

THE WILD GLEN SAE GREEN.

REV. HENRY S. RIDDELL,

WAS born at Sorbie, Dumfriesshire, in 1798. His father was a Shepherd, and he followed the same occupation till he managed to scrape together sufficient money to enable him to enter the University of Edinburgh. He became a licentiate of the Church of Scotland, but never took any active part in the ministry: he resided at Teviothead, where the Duke of Buccleuch generously allowed him the use of a cottage, a small annuity, and a grant of land. Mr. Riddell died in 1870.

Mr. Riddell published several volumes of poetry during his life-time, and had the rare pleasure of seeing several of his songs achieve an instant and enthusiastic popularity. "The Wild Glen sae Green," "The Crook and the Plain," and above all, the inspiriting "Scotland yet," have taken a secure position amongst our popular minstrelsy. His works are presently being edited by Dr. Brydon, of Hawick, with a view to the issue of a complete collected edition.

WHEN my flocks upon the heathy hill are lying a' at rest,
And the gloamin' spreads its mantle grey o'er the world's dewy
breast,

I'll tak' my plaid and hasten through you woody dell unseen,
And meet my bonnie lassie on the wild glen sae green.

I'll meet her by the trystin' tree that's stannin' a' alane,
Where I have carved her name upon the little moss-grey stane,
There I will clasp her to my breast, and be mair blest, I ween,
Than a' that are ancath the sky, in the wild glen sae green.

My faldin' plaid shall shield her frae the gloamin's chilly gale
The star o' eve shall mark our joy but shall not tell her tale,
Our simple tale o' tender love that tauld sae aft has been,
To my bonnie bonnie lassie in the wild glen sae green.

Oh! I could wander earth a' owre nor care for aught o' bliss,
If I might share at my return a joy sae pure as this;
And I could spurn a' earthly wealth, a palace and a queen,
For my bonnie bonnie lassie in the wild glen sae green.

SCOTLAND YET.

REV. HENRY S. RIDDELL.

GAE, bring my guid auld harp ance mair,
Gae, bring it free and fast,
For I maun sing anither sang
Ere a' my glee be past,
And trow ye as I sing, my lads,
The burden o't shall be
Auld Scotland's howes, and Scotland's knowes,
And Scotland's hills for me,—
I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet,
Wi' a' the honours threc.

The heath waves wild upon her hills,
 And, foaming frae the fells,
 Her fountains sing o' freedom still,
 As they dash down the dells;
 And weel I lo'e the land, my lads,
 That's girded by the sea;
 Then Scotland's dales, and Scotland's vales,
 And Scotland's hills for me,—
 I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet,
 Wi' a' the honours three.

The thistle wags upon the fields,
 Where Wallace bore his blade,
 That gave her foeman's dearest bluid,
 To dye her auld gray plaid;
 And looking to the lift, my lads,
 He sang this doughty glee,
 Auld Scotland's right, and Scotland's might,
 And Scotland's hills for me,—
 I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet,
 Wi' a' the honours three.

They tell o' lands wi' brighter skies,
 Where freedom's voice ne'er rang,
 Gi'e me the hills where Ossian lies,
 And Coila's minstrel sang.
 For I've nae skill o' lands, my lads,
 That ken nae to be free,
 Then Scotland's right, and Scotland's might,
 And Scotland's hills for me,—
 I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet,
 Wi' a' the honours three.

OURS IS THE LAND.

REV. HENRY S. RIDDELL.

OURS is the land of gallant hearts,
 The land of lovely forms,
 The island of the mountain harp,
 The torrents, and the storms:
 The land that blooms with freemen's tread,
 And withers with the slave's;
 Where far and deep the green-woods spread,
 And wild the thistle waves.

Ere ever Ossian's lofty voice
 Had told of Fingal's fame;
 Ere ever from their native clime
 The Roman eagles came,

Our land had given heroes birth
 That durst the boldest brave,
 And taught above tyrannic dust
 The thistle tufts to wave.

What need we say how Wallace fought,
 And how his foemen fell,
 Or how on glorious Bannockburn
 The work went wild and well?
 Ours is the land of gallant hearts,
 The land of honour'd graves,
 Whose wreath of fame shall ne'er depart,
 While yet the thistle waves.

THE DOWIE DENS O' YARROW.

REV. HENRY S. RIDDELL.

OH, sisters, there are midnight dreams
 That pass not with the morning,
 Then ask not why my reason swims
 In a brain so wildly burning.
 And ask not why I fancy how
 Yon wee bird sings wi' sorrow,
 That bluid lies mingled with the dew,
 In the dowie dens o' Yarrow.

My dream's wild light was not of night,
 Nor of the dulefu' morning;
 Thrice on the stream was seen the gleam
 That seem'd his sprite returning:
 For sword-girt men came down the glen
 An hour before the morrow,
 And pierced the heart aye true to mine,
 In the dowie dens o' Yarrow.

Oh, there are red red drops o' dew
 Upon the wild flower's blossom,
 But they could na cool my burning brow,
 And shall not stain my bosom.
 But from the clouds o' yon dark sky
 A cold cold shroud I'll borrow,
 And long and deep shall be my sleep
 In the dowie dens o' Yarrow.

Let my form the bluid-dyed floweret press
 By the heart o' him that lo'ed me,
 And I'll steal frae his lips a long long kiss
 In the bower where aft he wooed me.
 For my arms shall fold and my tresses shield
 The form of my death-cold marrow,
 When the breeze shall bring the raven's wing
 O'er the dowie dens o' Yarrow.

THE CROOK AND PLAID.

REV. HENRY S. RIDDELL.

I WINNA lo'e the laddie that ca's the cart and pleugh,
 Though he should own that tender love that's only felt by few ;
 For he that has this bosom a' to fondest love betray'd,
 Is the kind and faithfu' laddie that wears the crook and plaid.

At morn he climbs the mountains wild, his fleecy flock to view,
 When the larks sing in the heaven aboon, and the flowers wake
 'mang the dew,
 When the thin mist melts afore the beam, ower gair and glen
 convey'd,
 Where the laddie loves to wander still, that wears the crook
 and plaid.

At noon he leans him down, high on the heathy fell,
 When his flocks feed a' sae bonnilie below him in the dell ;
 And there he sings o' faithfu' love, till the wilds around are glad ;
 Oh, how happy is the laddie that wears the crook and plaid !

He pu's the blooms o' heather pure, and the lily-flour sac meek,
 For he weens the lily like my brow, and the heath-bell like my
 cheek.

His words are soft and tender as the dew frae heaven shed ;
 And nane can charm me like the lad that wears the crook and
 plaid.

Beneath the flowery hawthorn-tree, wild growing in the glen,
 He meets me in the gloamin' gray, when nane on earth can ken ;
 And leal and tender is his heart beneath the spreading shade,
 For weel he kens the way, I trow, to row me in his plaid.

The youth o' mony riches may to his fair one ride,
 And woo across a table his many-titled bride ;
 But we will woo beneath the tree, where check to check is laid—
 Oh, nae wooer's like the laddie that rows me in his plaid !

To own the tales o' faithfu' love, oh, wha wad no comply ?
 Sin' pure love gi'es mair o' happiness than aught aneath the sky ;
 Where love is in the bosom thus, the heart can ne'er be sad ;
 Sae, through life, I'll lo'e the laddie that wears the crook and
 plaid.

THE WEE AULD MAN.

REV. HENRY S. RIDDELL.

ABOUT the closin' o' the day,
 The wild green woods amang, O,
 A wee auld man cam' doon this way,
 As fast as he could gang, O.
 He entered into this wee house,
 Whero unco weel kent he, O,
 That there, there lived a virtuous lass,
 And fair as fair could be, O.
 For he had vow'd to ha'e, O,
 To ha'e, O, to ha'e, O,
 For he had vow'd to ha'e, O,
 A wifie o' his ain, O.

He tell't the auld gudewife he'd come
 Her dochter Jean to woo, O,
 And gin she would but come wi' him,
 She never would it rue, O;
 For he had oxen, horse, and kye,
 And sheep upon the hill, O,
 And monie a cannie thing forbye,
 That should be at her will, O.
 For he had vow'd, &c.

The auld gudewife replied in turn,
 Up rising frae her stool, O,
 The lass that would your proffer spurn,
 Would surely be a fool, O,
 She to the door made anxious haste,
 And ca'd young Jeanie in, O,
 And when aroun' the fire they're placed,
 The courtin' did begin, O,
 For he had vow'd, &c.

The wee auld man tauld ower his tale
 Wi' croose and cantie glee, O;
 But Jeanie's heart was hard and cauld,
 Nae love for him had she, O.
 Said she, Auld gouk! you've act a part
 That I can ne'er be thine, O;
 You come to woo my mither's heart,
 You come nae here for mine, O.
 For this is no the way, O,
 The way, O, the way, O,
 For this is no the way, O,
 A lassie's heart to win, O.

And soon a rap came to the door,
 And out young Jeanie ran, O,
 Said she, You may count ower your storo
 Wi' them that you began, O.
 The wee auld man rose up in wrath,
 And loud and lang he swore, O,
 Syne hirsled up his shouthers baith,
 And hasten'd to the door, O.
 Still vowin' he would ha'e, &c.

SCOTIA'S THISTLE.

REV. HENRY S. RIDDELL.

SCOTIA'S thistle guards the grave,
 Where repose her dauntless brave;
 Never yet the foot of slave
 Has trod the wilds of Scotia!
 Free from tyrants' dark control—
 Free as waves of ocean roll—
 Free as thoughts of minstrel's soul,
 Still roam the sons of Scotia.

Scotia's hills of hoary hue,
 Heaven wraps in wreaths of blue,
 Watering with it's dearest dew
 The heathy locks of Scotia.
 Down each green-wood skirted vale,
 Guardian spirits, lingering, hail
 Many a minstrel's melting tale,
 As told of ancient Scotia.

When the shades of eve invest
 Nature's dew-bespangled breast,
 How supremely man is blest,
 In the glens of Scotia.
 There no dark alarms convey
 Aught to chase life's charms away,
 There they live, and live for aye,
 Round the homes of Scotia.

Wake, my hill harp! wildly wake!
 Sound by lee and lonely lake,
 Never shall this heart forsake
 The bonnie wilds of Scotia.
 Others o'er the ocean's foam,
 Far to other lands may roam,
 But for ever be my home
 Beneath the sky of Scotia

A STEED, A STEED.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL,

A NATIVE of Glasgow, born in the Barony Parish there in 1797. Being intended for the legal profession he was apprenticed, at the age of fifteen years, in the office of the Sheriff Clerk of Paisley. In 1819 he was appointed Sheriff Clerk Depute of Renfrew, and held that position till 1829. He then removed to Glasgow, where he was appointed editor of the *Courier*. He died suddenly in 1835.

Except the volume of his poems published in 1832 (and afterwards in 1847), the fame of William Motherwell depends almost wholly on one or two works edited by him: but while his poems have given him no mean place among the poets of Scotland, his "Harp of Renfrewshire (1819) and Minstrelsy Ancient and Modern" (1827) have established his reputation as one of the best expositors of our early popular literature.

A STEED! a steed of matchless speed!
 A sword of metal keene!
 Al else to noble heartes is drosse—
 Al else on earth is meane.
 The neighyinge of the war-horse prowde,
 The rowlinge of the drum,
 The clangor of the trumpet lowde—
 Be soundes from heaven that come.
 And, oh! the thundering presse of knightes,
 Whenas their war-cryes swelle,
 May tole from heaven an angel bright,
 And rouse a fiend from hell.

Then mounte! then mounte, brave gallants all,
 And don your helmes amaine;
 Deathe's couriers, fame and honour, call
 Us to the fielde againe.
 No shrewish tears shall fill our eye
 When the sword-hilt's in our hand;
 Heart-whole we'll parte, and no whit sighe
 For the fayrest of the land.
 Let piping swaine, and craven wight,
 Thus weepe and puling crye;
 Our buisnesse is like men to fighte,
 And hero-like to die!

WEARIE'S WELL.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

In a saft simmer gloamin',
 In yon dowie dell,
 It was there we twa first met
 By Wearie's cauld well.

We sat on the brume bank
 And look'd in the burn,
 But sidelang we look'd on
 Ilk ither in turn.

The corn-craik was chirming
 His sad eerie cry,
 And the wee stars were dreaming
 Their path through the sky.
 The burn babbled freely
 Its luvè to each flower,
 But we heard and we saw nought
 In that blessed hour.

We heard and we saw nought
 Above or around:
 We felt that our love lived,
 And loathed idle sound.
 I gazed on your sweet face
 Till tears fill'd mine e'e,
 And they drapt on your wee loof—
 A world's wealth to me!

Now the winter snaw's fa'ing
 On bare holm and lee;
 And the cauld wind is strippin'
 Ilk leaf aff the tree.
 But the snaw fa's not faster,
 Nor leaf disna part
 Sac sune frae the bough, as
 Faith fades in your heart.

Ye've waled out anither
 Your bridegroom to be;
 But can his heart luvè sae
 As mine luvit thee?
 Ye'll get biggings and mailins,
 And monie braw claes,
 But they a' winna buy back
 The peace o' past days.

Fareweel, and for ever!
 My first luvè and last.
 May thy joys be to come,
 Mine live in the past.
 In sorrow and sadness,
 This hour fa's on me,
 But light, as thy love, may
 It fleet over thee.

THE MERMAIDEN.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

"THE nicht is mirk, and the wind blaws schill,
 And the white faem weets my bree,
 And my mind misgi'es me, gay maiden,
 That the land we sall never see!
 Then up and spak' the mermaiden,
 And she spak' blythe and free,
 "I never said to my bonnie bridegroom,
 That on land we sud weddit be.

"Oh! I never said that ane erthlie priest
 Our bridal blessing should gi'e,
 And I never said that a landwart bouir
 Should hald my luve and me."
 And whare is that priest, my bonnie maiden,
 If ane erthlie wicht is na he?
 "Oh! the wind will sough, and the sea will rair,
 When weddit we twa sall be."

And whare is that bouir, my bonnie maiden,
 If on land it suld na be?
 "Oh! my blythe bouir is low," said the mermaiden,
 "In the bonnie green howes o' the sea:
 My gay bouir is biggit o' the gude ships' keels,
 And the banes o' the drowned at sea;
 The fisch are the deer that fill my parks,
 And the water waste my dourie.

"And my bouir is sklaitit wi' the big blue waves,
 And paved wi' the yellow sand,
 And in my chaumers grow bonnie white flowers
 That never grew on land.
 And have ye e'er seen, my bonnie bridegroom,
 A leman on earth that wuld gi'e
 Aiker for aiker o' the red plough'd land,
 As I'll gi'e to thee o' the sea?"

The mune will rise in half ane hour,
 And the wee bricht starns will shine;
 Then we'll sink to my bouir 'neath the wan water
 Full fifty fathom and nine."
 A wild, wild skreich, gi'ed the fey bridegroom,
 And a loud, loud laugh, the bride;
 For the mune raise up, and the twa sank down
 Under the silver'd tide.

JEANNIE MORRISON.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

I've wander'd east, I've wander'd west
 Through mony a weary way;
 But never, never, can forget
 The luve o' life's young day!
 The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en,
 May weel be black gin Yule;
 But blacker fa' awaits the heart
 Where first fond luve grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
 The thochts o' bygane years
 Still fling their shadows ower my path,
 And blind my e'en wi' tears:
 They blind my e'en wi' saut, saut tears,
 And sair and sick I pine,
 As memory idly summons up
 The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'Twas then we luvit ilk ither weel,
 'Twas then we twa did part;
 Sweet time—and time! twa bairns at schule,
 Twa bairns, and but ae heart!
 'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,
 To leir ilk ither lear;
 And tones, and looks, and smiles were shed,
 Remember'd ever mair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
 When sitting on that bink,
 Cheek touchin' cheek, loof lock'd in loof,
 What our wee heads could think!
 When baith bent doun ower ae braid page
 Wi' ae buik on our knee,
 Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
 My lesson was in thee.

Oh mind ye how we hung our heads,
 How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
 Whene'er the schule-weans, laughin', said,
 We cleek'd thegither hame?
 And mind ye o' the Saturdays,
 (The schule then skail't at noon),
 When we ran aff to speel the braes—
 The broomy braes o' June?

My head rins round and round about,
 My heart flows like a sea,
 As ane by ane the thochts rush back
 O' schule-time and o' thee.

Oh, mornin' life! Oh, mornin' luvè!
 Oh, lichtsòme days and lang,
 When hinnied hopes around our hearts,
 Like simmer blossoms sprang!

O mind ye, luvè, how aft we left
 The deavin' dinsome toun,
 To wander by the green burnside,
 And hear its waters croon;
 The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,
 The flowers burst round our feet,
 And in the gloamin' o' the wood,
 The throssil whusslit sweet.

The throssil whusslit in the wood,
 The burn sang to the trees,
 And we, with Nature's heart in tune,
 Concerted harmonies;
 And on the knowe abune the burn,
 For hours thegither sat
 In the silentness o' joy, till baith
 Wi' very gladness grat!

Aye, aye, dear Jeanie Morrison,
 Tears trinkled down your cheek,
 Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
 Had ony power to speak!
 That was a time, a blessed time,
 When hearts were fresh and young,
 When freely gush'd all feelings forth,
 Unsyllabled—unsung!

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
 Gin I ha'e been to thee
 As closely twined wi' earliest thochts
 As ye ha'e been to me!
 Oh! tell me gin their music fills
 Thine ear as it does mine;
 Oh! say gin e'er your heart grows grit
 Wi' dreamings o' langsyne?

I've wander'd east, I've wander'd west,
 I've borne a weary lot;
 But in my wanderings, far or near,
 Ye never were forgot.
 The fount that first burst frae this heart,
 Stills travels on its way;
 And channels deeper as it rins
 The luvè o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
 Since we were sinder'd young,
 I've never seen your face, nor heard
 The music o' your tongue;
 But I could hug all wretchedness,
 And happy could I dee,
 Did I but ken your heart still dream'd
 O' bygane days and me!

THE BLOOM HATH FLED.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

THE bloom hath fled thy cheek, Mary,
 As spring's rath blossoms die,
 And sadness hath o'ershadown'd now
 Thy once bright eye;
 But, look on me, the prints of grief
 Still deeper lie.
 Farewell!

Thy lips are pale and mute, Mary,
 Thy step is sad and slow,
 The morn of gladness hath gone by
 Thou erst did know;
 I, too, am changed like thee, and weep
 For very woe.
 Farewell!

It seems as 'twere but yesterday
 We were the happiest twain,
 When murmur'd sighs and joyous tears,
 Dropping like rain,
 Discours'd my love, and told how loved
 I was again.
 Farewell!

'Twas not in cold and measur'd phrase
 We gave our passion name:
 Scorning such tedious eloquence,
 Our heart's fond flame
 And long imprisoned feelings fast
 In deep sobs came.
 Farewell!

Would that our love had been the love
 That merest worldlings know,
 When passion's draught to our doom'd lips
 Turns utter woe,
 And our poor dream of happiness
 Vanishes so!
 Farewell!

But in the wreck of all our hopes,
 There's yet some touch of bliss,
 Since fate robs not our wretchedness
 Of this last kiss :
 Despair, and love, and madness, meet
 In this, in this.
 Farewell !

THE LADY OF MY HEART.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

THE murmur of the merry brook,
 As, gushingly and free,
 It wimples, with its sun-bright look,
 Far down yon shelter'd lea,
 Humming to every drowsy flower
 A low quaint lullaby,
 Speaks to my spirit, at this hour,
 Of love and thee.

The music of the gay green wood,
 When every leaf and tree
 Is coax'd by winds, of gentlest mood
 To utter harmony ;
 And the small birds, that answer make
 To the winds' fitful glee,
 In me most blissful visions wake,
 Of love and thee.

The rose perks up its blushing cheek,
 So soon as it can see,
 Along the eastern hills, one streak
 Of the sun's majesty :
 Laden with dewy gems, it gleams
 A precious freight to me,
 For each pure drop thereon meseems
 A type of thee.

And when abroad in summer morn,
 I hear the blythe bold bee
 Winding aloft his tiny horn,
 (An errant knight perdy,)
 That winged hunter of rare sweets,
 O'er many a far country,
 To me a lay of love repeats,
 Its subject—thee.

And when, in midnight hour, I note
 The stars so pensively,
 In their mild beauty, onward float
 Through heaven's own silent sea :

My heart is in their voyaging
 To realms where spirits be,
 But its mate, in such wandering,
 Is ever thee.

But, oh, the murmur of the brook,
 The music of the tree;
 The rose with its sweet shamefaced look,
 The booming of the bee;
 The course of each bright voyager,
 In heaven's unmeasured sea,
 Would not one heart-pulse of me stir,
 Loved I not thee!

HIE GERMANIE .

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

Oh wae be to the orders that march'd my luve awa',
 And wae be to the cruel cause that gars my tears doun fa'!
 Oh wae be to the bluidy wars in Hie Germanie,
 For they ha'e ta'en my luve, and left a broken heart to me.

The drums beat in the mornin' afore the sciech o' day,
 And the wee wee fifes piped loud and shrill, while yet the morn
 was grey;
 The bonnie flags were a' unfurl'd, a gallant sight to see,
 But waes me for my sodger lad that march'd to Germanie.

Oh, lang, lang is the travel to the bonnie Pier o' Leith,
 Oh dreich it is to gang on foot wi' the snaw drift in the teeth!
 And oh, the cauld wind froze the tear that gather'd in my e'e,
 When I gaed there to see my luve embark for Germanie.

I looked over the braid blue sea, sae lang as could be seen
 Ae wee bit sail upon the ship, that my sodger lad was in;
 But the wind was blawin' sair and snell, and the ship sail'd
 speedilie,
 And the waves and cruel wars ha'e twinn'd my winsome luve
 frae me.

I never think o' dancin', and I downa try to sing,
 But a' the day I spier what news kind neibour bodies bring;
 I sometimes knit a stocking, if knittin' it may be,
 Syne for every loop that I cast on, I'm sure to let doun three.

My father says I'm in a pet, my mither jeers at me,
 And bans me for a dautit wean, in dorts for aye to be;
 But little weet they o' the cause that drumles sae my e'e;
 Oh they ha'e nae winsome luve like mine in the wars o' Germanie!

PART IV.
JACOBITE SONGS.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

ON the abdication of James II. in 1688, the Prince of Orange was called to occupy the British throne. That monarch, instead of trying to conciliate all classes of his subjects, gave mortal offence to the people of Scotland by two distinct acts affecting respectively the two great divisions of the country. The massacre of Glencoe was, rightly or wrongly, laid by the Highlanders to his account, while the commercial people of the Lowlands could never forgive his conduct in the Darien affair.

These two acts kept alive and increased the dissatisfaction felt in Scotland at the Stuart family being debarred from the throne in favour of the "Oranger." The death of King William was occasioned, as is well known, through his horse stumbling against a mole-hill, and, "The Gentleman in Black" became a standing toast with the Jacobites.

During the reign of Queen Anne, the Jacobite feeling naturally weakened, to be revived with greater intensity, when in 1714 the Elector of Hanover (descending from King James I.) succeeded to the throne. The Earl of Mar unfurled the standard of the Stuarts, but after fighting Sherrifmuir, he found he had over estimated his strength, and the rebellion was suppressed. In 1727 George II. ascended the throne, and it was during his reign that the rebellion of 1745, which so nearly cost him his crown, arose. Prince Charles Edward Stuart was the eldest son of the Chevalier de St. George (son of James II.) His mother was the granddaughter of John Sobieski, the celebrated King and hero of Poland.

The Jacobite Songs have never been properly edited; Hogg's "Relics," full of blunders and forgeries, having served as the basis for all subsequent collections. We do not yet despair of seeing these songs thrown together so as to form a history of the two rebellions in song and ballad. An attempt has been made here to arrange them in this form, but the limited space at our command, and the popular nature of the work, would not allow anything but the better and more popular songs to be given, leaving aside, of course, rhymes and pasquils innumerable, which often serve to give a better idea of events than even the smooth pages of our ordinary histories.

YOU'RE WELCOME WHIGS.

COMPOSED probably about the time of the Revolution of 1688, when, as Mr. Robert Chambers remarks, the Jacobites "lost power, but acquired wit."

You're welcome, Whigs, from Bothwell Brigs,
 Youre malice is but zeal, boys ;
 Most holy sprites, the hypocrites,
 'Tis sack ye drink, not ale, boys
 I must aver, ye cannot err,
 In breaking God's commands, boys
 If ye infringe bishops' or kings',
 You've heaven in your hands, boys.

Suppose ye cheat, disturb the state,
 And steep the land wi' blood, boys ;
 If secretly your treachery
 Be acted, it is good, boys.
 The fiend himsel', in midst o' hell,
 The pope, with his intrigues, boys,
 You'll equalize in forgeries ;
 Fair fa' you, pious Whigs, boys.

You'll God beseech, in homely speech,
 To his coat-tail you'll claim, boys ;
 Seek lippies of grace frae his gawcie face,
 And bless and not blaspheme, boys.
 Your teachers they can kiss and pray,
 In zealous ladies' closets ;
 Your wits convert by Venus' art ;
 Your kirk has holy roset.

Which death will tie promiscuously,
 Her members on the vane, boys,
 For hornèd beasts the truth attest,
 That live in Annandale, boys.
 But if one drink, or shrewdly think
 A bishop ere was savèd,
 No charity from presbytrye,
 For that need once be cravèd.

You lie, you lust, you break your trust,
 And act all kinds of evil,
 Your covenant makes you a saint,
 Although you live a devil.
 From murders, too, as soldiers true,
 You are avancèd well, boys ;
 You fought like devils, your only rivals,
 When you were at Dunkeld, boys.

Your wondrous things great slaughter brings,
 You kill'd more than you saw, boys;
 At Pentland hills ye got your fills,
 And now you seem to crawl, boys.
 Let wabsters preach, and ladies teach
 The art of cuckoldry, boys,
 When cruel zeal comes in their tail,
 Then welcome presbytrye, boys.

King William's hands, with lovely bands,
 You're decking with good speed, boys;
 If you get leave, you'll reach his sleeve,
 And then have at his head, boys.
 You're welcome, Jack, we'll join a plack,
 To drink your last confusion,
 That grace and truth we may possess
 Once more without delusion.

BONNIE DUNDEE.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claverhouse spoke,
 " Ere the king's crown go down there are crowns to be broke,
 So each cavalier who loves honour and me,
 Let him follow the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee.

Come, fill up my cup, come, fill up my can,
 Come, saddle my horses, and call out my men,
 Come, open the West Port, and let me gae free,
 And it's room for the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee."

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
 The bells are rung backward, the drums they are beat,
 But the Provost, douce man, said, just e'en let him be,
 The toun is well quit of that deil of Dundee.

Come, fill up, etc.

As he rode down the sanctified bends of the Bow,
 Each carlin was flyting and shaking her pow;
 But some young plants of grace, they look'd couthie and slee,
 Thinking—Luck to thy bonnet, thou bonnie Dundee!

Come, fill up, etc.

With sour-featured saints the Grassmarket was panged,
 As if half of the west had set tryste to be hanged;
 There was spite in each face, there was fear in each e'e,
 As they watch'd for the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.

Come, fill up, etc.

The cowls of Kilmarnock had spits and had spears,
 And lang-hafted gullies to kill cavaliers;
 But they shrunk to close-heads, and the causeway left free,
 At a toss of the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee.

Come, fill up, etc.

He spurred to the foot of the high castle rock,
 And to the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke;
 "Let Mons Meg and her marrows three volleys let flee,
 For love of the bonnets of bonnie Dundee."

Come, fill up, etc.

The Gordon has askèd him whither he goes;—
 "Wheresoever shall guide me the soul of Montrose,
 Your grace in short space shall have tidings of me,
 Or that low lies the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.

Come, fill up, etc.

"There are hills beyond Pentland, and streams beyond Forth;
 If there's lords in the Southland, there's chiefs in the North,
 There are wild dunniewassals three thousand times three,
 Will cry *Hoigh!* for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee.

Come, fill up, etc.

"Away to the hills, to the woods, to the rocks,
 Ere I own a usurper, I'll crouch to the fox,
 And tremble, false Whigs, though triumphant ye be,
 You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me.

Come, fill up," etc.

He waved his proud arm, and the trumpets were blown,
 The kettle-drums clash'd, and the horsemen rode on,
 Till on Ravelston crags, and on Clermiston lee,
 Died away the wild war notes of bonnie Dundee.

Come, fill up my cup, come, fill up my can,
 Come, saddle my horses, and call up my men,
 Fling all your gates open, and let me gae free,
 Sae 't is up with the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.

BATTLE OF KILLICRANKIE.

WHILE England quietly submitted to the change of government, a desperate struggle was going on in Scotland. Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, raised the standard of the King, and, backed by the clans, commenced a brief campaign on behalf of his Royal master. The only meeting between the rival forces at all worthy of notice, was that celebrated in the following song, The Battle of Killicrankie, fought July 17, 1689, between 3000 Highlanders under Dundee, and the English army of some 5000 men under General Hugh Mackay. The Battle was short and

decisive in favour of the Highlanders, Mackay's troops being beaten back on all points with heavy loss. The fruits of the victory were lost to King James through the death of Claverhouse, who was mortally wounded early in the fight.

CLAVERS and his Highlandmen,
 Came down upon the raw, man,
 Who, being stout, gave many a clout,
 The lads began to claw then.
 With sword and targe into their hand,
 Wi' which they were na slaw, man,
 Wi' mony a fearful heavy sigh,
 The lads began to claw, then.

O'er bush, o'er bank, o'er ditch, o'er stank,
 She flang amang them a', man ;
 The Butter-box got mony knocks,
 Their riggings paid for a' then.
 They got their paiks, wi' sudden straiks,
 Which to their grief they saw, man ;
 Wi' clinkum clankum o'er their crowns,
 The lads began to fa' then.

Her skipt about, her leapt about,
 And flung amang them a', man ;
 The English blades got broken heads,
 Their crowns were cleav'd in twa then.
 The durk and door made their last hour,
 And prov'd their final fa', man ;
 They thought the devil had been there,
 That play'd them sic a paw then.

The solemn league and covenant,
 Cam whigging up the hills, man,
 Thought Highland trews durst not refuse
 For to subscribe their bills then :
 In Willie's name they thought nae ane
 Durst stop their course at a', man,
 But her nain-sell, wi' mony a knock,
 Cried, " Furich, whigs awa', man."

Sir Evan-Dhu, and his men true,
 Came linking up the brink, man ;
 The Hogan Dutch they feared such,
 They bred a horrid stink then.
 The true Maclean, and his fierce men,
 Came in amang them a', man ;
 Nane durst withstand his heavy hand,
 All fled and ran awa' then.

Och on a ri, och on a ri,
 Why should she lose King Shames, man?
Och rig in di, och rig in di,
 She shall break a' her banes then;
 With *furichinish*, and stay a-while,
 And speak a word or twa, man,
 She's gi' a straik out o'er the neck,
 Before ye win awa' then.

O fy for shame, ye're three for ane,
 Hur nanc-sell's won the day, man;
 King Shames' red coats should be hung up,
 Because they ran awa' then:
 Had bent their brows, like Highland trues,
 And made as lang a stay, man,
 They'd sav'd their king, that sacred thing,
 And Willie'd run away then.

KILLICRANKIE.

(ANOTHER VERSION,)

FROM JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, probably touched up by Burns.

WHARE ha'e ye been sae braw, lad?
 Whare ha'e ye been sae brankie, O?
 Whare ha'e ye been sae braw, lad?
 Came ye by Killicrankie, O?
 An ye had been whare I ha'e been,
 Ye wadna been sae cantie, O;
 An ye had seen what I ha'e seen,
 I' the braes o' Killicrankie. O.

I faught at land, I faught at sea,
 At hame I faught my auntie, O;
 But I met the devil and Dundee,
 On the braes o' Killicrankie, O;
 An ye had been, etc.
 The bauld Pitcur fell in a furr,
 And Clavers gat a clankie, O,
 Or I had fed an Athol gled
 On the braes o' Killicrankie, O.
 An ye had been, etc.

O fie, Mackay, what gart ye lie
 I' the bush ayont the brankie, O?
 Ye'd better kiss'd King Willie's loof,
 Than come to Killicrankie, O.
 It's nae shame, it's nae shame,
 It's nae shame to shank ye, O;
 There's sour slaes on Athol braes,
 And deils at Killicrankie, O.

IT WAS A' FOR OUR RIGHTFU' KING.

ASCRIBED to Captain Ogilvie, a cadet of the house of Inverquharie He took part in the Battle of the Boyne, in the service of King James, and accompanied his Royal master into France, being one of a hundred gentlemen who voluntarily agreed to attend their king in exile. He was killed in some engagement on the Rhine.

“It was a' for our rightfu' king
 We left fair Scotland's strand!
 It was a' for our rightfu' king
 We e'er saw Irish land, my dear,
 We e'er saw Irish land.
 Now a' is done that men can do,
 An' a' is done in vain:
 My love an' native land fareweel,
 For I maun cross the main, my dear,
 For I maun cross the main.”
 He turn'd him right an' round about,
 Upon the Irish shore,
 An' ga'e his bridle-reins a shake
 With, “Adieu for evermore, my dear,
 With, Adieu for evermore.”
 The sodger frae the wars returns,
 The sailor frae the main;
 But I hae partèd frae my love,
 Never to meet again, my dear,
 Never to meet again.
 When day is gane, an' night is come,
 An' a' folk bound to sleep,
 I think on him that's far awa,
 The lee-lang night, an' weep, my dear,
 The lee-lang night, an' weep.

TO DAUNTON ME.

To daunton me, to daunton me,
 Ken ye the things that would daunton me?
 O eighty-eight and eighty-nine,
 And a' the dreary years sin' sync,
 With cess, and press, and Presbytrie,
 Guid faith these had like to hae daunted me!
 But to wanton me, to wanton me,
 Do you ken the things that would wanton me?
 To see guid corn upon the rigs,
 And a gallows hie to hang the Whigs,
 And the right restored where the right should be,
 O these are the things that would wanton me!

To wanton me, to wanton me,
 Ken you what maist would wanton me?
 To see King James at Edinburgh cross,
 Wi' fifty thousand foot and horse,
 And the usurper forced to flee,
 O this is what maist would wanton me.

HERE'S TO THE KING.

THE feelings of the Jacobites, under whatever disadvantage, always turned towards the Exiled family. The following song may be taken as illustrating the sly manner in which their loyalty was sung, without, of course, laying themselves open to a charge of treason.

HERE'S to the king, sir,
 Ye ken wha I mean, sir,
 And to every honest man,
 That will do 't again!

Fill, fill your bumpers high,
 Drain, drain your glasses dry,
 Out upon him, fye! oh, fye!
 That winna do 't again!

Here's to the chieftains
 Of the Scots Highland clans!
 They hae done it mair than anes,
 And will do 't again.

When you hear the trumpet sound
 Tuttie taittie to the drum,
 Up your swords, and down your guns,
 And to the rogues again!

Here's to the king of Swede,
 Fresh laurels crown his head!
 Fye on every sneaking blade,
 That winna do 't again!

But to mak things right now,
 He that drinks maun fight too,
 To shew his heart's upright too,
 And that he'll do 't again!

Sometimes the following verse was added:

Weel may we a' be,
 Ill may we never see,
 Here's to the king
 And the guid companie!

CARLE, AN' THE KING COME.

A MORE outspoken burst than the last. The air is very popular, and numerous songs, Jacobitical and otherwise, have been written for it.

CARLE, an' the king come,
 Carle, an' the king come,
 Thou shalt dance, and I will sing,
 Carle, an' the king come.
 An' somebody were come again,
 Then somebody maun cross the main,
 And ev'ry man shall ha'e his ain,
 Carle, an' the king come.

I trow we swapped for the worse,
 We ga'e the boot and better horse,
 And that we'll tell them at the cross,
 Carle, an' the king come.
 When yellow corn grows on the rigs,
 And a gibbet's built to hang the Whigs,
 O then we will dance Scottish jigs,
 Carle, an' the king come.

Nae mair wi' pinch and drouth we'll dine,
 As we ha'e done—a dog's propine,
 But quaff our waughts o' bouzy wine,
 Carle, an' the king come.
 Cogie, an' the king come,
 Cogie, an' the king come,
 I'se be fou, and thou'se be toom,
 Cogie, an' the king come.

 WILLIE THE WAG.

A SATIRE on King William.

O, I HAD a wee bit mailin,
 And I had a good gray mare,
 And I had a braw bit dwalling,
 Till Willie the wag came here.
 He waggit me out o' my mailin,
 He waggit me out o' my gear,
 And out o' my bonny black gowny,
 That ne'er was the waur o' the wear.

He fawn'd and he waggit his tale,
 Till he poison'd the true well-e'e;
 And wi' the wagging o' his fause tonguc,
 He gart the brave Monmouth die.

He waggit us out o' our rights,
 And he waggit us out o' our law,
 And he waggit us out o' our king;
 O that grieves me the warst of a'.

The tod rules o'er the lion,
 The midden's aboon the moon,
 And Scotland maun cower and cringe
 To a fause and a foreign loon.

O walyfu' fa' the piper
 That sells his wind sae dear!
 And O walyfu' fa' the time
 When Willie the wag came here!

WHAT'S THE RHYME TO PORRINGER.

O WHAT's the rhyme to porringer?
 Ken ye the rhyme to porringer?
 King James the Seventh had ae dochter,
 And he ga'e her to an Oranger.
 Ken ye how he requited him?
 Ken ye how he requited him?
 The lad has into England come,
 And ta'en the crown in spite o' him.
 The dog, he sanna keep it lang,
 To flinch we'll mak' him fain again;
 We'll hing him hie upon a tree,
 And James shall hae his ain again.
 Ken ye the rhyme to grasshopper?
 Ken ye the rhyme to grasshopper?
 A hempen rein, and a horse o' tree,
 A psalm-book and a presbyter.

THIS IS NO MY HOUSE.

O THIS is no my ain house,
 I ken by the biggin o't;
 For bow-kail thrive at my door-check,
 And thistles on the riggin o't.
 A carle came wi' lack o' grace,
 Wi' unco gear and unco face;
 And sin' he claim'd my daddy's place,
 I downa bide the triggin o't.
 Wi' routh o' kin, and routh o' reek,
 My daddy's door it wadna steek;
 But bread and cheese were his door-check,
 And girdle cakes the riggin o't.
 O this is no my ain house, etc.

My daddy bag his housie weel,
 By dint o' head and dint o' heel,
 By dint o' arm and dint o' steel,
 And muckle weary priggin o't.
 O this is no my ain house, etc.

Then was it dink, or was it douce,
 For ony cringing foreign goose
 To claucht my daddie's wee bit house,
 And spoil the hamely triggin o't?
 O this is no my ain house, etc.

Say, was it foul, or was it fair,
 To come a hunder mile and mair,
 For to ding out my daddy's heir,
 And dash him wi' the whiggin o't?
 O this is no my ain house, etc.

OVER THE SEAS AND FAR AWA.

WHEN we think on the days of auld,
 When our Scots lads were true as bauld,
 O weel may we weep for our foul fa',
 And grieve for the lad that's far awa!
 Over the seas and far awa,
 Over the seas and far awa,
 O weel may we maen for the day that's gane,
 And the lad that's banish'd far awa.

Some traitor lords, for love o' gain,
 They drove our true king owre the main,
 In spite o' right, and rule, and law,
 And the friends o' him that's far awa.
 Over the seas and far awa, etc.

A bloody rook frae Brunswick flew,
 And gather'd devil's birds eneuch;
 Wi' kingmen's blude they gorge their maw!
 O dule to the louns sent Jamie awa!
 Over the seas and far awa, etc.

And cruel England, leal men's dread
 Doth hunt and cry for Scottish blude
 To hack, and head, and hang, and draw,
 And a' for the lad that's far awa.

Over the seas and far awa, etc.

There's a reade in heaven, I read it true,
 There's yengeance for us on a' that crew,
 There's blude for blude to ane and a'
 That sent our bonnie lad far awa.

Over the seas and far awa,
 Over the seas and far awa,
 He'll soon be here that I loe dear,
 And he's welcome hame frae far awa!

I HA'E NAE KITH, I HA'E NAE KIN.

"THIS is a very sweet and curious little old song, but not very easily understood. The air is exceedingly simple, and the verses highly characteristic of the lyrical songs of Scotland."—Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*, vol. i., p. 218.

I HA'E nae kith, I ha'e nae kin,
 Nor ane that's dear to me,
 For the bonny lad that I lo'e best,
 He's far ayont the sea.
 He's gane wi' ane that was our ain,
 And we may rue the day,
 When our king's ae daughter came here,
 To play sic foul play.

O gin I were a bonny bird,
 Wi' wings that I might flee,
 Then I wad travel o'er the main,
 My ae true love to see;
 Then I wad tell a joyfu' tale
 To ane that's dear to me,
 And sit upon a king's window,
 And sing my melody.

The adder lies i' the corbie's nest,
 Aneath the corbie's wame,
 And the blast that reaves the corbie's brood
 Shall blaw our good king hame.
 Then blaw ye east, or blaw ye west,
 Or blaw ye o'er the faem,
 O bring the lad that I lo'e best,
 And ane I darena name!

SUCH A PARCEL OF ROGUES IN A NATION.

ROBERT BURNS.

A FEELING among the people that the Scottish Members of Parliament were peculiarly susceptible of corruption, and that through underhand means they had been induced to assent to the union between the two king-

doms in 1702, seems to have found vent in the following song. The charge of corruption has we think been disproved, but there is no doubt that the Act was received in Scotland with great bitterness, and passed amid deep grumblings and even threats.

FAREWHEEL to a' our Scottish fame,
 Fareweel our ancient glory ;
 Fareweel e'en to the Scottish name,
 Sae fam'd in martial story.
 Now Sark rins ower the Solway sands,
 And Tweed rins to the ocean,
 To mark where England's province stands :
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation !
 What force or guile could not subdue,
 Through many warlike ages,
 Is wrought now by a coward few,
 For hireling traitor's wages.
 The English steel we could disdain,
 Secure in valour's station,
 But English gold has been our bane :
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation !
 O would or I had seen the day
 That treason thus could sell us,
 My auld gray head had lain in clay,
 Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace !
 By pith and power, to my last hour
 I'll make this declaration,
 We're bought and sold for English gold :
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation !

FY LET US A' TO THE TREATY.

A SATIRICAL song on the principal personages in connection with the Act of Union.—Air, "Fy let us a' to the bridal."

Now fy let us a' to the treaty,
 For there will be wonders there,
 For Scotland is to be a bride, sir,
 And wed to the Earl of Stair.
 There's Queensberry, Seafield, and Mar, sir,
 And Morton comes in by the bye ;
 There's Loudon, and Leven, and Weems, sir,
 And Sutherland, frequently dry.
 There's Roseberry, Glasgow, and Duplin,
 And Lord Archibald Campbell, and Ross ;
 The president, Francis Montgomery,
 Wha ambles like ony paced horse.

There's Johnstoun, Dan Campbell, and Ross, lad,
 Whom the court hath had still on their bench;
 There's solid Pitmedden and Forglan,
 Wha design'd jumping on to the bench.

There's Ormistoun and Tillicoutrie,
 And Smollett for the town of Dumbarton;
 There's Arnistoun, too, and Carnwathie,
 Put in by his uncle L. Warton;
 There's Grant, and young Pennicook, sir,
 Hugh Montgomery, and Davy Dalrymple;
 There's one who will surely bear bouk, sir,
 Prestongrange, who indeed is not simple.

Now the Lord bless the jimp one-and-thirty,
 If they prove not traitors in fact,
 But see that their bride be well drest, sir,
 Or the devil take all the pack.
 May the devil take all the hale pack, sir,
 Away on his back with a bang;
 Then well may our new-buskit bridie
 For her ain first wooer think lang.

THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE SIN' JAMIE'S AWA'.

By Carnousie's auld wa's, at the close of the day,
 An auld man was singing, wi' locks thin and grey,
 And the burden o' his sang, while the tears fast did fa',
 Was, there'll never be peace sin' Jamie's awa'.

Our kirk's gaen either to ruin again,
 Our state's in confusion, and bravely we ken,
 Tho' we darena weel tell wha's to blame for it a',
 And we'll never see peace sin' Jamie's awa'.

Our auld honest master, the laird o' the lan',
 He bauldly set off at the head o' the clan,
 But the knowes o' Carnousie again he ne'er saw,
 An a's gaen to wreck sin' Jamie's awa'.

THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE UNTIL JAMIE COMES HAME.

ROBERT BURNS.

FOUNDED on the old words.

By yon castle wa', at the close o' the day,
 I heard a man sing, though his head it was grey;
 And as he was singing, the tears down came,
 There'll never be peace until Jamie comes hame.

The church is in ruins, the state is in jars,
 Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars ;
 We darena weel say't, but we ken wha's to blame ;
 There'll never be peace until Jamie comes hame.

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
 And now I greet round their green beds in the yird ;
 It brak the sweet heart o' my faithfu' auld dame ;
 There'll never be peace until Jamie comes hame.
 Now life is a burden that bows me down,
 Sin' I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown ;
 But till my last moments my words are the same,
 There'll never be peace until Jamie comes hame.

THE BLACKBIRD.

FROM RAMSAY'S TEA TABLE MISCELLANY. The Blackbird was the Old Pretender, who was known among his adherents by that title, derived from the darkness of his complexion. It has been claimed by Mr. Samuel Lover and others as of Irish origin, but on no other grounds than "conjecture."

ONCE on a morning of sweet recreation,
 I heard a fair lady a-making her moan,
 With sighing and sobbing, and sad lamentation,
 Aye singing, "My Blackbird for ever is flown !
 He's all my heart's treasure, my joy, and my pleasure,
 So justly, my love, my heart follows thee ;
 And I am resolved, in foul or fair weather,
 To seek out my Blackbird, wherever he be.

"I will go, a stranger to peril and danger,
 My heart is so loyal in every degree ;
 For he's constant and kind, and courageous in mind :
 Good luck to my Blackbird, wherever he be !
 In Scotland he's loved and dearly approved,
 In England a stranger he seemeth to be ;
 But his name I'll advance in Britain or France ;
 Good luck to my Blackbird, wherever he be !

"The birds of the forest are all met together,
 The turtle is chosen to dwell with the dove,
 And I am resolved, in foul or fair weather,
 Once in the spring-time to seek out my love.
 But since fickle Fortune, which still proves uncertain,
 Hath caused this parting between him and me,
 His right I'll proclaim, and who dares me blame ?
 Good luck to my Blackbird, wherever he be !"