

## CAROLINA BARONESS NAIRNE.

1766—1845.

THE grandly outlined, richly wooded Strath of the Earn, lying between the Grampians and the Ochils, with Ben Voirlich for its landmark, was verily a stronghold of Jacobite lords and lairds. Athol Murrays, Perth Drummonds, Robertsons, Oliphants, and Menzieses, were “out” either in the '74 or the '45, or in both those years of rebellion. Some of the Strath families never recovered the losses consequent on their clannish fidelity to the Stuarts and their dogged, unreasoning opposition to the House of Hanover. Highland Scotland north of the Tay was quite another country from the lowlands of Scotland south of the Forth, which had Tweedside on the right and Clydesdale on the left, and Highland Scotland had altogether different interests

and associations. Trade and commerce, political freedom, and men's individual rights, had no footing in old Strathearn. Tender and true as the feudal bond might prove in honest hands, it was but a version of serfdom, with a burden of heavy evils both to chief and vassal. In Strathearn, the Roman Catholic religion lingered, and Episcopacy, abjured elsewhere, flourished here. Those battles on national questions of liberty of conscience and the rights of the Kirk, which had been fought so gallantly on many a moorland field, and in many a burgh street of the south, had never penetrated into the great northern strath, made up of wild tracts of deer forest and minor glens, each with its tributary stream, its green meadows, its hanging woods, and the castle of its local chief. Each Drummond, Murray, or Oliphant—unless, indeed, the houses were divided against themselves—thought and fought on the side of his feudal head, and that as a matter of first duty. If there were exceptions among the clansmen, the traditions of the district prove how these exceptions were regarded and with what

a high hand they were put down. One well-known tradition will have it that Lord Perth shot down a man who dared to have a mind of his own on the propriety of "rising" and following Prince Charlie. Another, which refers to Lady Nairne's grandfather, asserts that some tenants of Gask having had sufficient whiggery and sagacity to object to the landing in Moidart, as foreseeing the end, the laird took steps to intimidate the pestilent fellows by prohibiting them from cutting down the ripe crops on their little farms, while the cattle were starving in the stalls.

In such a region, surrounded by such a single-handed, one-ideaed people, Carolina, Baroness Nairne, was born in 1766. She was doubly and trebly of Jacobite antecedents. The Oliphants of Gask, her father's house; the Robertsons of Strowan, her mother's house; the Nairnes of Nairne, cousins of both Oliphants and Robertsons, had every one of them been in trouble and exile. One of these Nairnes, Captain Nairne in default of the forfeited titles and estates of his ancestors, was Carolina's kinsman, lover, husband. These

families had literally sailed in the same boat, having most of them escaped in one ship from the east coast of Scotland to Sweden, in the desperation of 1746. The marriages of cousins once and again, as in the alliances of royal houses, had rendered more stringent and inveterate the hereditary cast of mind. Carolina Oliphant's father and mother were married at Versailles, when the Oliphants and the Robertsons were still attached to the court of St. Germain. The couple were soon enabled to return home; but Carolina was a blooming girl of eighteen before her grandfather and grandmother, on the Robertsons' side, had their outlawry removed, and were suffered, by the clemency of a German George, to exchange their banishment at Givet for their own house at Strowan. These circumstances might have had the effect of introducing a foreign element into the characters of the brave, fair, and witty partisans of the Chevalier de St. George and Charles Edward; but it does not seem that the Oliphants imbibed much French culture. Like the earlier Stuarts and the later Bourbons, they came back as they had gone

away, having learnt nothing and forgotten nothing. They were Jacobites of the Jacobites, chiefs and aristocrats of the purest water, with all the virtues and all the faults] of such a creed and calling.

Carolina Oliphant, in her songs for the people, vindicated nobly the genuine humanity of true nobility, and the strong, sweet sympathies of a patriarchal life. But Carolina Oliphant also was a grand dame. The blue blood in her veins ran very blue. In her stateliness as a bride, she put aside with some impatience and vexation the kiss of her cousin and bridegroom, as being too bold and public an assertion of the rights which she had just given him. She had even a greater horror than Lady Anne Lindsay cherished of being reduced to the level of literary publicity, and of being exposed to rude praise and blame along with the common herd of authors. Not only was she a woman,—and authorship was counted unfeminine by these great ladies,—she was also a lady, an Oliphant, a Nairne. Lady Nairne did not so much as confide to Lord Nairne the secret which would

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have made his heart proud, if he were a match for his wife in genius and feeling. She did not even tell him that she was the author of "The Land o' the Leal," lest his honest gratification should tempt him to betray the truth. We dwell under another régime now, and the bluest blood runs warm and kind; for the Queen of the land does not fear to put her private Journal with her name attached to it into her people's hands, in right royal frankness and simplicity.

The quaintly picturesque old house of Gask is built on a brae above the Earn, with a bonnie "burnie" wandering and winding close by, among the groves and wildernesses of ancient landscape gardening. More than a century ago, a lock of Prince Charlie's hair, his bonnet, spurs, cockade, and crucifix, were cherished there as dearest relics. The "auld laird," Carolina's father, obstinately repudiated any acknowledgment of the Elector of Hanover as sovereign of these realms. He dismissed an English clergyman who, on the death of Charles Edward, took the oath of allegiance

to George III., from officiating as chaplain at Gask. The laird even then continued to cling to the gown and cardinal's hat of Cardinal Stewart, at Rome,—wildly, wilfully hoping that they might yet be merged into a crown and coronation robes when the priest should sit on the British throne as Henry IX. In return, King George, who could afford to be good-natured, sent this message through the member for Perthshire:—"The Elector of Hanover's compliments to the Laird of Gask, and wishes to tell him how much the Elector respects the Laird for the steadiness of his principles."

We first hear of Carolina as named in fond fanaticism for the gallant, but frail hero of her house. She was "sturdy little Car" when two years old, and her mother speaks of her having been taken for a space from the Gask nursery, and "sitting on a chair as prim as any there at the reading, this evening being Sunday." Carolina was the third of a family of six children, four daughters and two sons. Marjory, or "Maj," and Amelia were her

seniors, and "Laurie," the young laird, Margaret, and Charles, her juniors. The children had the misfortune to lose their mother when "little Car" was only eight years of age. "Lady Gask's" last speech to her bairns was beautiful in its motherly, wifely kindness:—"See which will be the best bairn and stay longest with papa." Lady Gask's place was supplied in a degree, first, by old Lady Gask, the children's grandmother on the father's side, and then by their grandmother's sister, the young Oliphants' grand-aunt, Miss Henrietta Nairne. The girls had a Mrs. Cramond from Perth for their governess, to impart to them the practice of "y<sup>e</sup> needle, principles of religion, and loyalty, a good carriage, and talking tolerable good English," with the remuneration of from ten to twelve guineas a-year. A "fiddler," foreign evidently, a Mr. Marconchi, came out also once a week to Gask, that the young people might get their dancing lessons, and possibly music lessons, on the harpsichord or guitar. In the latter branch of polite education, "little Car," who had developed into "pretty Miss



Car" of the schoolroom, was an adept and enthusiast, her taste and skill winning the approbation of Niel Gow, himself the king of Scotch fiddlers. "Pretty Miss Car" passed soon into a county belle and beauty, styled in the sentimentality of the day "the Flower of Strathearn." She was tall in figure and dignified in gait, had dark eyes and hair, an aquiline nose, and small mouth. Her arms and hands were fine. Her portrait painted, in middle life, by Watson Gordon, gives the idea of an aristocratic beauty, sensitive but self-controlled. Her sister, writing of Lady Nairne's appearance in advanced age, remarked that she was still "very *distingué* in brow and nose."

There was ample scope for the gaieties and the conquests of a county belle in the country houses—mostly those of kinsmen as well as of friends—around Gask. These houses were occupied by resident lairds' families for almost the entire year. The marriages of Carolina Oliphant's elder sisters to two loyal Stewarts—lairds of neighbouring glens—widened the family ties. Two additional homes were added

to that of her grandfather, the restored Laird of Strowan, where Carolina was the young lady, the pride and darling of the house. The departure of her elder sisters to houses of their own, left her, "to the manner born" as she was, the elegant and lively mistress of Gask. For her surroundings at this period, and for the kind of festivity in which she joined, Lady Nairne has herself supplied us with an animated hint in her "County Meeting."

"Ye're welcome, leddies, ane and a',  
Ye're welcome to our County Ha';  
Sae weel ye look when buskit braw  
To grace our County Meeting!  
An', gentlemen, ye're welcome too,  
In waistcoats white and tartan too,  
Gae seek a partner, mak' yer bow,  
Syne dance our County Meeting.

"Ah, weel dune now, there's auld Sir John,  
Wha ayé maun lead the dancin' on,  
An' Leddy Bet, wi' her turban prim,  
An' wee bit velvet 'neath her chin;  
See how they nimbly, nimbly go!  
While youngsters follow in a row,  
Wi' mony a belle an' mony a beau,  
To dance our County Meeting.

“ There’s the Major, and his sister too,  
He in the bottle-green, she in the blue ;  
(Some years sin’ syne that gown was new  
At our County Meeting )  
They are a worthy canty pair,  
An’ unco proud o’ their nephew Blair,  
O’ sense or siller he’s nae great share,  
Tho’ he’s the King o’ the Meeting.

“ An’ there’s our member, and provost Whig,  
Our doctor in his yellow wig,  
Wi his fat wife, wha taks a jig  
Aye at our County Meeting.  
Miss Betty, too, I see her there,  
Wi’ her sonsy face and bricht red hair,  
Dancin’ till she can dance nae mair  
At our County Meeting.

“ There’s beauty Bell wha a’ surpasses,  
An’ heaps o’ bonnie country lasses,  
Wi’ the heiress o’ the Gowdenlea—  
Folk say she’s unco dorty.  
Lord Bawbee aye he’s lookin’ there,  
An’ sae is the Major and Major’s heir,  
Wi’ the Laird, the Shirra, an’ mony mair,  
I could reckon them to forty.

“ See Major O’Neill has got her hand,  
An’ in the dance they’ve ta’en their stand  
( ‘ Impudence comes frae Paddy’s land,’  
Say the lads o’ our County Meeting ) ;

But ne'er ye fash, gang thro' the reel,  
 The country-dance, ye dance sae weel,  
 An' ne'er let waltz or dull quadrille  
 Spoil our County Meeting.

“ Afore we end, strike up the spring  
 O' Thulichan and Hieland fling,  
 The Haymakers and Bumpkin fine,  
 At our County Meeting.  
 Gow draws his bow, folk haste away,  
 While some are glad and some are wae,  
 A' blithe to meet some ither day  
 At our County Meeting ”

And was not the trouble in “Jamie the Laird”—  
 a county belle's dilemma—perhaps a leaf from  
 the lady's own experience?—

“ Send a horse to the water, ye'll no mak him drink ;  
 Send a fule to the college, ye'll no mak him think ;  
 Send a craw to the singin', an' still he will craw ;  
 An' the wee laird had nae rummelgumshion ava.  
 Yet he is the pride o' his fond mother's e'e,  
 In body or mind nae faut can she see ;  
 ' He's a fell clever lad an' a bonnie wee man,'  
 Is aye the beginnin' an' end o' her sang.  
 An' oh ! she's a haverin' Lucky, I trow,  
 An' oh ! she's a haverin' Lucky, I trow.  
 ' He's a fell clever lad an' a bonnie wee man,'  
 Is aye the beginnin' an' end o' her sang.

" His legs they are bowed, his een they do glee,  
 His wig, whiles it's aff, and when on it's agee,  
 He's braid as he's lang, an' ill-faur'd is he,  
 A dafter like body I never did see.  
 An' yet for this cratur she says I am deein';  
 When that I deny, she's fear'd at my leein';  
 Obliged to put up wi' this sair defamation,  
 I'm liken to dee wi' grief an' vexation.  
 An' oh ! she's a haverin' Lucky, etc

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" Frien's, gie yer advice, I'll follow yer counsel,  
 Maun I speak to the provost or honest town-council ?  
 Or the writers, or lawyers, or doctors ? now say ;  
 For the law on the Lucky I shall an' will hae.  
 The hale town at me are jibin' an' jeerin',  
 For a leddy like me it's really past bearin'.  
 The Lucky maun now hae done wi' her claverin',  
 For I'll no put up wi' her nor her haverin' ;  
 For oh ! she's a randy, I trow, I trow,  
 For oh ! she's a randy, I trow, I trow.  
 ' He's a fell clever lad an' a bonnie wee man,'  
 Is aye the beginnin' an' end o' her sang "

In these days Carolina Oliphant had her share of suitors ; but she early pledged herself (impelled by characteristic motives of proud devotion, disinterestedness, and decision) to wait for the promotion of her cousin, Captain Nairne, who was nine years her senior, in order to become the wife of a landless soldier of fortune.

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The arch-Jacobite chief, her father, whom Carolina has painted with tender touches as "the auld laird" of one of her best songs, "The Auld House," died, full of years, and of the deserved regard of his children and his people, on the New Year's Day of 1792, when Carolina was twenty-five years of age.

A year later, while Carolina still presided over the house of Gask—now her eldest brother Laurence's house—he celebrated his accession by a dinner to his tenantry, and sang to them a new version of an old Scotch ditty, "The Ploughman," by an unknown author. This song is stated to have been Carolina Oliphant's first attempt in the art of song-writing; and the inducement to the attempt has received an explanation. She already knew and appreciated Robert Burns as a poet, and she had induced her brother, the laird, to subscribe for one of the earlier editions of his poems. She had an especial interest in those gems of song which he was setting to old admired airs, and which had been previously spoilt by being unworthily linked to gross or mean words.

Driving through a country fair near Gask, Carolina Oliphant saw in the hands of many of the people a common song-book, which as she judged, was full of coarseness and folly. Such song-books had long been the lighter literature of the people, and she was fired with the ambition of becoming in her turn a purifier of Scotch songs. She would do it in strictest secrecy, preserving her aristocratic and womanly reserve unbroken; and, while utterly unknown as an author, she would aid in raising the standard of taste and morals in the rustic world. The motive was honourable to authorship; and Carolina Oliphant, while she remained, as she wished, a nameless bard for at least one generation, had the reward which she prized for its intrinsic worth. She divided largely with Burns the gracious honour of rewriting many old songs, so that they came home to thousands of hearts, refining and elevating them. But, while Carolina Oliphant's indifference, and even aversion to the fame of authorship is patent, her voluntary acceptance of so difficult a task is not in harmony

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with the assumption of "excessive diffidence," as the cause of her persistent secrecy in writing.

Carolina is supposed to have set herself first to the writing of merry and humorous songs. Probably to this period belong her "John Tod" and her inimitable "Laird of Cockpen." Naturally, too, she at once took to the inditing of spirited and pathetic Jacobite songs. It must be taken into consideration, with regard to the latter, that the Jacobite creed was not far-fetched and fantastic to Carolina Oliphant. Her hero-worship of poor Prince Charlie might be inconsistent with her autocratical condemnation of whatever offended her principles and taste in the old ballads and in the writings of Burns; but it did not so strike her mind, which was fine rather than broad, and did not easily free itself from hereditary prejudices. The delight of her old grandfather of Strowan in the revival and graphic embodiment of the memories of his youth, would suffice to make Jacobitism, after its last hope had died out in ashes, a real and still present power to Carolina Oliphant. Thus her Jacobite songs are

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not affected, or elaborate with meretricious ornament, or overlaid with mock sentiment. They are among the last of the earnest Jacobite songs. They are almost as earnest as those written at the era of the Rebellion: They are spontaneous lyrics, possessing unity and fire, and true and simple feeling.

But whether Carolina Oliphant's songs were patriotic, in her sense of the word, or purely sportive, she was happily busy with her self-imposed task. In the midst of her duties as the mistress of a hospitable Highland country house, and her gaieties as an acknowledged county toast, she sat and wrote often and long at her desk. She remained silent as to what she wrote. She was eminently a woman who could keep her own counsel, and, by the spell of her birth, breeding, beauty, and wit, could ward off every unauthorised approach to her confidence. Her intimate friends imagined that she was busy writing letters to her cousin, Captain Nairne, to whom it was always "*understood*" that she was engaged in marriage.

Three years after her father's death, when

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Carolina was twenty-nine, her brother Laurence married the heiress of Ardblair. Carolina was thus called to vacate her post for a successor. But, owing to Captain Nairne's long-delayed promotion, the completion of the cousins' engagement was not yet possible, and Carolina continued to reside with her brother and his wife.

The Laird of Gask had joined the Perthshire Light Dragoons, one of the militia regiments raised to defend the country from mob anarchy during the alarm of Jacobinism, which had come in the room of Jacobitism. In 1797, just as the French Revolution was at its height, the regiment was ordered to quarters in the North of England, and Carolina accompanied the laird and the new lady to Durham. Of the family's residence there a highly romantic, slightly cock-and-bull tradition exists. It is said that Carolina Oliphant, in the mature charms of her thirty-second year, attended a ball at Sunderland, where a Royal Duke—not a Stuart—was present. He was her partner, and became so enamoured of the fair and gifted daughter of

a rebel Highland laird, that only the lady's pre-engaged affections and the Royal Marriage Act saved the gentleman from the terrible indiscretion of laying his ducal coronet at her feet. Is not this story a late edition of that verse of the modernised ballad of "Mally Lee," which caps all Mally's perfections by a triumphant assertion of the fact that

" A duke cam' out frae Holyrood,  
An' danced wi' Mally Lee "

Carolina Oliphant's dancing days were nearly over. She was past her first youth, and we may believe that that high heart of hers, which would not confess its weakness, knew its own bitterness, and was sick with hope deferred. Her younger brother, Charles Oliphant, a handsome, bigoted lad, had persisted in shutting himself out from filling an office under government by refusing to take the abjuration oath. In the same year, 1797, he went abroad, and after drooping in health for some time, died in early manhood at Paris. Another loss by death struck Carolina, in striking one of the few intimate friends for whom her concen-

trated attachments were strong and lasting. This was the death of the first-born and dearly-loved child of Mrs. Campbell Colquhoun—the same Mary Anne Erskine who, while keeping house for her brother William in Edinburgh, had been on very sisterly terms with another advocate, “Earl Walter.” It was in reference to this “bonnie bairn’s” death, and with the intention of consoling the mother, that Caroline wrote and forwarded to Mrs. Campbell Colquhoun (at the same time binding her not to divulge the authorship) the one perfect Scottish hymn, “The Land o’ the Leal.”

The Oliphants returned to Scotland. While Carolina’s mind was sobered, and her heart softened, by her own griefs and those of her friends, she happened to go on a visit to a neighbouring country house. An English clergyman was of the party, and preached on one occasion. His sermon deeply impressed a listener who was in circumstances to render her peculiarly susceptible to tender and devout influences. It seemed to her that she then definitely and permanently laid hold of the hope

set before her; and she continued to look back on the season as that of her spiritual awakening.

Carolina Oliphant dwelt at Gask with her brother and sister-in-law till 1806, when Captain Nairne at last got the brevet-rank of major, and was appointed Assistant Inspector-General of Barracks in Scotland. The constant couple were married during the same summer by the family chaplain, in the new house of Gask. The bride was in her forty-first year, the bridegroom hard on fifty; but bride and bridegroom called for honour, and not pity, since they were of the grain in which loyalty flourishes green and unfading. Carolina Oliphant only shared the fate of the most winning of George III.'s princesses. Pretty, gentle Princess Mary, in the bloom and grace of her twentieth year, won the heart of her cousin William of Gloucester, and gave him her own in return. But the exigencies of the country demanded that Duke William should remain unwedded until the baby Princess Charlotte, heiress of the throne, was grown to woman-

hood, and satisfactorily disposed of in marriage to a Protestant prince. So Princess Mary and Duke William served for each other by that hardest service of waiting—not seven years, but seven and seven again. Immediately after the gala wedding of young Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold, there was another wedding, quiet, almost private,—like that celebrated in the upper room of the new house of Gask,—between Princess Charlotte's aunt and Princess Charlotte's father's cousin. These cousins' marriages, whether in a royal palace or at Gask, had crushed out of them, by the "weary weight" of years, much of the glory and gladness which would have attended on their celebration when brides and bridegrooms were in their prime. Well for both that the true love which is immortal had not failed or swerved aside from youth to middle age, and was still their sure foundation.

Major Nairne is said by Lady Nairne's friends to have been the hero of the two following songs of his wife's:—

## KIND ROBIN LO'ES ME

Robin is my ain gudeman,  
 Now match him, carlins, gin ye can,  
 For ilk ane whitest thinks her swan,  
 But kind Robin lo'es me

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Robin he comes hame at e'en  
 Wi' pleasure glancin' in his een,  
 He tells me a' he's heard and seen,  
 An' syne how he lo'es me  
 There's some hae land and some hae gowd,  
 An' mair wad hae them gin they could,  
 But a' I wish o' warld's gude  
 Is Robin aye to lo'e me.

## O WEEL'S ME ON MY AIN MAN.

O weel's me on my ain man,  
 My ain man, my ain man,  
 O weel's me on my ain gudeman,  
 He'll aye be welcome hame.

I'm wae I blamed him yesternicht,  
 For now my heart is feather licht;  
 For gowd I wadna gie the sicht,  
 I see him linkin' ower the hicht.  
 O weel's me, &c.

Rin, Jeanie, bring the kebbuck ben,  
 An' fin' aneath the speckled hen;

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Meg, rise and sweep about the fire,  
Syne cry on Johnnie frae the byre  
For weel's me on my ain man,  
My ain man, my ain man,  
For weel's me on my ain gudeman!  
I see him linkin' hame

If Lady Nairne thus made a compromise with her reserve, and expressed her thoughts and feelings in lowly guise in order to do honour to her husband, the by-play is suggestive—not only of the pride which thus found an excuse for venting its woman's weakness, but of the relief which rank and state have sought in aping humility and rusticity. Thus poor Marie Antoinette retired with her court and courtiers from magnificent Versailles, to get up a mock pastoral of village life at little Trianon.

Major Nairne and his wife resided, by necessity, in Edinburgh. Her old childless grandfather, the Laird of Strowan, had built for his nephew and his grand-daughter in the suburbs a cottage, named, in compliment to Mrs. Nairne, Carolina Cottage. There Carolina Nairne's only child, a son, was born in 1808.



Major and Mrs. Nairne lived in Edinburgh in great retirement. This could not have been entirely from motives of wise economy, since their income was more than sufficient for the small household, and visiting was then a much less expensive process than it is now. The fact was, that at the most literary epoch of the old capital, its society had few attractions for the Highland and Jacobite lady, who had been accustomed to reign as a queen in Strathearn, and to count on the regard of princes and their court—albeit they were banished princes and a mock court. Edinburgh lawyers—though Walter Scott was one of them, and Carolina Nairne's friend, Mary Anne Erskine, had married another—formed a different order of society from that to which Mrs. Nairne had been accustomed. Anne Grant of Laggan, the writer of

“Oh where, and oh where does your Highland laddie dwell?”

was a Highlander, and might dwell within a little distance of Carolina Cottage; Elizabeth Hamilton, planning her works of charity and crooning her “Ain Fireside,” could not live far

off; and Joanna Baillie might come and go to and from Castle Street, exciting some enthusiasm, yet there existed an insurmountable barrier between these women and the woman who, in her songs, showed the kindness of her common nature, deep down beneath the piled-up obstacles of partisanship and exclusiveness. The inevitable result of such contraction could not be anything else than the production of narrowness and dogmatism, even in a soul naturally generous and high-minded in the best sense.

Among the exceptions which Carolina Nairne made (and it ought to be said, that when she opened her heart it must have been with frankness, simplicity, and rare tenderness) were the Keiths of Ravelston, the old friends and kindred of Sir Walter Scott and Mrs. Cockburn. The Keiths were at this time represented by a hospitable, eccentric elderly brother and sister, who became also family connections of Mrs. Nairne through the marriage of her younger sister Margaret with the brother, the laird of Ravelston. At the Saturday parties at Ravelston, with its stately homeliness and obstinate

conservatism, the daughter of Gask and granddaughter of Strowan was in her element. To members of the county families, neighbours of the Keiths, and especially to one—a young girl with the divine gift of song—the dignified and still beautiful matron was gracious and winning.

The Misses Hume, daughters of Baron Hume, were likewise admitted on intimate terms into the very small and select circle in which Mrs. Nairne moved. These ladies had an important influence on her history where the public are concerned. At the head of the musical society of Edinburgh were the Misses Hume. They were consulted by Mr. Purdie, music dealer, when he proposed, about 1821, to bring out a collection of national airs with suitable words. The Misses Hume consulted in turn their friend Mrs. Nairne, with whose own aspirations the scheme fitted in admirably. The result was the formation of a ladies' committee, the proceedings of which were meant to be shrouded in mystery, and were really long kept in concealment. The members of this committee either supplied Mr. Purdie's songs or

revised them. It is almost unnecessary to say that the presiding genius was Carolina Nairne. No doubt literary puzzles were the fashion of the era, but this well-born and accomplished little clique, who professed, and in general were fully disposed to despise fashions which they themselves did not set, strike the work-a-day men and women of the present generation as being half-supercilious, half-childish in their mummery. Mrs. Nairne assumed the not very euphonious name of Mrs. Bogan of Bogan, and used the non-aristocratic alliterative initials of B. B., in her dealings with the publisher. (Perhaps there was a little humorous hit at her own conscious predilections in the choice of name and initials.) Even this *nom de plume* was whispered charily to Mr. Purdie under the seal of utmost secrecy. Its owner was so much in earnest in her disguise, that she wrote in a feigned hand, and employed other feigned hands to transcribe her MSS. These MSS. she signed variously "B. B.," or "sent by B. B.," or merely "S. M.," the initials of "Scottish Minstrel," the title which Mr. Purdie and the ladies

of the committee had given to the collection. At a later date she wished to shake the evidence that it was a woman who had composed her songs, and writes to one of the committee : "As you observed, the more mystery the better, and still the balance is in favour of 'the lords of the creation.' I cannot help in some degree undervaluing beforehand what is said to be a feminine production." The last sentence is very characteristic of Carolina Nairne and her age. She ventured, however, on personal interviews with Mr. Purdie, at his place of business, as Mrs. Bogan of Bogan. On these occasions she was carefully got up for the occasion as an old country lady of a former generation. One can imagine the dash of fun and frolic with which the former county belle and beauty would engage in this species of masquerading, whether or not she borrowed the idea from the clever mystifications practised with success by Miss Graham Stirling on Scott and Jeffrey. Mrs. Nairne was likewise so successful that Mr. Purdie never dreamed of Mrs. Bogan of Bogan being a lady resident in the same town with himself, and

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associated with anything so patent to his senses as Edinburgh Castle.

The "Scottish Minstrel," to which Carolina Nairne contributed largely in songs which would have become famous and far-spread in any language, was completed in six octavo volumes in 1824.

In the course of the publication, and in the delight which B. B.'s songs inspired, there were many questions asked with respect to the author. Some of these were even put in Carolina Nairne's presence. She declared long afterwards that she had not "the Author of Waverley's" tact in parrying a question, neither had she the refined sauciness by which Lady Anne Lindsay turned the tables on her assailants. But Carolina Nairne could be silent; and when it was her pleasure to be silent, he or she must have been a bold man or woman who would have pressed her with unrestrained curiosity.

Another work which the committee of gentle ladies thought of taking up, fortunately fell to the ground. This was to lay daringly decorous hands on Burns's songs, and purify them.

During the publication of the "Scottish Minstrel," George IV. visited Scotland. It was a great event to the nation; and among other accompaniments, "Glengarry and his tail" formed the last truly Highland spectacle in the picturesque, eagerly-thronged streets of Edinburgh. At the levee in Holyrood, Major Nairne's relative, the Duke of Athole, presented the major to the King, in late submission to the House of Hanover. Other descendants of attainted nobles took the opportunity to offer their tardy homage. Sir Walter Scott prepared a memorial for them, praying for the removal of the forfeitures of their titles. George, who was not destitute of the earlier German Georges' clemency, received the petition in very good part, and a Bill was passed in 1824 reversing many attainders. Among them was that of the baron's rank of Lord Nairne, which dated from the reign of Charles I., and to which Major Nairne was the heir and immediate successor. Thus Carolina Nairne became a peeress worthy of the honour. But the estate of Nairne, in Strath

Ard, Perthshire, which had been purchased by the Athole Murrays after the '45, was irrevocably lost to the representatives of its original owners. The House of Nairne had been destroyed by James, Duke of Athole, to the indignation of the outlawed Lord Nairne and his son. The belfry—the solitary relic of it which was preserved—had been presented to the town of Perth, where it surmounted King James's Hospital. It was, therefore, a barren honour and a landless lairdship which was restored to Carolina Nairne and her husband. But, with their old Scottish pride of birth and rank, it was a sacred privilege to them only to bear the title, though it had been borne begging their bread. The mockery of the empty distinction was better realised by their son, William, sixth and last Lord Nairne, who visited Nairne in 1834, when he was in his twenty-seventh year, and “spoke mournfully of the reverses of his house.” Doubtless he stood by the Bell-tree, and speculated on what might have been, if the Lord Nairne of the '45 had not there marshalled his tenants and servants, and marched them to fight under



the standard of Prince Charlie; and if the same Prince Charlie, the idol of Carolina Baroness Nairne's romantic imagination, had not dined and slept a night, in his descent from Blair, under that roof-tree of which there was not then a rafter or a stone remaining.

When Lord and Lady Nairne got back their ancestral title, he was in his sixty-sixth and she in her fifty-seventh year; while their son, who was educated privately and with extreme care, was a lad of fourteen years.

Lady Nairne in middle life spent much of her leisure, not only in writing, but in drawing and painting, for which she seems to have had a marked taste.

In 1830 occurred the first of the grievous breaches in Lady Nairne's household. Lord Nairne died at the age of seventy-four. Her son, a delicate lad, a little past his majority, was already showing symptoms of premature decline. In place of entering a profession, he was fain to seek more vigorous health from a milder climate. Lady Nairne has verses on leaving Edinburgh, in which there is a plea-

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sant summary of its traits, as they struck her, and a reference to "departed joys," in her case "never to return."

- "Fareweel, Edinburgh, where happy we hae been,  
Fareweel, Edinburgh, Caledonia's queen ;  
Auld Reekie, fare ye weel, and Reekie New beside,  
Ye're like a chieftain grim and gray wi' a young bonnie bride.
- "Fareweel, Edinburgh, and your trusty Volunteers,  
Your Council a' sae circumspect, your Provost without peers,  
Your stately College, stuff'd wi' lear, your rantin' High-Schule yard,  
The jibe, the lick, the roguish trick, the ghaists o' th' auld town  
guard
- "Fareweel, Edinburgh, your philosophic men,  
Your scribes that set you a' to richts and wield the golden pen,  
The Session-court, your thrang resort, big-wigs and lang gowns a';  
An' if ye dinna keep the peace, it's no for want o' law.
- "Fareweel, Edinburgh, and a' your glittering wealth,  
Your Bernard's Well, your Calton Hill, where every breeze is  
health ;  
An', spite o' a' your fresh sea-gales, should ony chance to dee,  
It's no for want o' recipe, the doctor, or the fee.
- "Fareweel, Edinburgh, your hospitals and ha's,  
The rich man's friend, the Cross long kenned, auld ports and city  
wa's,  
The kirks that grace their honoured place now peacefu' as they  
stand,  
Where'er they're found, on Scottish ground, the bulwarks o' the  
land.

- “ Fareweel, Edinburgh, your sons o’ genius fine,  
That send your name on wings o’ fame beyond the burning line—  
A name that’s stood maist since the flood, and just when it’s  
forgot  
Your bard will be forgotten too, your ain Sir Walter Scott
- “ Fareweel, Edinburgh, and a’ your daughters fair,  
Your palace in the sheltered glen, your castle in the air,  
Your rocky brows, your grassy knowes, and eke your mountains  
bauld,  
Were I to tell your beauties a’, my tale would ne’er be tauld
- “ Now fareweel, Edinburgh, where happy we hae been,  
Fareweel, Edinburgh, Caledonia’s queen;  
Prosperity to Edinburgh wi’ every risin’ sun,  
And blessin’s be on Edinburgh till Time his race has run ”

Seven years of Lady Nairne’s widowhood at this period of life were spent in changing her residence from place to place, hoping against hope in the fruitless effort to retain her last earthly treasure. From Clifton she went to Ireland, the country of the lad’s father’s birth, which his mother, from old associations and dear regard for every thing that had concerned her husband, greatly wished to visit. In Ireland the Nairnes moved from Kingston to Enniskerry. A year or two later the mother and the son proceeded from Ireland

to the continent. They were accompanied by Lady Nairne's widowed and childless sister, Mrs. Keith, of Ravelston, and by a niece of the two sisters. The party travelled in turn through France (still homelike to them from many an exile's story), Italy, Switzerland, Germany, and Belgium, until they reached Brussels, where the end came. Lord Nairne had been attacked by influenza, which his weakened constitution was unable to resist. This rapidly developed chest complaint, and he died at Brussels in December, 1837, in his thirtieth year. He had given his mother the assurance which she most prized, that her hope was his hope, her Saviour his Saviour. The consolation was great; but the blow was desolating to the mourner in her seventy-second year. Relations and attendants wrote and spoke of her fortitude and resignation. It might be, however, that the checked and restrained feelings did not find fit relief. When Spring came, and the saddened travellers, leaving their charge in the churchyard at Brussels, went on without him to Munich, Salzburg, and Nice, there was no lightening of

her heavy heart. Lady Nairne could keep the anchor of her soul fixed sure and steadfast in a better world; but she had drifted away from faith in any good in this world. She expresses a forlorn, almost austere, indifference to the works of genius and the beauties of scenery, which she then saw and dwelt among for the first time. She could rejoice in her dead son's gain, and cling to her remaining friends, but her own words, written more than a year after her son's death, are—"I have not the smallest pleasure in scenery or anything external, but I know that all things are working together for good." Again, some months later, she declares—"What I have seen I could once have enjoyed thoroughly, but once is enough for this world, and it is time that enthusiasm about its enjoyments be over. To me they exist no longer, and I can give thanks that so it is."

Another view, more ascetic than Christian, though it is entertained by many Christians, was cherished by Lady Nairne, and was calculated to throw a gloomy chill over the very memories of her beloved dead. It is a view which

has its foundation in a forced and literal rendering, separately from the context, of one or two sentences of the Lord's, and is only consistently carried out in the monastic war with family ties. The argument is that God is jealous of the tender human affections He has given us, and strikes down their objects as being idols in the temples of our hearts. A strange interpretation this of the dealings of Him who gave back her son to the widow of Nain, and their brother to the sisters of Bethany. But, judging according to this interpretation, Lady Nairne decides, "For my own part my weaning has been such that I rejoice in the rapid lapse of days, months, and years even more than when, a too happy wife and mother, I eagerly wished the continuance of domestic happiness—a plain proof of the necessity of heavenly discipline, which has not been withheld." This creed is not rare; but it is the effect of the Bible read in the dim light of the cloister, rather than in the broad light of God's sun and the warm gleam of household hearths.

Working for charitable bazaars and devotional

reading were thenceforth Lady Nairne's chief employments. She continued abroad, at Pau and in Paris, for two or three years longer. While in Paris in 1842 she mentions, with some indignation, in a letter home, "A Scotch lady here, whom I never met, is so good as among perfect strangers to denounce me as the origin of the 'Land o' the Leal.' I cannot trace it, but very much dislike, as ever, any kind of publicity."

Nearly a year later Lady Nairne and her sister, Mrs. Keith, were still in Paris. The latter wrote home to try and "find out" in what quarter of Père-la-Chaise their dear brother Laurence had been buried twenty-four years before, and in what street he had died—a pathetic enough token that human affections vindicate their divine source, and will not be extinguished, though they may be crushed, by a morbid and false theory of the sin and the danger of their indulgence.

In 1843, when Lady Nairne was in her seventy-eighth year, this brother Laurence's son and heir affectionately urged his aunt to

return to the home of her youth at Gask. She had given him a half-jesting promise that she would come and spend the last of her days under his roof, so soon as he had provided it with a mistress. Lady Nairne had thought that her own health had been benefited by a milder climate; and, like Naomi, she had shrunk from returning

“With empty arms and treasure lost”

to her country, which she had left comparatively a rich woman. But she was also a brave woman; and the kindly entreaties of her nephew, who with his wife crossed the Channel to be her escort home, at last prevailed. The same year found Lady Nairne again at Gask, looking down once more on familiar woods and waters, and away to well-known moors and deer-forests. Everything, as she said, led her back to her earlier years; and what had passed between her first and last abode at Gask seemed like “a mixed and wonderful dream.” “Yet,” she added gratefully, “mercy and truth have followed me all the days



of my life." She liked to hear of the poor people whose grandfathers she remembered; and she took an interest in the divisions which preceded a great crisis in the Kirk of Scotland, identifying herself a good deal with the Free Kirk side of the question, though she lived and died a member of the Episcopal Church.

During the winter after her return to Scotland, she suffered from a stroke of palsy, which she bore with her accustomed firmness and calmness, emphatically setting forth her peace and joy in the prospect of death, and the simple grounds of her faith. She survived two years longer, much enduring and patient in her infirmities, the bitterness of bereavement and death alike being past. She was able to pay one visit to Edinburgh, when she went and saw those who survived of the ladies of the committee that had prepared the "Scottish Minstrel," her interest in Scottish song, it is said, having never failed. She devoted a portion of these last months to writing and receiving numerous letters with regard to the disposal of funds which her son's death had

placed in her hands. She laid out the money largely on such charities as met with her approval, making the single condition that the gifts should be administered anonymously. The Oliphants were always free givers. Carolina's grandfather, out of the precarious income that reached him in his exile, had sent home a liberal donation to his poor, whom he had helped unwittingly to ruin. His son, again, had forbidden *his* sons to touch the inheritance of their grandfather Strowan, reckoning that it would descend more honourably to the clan Donnochy or Robertson. Carolina was no unworthy daughter of the chivalrous "auld laird." A few months subsequent to her death, Dr. Chalmers, for whom she had much respect and admiration, was at liberty to announce that he had received from Lady Nairne, with strict injunctions to secrecy, the sum of £300 for his West Port scheme.

On the 25th of October, 1845, Lady Nairne was out in her garden-chair in the grounds of Gask; but on the following day there was an alarming change in her state of health. On

the 27th, speechless but still conscious, she listened with satisfaction to hymns and verses of Scripture which were read for her consolation and encouragement. On the same day she passed to her rest, aged seventy-nine years. She was buried in the grounds of Gask, on the site of what had been the old parish kirk, surrounded by the old kirkyard, and what is now an Episcopal chapel, founded by her nephew and herself. Her nephew lies beside her. Her native woods wave round her, the Earn "rows on" within sound, while within sight tower the Grampians.

Lady Nairne had consented that her songs should be published in a volume, without her name, but died during the preparation of the work. Her surviving sister and representative, Mrs. Keith, considering that death had removed the obstacle, put her sister's name to the volume, which was entitled "Lays of Strathearn."

Almost in spite of herself, Lady Nairne thus belongs to the world, in being identified with a people's songs. The high-born woman of the old *régime*, between whom and other men and

women there existed a lofty wall, is constrained to vindicate her jealously-guarded woman's nature, and show how true was her instinctive penetration, how intensely human her sympathies.

It has been already noticed that there is a resemblance between Lady Nairne's songs and those of Susanna Blamire. There is this difference, however, that while the latter is happier in graphically describing scenes with which she herself was intimately acquainted, Lady Nairne was more successful in idealising, at some distance, the gladness and the sadness of the masses, or of the typical representatives of parties and classes among her countrymen. The exceptions to this statement are to be found in those lively, loving songs which are said to have been prompted by Lady Nairne's wifely affection; and in the noble, thrilling protest, sent home from abroad, when the writer was in her seventy-sixth year, "Would you be Young again?" we have a brave Christian contradiction to the half pagan and wholly sensuous glorification of youth, which is the popular sentiment of such a

strain as Herrick's "Gather ye Rosebuds while ye may."

Both Lady Nairne and Susanna Blamire failed, naturally, in the artistic concentration and finish which Joanna Baillie could give to her songs. But while they were women far less broad in nature and culture, their songs have more personal humour or pathos, and more individual feeling. For that reason they frequently make a deeper impression.

Lady Nairne's songs extend over so wide a range that it is here impossible to analyse even the chief of them separately. She had a practice of taking well-known names and airs the sentiments of whose words offended her, or with respect to which it merely struck her fancy to supply them with fresh words or a fresh turn to former words. She dealt thus not only with names and airs of remote origin the words to which, saving for their antiquarian interest, had no charm; but also with more modern ones, some of Burns's among them. There can be no doubt that this unceremonious practice, confusing the public as to the identity of songs which

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were already well-known, greatly aided Lady Nairne in mystifying her generation and preserving her concealment.

Dr. Rogers, the editor of the lately published life of Lady Nairne, has with great zeal and diligence collected and assigned to her many sets of Scottish songs which were not previously recognised as her work. The present writers remember to have heard these very generally sung without the singers having the least idea of their author. At the same time the adaptation of fragments of old ballads (as in "Huntingtower" and "The Lass o' Gowrie"), and of more modern songs (as in "Auld lang syne" and "Gude nicht, and joy be wi' you a'") has rendered it difficult to apportion Lady Nairne's share of merit (certainly a great one) in the case of many songs. There are songs which, from the name and theme downwards, are Lady Nairne's own. Such is "The Land o' the Leal," which is almost perfection. It was written originally with "John" instead of "Jean" as the name of the person apostrophised; and the verse beginning:—

“Sae dear that joy was bought, John,”

was added years afterwards owing to the religious convictions of the author. Such also are six beautiful songs dealing more or less with inanimate nature and the animal world, as well as with human life;—these are “The Auld House,” “The Rowan Tree,” “Bonnie ran the Burnie down,” “The Mitherless Lam-mie,” “The Robin’s Nest,” and “Caller Herrin’,” the tune of which last represented the chime of the bells of the High Kirk of Edinburgh.

The Jacobite songs of Carolina Oliphant are likewise all but entirely her own. Some of these have exquisite pathos; witness the verses of “Will ye no come back again?”—

“Bonnie Charlie’s now awa’,  
Safely owre the friendly main;  
Mony a heart will break in twa  
Should he ne’er come back again.

Will ye no come back again?  
Will ye no come back again?  
Better lo’ed ye canna be,  
Will ye no come back again?

\* \* \* \*

“ We watched thee in the gloamin’ hour,  
 We watched thee in the mornin’ grey,  
 Tho’ thirty thousand pounds they’d gie,  
 Oh ! there was nane that wad betray.

“ Sweet’s the laverock’s note and lang,  
 Lilting wildly up the glen ;  
 But aye to me he sings ae sang,  
 Will ye no come back again ? ”

The same may be said of the verses of “ Charlie is my Darling : ” —

“ They’ve left their bonnie Hieland hills,  
 Their wives and bairnies dear,  
 To draw the sword for Scotland’s lord,  
 The young Chevalier

\* \* \* \*

“ They proudly wore the milkwhite rose  
 For him they lo’ed sae dear ;  
 An’ gave their sons to Charlie,  
 The young Chevalier.

“ Oh ! there was mony a beatin’ heart,  
 An’ mony a hope and fear,  
 An there was mony a prayer put up  
 For the young Chevalier ”

Truer fire can hardly burn in words than what is found in “ Wha’ll be King but Charlie ? ” and in the rampant triumph of “ The Hundred Pipers : ” —



" The Esk was swollen sae red and sae deep,  
 But shouther to shouther the brave lads keep ;  
 Twa thousand swam ower to fell English ground,  
 An' danced themsel's dry to the pibroch's sound  
 Dumbfounder'd the English saw—they saw,  
 Dumfounder'd they heard the blaw, the blaw !  
 Dumfounder'd they a' ran awa', awa',  
 From the hundred pipers an' a', an' a' "

"Ye'll mount, Gudeman" is more of a half  
 humorous, half pathetic story sung in dialogue ;  
 and for the pathos see the gudewife's womanly  
 regret over the severity of her cure :—

" The wily wife fleech'd, and the laird didna see  
 The snile on her cheek thro' the tear in her e'e ;  
 Had I kent the gudeman wad hae had siccan pain,  
 The kettle for me sud hae coupet its lane "

Different fun altogether is the merry waggery  
 in "The Laird o' Cockpen" (the title borrowed),  
 "John Tod," "The Twa Doos," "Katie Reid's  
 House" (still more of an adaptation), and in yet  
 another adaptation, where sheer, exuberant non-  
 sense prevails and tickles old and young alike,  
 "Aiken Drum."

Among the sweetest of Lady Nairne's adap-  
 tations, and those which have the most of

the woman in them, are "The Bonnie Brier-Bush" and "We're a' Noddin'." In "The Bonnie Brier-Bush," with a curiously life-like archness and tremulousness, the lassie doubts:—

"But were they a' true that were far awa' ?  
 Oh! were they a' true that were far awa' ?  
 They drew up wi' glaikit Englishers at Carlisle ha',  
 An' foigot auld frien's that were far awa' "

And stoutly and indignantly the laddie denies:—

"I ne'er lo'ed a dance but on Athole's green,  
 I ne'er lo'ed a lassie but my dorty Jean ;  
 Sair, sair against my will did I bide sae lang awa',  
 An' my heart was aye in Athole's green at Carlisle ha' "

Then there comes over the couple in their blissful preoccupation the sorrowful remembrance of a lost cause and a nation's misfortunes:—

"The brier-bush was bonnie ance in our kailyard ;  
 The brier-bush was bonnie ance in our kailyard ;  
 A blast blew ower the hill, that gae Athole's flowers a chill,  
 And the bloom's blawn aff the bonnie bush in our kailyard.

In "We're a' Noddin'" with what delicate

distinctness the ancient figure by the ingle-neuk is painted :—

“Grannie nods i’ the neuk and fends as she may,  
An’ brags that we’ll ne’er be what she’s been in her day,  
Wow ! but she was bonnie, and wow ! but she was braw ;  
An’ she had routh o’ woovers ance, I’se warrant, great and sma’ ”

How fond is the concluding conviction :—

“The bear’s i’ the brier, and the hay’s i’ the stack,  
And a’ will be richt again gin Jamie were come back ”

The wisdom of the heart, which is conspicuous in Susanna Blamire’s songs, finds clear expression in two of Lady Nairne’s which are by no means her best artistically, but which breathe so happy a philosophy, so fine a moderation, that they deserve to live on the lips of her countrywomen. These are “The Bonniest Lass in a’ the World” and “Saw ye ne’er a Lanely Lassie ?” In the last Lady Nairne uses a very happy figure for the truth which she intends to teach :—

“Ilka state it has its blessings,  
Peevish dinna pass them by,  
*But like choicest berries seek them,  
Tho’ among the thorns they lie ”*

When later in life her mind had taken another bent, Lady Nairne's Jacobite prepossessions did not prevent her from writing on the opposite side of religion and politics. So we have her "Covenanter's Widow's Lament," her "Pentland Hills," and, it may be, also her "The Women are a' gane Wud." Save, however, in the last instance, either early influences were too strong for her, or the poetic vein was well-nigh exhausted, since the two former songs do not rank high among her lyrics.

There only remains for us to characterise the aged bereft woman's "Would you be Young again?" Sufficient to say that that final song is brokenly, touchingly eloquent, and lit up with heavenly radiance, worthy of all the picturesque and human-hearted songs which preceded it.

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#### THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

I'm wearin' awa', John,  
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, John,  
I'm wearin' awa'  
To the land o' the leal.

There's nae sorrow there, John,  
There's neither cauld nor caie, John,  
The day is aye fair  
    In the land o' the leal

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

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

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

Oh ! dry your glist'nin' e'e, John,  
My soul lang's to be free, John,  
And angels beckon me  
    To the land o' the leal.

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

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

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CALLER HERRIN'.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin' ?  
They're bonnie fish and halesome farin' ;  
Wha'll buy my caller herrin'  
New drawn frae the Forth ?

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

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

Wha'll buy my caller herrin' ?  
 Oh, ye may ca' them vulgar farin' ;  
 Wives and mithers, maist despairin',  
 Ca' them lives o' men.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin' ? &c.

When the creel o' herrin' passes,  
 Ladies, clad in silks and laces,  
 Gather in their braw pelisses,  
 Cast their heads, and screw their faces

Wha'll buy my caller herrin' ? &c.

Caller herrin's no got lightlie,  
 Ye can trip the spring fu' tightlie ;  
 Spite o' tauntin', flauntin', flingin',  
 Gow has set you a' a-singin'

Wha'll buy my caller herrin' ? &c.

Neebour wives, now tent my tellin',  
 When the bonnie fish ye're sellin'  
 At ae word be in yer dealin'—  
 Truth will stand when a' thing's failin'.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin' ?

They're bonnie fish and halesome farin' ;

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'

New drawn frae the Forth ?

## THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN

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

Down by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,  
At his table-head he thought she'd look well—  
McClish's ae daughter o' Claverse-ha'-Lee,  
A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree

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

He took the grey mare, and rade cannily,  
An' rapp'd at the gate o' Claverse-ha'-Lee :  
“ Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben,  
She's wanted to speak to the Laird o' Cockpen ”

Mistress Jean was makin' the elder-flower wine :  
“ An' what brings the laird at sic a like time ? ”  
She put aff her apron, and on her silk gown,  
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, an' gaed awa' down.

An' when she cam ben he bowed fu' low,  
An' what was his errand he soon let her know ;



Amazed was the laird when the lady said "Na,"  
And wi' a laigh curtsie she turned awa'.

Dumfounded was he, nae sigh did he gie,  
He mounted his mare, and rade cannily,  
An' aften he thought, as he gaed thro' the glen,  
She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen

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### THE AULD HOUSE

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

Oh, the auld laird, the auld laird!  
Sae canty, kind, and crouse,  
How mony did he welcome to  
His ain wee dear auld house!

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And the ledly too, sae genty,  
There sheltered Scotland's heir,  
And clipt a lock wi' her ain hand  
Frae his lang yellow hair.

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

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

For they are a' wide scattered now,  
Some to the Indies gane,  
And ane, alas! to her lang hame;  
Not here we'll meet again.

The kirkyaird, the kirkyaird !  
Wi' flowers o' every hue,  
Sheltered by the holly's shade  
An' the dark sombre yew.

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

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#### THE MITHERLESS LAMMIE.

The mitherless lammie ne'er missed its ain mammie,  
We tentit it kindly by nicht and by day ;  
The bairnies made game o't, it had a blythe hame o't,  
Its food was the gowan, wi' dew-drops o' May.  
Without tie or fetter, it couldna been better,  
But it wad gae witless the wide warld to see ;  
The foe that it feared not, it saw not, it heard not,  
Was watching its wanderings frae Bonnington Lea.

---

Oh what then befel it, 'twere waefu' to tell it,  
    Tod Lowrie kens best, wi' his lang head sae sly ;  
He met the pet lammie, that wanted its mammie,  
    And left its kind hame the wide warld to try.  
We missed it at day dawin', we missed it at night fa'in,  
    Its wee shed is tenantless under the tree ;  
Ae nicht i' the gloamin', it wad gae a roamin',  
    'Twill frolic nae mair upon Bonnington Lea

---

## KIND ROBIN LO'ES ME.

Robin is my ain gudeman,  
Now match him, carlins, gin ye can,  
For ilk ane whitest thinks her swan,  
    But kind Robin lo'es me  
To mak my boast I'll e'en be bauld,  
For Robin lo'ed me young and auld,  
In simmer's heat and winter's cauld,  
    My kind Robin lo'es me.

Robin he comes hame at e'en  
Wi' pleasure glancin' in his een ;  
He tells me a' he's heard and seen,  
    And syne how he lo'es me.

There's some hae land and some hae gowd,  
And mair wad hae them gin they could,  
But a' I wish o' warld's gude  
Is Robin aye to lo'e me.

---

### THE ROWAN TREE

Oh, Rowan tree! oh, Rowan tree! thou'lt aye be dear  
to me,  
Entwined thou art wi' mony ties o' hame and infancy;  
Thy leaves were aye the first o' spring, thy flowers the  
simmer's pride;  
There wasna sic a bonny tree in a' the country side.  
Oh! Rowan tree.

How fair wert thou in simmer time, wi' a' thy clusters  
white,  
How rich and gay thy autumn dress, wi' berries red and  
bright;  
On thy fair stem were mony names, which now nae mair  
I see,  
But they're engraven on my heart—forgot they ne'er  
can be!

Oh! Rowan tree.

---

We sat aneath thy spreading shade, the bairnies round  
thee ran,  
They pu'd thy bonny berries red, and necklaces they  
strang ;  
My mother! oh! I see herstill, she smiled our sports to see,  
Wi' little Jeanie on her lap, an' Jamie at her knee!  
Oh! Rowan tree

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

Oh! Rowan tree.

---

#### AIKIN DRUM.

There lived a man in our toun,  
In our toun, in our toun,  
There lived a man in our toun  
And they ca'd him Aikin Drum  
And he wad be a soger, a soger, a soger,  
And he wad be a soger,  
And they ca'd him Aikin Drum

And his coat was o' the gude saut meat,  
The gude saut meat, the gude saut meat,  
And a waistcoat o' the haggis-bag  
    Aye wore Aikin Drum  
O' the gude lang kail and the Athole brose,  
Aye they made his trews and hose ;  
And he luiket weel, as ye may suppose,  
    And his name was Aikin Drum

And his bonnet was made o' pie crust,  
O' pie crust, o' pie crust,  
And his bonnet was made o' pie crust,  
    Built baith thick an' soun'.  
And he played upon a razor,  
A razor, a razor,  
And he played upon a razor,  
    And whiles upon the kame

And he lo'ed weel the crappit heads,  
The crappit heads, and singet heads,  
And he lo'ed weel the crappit heads  
    And singet heads an' a';  
And he lo'ed weel the ait cake,  
The ait cake, the ait cake,  
And he lo'ed weel the ait cake,  
    And scones and bannocks a'.

---

But wae's me ! he turned soger,  
A soger, a soger,  
But wae's me ! he turned soger,  
    And he was marched awa'  
'Bout him the carles were gabbin',  
For him the laddies sabbin',  
And a' the lassies greetin',  
    For Aikin Drum's awa'

---

### WHA'LL BE KING BUT CHARLIE?

The news frae Moidart cam' yestreen  
    Will soon gar mony ferlie ;  
For ships o' war hae just come in  
    And landit Royal Charlie

Come thro' the heather, around him gather,  
    Ye're a' the welcomer early ;  
Around him cling wi' a' your kin ;  
    For wha'll be king but Charlie ?  
Come thro' the heather, around him gather,  
Come Ronald, come Donald, come a' thegither,  
And crown your rightfu', lawfu' king !  
    For wha'll be king but Charlie ?



The Hieland clans, wi' sword in hand,  
Frae John o' Groat's to Airlie,  
Hae to a man declared to stand  
Or fa' wi' Royal Charlie.  
Come thro' the heather, &c.

The Lowlands a', baith great an' sma',  
Wi' mony a lord and laird, hae  
Declared for Scotia's king an' law,  
An' speir ye wha but Charlie.  
Come thro' the heather, &c.

There's ne'er a lass in a' the lan'  
But vows baith late an' early,  
She'll ne'er to man gie heart nor han'  
Wha wadna fecht for Charlie  
Come thro' the heather, &c.

Then here's a health to Charlie's cause,  
And be't complete an' early ;  
His very name our heart's blood warms ;  
To arms for Royal Charlie !  
Come thro' the heather, &c.

---

## CHARLIE IS MY DARLING

'Twas on a Monday morning  
Right early in the year,  
When Charlie came to our town,  
The Young Chevalier  
Oh, Charlie is my darling,  
My darling, my darling,  
Oh, Charlie is my darling,  
The Young Chevalier

As he cam' marching up the street,  
The pipes played loud and clear,  
And a' the folk cam' runnin' out  
To meet the Chevalier.  
Oh, Charlie is my darling, &c

Wi' Hieland bonnets on their heads,  
And claymores bright and clear ;  
They cam' to fight for Scotland's right,  
And the Young Chevalier.  
Oh, Charlie is my darling, &c.

They've left their bonnie Hieland hills,  
Their wives and bairnies dear,  
To draw the sword for Scotland's lord,  
The Young Chevalier.  
Oh, Charlie is my darling, &c.

Oh, there were mony beatin' hearts,  
 And mony a hope and fear ;  
 And mony were the prayers put up  
 For the Young Chevalier  
 Oh, Charlie is my darling, &c

---

HE'S OWER THE HILLS THAT I LO'E WEEL

He's ower the hills that I lo'e weel,  
 He's ower the hills we daurna name ;  
 He's ower the hills ayont Dumblane,  
 Wha soon will get his welcome hame  
 He's ower the hills, &c

My father's gane to fecht for him,  
 My brithers winna bide at hame ;  
 My mither greets and prays for them,  
 And 'deed she thinks they're no to blame.  
 He's ower the hills, &c.

The Whigs may scoff, the Whigs may jeer,  
 But ah ! that love maun be sincere  
 Which still keeps true whate'er betide,  
 An' for his sake leaves a' beside  
 He's ower the hills, &c.

---

His right these hills, his right these plains ;  
O'er Hieland hearts secure he reigns ;  
What lads e'er did our lads will do ;  
Were I a laddie, I'd follow him too.

He's ower the hills, &c.

Sae noble a look, sae princely an air,  
Sae gallant an' bold, sae young an' sae fair ;  
Oh ! did ye but see him, ye'd do as we've done ;  
Hear him but ance, to his standard you'll run  
He's ower the hills, &c

---

### JOHN TOD.

He's a terrible man, John Tod, John Tod,  
He's a terrible man, John Tod.  
He scolds in the house, he scolds at the door,  
He scolds on the verra high road, John Tod,  
He scolds on the verra high road.

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

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

An' saw ye na wee John Tod, John Tod,  
O saw ye na wee John Tod ;  
His bannet was blue, his shoon maistly new,  
And weel does he keep the kirk road, John Tod,  
O weel does he keep the kirk road.

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

Ye're sun-brunt and battered, John Tod, John Tod,  
Ye're tautit and tattered, John Tod ;  
Wi' your auld strippit coul, ye luik maist like a fule,  
But there's nouse i' the lining, John Tod, John Tod,  
But there's nouse i' the lining, John Tod.

He's weel respeckit, John Tod, John Tod,  
He's weel respeckit, John Tod ;

---

He's a terrible man, but we'd a' gae wrang  
If e'er he sud leave us, John Tod, John Tod,  
If e'er he sud leave us, John Tod.

---

REST IS NOT HERE.

What's this vain world to me?—  
Rest is not here ;  
False are the smiles I see,  
The mirth I hear.  
Where is youth's joyful glee ?  
Where all once dear to me ?  
Gone as the shadows flee—  
Rest is not here.

Why did the morning shine  
Blithely and fair ?  
Why did those tints so fine  
Vanish in air ?  
Does not the vision say,  
Faint, lingering heart, away ;  
Why in this desert stay ?  
Dark land of care !

Where souls angelic soar,  
Thither repair ;  
Let this vain world no more  
Lull and ensnare  
That heaven I love so well,  
Still in my heart shall dwell ;\*  
All things around me tell  
Rest is found there.

---

#### WOULD YOU BE YOUNG AGAIN ?

Would you be young again ?  
So would not I ;  
One tear to memory given,  
Onward I'd hie  
Life's dark flood forded o'er,  
All but at rest on shore,  
Say, would you plunge once more,  
With home so nigh ?

If you might, would you now  
Retrace your way ?  
Wander through thorny wilds,  
Faint and astray ?

\* Compare last verse of " Robin Adair."

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Night's gloomy watches fled,  
Morning all beaming red,  
Hope's smiles around us shed,  
Heavenward—away

Where are they gone, of yore  
My best delight?  
Dear and more dear, tho' now  
Hidden from sight  
Where they rejoice to be,  
There is the land for me;  
Fly, time! fly speedily;  
Come, life and light.