

## ALLISTER M'ALLISTER.

UNKNOWN.

O ALLISTER M'ALLISTER,  
 Your chanter sets us a' astir,  
 Then to your bags and blaw wi' birr,  
 We'll dance the Highland fling.  
 Now Allister has tuned his pipes,  
 And thrang as bumbees frae their bykes,  
 The lads and lasses loup the dykes,  
 And gather on the green.  
 O Allister M'Allister, &c.

The Miller, Hab, was fidgin' fain  
 To dance the Highland fling his lane,  
 He lap as high as Elspa's wame,  
 The like was never seen;  
 As round about the ring he whuds,  
 And cracks his thumbs and shakes his duds,  
 The meal flew frae his tail in cluds,  
 And blinded a' their een.  
 O Allister M'Allister, &c.

Neist rauchle-handed smiddy Jock,  
 A' blacken'd o'er wi' coom and smoke,  
 Wi' shauchlin' blear-e'ed Bess did yoke,  
 That slaverin'-gabbit quean.  
 He shook his doublet in the wund,  
 His feet like hammers strack the grund,  
 The very moudiwarts were stunn'd,  
 Nor kenn'd what it could mean.  
 O Allister M'Allister, &c.

Now wanton Willie was nae blate,  
 For he got haud o' winsome Kate,  
 "Come here," quo' he, "I'll show the gate  
 To dance the Highland fling."  
 The Highland fling he danced wi' glee,  
 And lap as he were gaun to flee;  
 Kate beck'd and bobb'd sae bonnilie,  
 And tript it light and clean.  
 O Allister M'Allister, &c.

Now Allister has done his best,  
 And weary houghs are wantin' rest,  
 Besides they sair wi' drouth were strest,  
 Wi' dancin' sae I ween.  
 I trou the gauntrees gat a lift,  
 And round the bicker flew like drift,  
 And Allister that very night,  
 Could scarcely stand his lane.  
 O Allister M'Allister, &c.

## BAILIE NICOL JARVIE.

SUNG by the late Mr. Mackay, in his great character of "The Bailie" in Rob Roy, as an after song, it being often his habit to come to the foot-lights after the curtain had fallen on the last scene and sing it. We have heard the authorship ascribed to the late William Murray, of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh.

You may sing o' your Wallace and brag o' your Bruce,  
 And talk o' your fechtin' Red Reiver,  
 But whare will ye find me a man o' sic use,  
 As a thorough-bred Saut Market Weaver?  
 Let ance Nicol Jarvie come under your view,  
 At hame whare the people adore me,  
 Whare they made me a bailie and councillor too,  
 Like my faither, the Deacon, before me.

These claverin' chiels in the clachan hard bye,  
 They'll no gi'e a body but hard words,  
 My faith! they shall find if again they will try,  
 A het poker's as guid as their braid swords;  
 It's as weel though to let that flee stick to the wa',  
 For mayhap they may chance to claymore me,  
 To let sleepin' dogs lie is the best thing ava,  
 Said my faither, the Deacon, before me.

My puir cousin Rab, O! his terrible wife  
 Was sae proud, that she chose to disown me,  
 Fient a bodle cared she for a magistrate's life,  
 My conscience! she was just gaun to drown me.  
 But if ever again in her clutches I pop,  
 Puir Matty may live to deplore me,  
 But were I in Glasgow, I'd stick to my shop,  
 Like my faither, the Deacon, before me.

Now to think o' them hangin' a bailie so high,  
 To be picked at by corbies and burdies!  
 But if I were at Glasgow, my conscience! I'll try  
 To let their craigs feel the weight o' their hurdies.  
 But stop, Nicol! stop man! na that canna be,  
 For if ane wad to hame safe restore ye,  
 In the Saut Market safe, I'd forget and forgie—  
 Like my faither, the Deacon, before me.

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**ROB ROY MACGREGOR.**

FROM the Opera of "ROB ROY."

PARDON now the bold outlaw,  
 Rob Roy Macgregor, O!  
 Grant him mercy, gentles a',  
 Rob Roy Macgregor, O!  
 Let your hands and hearts agree,  
 Set the Highland laddie free,  
 Make us sing wi' muckle glee,  
 Rob Roy Macgregor, O!

Long the state has doom'd his fa',  
 Rob Roy Macgregor, O!  
 Still he spurn'd the hatefu' law,  
 Rob Roy Macgregor, O!  
 Scots can for their country die;  
 Ne'er frae Britain's foes they flee,  
 A' that's past forget—forgie,  
 Rob Roy Macgregor, O!

Scotland's fear and Scotland's pride,  
 Rob Roy Macgregor, O!  
 Your award must now abide,  
 Rob Roy Macgregor, O!  
 Lang your favours ha'e been mine,  
 Favours I will ne'er resign,  
 Welcome then for auld langsyne,  
 Rob Roy Macgregor, O!

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**THE LASS OF GOWRIE.**

A MODERN version of this favourite song: other versions by Lady Nairne and William Reid are inserted in their proper places.

UPON a simmer afternoon,  
 A wee before the sun gade down,  
 My lassie, in a braw new gown,  
 Cam' o'er the hills to Gowrie.  
 The rose-bud, ting'd with morning show'r,  
 Blooms fresh within the sunny bow'r,  
 But Katie was the fairest flower  
 That ever bloom'd in Gowrie.

Nae thought had I to do her wrang,  
 But round her waist my arms I flang,  
 And said, My dearie, will ye gang,  
 To see the Carse o' Gowrie?

I'll tak' ye to my father's ha',  
 In yon green fields beside the shaw;  
 I'll mak' you lady o' them a',  
 The brawest wife in Gowrie.

A silken gown o' siller gray,  
 My mither coft last new-year's day,  
 And buskit me frae tap to tae,  
 To keep me out o' Gowrie.  
 Daft Will, short syne, cam' courting Nell,  
 And wan the lass, but what befel,  
 Or whare she's gane, she kens hersel',  
 She staid na lang in Gowrie.

Sic thoughts, dear Katie, ill combine  
 Wi' beauty rare, and wit like thine;  
 Except yoursel', my bonnie quean,  
 I care for nought in Gowrie.  
 Since first I saw you in the sheal,  
 To you my heart's been true and leal;  
 The darkest night I fear nae de'il,  
 Warlock, or witch, in Gowrie.

Saft kisses on her lips I laid,  
 The blush upon her cheeks soon spread  
 She whisper'd modestly, and said,  
 O Pate, I'll stay in Gowrie!  
 The auld folks soon ga'e their consent,  
 Syne for Mess John they quickly sent,  
 Wha ty'd them to their heart's content.  
 And now she's Lady Gowrie.

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### COMIN THROUGH THE RYE.

THE modern version of one of our early songs: a set, based upon the old words, but so altered by Burns as to be included in nearly every edition of his songs as his own, appears in Johnson's Museum. There are numerous other versions, verses, &c., floating about, but they are all of little value.

GIN a body meet a body  
 Comin' through the rye,  
 Gin a body kiss a body,  
 Need a body cry?  
 Every lassie has her laddie,  
 Nane, they say, ha'e I!  
 Yet\*a' the lads they smile at me,  
 When comin' through the rye.  
 Among the train there is a swain  
 I dearly lo'e mysel;  
 But whaur his hame, or what his name,  
 I dinna care to tell.

Gin a body meet a body,  
 Comin' frae the town,  
 Gin a body greet a body,  
 Need a body frown?  
 Every lassie has her laddie,  
 Nane, they say, ha'e I!  
 Yet a' the lads they smile at me,  
 When comin' through the rye.  
 Among the train there is a swain,  
 I dearly lo'e mysel;  
 But whaur his hame, or what his name,  
 I dinna care to tell.

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### BLYTHE, BLYTHE, AROUND THE NAPPIE.

DANIEL MACPHAIL,

A WORKING Cabinet Maker; he died at Glasgow about the year 1833.

BLYTHE, blythe, around the nappie,  
 Let us join in social glee;  
 While we're here we'll ha'e a drappie—  
 Scotia's sons ha'e aye been free.

Our auld forbears, when over their yill,  
 And cantie bickers round did ea',  
 Forsooth, they cried, anither gill!  
 For sweirt we are to gang awa'.

Some hearty cock wad then ha'e sung  
 An auld Scotch sonnet aff wi' glee,  
 Syne pledged his cogue: the chorus rung,  
 Auld Scotia and her sons are free.

Thus cracks, and jokes, and sangs gaed roun',  
 Till morn the screens o' light did draw:  
 Yet, dreich to rise, the carles roun'  
 Cried, Deoch an doras, then awa'!

The landlord then the nappie brings,  
 And toasts, Fu' happy a' may be,  
 Syne tooms the cogue: the chorus rings,  
 Auld Scotia's sons shall aye be free.

Then like our dads o' auld lang syne,  
 Let social glee unite us a',  
 Aye blythe to meet, our mou's to weet,  
 But aye as sweirt to gang awa'.

## LAND OF MY FATHERS.

JOHN LEYDEN,

WAS born in 1775 at Denholm in Roxburghshire. His father was a shepherd and in poor circumstances, but as John displayed remarkable talents, he managed to get him educated at the University of Edinburgh, with the view of entering the Church. When his studies were finished, though he became a licentiate, he failed to obtain a church. He edited for some time the "Scot's Magazine." He afterwards turned his attention to the study of medicine; and, having received his degree of M.D. from the University of St. Andrew's, he sailed for Madras, where he had received an appointment as Surgeon in the East India Company's service. He died at Java in 1811.

There is no more remarkable instance of perseverance and genius in the whole history of our literature than John Leyden. In antiquities, poetry, philology, in fact in every department of literature to which he seriously turned himself, he has left his mark. His Dissertation on the languages and literature of the Indo-Chinese Nations is well-known to philologists. No one can read any of his published volumes of poetry without finding the stamp of genius firmly impressed, while even in his edition of the "Complaynt of Scotland," the curious theories there brought forward at least serve to show the diligent and faithful manner in which he tried to explain the antiquities of his native land.

LAND of my fathers! though no mangrove here  
O'er thy blue streams her flexile branches rear,  
Nor scaly palm her finger'd scions shoot,  
Nor luscious guava wave her yellow fruit,  
Nor golden apples glimmer from the tree;  
Land of dark heaths and mountains, thou art free,  
Free as his lord the peasant treads the plain,  
And heaps his harvest on the groaning wain.

Proud of his laws, tenacious of his right,  
And vain of Scotia's old unconquer'd might:  
Dear native valleys! may ye long retain  
The charter'd freedom of the mountain swain:  
Long, 'mid your sounding glades, in union sweet,  
May rural innocence and beauty meet;  
And still be duly heard, at twilight calm,  
From every cot the peasant's chanted psalm!

Then, Jedworth, though thy ancient choirs shall fade,  
And time lay bare each lofty colonnade,  
From the damp roof the massy sculptures die,  
And in their vaults thy rifted arches lie;  
Still in these vales shall angel harps prolong,  
By Jed's pure stream, a sweeter evening song  
Than long processions, once, with mystic zeal,  
Pour'd to the harp and solemn organ's peal.

## THE EVENING STAR.

DR. JOHN LEYDEN.

How sweet thy modest light to view,  
 Fair star! to love and lovers dear;  
 While trembling on the falling dew,  
 Like beauty shining through the tear.

Or hanging o'er that mirror stream  
 To mark each image trembling there,  
 Thou seem'st to smile with softer gleam  
 To see thy lovely face so fair.

Though blazing o'er the arch of night,  
 The moon thy timid beams outshine  
 As far as thine each starry light—  
 Her rays can never vie with thine.

Thine are the soft enchanting hours  
 When twilight lingers on the plain,  
 And whispers to the closing flow'rs,  
 That soon the sun will rise again.

Thine is the breeze that, murmuring bland  
 As music, wafts the lover's sigh;  
 And bids the yielding heart expand  
 In love's delicious ecstasy.

Fair star! though I be doom'd to prove  
 That rapture's tears are mix'd with pain;  
 Ah! still I feel 'tis sweet to love,—  
 But sweeter to be lov'd again.

## LOVE'S ADIEU.

JOSEPH GRANT,

A NATIVE of Kincardineshire. He died in 1835, aged 30. Two or three volumes of his poetry and prose essays were published during his life time.

THE e'e o' the dawn, Eliza,  
 Blinks over the dark green sea,  
 An' the moon's creepin' down to the hill tap  
 Richt dim an' drowsilie;  
 An' the music o' the mornin'  
 Is murmurin' along the air;  
 Yet still my dowie heart lingers  
 To catch one sweet throb mair.

We've been as blest, Eliza,  
 As children o' earth can be,  
 Though my fondest wish has been nipt by  
 The bonds o' povertie;

An' through life's misty sojourn,  
That still may be our fa',  
But hearts that are linked for ever  
Ha'e strength to bear it a'.

The cot by the mutterin' burnie,  
Its wee bit garden an' field,  
May ha'e mair o' the blessin's o' heaven  
Than lights on the lordliest bield.  
There's mony a young brow braided  
Wi' jewels o' far aff isles,  
But woe may be drinkin' the heart-springs  
While we see nought but smiles.

But adieu, my ain Eliza !  
Where'er my wanderin's be,  
Undyin' remembrance will mak' thee  
The star o' my destinie ;  
An' weel I ken, thou loved one,  
That aye till I return  
Thou'lt treasure pure faith in thy bosom  
Like a gem in a gowden urn.

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### EXILE OF ULDOONAN.

JOHN GRIEVE,

A TRADESMAN in Edinburgh, one of the earliest friends of The Ettrick Shepherd, who held him in great esteem. He died in 1836.

ADIEU to rock and to water-fall,  
Whose echoes start among Albyn's hills,  
A long adieu, Uldoonan ! and all  
Thy wildwood steeps, and thy sparkling rills.  
From the dreams of my childhood and youth I awaken,  
And all the sweet visions that fancy wove ;  
Adieu ! ye lone glens, and ye braes of green bracken,  
Endeared by friendship, and hope, and love.

The stranger came, and adversity's wind  
Blew cold and chill on my father's hearth ;  
I strove, but vainly, some shelter to find  
Among the fields of my father's birth :  
But my desolate spirit shall never be severed  
From the home where a sister and mother once smiled,  
Though within its bare walls lies the roof-tree all shivered,  
And mouldering rubbish is spread and piled.



I hear before me the waters roar ;  
 I see the galley in yonder bay,  
 All ready and trim, she beckons the shore,  
 And seems to chide my longer stay.  
 Uldoonan! when lingering afar from thy valley,  
 At my pilgrimage close o'er the billowy brine,  
 Harps long will be strung, and new voices will hail thee,  
 Without devotion and love like mine.

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### POLWARTH ON THE GREEN.

JOHN GRIEVE.

'Twas summer tide; the cushat sang  
 His am'rous roundelay;  
 And dews, like cluster'd diamonds, hang  
 On flowers and leafy spray.  
 The coverlet of gloaming gray  
 On every thing was seen,  
 When lads and lasses took their way  
 To Polwarth on the Green.

The spirit-moving dance went on,  
 And harmless revelry  
 Of young hearts all in unison,  
 Wi' love's soft witcherie;  
 Their hall the open-daisied lea,  
 While frae the welkin sheen,  
 The moon shone brightly on the glee  
 At Polwarth on the Green.

Dark een and raven curls were there,  
 And cheeks of rosy hue,  
 And finer forms, without compare,  
 Than pencil ever drew;  
 But ane, wi' een of bonnie blue,  
 A' hearts confess'd the queen,  
 And pride of grace and beauty too,  
 At Polwarth on the Green.

The miser hoards his golden store,  
 And kings dominion gain;  
 While others in the battle's roar  
 For honour's trifles strain.  
 Away such pleasures! false and vain;  
 Far dearer mine have been,  
 Among the lowly rural train,  
 At Polwarth on the Green.

## WHEN THE KYE COME HAME.

JAMES HOGG,

THE Ettrick Shepherd, was born in December, 1770, at a small cottage near the Parish Kirk of Ettrick, in Selkirkshire.

At the time of his birth, his father rented a small farm, but this proving unsuccessful, he returned to his original occupation of a shepherd. The son's education was therefore of a very meagre description, and when only seven years of age, he was in service as a cow herd; poor and ragged, and often hungry, but always fond of music, reading, and thinking.

In 1796, while in the service of Mr. Laidlaw of Blackhouse (father of the author of "Lucy's Flittin'"), he first committed the sin of rhyme. His rhymes, says the shepherd himself, were "songs and ballads made up for the lassies to sing in chorus, and a proud man I was when I first heard the rosy nymphs chanting my uncouth strains, and jeering me by the still dear appellation of 'Jamie the Poeter.'"

In 1801 his ambition prompted him, while in Edinburgh attending a market, to write a number of his poems from memory and print them. The tiny volume was no sooner ready than he deeply regretted his haste, it being full of typographical errors, omissions, &c.; however, he found this out too late. The volume fell still-born from the press, and the author had to pay a smart printer's bill for the gratification of seeing himself in print. He shortly afterwards became acquainted with Sir (then Mr.) Walter Scott, and through that gentleman's introduction, he arranged with Constable for the publication of a volume of poems, which accordingly appeared under the title of "The Mountain Bard."

The success of this volume, and of a small work on sheep issued about the same time, yielded him about three hundred pounds. With this he began farming; but, after struggling for three years, was so unsuccessful that he had no resource but to go to Edinburgh and support himself by his pen. He issued a sort of Poetical Miscellany, of pieces by William Laidlaw and others, besides his own. This was a failure. He then began a weekly periodical called "The Spy," which made a deal of noise but brought "little woo'" to its editor. In 1813, however, he at once established his fame and his purse by the publication of "The Queen's Wake," the best of his works.

In 1814, he received a lease of the farm of Altrive, belonging to the Duke of Buccleuch, at a merely nominal rent, and henceforth his life was divided between attending to his crops in the country and to his books in the town. He contributed to Blackwood's Magazine and other periodicals; wrote "The Pilgrims of the Sun," "Mador of the Moor," "The Poetic Mirror," and other poems, and edited the "Jacobite Relics."

In 1820, fortune so smiled on him that he married and applied for a larger farm. He was offered and accepted the farm of Mount Denger, adjoining Altrive. Here his customary ill-luck attended him; and, on the expiry of his lease, he was glad to return to his old holding.

His works from 1820 cannot be said to add much to his fame. One or two three-volume novels, several short tales and stories, and a long narrative poem called "Queen Hynde," were failures; and from 1826 he confined himself principally to revising and re-publishing the works already issued, writing for periodicals, &c., by which means he eked out

the little income derived from his farm so as to support his family in comfort. He died in 1835.

The character of the Ettrick Shepherd is a strange mixture of simplicity and shrewdness. His many weaknesses were hurtful to himself only, while his genius, hospitality, and kindly spirit, endeared him to all. As a poet, though his fame rests almost wholly on his "Queen's Wake," and a number of his songs, his great ambition to be recognised as the successor of Burns has been gratified, and the name of Ettrick Shepherd has become a household one throughout all Scotland.

COME all ye jolly shepherds  
 That whistle through the glen,  
 I'll tell ye of a secret  
 That courtiers dinna ken.  
 What is the greatest bliss  
 That the tongue o' man can name?  
 'Tis to woo a bonnie lassie  
 When the kye come hame.  
     When the kye come hame,  
     When the kye come hame,  
 'Tween the gloamin' and the mirk,  
     When the kye come hame.

'Tis not beneath the burgonet,  
 Nor yet beneath the crown,  
 'Tis not on couch of velvet,  
 Nor yet on bed of down:  
 'Tis beneath the spreading birch,  
 In the dell without a name,  
 Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie,  
 When the kye come hame.

There the blackbird bigs his nest  
 For the mate he loves to see,  
 And up upon the tapmost bough,  
 Oh, a happy bird is he!  
 Then he pours his melting ditty,  
 And love 'tis a' the theme,  
 And he'll woo his bonnie lassie,  
 When the kye come hame.

When the bluart bears a pearl,  
 And the daisy turns a pea,  
 And the bonnie lucken gowan  
 Has fauldit up his e'e,  
 Then the laverock frae the blue lift  
 Draps down, and thinks nae shamo  
 To woo his bonnie lassie  
 When the kye come hame.

Then the eye shines sae bright,  
 The haill soul to beguile,  
 There's love in every whisper,  
 And joy in every smile ;  
 O, who would choose a crown,  
 Wi' its perils and its fame,  
 And miss a bonnie lassie  
 When the kye come hame ?

See yonder pawky shepherd  
 That lingers on the hill—  
 His yowes are in the fauld,  
 And his lambs are lying still ;  
 Yet he downa gang to rest,  
 For his heart is in a flame  
 To meet his bonnie lassie  
 When the kye come hame.

Awa' wi' fame and fortune—  
 What comfort can they gie' ?—  
 And a' the arts that prey  
 On man's life and libertie !  
 Gi'e me the highest joy  
 That the heart o' man can frame,  
 My bonnie, bonnie lassie,  
 When the kye come hame.

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### JEANIE.

JAMES HOGG.

O! MY lassie, our joy to complete again,  
 Meet me again in the gloamin', my dearie ;  
 Low down i' the dell let us meet again,  
 O! Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye.  
 Come when the wee bat flits silent and eerie ;  
 Come when the pale face o' nature looks weary.  
 Love be thy sure defence,  
 Beauty and innocence—  
 O! Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye.  
 Sweetly blows the haw and the rowan-tree,  
 Wild roses speck our thicket sae breerie ;  
 Still, still will our bed in the greenwood be—  
 O! Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye :  
 Note when the blackbird o' singing grows weary,  
 List when the beetle bee's bugle comes near ye :  
 Then come with fairy haste,  
 Light foot and beating breast—  
 O! Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye.

Far, far will the bogle an' brownie be;  
 Beauty an' truth, they daurna come near it.  
 Kind love is the tie of our unity;  
 A' maun love it, and a' maun revere it.  
 Love mak's the sang o' the woodland sae cheerie;  
 Love gars a' nature look bonnie that's near ye;  
     Love mak's the rose sae sweet,  
     Cowslip an' violet—  
 O! Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye.

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### LOVE IS LIKE A DIZZINESS

JAMES HOGG.

I LATELY liv'd in quiet ease,  
 An' never wish'd to marry, O;  
 But when I saw my Peggy's face,  
 I felt a sad quandary, O:  
 Though wild as ony Athol deer,  
 She has trepann'd me fairly, O;  
 Her cherry cheeks, and een sae clear,  
 Harass me late an' early, O.

O! love! love! laddie,  
 Love's like a dizziness!  
 It winna let a puir body  
 Gang about his business!

To tell my feats this single week  
 Wad mak' a curious diary, O;  
 I drave my cart against a dyke,  
 My horses in a miry, O:  
 I wear my stockings white an' blue,  
 My love's sae fierce and fiery, O;  
 I drill the land that I should plow,  
 An' plow the drills entirely, O.

O! love! love! &c.

Soon as the dawn had brought the day,  
 I went to theek the stable, O;  
 I coost my coat, an' ply'd away  
 As fast as I was able, O.  
 I wrought a' morning out an' out  
 As I'd been redding fire, O;  
 When I had done, and look'd about,  
 Behold it was the byre, O!

O! love! love! &c.

Her wily glance I'll ne'er forget;  
 The dear, the lovely blinkin' o't,  
 Has pierc'd me through and through the heart,  
 And plagues me wi' the prinklin' o't;  
 I try'd to sing, I try'd to pray,  
 I try'd to drown't wi' drinkin' o't;  
 I try'd wi' toil to drive't away,  
 But ne'er can sleep for thinkin' o't.  
 O! love! love! &c.

Were Peggy's love to hire the job,  
 An' save my heart frae breakin', O,  
 I'd put a girdle round the globe,  
 Or dive in Corryvreckin, O;  
 Or howk a grave at midnight dark  
 In yonder vault sae eerie, O;  
 Or gang and spier for Mungo Park  
 Through Africa sae drearie, O.  
 O! love! love! &c.

Ye little ken what pains I prove!  
 Or, how severe my plisky, O!  
 I swear I'm sairer drunk wi' love  
 Than e'er I was wi' whisky, O!  
 For love has rak'd me fore an' aft,  
 I scarce can lift a leggy, O;  
 I first grew dizzy, then gaed daft,  
 An' now I'll dee for Peggy, O.  
 O! love! love! &c.

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### SING ON, SING ON, MY BONNIE BIRD.

JAMES HOGG.

SING on, sing on, my bonnie bird,  
 The sang ye sang yestreen, O,  
 When here, aneath the hawthorn wild,  
 I met my bonnie Jean, O.  
 My blude ran prinklin' through my veins,  
 My hair began to steer, O;  
 My heart play'd deep against my breast,  
 As I beheld my dear, O.

O weels me on my happy lot!  
 O weels me o' my dearie!  
 O weels me on the charmin' spot,  
 Where a' combin'd to cheer me.

The mavis liltit on the bush,  
 The lavrock on the green, O;  
 The lily bloom'd, the daisy blush'd,  
 But a' war nought to Jean, O.

Sing on, sing on, my bonnie thrush,  
 Be neither flee'd nor eerie;  
 I'll wad your love sits in the bush,  
 That gars ye sing sae cheerie:  
 She may be kind, she may be sweet,  
 She may be neat and clean, O;  
 But O, she's but a drysome mate,  
 Compar'd wi' bonnie Jean, O.

If love wad open a' her stores,  
 An' a' her bloomin' treasures,  
 And bid me rise, an' turn an' choose,  
 And taste her chiefest pleasures;  
 My choice wad be the rosy cheek,  
 The modest beamin' eye, O;  
 The yellow hair, the bosom fair,  
 The lips o' coral dye, O.

A bramble shade around her head,  
 A burnie poplin' by, O;  
 Our bed the swaird, our sheet the plaid,  
 Our canopy the sky, O,  
 And here's the burn, an' there's the bush,  
 Around the flow'rie green, O;  
 An' this the plaid, an' sure the lass  
 Wad be my bonnie Jean, O.

Hear me, thou bonnie modest moon!  
 Ye starnies twinklin' high, O!  
 An' a' ye gentle powers aboon,  
 That roam athwart the sky, O.  
 To see me gratefu' for the past,  
 Ye saw me blest yestreen, O;  
 An' ever till I breathe my last  
 Ye'll see me true to Jean, O.

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### BIRNIEBOUZLE.

JAMES HOGG.

WILL ye gang wi' me, lassie,  
 To the braes o' Birniebouzle?  
 Baith the yird an' sea, lassie,  
 Will I rob to fend ye.

I'll hunt the otter an' the brock,  
 The hart, the hare, an' heather cock,  
 An' pu' the limpet aff the rock,  
 To batten an' to mend ye.

If ye'll gang wi' me lassie,  
 To the braes o' Birniebouzle,  
 Till the day you dee, lassie,  
 Want shall ne'er come near ye.  
 The peats I'll carry in a scull,  
 The cod an' ling wi' hooks I'll pull,  
 An' reave the eggs o' mony a gull,  
 To please my dainty dearie.

Sae canty will we be, lassie,  
 At the braes o' Birniebouzle,  
 Donald Gun and me, lassie,  
 Ever sall attend ye.  
 Though we ha'e nowther milk nor meal,  
 Nor lamb nor mutton, beef nor veal,  
 We'll fank the porpy and the seal,  
 And that's the way to fend ye.

An' ye sall gang sae braw, lassie,  
 At the kirk o' Birniebouzle,  
 Wi' littit brogues an' a', lassie,  
 Wow but ye'll be vaunty!  
 An' you sall wear, when you are wed,  
 The kirtle an' the Hieland plaid,  
 An' sleep upon a heather bed,  
 Sae cozy an' sae canty.

If ye'll but marry me, lassie,  
 At the kirk o' Birniebouzle,  
 A' my joy shall be, lassie,  
 Ever to content ye.  
 I'll bait the line and bear the pail,  
 An' row the boat and spread the sail,  
 An' drag the larry at my tail,  
 When mussel hives are plenty.

Then come awa' wi' me, lassie,  
 To the braes o' Birniebouzle;  
 Bonny lassie, dear lassie,  
 You shall ne'er repent ye.  
 For you shall own a bught o' ewes,  
 A brace o' gaits, and byre o' cows,  
 An' be the lady o' my house,  
 An' lads an' lasses plenty.



## GOOD NIGHT AN' JOY BE WI' YOU A'!

JAMES HOGG.

THE year is wearin' to the wane,  
 An' day is fadin' west awa',  
 Loud raves the torrent an' the rain,  
 An' dark the cloud comes down the shaw.  
 But let the tempest tout and blaw,  
 Upon his loudest winter horn,  
 Good night an' joy be wi' you a',  
 We'll maybe meet again the morn.

O we ha'e wander'd far an' wide,  
 O'er Scotia's land o' firth an' fell,  
 An' mony a simple flower we've cull'd,  
 An' twined them wi' the heather-bell:  
 We've ranged the dingle an' the dell,  
 The hamlet an' the baron's ha',  
 Now let us tak' a kind farewell,—  
 Good night an' joy be wi' you a'!

Ye ha'e been kind as I was keen,  
 An' follow'd where I led the way,  
 'Till ilka poet's lore we've seen  
 Of this an' mony a former day.  
 If e'er I led your steps astray,  
 Forgi'e your minstrel ance for a';  
 A tear fa's wi' his parting lay—  
 Good night an' joy be wi' you a'!

## DONALD MACDONALD.

JAMES HOGG.

My name it is Donald Macdonald—  
 I leeve in the Highlands sae grand;  
 I've follow'd our banner, and will do,  
 Wherever my Maker has land.  
 When rankit amang the blue bonnets,  
 Nae danger can fear me ava;  
 I ken that my brethren around me  
 Are either to conquer or fa'.  
 Brogues, and brochan, and a',  
 Brochan, and brogues, and a',  
 And is na her very weel aff  
 Wha has brogues, and brochan, and a'?

What though we befreendit young Charlie?  
 To tell it I dinna think shame;  
 Puir lad! he cam' to us but barely,  
 And reckon'd our mountains his hame.

It's true that our reason forbade us,  
 But tenderness carried the day;  
 Had Geordie come friendless amang us,  
 Wi' him we had a' gane away.  
     Sword, and buckler, and a',  
     Buckler, and sword, and a';  
 For George we'll encounter the devil,  
     Wi' sword, and buckler, and a'.

And O I wad eagerly press him  
 The keys o' the East to retain;  
 For should he gi'e up the possession,  
 We'll soon ha'e to force them again;  
 Than yield up an inch wi' dishonour,  
 Though it were my finishin' blow,  
 He aye may depend on Macdonald,  
 Wi' his Highlandmen all in a row.  
     Knees, and elbows, and a',  
     Elbows, and knees, and a',  
 Depend upon Donald Macdonald,  
     His knees, and elbows, and a'.

If Bonaparte land at Fort-William,  
 Auld Europe nae langer shall grane;  
 I laugh when I think how we'll gall him  
 Wi' bullet, wi' steel, and wi' stane:  
 Wi' rocks o' the Nevis and Garny  
 We'll rattle him aff frae our shore,  
 Or lull him asleep in a cairnie,  
 And sing him Lochaber no more!  
     Stanes, and bullets, an' a',  
     Bullets, and stanes, and a';  
 We'll finish the Corsican callan  
     Wi' stanes, and bullets, and a'.

The Gordon is gude in a hurry;  
 And Campbell is steel to the banc,  
 And Grant, and Mackenzie, and Murray,  
 And Cameron, will hurkle to nane;  
 The Stuart is sturdy and wannel;  
 And sae is Macleod and Mackay;  
 And I, their gude-brither, Macdonald,  
 Sall never be last in the fray.  
     Brogues, and brochan, and a',  
     Brochan, and brogues, and a';  
 And up wi' the bonnie blue bonnet,  
     The kilt, and feather, and a'.

## DOCTOR MUNROE.

JAMES HOGG.

“DEAR Doctor, be clever, an’ fling aff your beaver,  
 Come, bleed me an’ blister me, dinna be slow;  
 I’m sick, I’m exhausted, my prospects are blasted,  
 An’ a’ driven heels o’er head, Doctor Munroe!”  
 “Be patient, dear fellow, you foster your fever;  
 Pray, what’s the misfortune that troubles you so?”  
 “O, Doctor! I’m ruin’d, I’m ruin’d for ever—  
 My lass has forsaken me, Doctor Munroe!

“I meant to have married, an’ tasted the pleasures,  
 The sweets, the enjoyments from wedlock that flow;  
 But she’s ta’en another, an’ broken my measures,  
 An’ fairly dumfounder’d me, Doctor Munroe!  
 I’m fool’d, I am dover’d as dead as a herring—  
 Good sir, you’re a man of compassion, I know;  
 Come, bleed me to death, then, unflinching, unerring,  
 Or grant me some poison, dear Doctor Munroe!”

The Doctor he flang aff his big-coat an’ beaver,  
 He took out his lance, an’ he sharpen’d it so;  
 No judge ever look’d more decided or graver—  
 “I’ve oft done the same, sir,” says Doctor Munroe,  
 “For gamblers, rogues, jockeys, and desperate lovers,  
 But I always make charge of a hundred, or so.”  
 The patient look’d pale, and cried out in shrill quavers,  
 “The devil! do you say so, sir, Doctor Munroe?”

“O yes, sir, I’m sorry there’s nothing more common;  
 I like it—it pays—but, ere that length I go,  
 A man that goes mad for the love of a woman  
 I sometimes can cure with a lecture, or so.”  
 “Why, thank you, sir; there spoke the man and the friend too,  
 Death is the last reckoner with friend or with foe,  
 The lecture then, first, if you please, I’ll attend to;  
 The other, of course, you know, Doctor Munroe.”

The lecture is said—How severe, keen, an’ cutting,  
 Of love an’ of wedlock, each loss an’ each woe,  
 The patient got up— o’er the floor he went strutting,  
 Smil’d, caper’d, an’ shook hands with Doctor Munroe.  
 He dresses, an’ flaunts it with Bell, Sue, an’ Chirsty,  
 But freedom an’ fun chooses not to forego;  
 He still lives a bachelor, drinks when he’s thirsty,  
 An’ sings like a lark, an’ loves Doctor Munroe!

## CALLUM-A-GLEN.

JAMES HOGG.

WAS ever old warrior of suffering so weary?  
 Was ever the wild beast so bayed in his den?  
 The Southron blood-hounds lie in kennels so near me,  
 That death would be freedom to Callum-a-Glen.  
 My chief they have slain, and of stay have bereft me,  
 My sons are all slain and my daughters have left me;  
 No child to protect me, where once there was ten,  
 And woe to the grey hairs of Callum-a-Glen.  
 The homes of my kindred are blazing to heaven,  
 The bright sun of morning has blushed at the view;  
 The moon has stood still on the verge of the even,  
 To wipe from her pale cheek the tint of the dew:  
 For the dew it lies red on the vales of Lochaber,  
 It sprinkles the cot and it flows from the pen;  
 The pride of my country is fallen for ever!  
 Death, hast thou no shaft for old Callum-a-Glen?  
 The sun in his glory has look'd on our sorrow,  
 The stars have wept blood over hamlet and lea:  
 Oh, is there no day-spring for Scotland? no morrow  
 Of bright renovation for souls of the free?  
 Yes: one above all has beheld our devotion;  
 Our valour and faith are not hid from his ken;  
 The day is abiding of stern retribution  
 On all the proud foes of old Callum-a-Glen.

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 MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET.

JAMES HOGG.

My love she's but a lassie yet,  
 A lightsome lovely lassie yet;  
     It scarce wad do  
     To sit an' woo  
 Down by the stream sae glassy yet.  
 But there's a braw time coming yet,  
 When we may gang a-roaming yet;  
     An' hint wi' glee  
     O' joys to be,  
 When fa's the modest gloaming yet.  
 She's neither proud nor saucy yet,  
 She's neither plump nor gaucy yet;  
     But just a jinking,  
     Bonnie blinking,  
 Hilty-silty lassie yet.

But O, her artless smile's mair sweet  
 Than linny or than marmalete;  
     An' right or wrang,  
     Ere it be lang,  
 I'll bring her to a parley yet.

I'm jealous o' what blesses her,  
 The very breeze that kisses her,  
     The flowery beds  
     On which she treads,  
 Though wae for ane that misses her.  
 Then O to meet my lassie yet,  
 Up in yon glen sae grassy yet;  
     For all I see  
     Are nought to me,  
 Save her that's but a lassie yet!

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### THERE'S NAE LADDIE COMING FOR THEE.

JAMES HOGG.

THERE'S nae laddie coming for thee, my dear Jean,  
 There's nae laddie coming for thee, my dear Jean,  
 I ha'e watch'd thee at mid-day, at morn, an' at e'en,  
 An' there's nae laddie coming for thee, my dear Jean.  
 But be nae down-hearted though lovers gang by,  
 Thou'rt my only sister, thy brother am I;  
 An' aye in my wee house thou welcome shalt be,  
 An' while I ha'e saxpence, I'll share it wi' thee.

O Jeanie, dear Jeanie, when we twa were young,  
 I sat on your knee, to your bosom I clung;  
 You kiss'd me, an' clasp'd me, an' croon'd your bit sang,  
 An' bore me about when you hardly dought gang.  
 An' when I fell sick, wi' a red watery e'e  
 You watch'd your wee brother, an' fear'd he wad dee;  
 I felt the cool hand, and the kindly embrace,  
 An' the warm trickling tears drappin' aft on my face.

Sae wae was my kind heart to see my Jean weep,  
 I closed my sick e'e, though I wanna asleep;  
 An' I'll never forget till the day that I dee,  
 The gratitude due, my dear Jeanie, to thee!  
 Then be nae down-hearted, for nae lad can feel  
 Sic true love as I do, or ken ye sae weel;  
 My heart it yearns o'er thee, and grieved wad I be  
 If aught were to part my dear Jeanie an' me.

## I'LL NO WAKE.

JAMES HOGG.

O, MOTHER, tell the laird o't,  
 Or sairly it will grieve me, O,  
 That I'm to wake the ewes the night,  
 And Annie's to gang wi' me, O.  
 I'll wake the ewes my nicht about,  
 But ne'er wi' ane sae saucy, O,  
 Nor sit my lane the lee-lang night  
 Wi' sic a scornfu' lassie, O :  
 I'll no wake, I'll no wake,  
 I'll no wake wi' Annie, O ;  
 Nor sit my lane o'er night wi' ane  
 Sae thraward an' uncanny, O !

Dear son, be wise an' warie,  
 But never be unmanly, O ;  
 I've heard ye tell another tale  
 Of young an' charming Annie, O.  
 The ewes ye wake are fair enough,  
 Upon the brae sae bonny, O ;  
 But the laird himsel' wad gi'e them a'  
 To wake the night wi' Annie, O.  
 He'll no wake, he'll no wake,  
 He'll no wake wi' Annie, O ;  
 Nor sit his lane o'er night wi' ane  
 Sae thraward an' uncanny, O !

I tauld ye ear', I tauld ye late,  
 That lassie wad trapan ye, O ;  
 An' ilka word ye boud to say  
 When left alane wi' Annie, O !  
 Take my advice this night for ance,  
 Or beauty's tongue will ban ye, O,  
 An' sey your leal auld mother's skill  
 Ayont the muir wi' Annie, O.  
 He'll no wake, he'll no wake,  
 He'll no wake wi' Annie, O,  
 Nor sit his lane o'er night wi' ane  
 Sae thraward an' uncanny, O !

The night it was a simmer night,  
 An' oh ! the glen was lanely, O,  
 For just ae sternie's gowden e'e  
 Peep'd o'er the hill serenely, O.

The twa are in the flow'ry heath,  
 Ayont the muir sae flowy, O,  
 An' but ae plaid between them baith,  
 An' wasna that right dowie, O?  
 He maun wake, he maun wake,  
 He maun wake wi' Annie, O;  
 An' sit his lane o'er night wi' ane  
 Sae thraward an' uncanny, O!

Neist morning at his mother's knee  
 He blest her love unfeign'dly, O;  
 An' aye the tear fell frae his e'e,  
 An' aye he clasp'd her kindly, O.  
 "Of a' my griefs I've got amends,  
 In yon wild glen sae grassy, O;  
 A woman only woman kens,—  
 Your skill has won my lassie, O.  
 I'll aye wake, I'll aye wake,  
 I'll aye wake wi' Annie, O,  
 An' sit my lane ilk night wi' ane  
 Sae sweet, sae kind, an' canny, O!"

### MEG O' MARLEY.

JAMES HOGG.

O KEN ye Meg o' Marley glen,  
 The bonny blue-e'ed dearie?  
 She's play'd the deil amang the men,  
 An' a' the land's grown eery.  
 She's stown the "Bangor" frae the clerk,  
 An' snool'd him wi' the shame o't;  
 The minister's fa'n through the text,  
 An' Meg gets a' the blame o't.  
 The ploughman ploughs without the sock;  
 The gadman whistles sparely;  
 The shepherd pines amang his flock,  
 An' turns his e'en to Marley;  
 The tailor lad's fa'n ower the bed;  
 The cobbler ca's a parly;  
 The weaver's neb's out through the web,  
 An' a' for Meg o' Marley.  
 What's to be done, for our gudeman  
 Is flyting late an' early?  
 He rises but to curse an' ban,  
 An' sits down but to ferly.  
 But ne'er had love a brighter lowe  
 Than light his torches sparely  
 At the bright e'en an' blythesome brow  
 O' bonny Meg o' Marley

## THE SKYLARK.

JAMES HOGG.

BIRD of the wilderness,  
 Blythesome and cumberless,  
 Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!  
 Emblem of happiness,  
 Blessed is thy dwelling-place,  
 Oh! to abide in the desert with thee!

Wild is thy lay and loud,  
 Far in the downy cloud;  
 Love gives it energy, love gave it birth;  
 Where on the dewy wing,  
 Where art thou journeying?  
 Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,  
 O'er moor and mountain green,  
 O'er the red streamer that heralds the day;  
 Over the cloudlet dim,  
 Over the rainbow's rim,  
 Musical cherub, hie, hie thee away!

Then when the gloaming comes,  
 Low in the heather blooms,  
 Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!  
 Bird of the wilderness,  
 Bless'd is thy dwelling-place,  
 Oh! to abide in the desert with thee.

## I'LL SING O' YON GLEN.

JAMES HOGG.

I'LL sing of yon glen o' red heather,  
 An' a dear thing that ca's it her hame,  
 Wha's a' made o' love-life together,  
 Frae the tie o' the shoe to the kaime.  
 Love beckons in ev'ry sweet motion,  
 Commanding due homage to gi'e;  
 But the shrine of my dearest devotion  
 Is the bend o' her bonnie e'e bree.

I fleech'd and I pray'd the dear lassie  
 To gang to the brakens wi' me,  
 But though neither lordly nor saucy,  
 Her answer was, "Laith wad I be.  
 Ah! is it nae cruel to press me  
 To that which wad breed my heart wae,  
 An' try to entice a poor lassie  
 The gate she's o'er ready to gae?"



“I neither ha’e father nor mither,  
 Good counsel or caution to gi’e,  
 And prudence has whisper’d me never  
 To gang to the brackens wi’ thee.  
 I neither ha’e tocher nor mailing,  
 I ha’e but ae boast—I am free;  
 But a’ wad be tint, without failing,  
 Among the green brackens wi’ thee.”

“Dear lassie, how can ye upbraid me,  
 And by your ain love to beguile,  
 For ye are the richest young lady  
 That ever gaed o’er the kirk-style?  
 Your smile that is blither than ony,  
 The bend o’ your sunny e’e-bree,  
 And the love-blinks aneath it sae bonnie  
 Are five hunder thousand to me.”

There’s joy in the blythe blooming feature,  
 When love lurks in every young line;  
 There’s joy in the beauties of nature,  
 There’s joy in the dance and the wine;  
 But there’s a delight will ne’er perish  
 ’Mang pleasures so fleeting and vain,  
 And that is to love and to cherish  
 The fond little heart that’s our ain.

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### LOOSE THE YETT.

JAMES HOGG.

LOOSE the yett, an’ let me in,  
 Lady wi’ the glistening e’e,  
 Dinna let your menial train  
 Drive an auld man out to dee.  
 Cauldrife is the winter even,  
 See, the rime hangs at my chin;  
 Lady, for the sake of Heaven,  
 Loose the yett, an’ let me in!

Ye shall gain a virgin hue,  
 Lady, for your courtesye,  
 Ever beaming, ever new,  
 Aye to bloom an’ ne’er to dee.  
 Lady, there’s a lovely plain  
 Lies beyond yon setting sun,  
 There we soon may meet again—  
 Short the race we ha’e to run,

'Tis a land of love an' light ;  
 Rank or title is not there,  
 High an' low maun there unite,  
 Poor man, prince, an' lady fair ;  
 There, what thou on earth hast given,  
 Doubly shall be paid again !  
 Lady, for the sake of Heaven,  
 Loose the yett, an' let me in !

Blessings rest upon thy head,  
 Lady of this lordly ha' !  
 That bright tear that thou did'st shed  
 Fell nae down amang the snaw !  
 It is gane to heaven aboon,  
 To the fount of charitye ;  
 When thy days on earth are done ;  
 That blest drop shall plead for thee.

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### WHEN MAGGIE GANGS AWA.

JAMES HOGG.

O, WHAT will a' the lads do  
 When Maggie gangs away ?  
 O, what will a' the lads do,  
 When Maggie gangs away ?  
 There's no a heart in a' the glen  
 That disna dread the day—  
 O, what will a' the lads do  
 When Maggie gangs away ?

Young Jock has ta'en the hill for't—  
 A waefu' wight is he ;  
 Poor Harry's ta'en the bed for't,  
 An' laid him down to dee ;  
 An' Sandy's gane unto the kirk,  
 An' learning fast to pray—  
 And, O, what will the lads do  
 When Maggie gangs away ?

The young laird o' the Lang-shaw  
 Has drunk her health in wine ;  
 The priest has said—in confidence—  
 The lassie was divine :  
 And that is mair in maiden's praise  
 Than ony priest should say :  
 But, O, what will the lads do  
 When Maggie gangs away ?

The wailing in our green glen  
 That day will quaver high;  
 'Twill draw the red-breast frae the wood,  
 The laverock from the sky;  
 The fairies frae their beds o' dew  
 Will rise and join the lay:  
 An' hey! what a day 'twill be  
 When Maggie gangs away!

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CALEDONIA.

JAMES HOGG.

CALEDONIA! thou land of the mountain and rock,  
 Of the ocean, the mist, and the wind—  
 Thou land of the torrent, the pine, and the oak,  
 Of the roebuck, the hart, and the hind:  
 Though bare are thy cliffs, and though barren thy glens,  
 Though bleak thy dun islands appear,  
 Yet kind are the hearts, and undaunted the clans,  
 That roam on these mountains so drear!  
 A foe from abroad, or a tyrant at home,  
 Could never thy ardour restrain;  
 The marshall'd array of imperial Rome  
 Essay'd thy proud spirit in vain!  
 Firm seat of religion, of valour, of truth,  
 Of genius unshackled and free,  
 The muses have left all the vales of the south,  
 My loved Caledonia, for thee!  
 Sweet land of the bay and the wild-winding deeps  
 Where loveliness slumbers at even,  
 While far in the depth of the blue waters sleeps  
 A calm little motionless heaven!  
 Thou land of the valley, the moor, and the hill,  
 Of the storm and the proud rolling wave—  
 Yes, thou art the land of fair liberty still,  
 And the land of my forefathers' grave!

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OH! WEEL BEFA' THE BUSY LOOM.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

Oh! weel befa' the busy loom  
 That plies the hale day lang;  
 And, clicking briskly, fills the room  
 Wi' sic a cheery sang.  
 Oh! weel befa' the eident han'  
 That cleeds us, great and sma',  
 And blessings on the kind gudeman  
 That dearly lo'es us a'.