

## HEY DONALD! HOWE DONALD!

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

THE second, third, and fifth stanzas were written by Mr. Gibson, Greenock. The fourth is by William Motherwell.

THO' simmer smiles on bank and brae,  
 An' nature bids the heart be gay;  
 Yet a' the joys o' flow'ry May,  
 Wi' pleasure ne'er can move me.  
     Hey Donald! howe Donald!  
     Think upon your vow, Donald!  
     Mind the heathery knowe, Donald,  
     Whare ye vow'd to lo'e me.

When first ye climb'd the heath'ry steep,  
 Wi' me to wear my father's sheep,  
 The vows ye made ye said ye'd keep,  
 The vows ye made to lo'e me.  
     Hey Donald, &c.

But love is but a weary dream,  
 Its joys are like the summer scene,  
 Whose beauty is the sunny beam,  
 That dazzles to deceive me.  
     Hey Donald, &c.

I downa look on bank or brae,  
 I downa greet where a' are gay;  
 But, oh! my heart will break wi' wae,  
 Gin Donald cease to lo'e me.  
     Hey Donald, &c.

My father has a haddin braw,  
 His setting sun's just gaun to fa',  
 And Donald thou sall get it a',  
 My Donald gin ye'll lo'e me.  
     Hey Donald, &c.

## GLOOMY FEBER'WAR.

THE first stanza is by Tannahill, the others by Dr. Patrick Buchan.

THOU could gloomy Feber'war,  
 Oh! gin thou wert awa'!  
 I'm wae to hear thy soughin' winds,  
 I'm wae to see thy snaw;  
 For my bonnie braw young Hielandman,  
 The lad I lo'e sae dear,  
 Has vow'd to come and see me,  
 In the spring time o' the year,

A silken ban' he gae me,  
 To bin' my gowden hair;  
 A siller brooch and tartan plaid,  
 A' for his sake to wear:  
 And oh! my heart was like to break,  
 (For partin' sorrows sair,)  
 As he vow'd to come and see me,  
 In the spring time o' the year.

Aft, aft as gloaming dims the sky,  
 I wander out alane,  
 Whare buds the bonnie yellow whins,  
 Around the trystin' stane:  
 'Twas there he press'd me to his heart,  
 And kiss'd awa' the tear,  
 As he vow'd to come and see me,  
 In the spring time o' the year

Ye gentle breezes saftly blaw,  
 And cleed anew the wuds:  
 Ye lav'rocks lilt your cheery sangs,  
 Amang the fleecy cluds;  
 Till Feber'war and a' his train,  
 Affrighted disappear—  
 I'll hail wi' you the blythsome change,  
 The spring time o' the year.

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### THE LASSES A' LEUGH.

THE first stanza is by Tannahill, the others were added by Alexander Rodger.

THE lasses a' leugh, and the carlin flate,  
 But Maggie was sitting fu' ourie and blate,  
 The auld silly gawkie, she couldna contain,  
 How brawly she was kiss'd yestreen;  
 Kiss'd yestreen, kiss'd yestreen,  
 How brawly she was kiss'd yestreen;  
 She blethered it round to her fae an' her freen,  
 How brawly she was kiss'd yestreen.

She loosed the white napkin frae 'bout her dun neck,  
 An' cried, The big sorrow tak' lang Geordie Fleck!  
 D'ye see what a scart I gat frae a preen,  
 By his tousling an' kissing at me yestreen;  
 At me yestreen, at me yestreen,  
 By his tousling an' kissing at me yestreen;  
 I canna conceive what the fallow could mean,  
 By his kissing sae meikle at me yestreen.

Then she pu'd up her sleeve an' shawed a blue mark,  
 Quo' she, I gat that frae young Davy our clark,  
 But the creature had surely forgat himsel' clean,  
 Whén he nipt me sae hard for a kiss yestreen,  
     For a kiss yestreen, for a kiss yestreen,  
 When he nipt me sae hard for a kiss yestreen ;  
 I wonder what keepit my nails frae his een,  
     When he nipt me sae hard for a kiss yestreen.

Then she held up her cheek, an' cried, Foul fa' the laird,  
 Just leuk what I gat with his black birsie beard,  
 The vile filthy body ! was e'er the like seen ?  
 To rub me sae sair for a kiss yestreen ;  
     For a kiss yestreen, for a kiss yestreen ;  
 To rub me sae sair for a kiss yestreen,  
 I'm sure that nae woman o' judgment need green  
     To be rubbit, like me, for a kiss yestreen.

Syne she tald what grand offers she aften had had,  
 But wad she tak' a man ?—na, she wasna sae mad ;  
 For the hale o' the sex she cared na a preen,  
 An' she hated the way she was kiss'd yestreen ;  
     Kiss'd yestreen, kiss'd yestreen,  
 She hated the way she was kiss'd yestreen ;  
 'Twas a mercy that naething mair serious had been,  
     For it's dangerous whiles to be kiss'd at e'en.

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### THE NE'ER-DO-WEEL.

THE first stanza is by Tannahill, the others were afterwards written by Alexander Rodger.

COME hame to your lingels, ye ne'er-do-weel loon,  
 You're the king o' the dyvours, the talk o' the town,  
 Sae soon as the Munonday morning comes in,  
 Your wearifu' daidling again maun begin.  
 Gudewife, you're a skillet, your tongue's just a bell,  
 To the peace o' gude fallows it rings the death-knell,  
 But clack till ye deafen auld Barnaby's mill,  
 The souter shall aye ha'e his Munonday's yill.

Come hame to your lap-stane, come hame to your last,  
 It's a bonnie affair that your family maun fast,  
 While you and your crew here a-guzzling maun sit,  
 Ye daised drunken gude-for-nocht heir of the pit ;  
 Just leuk, how I'm gaun without stocking or shoe,  
 Your bairns a' in tatters, an' fotherless too,  
 An' yet, quite content, like a sot, ye'll sit still,  
 Till your kyte's like to crack, wi' your Munonday's yill.

I tell you, gudewife, gin you haud na your clack,  
 I'll lend you a reestle wi' this owre your back;  
 Maun we be abused an' affronted by you,  
 Wi' siccan foul names as "loon," "dyvour," an' "crew?"  
 Come hame to your lingels, this instant come hame,  
 Or I'll redden your face, gin ye've yet ony shame,  
 For I'll bring a' the bairns, an' we'll just ha'e our fill,  
 As weel as yoursel', o' your Munonday's yill.

Gin that be the gate o't, sirs, come, let us stir,  
 What need we sit here to be pestered by her?  
 For she'll plague an' affront us as far as she can;  
 Did ever a woman sae bother a man?  
 Frae yill house to yill house she'll after us rin,  
 An' raise the hale town wi' her yelpin' and din;  
 Come, ca' the gudewife, bid her bring in her bill,  
 I see I maun quat takin' Munonday's yill.

### UP AMANG YON CLIFFY ROCKS.

WILLIAM DUDGEON,

A NATIVE of Tynninghame in East Lothian, where he was born about 1753. He died at his farm of Primrose Hill, near Dunse, in 1813.

UP amang yon cliffy rocks,  
 Sweetly rings the rising echo,  
 To the maid that tends the goats,  
 Lilting o'er her native notes.  
 Hark, she sings, "Young Sandy's kind,  
 An' he's promis'd aye to lo'e me;  
 Here's a broach I ne'er shall tine,  
 Till he's fairly married to me;  
 Drive away, ye drone, Time,  
 An' bring about our bridal day.  
 Sandy herds a flock o' sheep,  
 Aften does he blaw the whistle,  
 In a strain sae saftly sweet,  
 Lammies list'ning daurna bleat.  
 He's as fleet's the mountain roe,  
 Hardy as the highland heather,  
 Wading through the winter snow,  
 Keeping aye his flock together;  
 But a plaid, wi' bare houghs,  
 He braves the bleakest norlan' blast.  
 Brawly can he dance and sing,  
 Canty glee or highland cronach;  
 Nane can ever match his fling,  
 At a reel, or round a ring;



Wightly can he wield a rung,  
 In a brawl he's aye the bangster;  
 A' his praise can ne'er be sung  
 By the langest-winded sangster,  
 Sangs that sing o' Sandy  
 Seem short, tho' they were e'er sae lang.

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### DARK LOWERS THE NIGHT.

ALEXANDER WILSON,

THE American Ornithologist, was born at Paisley in 1766. He was by trade a weaver, but afterwards left that occupation and shouldered a pack, selling his wares throughout the country. His principal poem is "Watty and Meg," which, as a picture of "low life" in Scotland, is unsurpassed. Wilson emigrated to America in 1794, and there devoted his whole attention to the study of Natural History. His great Work—American Ornithology, has ever been the delight of naturalists, and has made his name famous amongst a very different class from the purchasers of the halfpenny chap-book containing "Watty and Meg." He died at Philadelphia in 1813.

DARK lowers the night o'er the wide stormy main,  
 Till mild rosy morning rise cheerful again;  
 Alas! morn returns to revisit the shore;  
 But Connel returns to his Flora no more.

For see, on yon mountain, the dark cloud of death,  
 O'er Connel's lone cottage, lies low on the heath;  
 While bloody and pale, on a far distant shore,  
 He lies to return to his Flora no more.

Ye light fleeting spirits that glide o'er the steep,  
 O would you but waft me across the wild deep!  
 There fearless I'd mix in the battle's loud roar,  
 I'd die with my Connel, and leave him no more.

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### OLD AUCHTERTOOL.

ALEXANDER WILSON.

FROM the village of Lesly with a heart full of glee,  
 And my pack on my shoulders, I rambled out free,  
 Resolved that same evening, as Luna was full,  
 To lodge ten miles distant, in old Auchtertool.

Through many a lone cottage and farm-house I steer'd,  
 Took their money, and off with my budget I sheer'd;  
 The road I explored out, without form or rule,  
 Still asking the nearest to old Auchtertool.

A clown I accosted, inquiring the road,  
 He stared like an idiot, then roar'd out, "Gude G-d!  
 Gin ye're ga'n there for quarters, ye're surely a fool,  
 For there's nought but starvation in auld Auchtertool!"

Unminding his nonsense, my march I pursued,  
 Till I came to a hill top, where joyful I view'd,  
 Surrounded with mountains, and many a white pool,  
 The small smoky village of old Auchtertool.

At length I arrived at the edge of the town,  
 As Phœbus behind a high mountain went down;  
 The clouds gather'd dreary, and weather blew foul,  
 And I hugg'd myself safe now in old Auchtertool.

An inn I inquired out, a lodging desired,  
 But the landlady's pertness seem'd instantly fired;  
 For she saucy replied, as she sat carding wool,  
 "I ne'er kept sic lodgers in auld Auchtertool."

With scorn I soon left her to live on her pride;  
 But, asking, was told, there was none else beside,  
 Except an old Weaver, who now kept a school,  
 And these were the whole that were in Auchtertool.

To his mansion I scamper'd, and rapt at the door,  
 He op'd, but as soon as I dared to implore,  
 He shut it like thunder, and utter'd a howl,  
 That rung thro' each corner of old Auchtertool.

Provoked now to fury, the Dominie I curst,  
 And offer'd to cudgel the wretch, if he durst;  
 But the door he fast bolted, tho' Boreas blew cool,  
 And left me all friendless in old Auchtertool.

Deprived of all shelter, through darkness I trod,  
 Till I came to a ruin'd old house by the road;  
 Here the night I will spend, and, inspired by the owl,  
 I'll send up some prayers for old Auchtertool.

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### THE RANTIN HIGHLANDMAN.

JOHN HAMILTON,

A music-seller in Edinburgh, where he died in 1814, aged 53 years.

AE morn, last ouk, as I gaed out  
 To flit a tether'd yowe and lamb,  
 I met, as skiffing ower the green,  
 A jolly rantin' Highlandman.  
 His shape was neat, wi' feature sweet,  
 And ilka smile my favour wan;  
 I ne'er had seen sae braw a lad,  
 As this young rantin' Highlandman.

He said, My dear, ye're sune asteer ;  
 Cam' ye to hear the laverock's sang ?  
 O' wad ye gang and wed wi' me,  
 And wed a rantin' Highlandman ?  
 In summer days, on flowery braes,  
 When frisky is the ewe and lamb,  
 I'se row ye in my tartan plaid,  
 And be your rantin' Highlandman.

With heather bells, that sweetly smells,  
 I'll deck your hair sae fair and lang,  
 If ye'll consent to scour the bent  
 Wi' me, a rantin' Highlandman.  
 We'll big a cot, and buy a stock,  
 Syne do the best that e'er we can :  
 Then come, my dear, ye needna fear  
 To trust a rantin' Highlandman.

His words sae sweet gaed to my heart,  
 And fain I wad ha'e gi'en my han',  
 Yet durstna, lest my mother should  
 Dislike a rantin' Highlandman.  
 But I expect he will come back ;  
 Then, though my kin' should scould and ban,  
 I'll ower the hill, or where he will,  
 Wi' my young rantin' Highlandman.

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### UP IN THE MORNIN'.

JOHN HAMILTON.

CAULD blaws the wind frae north to south ;  
 The drift is drifting sairly ;  
 The sheep are cowerin' in the heuch,  
 O! sirs, it's winter fairly.  
 Now up in the mornin's no for me,  
 Up in the mornin' early ;  
 I'd rather gae supperless to my bed,  
 Than rise in the morning early.

Loud roars the blast amang the woods,  
 And tirls the branches barely ;  
 On hill and house hear how it thuds !  
 The frost is nipping sairly.  
 Now up in the mornin's no for me,  
 Up in the morning early,  
 To sit a' nicht wad better agree,  
 Than rise in the mornin' early.

The sun peeps owre yon southland hills,  
 Like ony timorous carlie,  
 Just blinks a wee, then sinks again;  
 And that we find severely.  
 Now up in the mornin's no for me,  
 Up in the mornin' early;  
 When snaw blaws in at the chimley check,  
 Wha'd rise in the mornin' early?

Nae linties lilt on hedge or bush:  
 Poor things, they suffer sairly;  
 In cauldrie quarters a' the night;  
 A' day they feed but sparely.  
 Now up in the mornin's no for me,  
 Up in the mornin' early;  
 A pennyless purse I wad rather dree  
 Than rise in the mornin' early.

A cosie house and canty wife,  
 Aye keep a body cheerly;  
 And pantries stowed wi' meat and drink,  
 They answer unco rarely.  
 But up the mornin'—na, na, na!  
 Up in the mornin' early!  
 The gowans maun glent on bank and brae,  
 When I rise in the mornin' early.

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### GO TO BERWICK, JOHNNIE.

JOHN HAMILTON.

Go to Berwick, Johnnie;  
 Bring her frae the Border;  
 Yon sweet bonnie lassie,  
 Let her ga'e nae farther.  
 English loons will twine ye  
 O' the lovely treasure;  
 But we'll let them ken,  
 A sword wi' them we'll measure.

Go to Berwick, Johnnie,  
 And regain your honour;  
 Drive them ower the Tweed,  
 And show our Scottish banner.  
 I am Rob the king,  
 And ye are Jock, my brither;  
 But, before we lose her,  
 We'll a' there thegither.



## THE MAID OF ISLAY.

REV. WILLIAM DUNBAR, D.D.,

Minister of Applegarth, in the beginning of the present century. He was born at Dumfries in 1780, and died at Applegarth in 1861.

RISING o'er the heaving billow,  
 Evening gilds the ocean's swell,  
 While with thee, on grassy pillow,  
 Solitude! I love to dwell.

Lonely to the sea breeze blowing,  
 Oft I chaunt my love-lorn strain,  
 To the streamlet sweetly flowing,  
 Murmur oft a lover's pain.

'Twas for her, the Maid of Islay,  
 Time flew o'er me wing'd with joy;  
 'Twas for her, the cheering smile aye  
 Beam'd with rapture in my eye.  
 Not the tempest raving round me,  
 Lightning's flash, or thunder's roll,  
 Not the ocean's rage could wound me,  
 While her image fill'd my soul.

Farewell, days of purest pleasure,  
 Long your loss my heart shall mourn!  
 Farewell, hours of bliss the measure,  
 Bliss that never can return.

Cheerless o'er the wild heath wandering,  
 Cheerless o'er the wave-worn shore,  
 On the past with sadness pondering,  
 Hope's fair visions charm no more.

## CORUNNA.

ANDREW SHARPE,

A JOURNEYMAN shoemaker. He died at Perth in 1815, aged 35.

Do you weep for the woes of poor wandering Nelly?  
 I love you for that, but of love now no more,  
 All I had long ago lies entomb'd with my Billy,  
 Whose grave rises green on Corunna's lone shore.  
 Oh! they tell me my Billy looked lovely when dying,  
 That round him, the boldest in battle stood crying,  
 While from his deep wound life's red floods fast were drying,  
 At evening's pale close on Corunna's lone shore.

That night Billy died as I lean'd on my pillow,  
 I thrice was alarm'd with a knock at my door,  
 Thrice my name it was call'd with a voice soft and mellow,  
 And thrice did I dream of Corunna's lone shore.

Methought Billy stood on the beach where the billow  
 Boom'd over his head, breaking loud, long and hollow ;  
 In his hand he held waving a flag of green willow ;  
 Save me, God ! he exclaimed, on Corunna's lone shore.

And now when I mind on't, my dear Billy told me,  
 While tears wet his eyes, but those tears are no more,  
 At our parting, he never again would behold me ;  
 'Twas strange then I thought on Corunna's lone shore.  
 But shall I ne'er see him when drowsy-eyed night falls,  
 When thro' the dark arch Luna's tremulous light falls,  
 As o'er his new grave, slow the glow-worm of night crawls,  
 And ghosts of the slain foot Corunna's lone shore.

Yes, yes, on this spot shall these arms infold him,  
 For here hath he kiss'd me a thousand times o'er ;  
 How bewildered's my brain, now methinks I behold him,  
 All bloody and pale on Corunna's lone shore.  
 Come away, my beloved, come in haste, my dear Billy,  
 On the wind's wafting wing to thy languishing Nelly,  
 I've got kisses in store, I've got secrets to tell thee,  
 Come, ghost of my love, from Corunna's lone shore.

Oh ! I'm told that my blue eyes have lost all their splendour,  
 That my locks, once so yellow, now wave thin and hoar,  
 'Tis, they tell me, because I'm so restless to wander,  
 And in thinking so much on Corunna's lone shore.  
 But, God help me, where can I go to forget him ;  
 If to father's at home, in each corner I meet him,  
 The sofa, alas ! where he us'd aye to seat him,  
 Says, Think, Nelly, think on Corunna's lone shore.

And here as I travel all tatter'd and torn,  
 By bramble and brier, over mountain and moor,  
 Not a bird bounds aloft to salute the new morn,  
 But warbles aloud, O Corunna's lone shore !  
 It is heard in the blast when the tempest is blowing,  
 It is heard on the white broken waterfall flowing,  
 It is heard in the songs of the reaping and mowing,—  
 Oh, my poor bleeding heart ! Oh, Corunna's lone shore !

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## OCTOBER WINDS.

JAMES SCADLOCK,

AN intimate friend of Tannahill. He was a native of Renfrewshire, and while pursuing his trade of copperplate engraving, he devoted a part of his time to the service of the muses. He died in 1818. A volume of his poems was published shortly after his death.

OCTOBER winds, wi' biting breath,  
 Now nip the leaves that's yellow fading ;  
 Nae gowans glint upon the green,  
 Alas! they're co'er'd wi' winter's cleading.  
 As through the woods I musing gang,  
 Nae birdies cheer me frae the bushes,  
 Save little Robin's lanely sang,  
 Wild warbling where the burnie gushes.

The sun is jogging down the brae,  
 Dimly through the mist he's shining,  
 And cranreugh hoar creeps o'er the grass,  
 As day resigns his throne to e'ening.  
 Oft let me walk at twilight gray,  
 To view the face of dying nature,  
 Till spring again wi' mantle green,  
 Delights the heart o' ilka creature.

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### CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN.

ALEXANDER, FOURTH DUKE OF GORDON,

BORN in 1743, died, 1827. Mr. Chambers surmises that the expression "Cauld Kail in Aberdeen," does not refer to any "mess connected with the ancient city, but a metaphorical allusion to the faded love-fervours of an aged nobleman who, in spite of years, was presuming to pay his addresses to a young lady."

THERE'S cauld kail in Aberdeen,  
 And custocks in Stra'bogie,  
 Gin I ha'e but a bonnie lass,  
 Ye're welcome to your cogie.  
 And ye may sit up a' the night,  
 And drink till it be braid day-light:  
 Gi'e me a lass baith clean and tight,  
 To dance the reel o' Bogie.

In cotillions the French excel,  
 John Bull loves country dances;  
 The Spaniards dance fandangoes well;  
 Mynheer an allemande prances:  
 In foursome reels the Scots delight,  
 At threesome's they dance wondrous light,  
 But twasome's ding a' out o' sight,  
 Danc'd to the reel o' Bogie.

Come, lads, and view your partners weel,  
 Wale each a blythesome rogie:  
 I'll tak' this lassie to mysel',  
 She looks sae clean and vogie:

Now, piper lad, bang up the spring;  
 The country fashion is the thing,  
 To prie their mou's ere we begin  
 To dance the reel o' Bogie.

Now ilka lad has got a lass,  
 Save yon auld doited fogie,  
 And ta'en a fling upon the grass,  
 As they do in Stra'bogie;  
 But a' the lassies look sae fain,  
 We canna think oursel's to hain,  
 For they maun ha'e their come-again  
 To dance the reel o' Bogie.

Now a' the lads ha'e done their best,  
 Like true men o' Stra'bogie;  
 We'll stop a-while and tak' a rest,  
 And tiddle out a cogie.  
 Come now, my lads, and tak' your glass,  
 And try ilk other to surpass,  
 In wishing health to ev'ry lass,  
 To dance the reel o' Bogie.

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## OH WHERE, TELL ME WHERE.

MRS. GRANT, OF LAGGAN,

BORN at Glasgow in 1755. In 1779 she married the Rev. James Grant, afterwards Minister of Laggan in Inverness-shire. He died in 1801, leaving her a widow with eight children to support. In 1825 she received a pension of £50 per annum from the government, which, with the profits gained from her published writings, gave her sufficient means to support herself in comfort. She died at Edinburgh in 1838.

O where, tell me where, is your Highland laddie gone?  
 O where, tell me where, is your Highland laddie gone?  
 He's gone with streaming banners, where noble deeds are done,  
 And my sad heart will tremble till he come saely home.

O where, tell me where, did your Highland laddie stay?  
 O where, tell me where, did your Highland laddie stay?  
 He dwelt beneath the holly trees, beside the rapid Spey,  
 And many a blessing follow'd him, the day he went away.

O what, tell me what, does your Highland laddie wear?  
 O what, tell me what, does your Highland laddie wear?  
 A bonnet with a lofty plume, the gallant badge of war,  
 And a plaid across the manly breast that yet shall wear a star.



Suppose, ah suppose, that some cruel, cruel wound  
 Should pierce your Highland laddie, and all your hopes confound!  
 The pipe would play a cheering march, the banners round him  
 fly,  
 The spirit of a Highland chief would lighten in his eye.

But I will hope to see him yet in Scotland's bonnie bounds,  
 But I will hope to see him yet in Scotland's bonnie bounds,  
 His native land of liberty shall nurse his glorious wounds,  
 While wide through all our Highland hills his warlike name  
 resounds.

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### BLYTHE ARE WE SET.

EBENEZER PICKEN,

A NATIVE of Paisley, where he was born in 1769. He attended the University of Glasgow for several sessions, intending to devote himself to the Ministry. In 1791, however, he became a teacher at Falkirk, and after many ups and downs died at Edinburgh in 1816, in rather reduced circumstances. He published two volumes of poetry in 1813.

BLYTHE arc we set wi' ither :  
 Fling care ayont the moon ;  
 Nae sae aft we meet thegither !  
 Wha wad think o' parting soon ?  
 Though snaw bends down the forest trees,  
 And burn and river cease to flow ;  
 Though nature's tide has shor'd to freeze,  
 And winter nithers a' below.  
 Blythe arc we, &c.

Now, round the ingle cheerly met,  
 We'll scog the blast and dread nae harm,  
 Wi' jaws o' toddy reeking het,  
 We'll keep the genial current warm.  
 The friendly crack, the cheerfu' sang,  
 Shall cheat the happy hours awa'.  
 Gar pleasure reign the e'ening lang,  
 And laugh at biting frost and snaw.  
 Blythe arc we, &c.

The cares that cluster round the heart,  
 And gar the bosom stound wi' pain,  
 Shall get a fright afore we part,  
 Will gar them fear to come again.  
 Then, fill about, my winsome chiels,  
 The sparkling glass will banish pine :  
 Nae pain the happy bosom feels,  
 Sae free o' care as yours and mine.  
 Blythe arc we, &c.

## TODLIN' HAME.

JOHANNA BAILLIE,

DAUGHTER of Dr. James Baillie, minister of Bothwell. She was born at the manse there in 1762.

There are very few incidents in her quiet life which can be recorded. She early devoted herself to literature. In her twenty-eighth year she published a volume of poems, and in 1798 published the first volume of her "Plays," which at once gave her a high position in the literary world. She died at Hampstead in 1851, at the mature age of eighty-nine.

No one had a higher regard for her talents than Sir Walter Scott, who dedicated one of his poems to her.

WHEN white was my o'erlay as foam o' the linn,  
 And siller was clinkin' my pouches within;  
 When my lambkins were bleating on meadow and brae;  
 As I gaed to my love in new cleeding sae gay,  
     Kind was she, and my friends were free,  
     But poverty parts gude companie.

How swift pass'd the minutes and hours of delight!  
 The piper play'd cheerly, the crusie burn'd bright;  
 And link'd in my hand was the maiden sae dear,  
 As she footed the floor in her holiday gear.

    Woe is me, and can it then be,  
     That poverty parts sic companie!

We met at the fair, we met at the kirk,  
 We met in the sunshine, and met in the mirk,  
 And the sounds of her voice, and the blinks of her een,  
 The cheering and life of my bosom have been.  
     Leaves frae the tree at Martinmas flee;  
     And poverty parts sweet companie.

At bridal and infare I've braced me wi' pride;  
 The *bruse* I ha'e won, and a kiss o' the bride;  
 And loud was the laughter gay fellows among,  
 When I utter'd my banter and chorus'd my song.  
     Dowie to dree are jesting and glee,  
     When poverty parts gude companie.

Wherever I gaed the blythe lasses smiled sweet,  
 And mithers and aunties were mair than discreet,  
 While kebbuck and bicker were set on the board;  
 But now they pass by me, and never a word.

    So let it be, for the worldly and slie  
     Wi' poverty keep nae companie.

## THE SHEPHERD'S SONG.

JOHANNA BAILLIE.

THE gowan glitters on the sward,  
 The lav'rock's in the sky,  
 And Collie on my plaid keeps ward,  
 And time is passing by.

Oh, no! sad an' slow!

I hear nae welcome sound;  
 The shadow of our trystin' bush,  
 It wears sae slowly round!

My sheep-bell tinkles frae the west,  
 My lambs are bleating near,  
 But still the sound that I lo'e best,  
 Alack! I canna hear.

Oh, no! sad an' slow!

The shadow lingers still;  
 And like a lanely ghaist I stand,  
 And croon upon the hill.

I hear below the water roar,  
 The mill wi' clackin' din;  
 And Lucky scolding frae her door,  
 To bring the bairnies in.

Oh, no! sad an' slow!

These are nae sounds for me;  
 The shadow of our trystin' bush,  
 It creeps sae drearily.

I coft yestreen frae chapman Tam,  
 A snood of bonnie blue,  
 And promised, when our trystin' cam',  
 To tie it round her brow.

Oh, no! sad an' slow!

The time it winna pass;  
 The shadow of that weary thorn  
 Is tether'd on the grass.

O now I see her on the way,  
 She's past the witches' knowe;  
 She's climbin' up the brownie's brae—  
 My heart is in a lowe.

Oh, no! 'tis na so!

'Tis glaumrie I ha'e seen:  
 The shadow of that hawthorn bush  
 Will move nae mair till e'en.

My book of grace I'll try to read,  
 Though conn'd wi' little skill;  
 When Collie barks I'll raise my head,  
 And find her on the hill.  
 Oh, no! sad an' slow!  
 The time will ne'er be gane;  
 The shadow of the trystin' bush  
 Is fix'd like ony stane.

---

WOO'D AND MARRIED AND A'.

JOHANNA BAILLIE.

THE bride she is winsome and bonnie,  
 Her hair it is snooded sac sleek,  
 And faithful and kind is her Johnnie,  
 Yet fast fa' the tears on her cheek.  
 New pearlings are cause o' her sorrow,  
 New pearlings and plenishing too;  
 The bride that has a' to borrow,  
 Has e'en right meikle ado.  
 Woo'd and married and a',  
 Woo'd and married and a',  
 And is na she very weel aff  
 To be woo'd and married and a'?

Her mother then hastily spak';  
 "The lassie is glaiket wi' pride;  
 In my pouches I hadna a plack  
 The day that I was a bride.  
 E'en tak' to your wheel and be clever,  
 And draw out your thread in the sun,  
 The gear that is gifted, it never  
 Will last like the gear that is won.  
 Woo'd an' married an' a',  
 Tocher and havings sae sma'  
 I think ye are very weel aff,  
 To be woo'd and married an' a'."

"Toot, toot!" quo' the gray-headed father,  
 "She's less of a bride than a bairn;  
 She's ta'en like a cowl frae the heather,  
 Wi' sense and discretion to learn.  
 Half husband, I trow, and half daddy,  
 As humour inconstantly leans;  
 A chiel may be constant and steady  
 That yokes wi' a mate in her teens.  
 'Kerchief to cover so neat,  
 Locks the winds used to blaw,  
 I'm baith like to laugh and to greet,  
 When I think o' her married at a'."



Then out spak' the wily bridegroom,  
 Weel waled were his wordies I ween;  
 "I'm rich, though my coffer be toom,  
 Wi' the blinks o' your bonnie blue een;  
 I'm prouder o' thee by my side,  
 Though thy ruffles or ribbons be few,  
 Than if Kate o' the craft were my bride,  
 Wi' purples and pearlins enew.  
 Dear and dearest of ony,  
 Ye're woo'd and bookit and a',  
 And do ye think scorn o' your Johnnie,  
 And grieve to be married at a'."

She turn'd, and she blush'd, and she smil'd,  
 And she lookit sac bashfully down;  
 The pride o' her heart was beguil'd,  
 And she play'd wi' the sleeve o' her gown;  
 She twirl'd the tag o' her lace,  
 And she nippet her boddice sae blue,  
 Syne blinket sae sweet in his face,  
 And aff like a mawkin she flew.  
 Woo'd and married and a',  
 Married and carried awa',  
 She thinks hersel' very weel aff,  
 To be woo'd and married and a'.

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### IT FELL ON A MORNING.

JOHANNA BAILLIE.

It fell on a morning whan we were thrang,  
 Our kirn was gaun, our cheese was making,  
 And bannocks on the girdle baking,  
 That ane at the door chapt loud and lang.  
 But the auld gudewife and her Mays sae tight,  
 Of this stirring and din took sma' notice, I ween  
 For a chap at the door, in braid day-light,  
 Is no like a chap when heard at e'en.

Then the clocksey auld laird of the warlock glen,  
 Wha stood without, half cow'd, half cheerie,  
 And yearn'd for a sight of his winsome dearie,  
 Raised up the latch and came crouselly ben.  
 His coat was new and his o'erlay was white,  
 And his hose and his mittens were coozy and bein;  
 But a wooer that comes in braid day-light,  
 Is no like a wooer that comes at e'en.

He greeted the carlin' and lasses sae braw,  
 And his bare lyart pow he smoothly straiKET,  
 And looked about, like a body half glaiket,  
 On bonnie sweet Nanny the youngest of a'.  
 "Ha ha!" quo' the carlin, "and look ye that way?  
 Hoot! let na sic fancies bewilder ye clean:  
 An elderlin man i' the noon o' the day,  
 Should be wiser than youngsters that come at e'en."

"Na na!" quo' the pauky auld wife, "I trow,  
 You'll fash na' your head wi' a youthfu' gilly,  
 As wild and as skeigh as a muirland filly,  
 Black Madge is far better and fitter for you."  
 He hem'd and he haw'd and he screw'd in his mouth,  
 And he squeez'd his blue bonnet his twa hands between,  
 For wooers that come when the sun's in the south,  
 Are mair aukwart than wooers that come at e'en.

"Black Madge she is prudent."—"What's that to me?"  
 "She is eident and sober, has sense in her noddle,  
 Is douse and respeckit."—"I care na a boddle.  
 I'll baulk na' my luive, and my fancy's free."  
 Madge toss'd back her head wi' a saucy slight,  
 And Nanny ran laughing out to the green;  
 For wooers that come whan the sun shines bright,  
 Are na like the wooers that come at e'en.

Awa' flung the laird and loud mutter'd he:  
 "All the daughters of Eve, between Orkney and Tweed, O,  
 Black and fair, young and old, dame, damsel, and widow,  
 May gang wi' their pride to the deil for me!"  
 But the auld gudewife and her Mays sae tight,  
 For a' his loud banning cared little, I ween;  
 For a wooer that comes in braid day-light,  
 Is no like a wooer that comes at e'en.

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### HOOLY AND FAIRLY.

JOHANNA BAILLIE.

OH, neighbours! what had I ado for to marry,  
 My wife she drinks possets and wine o' Canary,  
 And ca's me a niggardly, thraw-gabbit carly,  
 O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!  
 Hooly and fairly, &c.

She feasts wi' her kimmers on dainties enew,  
 Aye bowing and smirking and dighting her mou',  
 While I sit aside and am helpet but sparely,  
 O gin my wife wad feast hooly and fairly!  
 Hooly and fairly, &c.

To fairs and to bridals and preachings and a',  
 She gangs sae light-hearted and busket sae braw,  
 It's ribbons and mantuas that gars me gae barely,  
 O gin my wife would spend hooly and fairly!  
     Hooly and fairly, &c.

In the kirk sic commotion last Sabbath she made,  
 Wi' babs o' red roses and briest-knots o'erlaid,  
 The dominie sticket his psalm very nearly,  
 O gin my wife wad dress hooly and fairly!  
     Hooly and fairly, &c.

She's warring and flyting frae morning till e'en,  
 And if ye gainsay her, her eye glowrs sae keen!  
 Then tongue, neive and cudgel, she'll lay on you sairly!  
 O gin my wife wad strike hooly and fairly!  
     Hooly and fairly, &c.

When tired wi' her cantraps, she lies in her bed,  
 The wark a' neglecket, the house ill up-red,  
 When a' our guid neighbours are stirring right early,  
 O gin my wife wad sleep timely and fairly!  
     Hooly and fairly, &c.

A word o' good counsel or grace she'll hear none,  
 She bardies the elders and mocks at mess John,  
 And back in his teeth his ain text she flings rarely!  
 O gin my wife wad speak hooly and fairly!  
     Hooly and fairly, &c.

I wish I were single, I wish I were freed,  
 I wish I were doited, I wish I were dead;  
 Or she in the mools, to dement me nae mairlay;  
 What does't avail to cry hooly and fairly?  
     Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,  
     Wasting my breath to cry hooly and fairly!

---

### NEIL GOW'S FAREWEEL.

MRS. LYON,

DAUGHTER of John R. L'Amy of Dunkenny, Forfarshire, was born at Dundee in 1762, and became the wife of Dr. Lyon, Minister of Glamis, to whom she was married in 1786: she died in 1840.

The song here given is stated to have been written by her at the request of the celebrated Neil Gow, to accompany a tune composed by him. It at once became very popular. In Dr. Rogers' "Modern Scottish Minstrel," a copy is printed varying slightly in the phraseology from that here given.

YOU'VE surely heard o' famous Neil,  
 The man that play'd the fiddle weel;  
 I wat he was a canty chiel,  
     And dearly lo'ed the whisky, O!

And, aye sin' he wore the tartan trews,  
 He dearly liket Athole brose;  
 And wae was he, you may suppose,  
 To play fareweel to whisky, O.

Alake, quoth Neil, I'm frail and auld,  
 And find my blude grows unco cauld;  
 I think 'twad make me blythe and bauld,  
 A wee drap Highland whisky, O.  
 Yet the doctors they do a' agree,  
 That whisky's no the drink for me.  
 Saul! quoth Neil, 'twill spoil my glee,  
 Should they part me and whisky, O.

Though I can baith get wine and ale,  
 And find my head and fingers hale,  
 I'll be content, though legs should fail,  
 To play fareweel to whisky, O.  
 But still I think on auld lang sync,  
 When Paradise our friends did tync,  
 Because something ran in their mind—  
 Forbid like Highland whisky, O.

Yet I'll tak' my fiddle in my hand,  
 And screw the pegs up while they'll stand,  
 To make a lamentation grand,  
 On gude auld Highland whisky, O.  
 Come, a' ye powers o' music, come;  
 I find my heart grows unco glum;  
 My fiddle-strings will no play bum,  
 To say, Fareweel to whisky, O.

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### FAIR MODEST FLOWER.

WILLIAM REID,

BORN at Glasgow in 1764. He carried on business as Bookseller and Publisher in Glasgow for twenty-seven years in company with Mr. James Brash. Reid wrote very few complete songs of any moment, his peculiar gift being the knack of adding verses, &c. to already popular songs. He died in 1831.

FAIR modest flower, of matchless worth!  
 Thou sweet, enticing, bonnie gem,  
 Blest is the soil that gave thee birth,  
 And blest thine honour'd parent stem.  
 But doubly blest shall be the youth,  
 To whom thy heaving bosom warms;  
 Possess'd of beauty, love, and truth,  
 He'll clasp an angel in his arms.



Though storms of life were blowing snell,  
 And on his brow sat brooding care,  
 Thy seraph smile would quick dispel  
 The darkest gloom of black despair.  
 Sure heaven hath granted thee to us,  
 And chose thee from the dwellers there,  
 And sent thee from celestial bliss,  
 To show what all the virtues are.

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### LASS O' GOWRIE.

WILLIAM REID.

WHEN Katie was scarce out nineteen,  
 O but she had twa coal-black een;  
 A bonnier lass ye wadna seen,  
 In a' the Carse o' Gowrie.  
 Quite tired o' livin' a' his lane,  
 Pate did to her his love explain,  
 And swore he'd be, were she his ain,  
 The happiest lad in Gowrie.

Quo' she, I winna marry thee  
 For a' the gear that ye can gi'e;  
 Nor will I gang a step ajee,  
 For a' the gowd in Gowrie.  
 My father will gi'e me twa kye;  
 My mother's gaun some yarn to dye;  
 I'll get a gown just like the sky,  
 Gif I'll no gang to Gowrie.

Oh, my dear Katie, say na sae;  
 Ye little ken a heart that's wae;  
 Ha'e! there's my hand; hear me, I pray,  
 Sin' thou'll no gang to Gowrie.  
 Since first I met thee at the sheil,  
 My saul to thee's been true and leal;  
 The darkest night I fear nae deil,  
 Warlock, or witch, in Gowrie.

I fear nae want o' claes, nor nought;  
 Sic silly things my mind ne'er taught.  
 I dream a' nicht, and start about,  
 And wish for thee in Gowrie.  
 I lo'e thee better, Kate, my dear,  
 Than a' my riggs and out-gaun gear;  
 Sit down by me till ance I swear,  
 Thou'rt worth the Carse o' Gowrie.

Syne on her mouth sweet kisses laid,  
 Till blushes a' her cheeks o'erspread;  
 She sighed, and in soft whispers said,  
     O Pate, tak' me to Gowrie!  
 Quo' he, let's to the auld fook gang;  
 Say what they like, I'll bide their bang,  
 And bide a' nicht, though beds be thrang,  
     But I'll ha'e thee to Gowrie.

The auld fook syne baith gied consent:  
 The priest was ca'd: a' were content;  
 And Katie never did repent  
     That she gaed hame to Gowrie.  
 For routh o' bonnie bairns had she;  
 Mair strappin' lads ye wadna see;  
 And her braw lasses bore the gree  
     Frae a' the rest o' Gowrie.

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### THE LASS OF ISLA.

SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL, BART.,

ELDEST SON of the celebrated biographer of Dr. Johnson, was born in 1775. He succeeded to the Auchinleck Estate in 1795. Sir Alexander was a keen politician at a time when political feeling ran high in Scotland, and not unfrequently called in the aid of his pen to assist the Tory party. One of his poetic satires was levelled too openly at James Stuart, younger, of Dunearn, and a challenge was the result. The opponents met near the village of Auchtertool in Fife, on the 26th of March, 1822, and resulted in the death of Sir Alexander.

"Ah, Mary, sweetest Maid, farewell!  
 My hopes are flown, for a's to wreck;  
 Heaven richly guard you, love, and heal  
 Your heart, though mine, alas! maun break"—

"Dearest lad, what ills betide?  
 Is Willie to his love untrue?  
 Engaged the morn to be his bride,  
 Ah! ha'e ye, ha'e ye ta'en the rue?"

"Ye canna wear a ragged gown,  
 Or beggar wed, wi' nought ava;  
 My kye are drown'd, my house is down,  
 My best sheep lies aneath the snaw"—

"Tell na me o' storm or flood,  
 Or sheep a' smoor'd ayont the hill,  
 For Willie's sake, I Willie lo'ed;  
 Though poor, ye are my Willie still"—

“Ye canna thole the wind or rain,  
Or wander, friendless, far frae hame;  
Cheer, cheer your heart, some other swain  
Will soon blot out lost Willie’s name”—

“I’ll tak’ my bundle in my hand,  
An’ wipe the dew-drop frae my e’e,  
I’ll wander wi’ ye o’er the land,  
I’ll venture wi’ ye through the sea”—

“Forgi’e me, love, ’twas all a snare,  
My flocks are safe, we need na part,  
I’d forfeit them, and ten times mair,  
To clasp thee, Mary, to my heart.”

“How could ye wi’ my feelings sport,  
Or doubt a heart sae warm and true?  
I should wish mischief on you for’t,  
But canna wish ought ill to you.”

---

### TASTE LIFE’S GLAD MOMENTS.

SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL, BART.

TASTE life’s glad moments,  
Whilst the wasting taper glows;  
Pluck, ere it withers,  
The quickly fading rose.

Man blindly follows grief and care,  
He seeks for thorns and finds his share,  
Whilst violets to the passing air  
Unheeded shed their blossoms.  
Taste life’s, &c.

When tim’rous nature veils her form,  
And rolling thunder spreads alarm,  
Then, ah! how sweet when, lull’d the storm,  
The sun smiles forth at even.  
Taste life’s, &c.

How spleen and envy anxious flies,  
And meek content, in humble guise,  
Improves the shrub, a tree shall rise,  
Which golden fruits shall yield him.  
Taste life’s, &c.

Who fosters faith in upright breast,  
And freely gives to the distress’d,  
There sweet contentment builds her nest,  
And flutters round his bosom.  
Taste life’s, &c.

And when life's path grows dark and strait,  
 And pressing ills on ills await,  
 Then friendship, sorrow to abate,  
     The helping hand will offer.  
         Taste life's, &c.

She dries his tears, she strews his ways,  
 E'en to the grave, with flow'rets gay;  
 Turns night to morn, and morn to day,  
     And pleasure still increases.  
         Taste life's, &c.

Of life she is the fairest band,  
 Joins brothers truly hand in hand;  
 Thus onward to a better land  
     Man journeys light and cheerly.  
         Taste life's, &c.

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### JENNY'S BAWBEE.

SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL, BART.

I MET four chaps yon birks amang,  
 Wi' hinging lugs and faces lang;  
 I spiered at neebour Bauldy Strang,  
     Wha's they I see?  
 Quo' he, ilk cream-faced pawky chiel,  
 Thought he was cunning as the deil,  
 And here they cam', awa' to steal  
     Jenny's bawbee.

The first, a Captain to his trade,  
 Wi' skull ill-lined, but back weel-clad,  
 March'd round the barn, and by the shed,  
     And papped on his knee:  
 Quo' he, "My goddess, nymph, and queen,  
 Your beauty's dazzled baith my cen!"  
 But deil a beauty he had seen  
     But—Jenny's bawbee.

A Lawyer neist, wi' blatherin' gab,  
 Wha speeches wove like ony wab,  
 In ilk ane's corn aye took a dab,  
     And a' for a fee.  
 Accounts he owed through a' the toun,  
 And tradesmen's tongues nae mair could drown,  
 But now he thocht to clout his gown  
     Wi' Jenny's bawbee.



A Norland Laird neist trotted up,  
 Wi' bawsand nag and siller whip,  
 Cried, "There's my beast, lad, haud the grup,  
 Or tie 't till a tree!

What's gowd to me?—I've walth o' lan'!  
 Bestow on ane o' worth your han'!"—  
 He thoct to pay what he was *awn*  
 Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

Drest up just like the knave o' clubs,  
 A THING came neist, (but life has rubs,)  
 Foul were the roads, and fu' the dubs,  
 And jaupit a' was he.

He danced up, squinting through a glass,  
 And grinn'd, "I' faith, a bonnie lass!"  
 He thought to win, wi' front o' brass,  
 Jenny's bawbee.

She bade the Laird gae kame his wig,  
 The Sodger no to strut sae big,  
 The Lawyer no to be a prig,

The Fool he cried, "Tchee!  
 I kenn'd that I could never fail!"  
 But she preen'd the dishclout to his tail,  
 And soused him in the water-pail,  
 And kept her bawbee.

Then Johnnie cam', a lad o' sense,  
 Although he had na mony pence;  
 And took young Jenny to the spence,  
 Wi' her to crack a wee.

Now Johnnie was a clever chiel,  
 And here his suit he press'd sae weel,  
 That Jenny's heart grew saft as jeel,  
 And she birl'd her bawbee.

---

### JENNY DANG THE WEAVER.

SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL, BART.

At Willie's wedding on the green,  
 The lasses, bonnie witches,  
 Were a' dress'd out in aprons clean,  
 And braw white Sunday mutches;  
 Auld Maggie bade the lads tak' tent,  
 But Jock would not believe her;  
 But soon the fool his folly kent,  
 For Jenny dang the Weaver.

And Jenny dang, Jenny dang,  
 Jenny dang the Weaver;  
 But soon the fool his folly kent,  
 For Jenny dang the Weaver.

At ilka country dance or reel,  
 Wi' her he would be bobbing;  
 When she sat down—he sat down,  
 And to her would be gabbing;  
 Where'er she gaed baith butt and ben,  
 The coof would never leave her;  
 Aye kecklin' like a clocking hen,  
 But Jenny dang the Weaver.  
 Jenny dang, &c.

Quo' he, My lass, to speak my mind,  
 In troth I needna swither;  
 You've bonnie een, and if you're kind,  
 I'll never seek anither;  
 He humm'd and haw'd, the lass cried Peugh!  
 And bade the coof no deave her;  
 Syne snapt her fingers, lap and leugh,  
 And dang the silly Weaver.  
 And Jenny dang, Jenny dang,  
 Jenny dang the Weaver;  
 Syne snapt her fingers, lap and leugh,  
 And dang the silly Weaver.

### AULD GUDEMAN YE'RE A DRUCKEN CARLE.

SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL.

AULD gudeman, ye're a drucken carle, drucken carle;  
 A' the lang day ye wink and drink, and gape and gaunt;  
 O' sottish loons ye're the pink and pearl, pink and pearl,  
 Ill-far'd, doited ne'er-do-weel.

Hech, gudewife! ye're a flyting body, flyting body;  
 Will ye ha'e; but, guid be praised, the *wit* ye want.  
 The puttin' cow should be aye a doddy, aye a doddy.  
 Mak' na sic an awesome reel.

Ye're a sow, auld man:  
 Ye got fou, auld man:  
 Eye for shame, auld man;  
 To your wame, auld man:  
 Pinch'd I win, wi' spinnin tow,  
 A plack to cleid your back and pow.  
 It's a lie, gudewife,  
 It's your tea, gudewife,  
 Na, na, gudewife,  
 Ye spend a', gudewife.  
 Dinna fa' on me pell-mell,  
 Ye like the drap fu' weel yoursel.

Ye's rue auld gowk, your jest and frolic, jest and frolic.  
 Dare ye say, goose, I ever liked to tak' a drappy?  
 An 'twere na just to cure the cholic, cure the cholic,  
 Deil a drap wad weet my mou'.

Troth, gudewife, an' ye wadna swither, wadna swither,  
 Soon to tak' a cholic, when it brings a drap o' cappy.  
 But twascore years we ha'e fought thegither, fought thegither;  
 Time it is to gree, I trow.

I'm wrang, auld John,  
 Ower lang, auld John,  
 For nought, gude John,  
 We ha'e fought, gude John;  
 Let's help to bear ilk ither's weight,  
 We're far ower feckless now to fight.  
 Ye're richt, gude Kate;  
 The nicht, gude Kate,  
 Our cup, gude Kate,  
 We'll sup, gude Kate;  
 Thegither frae this hour we'll draw,  
 And toom the stoup atween us twa.

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### SAE WILL WE YET.

WALTER WATSON,

A WEAVER at Chryston, in Stirlingshire. He published in 1808 a volume of poems, which was well received, and several of the songs there printed became very popular. In 1823 and 1843 he issued volumes, and in 1853 a selected edition of his best pieces was issued under the editorship of Mr. Hugh Macdonald. He died in 1854 in his seventy-fifth year.

SIT ye down here, my cronies, and gi'e us your crack,  
 Let the win' tak' the care o' this life on its back,  
 Our hearts to despondency we never will submit,  
 For we've aye been provided for, and sae will we yet.  
 And sae will we yet, &c.

Let the miser delight in the hoarding of pelf,  
 Since he has not the saul to enjoy it himself:  
 Since the bounty of providence is new every day,  
 As we journey through life, let us live by the way.  
 Let us live by the way, &c.

Then bring us a tankard o' nappy gude ale,  
 For to comfort our hearts and enliven the tale;  
 We'll aye be the merrier the langer we sit,  
 For we've drank thegither mony a time, and sae will we yet.  
 And sae will we yet, &c.

Success to the farmer, and prosper his plough,  
 Rewarding his eident toils a' the year through!  
 Our seed time and harvest we ever will get,  
 For we've lippen'd aye to Providence, and sae will we yet.  
 And sae will we yet.

Long live the king, and happy may he be,  
 And success to his forces by land and by sea!  
 His enemies to triumph we never will permit,  
 Britons aye have been victorious, and sae will they yet.  
 And sae will they yet, &c.

Let the glass keep its course, and go merrily roun',  
 For the sun has to rise, though the moon it goes down,  
 Till the house be rinnin' roun' about, it's time enough to flit;  
 When we fell, we aye got up again, and sae will we yet.  
 And sae will we yet, &c.

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### THE BRAES O' BEDLAY.

WALTER WATSON.

WHEN I think on the sweet smiles o' my lassie,  
 My cares flee awa' like a thief frae the day;  
 My heart louns light, an' I join in a sang  
 Among the sweet birds on the braes o' Bedlay;  
 How sweet the embrace, yet how honest the wishes,  
 When luve fa's a-wooin', an' modesty blushes;  
 Whar Mary an' I meet among the green bushes,  
 That screen us sae weel on the braes o' Bedlay.

There's nane sae trig, or sae fair, as my lassie,  
 An' mony a wooer she answers wi' Nay,  
 Wha fain wad ha'e her to lea'e me alane,  
 An' meet me nae mair on the braes o' Bedlay.  
 I fearna, I carena, their braggin' o' siller,  
 Nor a' the fine things they can think on to tell her;  
 Nae vauntin' can buy her, nae threat'nin' can sell her,  
 It's luve leads her out to the braes o' Bedlay.

We'll gang by the links o' the wild rowin' burnie,  
 Whar aft in my mornin' o' life I did stray,  
 Whar luve was invited and care was beguil'd,  
 By Mary an' me, on the braes o' Bedlay;  
 Sae lovin', sae movin', I'll tell her my story,  
 Unmix't wi' the deeds o' ambition for glory,  
 Whar wide spreadin' hawthorns, sae ancient and hoary,  
 Enrich the sweet breeze on the braes o' Bedlay.



## BOBBING JOHN.

ROBERT JAMIESON,

EDITOR of "Popular Ballads and Songs," 1806. A native of Moray, where he was born in 1780. He held for a long time the position of Assistant Deputy Clerk Register. He died in London in 1844.

HEY for bobbing John!  
 Kittle up the chanter!  
 Bang up a strathspey,  
 So fling wi' John the ranter.  
 Johnnie's stout an' bald,  
 Ne'er could thole a banter;  
 Bein in byre and fauld,  
 An', lasses, he's a wanter!

Back as braid's a door;  
 Bowhought like a filly;  
 Thick about the brawns,  
 An' o'er the breast and belly.  
 Hey for bobbing John!  
 Kittle up the chanter!  
 Queans are a' gane gyte,  
 To fling wi' John the ranter.

Bonnie's his black e'e,  
 Blinkin', blythe, and vogie,  
 Wi' lassie on his knee,  
 In his nieve a coggie;  
 Sync the lad will kiss,  
 Sweetly kiss an' cuddle;  
 Canld wad be her heart,  
 That could wi' Johnnie widdle.

Sonse fa' bobbing John;  
 Want an' wae gae by him;  
 There's in town nor land  
 Nae chiel disna envy him.  
 Flingin' to the pipe,  
 Bobbing to the fiddle,  
 Kneif was ilka lass,  
 That could wi' Johnnie meddle.

## GO TO HIM.

ROBERT JAMIESON.

Go to him, then, if thou canst go;  
 Waste not a thought on me;  
 My heart and mind are a' my store;—  
 They ance were dear to thee.

But there is music in his gold,  
 (I ne'er sae sweet could sing,)

That finds a chord in every breast,  
 In unison to ring.

The modest virtues dread the spell ;  
 The honest loves retire ;  
 The finer sympathies of soul  
 Far other charms require.

The breathings of my plaintive reed  
 Sink dying in despair ;  
 The still small voice of gratitude,  
 Even that is heard nae mair.

But, if thy heart can suffer thee,  
 The powerful cause obey ;  
 And mount the splendid bed that wealth  
 And pride for thee display.

There gaily bid farewell to a'  
 Love's trembling hopes and fears ;  
 While I my lonely pillow, here,  
 Wash with unceasing tears.

Yet, in the fremmit arms of him,  
 That half thy worth ne'er knew,  
 O think na on my lang-tried love,  
 How tender and how true !

For sure 'twould break thy tender heart,  
 My breaking heart to see,  
 Wi' a' the wrangs and waes it tholed,  
 And yet maun thole for thee.

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### THE QUERN LILT.

ROBERT JAMIESON.

THE *cronach* stills the dowie heart,  
 The *jurrum* stills the bairnie ;  
 The music for a hungry wame  
 Is grinding o' the quernie.

And loes me o' my little quernie !  
 Grind the graddan, grind it :  
 We'll a' get crowdie whan it's done,  
 And bannocks steeve to bind it.

The married man his joy may prize :  
 The lover prize his arles ;  
 But gin the quernie gangna round,  
 They baith will soon be sareless.

Sac loes me, &c.

The whisky gars the bark o' life  
 Drive merrily and rarely;  
 But graddan is the ballast gars  
 It steady gang and fairly.  
 Then loes me, &c.

Though winter steeks the door wi' drift,  
 And o'er the ingle hings us;  
 Let but the little quernie gae,  
 We're blythe, whatever dings us.  
 Then loes me, &c.

And how it cheers the herd at e'en,  
 And sets his heart-strings dirlin',  
 When, comin' frae the hungry hill,  
 He hears the quernie birlin'!  
 Then loes me, &c.

Though sturt and stride wi' young and auld,  
 And flytin' butt and ben be;  
 Let but the quernie play, they'll soon  
 A' lown and fidgin'-fain be.  
 Then loes me, &c.

### THE LANDART LAIRD.

FROM JAMIESON'S BALLADS.

THERE lives a landart laird in Fife,  
 And he has married a dandily wife;  
 She wadna shape, nor yet wad she sew,  
 But sit wi' her cummers, and fill hersel' fu'.  
 She wadna spin, nor yet wad she card;  
 But she wad sit and crack wi' the laird:  
 Sae he is down to the sheep-fauld,  
 And cleekit a wether by the spauld.  
 He's whirled aff the gude wether's skin,  
 And wrapped the dandily lady therein.  
 "I downa pay you, for your gentle kin;  
 But weel may I skelp my wether's skin."

### 'TRANENT WEDDING.

PETER FORBES,

A GARDENER at Dalkeith. He published a volume of poems in 1812.

IT was at a wedding near Tranent,  
 Where scores an' scores on fun were bent,  
 An' to ride the broose wi' full intent,  
 Was either nine or ten, jo!  
 Then aff they a' set galloping, galloping,  
 Legs an' arms a walloping, walloping,  
 Shame take the hindmost, quo' Duncan M'Callapin,  
 Laird o' Tullyben, jo.

The souter he was fidgin' fain,  
 An' stuck like roset till the mane,  
 Till smash like auld boots in a drain,  
 He nearly reach'd his end, jo!  
 Yet still they a' gade, &c.

The miller's mare flew o'er the souter,  
 An syne began to glow'r about her,  
 Cries Hab, I'll gi'e you double mouter,  
 Gin ye'll ding Tullyben, jo.  
 Then still they a' gade, &c.

Now Will the weaver rode sae kittle,  
 Ye'd thought he was a flying shuttle,  
 His doup it daddet like a bittle,  
 But wafted till the end, jo.  
 Yet still they a' gade, &c.

The tailor had an awkward beast,  
 It funket first an' syne did reest,  
 Then threw poor Snipe five ell at least,  
 Like auld breeks, o'er the mane, jo.  
 Yet a' the rest gade, &c.

The blacksmith's beast was last of a',  
 Its sides like bellowses did blaw,  
 Till he an' it got sic a fa',  
 An' bruises nine or ten, jo.  
 An' still the lave gade, &c.

Now Duncan's mare she flew like drift,  
 An' aye sae fast her feet did lift,  
 Between ilk stenn she ga'e a rift,  
 Out frae her hinder end, jo.  
 Yet aff they a' gade, &c.

Now Duncan's mare did bang them a',  
 To rin wi' him they maunna fa',  
 Then up his gray mare he did draw,  
 The broose it was his ain, jo.  
 Nae mair wi' him they'll gallop, they'll gallop,  
 Nae mair wi' him they'll wallop, they'll wallop,  
 Or they will chance to get some jallup,  
 Frae the laird o' Tullyben, jo.

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## ROW WEEL, MY BOATIE.

ANONYMOUS.

APPEARED in 1816. Air by R. A. Smith.

Row weel, my boatie, row weel,  
 Row weel, my merry men a',  
 For there's dool and there's wae in Glenfiorich's bowers,  
 And there's grief in my father's ha'.

And the skiff it danc'd light on the merry wee waves,  
 And it flew ower the water sac blue,  
 And the wind it blew light, and the moon it shone bright,  
 But the boatie ne'er reached Allandhu.

Ohon! for fair Ellen, ohon!  
 Ohon! for the pride of Strathcoe—  
 In the deep, deep sea, in the salt, salt brce,  
 Lord Reoch, thy Ellen lies low.

## THE HILLS O' GALLOWA'.

THOMAS M. CUNNINGHAM,

BORN 1776, died at London in 1834. An elder brother of Allan Cunningham. He was principal clerk to Rennie the celebrated Engineer. His poems were principally contributed to "The Scots Magazine," and the "Edinburgh Magazine."

AMANG the birks sac blythe an' gay,  
 I met my Julia hameward gaun;  
 The linties chauntit on the spray,  
 The lammies loupit on the lawn;  
 On ilka howm the sward was mawn,  
 The braes wi' gowans buskit bra',  
 An' gloamin's plaid o' gray was thrawn  
 Out owre the hills o' Gallowa'.

Wi' music wild the woodlands rang,  
 An' fragrance wing'd along the lea,  
 As down we sat the flowers amang,  
 Upon the banks o' stately Dee;  
 My Julia's arms encircled me,  
 An' saftly slade the hours awa',  
 Till dawin coost a glimmerin' e'e  
 Upon the hills o' Gallowa'.

It isna owsen, sheep, and kye,  
 It isna gowd, it isna gear,  
 This lifted e'e wad ha'e, quoth I,  
 The warld's drumlie gloom to cheer.

But gi'e to me my Julia dear,  
 Ye powers wha rowe this yirthen ba',  
 An' O! sae blythe through life I'll steer,  
 Among the hills o' Gallowa'.

Whan gloamin' dauners up the hill,  
 An' our gudeman ca's hame the yowes,  
 Wi' her I'll trace the mossy rill  
 That owre the muir meand'ring rowes ;  
 Or tint amang the scroggy knowes,  
 My birken pipe I'll sweetly blaw,  
 An' sing the streams, the straths, and howes,  
 The hills an' dales o' Gallowa'.

An' whan auld Scotland's heathy hills,  
 Her rural nymphs an' jovial swains,  
 Her flow'ry wilds an' wimpling rills,  
 Awake nae mair my canty strains ;  
 Whare friendship dwells an' freedom reigns,  
 Whare heather blooms an' muircocks craw,  
 O! dig my grave, and hide my banes  
 Among the hills o' Gallowa'.

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### THE BRAES OF BALLAHUN.

THOMAS CUNNINGHAM.

Now smiling summer's balmy breeze,  
 Soft whispering, fans the leafy trees :  
 The linnet greets the rosy morn,  
 Sweet in yon fragrant flowery thorn ;  
 The bee hums round the woodbine bower,  
 Collecting sweets from every flower ;  
 And pure the crystal streamlets run  
 Among the braes of Ballahun.

O blissful days, for ever fled,  
 When wand'ring wild as Fancy led,  
 I ranged the bushy bosom'd glen,  
 The scroggie shaw, the rugged linn,  
 And mark'd each blooming hawthorn bush,  
 Where nestling sat the speckled thrush ;  
 Or careless roaming, wandered on,  
 Among the braes of Ballahun.

Why starts the tear, why bursts the sigh,  
 When hills and dales rebound with joy ?  
 The flowery glen, and liliated lea  
 In vain display their charms to me.

I joyless roam the heathy waste,  
 To soothe this sad, this troubled breast;  
 And seek the haunts of men to shun  
 Among the braes of Ballahun.

The virgin blush of lovely youth,  
 The angel smile of artless truth,  
 This breast illum'd with heavenly joy,  
 Which lyart time can ne'er destroy:  
 O Julia dear!—the parting look,  
 The sad farewell we sorrowing took,  
 Still haunts me as I stray alone  
 Among the braes of Ballahun.

### ADVICE TO THE LASSIES.

J. BURT,

A NATIVE of Knockmarlock in Ayrshire, where he was born in 1790. He was bred a weaver and worked at that trade till 1807, when he was pressed on one of His Majesty's ships of war, *The Magnificent*, where he served for five years. On his return to Scotland, he worked again for a while at his trade, then he opened a small school in Kilmarnock. In 1816 he went to Paisley, still following his new profession of teacher, but not meeting with success, he emigrated in the following year to America, when he became a licentiate of the Presbyterian Church. He finally settled in Philadelphia as Pastor of a Presbyterian Church there. A life of adventure truly, with the golden ending so seldom allotted to poets.

LASSIES, lookna sourly meek,  
 But laugh an' love in youth's gay morn:  
 If ance the bloom forsake your cheek,  
 Fareweel your heuks, the hairst is shorn.

The secret favour that you meet,  
 Or the favour ye return,  
 If vainly ye let ithers see't,  
 Fareweel your heuks, the hairst is shorn.

Wi' care the tender moments grip,  
 When your cautious lovers burn;  
 But if you let that moment slip,  
 Fareweel your heuks, the hairst is shorn.

Be on your guard wi' Sir or Laird;  
 A' ties but that o' marriage spurn;  
 For if ye grant what he may want,  
 Fareweel your heuks, your hairst is shorn.

The lad that's wi' your siller ta'en,  
 Reject his vows wi' honest scorn;  
 For ance the glitterin' ore's his ain,  
 Fareweel your heuks, the hairst is shorn.

Widows rest you as ye are—  
 Nae lover now dare crook his horn;  
 But mak' him master o' your gear—  
 Fareweel your heuks, the hairst is shorn.

Lassies that nae lads ha'e got,  
 But live in garrets lane and lorn,  
 Let ilk be carefu' o' her cat—  
 Ne'er think o' heuks—your hairst is shorn.

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### O'ER THE MIST-SHROUDED CLIFTS.

JOHN BURTT.

O'ER the mist-shrouded clifts of the gray mountain straying,  
 Where the wild winds of winter incessantly rave;  
 What woes wring my heart, while intently surveying  
 The storm's gloomy path on the breast of the wave.  
 Ye foam-crested billows allow me to wail,  
 Ere ye toss me afar from my loved native shore;  
 Where the flower which bloom'd sweetest in Coila's green vale,  
 The pride of my bosom, my Mary's no more!

No more by the banks of the streamlet we'll wander,  
 And smile at the moon's rimpled face in the wave;  
 No more shall my arms cling with fondness around her,  
 For the dew-drops of morning fall cold on her grave.  
 No more shall the soft thrill of love warm my breast,  
 I haste with the storm to a far distant shore,  
 Where unknown, unlamented, my ashes shall rest,  
 And joy shall revisit my bosom no more.

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### TO THINK O' THEE.

JOHN BURTT.

O LASSIE I lo'e dearest,  
 Mair fair to me than fairest,  
 Mair rare to me than rarest;  
 How sweet to think o' thee!  
 When blythe the blue e'ed dawnin'  
 Steals saftly o'er the lawnin',  
 And furls night's sable awnin',  
 I love to think o' thee.

An' while the honied dew-drap  
 Still trembles at the flower-tap,  
 The fairest bud I pu't up,  
 An' kiss't for sake o' thee;



An' when by stream, or fountain,  
 In glen, or on the mountain,  
 The lingering moments counting,  
 I pause an' think o' thee.

When the sun's red-rays are streamin',  
 Warm on the meadow beamin',  
 Or o'er the loch wild gleamin',  
 My heart is fu' o' thee.  
 An' tardy-footed gloamin',  
 Out o'er the hills slow comin',  
 Still finds me lanely roamin',  
 And thinkin' still o' thee.

When soughs the distant billow,  
 An' night blasts shake the willow,  
 Stretch'd on my lanely pillow  
 My dreams are a' o' thee.  
 Then think when frien's caress thee,  
 O think when cares distress thee,  
 O think when pleasures bless thee,  
 O' him that thinks o' thee!

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## AND CAN THY BOSOM BEAR THE THOUGHT?

JOHN GOLDIE,

BORN at Ayr in 1798. He was for some time Editor of the Ayr Courier, but latterly conducted the Paisley Advertiser. He died suddenly in 1826.

AND can thy bosom bear the thought,  
 To part frae love and me, laddie?  
 Are all those plighted vows forgot,  
 Sae fondly pledged by thee, laddie?  
 Can'st thou forget the midnight hour,  
 When in yon love-inspiring bower,  
 You vow'd by every heavenly power,  
 You'd ne'er lo'e anc but me, laddie?  
 Wilt thou—wilt thou gang and leave me,  
 Win my heart, and then deceive me?  
 Oh! that heart will break, believe me,  
 Gin ye part wi' me, laddie.

Aft ha'e ye roos'd my rosy cheek,  
 Aft prais'd my sparkling e'e, laddie,  
 Aft said nae bliss on earth ye'd seek,  
 But love and live wi' me, laddie.  
 But soon those cheeks will lose their red,  
 Those eyes in endless sleep be hid,

And 'neath the turf the heart be laid,  
 That beats for love, and thee, laddie.  
 Wilt thou—wilt thou gang and leave me,  
 Win my heart and then deceive me?  
 Oh! that heart will break, believe me,  
 Gin ye part frae me, laddie.  
 You'll meet a form mair sweet and fair,  
 Where rarer beauties shine, laddie,  
 But oh! the heart can never bear,  
 A love sae true as mine, laddie.  
 But when that heart is laid at rest,  
 That heart that lo'ed ye last and best,  
 Oh, then the pangs that rend thy breast,  
 Will sharper be than mine, laddie.  
 Broken vows will vex and grieve me,  
 Till a broken heart relieve me,  
 Yet its latest thought, believe me,  
 Will be love and thine, laddie.

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### SWEET'S THE DEW-DECK'D ROSE.

JOHN GOLDIE.

SWEET's the dew-deck't rose in June,  
 And lily fair to see, Annie,  
 But there's ne'er a flower that blooms,  
 Is half so fair as thee, Annie.  
 Beside those blooming cheeks o' thine,  
 The opening rose its beauties tine,  
 Thy lips the rubies far outshine;  
 Love sparkles in thy e'e, Annie.  
 The snaw that decks yon mountain top,  
 Nae purer is than thee, Annie;  
 The haughty mien, and proudfu' look,  
 Are banish'd far frae thee, Annie;  
 And in thy sweet angelic face,  
 Triumphant beams each modest grace,  
 "And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace,"  
 A form sae bright as thine, Annie.  
 Wha could behold thy rosy cheek,  
 And no feel love's sharp pang, Annie,  
 What heart could view thy smiling looks,  
 And plot to do thee wrang, Annie.  
 Thy name in ilka sang I'll weave,  
 My heart, my soul wi' thee I'll leave,  
 And never, till I cease to breathe,  
 I'll cease to think on thee, Annie.