

SAW YE MY WEE THING.

HECTOR MACNEILL,

WAS born at Rose Bank, near Edinburgh, 1746. He early began to weave his fancies into rhyme, and when comparatively young was well known amongst his acquaintances as a poet. His principal poems are "Scotland's Scaith; or, the History of Will and Jean," "The Harp," and "The Waes o' War." It is, however, on his songs that his fame principally depends. Macneill spent the greater part of his life abroad, holding positions at various times in Guadaloupe, Grenada, and Jamaica. He also served for some time in the navy as assistant Secretary to Admiral Geary, and afterwards to Admiral Sir Richard Bickerton. He finally returned to Scotland in 1800, and took up his residence in Edinburgh, where he closed a life of much vicissitude and suffering in 1818.

O SAW ye my wee thing? Saw ye my ain thing?
 Saw ye my true love down on yon lea?
 Cross'd she the meadow yestreen at the gloamin'?
 Sought she the burnie whar flow'rs the haw tree?
 Her hair it is lint-white; her skin it is milk white;
 Dark is the blue o' her saft rolling e'e;
 Red, red her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses:—
 Whar could my wee thing wander frae me?

I saw na your wee thing, I saw na your ain thing,
 Nor saw I your true love down on yon lea;
 But I met my bonnie thing late in the gloamin',
 Down by the burnie whar flow'rs the haw tree.
 Her hair it was lint-white; her skin it was milk-white;
 Dark was the blue o' her saft rolling e'e;
 Red were her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses:
 Sweet were the kisses that she ga'e to me.

It was na my wee thing, it was na my ain thing,
 It was na my true love ye met by the tree:
 Proud is her leal heart! modest her nature!
 She never lo'ed onie, till ance she lo'ed me.
 Her name it is Mary; she's frae Castle-Cary:
 Aft has she sat, when a bairn, on my knee:—
 Fair as your face is, war't fifty times fairer,
 Young bragger, she ne'er would gi'e kisses to thee.

It was then your Mary; she's frae Castle-Cary;
 It was then your true love I met by the tree;
 Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,
 Sweet were the kisses that she ga'e to me.
 Sair gloom'd his dark brow, blood-red his cheek grew,
 Wild flash'd the fire frae his red rolling e'e!—
 Ye's rue sair this morning your boasts and your scorning:
 Defend ye, fause traitor! fu' loudly ye lie.

Awa' wi' beguiling, cried the youth, smiling :—
 Aff went the bonnet; the lint-white locks flee;
 The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing,
 Fair stood the lov'd maid wi' the dark rolling e'e!
 Is it my wee thing! is it my ain thing!
 Is it my true love here that I see!
 O Jamie forgi'e me; your heart's constant to me;
 I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee!

DINNA THINK, BONNIE LASSIE.

HECTOR MACNEILL.

THE last verse was added by Mr. John Hamilton.

O DINNA think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave thee;
 Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave thee;
 Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave thee;
 I'll tak' a stick into my hand, and come again and see thee.
 Far's the gate ye ha'e to gang; dark's the night and eerie;
 Far's the gate ye ha'o to gang; dark's the night and eerie;
 Far's the gate ye ha'e to gang; dark's the night and eerie;
 O stay this night wi' your love, and dinna gang and leave me.
 It's but a night and hauf a day that I'll leave my dearie;
 But a night and hauf a day that I'll leave my dearie;
 But a night and hauf a day that I'll leave my dearie;
 Whene'er the sun gaes west the loch, I'll come again and see thee.
 Dinna gang, my bonnie lad, dinna gang and leave me;
 Dinna gang, my bonnie lad, dinna gang and leave me;
 When a' the lave are sound asleep, I am dull and eerie;
 And a' the lee-lang night I'm sad, wi' thinking on my dearie.
 O dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave thee;
 Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave thee;
 Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave thee;
 Whene'er the sun gaes out o' sight, I'll come again and see thee.
 Waves are rising o'er the sea; winds blaw loud and fear me;
 Waves are rising o'er the sea; winds blaw loud and fear me;
 While the wind and waves do roar, I am wae and drearie,
 And gin ye lo'e me as ye say, ye winna gang and leave me.
 O never mair, bonnie lassie, will I gang and leave thee;
 Never mair, bonnie lassie, will I gang and leave thee;
 Never mair, bonnie lassie, will I gang and leave thee;
 E'en let the world gang as it will, I'll stay at hame and cheer thee.
 Frae his hand he coost his stick; I winna gang and leave thee;
 Threw his plaid into the neuk; never can I grieve thee;
 Drew his boots, and flang them by; cried, my lass, be cheerie;
 I'll kiss the tear frae aff thy check, and never leave my dearie

JEANIE'S BLACK E'E.

HECTOR MACNEILL.

THE sun raise sae rosy, the grey hills adorning ;
 Light sprang the laverock and mounted sae hie ;
 When true to the tryst o' blythe May's dewy morning,
 My Jeanie cam' linking out owre the green lea.
 To mark her impatience I erap 'mang the brakens :
 Aft, aft to the kent gate she turn'd her black e'e ;
 Then lying down dowylie, sigh'd by the willow tree,
 " Ha me mohatel na dousku me."¹

Saft through the green birks I sta' to my jewel,
 Streik'd on spring's carpet aneath the saugh tree ;
 Think na, dear lassie, thy Willie's been cruel,—
 " Ha me mohatel na dousku me."
 Wi' love's warm sensations I've mark'd your impatience,
 Lang hid 'mang the brakens I watch'd your black e'e.—
 You're no sleeping, pawkie Jean ; open thae lovely een ;—
 " Ha me mohatel na dousku me."

Bright is the whin's bloom ilk green knowe adorning ;
 Sweet is the primrose bespangled wi' dew ;
 Yonder comes Peggy to welcome May morning ;
 Dark waves her haffet locks owre her white brow ;
 O ! light, light she's dancing keen on the smooth gowany green,
 Barefit and kilted half up to the knee ;
 While Jeanie is sleeping still, I'll rin and sport my fill,—
 " I was asleep, and ye've waken'd me !"

I'll rin and whirl her round ; Jeanie is sleeping sound ;
 Kiss her frac lug to lug—nac ane can see ;
 Sweet, sweet's her hinny mou.—" Will, I'm no sleeping now ;
 I was asleep, but ye've waken'd me."
 Laughing till like to drap, swith to my Jean I lap,
 Kiss'd her ripe roses, and blest her black e'e ;
 And aye since, whane'er we meet, sing, for the sound is sweet,
 " Ha me mohatel na dousku me."

MY LUVE'S IN GERMANIE.

HECTOR MACNEILL.

My luve's in Germanie ;
 Send him hame, send him hame ;
 My luve's in Germanie ;
 Send him hame.

¹ " I am asleep, do not waken me," a Gaelic chorus pronounced according to the present orthography.

My luve's in Germanie,
 Fighting brave for royalty;
 He may ne'er his Jeanie see;
 Send him hame, send him hame;
 He may ne'er his Jeanie see;
 Send him hame.

He's as brave as brave can be;
 Send him hame, send him hame;
 Our faes are ten to three;
 Send him hame.
 Our faes are ten to three;
 He maun either fa' or flee,
 In the cause of loyalty;
 Send him hame, send him hame;
 In the cause of loyalty;
 Send him hame.

Your love ne'er learnt to flee,
 Bonnie dame, winsome dame;
 Your luve ne'er learnt to flee,
 Winsome dame.
 Your luve ne'er learnt to flee,
 But he fell in Germanie,
 Fighting brave for loyalty
 Mournfu' dame, mournfu' dame;
 Fighting brave for loyalty,
 Mournfu' dame.

He'll ne'er come ower the sea;
 Willie's slain, Willie's slain;
 He'll ne'er come ower the sea;
 Willie's gane!
 He will ne'er come ower the sea,
 To his luve and ain countrie:
 This warld's nae mair for me;
 Willie's gane, Willie's gane;
 This warld's nae mair for me:
 Willie's gane!

THE WAY TO WOO.

HECTOR MACNEILL.

Oh tell me, oh tell me, bonnie young lassie,
 Oh tell me, young lassie, how for to woo?
 Oh tell me, oh tell me, bonnie sweet lassie,
 Oh tell me, sweet lassie, how for to woo?

Say, maun I roose your cheeks like the morning?
 Lips like the roses fresh moisten'd wi' dew?
 Say maun I roose your een's pawkie scorning?
 Oh tell me, oh tell me, how for to woo!

Far ha'e I wander'd to see thee, dear lassie!
 Far ha'e I ventured across the saut sea!
 Far ha'e I ventured ower muirland and mountain,
 Houseless and weary, slept cauld on the lea?
 Ne'er ha'e I tried yet to mak' luvè to ony,
 For ne'er loved I ony till ance I loved you;
 Now we're alane in the green wood sae bonnie,
 Oh tell me, oh tell me, how for to woo!

What care I for your wand'ring, young laddie!
 What care I for your crossing the sea!
 It was nae for naething ye left puir young Peggy!
 It was for my tocher ye cam' to court me.
 Say ha'e ye gowd to busk me aye gaudy?
 Ribbons, and pearlins, and breist-knots enew?
 A house that is cantie, wi' walth in't, my laddie?
 Without this ye never need try for to woo!

I ha'e nae gowd to busk ye aye gaudy!
 I canna buy pearlins and ribbons enew!
 I've naething to brag o' house or o' plenty!
 I've little to gi'e but a heart that is true.
 I cam' na for tocher—I ne'er heard o' ony;
 I never loved Peggy, nor e'er brak my vow:
 I've wander'd, puir fule, for a face fause as bonnie!
 I little thocht this was the way for to woo!

Ha'e na ye roosed my cheeks like the morning?
 Ha'e na ye roosed my cherry-red mou?
 Ha'e na ye come ower sea, muir, and mountain?
 What mair, my dear Johnnie, need ye for to woo?
 Far ha'e ye wander'd, I ken, my dear laddie!
 Now that ye've found me, there's nae cause to rue;
 Wi' health we'll ha'e plenty—I'll never gang gaudy:
 I ne'er wish'd for mair than a heart that is true.

She hid her fair face in her true lover's bosom;
 The saft tear of transport, fill'd ilk lover's e'e;
 The burnie ran sweet by their side as they sabbit,
 And sweet sang the mavis abune on the tree.
 He clasp'd her, he press'd her, he ca'd her his hinnie,
 And aften he tasted her hinnie-sweet mou';
 And aye, 'tween ilk kiss, she sigh'd to her Johnnie—
 Oh laddie! oh laddie! weel weel can ye woo!

MY BOY, TAMMIE.

HECTOR MACNEILL.

WHAR ha'e ye been a' day,
 My boy, Tammy?
 I've been by burn and flow'ry brae,
 Meadow green and mountain grey,
 Courting o' this young thing,
 Just come frae her mammy.
 And whar gat ye that young thing,
 My boy, Tammy?
 I got her down in yonder howe,
 Smiling on a bonnie knowe,
 Herding ae wee lamb and ewe,
 For her poor mammy.
 What said ye to the bonnie bairn,
 My boy, Tammy?
 I praised her een, sae lovely blue,
 Her dimpled cheek and cherry mou';—
 I pree'd it aft, as ye may trow!—
 She said she'd tell her mammy.
 I held her to my beating heart,
 My young, my smiling lammie!
 I ha'e a house, it cost me dear,
 I've wealth o' plenishen and gear;
 Ye'se get it a', were't ten times mair,
 Gin ye will leave your mammy.
 The smile gaed aff her bonnie face—
 I maunna leave my mammy.
 She's gien me meat, she's gien me claes,
 She's been my comfort a' my days:—
 My father's death brought monie waes—
 I canna leave my mammy.
 We'll tak' her hame and mak' her fain,
 My ain kind-hearted lammie.
 We'll gi'e her meat, we'll gie her claise,
 We'll be her comfort a' her days,
 The wee thing gi'es her hand, and says—
 There! gang and ask my mammy.
 Has she been to the kirk wi' thee,
 My boy, Tammy?
 She has been to the kirk wi' me,
 And the tear was in her e'e;
 For O! she's but a young thing,
 Just come frae her mammy.

COME UNDER MY PLAIDIE.

HECTOR MACNEILL.

COME under my plaidie; the night's gaun to fa';
 Come in frae the cauld blast, the drift, and the snaw;
 Come under my plaidie, and sit down beside me;
 There's room in't, dear lassie, believe me, for twa.
 Come under my plaidie, and sit down beside me;
 I'll hap ye frae every cauld blast that can blaw:
 Come under my plaidie, and sit down beside me;
 There's room in't, dear lassie, believe me, for twa.

Gae 'wa wi' your plaidie! auld Donald, gae 'wa,
 I fear na the cauld blast, the drift, nor the snaw!
 Gae 'wa wi' your plaidie! I'll no sit beside ye;
 Ye might be my gutcher! auld Donald, gae 'wa.
 I'm gaun to meet Johnnie—he's young and he's bonnie;
 He's been at Meg's bridal, fu' trig and fu' brow!
 Nane dances sae lichtly, sae gracefu', or tichtly,
 His check's like the new rose, his brow's like the snaw!

Dear Marion, let that flee stick fast to the wa';
 Your Jock's but a gowk, and has naething ava;
 The hail o' his pack he has now on his back;
 He's thretty, and I am but threescore and twa.
 Be frank now and kindly—I'll busk ye aye finely;
 To kirk or to market there'll few gang sae brow;
 A bein house to bide in, a chaise for to ride in,
 And flunkies to 'tend ye as aft as ye ca'.

My father aye tauld me, my mother and a',
 Ye'd mak' a gude husband, and keep me aye brow;
 It's true, I lo'e Johnnie; he's young and he's bonnie;
 But, wae's me! I ken he has naething ava!
 I ha'e little tocher; ye've made a gude offer;
 I'm now mair than twenty; my time is but sma'!
 Sae gi'e me your plaidie; I'll creep in beside ye;
 I thocht ye'd been aulder than three score and twa!

She crap in ayont him, beside the stane wa',
 Whare Johnnie was listnin', and heard her tell a':
 The day was appointed!—his proud heart it dunted,
 And strack 'gainst his side, as if burstin' in twa.
 He wander'd hame wearie, the nicht it was drearie,
 And, thowless, he tint his gate 'mang the deep snaw:
 The howlet was screaming, while Johnnie cried, Women
 Wad marry auld Nick, if he'd keep them aye brow.

O, the deil's in the lasses! they gang now sae brow,
 They'll lie down wi' auld men o' four score and twa:
 The hail o' their marriage is gowd and a carriage;
 Plain love is the cauldest blast now that can blaw.

Auld dotards, be wary! tak' tent wha you marry;
 Young wives, wi' their coaches, they'll whip and they'll ca',
 Till they meet wi' some Johnnie that's youthfu' and bonnie,
 And they'll gi'e ye horns on ilk haffet to claw.

I NE'ER LO'ED A LADDIE BUT ANE.

HECTOR MACNEILL,

WITH the exception of the first eight lines which formed part of a song,
 written by Rev. John Clunie of Borthwick.

I LO'ED ne'er a laddie but ane;
 He lo'ed ne'er a lassie but me;
 He's willing to mak' me his ain;
 And his ain I am willing to be.
 He has coft me a rockelay o' blue,
 And a pair o' mittens o' green;
 The price was a kiss o' my mou';
 And I paid him the debt yestreen.

Let ithers brag weel o' their gear,
 Their land, and their lordly degree;
 I carena for aught but my dear,
 For he's ilka thing lordly to me:
 His words are sae sugar'd, sae sweet!
 His sense drives ilk fear far awa'!
 I listen, poor fool! and I greet;
 Yet how sweet are the tears as they fa'!

Dear lassie, he cries wi' a jeer,
 Ne'er heed what the auld anes will say;
 Though we've little to brag o'—ne'er fear;
 What's gowd to a heart that is wae?
 Our laird has baith honours and wealth,
 Yet see how he's dwining wi' care;
 Now we, though we've naething but health,
 Are cantic and leal evermair.

O Marion! the heart that is true,
 Has something mair costly than gear;
 Ilk e'en it has naething to rue—
 Ilk morn it has naething to fear.
 Ye warldlings, ga'e hoard up your store,
 And tremble for fear ought you tyne;
 Guard your treasures wi' lock, bar, and door,
 While here in my arms I lock mine!

He ends wi' a kiss and a smile—
 Wae's me, can I tak' it amiss!
 My laddie's unpractised in guile,
 He's free aye to daut and to kiss!

Ye lasses wha lo'e to torment
 Your wooers wi' fause scorn and strife,
 Play your pranks—I ha'e gi'en my consent,
 And this night I am Jamie's for life.

THE FLOWER O' DUNBLANE.

ROBERT TANNAHILL,

THE greatest of Paisley's Poets was born on the 3rd of June, 1774. His parents were poor and unable to give Robert, one of a family of seven, more than the merest rudiments of education, and at a very early age he was apprenticed a weaver, at that time one of the most lucrative, and numbering among its ranks the most intelligent, trades in Scotland.

He worked at his trade in Paisley till the year 1800, when he removed to Bolton in Lancashire, where he worked for about two years. He then, on receiving intelligence of his father's approaching death, returned to his native town.

He had been known for some time past among his townsmen as a Rhymster; he now began to be appreciated as a Poet. "Blythe was the time," "Keen blows the wind," and other songs were floating about Paisley in manuscript, and one of them being sung in presence of R. A. Smith, the composer, he earnestly desired an introduction to the Poet. This was effected, and they became firm friends. Smith composed airs for many of his friend's songs, and they became so popular that in 1807 Tannahill ventured to publish a small volume of his poems. It was a great success, the impression being sold off in a few weeks.

His fame was now firmly established, and of course he became one of the lions of his neighbourhood. He was largely sought after to enter into the *life* of a provincial town and merry-meetings. Taverns, and occasional bursts of sheer debauchery tended to make him miserable, and his misery was deepened by the rejection of several of his songs by Mr. George Thomson, and the refusal of Constable, the publisher, to risk a new issue of his poems.

In the early part of 1810, he received a visit from James Hogg,—the Ettrick Shepherd, who visited Paisley for the express purpose of seeing him. "They spent one night in each other's company," says Mr. Ramsay (to whose biography of the Poet we are indebted for the particulars in this sketch), "and, ere they parted, Tannahill convoyed the Shepherd on foot, halfway to Glasgow. It was a melancholy adieu our author gave him. He grasped his hand, and with tears in his eyes said, "Farewell, we shall never meet again,—Farewell, I shall never see you more!"—a prediction which was too soon to be verified. In a letter to one of his friends he noticed this meeting with manifest pride.

The gloom, dispelled for a while by this incident, seems to have closed over him again darker than ever. His health failed, and even his mind at times seems to have been affected. He visited a friend in Glasgow, who considered his mental and physical condition such as induced him to personally attend him back to Paisley. On the night of his return he retired to rest more tranquil than usual; about an hour afterwards it was discovered that he had stolen from the house: a search was instantly

begun, but it was not till the morning that his coat was found lying by the side of a deep pond from which his body was soon afterwards recovered.

And thus, on the 17th of May, 1810, was a poet lost to Scotland, who ranks second only to Burns as a song-writer. His genius never seems to have been properly developed, and the consequence is, that a more unequal production than the volume containing his poems is not to be found. Between "Jessie, the Flower o' Dunblane," and the song beginning "From the rude bustling camp," there is a wide difference; but, if we compare one of his best songs with any of his poems, the difference is still wider. It is as a song-writer that he will be loved and remembered, and principally for the songs in praise of the scenery and objects surrounding his native town.

THE sun has gane down o'er the lofty Ben Lomond,
 And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,
 While lonely I stray, in the calm simmer gloamin',
 To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.
 How sweet is the brier, wi' its saft fauldin' blossom!
 And sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle o' green;
 Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom,
 Is lovely young Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.
 She's modest as onie, and blythe as she's bonnie;
 F'or guileless simplicity marks her its ain;
 And far be the villain, divested o' feeling,
 Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet flower o' Dunblane.
 Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'ning,
 Thou'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood glen;
 Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
 Is charming young Jessie, the flower of Dunblane.
 How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie!
 The sports o' the city seemed foolish and vain;
 I ne'er saw a nymph I could ca' my dear lassie,
 Till charm'd wi' sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.
 Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
 Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain,
 And reckon as naething the height o' its splendour,
 If wanting sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.

W A L L A C E .

TANNAHILL.

THOU dark winding Carron once pleasing to see,
 To me thou can'st never give pleasure again,
 My brave Caledonians lie low on the lea,
 And thy streams are deep ting'd with the blood of the slain.
 'Twas base-hearted treach'ry that doom'd our undoing,—
 My poor bleeding country, what more can I do?
 Even valour looks pale o'er the red field of ruin,
 And freedom beholds her best warriors laid low.

Farewell, ye dear partners of peril! farewell!
 Tho' buried ye lie in one wide bloody grave,
 Your deeds shall ennoble the place where ye fell,
 And your names be enroll'd with the sons of the brave.
 But I, a poor outcast, in exile must wander,
 Perhaps, like a traitor ignobly must die!
 On thy wrongs, O my country! indignant I ponder—
 Ah! woe to the hour when thy Wallace must fly!

LOUDON'S BONNIE WOODS AND BRAES.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

LOUDON's bonnie woods and braes,
 I maun leave them a', lassie;
 Wha can thole when Britain's faes
 Would gi'e to Britons law, lassie?
 Wha would shun the field o' danger?
 Wha to fame would live a stranger?
 Now when Freedom bids avenge her,
 Wha would shun her ca', lassie?
 Loudon's bonnie woods and braes,
 Ha'e seen our happy bridal days,
 And gentle hope shall soothe thy waes,
 When I am far awa', lassie.

Hark! the swelling bugle rings,
 Yielding joy to thee, laddie;
 But the dolefu' bugle brings
 Waefu' thochts to me, laddie.

Lanely I may climb the mountain,
 Lanely stray beside the fountain,
 Still the weary moments counting,
 Far frae love and thee, laddie.

Ower the gory fields o' war,
 Where Vengeance drives his crimson car,
 Thou't may be fa' frae me afar,
 And nane to close thy e'e, laddie.

Oh, resume thy wonted smile,
 Oh, suppress thy fears, lassie;
 Glorious honour crowns the toil
 That the soldier shares, lassie:
 Heaven will shield thy faithful lover,
 Till the vengeful strife is over;
 Then we'll meet, nae mair to sever,
 Till the day we dee, lassie:
 Midst our bonnie woods and braes,
 We'll spend our peaceful happy days,
 As blythe's yon lightsome lamb that plays
 On Loudon's flowery lea, lassie.

THE BRAES O' GLENIFFER.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

KEEN blows the wind o'er the braes o' Gleniffer,
 The auld castle turrets are covered wi' snaw,
 How changed frae the time when I met wi' my lover,
 Among the broom bushes by Stanley green shaw.
 The wild flowers o' simmer were spread a' sae bonnie,
 The mavis sang sweet frae the green birken tree;
 But far to the camp they ha'e march'd my dear Johnnie,
 And now it is winter wi' nature and me.

Then ilk thing around us was blythesomè and cheeric,
 Then ilk thing around us was bonnie and braw;
 Now naething is heard but the wind whistling drearie,
 And naething is seen but the wide-spreading snaw.
 The trees are a' bare, and the birds mute and dowie,
 They shake the cauld drift frae their wings as they flee:
 And chirp out their plaints, seeming wae for my Johnnie;
 'Tis winter wi' them and 'tis winter wi' me.

Yon cauld sleety cloud skiffs along the bleak mountain,
 And shakes the dark firs on the stey rocky brae,
 While down the deep glen brawls the snaw-flooded fountain,
 That murmur'd sae sweet to my laddie and me.
 It's no its loud roar on the wintry winds swellin',
 It's no the cauld blast brings the tear to my e'e;
 For, O! gin I saw but my bonnie Scots callan,
 The dark days o' winter were simmer to me.

THE BRAES O' BALQUHITHER.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

LET us go, lassie, go,
 To the braes o' Balquhither,
 Where the blae-berries grow
 'Man'g the bonny Highland heather;
 Where the deer and the rae,
 Lightly bounding together,
 Sport the lang simmer day
 On the braes o' Balquhither.

I will twine thee a bower,
 By the clear siller fountain,
 And I'll cover it o'er
 Wi' the flowers o' the mountain;
 I will range through the wilds,
 And the deep glens sae dreary,
 And return wi' their spoils
 To the bower o' my deary,

When the rude wintry win'
 Idly raves round our dwelling,
 And the roar of the linn
 On the night breeze is swelling,
 So merrily we'll sing,
 As the storm rattles o'er us,
 'Till the dear shieling ring
 Wi' the light liltin' chorus.

Now the simmer is in prime,
 Wi' the flowers richly blooming,
 And the wild mountain thyme,
 A' the moorlands perfuming ;
 To our dear native scenes,
 Let us journey together,
 Where glad innocence reigns,
 'Mang the braes o' Balquhither.

CROCKSTON CASTLE.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

THROUGH Crockston Castle's lanely wa's,
 The wintry wind howls wild and dreary ;
 Though mirk the cheerful e'ning fa's,
 Yet I ha'e vow'd to meet my Mary.
 Yes, Mary, though the winds should rave
 Wi' jealous spite to keep me frae thee,
 The darkest stormy night I'd brave,
 For ae sweet secret moment wi' thee.

Loud o'er Cardonald's rocky steep,
 Rude Cartha pours in boundless measure,
 But I will ford the whirling deep,
 That roars between me and my treasure.
 Yes, Mary, though the torrent rave
 With jealous spite to keep me frae thee,
 Its deepest floods I'd bauldly brave,
 For ae sweet secret moment wi' thee.

The watch-dog's howling loads the blast,
 And makes the nightly wand'rer eerie,
 But when the lonesome way is past,
 I'll to this bosom clasp my Mary.
 Yes, Mary, though stern Winter rave,
 With a' his storms, to keep me frae thee,
 The wildest dreary night I'd brave,
 For ae sweet secret moment wi' thee.

O, ARE YE SLEEPIN', MAGGIE?

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

O, ARE ye sleepin', Maggie?
 O, are ye sleepin', Maggie?
 Let me in, for loud the linn
 Is roarin' o'er the warlock craigie!
 Mirk and rainy is the night;
 No a starn in a' the carie;
 Lightnings gleam athwart the lift,
 And winds drive on wi' winter's fury.
 Fearfu' soughs the boor-tree bank;
 The rifted wood roars wild and drearie;
 Loud the iron yett does clank;
 And cry o' howlets maks me eerie.
 Aboon my breath I daurna speak,
 For fear I raise your waukrife daddy;
 Cauld's the blast upon my cheek;
 O rise, rise, my bonnie lady!
 She oped the door; she let him in;
 He cuist aside his dreepin' plaidie;
 Blaw your warst, ye rain and win',
 Since, Maggie, now I'm in beside ye!
 Now, since ye're waukin', Maggie,
 Now, since ye're waukin', Maggie,
 What care I for howlet's cry,
 For boor-tree bank and warlock craigie?

THE LASS O' ARRANTEENIE.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

FAR lone amang the Highland hills,
 Midst nature's wildest grandeur,
 By rocky dens and woody glens,
 With weary steps I wander.
 The langsome way, the darksome day,
 The mountain mist sae rainy,
 Are naught to me, when gaun to thee,
 Sweet lass o' Arranteenie.
 Yon mossy rose-bud down the howe,
 Just opening fresh and bonny,
 It blinks beneath the hazel bough,
 And's scarcely seen by ony.
 Sae sweet amidst her native hills,
 Obscurely blooms my Jeanie,
 Mair fair and gay than rosy May,
 The flower o' Arranteenie.

Now from the mountain's lofty brow,
 I view the distant ocean,
 There avarice guides the bounding prow,
 Ambition courts promotion,
 Let fortune pour her golden store,
 Her laurell'd favours many,
 Give me but this, my soul's first wish,
 The lass o' Arranteenie.

GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWA'.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

GLOOMY winter's now awa,
 Saft the westlin' breezes blaw:
 'Mang the birks o' Stanley-shaw
 The mavis sings fu' cheerie, O.
 Sweet the craw-flower's early bell
 Decks Gleniffer's dewy dell,
 Blooming like thy bonnie sel',
 My young, my artless dearie, O.

Come, my lassie, let us stray
 O'er Glenkilloch's sunny brae,
 Blithely spend the gowden day
 'Midst joys that never wearie O.
 Towering o'er the Newton woods,
 Laverocks fan the snaw-white clouds;
 Siller saughs, wi' downie buds,
 Adorn the banks sae brierie, O.

Round the sylvan fairy nooks,
 Feath'ry braikens fringe the rocks,
 'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,
 And ilka thing is cheerie, O.
 Trees may bud, and birds may sing,
 Flowers may bloom, and verdure spring,
 Joy to me they canna bring,
 Unless wi' thee, my dearie, O.

BONNIE WOOD OF CRAIGIE-LEA.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

THOU bonnie wood of Craigie-lea,
 Thou bonnie wood of Craigie-lea,
 Near thee I pass'd life's early day,
 And won my Mary's heart in thee.

The broom, the brier, the birken bush,
 Bloom bonnie o'er thy flowery lea,
 An' a' the sweets that ane can wish
 Frae nature's hand are strew'd on thee.
 Thou bonnie wood, &c.

Far ben thy dark-green planting's shade,
 The cushat croodles am'rously,
 The mavis, down thy buched glade,
 Gars echo ring frae every tree.
 Thou bonnie wood, &c.

Awa', ye thoughtless, murd'ring gang,
 Wha tear the nestlings ere they flee!
 They'll sing you yet a canty sang,
 Then, O in pity let them be!
 Thou bonnie wood, &c.

When winter blaws in sleety showers,
 Frae aff the Norlan' hills sae hie,
 He lightly skiffs thy bonnie bowers,
 As laith to harm a flower in thee.
 Thou bonnie wood, &c.

Though fate should drag me south the line,
 Or o'er the wide Atlantic sea;
 The happy hours I'll ever min'
 That I in youth ha'e spent in thee.
 Thou bonnie wood, &c.

LANGSYNE.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

LANGSYNE, beside the woodland burn,
 Amang the broom sae yellow,
 I lean'd me 'neath the milkwhite thorn,
 On nature's mossy pillow;
 A' 'round my seat the flowers were strew'd,
 That frae the wildwood I had pu'd,
 To weave mysel' a simmer snood,
 To pleasure my dear fellow.

I twined the woodbine round the rose,
 Its richer hues to mellow,
 Green sprigs of fragrant birk I chose,
 To busk the sedge sae yellow.
 The craw-flower blue, and meadow-pink,
 I wove in primrose-braided link,
 But little, little did I think,
 I should have wove the willow,

My bonnie lad was forced afar,
 Toss'd on the raging billow,
 Perhaps he's fa'n in bluidy war,
 Or wreck'd on rocky shallow;
 Yet aye I hope for his return,
 As round our wonted haunts I mourn,
 And aften by the woodland burn,
 I pu' the weeping willow.

MARJORY MILLER.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

LOUDER than the trump of fame
 Is the voice of Marjory Miller;
 Time, the wildest beast can tame,
She's eternally the same:
 Loud the mill's incessant clack,
 Loud the clank of Vulcan's hammer,
 Loud the deep-mouth'd cataract,
 But louder far her dinsome clamour!
 Nought on earth can equal be
 To the noise of Marjory.

Calm succeeds the tempest's roar,
 Peace does follow war's confusion,
 Dogs do bark and soon give o'er,
 But she barks for evermore:
 Loud's the sounding bleachfield horn,
 But her voice is ten times louder!
 Red's the sun on winter morn,
 But her face is ten times redder!
 She delights in endless strife,
 Lord preserve's from such a wife!

YE WOOR LADS WHA GREET AN' GRANE.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

YE woor lads wha greet an' grane,
 Wha preach an' fleech, an' mak' a mane,
 An' pine yoursels to skin and bane,
 Come a' to Callum Brogach:
 I'll learn you here the only art,
 To win a bonnie lassie's heart—
 Just tip wi' gowd Love's siller dart,
 Like dainty Callum Brogach.

I ca'd her aye my sonsie dow,
 The fairest flower that e'er I knew;
 Yet, like a souple spankie grew,
 She fled frae Callum Brogach:
 But soon's she heard the guinea ring,
 She turn'd as I had been a king,
 Wi' "Tak' my hand, or ony thing,
 Dear, dainty Callum Brogach."

It's gowd can mak' the blind to see,
 Can bring respect whare nane would be,
 And Cupid ne'er shall want his fee
 Frae dainty Callum Brogach:
 Nae mair wi' greetin' blind your een,
 Nae mair wi' sichin' warm the win',
 But hire the gettlin for your frien',
 Like dainty Callum Brogach.

YE ECHOES THAT RING.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

YE echoes that ring round the woods of Bowgreen,
 Say, did ye e'er listen sae melting a strain,
 When lovely young Jessie gaed wand'ring unseen,
 And sung of her laddie, the pride of the plain?
 Aye she sung, "Willie, my bonny young Willie!
 There's no a sweet flow'r on the mountain or valley,
 Mild blue spreckl'd crawflow'r, nor wild woodland lily,
 But tines a' its sweets in my bonny young swain.
 Thou goddess of love, keep him constant to me,
 Else, with'ring in sorrow, poor Jessie shall die!"

Her laddie had stray'd through the dark leafy wood,
 His thoughts were a' fix'd on his dear lassie's charms,
 He heard her sweet voice, all transported he stood,
 'Twas the soul of his wishes—he flew to her arms.
 "No, my dear Jessie! my lovely young Jessie!
 Through summer, through winter I'll daut and caress thee,
 Thou'rt dearer than life! thou'rt my ae only lassie!
 Then, banish thy bosom these needless alarms;
 Yon red setting sun sooner changeful shall be,
 Ere wav'ring in falschood I wander frae thee."

MY WINSOME MARY.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

FORTUNE, frowning most severe,
 Forced me from my native dwelling,
 Parting with my friends so dear,
 Cost me many a bitter tear;

But, like the clouds of early day,
 Soon my sorrows fled away,
 When blooming sweet, and smiling gay,
 I met my winsome Mary.

Wha can sit with gloomy brow,
 Blest with sic a charming lassie?
 Native scenes, I think on you,
 Yet the change I canna' rue:
 Wand'ring many a weary mile,
 Fortune seem'd to low'r, the while,
 But now she's gi'en me, for the toil,
 My bonnie winsome Mary.

Though our riches are but few,
 Faithful love is aye a treasure—
 Ever cheery, kind, and true,
 Nane but her I e'er can lo'e.
 Hear me, a' ye powers above!
 Powers of sacred truth and love!
 While I live I'll constant prove
 To my dear winsome Mary.

YE DEAR ROMANTIC SHADES.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

FAR from the giddy court of mirth,
 Where sick'ning follies reign,
 By Lavern banks I wander forth
 To hail each sylvan scene.
 All hail! ye dear romantic shades!
 Ye banks, ye woods, and sunny glades!
 Here oft the musing poet treads
 In Nature's riches great;
 Contrasts the country with the town,
 Makes nature's beauties all his own,
 And, borne on fancy's wings, looks down
 On empty pride and fate.
 By dewy dawn, or sultry noon,
 Or sober evening gray,
 I'll often quit the dinsome town,
 By Lavern banks to stray;
 Or from the upland's mossy brow,
 Enjoy the fancy-pleasing view
 Of streamlets, woods, and fields below,
 A sweetly varied scene!
 Give riches to the miser's care,
 Let folly shine in fashion's glare,
 Give me the wealth of peace and health,
 With all their happy train.

THE HIGHLANDER'S INVITATION.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

WILL you come to the board I've preparèd for you?
 Your drink shall be good, of the true Highland blue;
 Will you, Donald, will you, Callum, come to the board?
 There each shall be great as her own native lord.

There'll be plenty of pipe, and a glorious supply
 Of the good sneesh-te-bacht, and the fine cut-an-dry;
 Will you, Donald, will you, Callum, come then at e'en?
 There be some for the stranger, but more for the frien'.

There we'll drink foggy Care to his gloomy abodes,
 And we'll smoke till we sit in the clouds like the gods;
 Will you, Donald, will you, Callum, won't you do so?
 'Tis the way that our forefathers did long ago.

And we'll drink to the Cameron, we'll drink to Lochiel,
 And, for Charlie, we'll drink all the French to the de'il.
 Will you, Donald, will you, Callum, drink there until
 There be heads lie like peats if hersel' had her will!

There be groats on the land, there be fish in the sea,
 And there's fouth in the coggie for friendship and me;
 Come then, Donald, come then, Callum, come then to-night,
 Sure the Highlander be first in the fuddle and the fight.

RAB RORYSON'S BONNET.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

YE'LL a' hae heard tell o' Rab Roryson's bonnet,
 Ye'll a' hae heard tell o' Rab Roryson's bonnet;
 'Twas no for itsel', 'twas the head that was in it,
 Gar'd a' bodies talk o' Rab Roryson's bonnet.

This bonnet, that theekit his wonderfu' head,
 Was his shelter in winter, in summer his shade;
 And, at kirk or at market, or bridals, I ween,
 A braw gawcier bonnet there never was seen.

Wi' a round rosy tap, like a muckle blackboyd,
 It was slouch'd just a kenning on either hand side:
 Some maintain'd it was black, some maintain'd it was blue,
 It had something o' baith as a body may trow.

But, in sooth, I assure you, for ought that I saw,
 Still his bonnet had naething uncommon ava;
 Tho' the hail parish talk'd o' Rab Roryson's bonnet,
 'Twas a' for the marvellous head that was in it.

That head—let it rest—it is now in the mools,
 Though in life a' the warld beside it were fools;
 Yet o' what kind o' wisdom his head was possest,
 Nane e'er kent but himsel', sae there's nane that will miss't.

WHILE THE GRAY-PINIONED LARK.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

WHILE the gray-pinion'd lark early mounts to the skies,
 And cheerily hails the sweet dawn,
 And the sun, newly risen, sheds the mist from his eyes,
 And smiles over mountain and lawn;
 Delighted I stray by the fairy-wood side,
 Where the dew-drops the crowsflowers adorn,
 And Nature, array'd in her midsummer's pride,
 Sweetly smiles to the smile of the morn.

Ye dark waving plantings, ye green shady bowers,
 Your charms ever varying I view;
 My soul's dearest transports, my happiest hours,
 Have owed half their pleasure to you.
 Sweet Ferguslie, hail! thou'rt the dear sacred grove,
 Where first my young Muse spread her wing;
 Here Nature first wak'd me to rapture and love,
 And taught me her beauties to sing.

THE WANDERING BARD.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

CHILL the wintry winds were blowing,
 Foul the murky night was snowing,
 Through the storm the minstrel, bowing,
 Sought the inn on yonder moor.
 All within was warm and cheery,
 All without was cold and dreary,
 There the wanderer, old and weary,
 Thought to pass the night secure.

Softly rose his mournful ditty,
 Suiting to his tale of pity;
 But the master, scoffing, witty,
 Check'd his strain with scornful jeer;
 "Hoary vagrant, frequent comer,
 Canst thou guide thy gains of summer?—
 No, thou old intruding thrummer,
 Thou canst have no lodging here."

Slow the bard departed, sighing ;
 Wounded worth forbade replying ;
 One last feeble effort trying,
 Faint he sunk no more to rise.
 Through his harp the breeze sharp ringing,
 Wild his dying dirge was singing,
 While his soul, from insult springing,
 Sought its mansion in the skies.

Now, though wintry winds be blowing,
 Night be foul, with raining, snowing,
 Still the traveller, that way going,
 Shuns the inn upon the moor.
 Though within 'tis warm and cheery,
 Though without 'tis cold and dreary,
 Still he minds the minstrel weary,
 Spurn'd from that unfriendly door.

FROM THE RUDE BUSTLING CAMP.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

FROM the rude bustling camp, to the calm rural plain,
 I'm come, my dear Jeanie, to bless thee again ;
 Still burning for honour our warriors may roam,
 But the laurel I wish'd for I've won it at home ;
 All the glories of conquest no joy could impart,
 When far from the kind little girl of my heart :
 Now, safely return'd, I will leave thee no more,
 But love my dear Jeanie till life's latest hour.

The sweets of retirement how pleasing to me !
 Possessing all worth, my dear Jeanie, in thee !
 Our flocks early bleating will make us to joy,
 And our raptures exceed the warm tints in the sky ;
 In sweet rural pastimes our days still will glide,
 Till Time, looking back, will admire at his speed !
 Still blooming in virtue, though youth then be o'er,
 I'll love my dear Jeanie till life's latest hour.

COGGIE, THOU HEALS ME.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

DOROTHY sits i' the cauld ingle neuk ;
 Her red rosy neb's like a labster tae,
 Wi' girning, her mou's like the gab o' the fleuk,
 Wi' smoking, her teeth's like the jet o' the slae.
 And aye she sings "Weel's me!" aye she sing "Weel's me
 Coggie, thou heals me, coggie, thou heals me ;
 Aye my best friend, when there's ony thing ails me :
 Ne'er shall we part till the day that I die."

Dorothy ance was a weel tocher'd lass,
 Had charms like her neighbours, and lovers enew,
 But she spited them sae wi' her pride and her sauce,
 They left her for thretty lang simmers to rue.
 Then aye she sang "Waes me!" aye she sang "Waes me!
 O I'll turn crazy, O I'll turn crazy!
 Naething in a' the wide world can ease me,
 De'il take the wooers—O what shall I do!"

Dorothy, dozen'd wi' living her lane,
 Pu'd at her rock, wi' the tear in her e'e,
 She thoct on the braw merry days that were gane,
 And coft a wee coggie for companie.
 Now aye she sings "Weel's me!" aye she sings "Weel's me!
 Coggie, thou heals me, coggie, thou heals me;
 Aye my best friend, when there's ony thing ails me:
 Ne'er shall we part till the day that I die."

O SAIR I RUE THE WITLESS WISH.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

O SAIR I rue the witless wish,
 That gar'd me gang with you at e'en,
 And sair I rue the birken bush,
 That screen'd us wi' its leaves sae green.
 And though ye vow'd ye wad be mine,
 The tear o' grief aye dims my e'e,
 For O! I'm fear'd that I may tine
 The love that ye ha'e promised me!

While ithers seek their e'ening sports,
 I wander, dowie, a' my lane,
 For when I join their glad resorts,
 Their daffing gi'es me meikle pain,
 Alas! it was na' sae shortsyne,
 When a' my nights were spent wi' glee;
 But, O! I'm fear'd that I may tine
 The love that ye ha'e promis'd me.

Dear lassie, keep thy heart aboon,
 For I ha'e wair'd my winter's fee,
 I've coft a bonnie silken gown,
 To be a bridal gift for thee.
 And sooner shall the hills fa' down,
 And mountain-high shall stand the sea,
 Ere I'd accept a gowden crown,
 To change that love I bear for thee.

FLY WE TO SOME DESERT ISLE.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

FLY we to some desert isle,
 There we'll pass our days together,
 Shun the world's derisive smile,
 Wandering tenants of the heather:
 Shelter'd in some lonely glen,
 Far removed from mortal ken,
 Forget the selfish ways o' men,
 Nor feel a wish beyond each other.

Though my friends deride me still,
 Jamie, I'll disown thee never;
 Let them scorn me as they will,
 I'll be thine—and thine for ever.
 What are a' my kin to me,
 A' their pride o' pedigree?
 What were life if wanting thee,
 And what were death, if we maun sever!

I'LL HIE ME TO THE SHIELING HILL.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

I'LL hie me to the shieling hill,
 And bide amang the braes, Callum,
 Ere I gang to Crochan mill,
 I'll live on hips and slaes, Callum.
 Wealthy pride but ill can hide
 Your runkl'd, mizzly shins, Callum,
 Lyart pow, as white's the tow,
 And beard as rough's the whins, Callum.

Wily woman aft deceives!
 Sae ye'll think, I ween, Callum,
 Trees may keep their wither'd leaves,
 'Till ance they get the green, Callum.
 Blithe young Donald's won my heart,
 Has my willing vow, Callum,
 Now, for a' your couthy art,
 I winna marry you, Callum.

THE FLOWER ON LEVEN SIDE.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

YE sunny braes that skirt the Clyde
 Wi' simmer flowers sae braw,
 There's ae sweet flower on Leven side,
 That's fairer than them a':
 Yet aye it droops its head in wae,
 Regardless o' the sunny ray,
 And wastes its sweets frae day to day,
 Beside the lonely shaw;
 Wi' leaves a' steep'd in sorrow's dew,
 Fause, cruel man, it seems to rue,
 Wha aft the sweetest flower will pu',
 Then rend its heart in twa.

Thou bonny flow'r on Leven side,
 O gin thou'lt be but mine;
 I'll tend thee wi' a lover's pride,
 Wi' love that ne'er shall tine;
 I'll take thee to my sheltering bower,
 And shield thee frae the beating shower,
 Unharm'd by ought thou'lt bloom secure
 Frae a' the blasts that blaw:
 Thy charms surpass the crimson dye
 That streaks the glowing western sky,
 But here, unshaded, soon thou'lt die,
 And lone will be thy fa'.

OUR BONNIE SCOTS LADS.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

OUR bonnie Scots lads, in their green tartan plaids,
 Their blue-belted bonnets, and feathers sae braw,
 Rank'd up on the green were fair to be seen,
 But my bonnie young laddie was fairest of a',
 His cheeks were as red as the sweet heather-bell,
 Or the red western cloud looking down on the snaw,
 His lang yellow hair o'er his braid shoulders fell,
 And the cen o' the lasses were fix'd on him a'.

My heart sunk wi' wae on the wearifu' day,
 When torn frae my bosom they march'd him awa',
 He bade me farewell, he cried, "O be leel,"
 And his red cheeks were wat wi' the tears that did fa'.
 Ah! Harry, my love, though thou ne'er shoul'dst return,
 Till life's latest hour I thy absence will mourn,
 And memory shall fade, like the leaf on the tree,
 Ere my heart spare ae thought on anither but thee.

MARY.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

My Mary is a bonnie lassie,
 Sweet as the dewy moru,
 When Fancy tunes her rural reed,
 Beside the upland thorn.
 She lives ahint yon sunny knowe,
 Where flow'rs in wild profusion grow,
 Where spreading birks and hazels throw
 Their shadows o'er the burn.

'Tis no the streamlet-skirted wood,
 Wi' a' its leafy bowers,
 That gars me wait in solitude
 Among the wild-sprung flowers;
 But aft I cast a langing e'e,
 Down frae the bank out-owre the lea,
 There haply I my lass may see,
 As through the broom she scours.

Yestreen I met my bonnie lassie
 Coming frae the town,
 We raptured sunk in ither's arms
 And prest the breckans down;
 The pairtrick sung his e'ening note,
 The rye-craik rispt his clam'rous throat,
 While there the heavenly vow I got,
 That erl'd her my own.

HIGHLAND LADDIE.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

BLYTHE was the time when he fee'd wi' my father, O,
 Happy were the days when we herded thegither, O,
 Sweet were the hours when he row'd me in his pladdie, O,
 And vow'd to be mine, my dear Highland laddie, O.

But, ah! waes me! wi' their sodgering sae gaudy, O,
 The laird's wyl'd awa' my braw Highland laddie, O,
 Misty are the glens and the dark hills sae cloudy, O,
 That aye seem'd sae blythe wi' my dear Highland laddie, O

The blae-berry banks now are lonesome and dreary, O,
 Muddy are the streams that gush'd down sae clearly, O,
 Silent are the rocks that echoed sae gladly, O,
 The wild melting strains o' my dear Highland laddie, O,

He pu'd me the crawberry, ripe frae the boggy fen,
 He pu'd me the strawberry, red frae the foggy glen,
 He pu'd me the rowan frae the wild steep sae giddy, O,
 Sae loving and kind was my dear Highland laddie, O.

Fareweel, my ewes, and fareweel, my doggie, O,
 Fareweel, ye knowes, now sae cheerless and scroggie, O,
 Fareweel, Glenfeoch, my mammy and my daddie, O,
 I will lea' you a' for my dear Highland laddie, O.

BARROCHAN JEAN.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

'Tis hinna ye heard, man, o' Barrochan Jean?
 And hinna ye heard, man, o' Barrochan Jean!
 How death and starvation came o'er the hail nation,
 She wrought sic mischief wi' her twa pawky een;
 The lads and the lasses were dying in dizzens,
 The taen kill'd wi' love, and the tither wi' spleen,
 The ploughing, the sawing, the shearing, the mawing,
 A' wark was forgotten for Barrochan Jean!

Frae the south and the north, o'er the Tweed and the Forth,
 Sic coming and ganging there never was seen,
 The comers were cheery, the gangers were blearie,
 Despairing, or hoping for Barrochan Jean.
 The carlins at hame were a' girning and graning,
 The bairns were a' greeting frae morning till e'en,
 They gat naething for crowdy, but runts boil'd to sowdie,
 For naething gat growing for Barrochan Jean.

The doctors declar'd it was past their describing,
 The ministers said 'twas a judgment for sin,
 But they lookit sae blac, and their hearts were sae wae,
 I was sure they were dying for Barrochan Jean.
 The burns on road-sides were a' dry wi' their drinking,
 Yet a' wadna sloken the drouth i' their skin;
 A' around the peat-stacks, and alangst the dyke backs,
 E'en the winds were a' sighing, sweet Barrochan Jean.

The timmer ran done wi' the making o' coffins,
 Kirkyards o' their sward were a' howkit fu' clean,
 Dead lovers were packit like herring in barrels,
 Sic thousands were dying for Barrochan Jean.
 But mony brow thanks to the Laird o' Glen-Brodie,
 The grass owre their graffs is now bonnie and green,
 He sta' the proud heart of our wanton young lady,
 And spoil'd a' the charms o' her twa pawky een,

THE COGIE.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

WHEN poortith cauld, and sour disdain,
 Hang o'er life's vale sae fogie,
 The sun that brightens up the scene,
 Is friendship's kindly cogie.

Then, O revere the cogie, sirs,
 The friendly, social cogie;
 It gars the wheels o' life rin light,
 Though e'er sae doilt and clogie.

Let pride in fortune's chariots fly,
 Sae empty, vain, and vogie;
 The source of wit, the spring of joy,
 Lies in the social cogie.

Then, O revere the cogie, sirs,
 The independent cogie;
 And never snool beneath the frown
 Of onie selfish rogie.

Poor modest worth, with heartless e'e,
 Sits burkling in the bogie,
 Till she asserts her dignity,
 By virtue of the cogie.

Then, O revere the cogie, sirs,
 The poor man's patron cogie;
 It warsals care, it fights life's faughts,
 And lifts him frae the bogie.

Gi'e feckless Spain her weak snail broo,
 Gi'e France her weel spic'd frogie,
 Gi'e brither John his luncheon too,
 But gi'e to us our cogie.

Then, O revere the cogie, sirs,
 Our kind heart-warming cogie;
 We doubly feel the social tie,
 When just a wee thought grogie.

In days of yore our sturdy sires,
 Upon their hills sae scrogie,
 Glow'd with true freedom's warmest fires,
 And fought to save their cogie.

Then, O revere the cogie, sirs,
 Our brave forefathers' cogie;
 It rous'd them up to doughty deeds,
 O'er which we'll lang be vogie,

Then here's may Scotland ne'er fa' down,
 A cringing coward dogie,
 But bauldly stand, and bang the loon,
 Wha'd reave her of her cogie.
 Then, O protect the cogie, sirs,
 Our good auld mither's cogie;
 Nor let her luggie e'er be drain'd
 By ony foreign rogie.

WE'LL MEET BESIDE THE DUSKY GLEN.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

WE'LL meet beside the dusky glen, on yon burn-side,
 Where the bushes form a cozie den, on yon burn-side :
 Though the broomy knowes be green,
 Yet there we may be seen ;
 But we'll meet—we'll meet at e'en, down by yon burn-side.
 I'll lead thee to the birken bower on yon burn-side,
 Sae sweetly wove wi' woodbine flower, on yon burn-side :
 There the busy prying eye
 Ne'er disturbs the lover's joy,
 While in other's arms they lie, down by yon burn-side.
 Awa', ye rude unfeelin' crew, frae yon burn-side !
 Those fairy scenes are no for you, by yon burn-side :
 There fancy smooths her theme,
 By the sweetly murmurin' stream,
 And the rock-lodged echoes skim, down by yon burn-side.
 Now the plantin' taps are tinged wi' gowd on yon burn-side,
 And gloamin' draws her foggie shroud o'er yon burn-side :
 Far frae the noisy scene,
 I'll through the fields alane :
 There we'll meet, my ain dear Jean ! down by yon burn-side.

NOW WINTER, WI' HIS CLOUDY BROW.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

Now winter, wi' his cloudy brow,
 Is far ayont yon mountains,
 And spring beholds her azure sky
 Reflected in the fountains.
 Now, on the budding slaethorn bank,
 She spreads her early blossom,
 And woos the mirly-breasted birds
 To nestle in her bosom.
 But lately a' was clad wi' snaw,
 Sae darksome, dull, and dreary,
 Now lavrocks sing, to hail the spring,
 And nature all is cheery,

Then let us leave the town, my love,
 And seek our country dwelling,
 Where waving woods, and spreading flow'rs,
 On every side are smiling.
 We'll tread again the daisied green,
 Where first your beauty moved me ;
 We'll trace again the woodland scene,
 Where first ye own'd ye loved me.
 We soon will view the roses blaw
 In a' the charms of fancy,
 For doubly dear these pleasures a',
 When shared with thee, my Nancy.

THE MIDGES DANCE ABOON THE BURN.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

THE midges dance aboon the burn,
 The dews begin to fa',
 The pairtricks down the rushy holm,
 Set up their e'ening ca'.
 Now loud and clear the blackbird's sang
 Rings through the briery shaw,
 While flitting, gay, the swallows play
 Around the castle wa'.

Beneath the golden gloaming sky,
 The mavis mends her lay,
 The redbreast pours his sweetest strains,
 To charm the ling'ring day ;
 While weary yeldrins seem to wail
 Their little nestlings torn,
 The merry wren, frae den to den,
 Gaes jinking through the thorn.

The roses fauld their silken leaves,
 The foxglove shuts its bell,
 The honeysuckle, and the birk,
 Spread fragrance through the dell.
 Let others crowd the giddy court
 Of mirth and revelry,
 The simple joys that nature yields
 Are dearer far to me.

OCH, HEY! JOHNNIE LAD.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

Och, hey! Johnnie lad,
 Ye're no sae kind's ye should ha'e been;
 Och, hey! Johnnie lad,
 Ye didna keep your tryst yestreen.
 I waited lang beside the wood,
 Sae wae and weary a' my lane,
 Och, hey! Johnnie lad,
 Ye're no sae kind's ye should ha'e been.

I looked by the whinny knowe,
 I looked by the firs sae green,
 I looked owre the spunkie howe,
 And aye I thought ye wad ha'e been.
 The ne'er a supper cross'd my craig,
 The ne'er a sleep has closed my een,
 Och, hey! Johnnie lad,
 Ye're no sae kind's ye should ha'e been.

Gin ye were waiting by the wood,
 Then I was waiting by the thorn,
 I thought it was the place we set,
 And waited maist till dawning morn.
 Sae be na vex'd, my bonnie lassie,
 Let my waiting stand for thine,
 We'll awa' to Craigton shaw,
 And seek the joys we tint yestreen.

CLEAN PEASE STRAE.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

WHEN John and me were married,
 Our hadding was but sma',
 For my minnie, canker'd carline,
 Wad gi'e us nocht ava.
 I wair't my fee wi' cannie care,
 As far as it wad gae;
 But, weel I wat, our bridal bed
 Was clean pease strae.

Wi' working late and early,
 We're come to what you see;
 For fortune thrive aneath our hands,
 Sae eydent aye were we.
 The lowe o' love made labour light;
 I'm sure you'll find it sae,
 When kind ye cuddle down at c'en
 'Mang clean pease strae.

The rose blooms gay on cairny brae
 As weel's in birken shaw,
 And love will live in cottage low,
 As weel's in lofty ha',
 Sae, lassie, tak' the lad ye like,
 Whate'er your minnie say,
 Though ye should mak' your bridal bed
 O' clean pease strae.

I MARK'D A GEM OF PEARLY DEW.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

I MARK'D a gem of pearly dew,
 While wand'ring near yon misty mountain,
 Which bore the tender flow'r so low,
 It dropp'd it off into the fountain.
 So thou hast wrung this gentle heart,
 Which in its core was proud to wear thee,
 Till drooping sick beneath thy art,
 It sighing found it could not bear thee.

Adieu, thou faithless fair! unkind!
 Thy falsehood dooms that we must sever;
 Thy vows were as the passing wind,
 That fans the flow'r, then dies for ever.
 And think not that this gentle heart,
 Though in its core 'twas proud to wear thee
 Shall longer droop beneath thy art;—
 No, cruel fair, it cannot bear thee.

WITH WAEFU' HEART.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

WITH waefu' heart, and sorrowing e'e,
 I saw my Jamie sail awa';
 O 'twas a fatal day to me,
 That day he pass'd the Berwick Law:
 How joyless now seem'd all behind!
 I lingering stray'd along the shore;
 Dark boding fears hung on my mind
 That I might never see him more.

The night came on with heavy rain,
 Loud, fierce, and wild, the tempest blew;
 In mountains roll'd the awful main—
 Ah, hapless maid! my fears how true!
 The landsmen heard their drowning cries,
 The wreck was seen with dawning day;
 My love was found, and now he lies
 Low in the isle of gloomy May,

O boatman, kindly waft me o'er!
 The cavern'd rock shall be my home;
 'Twill ease my burden'd heart to pour
 Its sorrows o'er his grassy tomb.
 With sweetest flowers I'll deck his grave,
 And tend them through the langsome year;
 I'll water them ilk morn and eve,
 With deepest sorrow's warmest tear.

MARY, WHY WASTE?

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

"MARY, why thus waste thy youth-time in sorrow?
 See, a' around you the flowers sweetly blaw;
 Blythe sets the sun o'er the wild cliffs of Jura,
 Blythe sings the mavis in ilka green shaw."
 "How can this heart ever mair think of pleasure?
 Summer may smile, but delight I ha'e nane;
 Cauld in the grave lies my heart's only treasure,
 Nature seems dead since my Jamie is gane.
 "This 'kerchief he gave me, a true lover's token,
 Dear, dear to me was the gift for his sake!
 I wear't near my heart, but this poor heart is broken,
 Hope died with Jamie, and left it to break;
 Sighing for him, I lie down in the e'ening,
 Sighing for him, I awake in the morn;
 Spent are my days a' in secret repining,
 Peace to this bosom can never return.
 "Oft have we wander'd in sweetest retirement,
 Telling our loves 'neath the moon's silent beam,
 Sweet were our meetings of tender endearment,
 But fled are these joys like a fleet-passing dream.
 Cruel remembrance, in pity forsake me,
 Brooding o'er joys that for ever are flown!
 Cruel remembrance, in pity forsake me,
 Flee to some bosom where grief is unknown!"

HARPER OF MULL.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

WHEN Rosie was faithful, how happy was I!
 Still gladsome as summer the time glided by:
 I play'd my heart cheery, while fondly I sang
 Of the charms of my Rosie the winter nights lang:
 But now I'm as waefu' as waefu' can be,
 Come simmer, come winter, 'tis a' ane to me,
 For the dark gloom of falsehood sae clouds my sad soul,
 That cheerless for aye is the Harper of Mull,

I wander the glens and the wild woods alane,
 In their deepest recesses I make my sad mane;
 My harp's mournful melody joins in the strain,
 While sadly I sing of the days that are gane,
 Though Rosic is faithless, she's no the less fair,
 And the thoughts of her beauty but feed my despair;
 With painful remembrance my bosom is full,
 And weary of life is the Harper of Mull.

As slumb'ring I lay by the dark mountain stream,
 My lovely young Rosic appear'd in my dream;
 I thought her still kind, and I ne'er was sae blest,
 As in fancy I clasp'd the dear nymph to my breast:
 Thou false fleeting vision, too soon thou wert o'er,
 Thou wak'dst me to tortures unequal'd before;
 But death's silent slumbers my griefs soon shall lull,
 And the green grass wave over the Harper of Mull.

ACCUSE ME NOT, INCONSTANT FAIR.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

ACCUSE me not, inconstant fair,
 Of being false to thee,
 For I was true, would still been so,
 Had'st thou been true to me:
 But when I knew thy plighted lips
 Once to a rival's prest,
 Love-smother'd independence rose,
 And spurn'd thee from my breast.

The fairest flow'r in nature's field
 Conceals the rankling thorn;
 So thou, sweet flower! as false as fair,
 This once kind heart hast torn:
 'Twas mine to prove the fellest pangs
 That slighted love can feel;
 'Tis thine to weep that one rash act,
 Which bids this long farewell.
