nae dookit.

THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN.

LADY NAIRNE.

THE two last stanzas were added by Miss Ferrier, authoress of "Marriage," &c.

THE Laird o' Cockpen, he's proud and he's great;
His mind is ta'en up wi' the things o' the state:
He wanted a wife his braw house to keep;
But favour wi' wooin' was fashious to seek.

Doun by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
At his table-head he thought she'd look well;
M'Clish's ae daughter o' Claverse-ha' Lec—
A pennyles lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel pouther'd, as guid as when new,
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue:
He put on a ring, a sword, and cock'd hat—
And wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that?

He took the grey mare, and rade cannilie—
And rapped at the yett o' Claverse-ha' Lec;
"Gae tell mistress Jean to come speedily ben:
She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen."

Mistress Jean she was makin' the elder-flower wine;
"And what brings the Laird at sic a like time?"
She put aff her apron, and on her silk gown,
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa' down.

And when she cam' ben, he boued fu' low;
And what was his errand he soon let her know,
Amazed was the Laird when the lady said, Na,
And wi' a laigh curtsie she turned awa'.

Dumfounder'd he was, but nae sigh did he gi'e;
He mounted his mare, and rade cannilie;
And aften he thought, as he gaed through the glen,
"She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

And now that the Laird his exit had made,
Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had said;
"Oh! for ane I'll get better, it's waur I'll get ten—
I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

Neist time that the Laird and the Lady were seen,
They were gaun arm and arm to the kirk on the green;
Now she sits in the ha' like a weel-tappit hen,
But as yet there's nae chickens appear'd at Cockpen.

I'M WEARING AWA' JOHN.

LADY NAIRNE.

I'm wearing awa', John,
 Like snaw wreaths in thaw, John,
 I'm wearing awa',
 To the land o' the leal.
 There's nae sorrow there, John,
 There's neither cauld nor care, John,
 The day is aye fair,
 In the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, John,
 She was baith gude and fair, John,
 And we grudged her right sair
 To the land o' the leal.

But sorrow's sel' wears past, John,
 And joy's a'-comin' fast, John,
 In joy that aye to last,
 In the land o' the leal.

Sae dear that joy was bought, John,
 Sae free the battle fought, John,
 That sinfu' man e'er brought
 To the land o' the leal.

Then dry that tearfu' e'e, John,
 My soul lang's to be free, John,
 And angels wait on me
 To the land o' the leal.

Oh! haud ye leal and true, John,
 Your day it's wearin' through, John,
 And I'll welcome you
 To the land o' the leal.

Now, fare ye weel, my ain John,
 This world's care is vain, John,
 We'll meet and aye be fain
 In the land o' the leal.

 THE AULD HOUSE.

LADY NAIRNE.

Oh! the auld house, the auld house,
 What tho' the rooms were weel!
 Oh! kind hearts were dwellin' there,
 And bairnies fu' o' glee:
 The wild rose and the jessamine,
 Still hang upon the wa',
 How many cherished memories
 Do they, sweet flowers, reca'.

Oh, the auld laird, the auld laird,
 Sae canty, kind, and crouse,
 How mony did he welcome to
 His ain wee dear auld house?
 And the leddy too sae genty.
 There shelter'd Scotland's heir,
 And clipt a lock wi' her ain hand
 Frae his lang genty hair.

The mavis still doth sweetly sing,
 The blue bells sweetly blaw,
 The bonny Earn's clear winding still,
 But the auld house is awa'.
 The auld house, the auld house,
 Deserted tho' ye be,
 There ne'er can be a new house
 Will seem sae fair to me.

Still flourishing the auld pear tree
 The bairnies liked to see,
 And oh! how aften did they spier
 When ripe they a' wad be?
 The voices sweet, the wee bit feet
 Aye rinning here and there,
 The merry shout, oh! whiles we greet
 To think we'll hear nae mair.

For they are a' wide scattered now,
 Some to the Indies gane,
 And ane alas! to her lang hame;
 Not her we'll meet again.
 The kirkyard, the kirkyard!
 Wi' flowers o' every hue,
 Shelter'd by the holly's shade
 An' the dark sombre yew.

The setting sun, the setting sun!
 How glorious it gaed doon;
 The cloudy splendour raised our hearts,
 To cloudless skies aboon!
 The auld dial, the auld dial!
 It tauld how time did pass;
 The wintry winds hae dung it doon,
 Now hid 'mang trees and grass.

THE LASS O' GOWRIE.

LADY NAIRNE.

'Twas on a summer's afternoon,
 A wee afore the sun gaed down,
 A lassie wi' a braw new gown
 Cam' over the hills to Gowrie.
 The rosebud wash'd in summer's shower,
 Bloom'd fresh within the sunny bower;
 But Kitty was the fairest flower
 That e'er was seen in Gowrie.

To see her cousin she cam' there,
 And oh! the scene was passin' fair,
 For what in Scotland can compare
 Wi' the Carse o' Gowrie?
 The sun was settin' on the Tay,
 The blue hills meltin' into grey,
 The mavis and the blackbird's lay
 Were sweetly heard in Gowrie.

O lang the lassie I had woo'd,
 An' truth an' constancy had vow'd,
 But cam' nae speed wi' her I lo'ed
 Until she saw fair Gowrie.
 I pointed to my faither's ha',
 Yon bonnie bield ayont the shaw,
 Sae loun' that there nae blast could blaw,
 Wad she no bide in Gowrie?

Her faither was baith glad and wae;
 Her mither she wad naething say;
 The bairnies thocht they wad get play
 If Kitty gaed to Gowrie.
 She whiles did smile, she whiles did greet,
 The blush and tear were on her cheek;
 She naething said, but hung her head,
 But now she's Leddy Gowrie.

THE ROWAN TREE.

LADY NAIRNE.

OH, Rowan tree! Oh, Rowan tree! thou'lt aye be dear to me,
 Intwined thou art wi' mony ties o' hame and infancy;
 Thy leaves were aye the first o' spring, thy flow'rs the simmer's
 pride;
 There was nae sic a bonnie tree, in a' the country side.
 Oh, Rowan tree!

How fair wert thou in simmer time, wi' a' thy clusters white,
 How rich and gay thy autumn dress, wi' berries red and bright,
 We sat aneath thy spreading shade, the bairnies round thee ran;
 They pu'd thy bonnie berries red, and necklaces they strang.
 Oh, Rowan tree!

On thy fair stem were mony names, which now nae mair I see,
 But they're engraven on my heart, forgot they ne'er can be;
 My mother! oh! I see her still, she smil'd our sports to see;
 Wi' little Jeanie on her lap, wi' Jamie at her knee!
 Oh, Rowan tree!

Oh! there arose my father's prayer, in holy evening's calm,
 How sweet was then my mother's voice, in the Martyr's psalm;
 Now a' are gane! we meet nae mair aneath the Rowan tree,
 But hallowed thoughts around thee twine o' hame and infancy.
 Oh, Rowan tree!

O WEEL MAY THE BOATIE ROW.

JOHN EWEN,

A native of Montrose, where he was born in 1741. In 1760 he went to Aberdeen, where he began business as a dealer in hardware goods. By dint of frugality, if not parsimony, and aided greatly by that amiable provision for the deserving poor, a rich wife, he amassed a considerable fortune, and at his death, which took place in 1821, bequeathed the bulk of it to trustees for the purpose of founding an hospital at Montrose, for the board and education of poor boys. His will, however, was challenged by his daughter, his only child, who appears to have been overlooked in that document, and was settled in her favour by the House of Lords.

O WEEL may the boatie row,
 And better may she speed!
 And weel may the boatie row,
 That wins the bairns' bread!
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 The boatie rows indeed;
 And happy be the lot of a'
 That wishes her to speed!

I cuist my line in Largo Bay,
 And fishes I caught nine;
 There's three to boil, and three to fry,
 And three to bait the line.
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 The boatie rows indeed;
 And happy be the lot of a'
 That wishes her to speed!

O weel may the boatie row,
That fills a heavy creel,
And cleads us a' frae head to feet,
And buys our parritch meal.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed ;
And happy be the lot of a'
That wish the boatie speed.

When Jamie vow'd he would be mine,
And wan frae me my heart,
O muckle lighter grew my creel !
He swore we'd never part.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel ;
And muckle lighter is the lade,
When love bears up the creel.

My kurtch I put upon my head,
And dress'd mysel' fu' braw ;
I trow my heart was dowf and wae,
When Jamie gaed awa :
But weel may the boatie row,
And lucky be her part ;
And lightsome be the lassie's care
That yields an honest heart !

When Sawnie, Jock, and Janetie,
Are up, and gotten lear,
They'll help to gar the boatie row,
And lighten a' our care.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel ;
And lightsome be her heart that bears
The murlain and the creel !

And when wi' age we are worn down,
And hirpling round the door,
They'll row to keep us hale and warm
As we did them before :
Then, weel may the boatie row,
That wins the bairns' bread ;
And happy be the lot of a'
That wish the boat to speed !

THE BONNIE BRUCKET LASSIE.

JAMES TYTLER,

Born in 1747, was the son of a clergyman in the north of Scotland. "A clever but eccentric character," says Mr. Stenhouse, "commonly called Balloon Tytler, from the circumstance of his being the first person who projected and ascended from Edinburgh in one of these aerial machines." He edited the second and third editions of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." He ultimately got mixed up in some of the political squabbles of his time, and had to emigrate to America, where he died in 1805.

THE bonnie brucket lassie,
 She's blue beneath the een;
 She was the fairest lassie
 That danced on the green,
 A lad he loo'd her dearly;
 She did his love return:
 But he his vows has broken,
 And left her for to mourn.

My shape, she says, was handsome,
 My face was fair and clean;
 But now I'm bonnie brucket,
 And blue beneath the een.
 My eyes were bright and sparkling,
 Before that they turned blue;
 But now they're dull with weeping,
 And a', my love, for you.

My person it was comely;
 My shape, they said, was neat;
 But now I am quite changed;
 My stays they winna meet.
 A' nicht I slept soundly;
 My mind was never sad;
 But now my rest is broken
 Wi' thinking o' my lad.

O could I live in darkness,
 Or hide me in the sea,
 Since my love is unfaithful,
 And has forsaken me;
 No other love I suffered
 Within my breast to dwell,
 In nought I have offended,
 But loving him too well.

Her lover heard her mourning,
 As by he chanced to pass:
 And pressed unto his bosom
 The lovely brucket lass.

My dear, he said, cease grieving;
 Since that you lo'ed so true,
 My bonnie brucket lassie,
 I'll faithful prove to you.

I HAE LAID A HERRING IN SAUT.

JAMES TYTLER.

BASED upon a very old song.

I HAE laid a herring in saut—
 Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now;
 I hae brew'd a forpiti o' maut,
 And I canna come ilka day to woo:
 I hae a calf that will soon be a cow—
 Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now;
 I hae a stook, and I'll soon hae a mowe,
 And I canna come ilka day to woo:
 I hae a house upon yon moor—
 Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now;
 Three sparrows may dance upon the floor,
 And I canna come ilka day to woo:
 I hae a but, and I hae a ben—
 Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now;
 A penny to keep, and a penny to spen',
 And I canna come ilka day to woo:
 I hae a hen wi' a happitie-leg—
 Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now;
 That ilka day lays me an egg,
 And I canna come ilka day to woo:
 I hae a cheese upon my skelf—
 Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now—
 And soon wi' mites 'twill rin itself,
 And I canna come ilka day to woo.

LOCH-ERROCH SIDE.

ASCRIBED TO JAMES TYTLER.

As I cam' by Loch-Erroch side,
 The lofty hills surveying,
 The water clear, the heather blooms,
 Their fragrance sweet conveying;
 I met, unsought, my lovely maid,
 I found her like May morning;
 With graces sweet, and charms so rare,
 Her person all adorning.

How kind her looks, how blest was I,
 While in my arms I prest her!
 And she her wishes scarce conceal'd,
 As fondly I caress'd her:
 She said, If that your heart be true,
 If constantly you'll love me,
 I heed not care nor fortune's frowns,
 For nought but death shall move me.
 But faithful, loving, true, and kind,
 For ever thou shalt find me;
 And of our meeting here so sweet,
 Loch-Erroch sweet shall mind me.
 Enraptured then, My lovely lass,
 I cried, no more we'll tarry!
 We'll leave the fair Loch-Erroch side,
 For lovers soon should marry.

WE'LL HAP AND ROW.

WILLIAM CREECH,

A CELEBRATED Publisher in Edinburgh. Born 1745, died 1815.
 The first Edinburgh edition of Burns' Poems was issued by him, and every
 reader of Burns is aware of the respect the poet had for his publisher.

We'll hap and row, we'll hap and row,
 We'll hap and row the feetic o't;
 It is a wee bit weary thing:
 I downa bide the greetie o't.
 And we pat on the wee bit pan,
 To boil the lick o' meatie o't;
 A cinder fell and spoil'd the plan,
 And burnt a' the feetic o't.
 Fu' sair it grat, the puir wee brat,
 And aye it kick'd the feetic o't,
 Till, puir wee elf, it tired itself;
 And then began the sleepie o't.
 The skirlin' brat nae parritch gat,
 When it gaed to the sleepie o't;
 It's waesome true, instead o' 'ts mou',
 They're round about the feetic o't.

A' BODY'S LIKE TO BE MARRIED BUT ME.

ANONYMOUS.

FROM *The Scots Magazine*, July, 1802.

As Jenny sat down wi' her wheel by the fire,
An' thought o' the time that was fast fleecin' by'er,
She said to hersel' wi' a heavy hoch hie,
Oh! a' body's like to be married but me.

My youthfu' companions are a' worn awa',
And though I've had woers mysel' ane or twa,
Yet a lad to my mind I ne'er could yet see,
Oh! a' body's like to be married but me.

There's Lowrie, the lawyer, would ha'e me fu' fain
Who has baith a house an' a yard o' his ain:
But before I'd gang to it I rather wad die,
A wee stumpin' body! he'll never get me.

There's Dickey, my cousin, frae Lunnun cam' down,
Wi' fine yellow buskins that dazzled the town;
But, puir deevil, he got ne'er a blink o' my e'e,
Oh! a' body's like to be married but me.

But I saw a lad by yon saughie burn side,
Wha weel wad deserve ony queen for his bride,
Gin I had my will soon his ain I would be,
Oh! a' body's like to be married but me.

I gied him a look, as a kind lassie should,
My frien's, if they kenn'd it, would surely run wud;
For tho' bonnie and guid, he's no worth a bawbee,
Oh! a' body's like to be married but me.

'Tis hard to tak' shelter behint a laigh dyke,
'Tis hard for to tak' ane we never can like,
'Tis hard for to leave ane we fain wad be wi',
Yet it's harder that a' should be married but me.

WHAT AILS YOU NOW.

ALEXANDER DOUGLAS,

A WEAVER in Pathhead, in Fifeshire. He was born at Strathmiglo in 1771, and died in 1824. He published a volume of poems in 1806, which was favourably received.

WHAT ails you now, my daintie Pat,
Ye winna wed an' a' that?
Say, are ye fley'd, or are ye blate,
To tell your love an' a' that?
To kiss an' clap, an' a' that?
O fy for shame, an' a' that,
To spend your life without a wife;
'Tis no the gate ava that.

Ere lang you will grow auld and frail,
 Your haffets white an' a' that;
 An whare's the Meg, the Kate, or Nell,
 Will ha'e you syne wi' a' that?
 Runkled brow an' a' that;
 Wizen'd face an' a' that;
 Wi' beard sae grey, there's nane will ha'e
 A kiss frae you, an' a' that.

O stand na up wi' where an' how,
 Wi' ifs an' buts an' a' that,
 Wi' feckless scruples not a few:
 Pu' up your heart an' a' that.
 Crouselly crack an' a' that;
 Come try your luck an' a' that:
 The hiney-moon will ne'er gang done,
 If guidit weel an' a' that.

There's monie lass baith douce an' fair,
 Fu' sonsy, fier, an' a' that,
 Wad suit you to a very hair,
 Sae clever they're an' a' that;
 Handsome, young, an' a' that,
 Sae complaisant an' a' that;
 Sae sweet an' braw, and gude an' a';
 What ails the chield at a' that?

Come, look about, an' wale a wife,
 Like honest fouk an' a' that;
 An' lead a cheerfu' virtuous life;
 Ha'e plenty, peace, an' a' that;
 A thrifty wife an' a' that,
 An' bonnie bairns an' a' that,
 Syne in your ha' shall pleasures a'
 Smile ilka day an' a' that.

LOGAN'S BRAES.

JOHN MAYNE,

AUTHOR of "The Siller Gun," &c. He was born in Dumfries, in 1759. His parents removed in 1782 when he began his apprenticeship as compositor to the celebrated Glasgow printers, Messrs. Foulis. He afterwards went to London, where he became editor and part proprietor of "The Star," newspaper. He died in 1836.

The last three stanzas of this song have been attributed to another writer. They are certainly much inferior in style.

"By Logan's streams that rin sae deep,
 Fu' aft wi' glee I've herded sheep;
 Herded sheep, or gathered slaes,
 Wi' my dear lad, on Logan braes.

But wae's my heart! thae days are gane,
 And I, wi' grief, may herd alane;
 While my dear lad maun face his faes,
 Far, far frae me, and Logan braes.

"Nae mair at Logan Kirk will he
 Atween the preachings meet wi' me;
 Meet wi me, or when it's mirk,
 Convoy me hame from Logan kirk.
 I weel may sing thae days are gane—
 Frae kirk an' fair I come alane,
 While my dear lad maun face his faes,
 Far, far frae me, and Logan braes!

"At e'en, when hope amaist is gane,
 I dauner out, or sit alane,
 Sit alane beneath the tree
 Where aft he kept his tryst wi' me.
 O! cou'd I see thae days again,
 My lover skaithless, an' my ain!
 Belov'd by frien's, rever'd by faes,
 We'd live in bliss on Logan braes."

While for her love she thus did sigh,
 She saw a sodger passing by,
 Passing by wi' scarlet claes,
 While sair she grat on Logan braes.
 Says he, "What gars thee greet sae sair,
 What fills thy heart sae fu' o' care?
 Thae sporting lambs hae blithesome days,
 An' playfu' skip on Logan braes?"

"What can I do but weep and mourn?
 I fear my lad will ne'er return,
 Ne'er return to ease my waes,
 Will ne'er come hame to Logan braes."
 Wi' that he clasp'd her in his arms,
 And said, "I'm free from war's alarms,
 I now ha'e conquer'd a' my faes,
 We'll happy live on Logan braes."

Then straight to Logan kirk they went,
 And join'd their hands wi' one consent,
 Wi' one consent to end their days,
 An' live in bliss on Logan braes.
 An' now she sings, "thae days are gane,
 When I wi' grief did herd alane,
 While my dear lad did fight his faes,
 Far, far frae me and Logan braes."

THE WINTER SAT LANG.

JOHN MAYNE.

THE winter sat lang on the spring o' the year,
 Our seedtime was late, and our mailing was dear;
 My mither tint her heart when she look'd on us a',
 And we thought upon them that were farest awa';
 O! were they but here that are farest awa';
 O! were they but here that are dear to us a'!
 Our cares would seem light and our sorrows but sma',
 If they were but here that are far frae us a'!

Last week, when our hopes were o'erclouded wi' fear,
 And nae ane at hame the dull prospect to cheer,
 Our Johnnie has written, frae far awa' parts,
 A letter that lightens and hauds up our hearts
 He says, "My dear mither, though I be awa',
 In love and affection I'm still wi' ye a';
 While I ha'e a being, ye'se aye ha'e a ha',
 Wi' plenty to keep out the frost and the snaw."

My mither, o'erjoy'd at this change in her state,
 By the bairn that she doated on early and late,
 Gies thanks, night and day, to the Giver of a',
 There's been naething unworthy o' him that's awa'!
 Then, here is to them that are far frae us a',
 The friend that ne'er fail'd us, though farest awa'!
 Health, peace, and prosperity, wait on us a'!
 And a blythe comin' hame to the friend that's awa'!

HIS AIN KIND DEARIE YET.

JOHN MAYNE.

JENNY's heart was frank and free,
 And woers she had mony, yet
 Her sang was aye, Of a' I see,
 Commend me to my Johnnie yet.
 For, ear' and late, he has sic gate
 To mak' a body cheerie, that
 I wish to be, before I die,
 His ain kind dearie yet.

Now Jenny's face was fu' o' grace,
 Her shape was sma' and genty-like,
 And few or nane in a' the place
 Had gowd and gear more plenty, yet
 Though war's alarms, and Johnnie's charms,
 Had gart her aft look eerie, yet
 She sung wi' glee, I hope to be
 My Johnnie's ain dearie yet.

What tho' he's now gaen far awa',
 Where guns and cannons rattle, yet
 Unless my Johnnie chance to fa'
 In some uncanny battle, yet
 Till he return, my breast will burn
 Wi' love that weel may cheer me yet,
 For I hope to see, before I die,
 His bairns to him endear me yet.

A W A R S O N G .

ANDREW SCOTT.

WRITTEN in 1803. Scott was "minister's man" to the parish minister of Bowden, Roxburghshire. He died in 1839, aged 83. He published several volumes of poetry during his lifetime.

SURROUNDED wi' bent and wi' heather,
 Where muircocks and plovers were rife,
 For mony a lang towmond together,
 There lived an auld man and his wife;
 About the affairs o' the nation
 The twasome they seldom were mute;
 Bonaparte, the French, and invasion,
 Did sa'ur in their wizzins like soot.

In winter, whan deep were the gutters,
 And nicht's gloomy canopy spread,
 Auld Symon sat luntin' his cuttie,
 And lowsin' his buttons for bed;
 Auld Janet, his wife, out a-gazing,
 To lock in the door was her care;
 She, seeing her signals a-blazing,
 Came rinnin' in rying her hair:

O, Symon, the Frenchies are landit!
 Gae look man, and slip on your shoon;
 Our signals I see them extendit,
 Like red risin' rays frae the moon.
 What a plague! the French landit! quo' Symon,
 And clash gaed his pipe to the wa':
 Faith, then, there's be loadin' and primin',
 Quo' he, if they're landit ava.

Our youngest son's in the militia,
 Our eldest grandson's volunteer:
 O' the French to be fu' o' the flesh o',
 I too i' the ranks shall appear.
 His waistcoat-pouch fill'd he wi' pouthers,
 And bang'd down his rusty auld gun;
 His bullets he pat in the other,
 That he for the purpose had run.

Then humpled he out in a hurry,
 While Janet his courage bewails,
 And cried out, Dear Symon, be wary!
 And teuchly she hung by his tails.
 Let be wi' your kindness, cried Symon,
 Nor vex me wi' tears and your cares;
 For, now to be ruled by a woman,
 Nae laurels shall crown my grey hairs.

Then hear me, quo' Janet, I pray thee,
 I'll tend thee, love, livin' or deid,
 And if thou should fa', I'll dee wi' thee,
 Or tie up thy wounds if thou bleed.
 Quo' Janet, O, keep frae the riot!
 Last nicht, man, I dreamt ye was deid;
 This aught days I tentit a pyot
 Sit chatt'rin' upon the house-heid.

As yesterday, workin' my stockin',
 And you wi' the sheep on the hill,
 A muckle black corbie sat croaking;
 I kenn'd it forebodit some ill.
 Hout, cheer up, dear Janet, be hearty;
 For, ere the neist sun may gae down,
 Wha kens but I'll shoot Bonaparte,
 And end my auld days in renown.

Syne off in a hurry he stumpled,
 Wi' bullets, and pouter, and gun;
 At's curpin auld Janet, too, humpled
 Awa' to the neist neebour-toun:
 There footmen and yeomen paradin',
 To scour off in dirdum were seen;
 And wives and young lasses a' sheddin'
 The briny sant tears frae their een.

Then aff wi' his bonnet got Symie,
 And to the commander he gaes,
 Quo' he, Sir, I mean to gae wi' ye,
 And help ye to lounder our faes:
 I'm auld, yet I'm teuch as the wire,
 Saè we'll at the rogues ha'e a dash,
 And fegs, if my gun winna fire,
 I'll turn her but-end and I'll thrash.

Well spoken, my hearty old hero!
 The captain did smilin' reply;
 But begg'd he wad stay till to-morrow,
 Till day-licht should glent in the sky.

Whatreck, a' the stoure cam' to naething,
 Sae Symon, and Janet his dame,
 Halescart, frae the wars, without skaithing,
 Gaed, bannin' the French, away hame.

THE GUID FARMER.

ANDREW SCOTT.

I'M now a gude farmer, I've acres o' land,
 An' my heart aye lousps light when I'm viewin' o't,
 An' I ha'e servants at my command,
 An' twa dainty cowts for the plowin' o't.
 My farm is a snug ane, lies high on a muir,
 The muir-cocks an' plivers aft skirl at my door,
 An' whan the sky low'rs I'm aye sure o' a show'r,
 To moisten my land for the plowin' o't.

Leeze me on the mailin that's fa'n to my share,
 It taks sax muckle bowes for the sawin' o't;
 I've sax braid acres for pasture, an' mair,
 And a dainty bit bog for the mawin' o't.
 A spence an' a kitchen my mansion-house gi'es,
 I've a cantie wee wife to daut when I please,
 Twa bairnies, twa callans, that skelp ower the leas,
 An' they'll soon can assist at the plowin' o't.

My biggan stands sweet on this south slopin' hill,
 An' the sun shines sae bonnily beamin' on't,
 An' past my door trots a clear prattlin' rill,
 Frae the loch, whare the wild ducks are swimmin' on't:
 An' on its green banks, on the gay summer days,
 My wifie trips barefoot, a-bleaching her claes,
 An' on the dear creature wi' rapture I gaze,
 While I whistle and sing at the plowin' o't.

To rank amang farmers I ha'e muckle pride,
 But I mauna speak high whan I'm tellin' o't,
 How brawlie I strut on my sheltie to ride,
 Wi' a sample to show for the sellin' o't.
 In blue worsted boots that my auld mither span,
 I've aft been fu' vanty sin' I was a man,
 But now they're flung by, an' I've bought cordivan,
 And my wifie ne'er grudg'd me a shillin' o't.

Sae now, whan tae kirk or tae market I gae,
 My weelfare, what need I be hidin' o't?
 In braw leather boots, shining black as the slae,
 I dink me to try the ridin' o't.

Last towmond I sell'd off four bowes o' gude bere,
 An' thankfu' I was, for the victual was dear,
 An' I came hame wi' spurs on my heels shinin' clear,
 I had sic good luck at the sellin' o't.

Now hairst time is owre, an' a fig for the laird,
 My rent's now secure for the toilin' o't;
 My fields are a' bare, and my crap's in the yard,
 An' I'm nae mair in doubts o' the spoilin' o't.
 Now welcome gude weather, or wind, or come weet,
 Or bauld ragin' winter, wi' hail, snaw, or sleet,
 Nae mair can he draigle my crap 'mang his feet,
 Nor wraik his mischief, an' be spoilin' o't.

An' on the dowf days, whan loud hurricanes blaw,
 Fu' snug i' the spence I'll be viciwin' o't,
 An' jink the rude blast in my rush-theekit ha',
 Whan fields are seal'd up frae the plowin' o't.
 My bonnie wee wife, the bairnies, an' me,
 The peat-stack, and turf-stack, our Phœbus shall be,
 Till day close the scoul o' its angry e'e,
 An' we'll rest in gude hopes o' the plowin' o't.

HALUCKET MEG.

REV. JAMES NICHOL,

A NATIVE of Innerleithen, in Peebleshire, where he was born in 1793. He studied at the University of Edinburgh for the ministry, and for a long time was minister of Traquair. He died in 1819. Besides publishing two volumns of poetry, Mr. Nichol was a valued contributor to the Edinburgh Encyclopædia, &c.

MEG, muckin' at Geordie's byre,
 Wrought as gin her judgment was wrang:
 Ilk daud o' the scartle strake fire,
 While, loud as a lavrock, sho sang!
 Her Geordie had promised to marrie,
 An' Meg, a sworn fae to despair,
 Not dreamin' the job could miscarric,
 Already seem'd mistress an' mair!

My neebours, she sang, aften jeer me,
 An' ca' me, daft, halucket Meg,
 An' say, they expect soon to hear me
 I' the kirk, for my fun, get a fleg!
 An' now, 'bout my marriage they clatter,
 An' Geordie, poor fallow! they ca'
 An' auld doitet hav'rel!—Nae matter,
 He'll keep me aye brankin' an' brow!

I grant ye, his face is kenspeckle,
 That the white o' his e'e is turn'd out,
 That his black beard is rough as a heckle,
 That his mou to his lug's rax'd about;
 But they needna let on that he's crazie,
 His pike-staff wull ne'er let him fa';
 Nor that his hair's white as a daisie,
 For, fient a hair has he ava!

But a weel-plenish'd mailin has Geordie,
 An' routh o' gude goud in his kist,
 An' if siller comes at my wordie,
 His beauty, I never wull miss't!
 Daft gouks, wha catch fire like tinder,
 Think love-raptures ever will burn!
 But wi' poortith, hearts het as a cinder,
 Wull cauld as an iceshogle turn!

There'll just be ae bar to my pleasure,
 A bar that's aft fill'd me wi' fear,
 He's sic a hard, ne'er-be-gawn miser,
 He likes his saul less than his gear!
 But though I now flatter his failin',
 An' swear nought wi' goud can compare,
 Gude sooth! it sall soon get a scailin'!
 His bags sall be mouldie nae mair!

I dream't that I rode in a chariot,
 A flunkie ahint me in green;
 While Geordie cried out, he was harriet,
 An' the saut teer was blindin' his een;
 But though 'gainst my spendin' he s~~ear~~ aye,
 I'll ha'e frae him what ser's my turn;
 Let him slip awa' whan he grows wearie,
 Shame fa' me! gin lang I wad mourn!

But Geordie, while Meg was haranguin',
 Was cloutin' his breeks i' the bauks,
 An' when a' his failins she brang in,
 His strang, hazle pike-staff he taks:
 Designin' to rax her a lounder,
 He chanced on the lather to shift,
 An' down frae the bauks, flat's a flounder,
 Flew, like a shot-starn frae the lift!

But Meg, wi' the sight, was quite haster'd,
 An' nae doubt, was bannin' ill luck;
 While the face o' poor Geordie was plaster'd,
 And his mou' was fill'd fu' wi' the muck!

Confound ye! cried Geordie, an' spat out
 The glaur that adown his beard ran;—
 Preserve us! quo' Meg, as she gat out
 The door,—an' thus lost a gudeman!

MY DEAR LITTLE LASSIE.

REV. JAMES NICHOL.

My dear little lassie, why, what's a' the matter?
 My heart it gangs pittypat—winna lie still;
 I've waited, and waited, an' a' to grow better,
 Yet, lassie, believe me, I'm aye growing ill:
 My head's turn'd quite dizzy, an' aft, when I'm speaking,
 I sigh, an' am breathless, an' fearfu' to speak;
 I gaze aye for something I fain wad be seeking,
 Yet, lassie, I kenna weel what I wad seek.

Thy praise, bonnie lassie, I ever could hear of,
 And yet when to ruse ye the neebour lads try,
 Though it's a' true they tell ye, yet never sae far off,
 I could see 'em ilk ane, an' I canna tell why.
 When we tedded the hayfield, I raked ilka rig o't,
 And never grew wearie the lang simmer day;
 The rucks that ye wrought at were easiest biggit,
 And I fand sweeter scented aroun' ye the hay.

In har'st, whan the kirn-supper joys mak' us cheerie,
 'Mang the lave of the lasses I pried yere sweet mou';
 Dear save us! how queer I felt whan I cam' near ye,
 My breast thrill'd in rapture, I couldna tell how.
 Whan we dance at the gloamin' it's you I aye pitch on,
 And gin ye gang by me how dowie I be;
 There's something, dear lassie, about ye bewitching,
 That tells me my happiness centres in thee.

WHERE QUAIR RINS SWEET.

REV. JAMES NICHOL.

WHERE Quair rins sweet amang the flowers,
 Down by yon woody glen, lassie,
 My cottage stands—it shall be yours,
 Gin ye will be my ain, lassie.

I'll watch ye wi' a lover's care,
 And wi' a lover's e'e, lassie;
 I'll weary heaven wi' mony a prayer,
 And ilka prayer for thee, lassie.

'Tis true I ha'e na mickle gear;
 My stock it's unco sma, lassie;
 Nae fine-spun foreign claes I wear,
 Nor servants tend my ca', lassie.

But had I heir'd the British crown,
 And thou o' low degree, lassie,
 A rustic lad I wad ha'e grown,
 Or shared that crown wi' thee, lassie.

Whenever absent frae thy sight,
 Nae pleasure smiles on me, lassie;
 I climb the mountain's towering height,
 And cast a look to thee, lassie.

I blame the blast blaws on thy cheek;
 The flower that decks thy hair, lassie,
 The gales that steal thy breath sae sweet,
 My love and envy share, lassie.

If for a heart that glows for thee,
 Thou wilt thy heart resign, lassie,
 Then come, my Nancy, come to me—
 That glowing heart is mine, lassie.

Where Quair rins sweet amang the flowers,
 Down by yon woody glen, lassie,
 My cottage stands—it shall be yours,
 Gin ye will be my ain, lassie.

I HEARD THE EVENING LINNET'S VOICE.

JOHN FINLAY,

A NATIVE of Glasgow, author of "Wallace or the Vale of Ellerslie and other poems," and editor of two volumes of Scottish Ballads. He died in 1810, in his twenty-eighth year.

I HEARD the evening linnet's voice the woodland tufts among,
 Yet sweeter were the tender notes of Isabella's song!
 So soft into the ear they steal, so soft into the soul,
 The deep'ning pain of love they soothe, and sorrow's pang control.

I looked upon the pure brook that murmur'd through the glade,
 And mingled in the melody that Isabella made;
 Yet purer was the residence of Isabella's heart!
 Above the reach of pride and guile, above the reach of art.

I look'd upon the azure of the deep unclouded sky,
 Yet clearer was the blue serene of Isabella's eye!
 Ne'er softer fell the rain drop of the first relenting year,
 Than falls from Isabella's eye the pity-melted tear.

All this my fancy prompted, ere a sigh of sorrow prov'd
 How hopelessly, yet faithfully, and tenderly I lov'd;
 Yet though bereft of hope I love, still will I love the more,
 As distance binds the exile's heart to his dear native shore.

THE SOMERVILLE TESTAMENT.

ROBERT LOCHORE,

A NATIVE of Strathaven in Lanarkshire, where he was born in 1762. He carried on business in Glasgow as a Bootmaker, and occupied several prominent positions in the government of the city. He died in 1852.

Now, Jenny lass, my bonnie bird,
 My daddy's dead, an' a' that;
 He's snugly laid aneath the yird,
 And I'm his heir, an' a' that.
 I'm now a laird, an' a' that;
 I'm now a laird, an' a' that;
 His gear an' land's at my command,
 And muckle mair than a' that.

He left me wi' his deecin' breath
 A dwellin' house, an' a' that;
 A barn, a byre, an' wabs o' claith—
 A big peat-stack, an' a' that.
 A mare, a foal, an' a' that,
 A mare, a foal, an' a' that,
 Sax guid fat kye, a cauf forby,
 An' twa pet ewes, an' a' that.

A yard, a meadow, lang braid leas,
 An' stacks o' corn an' a' that—
 Enclosed weel wi' thorns an' trees;
 An' carts, an' cars, an' a' that.
 A pleugh, an' graith, an' a' that,
 A pleugh, an' graith, an' a' that;
 Guid harrows twa, cock, hens, an' a'—
 A gricie too, an' a' that.

I've heaps o' claes for ilka days,
 For Sundays too, an' a' that;
 I've bills an' bonds, on lairds an' lands,
 An' siller, gowd, an' a' that.
 What think ye, lass, o' a' that?
 What think ye, lass, o' a' that?
 What want I noo, my dainty doo,
 But just a wife to a' that!

Now, Jenny dear, my errand here,
 Is to seek ye to a' that;
 My heart's a' loupin' while I speer
 Gin ye'll tak' me, wi' a' that.
 Mysel', my gear, an' a' that,
 Mysel', my gear, an' a' that;
 Come, gi'e's your loof to be a proof
 Ye'll be a wife to a' that.

Syne Jenny laid her neive in his,
 Said, she'd tak' him wi' a' that;
 An' he gied her a hearty kiss,
 An' dauted her, an' a' that.
 They set a day, an' a' that,
 They set a day, an' a' that;
 Whan she'd gang hame to be his dame,
 An' haud a rant, an' a' that.

MARRIAGE AND THE CARE O'T.

ROBERT LOCHORE.

QUOTH Rab to Kate, My sonsy dear,
 I've woo'd ye mair than ha' a-year,
 An' if ye'd wed me ne'er cou'd speer,
 Wi' blateness, an' the care o't.
 Now to the point: sincere I'm wi't:
 Will ye be my ha'f-marrow, sweet?
 Shake han's, and say a bargain be't,
 An' ne'er think on the care o't.

Na, na, quo' Kate, I winna wed,
 O' sic a snare I'll aye be rede;
 How mony, thochtless, are misled
 By marriage, an' the care o't!
 A single life's a life o' glee,
 A wife ne'er think to mak' o' me,
 Frae toil an' sorrow I'll keep free,
 An' a' the dool an' care o't.

Weel, weel, said Robin, in reply,
 Ye ne'er again shall me deny,
 Ye may a toothless maiden die
 For me, I'll tak' nae care o't.
 Fareweel for ever!—aff I hie;—
 Sae took his leave without a sigh;
 Oh! stop, quo' Kate, I'm yours, I'll try
 The married life, an' care o't.

Rab wheel't about, to Kate cam' back,
 An' ga'e her mou' a hearty smack,
 Syne lengthen'd out a lovin' crack
 'Bout marriage an' the care o't.
 Though as she thocht she didna speak,
 An' lookit unco mim an' meek,
 Yet blythe was she wi' Rab to cleek
 In marriage, wi' the care o't.

ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.

MRS. GRANT, OF CARRON,

BORN at Aberlour, Banffshire, in 1745; died at Bath about 1814.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Wat ye how she cheated me,
 As I cam' o'er the braes o' Balloch.

She vow'd, she swore, she wad be mine,
 She said she lo'ed me best of ony;
 But oh! the fickle, faithless quean,
 She's ta'en the carle, and left her Johnnie.
 Roy's wife of Aldivalloch, &c.

O, she was a canty quean,
 Weel could she dance the Highland walloch;
 How happy I had she been mine,
 Or I been Roy of Aldivalloch!
 Roy's wife of Aldivalloch, &c.

Her face sae fair, her een sae clear,
 Her wee bit mou' sae sweet and bonnie;
 To me she ever will be dear,
 Though she's for ever left her Johnnie.
 Roy's wife of Aldivalloch, &c.
