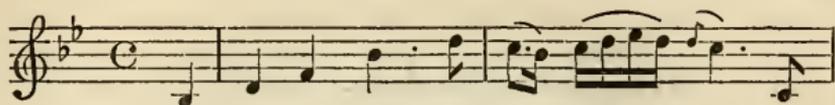


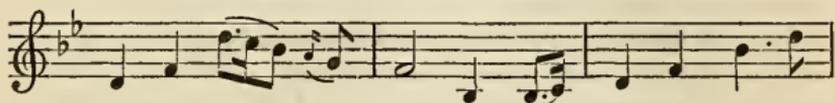
## THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

At Traquair, in Peeblesshire, on a piece of sloping ground on the west side of the valley, a mile above the old mansion-house, was a grove of birches, such as might well form an assignation-ground for lovers. In what way it came to attract the attention of Robert Crawford—for the place is remote, and Robert, as connected with the Whig Earl of Stair, could, one would think, be little likely to visit the Stuart-devoted Traquair family—cannot be imagined. There, however, long after it has decayed away to a few melancholy stumps, it remains imperishable in his sweet pastoral strains.

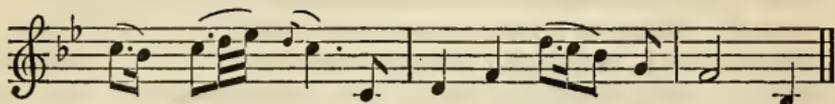
<sup>1</sup> The words here quoted, being quite consistent with my recollection of Sir Walter's conversation, are transcribed from a manuscript note by him upon a copy of Cromek's *Reliques of Burns*, formerly in the possession of Mr Samuel Aitken, bookseller, Edinburgh.



Hear me, ye nymphs, and ev' - ry swain, I'll



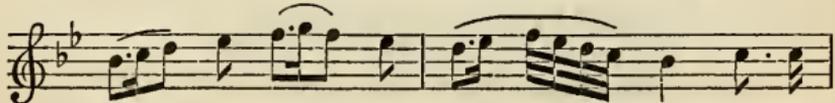
tell how Peg - gy grieves me; Though thus I lan - guish



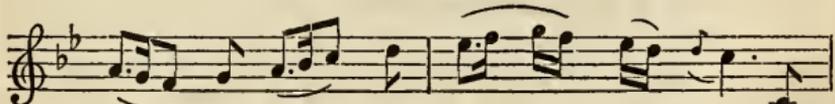
and com - plain, A - las! she ne'er be - lieves me.



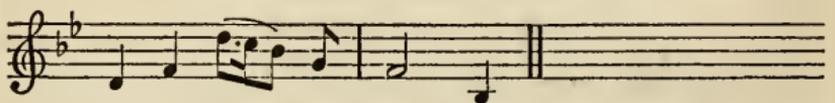
My vows and sighs, like sil - ent air, Un-



heed - ed, nev - er move her; At the



bon - nie Bush a - bune Tra - quair, 'Twas



there I first did love her.

Hear me, ye nymphs, and every swain,  
I'll tell how Peggy grieves me;  
Though thus I languish and complain,  
Alas! she ne'er believes me.

My vows and sighs, like silent air,  
Unheeded, never move her ;  
At the bonnie Bush abune Traquair,  
'Twas there I first did love her.

That day she smiled and made me glad,  
No maid seem'd ever kinder ;  
I thought myself the luckiest lad,  
So sweetly there to find her ;  
I tried to soothe my amorous flame,  
In words that I thought tender ;  
If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame—  
I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flees the plain,  
The fields we then frequented ;  
If e'er we meet she shews disdain,  
She looks as ne'er acquainted.  
The bonnie bush bloom'd fair in May,  
Its sweets I'll aye remember ;  
But now her frowns make it decay—  
It fades as in December.

Ye rural powers, who hear my strains,  
Why thus should Peggy grieve me ?  
O make her partner in my pains,  
Then let her smiles relieve me :  
If not, my love will turn despair,  
My passion no more tender ;  
I'll leave the Bush abune Traquair—  
To lonely wilds I'll wander.