

Our purse is low, our lot is mean,  
 But waur it well might be;  
 Our house is canty aye and clean,  
 Our hearts frae canker free.  
 We fash wi' nae ambitious scheme,  
 Nor heed affairs o' state;  
 We dinna strive against the stream,  
 Or murmur at our fate.

Oh! mickle is the wealth that springs  
 Frae industry and peace,  
 Where nae reproach o' conscience stings,  
 And a' repinin's cease.  
 The heart will loathe the richest meat,  
 If nae kind blessin's sent:  
 The coarsest morsel will be sweet  
 When kitchen'd wi' content.

Oh! wad the Power that rules o'er life  
 Impart some gracious charm,  
 To keep me still a happy wife,  
 And shield the house frae harm.  
 Instead of wealth and growing care,  
 I ask but health and love;  
 Instead of warldly wit and leir,  
 Some wisdom from above.

Our bairns! the comfort o' our heart,  
 Oh! may they long be spared!  
 We'll try by them to do our part,  
 And hope a sure reward.  
 What better tocher can we gi'e  
 Than just a taste for hame;  
 What better heirship, when we dee,  
 Than just an honest name?

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### MY AIN FIRESIDE.

ELIZABETH HAMILTON,

AUTHORESS of the celebrated Scotch Story, "The Cottagers of Glenburnie." She died at Harrowgate in 1816, in her 68th year. She was authoress of several valuable and popular works in their time; but all, with the exception of her inimitable Cottagers and the song here given, are now forgotten.

I HA'E seen great anes, and sat in great ha's,  
 'Mang lords and fine ladies a' cover'd wi' braws;  
 At feasts made for princes, wi' princes I've been,  
 Whare the grand sheen o' splendour has dazzled my een:  
 But a sight sae delightfu', I trow, I ne'er spied,  
 As the bonnie blythe blink o' mine ain fireside.

My ain fireside, my ain fireside,  
 O cheery's the blink o' mine ain fireside.  
 My ain fireside, my ain fireside,  
 O there's nought to compare wi' ane's ain fireside.

Ance mair, gude be thanket, round my ain heartsome ingle,  
 Wi' the friends o' my youth I cordially mingle;  
 Nae forms to compel me to seem wae or glad,  
 I may laugh when I'm merry, and sigh when I'm sad.  
 Nae falsehood to dread, and nae malice to fear,  
 But truth to delight me, and friendship to cheer;  
 Of a' roads to happiness ever were tried,  
 There's nane half so sure as ane's ain fireside.  
 My ain fireside, my ain fireside,  
 O there's nought to compare wi' ane's ain fireside.

When I draw in my stool on my cosey hearthstane,  
 My heart louns sae light I scarce ken't for my ain;  
 Care's down on the wind, it is clean out o' sight,  
 Past troubles they seem but as dreams of the night.  
 I hear but kenn'd voices, kenn'd faces I see,  
 And mark saft affection glent fond frae ilk e'e;  
 Nae flectchings o' flattery, nae boastings o' pride,  
 'Tis heart speaks to heart at ane's ain fireside.  
 My ain fireside, my ain fireside,  
 O there's nought to compare wi' ane's ain fireside.

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## SEE THE MOON.

DANIEL WEIR,

WAS born at Greenock in 1796. He began business as a bookseller there in 1815, and conducted a highly respectable business till his death in 1831.

Weir contributed to Smith's Scottish Minstrel several pleasing songs, and himself edited for a Glasgow firm three volumes of songs, &c., under the titles of "The National Minstrel," "The Sacred Lyre," and "Lyrical Gems." In these volumes the majority of his own printed pieces first appeared. A "History of Greenock" was written and published by him in 1829.

SEE the moon o'er cloudless Jura  
 Shining in the lake below;  
 See the distant mountain towering  
 Like a pyramid of snow.  
 Scenes of grandeur—scenes of childhood—  
 Scenes so dear to love and me!  
 Let us roam by bower and wildwood,  
 All is lovelier when with thee.

On Leman's breast the winds are sighing,  
 All is silent in the grove,  
 And the flowers with dew-drops glistening  
 Sparkle like the eye of love.  
 Night so calm, so clear, so cloudless;  
 Blessed night to love and me!  
 Let us roam by bower and fountain,  
 All is lovelier when with thee.

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MARY.

DANIEL WEIR.

How dear to think on former days,  
 And former scenes I've wander'd o'er  
 They well deserve a poet's praise,  
 In lofty rhyme they ought to soar.  
 How oft I've wander'd by the Clyde,  
 When night obscured the landscape near,  
 To hear its murmur'ing waters glide,  
 And think upon my Mary dear.

And when the moon shot forth her light,  
 Sweet glimm'ring through the distant trees,  
 How sweet to pass the peaceful night,  
 And breathe, serene, the passing breeze.  
 Though grand these scenes of peace and joy,  
 'Tis not for them I'd drop the tear;  
 Remembrance will my heart annoy,  
 When thinking on my Mary dear.

Far from my friends, far from my home,  
 I wander on a distant shore;  
 Far from those scenes I used to roam,  
 And scenes perhaps I'll tread no more.  
 My fancy still beholds the Clyde,  
 Her scenes of grandeur now appear;  
 What power can e'er my thoughts divide,  
 From Clyde's fair banks and Mary dear.

No power on earth can change my heart,  
 Or tear these scenes from out my mind;  
 And when this world and I shall part,  
 For them I'll cast a look behind.  
 Swift fly the time until we meet,  
 Swift fly away each day and year;  
 Until my early friends I greet,  
 And kiss again my Mary dear!

## MY LOVE, COME LET US WANDER.

DANIEL WEIR.

My love, come let us wander,  
 Where Raven's streams meander,  
 And where in simple grandeur,  
 The daisy decks the plain.  
 Peace and joy our hours shall measure;  
 Come, oh come, my soul's best treasure!  
 Then how sweet, and then how cheerie,  
 Raven's braes will be, my dearie.

The silver moon is beaming,  
 On Clyde her light is streaming,  
 And, while the world is dreaming,  
 We'll talk of love, my dear.  
 None, my Jean, will share this bosom,  
 Where thine image loves to blossom,  
 And no storm will ever sever  
 That dear flower, or part us ever.

## NEATH THE WAVE.

DANIEL WEIR.

'NEATH the wave thy lover sleeps,  
 And cold, cold is his pillow;  
 O'er his bed no maiden weeps,  
 Where rolls the white billow.  
 And though the winds have surk to rest  
 Upon the ocean's troubled breast,  
 Yet still, oh still there's left behind  
 A restless storm in Ellen's mind.

Her heart is on yon dark'ning wave,  
 Where all she lov'd is lying,  
 And where around her William's grave,  
 The sea-bird is crying.  
 And oft on Jura's lonely shore,  
 Where surges beat and billows roar,  
 She sat—but grief has nipt her bloom,  
 An there they made young Ellen's tomb.

## DINNA ASK ME GIN I LO'E YOU.

JOHN DUNLOP.

HE was born at Carmyle, in Lanarkshire, in 1755. He was for some time a merchant in Glasgow, and in 1796 held the position of Lord Provost of that city. He died at Port Glasgow, where he held the office of Collector of Customs, in 1820.

OH! dinna ask me gin I lo'e thee;  
Troth, I daurna tell;  
Dinna ask me gin I lo'e ye;  
Ask it o' yoursel'.

Oh! dinna look sae sair at me,  
For weel ye ken me true;  
O, gin ye look sae sair at me,  
I daurna look at you.

When ye gang to yon braw braw town,  
And bonnier lasses see,  
O, dinna, Jamie, look at them,  
Lest you should mind na me.

For I could never bide the lass,  
That ye'd lo'e mair than me;  
And O, I'm sure, my heart would break,  
Gin ye'd prove false to me.

## THE YEAR THAT'S AWA'.

JOHN DUNLOP.

HERE'S to the year that's awa'!  
We will drink it in strong and in sma';  
And here's to ilk bonnie young lassie we lo'ed  
While swift flew the year that's awa'  
And here's to ilk, &c.

Here's to the sodger who bled,  
And the sailor who bravely did fa';  
Their fame is alive, though their spirits are fled  
On the wings of the year that's awa'.  
Their fame is alive, &c.

Here's to the friends we can trust,  
When the storms of adversity blaw;  
May they live in our song, and be nearest our hearts,  
Nor depart like the year that's awa'.  
May they live, &c.

## OH, WHY LEFT I MY HAME.

ROBERT GILFILLAN,

WAS born at Dunfermline in 1798. His parents were very poor, and Robert began the "battle for bread" when his teens were a long way off. In 1811, he went to Leith, where he was engaged as an apprentice to a Cooper; when his apprenticeship was past he returned to Dunfermline, and was employed as shopman to a Grocer. In 1837, he received the appointment of Collector of Police Rates in Leith, a post which he occupied till his death, which took place in 1850.

His first volume, entitled "Original Songs," was issued in 1831, and was reprinted with about fifty additional pieces in 1835. He also contributed largely to the periodicals of the day.

OH, why left I my hame? Why did I cross the deep?  
 Oh, why left I the land where my forefathers sleep?  
 I sigh for Scotia's shore, and I gaze across the sea,  
 But I canna get a blink o' my ain countrie.

The palm-tree waveth high, and fair the myrtle springs,  
 And to the Indian maid the bulbul sweetly sings;  
 But I dinna see the broom wi' its tassels on the lea,  
 Nor hear the lintie's sang o' my ain countrie.

Oh! here no Sabbath bell awakes the Sabbath morn,  
 Nor song of reapers heard among the yellow corn:  
 For the tyrant's voice is here, and the wail of slaverie;  
 But the sun of freedom shines in my ain countrie.

There's a hope for every woe, and a balm for ev'ry pain,  
 But the first joys of our heart come never back again,  
 There's a track upon the deep, and a path across the sea,  
 But the weary ne'er return to their ain countrie.

## JANET AND ME.

ROBERT GILFILLAN.

O, WHA are sae happy as me and my Janet?  
 O, wha are sae happy as Janet and me?  
 We're baith turning auld, and our walth is soon tauld,  
 But contentment ye'll find in our cottage sae wec.  
 She spins the lang day when I'm out wi' the owsen,  
 She croons i' the house while I sing at the plough;  
 And aye her blythe smile welcomes me frae my toil,  
 As up the lang glen I come wearied. I trow!

When I'm at a beuk she is mending the cleading,  
 She's darning the stockings when I sole the shoon;  
 Our cracks keep us cheery—we work till we're weary;  
 And syne we sup sowans when ance we are done.

She's baking a scone while I'm smoking my cutty,  
 While I'm i' the stable she's milking the kye;  
 I envy not kings when the gloaming time brings  
 The canty fireside to my Janet and I!

Aboon our auld heads we've a decent clay bigging,  
 That keeps out the cauld when the simmer's awa';  
 We've twa wabs o' linen, o' Janet's ain spinning,  
 As thick as dog-lugs, and as white as the snaw!  
 We've a kebbuck or twa, and some meal i' the girnel;  
 Yon sow is our ain that plays grunt at the door;  
 An' *something*, I've guess'd, 's in yon auld painted kist,  
 That Janet, fell bodie, 's laid up to the fore!

Nae doubt, we have haen our ain sorrows and troubles,  
 Aften times pouches toom, and hearts fu' o' care;  
 But still, wi' our crosses, our sorrows and losses,  
 Contentment, be thankit, has aye been our share;  
 I've an auld rusty sword, that was left by my father,  
 Whilk ne'er shall be drawn till our king has a fae;  
 We ha'e friends ane or twa, that aft gi'e us a ca',  
 To laugh when we're happy, or grieve when we're wae.

The laird may ha'e gowd mair than schoolmen can reckon,  
 An' flunkies to watch ilka glance o' his e'e;  
 His lady, aye braw, may sit in her ha',  
 But are they mair happy than Janet and me?  
 A' ye wha ne'er kent the straight road to be happy,  
 Wha are na content wi' the lot that ye dree,  
 Come down to the dwellin' of whilk I've been telling,  
 Ye'se learn it by looking at Janet an' me!

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### A CANTY SANG.

ROBERT GILFILLAN.

A CANTY sang, O, a canty sang,  
 Will naebodie gi'e us a canty sang?  
 There's naething keeps nights frae turning owre lang  
 Like a canty sang, like a canty sang.

If folk wad but sing when they're gaun to flyte,  
 Less envy ye'd see, less anger and spite;  
 What saftens doun strife, and mak's love mair strang,  
 Like a canty sang, like a canty sang?  
 Like a canty sang, &c.

If lads wad but sing when they gang to woo,  
 They'd come na aye hame wi' thoom i' their mou';  
 The chiel that wi' lasses wad be fu' thrang,  
 Suld learn to lilt to them a canty sang.  
 A canty sang, &c.

When fools become quarrelsome ower their ale,  
 I'se gi'e ye a cure whilk never will fail,—  
 When their tongues get short an' their arms get lang,  
 Aye down the din wi' a canty sang!  
 A canty sang, &c.

I downa bide strife, though fond o' a sprec,  
 Your sair wordy bodies are no for me:  
 A wee dribble punch, gif it just be strang,  
 Is a' my delight, an' a canty sang!

A canty sang, O, a canty sang,  
 Will naebody gi'e us a canty sang?  
 There's naething keeps nights frae turning ower lang  
 Like a canty sang, like a canty sang.

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### OH, TAKE ME TO YON SUNNY ISLE.

ROBERT GILFILLAN.

OH! take me to yon sunny isle that stands in Fortha's sea,  
 For there, all lonely, I may weep, since tears my lot must be;  
 The cavern'd rocks alone shall hear my anguish and my woe,  
 But can their echoes Mary bring? ah! no, no, no!

I'll wander by the silent shore, or climb the rocky steep,  
 And list to ocean murmuring the music of the deep;  
 But when the soft moon lights the waves in evening's silver  
 glow,  
 Shall Mary meet me 'neath its light? ah! no, no, no!

I'll speak of her to every flower, and lovely flowers are there,  
 They'll may be bow their heads and weep, for she, like them,  
 was fair—  
 And every bird I'll teach a song, a plaintive song of woe,  
 But Mary cannot hear their strains?—ah! no, no, no!

Slow steals the sun a-down the sky, as loth to part with day,  
 But airy morn with carolling voice shall wake him forth as gay;  
 Yet Mary's sun rose bright and fair, and now that sun is low,  
 Shall its fair beam e'er grace the morn? ah! no, no, no!

But I must shed the hidden tear, lest Mary mark my care:  
 The stifling groan may break my heart, but it shall linger there!  
 I'll even feign the outward smile, to hide my inward woe,  
 I would not have her weep in heaven—ah! no, no, no!

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## MARY SHEARER.

THOMAS ATKINSON,

A BOOKSELLER in Glasgow. He died while on a voyage to Barbadoes in 1833.

SHE'S aff and awa' like the lang summer day,  
 And our hearts and our hills are now lanesome and dreary;  
 The sun-blinks o' June will come back ower the brae,  
 But lang for blythe Mary fu' mony may weary!  
     For mair hearts than mine  
     Kenn'd o' nane that were dearer;  
 But nane mair will pine  
     For the sweet Mary Shearer!

She cam' wi' the spring just like ane o' its flowers,  
 And the blue bell and Mary baith blossom'd thegither;  
 The bloom o' the mountain again will be ours,  
 But the rose o' the valley nae mair will come hither!  
     Their sweet breath is fled—  
     Her kind looks still endear her;  
 For the heart maun be dead  
     That forgets Mary Shearer!

Than her brow ne'er a fairer wi' jewels was hung;  
 An e'e that was brighter ne'er glanced on a lover;  
 Sounds safter ne'er dropt frae an aye-saying tongue,  
 Nor mair pure is the white o' her bridal-bed cover.  
     O! he maun be bless'd  
     Wha's allowed to be near her;  
 For the fairest and best  
     O' her kind's Mary Shearer!

But farewell, Glenlin, and Dunoon, and Loch Striven,  
 My country and kin!—since I've sae lov'd the stranger;  
 Where she's been maun be either a pine or a heaven,  
 —Sae across the braid warld for a while I'm a ranger!  
     Though I try to forget—  
     In my heart still I'll wear her:—  
 For mine may be yet,  
     —Name and a'—Mary Shearer!

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 LOVE.

ASCRIBED to Robert Burns, junior, eldest son of the poet.

HAVE ye seen, in the calm dewy morning,  
 The red-breast wild warbling sae clear;  
 Or the low-dwelling, snow-breasted gowan,  
 Surcharg'd wi' mild e'ening's soft tear?

O, then ye ha'e seen my dear lassie,  
 The lassie I lo'e best of a';  
 But far frae the hame o' my lassie,  
 I'm mony a lang mile awa'.

Her hair is the wing o' the blackbird,  
 Her eye is the eye o' the dove,  
 Her lips are the ripe blushing rose-bud,  
 Her bosom's the palace of love.  
 Though green be thy banks, O sweet Clutha!  
 Thy beauties ne'er charm me ava;  
 Forgive me, ye maids o' sweet Clutha,  
 My heart is wi' her that's awa'.

O love, thou'rt a dear fleeting pleasure!  
 The sweetest we mortals here know;  
 But soon is thy heav'n, bright beaming,  
 O'ercast with the darkness of woe.  
 As the moon, on the oft-changing ocean,  
 Delights the lone mariner's eye,  
 Till red rush the storms of the desert,  
 And dark billows tumble on high.

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### PITY AN AULD HIGHLAN' PIPER

ASCRIED to Robert Burns, junior.

OH pity an auld Highlan' piper,  
 An' dinna for want let him dee:  
 Oh! look at my faithfu' wee doggie,  
 'The icicle hangs frae his e'e.

I ance had a weel theekit cot-house  
 On Morval's sea-beaten shore;  
 But our laird turn'd me out frae my cot-house;  
 Alas! I was feckless an' puir.

My twa sons wère baith press'd for sailors,  
 An' brave for their kintra did fa';  
 My auld wife she died soon o' sorrow,  
 An' left me bereft o' them a'.

I downa do ony sair wark,  
 For maist bauld is my lyart auld pow,  
 So I beg wi' my pipes, an' my doggie,  
 An' mony a place we've been through.

I set mysel' down i' the gloamin',  
 An' tak' my wee dog on my knee,  
 An' I play on my pipes wi' sad sorrow,  
 An' the tear trickles doun frae my e'e.

The tear trickles down frae my e'e,  
 An' my heart's like to break e'en in twa,  
 When I think on my auld wife an' bairns,  
 That now are sae far far awa'.

Come in thou puir lyart auld carle,  
 And here nae mair ill shalt thou dree;  
 As lang as I'm laird o' this manor,  
 There's nane shall gae helpless frae me.

And ye shall get a wee cot-house,  
 An' ye shall get baith milk an' meal;  
 For he that has sent it to me,  
 Has sent it to use it weel.

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DUNOON.

THOMAS LYLE,

A NATIVE of Paisley, where he was born in 1792, He practised as a surgeon in Glasgow till 1826, when he went to Airth in Stirlingshire. In 1853 he returned to Glasgow, where he died in 1859.

Mr. Lyle edited in 1827 a small volume of "Ancient Ballads and Songs," the result of long investigation into the popular poetry of Scotland, many pieces having been recovered from tradition by the editor and printed there for the first time. The volume is also interesting to the antiquary as containing a collection of poems by Mure of Rowallan.

SEE the glow-worm lits her fairy lamp,  
 From a beam of the rising moon;  
 On the heathy shore at evening fall,  
 'Twixt Holy-Loch, and dark Dunoon:  
 Her fairy lamp's pale silvery glare,  
 From the dew-clad, moorland flower,  
 Invite my wandering footsteps there,  
 At the lonely twilight hour.

When the distant beacon's revolving light  
 Bids my lone steps seek the shore,  
 There the rush of the flow-tide's rippling wave  
 Meets the dash of the fisher's oar;  
 And the dim-seen steam-boat's hollow sound,  
 As she seaward tracks her way;  
 All else are asleep in the still calm night,  
 And robed in the misty gray.

When the glow-worm lits her elfin lamp,  
 And the night breeze sweeps the hill;  
 It's sweet, on thy rock-bound shores, Dunoon,  
 To wander at fancy's will.

Eliza! with thee, in this solitude,  
 Life's cares would pass away,  
 Like the fleecy clouds over gray Kilmun,  
 At the wake of early day.

## KELVIN GROVE.

THOMAS LYLE.

LET us haste to Kelvin grove, bonnie lassie, O,  
 Through its mazes let us rove, bonnie lassie, O,  
     Where the rose in all her pride,  
     Paints the hollow dingle side,  
 Where the midnight fairies glide, bonnie lassie, O.

Let us wander by the mill, bonnie lassie, O,  
 To the cove beside the rill, bonnie lassie, O,  
     Where the glens rebound the call,  
     Of the roaring waters' fall,  
 Thro' the mountain's rocky hall, bonnie lassie, O.

O Kelvin banks are fair, bonnie lassie, O,  
 When in summer we are there, bonnie lassie, O,  
     There, the May-pink's crimson plume,  
     Throws a soft, but sweet perfume,  
 Round the yellow banks of broom, bonnie lassie, O.

Though I dare not call thee mine, bonnie lassie, O,  
 As the smile of fortune's thine, bonnie lassie, O,  
     Yet with fortune on my side,  
     I could stay thy father's pride,  
 And win thee for my bride, bonnie lassie, O.

But the frowns of fortune lower, bonnie lassie, O,  
 On thy lover at this hour, bonnie lassie, O,  
     Ere yon golden orb of day  
     Wake the warblers on the spray,  
 From this land I must away, bonnie lassie, O.

Then farewell to Kelvin grove, bonnie lassie, O,  
 And adieu to all I love, bonnie lassie, O,  
     To the river winding clear,  
     To the fragrant scented brier,  
 Even to thee of all most dear, bonnie lassie, O.

When upon a foreign shore, bonnie lassie, O,  
 Should I fall midst battle's roar, bonnie lassie, O,  
     Then, Helen! shouldst thou hear  
     Of thy lover on his bier,  
 To his memory shed a tear, bonnie lassie, O.

## THERE LIVES A YOUNG LASSIE.

JOHN IMLAH,

AUTHOR of several volumes of poems, he was born at Aberdeen in 1799. He was employed by the celebrated firm of Broadwood of London, as a piano tuner. He died at Jamaica, whither he had gone on a visit to a relative, in 1841. None of his songs have achieved any degree of popularity except the one here given.

THERE lives a young lassie  
 Far down yon lang glen ;  
 How I lo'e that lassie  
 There's nae ane can ken !  
 O ! a saint's faith may vary,  
 But faithful I'll be ;  
 For weel I lo'e Mary,  
 An' Mary lo'es me.

Red, red as the rowan  
 Her smiling wee mou' ;  
 An' white as the gowan  
 Her breast and her brow !  
 Wi' a foot o' a fairy  
 She links o'er the lea ;  
 O ! weel I lo'e Mary,  
 An' Mary lo'es me !

She sings sweet as onie  
 Wee bird of the air,  
 And she's blithe as she's bonnie,  
 She's guid as she's fair ;  
 Like a lammie sae airy  
 And artless is she,  
 O ! weel I lo'e Mary,  
 An' Mary lo'es me !

Where yon tall forest timmer,  
 An' lowly broom bower,  
 To the sunshine o' simmer  
 Spread verdure an' flower ;  
 There, when night clouds the cary,  
 Beside her I'll be ;  
 For weel I lo'e Mary,  
 An' Mary lo'es me.

## WE'RE A' NODDIN'.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM,

WAS born at Blackwood in Nithsdale, Dumfries-shire, in 1784. When only eleven years of age he was apprenticed to an elder brother as a stonemason, thus sharing the lot of many of the best of our Scottish song writers who had to encounter the battle of this life at a very early age.

The greatest event in Cunningham's life is his introduction to Cromeck, a London engraver, and one who felt enthusiastic about Scotch poetry and poets. Cromeck in 1809 visited Dumfries to procure materials for his "Reliques of Burns" then in course of preparation. The result of their acquaintance was the production of the "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song," a volume professedly of songs and fragments collected among the peasantry of Nithsdale and Galloway, but being in reality, in greater part, the composition of Allan Cunningham, who succeeded in palming them upon the credulous antiquary as traditionary pieces. The ruse, however, was soon discovered on the publication of the volume.

About the time of the publication of the "Remains," Cunningham, at the desire of Cromeck, removed to London, where he worked for some time as a journeyman mason. He afterwards obtained employment as foreman to Chantrey the celebrated sculptor, in whose employment he remained till his death, which took place in 1842.

As author or editor, Allan Cunningham was one of the hardest worked men of his time. In 1813 he published a volume of poems; in 1822 a dramatic poem; in 1826 a novel entitled "Paul Jones," and in 1828 another entitled "Sir Michael Scott," besides numerous other original works. He edited an edition of the works of Robert Burns with life and notes, "the Lives of the most eminent British painters, &c.," and an edition of the Songs of Scotland in 4 volumes. He also contributed largely to Blackwood's Magazine, The Athenæum, and other journals.

The family of Cunningham seems to have been one of rare talents: we have in this work presented specimens of one of his brothers' poetical powers. Two other brothers, James and Peter, were known as contributors to the literature of the day. Of his own children, the eldest was well known as author of the Handbook to London and other works; while another son, Lieut.-Colonel Cunningham, is engaged in editing a series of the British Dramatists; a task he fulfils with great judgment and discretion.

OUR gudewife 's awa',  
 Now's the time to woo,  
 For the lads like lasses,  
 And the lasses lads too.  
 The moon's beaming bright,  
 And the gowan 's in dew,  
 And my love 's by my side,  
 And we're a' happy now.  
 And we're a' noddin',  
 Nid, nid noddin',  
 And we're a' noddin',  
 At our house at hame.

I have wale of loves,—  
 Nannie rich and fair,  
 Bessie brown and bonnie,  
 And Kate wi' curling hair;  
 And Bell young and proud,  
 Wi' gold aboon her brow,  
 But my Jean has twa e'en  
 That glow'r me through and through.  
 And we're a' noddin', &c.

Sair she slights the lads,  
 Three lie like to dee,  
 Four in sorrow listed,  
 And five flew to the sea.  
 Nigh her chamber door  
 A' night they watch in dool,  
 Ae kind word frae my love  
 Would charm frae yule to yule.  
 And we're a' noddin', &c.

Our gudewife 's come hame,  
 Now mute maun I woo;  
 My true love's bright glances  
 Shine a' the chamber through;  
 O, sweet is her voice,  
 When she sings at her wark,  
 Sweet the touch of her hand,  
 And her vows in the dark.  
 And we're a' noddin', &c.

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JOHN GRUMLIE.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

ADAPTED from the old Poem, "The Wife of Auchtermuchty."

JOHN GRUMLIE swore by the light o' the moon,  
 And the green leaves on the tree,  
 That he could do more work in a day  
 Than his wife could do in three.  
 His wife rose up in the morning  
 Wi' cares and troubles enow—  
 John Grumlie bide at hame, John,  
 And I'll go haud the plow.  
 First ye maun dress your children fair,  
 And put them a' in their gear;  
 And ye maun turn the malt, John,  
 Or else ye'll spoil the beer;

And ye maun reel the tweel, John,  
That I span yesterday;  
And ye maun ca' in the hens, John,  
Else they'll all lay away.

O he did dress his children fair,  
And put them a' in their gear;  
But he forgot to turn the malt,  
And so he spoil'd the beer:  
And he sang loud as he reeled the tweel  
That his wife span yesterday;  
But he forgot to put up the hens,  
And the hens all layed away.

The hawket crummie loot down nae milk;  
He kirned, nor butter gat;  
And a' gade wrang, and nought gade right;  
He danced with rage, and grat;  
Then up he ran to the head o' the knowe  
Wi' mony a wave and shout—  
She heard him as she heard him not,  
And steered the stots about.

John Grumlie's wife cam hame at e'en,  
A weary wife and sad,  
And burst into a laughter loud,  
And laughed as she'd been mad:  
While John Grumlie swore by the light o' the moon  
And the green leaves on the tree,  
If my wife should na win a penny a day,  
She's aye have her will for me.

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### LADY ANNE.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

THERE's kames o' hinnie 'tween my luve's lips,  
And gowd amang her hair,  
Her breists are lapt in a holy veil;  
Nae mortal e'en keek there.  
What lips daur kiss, or what hand daur touch,  
Or what arm o' luve daur span,  
The hinnie lips, the creamy lufe,  
Or the waist o' Lady Anne?

She kisses the lips o' her bonnie red rose,  
Wat wi' the blobs o' dew;  
But nae gentle lip, nor semple lip,  
Maun touch her ladie mou',



But a broider'd belt, wi' a buckle o' gowd,  
 Her jimpy waist maun span :  
 Oh, she's an armfu' fit for heeven—  
 My bonnie Lady Anne !

Her bower casement is latticed wi' flowers,  
 Tied up wi' siller thread ;  
 And comely sits she in the midst,  
 Men's longing e'en to feed.  
 She waves the ringlets frae her cheek,  
 Wi' her milky milky han' ;  
 And her cheeks seem touch'd wi' the finger o' God,  
 My bonnie Lady Anne.

The mornin' clud is tassel'd wi' gowd,  
 Like my luve's broider'd cap ;  
 And on the mantle that my luve wears,  
 Is mony a gowden drap.  
 Her bonnie ee-bree's a holy arch,  
 Cast by nae earthly han',  
 And the breath o' heaven is atween the lips  
 O' my bonnie Lady Anne.

I wonderin' gaze on her stately steps,  
 And I beet a hopeless flame !  
 To my luve, alas ! she maunna stoop ;  
 It wad stain her honour'd name.  
 My e'en are bauld, they dwell on a place  
 Where I daurna mint my han' ;  
 But I water, and tend, and kiss the flowers  
 O' my bonnie Lady Anne.

I am but her father's gardener lad,  
 And puir puir is my fa' ;  
 My auld mither gets my wee wee fee,  
 Wi' fatherless bairnies twa.  
 But my lady comes, my lady gaes,  
 Wi' a fou and kindly han' ;  
 O, the blessin' o' God maun mix wi' my luve,  
 And fa' on Lady Anne.

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### BONNIE MARY HALLIDAY.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

BONNIE Mary Halliday,  
 Turn again, I call you ;  
 If you go to the dewy wood,  
 Sorrow will befall you.

The ring-dove from the dewy wood  
 Is wailing sore and calling;  
 An' Annan water, 'tween its banks,  
 Is foaming far and falling.  
 Gentle Mary Halliday,  
 Come, my bonnie lady—  
 Upon the river's woody bank  
 My steed is saddled ready.  
 And for thy haughty kinsman's threats  
 My faith shall never falter—  
 The bridal banquet's ready made,  
 The priest is at the altar.  
 Gentle Mary Halliday,  
 The towers of merry Preston  
 Have bridal candles gleaming bright—  
 So busk thee, love, and hasten.  
 Come busk thee, love, and bowne thee  
 Through Tindal and green Mouswal;  
 Come, be the grace and be the charm  
 To the proud Towers of Mochusel.  
 Bonnie Mary Halliday,  
 Turn again, I tell you;  
 For wit, and grace, and loveliness,  
 What maidens may excel you?  
 Though Annan has its beauteous dames,  
 And Corrie many a fair one,  
 We canna want thee from our sight,  
 Thou lovely and thou rare one.  
 Bonnie Mary Halliday,  
 When the cittern's sounding,  
 We'll miss thy lightsome lily foot  
 Among the blythe lads bounding.  
 The summer sun shall freeze our veins,  
 The winter moon shall warm us.  
 Ere the like of thee shall come again  
 To cheer us and to charm us.

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### THE WANTON WIFE.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

NITH, trembling to the reaper's sang,  
 Warm glitter'd in the harvest sun,  
 And murmured down the lanesome glen,  
 Where a wife of wanton wit did won.

Her tongue wagged wi' unhaly wit,  
 Unstent by kirk or gospel bann,  
 An' aye she wished the kirkyard mools  
 Green growing o'er her auld gudeman.

Her auld gudeman drapped in at e'en,  
 Wi' harvest heuk—sair toil'd was he;  
 Sma' was his cog and cauld his kail,  
 Yet anger never raised his e'e;  
 He bless'd the little, and was blithe,  
 While spak' the dame, wi' clamorous tongue,  
 O sorrow clap your auld beld pow,  
 And dance wi' ye to the mools, gudeman!

He hang his bonnet on the pin,  
 And down he lay, his dool to drie;  
 While she sat singing in the neuk,  
 And tasting at the barley bree.  
 The lark, 'mid morning's siller gray,  
 That wont to cheer him warkward gaun,  
 Next morning missed amang the dew  
 The blithe and dainty auld gudeman.

The third morn's dew on flower and tree  
 'Gan glorious in the sun to glow,  
 When sung the wanton wife to mark  
 His feet gaun foremost o'er the knowe.  
 The first flight o' the winter's rime  
 That on the kirkyard sward had faun,  
 The wanton wife skiffed aff his grave,  
 A-kirking wi' her new gudeman.

A dainty dame I wat was she,  
 High brent and burnished was her brow,  
 'Mang lint-locks curling; and her lips  
 Twin daisies dawned through honey dew:  
 And light and loesome in the dance,  
 When ha' was het, or kirk was won;  
 Her breasts twa drifts o' purest snaw,  
 In cauld December's bosom faun.

But lang ere winter's winds blew by,  
 She skirled in her lonesome bow;  
 Her new gudeman, wi' hazle rung,  
 Began to kame her wanton pow.  
 Her hearth was slokent out wi' care,  
 Toom grew her kist and cauld her pan,  
 And dreigh and dowie waxed the night,  
 Ere Beltane, wi' her new gudeman.

She dreary sits 'tween naked wa's,  
 Her cheek ne'er dimpled into mirth;  
 Half-happit, haurling out o' doors,  
 And hunger-haunted at her hearth.  
 And see the tears fa' frae her e'en,  
 Warm happin' down her haffits wan;  
 But guess her bitterness of saul  
 In sorrow for her auld gudeman!

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### A WET SHEET.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,  
 A wind that follows fast,  
 And fills the white and rustling sail,  
 And bends the gallant mast.  
 And bends the gallant mast, my boys,  
 While like the eagle free,  
 Away the good ship flies, and leaves  
 Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind!  
 I heard a fair one cry;  
 But give to me the swelling breeze,  
 And white waves heaving high:  
 The white waves heaving high, my lads,  
 The good ship tight and free—  
 The world of waters is our home,  
 And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon horned moon,  
 And lightning in yon cloud;  
 And hark the music, mariners!  
 The wind is piping loud.  
 The wind is piping, loud, my boys,  
 The lightning flashes free—  
 While the hollow oak our palace is,  
 Our heritage the sea.

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### LOW GERMANIE.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

As I sail'd past green Jura's isle,  
 Among the waters lone,  
 I heard a voice—a sweet low voice,  
 Atween a sigh and moan:

With ae babe at her bosom, and  
Another at her knee,  
A mother wail'd the bloody wars  
In Low Germanie.

Oh woe unto these cruel wars  
That ever they began,  
For they have swept my native isle  
Of many a pretty man :  
For first they took my brethren twain,  
Then wiled my love frae me.  
Woe, woe unto the cruel wars  
In Low Germanie.

I saw him when he sail'd away,  
And furrow'd far the brine ;  
And down his foes came to the shore,  
In many a glittering line :  
The war-steeds rush'd amang the waves,  
The guns came flashing free,  
But could nae keep my gallant love  
From Low Germanie.

Oh say, ye maidens, have ye seen,  
When swells the battle cry,  
A stately youth with bonnet blue  
And feather floating high—  
An eye that flashes fierce for all,  
But ever mild to me ?  
Oh that's the lad who loves me best  
In Low Germanie.

Where'er the cymbal's sound is heard,  
And cittern sweeter far—  
Where'er the trumpet blast is blown,  
And horses rush to war ;  
The blithest at the banquet board,  
And first in war is he,  
The bonnie lad, whom I love best,  
In Low Germanie.

I sit upon the high green land,  
When mute the waters lie,  
And think I see my true love's sail  
Atween the sea and sky.  
With ae bairn at my bosom, and  
Another at my knee,  
I sorrow for my soldier lad  
In Low Germanie.

## THERE DWALT A MAN.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

THE first verse is a fragment of a very old song.

THERE dwalt a man into the west,  
 And O gin he was cruel,  
 For on his bridal night at e'en  
 He gat up and grat for gruel.  
 They brought to him a gude sheep head,  
 A napkin and a towel :  
 Gar tak' thae whim-whams far frae me,  
 And bring to me my gruel.  
 But there's nae meal in a' the house,  
 What will we do, my jewel?  
 Get up the powk and shake it out,  
 I winna want my gruel.  
 But there's nae milk in a' the house,  
 Nor yet a spunk o' fuel :  
 Gae warm it in the light o' the moon,  
 I winna want my gruel.  
 O lake-a-day for my first wife,  
 Wha was baith white and rosic,  
 She cheer'd me aye at o'ening fa'  
 Wi' something warm and cozie :  
 Farewell to pleasant draps o' drink,  
 To butter brose and gruel ;  
 And farewell to my first sweet wife,  
 My cannie Nancy Newell.

## DONALD GUNN.

DAVID WEBSTER,

AUTHOR of a volume of poems published at Paisley in 1835.

HEARD ye e'er o' Donald Gunn,  
 Ance sae duddy, dowf, and needy,  
 Now a laird in yonder toun,  
 Callous-hearted, proud, and greedy.  
 Up the glen aboon the linn,  
 Donald met wi' Maggie Millar,  
 Wooded the lass amang the whins,  
 Because she had the word o' siller ;  
 Meg was neither trig nor braw,  
 Had mae fauts than ane laid till her ;  
 Donald looket ower them a',  
 A' his thought was on the siller.  
 Heard ye e'er, &c.

Donald grew baith braid and braw,  
 Ceased to bore the whinstone quarry,  
 Maggie's siller pays for a',  
 Breeks instead o' duddy barrie :  
 Though he's ignorant as a stirk,  
 Though he's doure as ony donkey ;  
 Yet, by accidental jirk,  
 Donald rides before a flunkey.  
 Heard ye e'er, &c.

Clachan bairnies roar wi' fright,  
 Clachan dogs tak' to their trotters ;  
 Clachan wives the pathway dicht  
 To tranquillise his thraward features :  
 Gangrel bodies in the street  
 Beck and bow to make him civil,  
 Tenant bodies in his debt,  
 Shun him as they'd shun the devil.  
 Heard ye e'er, &c.

Few gangs trigger to the fair,  
 Few gangs to the kirk sae gaucie,—  
 Few wi' Donald can compare  
 To keep the cantel o' the causie :  
 In his breast a bladd o' stane,  
 Neith his hat a box o' brochan,  
 In his nieve a wally cane,  
 Thus the tyrant rules the clachan,  
 Heard ye e'er, &c.

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### TAK' IT MAN, TAK' IT.

DAVID WEBSTER.

WHEN I was a miller in Fife,  
 Losh! I thought that the sound o' the happer  
 Said, Tak' hame a wee flow to your wife,  
 To help to be brose to your supper.  
 Then my conscience was narrow and pure,  
 But someway by random it rackit ;  
 For I liftet twa nievefu' or mair,  
 While the happer said, Tak' it, man, tak' it.  
 Then hey for the mill and the kill,  
 The garland and gear for my cogie,  
 And hey for the whisky and yill,  
 That washes the dust frae my craigie.

Although it's been lang in repute  
 For rogues to make rich by deceiving :  
 Yet I see that it disna weel suit  
 Honest men to begin to the thieving.  
 For my heart it gaed dunt upon dunt,  
 Od, I thought ilka dunt it wad crackit ;  
 Sae I flang frae my nieve what was in't,  
 Still the happer said, Tak' it, man, tak' it.  
 Then hey for the mill, &c.

A man that's been bred to the plough,  
 Might be deav'd wi' its clamorous clapper ;  
 Yet there's few but would suffer the sough,  
 After kenning what's said by the happer.  
 I whiles thought it scofi'd me to scorn,  
 Saying, Shame, is your conscience no chackit ;  
 But when I grew dry for a horn,  
 It changed aye to Tak' it, man, tak' it.  
 Then hey for the mill, &c.

The smugglers whiles cam' wi' their packs,  
 'Cause they kent that I liked a bicker,  
 Sae I bartered whyles wi' the gowks,  
 Gi'ed them grain for a soup o' their liquor.  
 I had lang been accustomed to drink,  
 And aye when I purposed to quat it,  
 That thing wi' its clapertie clink,  
 Said aye to me, Tak' it, man, tak' it.  
 Then hey for the mill, &c.

But the warst thing I did in my life,  
 Nae doubt but ye'll think I was wrang o't,  
 Od, I tauld a bit bodie in Fife  
 A' my tale, and he made a bit sang o't.  
 I have aye had a voice a' my days,  
 But for singin' I ne'er gat the knack o't ;  
 Yet I try whyles, just thinking to please  
 My frien's here, wi' Tak' it, man, tak' it.  
 Then hey for the mill, &c.

Now, miller and a' as I am,  
 This far I can see through the matter .  
 There's men mair notorious to fame,  
 Mair greedy than me o' the muter.  
 For 'twad seem that the hale race o' men,  
 Or wi' safety, the ha'f we may mak' it,  
 Ha'e some speaking happer within,  
 That says aye to them, Tak' it, man, tak' it.  
 Then hey for the mill, &c